Still Casting Shadows

Two American Families 1620-2006

by Blackbird Crow Raven (Spartacus O'Clare)

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to:

- Debra May "Girlie" Shannon
- "The folks of the Hydesville area" in 1891, especially Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Carr

—and—

- The Winners of the Gold

My Family Arboretum (Shadowcasters)

Cowboys and Indians, Yankees and Europeans
Decorate my family Arboretum
Redwood loggers and Arkansawyers
Running through my Blood

Veins of California Cougar, Marbling
A Streak of Missouri Mule Showing
Ozark Hillbillies and Sodbusters
A Backwoodsman named for a Trustbuster

Passengers on the Mayflower, a New England Sailor
A Civil War Sharpshooter, and a Vietnam Paratrooper
Have all Left an Imprint, and Cast a Shadow Still
-- Blackbird Crow Raven (Spartacus O'Clare)

FOREWORD

I am not normally a procrastinator. Regarding my plans to tape record a series of interviews with Albert Kollenborn about his life, however, I uncharacteristically postponed it until it was too late. The time came when his voice was no longer there to be heard; his expressive features were stilled, no longer animated as they had been when he had regaled me with tales of his rough-and-tumble youth.

I've tacked new calendars on the wall upwards of twenty times since Albert died in 1984. He lived less than a mile from me. I've often regretted my foot-dragging on that project. Questions are left unanswered. Stories that may have been practically epic in their proportions now appear, at times, as mere sketches and speculations.

I would love to be able to query Albert regarding questions that arose while researching the material for this book. For example:

- Why did his family relocate from Missouri to Oklahoma in the late 1920s--was it in response to the great flood of 1927?
- Did the family ever consider moving to California in the "Dirty '30s," that is to say, during the Dust Bowl/Great Depression?
- What were the details about his throwing the strong man out of the ring at the circus?
- For how long, and where, had he been a bootlegger?
- Where was it that he (deliberately) ran a locomotive through a house that was being transported across the railroad tracks ("Only stop for sheep. Don't stop for cows or *anything* else" he had been instructed)?

I've found the answer to many questions, including many I didn't know I had before delving more deeply into Albert's life. Still, many answers remain elusive, and I can only speculate on their answer.

The same thing can be said about Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, Albert's "covermate" on this book (Albert is on the right on the front cover, and on the bottom on the back cover). Due to my failure to research their lives when it would have been most convenient to do so--when I could have gotten information directly from the sources themselves--remedial efforts have been required to reconstruct (or "reverse-engineer," so to speak), the lives of Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn and Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

In spite of our best intentions, we who have only vicariously experienced periods of time can never really make them our own. We should not delude ourselves into thinking we truly understand those bygone eras, or those who inhabited them, or what life was really like for them, or how they felt about the times, their surroundings, or themselves. As Kevin Starr wrote in *Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915*: "…the past (even the recent past) has a way of reserving its most precious meaning to itself."

I do not presume to intimately know the times, their "feel" and mileau, and certainly not how Albert and Theodore thought and felt, and why they made all the decisions they did. Your guess may be as good as mine; in fact, it may be better, especially if you lived in the same times and places that they did.

Neither Theodore Shannon nor Albert Kollenborn were famous. For just that reason, this book would not interest many book publishing agents. One agent in fact flatly confessed that he didn't want biographies about people who "never did anything." Of course, everybody does *something*, but it was plain what he meant: "If you're not famous for participating in or initiating some earthshaking event, I find your story insignificant and your life worthy of nothing but a curt dismissal." Excuse my hyperbole, but you must admit that that really is the essence of the matter.

I would like to suggest, though, that the lives of Theodore and Albert, as well as those of so many like them, were productive and are worthwhile to recount. After all, it was men like them who toted the barges, lifted the bales, put hammer to nails, their backs to the plow, and vigorously circulated the grease of their elbows—which is more than can be said for many who supposedly "did something."

Moreover, isn't it true that the famous, by definition, are exceptional and extraordinary? As such, they are not representative of the average person. Studying the lives of the "rich and famous," the powerful and influential, does not often tell us much about what life was like for the common men and women of their era. The elite, the "beautiful people," and those in the "ivory towers" often lead lives shockingly isolated and insulated from the day-to-day realities of the masses.

To a certain extent, *STILL CASTING SHADOWS: Two American Families 1620-2006,* is about the aforementioned Theodore Roosevelt Shannon (1902-1979) and Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn (1907-1984). In a broader sense, it *seems to be* about the entire extended Shannon and Kollenborn families from the early 1800s up to present times. And it is not just about those two families, but also their wives' families, the Greens and the Nelsons, and so on, spreading wider and deeper back into former generations and outward to more distantly related families--even to some who arrived on the Mayflower in 1620. In its broadest scope, though, this book is a social history of what it was like for many, if not most, families who have lived in America.

Neither the Shannons, Kollenborns, nor the Greens, Nelsons, or other related families —with the exception, perhaps, of those who arrived on the Mayflower and some of the "fighting" Gorhams--would be considered "special" by any impartial observer. For the most part they were farmers, ranchers, loggers, mechanics, and the like. None of their ancestors have sat on the board of a Fortune 500 company, become a renowned doctor, big-money lawyer, or silver-tongued clergyman; none has chaired a senate subcommitte, won a Big Jackpot Super Duper Lotto, been featured on a reality television show, or been otherwise conspicuous for longer than the requisite fifteen minutes (if that).

This is not to say, though, that the lives of those explored in this book were bland and colorless. Among their members are: Mayflower passengers (as mentioned); soldiers who fought in the French and Indian Wars; a Wiyot Indian whose people were brutally massacred; a Civil War soldier who was injured during his service as a sharpshooter in the Union army, and who spent his last years pining for his lost love; a young girl who died saving her brother's life; an engaged WWII veteran who died in a plane crash on the rocky shores of the northern California coast; and a paratrooper who was killed in a fierce battle waged in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam.

Besides the above-mentioned events, this book covers the high points of selected national events that would have caught the attention of the common man, as well as more localized events that touched the lives of the masses living in those areas. The events discussed are almost exclusively US-centric. An exception to this are the world wars, and even then what is emphasized is the impact these events had on Americans and their experiences relative to these events. Events covered are also heavily weighted towards the areas in which the main protagonists lived, that is to say California (where the Shannons have lived since 1889) and the AMOK states (Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas) where Albert Kollenborn spent the first decades of his existence before finally "lighting out for the Territory" and moving to the "Far West" of Idaho, Oregon, and California.

William Shakespeare said: "There is a history in all men's lives." The history presented in *Still Casting Shadows* is, to a great extent, the history of many of its readers' fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers.

Note: To avoid awkward and overly-formal sounding verbiage, I usually avoid the more specific terms "Native American," "United States," and "African-American" in this book. Instead, I use the corresponding terms that are in common usage, namely "Indian," "America," and "black." I realize that Native Americans were not from the East Indies (where Columbus thought he was), and that America actually includes everything from the northernmost tip of Canada to the southernmost tip of South America, and that people from Africa do not really have black skin.

Additionally, I am aware that it was South America that was originally called "America," named for Amerigo Vespucci. At the time, in fact, Vespucci, who had made many business trips to the region in the late 1400s and early 1500s, was a more famous traveler than was Columbus—and had a better sense of direction. At the risk of appearing ignorant or chauvenistic, I am opting for the more concise/less awkward phrases. I mean no disrespect to anyone.

INTRODUCTION

A family's history is like a fugue: One instrument starts, then another chimes in, then another, and another. Voices continue to be added until all in the orchestra are "present and accounted for." In the case of a family "fugue," though, instruments keep on being added—there is no end to the new musical voices. For every instrument that fades out, another is added to the ensemble.

The history of a family can also be likened to an improvised yet elaborate ballet. Only after the performance is over can the movements of the dancers be plotted, graphed, and analyzed. Again, though, the performance of a family's ballet performance is never over--or at least each family hopes as much. Due to the ongoing nature of the drama, we must identify patterns, draw conclusions, and provide commentary, not with a sense of closure, but "on the fly," while the performance is ongoing.

For better or for worse, the extended Shannon / Kollenborn family has--so far--been involved in American history from the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth in 1620 to the defense of Little Round Top at Gettysburg in 1863 to a disastrous ambush in the jungles of Dak To Province, Vietnam in 1967.

But is it even worthwhile to undertake such an endeavor as this book proposes to do--to examine the lives of "common folk" from a bygone era? Of what use is "history"—is it dead? Meaningless? Trivial? At this point I invite to the stage an assemblage of personages whose opinions on the matter should prove enlightening:

"The past is very important because it gives us perspective on the present." – Richard Leakey

"To know nothing of what happened before you were born is to remain ever a child." – Cicero

"A generation which ignores history has no past – and no future." – Robert Heinlein

"The past is never dead. It's not even past." – William Faulkner

And as to the validity of writing the biographies of a group of "ordinary" people, these following quotes are telling:

"Social history is the study of ordinary people's everyday lives. It is history from the bottom up instead of the top down, not focusing exclusively or primarily on the elite and famous. Social historians tend to identify something's importance by how many people it affected more than by how singular it was. We even organize history differently: by trends rather than by just the actions of 'great men'." *– from "Bringing Your Family History to Life through Social History" by Katherine Scott Sturdevant*

"The subject of history is the life of peoples and of humanity." – Leo Tolstoy

"It's not the kings and generals that make history – but the masses, the people." – Nelson Mandela

"In our society these days, there are stars and bit players. But the fact is that the bit players are the mass that makes the movement go." – Alice McGrath, quoted in "Coming of Age – the Story of Our Country" by Studs Terkel

"There is no history; there is only biography" – Ralph Waldo Emerson

"There is a history in all men's lives." – Shakespeare

Ultimately still, regardless of how well-regarded the people quoted above are, whether I have wasted my time in assembling this book is a judgment each reader will make for himself. For those who wish to press on, some background information regarding two of the chief protagonists of the book and the milieu into which they were born may prove worthy of consideration.

Both Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn were born early in the 20th Century: Theodore in rural northern California in 1902, Albert in rural northern Missouri five years later.

Theodore was a large man; although not exceedingly tall (right around six feet), he was big and burly, or, as his family described him, he was "husky," or "barrel-chested."

Albert, on the other hand, was quite tall, well over six feet, and wiry of build. Al's nickname was "Slim." Both men, although different of build, were physically strong. In his heyday, Theodore threw 100-lb. sacks of animal feed around like they were so many oversized bags of cotton candy. Albert, to win the $50 reward offered to the man who could last five minutes in the ring with the circus strong man, not only stayed in the ring for the requisite period of time, but also lifted up the big galoot and tossed him over the ropes and onto the dirt ringside.

Theodore remained in California all his life. Albert lived in seven states, rambling and roaming around the AMOK states of his youth (Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Kansas) before removing to the Far Western states of Idaho, California, Oregon, and finally back to California.

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was well named as, like his namesake the President, he loved ranching and the wilderness. Theodore went to work in the woods as a lumberjack immediately following his formal schooling (8th grade) and also eventually owned and worked his own ranch. "Pop," as he was known to all, loved his home of Trinity County near the coast in northwestern California. In fact, he gave the credit for his imposing size to the clean mountain air of that rugged, mountainous county. He may have had a point:

genetics would not seem to account for his size, especially when his father is taken into account, who was a rather small man as regards his physique.

Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn acquired his middle name from his mother, Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston). He would pass this middle name on to the first of his three daughters (Rosie Lee Kollenborn) and both of his middle names, reversed, to the last of his three sons (Benjamin Lee Kollenborn).

It has been written that one could say with veracity of any time period in history that it was an era of great upheaval and change. Although perhaps true, this is indubitably more so of the 1900s than of any other century. The Industrial Revolution reached full fruition, bringing automobiles, airplanes, radios, television, "talking pictures," and then merged with or morphed into the information age, bringing computers and the Internet. The transportation, communications, and weapons technologies that came from this made possible two mechanized World Wars. Society was changing rapidly and drastically.

A predominantly rural, agrarian society was becoming ever more an urban, industrial society. The new frontier was not so much the woodlands and mountain ranges of the west, but machines, science, and technology. The telephone, the telegraph, mail delivery, railroads, X-rays, cars, phonographs, electric light, and indoor plumbing were all new or still relatively "newfangled." Most Americans were dazzled by this onrush of inventions.

Railroads, steamboats, and stagecoaches were still the primary forms of public transportation at the Turn of the Century, though--not everyone had immediate access to all of the new contraptions. Only the better-off urban dwellers had electricity by the Turn of the Century; it wasn't until 1940 that electrification came to farmers and other rural folk. Radios and refrigerators were inexpensive enough by the 1930s that most families had one. From 1907, the year of Albert's birth, to 1941, when his son Benjamin Lee was born, the percentage of electrified households in the U.S. grew tenfold, from 8% to 80%. This increase was even more dramatic when considering absolute numbers, as the population had increased greatly in the mean time (and there were, indeed, some "mean times" between 1907 and the 1940s, as we will explore).

A cross-country trip at the time (via train) took "only" six days; today, travelling by jet, it takes less than six hours. Prior to trains, though, a transcontinental trip was a six month ordeal (actually, at the time of the California gold rush, an average time to travel from the east coast to San Francisco was around seven months, whether you went overland or by sea).

Although the miles of track had fallen from a peak of 193,000 to 149,000, the railroad was still the nation's largest employer in 1900—farming was still the number one occupation, though. Already, four-fifths of the standing forests in the U.S. had been cut down.

The Turn of the Century was a time of "growing pains" mixed with wild exuberance for America, which was in its "adolescence." The U.S. was like a big, raw boy full of robust energy and awkwardness. In his 1912 book "California, An Englishman's

Impressions of the Golden State" Arthur T. Johnson wrote along these lines: *"If no one really understands the American character—and I do not think they do—it is equally certain that the American himself does not. The truth is, to put it in a few words, the individual, like the nation, is only in the making. Still in the melting-pot of youth, it is too soon yet to make any safe conjecture as to what the people are, or will be."*

Whether they or anyone else understood them, though, Americans were thriving. On the surface, at least, times were good. Prosperity had taken hold. Most Americans were living better in a material way than they ever had, or than anyone in all history had until then. And with a wondrous number of new inventions and enterprises sprouting everywhere, people felt exhilarated by the possibilities of America. The current of American optimism ran powerfully. Hope and buoyancy described the Zeitgeist--for the U.S., everything seemed to be going right.

The world, with America in the lead, seemed to be entering a golden age of progress and renewal. Newspapers and magazines were predicting marvelous things for the next hundred years: great air-ships would fly across the seas, wireless telephones would span the globe, people would watch moving images in their own homes. Some even predicted that the 20th century would see an end to poverty and war. Almost anything and everything seemed possible, or even inevitable.

In its January 1st, 1901 issue, the Kansas newspaper *The Iola Register* wrote of the 1800s just past:

What a magnificent century it has been! In all the history of the race not one to compare with it. In every art, in every science, in every line of thought and endeavor, in everything that goes to enrich and ennoble life and make it more worth the living, the progress of humanity has been, not by steps, but by leaps and bounds...Better five years of the 19th century than 500 years of another age.

Not all was cheeriness and light at the dawn of the new century, though. Possibly due to more children working in factories in concert with the industrial revolution reaching a crescendo, the literacy rate actually dropped for a time in the United States. Adult literacy was 10.7% at the Turn of hte Century, *down* dramatically from 20% in 1870. Most farm children were literate, although they often only attended grade school (neither Theodore nor Albert, for example, attended high school). Another factor influencing the drop in the literacy rate may have been the large number of immigrants flocking to the country—of which there were more than 500,000 in 1900 alone.

There were seventy-six million people in the United States in 1900. Only 1 ½ million of these called California home, less than 5% of the 35 million that would be living in California at the time of the 2000 census. World population was 1.6 billion (at the time of writing, in 2005, it is 6.3 billion, almost a fourfold increase).

America had cast aside its isolationist tendencies and had become a colonial power, expanding its territory. Following the Spanish War, and the war with the Philippines

which followed, America acquired the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Porto Rico (as Puerto Rico was then known).

At the turn of the century, women were wearing corsets and garters, but that would change soon when the "Gibson Girl" look came into fashion. Skirts grew shorter to accommodate stepping into automobiles and trolley cars. High-buttoned shoes, large hats, and hair worn up were common styles favored by the “fairer” sex. The percentage of women working for wages had doubled in just two decades, from 1880 to 1900.

The piano was the new status symbol at the beginning of the Turn of the Century. Every house “had” to have one. Of course, not all did, but it was a possession many aspired to display, if not play.

As for leisure pursuits, many people spent much of their time at family get-togethers, playing baseball, socializing at picnics, and going on Sunday drives in either horse & carriage or by automobile. Evenings were spent singing and playing music. Song “pluggers” transported pianos on horse-drawn carriages, and played songs before crowds, selling sheet music. Barbershop quartets gave performances Saturday evenings. The idea of playing sports professionally was just beginning to gain popularity.

Life expectancy at birth was 48 for men, and 51 for women. In the United States, one in seven newborns died (infant rate was 140:1,000). Today, it is about 6:1000, or one in 167.

The average working hours per week in the U.S. was 52; today it is around 38. The percentage of citizens who are farmers has dropped from 42% then to 3% now. The divorce ratio was 1:13, now one in every two marriages ends in divorce. The number of houses that had a telephone was also then one in thirteen. Today it seems as if that ratio has been reversed (13 telephones for each household), at least when you include cell phones, beepers, and PDAs.

Contracts were being signed to begin construction of New York City’s subway system. At the close of the year, the last horse-drawn trolley, in Boston, was replaced by an electric bus.

At Theodore's birth in 1902, and even at the time Albert was born in 1907, there were forty-five states in the Union. Later in that year of 1907, though, Oklahoma became the 46th, it being created out of a combining of Oklahoma Territory on the west and Indian Territory on the east. The entire state had once been set aside for the Indians. They were told it would be theirs forever, and were guaranteed it would never become part of a U.S. State or Territory. The word “Oklahoma” even means “red people,” as it is a concatenation of the Choctaw words for red (“okla”) and people (“houma”).

In 1912 the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico became states. Then almost half a century passed before Arkansas and Hawaii were made states 49 and 50.

As much as the world had changed and was still changing at the beginning of the 20th Century, it was soon to undergo an even greater change. In 1914, World War I (called "The Great War" prior to the second global military conflict) broke out. Theodore and Albert were only twelve and seven years old, respectively, at the time. They were too young to be expected to engage in that bloody and world-changing conflict, but old enough, perhaps, to notice a fundamental change in the tone, or mood, of the world. Theodore and Albert were contemporaries of nature photographer Ansel Adams, who said: "I never went to war, too young for the First and too old for the Second. The great events of the world have been tragic pageants, not personal involvements."

It is scarcely possible to underemphasize the sea change that took place with that war, the impact that it had on the world and those in it. While it is true that more people were killed in World War II than in World War I (it is estimated that fourteen million were killed in the First World War, and fifty-five million in the Second), a more drastic shift occurred with the First. Lest any are unconvinced of that, let us turn our attention to a few notables of the day, and their take on the matter:

"I doubt whether most people nowadays realize how enormous and appalling a shock the Great War was – and was universally felt to be. With the possible exception of the Black Death, it was by far the greatest disaster which has ever befallen this country.…As I grew older I came to realize that the world has not been the same place since that war. In what respect? In a word, a universal sense of insecurity. Before the Great War, British people for the most part trusted their leaders, were proud of their country and believed in progress. Not any more. The general notion that leaders (and experts) are not to be trusted on any account, and that catastrophe is ever at hand, goes back not to the atom bomb but to 1914-18. I absorbed it unconsciously as part of growing up."* – from "The Day Gone By," Richard Adams' autobiography.

* By "this country," Adams meant England.

"The plunge of civilization into this abyss of blood and darkness…is a thing that so gives away the whole long age during which we have supposed the world to be…gradually bettering." – Henry James

"Fifty years ago, when I was a boy, it seemed completely self-evident that the bad old days were over, that torture and massacre, slavery, and the persecution of heretics, were things of the past. Among people who wore top hats, traveled in trains, and took a bath every morning, such horrors were simply out of the question. After all, we were living in the 20th century. A few years later these people who took daily baths and went to church in top hats were committing atrocities on a scale undreamed of." – Aldous Huxley

"Many Americans like myself who were born in the late nineteenth century and brought up in the early twentieth, look upon the years prior to 1914 as a golden age of the Republic. In part, this feeling was due to our youth; in part to the fact that the great middle class could command goods and services that are now beyond their reach. But there was also a euphoria in the air, peace among the nations, and a feeling that justice and prospertiy for all was attainable through good will and progressive legislation. Even

pessimistic Henry Adams wrote in his "Education" that, owing to Roosevelt's successful efforts to end the Russo-Japanese War, 'for the first time in 1500 years a true Roman Pax was in sight'." – from "The Oxford History of the American People" volume 3 (1869-1963), by Samuel Eliot Morison

"World War I was "the most colossal, murderous, mismanaged butchery that has ever taken place on earth." – Ernest Hemingway

"Civilization entered on a cruel and perhaps terminal illness in 1914." – Frank Peters writing in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, January 27th, 1980

"In 1914 the world lost a coherence which it has not managed to recapture since… This has been a time of extraordinary disorder and violence, both across national frontiers and within them." -- The Economist

"The whole world really blew up about World War I and we still don't know why... Utopia was in sight. There was peace and prosperity. Then everything blew up. We've been in a state of suspended animation ever since." -- Dr. Walker Percy

"Thoughts and pictures come to my mind,… thoughts from before the year 1914 when there was real peace, quiet and security on this earth a time when we didn't know fear… Security and quiet have disappeared from the lives of men since 1914." -- Former U.N. General Secretary Konrad Adenauer

"Looking back from the vantage point of the present, we see that the outbreak of World War I ushered in a twentieth-century 'Time of Troubles'… from which our civilization has by no means yet emerged. Directly or indirectly, all the convulsions of the last half century stem back to 1914: the two World Wars, the Bolshevik Revolution, the rise and fall of Hitler, the continuing turmoil in the Far and Near East, the power struggle between the Communist world and our own. More than 23,000,000 deaths can be traced to one or the other of these upheavals." -- Arnold Toynbee

"The Great War of 1914-18 lies like a band of scorched earth dividing that time from ours. In wiping out so many lives which would have been operative on the years that followed, in destroying beliefs, changing ideas, and leaving incurable wounds of disillusion, it created a physical as well as psychological gulf between two epochs…" -- Barbara Tuchman

"If ever there was a year that marked the end of an era and the beginning of another, it was 1914. That year brought to an end the old world with its sense of security and began a modern age whose chief characteristic is insecurity on a daily basis." – A.L. Rowse

"Ever since 1914, everybody conscious of trends in the world has been deeply troubled by what has seemed like a fated and pre-determined march toward ever greater disaster. Many serious people have come to feel that nothing can be done to avert the plunge towards ruin. They see the human race, like the hero of a Greek tragedy, driven on by

angry gods and no longer the master of fate." -- Bertrand Russell

The final five quotes regarding World War I are all taken from "Grasping for the Wind – the Search for Meaning in the 20th Century" by John W. Whitehead:

"The splendor of the new age soon faded into the Frankenstein of 1914 and the worst war in history."

"The lost fathers, brothers, and husbands left an unredeemable spiritual vacuum and a near total destruction of ideals, confidence, and goodwill."

"The age of mass-produced, industrialized death was ushered in."

"Simply put, WWI was the beginning of the Destruction of traditional western culture… no one could dream of the horrors of fully mechanized trench warfare."

"The war irrevocably changed American culture by triggering the beginning of the manipulation of public opinion through an official media machine."

The foregoing was the milieu into which Theodore and Albert were born. Although rural life and farming were still the norm for a majority of Americans, the world was changing at a breakneck pace and was on the cusp of being irrevocably altered to an even greater and unexpected extent.

We are getting a little ahead of ourselves, though. We begin our traipse through time before the Great War/World War I, and even prior to the American Civil and Revolutionary Wars. Our starting point is 1620, with the arrival of the Mayflower on American shores. Among its passengers were the forebears of a family which features prominently in this tome.

Draw back the curtains, dim the lights, initiate the fugue, and let the ballet begin.

1620

Plymouth Rocks

"I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land." – King James I of England

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood
And I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference
-- from the Robert Frost poem "Road Less Traveled"

"Spit on your hands and take a fresh holt." – from "Lamb in His Bosom" by Caroline Miller

- Mayflower Voyage
- John Howland "Takes the Waters"
- Mayflower Compact
- "First Encounter" with Indians
- Establishment of Plymouth Colony

One year after twenty African slaves were brought to Jamestown, Virginia--the first blacks to be forcibly settled in the North American British colonies--a different sort of colony was begun north of there, in what is now part of Massachusetts. These newcomers were a different type of people, who came for a different purpose than those who had settled in Virginia. They had no slaves, although some of them brought along indentured servants, such as John Howland, who made the trip as a servant to John Carver.

John Howland, and the woman who would become his wife in 1623, Elizabeth Tilley, were among the 102 souls that sailed on the Mayflower. This number was comprised of 40 separatists, 25 crew members, thirty-six servants, and Myles Standish, a hired soldier. Elizabeth's parents, John and Joan (Hurst) Tilley, as well as Elizabeth's uncle Edgar Tilley, were also passengers. An eleventh-generation descendant of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley would marry an Indian woman in northern California almost a quarter of a millenium later. Their great-granddaughter would marry into the Shannon family and further the Mayflower blood along that line.

Some of the Mayflower passengers belonged to a religious group known as "Saints of the Holy Discipline," or just "Saints" for short; the others on board were referred to by them as "Strangers." These "Saints" are also sometimes called "Puritans." Although this is a common term to use for them today, that is not how they referred to themselves. The emigrants themselves, who later gave themselves the sobriquet "Pilgrim," referred to

themselves at the time as “true gospellers” and “the godly.” In fact, those who called them Puritans did so with sarcastic intent. It was akin to designating them “holier than thou” or “self-righteous.” A pilgrim is anybody who embarks on a religious journey.

The most extreme subgroup of the so-called Puritans were the Separatists. The "orthodox" Puritans wanted to reform the Church of England from within; the Separatists, on the other hand--as their title suggests--broke all ties with the church. Those who traveled on the Mayflower were counted among this more radical faction.

The Reformation had been given impetus by the German Martin Luther (1483-1546). In 1517, scarcely more than a century before the pilgrims arrived at Plymouth, Luther nailed his 95 complaints against the Catholic church (he was still a member of the fold at the time) to the church door in Wittenberg.

One of the many Protestant religions to be founded as an indirect result of that schism was the Church of England, to which the Shannons in Ireland and later Canada belonged. According to the lights of the Puritans and Separatists, though, the Church of England had not moved far enough away from Catholicism and its ritualism. Queen Elizabeth (1533-1603), who as the sovereign of the country was also the head of the church, saw Puritanism as a challenge to her authority. Beginning with Henry 8th in 1531, who declared himself supreme head of the Church of England, the heads of state in England assumed these dual roles.

Attempting to reform the church from within was viewed as heresy by the leaders of the Church of England, and so the Puritans were persona-non-grata there. Before eventually leaving Europe altogether, the Puritans emigrated to the Netherlands, or Holland, as it is more commonly referred to in the United States. Holland, which was at the time enjoying its apex culturally, materially, and politically, prided itself on its open-mindedness and freedom of speech. The same year the Puritans arrived in Holland (1607), the first permanent English colony in America--in Jamestown, Virginia--was being founded.

Note, though, the qualifiers *permanent* and *English*. There had been other settlements before, but they were either temporary (such as Roanoke Island, from which location the colonists mysteriously disappeared), or had been established by other nations. St. Augustine, Florida, had been founded by Spain back in 1565. To the north, France had established a colony at Port Royal, Acadia (later known as Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia) in 1605 and at Quebec in 1608.

The Puritans eventually left Holland partly out of fear of renewed warfare between Spain and Holland, and partly due to a sort of revivification of the Spanish Inquisition, from which religious non-conformists were in danger. The Puritans felt that if they remained in Holland, they might end up facing even worse trials than they had in England.

And, in fact, what was eventually called the 30 years war had begun in 1618 in Europe. Opponents in that conflict were a coalition of Catholic nations on the one hand vs. a coalition of Protestant nations on the other.

Another reason the Puritans wanted to leave Holland was that they considered the Dutch children “dissolute”, and didn’t want their progeny to grow up among them. The Puritans, still British subjects, pestered the King of England until he finally gave them permission to leave Europe and sail for America. From Leiden, Holland, they traveled to Plymouth, England. From there they set sail on September 6th, ultimately making land at a place that had six years earlier also been named Plimoth by Captain John Smith. Even prior to Smith's travels there (whose maps the Mayflower entourage consulted), a certain Martin Pring had spent six weeks in the area back in 1603.

John Smith had offered to hire himself out as guide to the Pilgrims, but they declined, telling him that his book was “better cheap” than he was (Smith’s book was entitled “Description of New England”).

Not only was the area not new to all Europeans, it wasn’t even new to all of the passengers on the Mayflower: two members of the crew had been there before, accompanying John Smith on his 1614 voyage. Smith, of course, was heavily involved with the colony at Jamestown, Virginia.

As regards the sobriquet "Pilgrim," definitions of just who constituted such differ. Some call all who traveled on the Mayflower, passengers and crew alike, "pilgrims." Others restrict the term to just the religious dissenters among them. Others include, not only those on the Mayflower, but also those who came over during the next seven years on the ships *Fortune*, *Anne*, *Little James*, and *Charity*. Still others utilize that terminology for all residents of Plymouth Colony up until 1691, when its time as a separate colony ended (it was absorbed into the Massachusetts Bay Colony that year). There is no modern consensus on just who should be included in the "pilgrim" category. Many Americans also refer to this same group as "Our Forefathers."

The Mayflower passengers were also divided between those who had been living in Leiden, Holland (at the same time that painter Rembrandt van Rijn was growing up there) and those who set sail from London. In the strict definitions of the terms, John Howland was neither a “Saint” nor a “Stranger" (a "stranger" being one who was not a Puritan but was along to fulfill a specific job on behalf of the Pilgrims).

It is unknown whether Howland joined the group in Holland or England. He may have come to Leyden in 1620, or he may have joined the group later that year in Southampton, when they arrived there from London just prior to their embarkation.

In “The Women Who Came on the Mayflower,” the author, Annie Russell Marble, raises a doubt about John being a servant in the usual meaning of the word. She notes that he was, from the beginning, among the leaders in the group, and that he often wrote letters and made records for the other colonists. She says:

His ancestry is still in some doubt in spite of the efforts to trace it to one John Howland, "gentleman and citizen and salter" of London. Probably the outfit necessary for the voyage was furnished to him by Carver, and the debt was to be paid in some service, clerical or other; in no other sense was he a "servant." He signed the compact of The Mayflower *and was one of the "ten principal men" chosen to select a site for the colony. For many years he was prominent in civic affairs of the state and church. He was among the liberals towards Quakers as were his brothers who came later to Marshfield,--Arthur and Henry. At Rocky Neck, near the Jones River in Kingston, as it is now called, the Howland household was prosperous, with nine children to keep Elizabeth's hands occupied.*

Why did John Howland come along on the trip to America? His motivation was not religious freedom, as he was not one of the Separatists. Although it's possible that he was already John Carver's servant, and had no choice in the matter--where his master went, he went--it's also possible that Howland sought out Carver, offering to work as his servant, for the benefits he envisioned in such an undertaking.

The book "Plymouth Colony: Its History and People 1620-1691" by Eugene Aubrey Stratton, says regarding this:

Plymouth could offer something that England could not, the possibility of acquiring free land. This opportunity undoubtedly also attracted some servants from England who perhaps had been craftsmen or otherwise free there. Thus there were servants of different types and backgrounds in Plymouth.

As to the prevalence of servants, the same book states:

In the England of this time servants were very common in all but the poorest of families. Conditions of living were such that the supply of laborers exceeded the demand, and so with even a modest income one could always hire someone a little further down the economic ladder to do the menial work in return for food, lodging, some simple clothes, and perhaps a very little money.

Probably the most famous non-"Saint" on board was the professional soldier Myles Standish. John Carver was to become the first Governor of New Plymouth Settlement (or "Plimoth," as they usually spelled it).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Mayflower was not ordinarily a passenger vessel. In fact, there was no such thing at the time. It was a small vessel which had earlier in its life been engaged in transporting tar, lumber, and fish, but had more recently become a "sweet" ship by dealing in spices, oil, and wine in the Mediterranean. Despite any pleasing aroma the ship may have exhuded, it was no pleasure cruise that those aboard had embarked on. There was nowhere to go for privacy, quarters were cramped (adults were allotted a space belowdecks that was just 7' by 2 ½', and children's accommodations were smaller yet), food was stale and monotonous, and there was boredom and sea-sickness to deal with.

And if all that were not bad enough, the Mayflower encountered much severe weather. It was on one such occasion that John Howland was referred to as “a lusty young man” by Plymouth governor William Bradford in his book *Of Plymouth Plantation, The Pilgrims in America*. By "lusty," Bradford wasn't attributing sexual overzealousness to John. What he meant--the meaning of the term at the time--was someone who was lively or happy--the word had no sexual connotation.

After mentioning some severe storms they had endured, Bradford recorded John Howland being swept overboard into the boiling sea. The original spelling used by Bradford (which is atrociously bad by modern standards, but stems from a time before dictionaries as we know them and when rules of spelling had not yet been formalized) has been retained:

In sundrie of these storms the winds were so feirce, & the seas so high, as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to hull, for diverce days togither. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull, in a might storme, a lustie yonge man (called John Howland) coming upon some occasion above the grattings, was, with a seele of the shipe throwne into [the] sea; but it pleased God that he caught hould of the top-saile halliards, which hunge over board, & rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was hald up by the same rope to the brime of the water, and then with a boat hooke & other means got into the shipe againe, & his life saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church & commone wealthe.”

Although “sundry fathoms” underwater, John hung on and through strenuous and vigorous exertions, and with a little help from his friends, was able to pull himself back on deck.

"Pilgrim Overboard" (depicting the rescue of John Howland during the voyage of the Mayflower) © Mike Haywood

The only really noteworthy event during the passage from old England and old Plymouth to New England and new Plymouth other than John Howland's breathtaking swim in the ocean was the death of one of the sailors. This member of the crew doesn't evoke much empathy in Bradford's account, though. In fact, Bradford even goes so far as to call his death providential:

And I may not omite hear a spetiall worke of God's providence. There was a proud & very profane younge man, one of the sea-men, of a lustie, able body, which made him the more hauty; he would allway be contemning the poore people in their sickness, & cursing them dayly with grevous execrations, and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to help to cast halfe of them over board before they came to their jurneys end, and to make mery with what they had; and if he were by any gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it plased God before they came halfe seas over, to smite this young man with a greeveous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate maner, and so was him selfe the first that was throwne overboard. Thus his curses light on his owne head; and it was an astonishmente to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him.

The new settlers arrived in America later in the year than they had originally planned due to problems with one of their ships. Besides the *Mayflower*, they also had the *Speedwell* lined up for their use. Unfortunately, the *Speedwell* had to be taken back for repairs a first time, to repair some leaks, and then a second time, at which time the emigrants abandoned it as unseaworthy. As it turned out, there was nothing really

seriously wrong with The *Speedwell.* In fact, it sailed after that for years, ultimately staying in service longer than the *Mayflower*. Apparently the captain got "cold feet" and didn't want to make the journey after all.

Some of the passengers from the *Speedwell* joined those in the already-crowded *Mayflower*. In fact, John Howland was one of these, along with his master John Carver. Carver had been governor of the group on the *Speedwell*, and then filled the same position on the *Mayflower* after making the switch to that vessel. Others who had been on the *Speedwell* postponed or cancelled their trip to the New World. Due to the delay, the Puritans got a September rather than an August start to their trip. Thus, instead of arriving on America's shores in October, as they had planned and hoped, they didn't arrive until November. This delay was to have a severe impact on them.

Another change in plans that was forced by circumstances concerned their destination. After discussing various possible destinations, including Guyana in South America, the "Saints" had agreed upon northern Virginia as their destination, and had been given a "patent" for a tract of land there by their sponsors. The Pilgrims ended up eschewing Virginia, though, for Cape Cod. Reportedly, a combination of faulty navigation and bad weather caused them to decide on this change of venue. Their original goal in what was then considered Northern Virginia was located approximately where Manhattan is today.

Some suggest that it was in actuality something else that caused them to veer to the north and make land at Cape Cod. One story has it that the crew was bribed by the Pilgrims to land at Plymouth instead of northern Virginia so that they would be free from domination by England, as their contract, or "patent," was for northern Virginia only, and they would not be subject to British law if they alighted elsewhere. If this was their motive, their plan threatened to backfire on them, as the "Strangers" also felt they would there be above and outside any man's law, including that of the "Saints." To circumvent anarchy on the part of the "Strangers," a contract was drawn up. By agreeing to this covenant, known as the "Mayflower Compact," each agreed to band together and follow a unified governmental system.

This situation is described in *Mourt's Relation, A Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth*, by Robert Cushman, et al, as follows:

This day before we came to harbor, observing some not well affected to unity and concord, but gave some appearance of faction, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government and Governors as we should by common consent agree to make and choose, and set our hands to this that follows word for word.

A footnote to this passage reads:

Members of the Leiden congregation were fearful of mutiny and other abuses by some of the many "Strangers" who had joined the group in England. The party had no patent for New England, so that they would have been a people outside the law as soon as they disembarked, and individual license could have posed a real threat.

Although William Bradford was the chief proponent of the compact, and its writer, the man chosen from out of the group to become its first Governor was a younger man, John Howland's master John Carver.

The Mayflower Compact, as recorded in the book noted above, reads:

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

Having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancements of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these present solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, covenant, and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony: unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names; Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France and Ireland eighteenth and of Scotland fifty-fourth, Anno Domini 1620.

The mortality rate on ships traveling from England to America could be 50% or more. The Mayflower, with 102 passengers and twenty to thirty crewmembers, only lost one person on the voyage over. One baby was born on ship, the aptly named Oceanus Hopkins, so the Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth, Massachusetts with the exact same number of passengers as they had left Plymouth, England.

Although fortunate regarding the mortality rate on the voyage, within two to three months of their arrival, half of the new arrivals were dead. In January and February, due to the cold, lack of homes, and inadequate food supplies, many died of pneumonia. At the end of March, 1621, William Bradford wrote:

This month, thirteen of our number die...there die sometimes two or three a day. Of one hundred persons scarce fifty remain: The living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick...

John Howland was among the small number who volunteered to go on a discovery trip on shore shortly after the arrival in Cape Cod. Others in that group included Myles Standish, John Carver, William Bradford, and John's future father-in-law John Tilley as well as his brother Edward Tilley.

Both the Howland and the Tilley families were from east-central England, the Howlands being from Huntingdonshire, and the Tilley's haling from just south of there, in Bedfordshire.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The initial contact with the natives of the area did not bode well for the future. In an episode hence referred to by the Pilgrims as "The First Encounter," shot arrows and fired bullets were exchanged as the first "messages" between the two peoples. John Howland, as a member of the group who had gone exploring ashore, was present at this skirmish.

In his book, which he called "New England's Memorial," Nathaniel Morton, clerk of Plymouth Colony, recorded:

On the 6th of December they concluded to send out their shallop again on a third discovery. The names of those who went upon this discovery were

Mr. John Carver, Mr. William Bradford, Mr. Edward Winslow, Capt. Miles Standish, Mr. John Howland, Mr. Richard Warren, Mr. Stephen Hopkins, Mr. Edward Tilly, Mr. John Tilly, Mr. Clark, Mr. Coppin, John Allerton, Thomas English, and Edward Doten, with the master gunner of the ship, and three of the common seamen. These set sail of Wednesday, the sixth day of December, 1620, intending to circulate the deep bay of Cape Cod, the weather being very cold, so as the spray of the sea lighting on the coats they were as if they had been glazed; notwithstanding, that night they got down into the bottom of the bay, and as they drew near the shore, they saw some ten or twelve Indians, and landed about a league off them (but with some difficulty, by reason of the shoals in that place) where they tarried that night. Next morning they divided their company to coast along, some on shore and some in the boat, where they saw the Indians had been the day before, cutting up a fish like a grampus; and so they ranged up and down all that day, but found no people, nor any place they liked, as fit for their settlement; and that night, they on shore met their boat at a certain creek where they made them a barricado of boughs and logs, for their lodging that night, and, being weary, betook themselves to rest.

The next morning about five o'clock (seeking guidance and protection from God by prayer,) and refreshing themselves in way of preparation, to persist on their intended expedition, some of them carried their arms down to the boat, having laid them up in their coats from the moisture of the weather; but others said they would not carry theirs until they went themselves. But presently, all on a sudden, about the dawning of the day, they heard a great and strange cry, and one of their company being on board, came hastily in and cried, Indians! Indians! And withal, their arrows came flying amongst them; on which all their men ran with speed to recover their arms; as by God's good providence they did. In the meantime some of those that were ready, discharged two muskets at them, and two more stood ready at the entrance of their rendezvous, but were commanded not to shoot until they could take full aim at them; and the other two charged again with all speed, for there were only four that had arms there, and defended the barricado which was first assaulted. The cry of the Indians was dreadful, especially when they saw the men run out of their rendezvous towards the shallop, to recover their arms, the Indians wheeling about upon them; but some running out with coats of mail and cuttle-axes in their hands, they soon recovered their arms, and discharged amongst them, and stayed their violence. Notwithstanding there was a lusty man, and no less

valiant, stood behind a tree within half a musket shot, and let his arrows fly amongst them; he was seen to shoot three arrows, which were all avoided, and stood three shot of musket, until one taking full aim at him, made the bark or splinters of the tree fly about this ears, after which he gave an extraordinary shriek, and away they went all of them; and so leaving some to keep the shallop, they followed them about a quarter of a mile, that they might conceive that they were not afraid of them, or any way discouraged.

Thus it pleased God to vanquish their enemies, and to give them deliverance, and by his special providence so to dispose, that not any of them was either hurt or hit though their arrows came close by them; and sundry of their coats, which hung up in the barricado, were shot through and through. For which salvation and deliverance they rendered solemn thanksgiving unto the Lord.

To quote Francis Dillon in his book “The Pilgrims: Their Journeys & Their World” regarding this skirmish: “Now there is a tablet and comfort station to mark the spot.” In other words (translating British English into American English), now there is a historical marker and a rest room designating the site.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Mayflower lay at anchor in Cape Cod for half as long as the trip across the Atlantic had taken. Finally, three months and ten days after leaving Plymouth in the Old World, the ship unloaded its contribution of people onto shore at the Plymouth in the New World.

Merchants in England had financed the trip, and the Pilgrims were to pay for their passage by working for them for seven years, sending produce grown in America back to England. In effect, then, the “Saints” as a group were indentured servants to this group of speculators in London, who called themselves the Merchant Adventurers. The "Adventurers" portion of their name did not at the time imply that they were thrill seekers--the contemporary definition meant people who were placing their capital at risk, hoping for gain--in other words, speculators.

The Pilgrims' closest neighbors were sixty Wampanoag Indians. Being, as they were, from the East, the tribal designation Wampanoag fittingly means “People of the Dawn” or “People of the Breaking Day.”

Massasoit, the leader of the Wampanoags, proved to be a faithful friend to the Pilgrims throughout his life. It bears noting that the Indian known as Massasoit was actually named Ousamequin. Massasoit was his title, which meant "great sachem" ("sachem" being a word for the chief of a North American Indian tribe).

The Pilgrims would not get along as well with Massasoit’s son Metacom, though—more on that later.

The area the Pilgrims called Plymouth was called Patuxet, meaning “Little Bay” or “Little Falls," by the Wampanoags. Patuxet had been a Wampanoag village until 1617,

when an epidemic, one of five EuroAmerican-brought major epidemics to strike in the five years before the landing of the Mayflower, had wiped out the village.

Squanto, a native of the village of Patuxet, had inadvertently been saved from becoming a victim of this epidemic by a certain Captain Hunt, who captured him in 1614. It was only due to Squanto's absence from Patuxet during the time of the epidemic that he was spared from dying along with the rest of his townsmen.

Squanto's captor took him to Europe, where he was sold into slavery in Spain. He eventually made his way to London. In 1618, he accompanied Captain Thomas Dermer to New England. Upon arrival in his home territory, Squanto jumped ship and returned to his village, only to find it devoid of people--everyone had died.

The first Indian the Pilgrims met, though, was Samoset, of the Abenaki tribe. Samoset surprised the Pilgrims by saying, in English, as he strode into their settlement: “Welcome. My name is Samoset. I come not from here, but from Monhegan to the north, by sail with a strong wind a day, by land five.” He had learned to speak English from British sailors who had spent time in his area fishing.

It was this Indian from Maine who introduced Squanto to the Pilgrims. Squanto, who spoke even better English than Samoset due to his many years in England, served as a trading liaison between the Pilgrims and the Massachusetts tribe, which had valuable beaver furs to barter.

The Pilgrims' greatest fear in the New World had probably been the "savages," or "Indians" that they would meet there. And their fears had not been without foundation. The reason they were not attacked by the Indian tribes which had been plentiful in the region was mainly due to the afore-mentioned epidemic (possibly bubonic plague, introduced by earlier EuroAmericans) that had wiped out Patuxet. At least some of the Pilgrims considered this to be an evidence of divine providence. Squanto doubtless felt differently.

At the same time as the arrival of the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, on the other end of the continent, in what is now northern California, a tribe of Indians now known as Wiyots were living life as they had for untold thousands of years. A quarter of a millenium later, a descendant of John Howland would marry a Wiyot Indian.

While Mayflower descendants are not exactly a dime a dozen, there are many. It is estimated that there are 35,000,000 living Mayflower descendants in the world. Aassuming a world population of 6.3 billion, this is a ratio of about 1:180. Well-known descendants of John Howland include U.S. Presidents Franklin Delano Roosevelt and both George Bushes. Descendants of John’s brother Howard include Presidents Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. Winston Churchill was a descendant of Arthur, another brother of John and Howard Howland.

The Pilgrims were by no means the first British in America. Back in 1579, Britisher Sir Francis Drake had claimed California for his country, christening it “New Albion.”

Even on the east coast, there had been attempts at colonies in Virginia since the late 1500s. Portions of the east coast had been sailed as early as 1524 by the Italian Giovanni de Verrazzano.

In 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh arrived in Virginia but shortly thereafter returned to England. Two years later, he gave Virginia another try. After establishing the colony, Raleigh left again for England. On his return in 1590, nobody was left. It is an unsolved mystery just what happended to that group of one hundred fifty settlers who had been left in the area now known as Roanoke Island, North Carolina.

So why is it that Plymouth is sometimes thought of as the first *permanent* settlement established by Europeans, when it was really Jamestown? When the "forefathers" were first lionized, in the early 19th century, those at Jamestown were found lacking as candidates for hero worship because 1) they came primarily for material gain, not for freedom 2) they had problems with the local Indians (in their case Powhatans) right from the git-go. The Pilgrims at Plymouth, on the other hand--at least some of them--came for religious freedom, and they got along fairly well with most of the Indians indigenous to that area for the first half century.

The Pilgrims were not averse to simultaneously making a buck while enjoying their freedom, though. The newcomers were impressed by two things in particular that put dollar (or British pound) signs in their eyes: 1) The superabundance of whales “hard by them” (in close proximity to where they had landed). On seeing these, they expected Cape Cod would prove to be better fishing grounds than the customary whaling areas around Greenland. 2) The goodly supply of sassafrass trees growing in the area. As the bark and root of such was sold as medicine throughout the Old World at the time, this represented a good cash crop, readily at hand.

1621

International Harvesters

"*Native Americans do not celebrate the arrival of the pilgrims and other European settlers… To them, thanksgiving day is a reminder of the genocide of millions of their people, the theft of their lands, and the relentless assault on their culture."* -- inscription on statue of Wampanoag Chief Massasoit in New England

"We didn't land on Plymouth Rock -- Plymouth Rock landed on us!" -- Denzel Washington as Malcolm X in the movie "Malcolm X"

"Howdy, pilgrim!" – John Wayne

- Elizabeth Tilley's parents and grandparents die
- John and Kathrine Carver die
- Peace Treaty with the Wampanoags
- Few are Invited, but Many Come

Life was not easy for the new colonists. As mentioned in the previous chapter, they had gotten a late start, been delayed on their journey, and to add insult to injury, the first winter was an especially harsh one. Elizabeth Tilley's parents, John and Joan, as well as her paternal uncle Edgar, died the first winter in Plymouth, as did approximately half of the Pilgrims within the first three months.

Scarcity of food was not the problem—the settlers knew in advance that they wouldn't arrive in time to plant and harvest crops their first year. It was more the cold and lack of know-how in dealing with the new environment that did so many of them in. As for food, the survivors were in even better shape after half of their compatriots died, as there was then fewer mouths to feed.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

John Howland's master John Carver also died, in April, and a few days later his wife Kathrine did also. As the Carvers had no surviving children (apparently their only two had died in Holland, one in 1609 and the other in 1617), John Howland was apparently their heir. He immediately purchased his freedom. Orphaned Elizabeth Tilley was accepted into what was left of the Carver--now the John Howland--household. Desire Minter, for whom John and Elizabeth would apparently name their first-born child, had been in the care of the Carvers and also remained a part of the household. Other members included a manservant named Roger Wilder, two boys, Jasper More and William Latham, and an unnamed servant maid.

Jasper More was an orphan. His siblings were with him in America, but they were not all together in the same household. His brother Richard and sister Mary were living with the William Brewster family (who had adopted William Bradford earlier), and another

sister, Ellen, was with the Edward Winslow family. The More children were all results of their mother's infidelity. They were sent to America by Mr. More so as to be away from the prejudice they would face in England due to their illegitimacy. All of the original household died the first winter except for John Howland, Desire Minter, and William Lathan. That left a household of four people, taking Elizabeth Tilley into account.

The More children are the only Mayflower passengers proven to have been of royal descent. At least two of them later moved to Salem: Richard became a sea captain there, and his sister Mary suffered the loss of her husband Giles Corey, who was executed during the infamous Salem Witch Trials after having been branded a "wizard." The Witch trials began in 1692, the year after Plymouth colony merged with the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The trials lasted until 1696, when the Massachusetts legislature finally put a stop to them.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Squanto, who died the next year (1622), was useful not only in aiding the Pilgrims' trade, but also in dealing with the local Indian tribes. Understanding both Wampanoag and English, he served as interpreter and peace-broker between that local tribe and the Pilgrims in March of this year. The Wampanoags had a nearby enemy in the Narragansetts, and they felt having the English and their impressive guns on their side was to their distinct advantage. The crux of the treaty was:

1. The Pilgrims and Wampanoags would not harm each other, neither by physical violence nor by theft
2. If an Indian injured a Pilgrim, he would be delivered over for punishment
3. The Pilgrims and Wampanoags would defend one another against enemies
4. When the The Pilgrims and Wampanoags visited one another, they would leave their weapons outside the camp being visited

The time would come when the Wampanoags and Narragansets, instead of fighting one another, would join forces against the English. John Howland’s future son-in-law, would die fighting the Narragansets a half century after this treaty.

Perhaps just as importantly as being the peace broker, Squanto served as agricultural advisor and consultant to the Pilgrims. He showed them that they needed to add fish to their corn hills in order to get a good crop. Yes, there would have been no harvest of corn for the Pilgrims had the Indians not provided seed (without being asked--the Pilgrims had initially raided some of the Wampanoags corn caches in order to have seed to plant) and agricultural expertise.

This situation was similar to that down south in Jamestown, Virginia, where the Powhatan’s helped the English settlers there through the harsh winter of 1607-1608.

Squanto was, perhaps, not totally altruistic in his role as peace broker. Massasoit would later request of the Pilgrims that they chop off Squanto's head and hands, and send these body parts to him via his emissaries. Apparently, Squanto had taken advantage of

his bilingualism to play the colonists against the Wampanoags to his own material advantage. At any rate, that is what Massasoit thought.

--<>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>--

The Pilgrims did grow a fine crop of corn that first year. To their first harvest feast, the colonists invited Wampanoag Chief Massasoit. Much to the chagrin of the pilgrims, Massasoit in turn invited ninety of his people. Perhaps Massasoit misunderstood the invitation; or perhaps he found it too niggardly. It's possible that he was actually doing the Pilgrims a favor by inviting those Indians who had earlier been robbed of their corn cache. It could be that the feast was accepted by these as a recompense and a plea for forgiveness.

Regardless of motives, be they selfish, selfless, or ulterior, the Indians did contribute to the festive board with five deer.

This first harvest feast in Plymouth was later dubbed "Thanksgiving." Within a few dozen years, though, the Wampanoag Indians were the target of attacks by the whites. “King Philip’s War," which was fought against Massasoit’s son Metacom (alternately known as Pometacom and Metacomet, whom the whites derisively called “King Philip”), took place just a few short decades later, in 1675. The Wampanoags would be practically exterminated, and John Gorham I, one of the forefathers of the Shannon family, would also be killed during that war.

Depending on which authority you lend credence, the first thanksgiving in America actually took place in:

- 1540, in what is now known as the Texas panhandle
- c. 1570, in Florida
- Early 1600s in Maine
- 1619, in Virginia

Even if Plymouth Colony was the venue of the first “Thanksgiving,” it probably took place in late September, not in November. The first national Thanksgiving was not proclaimed until 1789, by George Washington. It was not celebrated again until 1863, when Lincoln made it a national holiday.

1623

Who Gives This Woman?

"Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there." – Will Rogers

- Division of Land in Plymouth Colony
- John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley wed

A division of land took place this year. John Howland received four acres. This land was divided with his future wife Elizabeth Tilley, the Carver's former servant girl Desire Minter, and their former servant boy William Lathan, each of them receiving an acre.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Elizabeth Tilley was apparently not quite sixteen years old when she married John Howland. John would eventually be placed in charge of a trading post in present-day Augusta, Maine, where he purchased furs from the Indians. Later in life, he held many public offices, such as court representative, assessor, surveyor of highways, deputy of the general court, and selectman.

Some estimate the year for the Howland/Tilley wedding as being circa 1626; if such was actually the case, then Elizabeth would have been around nineteen years of age. As their first child, Desire, was born 1625, though, it is most likely that they were married prior to 1626, and probably prior to 1625. The most likely year for their marriage, in spite of the orphaned Elizabeth's youth, is indeed 1623.

1625
Desire of the Pilgrims

"My home is America." – Ernie Pyle

♦ Desire Howland born Plymouth Colony

Five years after the Mayflower landed, John Howland and his wife Elizabeth produced one of the first EuroAmerican babies born in the British Colonies of America: Desire Howland. She was by no means *the* first baby, as Peregrine White was born December 7th, 1620, shortly after the Pilgrims' arrival in the "New World."

Desire was a common English name of the time period. Other common names were Thankful, Mehitable, Temperance, Prudence, Ebenezer, and Shubael; even babies named Experience and Content (with the emphasis, presumably, on the latter syllable) weighed in on occasion.

The Howland's firstborn child was no doubt a comfort to them, especially to Elizabeth, who had lost her parents four years prior, in 1621.

The John Howland family later moved six miles from Plymouth, to Rocky Nook peninsula overlooking Plymouth Bay, a mile east of present-day Kingston. This house is currently the site of an ongoing archaelogical dig.

At Plimoth Plantation, a living history site located near Plymouth, interpreters portray various individuals from 1627 in first person (acting as if they are that person living at that time). Key personages living there at that time, as far as the Howland/Gorham/Silva/Nelson/Shannon line is concerned, were John and Elizabeth Howland (married 1623) and their daughter Desire (born 1625). Of course, nobody portrays Desire, who was two years old in 1627.

There are also Wampanoag and Abenaki Indians who more fittingly engage the visitors in third-person dialog (that way, they can speak of both the past and the present). Interestingly, the Abenaki (Samoset's tribe) are related to the Wiyots, both descending from thte Algonquin people.

1627

Raghorne the Heifer

"Let's make a deal!" – Monty Hall

"I'll gladly pay you on Tuesday for a hamburger today." – Wimpy

"Pay attention to me, boy. I'm not talkin' just to hear my head roar." – Foghorn Leghorn

- Eight Undertakers Make a Deal
- Division of Livestock in Plymouth Colony

The year before, John Howland had been among fifty-three "Purchasers" at Plymouth who bought out the Merchant Adventurers in England.

This year, a smaller number agreed to assume the Colony's debts in return for some considerations from the rest of the settlers. John Howland was one of eight leading men in Plymouth, referred to as "Undertakers" in this endeavor. In this instance, the word "undertaker" does not refer to morticians, but simply those who undertake something. In modern terminology, they would perhaps be called entrepreneurs.

Besides John Howland, the others were William Bradford, Myles Standish, Isaac Allerton, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, John Alden, and Thomas Prence. For assuming responsibility for the Colony's debts, certain monopolies were granted them, such as in the fur trade.

This explains why John Howland ended up running an Indian trading post a few years later on the Kennebec River in what is today part of Maine.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Also this year, a division of livestock took place among those in the Colony. The 156 people in the Colony were divided into twelve groups of thirteen people each. John Howland was the head of one group which included his family, the John Alden family, and several others. According to the written audit of the proceedings, "To this lot fell one of the 4 heyfers Came in the Jacob Called Raghorne."

The head of the Alden family is probably best-known for his appearance in Longfellow's poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish," wherein he is told by a girl to whom he was supposedly functioning as matchmaker for Standish to "speak for yourself, John Alden."

1634

Patronized Saints

"I look upon the whole world as my fatherland, and every war has to me the horror of a family feud." – Helen Keller

"Hail, holy Lead! --of human feuds the great And universal arbiter; endowed With penetration to pierce any cloud Fogging the field of controversial hate, And with a swift, inevitable, straight, Searching precision find the unavowed But vital point. Thy judgment, when allowed By the chirurgeon, settles the debate. O useful metal! --were it not for thee We'd grapple one another's ears alway: But when we hear thee buzzing like a bee We, like old Muhlenberg, "care not to stay." And when the quick have run away like pellets Jack Satan smelts the dead to make new bullets…" – Ambrose Bierce

♦ Deadly Dispute Between Plymouth and Piscataqua

Although today the best known of the early British colonies in America, Plymouth Plantation was neither the first chronologically, nor was it at this point in history the largest. Not only had Jamestown been established in 1607, thirteen years before Plymouth, but the Massachusetts Bay Colony, founded in 1630 in an area north of Plymouth with Boston at its center, already had a much larger population than Plymouth.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was made up of Puritans. In this they differed from the Separatists in Plymouth, who had severed ties with the Church. Both groups were considered Puritans, but those in the Massachusetts Bay Colony were not Separatists.

Perhaps due to their superior numbers, and possibly also because they considered themselves to be a more reasonable and moderate people than the "radicals" in Plymouth, the Massachusetts Bay Colony inserted itself into a brouhaha that arose between two other New England settlements, their "older sister" Plymouth being one of them.

Our man in Plymouth, John Howland, was in the thick of things. He was heading an Indian trading post up on the Kennebec River, near what is today Augusta, Maine. Stratton's "Plymouth Colony" relates:

The Bradford Patent gave Plymouth the right to settle or trade on the Kennebec River and to seize all persons, ships, and goods that might attempt to trade with the Indians on the Kennebec. Plymouth set up a trading post there under John Howland. A trading ship from the Piscataqua settlement under John Hocking ignored repeated warnings from Howland's group that it had no right to be there. Howland ordered one of his men to cut the moorings of Hocking's ship so it would drift down the river. Hocking shot and killed the man, Moses Talbot, and one of Talbot's companions in turn shot and killed Hocking.

Howland actually sent four men to cut the moorings of Hocking's ship. The account goes on to say that John Alden, who was in Kennebec at the time delivering supplies, but

who was not involved in the incident, was imprisoned when he arrived at the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Myles Standish was then dispatched with letters explaining the facts of the matter, and Alden was subsequently released.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony pursued the matter further, though. They demanded that Standish appear in court to get the matter straightened out. Eventually it was, but not before the sensibilities of the two disputing settlements were irritated over the Bay Colony's presumption to take over adjudication of the matter. Stratton's account goes on to opine:

...the Bay Colony had no jurisdiction over Plymouth, Piscataqua, or the Kennebec River, and their assuming a right to put themselves in the role of judge was sheer arrogance on their part.

Reasons for the Massachusetts Bay Colony asserting itself in this way, based on the explanation of their action by their governor John Winthrop, were twofold: First, they didn't want people to think the New England colonists were going around killing each other for beaver. Second, and perhaps more importantly, they didn't want the incident to provoke King James I from sending a General Governor from England to oversee the Colonies and make them "toe the line" in strict subservience to the Crown.

1637

Setting Fire to the Fox's Tail

"Why does everything have to have a name?"
"So we know which houses to burn." – from the play "Bach at Leipzig" by Itamar Moses

"*..there is always a deeper level of detail than you are currently aware of.*" – Danny Thorpe

"*My father is with me, and there is no Great Father between me and the Great Spirit.*" – Crazy Horse

"*In case you lay siege to a city many days by fighting against it so as to capture it, you must not ruin its trees by wielding an ax against them; for you should eat from them, and you must not cut them down, for is the tree of the field a man to be besieged by you?*" – Deuteronomy 20:19

♦ Pequot War

At the time the English colonies were starting out in American in the early 1600s, Indians in Virginia were much more numerous than those in New England. Epidemics introduced by Europeans had killed perhaps 80% of the Indians in New England from 1617-1619, just prior to the arrival of the Mayflower. That was not to be the only way the EuroAmericans were to reduce the numbers of the natives, though.

A war that would set the tone and stage for many to come took place this year between the EuroAmericans and the Indians. On this occasion, it was the Pequots who were the subject of the newcomers' attention.

The whole affair had been touched off with the murder of a certain Captain John Stone three years earlier, in 1634. Stone was no paragon of propriety. He was a failed pirate (he had attempted to hijack a vessel in New Amsterdam, as New York was known until 1664), and otherwise a criminal: he had threatened the Governor of Plymouth Colony with a knife, and had been deported from the Massachusetts Bay Colony for drunkenness and adultery. Additionally, Indians claimed that Stone had kidnapped some of their tribespeople.

Besides the foregoing, which is a hint that perhaps Stone got just what he deserved, and that the natives may have had just cause to be incensed with him, the Pequots were not the perpetrators of the murder. However, apparently the Niantics, a tribe nominally under Pequot control, *were* responsible for Stone's demise.

Bending over backwards to avert a war, the Pequots followed a path of appeasement. They accepted responsibility for the murder and agreed to a punitive treaty with the

Massachusetts Bay Colony (who, as was mentioned, didn't have much use for Stone). The Pequots paid a large fine, relinquished a vast tract of their Connecticut land, and agreed to surrender those of their number who were "guilty" of the murder. They also consented to the demand placed upon them to trade only with the English (excluding the Dutch).

Time passed and a portion of the fine had been paid. When pressed for the responsible parties, though, the Pequots claimed that all the murderers were unavailable: one had been killed by the Dutch, one had died of smallpox, and two others had escaped. For a time, the colonists did nothing about this "breach of treaty." But then, a new wrinkle appeared: Another English captain, John Oldham, was killed. This time, either the old enemies of the Wampanoags, the Narragansetts--or a tribe subject to them--were the guilty party. A punitive force of white colonists was sent to deal with the Narragansetts. Their goods were to be confiscated, their men slaughtered, and their women and children captured and sold as slaves. But the Narragansetts, expecting just such a response from the colonists, had fled their home on Block Island, off the coast of Massachusetts. Oldham's frustrated avengers turned their attention to the "next best thing," attacking Pequot villages outside of Fort Saybrook, burning their villages.

At one point during the war, Captain John Mason led ninety Connecticut soldiers against the Pequots, who had two main forts. One Pequot fort conisted mainly of warriors; the other was peopled mostly by women, children, and old men. Mason decided to attack the latter.

These depradations set fire to the fox's tail. The Pequots retaliated, torching English settlements throughout the Connecticut Valley. The colonists, predictably, responded with a further escalation of aggression.

Why, though, would Captain John Endecott, the soldier sent to punish the Narragansetts, touch off what would become a long drawn-out holocaust against the Indians? As in so many conflicts, the quest for material advantage was behind it all. The Indians were used as pawns in a competititon between the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the settlers of the Connecticut Valley, who wrangled over possession of that valley. Those with dominion over the Pequots, whose country was in the Connecticut Valley, would have a strong legal claim to their territory. The Pequots would not retain the Valley, that was a given; the real question was, which faction of the English would end up with it--those in Massachusetts, or those in Connecticut?

An example of Indians being used as pawns is reported in the book “The First Way of War: American War Making on the Frontier” by John Grenier. “Father” Jean-Louise Le Loutre, a vehemently anti-British Jesuit priest, is recorded therein as having said:

I think that we cannot do better than to incite the Indians to continue warring on the English; my plan is to persuade the Indians to send word to the English that they will not permit new settlements to be made in Acadia. ... I shall do my best to make it look to the English as if this plan comes from the Indians and that I have no part in it.

The Jesuits were not above stretching facts a smidgen in order to get the Indians on their side. One Indian allied with the French, Chief Bomaseen, told an Englishman that he was himself indeed a Christian. He went on to explain what he had been taught by the Jesuits: the Virgin Mary was a French lady whose son Jesus was murdered by Englishmen, had then been resurrected to heaven, and all who wanted to earn his favor must avenge his death.

What the Jesuits did *not* teach the Indians was perhaps just as bad than the lies they had taught them. The omissions in their Christian education can perhaps be inferred from the following account about a raid by French-allied Abenaki Indians on a British settlement in Massachusetts, as recorded in Howard H. Peckham's "The Colonial Wars: 1689-1762":

Because the baby cried, a warrior seized it by the feet and bashed its head against a tree. … Night and morning the Catholic Indians prayed with their rosaries.

Endecott was not an English soldier per se. That is to say, he was English and he was a soldier, but he was not in the service of England. He was in the employ of the Massachusetts Bay Company. In other words, he was a mercenary. And because the settlers in Connecticut did not want the Massachusetts Bay Company to beat them out in their bid for the Valley's bounty, those in the Connecticut Valley did not fight against the Pequots at first. The Massachusetts Bay Colony eventually had to enlist the aid of rival Indian tribes to defeat the Pequots--among them the Narragansetts, the very tribe that they had sought to destroy at the start of the debacle.

It should be noted that the Pequot War in New England was not the first war between EuroAmericans and Indians. The colonists in Jamestown, Virginia, had fought a war with the Powhatans in 1609. They also engaged in what is misnamed "The First Indian War" against that same tribe from 1622-1632.

In fact, Grenier's aforementioned "First Way of War" shows that the EuroAmericans waged war against the Indians for almost three hundred years, from 1609 to 1890, when the Massacre at Wounded Knee put the finishing touches on the quarter-millenium of warfare. This "First Way of War" consisted of what is known today as "guerilla warfare," and is marked by an attempt to completely exterminate the enemy (not just defeat them), destroy their crops and homes, and even kill non-combatants. During the late 1700s, at the latest, it was the Americans, not the Indians, who had a reputation for fierceness—for killing men, women, and children in wholesale brutal slaughterings of grisly, gory grotesqueness.

Sometimes, in fact, when the Indians took prisoners it was as a recompense for numbers they had lost—the captives were at times "adopted" into the tribe, and treated well. On one occasion, when French forces rescued a large number of their landsmen from a group of Iroquois, only thirteen women and children were willing to be repatriated. All of the men refused to return to Canada and "New France"; they enjoyed the free, simple life the Indians led (and, perhaps, the dusky maidens).

This “First Way of War,” which differs from the traditional “European” style of professional soldiers lining up in neat rows on a battlefield and firing volleys into one another’s ranks, has marked many American wars besides those against the Indians. Examples of these are: Sherman’s March to the Sea during the Civil War, the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki at the end of World War II, and the wanton and wholesale destruction wreaked upon any Vietnamese suspected of being in league with the Viet Cong in the 1960s and 1970s. Other “First Way of War” style terrorists included “Bloody Bill” Anderson, William Quantrill, as well as Jesse and Frank James, when these border ruffians raided around their home state of Missouri and into neighboring Kansas.

George Bodge’s “Soldiers in King Philip’s War: Being a Critical Account of That War, with a Concise History of the Indian Wars of New England,” says regarding the Pequot War:

The result of this war was that the Indians of New England were so dismayed at the resistless force of the English soldiers, that for nearly forty years there was no further formidable outbreak, though they knew that they were wronged, cheated, and oppressed in many ways by the colonists. Some time after the war was over, the actual number of the Pequods still surviving was found to be about two hundred. In 1638, a treaty was concluded between the Colonies, Narragansets, and Mohegans, by which the surviving Pequods were equally distributed between the two larger tribes, forced to adopt their names, and drop their own forever.

1643

Uniting of Couples and Colonies

"We are of course a nation of differences. Those differences don't make us weak. They're the source of our strength…The question is not when we came here…but why our families came here. And what we did after we arrived." – Jimmy Carter

"One small candle may light a thousand." – William Bradford

- John Gorham and Desire Howland wed
- New England Colonies Unite for War
- Howland Brothers on ATBA List

In 1621, the first of many John Gorhams we will encounter was born in England. Raised a "Puritan," John came to Plymouth as a young man, sometime prior to 1638. John came with his father Ralph, born 1575, who apparently died shortly after arriving in America. The only mention of Ralph in historical documentation which seems interesting enough to note is that he was charged with beating Webb Adey (sometimes known, conversely, as Adey Webb) in 1639. Adey or Webb was apparently the town drunk and ne'er-do-well. Since Ralph was a widower, John inherited his father's property when he died.

John Gorham married John and Elizabeth Howland's daughter Desire on March 25th of this year, a date that was on or about New Years at the time. This is sensible, as it is near the beginning of springtime, when hibernating animals come out of their dens, and long-dormant plants beginning sprouting again. A little over a century later, in 1752, the calendar changed to the Gregorian (the one we still use today). The Gregorian calendar, perversely enough, begins each new year near the beginning of winter (January 1st).

Note: When you see dates within the range January 1st to March 25th prior to 1752, two years may be given, such as: March 10, 1675/1676. This is because according to their way of reckoning the year at that time, it was 1675 (as the new year did not begin until March 26th) but according to the Gregorian view of time, it was 1676.

Desire was eighteen when she married; John was twenty-one or possibly twenty-two (depending on the date of his birth, which is unknown).

Notwithstanding their location on the coast, John's title of "Captain" was not assigned to him from activity on the sea. In his case, "Captain" was a military title that he was to attain when in his fifties. And so, he was not a Captain at the time they married; in fact, as we will see in the 1675 chapter, he was only a captain for a very short period of time. As would be at least one of their sons, John was by profession a tanner. He also owned a grist mill, and was Marshfield constable in 1648.

Being a constable was not always the most pleasant and sought-after type of employment. In fact, some chosen to serve in such capacity refused to do so, such as a certain Robert Parker in Barnstable in 1669. Stratton's "Plymouth Colony" says about this:

The constable was probably the most common interface between the law and the individual, and resentment against some types of laws, such as paying tax for the magistrates' meals or the ministers' maintenance, or the harsh treatment given to Quakers, made this a most undesirable position.

Spelling was not as uniform in the middle ages as it is today, even as regards proper names. The surname “Gorham” is sometimes spelled “Goram” or “Gorum” or “Gorram” in old documents.

After living in Plymouth for a time, where a girl named for Desire was born, the Gorhams moved to Marshfield (where four more children were born), then Yarmouth (where their sixth child was born). Thereafter, according to a great-grandson, they relocated again, this time to Barnstable. It was in this town that Desire gave birth to children seven through eleven. Besides naming their first child for its mother, there was also an Elizabeth (for Desire’s mother) and a John, for its father, both born in Marshfield.

The Gorhams were by no means the only ones of the early EuroAmerican inhabitants of Plymouth to leave that settlement. In his *Of Plymouth Plantation*, William Bradford speaks in the 1644 section of that work of what some historians refer to as "declension" (Pilgrims leaving Plymouth): “Many having left this place (as is before noted) by reason of the straightnes & barrennes of the same, and their finding of better accommodations elsewher, more sutable to their ends & minds;…”

Bradford’s history was missing for over two hundred years. It was finally discovered in England, and subsequently printed, in 1856.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Feeling threatened by the Naragansett tribe, the United Colonies of New England was formed this year. Member colonies included Plymouth, the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and New Haven. Rhode Island, the renegade colony of freethinker (read: religiously tolerant) Roger Williams (who had lived in Plymouth from 1632 to 1633) was conspicuous by its absence from the confederation. Within just three decades, though, Rhode Island would seek membership and be sought for membership in preparation for battle against another tribe, a war in which John Gorham Sr. would be killed.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Plymouth Colony "Able to Bear Arms" List compiled this year contained four Howlands: John Sr. and Jr. in Plymouth proper, and their brothers and uncles Arthur in Marshfield and Henry in "Duxborrow" (Duxbury). John Gorham also appears on the list. ccording to Bodge’s “King Philip’s War,” those admitted to the list were only those who

were “freemen, honest, and of good repute, and by the election of the members of the company. Training exercises were begun and ended with prayer. … Each man, upon election, must provide himself with a musket or sword, rest, bandoleers, etc.”

1648

Disagreeable Duty / Marshfield Marshall

"I can calculate the motion of heavenly bodies but not the madness of people." -- Isaac Newton

- Grisly Proceedings
- John Gorham becomes Marshall of Marshfield

William Bradford, the second Governor of Plymouth Colony, wrote in his "Of Plymouth Plantation" about John Howland that he became a "profitable" member of society. After gaining his freedom shortly after his arrival, John was indeed "upwardly mobile," becoming a pillar of the community, in both civil and church matters. Over the years he served as a court deputy and as an Assistant to the Governor (an Assistant was similar to a Lieutenant Governor, or at least a Deputy).

One court case in which John took part involved the murder of a little girl. The original record of the case reads:

These sheweth, that on Jul the 22, 1648, wee, whosse names are vnderwritten, were sworne by Mr Bradford, gouerner, to make inquiry of the death of the child of Allis Bishop, the wife of Richard Bishope.

Wee declare, yt coming into the house of the said Richard Bishope, wee saw at the foot of a ladder wh leadeth into an vpper chamer, much blood; and going vp all of vs into the chamber, wee found a woman child, of about foure yeares of age, lying in her shifte vppon her left cheeke, with her throat cut with diuers gashes crose wayes, the wind pipe cut and stuke into the throat downward, and a bloody knife lying by the side of the child, with wh knife all of vs judg, and the said Allis hath confessed to fiue of vs at one time, yt shee murdered the child with the said knife.

JOHN HOWLAND, JAMES COLE,
JAMES HURST, GYELLS RICKARD,
ROBERT LEE, RICHARD SPARROW,
JOHN SHAWE, THOMAS POPE,
FRANCIS COOKE, FRANCIS BILLINGTON,
JOHN COOKE, WILLIAM NELSON.

Rachell, the wife of Josepth Ramsden, aged about 23 yeares, being examined, saith that coming to the house of Richard Bishope vppon an erand, the wife of the said Richard Bishope requested her to goe fetch her som buttermilke at Goodwife Winslows, and gaue her a ketle for that purpose, and she went and did it; and before shee wente, shee saw the child lyinge abed asleep, to her best deserning, and the woman was as well as shee hath knowne her att any time; but when shee came shee found her sad and dumpish; shee asked her what blood was that shee saw at the ladders foot; shee pointed vnto the

chamber, and bid her looke, but shee perseiued shee had kiled her child, and being afraid, shee refused, and ran and tould her father and mother. Morouer, shee saith the reason yt moued her to thinke shee had kiled her child was yt when shee saw the blood shee looked on the bedd, and the child was not there.

Alice Bishop, who had confessed to killing her child, was hanged.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

John Gorham was this year selected as Marshall of Marshfield, which is located fifteen miles north of Plymouth.

1650

Sole Survivors

"The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but the kind of man that the country turns out." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

♦ Plymouth Colony Accounting

Thirty years after the founding of Plymouth colony, William Bradford recorded what had happened to all the original passengers--those who had died, those who had married and multiplied, those who had moved away, and what became of them.

John Howland was the only surviving member of the John Carver household, and had been for some years. Bradford wrote:

Mr. Caruer and his wife dyed the first year; he in the spring, she in the sommer; also, his man Roger [Wilder], and the little boy Jaspter [More] dyed before either of them, of the commone infection. Desire Minter returned to her freinds, and proved not very well, and dyed in England. His servant boy Latham, after more than 20 years stay in the country, went into England, and from thence to the Bahamy Ilands in the West Indies, and ther, with some others, was starved for want of food. His maid servant maried, and dyed a year or tow after, here in this place. His servant, John Howland, maried the doughter of John Tillie, Elizabeth, and they are both now living, and have 10 children, now all living; and their eldest daughter hath 4 children. And there 2 daughter, one, all living; and other of their children mariagable. So 15 are come of them.

The eldest daughter Bradford mentioned, who at the time of writing had given birth to four children, was Desire Gorham. Bradford concluded his accounting by writing:

Of these 100 persons which came first over in this first ship together, the greater halfe dyed in the genreall mortality; and most of them in 2 or 3 months time. And for those which survi[v]ed, though some were ancient and past procreation, and others left the place and cuntrie, yet of those few remaining are sprunge up above 160 persons, in this 30 years, and are now living in this presente year, 1650 besides many of their children which are dead, and come not within this account.

And of the old stock (of and and other) ther are yet living this present year, 1650 nere 30 persons. Let the Lord have the praise, who is the High Preserver of men.

John Gorham was made a freeman this year.

1651
Barnstable Constable

"Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it . . ." -- from "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

♦ John Gorham II born Massachusetts

Desire Gorham gave birth to a son, named for his father, this year in Marshfield, Massachusetts. John Sr. was also made a member of the Grand Inquest of Plymouth Colony. The next year they would move to Yarmouth.

John and Desire's son John Jr. shared not just a name with his father but also a profession, that of tanner. At Captain John Gorham's death, his son John received his father's "tan vats, bark mill, tools, stock and the other half of the upland" (of which his brother James had received the first half). Also like his father before him, John held many public offices, such as constable, and deputy to the general court, at Barnstable.

John Gorham II was united in matrimony with Mary Otis in 1674. A few years after the marriage, John got involved in the lucrative whale trade for which the region is so well-known (Nantucket is the land setting for the beginning of Herman Melville's epic whale tale *Moby Dick*).

Rather than wait for the fluke occurrence of a whale foundering on the beach, watchers were commissioned to give notice when a whale spouted in the bay. A certain man named Lopez from Long Island (for some reason referred to as a "Dutchman," although his name seems anything but Dutch) taught the men of Barnstable how to kill whales. After one of the giant sea creatures had been sited, whalers would then put out in small boats and give chase. John Gorham made a tidy fortune out of the business "first fixt out with old Lopez whaling in ye year about 1680."

Besides the large whales that normally come to mind when one thinks of whaling, there was also a lucrative business in "shore whaling," involving Blackfish. These are small whales (but very large fish). Although called Blackfish today, the early colonists referred to them as "grampus." These could be hunted in small boats just offshore, driven ashore in great numbers to be stranded at ebb tide. The shore whaling industry was very lucrative during the 17th century.

Although written a century later, this 1793 description of "Cape Whaling" by Levi Whitman is informative:

It would be curious indeed to a countryman, who lives at a distance from the sea, to be acquainted with the method of killing blackfish. Their size is from four to five tons

weight, when full grown. When they come within our harbors, boats surround them. They are as easily driven to the shore as cattle or sheep are driven on land. The tide leaves them, and they are easily killed. They are a fish of the whale kind, and will average a barrel of oil each. I have seen nearly four hundred at one time lying dead on the shore.

Apparently it was indeed "a tidy fortune" that John had accumulated in the whaling game, as the inventory of his goods at his death was calculated to be worth 1,200 English pounds. At the time, one hundred pounds was considered a good annual living. In his will, John divvied up his material possessions between his wife Mary and their children. He made arrangements for his servant Robin to go free after a further two years of service to his wife. Among his worldly goods enumerated was also 'an Indian servant Jeffrey.'

1654

Cruelty and Hard Usage

"How came it to pass that so many wicked persons and profane people should so quickly come over into this land?" -- William Bradford

How can people be so heartless?
How can people be so cruel? -- from the song "Easy to be Hard" by Three Dog Night

- John Howland testifies in a Manslaughter Trial
- War with Holland Averted

A fourteen-year old servant boy named John Walker died this year as a result of extreme neglect and sadistic cruelty. John Howland, along with a certain John Adams, testified against Walker's master Robert Latham, telling the court that, on the morning of the day that Walker died, they had heard Latham say he had beaten the boy. The coroner's jury was called upon to view the body and made this report:

That the body of John Walker was blackish and blew, and the skine broken in divers places from the middle to the haire of his head, viz, all his backe with stripes given him by his master, Robert Latham, as Robert himselfe did testify; and also wee found a bruise of his left arme, and one of his left hipp, and one great bruise of his brest; and there was the knuckles of one hand and one of his fingers frozen, and alsoe both his heeles frozen, and one of the heeles the flesh was much broken, and alsoe one of his little toes frozen adn very much perished, and one of his great toes frozen, and alsoe the side of his foot frozen; and alsoe, upon reviewing the body, wee found three gaules like holes in the hames, which wee formerly, the body being frozen, thought they had been holes; and alsoe wee find that the said John was forced to carry a logg which was beyond his strength, which hee indeavoring to doe, the logg fell upon him, and hee, being downe, had a stripe or two, as Joseph Beedle doth testify; and we find that it was some few daies before his death; and wee find, by the testimony of John Howland and John Adams, that heard Robert Latham say that hee gave John Walker som stripes that morning before his death; and alsoe wee find the flesh much broken of the knees of John Walker, and that he did want sufficient food and clothing and lodging, adn that the said John did constantly wett his bedd and his cloathes, lying in them, and so suffered by it, his clothes being frozen about him; and that the said John was put forth in the extremity of cold, though thuse unabled by lamenes and sorenes to performe what was required; and therefore in respect of crewelty and hard usage he died.

The trial jury found Latham guilty of manslaughter. Latham was sentenced to be burned in the hand and to have all his personal property confiscated.

John Gorham was surveyor of highways in Barnstable this year, where he also owned a grist mill and a tannery.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The British Colonists almost got involved in a war with the Dutch this year. As a conflict seemed imminent, preparations were made beginning in 1653. A “Council of War” was appointed that year to take charge of these preparations. A group of men from Plymouth were appointed to join an expedition that was to be sent out to join the other colonies, with Capt. Miles Standish (naturally) as Commander. Two barques were also prepared. However, peace broke out between the two nations before the colonies actually commenced warfare.

1657

Partners, Brothers, and Friends

"I don't believe an accident of birth makes people sisters or brothers. It makes them siblings, gives them mutuality of parentage. Sisterhood and brotherhood is a condition people have to work at." -- Maya Angelou

"Our siblings. They resemble us just enough to make all their differences confusing, and no matter what we choose to make of this, we are cast in relation to them our whole lives long." -- Susan Scarf Merrell

♦ Arthur and Henry Howland Run Afoul of the Law

John Howland started out a "stranger" and became a Separatist after living among them in Plymouth. John's brothers Arthur and Henry, who came to Plymouth later, were Quakers. This was no doubt a source of bemusement to some, that so prominent an individual in the community as John Howland had as brothers such "radicals." As being a Quaker, or even associating with Quakers, was illegal in Plymouth quality (as was also the case regarding Anglicans, Baptists, and Catholics), this may have been a source of some embarrassment to John.

Stratton's *Plymouth Colony* says about the matter:

...few families were more identified with the Quakers than those of Arthur and Henry Howland, the two brothers of Mayflower *passenger ... John Howland.*

One Quaker meeting which convened at Arthur's house on December 22nd, 1657, was interruped by constable John Phillips of Marshfield, who attempted to arrest Quaker leader Robert Huchin. Phillips complained that he had been unable to take Huchin into custody because Howland threatened Phillips that "hee would have either a sword or a gun in the belly of him" if he persisted in his efforts to apprehend Huchin. Howland apparently literally threw Phillips out of his house while or immediately after making that threat.

Captian Myles Standish, who would otherwise perhaps had something to say in the matter, being a friend of John Howland, and presumably a moderate (as he was not a member of the Plymouth Church) was no longer around--he had died the year before.

Arthur was not the only "black sheep" of the family. He and John's other brother Henry had been fined for hosting an illegal meeting in his home (doubtless an assembly of Quakers) early in the year, on March 2nd.

On October 6th, 1659, Arthur Howland was disenfranchised (deprived of the rights of citizenship) for aiding and entertaining Quakers. Henry was fined twice more in 1660 for entertaining Quaker meetings in his house.

1661

Which Witch is Which?

"*...I am wronged. It is a shameful thing that you should mind these folks that are out of their wits.*" -- Martha Carrier (hanged for witchcraft in 1692 in Salem, Massachusetts)

"We have a criminal jury system which is superior to any in the world; and its efficiency is only marred by the difficulty of finding twelve men every day who don't know anything and can't read." -- Mark Twain

"Of all the variable things in creation, the most uncertain of all are the action of a jury, the state of a woman's mind, and the conditions of the Missouri River." – from a Sioux City, Iowa, newspaper

♦ Accusation of Witchcraft

Compared to the Massachusetts Bay Colony to the North, Plymouth Colony had a reputation for being more moderate and fair in legal matters (notwithstanding the fact that those at Massachusetts Bay were Puritans while those in Plymouth were the more extreme Separatists). An example of the relative moderation of those in Plymouth took place this year when William Holmes' wife was accused of being a witch by a certain Dinah Silvester.

To its credit, the Plymouth court found the *accuser* guilty and gave her three options: Pay a fine, issue a public apology, or be whipped. It is not known which punishment Dinah chose. Regardless of which it was, Dinah probably thought long and hard before bringing forth such apparently unfounded accusations again.

There was another case where such an accusation arose, fifteen years later in 1676, but the results were about the same: the accused, Mary Ingham, was found not guilty.

The more infamous witch trials, which would take place a little to the north in Salem, were only three decades in the future. Those found guilty would be drowned, hanged or "pressing to death."

1667

A Courtship Interrupted by the Court

Ev'ry night I watch the lights from the house upon the hill
I love a little girl who lives up there and I guess I always will
But I don't dare knock upon her door, 'cause her daddy is my boss man
So I got to try to be content, to see her whenever I can
...I love her, she loves me, but I don't fit in her society
-- from the song "Down in the Boondocks" written by Martin L. Gore

"All right, Guv'ner, I told him, 'you run the show, and I'll take the tickets!'" -- from "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair

"Place me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm; because love is as strong as death is, insistence on exclusive devotion is as unyielding as Sheol is. Its blazings are the blazings of a fire, the flame of Jah." -- Song of Solomon (Canticles) 8:6

♦ Arthur Howland marries the Governor's daughter

On March 5th of this year, John Howland's nephew Arthur Howland, Jr. was fined for "inveigling of Mistris Elizabeth Prence and makeing motion of marriage to her, and procecuting the same contrary to her parrents likeing, and without theire consent, and directly contrary to theire mind and will." The court implied that the affection was not one-sided, as it went on to order that Arthur "desist from the use of any meanes to obtaine or retaine her affections as aforsaid."

Elizabeth's father, one of the "parrents" who did not consent to this courtship of their daughter's with the Quaker Howland, had the judicial system on his side: he presided over that court case. The struggle was apparently an ongoing one. Four months later, on July 2nd, Howland "did sollemly and seriously engage before this Court, that he will wholly desist and never apply himself for the future, as formerly he hath done, to Mistris Elizabeth Prence in reference unto marriage."

Arthur had not only breached etiquette, in that he bypassed the parents and appealed directly to their daughter in asking her to marry him, but he was also breaking the law. As of 1638, it had been illegal to act as Hanry did. The law stated that no man should propose to a girl unless he had previously secured the consent of the girl's parents or, if she was a servant, of her master.

In her book "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers," Mary Crawford writes about this law:

To be sure the young gentleman sometimes persisted and won out against a hard-hearted father. A case of this kind…Arthur Howland, Jr., who finding the daughter of Governer Prence not averse to his attentions, apparently asked her to marry him,--instead of asking her father if he might ask her.

Arthur must have been a brave young man … to defy his father-in-law elect, for contemporary writers describe Governor Prence as possessed of "a countenance of majesty."

Apparently, one of the reasons for this strict control over who married who was to seek to prevent social-climbing males from marrying females whose family was "above" their station.

Despite parental pressure and social differences, Arthur Howland and Elizabeth Prence did marry five months later, on December 9, 1667. Although having a governor as his father-in-law may have provided him with a measure of protection for a time, Arthur was to end up in prison in 1684 for failure to pay a tax supporting the local minister.

1672

A Gentleman and a Scholor

"Truly the universe is full of ghosts, not sheeted churchyard spectres, but the inextinguishable elements of individual life, which having once been, can never die, though they blend and change, and change again for ever." -- from "King Solomon's Mines" by H. Rider Haggard

"He was a good old disciple, & had bin sometime a magistrate here, a plaine-hearted christian." -- Plymouth Church minister John Cotton, speaking of John Howland at his funeral

♦ John Howland dies

John Howland was apparently a man given to Bible study, as among his effects at the time he died on February 23rd, 1672 (he did not survive quite long enough to celebrate he and Elizabeth's 50th wedding anniversary) were "one great Bible and Annotations on the five books of Moses," also "Mr. Tindall's works" (apparently the writings of Bible scholar, translator, and martyr William Tyndale).

John had not been one of the "Saints" at the time the voyage began; perhaps his dip in the sea and unlikely survival of it had "put the fear of God into him."

Unlike many of the other husbands of Plymouth Colony, John trusted his wife to be executrix of his estate. The law only stipulated that 1/3 be left to a widow if her husband died instestate (without leaving a will). John did not allow that to happen, and left Elizabeth in control of *all* that he had owned.

The Plymouth records contain John's obituary:

The 23rd of February, 1672[/73], Mr John Howland, Senir, of the towne of Plymouth, deceased. Hee was a godly man and an ancient professor in the wayes of Christ; hee lived untill hee attained above eighty yeares in the world. Hee was one of the first comers into this land, and proved a usefull instrument of good in his place, & was the last man that was left of those that came over in the shipp called the May Flower, that lived in Plymouth; hee was with honor intered att the towne of Plymouth on the 25 of February, 1672.

John lived in Plymouth for more than half a century. A few other Mayflower passengers remained living, but those few had moved elsewhere--with at least one exception: While true that John Howland was the last *man* who had been on the Mayflower living in *Plymouth*, he wasn't the last *person* who had been a Mayflower passenger. Assuming that his wife Elizabeth was still living with him in Plymouth at the time of his death, *she* was the last remaining Mayflower passenger. Elizabeth survived John for fifteen years, living until 1687.

Mayflower passenger John Cooke, by this time a resident of Dartmouth, lived until 1695. Cooke had been excommunicated from the Plymouth Church for Anabaptistry (denying the validity of infant baptism). At least one person born *on* the Mayflower, although not during the passage over lived even longer: Peregrine White lived until 1704.

White had been born while the Mayflower lay at bay in Cape Cod. Oceanus Hopkins was born on the voyage over, but died young, sometime prior to 1627.

1675

The Severity of the Season

"..we joined our forces together and marched in pursuit to find our enemy, but God hath been pleased to deny us any opportunity therein." -- Capt. John Gorham, in an Oct. 1, 1675 letter to Massachusetts Governor Edward Winslow

"I am resolved not to see the day when I have no country." – King Philip

- King Philip's War Decimates New England
- The Great Swamp Fight
- Arthur Howland, Sr. dies

Unfortunately, just one generation removed from the peace that had existed between Wampanoag Chief Massasoit and the Pilgrims, relations between the EuroAmericans and Indians had deteriorated. Remarking on the root causes of their problems, Bodge's "Soldiers in King Philip's War" notes:

It will not be necessary to discuss the causes leading up to the war. It is enough to say here, that the English had assumed the government of the country, and followed their course of settlement with small regard to the rights of the natives. In some of the plantations, the settlers purchased their lands of the Indians, as a matter of precaution; partly that they might have that show of title in case any other claim should be set up in opposition to theirs, and partly to conciliate the savages, whose hostility they feared, and whose friendship was profitable in the way of trade, in furs and other products of the hunt. The Indians were always at disadvantage with the English, in all the arts of civilized life. The English paid no heed to Indian laws or customs or traditions; and ruthlessly imposed their own laws, customs, and religious ideas, with no apparent thought of their intolerance and injustice. They made treaties with the savages in the same terms which they would have used had they been dealing with a civilized nation. They made out deeds, in language which only the learned framers themselves could understand.

Massasoit had died in 1661. Massasoit's son Wamsutta, or Alexander, became the new sachem in 1662. Wamsutta did not live long, though. Upon hearing rumors of an Indian uprising, aggravated by the news that Wamsutta had sold land to the colony in Rhode Island (considered by those in Plymouth to be radicals), a contingent of Plymouth men under Josiah Winslow captured Wamsutta/Alexander, and under threat of death if he resisted, marched him to Plymouth to give an accounting of himself and his tribe respecting these rumors.

Within a few days, Wamsutta was dead. Many today believe he was either deliberately poisoned by colonists in Plymouth, or died as a result of medical malpractice by the Plymouth physician. At the time, the Wampanoags believed their chief had been

killed by their former allies. Wamsutta's brother Metacom, or Philip, replaced his brother as Wampanoag sachem.

Wamsutta and Metacom had been given, at their father Massasoit's request, English names in addition to their birth names. The names given them were those of ancient kings of Greece, Alexander and Philip.

Metacom originally honored the treaties made by his father with the EuroAmericans, but after years of further encroachment, destruction of the land, slave trade, and slaughter, not to mention the bad blood engendered by the events surrounding his brother's demise, Metacom had had enough. Another exacerbating circumstance was the perception of the Indians that the EuroAmericans seemed to be growing ever more arrogant. The EuroAmericans felt that they were meant by God to own the land. This attitude resulted in an atmosphere of antagonism replacing that of amity and mutual aid that had prevailed among the first generation of EuroAmericans and Indians.

Metacom was ridiculed by the EuroAmericans for the "airs" he displayed by insisting on dressing in European-style clothing. Derisively, they gave him the sobriquet "*King* Philip." Metacom (sometimes called Metacomet or Pometacom) formed a coalition of Indian tribes to fight against the EuroAmericans.

Three of Metacom's counselers were killed for the murder of a Christian Indian who had allegedly warned Plymouth Governor Josiah Winslow (Edward's son) that the Wampanoags were preparing for war. This made that informant's warning something of a self-fulfilling prophecy.

But were the three accused really guilty of the murder of John Sassamon, the Indian who had fought alongside the English in the Pequot war and had studied at Harvard? It may have been an accident--Sassamon's body was found under the ice long after he had disappeared. Perhaps he had fallen through and drowned. Even if it was murder, who was guilty? The accuser of Metacom's counselors was an Indian who claimed to have witnessed the attack from afar; he also owed a gambling debt to one of the Indians he implicated.

Regardless of whether it was murder or accident, or, if the latter, who was responsible, Sassamon's death was a watershed event. It has been compared to the killing of Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo which precipitated World War I.

Another death of an Indian also played a large role in the ignition of hostilities. Differing from the outbreak of the Pequot war, this time it was a colonist that had killed an Indian. On June 11th, a farmer shot the Indian as he observed him stealing his cattle. Metacom sought justice from the local garrison but was rebuffed. The Wampanoags then took matters into their own hands, killing not only the farmer, but also his father and five others.

The tensions had sequed into war. The war lasted two years and bears the name derisively given Metacom. Based on the percentage of citizens killed, King Philip's war

was the most destructive fought in U.S. History--one in sixteen male colonists of age to serve in the military were killed during the course of the war. The natives suffered even more.

Half of the colonist's towns were badly damaged during the war; twelve of them were completely destroyed. Swansea, where John and Elizabeth Howland's daughter Lydia Browne (or Brown) lived, was one of the hardest hit, and in fact was the place where the war actually began, with the killing of the farming family noted above. In June, many of that town were compelled to flee due to raids by the Indians. Besides the physical danger, the war also battered the economy as a result of the disruption in the fur trade, the fishing business, and trade with the West Indies.

Also similar to the situation in the Pequot War, the first months of the war went the Indians' way due to disorganization among, and internal rivalries between, the EuroAmericans. Only after combining as the "United Colonies" of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, and New Hampshire were the colonists able to turn the tide and eventually win the war. The Gorham family would lose their American patriarch in the process.

It would be amiss and remiss not to note, though, that wihout the participation of the Iroquois on the side of the colonists, an English victory probably would have been impossible.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Gorham the elder (Desire's husband) served as a Captain in the militia in King Philip's war. His son John Gorham II, who had married the previous year, was also with him and participated in the war.

At the battle which took place at present day South Kingston, Rhode Island, in December of 1675, known as "The Great Swamp Fight," the elder John was wounded "by having his powder horn shot and split against his side." A fatal fever resulted. Not helping matters was the fact that, even though they had won the battle, the Colonists then found themselves stuck in enemy territory in bad weather with little provisions.

It didn't have to be that way. Had the Colonists plundered the corn stored at the Narraganset's fort in the swamp, they would have had provisions. Instead, in their destruction of the enemy fortress they burned up these foodstuffs, along with many aged and women and children. It is said there were upwards of 500 wigwams in the fort. Many had been engineered to be bullet-proof. This was accomplished by lining the inner walls with large tubs of grain. The non-combatants (the aged, women, and children) assembled in these "safe houses".

The Indians' fort was normally inaccessible, or at least hard to approach, due to its strategic location. Situated on a few acres of land in the midst of a great cedar swamp, it was surrounded by a natural moat of sorts. The Indians had a fallen tree placed just

beneath the water at a precise location known only to them, so that they could travel to and from the fort without resorting to swimming.

The fort was still a "work in progress," as there were several trees that had been fallen but not yet put into place as a defensive breastworks. In "Soldiers in King Philip's War," George Bodge wrote that "the works were rude and incomplete, but would have been almost impregnable to our troops had not the swamp been frozen."

Besides the strategic location, the Narragansets and their guests had the Colonists outnumbered. The only problem the Indians had was that they ran out of gun powder.

On the bitter cold day in late December when the fort was attacked by the English, the swamp was iced over. This made approach to the fort relatively easy. They also had the advantage of an Indian scout. Bodge wrote, "Either by chance, or the skill of Peter, their Indian guide, the English seem to have come upon a point of the fort where the Indians did not expect them."

This is not to say that getting there was "a walk in the park" for the English soldiers. They had been mustered into service at Dedham Plain, near Boston, on December 9th for an expedition against the Narragansets. The Colonists had determined to go on the offensive. They had heard that the hostile Indians were wintering amongst the Narragansets. Rather than simply defending their towns and erecting blockhouses at various locations, the Colonists decided to march to the Indians' stronghold in the Great Swamp.

Veteran troops were recalled and reorganized; an army of one thousand men was equipped for a winter campaign. On November 2nd, the colonies formally declared war on the Narragansets at a meeting held in Boston. The soldiers were promised that "if they played the man, took the Fort, & Drove the Enemy out of the Narraganset Country, which was their great Seat, that they should have a gratuity in land besides their wages."

This carrot was apparently thought necessary, even though the address of the Plymouth Court to the "Gentlemen Souldiers" had already called on them with a "glorious summons to duty and a fervent appeal to loyalty."

Two companies of soldiers from Plymouth Colony, one led by Capt. John Gorham, and the other by Major William Bradford, combined with others from Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut for this attack.

Plymouth had been attacked on March 12th. A force of Indians, feigning hard going and smaller numbers than they actually had, lured Plymouth men into a trap and surrounded them, wiping them out. A total of 52 English and 11 allied Indians were killed in the ambush.

The night prior to the march to the Narraganset's fort, the army had had to bivouac in the open air in a driving snow-storm, because the Indians had burned Bull's Garrison house just a few days prior.

Before daybreak on Sunday, December 19th, the colonists began their march towards the fort. This army of one thousand strong has been called the "largest and best organized that had ever been in the field in the American colonies."

The experience at the fort, especially as regards those from Plymouth, is described in Bodge's "Soldiers in King Philip's War" as follows:

Many of the Indians, driven from their works, fled outside, some doubtless to the wigwams inside, of which there were said to be upward of five hundred, many of them large and rendered bullet-proof by large quantities of grain in tubs and bags, placed along the sides. In these many of their old people and their women and children had gathered for safety, and behind and within these as defences the Indians still kept up a skulking fight, picking off our men. After three hours hard fighting, with many of the officers and men wounded or dead, a treacherous enemy of unknown numbers and resources lurking in the surrounding forests, and the night coming on, word comes to fire the wigwams, and the battle becomes a fearful holocaust, great numbers of those who had taken refuge therein being burned.

The fight had now raged for nearly three hours, with dreadful carnage in proportion to the numbers engaged. It is not certain at just what point the Plymouth forces were pushed forward, but most likely after the works were carried, and the foremost, exhausted, retired for a time, bearing their dead and wounded to the rear; but we are assured that all took part in the engagement, coming on in turn as needed. It is doubtful if the cavalry crossed the swamp, but were rather held in reserve and as scouts to cover the rear and prevent surprises from any outside parties.

When now the fortress and all its contents were burning, and destruction assured, our soldiers hastily gathered their wounded and as many as possible of their dead, and formed their shattered column for the long and weary march back to Wickford.

…They were some sixteen miles from their base of supplies (it is doubtful if they had noted the Indian supplies until the burning began). There was no way of reaching their provisions and ammunition at Wickford except by detaching a portion of their force now reduced greatly by death, wounds and exposure. The numbers of Indians that had escaped, and were still in the woods close at hand, were unknown, but supposed to be several thousand, with report of a thousand in reserve about a mile distant. These were now scattered and demoralized, but in a few hours might rally and fall upon the fort, put our troops, in their weakened condition, upon the defensive, and make their retreat from the swamp extremely difficult if not utterly impossible, encumbered as they would be by the wounded, whose swollen and stiffened wounds in a few hours would render removal doubly painful and dangerous. Added to this was the chance of an attack upon the garrison at Wickford, and the dread of the midnight ambuscade.

Although admitting the cruelty perpetrated by the Colonists, Bodge's opinion was: "I believe this must be classed as one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in our

history, and considering conditions, as displaying heroism, both in stubborn patience and dashing intrepidity, never excelled in American warfare."

Bodge went on to write:

Of the details of the march to Wickford very little is known; through a bitter cold winter's night, in a blinding snowstorm, carrying two hundred and ten of their wounded and dead, these soldiers, who had marched from dawn till high noon, had engaged in a desperate life-and-death struggle from noon till sunset, now plodded sturdily back to their quarters of the day before, through deepening snows and over unbroken roads.

A certain John Raymond claimed to have been the first soldier to enter the fort. He may have been an ancestor of Mary Raymond, who would marry William Gorham, great-great-great grandson of John Gorham, in the early 1800s.

Two months before the battle at Narragansett, Capt. John Gorham had sent the following letter from the field to Edward Winslow, the Governor of Massachusetts:

Mendum, Oct. 1, 1675

Much Honored;--

My service with all due respect humbly presented to yourself and unto the rest of the council hoping of your health, I have made bold to trouble you with these few lines to give your honors an account of our progress in your jurisdiction. According unto your honors orders and determination, I arrived at Mendum with fifty men, and the next day Lieutenant Upham arrived with thirty-eight men, and the day following we joined our forces together and marched in pursuit to find our enemy, but God hath been pleased to deny us any opportunity therein: though with much labor and travel we had endeavored to find them out, which Lieut. Upham hath given you a more particular account. Our soldiers being much worn, but having been in the field this fourteen weeks and little hopes of finding the enemy, we are this day returning towards our General, but as for my own part I shall be ready to serve God and the country in this just war so long as I have life and health, not else to trouble you I rest yours to serve in what I am able.

John Gorham

The "Great Swamp Fight" was the single bloodiest day of the War. The book "King Philip's War: The History and Legacy of America's Forgotten Conflict" by Eric B. Schultz and Michael J. Tougias, says of the battle:

Early on the afternoon of December 19, 1675, the combined army of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, and Connecticut attacked a large, fortified Narragansett village located in the Great Swamp (present-day South Kingstown, Rhode Island). The Great Swamp Fight would last for most of the afternoon and become one of New England's bloodiest battles. In the end, perhaps six hundred Narragansett died and Puritan historians declared it a great victory; in retrospect, however, it brought the still-powerful Narragansett into the war and so incapacitated the colonial army that it was incapable of continuing the winter campaign.

Although the colonists won the battle, they were not in the best of shape themselves, in the aftermath. Benjamin Church (who, like John Gorham, had been wounded during the battle) reported that those from Plymouth were out of food. Church had witnessed their last biscuit being doled out before the battle began. The colonists burned up the Indians houses and provisions inside the fort, and then had to return the way they came, despite the cold storm.

Once they made it back to their fort, relief arrived in the nick of time in the form of provisions from Boston. If not for this, John Gorham may have died that night or very soon thereafter. Benjamin Church wrote of this situation in his diary, which was eventually published by his son Thomas under the long-winded title "Entertaining Passages Relating to King Philip's War Which Began in the Month of June 1675. As also of Expeditions more lately made against the Common enemy, and Indian Rebels, in the Eastern Parts of New England: with some account of the Divine Providence Towards Benj. Church Esq.," as follows:

And I suppose everyone that is acquainted with the circumstances of that night's march deeply laments the miseries that attended them, especially the wounded and dying men. But it mercifully came to pass that Captain Andrew Belcher arrived at Mr. Smith's that very night from Boston with a vessel loaded with provisions for the army, who must otherwise have perished for want. Some of the enemy that were then in the fort have since informed us that nearly a third of the Indians belonging to all that Narraganset country were killed by the English and by the cold that night, that they fled out of their fort so hastily that they carried nothing with them, that if the English had kept in the fort, the Indians had certainly been necessitated either to surrender themselves to them or to have perished by hunger and the severity of the season.

Jabez Howland, Desire Gorham's brother and thus Capt. John Gorham's brother-in-law, was apparently also engaged at the Great Swamp Fight, as he served with Benjamin Church. In Church's recollection of the battle, quoted from above, he mentioned Howland several times. The Jabez Howland house, built 1666, still stands, and is said to be "the last house left in Plymouth whose walls have heard the voices of Mayflower pilgrims."

Church was perhaps prone to stretch the truth at times. In "King Philip's War," George Bodge says of him:

Many have taken him as a historian of the war, and neglected the real authorities, like Hubbard, Mather, and Gookin. His narrative is simply a compilation of an old man's reminiscences, written out some forty years after their actual occurrence, and we can readily understand that the long years and the frequent relation of his experiences would tend to make his memory fertile in graphic details and personal achievements which contemporaries knew nothing about.

Church later fought in King William's War in 1690, as did John Gorham's namesake son, who served under Phips as a Lietenant Colonel in that campaign.

As bad as the war was for the EuroAmericans (a higher percentage were killed than during the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, or World War II), it was even worse for the Indians. As can be deduced from the chart below, one in seven Indians died, and one in 65 English colonists:

War	Deaths per 100,000
Revolutionary	180
WWII	206
Civil	857
King Philip's	
English	1,538
Indian	15,000

So where was King Philip during this decisive battle, one from which the English suffered serious losses, but the Indians were even more devastated? Bodge wrote about this also:

In December, 1675, Philip retired beyond the Connecticut, and before the first of January was encamped some forty miles above Albany. It is probable that he was there negotiating with the Mohawks, by his agents, for their cooperation in the spring, and it is believed that he had assurance from the French, of ammunition and arms, together with a body of Canadian Indians to reinforce him.

. . .

Canonchet, and his Narragansets, had not yet committed themselves, nor seemed inclined to do so.

This—that the Narragansets might not join the cause, was very bad news indeed to Philip. Oddly, then, this led to Philip and his confederation actually being happy about the defeat of the Narragansets and the disastrous destruction of their great fortress at the Great Swamp Fight. Bodge goes on to write on this score:

... there was great rejoicing by the Indians that they had been thus struck down by the English, whom they had been so slow to fight. Their rejoicing was equally great, because of the immense acquisition of the strong tribe and valiant chief, the prestige of whose name and numbers turned all faltering and hesitation into willing and eager adherence. And as they had been last to break into hostility against the settlers, so their causes of hatred and desire for revenge were deeper.

Prior to the Great Swamp Fight, Canonchet had been coerced into making a treaty with the English, not just of neutrality, which he already had been, but of active warfare against Philip and his group. Again, Bodge on this:

Canonchet, thus standing aloof from participation in the war, and fearing nothing from the English, who were constantly exercised against him by the wily arts of the Mohegans,

was summoned to Boston, where he appeared before the Council and bore himself with manly dignity, but was constrained by his situation and by the threats of the Council, to sign a treaty binding him to fight against the hostile Indians, and to seize and deliver up all those Indians who had taken part in the war, and were now fled to his territories for shelter. This demand, so impossible for him to fulfil, he was induced to promise, under the pressure of present danger, knowing well that a refusal to accede to their demands would be taken as confirmation of the charges against him, and would result in his detention and perhaps death. He had no idea of the sacredness of his promise in this treaty, and his experiences with the English in former treaties, had not tended to give him exalted ideas of treaty promises.

When Canonchet was finally taken captive, his strong personality was again on display. He told a young interpreter, who came to discuss matters with him: "You much child, no understand matters of war; let your brother or your chief come, him I will answwer." On being told that he would suffer the death penalty, he replied that he "liked it well, that he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken anything unworthy of himself."

Bodge eulogized Canonchet thus:

There is no nobler figure in all the annals of the American Indians, than Canonchet, son of Miantonimoh, Sachem of the Narragansets. As he had become the real head and life of the Indians at war, so his capture was the death-blow to their hopes.

The southern colonies in Virginia were not exempt from uprisings at this time, either. At the same time that King Philip's War was raging to the North, Bacon's rebellion, comprised of frontiersmen, servants, and slaves, were threatening the colony there. This group was sizable enough to wreak havoc and raise real concern, as during the colonial period half of the colonists were servants.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Howland's brother Arthur Howland, Sr., also died this year, a couple of months before John Gorham was wounded. Arthur was buried October 30th in Marshfield.

1676

Burden of Beasts

"There are many humorous things in the world; among them, the white man's notion that he is less savage than the other savages." – Mark Twain

"I am not an animal! I am a human being. I am a man." -- John Hurt as John Merrick in the movie "The Elephant Man"

- John Gorham dies of his wounds
- King Philip killed, beheaded
- Gorham's Rangers formed

Regarding the effects to John Gorham from the Great Swamp Fight of 1675, the pamphlet *The Gorham Family*, by Henry S. Gorham, mentions the fever but not the wound: "At Swamp Fort in the Narragansett country, Dec. 19, 1675, the power of the Narragansetts was crushed. Capt. Gorham never recovered from the cold and fatigue to which he was exposed on this expedition. He was seized with a fever and died at Swansea, where he was buried Feb. 5, 1676, age 54."

To better understand John Gorham's experience, a letter from a fellow soldier, who was also wounded during the Great Swamp Fight, proves illuminating:

To his Ecelency Joseph Dudly Esq Ca Jenerall Gouernor and Commander in Cheef in and ouer Her Magistis pouince of the Masetusits Bay in Nuiingland and Honered Councle and Representatiues in jenerall Court assembled. The petision of John Booll humbly shueth y in the yere 1675 your humble petisinor was impresed in to His Magistis seruis and marched to Maregansit fort fight under y Command of Ca Johnson who was there slaine in Battel myself sorely wounded by A bulet being shot into my back aftor I was wounded I was caried some twenty mils in a uery could Night and laid in A could chamber, a wooden pillo my couering was y snow the wind droue on me a sad time to war in to be wounded the (then) in a lettle time I was moued to Rodisland from thence hom to Hingham where I remained two yers and upward helples my diit and tendence cost the cuntery not one peny after I came home had I not bin helped by my Naighbors and frinds I had perished before this day but in time through gods goodnes to me I atained to so much strenght that I came to do some small labor thow with much paine by reson the bullit is in my body to this day but now age coming on and natorall forse begin to abate my former pains do increas upon euery letel could or change of wether by reson of my wound I lost my arms and so many clothes as at lest was worth fower pound Yet not with standing all this your humbel petisinor neuer reciued one pany neither fro his wegis los of time diit nor smart and paine which I indured abundance which is a greef to me and a great discorregement to others for seruing in the lik servis when they se and here my misfortin it may be said whi was this let alone so long I humbly answare I was pore and helples not having mony which is one sine of busines the pore man was forgot

to this day I do humbly creuaue youer Exelency and honnors would take your pore petisionors case [in?] to your concideretion and do as in your wisdom you shall think meet to help a pore wound soulder to his jurnis ind I hope the God of Heauen will bless you with speerituall and temperall blesings and I shall as bound in duty ever pary."

John Bull (or Booll, as he spelled it) did have his petition granted. He was voted an annual pension of two pounds. He wrote the letter in 1703, twenty-eight years after he received the wound. He lived another seventeen years, until 1720.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Most of King Philip's men were killed by Mohawks in late February, 1676, shortly after John Gorham's death. New York governor Edmund Andros had encouraged the Mohawks to attack the Wampanoags.

On August 12th, King Philip himself was killed in the woods between present-day Portsmouth and Bristol, Connecticut, at the hand of an Indian named Alderman. Thousands of English soldiers had been tracking Philip for months. Their break came when one of Philip's own men, angry because Philip had killed the man's brother when he had suggested making peace with the English, betrayed Philip's location. The weapon of the Englishman accompanying Alderman malfunctioned, and so it was Alderman who fired the fatal shot. It was said that Alderman was the one who had betrayed Philip's hiding place and led the colonists there.

On seeing the result of his two shots—one through Philip's heart, and the other two inches from the first, killing Philip instantly—Alderman ran at full speed to Captain Church to inform him of his exploit. Church ordered him to keep it to himself for the time being, until they were through with the rest of Philip's men. At the end of the battle, Church relayed to his men the news of Philip's death. His army responded with three lusty "huzzas."

Benjamin Church arrived at the scene soon thereafter. He pulled Philip's body from the mud into which he had fallen after being shot through the heart. Church described the dead sachem as "a…great, naked, dirty beast."

It is odd that Church would call Philip a beast. English law at the time treated traitors in an extremely beastly way—and as many considered Philip a traitor, he was subject to such treatment. The fate of traitors, under this law which remained in effect for more than a century after this, until 1790, included being strung up alive and then cut down and disemboweled. While the victim was still alive, his entrails were burned before him. He would then be decapitated and quartered.

In light of this, it was fortunate that Philip was already dead when captured. Still, they removed his head from his lifeless body, and transported it to Plymouth, where it hung on a pole. Apparently unconcerned with provoking nightmares, and unaware of the health hazards, the head remained on the pole for an entire generation. Philip's killer, Alderman,

was awarded with one of Philip's severed hands as a keepsake. Church's son wrote about this incident:

...Captain Church gave the head and that hand to Alderman, the Indian who shot him, to show to such gentlemen as would bestow gratuities upon him. And accordingly, he got many a penny by it.

Some gentlemen. But it turned out so: Alderman made a livelihood out of this grisly memento by preserving it in a pail of rum and exhibiting it—for a fee—at taverns.

John and Desire Howland's son Jabez may have been at the scene of Philip's death, too, as his commanding officer Benjamin Church was.

This time, the EuroAmericans made certain that the role of Wampanoag sachem would not pass from father to son, as it had from Massasoit to Wamsutta/Alexander, and then to Metacom/Philip. Metacom's nine-year-old son was sent to the Caribbean, and remained a slave for the rest of his life.

According to George Bodge, author of "Soldiers in King Philip's War," although Philip was the prime instigator of the war, the Indians' actual military leader was the Narraganset chief Canonchet, mentioned earlier. Philip, more of a political figure than military leader, apparently stayed away from the heat of the battle as much as possible. Bodge wrote:

There are many proofs of the ability of Philip as a diplomat, in planning and preparing for the war. He succeeded his brother as the chief Sachem of the Wampanoags, about 1662. Judged by all that can be gleaned from history, Philip seems to us, not the terrible monster which our first historians painted him, but a leader of consummate skill, in bringing together the unwieldy and most unwilling forces, and pushing forward other bands of other tribes to bear the brunt and dangers which his own plotting had brought upon them. He was doubtless hurried into open hostilities by the ill-advised action of his young warriors, long before even his own tribe were prepared for the consequences of such rash action. Thousands of acres of corn were hastily abandoned by his people in their precipitate flight.

. . .

There is no proof known to me of any act of personal daring on his part, and I have not found any real evidence that he was personally engaged in any of the battles of the whole war, or that he led, in person, any attack, or raid, or ambuscade. The rumors of that day, and the statements of later historians, that he was present at certain fights, are not verified by evidence; and while there is little doubt that he directed and planned many of the most bloody and destructive attacks upon the settlements, he seems always to have kept at a safe distance from personal danger.

Bodge's opininon is that Canonchet's death, back in April, marked the real end of the war—although hostilities carried on even for an entire year after Philip's death. And not

all those who died in the war died directly from wounds inflicted—many perished, even after the war had ended, from starvation brought on by the total war both sides had perpetrated on the other, and the loss of men to work in the fields--whether that loss be through their demise or simply because they were gone fighting.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Gorham's Rangers, which were formed to wage "frontier-" or "Indian-style" warfare, came into being this year. The Rangers differed from the state militias in that they went into the woods, rather than staying in the towns and forts. Named for John Gorham II, in their first incarnation they were composed of 60 English and 140 Indians.

In "American Colonial Ranger," Gary Zaboly relates how the Rangers were only gradually and grudgingly accepted by the British military establishment. He writes:

As tough and effective as the rangers often were, some British commanders were slow to give them credit. "The worst soldiers in the universe," James Wolfe called them. "It would be better they were all gone than have such a Riotous sort of people," complained Lieutenant-colonel William Haviland.

Nevertheless, the British generals came to recognize that the forest war could not be won without the rangers. Brigadier general George Augustus Howe was so firmly convinced of this that he persuaded Major-General James Abercromby in 1758 to revamp his entire army into the image of the rangers, dress-wise, arms-wise, and drill-wise.

As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

And before the British imitated the American Rangers, the Rangers had imitated the Indians. When the Pilgrims had first arrived en masse in New England, in 1620 on the Mayflower, the Indians there (chiefly Wampanoag) taught the colonists how to farm the land, so that they could live. Now the Indians taught the English how to fight. Those they fought against taught them by example; those they fought with instructed them in a more agreeable manner.

Former captive of the Indians and a utilizer of their battle tactics during Pontiac's Rebellion, Captain James Smith once asked: "Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? Is it because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens?"

One American-born soldier compared the differing results obtained by the British soldiers and the Rangers this way (describing a 1758 battle with the French): "Ye New Ingland men kept behind trees and logs as much as they could, but ye regalars kept so right and in plain sight that ye French cut them down amazin."

Those who made the grade as Rangers were tough, versatile, and possessed great physical stamina. Able to live on their own in the woods for long stretches of periods,

they were also expert snowshoers who "could nimbly climb over several large mountains" in one day, as a group of them serving under Robert Rogers did in 1756.

As most of them had been woodsmen in civilian life (hunters and trappers), marksmanship was a collective skill of note that the Rangers possessed. They have even been termed "sharpshooters," which is a bit of a coincidence when considering that two centuries later, a member of the Shannon family (who would eventually marry in to the Gorham line of descent) was a member of Brady's Sharpshooters in the Civil War.

And tough? Perhaps there is a more appropos word. In his aforementioned book, Zaboly writes:

Though an increasingly unfashionable word with some historians, there is no better one than "savage" to describe the nature of the forest combat the colonial rangers engaged in.

In fact, the Rangers lived and dressed so much like the Indians whose style of warfare they emulated, they were often mistaken for them by regular soldiers on guard duty. This led to some woundings and even killings by friendly fire.

The upshot of the Rangers and their impact on the colonial wars was summed up in Zaboly's book this way:

Although it took the capture of the major Canadian forts and cities to finally seal the victory for Britain, the colonial rangers had been the point and flank men, paving the way through the vast belts of wilderness lying between the opposing empires.

…

If the rangers in their own time had endured some harsh criticisms, especially from several unshakeably Old World generals, they nevertheless proved themselves a class of warrior whose overall record was one of unexpected achievement against daunting odds.

Zaboly goes on to note that many of the Rangers (naturally, those who had served in the latter period of the Colonial wars, such as in *the* French and Indian War from the mid-1750s to 1763) became colonels and generals in the Revolutionary War—some on the American side, others on the British.

Despite the fact that Robert Rogers, leader of one of the most storied bands of Rangers himself served on the Loyalist (British) side in the War for Independence, the rules that he had codified and set to paper are still being issued to U.S. Special Forces and remain posted at Ranger battalion headquarters at Fort Benning, Georgia.

1684

Letter from Plymouth Jail

"*Henry, what are you* doing *in there?"*
"*Ralph, what are* you *doing out* there*?"* -- purported conversation between Ralph Waldo Emerson and his friend Henry David Thoreau, whom Emerson was visiting in jail (Thoreau was there for refusing to pay the poll tax)

"*I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience."* -- John Bunyan

"*Here I stand; I can do none other so help me God."* -- Martin Luther

"*I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injusticen, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law."* -- Martin Luther King, Jr., "Letter from Birmingham Jail"

Too much monkey business
Too much monkey business
Too much monkey business for me to be involved in
– from the song "Too Much Monkey Business" by Chuck Berry

♦ The Sufferings of Arthur Howland

Five years earlier, in 1679, it started. For reasons of conscience (the exact issue is no longer known), Arthur Howland, Jr. (John's nephew) refused to partake sacrament from the Marshfield church. The first tack the church took was to try to change his mind about his decision. When that didn't work, they excommunicated him, ordering all church members to neither eat nor drink with him.

Then they got really personal--they tried to turn his wife Elizabeth against him. She rejected such attempts, though, telling them she could not participate in such un-Christian conduct without sinning against her conscience.

When the town constable came later to collect a tax to support the church's minister, Arthur refused to pay it. He was imprisoned for this. Arthur and Elizabeth jointly penned a letter from Plymouth jail, which they entitled "The Sufferings of Arthur Howland," the text of which appears below.

About the beginning of the year 1679: the so called church of Marshfield
because of some scruples that were one my conscience I did refraine from
pertaking with them in that which they call the sacrament of bread & wine
took ocation to be ofended with me & so ton proceed according to there order

which was as followeth. First they required me to come to the church meeting the which I did at that time although I tould them that I could not partake with them without sinning against my conscience they tould me that if I did not promise them to partake with them & come to there meeting they should proceed to their sentence of excommunication against me. after this I sent a wrighting in answer to what they denied to say to my charge desiring that they would give me an answer in wrighting. Instead where of Samuell Arnold their teacher & John Bourne an emanient brother came to speak with me to perswade me to come to there metting on the first day of the weeke following & tould me that the wrighting I had sent them gave them more grounds to proceed against me many things they had before to which I replied when they prest me to come to there meeting that being they so sayd if they would ingage then I should have liberty to read the wrighting & to speak to it in the perticulars of it in the publick congregation, I would come to meeting. Samuel Arnolld answered come to meeting & I will ingage that that wrighting shall not be read nor you shall not speake to it. I answered that I think I shall not come. SA sayd why I said because if I should come it was like he would require me to pull of my hat & stand befoure the church & seeing I did believe that they had no ground from the scriptures for what they did it would be no better to me than bowing to an idoll.

S Arnolld replyd come to meeting & it is like I shall doe as you say for there was a man delt with in the church of Boston & the man sat up in the gallery & ye minister required him to come downe & stand before the church & ye man refused but the gouvvoure sayd son now come down or I will fetch you down to which I replied if the gouevnour should so command me the which I did believe he would not I should not obey him unles he did it by forse for I did not know that he had any more power in the church then another man: Samuell Arnald sayd it was honourably don of the gouernour to asiste the minister; so quickly after they proseeded to there sentance in which Samuall Arnald observed this order. I not being present he caled me by my name and as he sayd delivered me to Satan when he had done. Then he charged all his church members that they should not eat or drinke with me in common eating or drinking then charged the neighbours of the towne that they should not carry femillerly with me and for a close he prayed to his god that the devill might be set to worke one me - - - - acursed prayer it being against the end for which the Lord Jesus came into the world Job 3:8

When they had accomplisheed these matters with me they then begune with my wife she being unsatisfied with their proseding with me desired that they would show her some rule in the scriptures for their actings they did implisctly persuade her not to eat or drink with me & Samuell Arnald did several times positively urge her to told her it would be her honour to doe as (undecipherable) did as it is written in the 32 Exodus:27:28; this not satisfying her she withdrue from them & tould them that if they would not or could not produce sume cleare scripture rule for what they had done to her husband she could not pertake with them in that which she thought was such an unchristiasn act without sinning against her

conscience the which they never did nor indeed could doe for thare was not three of them that agreed together for what it was that they so so sensured me & the greatest part of them knew not for what it was thare being as they accounted but two offecers in thare church & they were in absolute contrarydiction on(e) to the other one saying that it was for that which the other said he abhored should be mentioned some of thare church said it was because I prayed the minister no better but to seesfye her once for all they as far as they had proven gave her to the devill tow but not withstanding thare so cussing us & refusing to eat & drink with us In the 3 month 1682 on wich (undecipherable) table: for the rate of Samuell Arnald aforesayd came to our house & tooke away our putter charge leaving us a conveninant dish or basin to eat our vittles in: againe in the yeare 1684 the 22 day of ye 3 month the constable with John Bourne aforementioned came to my house &v made demand of 15 shilling & 3 pence for the said Arnalds rate for preaching the year that was past & be cause I refused to pay it he seased on my pearson to carry me to prison & one the 4 day of the forth month following I was by the constable aforesaid without any heareing at all put up in the common gaole & thare am not alowed nether bread nor water nor any thing to lye one but the flore nor anything to cover me with nor liberty to goe with the gayler to any other house to get anything for my mony to sostaine nature nor so much as fire by theire order---this is a true account of these proceedings with us--to which wee have set our hands at Plymouth goale this the the 6 day of the 4 mth 1684
Arthur
Arthur Howland
Elisabeth Howland

1687

Peace and Love

"Walke in ye Fear of ye Lord, and in love and peace toward each other." -- Elizabeth Howland

"We do not want riches but we do want to train our children right. Riches would do us no good. We could not take them with us to the other world. We do not want riches. We want peace and love." -- Red Cloud

♦ Elizabeth (Tilley) Howland dies

Elizabeth spent her youth without her parents, who died when she was young, shortly after their arrival in the New World. She spent her old age without her husband John, whom she had outlived by seven years in terms of age (he lived to be seventy-three, and she lived to be eighty) and by fifteen years according to the calendar (he had died in 1672).

For at least the last year of her life, Elizabeth lived with her daughter Lydia and stepson James Browne at their house in Swansea, Massachusetts, where she died in December of this year. She named James and her son Jabez as executors of her estate in her will of 1686. This is the Jabez whose house still stands today in Plymouth.

The Browne family (despite the slight difference in spelling—it was common for the same name to spelled several different ways in those orthographically relaxed times) may have been spared during the hostilities of the previous decade by Philip himself. Bodge wrote regarding the situation in their town of "Swansey" in his book "King Philip's War":

Philip himself had many good friends among the people living near him, with whom he had had dealings, and found them kind and honest. He is said to have given strict orders not to disturb them or their families. Among these were Mr. John Brown, Capt. Thomas Willett, and Mr. James Leonard of Taunton; and when James Brown, son of the above, was sent to Philip to persuade peace, while many of his warriors urged that he be retained as captive, or be put to death, Philip sent him home safely guarded.

Elizabeth bequeathed, besides material possessions, the words quoted above to her surviving children and grandchildren. Presumably she had in mind those generations as yet unborn, too. A reason that peace may have been uppermost on Elizabeth's mind is that Swansea had been a hotbed of violence during King Philip's War. Witnessing the horrible effects of war firsthand may have accentuated her desire for her children to avoid such pain and heartache and enjoy the benefits of peace.

1688

A Whale of a Time

." . . these are the times of dreamy quietude, when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it; and would not willingly remember, that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang." - from "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

- John Gorham III born Massachusetts

Fourth generation Mayflower descendant John Gorham was born to Lieuteant Colonel John Gorham and Mary (Otis) Gorham this year in Barnstable. John was not the first John that his parents had—they had also named their first son John (born 1675), but he died as an infant. They didn't name another child John until they had their sixth.

John III was engaged in the cod and whale fisheries trade. And speaking of being engaged, he married his second cousin Prudence Crocker in 1712 in Barnstable. Prudence was also a Mayflower descendant, in fact a Howland descendant, being the great-granddaughter of John and Elizabeth Howland through their son John and his daughter Anne.

Besides the fishy business he was involved in, John served also as Sheriff of Barnstable County from 1748-1764, and Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1765.

1689

French and Indian Wars

"Diplomacy is the art of saying 'Nice doggie' until you can find a rock." -- Will Rogers

"All war must be just the killing of strangers against whom you feel no personal animosity; strangers whom, in other circumstances, you would help if you found them in trouble, and who would help you if you needed it." -- from "The Private History of the Campaign That Failed" by Mark Twain

♦ French and Indian / Colonial Wars

It has already been mentioned that John Gorham II fought alongside his father John Gorham I, as a young man in 1675. His father has been described as "the old Indian fighter of Philip's War." This fighting spirit lived on in John II, as he was very active in the first of the French and Indian Wars, which began in 1689 (also called King William's War), when he was in his late thirties.

A word or two is in order about the French and Indian Wars before we proceed any further, because the terminology can be difficult to grasp and then keep a handle on. First of all, the French and Indians *Wars* (plural) should not be confused with the French and Indian *War* (singular), which would not begin until the 1750s. Another potential mental derailment is that this war was not fought between the French on one side and the Indians on the other. It was actually the French and their Indian allies (the Abenaki tribe of Maine, Samoset's tribe) verses the English and their Indian allies, the Iroquois. To prevent undue confusion, some historians refer to the wars from 1689-1762 as the Colonial Wars rather than the French and Indians Wars.

Wars are normally not referred to with the same name by both sides. For example, the conflict in America that took place between 1861 and 1865 was called "The War of the Rebellion" by Northerners, but "The War for Southern Independence" in the South. What Americans call "The Vietnam War" is called in that country "The American War." Bearing this in mind, it is easier to understand the term "French and Indian War(s)"—as this is the name of the conflict from the standpoint of the British. They were fighting the French and the Indians. From the French perspective, it was "The *British* and Indian War."

Whatever you may call it, the wars of this time period in America were a reflection of one going on in Europe. As France and England fought it out "across the pond," their citizens mirrored the mutual animosities in America. While these wars were simultaneously being waged in Europe, their respective (if not always respectable) colonists were carrying out auxiliary hostilities in America.

Perhaps the easiest way to look at these wars is that the French and Indian wars (plural), took place, with varying degrees of heat, from 1689 to 1763. The fighting was

not continual. The first war fought by Britain against France (and its Indian allies) in America, mentioned above, lasted from 1689-1697. Although it was called “King William’s War” in America, it was known as “The War of the League of Augsburg” in Europe. The second of the French and Indian Wars took place from 1702-1713, and was called “Queen Anne’s War” in America, and “The War of the Spanish Succession” in Europe. The third in the set, waged between 1744 and 1748, was referred to as “King George’s War” in American, and “The War of the Austrian Succession” in Europe.

Finally, the fourth and final act, the real hum-dinger, took place from the mid-1750s to the early 1760s. Hostilities began in 1754, when General Braddock and his British regulars were defeated decisively by French and Indians on the banks of the Monongahela River in July, but war was not formally declared until May 1756. The war effectively ended in 1762, but the Treaty of Paris did not make it official until 1763.

This last war, the “big daddy” of the French and Indian Wars, was called The French and Indian War (singular) in America, and the Seven Years War in Europe. Of the four French and Indian Wars fought in American, this was *the* war. That is why it is sometimes referred to as a separate entity from the first three, which proved to be warmups to the fiery conflagration to come. In summary, the French and Indian War (singular) was a subset of the French and Indian Wars (plural), but the first three paled into relative insignificance in comparison with the breadth and scope of the final one.

Truth be told, *The* French and Indian War/The Seven Years War was the first *world* war, and it changed the balance of power in Europe. From its end, France was on the decline, a decline that would hit a note of finality in 1815 with Napoleon’s defeat at Waterloo. Britain was going in the opposite direction, onward and upward.

This was a big change from the situation at the beginning of the French and Indian Wars. At that time, in the late 1600s, France had the best military in Europe. Yet she never sent more than 2,000 troops to defend Canada (“New France”), or to try to wrest control of any of the British land. With a stronger show of force, perhaps things would have turned out differently.

Lacking enough troops to wage a traditional war, Governor of New France Louis de Buade fought a "la petite guerre" or "little war." That phrase has evolved into "guerrilla warfare," a covert style of battle consisting of ambushes, murders, and terror, a style of combat with which the world has become all too familiar in the 21st century.

John Gorham II commanded a joint American Colonist/“friendly” Indian company during King William’s War.

John also served as Deputy of the General Court from Barnstable beginning this year and running though 1691. In 1702 he was Barnstable Deputy, and in 1703 he was commissioned Colonel by Massachusetts Governor Dudley.

1690

A Disastrous Campaign

Little Willy, Willy wears the crown, he's the king around town
. . .
little Willy, Willy won't go home
But you can't push Willy round
Willy won't go, try tellin' everybody but, oh no
Little Willy, Willy won't go home
. . .
Up town, down town
Little Willy, Willy drives them wild with his run-around style
--from the song "Little Willy" by Sweet

♦ Unsuccessful Attempt to conquer Quebec

On June 5th, 1690 John Gorham II, along with a certain Joseph Silvester, was appointed one of the captains of an expedition to Quebec led by Sir William Phips. This misadventure, a far-flung venue of King William's War in Europe that was being played out on a smaller scale by the English and French colonies in North America, had been see-sawing back and forth with tit for tat reprisals.

In February, sixty British colonists had been killed in a massacre in Schenectady, New York, that had been carried out by some Frenchmen and their Indian allies. The English fought back and invaded Canada.

Another carrot, besides revenge, impelling Phips and Gorham and Silvester and their men forward was the potential of much booty from Quebec's churches and wealthy merchant houses.

Phips and his followers arrived with thirty-four ships and demanded immediate surrender. Phip's emissary was blindfolded before being brought to the Governor's residence. Instead of capitulating, though, the Governor replied that he would give his answer "from the mouths of my cannon."

Not long into the siege, it became apparent just how difficult it would be to take Quebec, mainly due to its geography. Quebec sits high up on cliffs above the St. Lawrence River. This made it difficult to attack the city from the water with their cannons, because of the trajectory the cannonballs would have had to describe; the steep cliffs also made it difficult to land troops on the plains surrounding the city—the ascent of the cliffs by the troops would put them in an exposed and vulnerable position.

The weather was also against them. As late in the year as it was, the Massachusetts men had no time to dally, lest they be trapped in an iced-over bay in their ships. Had they been able to remain another week, Quebec may have fallen due to lack of food.

In short, the terrain, the weather, the forts well defended by cannon, French skirmishers along the rivers, and smallpox, which broke out among the invaders, spelled defeat for the British. They beat a retreat just in time—ice had begun to spread from the shore towards their route of escape.

The British gained nothing for their trouble. On the contrary, they lost much. Not only was their time and their energies squandered, but many New England men lost their lives. Some were killed during battle, and others were captured and died in French prisons. Some of those who had been captured were released in 1694 and 1695.

This ignominious repulsion did have an indirect impact on future wars between the British and French, though: as Massachusetts had expended much money in the expedition, and received none of the hoped-for booty, it needed to raise money to pay its soldiers and sailors. This it did by issuing paper money, and then assessing heavy taxes to cover the costs of the war. This was the first occurrence of paper money being issued in America (and in the entire British empire), and set a precedent for doing so during the remaining French and Indian Wars—thus making the British victories in these possible.

John Gorham II survived not only this foray into Canada, but several others to come: he was second in command during Major Church's 1696 expedition, and was also along on the New England expeditions of 1697, 1702 and 1704. By 1702 he had attained the rank of Major.

During the wars, John commanded what came to be known as the "whale boat fleet." The light and maneuverable boats, manned by whalers and Indians, were well-suited for transporting both men and supplies up the shallow bays and rivers to the areas of engagement. Without this means of deployment, it would have been necessary to march overland through the wilderness to engage the enemy, who were for the most part stationed where the larger ships could not land troops.

These “whale boats” resembled a large canoe, and could be equipped with an “iron swivel gun” (a diminutive cannon). They could also be rigged with improvised sails of blankets when called for. When operating close to the enemy, the rowers would cover their oars with blankets to muffle the sound of the agitated water.

Besides their agility and maneuverability, another advantage of these boats' small size was that they could be portaged when necessary, and could also serve as portable tents--at night or in bad weather, they were taken ashore and turned over, the men seeking shelter beneath them.

Meanwhile, on the Great Plains, the Indians dwelling there had started to make use of the horse. This would have a great impact on their wanderings and on their warfare.

1696

Eastward Ho!

Hi ho, Hi ho, it's off to work we go
– from Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

"Let pride go afore, shame will follow after"
– from the play "Eastward Ho" by George Chapman

♦ John Gorham II in 4th Eastward Expedition

This year, John Gorham II was second in command of the Colonial Rangers on what is known as the Fourth Eastward Expedition (the first three expeditions had taken place 1689, 1690, and 1692, each against the Abenakis). Two generations later, his grandson John Gorham would be commander of a ranger company known as Gorham's Rangers during King George's War. This later John Gorham was the nephew of John Gorham III and cousin of the Joseph Gorham who are directly in the line of descent that leads to the Shannons.

After so many Gorhams had been involved in fighting Indians, it is ironic to note that George Gorham would marry an Indian in California—even at a time when hostilities there between the EuroAmericans and the Indians ranged somewhere between red-hot and white-hot. It is possible that George was named for George Washington, but it is also possible that he was named for King George, whom his great-great grandfather John Gorhamm III had met in England in 1747.

1713

A Pox on their House

"My dear Watson, you as a medical man are continually gaining light as to the tendencies of a child by the study of the parents. Don't you see that the converse is equally valid. I have frequently gained my first real insight into the character of parents by studying their children." -- from "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

- Joseph Gorham born Massachusetts
- Treaty of Utrecht

Fifth generation Mayflower descendant Joseph Gorham was born to John Gorham and Prudence (Crocker) Gorham this year in Barnstable. Joseph's father John lived to be eighty-one; his grandfather John lived to be sixty-five (killed in King Philip's War), and his great-grandfather John (Howland) lived to be seventy-three. Joseph died young, though. He only lived to be forty-seven, preceding his parents in death. In Joseph's case it was not war, but illness that took his life.

Sometime prior to January 1st, 1760, Joseph died of smallpox in Norwalk, Connecticut. His wife, Abigail Lovell, followed him in death shortly thereafter, also succumbing to the same disease. As were Joseph's parents, Abigail and Joseph were second cousins, having Desire (Howland) Gorham in common as their great-grandmother.

The Lovells were sometimes known as the Lovewells. Like the Gorhams, the Lovewells were a "rangering" family—generations of Lovewells served as colonial rangers during the French and Indian wars.

Many people claim Mayflower descendancy (reportedly thirty-five million in the world). A quick note on how the Shannon family's lineage has been traced may be in order at this point. The first five generations have been extracted from the book "John Howland of the Mayflower, Volume I: The First Five Generations, Documented Descendants Through his first child Desire Howland and her husband Captain John Gorham" by Elizabeth Pearson White. As the title suggests, that book only takes the reader through the fifth generation. For the purposes of the Shannon family, these first five generations are: 1) John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley 2) Desire Howland and John Gorham 3) John Gorham II and Mary Otis 4) John Gorham III and Prudence Crocker 5) Joseph Gorham and Abigail Lovell.

A second source is needed to take up where that book leaves off. This is found at Eliza Starbuck Barney's genealogical site (http://140.186.109.142/bgr/BGR-p/index.htm), affiliated with the Nantucket Historical Association. This site shows that Joseph and Abigail (Lovell) Gorham produced another John Gorham, who married Thankful Butler;

that couple had a child William, who married Mary Raymond (and two other women later, but Mary Raymond is the one in whom we, for genealogical reasons, are most interested); William and Mary had two children: Joseph, born 1817, and George Raymond, born 1819. George Raymond Gorham we find in Massachusetts and then California records, when he marries an Indian woman there. From there the line is easily traced down to today, and is discussed at the appropriate point in this record.

For more detail, see the Mayflower Chart in the back of the book.

The line of Gorham descent (retaining the surname) delineated above ends with George, as his older brother Joseph had no children, and George had only a daughter. Joseph and George also had a half-brother Francis who presumably had no children. Francis lived with his parents during their whole lives, at the end residing together in an alms house. He was enumerated in one of the censuses as an "idiot" (mentally retarded person).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although the Treaty of Utrecht took place in Europe, it would have an indirect effect on John and Joseph Gorham (sons of Shubael Gorham, and grandsons of John Gorham II), as France thereby ceded Nova Scotia (what they called Acadia) to Britain. John and Joseph would both see duty there in the 1740s.

1716

Sweet Remembrance

"Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- John Gorham II dies

Most records state 1716 for the year of John Gorham's death. His gravestone claims 1715. You would think those there at the time would certainly know the correct date, but it could have been a "mischisel." That inscription reads:

Here Lyes the body of the honoured John Gorham, Esq. Coll. of the regiment and one of his majesties justices of the piease in the county of Barnstable, who departed this Life, Nov the 11 1715 In the 65th year of his age. Her lyes a valiant soldeir and a saint a judge, a justice, whome no vice could taint a perfect lover of his country's cause their lives, religion, properties and laws who in his young, yea, very youthful years, took up his sword, with Philip and his peers and when that Prince, and his black regiment were all subdued, he could not be content to take but in[?]

John's wife Mary died in 1732 (according to the gravestone) but 1733 according to other sources. The following was added to the grave marker at the time of her internment with her husband:

Here lyes likewise interred beneath this stone, Mary, consort of the late colo. John Gorham who died April 1st 1732 The sweet remembrance of the just shall flourish when they sleep in dust

1732
Spoils of War

"If there is no struggle there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom and yet depreciate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground, they want rain without thunder and lightening. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters.

"This struggle may be a moral one, or it may be a physical one, and it may be both moral and physical, but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will. Find out just what any people will quietly submit to and you have found out the exact measure of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them, and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blows, or with both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress. Men may not get all they pay for in this world; but they must certainly pay for all they get. If we ever get free from the oppressions and wrongs heaped upon us, we must pay for their removal. We must do this by labor, by suffering, by sacrifice, and if needs be, by our lives and the lives of others." – Frederick Douglass

- Narraganset Township #7 becomes Gorham, Maine

The town of Gorham, Maine, near Portland, one of seven townships granted to the men (or their heirs) who bore arms in King Philip's War of 1675, was originally called Narragansett Township No. 7. It is named for Capt. John Gorham, but was granted to one of his grandsons also named John Gorham (but not one of the John Gorhams in the Shannon's direct line of descent--there are more John and Joseph Gorhams than you can "shake a stick at.").

Taking possession of the land promised them as they mustered in Boston on Dedham Plain in December prior to marching to Rhode Island did not happen without wrangling, though. The veterans of that battle had to wage a second battle to secure the property they had been promised. A message from the governor plainly told them "If they played the man, took the fort, and drove the enemy out of the Narragansett country, which is their great seat, they should have a gratuity of land, besides their wages." It was ten years later before the first land was set aside for this purpose, though, and *fifty-seven* years until Massachusetts officially accepted a list of those to whom land was to be granted.

Back in 1728, the following notice was placed in New England towns:

These may certify to whom it may concern.
That the General Assembly of this Province, at their Session begun and held the 29th of May 1728, passed a Resolve for granting two Tracts for Townships of the contents of Six Miles square each, to the persons, whether Officers or soldiers, belonging to this Province, who were in the service of their country in the Narraganset War; And all such Officers and Soldiers now surviving, and the legal representatives of those that are

deceased, are desired to give or send into the Secretaries office Lists of their Names and Descents, to be laid before the General Court at their next Fall Session.

So the ball had begun to really roll. More work took place in 1730 and 1731 to get it done. From the Massachusetts Court Records of January 19th, 1731, the House of Representatives said, in part:

... and as the Conditions have been performed, certainly the promise in all Equity & Justice ought to be fulfilled; and if We Consider the Difficulties these brave men went through in Storming the Fort in the Depth of Winter, & the pinching wants they afterwards underwent in pursuing the Indians that escaped through a hideous Wilderness famously known throughout New England to this day by the Name of the hungry March; and if further Consider that until this brave though small army thus played the Man, the whole Country was filled with Distress & fear, & We trembled in this Capital Boston itself & that to the Goodness of God to this army We owe our Fathers & our own Safety & Estates, We cannot but think that those Instruments of Our Deliverance & Safety ought to be not only justly but also gratefully & generously rewarded & even with much more than they prayed for, If we measure what they receive from us, by what we enjoy and have received from them.

. . .

& We ought further to observe what greatly adds to their merit that they were not Vagabonds & Beggars & Outcasts, of which Armies are sometimes considerably made up, who run the Hasards of War to Avoid the Danger of Starving; so far from this that these were some of the best of Our men, the Fathers & Sons of some of the greatest & best of Our families and could have no other View but to Serve the Country & whom God was pleased accordingly in every remarkable manner to Honour & Succeed.

. . .

The Grant seems to be made in acknowledgment both of their promise & of their fulfilling the Condition and being well entitled to it, & there is great Reason to fear that publick Guilt would ly upon the Country if we should neglect and continue in the Breach of the promise after it has been made & omitted for above fifty years. As to the late Grant of two Townships to Seven or Eight hundred of these Soldiers; It is so far below the Value of the Land they Conquered, & the Price the province had for it when it was sold, & the money divided to Colonies that carried on the War: It is such a Pittance of what they obtain for us, so exceedingly beneath what the province has defeated them of which was granted to about Two thirds of them in the Nipmug Country, that it is rather mocking and deriding them to offer it.

On June 9, 1732, the land was actually divided. It was agreed that there were 840 valid grantees, and so it was felt necessary to set aside not two, but seven townships to accommodate this number of people. Of those allotted land in Township #7, which became Gorham, Maine, there was a John Howland (doubtless a descendant of the Mayflower passenger through Jabez Howland, who served under Benjamin Church in

that campaign), and four Gorhams: Capt. John, Joseph, Jabez, and Shubal. Also given land there was a Joseph Crocker. This is noteworthy because John Gorham III, perhaps the same John Gorham allotted land here, was married to Prudence Crocker. And if the Joseph Gorham listed is the son of *that* John Gorham, then a Crocker was—obviously—his mother.

It is also perhaps of interest that one of those chosen to be on the committee to manage the affairs of the township was Colonel Shubael Gorham.

That still wasn't the end of the matter, though. As the veterans or their heirs (as in the case of the Gorhams) met on Boston Common to divide the land, it was realized that both the quantity and quality of land set aside was insufficient. It wasn't until 1760 that the matter was finally settled. Of the almost seven hundred men who had been assured the land bounty for their efforts, very few if any of them would have still been living by this time, eighty-five years after the battle.

Gorham, Maine, has a monument erected to the memory of Capt. Gorham and his company of soldiers. Inscribed on it is this section from his letter quoted earlier: ".. but as for my own part I shall be ready to serve God and the country in this just war so long as I have life and health..."

If it seems strange that the Massachusettsian John Gorham had a town named after him in Maine rather than Massachusetts, recall that Maine, until the Missouri Compromise of 1821, was a part of Massachusetts.

There are also towns named Gorham in Kansas, Illinois, New Hampshire, New York, and North Dakota. Today, the states with the most Gorham families are Massachusetts, New York, North Carolina, and California.

John Gorham, whose surname was sometimes spelled Gorum or Gorhum by the orthographically challenged people of the times, was a slaveholder. The inventory of his goods on his death included "1 Negro man." While desiring freedom for themselves, the Pilgrims sometimes neglected meditating on, or genuinely caring about, the freedom of others.

In the matter of marital fidelity, John had also proven himself less than stellar. In 1656, after being married to Desire Howland for thirteen years, he was fined forty shillings "for unseemly carriage towards Blanche Hull at an unseasonable time, being in the night." The court apparently found Mrs. Hull (wife of Tristram Hull) a willing participant rather than a victim, as she was fined *fifty* shillings "for not crying out when she was assaulted by John Gorum in unseemly carriage towards her."

1740

The Orphan

"*Yea, foolish mortals, Noah's flood is not yet subsided; two thirds of the fair world it yet covers.*" -- from "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

- John Gorham born Connecticut

Sixth generation Mayflower descendant John Gorham (grandson of John Gorham III, son of Joseph Gorham) was born in Norwalk, Connecticut this year. He was only twenty when his parents died of smallpox while living in Connecticut. He would later marry Thankful Butler.

This John Gorham (and his descendants, too) was fortunate that he was able to remain healthy himself while a baby--a diptheria epidemic had gripped New England from 1735 until this year.

1744

Gorham's Rangers to the Rescue

George, George, George of the Jungle
Lives a life that's free
Watch out for that tree!

When he gets in a scrape
He makes his escape with help from his friends
...
Hear him holler swing and sing
All the animals come to the jungle king
So grab a vine and swing in time
If you smack a tree just pay no mind
-- from the song "George of the Jungle"

♦ King George's War

France had its eye on westward and southward expansion. From Canada, they wanted to spread west to the Mississippi River and down to Lousiana. The British wanted that land, too, though. The Iroquois claimed the Ohio Valley by right of conquest. These were recognized by France as British subjects (although the Iroquois didn't view themselves as such). At the Treaty of Lancaster, which took place this year, title to that land was sold by the Iroquois to the British. Regardless of that, the French wanted to hold on to what they had, and grab what they as yet did not have. Thus began King George's War, the third of the four French and Indian wars, and the last of the relatively minor ones.

The French and Indian War, the fourth of the French and Indian Wars, which was waged in Europe, the West Indies, African, India, and the Philippines in addition to America, was yet to come. Viewed by many historians as the first world war, this war would officially last from 1756-1763, but in actuality longer. During the Revolutionary War, it was called simply "The French War" by the Americans; King George's War was then called "The Old French War."

But let us return, for now, to 1744 and King George's War.

Colonial rangering was a vocation that ran in the Gorham family. One particular John Gorham, the son of Shubael Gorham, made a name for himself in this vocation. John came from a long line of Indian fighters: his great-grandfather John Gorham I had been killed in the Great Swamp Fight against the Naragansetts during King Philip's War (sometimes called the Naragansett War) in 1675/1676; his grandfather, son of John I, had also fought at that time, and also in King William's War, where he was in command of American Indian forces. Shubael (1686-1746), father of the John Gorham currently under

discussion, was also a military officer who had been along when the British took Port Royal in 1710.

This John Gorham himself took part in King George's War, which would run until 1748 when put to rest by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He would also fight in *The* French and Indian war (also called the Seven Years War, which actually ran from 1755-1763). Other Gorhams--many of them in fact--would be active in the Revolutionary War, too.

John Grenier's "First Way of War" reports:

John Gorham of King George's War was not born a ranger, but there certainly was something in his family's remembered past that led him to ranging. Who better than Gorham, whose great-grandfather and grandfather both had served with Benjamin Church, to lead the New England rangers of King George's War? Indeed, when the call for rangers went out in 1744, Gorham was one of the first to answer.

Family tradition and folklore or "something in his family's remembered past" may have led John in to this course. This time it was the turn of the Abenaki's (in Maine) and the Mi'kmaq's (in Nova Scotia) to be the object of the EuroAmericans unwanted attention.

It was not all fun and games for the English colonists either, though. Gorham called it "thte most Hazardous and fatiguing Duty that is Required in this part of the World." John was apparently not there as a philanthropist himself. Mi'kmaq author Daniel N. Paul referred to Gorham as, among other things, a "barbarian," "money-hungry criminal," "despicable," and one of the "Monsters of the Past." Specific in Paul's list of complaints was Gorham's scalping of Indians as well as Acadians (who were the forebears of Louisiana Cajuns) for bounties.

Massachusetts Bay Colony governor William Shirley had sanctioned suchlike endeavors with a proclamation that read, in part:

That there be granted to be paid out of the public treasury to any company, party or person…who shall voluntarily, and at their own cost, … go out and kill a male Indian of the age of 12 or upwards … for as long as the war shall continue, … and produce his scalp in evidence of his death, the sum of 100 pounds in bills of credit of the Province of New England …50 pounds … for women, and for children under the age of 12 …

Gorham was sent along with a group, fifty strong, which consisted mainly of Mohawk warriors, but also included some white men and half-breeds. In the thirty-four years since the fall of Port Royal in 1710, British occupation had consisted of a holding, or defensive, operation. Gorham's Rangers, though, were an offensive bunch (some would say they were indeed, in both senses of the phrase).

Shirley called the Rangers "snowshoe men," because they would push wilderness-ward in the winter, rather than overwintering in forts and waiting for spring before they ventured forth to attack. Shirley, in describing the Rangers' mission to the Duke of

Newcastle, said the Rangers were "to hold themselves ready at the shortest Warning to go in pursuit of any Party of Indians, who frequently in time of War make sudden Incursions, whilst there is a deep Snow upon the Ground, and retreat as suddenly into the Woods after having done what Mischief they can."

The Mi'kmaq people, as was true of Indians in general throughout post-contact American history, were caught in a no-win situation as they were manipulated by two European empires (France and England) vying with one another for supremancy.

This is not to say that all Indians led an idyllic existence of sweetness and light, sugar and spice and everything nice prior to the arrival of the EuroAmericans. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that they unwittingly played the part of pawns in too many situations. Even among the European settlers, though, there was a difference. Before the arrival of the British, things were better for most Indians who had contact with the French than they would be for those whose dealings were primarily with the British later.

The Acadians of present-day Nova Scotia, many of whom eventually fled to Louisiana and became "Cajuns," had lived side by side in peace with the Mi'kmaq for almost 120 yerars prior to British usurpation of the region in 1713. The Mi'kmaqs as well as other tribes got on pretty well with the French, because the French had not only afforded them a measure of economic security, but had also not only permitted, but even *encouraged* them to maintain their ancestral way of life.

In 1715, English officers met with Mi'kmaq chiefs and demanded that the Mi'kmaq recognize the King of England as their head, and Britain as the owner of their ancestral land. Not surprisingly, the Mi'kmaq refused to bow to the King of England or give up their land without a struggle.

In 1722, the English began kidnapping Mi'kmaqs of both genders and all ages and holding them hostage in their forts. It is no head-scratcher that the Mi'kmaqs attempted to free their friends and relatives by any means necessary. Even so, it was rare for the Mi'kmaqs to attack civilians (unlike Gorham's Rangers, who waged total warfare on all Indians, not just warriors).

In fact, a heated debate took place in Nova Scotia in early 1998 regarding Gorham. The Nova Scotia Department of Transportation had named a stretch of road in his honor, reasoning that Gorham had been instrumental in settling the region. That is apparently what prompted Paul to write his editorial, mentioned earlier, which appeared in the January 16, 1998, *Chronicle Herald* of Nova Scotia. In it, Paul even compared Gorham to Hitler and Stalin, rhetorically asking what real difference exists between he and them. The editorial unleashed a storm of protest. That was the death knell for "John Gorham Boulevard," as the 1998 chapter examines in much more detail.

But to return to the time at hand (1744), the French and Mi'kmaqs had seized control of Nova Scotia this year, with Annapolis Royal as the sole settlement remaining in British hands. That fort was also attacked by the Mi'kmaqs, and the 100 regular soldiers holed up in the fort had to defend it against a force thrice their size.

The British were able to hold the French and the Mi'kmaq off with their artillery pieces, but the French had some on the way, too. Once they arrived, the situation would become dramatically worse for those in the fort. Just at this juncture, Gorham's Rangers sailed into Annapolis Royal harbor and drove off the enemy forces.

1745

A Piratical and Popish Nest

"…there was a merry trade, the French buying scalps at Louisbourg, the English buying scalps at Halifax; and no one certain, as the money chinked on the table, whether these scraps of withered skin and clotted hair belonged to man, woman, or child or whether they were English, French, or Indian." – Thomas Raddall

♦ First Siege of Louisbourg

Colonial Ranger John Gorham was involved in the assault of Louisbourg, the capital of New France (Canada) this year. Actually, John was there along with his father Shubael, who was in command of the forces, and his brother David (who was three years younger than John).

Louisbourg is located on Cape Breton Island, which lies in the Atlantic just northeast of Nova Scotia. It is said to be a very attractive spot, and is ringed by a 184-mile long road that has been compared to California's Highway 1 with less traffic. Cape Breton Island has been called the most beautiful place in North America (by *National Geographic Traveler* magazine), and was esteemed higher yet by Alexander Graham Bell, who spent 37 summers in the place he called the most beautiful on earth.

John, who had been recently commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the 7th Massachusetts Regiment, was given the assignment to secure whaling boats from Boston. These small (and thus maneuverable) boats would enable the Rangers to land at Louisbourg. This whale boating also ran in the family, as John Gorham II supplied a similar service a half-century earlier.

John volunteered to lead a night attack on the Island Battery that protected Louisbourg. Landing in these small boats in Louisbourg harbor on May 23rd, a contingent of volunteers assaulted the battery.

Although the attack on the battery was repulsed by the French, the British eventually won the day and the French capitulated. The victory of the British over the French in French territory touched off wild celebrations in the British colonies. In "The Colonial Wars," Howard Peckham claims:

The capture of Louisbourg has been called the most important military achievements of the American colonies before the Revolution, and the only British success of any importance during the War of the Austrian Succession. It was not the most important battle of the colonial wars, but it did involve the largest number of Americans and was a siege undertaken and directed by them, without the help of British army officers.

Now the hard part began: The victors had to repair the fortress. Camp diseases spread. By the spring of 1746 eight hundred ninety of their number had died. John Gorham and his father Shubael were among those who remained behind. Shubael, who was nearing sixty years of age, was one of those who succumbed to disease, dying during the winter. This left John left in charge of the regiment.

It was a trying time even for those troops who were relatively healthy. The men were anxious to get home, not only to escape the epidemic, but also to help protect their home frontiers from Indian forays.

Despite the hardships the soldiers faced, the effect of that battle's outcome on the American soldiers was a noteworthy one. Peckham says about this:

The victors developed supreme self-confidence and a corresponding contempt for, or at least indifference to, professional armies and military engineers. Louisbourg, therefore, emerged from the war as a symbol of American prowess, as if a new military power had appeared in the New World.

During this time and in this area a macabre sort of commerce was being conducted that has been characterized by some as a "privitization" of war: the French were buying scalps of Englishmen and their Indian allies, while the British were purchasing scalps of French and *their* Indian allies.

Eventually, British colonial authorities put a stop to the payment of bounties for scalps—not because of its barbarity, but because too many of the scalps brought in my Gorham's Rangers had a suspiciously blonde hue to them. Due to this situation, Parker Barss Donham wrote that "Gorham may be thought of as an equal opportunity terrorist."

The wars waged between Britain and France were not just political and commercial in nature. Cultural differences exaggerated animosities, and perhaps even more so did religious differences. The British were Protestants, for the most part, while the French were Catholic almost without exception. The so-called "New France" was actually more an extension of the Old France than something new, and the Jesuit-influenced town of Louisbourg was termed "a piratical and popish nest" by some Englishmen.

Just two years later, the British lost two battles to France in America, and Louisbourg was returned to France in the treaty negotiations which followed. The Americans, which had fought so hard and suffered so much to obtain that prize were none too happy about that. Peckham summed up the situation in "The Colonial Wars":

Consequently, the rashest measure Great Britain could take was to hand Louisbourg back to the French as if it were a bauble or a remote barren island—especially after the British admiralty in the glow of victory in 1745 had threatened to hang any man who would dare to surrender it. American pride was insulted, and New England turned bitter. Americans would not respond so enthusiastically in the next war with France. As they clearly foresaw, in another war Louisbourg would have to be taken again, and the lobster-backs could jolly well do the job themselves. When the necessity did arise, it required nine thousand British regulars and forty ships of war.

Britain's view and treatment of her American subjects apparently corresponded to that of a rather condescending older brother. The Americans, though, resembled a rambunctious and unpredictable adolescent. This led to a confrontation, which, in hindsight, proved to be a foreshadow of things to come:

British Commodore Knowles, in need of additional crewmen for the five ships he commanded, attempted to make use of an accepted British naval practice—impressment of the locals into compulsory military service. The problem was that he did this in America, where the locals were not about to put up with it.

On November 17, 1747, he sent a press gang into Boston. To the surprise and chagrin of the Commodore, the Americans' reaction was immediate and violent. Several of the officers sent were seized by the crowd. Following intervention by Massachusetts Governor Shirley, the officers were released. The chastened Knowles changed his mind about impressing Bostonians, and sailed away.

The personal papers of John Gorham are held at the William L. Clements library at the University of Michigan in Ann Abor. A "background note" that accompanies his papers explains that Gorham's Rangers "were a highly successful free-ranging unit that employed 'unorthodox' tactics – i.e., those not commonly employed by British regulars – including the applied use of terror… (They) rapidly gained a fearsome reputation among the French and indigenous populations. Throughout the remainder of 1746 and 1747, Gorham and his Rangers enhanced their reputation as being 'far more terrible than European soldiers,' and came to be viewed as the most effective fighting unit in the Province. It was said that their reputation was such that neither French nor Indians would meet with them, and the arrival of Gorham's Rangers was usually sufficient cause for attacking parties to disperse."

1747

Dukes and Kings

"Yes, a duke's different. But not very different. This one's a middling hard lot for a duke. When he's drunk there ain't no near-sighted man could tell him from a king."

"Well, anyways, I doan' hanker for no mo' un um, Huck. Dese is all I kin stan'."

"It's the way I feel, too, Jim. But we've got them on our hands, and we got to remember what they are, and make allowances. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings."

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't a done no good; and, besides, it was just as I said: you couldn't tell them from the real kind.
--from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain

♦ John Gorham meets the Duke of Newcastle and King George II

John Gorham, along with his reputedly beautiful and accomplished wife Elizabeth, traveld to England this year to meet with the Duke of Newcastle, who was the British government official in charge of affairs relating to Nova Scotia.

Dispatched there by Massachusetts governor William Shirley, Gorham was to lobby for the ranger companies. In his letter of introduction, Shirley wrote: "I think the great service which Lieutenant-Colonel Gorham's Company of Rangers has been to the garrison at Annapolis Royal is a demonstration of the usefulness of such a corps."

Gorham presented the situation to the Duke in the middle of the year. Those in London with whom the Gorhams met, such as the Secretary of State, were apparently impressed with them, as they were presented to King George II at the Court of St. James.

In a letter coming the other direction, duke of Bedford John Russell wrote that Gorham's Rangers were "more than ever absolutely necessary for the immediate preservation of the Province of Nova Scotia."

On returning to American, John had been commissioned a captain in the regular British army. Gorham thus became the first of three prominent rangers to receive a commission in the British Army. His brother Joseph and Robert Rogers were commissioned later. George Washington would later strive, unsuccessfully, for British rank. Some receive commission more because of connections and position within the government bureaucracy than any proven ability in the field of battle. Not so with Gorham, who became a captain due to his military accomplishments.

After spending the winter of 1747/1748 gathering reinforcements and storing up provisions for a spring campaign, peace broke out, and the offensive Gorham had planned to carry to Minas and Chignecto in New France had to be canceled. Grenier's "The First Way of War" says:

At the end of King George's War, Gorham could take pride in his ranger's service. His troops had been the key to protecting Britain's interest in Nova Scotia. As the war progressed, they had become the only effective American or British troops in the colony. By 1748, they thoroughly dominated British military affairs in Nova Scotia.

As did many wars, King George's War ended with the situation of "Status Quo Ante Bellum"—matters reverted to what they had been prior to the conflict as regards sovereign boundaries and such. Many lives had been fed into the meatgrinder of war, but all that came out at the end was an "Oh, well, so much for that." The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle of 1748 put an end to the war; nothing in America had changed (from a balance-of-power perspective, that is).

Somewhere along the way, Captain John Gorham had apparently lost a piece of hardware he used in his rangering. In a 1748 Boston newspaper, he advertised as lost "a Gold Ring … Containing in it a small Compass."

1749

A Wild and Uncontrollable Ruffian

"We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft."
– from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain

♦ John Gorham builds Fort Sackville

The vicious and tenacious work of John Gorham and his Rangers had made Nova Scotia (relatively, anyway) safe for British settlement. It had been reported that for the past two years "no attack of any consequence, either by the French or their Indians allies, had been attempted."

This year, Edward Cornwallis arrived with a group of people who were to settle in Halifax. As a protection for these settlers, Gorham built Fort Sackville at the head of Bedford Basin. Even so, Cornwallis once referred to Gorham as a "wild and uncontrollable ruffian."

Cornwallis, the new governor, also found it mete to circulate a new proclamation for enemy scalps—which also included the heads of men, women, and children. John Gorham became the chief enforcer of the new edict.

In a paper he read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society in 1951, George T. Bates said, speaking of Gorham and his Rangers:

Not long after their arrival, Mascarene tells us, they fell upon a family of Indians lurking in the woods nearby. The rangers seized this opportunity to establish a reputation for themselves by killing some and scattering the rest.

Major General James Wolfe ordered his ranger companies, one of the two commanded by New England- and Nova Scotia war-hardened veteran John Gorham, to devastate the Gaspe region. Wolfe told Gorham's Rangers to "burn and lay waste the country for the future, sparing only churches." Gorham was also authorized to scalp Indians and Canadians dressed like Indians. According to John Grenier's book "The First Way of War: American War Making on the Froniter":

Gorham's Rangers took Wolfe's order as a license to kill, plumder, and destroy. They conveniently found that most "Canadians dressed like Indians" and used that "fact" as an excuse to take "a few scalps."

It was reported that among the first victims of "these monsters" were three pregnant women and two small children. Bates went on to say that:

It is reported that … a party of Gorham's rangers one day brought in 25 scalps, claiming the bounty of 10 pounds per scalp. It was strongly suspected that not all of the scalps were those of Indians, but included some Acadians too. The paymaster protested the payment, but was ordered to pay the 250 pounds anyway.

In modern times, this area contains the towns of Bedford and Sackville. A boulevard connecting the two communities was briefly named Capt. John Gorham Boulevard. For the full story on the debacle, see the 1998 chapter.

1751
The Fog of War

"Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be." -- from "Emma" by Jane Austen

"It was a foggy day in London, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London, with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing, and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre, divided in purpose between being visible and invisible, and so being wholly neither. "
-- from "Our Mutual Friend" by Charles Dickens

♦ John Gorham dies in London

Colonial Ranger John Gorham became a wealthy ship owner. He did not live long, though. He returned to London, apparently to press for assistance in a more vigorous campaign against the French in America. It was reportedly his objective to acquaint the English authorities with the difficulties in Acadia (Nova Scotia) and to induce them, if possible, to take more decisive action.

Of course, within a few years, as the next chapter will show, England did take very decisive action against France. How much, if any, John Gorham's visit influenced this, is impossible to say. Shortly after his arrival in London, John contracted smallpox and died. He was only 43.

The Rangers continued without him for another ten years, until 1761. His brother Joseph took over the group as Lietenant. Joseph is a much more sympathetic character than his brother John. Of course, it could be argued that that doesn't take much. Nevertheless, it was said of Joseph that he "continued to extend and entrench the British presence in Nova Scotia by establishing several blockhouses at various strategic points, including Cobequid (Truro) and Chignecto."

It has also been written of Joseph that "He took a great interest in the local Indians and had considerable influence with the chiefs, and it is reported that the Church of England service in the Mi'kmaq tongue was occasionally read to the Indians at his house in Halifax."

It is somewhat ironic that Joseph belonged to the Church of England, the religious body against which John Howland and the rest of the pilgrims had rebelled, and which falling out had led to their leaving Europe for America.

Even the Mi'kmaq author Daniel Paul, who has no use whatsoever for John Gorham, son of Shubael, wrote the following about Joseph (referring to the naming of a boulevard after John --see the 1998 chapter for all the details):

Joseph Gorham was the opposite of his brother John. He was a soldier and probably killed some Mi'kmaqs in man-to-man battle, but he was not part of the organized drive to exterminate them. He, after the war, became a friend. Name something after him – I don't object!

1756

Seven Years of Death and Destruction

"*And here there were seven ears of grain shriveled, thin, scorched by the east wind, growing up after them.*" – Genesis 41:23

"*Seven years of bad luck, the good things in your past*" -- from the song "Superstition" by Stevie Wonder

"*What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet.*" – William Shakespeare

♦ French and Indian War / Seven Years War

The War known in America as the French and Indian War, but known in Europe as the Seven Years War, began (officially) this year. One way to view it is that they were two wars, one fought in Europe (the Seven Years War) and one fought in American (the French and Indian War). Another way to view it is that they were both the same war, just with different names in different locales. Whatever the semantics of the matter may be, some historians view this as the first world war. At stake was which European superpower would control North America.

By this year one million British subjects were living as colonists in America, compared with just 55,000 French citizens. The French were more widely scattered throughout the continent, having pressed far west in their search for fur. In contrast with the 2,000 miles the French had roamed westward, the British had concentrated their settlements on the east coast, on the eastern slope of the Appalachians.

Besides having a wider base of operations, another advantage the French enjoyed was that they could count more Indian as allies than the British could. The French, more willing to mix with the Indians (many Frenchmen married Indian women), were considered by many Indian tribes as a lesser of two evils. The French were also more amenable to learning from the Indians. One lessen they took to heart was the Indians' wilderness battle tactics. The British were far superior to the French in numbers, but at first erroneously attempted to fight a European-style war in a frontier setting—attempting, in effect, to put old wine into new wineskins.

1759

The Fall Fall

"It is not light that we need, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake." – Frederick Douglass

♦ Quebec Falls

The turning point in the Seven Years War/French and Indian War had come the year before, when Louisbourg fell (again) to the British. Prior to that, France had been winning. That shifted the tide, though, and continued unabated this year.

British American colonists had tried to take Quebec from the French colonists in Canada on and off for decades. John Gorham II was there sixty-nine years previously with William Phips. As already delineated in the 1690 chapter, that attempt failed miserably. This year was the year, though, for the British, and Joseph Gorham and his Rangers were on hand this time.

In November, during a howling storm, a British fleet bottled up the French Brest squadron, hemming them in with the land to their backs and the ocean before them. The British executed a daring offensive, described by John Keegan in his book *Fields of Battle: The Wars for North America* as "the rashest of all the Royal Navy's victories, a defiance of nature as much as of the enemy."

Both generals, the British Wolfe and the French Montcalm, died in the battle.

1763

Appalachian Spring

"Where today are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Mohican, the Pokanoket, and many other once powerful tribes of our people? They have vanished before the avarice and the oppression of the White Man, as snow before a summer sun." -- Tecumseh

"If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian, he can live in peace. ... Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The Earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. ... Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade. ... where I choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself, and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty." – Heinmot Toovalaket (Chief Joseph)

- Royal Proclamation
- Pontiac's Rebellion

The Seven Years War/ French and Indian War ended this year.

To appease the Indians following the war's end, a royal proclamation was made that, among other things, promised that white settlement would only go as far as the Appalachian mountains. Lands west of there would remain property of the Indians forever. These were welcome words to the Indians, but not to the colonists, who had earlier been told that the land--all the way to the sea--would belong to them.

This new wrinkle was more then just an irritant to the colonists. With the war's end, the balance of dependency between the colonists and the "mother country" on the opposite side of the Atlantic changed. With France "out of the picture" as far as rivalry for control of the country, Americans no longer needed British protection from the French. On the other hand, Britain needed the American colonies more than ever, in order to help pay for the costs incurred by the war.

By the early 1770s, the Proclamation was pretty much ignored by the Colonists. John Murray, royal governor of Virginia, said about this that no British policy could "restrain the Americans; their avidity and restlessness incite them."

This difference in opinion between the British government and the American colonists about who should have the western lands would culminate in an unpopular act perpetrated by the British and violently rejected by the colonists beginning just two years from this one.

The Indians on both sides of the conflict were losers in the war. Those allied with the French lost by being defeated; those who had sided with the British also lost, though—they would be continually pushed back, displaced from their homelands and eventually be lumped together in the eyes of the U.S. military establishment and become the objects of a genocidal agenda carried out by a series of Presidents and generals.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Sudden changes in the political landscape (witness the chain of events touched off by the dismantling of the Berlin wall in 1989) oftentimes evoke violent reactions in response to the new situation.

Not unlike the effects of an earthquake upon a landscape, the change in power and ownership that accompanied the French surrender to the British at the Treaty of Paris on April 27th provoked an immediate reaction from some of the Indians who lived in the affected territories—land that had previously been under French control, but which had now became British.

Pontiac, war chief of the Ottawas, formed a coalition with the Delaware, Seneca, and Shawnee tribes against the British. Pontiac pressed for an attack on Detroit (a city which apparently showed their esteem for him in the naming of one of their vehicles in the 1900s).

A series of assaults the Indian tribes made on these now-British settlements came to be known as Pontiac's Rebellion. The Indians were ultimately, inescapably, defeated, partly as a result of biological warfare waged on them. British general Lord Jeffrey Amherst had the Indians deliberately infected with smallpox. At a meeting with the Delaware tribe that was billed by the British as a peace conference, the Delaware delegates were presented with a gift: two blankets and handkerchief. They were crawling with smallpox germs.

The resulting smallpox epidemic, and the perception of the Indians that the supply of English settlers was inexhaustible, impelled Pontiac to make peace by the end of the year.

As seems to always be the case in war, not all the victims were participants, or even always belong to the same groups as those waging war. The specific way this proved true in this wanton interlude of gore took place in Pennsylvania. A mob of white settlers attacked a party of Conestoga Indians—even though the Conestogas were then, and had always been, at peace with the whites.

The Conestoga survivors of the attack were placed in protective custody. This form of protection failed, though, as the mob raided the building and killed a group of Indians as they prayed. Once more, the survivors were relocated, this time to a barren island on the windswept Delaware River. The effects of the brutal winter (heartache and discouragement no doubt played a role, too) caused fifty-six of their number to grow sick and die.

1765

Stamp This!

Because you don't say you need me
You don't sing me love songs
You don't bring me flowers anymore...
-- from the song "You Don't Bring Me Flowers" by Barbra Streisand

"Badges? We ain't got no badges! We don't need no badges! I don't have to show you any stinking badges!" -- Alfonso Bedoya as Gold Hat in the movie "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"

♦ Stamp Act

As touched on in the previous chapter, the British government needed money to pay for the war it had waged from 1756 to 1763. As much of the costs had been incurred in defending its American colonies, many in England believed it only fair and reasonable that the Americans pay for such protection and help. They also required an enormous sum, on an ongoing basis, to sustain their overseas military establishment.

Citizens in Britian were already the most heavily-taxed people in Western Europe. Predictably, the idea of passing these costs on to the taxpayers there was met with an outcry. Let the Americans pay for the services rendered them by the Crown!

The Americans, as a whole, felt differently about the matter, though. Now that the French were no longer a threat to them, of what further use to them were the redcoats? Formerly they had proved to be a check against the French and the Indians, but now the Americans felt they could get along without them.

This disconnect between how the British viewed their importance to Americans, and how the Americans viewed the necessity of a continued British presence, was to prove pivotal in events to come.

To raise the money they needed without taxing their "home" citizens more heavily, the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act this year. It required that all legal and commercial documents, newspapers and even playing cards be impinted with an "official seal." This seal had to be purchased by the manufacturer of the goods in question.

This requirement provoked the wrath of the colonists living in America, who had heretofore not been taxed in such a way, having been allowed to govern themselves on such matters. Riots and mob violence broke out in Boston and New York. Only the wealthier class were taxpayers, but the remainder of the populace were upset about another matter: impressment (involuntary conscription) into the Royal Navy. This very Navy, in which they were forced to serve, could be used as an instrument to enforce the restriction of free trade into America, their home.

So both the wealthy and the poor were united in their belligerence toward the crown —an ominous and precarious situation for the British government.

Also of deep concern to the Americans regarding the Stamp Act was that they did not want a precedent set--if they submitted in this area, what might be next? They felt as if they were being treated like children, or slaves--being told what to do without being first consulted.

By imposing such requirements on legal documents and playing cards, the English managed to irritate two elements of society which could prove to be the most problematic: lawyers, the most argumentative and articulate segment of the population on the one hand; and on the other, sailors and other gambling rowdies, a most irreverant and incendiary class of men.

The Stamp Act was so fervently opposed by the colonists that it was quickly (in March of 1766) repealed. However, Britain soon came up with another way to squeeze money out of the colonists--by placing duties on imports. This further raised tensions between the "mother country" and her "childen," leading to more violent conflicts over the next several years.

1769

There Goes the Neighborhood

"What is it in reality," said Sancho, "that your worship means to do in such an out-of-the-way place as this?" -- from "Don Quixote," by Miguel Cervantes

"So tractable, so peaceable, are these people, that I swear to your Majesties there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and through it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy." – Christopher Colombus, speaking of the Indians of San Salvador in a letter to the King and Queen of Spain

"The blunting effects of slavery upon the slaveholder's moral perceptions are known and conceded the world over; and a privileged class, an aristocracy, is but a band of slaveholders under another name." – Mark Twain

"You call someplace paradise, kiss it goodbye." -- from the song "The Last Resort" by The Eagles

- California is "settled" by Spain
- John Gorham III dies

Many nations have coveted California over the centuries: Spain, France, Russia, Britain, Mexico and, of course, the United States. In 1769, while the British colonists on the eastern seaboard of the country were considering a break with the mother country, Spain was taking control of the west coast.

Spaniards had been aware of the area now known as California for more than two hundred years before they laid claim to it. It is possible that a group of Spanish explorers traveled by land from Mexico into southern California even prior to that. But there is not enough historical evidence to prove such, so the credit for the first official European "discovery" of California is given to Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. He and his men arrived in 1542, fifty years after Columbus' 1492 voyage.

Cabrillo was looking for a shortcut to Asia, and left California disappointed. He didn't realize California had many treasures of its own to offer. He died later on the voyage, never realizing the significance of his find. This ignorance persisted for a time, the disappointing land mass being mainly viewed by the Spanish as a stopping point on their trading trips between Mexico and the Philippines.

California was given its name by the Spaniards from a work of fiction popular at the time, a Spanish tale of knight-errantry (the sort of story that Miguel Cervantes lampooned in *Don Quixote*). In that work, California was described as "an island on the right hand of the Indies" that was inhabited by pagan Amazons. Despite the difference in location and

the fact that it is not an island, the golden state was still named for this fictional area “very near the Terrestrial paradise."

Indeed, California is blessed with fertile valleys, high mountains, freshwater lakes, and wind-swept deserts. The land and its diverse and abundant plant and animal life at that time supported more than 300,000 Indians. In fact, California had the largest and most diverse indigenous population in what is today the United States of America. This indigent population, who had been in the area untold milleniums prior to the Spaniards, say that they have lived in California since their creation.

When the people designated “second settlers” by the Native Americans arrived, California’s native peoples spoke more than one hundred different languages and lived in more than 500 areas around the state. Among these were the Wiyots, living in the remote and secluded northern coastal part of the state, around Humboldt Bay. As of this year of 1769, the Wiyots were unmolested by Europeans. As we will see, though, this would dramatically change in the mid-1800s.

Although the Spaniards had come, conquered, and corrupted the native North Americans to some extent for the previous two hundred years, it can be said that Spain’s first official colony in California was not established until this year. Sir Francis Drake had claimed California for Britain in 1579, but the most pivotal intrusion by Europeans, when they really got "serious" about colonizing the region, started this year.

Two general groups of Spaniards had been roving around California for the past two hundred years: conquistadors, and their partners in crime, the priests. Even when the conquistadors would have left the locals alone (that is, when they determined that the fabled seven cities of Cibola remained elusive and no fountains bubbling forth elixirs of eternal youth were to be found), the priests persisted in pestering and persecuting the natives.

“Father” Junipero Serra and his entourage undertook their so-called “Sacred Expedition” from Mexico into southern California this year. Serra brought with him Spanish missionaries and Mexican-Indian farm workers as well as cooks, carpenters, and soldiers of mixed European, Indian and African descent. The first mission they built was located in what is today San Diego. Hundreds of Native Americans lived at the mission, many of them brought there against their will. Serra and the missionaries schooled them in the Spanish way of life and the Catholic religion.

In a pattern that would be repeated over and over throughout the country, many of the native inhabitants of the region died from diseases introduced by the Europeans. Some Native Americans settled into mission life; others ran away. Among those who rejected the imported culture, men arose from time to time to lead revolts against the Spaniards, attempting to force the Europeans’ removal from the area.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

John Gorham III died in Barnstable this year. He was 81 years old. He bequeathed half of his house and land, also his negro girl, Peg, and half the services of his negro Cesar, to his wife Prudence, who was four year his junior and lived on for another ten years after him.

1770

Panned in Boston

."..a revolution of government is the strongest proof that can be given by a people of their virtue and good sense.." -- John Adams

"*I am more and more convinced that Man is a dangerous creature, and that power whether vested in many or a few is ever grasping, and like the grave cries give, give. The great fish swallow up the small, and he who is most strenuous for the Rights of the people, when vested with power, is as eager after the prerogatives of Government.*" -- Abigail Adams

"*There is danger from all men. The only maxim of a free government ought to be to trust no man living with power to endanger the public liberty.*" -- John Adams

♦ The Boston Massacre

England had sent four thousand troops to Boston, a city which at the time had only four times that number. This display of force was intended to quell any uprisings that may take place. This backfired, though, when one of the soldiers heard (or thought he heard) the word "fire" and started shooting at a crowd of Bostonians which had been pelting the soldiers with snow, ice, and rocks.

Five members of the crowd were killed. The first victim was a mulatto man named Crispus Attucks, a former slave. Some consider the Boston Massacre to have been the opening salvo in the Revolutionary War. Tensions continued to mount between the colonial hosts and their unbidden guests.

Defending the British soldiers in court was none other than John Adams, future second President. Despite his quotes above, which seem to reveal an enthusiasm for revolution and skepticism of government, Adams described the crowd that been fired upon by the British troops as "a motley rabble of saucy boys, negroes, and mulattoes, Irish teagues and outlandish jack tarrs."

1773

Banned in Boston

"*It does not require a majority to prevail, but rather an irate, tireless minority keen to set brush fires in people's minds.*" -- Samuel Adams

"*My little finger itself will certainly be thicker than my father's hips.*" -- 1 Kings 12:10

"*It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open . . .*" – from the book "Frankenstein" by Mary Shelley

♦ The Boston Tea Party

As a protest against an import duty that had been imposed on tea (a staple for people raised under the influence of British culture), many opted to boycott all British products. About a hundred Bostonians, though, including such prominent citizens as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and Paul Revere, took the boycotting of British goods a step further. Dressed as Mohawk Indians, they boarded three British ships filled with tea. In front of a large crowd watching from shore, they split open 342 chests of tea and dumped them into Boston Harbor.

This led to even stronger laws imposed by Britain on the Colonists. The two sides were intractable. The Colonists would not accept taxes that, if left unchecked, could lead to more and more taxes and other acts of oppression. The British government, for its part, could not permit her subjects to flaunt her laws and reject her authority.

Those known as "the Founding Fathers" were for the most part patricians (members of the upper socioeconomic class). As such, they did not want radical change--their situation was good, and radical change could deleteriously alter their situation. Although they did not set out to provoke a revolution, one was becoming more and more likely as the pushing and shoving between England and the Colonies continued.

The populace in general was both mentally and practically prepared for war. They were already in a war "mind set" in that they had been fighting with, or at least thinking defendsely regarding, the Indians in their midst since their arrival in the country. Also, they were ready in an organizational way due to their colletive experience serving in militias as part of the British efforts to prepare the Americans for possible war with Spain.

1775

No Guns, No Ammunition

"*These are times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.*" -- Thomas Paine

"*Our contest is not only whether we ourselves shall be free, but whether there shall be left to mankind an asylum on earth for civil and religious liberty.*" -- Samuel Adams

- Battles of Lexington and Concord
- Battle of Bunker Hill/Breeds' Hill

Britain was nervous over the impudent and surly mood of many Americans. The British forces, in a move to disarm the unruly locals, set out to seize caches of weapons at armories maintained by volunteer American militias, called Minutemen, near Boston in the towns of Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts. They also hoped to capture Sam Adams and John Hancock, whom they considered "rebel" ringleaders.

Near Lexington, the Minutemen had apparently only intended to present a symbolic resistence. The Minutemen realized that they were outmanned and outclassed by the regular British soldiers, and were not even barring the Concord road, but rather were deployed on the road's sides. The Minutemen were withdrawing when a shot rang out. Who fired it, and whether it was purposeful or accidental, is unknown. There had apparently been no order to fire. That shot unleashed a volley of fire from both sides.

The end result was that in skirmishes in both Lexington and Concord, about 100 Colonists were killed. However, the British ultimately lost around 250 of the 700 men who had been deployed on the mission. Some of these were killed on the battlefield, but many more were victims of American snipers as they marched back to Boston. The Americans had taken to heart the lessons of "le petite guerre," the Indians' wilderness battle tactics which had earlier been eagerly adopted by the Colonial Rangers.

Many men, mostly from the countryside (most Colonists were rural dwellers) now joined the ragtag Colonial army. Some had no guns, and so brought what they had: sickles and scythes.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first major battle of the war took place later in the year, on Breed's Hill, outside of Boston. For an unkown reason, the battle is named for nearby Bunker Hill. The Colonists held the high ground and inflicted many casualties on the "lobsterbacks" (a pejorative sobriquet the Americans gave the British soldiers, who were arrayed in bright red uniforms) until the Colonists ran out of ammuniton. Unlike Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's 20th Maine defending Little Round Top at Gettysburg in 1863, the bullet-

less men did not fix bayonets and charge--they retreated. The Battle of Bunker Hill, as would be the case with most of the battles for the first year of the Revolutionary War, was a victory for the British.

Similar to the American Civil War, the side that ended up winning started out most often on the losing end. The Colonists also lost at Long Island, Ft. Washington, Ft, Lee, and Ft. Ticonderoga. Also like the Civil War, the Colonists were termed "rebels" by the British, and black slaves were told they could earn their freedom by fighting in the war--that is what the British offered slaves of American colonists. Many blacks would end up fighting on the side of the Colonists, too, though.

1776

You Say You Want a Revolution

"We have counted the cost of this contest and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery." – Thomas Jefferson

"Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth!" – Thomas Paine

"Get stoic, Thomas!" – from the movie "Smoke Signals"

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God, I know not what course others will take, but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death." – Patrick Henry

"In the beginning of a change the patriot is a scarce man, and brave, and hated and scorned. When his cause succeeds, the timid join him, for then it costs nothing to be a patriot." – Mark Twain

"The die is now cast. The colonies must either submit or triumph." – King George of Britain

♦ The American Colonies Declare Their Independence

Although the first shots of the Revolutionary War were fired on April 19th, 1775, in Lexington, Massachusetts, the Continental Congress didn't vote for independence from Britain until more than a year after that, on July 2nd, 1776.

Two Thomases, Paine and Jefferson, had much to do with the revolutionary fervor in the American Colonies. In January, Paine published his pamphlet *Common Sense*, which contained reasons why the Colonies should separate from the mother country. After explaining why he saw no advantage in being apron-stringed to Britain, he noted some clear-cut disadvantages:

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection are without number...any submission to, or dependence on, Great Britain, tends directly to involve this Continent in European wars and quarrels, and set us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship...

A million copies of *Common Sense* sold this year--quite a feat for a forty-year old former customs official and maker of ladies' underwear.

The erudite Jefferson was chosen to write the Declaration of Independence. His first draft contained a repudiation of slavery. The anti-slavery wording was removed by the Continental Congress, though. The second draft, sans anti-slavery statements, was accepted two days after the vote for independence, on the 4th of July.

Althought theoretically anti-slavery, in practice Thomas Jefferson was, and remained, a slaveholder himself.

The earlier colonial wars that British Americans had fought against French Americans (the "French and Indian Wars") had backfired on the British: they won the war, but the experience had taught the American Colonies that they could, united, accomplish a lot. The old fears, suspcions, and jealousies between the Colonies had been somewhat allayed through that shared body of experiences. In his book "The Colonial Wars: 1689-1762," Howard H. Peckham put it this way:

They had learned about military co-operation and spoken of the political unity necessary for its full accomplishment; they had developed a foreign trade of which they were jealous; they knew what kind of an army suited them, what tactics and weapons seemed most effective, and how to finance war by paper money; they could appeal to everyone through their numerous newspapers; above all they were not awed by regulars or professional officers. Neither meek nor inarticulate, they would define their position and resist coercion.

The genie was out of the bottle. It would be hard to keep the boys down on the farm now.

Some view the Revolutionary War as a Civil War, and call the one in the 1860s the "Second Civil War". The reason for this is that an estimated one-third of the colonists were loyalists, not desirous of breaking ties with England, one third revolutionaries, and and the final third front-runners, fence-sitters, or simply apathetic.

It took the War with England to bind the thirteen colonies together. Prior to this they had considered themselves to be thirteen separate countries. B efore the series of provocative events that began in earnest with the Stamp Act in 1765, each colony actually felt they had more in common with England than with each other.

When the decision was made to raise a Continental army, Virginian George Washington, the richest man in America, was chosen as General (over John Hancock, who felt the job should have been his, and expected to receive it). The reason for this choice was at least partly in order to bring the Virginians' hearts into the affair. Up to then, it had been mostly the Massachussetts men who had been agitating for rebellion against England.

Much of the fighting carried out by the Americans was not actually against British soldiers, but rather Hessian mercenaries hired by the British government. One of the reasons for this was that the British military had lost many of its fighting men in the Seven Years War that had just ended thirteen years before, and the British were fighting wars at the same time on other fronts, too.

The war for American Independence effectively lasted until 1781, when the British were defeated at Yorktown, Virginia, but the official end did not take place until two

years after that, in 1783, at the Treaty of Paris. Stipulations of the Treaty were that Britain officially recognize America's independence, and set the Mississippi as the western boundary of the nascent country, while retaining Canada for itself, and ceding Florida to Spain.

France and Spain had also piled on to the dogfight against its old enemy Britain, hoping to extract a little vengeance while it was distracted with the pesky Americans. The war between Britain and France continued, even after Britian had surrendered America to the Americans.

The new American government had different designs for itself, though. Now that it was finally free from European control, and did not have to dance in lockstep to the martial beat of the British drum, it set out to distance itself from the old world's divisive political struggles. In *Fields of Battle: The Wars for North America*, British historian John Keegan puts it this way:

…a new nation…would shortly embrace a policy of high-minded detachment from the strategic and military entanglements of the old world across the Atlantic. The United States had fought a war to win its liberty, but its Founding Fathers sought no wars in America's future. Washington's independent United States would be left with scarcely an army or navy at all and its people to depend on the remoteness and expanse of their enormous national territory as its defence. The notion that a war might arise between the states themselves was unimaginable. The thought that the upturned earth of the trenches and redoubts at Yorktown, already returning to nature in the spring of 1782, might be fought over again by soldiers who all called themselves American defied imagination itself.

That would be the case, though, in just eighty years time. Near enough in time was the battle at Yorktown during the Revolutionary War to the one in the same place during the Civil War that one aged plantation slave told Union commander Philip Kearney that he could recall hearing cannon fire at Yorktown back in 1781.

Although John Gorham may have been, at thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age at the time, considered too old for such duty (their son William was not born until 1788), there were reportedly thirty Gorhams engaged in the Revolutionary War--this according to the January 15, 1895 issue of the *Hyannis Patriot*. All of the Gorhams in America at that time were said to have descended from Capt. John Gorham (husband of Desire Howland).

Although the French had been defeated by Britain during the Seven Years War/French and Indian War, competition between the two nations persisted for another half century. Many Americans who had earlier fought for Britain now fought against her. Indians who were formerly enemies were now allies, and vice versa. The French, against whom the Americans had fought just a decade earlier, now became allies also.

Having been kicked out of America herself, France now reveled in her role as spoiler. If she couldn't have a piece of the American pie, she sure didn't want her old rival

England enjoying it, either. Helping the Americans was not an act of affection on her part for the upstart Yankees, but rather a vengeful thrust against her old nemesis.

By this year, the Sioux had crossed west over the Missouri River, and had begun acquiring vast multitudes of horses. These and guns would combine to make them a very effective and formidable fighting force.

The qualities the Sioux felt were paramount were bravery and generosity. The most important thing to them was freedom. The U.S. government would come to increasingly hate the Sioux's freedom, and finally wrest it from them.

It should be noted that, although it is technically more correct to refer to these as Dakota or Lakota, the commonly understood term "Sioux" will be used throughout this book. Actually, though, the word "Sioux" is a French distortion of an Ojibwe word meaning "cutthroat." Nevertheless, the people under discussion often use the term themselves, and thus it is used.

1786

Tyrants if They Could

"*That government is best which governs least.*" -- Thomas Paine

"*The oppressed should rebel, and they will continue to rebel and raise disturbance until their civil rights are fully restored to them and all partial distinctions, exclusions and incapacitations are removed.*" -- Thomas Jefferson

"I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing.... It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government. ... God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. ... What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistence? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." – Thomas Jefferson

♦ Shay's Rebellion

Massachusetts, who had been in the forefront in the rebellion against Britain, faced an internal insurrection of its own this year. Revolutionary War soldier Daniel Shays led a group of indebted farmers in an attack on the state government, which they felt was taxing them unfairly. It was a struggle between the haves and the have-nots, the debtors and the creditors. The debtors had the strength that comes from numbers. Many of them, not just Shay, had fought for freedom before, on the side termed "rebels" by the British but "patriots" by Americans--called the latter, at any rate, *after* the outcome of the insurrection was apparent.

Shay, who had fought at Lexington, Concord, and Saratoga, had been wounded in action. He resigned from the army in 1780 after the government failed to pay his wages. Shortly thereafter, he found himself in court for nonpayment of debts. He also witnessed others suffering from the same "crime," including a sick woman whose bed was confiscated from under her.

Only strongly bound together earlier because of the temporary need to unite in battle against the British, the thirteen state governments now saw the need to form a stronger and more lasting bond. If they remained separate, each person considering his state, in effect, his country, problems such as that between Pennyslvania and Connecticut, who were on the verge of a shooting war over who would control frontier lands to the West, would continue to fester. Unless this situation changed drastically, America could turn into "another Europe," constantly fighting wars against one another.

It was determined that the Articles of Confederation to which the states had agreed did not go far enough--at least, not under current conditions. Many politicans felt that a stronger federal government was the answer. The states were simply too disparate. Eleven

of the thirteen had their own navies, and all of them printed their own currency--as did Congress.

A constitutional convention began deliberations in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in May of 1787, in an attempt to determine what changes needed to be made in order to ward off disaster. Before long, the country would once again radically change.

Thomas Jefferson's quote above, about the people's resistence of government high-handedness being necessary for the health of the nation, was made in reference to Shay's Rebellion.

1788

Willie the Whaler

"The sea is everything. It covers seven tenths of the terrestrial globe. Its breath is pure and healthy. It is an immense desert, where man is never lonely, for he feels life stirring on all sides." -- from "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" by Jules Verne

♦ William Gorham born Massachusetts

Seventh generation Mayflower descendant William Gorham was born this year. He was probably born in Yarmouth, as that is where his parents were living in 1790, as recorded in that year's census.

Yarmouth is on Cape Cod near Barnstable and is located seventy-five miles south of Boston and about half that distance north of Nantucket Island.

George Washington would become the first President of the United States the next year. William would name his first son Joseph, but his second son George, perhaps for the President. However, George *was* a Gorham family name, so the President may just as easily *not* have been the inspiration for the name of William's second son, although their relative Nathaniel Gorham was a close associate of Washington's, as we will see.

1789

Constitutional

"*The result of [our first experiment in government] was a want of such tone in the governing powers as might effect the good of those committed to their care. The nation become sensible of this, have changed its organization, made a better distribution of its powers, and given to them more energy and independence.*" -- Thomas Jefferson

"*Remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. ... If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation. ... Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember all men would be tyrants if they could.*" – Abigail Adams, in a letter to her husband John

"*Man is the only kind of varmint sets his own trap, baits it, then steps in it.*" – John Steinbeck

"*A permanent constitution must be the work of quiet, leisure, much inquiry, and great deliberation.*" -- Thomas Jefferson

- U.S. Constitution devised and adopted
- George Washington becomes the first President

Although they had first met to revamp the Articles of Confederation two years earlier, the Constitution was not formally adopted by the entire country until this year. Congress had adopted the Constitution back in September of 1787, only four months after the framers had convened in order to hash out an updated version of the Articles of Confederation. Rather than just an upgrade, the Articles ended up being scrapped and replaced by a thoroughly reworked Constitution.

It was an uphill battle for the Federalists, who wanted a strong federal government as set forth in the new Constitution, to convince the majority of the states to ratify. Those on the other side who favored states' rights feared that the Constitution would make the federal government too powerful.

Virginia, where the first British Colony in North America was located in Jamestown, and which had also brought the first African slaves to North America, was intent on retaining individual and states' rights. Massachusetts, home state of Plymouth Colony and rabble-rousers of the rebellion against the British, also tended to view a strong central government (seemingly similar to their former oppressor Britain) with suspicion. Wealthy (and thus influential) New York also looked askance at the new arrangement at first.

Only after the necessary two-thirds of the states (nine of thirteen) had already ratified the Constitution did New York and Virginia join in voting for its adoption. That left

Rhode Island and North Carolina, who, like Virginia, only agreed to ratify after the Bill of Rights was added.

A Gorham was present at the Constitutional Convention. Nathaniel Gorham, a great-grandson of John Gorham II, was, in fact, the President of the Constitutional Congress in 1786 and 1787. As such, Nathaniel was naturally a signer of that document, along with such other delegates as George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, and Daniel Carroll.

Unfamiliar with Daniel Carroll? He is the namesake of Carroll County, Missouri, where Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn would be born over a century later.

Nathaniel traced his lineage through John Howland, Desire Gorham, John Gorham II, then (breaking with the line the Shannons would eventually marry into), John III's brother Stephen, and his son Nathaniel.

It was said of Nathaniel that "he played an influential part in the sessions. He spoke often, acted as chairman of the committee of the whole, and sat on the committee of detail (the latter committee was comprised of just five men, who hammered out the first draft of the Constitution).

On a daily basis, George Washington would call the meeting to order and then surrender the chair to Gorham. In fact, Washington's only speech during the convention was in favor of Gorham's proposal that the ratio for representation in the House be changed from 1 for every 40,000 citizens to 1:30,000.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

After the Constitution officially went into effect on March 4th of this year, George Washington was voted the first President of the young country. He named Thomas Jefferson Secretary of State and Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. Jefferson would become the third President of the United States, but only after a tied electoral vote between he and Aaron Burr was broken by the House of Representatives in Jefferson's favor on the 36th ballot.

Burr became Jefferson's Vice President, as that was the way things were done then--Presidential candidates did not run as a team with a pre-selected Vice President, but rather the runner-up for President became Vice President. Burr eventually killed Hamilton--who had favored Jefferson in the deadlocked election--in a duel in 1804.

1790

Crunching Numbers

"I am not the simple washerwoman I seem to be!" – Mr. Toad speaking in "The Wind in the Willows" by Kenneth Grahame

"I am not an Athenian or a Greek, I am a citizen of the world." – Socrates

- First U.S. Census
- Anny Young born Ireland
- Elizabeth Huddleston born North Carolina

One year after George Washington became the first president of the United States, the nascent nation conducted its first census. Presidential elections and census enumerations have grown ever more complicated and convoluted since.

In the census records, the John Gorham family is shown living in Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

The census page on which the John Gorham family is found is entitled "Descriptive Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the Town of Yarmouth, Taken 1790, Names of Heads of Families." There are five columns in the ledger:

1. "Free white males of 16 years and upwards including any heads of families"
2. "Free white males under 16 years"
3. "Free white females including heads of families"
4. "Other free persons"
5. "Slaves"

In John's record, there is "1" in the first column (himself); "2" in the second column (William was one of them); "2" in the third column (his wife Thankful was one of them); the final two columns are left blank, meaning there were no other free persons or slaves in the household. It is unknown who the second free male under sixteen was, or who the other free female was. This census only lists the heads of households by name, and simply gives the number of the rest within each household. Such would remain the case through the 1840 census.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Anny Young, who would eventually become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's great-grandmother, was born January 15th in Bandon Bridge, County Cork, Ireland.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A woman whose maiden name is unknown and whose given name is not definitively known but thought to have been Elizabeth was born in North Carolina this year. Even if she was not named Elizabeth, her daughter was--Ruth Elizabeth “Lizzie” M. Huddleston, to be precise. Ruth’s nephew Robert Huddleston named his daughter Elizabeth after his aunt (probably) and great-grandmother (possibly). Robert's daughter Elizabeth (more about her in the 1889 chapter) was to become Albert Kollenborn’s mother. This woman about whom so little is known married David Huddleston, who was also born in North Carolina (1784 in Rutherford).

Perhaps of import, perhaps not, a Captain John Huddleston helped out the Plymouth Colonists when they were in dire need of food in 1622. Huddleston, who owned tracts of land near the Jamestown colony in Virginia, had send a letter to Plymouth, telling them about the war they were waging there against the Powhatans. He then responded favorably to the request for food from those at Plymouth.

It is unknown what, if any, relationship exists between the good Captain and Elizabeth Huddleston. If any family relationship exists, it would be quite a coincidence, for that would mean that an ancestor of the Kollenborn line lent his assistance to ancestors and ancestresses of the Shannon line over three hundred years prior to these two lineages merging in matrimony.

1791
Quaker Oats

"Always carry a flagon of whiskey in case of snakebite and furthermore always carry a small snake." – W.C. Fields

"My kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders." -- Mark Twain

- The Bill of Rights
- Whiskey Rebellion

Based on the state of Virginia's Declaration of Rights from fifteen years prior, plus a few other documents such as the British Magna Carta and English Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments were made to the U.S. Constitution this year. The freedoms guaranteed, which also became known as the Bill of Rights, included (among others) freedom of speech, religion, freedom of the press, due process of law, the right to security and privacy within one's own home, and the right to assemble.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Like many of the other original colonies, Pennsylvania had been established as a haven for a religious minority. Massachusetts, of course, was the home ground of the Puritans and Separatists. Later, Roger Williams founded Providence, Rhode Island as the rallying point for those who dared be different from the once-persecuted Puritans; Maryland became a gathering place for Catholics; and Pennsylvania, named for founder William Penn, served the same purpose for the Quakers. As discussed earlier, in Plymouth Colony, Quakers and other religious minorities had been whipped and fined--the same punishment that fornicators and adulterers received--for practicing their religion. The persecuted had become the persecutors; the hunted, the hunters.

Just two years after the Constitution went into effect, Pennsylvania farmers tested the power and will of the new federal government. As were many of the other conflicts in America in the era, the trouble revolved around taxes. As the Bostonions boycotted taxed tea from Britain, and Shay and his farmer compatriots revolted against bearing the financial burdens of the Revolutionary War after braving the physical dangers of it, so too did the Pennsylvanian farmers react adversely when the federal government levied a tax on corn liquor.

The Pennsylvania farmers were not, as a group, a bunch of hillbilly moonshiners. They distilled whiskey from their surplus corn, and these "corn squeezin's" became a form of currency for them. They protested the tax, refusing to pay it. President Washington sent representatives to collect the tax. They were met by armed, irate farmers. The issue of federal authority vs. state and individual rights had again come to

the fore. Washington then called out the militia. Too strong a foe for the farmers, the Whiskey rebellion collapsed; the rebellion was quelled without any blood being shed.

1793

Put a Cork In It

"It is not light that we need, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake."
--Frederick Douglass

"You can be sure, the future's ahead."
– from the song "I Wanna Grow Up To Be a Politician" by the Byrds

- Thomas Shannon born Ireland
- Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin
- Fugitive Slave Law

Thomas Shannon, who was destined to become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's great-grandfather, was born in the town of Cork, County Cork, Ireland, not far from Blarney Castle. Like his future wife Anny Young, Thomas was born during the French Revolution, which lasted from 1789-1799. Conditions were changing rapidly in Europe.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

It was an invention that would indirectly help perpetuate the "peculiar institution" of slavery in the South. Eli Whitney's cotton "gin" (engine), made the de-seeding of cotton much easier and faster, thus economically viable. Still, many "cheap" workers were needed to gather the cotton.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In a move that was perhaps related to Whitney's invention, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, which provided for the return of escaped slaves to the South.

These last two events, the invention of the cotton gin and the enacting of the Fugitive Slave Law, were laying the groundwork for an eventual Civil War in the United States, in which Thomas Shannon's son James would fight.

1800

Watch Yarmouth

"There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family." -- from "The Adventure of the Empty House" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

- Census

John Gorham was again recorded by the census enumerators as living in Yarmouth, Massachusetts. He would live until 1804, when his son William was sixteen.

It is perhaps worthy of note that there is also a town named Yarmouth in Maine, just eighteen miles from the town of Gorham, Maine.

1803

Cheap at Twice the Price!

"A good deal has been written about 'shooting for the stars.' I have never thought much of that kind of marksmanship…I rather think it is best to draw a bead on something that you have a chance to hit." – LeRoy Percy

♦ Lousiana Purchase

Thomas Jefferson's envoys in Paris, R.L. Livingston and future president James Monroe, were instructed to look into acquiring New Orleans and western Florida from France. They were surprised when all of what was then called "Louisiana"—a tract of land stretching from the Mississippi River west to the Rockies, claimed for France in 1682 by La Salle--was offered. The price? Fifteen million dollars for the 565 million acre/90,000 square mile parcel, or approximately 3 cents per acre.

Before concluding that France's dictator Napoleon was insane for selling at such a rock bottom price, consider his probable reasoning:

1) The British, with whom France was waging a war, would probably take the land away from them anyway, if France were to lose the war (which they did).
2) The sale would strengthen America, thus weakening Britain, who still held out hopes of regaining its former American Colonies.
3) France needed the money to continue prosecution of its war with Britain.
4) One of Napoleon's armies in the West Indies was having a very tough time of it, and he decided to exit the region entirely, focusing his military efforts on Europe alone.

The sale took place April 3rd, 1803, in Paris, but the ceremony for the formal transferral of land did not take place until almost a year later, on March 9th, 1804. It was not until 1818 and 1819, though, that Britain and Spain, respectively, signed treaties indicating their acknowledgment of America title to all the land included in the Purchase.

Among the land acquired, all or part of which was to become the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missuori, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Oklahoma as well as most of what we now call Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, and Minnesota, was the area where Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn would be born a little over a century later.

This purchase, although it doubled the size of the United States at the stroke of a pen, did not complete America's acquisitions. Even to the east, there were lands that America would ultimately own, but did not as of yet. For instance, much of Florida still belonged to Spain. There was also much land off the western slope of the Rockies that was still not controlled by the United States.

1804

The Passage

"Go West, young man, go West, and grow up with the land." – John Soule

"The West is a place that has to be seen to be believed, and it may have to be believed in order to be seen." – N. Scott Momaday

♦ Lewis & Clark Expedition / Corps of Discovery

Even prior to purchasing vast tracts of land to the West, President Thomas Jefferson was curious about what wonders the West held. The Louisiana Purchase heightened this curiosity. Jefferson sent his protégé and personal secretary Meriwether Lewis, and William Clark, as co-captains on an expedition of about forty men to record data about the flora, fauna, and geography of the region; make peaceful contact with Indians they came across; and especially, to try to find a Northwest Passage, a route to the Pacific from the Mississippi River via waterways. But like the fabled El Dorado and the yearned-for Fountain of Youth, such a passage simply did not exist. As the song says, though, "two out of three ain't bad."

Early on in the voyage, the Corps of Discovery traversed the southern boundaries of what would in the future become Carroll and Chariton counties in northern Missouri. This is where Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn was to be born (in DeWitt, Carroll County) and, for the most part, raised (in Brunswick, on the southern edge of Chariton county and on the northern shore of the Missouri River).

The eight-thousand mile expedition that began on May 14th required toughness, tenacity, and intrepidity. That having been said, this group was not the first to cross the American continent. In fact, they had started out from the center of the country, near St. Louis, whereas Scottish fur trader Alexander Mackenzie had crossed the entire length of north America (in Canada) in 1793. Mackenzie and his retinue started from Montreal, Quebec in the east and traveled to Bella Coola, British Columbia in the West. Mackenzie, who worked for the Northwest Company, and his retinue of native guides and French-Canadian voyageuers, were, like Lewis & Clark, seeking a shipping outlet to the Pacific.

German explorer and naturalist Alexander von Humboldt had already spent much time on the Northern California Coast before Lewis & Clark took their hike to Oregon and back to Missouri. Humboldt published a book entitled *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America, During the Years 1799-1804, Vol II*.

The Lewis & Clark entourage were also, of course, not the first Americans to see the western lands to which they traveled—Indians had been there for untold millenia before them. Even as far as white men go, they came across several on their journey west, such as those involved in trapping for beaver pelts, and those who traded goods with the Indians.

Many whites already lived in Oregon, too, having arrived there via ship. The Corps of Discovery met even more on the return trip east. Some of these men had decided to move west regardless of what the Corps of Discovery experienced and did not wait for either a good or a bad report before embarking on their quest for a new frontier.

In fact, as the Corps had been gone for such a long period (twenty-eight months, finally returning to St. Louis on September 23rd, 1806), some with whom they crossed paths on the return trip even exclaimed suppositions such as, "We thought you were dead!" And a number of these hearty souls were indubitably oblivious to the very existence of Lewis, Clark, and their expedition.

For their efforts, Lewis and Clark received 1,600 acres of land each. Their men received 320 acres (a good-sized farm) and double pay.

1810

Thankful to be Alive

"Streams may spring from one source, and yet some be clear and some be foul." -- from "The White Company" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

- Census

John Gorham (son of Joseph, father of William) died in 1804. This made his widow Thankful (Butler) Gorham (who was hopefully not thankful that he died) the head of the household. By the time of the census at the latest, she had moved back to her birthplace of Nantucket, Massachusetts.

1811

Tippecanoe and a Couple of Comets, Too

"…one of those uncommon geniuses, which spring up occasionally to produce revolutions and overturn the established order of things." – William Henry Harrison, speaking of Tecumseh

- The Great Red Hope
- The Battle of Tippecanoe

As in the case of Mark Twain, the 1768 birth of Shawnee leader Tecumseh was heralded by a comet. Tecumseh attempted to consolidate the Indians in an effort to drive the white invaders back to the sea.

Another comet, visible from Arizona to Maine, appeared in the sky on November 16, 1811. Tecumseh and his followers viewed this as a sign that the earthquake Tecumseh had predicted was only thirty days distant. The massive rending of the earth was to be the harbinger of a new era for the natives, rid of the pesky white men.

Although the great upheaval of the earth did occur (actually it was a series of quakes that lasted from mid-December of this year through February of 1812), Tecumseh's plans for pan-American uniting of Indians was foiled. William Henry Harrison proved to be the union buster. Nine days before the comet and less than six weeks before the first big quake, Tecumseh's 50,000 warriors representing a confederation of various native nations suffered a costly defeat at the Battle of Tippecanoe.

--<>><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The battle was actually a draw from a purley statistical standpoint: The Indians lost 50 killed and 75 wounded, whereas Harrison's forces suffered 60 dead and twice that number wounded. Nevertheless, the battle was considered an Indian defeat because the Indians departed the field. The reason for their discouragement may have been the surprise and disgust they felt when they were harmed at all—Tecumseh's brother Tenskwatawa (known as "The Prophet") had told them (similar to the Ghost Dance promoters who would appear less than a century later) that the bullets of the whites would not harm them. A rude awakening awaited them.

Tecumseh himself had not been there, but was on a recruiting trip to other tribes, strengthening the alliance between the various Indian nations which were to present a united front against the incursions of the European-Americans. When Tecumseh found out what had happened, he felt the alliance was doomed. He was so irate with his brother that he drew blood from his throat, threatened to kill him, grabbed hold of his hair and violently shook him, and finally flung him to the ground. Disowned by his brother, Tenskwatawa spent the rest of his life an outcast.

Although Tecumseh realized the gig was up, many of his followers urged him to fight on, and they refused to go home, as he counseled them to do. In 1813, in the midst of the War of 1812 (which lasted officially until 1814, and until 1815 actually), Tecumseh would fight his final battle.

1812

The Father of Waters Runs Backwards

"The screams of the affrigted inhabitants, the cries of the fowls and beasts of every species—the cracking of trees falling, the roaring of the Mississippi—formed a scene truly horrible." – Elize Bryan, eyewitness of the New Madrid earthquake

"The faulting of the earth exposes its strata." – Paul Taylor

"I give it the name of Misha Sipokni – 'beyond the ages, the father of all its kind'" – Choctaw Medicine Man, speaking of the Mississippi River

- War of 1812
- New Madrid earthquakes
- First steamboat on the Mississippi

Earlier generations of Americans were taught that the War of 1812 was nothing less than the second Revolutionary War. Current British history books still call it such. Modern Americans typically don't know much about it at all, and may not know just what to call it.

Unlike the (first) Revolutionary War, the Americans were the aggressors this time. In the 1770s, Britain mobilized troops to put down the rebellion in its American Colonies. In 1812, it was the U.S. that declared war on Britain. There certainly was provocation, but the reason given for opening hostilities does not really hold water. Ostensibly, the Americans declared war in response to the British practice of "impressment."

Impressment was the fancy word used for the practice of kidnapping American sailors and forcing them to serve in the British Royal Navy (who, along with their ally Spain, were fighting the French in the Napoleonic wars). Britain, however, had actually agreed to cease and desist the practice three days prior to America's declaration of war.

There were other burrs in the Americans' saddles, though, regarding the actions and attitudes of the British. One of these was Britain's continued maintenance and manning of military forts in the Ohio valley, which monitored the fur trade in that area, keeping the trade safe and profitable for Britain and its subjects.

The true motive behind the war seems to have been America's desire for expansion. They wanted what was then termed "Florida" (the region from present-day Florida west to the Mississippi), which was at the time owned by Britain's ally Spain. America also wanted to expand further westward. The British-backed Indians in the west were proving to be a thorn in their side in this endeavor, though. As if that were not enough of a mouthful to bite off all at once, the United States also hoped to expel the British from

Canada, and take over that land. This facet of the war is something that is still emphasized in British history books today.

The Americans thought they had the British in a vulnerable situation, as all the king's horses and all the king's men were already engaged in a war in Europe (or so the Americans conjectured). In 1814, though, Britain's war with France ended, and boatloads of battle-hardened British troops arrived in America. They marched on Washington, and promptly burned the White House and the Capitol building.

At the White House, the British soldiers had found a sumptuous banquet that had been prepared by President James Madison's staff to celebrate an expected, or at least hoped-for, American victory. After gorging themselves, the British torched the Presidential Palace (but not before James' wife Dolly had rescued the portraits of the former Presidents).

The British weren't the only arsonists involved in the War. Although the Americans had not been able to make any permanent inroads into British Canada, they *had* earlier burned York (Toronto). The final outcome of the War is discussed in the next (1815) chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Nobody in the scientific community in the early part of the 19th century would have considered southeastern Missouri to be earthquake country. Yet a monstrous earthquake, epicentered near New Madrid, Missouri, began in the early morning hours of December 16, 1811, and continued, with recurring aftershocks, into the early part of 1812. The deadliest quake shook the earth on February 7th of this year. It shook to pieces cabins in St. Louis, Missouri, and 400 miles away in Cincinnati; uprooted trees in Kentucky; rang church bells 1,000 miles distant in Boston (whose peals were possibly heard by the future parents of George Gorham, twenty-four year old William Gorham and fifteen-year old Mary Raymond); and rattled plates and saucers way up in Montreal, Canada.

In all, an area encompassing what would become twenty-seven states was affected, as well as parts of Canada. Five thousand square miles were permanently changed, including the disappearance of some islands which had been in the Mississippi River.

The strongest of these New Madrid temblors was the biggest earthquake in U.S. history; although seismographs were not available at the time, it has been estimated that at least three of the quakes in the New Madrid series (December 16, 1811, and both January 23rd and February 7th in 1812) exceeded 8.0 on the Richter scale. It is worth noting that each full number on the scale represents a force tenfold greater than the next lower full number—in other words, an 8.0 earthquake is ten times as strong as a 7.0 earthquake (such as the one that struck San Francisco in 1906), which is ten times as strong as a 6.0 earthquake, and so forth.

The power unleashed during the most severe quake, on February 7th, 1812, was so massive that the 2,300 mile long mighty Mississippi changed course, diverted water (one

consequence of which was the forming of Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee), created temporary waterfalls that claimed several boats--which capsized when they plunged over the falls--, opened up fissures below the River which generated large whirpools that sucked boats into its depths, killed dozens or possibly hundreds of people (even though the region was sparsely settled), and even caused the mighty Mississippi River to run backwards for a time.

A note regarding the number of deaths: only one death was officially attributed to the quake, but many isolated cabins and campsites disappeared without a trace. It is highly probable that many of their inhabitants perished—like the Peshtigo firestorm of sixty years later, it is just impossible to know how many died.

The Mississippi River has been called many things: The Father of Waters. The Great Waters. The Mother of Rivers—well, although one account states that the word "Mississippi" stems from the Indian word "Messa-Chepi," meaning "Mother of the Rivers," another version is that the original Indian word was actually "Nemaesi-Sipu," which means "Fish River." Yet another account asserts that the name comes from the Chippewa word "Micisibi," which means "Big River." And so it goes: the communication gap between the white men and the red men caused many misunderstandings, and this is a rather inocuous illumination of just how misunderstood the Indians often were.

Although the sobriquet rightly belongs to the Missouri River, some even call the Mississippi The Big Muddy (it is the Missouri whose brownish contribution makes the Mississippi muddy from the point of their meeting). The first EuroAmericans to claim the area, the French, first called the Mississippi the Colbert River, and later the St. Louis River. The Spanish before them had referred to it as *la Palissad*.

What is even stranger about the Mississippi River is that it seems to have its rightful name switched with the Missouri River. Even accepting that these two great waterways are named after their terminus rather than their origin (the Mississippi River begins in Minnesota, the Missouri starts out in Montana), it would seem logical that the river emanating from Montana should be the Mississippi, because, of the two great rivers that meet and combine into one near St. Louis, that is the one that has traveled farther (almost three times as far) and should therefore be considered the dominant one. If that were the case (the Missouri River was given its rightful name and was renamed the Mississippi River), the Mississippi River would likewise thus become the Missouri River, as it stretches in actuality from Minnesota to Missouri.

In former times, the Mississippi had indeed been considered a tributary of the Missouri. Before the Missouri was dammed by engineers and diverted by farmers for irrigation, the two rivers had similar average widths and flows (which are common measurements for determining which of two merging rivers is the dominant, and which the tributary). Even with its arguably premature terminus, the Missouri is two hundred miles longer than the Mississippi. So why does the Mississippi take the Missouri's waters as its own, instead of vice versa? Primarily because at the point where they meet, the

Mississippi maintains its southerly course, while the Missouri makes a sharp bend from its easterly flow.

The town of New Madrid, situated in the bootheel section of southeastern Missouri, the epicenter of the great series of quakes, was named such at the time of its founding because the area was owned by Spain (when Daniel Boone left Kentucky in a huff and settled in Missouri, he was first required to become a Spanish citizen). Like Cairo, Illinois, fifty miles north and on the other (eastern) shore of the Mississippi, the name of the town is not pronounced as might be expected. Although the area around Cairo is known as “Little Egypt," the locals pronounce it KAY-row. As crazy as it may sound, New Madridians pronounce the name of their home town, not like the capital of Spain, but “New MAD-rid”.

The New Madrid quakes were not the only devastating ones taking place in the world at the time. South American was also suffering from severe quakes, including one that leveled Caracas, Venezuela.

--<>><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The great series of earthquakes coincided with the maiden voyage of the *New Orleans,* the first boat to traverse the length of the Mississippi River under steam power. Its trip up the Mississippi had begun at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on the Ohio River, but the pleasant voyage was changed into a trip of terror due to the damage done and havoc wreaked by the quake.

Most trips with the steamboat were not so nailbiting and nervewracking. Within a decade, there were over one hundred steamers plying the Mississippi and its tributaries.

1813

Like a Warrior Going Home

"The only man that acted like a gentleman, as an officer." – George C. Dale, American soldier captured by Tecumseh

- Indian / British Coalition
- Battle of the Thames / Tecumseh killed

Viewing them as the lesser of two evils, perhaps, Tecumseh's band of warriors made common cause with the British in the War of 1812. Early on, Tecumseh's force enjoyed successes. In May of this year, his one-thousand-warrior army annihilated an army of Kentucky militia who were marching to meet William Henry Harrison at Fort Meigs, Ohio. Tecumseh's army killed 500 and captured 150. Despite the encouragement of the British to kill all the prisoners, Tecumseh refused to do so. One of those captured who was spared was George Dale, the man quoted above.

Tecumseh himself was killed towards the waning of the year, in October, at the Battle of the Thames—the Thames in southeastern Ontario, Canada.

1814

The Devil You Say!

The devil went down to Georgia, he was looking for a soul to steal.
He was in a bind 'cos he was way behind, He was willin' to make a deal.
. . .
And the devil jumped up on a hickory stump…
-- from the song "The Devil Went Down to Georgia" by Charlie Daniels

"My heart is as a stone; there is no soft spot in it. I have taken the white man by the hand, thinking him to be a friend, but he is not a friend; government has deceived us; Washington is rotten." – Kicking Bird (Kiowa)

♦ How the West was Lost

The Indians often called Andrew Jackson "the Devil." The events regarding the Creeks this year give an example of why it was that Jackson was viewed so negatively by them. During the War of 1812, when the Americans were fighting the British, they were simultaneously carrying on war with various Indian tribes. In fact, according to John Grenier in his eye-opening book "The First Way of War," these conflicts were actually more important to American domination of the West than the one fought against the British.

At first, the Indians were winning these wars. Gradually, though, the greater numbers of the EuroAmericans ground the Indians down.

Grenier's book makes the situation plain, in speaking about the aftermath of a war the Americans had successfully waged against the Creeks:

The Americans' peace terms ending the Creek War stunned the miccos of the Creek nation in the summer of 1814. As punishment for the "unprovoked, inhuman, and sanguinary war waged by the hostile Creeks against the United States," Major General Andrew Jackson, the sole American negotiator with the Indians, demanded no less than the destruction of the Creek nation. Jackson's harshest provision, one that the Creeks had little choice but to accept, required that the Creeks give the United States 23 million acres as war reparations.

Several miccos hoped that they might persuade Jackson to accept a return to the peace of the late 1790s, one based on trade and reciprocity rather than reparations. The recently ended conflict had been as much a civil war between pro- and anti-American Creeks as a struggle between the United States and the Creek nation. Many of their people under the Creek leader William McIntosh, the miccos reminded Jackson, had joined the Americans to fight against their fellow Creeks, the Red Stick faction of the Upper and Lower Towns.

At the Treaty of Fort Jackson, however, Jackson refused to distinguish between pro-American Creeks and red Sticks. When the accommodationist miccos prostrated themselves before him, Old Hickory remained unbending; he would brook no compromise concerning the land cessions. Jackson stated that even McIntosh's followers would have to sign away their lands. The reparations, Jackson said, were a lesson to all who might oppose the Americans. He told the Creeks "We bleed our enemies in such cases to give them their senses."

Jackson's "bleeding" of the Creeks marks a culminating point in American military history as the end of the Transappalachian West's Indian wars. The first half of the 1810s saw two conflicts – one in the Old Northwest (the Northwest Indian War of 1810-1813) and a second, the Creek War of 1813-1814 – in which American frontiersmen and Indians clashed. Unlike the War of 1812, with which they overlapped, these conflicts did not end in a return to the status quo ante bellum, but rather in so thorough a destruction of Indian power that the United States completely subjugated the Indian peoples of the Transappalachian West. The conquest of the West was not guaranteed by defeating the British Army in battle in 1815, but by defeating and driving the Indians from their homelands. Thus, when combined, the Northwest Indian and Creek Wars produced the first way of war's most significant contribution to American history: the American conquest of the lands of the Transappalachian West.

This is not the final word the Indians would hear from Jackson; he had even more diabolical schemes up his sleeve, which he would carry out two decades later, when he became President of the United States.

1815

Status Quo Ante Bellum

"They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em, on down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico" – from the song "The Battle of New Orleans" by Johnny Horton

- Battle of New Orleans

The War of 1812, which was named--unlike the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers--for its beginning, in reality lasted parts of four years, officially ending when the Treaty of Ghent (Belgium) was signed in December of 1814. Just as the war had begun with its supposed catalyst no longer an issue, the Battle of New Orleans was fought after the peace treaty had been signed. In that pre-telegraph, pre-telephone era, though, the news had not yet reached the opposing combatants. In this peacetime battle in early 1815, over two thousand British soldiers were killed (along with eight Americans). Some of those British soldiers had probably participated in the battle at Waterloo the year before, which had ended with Napoleon Bonaparte's epic defeat there.

Great Britain did not so much lose the War of 1812 militarily as they simply lost the will to fight. The British government eventually came to the conclusion that any victory would be a Pyrrhic one, and pulled the plug on further aggressions.

Neither side gained much in a tangible way for their efforts and sacrifices. A latin phrase commonly found in peace treaties is "Status Quo Ante Bellum," which means "the way things were before the war." Although families of the war's casualites may have begged to differ about that (things would never be the same for them), conditions as to who owned what and who ruled over whom remained the same after the bloodshed: the Americans realized they could not have Canada, and the British realized America was lost to them forever. An exclamation point was appended to the Revolutionary War fought by the previous generation of cannon fodder.

Oregon Territory was jointly controlled by the two nations, England and America. This, of course, would change.

One thing that did change as a result of the war was the hospitality Canada had earlier showed Americans. Prior to the war, many Americans had immigrated to the British colonies in Canada. After 1815, though, Americans could not get land grants there. This regulation was eventually relaxed, but it remained difficult for Americans to obtain titles to property.

Britain still wanted Canada to grow in population, though, so they turned to another source: the British Isles themselves could provide some of these human contributions to build up their colonies there. Thousands were encouraged to emigrate, and their presence reinforced the connection with the mother country. Just a few years later, one family who

would accept this implied invitation would be Thomas and Anny (Young) Shannon and their first children William, Mary Ann, and possibly Richard.

1816

Exodus from Germany

"Beginnings might be trivial, but for the sake of [the] future they must be chronicled." – from "Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915" by Kevin Starr

"To him in whom love dwells, the whole world is but one family." -- Buddha

- William Gorham and Mary Raymond wed
- Snowy Summer
- Mass Exodus of Germans to the United States

This year William Gorham, seventh generation Mayflower descendant, was united in matrimony with Mary Raymond. They would have a son, George, who would leave the region his family had lived in for over two hundred years and strike out for a new horizon.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

There was, in effect, no summer this year. Beginning June 6th and extending through the summer months, blizzards and frost visited the United States. The situation was even worse in Europe, where the unseasonably cold weather destroyed crops to the extent that food riots broke out (rioters carried banners reading "Bread or Blood"). Some people resorted to eating cats.

The cause of the weird weather was not understood for more than a century. In 1920, the bizarre meteorological conditions were attributed to a volcanic eruption in Java. When Mount Tambora blew its top, so much dust was blasted into the stratosphere that it blocked the sunlight to a great extent.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Kollenborn is a German surname, but a quite rare one—even in countries whose official language is German. When such is the case, people may wonder if the name has actually changed from its native form. There *are* Kollenborns in the German-speaking part of Europe, though--just not a great number of them. A recent check of the Berlin phonebook found no Kollenborns there, nor were there any in Munich. However, the small border town of Romanshorn, in the German-speaking part of Switzerland, near Lake Constance (Bodensee), was home to several Kollenborns. Sixty-five percent of Swiss residents speak Schwyzerdeutsch (the Swiss dialect of German), as their primary language.

Although they were not to be found among the FFV (First Families of Virginia), nor were they on the vanguard of German immigration (there were already plenty of American-born Germans in the United States by the 1820s), the Kollenborns were by no

means latecomers to America in comparison with the great multitude who would eventually emigrate. Arriving by 1816 at the latest, the Kollenborns must have been at the latest on the front crest of the 1816-1817 emigration, and well in advance of the huge numbers who would come in the decades to follow.

According to the 1880 census, Illinois resident John Kollenborn was born in 1816 in Virginia. Obviously, then, his parents were in America by that year at the latest.

Unfortunately, what exact relationship *that* John Kollenborn had to William Kollenborn, great-grandfather of Albert Kollenborn, is unknown. Circumstantial evidence (the rarity of the surname and the fact that they lived near each other in Missouri in the 1880 census) indicates some kind of familial relationship. John would have a son named William C., born 1874 (he was married to a much younger woman), who was possibly named for the aforementioned William--or perhaps both of them were named for a more distant ancestor.

All of John Kollenborn's children listed in the 1880 census were born in Missouri in the 1870s, so he may have relocated to that state at or near the same time as did William and his family, who had earlier lived across the Mississippi River in Illinois, just northeast of St. Louis.

Based on the age differences (John born 1816, William 1833), this John was likely an uncle or cousin to William, or possibly an older brother. If John's parents came to America in the "Exodus" from Germany in 1816 and 1817 following the Napoleonic wars, then he was born soon after his parents arrived in the young country.

The great uprooting of the German population was a result of the social and economic problems that followed the aforementioned Napoleonic Wars in Europe, which had ended in 1814. Population growth (Europe had already been thought to be overpopulated for some time prior to this) and decline in economic opportunites were factors in the decision of many to take up a new life elsewhere. Many Germans opted to remain in Europe and emigrated to Poland and Transcaucasia. Quite a few others chose to go to the Americas, some to the North and others to the South. These, for the most part, went first to the Netherlands to board ships from there.

The push to leave Germany was provided by the bad conditions prevalent there at the time. The pull was provided in part by letters from friends and relatives who had already made the move and encouraged others to follow them. There was also no dearth of "emigration" books in Europe during the period, especially ones written in German for a German audience. One of the most popular and influential of these was "Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America, and a Stay of Several Years Along the Missouri (During the Years 1824, '25, '26, 1827)" by Gottfried Duden. He traveled to what was then thought of as the western part of the United States (now the country's midsection) in the 1820s.

Although Duden's travels and book post-date the arrival of the Kollenborns, it is informative and interesting to examine his experiences and recommendations. The

following quotes from Duden regarding various aspects of his experience will help us imagine ourselves in the place of the Kollenborns (and the Shannons) and other immigrants who came to America in this time period. Duden's writings and point of view applied most especially to German families, such as the Kollenborns, due to their sharing a common background and culture.

On the dangers of ship travel:

"Innumerable ships glide safely back and forth, and there are persons who have sailed across the Atlantic Ocean more than a hundred times. It is only natural that those who live far from the seashore gradually believe that the dangers exist largely in the imagination. Short sea journeys can even strengthen this belief. But in general, this is far from the truth. In no situation in life is man confronted so impressively with his complete dependence on the Supreme Being as when he spends so many hours on the sea. Every captain of a ship can, without violating the truth, relate stories of occurrences in which he was threatened with destruction and in which he survived only as if by a miracle….It is the storm clouds and the waterspouts that make a protracted delay in the region of the Gulf Stream so dangerous. Therefore, ships sailing toward Europe only rarely try to use this course. The frequent formation of these electric vapors seems to have some connection with the temperature of the water of the Stream. We always tried to avoid them as much as possible and yet twice we ran into such heavy waterspouts that we feared the deck would be shattered…We kept our distance from whales. No ship will try to approach them. With a single blow of the tail they could make a dangerous opening in the strongest walls."

On the beauty of the voyage:

"Most remarkable to me was the luminosity of the sea. This phenomenon is not very common. I saw it two consecutive nights in July, at approximately 30° latitude and between 56° and 60° longitude. Wherever the sea was in motion, it resembled a glowing mass. As soon as the bow of the ship cut through the waves they began to glow, and for quite some time the wake became a stream of fire. The shower of drops looked like sparks of fire."

On the speed of travel:

"…this is the lot of the sailor; sometimes he is completely becalmed, or he is even hurled back; sometimes he speeds at 12 to 14 nautical miles an hours, that is, sometimes 280-320 nautical miles in one day."

As the steamship had yet to be invented, sailors and passengers relied on the wind to take them to their destination. If they got no wind, they made no movement. Adverse wind could mean movement in the wrong direction, which meant losing progress that had been made, or even being driven into a dangerous area.

On the health situation:

"According to American law, there must be a supply of medicine on every seagoing vessel of a definite size (I believe on every ship of more than 250 tons). To this are added brief instructions concerning its use. As a result, many captains have a tendency toward quackery."

On the available supplies:

"On packets, cows provide fresh milk and cream. On trading vessels one must do without these things, and one should never forget a supply of mineral water and beer because not much attention is paid to the drinking water on board and, generally, several barrels of it taste unpleasantly of wood."

As to various aspects of everyday life that Duden experienced once he got to America, and how he viewed these, some examples follow:

On the food:

"Nothing about the way of life here astonishes a German so much as the frequent eating of meat. Even early in the morning the table is full of meat dishes, and in this respect there is no difference between breakfast and the noon meal. Wine is rarely served in the inns. Until now little wine has been produced in the interior, and foreign wines are subject to a high duty. With the exception of the brandies, French brandy, peach brandy, genevre, and whiskey (corn brandy), coffee seems to have been substituted. Coffee and tea are served not only at breakfast, but also at supper and often even at the noon meal… The greatest variety of dishes is served at the same time, and as soon as the food is on the table the sound of the second bell (which is preceded a quarter of an hour earlier by the ringing of a bell as a signal to be ready) calls the guests into the dining room. They often rush in hastily. As if it were a matter of very serious business and without much conversation, they appease their hunger in all haste, most often eating from one and the same plate, using their own handkerchiefs instead of napkins. In five or ten minutes they leave again. This is most disgusting in the evening. Instead of an evening meal that begins between eight and nine o'clock and is followed by dessert and prolonged discussion, the food is placed on the table as early as seven o'clock when the midday meal has not yet been digested. Attention is directed strictly toward filling the stomach quickly so that even a longer stay in the dining room would be considered contrary to the rules. In some inns, to be sure, tea and coffee are served around five o'clock, and then the evening meal follows at about nine. But as far as the duration of the meal and sociability are concerned, it is the same everywhere."

As to Duden's recommendations and report of the preparation for the further journey, that is, through the interior of the country:

On how much money it is necessary to have:

"Above all, I provided myself with excellent maps. Then I procured various letters of recommendation in order not to be entirely without support in case of accidents. Money matters I arranged by having the Bank of the United States issue me banknotes made out

to me personally and redeemable in specially designated branch banks. I took with me, partly in cash and partly in banknotes, only as much as I thought I would need until I reached the next designated branch. A foreigner must be wary of accepting banknotes from strangers. It is best to obtain them from the bank comptroller himself. Also, one must be very careful to distinguish the notes of the United States (federal) from the notes of individual states and private banks (of which there are very many). It is better to have nothing to do with the latter if one is not completely familiar with the rate of exchange."

On the scenery:

"During the first days we traveled through rolling and rather extensively cultivated land. We could have imagined we were traveling in Germany had it not been for the unfamiliarity of the architecture of some of the dwellings, the general type of construction of the barns and granaries, and the fencing of the fields. To be sure, Negro families dispelled the illusion most frequently."

Duden goes on to describe the log houses.Coming from a land where half-timbered architecture was mandated by the government to preserve the trees made scarce by years of warfare, these seemed unusual to him. He explains that these dwellings are the "product of the abundance of building timber." He later says, "Not less conspicuous than the buildings were the large cornfields."

On the Flora and fauna:

"Among the wild birds, the beautiful colors of the woodpeckers most attracted our attention."

Duden shows his ignorance of the great gap between the races at the time in the United States as he reports on negro children he saw: "…their shyness in the presence of whites, as if they were considered creatures of a higher order…" Whites *were* considered "creatures of a higher order" by most in the United States at that time, of course (and for some time to come), and it's a wonder that it surprised Duden.

Duden makes another mention of a negro in this passage:

"Before Bunsberg, we had to stop once in the small town of Newmarket in order to repair the wagon. Shortly before we arrived at Hancock the front iron axle broke. It was not the fault of the roads but the poor quality of the iron, which, because of our baggage, was put to a severe test. By means of several poles and ropes, which cooperative passersby helped us to fasten, we reached the town. We found a very good and spacious inn, but also a drunk blacksmith. However his helper, a vigorous Negro, knew enough about the trade to satisfy us in a short time."

On Slavery:

"Even the difference between states where slavery is permitted and those whose laws forbid it is not yet so striking. The reason is: even in the latter states there are many

Negroes and mulattoes who, while they are free, almost all serve as day laborers, servants, and maids, and because of the general prejudice against their dark skins, have scarcely better relationships with their employers than real slaves."

On the Health situation:

"Most of the ailments which the natives suffers are their own fault. They have little relation to the climate. But the manner of living, which is the common one here, would very soon kill half the population in Germany. Children and adults, whether they are healthy or ill, eat and drink, in summer as well as in winter, whatever tastes good to them. To fast in times of illness is considered great folly. It never occurs to anyone to protect himself against colds either. In every season one sees the children run half-naked into the open from their beds or from the heat of the hearth. Some houses are open to the wind on all sides, and the householders do not take the trouble to guard against the penetration of the cold northwest winds by using a little clay. Every day they would rather drag a cartload of wood to the hearth, around which the whole family gathers… The trade in medicines is completely unrestricted in all of the United States…the title of doctor is not required for practicing medicine. The people are the judges of the ability of the doctor as of that of an artist, whose business depends entirely on the approval of the masses, and everyone who makes medicine his profession assumes the title. No investigation is ever made of his right to it…Some quack doctors even call themselves Indian doctors and assert that they have acquired their knowledge from the Indians."

On a meeting with German-Americans and traveling through the woods at night:

"We were just on the point of stopping at the last inn before the range when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by a stranger who welcomed us in a friendly manner in the German language. He pointed behind himself, saying that his son was following with his wagon, that he was from Bunsberg and of German parentage, and that he was glad to meet immigrants from Germany, which he considered us to be. The dialect, the words themselves, and the features of the man made such a good impression on us that we accepted with pleasure his invitation to drive on with him. The ridge was covered with trees to the very top. The road seemed good and a certain amount of moonlight increased the effect of the brightly sparkling stars. For a short time we drove through open country. Not until we reached the foot of the mountains did the forests begin, and here we were soon surrounded by the glow of myriads of fireflies which made the light of moon and stars quite dispensable. At the same time, a kind of cicada (locust) buzzed so noisily that for more than an hour we could talk to one another only by raising our voices. From time to time, the general noises were drowned out by the howling of panthers, wolves, and foxes, and by the crying of many kinds of nocturnal birds."

On Crime and the economy:

"There are so few cases of robbery and theft in the interior for the same reason that there are no beggars in evidence: it is more convenient to make a livelihood in another way."

Notwithstanding the above statement, Duden and his traveling companion were apparently the targets of some road agents one day:

"… we…chose an inn situated at the entrance to the small town, whose owner had heard us talking and made himself known as a compatriot. Toward sundown, after we had been in the house about half an hour, our hostess came to us and with evident alarm asked whether we knew the three gentlemen who were just leaving. She then told us that these person had just inquired whether two Germans had arrived here in a wagon. She had answered "yes" and had invited them to step into the lounge where they could find us. They had stopped at the entrance to the lounge, and peeping through the door, which was ajar, one of them had said softly to the other: "Nothing can be done here." Such behavior had seemed very strange to her, and when she had asked the strangers whether they wanted to speak with her German guests, they had left immediately. We had long been prepared for adventures with robbers; therefore, the matter did not disturb us. However, we took the precaution of loading our double-barrel guns and checking our baggage once more before going to sleep. The innkeeper, however, assured us that there was nothing to fear in his house. He was only worried that they would be lurking along the road ahead in the dense forests. On the following morning (today) we heard that these persons had been passengers in the mail coach that had arrived shortly after us, that they had spent the night in the post stage, and that they had slipped away before daybreak with the ready cash and various effects of the other passengers."

On his choice of mode of travel within the country:

"It is said that around a hundred and forty steamers ply the Mississippi and its tributaries. Here at Wheeling the water has been too low the last few weeks, and the inns are filled with travelers who are waiting for rain. So-called keelboats, however, can always navigate. So we are not being tempted to give up our plan of reaching the Mississippi by land. Our second objective is Cincinnati in the state of Ohio. Tomorrow we shall start our journey. We must be prepared for other roads from now on. The highway has come to an end, and throughout the state of Ohio there are only such roads as are maintained by the inhabitants of individual regions."

On Community service:

"Every male between the ages of eighteen and forty-two is obligated to work on these connecting roads or to have the work done. A male slave must also meet this obligation, so he cannot represent his master…The work is done by the group as a whole. No one is obligated to work individually. Hardly a third of the work is done that could be for the number of hours spent on it. But people are not in such a hurry here. The meeting is regarded as recreation. For this reason hardly anyone sends a substitute. Even physicians and lawyers are requested to come and if they are not detained by their business, they appear in person, although merely to converse with someone or other. No one unaccustomed to physical exertion is expected to help. But I would not advise anyone who does not care to be present in person to send a substitute at the beginning. This could be interpreted as pride and that is not easily forgiven here. Besides, he will meet

everyone there with whom he usually associates, and he will not be less respected because he performs physical labor."

If we are tempted to think of farmers as dullards, someone who didn't have the intellect or gumption to pursue a "better" job, note this passage:

"It is the masses of the people that here appear in more favorable light than elsewhere. In their fortunate position they find the most varied incentives to engage in innocnt occupations and far more stimulation to rational thinking than any other nation of recent times. In order to convince one's self of the truth of this assertion, one only needs to consider the ordinary knowledge and skills of the farmers who at present comprise more than two-thirds of the total population of the United States. For the sake of clearness, I shall enumerate them here.

Every American farmer: (1) knows how to judge the soil and can distinguish the organic fertilizer from the varous types of soil proper very well. He can quickly determine this from the plants and trees growing in it. (2) He knows the various kinds of wood suitable for buildings, furniture, field implements, fences, and firewood. (3) He can build houses and barns, break stones, calcine lime, so that he has no need of a carpenter, and of a cabinetmaker and a mason only for the finer work in his dwelling (not in the hut used temporarily as a home). (4) He has a good knowledge of everything pertaining to the transformation of a forest into arable land as well as to the tilling of the fields for grain, for garden plants, for tobacco, for cotton, hemp, flax, and several other products. (5) He can manage everything pertaining to the breeding of cattle himself. He knows how to foal horses, mark hogs, cattle, and sheep, shear the sheep, and perform all the tasks of a butcher. (6) He can make shoes and prepare potash soap and maple sugar. (7) He is a good hunter and can process the skins of game, especially the deerskins, as well as can the best tanner."

In the following passage, Duden casts some light on why the Kollenborns, after leaving Virginia, may have chosen Illinois and then Missouri as places to settle. After passing through the eastern states, then Ohio, and Indiana, he writes:

"For now we are getting into the regions that are said to be especially important for European settlers. In the states we have crossed up to now, the fertile, well-situated land has long been private property, but in Illinois and Missouri such is not the case. There most of it still belongs to the Union."

Duden also quoted a Mr. P. von Zoya, who said, speaking of Illinois: "…all members of his company had preferred this state, because it required too much work on the Missouri to clear out the dense forests."

The Viewpoint toward slavery by some in Indiana:

"Slavery is as little permissable as in the state of Ohio and in Illinois… Settlements in the more remote regions, however, require more means, which are almost exclusively in the possession of such persons who, because of their education and their circumstances, are

relieved from spending all their time in physical labor, and usually make use of servants or slaves in establishing settlements. As long as the population is sparse, servants are very expensive. I have stayed overnight in houses that were very luxurious in their accoutrements, with costly carpets in all rooms, but one asked in vain for a servant. The landlord was compelled, in spite of his considerable wealth, to care personally for the horses as well as for the guests. Furthermore, his wife and daughters had to perform the most menial household tasks. Their only topic of conversation was that they wished to sell their establishments in order to move to a state where one could keep slaves."

On the danger of traveling by wagon through the "wilderness" to Missouri:

"We were never in danger of our lives. We ourselves were to blame for our wagon turning over. Neither did we have to swim across any river. We found ferries wherever they were necessary."

On sending correspondence between American and Europe:

"I probably do not need to mention that you must send your letters in duplicate. This is the general custom in regard to correspondence with countries beyond wide oceans."

On the availability of land:

"The land bought from the government costs one and one-fourth dollars per acre, and that bought from private owners a little more. It is extremely alluring to settle down in regions where one has such complete freedom of choice; where one, map in hand, can roam through beautiful nature for hundreds of miles in order to select land and its cover of woods and meadows according to one's own desires. Here attractive qualities are united with useful ones. Settling next to charming hills, near never-failing springs, on banks of small rivers near their junction with large rivers, all depends entirely on the option of the settler without taking the price into consideration. And what is perhaps still more important, one can choose the climate. From the Canadian [Great] lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the settler is faced with no difficulties. This is an area comparable to that extending from Northern Germany to Africa, within which one finds large and small settlements everywhere."

1819

Homes of the Heart

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves." – John Muir

- Hannibal, Missouri founded
- "Mark Twain" cave is discovered
- Yosemite Valley is "discovered"
- Aftermath of Seminole War
- Thomas Shannon and Anny Young wed
- George Gorham born Massachusetts
- Arkansas becomes a Territory

Hannibal, Missouri, where young Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) would move with his family from Florida in the mid-1830s (Florida, Missouri, that is, where Sam was born), was founded after Abraham Bird was given the land in exchange for parcels he had lost in the destructive New Madrid earthquake approximatley 250 miles to the south.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The cave on the outskirts of Hannibal that Twain would make famous in "*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*" was also discovered (by EuroAmericans, anyway) this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Tennessee mountain man Joe Walker lived up to his name by walking due west from Missouri to the Pacific. On the way, he "discovered" Yosemite Valley in November. No doubt he was merely the first *white man* to record his entrance into the valley, not the first man period, as Indians had been in the area countless ages before EuroAmericans arrived.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans and model for the front of the twenty dollar bill had, at the behest of President Monroe, led a military campaign beginning in 1817 to Spanish Florida. It was a punitive raid against Seminoles there who had attacked white settlements. General Jackson attacked not only Indians, but also burned the villages and crops of Spaniards, an act of war. Spain, though, was too weak to fight the U.S., having its hands full dealing with rebellious Mexico. And so they ended up selling Florida to the United States this year for $5 million. Future President Jackson became Governor of the new U.S. Territory of Florida.

As a direct result of the war of 1812, which lasted until 1815 and whose effects lasted longer yet, the country's hard economic times bottomed out this year with the "Panic of 1819."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Thomas Shannon and Anny Young, who would become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's great-grandparents, were married January 26th in Ireland.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

George Raymond Gorham, future great-grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's first wife Esther Nelson, is born six months after the Shannon wedding into the Captain Ahab/Ishmael setting of Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, on July 25th. The town was known for producing a steady supply of sailors. George is an 8th generation Mayflower descendant. George's mother, Mary Raymond, died six months after his birth, in January 1820.

Some of George's contemporaries were Richard Henry Dana (1815-1882), Herman Melville (1819-1891), Susan B. Anthony (1820-1906), Clara Burton (1821-1912), Ralph Waldo Emerson (1802-1882), and Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862). All but New Yorker Melville were Massachusettsians. Thoreau and Dana were neighbors to each other. As Richard Henry Dana was about the same age and a fellow Masachusetts man who sailed to California (Richard sailed from Massachusetts 1834), it's possible that he and George knew each other.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Arkansaw (that *is* how it was spelled at the time), future birthplace of Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn's wife and eldest daughter (both born in the same house in Dug Hill, outside Bentonville) became a Territory this year. Like Idaho, the "pork chop-shaped state" in which the Kollenborns would also live, Arkansas was a "leftover" state—the Territory was formed from an unwanted part of Missouri Territory in preparation for Missouri graduating to statehood.

1820

Three Wives in Two Years

"A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony, in a moment." - from "Pride and Prejudice" by Jane Austen

"A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes." - from "Vanity Fair" by William Makepeace Thackeray

- William Gorham's First Two Wives Die
- Census

The William Gorham family rode an emotional rollercoaster this year. Mary Raymond, William's twenty-three year old wife of four years and mother of two-year old Joseph and six-month old George, died on January 26th.

George probably never remembered his biological mother. He may not have remembered his first stepmother, either. Remarrying that same year, thirty-one year old William this time married a woman five years his senior (he had been eight years older than Mary). But Betsy Swain also died in 1820, on October 18th.

Tamar Worth would be the mother George would remember. William married her in 1821, this time marrying a woman his own age. She was still living when George left for California, and, in fact, lived to be seventy-six, dying in 1865. William lived until 1872 and thus outlived all three of his wives.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The census finds William Gorham in Nantucket, Massachusetts. William's wives are not in the census, as William was probably "between wives" when the census took place. Mary Raymond had doubtless died prior to the census enumeration (she died January 26th), and he probably had not married Betsy Swain yet.

Thankful Gorham, the widow of the last John Gorham in the line of descent that would lead to the Shannons (her husband John having died 1804) is also in Nantucket, Massachusetts at this time. Baby George Raymond Gorham is not listed by name in the census, because only heads of household were listed until 1840. There were two George Gorhams, though, probably relatives--one in Barnstable, Massachusetts, and the other in Montgomery in the same state.

1821
Show Me Statehood

"…frothing eloquence neither convinces me nor satisfies me. I am from Missouri. You have got to show me." – William Duncan Vandiver, 1899

- Mexico gains independence from Spain
- Missouri becomes a state

On winning their war of Independence against Spain, Mexico took over former Spanish land in North America, such as (Alta) California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas. Native Americans now had a different "master." But the Mexicans were apparently at least a slight improvement over the Spanish when you compare their treatment of the native Californians to the way they were abused by the Spanish in their missions.

The Mexican government closed the missions, and intended to give some of the mission lands to the Native Americans who lived and worked there. Instead, Spanish California Ranchers, called Californios, turned the land into huge cattle ranches selling hides and tallow. The Native Americans living at the missions became servants and laborers for the Californio families. They cooked and cleaned the large homes of the Californios and managed the farms and herds of cattle.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Two years after it applied for statehood, and the year after the "Missouri Compromise" was agreed upon, it went into effect: Missouri and Maine were admitted to the Union. The compromise was struck because politicians wanted to keep an even number of slave and non-slave states. Missouri was able to enter the union as a slave state (although it ended up officially on the Union side in the Civil War, and was deeply divided internally on the issue) with the simultaneous entrance into the union of Maine, formerly a part of Massachusetts. In order to maintain a balance between the number of slave and free states, Maine, which had broken off from Massachusetts, was admitted as a free state.

Daniel Boone didn't live quite long enough to see his beloved Missouri become a state in 1821. As Boone's life neared its close, he said he wanted to be buried in Missouri and considered it would be a terrible plight to spend eternity in Kentucky dirt. Nevertheless, Kentuckians later disinterred him from his Missouri resting place and took him back to his old Kentucky home (although some Missourians say the Kentuckians were deliberately given the wrong body).

Just as Oklahoma was at first intended to be set aside for Indians, Thomas Jefferson initially wanted to block white settlement in Missouri, leaving it to be occupied by Native

Americans only. In this way, the Indians were to serve as a buffer zone between the East and West: The East to be for “Americans," the West for the Spanish and French.

By the way, although they are not related to the Theodore Roosevelt Shannon clan, there are two famous Shannons in Missouri history: J.M., who wrote the words to “The Missouri Waltz," the state song, and George “Pegleg” Shannon, who was a member of the Lewis & Clark Expedition.

1823

Leggo My Eggo!

"The American continents by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained are henceforth not to be considered subjects for future colonisation by European powers." – James Madison, in a speech to congress December, 1823

"I work alone." – Mr. Incredible in the movie "The Incredibles" and John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in the movie "True Grit"

♦ Monroe Doctrine

Put in a nutshell, the Monroe Doctrine is: "Hey you European powers, stay out of America—and by America, I mean the entire continent, not just the United States of America!"

Following the lead of the United States, many countries in central and southern America had won their independence from the various European countries that had formerly controlled them. The U.S. liked it that way -- they did not want those European powers back at their "doorstep" again. They preferred relatively weak independent nations to outposts of strong European powers such as Spain, Portugal, France, the Netherlands and, as it turns out, even Britain.

The British Foreign Secretary, George Canning, had earlier in the year proposed to the U.S. that they join forces to present a united front against Spain retaking its former American colonies. Monroe liked the idea up to a point—up to the point where Britain and America would form a team in this exclusion of Spain. The United States not only wanted to keep Spain and France and Portugal and the Netherlands out, but Britain, too.

This new political situation was also good for America in that the newly independent countries were no longer bound to trading agreements with their former masters—a business opportunity for America!

And so, when the King of Spain starting making noises about getting his colonies back again, the end result was that U.S. President James Monroe countered with the ultimatum to all of Europe: keep out of America, or suffer the consequences.

1824

Setting the Stage

"A person should have health and spirits to stand the noise, the confusion and the merriment." -- Anne Langton

"There is no use in talking to these Americans. They are all liars, you cannot believe anything they say." – Sitting Bull

"Nationalism is an infantile disease. It is the measles of mankind." -- Albert Einstein

- BIA created
- Thomas Shannon Family emigrates to America
- Duden recommends Missouri / Kollenborns in the Area

The Bureau of Indians Affairs was created, tellingly, as a Division of the War Department. Dealings with the Indians had been contentious from the beginning. As early as 1637, the first war was fought against Indians when New Englanders burned Pequot villages in the Connecticut River Valley. The BIA's official business, or, in modern terminology, their "mission statement," was simple: the making of treaties with Indian tribes to expedite their exile out of the regions desired by the EuroAmericans. This set the stage for tragic events to come in the 1830s, and set the tone for an attitude regarding Indians which would have a devastating effect on the Wiyots (who would survive to add their blood to the Shannon line) in 1860. To add insult to injury, the treaties were not even adhered to by the United States government, even though the terms of the agreements greatly favored them. All four hundred Indian treaties made over the years have been broken by the government.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

The Shannons were among the European-Americans who were coming to the American continent around this time. The exact year of their arrival in Canada is unknown, but we do know that it was between 1821 and 1827. This can be deduced bacause their second child and first daughter Mary Ann was born November 26th, 1821, in Cork, Ireland, while their fourth child and second daughter, Eliza A. (which stood for either Ann or Alice), was born March 27th, 1827 in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Their third child, Richard, was born October 18th, 1824, but there is no record of *where* he was born--whether it was Ireland, Canada, or perhaps even on board ship as they were sailing westward across the Atlantic.

The exact reason or reasons the Shannons left Ireland for British Canada are also unknown. As members of the Church of England, the Shannons may have felt more at home in a British land than in Catholic-majority Ireland. On the other hand, the hard

treatment many Irish got from their British landlords may have played at least a minor role in their decision to emigrate--or even been the chief reason for their self-exile.

Like the Kollenborns coming to America from Germany in the early 1800s, the Shannons coming to the American continent in the 1820s from Ireland was not quite as common for their countrymen as it would become a couple of decades later. Then, a potato famine in Ireland even more devastating than previous ones would coincide with the California gold rush, creating a simultaneous push away from Ireland and pull towards America. Things got so bad in Ireland in the 1840s that many there believed that they had been abandoned by God.

The Shannons were "kicking against the goads" in Ireland, due to their insistence on adhering to the Church of England/Anglican church, in a country where most people belonged to the Catholic church. The Howland and Tilley families, which would eventually meld in with the Shannons via the Gorham branch, had taken the exact opposite tack. In 1600s England, where the only safe religious option was being an Anglican, they rebelled against that and came to America expressly to avoid being members of the Church of England. By the time the two lines merged in matrimony, neither side seemed to have strong feelings one way or the other regarding the Church of England.

The great flood of emigration which was permanently to alter the character of Ireland *did* begin in the early decades of the nineteenth century, though it was at first a trickle compared to the flood it would later become. The fundamental cause at that time pushing people out of their homeland was population growth—the number of people in Ireland climbed from around two million at the start of the eighteenth century to almost seven million by the early 1820s. Another reason for the mass emigrations was the dramatic economic slump, or depression, which took place beginning in 1814 following the end of the Napoleonic wars.

The hard times lasted for almost two decades, and were accompanied by a series of natural catastrophes: from 1816 to 1818, bad weather destroyed grain and potato crops, and smallpox and typhus killed over 50,000 people. The crop failure was so bad that people starved to death in Cork, where the Shannons lived—thus, the reason for their relocating from the land of their fathers may have been even more fundamental than the possibilities proposed earlier. Another impetus to the exodus was that in 1827 the Irish government repealed all restrictions on emigration.

Why did Thomas and Anny Shannon opt for Canada over the United States when they crossed the pond? Although we cannot say with certainty, a factor which may have played a role was that British legislation discriminated against United States shipping. For that reason, the price of passenger tickets was higher for destinations in the U.S. than it was for Canadian ports. Thus, most Irish emigrants went to British Canada (as opposed to French Canada), traveling in returning Canadian timber ships. That would begin to change in the 1830s, when more Irish shipped first to Liverpool, England, and then on to the United States from there.

The Shannons settled in Four Corners, Warwick Township, Lambton County, Ontario Province, Canada, across Lake Ontario from Rochester, New York.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Kollenborns may have already removed by this time from Virginia to the area near Jerseyville in what is today Jersey County, Illinois. Settlers had begun streaming into the Illinois country following the War of 1812.

Jerseyville is a few miles east of the spot where the Illinois River adds its flow to the Mississippi. Fidelity, a small community a few miles east of Jerseyville, is apparently more specifically the part of Jersey County in which the Kollenborns lived, as the census reports indicate that they picked up their mail at the Fidelity post office. In the 1850 census, William, at that time seventeen, was working as a potter in the town of Alton, a few miles southeast of Jerseyville, right on the Mississippi River. Alton is in fact near the spot where the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers join forces (and thus very near the location from which the Corps of Discovery led by Meriwether Lewis & William Clark began their expedition less than a half century before).

Alton was actually split into two sections, which differed not only geographically and in nomenclature but in essence. It was also the scene of what has been called the first martyrdom of an abolitionist in America. In an article that appeared in the Spring 2005 issue of *Gateway: The Quarterly Magazine of the Missouri Historical Society*, Judy Hoffman wrote:

…the majority of Upper Alton's inhabitants were Northerners from New England and New York. Alton was a city divided by the Upper Town and the Lower Town, by Northern Yankees and Southern sympathizers, by an upper business class and a lower laboring class, by temperate teetotalers and intemperate "Mint Juleps," by anti-Jackson Whigs and pro-Jackson Democrats.

After telling of the murder of abolitionist Elijah Lovejoy there—an event reported throughout the nation—the *Massachusetts Lynn Record* rhetorically asked:

Who but a savage, or cold-hearted murderer would now go to Alton?… Hereafter, when a criminal is considered too base for any known punishment, it will be said of him—"he ought to be banished to a place as vile and infamous as Alton"...

In 1836, easterners had referred to Alton as the Queen of the West. It vied with St. Louis in importance as a port city. By the next year, though, after Lovejoy was killed by an anti-freedom of the press mob (groups of pro-slavery people had already destroyed his printing press many times in the past), it was known as the Sodom of the West. The end result? Hoffman goes on to write:

Alton's prosperity and hopes for the future were gone. The city that was noted for the quality of its citizenry, its benevolence, its men of influence, witnessed a steady exodus of

its most progressive and prosperous citizens. Alton was an ostracized city with a devastated economy.

Gottfried Duden explains the benefits and methodology followed in moving from Virginia to the western states: "An *Ackerwirth* (generally called a farmer) who has sold his property advantageously in Pennsylvania or Virginia turns as if by instinct to the western states, to the lands in the Mississippi valley. Usually he first undertakes a scouting expedition if he has not been sufficiently informed by dependable friends. For the time being he leaves his family behind and travels on horseback in order to survey the country. Usually he is in the company of other persons who have the same purpose in mind. This occurs either in the spring or in the fall. After his return, a plan for emigration is made in greater detail. Because of the continuously favorable weather, the plan is carried out in the fall."

Gottfried Duden was in America, hoping to entice fellow Germans to emigrate from overpopulated Europe to what were then the western portions of the United States, particularly Missouri. After extolling the many advantages of Missouri, he wrote: "Only the person who has engaged in agriculture in Europe, and especially in Germany, will be able to comprehend the full significance of these…characteristics. He will know what it is worth if the domestic animals require no care, if neither the breeding of horses nor the feeding of cattle and hogs is dependent on an extensive cultivation of the soil, if it is essentially sufficient to procure breeding animals and to leave the rest to nature. He knows how to judge the value of a soil that with no fertilizer and little work will produce the most abundant harvest year after year. The soil in Germany is almost useless if it is not cultivated…"

Duden went on to give other reasons why Germans should consider coming to America: "Whoever directs attention to Germany's sandy wastelands, to the barren mountain ridges…Whoever speaks of a fatherland must remember that without property there is no home, and without a home no fatherland…absolute limitation to a small part of the earth is contrary to reason and to heaven, that it is folly and a sin for one country to look down in blind prejudice upon all others. He should bear in mind that the fertile hills and valleys of America are assigned to no other creature than to mankind for his use by the same all-powerful Providence that distributed our ancestors over Europe."

Duden had already discouraged fellow Germans from settling in the already relatively densely populated and expensive area east of the Appalachians. As to where exactly in "the West" they should go, he commented: "…the next question is natural; which part would be best to recommend to the German? To this I answer first that the emigrant who intends to make use of the soil should not settle in the southern states, not there where there is no winter. With an urban life-style the change of climates is far less noticeable. But the farmer who suddenly changes from the German farm life to the work of tropical plantations without intermediate stages exposes his physical constitution to the most dangerous disturbances. Settlements at the mouth of the Arkansas are perhaps already too far south. On the upper Arkansas the climate is more agreeable, as is that along the entire Ohio and its tributaries, the Missouri, and the Illinois…Consequently, I would

recommend to the emigrant the state of Missouri preferably, and I would advise him to travel directly to St. Louis on the Mississippi."

If William Kollenborn's family came to America from Germany around this time (as opposed to moving west from Virginia, where John Kollenborn was born in 1816), it may be that they followed Duden's advice above and traveled straight to St. Louis, as the first few years of his life were spent just a few miles east of that city, on the other side of the River, in Illinois.

1830

Cowbells, Brickbats, Flint Hatchets, Aztec Inscriptions, Stuffed Whales, and Echoes

"*I know my life would look all right if I could see it on the silver screen.*" -- from the song "James Dean" by the Eagles

"*This country has come to feel the same when Congress is in session as when the baby gets hold of a hammer.*" -- Will Rogers

"The way, and the only way, to check and to stop this evil, is for all the Redmen to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first and should be yet; for it was never divided, but belongs to all for the use of each. That no part has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers--those who want all and will not do with less." – Tecumseh (Shawnee Chief)

"*I have heard that you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to settle. I love to roam over the prairies. There I feel free and happy, but when we settle down we grow pale and die.*" – Satanta (Kiowa chief)

- Indian Removal Act
- Census

Some view 1830 as the beginning of the Victorian era. Depending on which authority you give credence to, that era would end in either 1900 or 1915. For those who view 1900 as the end of the Victorian era, they view the period from 1900-1910 as being the "Edwardian" age. The latter period overlaps with what some term the "Gilded Age."

A gilded age of sorts seized Georgia beginning in 1828: gold was discovered on land owned by Cherokees. Whenever gold was discovered in the United States, it usually meant an upheaval was in store for any natives who lived on the gilded land. This continued a pattern begun way back in 1492 in the Americas, when Columbus discovered gold in San Salvador and forced the natives to bring it to him.

The effect of the discovery of gold made the land suddenly attractive to Euro-Americans. This paved the way for the Indian Removal Act passed by Congress this year. "Indian Removal" was a euphemism for heartless eviction. A gold brick road for whites to the Indians' land, a road of muck, sharp jagged rocks, and blood for the Indians, who would be disenfranchised and dispossessed as a result. This was nothing new, just a new garment cut from the same old pattern. Way back in 1758, Britain had promised Indians that they would prohibit white settlement west of the Alleghanies; later, this promise was changed to the Appalachians. And that red/white boundary kept getting pushed further West by the United States government.

Andrew Jackson, the old Indian fighter who was called “the Devil” by many of the natives, made Indian Removal a key issue in the 1828 Presidential Campaign.

Jackson, who was elected and took office in 1829, thought that America’s frontiers would always remain such (a bad thing, to his way of thinking), as long as Indians were around. He would have gladly exterminated them completely in an act of “ethnic cleansing," but world opinion made extermination of the pesky red race impossible. They would have to be uprooted instead.

So it was that this year Congress passed the “Indian Removal Act” by a vote of 102-97. Its official name was “An Act to Provide for an Exchange of Lands with the Indians Residing in Any of the States or Territories, and for Their Removal West of the River Mississippi.”

In in his book “Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors,” Stephen Ambrose showed that such had been the pattern since the beginning in America:

From the time of the first landings at Jamestown, the game went something like this: you push them, you shove them, you ruin their hunting grounds, you demand more of their territory, until finally they strike back, often without an immediate provocation so that you can say “they started it.” Then you send in the Army to beat a few of them down as an example to the rest. It was regrettable that blood had to be shed, but what could you do with a bunch of savages?

The feeling among whites at the time was that the lands acquired via the Lousiana Purchase consisted partly of land unwanted by the Euro-Americans, and as such would prove a handy location to stash the Indians. One problem was, though, that there were already some Indians living there (as was the case all across the continent). It was determined that the eastern Indians would be “bought out” and driven westward to Indian Territory in what is now Oklahoma (Oklahoma being a Choctaw word meaning “red people”) as well as parts of Nebraska, Kansas, and the Dakotas.

Thirty-seven cents an acre was a typical price paid the Indians by the government for land obtained from them by treaties. The Indians, for the most part, were given to understand they really didn’t have any choice in the matter. They would move voluntarily or otherwise, so they may as well take the little bit they were offered and make the most of it. Sometimes the government agents found it to their advantage to first ply the Indian representatives with alcohol before pressuring them to conclude the terms of the sale.

It got even worse, though: From 1840 to1850 the government acquired approximately 20 million acres from the Indians at a cost of around $3 million, or what ended up averaging out to a measly fifteen cents per acre--recall that the going price for land was $1.25 per acre if bought from the government, more if purchased from private parties.

Secretary of War Lewis Cass wrote in an 1830 article promoting Indian "removal" that "the progress of civilization and improvement, the triumph of industry and art, by which these regions have been reclaimed, and over which freedom, religion, and science are extending their sway...A barbarous people, depending for subsistence upon the scanty and precarious supplies furnished by the chase, cannot live in contact with a civilized community."

When Cass referred to a "barbarous people," he meant the Indians. The "civilized community" of which he spoke was, supposedly, the EuroAmericans. Just five years before writing that article, Cass had promised the Indians, at a treaty council with Shawnees and Cherokees, regarding land the Indians were being given: "The United States will never ask for your land there. This I promise you in the name of your great father, the President. That country he assigns to his red people, to be held by them and their children's children forever." This promise (of course) was broken.

While Indians were being forced out of the South to the West, blacks in the South were being forced to remain there where they were. Not all docilely accepted their fate; some fought against it. Some fought directly, like Nat Turner, who led a slave rebellion in 1831. Others combated slavery by fleeing the South via a network of trails, “stations” (safe houses) and “conductors” (guides) collectively called the Underground Railroad.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In the 1830 census, George Raymond Gorham was eleven years old and still living in Massachusetts along with his father William, stepmother Tamar, and brothers Joseph and Francis.

1831

As Long as the Green Grass Grows and the Water Flows

"Sell [our] country! Why not sell the air, the clouds, and the great sea?" – Tecumseh, Shawnee Chief

"The Great Spirit, when He made the earth, never intended that it should be made merchandise." – Sosehawa, Seneca Indian

"*Then he became our Great Father. He loved his red children, and he said, 'Get a little further, lest I tread on thee.'"* -- Speckled Snake, Creek Indian, speaking of the EuroAmericans

"These six thousand mouths must eat, and these six thousand bodies must be clothed. When it is considered what a magnificent pastoral and mineral country they have surrendered to us—a country whose value can hardly be estimated—the mere pittance, in comparison, which must at once be given to support them, sinks into insignificance as a price for their national heritage.'" – General James Carleton, speaking of Navajos and their land

♦ The Trail of Tears Begins

As to the exact period covered by the removal of eastern and southern Indian tribes to the West, experts differ. Some view 1813 as the beginning and 1855 as the culmination of the removal. Others consider the removals to have lasted only from 1817 to 1842. The important point to remember is that it was not just one march that was made, nor just one tribe that was affected. The Indian Wars, an American Civil War its own right, was spearheaded by long-time Indian fighter Andrew Jackson.

Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees called it the "The Trail of Tears." Approximately one quarter of the fifteen to eighteen thousand Cherokees who were forcibly removed from their land and herded to Indian Territory from the summer of 1838 to March of 1839 died on the twelve hundred mile route. Just as easily and accurately, then, the collective trail trod by the original inhabitants of the country could have been called the Trail of Death. That, indeed, is how the possibly less poetic (or at least less alliterative, except perhaps in their own language) Potawatamis referred to the event.

Those responsible for this forced exodus, on the other hand, used the euphemism "Indian Removal," and tried to assuage their conscience by telling themselves the Indians were better off in their new locales, and that "treaties" had been agreed to by the Indians. Convincing themselves of that may have made for sweeter sleep as opposed to admitting that the Indians were more often than not coerced or tricked into signing. Not only were these deals made under duress, the government did not stick to their bargain when assigning the Indians new land. The Indians were told that they could stay on their new land "as long as the green grass grows and the water flows."

The first Indian tribe removed at government order from its home were the Ohio Senecas, who were herded to land west of Missouri. The Senecas were told the area they were being given would never become a Territory or State of the United States. Kansas did, of course, eventually become both. Scarcely twenty years later, in 1853, although green grass still grew and water still flowed (as before and since), then-commissioner of Indian Affairs George Manypenny said this:

"The rage for speculation and the wonderful desire to obtain choice land cause those who go into our new Territories to lose sight of and entirely overlook the rights of the aboriginal inhabitants. The most dishonorable expedients have, in many cases, been made use of to dispossess the Indian; demoralizing means employed to obtain his property…In Kansas, particularly, trespasses and depredations of every conceivable kind have been committed on the Indians. They have been personally maltreated, their property stolen, their timber destroyed, their possessions encroached upon, and divers other wrongs and injuries done them."

The Senecas were just the first of many tribes to experience such hostile treatment. Their recursive dispossession was a foreshadow of what would befall many other tribes soon afterwards.

Half a century later, conflicts between EuroAmericans and Indian tribes who did not wish to be displaced still raged. An article in the Kansas newspaper *The Iola Register* of April 6th, 1883, said of Geronimo's tribe:

The Apache Indians are again on the warpath in Arizona and New Mexico and have committed a number of outrages. If this thing is ever going to be stopped, one of two policies must be adopted. Either the tribe must be exterminated or it must be removed to some country where it can make a living by farming.

Not all whites were convinced of the rightness of fighting the original inhabitants. Geroge Crook, who was called "the Gray Fox" by the Indians and was in William Tecumseh Sherman's opinion the greatest Indian fighter in American history, was asked before leaving for Apache country on yet another Indian campaign in 1875 if it was a hard thing to do. He replied, "Yes, it is hard. But, sir, the hardest thing is to go and fight those whom you know are in the right."

This Indian Holocaust darkly foreshadowed the Jewish one that was to arrive a century later: Reservations and ghettos, massacres and pogroms, platitudes and slogans, promises and deception.

Even the Seminoles, who actively resisted removal and fought three wars against the United States, would eventually succumb to the onslaught and sign a treaty with the United States--although not until 1934.

1832

A War Named for a Man

"Black Hawk is satisfied with the lands the Great Spirit has given him. Why then should he leave them? We have never sold our country…And we are determined to hold on to our village." – Black Hawk, Sauk leader

"We have crowded the tribes upon a few miserable acres on our southern frontier, it is all that is left to them of their once boundless forest: and still, like the horse-leech, our insatiated cupidity cries, give! give! ... Sir ... Do the obligations of justice change with the color of the skin?" – New Jersey Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen

♦ Black Hawk War

Of all the wars fought by the United States (Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, Civil War, Spanish, the World Wars, Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, On Drugs, etc.), only one was named after a person: The Black Hawk War (King Philip's war in 1675 was waged before the United States became a country). Black Sparrow Hawk, a leader of the Sauk people who was born in 1767, was the namesake of this war.

Black Hawk was certainly, although not officially a chief, a leader of the Sauk people, with whom the Fox were closely allied. Black Hawk saw the writing on the wall regarding the steady westward movement of the whites, displacing the natives. He knew what had happened to the Senecas from Ohio the year before, and what was now being done to the Choctaws of Mississipi. Confronted with the classical three options of fight, flee, or submit, Black Hawk chose to fight. He probably knew his chances against the Americans were so-so at best, but the British had promised him help, assuring him that they would send troops from Milwaukee (Wisconsin would not become a state for another sixteen years). The British soldiers were never deployed, however, and so the Indians had to fight on their own.

The war only lasted from April until August, and ended at the Battle of Bad Axe in Wisconsin, near the town of Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi River. It was there that Black Hawk kept his enemy at bay, buying time for as many women and children as possible to flee to safety. Jefferson Davis, future president of the Confederacy during the War Between the States, was on the scene as a member of the U.S. military. He called Black Hawk's the most brilliant battle strategy he had ever witnessed.

Extraordinarily gifted and versatile athlete Jim Thorpe, who grew up in Oklahoma, was Black Hawk's great-grandson. Thorpe would have a daughter, Grace, who would be involved in the occupation of Alcatraz Island by an inter-tribal group of Indians in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

The Kollenborns arrived in this part ofAmerica around this time, in the same general area (western Illinois) that Black Hawk and his people lived. Although perhaps

unintentionally, the Kollenborns--as James Shannon would be in Ute country in Colorado a few decades later--were a little part of that push that pressed the Indians Pacificwards, altering their lives from then until now.

1833

Grandfathers of Grandfathers

"*We are all descended from...GRANDFATHERS!.*" -- David Locke, AKA Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby

- Robert Shannon born Canada
- William Kollenborn born either Germany or Illinois

Although Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Albert Kollenborn were born only five years apart, the man who would become Theodore's grandfather was born the same year as the man who would become Albert's *great*-grandfather.

Robert Shannon, the fifth of sevens sons born to Thomas and Anny, first saw the light of day July 10th in Ontario, Canada.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

William Kollenborn's origin is a little more enigmatic. Although the month was apparently either September or October, the assumed year is really a best guess of several possibilities. Most evidence points to William being born in 1833, although some sources indicate other years ranging from 1827 to 1836. His obituary, dated 1925, claims he was 97 years and nine months old at the time of his death.

As to his place of birth, William told census takers he was born in Illinois, but it is said that he confided to family members that he was in reality born in Germany. Another rumor that throws a monkey wrench into the works has it that William was a stowaway on the ship from Germany. If "stowaway" is understood in the usual way, then he surely was not born in Illinois. However, he could have meant that his mother was pregnant with him during the journey, or possibly even gave birth to him on the voyage. If the latter were the case, he could have been considered a "stowaway" in that sense for at least part of the trip--he had been on board from the beginning (hiding, so to speak), but no ticket had been purchased for him. If William *was* born in Germany, or on the ship coming over, then the Shannons arrived on the American continent prior to the arrival of this branch of the Kollenborns (recall, though, that John Kollenborn was born in Virginia in 1816). At any rate, the Kollenborns arrived in the *United States* first, as the Shannons stayed in Canada until the late 1880s.

If William was born in Germany, and didn't come to America until this time, it is very likely that the Kollenborns landed at New Orleans rather than New York or some other eastern port, as they make their first appearance in U.S. census records in Illinois rather than, for example, Pennsylvania, another very popular destination for German immigrants.

Around the time that William was born or arrived in the United States, Missouri was considered the far edge of American civilization. That doesn't mean, though, that Missouri was the westernmost dwelling place of EuroAmericans. Beginning in the 1830s, the Oregon Trail was used by families making new lives on the Pacific coast. But that area was considered the frontier, not really part of "civilization" as of yet.

Jersey County, Illinois, where the Kollenborns lived until the second half of the nineteenth century, was not yet called by that name, but would be soon: In 1673, what is now known as Jersey County belonged to France. By 1763 Great Britain controlled it. In 1774 Quebec, Canada laid claim to it. In 1787 it was referred to as Illinois County, Virginia. By 1790 it was St. Clair County, Northwest Territory. In 1801 the county name was the same, but it was part of Indiana Territory. In 1809, that part of Indiana Territory became Illinois Territory. In 1812, the name changed to Madison County. Illinois became a state in 1818; in 1821, the county changed names again, this time to Greene, and then finally to Jersey in 1839.

This example demonstrates the almost mind-boggling complexity that sometimes confronts the genealogical researcher in determining where his forebears have lived--occasionally such an endeavor is akin to attempting to paint a moving train. Although you may determine they were at "Point A" at a given time, what did "Point A" actually signify at that given time?

And so, name and boundary changes like these make it--to put it mildly--difficult at times to decipher census information and relate it to present-day locations. Someone may have told a census enumerator that he was born in a certain State or Territory, but the boundary could have changed between then and now (few states have retained their original configuration). So you must ask yourself in such a situation: Did he mean that the location of his birth was state "A" at the time, although it is state "B" now? Or did he mean that he was born in what is now called state "B", although at the time it may have been something else? As shown above, it is oftentimes even more problematic when dealing with county names.

Again, the book which is generally considered to have been the most influential regarding German migration to America was Duden's *Report on a Journey to the Western States of America, and a story of several years along the Missouri,* published in 1829. It may have been read by the Kollenborns. If so, it probably provided an impetus toward their decision to change continents, and where to locate once they arrived there.

To get an idea of what the sea voyage was like for families such as the Shannons and the Kollenborns who were emigrating across the Atlantic (and if William *was* a stowaway, that no doubt made his voyage all the more difficult), note this excerpt from *A Gentlewoman in Upper Canada* from the journals of Anne Langton and her mother, who crossed the Atlantic to Ontario, Canada via NewYork in 1837:

I will give you a few hints in case you or any of yours cross the Atlantic. Bring a small mattress with you, for the aching of tte bones when obliged to toss upon a hard, uneven surface for some days is no trifling inconvenience. My cold may have made mine more

tender than usual. In the next place, bring a few basin cloths, for one is apt to look upon one's wash-hand basin with perpetual mistrust. Do not be quite dependent upon the packet's library for reading. I am glad that we are not so. There are odd volumes, pages torn out, and the key sometimes not forthcoming. But I should strongly recommend avoiding a crowded packet-ship and therefore one of great repute, or perhaps a packet-ship at all. A person should have health and spirits to stand the noise, the confusion and the merriment. Go where you will, there is no quiet except on a day like this, when the wildest appear subdued. There is certainly a great advantage in being able at all hours to call for anything-gruel, tea, lemonade, sago, or anything you can well think of. I do not say all good of their kind; our tea, for instance is neither good nor hot; coffee better. Your dinner when brought to you may after be cold, and when your appetite is most delicate a great, big, fat slice may be sent to you. These evils would diminish when you could sit at table, but the dreadful length of the meal would be worse. I said to one lady, who had been at the table at least two hours, "I am sorry for you having had such a tedious sit." "Oh, I like it," said she, "and I have been eating all the time." The dinner benches having backs you cannot move without disturbing several, unless you can get to one end. I wish these backs were on some of the stools, for unless you are lucky enough to get one of the sofa corners there is no rest for the head except such as the elbow and hand can afford, and rest for the head is often indispensable on board a ship. We have great comfort from the spare pillows. I generally contrive to perform the great task of dressing myself in time for breakfast, which meal appears about nine o'clock. The transatlantic ladies eat cold and hot meat, fried or pickled fish, or oysters, to his first meal, which seems with them a substantial one. A cup of coffee and a cracker is generally mine. The eggs are dubious, and your basket was a most wise and acceptable addition to our sea store on my father's account.

Indianan John "Johnny Appleseed" Chapman, who lived until 1845, sold apple tree seedlings to pioneers in, among other places, Illinois. It is possible the Kollenborns crossed paths with Chapman somewhere along the way. They were in the right place at the right time for that, anyway.

1835

The Adventures of Tom, Huck, Sam, and James

"*A baby is an inestimable blessing and bother.*" -- Mark Twain

- Samuel Langhorne Clemens born Missouri
- James Shannon born Ontario, Canada

The man better known to the world as Mark Twain was born in Florida, Missouri on the last day of November. Before long, Samuel Clemens' father John moved the family a few miles north to Hannibal, the Mississippi River town used by Twain as one of the primary protagonists in novels such as *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James Shannon, sixth son of Thomas and Anny (Young) Shannon and brother of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's grandfather-to-be Robert, was born January 23rd in Ontario, Canada.

Sam Clemens and James Shannon had two things in common: neither one was ever accused of being a great poet, and both fought in the civil war. There the striking similarities end, though. Although Missouri was officially a "Union" state, the section in which Clemens grew up was near the section known, both geographically and ideologically, as "Little Dixie." Southern sentiment was strong there, and many owned slaves, including common folk like the Clemens family.

After a spotty career as a sort of second-rate bushwhacker (Clemens temporarily joined an independent and self-appointed group of irregulars of the Confederate army who called themselves "The Marion County Rangers"), Sam made a strategic retreat from military life. He relocated along with his brother Orion to Washoe (Nevada), where Orion had been rewarded with the post of Territorial Secretary for his campaign work on behalf of Abraham Lincoln.

James Shannon, on the other hand, remained on the job the entire four years of the costliest war (in terms of American deaths) ever fought by the United States. Among the battles at which James was present were: Bull Run, Antietem, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg (where his regiment helped defend Little Round Top), and Cold Harbor. He also took part in the "Mud March," and was present at Appomattox Court House April 9th, 1865, when Robert E. Lee surrendered to U.S. Grant.

Those accounts, along with James' long sickness, his being wounded in battle, and subsequent adventures, are covered in the appropriate chapters.

Another man of note with Michigan connections was on the scene at Appomattox: George Armstrong Custer. The famous “boy general” was born in Ohio, but later moved to Michigan. Custer carried off as souvenirs from the historic event both the white flag Lee had used when surrendering, and the small writing table on which Grant and Lee had hammered out the terms of peace.

1836

Remember the Defenders

"But whatever he wrote, and in whatever fashion, Preston was determined that his poem should be of the West, that world's frontier of Romance, where a new race, a new people – hardy, brave, and passionate – were building an empire; where the tumultuous life ran like fire from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn again, primitive, brutal, honest, and without fear." – from "The Octopus" by Frank Norris

- Bret Harte born New York
- The Alamo

On August 25th in Albany, New York, France Brett Harte was born. When he became a writer, he eventually dropped the use of his first name as well as one of the "T"s in his middle name. At one time he was considered a brighter literary star than his contemporary and sometime-friend Mark Twain.

Perhaps best known for his short story "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Harte has a high school named for him in Calaveras County (where the town of Poker Flat is located). The county's high school is located in Angels Camp, which is the setting of Mark Twain's short story "The Celebrated Jumping of Calaveras County." The statue in the city park there in Angels Camp is of Twain. In neighboring Tuolumne County to the south, the two share the name of a town (Twain Harte).

Bret Harte wrote more than fiction. Like his peer Twain, his writing career started as a journalist for a newspaper (although it must be admitted that much of Twain's reportage strained the strictures of veracity--his prose was akin to what is now called "gonzo" journalism. It has also been said of Twain that he wrote autobiographical fiction and fictional autobiography. Harte's bold criticism of those who massacred Wiyot Indians near Eureka, California, in 1860 is discussed in detail in that chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Another man who defended Indians had to make quite a turnaround, or had quite a change of heart, in order to do so. David "Davy" Crockett of Tennessee had at first fought Indians, along with Andrew Jackson. In time, Crockett changed his viewpoint regarding the justice of such aggression, and, in his role as Congressman from Tennessee, spoke out on behalf of the natives. This rugged frontiersman with a gift for public speaking died defending, not the Indians, but the Alamo. Jim Bowie, for whom the Bowie knife is named (also called an "Arkansas toothpick," although Bowie was born in Kentucky) was also among those who perished at the slaughter there.

Sam Houston, who had lived with Cherokees for three years and was called by them "Blackbird," used the rage engendered by the carnage at the Alamo to his advantage a month and a half later. Spurring his ragtag bunch on with the exhortation "Remember the

Alamo," the Texicans defeated Mexican General Santa Anna at San Jacinto. This victory led to the formation of the Republic of Texas. Although Texans were eager to be annexed by the United States, the U.S. government was hesitant, as they did not want to get into a war with Mexico nor unbalance the equilibrium they had achieved between the numbers of free- and slave states.

1837

The Watery Part of the World

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest -- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!" – from "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson

♦ John Silva born Azores

John Emmanuel Silva, who would become the grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's first wife Esther Nelson, was born February of this year. Like Juan Cabrillo, who was probably the first European to set foot in California, John was Portuguese. He was not born in Portugal proper, but in Topo, on the island of St. George, in the Azores, a chain of islands owned by Portugal.

In one of those unfathomable coincidences which occur in every extended family, many from the Shannon side were born on islands: besides John, his father-in-law George Gorham was born 1819 on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, and his mother-in-law (George's wife) Susan Lucky was born on Eel River Island in northern California.

Remarkably, there is also an Eel River two miles south of Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the first Gorhams in America settled. The Eel River in California was also sometimes called the Weeott River, for the Indian tribe (although using an alternate spelling from that used for the Wiyot tribe).

John Silva may have given the Wiyots the land they currently inhabit at Table Bluff. He directed Henry Look (one of his grandsons) to give the tribe some of his land in the event of his death. The Wiyot's chronology shows that they received land from a "church" in 1908. John apparently died around this time. Eleanor Look Weber, Henry's daughter, rather vaguely reports John's death as occurring "after 1905." One account says that he gave his land to family, and they thereafter "returned it" to the rancheria (the Wiyot tribe). Yes, "returned," as the entire area for miles around Table Bluff had been Wiyot land before the EuroAmericans arrived on the scene.

Some accounts show John as having been born 1857. The majority of accounts, though, indicate 1837. Especially is 1837 the more likely year if the rumor about him is true that the cause for his emigration was to escape the consequences of impregnating three women in the Azores. Since he came to the United States in 1872, if he had been born in 1857, he would have only been fourteen or fifteen years old at the time of this alleged procreative activity, as opposed to being in his mid-thirties.

The cause for confusion about his birth probably stems from a brief bio of a John *P.* Silva that appears in Leigh H. Irvine's 1915 book *History of Humboldt County California, with Biographical Sketches of The Leading Men and Women of the County who have been identified with its Growth and Development from the Early Days to the*

Present. *That* John Silva was born in 1857, but is not the John E. Silva spoken of above--perhaps he was a nephew, cousin, or even son, though.

1838

Walking the Walk

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer." – from "Walden," by Henry D. Thoreau

"If I have been correctly informed, the whites may do bad all their lives and then if they are sorry for it when about to die, all is well! But with us it is different; we must continue throughout our lives to do what we conceive to be good." – Black Hawk (Sauk)

"Their Wise Ones said we might have their religion, but when we tried to understand it we found that there were too many kinds of religion among white men for us to understand, and that scarcely any two whit emen agreed which was the right one to learn. This bothered us a good deal until we saw that the white man did not take his religion any more seriously than he did his laws, and that he kept both of them just behind him, like Helpers, to use when they might do him good in his dealings with strangers. These were not our ways. We kept the laws we made and lived our religion." – Plenty-Coups (Crow)

"It appears that they are anxious to pass on their religion, but keep very little of it for themselves." – Ohiyesa (Sioux)

- John Muir born Scotland
- Black Hawk dies
- Cherokee Contingent on Trail of Tears

John Muir, who would come to be called "The father of our National Park System," was born in Dunbar, Scotland, April 21st. Muir was a naturalist, and studied geology, chemistry, and botany. He was a great hand (or should we say foot, or feet) at walking. On one occasion, he walked all the way from Indianapolis, Indiana to the Gulf of Mexico.

This "sage of the Sierras" was Scotland-born, Wisconsin-bred, and California-led. When he "came home" to California, arriving via ship, he did not tarry long in San Francisco but set out on foot for "The Yosemite." He was immediately smitten with the incomprehensibly gorgeous valley, and remained so his whole life long. Yosemite has retained its hold on the Shannon family from the days of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon down till today. Four generations, and counting, have felt the magic and pay tribute to a benefactor of all who love "anyplace wild." In fact, one of the contemporary family members recently put together a Yosemite trail guide on DVD (http://yosemitetrailsdvd.com/index/Home.cfml).

Muir devoted his life to fighting for conservation and preservation of the natural resources he so loved. He was an explorer, inventor, wood carver, and gifted writer. He played a key role in the establishment of not only Yosemite as a National Park, but did the same for Sequoia, Mt. Rainier, Petrified Forest, and Grand Canyon. Muir also, on one

of his many extended forays into the wilderness, discovered Glacier Bay in Alaska (in 1879). The hardy scotsman founded the Sierra Club in 1892 and served as its president until his death in 1914.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Black Hawk, the Sauk Indian who also loved the land and fought in an attempt to preseve it for future generations of his family, died at the age of seventy-one this year in Iowa.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Trail of Tears had begun a cople of decades earlier, but perhaps the most famous sufferers on the trail were the Cherokees, who were moved out of their ancestral territories primarily this year, pushed by General Winfield Scott and his soldiers. Poet Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote an open letter to President Van Buren regarding this debacle:

The soul of man, the justice, the mercy that is the heart's heart in all men, from Maine to Georgia, does abhor this business...a crime is projected that confounds our understandings by its magnitude, a crime that really deprives us as well as the Cherokees of a country for how could we call the conspiracy that should crush these poor Indians our government, or the land that was cursed by their parting and dying imprecations our country any more? You, sir, will bring down that renowned chair in which you sit into infamy if your seal is set to this instrument of perfidy; and the name of this nation, hitherto the sweet omen of religion and liberty, will stink to the world.

What was Martin Van Buren's response? In December of this year, eight months after Emerson wrote the above, he said in a speech to Congress:

It affords sincere pleasure to apprise the Congress of the entire removal of the Cherokee Nation of Indians to their new homes west of the Mississippi. The measures authorized by Congress at its last session have had the happiest effects.

Happy effects? Four thousand Cherokees had died on the way to their "new homes" in present-day Oklahoma, a land that was also, in the main, eventually taken from them.

1840

A Man Needs a Maid

"The past was real. The present, all about me, was unreal, unnatural, repellant." – Richard Henry Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast"

- Charlotte Hilly born Illinois
- Deborah Richardson born Ireland
- Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*
- Census

The Clemens females, Sam's wife Livy and their daughters, spent much time and energy smoothing the rough edges off the man of the house. Twain was not unlike many Americans of the time: fiercely independent, and simultaneously proud and defensive of his upstart country and its "down home" culture. The 1840s, the setting for Twain's great work *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, was a time when not just Clemens (then a boy) was simultaneously rough and tumble and engagingly innocent--so was the country in general.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

It is thought that Charlotte Angeline Hilly was born this year, in Jerseyville, Illinois. As with many others, though, the year of her birth can not really be asserted with any real certainty. It is possible that Charlotte was born in 1841—again, there are differing dates in various documents, and some even spell her name "Sharlet." At any rate, Miss Hilly would marry William Kollenborn in 1859, give birth to James Wesley Kollenborn in 1862, and thus put herself in line to eventually becoming Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn's great-grandmother.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Deborah Richardson was also born this year, in Ireland. She would eventually marry Robert Shannon and give birth to Will Shannon, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's father.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, a seminal work on pre-statehood California, was published this year, based on experiences Dana had sailing towards, living and working in, and then sailing away from California in the mid-1830s.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although I have located no Kollenborns in the 1840 census, Mary Ann, at the very least, was doubtless in the country by this year, as she married George Hoffman the

following year, on September 30th, 1841, in Jersey County, Illinois. As we will deduce from the 1850 census, she was probably William's mother or grandmother.

John Kollenborn was also presumably in the country at this time, as he states in the 1880 census that he was born in Virginia in 1816.

1844
Wired

"What hath God wrought?" – Samuel F.B. Morse's first telegraph message

♦ Telegraph and Morse Code

American painter Samuel F.B. Morse, building on the work of many before him (as is the case with virtually all inventions), designed the first practical telegraph and the code that could be used in conjunction with it to transmit and receive messages. The first public use of his apparatus was made this year with a pithy dispatch (quoted above) that traveled between Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Maryland.

The 40-mile length of wires and poles which existed this year to support the new technology would expand to 23,000 miles in just ten years. By 1851, major U.S. cities in the east were connected; by 1861, telegraph communications between the two coasts were being made.

Such communication capabilities made the vast nation easier to govern and made pioneering the frontiers of the Far West less daunting and intimidating. Along with the railroad, the telegraph was to help unite the country horizontally, east to west.

1846

Rebels and Cannibals (Very Steep Marching Indeed)

"An inglorious peace is better than a dishonorable war." – Mark Twain

"Live in such a way that you would not be ashamed to sell your parrot to the town gossip." – Will Rogers

"Is not Life miserable enough, comes not Death soon enough, without resort to the hideous enginery of War?" – Horace Greeley

- Bear Flag Rebellion / Mexican War
- Donner Party
- Oregon Treaty
- Susan Lucky born California
- First baseball game in America

The wresting of California from the Mexicans, who took it from the Spaniards, who took it from the Natives, began May 13th of this year and would end two years later, in 1848. The war was touched off by the admission of Texas as a state by President John Tyler on his last day in office in 1846. This act enraged Mexico.

Up until then, the U.S. had refused the Republic of Texas' bid to become a state for that very reason—they didn't want to provoke a war with Mexico. However, the year before, in 1845, France and England had forced the United States' hand. They made overtures of alliance to the young Republic of Texas. It was this that impelled outgoing President John Tyler, alarmed at this, and not wanting to give those European powers a toe-hold in America, to recommend to Congress that Texas be annexed. Incoming President James Polk had to deal with the fallout when he moved into the White House in 1846.

The war with Mexico was widely unpopular. Even future Civil War "hero" and President Ulysses S. Grant, who also distinguished himself in this war, considered it a shameful butchery perpetrated on a weaker rival.

One noteworthy opponent of the war was Henry David Thoreau, who refused to pay the poll tax in his native Massachusetts. He later gave a lecture, in which he said:

It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right... Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice. A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers... marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed.

The United States laying claim to California was called the Bear Flag Rebellion. President Polk authorized Thomas Larkin at Monterey, California (the Monterey in California, the capitol during Mexican rule, has only one 'R', whereas Monterrey in Mexico has two) to foment a seperatist faction. Western explorer, surveyor, and military man John Charles Fremont, along with Stephen Kearney and future President Zachary Taylor also played key roles in the rebellion. Taylor, though, was replaced by Polk with War of 1812 standout Winfield Scott--partly because Polk, rightly enough, feared Taylor as a potential political rival.

American settlers from the eastern United States had been trickling into Mexican California for years. They farmed land, traded goods, and started small businesses. As a direct result of the influx of EuroAmericans, California's native population fell from 150,000 in 1845 to less than 30,000 by 1870.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Among the would-be emigrants to California were the members of the Donner Party. Their first mistake was choosing George Donner as their leader. That mistake led to another, more directly disastrous, decision: their taking of a supposed shortcut recommended in a guidebook written by a man who had never actually been on the trail he described in his book.

This series of faulty decisions culminated in the party being surprised by an early winter storm, trapping them in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Sadly, some of them eventually assuaged their hunger by cannibilizing other members of the party after these had died of starvation, exposure, and sickness.

Of the ninety members of the Donner party, only forty-eight--a little more than half--survived to reach Sutter's Fort in Sacramento.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The United States grew a little more in size this year. Britain and the U.S. had squabbled over who owned the land in the northwest, and where exactly the boundary lay. On June 15th, Britain ceded the territory now known as Oregon and Washington to the United States.

America actually wanted a little more land than they got, up to the Alaska border. However, President Polk, who would soon engage the Mexicans in battle, did not want the land bad enough to go to war with Britain yet another time. British prime minister Robert Peel didn't think too much of the area he gave up, considering the territory simply an untamed wilderness. Thus, he suggested the boundary line be set at the forty-ninth parallel. This was accepted by America.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Susan Lucky, a full-blooded Indian (most likely Wiyot, but possibly Wintu or Wailakki), was born on Eel River Island, in Humboldt County, California this year. At the time there were more Wiyots in California than there were EuroAmericans (of whom there were about four hundred).

Only thirty-two miles and Del Norte County separate Humboldt County from the Oregon border. Humboldt County has the coolest summer climate in the contiguous United States and the lowest average daily variance in temperature.

Eel River Island lies approximately two miles southwest of the town of Loleta and three miles southwest of Table Bluff, where the primary reservation of Wiyots is currently located on 88 acres of land. The island is also situated only a few dozen miles from where Will Shannon's ranch, and also that of his son Theodore Roosevelt nearby, would later be located. In fact, Will's place was on the Eel River, downstream in southern Trinity County.

Susan's birthplace is also around fifteen miles south of Indian Island, in Humboldt Bay between Eureka and Samoa, the site of a major massacre of her people which would take place in 1860, when she was a young teenager.

Wiyot Territory, before the arrival of the EuroAmericans, or "second settlers," stretched from south of Rio Dell to north of McKinleyville. Eel River Island is smack dab in the middle of that parcel. Eureka, on Cape Mendocino, to which the undersea Mendocino Escarpment points, is the westernmost city in the forty-eight contiguous states.

Not much is known about Susan, besides when and where she was born and died, when she married, and who her daughter was. More on these events will be discussed as they take place later.

In Irvine's *History of Humboldt County*, he relates the inital reaction of the Indians to the EuroAmericans as they arrived in the area in 1806:

The Indians did not welcome the newcomers because they were destroying the sea-otters, which abounded in the bay, disturbing geese and ducks, and annoying the clam diggers. Several conflicts occurred, and the Indians refused to trade with the Russians.

Although it was an American, Jonathan Winship, who discovered Humboldt Bay, he was at the time in the employ of a Russian fur trading company.

In 1849, the Josiah Gregg party (Americans) explored the area. The above-mentioned book relates about their experience:

The river was crossed, whereupon the company came suddenly upon an Indian ranch. Men, women and children fled. The scene was somewhat ludicrous all round, as the party itself had no suspicion that Indians dwelt there. The firearms of the party were wholly

unfit for use, being soaked with rain. The narrative of Mr. Wood [Kentuckian L.K.Wood] *as to the episode with the Indians here follows:*

The scene that followed wholly divested our minds of all apprehension of danger, for as soon as they saw us, men, women and children fled in the wildest confusion, some plunging headlong into the river, not venturing to look behind them until they had reached a considerable elevation upon the mountain on the opposite side of the river, while others sought refuge in the thickets and among the rocks, leaving everything behind them. As soon as they had stopped in their flight, we endeavored, by signs, to induce those yet in view to return, giving them to understand, as best we could, that we intended them no harm; but it was all for a time to no purpose. They had never before seen a white man, nor had they received any intelligence of our coming; and to their being thus suddenly brought in contact with a race of beings so totally different in color, dress, and appearance from any they had ever seen or heard of, is attributable the overwhelming fear they betrayed...

...We had hoped that the Indians would not care to become better acquainted with us, and would allow us to pass unmolested. Imagine our surprise, then, when we were about camping for the night, there came marching toward us some seventy-five or eighty warriors, their faces and bodies painted, looking like so many demons, and armed and prepared for battle." The guns and ammunition of the little company were soaking wet and worthless except as clubs. It was a grave question what to do, but it was quickly decided to assume an air of indifference. When they came within a hundred yards of us, however, we motioned them to halt," says the narrator, "and they obeyed. Two of the company then advanced holding up to the view of the savages a number of beads and other fancy articles which the travelers were fortunate enough to possess. The warriors seemed greatly pleased with the articles, soon after which they were persuaded that the invaders were friendly and had no desire to hurt the Indians. The savages soon became friendly. They represented that their people were very numerous and that the travelers were at their mercy. They made it plain that they could at any moment slaughter the entire company. We soon started to convince them that they were mistaken and that a small company like ours could do wonders with our weapons."

Their curiosity was roused, and they wondered how the weapons were used. In order to accomplish their purpose, the white men gave them to understand that the guns could kill as many of them at a single shot as could stand, one behind another. They were not satisfied and expressed their doubts. They demanded to see the effect of shooting at a mark. The white men, knowing of the unfit condition of their weapons, agreed to make a display of their power the next morning.

"Prudence and due regard for our safety compelled us to keep a careful watch during the night," runs the story of Mr. Wood, "but notwithstanding this, and the fact that some of the company felt little inclined to sleep, one of their expert thieves, aided by the pitchy darkness, crept to the spot where we were camped and took from beneath a pair of blankets a Colt's revolver without detection. This was surprising to all, especially to the owner of the revolver, who could not sleep and was doubtless awake while the Indian was at his side."

It was the intention of the company to escape at dawn, but the Indians, anticipating this course, had gathered in great numbers, bringing their women and children to the spot. It was then decided, as the ammunition had been dried and the guns prepared, to give the promised demonstration. Here is the way the event culminated:

A piece of paper some two inches in diameter was handed to an Indian, who was asked to fasten it on a tree about sixty paces distant. It was explained that the marksman would shoot and that the ball would strike the paper. The Indians were arranged in a circle, full of curiosity. It was purposely not explained that the weapon would make any noise, so when the explosion occurred the entire party was panic-stricken. The women and children set up a terrific shrieking, at the same time dispersing in all directions. They feared that the warriors had been slain, but when they saw that nobody was hurt they returned to see what had happened to the tree. They carefully examined the hole in the paper, noting also that the bullet had penetrated the tree and disappeared into its depths.

"They now seemed disposed to treat us with greater respect," says Wood. "Taking advantage of the impression thus created, we tried to convince them that our small company was able to cope with all they could bring against us, and explained the force of a bullet thrown from one of our guns." It was also explained that the power of the gun was as much greater than the power of an arrow as its noise was louder.

In the United States in 1840, Indians were not considered citizens. They could not vote, nor testify in court cases, and they only counted as three fifths of a person when computing the number of representatives a state would have in Congress in the House of Representatives. In fact, at the time of Susan's birth, Indians in California were still being bought and sold, like a buggy or a tract of land.

Depending on who you were and where you lived at the time, your life could differ to an almost inconceivable degree from what Susan experienced as an Indian. Her contemporaries included Henry Huddleston Rogers (1840-1909), Standard Oil executive and personal friend and financial advisor of Mark Twain, and big business-friendly U.S. President William McKinley (1843-1901); her lifespan also overlapped with that of the Yahi Indian called Ishi (1862-1916).

Both Susan and Ishi only lived until early middle age, both died of tuberculosis (Ishi died of pulmonary tuberculosis and it was likely that he had Addison's disease, according to recent reviews of his medical records), and both were born in northern California approximately one hundred miles (as the crow files, not as the road winds) from one another.

However, as different as Susan's life was from that of H.H. Rogers, it was almost as different from Ishi's. This difference was not so much due to the fact that Susan and Ishi were from different tribes, but that they lived in completely different situations. Susan was already living among EuroAmericans by 1862, the year of Ishi's birth, whereas Ishi did not live among whites until almost another half century after that, in the final years of his life.

Just as the last of the Yahis did not call himself Ishi, but was given that name by others (Ishi is the Yahi word for “man”), the Wiyot people did not designate themselves as such. In actuality, "Wiyot" is simply the name of one of the tribe’s three districts, the other two being Batawat, on the lower Mad River; and Wiki, on Humboldt Bay (the Wiyot district was on the lower Eel River).

Since Susan was born just south of Humboldt Bay, she hailed from the Wiki district. Modern-day towns that are within the traditional Wiyot territory are McKinleyville, Blue Lake (formerly Scottsville), Arcata (formerly Union, and an Indian word for the same), Eureka, Kneeland, Loleta, Fortuna, Ferndale, and Rohnerville. Rivers within the territory are Mad River (Batwat), Elk River, Eel River and the Van Duzen.

Some sources indicate that Susan was born, not in the latter half of 1846, but in 1840. However, her grave marker states that she was forty-seven years old at the time of her death May 23rd, 1894, meaning she would have probably been born in the latter half of 1846.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The game which would become the national pastime was first played this year in Hoboken, New Jersey, between the New York Knickerbockers and the New York Nine. Rather than being a brand new game, baseball was actually based on the British game of rounders, which had first been played in England in 1744. The old game of rounders was not only the forerunner of American baseball, but also of the modern British game cricket.

1848

Gold and an Irresistible Offer

"The Golden Rule: he who has the gold makes the rules." -- Anonymous

"These legal thieves, clothed in the robes of the law, took from us our lands and our houses, and without the least scruple, enthroned themselves in our homes like so many powerful kings." -- Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, speaking of Yankee lawyers in California

- Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo
- Gold Discovered in California
- Mary Ann (Shannon) Philp dies

Future U.S. Military General and President Ulysses S. Grant, who took part in the Mexican War, nevertheless called it "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." The resulting Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo added not only California, but also Nevada and Utah as well as parts of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming to the United States' growing portfolio of real estate. The region once dismissed as a vast inhospitable desert transferred hands for a cool $15 million on February 2nd. California alone, if a separate country, would weigh in with the fifth largest economy in the world.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Mexico, of course, didn't really want to sell its northern lands. They were made "an offer they couldn't refuse." The Mexicans must have been especially nonplussed about the transaction after finding out about what had transpired nine days earlier: On January 24th, gold had been discovered in Coloma, east of Sutter's Fort, by James Marshall, one of John Sutter's employees. The United States, it seemed, had the Midas touch.

Although many people who heard the rumor of gold in California were skeptical, a number were sage or foolish enough to "light out for the territory" on first news of the strike. This first wave of miners reached Sutter's Fort, in the present-day State capitol Sacramento, on May 19th.

The New York Herald printed an article on the discovery of gold in its issue of August 19th. The steamship *California* left New York for California on Oct 6th. Those who still doubted were transformed into believers on December 5th, when no less a light than President James Polk announced in a speech to Congress that the reports of gold in California were by no means unfactual, or even exaggerated. This announcement touched off a bigger wave of emigrants to the gold fields: the 49ers would far outnumber the 48ers.

The average trip from the eastern United States to the gold fields took about five months (whether traveling overland or by ship), so it was well into 1849 before the more circumspect but nevertheless enthusiastic emigrants arrived in the far west. For the many who came from foreign lands—Ireland, China, Australia, Chile, the Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands (known today as Hawaiians from Hawaii), and many others--it took longer to receive the news and make the journey.

James Marshall, the man who made the discovery of nuggets while checking on the progress of the lumber mill he had been contracted to build for John Sutter, tried to make a living off the discovery for years afterward. Some thought he was "lucky" and so they followed him around, hoping that he would lead them to more deposits of the beautiful and malleable yet tough metal.

Marshall milked his popularity as well and as long as he could, but he eventually died insane and impoverished. The county where he made his discovery was eventually christened El Dorado, after the fabled city lined with streets of gold.

Some prospectors struck it rich, but most did not. Many more fortunes were made during the Gold Rush by those who supplied miners with tools and food than by digging in the earth for the precious metal. Merchants, shopkeepers, laundresses, cooks, professional gamblers, prostitutes, and hotel and saloon owners saw a lot more gold dust and nuggets than the average prospector did.

Four men of note who amassed their fortunes tangentially from gold fever were Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and Mark Hopkins. First becoming wealthy by providing goods and servics to the miners, they later founded the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railway. They thus became known as the "railroad kings" ("robber barons" to many, as we will see in the 1880 chapter).

The discovery of gold at Sutter's sawmill in Coloma by James Marshall is far better known than subsequent discoveries nearby--nearby in both time and distance. Patricia Johnsen-Hicks reports in her booklet *Tales of Trinity County, California*:

Gold was discovered in Trinity County in July 1848 by Pierson Barton Reading, who owned a Mexican land-grant in what is now Shasta County. As soon as he heard the rumor that gold had been discovered at "Sutter's new mill," Reading went to see John Sutter, his former employer. Reading was taken to the site on the American River. He thought it looked like some country west of his rancho that he had seen while hunting (now Trinity County), and a short time later, discovered gold in quantity at what is known as 'Reading's Bar'."

In his book *Eldorado, the California Gold Rush*, Dale L. Walker adds:

The northernmost of the 1848 diggings lay in the Trinity River valley, two hundred miles north of New Helvetia, discovered by another Sutter employee and former Bear Flag rebel, Pierson B. Reading. The Trinity stream and bench gravels were so rich the tiny

camp grew into a sizable town, Weaverville, named for one of its more prosperous prospectors.

A half century after Reading's find, Trinity County would become the home of the Will and Gertie Shannon family, including their firstborn, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

There is some indication that gold may have actually been discovered in Trinity County before the discovery by Marshall at Coloma. The book "A Memorial and Biographical History of Northern California. Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World" in its section on Trinity County has this to report along those lines:

Mr. Gross, a French agent, reported that he wound his way across to Trinity mountain early in the spring of 1849, and on his way met two men, apparently Americans, who claimed to have sojourned on Trinity River since the fall of 1847, and that each carried back with him $20,000 in gold dust.

It is possible that others also found gold elsewhere in the state, and were able to keep their find secret.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Mary Ann (Shannon) Philp, eldest daughter of Robert Shannon and Deborah (Richardson) Shannon, died at the age of twenty-seven this year, leaving two children, aged one and six. Her widower, William Oke Philp, would marry Mary Ann's only sister Eliza the next year. On Aug 17th, 1878, on his way home from visiting his parents in England, William died at sea from black fever.

1849

The Elephant

"It is our manifest destiny to overspread and to possess the whole of the continent which Providence has given…our yearly multiplying millions…for the development of the great experiment of liberty." – John O'Sullivan

"The earth…should be left as it was…The country was made without lines of demarcation, and it is no man's business to divide it… I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth, and see their desire to give us lands which are worthless…The Say to us if you can say it, that you were sent by the Creative Power to talk to us. Perhaps you think the Creator sent you here to dispose of us as you see fit. If I thought you were sent by the Creator I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose of me. Do not misunderstand me, but understand me fully with reference to my affection for the land. I never said the land was mine to do with it as I chose. The one who has the right to dispose of it is the one who has created it. I claim a right to live on my land, and accord you the privilege to live on yours." – Heinmot Toovalaket (Chief Joseph, Nez Perce)

"Send me some more of it, because I and my companions suffer from a disease of the heart which can be cured only with gold." – Hernan Cortes to Montezuma

- John Muir moves with his family from Scotland to Wisconsin
- California Gold Rush begins in earnest
- Cholera and Fire
- California Seeks Statehood

Many came to the mountains for what they hoped the mountains could give them materially. John Muir came to the mountains for what they could provide his spirit. He, in turn, repaid the favor to them, and helped lay the groundwork for the rest of us to enjoy them, too. That was to come later, though. In 1849, John's father moved his family from Scotland to the Portage, Wisconsin, area (not far from where Laura Ingalls Wilder lived in the "little house in the woods").

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first steamer bound for the gold fields reached San Francisco Bay February 28th, and poured forth its cargo of human hopefuls.

John Sutter must have thought, "when it rains, it pours." The discovery of gold on his land was no boon to him. With the outbreak and quick spread of "gold fever," workers were hard to retain at any wage, and his land was picked over mercilessly by rabid raiders of the soil. As if that were not bad enough, "his" town of Sacramento was flooded for six weeks beginning in March.

In April, the first wagon trains bound for the gold fields departed from Missouri and Iowa, the forefront of an influx that would inundate the state with one hundred years' worth of normal growth in a mere decade.

This is not to say, though, that those wagon trains of April were the very first into California. John Bidwell had led a wagon train into California back in 1841. The difference in 1849 was that these were the first drawn to California by the age-old lust for gold or, as the saying went, to "see the elephant." San Francisco was the dissemination point to the gold fields for those arriving via ships. For those who came overland, Sacramento was the destination (Coloma, where James Marshall discovered gold, is closer to Sacramento than it is to San Francisco).

The Gold Rush drew all sorts of men—tinker, tailor, sailor, soldier, spy, butcher, baker, candlestick maker, flush men, busted men, desparate men, and adventurers. Some famous men, or those who would be, also came. Among these latter can be found Alexanders Hamilton's son Colonel William Steven Hamilton (who was a pioneer merchant in Weaverville, Trinity County); James Denver, for whom the capital of Colorado was later named, also lived in Trinity County, in 1851 and 1852. During his stay in California, he killed a newspaper editor (who had made public some shady dealings of his) in a duel; John J. Audubon's son John Woodhouse Audubon; Mark Twain; and Bret Harte--not to mention Jesse James' preacher father Robert, who died in the town of Rough and Ready in September 1850.

Many who came were not just drawn by the lure of gold lying in the streams and under the rocks, but were also pushed by circumstances at home. In Ireland, a horrendous famine was taking place. Between 1847 and 1854, 1.6 million people--one quarter of Ireland's population--removed to the United States from that country, many of them to California.

Elsewhere in Europe, wars were being waged, and many chose to escape that seemingly interminable situation. For example, news of the California Gold strike reached France while the country was in the grip of revolution. In China, wars and lack of work caused many to turn their gaze westward. The Chinese called California "Gold Mountain."

And yes, the gold rush also attracted many who would turn a profit from, and even prey on, the prospectors: merchants, bankers, card sharps, saloonkeepers, and prostitutes. All in all, 300,000 adventure and fortune seekers came to California during the gold rush, the largest human migration in history.

It is enlightening to read the reflections of a contemporary of these events discussing, among other things, the way the 49ers were thereafter depicted. In *The History of Humboldt County*, Leigh Irvine writes:

John Carr gives a vivid account of those who were his associates in those times, in his entertaining Pioneer Days in California. *He tells the reader that he was always amused*

when he read the wholly incorrect accounts of pioneer days, as set forth by writers of later years. Their story books and newspaper articles were often illustrated by woodcuts of "rockers" and "long toms," while the portraits or cuts of the miners themselves were such that he sometimes imagined that the miners must be disturbed in their graves. It will be interesting to quote him, thus: "I sometimes think that, if it were allowed to the spirit of man to come back to this world, some outraged miner who sleeps his last sleep on the mountain side, or in the flats of California, would rise from his grave and haunt the artist who drew such caricatures of the early California miners. Most of the miners that I see in the woodcuts appear to be old, haggard looking men, with bent backs, slouch hats, and wrinkled faces, more like the picture of the tramp of 1890 than the honest miner of 1850.

"As a rule the first immigrants that came to California were young men--the very flower, physically speaking, of the United States; and the pictures in the modern woodcuts no more represent them than they do Chinese."

It is interesting to go back to those early times for evidences of the social life and economic conditions in general. It seems that in those early days the United States mails were very uncertain and very costly, but whenever new mines were discovered or a new camp was located it is said that some enterprising person would go around and obtain all the names of the people in the camp. Soon thereafter he would start a pony express and it was not much trouble to induce each man to take some kind of a newspaper. It is said that the Western men would usually take the Missouri Republican or the Louisville Courier-Journal, while the Eastern men took the New York Herald or the New York Tribune. The newspapers sold for fifty cents each, and the postage on each letter was $1. Men did not begrudge the $1 and were glad to receive mail at that price.

The single house of a miner, often situated near a spring or creek, was frequently the forerunner of a town. Those houses were hardly worthy of the name, being crude and having no floors except the earth itself. The beds were usually made of logs, which were squared so as to be comfortable, and lined with gunny bags or potato sacks. Fern leaves and hay were frequently used to spread over the log and soften it for a bed. The covering was of blankets, and on this the miners were rather comfortable and would have remained so but for the habits of those who did not use sufficient water and precaution with themselves, for which reason many of the camps were infested with vermin.

One of the comforting features of those houses consisted of large fire-places, which, in cold weather, always had roaring fires. They were built usually of granite or slate and were very capacious, being at least six feet wide. This great size enabled them to acommodate good sized logs and saved the miners and others of the camp from cutting the wood very short.

One of the great perils in many camps was from rattlesnakes, which were very numerous. A snake would cause consternation in a camp where bruin and the wild lions of the hills would be laughed at or hunted to death.

It is Estimated that only ten percent of the gold in California has been uncovered.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

William Kollenborn may have witnessed a huge fire across the Mississipi. William was living on the Illinois side of the river, and doubtless saw at least the smoke from the May 17th St. Louis fire that burned fifteen blocks, the city's docks, and twenty-seven steamboats moored on the river.

That fire struck St. Louis in the midst of a cholera epidemic. St. Louis suffered the most, per capita, of any city. Four thousand five hundred died in a 100-day period there. Actually, cholera was sweeping the entire country (President Zachary Taylor led the nation in prayer on August 3rd).

Repeatedly during the nineteenth century, cholera spread from the Ganges Valley of India to the rest of the world. Major outbreaks occurred in 1832, this year of 1849, and 1866. Unsanitary conditions and the especially peripatetic nature of the world's populace this year caused it to spread far and wide, and fast. Famine in Ireland and political upheavals in Germany and Austria, as well as the gold rush in California, were causing many people to migrate great distances, unwittingly playing a global game of tag in which "you're it" spread germs that led to sickness and oftentimes death.

By 1880, the cause of cholera was known (it is spread through food or water that has been contaminated with human waste), but in 1849 the origins of the sickness were disputed. Some blamed the malady on miasmas (foul-smelling odors emanating from decomposing matter); others blamed such things as dietary indiscretions, the consumption of alcohol, and even the wrath of God.

William Kollenborn and his family, living just across the Mississippi River from St. Louis, no doubt had some concerns about the disease, and probably had some friends who had died from it, and may have even been sick (but recovered) themselves.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

California, so recently a part of Mexico, wanted admittance into the Union. The September 3, 1849 statehood assembly, held in Monterey, included a resident of the Trinity River mining camps, as reported the book *Eldorado, the California Gold Rush* by Dale Walker:

The commissioners represented all populated areas of California, from San Diego north to the Trinity River mining camps of the Oregon border country.

As to the new State's boundaries, some delegates wanted California to reach all the way to the Rockies.

1850

The Bear

"In the year 1850 my people had never heard of the present white race, and we were then making our fires with two pieces of wood, one the willow and the other of hardwood." – from the book "To the American Indian, Reminisces of a Yurok Woman" by Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah (Lucy Thompson)

"Some years ago...having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world." – from "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville

- California becomes a State
- Clarence Bailey born east of the Mississippi
- Census

Sacramento, the flat and hot city surly basketball player Charles Barkley once called a "cow town" was more like a fish town in January, less than a year after the severe flooding of the previous year. The future capital of the new state was wiped out by another rash of flooding. The capital of California during Mexican rule had been Monterey. The first capital of the state under U.S. rule was Benicia. Eventually, Sacramento, the site of Sutter's Fort, would become the capital.

California became a State September 9th. But similar to the Missouri Compromise of 1820/1821, when California entered the union it did so with conditions attached: California would be admitted as a free state, but New Mexico and Utah would enter the union with no restrictions on slavery (they would decide for themselves which route they would take regarding the South's "peculiar institution"). More ominously, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed (shades of 1793!), which made it legal for a slave owner to track down runaway slaves in the North and return these to their southern plantations.

Unlike most states, California never went through the probationary "dues-paying" period and process of being a Territory. That is why the "Great Seal of California" prominently features the Roman goddess Minerva, who was reputed to have sprung full blown and grown from Jupiter's brain.

What is it about California that attracted the Shannons, who would move here in the late 1880s and early 1890s from Canada? Many modern people who have never been to California conjure up in their mind images of beaches filled with bikini-clad girls and surfer dudes, sunglass-bedecked Hollywood moguls, smoggy and supercrowded Los Angeles, and not much else. But that's not the real California.

At the time the Shannons came, wheat was king in California, taking over that spot from gold, in the transition in the state's economy from mining to agriculture. The province of Ontario, Canada, was also a wheat-growing area, and the Shannons had been

farmers there. Perhaps this was the draw: a familiar way of life in a warmer clime. Perhaps there were other reasons, completely different ones. The state is certainly not without a panoply of seductions.

California is a land of extremes and contrasts. Within its borders is found the highest point in the contiguous United States, Mt. Whitney (14,495 feet), and in the same (Inyo) County, barely more than fifty miles distant and within view of each other, the lowest point, Death Valley (282 feet below sea level).

A land of superlatives, California, at first primarily a wheat-growing area, would eventually lead the nation in a multitide of crops, such as cotton (ahead of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, et al), peaches (eat your heart out, Georgia!), dairy products (more than the "dairy state" of Wisconsin), etc. From almonds to zucchini, California produces a representative bumper crop from practically every letter of the alphabet. Nearly twenty-five percent of all people who visit the U.S. come to see and experience California.

California is, indeed, a big land, in more ways than one. It is over 150,000 square miles in size--larger than Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Greece combined. In *Blue Highways – a Journey Into America*, William Least Heat-Moon wrote, "I've heard – who knows the truth? – that if you rolled West Virginia out like a flapjack, it would be as large as Texas." If subjected to the same treatment, California would doubtless be *much* larger than Texas.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Clarence Bailey, who was to become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's maternal grandfather, was born this year in either New York or Michigan. The confusion stems from conflicting records. It's possible that he was named Clarence Kenneth or Kenneth Clarence, and some knew him by one name, others by the alternate. At any rate, he and his parents ended up first in Michigan, and then Kansas, before he and his wife and young family moved on to California.

The Erie Canal, linking the Hudson River in New York to the Great Lakes in the upper midwest, was completed in 1825, making westward travel and migration much easier for easterners. It is likely that Clarence's parents, or even grandparents, had taken this route to Michigan, which was viewed as the West in the 1820s.

In his *Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America,* Gottfried Duden had mentioned a need for certain craftsmen in America. One specific instance is: "There is a great lack of glass factories. In St. Louis an ordinary bottle costs twelve and a half cents. The same is true of pottery ware. There is no lack of good clay, and since private rights are no hindrance, a type can soon be found in this large territory that is adapted to finer vessels, together with a site near navigable rivers and dense forests."

As will be seen directly, William Kollenborn was employed as a potter this year. Duden also shows his prescience with the following prediction: "Beer brewers would

soon become rich along the Mississippi; however, they themselves would have to attend to the culture of barley and hops, as up to the present there has not been much interest in raising them here. St. Louis gets its beer from Pittsburgh and even from the Atlantic coast."

St. Louis is the headquarters of Anheuser-Busch, which manufactures Budweiser. Although the quality of their product is (highly and vigorously) debatable, the success of their endeavor, in terms of sales, is indisputable.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In the 1850 census, Albert Kollenborn's great-grandfather William was listed as a seventeen-year old potter in Upper Alton, Madison County, Illinois. He was living in the Mary A. Kollenborn household. As she was sixty years of age, she must have been his mother or possibly even grandmother. Nine years earlier, in 1841 (at the age of fifty-one), Mary had wed George Hoffman in Illinois. If Mary was indeed William's mother, this was doubtless not her first marriage, but the condition or whereabouts of William's father is unknown.

And what happened to Mr. Hoffman—did he die? Were he and Mary divorced, she returning to her maiden name? The answer to those questions remain elusive.

For what it's worth, William's son James (who would be born 1862) would name one of his two sons George, perhaps for George Hoffman, and one of his daughters Mary Charlotte, perhaps for both Mary Kollenborn (his grandmother? Great-grandmother?) and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn, his mother.

Mary was, according to the census, born in Germany in 1790 (the same year Thomas Shannon was born in Ireland), whereas William is recorded as having been born in Illinois (as mentioned previously, William may have in fact been born in Germany or on the ship over to America).

Also residing in the Mary Kollenborn household at the time were Lewis Kollenborn, fifteen, attending school, born in Illinois, and three females surnamed Lawrence: Elizabeth, thirty years old; Clarey, nine years of age; and Gusty, seven; Elizabeth, apparently the mother, had been born in Pennsylvania, but all of her daughters had been born in Illinois. Perhaps Elizabeth was Mary's widowed or divorced daughter.

The Kollenborn family seems to have resolutely resisted or roundly rejected migration to California for a long time. William was the "right age" for the gold rush, but was apparently content to remain in the midwest. Many of the Shannons, on the other hand, did not pass go or collect $200 when they made the move from Canada to the United States. They went straight to California—and stayed there—for the most part living no where else since their arrival. Will Shannon arrived in the golden state at the age of fifteen and stayed. His son Theodore never lived anywhere else, nor did *his* son, also named Theodore.

In 1850, Shannons in the U.S. were predominantly residing in Missouri; as of 1920, there would be more Shannons in Tennessee than any other state; by 1990 they would be "everywhere" in the United States, as well as all over Canada and Australia.

In early 2004, public records of people surnamed Kollenborn existed in twenty-four of the United States, but none in their original two states of Illinois and Missouri (to which latter state they would migrate in the 1860s).

George Gorham was listed in the census as a thirty-one year old mariner, living in Nantucket, Massachusetts in the same household with: his father William, who is listed as being a sixty-one year old carpenter; his stepmother Tamar, sixty; and his twenty-eight year old half-brother Francis W., whose entry contains the word "idiotic" under the column labeled "Whether deaf or dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper, or convict."

William had only one child with his first wife Mary (George), almost surely none with his second wife Betsy Swain, and one (Francis) with his third and final wife Tamar.

Records contained in *San Francisco Ship Passenger Lists* by Louis J. Rasmussen show two ships that arrived in San Francisco in this time period that had a Gorham listed as being on the ship:

In the case of the vessel that arrived on April 29th, 1850, the *Gold Hunter,* a Captain Gorham (no first name given) was among those on board. This could not have been George, since to arrive at that time, the ship must have left Massachusetts several months earlier (before the census was taken).

The second ship, *Capitol*, sailed from Richmond, Virginia and arrived March 1st, 1853. The captain of this ship was surnamed Gorham (again, no first name was recorded). These two Gorhams may well have been the same person in both the 1850 and 1853 voyages, in which case it was not George. If they were not the same person, the second one could have been George. If so, it is likely that George settled in California for good soon after that 1853 voyage, possibly leaving the ship after arrival in California.

Chances are, though, that the Gorhams captaining those ships were not George, but distant relatives of his. Although George listed himself as a mariner on at least one California census, thereafter he worked as a laborer in California. A former ship captain probably would not have been reduced to that circumstance.

1851

The Bay of Indians

"The dollar sways the thoughts of the multitude, and of what avail are the little words of a few against such unspeakable madness." --from "California, An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State" by Arthur T. Johnson

"To one who has not seen a redwood forest, description is futile." -- from "A Memorial and Biographical History of Northern California. Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World" (by various authors)

♦ Gold rush in Wiyot territory

Just as the discovery of gold in Georgia meant expulsion for the Cherokees on whose land the precious metal was found, it happened the same with the Wiyots when gold was discovered on their land in Humboldt County. As noted earlier, gold had been discovered in nearby Trinity County three years earlier, in 1848. A minor discovery at Gold Bluffs in Wiyot territory did not bode well for the natives. The shiny attractor brought more whites to the area, along with their dubious "progress" and "civilization."

The Wiyot people had inhabited an area on California's northern coast from south of Rio Dell to north of McKinleyville for thousands of years. In the common nomenclature of the day, the Wiyots were often referred to as the Humboldt or Eel River tribes, also Humboldt Bay Indians and Klamath River Indians. The area in which they live has long been renowned for its majestic redwood forests and thick salmon runs. Before the coming of EuroAmericans, Wiyot people around Humboldt Bay hunted the area's wildlife, fished for salmon and gathered roots for medicine, food, and basketry.

Humboldt Bay had remained hidden to three centuries of Spanish and English mariners. And so the tribe had not been affected by the Spanish, whose string of mission-prison camps extended only as far north as San Francisco Bay. In June 1775, Spaniards Bruno de Heceta and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Cuadra had spent nine days in a small harbor fifteen miles north of Humboldt Bay. On Trinity Sunday they held a Catholic Mass on the bluff overlooking the bay and named the place Trinidad. Both Trinity River and Trinity County were later named for the bay, as it was mistakenly thought that Trinity River emptied into it (in actuality, Trinity River empties into the Klamath River).

What's in a name? In this case, a source of aggravation for many. Because of the name, in 1850 thousands of gold miners were misled into seeking to find the gold fields on the Trinity River by starting out from Trinidad Bay, thinking it would lead them to the Trinity River, which it didn't.

Lookouts on the mastheads of Briton Sir Francis Drake's ships in 1579 and Spaniard Sebastian Vizcaino's in 1603 probably saw Humboldt Bay (though not its entrance, which is hidden by sand dunes) during their voyages.

British explorer George Vancouver spent what he described as three "gloomy and unpleasant" days in the area in 1793; the area was well-known to Russian fur traders by then, too. These Russian fur traders, who had devastated other areas, were initially uninterested in the sandy shores of the Humboldt Bay area, as they did not consider it a primier sea-otter habitat. However, the first white to enter and chart Humboldt Bay was an American in their employ, Jonathan Winship, who was there for the sea-otters. Winship called it "The Bay of Indians."

In 1845, the Humboldt River was named by John C. Fremont for German explorer and naturalist Baron Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, who had explored the area earlier. Humboldt wrote to thank Fremont, who was the first person to name something for him on the North American Continent.

Once the bay's location was made known, many EuroAmericans arrived and described the bay in glowing terms. For example, Charles Gilman wrote in 1850:

…The land is the most beautiful I ever saw—large hills sloping down to the water, and beautiful plateaus. The red wood, cedar, spruce, hemlock, oak, and alder abound. Fruits such as raspberries, strawberries, currants, hazels, cherries, etc. are abundant. Many fine roots are also found, but what exceeds all I ever saw is the quantity of game and fish. Elk, deer, black and grizzly bear, beaver, otter. Geese, ducks, curlews, snipe, robin, partridge are without number. In this bay so bountifully supplied by nature we have made a location…rich mines are within two days…have every prospect of succeeding in accomplishing the object of our enterprise—by location of suitable land for a township in the neighborhood of the coast mines.

In 1853, John Carr, said:

My first sight of Arcata [Uniontown] was a pleasing one. I thought it one of the most beautiful places for a town I had seen in the State, lying in and surrounded by a beautiful and productive country, with a forest of majestic redwoods for a background, and Humboldt Bay lying in front of it…to me it seemed like an earthly paradise.

And Mrs. R.F. Herrick, wife of the first Indian agent in the area, wrote in 1859:

…We thought Arcata the most beautiful place we had seen in California. The Plaza looked like green velvet, and the dark background of great redwood trees was the most beautiful I had ever seen. When I saw Arcata first, the sun was shining over it. I then thought that the Indian name, which means a bright or sunny spot, was very appropriate.

Gold and natural beauty were not the only things that brought large numbers of EuroAmericans to the area in this time period. Following the Josiah Gregg party's exploration of the area in 1849, whites began to move into the area for various reasons.

The Gregg party, which surveyed the land route from Trinity County to Humboldt Bay and gathered scientific data along the route had been welcomed by Wiyot chief Ki-we-lat-tah.

The Mad River, which was along the part's route, was named such because of bad blood that arose between the Gregg party's leader and the others. Some of the party's members grew impatient over Gregg's perceived dawdling as he gathered scientific samples. Gregg himself didn't keep his cool, either. A member of the party reported about the incident, speaking of the expedition's namesake:

...he indulges in such insulting language and comparisons that some of the party, at best not too amiable in their disposition, came very near inflicting upon him summary punishment by consigning him, instruments and all, to this beautiful river. Fortunately for the old gentleman, pacific councils prevailed, and we were soon ready and off again. This stream, in commemoration of the difficuly I have just related, we called Mad river.

As mentioned, not all contact between the Indians and the whites was antagonistic. In fact, Kentuckian Lewis K. Wood, in particular, was befriended by the Wiyot's chief, who reciprocated the good will.

Unfortunately, though, contact between the two divergent cultures more often than not ended in disaster. Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah of the Yurok tribe wrote that the EuroAmericans forcibly moved any Wiyot who resisted the plunder of their lands to Smith River to live among a rival tribe. Later, they were moved again, this time to the Klamath River, and eventually to the Hupa river reservation on the Trinity River. The resettlement was often bloody, as she describes:

The order came to move them to the Hoopa (Hupa) reservation ... so the Humboldts (Wiyot) were gathered together ... by the soldiers, and were kicked and clubbed, the children thrown in boats, and when killed they were cast into the river.

Life in the region wasn't always without its dangers for the EuroAmericans, either. The aforementioned L.K. Wood was later crippled after being attacked by several grizzly bears while walking in the woods. Josiah Gregg also apparently died on a subsequent journey; neither his body nor his scientific data were ever recovered, though.

Wood had killed grizzly bears on earlier occasions. The encounter he had with grizzlies which ended in grief to himself, referred to above, provides one of the most exciting tales of bear attacks extant. Few have been as severely wounded as Wood and lived to tell the tale. The following account is contained in *History of Humboldt County* by Leigh Irvine, and quotes Woods' own account of his adventure:

We continued our course up the river as best we could, sometimes aided by an Indian or elk trail, at others literally cutting our way along. Upon passing from the forest into a small opening, we came suddenly upon five grizzly bears. Wilson and myself immediately went in pursuit of them, but unfortunately met with no further success than to wound one of them severely. The day following this, while traveling over a piece of mountain prairie,

and passing a small ravine or gulch, we espied a group of no less than eight more of these animals. Although exhausted from fatigue, and so reduced in strength that we were scarcely able to drag ourselves along, yet we determined to attack these grim customers.

It was arranged that I should approach as near as possible and fire, then make the best of my way to some tree for safety. The latter part of the arrangement I did not assent to, for one very good reason--I was so completely prostrated from exposure and starvation that had I the will to run, my limbs would scarcely have been able to execute their functions. We continued to approach our antagonists until within about fifty paces, when I leveled my rifle at the one nearest me, and after careful aim, fired. The shot was, to all appearances, a fatal one, for the huge monster fell, biting and tearing the earth with all the fury of one struggling in death. As soon as I had fired, Wilson said to me, in a low tone of voice, "Run! Run!" Instead, however, of yielding to his advice, I immediately commenced reloading my rifle. Wilson now discharged his gun at another with equal success.

When I had fired, five of the bears started up the mountain. Two now lay upon the ground before us, and a third yet remained, deliberately sitting back upon her haunches and evidently determined not to yield the ground without a contest, looking first upon her fallen companions and then upon us.

Wilson now thought it about time to retreat, and accordingly made the best of his way to a tree. Unfortunately for me, I could not get the ball down upon the powder, and in this predicament, so soon as Wilson started to run, the bear came dashing at me with fury. I succeeded, however, in getting beyond her reach in a small buckeye tree. I now made another effort to force the ball down my rifle but with no better success than at first, and was therefore compelled to use it to beat the bear off as she attacked the tree, for the purpose of breaking it down or shaking me out of it. She kept me busy at this for two or three minutes, when to my astonishment the bear I had shot down, having recovered sufficiently from the effects of the wound, came bounding toward me with all the violence and ferocity that agony and revenge could engender. No blow that I could inflict upon the head of the maddened monster with my gun could resist or even check her.

The first spring she made upon the tree broke it down. I had the good fortune to gain my feet before they could get hold of me, and ran down the mountain in the direction of a small tree, standing about thirty yards distant. Every jump I made I thought must be my last, as I could distinctly feel the breath of the wounded bear as she grabbed at my heels. I kept clear of her while running, but the race was a short one. On reaching the tree, or rather bush, I seized hold of the trunk of it and swung my body around so as to afford the bear room to pass me, which she did, and went headlong down the hill some twenty paces before she could turn back. I exerted all my energies to climb the tree, but before I could get six feet from the ground, the hindermost bear caught me by the right ankle and dragged me down again. By this time the wounded bear had returned, and, as I fell, grabbed at my face. I, however, dodged, and she caught my by the left shoulder. The moments that followed were the most critical and perilous of my life. Here, then, thought I, was the end of all things to me! That I must perish--be mangled and torn to pieces--

seemed inevitable. During all the time I was thus situated, my presence of mind did not forsake me.

Immediately after the second bear had caught me by the shoulder, the other still having hold of my ankle, the two pulled against each other as if to draw me to pieces; but my clothes and their grip giving way occasionally, saved me. In this way they continued until they had stripped me of my clothes, except a part of my coat and shirt, dislocated my hip, and inflicted many flesh wounds--none of the latter, however, being very serious. They seemed unwilling to take hold of my flesh, for, after they had divested me of my clothes, they both left me--one going away entirely, and the other (the wounded bear) walking slowly up the hill, about one hundred yards from me, and there deliberately seated herself and fastened her gaze upon me as I lay upon the ground perfectly still. After several minutes I ventured to move, which, I suppose, she must have seen, for the first motion brought her pell mell upon me again, roaring at every jump as loud as she could roar. At this moment, I must confess, my presence of mind nearly forsook me. I knew that if she again attacked or took hold of me it must be upon my naked flesh. No sooner had she reached me than she placed her nose violently against my side, and then raised her head and gave vent to two of the most frightful, hideous and unearthly yells that were ever heard by mortal man. I remained perfectly quiet, hoping that by so doing she would leave me, and in this hope I was not disappointed, for after standing over me a short time she again walked away. I now thought she had left for good, and determined to place myself, if possible, beyond her reach, should she, however, return again.

Up to this time I was unconscious of the extent of the injury I had received; that an accident had befallen my leg I was well aware, but not until I attempted to get up was my true situation manifest to me. I then found that I could not use my right leg, and supposed it was broken.

Turning to look about me, to assure myself that my enemy had retired, imagine my surprise at seeing her again not more than one hundred yards distant, sitting back upon her haunches and her eyes glaring full at me. With my leg in the condition I have related, I dragged myself to the buckeye bush, from which I had been pulled down by the bear, and after much difficulty succeeded in climbing up about eight feet. So soon as Wilson had discovered me up the tree, he left his tree and came to me. The bear seeing him, came bounding toward us with great ferocity. Wilson cried, "What in the name of God shall I do?" I replied that he could come up the limb of the adjoining tree, and he was barely able to get beyond reach, before she arrived. She deliberately seated herself immediately beneath us, and kept her eyes steadily upon us, and as either one or the other of us happened to move, she would utter an angry growl. I observed Wilson present his rifle at her, and not shooting immediately, I said: "Shoot her--for God's sake, shoot her--for she is the beast that did me all the injury I have received!" He watched her eyes closely for a moment with his aim still fixed upon her, and when I again repeated my request for him to shoot, he replied: "No, sir; let her go--let her go, if she will."

After having detained us in this situation for a few minutes, she went away, and disappeared altogether, much to our joy and relief--thereby giving me an opportunity to get down from the tree.

Now that all fear of interruption from our late visitor was passed, I began fully to realize my true condition. The wounds I received became momentarily more painful. As soon as the remainder of the party came up, I was carried some distance down the mountain to a place suitable for camping. Here we remained twelve days, subsisting entirely upon the meat afforded by the bear Wilson shot in the late encounter.

Wood was seriously wounded, and he and his partners had to stay in camp for two weeks, as he could not be moved. Their case finally became critical enough, due to lack of food and water, that Wood told them to either arrange for the Indians to care for him or simply shoot him--he didn't want to die of starvation, and didn't feel he could bear to travel with his severe injuries.

Eventually, though, after being treated by the Indians with a variety of herbs, and resting a little more, Wood did end up having himself strapped onto a horse and transported out of there. He bore the effects of the grisly grizzly encounter for the remainder of his life, though.

Besides the lure of gold, the “invasion” of whites into Humboldt County also took place partly as a result of the war with Mexico ending. Many soldiers were given land in California on the successful termination of hostilities. Mariners, farmers, and ranchers also poured into California, many of them settling in the Wiyot’s traditional territory.

1852

Caught Red-Handed

"Liberty! - the electric word! What is it? Is there anything more in it than a name - a rhetorical flourish? Why, men and women of America, does your heart's blood thrill at that word, for which your fathers bled, and your braver mothers were willing that their noblest and best should die?...To your fathers, freedom was the right of a nation to be a nation. To him [George Harris], it is the right of a man to be a man, and not a brute; the right to call the wife of his bosom his wife, and to protect her from lawless violence; the right to protect and educate his child; the right to have a home of his own, a religion of his own, a character of his own, unsubject to the will of another." -- from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Harriet Beecher Stowe

- Massacre of Wailakkis
- Massacre of Wiyots
- *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Although it is possible that Susan Lucky belonged to one of the other tribes who lived in the area, such as the Karok, Yurok, Chimariko, Mattole, Norelmuk, Wintu, or Wailakki, it seems most likely (albeit based on circumstantial evidence only) that she was Wiyot.

Census takers of the time did not customarily worry about which particular tribe a person belonged to, and so did not specify tribal information along with the rest of the census data. Susan was simply described in the census as being "full-blooded Indian." Some claim the Shannons in Trinity County have Wailakki blood, but the Wailakki were originally from Chico, and were not brought to Round Valley (near Ukiah, in Mendocino County, which borders Humboldt County) until around 1858. So Susan, who was born in Humboldt County in the 1840s, was probably not Wailakki.

Besides Wiyot and Wailakki, there is another relatively strong possibility regarding Susan's tribal affiliation. As reported in the book *In My Own Words; Stories, Songs, and Memories of Grace McKibbin, Wintu* by Alice Shepherd, Grace McKibbin had a first cousin once removed named Kate Lucky. As Grace was born 1894, her father was probably born around 1870. As cousins are normally approximately the same age as one another, Grace's father's cousin (Grace's first cousin once removed) was probably also born around 1870. Susan Lucky, born 1840 or, more likely, 1846 or 1847, was apparently of the prior generation and, if related to Kate, was most likely her aunt.

After the 1860 massacre, when the remaining Wiyots merged with neighboring bands from other tribes (such as the Wailakki, as well as the Yurok, Karok, and the Mattole), it is conceivable that Susan either took on the surname of a family with whom she lived, or that the census taker recorded her surname as being "Lucky" due to the fact that she was then residing with a family of that name. At any rate, all of these tribes were small, and it is quite likely that intermarriage was not a rare event for them.

As noted earlier, Susan was born on Eel River Island, which was Wiyot territory and is very close to Table Bluff, the location of the Wiyot's main rancheria in modern times. Based on the location of her birth, where she was known to have lived throughout her life--where she was also buried--as well as the fact that her son-in-law John Silva instructed his grandson Henry Look to give his (Silva's) land to the Wiyot tribe upon his death, his mother-in-law Susan was most likely a member of that tribe.

All three of the tribes which seem most likely to be Susan's, the Wiyot, the Wintu, and the Wailakki, experienced massacres around this time. The Wiyot and the Wailakki both suffered such this year, 1852. As we will see, though, the massacre of Wiyots in 1860 far outshadows the one that took place this year, in terms of scale and ruthless barbarity.

The massacre of Wailakkis occurred at Natural Bridges in Trinity County on April 23rd. About forty years after the massacre, a group of men organized themselves into a group, calling themselves "The Old Settlers." The men who had participated in the massacre, or had been residents of Weaverville, related their recollections. One of the men who had been in the area in April 1852 recalled:

When the shooting stopped, and the guns, screams, and yelling had quieted, the bark teepees were in full blaze. The air was filled with the odor of burning flesh. I walked along the outer edge of the little valley. I had seen some Indians trying to escape near the edge. As I walked, I heard a gurgling, cooing sound. Turning over the body of a young squaw, I found a live infant in her arms. I took that child up and finding no wounds on its body, I carried it to a stream and washed away the blood. Then I wrapped it in a warm blanket and set it against the root of a pine tree, near the campfire. Soon, a lot of the boys came up to inspect my find. I was telling them about finding the child, when another group came near. This was a group of men who had been drinking too freely.

They wanted to kill the baby. They were killing anyone they might find still alive. Myself and some others, with guns drawn, stopped the killing. Two others were found alive, to the best of my knowledge. One was a girl of about fourteen or fifteen, maybe older. She had a wound in her abdomen. Also, there was a boy of about nine or ten years old who was not injured. I could not bear to see any of these children killed or left to starve, since there were no adults remaining to care for them. Some of us decided to take them back to the mines at Weaver Creek, near the main Trinity River.

On the long trip back to Weaver Creek, we had to cross a high mountain ridge which still had snow banks. It was a hard climb up and then a long trek down, over very rough country. We did have the advantage of some Indian trails which appeared to be very ancient, and which probably had provided the Indians with trading routes between the mighty Trinity River and the inland, high mountain hunting grounds. Later I would learn that the place where we had found the Indians was a favorite 'resort' for them in the warm season, and that they had gathered there for a Springtime Renewal. As I recall, it took about three days hard hiking to get back to Weaver, and since I was carrying the little girl and my gear, it was especially tough for me.

I was from a more civilized country and unused to this rough terrain before I had tackled the long trek from Ohio to California. Some of the men still had whiskey, and some were carrying "trophies" on poles. It is my best guess that these were either men who had come from frontier backwoods, or men who had completely lost their minds. ... When I arrived in town, I turned the little girl over to the care of Mrs. Ewing, whose husband owned the only hotel in town, if such dwellings could be called a 'hotel.' The accomodations were not such as you would expect now. It was a large room filled with bunk beds, and each bed had a blanket which was inhabited with bugs of unknown variety.

I believed Mrs. Ewing would care for the little brown child, who I judged to be about two years old. I heard later that a Mrs. Harper somehow came to be in possession of the child, but I know also that her husband got himself arrested and taken to trial at Oroville - I heard he robbed a woman on a stagecoach where he and the old woman were passengers. I believe Mr. Harper was in the Queen City of Shasta when he was arrested, and when she heard of his plight, Mrs. Harper got a mule and taking the child, she headed for Shasta. Rumor had it that, before coming to the mines in California, Mr. & Mrs. Harper had plied the cards on a Mississippi River boat for some time, but that is just a rumor I cannot verify.

Anyway, I heard that by the time she reached Shasta, she had decided that she could not, or should not take the Injun child with her. It was there that she sold the baby to a mule teamster who gave her forty-five dollars for the child, and he brought the baby who became known as Ellen, back to Weaver Creek. Some time later, I heard that the teamster and his wife kept the child and raised her in their household. I guess she is still with their family in Weaver - or so I have heard.

Between 1852 and 1864, the natives in the region were nearly exterminated. Many of the women who survived did so because they were either under the “protection” of white owners who used them as slaves or concubines, or who in some cases married them. The other option open to them was to lead an isolated life in the mountains, running and hiding from the EuroAmericans.

In one case, a young Indian girl was kidnapped by a white man--twice. Both times she escaped. He set out after her, to track her down and bring her in a third time, but the girl’s tribe found him first, and killed him.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

It was in this era and area that Susan Lucky married George Gorham. It is impossible to know now whether their alliance was one borne of romance, expedience, necessity, or a “lesser of two evils” choice made by Susan (assimilate or be annihilated). One thing we know for certain: Susan wasn’t “registered” at Wal*Mart in order to make it easier for her friends to purchase appropriate bridal gifts.

Susan's Wiyot people were also the victims of a massacre that year, foreshadowing the worse one to come eight years later: In February, two white men living on the west side of Eel River, near Humboldt Bay, were murdered and their house robbed. Owing to high water, it was several weeks before news of the murders reached the settlements. When the news did get out, groups of volunteers were hastily assembled at Eureka and other nearby communities. A rancheria of unsuspecting Wiyot Indians, living on the bay, was pounced upon and several Indians were killed. The posse then rode up the Eel River and killed some fifteen other natives—all without making any effort to discover just who the guilty Indians were—if, in fact, Indians *were* the murderers.

Not all whites agreed with this type of vigilante "justice," though. Redick McKee, Indian agent in the area, wrote a long letter to California Governor John Bigler, wherein he blamed the troubles on the whites and pleaded that measures be taken to "vindicate the laws of the country, as well as of humanity, and…bring some of these desperadoes to punishment."

If Susan Lucky did not suffer directly from or at least witness the 1852 massacres, she may have in 1860, possibly even losing one or both of her parents in one incident or the other. She was probably six years old in 1852, fourteen in 1860.

The Wintu also suffered a devastating attack, known as the Bridge Gulch Massacre, from which there was only one survivor, an eight year old boy who "played dead" and, under cover of the thick gun smoke, crawled uphill through a gulch to escape the scene.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Civil War, almost ten years in the future, did not arise overnight or come as a complete surprise. Animosity between the agricultural south and the industrial north had been building for decades. Slavery was one of, but certainly not the only, point of contention between the two disparate regions. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* engendered strong anti-slavery feelings among people formerly ignorant, undecided, or apathetic about the issue, and hardened the resolve of those who were already abolitionists. She accomplished this by putting names and faces--albeit fictional--to the unwilling inmates of the peculiar institution.

It has been said that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Whether or not that is true, in this case the pen seems to have led to the sword. Abraham Lincoln is thought to have once referred to Mrs. Stowe as "the little lady who wrote the book that made this big war."

The "little lady's" novel retained its popularity long after the Civil War ended. Even decades later, troupes of traveling actors recreated the story on stage throughout the country, even in small towns.

1854

Tong War in Trinity

"It was a very bad battle as so few were killed." – from the newspaper "The San Francisco Bulletin"

- Chinese Tong War in Weaverville
- U.S. Grant leaves Humboldt

By 1854, a little less than forty years from when the Shannons would arrive in Trinity County, nearly two thousand Chinese people lived and worked in and around Weaverville, the county seat. For those familiar with the remoteness and sparse population of the area today, this figure is made more comprehensible when you take into account that more people lived in the area in the gold-rush 1850s than at any time since.

You might wonder why the Chinese came to California. Did they have no idea of the abuse they would suffer at the hand of the EuroAmericans? Wouldn't they have been better off remaining in China? Although it's impossible to give a definitive answer to these questions, there was a compelling reason for many of them to leave their homeland: A Civil War, called the T'ai P'ing Rebellion, raged in China from 1849 to1864.

The Chinese immigrants earned a reputation as tireless workers, and so were much in demand as laborers, carpenters, cooks, and house servants (the television show "Bonanza," set in western Nevada, just across the California state line, depicted a ranching family which employed a Chinese cook).

In the mines, though, things were different. Resentment of foreigners was epidemic among many of the prospectors, and the Chinese in particular were favorite targets of bigotry. The Chinese were different: They took work at lower wages than others; wore queues (pigtails), baggy trousers, and "coolie" hats made of split bamboo; carried buckets and bags of belongings suspended from a bamboo pole across their shoulders; preferred opium over whiskey, dried fish over beef, rice over beans, and tea over coffee; had a sing-song language and a "heathen" religion.

In the "diggings" the Chinese often worked abandoned claims, sifting tailings and dumps, but then were driven off if the waste gravel produced a bit of gold. A common phrase in the mines for a particularly worthless prospect was "one even a Chinaman would pass by. "

Although chased off the better claims, and only allowed to work the land rejected by whites, Chinese miners had to pay a four dollar per month "head tax." White miners paid no such tax—it applied to foreigners only.

As if the whites weren't enough of an enemy, this year a one-day war was waged between two Chinese "tongs," or factions, identified as the Cantons and the Hongkongs.

After a Canton leader was killed, his tong issued a challenge to the other and a ‘battle’ was scheduled by mutual agreement to take place one month later.

The rival tongs had been quarreling for months, and their animosity was, if not instigated, at least exacerbated by some of the whites in the area. Despite what Edwin Starr says in his song “War,” war is good for more than just the undertaker: it ramps up the economy, something enjoyed especially by non-participant merchants. As a result of the impending conflict, in July every blacksmith in Weaverville and surrounding camps was busy making weapons—spears with three prongs or curved hooks affixed to fifteen-foot-long poles; stabbing and hacking swords, and shields of iron or plaited straw.

For some of those provoking the hostilities, it may have been more of a lark or simply a chance to have some “fun” at others’ expense--a practical joke turned deadly serious.

The local sheriff, a man named Lowe, tried to prevent the battle, but was unable. The two "armies" drilled and paraded. Finally, on the day of battle, July 14, the two tongs assembled at Five Cent Gulch near Weaverville. Both sides heralded their advent with horns and gongs, each force carrying heavy two-handed swords, pikes, daggers, shields, and bright banners on long poles. The white throng of two thousand white miners not only observed, but also bet on the outcome and served as military advisors.

The armies continued marching and parading for two hours, hurling insults and threats. Finally, they clashed. Some accounts of the fight claim that the Canton tong outnumbered the Hongkong tong three to one (four hundred men to one hundred thirty). Whatever the case, the Hongkongs forced the Cantons into an untenable position, dividing their force among the crowd of spectators, and defeated them. The casualty tally was at least seven Chinamen killed and twenty to thirty wounded in the ten-minute battle.

The *San Francisco Bulletin*, true to a prevalent sentiment of the day, reported on the event as quoted above.

Before long, most of the Chinese left Trinity County, due mainly to a change in the economy. By the 1860s, mining in the area was pretty much played out, and many of the Chinese had gone to work building the Transcontinental railroad across the Sierra Nevada mountains. The Chinese did not leave without a trace, though. The Weaverville Joss House, where they worshiped, still exists. Also, miles of boulders, carefully piled along Trinity Alp streams, testify to their hard work while mining

This is not to say that mining operations completely dried up. Large scale gold mining went on into the 1930s, in fact. And the population did not completely wither, either: by the late 1800s, “red gold” (redwood lumber) and other types of wood would be the primary source of income in the area, as logging and sawmilling operations grew stronger. In fact, logging, along with ranching, is what would occupy Theodore Roosevelt Shannon throughout his life in Trinity County.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Future Civil War general and U.S. President U.S. Grant resigned his commission as a Captain in the Army in the middle of the year after a bleak five months at Fort Humboldt. Grant did not get along with his commanding officer, who was considered a martinet and a stickler for detail--traits that were bound to rankle the down-to-earth, no-frills Grant. The weather was also predominantly wet and gloomy during Grant's stay on the coast. Above all, perhaps, he missed his family.

1856

Spanning the Big Muddy

"The Mississippi River – too damned muddy to drink, too wet to plow." – U. S. Grant

"The European nations found us here and were made aware that it was possible for man to exist and subsist here…" – Pleasant Porter, Creek Indian

♦ The first Bridge across the Mississippi River

A great facilitator in allowing a migration of peoples from east to west was the bridging of the Mississippi River. The first bridge was built across the "Big Muddy" this year, connecting Rock Island, Illinois with Davenport, Iowa.

Black Hawk, whose home had been near Rock Island and who died on a reservation in Iowa, had only been dead eighteen years when this monumental event took place. Crossing the Mississippi River instantly became a safer proposition, more family- and "user"-friendly. The floodgates of humanity that would stream across the current of the river now began in earnest.

The Kollenborns' first home in the United States had been on the east side of the Mississipi, in Illinois, a little north and east of St. Louis. They were among those who would, just a few years later, cross the Mississippi, probably via a bridge, on their migration westward from Illinois to Missouri.

1857

Islands in the Stream

"Our Civil War was a blot on our history, but not as great as the buying and selling of Negro souls." – Mark Twain

"Emerson has said that consistency is a virtue of an ass. No thinking human being can be tied down to a view once expressed in the name of consistency. More important than consistency is responsibility. A responsible person must learn to unlearn what he has learned. A responsible person must have the courage to rethink and change his thoughts. Of course there must be good and sufficient reason for unlearning what he has learned and for recasting his thoughts. There can be no finality in rethinking." – B. R. Ambedkar

- Dred Scott case
- Robert E. Huddleston born
- Thomas Shannon dies

The controversy caused by the Dred Scott case edged the nation a step closer to war. Dred was a slave who had been taken to the non-slave States of Illinois and Wisconsin by his owner, an army surgeon named John Emerson, before being brought back to Missouri. Mr. Scott sued for his freedom, on the basis of having lived in those free States. The Supreme Court did not see things Dred's way, though. In fact, Chief Justice Roger Taney went so far as to say that blacks were not citizens, and were "so inferior that they had no rights which a white man was bound to respect."

Mr. Scott lived in Illinois at the time the Kollenborns were there, and they no doubt knew about his trials. Although most Germans were anti-slavery (in fact, some historians claim that the German population in Missouri were responsible for preventing that State from seceding from the union), it is impossible to know from this distance of time what the Kollenborns' exact thoughts were on the issue in general or the Dred Scott case in particular.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Robert Huddleston, Albert Kollenborn's maternal grandfather, was born in Tennessee in the mid-to-late 1850s. Various documents report the year of birth as being 1856, 1857, and 1858. And so the middle in those range of years is chosen as his theoretical birth year.

Robert's grandmother Sally attempted to bring her five children to Missouri from Claiborne County, Tennessee. Robert's father/Sally's son John Wesley Huddleston was twenty years old at the time. Robert must have been very young, since he was born in Tennessee and not Missouri. Based on what is known, then, this move must have

occurred in the mid-to-late 1850s. Unfortunately, Sally died on the trip west. If her husband Benjamine was still alive, he was apparently not with the family.

The orphaned children were placed with various families on their arrival in Missouri. Nine-year old Lizzie (Ruth Elizabeth) stayed with her older brother John Wesley (and presumably his wife, whose name is not known), along with young Robert. Lizzie may have been more of a second mother than an aunt to Robert, who ended up naming his daughter--who would become Albert Kollenborn's mother--after her (more on that in the 1889 chapter).

Most of this branch of the Huddleston family lived in and around Lexington, Missouri, by the early 1900's. Lexington is only about fifty-two miles from Carrollton, where Robert's daughter Lizzie would marry James Branstuder in 1914, and also about fifty-two miles from Brunswick, where Lizzie and her family (including her son from her first marriage, Albert Kollenborn) lived in the 1910s and 1920s.

In his book "Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America" Duden helps explain why the Kollenborns may have chosen this part of Missouri in which to live: "On the north side of the Missouri, the extent of fertile land is very great. The emigration of Americans from the older states has been tending to favor this direction."

It is claimed that Huddleston is a Tennessee Cherokee name. It is also a Scots name, meaning "Huddle stone," or stone from a place named Huddle (or some variation of that spelling). Although no known pictures of Robert Huddleston exist, his daughter Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston, Albert's mother, looked as if she could easily be part Indian:

Picture of (from left to right) Lula Mae Branstuder, Ruie Lee Elizabeth "Lizzie" (Huddleston) Branstuder, and (behind them) Jim Branstuder, at their home in Hiwasse, Arkansas in the 1930s

Robert's mother Laura (Lee) is listed in the 1930 census as having been born in Oklahoma. Other data claims Kentucky as her state of birth, though. She was likely born in the 1830s, or possibly as late as the early 1840s. If they were Cherokee, it is quite possible that Robert's maternal grandparents had been forced to travel to Oklahoma from Tennessee on the Trail of Tears. Why and how Laura relocated in the opposite direction, from Oklahoma back to Tennessee, giving birth to Robert there, is unknown. Perhaps some who were forced west during the Indian Removals disliked Oklahoma enough or missed their native land enough to return there, regardless of the danger.

In *The Surnames of Scotland* by George F. Black, it is stated that Huddlestons have been in America since 1620, with the arrival of Captain John Huddleston, master of the *Bona Nova*. Recall that this Huddleston came to the assistance of the Puritans in Plymouth when they were in need of food in the early years. By 1850, the Huddlestons were living predominantly in Iowa and Missouri.

It is unknown whether these Huddlestons had any direct familial relation to Mark Twain's friend and benefactor Henry Huddleston Rogers. Henry was given his mother's maiden name as his middle name, as was common practice at the time. Shannon family members who bore their mother's maiden names as their middle name include George Raymond Gorham, possibly Esther Silva Nelson (some documents show her middle name as Silva, but others as Sylvia), and Jeremiah Bliss Nelson (who coincidentally had both a paternal grandfather as well as a maternal great-grandfather also named Jeremiah).

Another naming convention of the day was to give your child the first and middle name of a famous personage's first name and surname. Examples of this practice among the Shannon and Kollenborn families include Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and his brother Calvin Coolidge Shannon, Henry Harrison Kollenborn, Andrew Jackson Green, and Mary Magdalene Haecker. Also, Jeremiah Bliss Nelson's father was Benjamin Franklin Nelson.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Thomas Shannon, the patriarch of the Shannons on the American continent, died this year in Canada at 64 years of age.

1859

Drawing the Line

"All right,then--I'll go to hell!" – from "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain

- John Brown's body a-molderin' in the grave
- Movement to split California
- William Kollenborn and Charlotte Angeline Hilly wed

Radical, some would even say "crazed," abolitionist John Brown raided the federal armory at Harper's Ferry, Virginia this year. Brown and his band of extremists were hoping to steal weapons with which to arm blacks and lead a slave revolt. Their efforts backfired, though: Brown was captured by Robert E. Lee, and eventually hanged. Present at his execution were U.S. Army soldiers John Wilkes Booth and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson. Brown's martyrdom on December 12th was yet another event that spotlighted the slavery issue and moved the nation one step closer to war. Herman Melville called Brown "the meteor of the war."

John Brown and Robert E. Lee had something in common that they also held in common with Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War: they felt they were instruments in the hands of God, doing his will.

Nowadays, Harper's Ferry is no longer in Virginia, but rather in West Virginia. The town has not changed sites. During the Civil War, West Virginia (which has been described as the "homeland of crotchety backwoodsmen and squirrel hunters") did not want to secede from the Union, and so it formed a new free and pro-Union state.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Whereas the Civil War led to the division of Virginia into two states, the same conflict may have *prevented* California from going down that road. In this year of 1859, State senator Andres Pico succeeded in getting a bill passed by the legislature calling for the horizontal separation of California into Northern and Southern sections.

This idea to split California in two was not new. Back in 1851, the *Los Angeles Star* editorialized that Southern California would be better off as a Territory dependent upon the federal government than as six counties neglected by the state. The South, the newspaper said, received hardly anything for its tax dollar. The idea was to form the new Territory of Colorado from what was at the time the southern part of California. Pico's bill was approved by popular vote in the state and was then sent to Congress for consideration. The outbreak of the Civil War destroyed its chances of becoming a reality.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

William Kollenborn and Charlotte Angeline Hilly were united in marriage March 7th in western Illinois. They would become the great-grandparents of Albert Kollenborn.

1860

Massacres, Emancipators, and Wiry Fellows

"What amount of suffering it takes to make a man a babe-killer, is a question for future moralists." – Bret Harte, February 29th, 1860

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere." – Martin Luther King Jr.

"South Carolina is too small for a republic and too large for an insane asylum." – James L. Petigru

- Lincoln elected President
- The Pony Express
- Massacre of Wiyots near Eureka, California
- Census

When considering what happened of import on the national scene in 1860, many Americans would think first of Abraham Lincoln's victory in that year's Presidential campaign. For others, the beginning of the Pony Express may also come to mind. For a much smaller number of people, the year 1860 may bring to mind the orchestrated wanton slaughter of Wiyot (WEE-ot) Indians that took place simultaneously at three locations near Eureka, California in the winter of that year.

A common thread in these three events is the untimely demise of all the subjects: Just five years later, in 1865, Lincoln was assassinated by a thespian named John Wilkes Booth; the Pony Express was dealt a death blow by the telegraph less than 20 months after its inception; and hundreds of Wiyots, many of them in the prime of life, were murdered. In fact, as can be readily deduced from Bret Harte's quote above, many of those killed were mere infants.

Another common thread that runs through these events is that the principals (Lincoln, Pony Express, Indians) are all today American icons. But there was no Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. in 1860; the Pony Express was just another enterprise, to be patronized or not, depending on your need for its services; and as for the Indians? They, especially, were not treated as anything special at the time. In fact, as Dee Brown describes in detail in his book "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee," a thirty-year period of especially brutal slaughter of the Indians began in 1860.

Although Lincoln is currently one of the most, if not *the* most, popular U.S. Presidents in history, the 1860 Presidential election was very hotly contested. The South had already threatened to secede from the Union if *any* Republican was elected, even the relatively moderate Lincoln. Illinois Senator Stephen Douglas was no fall guy; he provided a genuine challenge to fellow statesman Lincoln. In fact, only 40% of

Americans cast their ballot for Lincoln--he didn't even appear on the ballot in ten southern States. Still, of course, 40% was more than Douglas and the others received.

While this may appear to be a shockingly low percentage for the man now viewed as The Great Emancipator, it is not all that rare for "only" 40% to vote for the winner in any given election. In actuality, it could only be expected that the majority of citizens would vote for an individual if two conditions were met: the number of candidates running for the office was limited to two; and all members of the populace cast a ballot. The first condition is seldom true. In 1860, for instance, besides the Republican Lincoln and the Democrat Douglas, John C. Breckinridge ran as a Southern Democrat, and John Bell as the Constitutional Union party representative. The second condition (everybody voting) is never true, nor would it ever be in a free society.

Although Lincoln garnered only 40% of the popular vote, he did receive 60% of the electoral votes—180, as compared to 123 for Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell combined. By way of comparison, sixth President James Monroe came as close to being the unanimous choice when he ran uncontested for reelection in 1820 and received 231 of that year's 232 electoral votes.

Some people were more than just a little perturbed by Lincoln's ascendancy to the Presidency. South Carolina seceded shortly after Lincoln's victory, on December 20th. Other southern states soon followed. More on that later, though.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Pony Express offered swift (for the times) delivery of mail along its route from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. The "help wanted" ad for these long-distance jockeys was a beckoning call to adventuresome or desperate people who could meet the following prerequisites:

WANTED: Young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over eighteen. Must be expert riders willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred. Wages $25 per week.

Stated otherwise: Old fat guys, the timid, and those whose demise would cause undue heartache to various and sundry relatives need not apply.

The Pony Express operated like a relay race: the riders spurred their mounts at full speed from one station to the next, where they were relieved by a fresh horse and rider, passing the mail like a baton from one man to the next. Its retinue of riders, which included William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, carried parcels just under 2,000 miles within a ten-day span—averaging upwards of two hundred miles per day!

This work was performed by five hundred horses and eighty riders—forty heading east and forty heading west at any given time. In a total 650,000 miles of travel by the Pony Express riders, only one parcel was lost.

In *Roughing It,* his first nonfiction book, Mark Twain described the phenomenon:

In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the "pony-rider"--the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carrying letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days! Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh and blood to do! The pony-rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing, or sleeting, or whether his "beat" was a level straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind! There was no idling-time for a pony-rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping, by daylight, moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness--just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman; kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed, the transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse went "flying light."

The rider's dress was thin, and fitted close; he wore a "round-about," and a skull-cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race-rider. He carried no arms--he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth five dollars a letter . He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry--his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore a little wafer of a racing-saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes, or none at all. The little flat mail-pockets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized. The stage-coach traveled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day (twenty-four hours), the pony-rider about two hundred and fifty. There were about eighty pony-riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward, and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in the year. We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning, to see a pony-rider, but somehow or other all that passed us and all that met us managed to streak by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims: "HERE HE COMES!" Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling--sweeping toward us nearer and nearer--growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined--nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear--another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away

like a belated fragment of a storm! So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail-sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe.

This exciting and romantic endeavor was short-lived, however. Any who may have sought a long-term career with the Pony Express, which began operation April 3rd, would have been disappointed on November 21st, 1861, less than 600 days later. On that date, the Central Overland Express ceased operation, as their service was made obsolete by the invention and implementation of the telegraph, which provided faster and less expensive delivery of messages.

Samuel Morse had invented the telegraph in 1837, but it wasn't until 1844 that it was mature enough to be of practical use, and a coast-to-coast network of telegraph poles were not completed until 1861, twenty-four years after his invention.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

We now turn our attention to the least-well-known of this year's incidents that we will consider--the coordinated massacre of hundreds of Indians on the northern coast of California. Even many of those who are knowledgeable regarding native Americans are ignorant of this attack. For example, Dee Brown's book *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, which contains a panoply of accounts of Indian massacres between 1860 and 1890, does not even mention this incident. First, some background information:

While stationed at Fort Humboldt, Hiram Ulysses Grant, lonely for his wife and children, complained about the isolation and the cold, wet, weather. The Wiyots in 1860 would have doubtless welcomed a return to their prior condition, that is to say, the isolation that they had previously enjoyed.

According to the 1870 census, Susan Lucky was a full-blooded Indian. As discussed in the 1852 chapter, it is most likely that Susan Lucky was a member of the Wiyot tribe. In each of the three most probable cases of her tribal affiliation, though (that is, whether she was Wiyot or Wailakki or Wintu), her people experienced at least one massacre during this time period.

Susan Lucky was eventually married to George Raymond Gorham, the Yankee sailor born 1819 in Nantucket, Massachusetts. Susan and George would become the great-grandparents of Esther Sylvia Nelson, who would marry Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

Although their marriage was not officially registered with Humboldt County until February 21st, 1869, Susan and George were probably husband and wife for many years prior to that. This assumption is made partly due to their ages in 1869 (Susan was twenty-nine and George was fifty), but mainly because Susan had given birth to their daughter, Mary Abby Gorham, five years prior to that date, in July of 1864.

Most, if not all, Indian women in northwestern California had three lines tattooed on their chins for decoration. One white man described an Indian woman of the time as having "one hundred eleven on her chin." According to illustrations, the "one hundred eleven" on squaws' chins were vertical lines descending to the bottom of their chins from each end of their bottom lip and from just below the middle of the bottom lip.

George Gorham was himself a "marked man." The "1896 County of Humboldt Great Register" stated that he bore a "tattoo on both his wrists." Whether this body decoration stemmed from his time as a mariner, or was an attempt by him to "go native," these markings may have aided him in becoming more readily accepted by his wife's extended family, among whom tattooing of both males and females was customary.

Susan's people were barely considered human by the government and many of its officially recognized citizens. Since Indians were not allowed the right to testify in court, they were easy targets of violence and discrimination. Indian children were still being bought and sold in California at this time. Even kidnapping and slavery of Indians (mostly women and children) was legal as a result of California's 1850 Indian indenture law.

The Indians in general were just an afterthought on census enumerations. California did not issue Indian roll numbers until 1929, thirty-five years after Susan's death (meaning that they did not keep close track of which Indians belonged to which tribes). Yet it was not that whites were simply *ambivalent* about the Indians. Sadly, it was worse than that—many whites hated the original human inhabitants of the land, wanted them driven away, and oftentimes even driven completely out of existence. In 1845, there were 150,000 Indians in California; by 1870, there were only 30,000.

One specific incident where this ugly desire for "ethnic cleansing" manifested itself took place in Humboldt County on February 26th, 1860. This date marks one of California's worst massacres. The slaughter took place on Indian Island, which is one and one half miles long and is situated in Humboldt Bay about that same distance offshore from Eureka. Most of the victims of the massacre were Wiyot women and children.

The massacre was actually coordinated butchery conducted simultaneously at three separate Wiyot villages: the village of Tuluwat on the northern end of Indian island; another village on the island's southern spit; and a mainland village located on the Eel River. The island on which most of the massacre took place has been known by many names through the years: Indian Island, Gunther Island, and Duluwat Island. For the sake of simplicity and consistency, we will stick with the designation Indian Island hereafter.

The Wiyots' "World Renewal" ceremony was being celebrated at Tulawat village (there is also some confusion regarding the actual name or spelling of this village—some refer to it as Duluwat, Oulawat, and even Tutulwat). As was their tradition, the Wiyot men, for the most part, had left the village by nightfall, the plan being to return the next day with supplies. The women and children, along with a few men, were left on the island to rest. The week-long celebration was nearing its end, and many visiting Indians had

already returned home. Winds from the north kept the inhabitants of the North Bay from going home that night, but those who lived south of the island were able to get back to the mainland.

Eureka newspapers of the time exulted at the massacres conducted under cover of darkness by the "good citizens of the area," as they were termed. GOOD HAUL OF DIGGERS ("diggers" being a derogatory term for certain Indians) and TRIBE EXTERMINATED! were two irrationally exuberant headlines that appeared in the *Humboldt Times* regarding the incident.

Not all of the local reporters adopted such a cavalier and callous attitude, though. The man born Francis Brett Harte, who would eventually drop his first name and the second 't' in his middle name, was working at the time as a typesetter and reporter for the *Northern Californian,* a weekly newspaper printed in nearby Union, or Uniontown (now known as Arcata). Harte used as his headline: "INDISCRIMINATE MASSACRE OF INDIANS—WOMEN AND CHILDREN BUTCHERED." His article went on to say:

When the bodies were landed at Union a more shocking and revolting spectacle never was exhibited to the eyes of a Christian and civilized people. Old women, wrinkled and decrepit, lay weltering in blood, their brains dashed out and dabbled with their long, grey hair. Infants scarce a span long with their faces cloven with hatchets and their bodies ghastly with wounds. ...No resistance was made, it was said, to the butchers who did the work, but as they ran or huddled together for protection like sheep, they were struck down with hatchets. Very little shouting was done, most of the bodies having wounds about the head. The bucks were mostly absent, which accounts for the predominance of female victims."

Harte's reports circulated further than the northern California coast. Newspapers in San Francisco and even New York picked up the story. Outsiders began referring to Eureka as "Murderville."

Major G.J. Rains, commander of Fort Humboldt, who came to be known among some circles of whites as an "Indian lover" (obviously meant in a derisive way, rather than as a compliment) made this report to his adjutant general after inspecting the scene:

I have just been to Indian Island, the home of a band of friendly Indians between Eureka and Uniontown, where I beheld a scene of atrocity and horror unparalleled not only in our own country, but even in history, for it was done by man, self-acting and without necessity, color of law, or authority…perpetrated by men who act in defiance of and probably in revenge upon the Government of the State for not sending them arms and having them mustered as a volunteer company for the murder of Indians by wholesale… At any rate such is the opinion of the better class of community as related to me this Sunday morning. I was informed that these men, volunteers calling themselves such, from Eel River, had employed the earlier part of the day in murdering all the women and children of the above island and…midst the bitter grief of parents and fathers, many of whom had returned, I beheld a spectacle of horror of unexampled description…and this

done without cause, other wise, as far as I can learn, as I have not heard of any of them losing life or cattle by the Indians. Certainly not these Indians, for they lived on an island and nobody accuses them.

In a later report, Rains estimated the deaths at approximately 188 Indians, mostly women and children: "55 at Indian Island, 58 at South Beach, 40 on South Fork Eel River and 35 at Eagle Prairie." The first three attacks occurred on the same night; the Eagle Prairie massacre occurred later, although apparently considered by Rains part and parcel of the same campaign of extermination.

Harte's account continued: *"Our Indian troubles have reached a crisis…It is a humiliating fact that the parties who may be supposed to represent white civilization have committed the greater barbarity…We can conceive of no palliation for women and child slaughter. We can conceive of no wrong that a babe's blood can atone for. Perhaps we do not rightly understand the doctrine of 'extermination.' What amount of suffering it takes to make a man a babe-killer, is a question for future moralists. How a human being, who could remember how he had been taught to respect age and decrepitude, who had ever looked upon a helpless infant with a father's eye---could with cruel unpitying hand carry out the 'extermination' that his brain had conceived, who could smite the mother and child wantonly and cruelly, few men can understand."*

A correspondent for the *San Francisco Bulletin* (possibly Harte himself, writing anonymously due to threats made against him) wrote:

Society is completely demoralized on Eel River; and the thugs are largely in the majority, led on by Wiley of the Humboldt Times and by Van Nest (sic) the Sheriff…Young men talk and think of nothing else but hanging and killing young Diggers and their mothers. The pulpit is silent, and the preachers say not a word. In fact, they dare not…Men who detest and abhor the thugging system, from circumstances which surround them are silent.

The wounded, dead, and dying were found all around, and in every lodge the skulls and frames of women and children cleft with axes and hatchets, and stabbed with knives, and the brains of an infant oozing from its broken head to the ground. But five men were killed on Indian Island, and but few elsewhere…so, where is the good to come from these murders of 55 on Indian Island, 58 on South Beach, 40 on South Fork of Eel River previously, and 35 subsequently on Eagle Prairie—188 lives of human beings in all?"

To ensure that their stance on the matter was clear, the *Bulletin* further editorialized:

Individuals constitute a community, and the acts of each member make up the common character of the whole body. It must be expected that villains will grumble and snarl; but it is the duty of the Press, the Bench, the Pulpit and of every honest man, to denounce crime. This is a duty which we owe to heaven and the society in which we live…an active, zealous duty, bringing to justice especially those who out-savage the savage. We must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that in the great day of account and retribution, when the catalogue of human frailties and crimes is read out, we have disapproved sufficiently by our silence alone.

Sheriff Van Ness (misspelled Van Nest in the article excerpted above) was quoted as saying of the massacred Indians, "served them right." He failed to explain why he felt they deserved this fate.

Unfortunately, this attitude was by no means rare. Discussing the mileau in which George Custer grew up, Stephen Ambrose wrote the following in his book "Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors":

Western boys took as their heroes the Indian fighers; killing Indians was the noblest activity…As the frontier advanced, newspaper reporters kept up with it, to send back East impassioned, heroic stories about the mighty conquerors of the red man. The stock adventure stories of the 1840s, sold in cheap paperback editions by the thousands to eager young readers, including Custer, recounted the deeds of the Indian fighters.

Custer's contemporaries on the West coast had also allowed themselves to be taken in by the sordid claptrap sold by the yellow journalists.

It seemed to be common knowledge that Eel River ranchers were the guilty parties. However, regarding the Grand Jury trial which ostensibly convened in order to mete out justice regarding the massacre, an article which appeared in the June 1st, 1860 issue of the *San Francisco Bulletin* said, "Two or three men who were on the last Grand Jury which sat at Eureka, were thugs. The man L__*, is the same person who boasted of having killed sixty infants with his own hatchet at the different slaughtering grounds. This is the same man who peddled whiskey to the U.S. soldiers and the Indian not 18 months ago."

* "The man L__" means Hank Larrabee. Whenever he was mentioned in the newspapers, only an "L" was used, perhaps for fear of retaliation by those who supported his murderous ways. Larrabee had killed Indian children on several occasions previously, and committed another massacre, of Eel River Athapaskans, before finally being driven out of town over a more mundane altercation with other white men in Eureka.

One Wiyot man, described as intelligent and formerly inclined to be friendly to the EuroAmericans, said that he had nothing more to live for after his family had been killed, and that he was going to the mountains with what few of his tribe were left, to fight against the whites.

Susan Lucky was among the survivors, of course. She doubtless lost many friends and acquaintances, and possibly even some relatives. It is unknown whether she even attended the World Renewal celebration. If so, she apparently returned to her home south of the Island prior to the attacks.

George Gorham, who would marry Susan a few years after the massacre, must have possessed some combination of bravery and toughness, or ignorance and foolhardiness, to marry an Indian in those times. Battles between the EuroAmericans and the coastal tribes in the area raged fiercely through 1865.

It seemed that the only two options available to the Indians were assimilation or extermination: The quickest route to assimilation was by marriage—but it was open to women only. Susan apparently chose assimilation.

And, in fact, the Wiyots surviving to this day have been assimilated to one degree or another. The language of the Wiyots is Sulatelik. The word Sulatelik even approaches a tribal designation in its usage. However, the people we refer to as Wiyots never had a distinctive name for themselves. “Wiyot” is in actuality the name of one of their districts, and so the name “Wiyot” is simply one assigned to them by others. The last native speaker of their language died in 1962. There are no full-blooded Wiyots left. Tribal chairperson Cheryl Seidner is three quarters Wiyot.

Despite attempts to eradicate them, the Wiyots still exists. As Ms. Seidner says, “We are still here…we are still a people. We still cast a shadow.” The Wiyot people do more than simply displace air between the sun and the earth, though. A cultural revivification effort is underway. Besides Wiyot basketmaking and dances, the language is being resurrected from conversations taped by a linguist at Berkeley in the 1950s.

When Susan Lucky died in 1894, her people had been reduced from approximately 1,500 to 2,000 prior to 1860 to between 100 and 200 people. What had led to such a dramatic decline in the population of the Wiyot people? According to one source, this rapid reduction in numbers was “due to disease, slavery, target practice, ‘protection’, being herded from place to place* and, of course, massacres.”

* Survivors' descendants describe this shepherding of them as "death marches"

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The 1860 U.S. census found the William Kollenborn family still east of the Mississippi River at this time. William and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn were recorded as residing in Phills Creek Precinct (Fidelity Post office), Jersey County, Illinois. William was then 27, owned no real estate, but had $530 of “personal estate.” Charlotte was 18, and their first child, a son named Julian, was then 5 months old. Another member of the household was two-year-old Bertha Smith, whom they had apparently unofficially adopted—a Kollenborn “tradition” that we will come across again approximately one hundred years later.

John Silva, who would later marry Susan Lucky’s half-Indian daughter, was a Humboldt County farmer/dairyman in the 1860 census.

The Shannons were still in western Ontario Province, Canada. The patriarch of the American Shannons, Thomas, had died just three years prior, in 1857, ten years after his wife Anny had passed away. Their son Robert was now 27 years old, and had not yet married.

Back in New England, seventy-two year old William and seventy-one year old Tamar Gorham, along with their younger (thirty-seven year old) son Francis, are listed in the census as residing in the alms house in Nantucket. George is no longer in the household. By this year at the latest he is in California, as he appears listed in this year's California census.

1861

The Enemy in the Mirror

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand'. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." – Abraham Lincoln, 1858

"The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself." – Ralph Waldo Emerson

"I can do it all." – George McClellan

"My plans are perfect." – Joseph Hooker

"How many times must the cannonballs fly, before they're forever banned?" – from the song "Blowin' in the Wind" by Bob Dylan

- Lincoln Takes Office
- More States secede
- Civil War
- James Shannon joins 16th Michigan Infantry / The Brady Sharpshooters
- Telegraph functional coast-to-coast
- Pony Express ceases operation

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as the 16th President of the United States early this year, destined--along with George Washington--to become one of the two most famous and beloved in the country's history.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

For the most part, though, Lincoln was not a well-liked man in the South. In fact, so upset were the southerners about his moving into the White House that many southern states, one by one, made good on their threats to secede from the Union. By the time Lincoln took office, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi had joined South Carolina in seceding. Within six months Texas, Virginia--the birthplace of seven Presidents--, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee joined the ranks of former members of the United States.

Although they were slave states, the following border states remained with the Union: Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware. At the start of the Civil War, there were eleven states that belonged to the Confederate States of America, while twenty-three remained with the Union. Added to the number of Union states during the War were West Virginia (which had been the northwestern section of Virginia, and included John Brown's old stomping grounds of Harper's Ferry), and Nevada, where Sam Clemens'

brother Orion had been serving as Territorial Secretary (Sam had traveled west with him, partly to get away from involvement in the Civil War).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Lincoln felt the nation must remain united whatever the cost. The Southern States were adamant about deciding for themselves what to do about slavery. The intransigence of both parties led to a conflict that has been called many things. A few of these titles are The War Between the States, The War for Southern Independence, The War of Northern Aggression, The War of the Rebellion and, most commonly, the Civil War. Even in the super-mechanized twentieth-century pandemoniums known as the World Wars, America would not suffer as many casualties. “Only” 117,000 Americans were killed in World War I, and 405,000 in World War II. In the Civil War, 620,000 Americans were killed. The ratio of those killed in battle to total combatants was 1:65. Additionally, 1 in10 were wounded, and 1 of every13 died of disease.

It must be admitted that, if nothing else, the South had it all over the North when it came to picking military leaders with flashy names. Compare P.G.T. (Pierre Gustave Toutant) Beauregard, “Stonewall” Jackson, Robert E. Lee, J.E.B. “Jeb” Stuart, Jubal Early, James Longstreet, and Braxton Bragg (for example) with Hiram Ulysses Grant (U.S. Grant’s real name), George McClellan, Joseph Hooker, and John Pope, et al. But elan, panache, blood-curdling yells, and fancy hats do not win wars. Nor do chivalry, tradition, and mystique.

In this case, not even cannier and more daring leadership always won the day. The South was no match for the north's superior numbers and equipment. The industrial north had 21 million inhabitants; the agrarian South had a total of nine million, four million of which were slaves.

Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter, on Charleston Harbor in South Carolina, on April 12th. The venue was fitting, as South Carolina was the first state of the eventual eleven to secede, and the only one to do so in 1860, before Lincoln had even begun his term in the White House. This attack was answered three days later with Lincoln’s call for 75,000 volunteers. An official declaration of war followed on the 4th of July, after the convening of Congress in special session.

In his initial call for volunteers, Lincoln requested three months service only. Most Americans thought the Civil War would end after one gigantic battle, the winner marching on to take the loser’s capital. Before long, though, that was obviously not the case. The requested service time for Union military volunteers increased to three years, as can be seen in the poster below.

Very few expected the war to last as long as it did. But the war dragged on, and descended into new depths of atrocity as a panoply of new technology was used in war for the first time: trains for transporting troops and equipment; telegraphs for communication; ironclad ships as a replacement for “old-fashioned” wooden ones; hot-air balloons for reconnaissance missions; land mines; hand grenades; the use of trenches, or

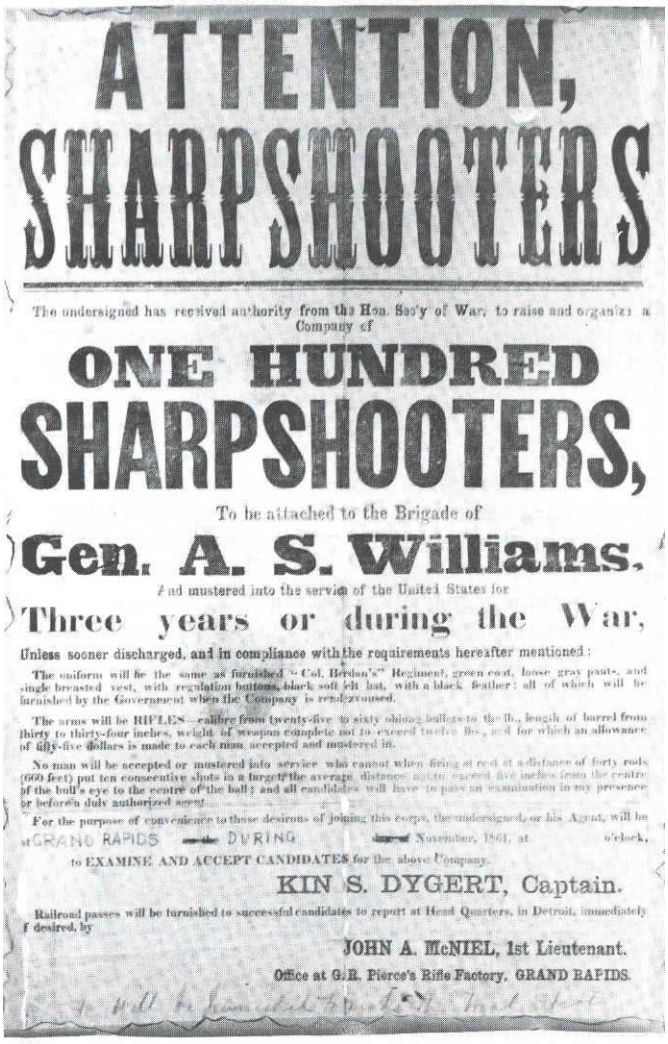
foxholes; submarines; and, worst of all, the paradigm of “all-out war." Hostilities were not limited to enemy combatants. Their foodstuffs and material things were also destroyed, causing untold misery and suffering to enemy soldiers, and also to millions of civilians on both sides--and even to those who declined to take sides.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James Shannon, grand-uncle of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, served almost the complete duration of the war in a sharpshooting brigade on the Union side. According to military records, he was blue-eyed, light complected, sandy-haired, and stood almost 5'11" (one measurement shows him at 5'10 3/4", another at 5'10 5/8"). That was fairly tall for those times--the average Civil War soldier was 5'8" and weighted just 143 pounds. James recorded his (normal) occupation as farmer--a calling that most of the rest of his family in Canada also answered.

At the termination of his initial obligation, in 1863, James, along with most others in his regiment, re-enlisted. In one of the poems he penned after the war, in which he pines the loss of his sweetheart Jane, James claimed that his object in fighting was to amass some money so that he would be in a position to marry Jane on his return. She apparently tired of waiting for him, though, and married somebody else. James felt that Jane had chosen marriage as an escape from poverty. Those poems, along with letters penned from Colorado gold mining camps, and one from a "mystery location," are reprinted in the 1881, 1886, and 1887 chapters.

Whether accumulating a grubstake to get a leg up on matrimony was James’ primary reason for joining the military is impossible to say. It is quite possible, though, that the poster below may have been appealed to his sense of adventure:



ATTENTION,

SHARPSHOOTERS

The undersigned has received authority from the Hon. Sec'y of War, to raise and organize a Company of

ONE HUNDRED

SHARPSHOOTERS,

To be attached to the Brigade of

Gen. A. S. Williams.

And mustered into the service of the United States for

Three years or during the War,

Unless sooner discharged, and in compliance with the requirements hereafter mentioned:

The uniform will be the same as furnished "Col. Berdan's" Regiment, green coat, loose gray pants, and single breasted vest, with regulation buttons, black soft felt hat, with a black feather; all of which will be furnished by the Government when the Company is rendezvoused.

The arms will be RIFLES—calibre from twenty-five to sixty oblong bullets to the lb., length of barrel from thirty to thirty-four inches, weight of weapon complete not to exceed twelve lbs., and for which an allowance of fifty-five dollars is made to each man accepted and mustered in.

No man will be accepted or mustered into service who cannot when firing at rest at a distance of forty rods (660 feet) put ten consecutive shots in a target the average distance of the centre of the bull's eye to the centre of the ball; and all candidates will have to pass an examination in my presence or before a duly authorized agent.

For the purpose of convenience to those desirous of joining this corps, the undersigned, or his Agent, will be at GRAND RAPIDS ~~on the~~ DURING ~~day of~~ November, 1861, at o'clock, to EXAMINE AND ACCEPT CANDIDATES for the above Company.

KIN S. DYGERT, Captain.

Railroad passes will be furnished to successful candidates to report at Head Quarters, in Detroit, immediately if desired, by

JOHN A. McNIEL, 1st Lieutenant.

Office at G. R. Pierce's Rifle Factory, GRAND RAPIDS.

James joined Stockton's Independent Regiment in September, in either Plymouth or Detroit, Michigan. Kin Dygert, mentioned in the poster above, did become his captain. James' hometown of Warwick, Ontario, is only about twenty miles east of the U.S./Canada frontier where Ontario and Michigan come together at the southern end of Lake Huron, and about fifty miles from Detroit.

James was not the only Canadian in the Regiment. Colonel Frank Keeler said of them: "There are no Germans, Irishmen or any other foreigners except for three or four Canadians in our companies..."

Despite Keeler's statement about there being no Irishmen, there were four Baileys who served in the 16th Michigan. Perhaps they were born in America rather than Ireland, and were thus not considered Irish by Keeler. A nephew of James named Will was to marry a Gertrude Bailey a few decades later. As her people had lived in Michigan prior to relocating to Kansas, and then California, these Bailey's with whom James served may have been ancestors of Gertrude's. There was also a Cordy (a surname much less common

than either Bailey or Shannon) in the Brady Sharpshooters. Eda Shannon, a grandniece of James, would marry a Cordy in California.

Stockton's Independent Regiment left Detroit for Washington, D.C., on Sept. 16 of this year to join the Army of the Potomac. It went into camp at Hall's Hill, Virginia for the winter of 1861-62. The Sixteenth took part in the Peninsular Campaign under General McClellan and formed a part of the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corp, which was commanded at the time by Fitz John Porter.

Before long, this independent company received an official commission from the state and became the 16th Michigan Infantry. To be more precise, going from the specific to the general, they were the 16th Michigan of the Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, of the Army of the Potomac.

The 16th Michigan was short-handed at first, but were joined before their winter camp was struck by a group of recruits made up of some of the best marksmen in Michigan--those answering the call of the poster above. This group was sometimes referred to as Dygert's Sharpshooters, but more often as The Brady Sharpshooters, or Brady's Sharpshooters. Kin Dygert was their Captain, but they took their most commonly used name from Hugh Brady. Brady had been a U.S. Army hero of the Indian campaigns in the Ohio Valley in the post-Revolutionary War period, the War of 1812, and the "Patriot Wars" on the Canadian border from 1836-1839.

Part of the poster above stated as requirement for the sharpshooters: "No man will be accepted or mustered into service who cannot, when firing at rest at a distance of 40 rods, put ten consecutive shots in a target of an average space of not to exceed five inches from the center of the bull's eye to the center of the ball." According to an article in the Detroit Press in September of 1861, these conditions were the same as for Col. Hiram Berdan's companies of U.S. Sharpshooters. The reports also said that Dygert had signed on "some 50 or more of the best shots in this state."

Other regiments that made up the Third Brigade included the 44th New York, the 83rd Pennsylvania, and the 20th Maine. The latter were led by Adelbert Ames; second in command was Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, a Bowdoin College professor. Chamberlain would become famous for a bayonet charge he woud lead at Gettysburg.

After a "hurry up and wait" situation from the time of the Regiment's formation in 1861 until the end of the year, the 16th "cooled their heels" (or perhaps even froze their heels) for an extended period of time before seeing action. By the time they had reached the theatre of the war, winter had set in. They made their winter quarters at Halls Hill, Virginia. Corporal Frank Keeler wrote about some training they received while there:

We went out to practice target-firing this afternoon...We had 44 men and three sergeants. Each fired one shot at a target about the size of your closet door at a distance of 35 rods and FORTY-SIX balls were put through the target...I rather think that if we get a chance to fire into secesh ranks we shall worry them some.

For those unfamiliar with the Civil War-era terminology, a rod was a common unit of measurement equal to 16 1/2 feet. Thirty-five rods equal almost two hundred yards--pretty fancy shooting. "Secesh" is short for "secessionist" (those who had seceded from the Union, more commonly called "rebels"). Another word that may be unfamiliar is "sutler." This was a "camp follower" who sold (sometimes illegal) goods to the soldiers, at times at exorbitant rates. Keeler also mentioned them, in writing about the winter camp:

The sutler treated the boys to cider and cakes. Some of the boys are out of camp, probably to get dinner at some of the houses nearby as most of the people living in this vicinity have converted their homes into restaurants, boarding houses and cake shops."

Besides mentioning that soldiers played ball (probably "Town Ball," an early form of baseball) and organized music and dances, Keeler also described what they did on Christmas:

I wish I could describe for you the burlesque parade of the 44th New York on Christmas. The men were dressed in the most grotesque and ludicrous manner imaginable. Officers took places in the ranks as privates and privates and non-commissioned officers acted as officers from the colonel down to corporal. Our regiment tried to get up a similar show but the officers would not consent to the changes.

Another soldier, Lieutenant Charles Salter, recorded:

Christmas day passed off very quietly here in camp, our chaplain was yet in Michigan at that time, so we amused ourselves as we could. The men had a mock fancy dress parade in the afternoon, electing officers of their own and conducting the parade in the manner best calculated to ridicule the usual form of the regular dress parade.

The winter's quarters at Halls Hill was not made up of soldiers and soldiers only. Keller wrote:

There are quite a number of ladies in camp, captain's wives, sutler's wife, Mrs. Col. Stockton and also several children who run about the camp laughing and playing. It is very pleasant to see them on our company streets, although they don't respect the guard, or the rules of dress parade, or the articles of war.

The Regiment soon came up with a nickname for themselves, based on one of their dietary staples: "Stockton's Worm-eaters." This sobriquet probably derived from the fact that hard-tack, the thick and hard crackers eaten by the Army, often contained tiny worms. Hardtack could be so hard that soldiers learned to dunk it or break it into their coffee to soften it up. This sometimes resulted in worms rising to the surface of the coffee, which the soldiers would spoon out.

A soldier named Marion Munson wrote home to Michigan, advising who and who should not join the army:

If those boys has got good teeth they can enlist and they can stand the war pretty well. But if they can't eat there is a poor chance in Dixie, especially in Stockton's worm eaters, as we call ourselves.

As odd as the nickname "worm-eaters" might seem, another group joined the Regiment which may seem even more bizarre. They were a cavalry group who had formed in the hopes of fighting in the manner of the old English lancers. These mounted men carried thier weapon upright, resting it on the stirrup. These soldiers, who also carried sabers, carbines, and pistols, intended to, on charging the enemy, lower the weapon with the point forward.

And if that does not seem strange enough in and of itself, the leader of this group was a Canadian. True, other Canadians had enlisted in the 16th Michigan Infantry (such as James Shannon), but this man, Colonel Arthur Rankin, was a political and military leader in Canada. Rankin was eventually persuaded to give up his post in America and return to his home country, partly because there was a possibility of war between Britain (which controlled Canada) and the U.S. The tension between Britain and America was the result of the U.S. government boarding the *Trent*, a British ship, and arresting Confederate envoys James Mason and John Slidell, who were on board.

If the tensions actually escalated into war, the Canadians would want Rankin back to fight on their side (the British side)--and the Americans would probably not have trusted him under those circumstances anyway.

When James entered the military, he was, not surprisingly, a Private. When mustered out in July, 1865, he was a full Corporal. James was wounded in battle in 1864. The 16th Michigan saw action in many of the more well-known (bloody) battles, and as a group suffered an unusually high number of casualties. In fact, more members of the 16th Michigan were killed in battle than died of disease, which was rare (recall that 1:65 Union soldiers died in battle, whereas 1:13--five times as many--died from disease).

The 16th Michigan, part of the Army of the Potomac, was involved in such actions and experiences as the Siege of Yorktown, battles at Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Bull Run/Manassas, and Anitetem/Sharpsburg in 1862; the “Mud March," battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, pursuit of Lee to Manassas Gap in 1863; battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor (again), sieges against Petersburg and Richmond in 1864; and the pursuit of Lee and his surrender at the Appomattox Court House in 1865.

Although they were at Antietem, the single bloodiest day of the war, the 16th Michigan was not directly involved in the battle. The 20th Maine, who would play a prominent role at Gettysburg, were also held in reserve that day.

Robert E. Lee committed his entire force at Antietem, while the cautious (some would say timid) George McClellan used less than three-quarters of the men at his disposal. Total casualties at Antietem (23,100) were twice those at D-Day in World War II (around 10,000).

James was also at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson was killed, as well as Spottsylvania Court House, where the fighting continued unabated for nearly twenty hours in what may well have been the most ferociously sustained combat of the Civil War.

Among the leaders James fought under were McClellan, Porter, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant; those he fought against included not only Lee, but also Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, J.E.B. Stuart, P.G.T. Beauregard, A.P. Hill, and George Pickett.

As far as specifics about some of the battles the 16th was engaged in, a few stand out. The one at Gaines Mill, Virginia (also known as Cold Harbor and Chickahominy) was one of the most desperately fought battles of the war. The stubborn resistance of the 16th is illustrated by its casualties. The regiment lost three officers and forty-six regular soldiers; additionally a total of one hundred seventy of their number were wounded and fifty-five missing.

Few citizens from Humboldt County, where George Gorham and Susan Lucky were living, volunteered for duty in the Civil War. Many of the white settlers did fight, however, but not for or against the Union, but in the local Indian Wars, which peaked in the early 1860s.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

This year telegraph poles reach coast to coast, obviating much of the former need for the Pony Express. As a direct result, the Pony Express went out of business. It had been in existence less than 600 days.

1862

Land Bought With Sweat, and Land Bought with Blood and Tears

"There are at all times hundreds of families in the old eastern and middle states who long to leave that depleted, worn-out land and come to the West…" – from "A Sketch of the City and its Attractions – A Picture Made up of Facts, not Fancies – Our Business Enterprises and Business Men" appearing Dec. 4, 1869 in the "Jersey County Democrat"

- Homestead Act
- Battle of Pea Ridge
- Battles of Second Bull Run, Antietem, etc.
- Ishi born
- James Wesley Kollenborn born

Thomas Jefferson had a dream. It was that America should become a nation of tradesmen and yeoman (independent farmers). This desire, which was also held by other Americans, was reflected in the Homestead Act. Passed thirty six years after Jefferson's death, and signed on May 20th of this year by Abraham Lincoln, it allowed men to claim 160 acres of "unappropriated public lands." After five years of living on the land and improving it (building houses and barns, farming it), the land would become theirs for a ten dollar filing fee.

Alternatively, for those with more money than patience, they could purchase the land for $1.25 per acre after living on it for just six months.

A homestead was granted to "any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of 21 years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his declaration of intention to become such." It will probably not surprise anyone that some scoundrels found loopholes to get around the legalities. The worst transgressors, the most vile frauds of all, were those who were not needy—big railroad and mining companies.

Much of the land east of the Mississippi was already privately owned by this time, so homesteaders for the most part--as was the intent of the law--had to cross the mighty River and help to win the West.

The Homestead Act was repealed in 1976.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Most Civil War battles took place in the East. This was because a main aim of the Confederates was to take Washington, the Union capitol, and a prime goal of the Union army was to take the Confederate capitol of Richmond, Virginia. Not all battles took place in the east, though.

When people speak of "The Gettysburg of the West", what is most often being referred to is a battle near Pecos, New Mexico, at Glorieta Pass. However, another battle that some also call by that name was fought this year in Bentonville, Arkansas.

Bentonville's Battle of Pea Ridge (AKA “Elkhorn Tavern”) was a Union victory. Some say that it “saved Missouri for the Union.” If the Confederates had been successful there, the complexion of things may have changed in the Show-Me State, whose southwestern border is located just a few miles north of Bentonville.

Regarding this largest Civil War battle fought west of the Mississippi River, the book *Arkansas, a Narrative History* by Whayne, DeBlack, Sabo III, and Arnold, says this: “Strategically, Arkansas was critical to the Confederate war effort in the Trans-Mississippi. Without Arkansas, the Confederacy could not hope to maintain its tenuous hold on the Indian Territory to the west or to control western Louisiana to the south. But even more importantly, without Arkansas as a base of operations, there was little hope of claiming the critical slave state of Missouri for the Confederacy.

“However, these factors seemed to be lost on the Confederate high command in Richmond, which viewed Arkansas primarily as a source of men and material for the fighting east of the Mississippi and as a dumping ground for incompetent generals from the eastern theater.

“Those commanders who did serve in the state seemed far more interested in gaining control of Missouri than in planning for the defense of Arkansas…The Battle of Pea Ridge was one of the most significant battles in the entire Civil War, and it marked a dramatic turning point in the war in Arkansas.”

Missouri was already a deeply divided slave state, surrounded for the most part by free states such as Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas, but it also shared a border with Tennessee in addition to Arkansas. Another slave state nearby, Kentucky, also remained a part of the Union.

As exemplified by border ruffians such as “Bloody” Bill Anderson and Jesse and Frank James, Missouri had a very large minority of southern sympathizers. Other Missourians saw things the opposite way. One of these was John Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, who fought on the Union side at the Battle of Pea Ridge.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

James Shannon was about as different from Jesse James as could be. This year, James and the rest of the Brady Sharpshooters were involved in battles at Yorktown, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, and Second Bull Run/Manassas. As mentioned earlier, the 16th Michigan was also present, although inactive, at Antietem/Sharpsburg. Future U.S. President William McKinley was serving in the Union forces at Antietem, too. McKinley was a comissary sergeant at the time, and as such may have served James coffee and food.

The contrast in viewpoint on slavery between the Union soldiers and the Confederate soldiers was not always as difference as some may tend to think. The so-called "radical Republicans" were abolitionists, but Abraham Lincoln was considered a moderate Republican. And the Democrats were not abolitionist whatsoever. As an example of how a great many of the Union soldiers felt on the matter, Frank Keeler wrote:

Politics occasionally comes up for discussion in a quiet way. We, that is those who are Republicans, are sometimes called abolitionists by certain northern newspapers. We are not abolitionists in the sense those papers would convey, but if emancipation becomes a military necessity, if slavery is a benefit or aid to the Rebels, then we soldiers say abolish it.

But if it is not a help to them, then pass it by, leave it to be considered when we shall have ceased this struggle for the life of our country, when peace is restored and the authority of our Constitution re-established, when our laws are obeyed and respected in every state of the Union--then we will turn our attention to the rabid radicals and treat them as they deserve.

We are fighting to SAVE THE UNION. If the administration considers it wise and expedient to abolish slavery in order to hasten or insure an end to the war, we will support such a measure willingly. This I believe is the prevailing political sentiment of the army of the United States in relation to slavery.

Lincoln himself made his position clear when he replied to Horace Greeley, who had strongly suggested that blacks should be allowed to fight with the Union soldiers:

Dear Sir: ... I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. ... My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. ... I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Democrats, on the other hand, opposed the Emancipation Proclamation and making the abolition of slavery a war aim and a matter of government policy.

The Brady Sharpshooters were to miss the first action in which the 16th Michigan were involved. As they had arrived at winter quarters late, they had not yet been issued the equipment they would have needed, and so stayed behind as camp guards when the rest left on March 10, on their way to Centreville and Manassas.

An unknown sharpshooter (possibly James), who was described as being tall and fine-looking, stood with folded arms as the rest of the Regiment marched off, a look of utter

disappointment on his face. He said to an officer: "I enlisted months ago for this good war, and have waited patiently for this hour to come, and now, when I would give everything to go with the rest of you, I am deprived just for the want of equipments."

That probe turned out to be a "bloodless victory"--the rebels had abandoned their positions in Centreville and Manassas. Later, the Sharpshooters got a chance to go along as the Regiment went to Yorktown, and played a pivotal role there. 16th Michigan soldier John Berry noted in his diary: "Our sharpshooters are picking them off with precision all the time at a distance of 800 yards. This is not very encouraging to them."

After their siege of Yorktown (site of the British surrender during the Revolutionary War in 1781 after their defeat there), and an operation at Hanover Court House, James was probably helping to build roads in early June. One of the Brady Sharpshooters, Alfred Apted, wrote: "Built about one-half miles of corduroy road in the cussedest mud hole in Virginia. There is no Sunday in the Army, 'tis not known."

Some of the other engagements in which James' Regiment fought this year are described with superlatives. Remember, though, that “great” doesn’t always mean “superior.” It can mean intense rather than splendid, oversized as opposed to excellent. At the Battle of Second Bull Run, Confederate general Longstreet’s force of 28,000 counterattacked in the largest simultaneous mass assault of the war. It was at Bull Run that Confederate General Thomas Jackson got the nickname “Stonewall” for the way his men stood like a stone wall and repelled the Union onslaught. Union soldiers ended up retreating all the back to Washington, D.C. at the end of that engagement. For the Union, this was the low point of the war.

The battle at Antietem, or Sharpsburg, resulted in the single bloodiest day in American military history, with 23,100 casualties. Again, the 16th were not directly involved in this battle, but were positioned close enough--in reserve--so that they probably witnessed the carnage.

According to the military records, specifically the "Company Muster Roll" documents, which usually covered two months each, James was sick and in the hospital for an extended period of time sometime between September and December of this year (he is listed on both the September/October and November/December muster rolls as being sick). Apparently this was quite a severe sickness, and that is not surprising due to the conditions in the camps and on the battlefields. Recall that, all in all, many more men died of disease than of battle. The November/December muster rolls have a note saying that the "remaks" (that he was absent due to illness) were cancelled--apparently he returned before the period covered by the muster roll was over.

James was at a hospital on Craney Island, Virginia, off Fortress Monroe. In civilian terms, Craney Island lies at the tip of the York-James Peninsula, across the harbor from Norfolk. Fifty years prior to James' stay there, the island had been the site of a battle during the War of 1812.

The Army of the Potomac would go through several generals, Lincoln becoming disgusted, or at least impatient and exasperated, with a series of them for various reasons. The first, McClellan, who would run for President against Lincoln in 1864 on the Democratic ticket, was seen as being too hesitant. Some think that Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia could have been destroyed at Antietem if McClellan *had* sent in the reserves, including James and the 16th Michigan, that he had at his disposal.

Colonel Stockton described in his diary what had happened that day, from the perspective of the 16th Michigan: "The enemy having chose to give fight, the battle opening at daylight and continuing all day. Our division was drawn up and forward, the reserve all day. Moved my brigade, the first reserve, ordered forward just before sundown, but the order was countermanded and we returned to our position and bivouacked."

The Confedrates held no reserves back--every soldier they had was engaged in the battle. Another assault, using the Union reserves, could have proven disastrous to the Confederates. As it was, the rebels were stopped, but cautious McClellan chose not to pursue them. Stockton added to his diary: "If we would have attacked them yesterday (September 18th), we would have captured many, for they were out of ammunition."

George McClellan does not cut a very sympathetic figure when you take into consideration the harsh way in which he viewed others (but never blamed himself for any failures). He called William Seward “an incompetent little puppy”; Lincoln “a well-meaning baboon”; and of Robert E. Lee, McClellan opined that he expected him to be “cautious and weak…likely to be timid and irresolute in action.” That sounds much more like a description of the at best indecisive procrastinator and at worst craven coward McClellan himself.

McClellan was a master at retreat, whether retreat was called for or not. After losing the battle at Gaines Mill, he whined in a telegram to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton:

I have lost this battle because my force was too small. I again repeat that I am not responsible for this…The Government has not sustained this army…If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

The last two sentences of that wir were censored, and thus Lincoln did not see just how insubordinate McClellan was.

Contained in “Reports of Lieutenant Col. John V. Ruehle, Sixteenth Michigan. Infantry, of the battle of Gaines Mill, engagement at Turkey Bridge, and battle of Malvern Hill," is the following account which mentions Brady’s Sharpshooters:

HEADQUARTERS SIXTEENTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY
Harrison’s Landing, James River, VA, July 6, 1862

CAPTAIN: In recounting the history of the regiment on the 30th of June and 1st of July I shall go back no farther than the afternoon of the first-mentioned day. We were in camp, selected that morning, just beyond what is known as the Malvern estate, when orders came to move back over the road we came to that place. This we did about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, taking our position in rear of a battery, with orders to support it. We were in column doubled on the center just below the summit of the hill when General Butterfield led us to the crest, and the battalion was deployed under a severe fire from the enemy's rifled pieces, the arms stacked, and the men ordered to lie down. We remained in this position a quarter of an hour or more, when, the enemy's firing growing less, we were again placed in double column at half distance, about-faced, and marched to the rear farther down the hill. Directly afterward we changed direction by the right flank and marched farther out on the road in rear of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers as their support. In this position we remained all night and until a portion of the forenoon of the next day had gone by.

The enemy's artillery opening upon our right, the regiment was ordered toward a belt of woods that skirted the field upon the east, upon which we lay and through which a small stream ran. On the other side of which woods, about 200 yards distant, was a good road, running nearly parallel with the stream. We were deployed on the left of the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, and threw a platoon of our rifle company, Brady's Sharpshooters, Captain Dygert, out as skirmishers through the woods to cover our front. In this position we remained until about 2 o'clock p.m., when we again moved to the left up to the road in double column, with orders to support the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, who were 150 yards in advance. The country here was quite undulating, which would seem to protect our men from the enemy's artillery fire, but the cross-fire from their guns was exceedingly severe, and some of our men were killed and wounded by solid shot and shell.

Toward 6 o'clock p.m. we were ordered to advance to the brow of a hill 500 yards in advance, to the support of a battery just on the left of the road. This was done under a bitter fire of shell and spherical case-shot, wounding several men. As we advanced up the slope of the hill in line of battle the left of the battalion passed over two companies of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, who were lying down 200 yards in rear of the caissons. We advanced until the line was halted between the guns and caissons, breaking file to the rear for ammunition to pass through, where we remained until the battery was out of ammunition, perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when they limbered up and withdrew, and we opened fire. Some of the men helped to carry ammunition, and two of our men took the places of wounded artillerymen on the second section of the battery, and did good service until they were no longer needed. The battery we supported was Wolcott's Maryland battery. Our men and officers received high praise from the officers of the battery for the manner in which they were sustained under a galling fire of musketry. Another battery, under Colonel Hunt, I believe, coming to take the place of the one withdrawn, we ceased firing, after having fired about 40 rounds, and moved by the right flank to the rear.

Meanwhile the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers had moved to the front on the left of the line parallel with the one we had just fallen back from and opened fire. The

battery that had just taken its place was supported by the First Michigan Volunteers. The enemy's firing had by this time nearly ceased or was only fitfully continued, and directly stopped altogether. Our musketry and artillery played for half an hour later. It was now 9 o'clock p.m. and after. We received orders from General Porter to remain on the field and support a battery that was stationed on the right of the road, and cover our front with a line of pickets connecting with those on our right, General Sickles' brigade, and those on our left, the First Michigan. Company A, Captain Barry, was detailed for this service.

At about I o'clock a.m., by the order of General Couch, our picket line was withdrawn, and the regiment moved back and joined the brigade, which was found on the field of June 30 on its line of march to the rear. Our loss in killed was 2; in wounded, 37; missing, 3. During the whole of both days General Butterfield was ever among us, cheering the men and inciting them to deeds of bravery by his coolness and valorous daring. We all love him, and only hope that we may be able to follow him. Captains Brockway, Elliott, and Martin; Lieutenants Prentiss, Fuller, Brown, and Hill; Sergeant-Major Kydd and Sergeant Chittuck, of Company B; Cook, of Company A, and Jewett, of K, all displayed true courage and the right spirit in the right place. They are particularly worthy of notice.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. V. RUEHLE,

Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding Regiment.

Capt. THOMAS J. HOYT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Soon after writing that report, Ruehle resigned his commission.

The Confederate leaders used a strange tactic to "fire up" their troops for the Battle of Malvern Hill. Frank Keeler wrote that prisoners they took told them that they had drunk liquor mixed with black powder before making their charges on the Union lines. Keeler commented: "Many people will not believe that the Johnnies in this fight mixed gun powder with the whiskey in their canteens. A prisoner showed us the contents of his canteen, and it was as I state. He said he had not taken any water that day, that their officers filled their canteens with the mixture and used every means to keep them away from water! Many of the prisoners begged our men to give them water and take their whiskey."

At the Second Battle of Bull Run (referred to as Second Manassas by the Confederates) on August 30th, the 16th gallantly fought heavy masses of Confederates with no thought of yielding the field.

McClellan was relieved of command (fired, in civilian terminology) after Second Bull Run. Fitz John Porter was also relieved, for supposedly being the cause of the loss there. Their men, though, hated to see McClellan and Porter go, and for the most part remained staunch McClellan backers until he ran against Lincoln for President in 1864. McClellan was replaced by Ambrose Burnside, Porter by Joseph Hooker.

The Union army was not faring well at this point of the war. The soldiers had expected the war to be over quickly, and it had been raging for almost two years. This year was, militarily, an unmitigated disaster for the Union--defeats, retreats, miserable weather, and generals who either didn't know what they were doing or were at least perceived as being incompetent at the highest levels of the government.

The last battle of the year for the 16th was at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Lt. Charles Salter wrote in its aftermath: "It seems to me, lately, that our rulers are going mad and are tyring to do their best to destroy the army. But I suppose it seems worse to me, there, than it does to the people of the country North. Yet I cannot help wishing that the people of the North and South could all have seen that horrible massacre, for if they had, they would be willing to settle up the war upon terms without ever fighting another battle."

Amidst the toil and trouble, the death and destruction, there were also moments of levity. The book "The 16th Michigan Infantry" by Kim Crawford relates one humorous occurrence:

...unwittingly provided by a sleepy Colonel Stockton. According to an anonymous anecdote: "a Michigan regiment lay down on their arms and were soon asleep" after fighting that night at Fredericksburg. The story continued that when the Union ammunition wagons came up to bring supplies and remove the wounded, some of the mules began braying by the sleeping colonel, who was "much provoked at being thus so unceremoniously disturbed." Thinking army musicians caused the sound, the disoriented colonel called to his adjutant. "Put these damned buglers under arrest and send them to the rear," the colonel demanded. "They will jeopardize the safety of the whole army."

The 16th made their second winter encampment near the site of that last battle in Fredericksburg.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1862 for the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment (and, thus, the Brady Sharpshooters):

April 4th to May 4th:	Siege of Yorktown
May 27th:	Engagement, Hanover Court House, Slash Church or Kinney's Farm
May 27th to 29th:	Operations about Hanover Court House
June 25th to July 1st:	Battles of the Seven Days' Retreat from before Richmond
June 26th:	Battle of Mechanicsville, Beaver Dam Creek, or Ellison's Mills
June 27th:	Battle of Gaines Mill, Cold Harbor, Chickahominy
July 1st:	Battle of Malvern Hill, Crew's Farm, or Poindexter's Farm
Aug. 29th:	Second Battle of Bull Run, Manassas, Groveton Heights

Sept. 16th to 17th: Battle of Antietam, Sharpsburg
Dec. 12th to15th: Battle of Fredericksburg

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Ishi, who would later be the sole surviving member of the Yahi tribe of northern California, was born near Oroville, California this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James Wesley Kollenborn, son of William Kollenborn and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn, and grandfather of Albert Kollenborn, was born August 15th in Jersey, Illinois, this year. Born during the Civil War, James died at the beginning of World War II.

1863

Nothin' Left to Lose

"War is at best barbarism...Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot, nor heard the shrieks and groans of wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell." – William Tecumseh Sherman, 1879

"Some years ago on the gold coins we used to trust in God. I think it was in 1863 that some genius suggested that it be put on the gold and silver coins which circulated among the rich. They didn't put it on the nickels and coppers because they didn't think the poor folks had any trust in God....If I remember rightly, the President required or ordered the removal of that sentence from the coins. Well, I didn't see that the statement ought to remain there. It wasn't true. But I think it would better read, "Within certain judicious limitations we trust in God," and if there isn't enough room on the coin for this, why enlarge the coin." – Mark Twain

"The motto stated a lie. If this nation has ever trusted in God, that time has gone by; for nearly half a century almost its entire trust has been in the Republican party and the dollar--mainly the dollar. I recognize that I am only making an assertion and furnishing no proof; I am sorry, but this is a habit of mine; sorry also that I am not alone in it; everybody seems to have this disease." – Mark Twain

- Emancipation Proclamation Goes Into Effect
- Draft Riots in New York City
- Battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg
- Gettysburg Address

Seven score and change ago, Abraham Lincoln made his famous freedom promise, more grandiloquently known as the Emancipation Proclamation. Announced in September of 1862, it went into affect on January 1st of 1863. The focus of the War, at least from the perspective of the North, seemingly changed from preserving the Union to liberating the slaves.

That proclamation said, in part:

That on the 1st day of January, A.D. 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward and forever free.

Not all slaves were offered immediate freedom by means of this proclamation, though —only those who were living in states still in rebellion on January 1st, 1863. So it did not apply to those breakaway states that were already under Union control, nor did it apply to slave states that had not seceded, such as Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky. The Emancipation Proclamation was, however, a message to blacks that *all* slaves would be

free when the war ended--*if* the hostilities concluded with a Union victory. This carrot quickened the heart rate and accelerated the patriotic pace of many dark horses.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although response had been enthusiastic at the beginning of the war, as it dragged on longer than expected--as wars are wont to do--Lincoln had a challenge on his hands regarding replenishing his army with fresh troops. Especially was this a problem with such aggressive and war-of-attrition-happy generals as U.S. Grant, who had the largest army in the world at his disposal--over 500,000 men.

Promising the blacks liberation meant that free blacks in the North who volunteered would be fighting for the liberation of their wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends in the South. The Union needed still more men, though. Lincoln found it necessary to institute conscription of troops.

Not all civilians were fired up in opposition to the idea of enforced servitude when such was being endured by other people. The temporary loss of their *own* freedom, though, and possibly their lives, for a cause they did not necessarily espouse, coagulated enough bad blood that there were draft riots in New York City--which had itself considered seceding from the Union.

Two things in particular irked those who would likely be drafted: the fact that those who could afford to could buy their way out of the draft by purchasing an exemption, and the fact that blacks were not among those drafted. The burden of enforced service fell on the poor whites. The mid-summer heat in those pre-air conditioner days didn't help matters, either. Eventually 50,000 protesters began looting and burning, attacking and lynching those they held responsible for their unenviable situation.

Martial law was imposed, and hundreds of rioters were shot. Beginning July 13th, the riots continued until the 16th, when Union troops arrived from Gettysburg to assist the police in quelling the disturbance. In the end, twelve hundred people died.

James Shannon may have been there. If he was, he presumably would not have felt overly sympathetic towards the rioters, as he, a Canadian, had not only volunteered two years prior in 1861, but was to also re-enlist later in the year. There were also draft riots "back home"--or at least in the vicinity of home, at the place he had volunteered--in Detroit, Michigan.

Those drafted who could afford to do so could pay $300 to avoid conscription or pay a subtitute to take their place. Among those who paid substitutes to fight in their stead were future Presidents Chester Arthur (1881-1885) and Grover Cleveland (1885-1889, 1893-1897), as well as prominent businessmen such as J.P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Jay Gould, and James Mellon. Mellon may have felt pangs of guilt over buying his way out, for his father wrote him consolingly: "...a man may be a patriot without risking his own life or sacrificing his health." But such risks are what the wealthy

class asked those "less fortunate" to take. How did they reconcile this discrepancy? Mellon's father went on to assert: "There are plenty of lives less valuable."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Finally allowed to join the Union forces and fight for their race and for the freedom of family members and friends still in the South, 85% of eligible black men in the North signed up to further the cause of freedom, equality, and emancipation. As they were paid less than white soldiers, some refused pay at all rather then be subjected to that sort of injustice. This was finally rectified in the summer of 1864, when black soldiers began receiving the same pay as whites.

Getting enough troops in uniform was not the only problem for the Union. Keeping up the morale of the existing soldiers was also important. Not getting paid for months at a time was not conducive to feelings of contentment. Lieutenant Ziba Graham of the 16th Michigan wrote home about this situation:

The main body of our troops have over six months' pay due them. Consequently, sutlers are a scarce commodity, money and tobacco ditto. Old tobacco chewers who have never before known the want of the weed now go around as if they had lost their best friend; really they command pity.

Another possible morale "problem" was that not all of the soldiers felt like killing each other. This can be deduced from the social interaction that some of them had with one another. Private George Ervay of the 16th Michigan wrote about what took place on March 17th, when the sharpshooters were on picket duty on the Rappahannock, amiably chatting with the Confederate counterparts on the opposite side: "They were talking all the time. They told our men that the war would be settled by the first of July." The Rebels tried to throw some of their newspapers across, but the distance was a little too far--the journals were swept down the river."

Ervay also reported about an incident that occurred on May 27th on a part of the river that was so narrow that Sergeant John Berry could talk to the Confederate pickets. Sometimes the Southerners would even come over and have coffee and exchange newspapers. Ervay saw one of the soldiers from his company swim out and sit on a log with a Rebel and shake his hand. "It happened to be one that used to stand guard over him when he was in Richmond, a prisoner," Ervay wrote.

An even more unusual incident was related by Lt. Charles Salter, who also spoke with Confederate soldiers while on picket duty. He discovered that one of them was not a Southerner at all, but was from Michigan. The Great Lake Stater explained that he had been working in Virginia when the war broke out. He had joined the Confederate Army "for the fun of it. But they did not think there was so much fun in it now as they had imagined."

As to the actions we know James was involved in this year, there was the "Mud March" early in the year, which led to General Burnside being replaced by Hooker.

Perhaps mindful of his predecessor being removed from his position due to his cautious nature, Burnside attempted to move the troops forward at a time when the weather conditions did not make it feasible to do so. After much misery and hard work, they had to give it up and return to camp.

Of the 10,000 locales where Civil War battles were fought, most of them were in very small towns, rather than cities. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, is a prime example. Chancellorsville was even less noteworthy a place--it wasn't even a real town, just a large brick farmhouse and inn about ten miles west of Fredericksburg, the scene of the 16th Michigan's last battle of 1862. There were scattered farms and a couple of churches and taverns in the surrounding area.

The 16th Michigan was engaged at Chancellorsville and were assigned an important role in that disastrous battle. Although a confederate victory (considered Robert E. Lee's greatest), the 16th Michigan held the ground they were assigned though repeatedly charged by the southern forces. Edward Hill of the 16th related an exchange between General George Meade and Charles Griffin, a fellow general:

"Have you placed the regiments in position, general?" Meade demanded.
"I have," Griffin replied.
"Are they troops on whom you can depend?" Meade asked.
"General, they are Michigan men," Griffin responded.
"But will they hold their ground?" Meade persisted, not thinking his question had been answered.
"Yes, general. They'll hold it against hell."

Kim Crawford's painstakingly researched book "The 16th Michigan" tells of what James Shannon's experience as a member of the Brady Sharpshooter's may have been in the Battle of Chancellorsville:

A short distance away at Chancellorsville, Union front lines were themselves blasted by Confederate Artillery. The Brady Sharpshooters were still posted near the Chancellor House, a building Alfred Apted referred to as "the brick hotel." Apted's diary tells of the "fearful fury" of the battle and that the artillery fought throughout the afternoon. "The reb loss is fully three to our one," he estimated when he made his entry that day. "The hardest battle yet.

Union troops in those advanced positions to the south suffered relentless Confederate artillery fire and punishing attacks. They withdrew back into the contracting Union lines. The Chancellor House itself was bombarded as the soldiers retreated.

General Griffin, who commanded the division of which the 16th Michigan was part, was ordered to direct Union guns to keep the advancing Rebels at bay late that morning. An artillerest, Griffin asked for all the available spare cannon and uttered a vow that became one of the famous quotes of the Civil War: "I'll make them think hell isn't half a mile off." His guns did so, and retreating Union troops joined the Fifth Corps and others in the defenses north of Chancellorsville.

While making a night reconnaissance, confederate leader Stonewall Jackson was killed by friendly fire; J.E.B. Stuart temporarily took over his command. Later in the war, Stuart was killed by George Armstrong Custer's men.

Possibly the most famous engagement of the war, and a turning point in it, the Battle of Gettysburg was fought at the mid-point of the year. Meade on the Union side, who had recently taken over command from Hooker, and Lee for the Confederacy plied their deadly trade and played their deadly combination of "chicken," chess, and "King of the Hill." Lee had invaded Pennsylvania in June and had hoped to threaten Washington and Philadelphia and put a damper on Union morale. This would be the bloodiest battle ever fought on American soil.

Gettysburg was a small Pennsylvania college town. The battle there lasted three days. The 16th Michigan was only involved the second day. The first day, they were on their way, marching all day and half the night. They only got three hours of rest before being rousted out of their sacks early on July 2nd to complete the last three miles of their hike into Gettysburg.

On arrival, they realized that a huge showdown was in the making. The entire Army of the Potomac was there, having arrived at the same spot via various routes. The "visiting team," the Confederate army, was also there, and in great numbers.

The 16th Michigan, along with the 44th New York, the 83rd Pennsylvania, and the 20th Maine, were assigned to defend Little Round Top, a rocky bulge above the town and connected to Big Round Top by a saddle-shaped ridge. The strategic location was simultaneously sought by Hood's Texas troops--it was a race to see who could first reach the summit. With supreme effort, Hazlett's battery was dragged and pushed and lifted up the side of the steep and rugged side of the mountain. The Union Army won the race, a scarce five minutes ahead of the Rebels.

Had they been delayed five minutes for whatever reason, they may have lost Little Round Top. Had they lost Little Round Top, the course of the Battle may have been different. Had the course of the Battle been different, the course of the War may have been altered.

Although the 20th Maine under Joshua Chamberlain were to play the most pivotal role in defending Little Round Top, the 16th Michigan's Brady Sharpshooters also played a significant one. According to Crawford, the Sharpshooters were deployed across the saddle onto Big Round Top, to the left of the line of defense:

Rufus Jacklin claimed the opening shots in the fight for Little Round Top were by the skirmishers of the 16th Michigan as the Texas and Alabama troops of Gen. John Bell Hood's division advanced, yipping the Rebel yell. "The Brady Sharpshooters firing the first shots down upon their advance columns from the Big Round Top was the signal of the attack," Jacklin stated years later.

John Berry, whose Company A was detached along with the sharpshooters, was even more specific, though his estimation of the time was off by an hour. "We get into position into line of battle," he recorded. "Our company with the company of sharpshooters is then sent out as skirmishers and we advance about a half a mile and find the enemy. About 3 o'clock the battle commences in earnest and a terrible engagement ensues along the whole line which last[s] until dark."

Pvt. Alfred Apted of the Brady Sharpshooters wrote that the enemy "started about 4 p.m., and came around the west of our lines and took position on the next extreme left of our lines."

These directions and descriptions support Jacklin's statement that 16th Michigan skirmishers were on the wooded slope of Big Round Top, a fact further confirmed by Capt. Walter G. Morrill, commander of Company B of the 20th Maine. Morrill and his skirmish company crossed the ground between the two hills and started to climb Big Round Top. "I immediately deployed my men as skirmishers and moved to the front and left," Morrill wrote in his report, "ordering my men to connect on the right with the 16th Mich. Regt. skirmishers."

The climactic moment of the battle came when Hood's men made their charge across the open fields towards Cemetery Ridge. Climbing toward the summit, these Rebels were repelled when Chamberlain's 20th Maine, out of ammunition, fixed their bayonets to their muskets and charged. Brady Sharpshooter Alfred Apted wrote: ."..in the short space of 5 minutes [they (the Rebels)] lost a great number of men and officers."

Chamberlain would be wounded six times following Gettysburg, be awarded the Congressional Medal of Valor for his role there, serve four terms as governor of Maine, and also later as President of Bowdoin college, where had been a professor. One of the battle wounds he received was so serious that his doctor did not expect him to live, and his obituary was printed in the newspaper the next day.

The Brady Sharpshooters had nullified an entire company earlier in the battle. Colonel William Oates of the 15th Alabama later wrote that Union troops (probably U.S. sharpshooters and Third Brigade Sharpshooters) had scared off an entire company of his which he had sent to capture Union wagons parked behind the Round Top as the battle was beginning. This company never resumed their attack. Rather, they loitered nearby and played the role of spectators during the rest of the battle.

No more desperate fighting occurred during the Civil War than at Gettysburg, nor was greater tenacity and dogged persistence displayed on any field of battle than was seen that day by both sides. The three-day battle resulted in 51,000 casualties.

Relating the emotions felt there that day, Lt. Salter wrote:

We have been engaged in other battles where we have had more men cut down by artillery, but we never had such a terrible, close bayonet fight before. It seemed as if every man on both sides was actuated by the intensest [sic] hate, and determined to kill

as many of the enemy as possible, and excited up in an enthusiasm far exceeding that on any battlefield before that we have been engaged in. I know I felt so myself although I never did before.

Corroborating the fierceness of the fighting, John Stevens of the 5th Texas said "The balls are whizzing so thick around us that it looks like a man could hold out a hat and catch it full."

Years later, Colonel Edward Hill of the 16th Michigan said in an 1889 speech dedicating a monument to the 16th Michigan on Little Round Top:

Neither the pen of the writer, the pencil of the artist, the rhetoric of the orator, can describe the horrors of the scene. Nor can the enactments of legislatures add glory to the renown of those who died here that the Nation might live. Comrades of the gallant Sixteenth, these memories are the ghastly legacies bequeathed the veteran, who in retrospective silence recalls the close of that dreadful day.

While the battle itself lasted only three days, doctors would stay busy on the scene for months, ministering to the needs of the wounded. For every resident of Gettysburg, there were 10 battle casualties.

After going out on the 5th to verify that the Confederate army had retreated, the Sixteenth crossed the mountains and pursued them across the Potomac River. They were constantly on the march, skirmishing and fighting and participating in various movements with the Army of the Potomac. During the year, the 16th marched over 800 miles in all.

At Kelly's Ford on the Rappahanock River, the Sixteenth again demonstrated its gallantry under fire. After capturing the Confederate works, they remained at the Ford until November 26th.

They day after the Battle of Gettysburg, July 4th, U.S. Grant's army caused the fall of Vicksburg, Mississipi (Vicksburg citizens' bitterness over this siege was so strong and sustained that Vicksburg did not again celebrate the fourth of July until World War II). A week later, drafting of Union soldiers began. Four days after that, drafting of Confederate soldiers began.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A week earlier, and four months after the battle at Gettysburg, on November 19th, Abraham Lincoln delivered his unevenly received (at the time) short speech now known as the "Gettysburg Address." For the standards of the day, when it was common for speeches to last for hours, Lincoln's two-minute delivery was considered by some absurdly short, even to the point of being frivolous or disrespectful to the dead soldiers. His predecessor on the podium, Massachusetts politician Edward Everett (who was considered the nation's best orator of the time) spoke for almost two hours. Abe's oratory was the one that lived on, though, and is now one of the best-known speeches of all time.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1863 for Brady's Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment:

January	"Mud March"
April 30th to May 5th:	Battle of Chancellorsville
July 1st to 3rd:	Battle of Gettysburg
November 7th:	Engagement, Rappahannock Station
November 26th to December 2nd:	Mine Run Campaign. Actions at Locust Grove, Payne's Farm, Orange Court House or Orange Grove. Robertson's Tavern and New Hope Church

Intense and significant battles were being conducted elsewhere, too. Vicksburg, Mississippi was besieged by U.S. Grant. After this fierce 42-day siege of shells from land-based artillery batteries and gunboats on the Mississippi River, the defenders surrendered on the 4th of July. So bitter was the memory of this defeat to the inhabitants that Vicksburg did not celebrate the 4th of July again until eighty-one years had passed--not until the midst of World War II.

In December, two hundred ninety four members of the 16th Michigan re-enlisted (including James Shannon). Those who reenlisted were paid a "bounty" of $402 and given a thirty-day furlough. Also in December, President Lincoln offered amnesty to Confederates willing to return allegiance to the Union.

James re-enlisted on the 22nd of December at Rappahannock Station, Virginia. William Burns, a member of the 1st Company Sharpshooters, was the officer who signed his re-enlistment papers. Burns had to sign his name attesting to the following:

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer, James Shannon *previously to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my judgment and belief, he is of lawful age...* (etc.)

The trip back to Detroit, where the reenlisted men traveled on furlough, was not the most pleasant. It was wintertime, and the acommodations they were afforded were by no means luxurious. For the most part, the cars to which they were assigned had no heat and in some cases did not even have seats. There were also many delays, and it ended up taking a week to get home--but the travel time did not count against their furlough time.

The soldiers, who had gotten used to "foraging" while on enemy soil (taking whatever food they could find from the locals), finally took action to provide heat for themselves (many of their number had caught cold due to the cold, drafty cars). At some stops, they jumped off, broke a few pieces of board from fences off, and used them as a source of heating fuel. In Ohio, some of the men swiped a stove--with a fire burning in it--from the train station and deposited it in an unheated car.

When they finally arrived in Detroit on Saturday, January 9th, a crowd had been awaiting their arrival in freezing weather for almost two hours. The *Detroit Free Press* reported on the hero's welcome they received in that city:

When the train came into the depot, the returning heroes were greeted with cheer on cheer from the crowd, whose enthusiasm was not lessened by impatient waiting, nor frozen out by the coldest winter atmosphere.

The band struck up a national air as the boys disembarked from the cars, the music, cheering, and hearty hand shakings and greetings and exclamations of joy at meeting made the scene altogether pleasant and exhilirating.

1864

A Voice Crying Out in the Wilderness

"Our friends are buried there, and we hate to leave these grounds… There is something strong for us—that fool band of soldiers that cleared out our lodges and killed our women and children. This is hard on us. There at Sand Creek—White Antelope and many other chiefs lie there; our women and children lie there. Our lodges were destroyed there, and our horses were taken from us there, and I do not feel disposed to go right off to a new country and leave them." – Little Raven

"We all fully realize that it is hard for any people to leave their homes and graves of their ancestors, but, unfortunately for you, gold has been discovered in your country." – James Steele, in answer to Little Raven

"We tried to run, but they shot us like we were buffalo. I know there are some good white people, but the soldiers must be mean to shoot children and women. Indian soldiers would not do that to white children." – Louise Weasal Bear (Cheyenne)

"The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything else." – Edward John Phelps

"I am the man, I suffered, I was there." – Walt Whitman

- Fort Pillow Massacre
- Sand Creek Massacre
- Mary Abby Gorham born California
- James Shannon Wounded In Action
- Lincoln re-elected
- Gold Rush winds down

Two of the most hideous massacres in American history happened this year. On April 12th, Fort Pillow, a Union fort near Memphis, Tennessee, peopled primarily by black soldiers, surrendered to Confederate forces under General Nathan Forrest. Not only were hundreds of soldiers who had surrendered killed, but even those laying wounded in the hospital were shot in their beds. Women and children were not exempt from the brutality, either, many of whom were methodically slaughtered. General Forrest--as Generals usually are--was exonerated from any wrongdoing in the matter. He later became "grand wizard" of the Ku Klux Klan.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Atrocities and inhumanity were in no way limited to Confederates this year, though. Hundreds of Cheyennes and Arapahoe in Sand Creek, Colorado--while in the midst of peace negotiations--were attacked and massacred by twelve hundred Colorado militiamen

in late November. Black Kettle wanted peace, and was assured of it if he were to move his band to Sand Creek. The Cheyennes even flew an American flag in the middle of their village, as Colonel Greenwood had assured Black Kettle that if they did so, no soldier would fire on them. Still, Colonol John Chivington attacked the unsuspecting group of two hundred warriors and five hundred women and children with six hundred men—although they had not only an American flag, but soon after the massacre began, a white surrender flag flying in tandem with it.

Many of Black Kettle's people were bayoneted to death as they huddled around the flagpole. Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* relates more details on what happened:

From the direction of the Arapaho camp, Left Hand and his people also tried to reach Black Kettle's flag. When Left Hand saw the troops, he stood with his arms folded, saying he would not fight the white men because they were his friends. He was shot down.

When the slaughter was over, twenty-eight Indian men and one hundred five Indian women and children had been killed.

Four years later, this same group of Indians was attacked at dawn by Custer and the 7th Cavalry as they were camped for the winter on the Washita River in Texas, on the Indian Territory border. Black Kettle himself was killed. Custer and his men also killed 800 Cheyenne ponies and torched their village.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

At the tender age of forty-five, George Gorham, the salty seaman, the Massachusetts mariner, fathered a child. Susan Lucky, his Wiyot Indian wife, was half his age. She gave birth to Mary Abby Gorham July 13th of this year. Mary was born in either Bucksport or Table Bluff, Humboldt County, California, depending on which document you lend credence to. Bucksport, named for David A. Buck, a member of the Josiah Gregg party which had explored the area in the late 1840s, was at the time a separate town located near Eureka (now it is a part of Eureka itself).

Table Bluff is situated between Eel River Island, where Susan was born, and Humboldt Bay.

Both George Raymond Gorham and Susan Lucky were descended from families who had been in America for centuries. George's family had been in the country since the 1600s; Susan's family had been in California for thousands of years—predating not just the government of the United States, but also Mexican, Spanish, Russian, and British rule before them.

Through Desire (Howland) Gorham, Mary Abby Gorham's great-great-great-great-great grandmother, Mary had not only native American blood, but also Mayflower blood.

It is quite likely that she was the first person ever to have both Wiyot and Mayflower ancestors.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On the other side of the country, James Shannon was still on the march--both the offensive and the defensive. In a battle at Bethesda Church this summer, a member of the Brady Sharpshooters killed Confederate Brigadier General George Doles. Who exactly the triggerman was, we don't know. It could, of course, have been James. He would suffer a serious wound of his own a few months later.

At the start of this year, though, James had some time off. Veterans from the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment were on furlough from January 2nd to February 17th. Following this respite from the rigors of combat, they reassembled at Saginaw, Michigan and returned to join their Brigade. They then remained in winter quarters at Bealton Station, Virginia, until May 1st.

On May 3rd, the Sixteenth added a second company of sharpshooters, "Jardine's Sharpshooters" that had been recruited at Detroit.

As happened at Chancellorsville the previous May (1863) to Stonewall Jackson, one of the Confederate leaders was a casualty of friendly fire this May during what was called The Battle of the Wilderness. Lieutenant General James Longstreet was the unlucky one this time, though he was only wounded, not killed.

During that battle, the 16th Michigan was held in reserve and was used mainly for bringing up logs for the breastworks. The Brady Sharpshooters guarded the supply train and helped build those breastworks.

At one point during the two-week battle at the Spotsylvania Court House, fighting continued unabated for nearly 20 hours in what may well have been the most ferociously sustained combat of the Civil War. On May 12th alone, a total of 12,000 men were killed.

Despite the accurate marksmanship of at least one member of the Brady Sharpshooters, the battle near Bethesda Church was a Confederate victory. Union casualties were bad enough that bold and aggressive U.S. Grant reported in his memoirs that this was the only attack he wished, in hindsight, that he had not ordered.

From late May to the middle of June, the Regiment was active around the Confedrate Capitol of Richmond. Cold Harbor is just eighteen miles north of Richmond, and Petersburg is just twenty-four miles south of Richmond. Cold Harbor is only eight miles from Mechanicsville, the site of the Regiment's June 26th, 1862 battle, and three miles from Gaines Mills, the site of their June 27th, 1862 engagement. Like most of the places the 16th fought, such as Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, Cold Harbor was a small town.

Elsewhere, in September, Atlanta was attacked and burned as firebrand William Tecumseh Sherman made his famous "march to the sea." Sherman waged a “total war,” against not just enemy combatants, but against crops and farm animals and civilian housing. This was not a novel concept, but rather a return to what John Grenier terms “The First Way of War” used by English colonists during their wars against the Indians in the 1600s and 1700s. Back then, the Indians crops were destroyed, their villages were burned to the ground, and all Indians of the target tribe were killed, including the by now typical situation of killing even “women, children, and old people.”

At Poplar's Grove Church on September 30, the 16th Michigan Infantry distinguished itself with the same gallantry that it had shown at Gettysburg. In a charge upon the South's works, the Sixteenth had the center of the line. Their Colonel Norval Welch was one of the first to reach the entrenchments, but was instantly killed at the moment he clumbed up the enemy rampart.

Regarding their performance at Poplar Springs Church, the *New York Herald* quoted General Warren as saying of Griffin's First Division (of which the 16th Michigan were a part): "A more magnificent charge was never made by any corps in any war." Drawings depicting the 16th Michigans charge appeared in both *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and *Harpers* magazine, two leading journals of the day.

James was wounded at the engagement at Boydton Plank Road, on October 27th and admitted to a hospital in Washington, D.C. three days later. According to the diagnosis on the hospital record filled out by G.H. Emory, James suffered from "Contusion over left scapula from spent ball." The scapula is the medical term for shoulder blade. The fact that it was a "spent ball" may have saved his life, indicating that it ricocheted off something else, perhaps a tree, a building, a gun, or a cannon, before striking him.

The hospital entry for "On what occasion wounded" reads: "Before Petersburg, VA." As to "Nature of missile or weapon," the attending physician wrote "Musket Ball."

Crawford's *The 16th Michigan Infantry* says this about the day James was wounded:

On October 27, the 16th Michigan rose before daylight and left camp near Peeble's Farm with the Fifth Corps and thousands of other Union troops, moving three miles to the left as the Union forces shifted further west. The men marched through woods and rain, out beyond the Union trenches. General Griffin's First Division soon met Confederate skirmishers, who dropped back to their main line of defenses, protected by a fort not far from a creek called Hatcher's Run.

"We skirmished the enemy all day long," Salter said, "and took up our position quite close to their works there that guard the Southside Railroad until towards night..." But nothing went right that day for the commanders of the different Union divisions and corps involved in the move. They were able neither to link up and support each other, nor to coordinate their attacks and advances through the thick woods. There was fighting in some quarters, but no assault was made on the Confederate fort.

Thereafter allowed to go on furlough, James spent a month recuperating, from November 3rd (presumably when he was released from the hospital) to December 2nd.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1864 for Brady's Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment:

May 5th to 7th:	Battle of the Wilderness
May 8th to 21st:	Spotsylvania Court House
May 28th to 30th:	Totopotomoy Creek / Bethesda Church
May 31st to June 12th:	Cold Harbor / Second Cold Harbor
June 15th to 18th:	Assault on Petersburg
August 18th to 21st:	Globe Tavern
September 30th to October 2nd:	Poplar Springs Church / Peebles' Farm
October 27th to 28th:	Boydton Plank Road / Hatcher's Run

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

As the war had been going badly for the Union, Abraham Lincoln did not expect to win re-election this year. In fact, he expected to lose badly. No President had been elected to a second term since Andrew Jackson in 1832. But then the tide turned for the incumbent, who was running as the National Union candidate: Union generals U.S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, and Philip Sheridan all achieved victories, which propelled Lincoln to victory in the first election held in a country during a Civil War.

Not all was pink in Washington, though: Secretary of the Treasury Salmon Chase resigend, charging that some speculators were plotting to prolong the war for monetary gain.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

After a decade and a half of frantic and frenzied activity in the hills, the California gold rush wound down. If the rush would have kept up, perhaps James would have come to California rather than going to the Colorado gold fields, which he did in the 1880s. More on that and the letters and poems he sent his sister from there later.

1865

A Courthouse Surrender, a Playhouse Pretender, and a Celebrated Frog

"This fact stands an undisputed proof in the history of the war, that where the black smoke of battle rolled heaviest, there could the 16th be found." – Edward Hill, speaking of the 16th Michigan Infantry

"Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog." – Jim Smiley, in Mark Twain's breakthrough story "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"

"Are you sure Hank done it this way?" – from the song of the same name by Waylon Jennings

- America's Worst Steamboat Disaster
- The Civil War ends
- Lincoln assassinated
- Mark Twain's *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*

The four year national nightmare symbolically and effectively ended when Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant worked out the details of Lee's surrender at the small town of Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, on April 9th in the home of Wilmer McLaine.

It could be said that the war practically began in McLaine's front yard and ended in his parlor, as General P.G.T. Beauregard had used McLaine's farm house as his headquarters during the First Battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, and then his home was used for the meeting between Grant and Lee at Appomattox Courthouse--to which secluded region McLaine had moved in order to get away from the war.

Some fighting continued elsewhere for a time, but Lee's surrender of The Army of Northern Virginia following the evacuation of Richmond, the capitol of the Confederacy, made it clear it was just a matter of time before the War would come to a complete halt. Confederate President Jefferson Davis was captured May 11th while trying to escape across the Mississippi River, and the last confederate troops to surrender did so later that month, on the 26th.

By the end of April, following William Tecumseh Sherman's "March to the Sea," where he overthrew and burned Atlanta and continued seaward on to Savannah, a group of diehard Confederates surrendered near Raleigh, North Carolina. A hundred years later those environs (including Mt. Pilot and the fictional Mayberry) would be portrayed on television as the most wholesome and safe of American regions.

At the end of May, a little over four years since Fort Sumter on the South Carolina coast was bombarded, the War officially came to an end.

But let us now step back in time just a little and follow James Shannon and the 16th Michigan from the beginning of the year. They remained at their winter quarters for the first three months. In early April, they were engaged at Petersburg, twenty miles south of Richmond. Here Grant achieved one of the major military objectives of the war: as was the case with Cold Harbor, just north of Richmond, the capture of Petersburg paved the way for the taking of Richmond, the Confederate Capitol. It was at this juncture that Confederate President Jefferson Davis and the rest of his government fled.

Following these victories surrounding Richmond, the 16th Michigan were among those who, with U.S. Grant, pursued Robert E. Lee and placed him in a position where he was forced to realize his army was fighting a lost cause. Lee then surrendered.

Grant, in his memoirs (whose production and printing was engineered by Mark Twain, who saw in Grant's autobiography a chance to do well while also doing good--make a good profit while simultaneously helping out the Grant family, who it seemed would otherwise fall on hard financial times at terminally ill Grant's death--recalled this momentous occasion thus:

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know…but my own feelings…were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and had suffered so much…General Lee was dressed in a full uniform, which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value… In my rough traveling suit…I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form…We soon fell into a conversation about old army times…Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting.

Yes, Grant and Lee, like most of the generals involved on both sides, had known each other prior to the great conflict. Lee, who was married to a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington and whose father Henry Lee had been a revolutionary war cavalry officer nicknamed "Light Horse Harry," had been the head of West Point. Jefferson Davis had been U.S. Secretary of War, and had been involved (as was Abe Lincoln) in the Black Hawk War. Many of them had fought together in the Mexican War, too.

Also serving with the Confederate forces were: former U.S. President John Tyler's grandson Ben C. Johnson; Patrick Henry's grandson, who participated in Pickett's charge; World War II General George Patton's grandfather; and General Lewis Armistead, nephew of George Armistead. It was George Armistead who had defended Fort McHenry in Baltimore when it was being attacked by the British in 1814. The earlier Armistead asked for the production of a huge flag, one that could be easily seen by the British. Francis Scott Key, held prisoner by the British on a ship in Baltimore harbor, also saw the flag, and was inspired to write "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Confederates viewed *their* government as the continuation of that of their forefathers, and likened their cause to those who had fought the Revolutionary War against Britain. In fact, the Confederates called the Civil War the "Second Revolutionary War."

James Shannon was promoted to Full Corporal on May 1st (thus, after Lee's surrender). Later that month, his Regiment marched to Washington, D.C. arriving there on the 12th and participating in the Grand Review with the Army of the Potomac on May 23rd. George Custer led that review. In a macabre foreshadowing of future events, a newspaper report said of the marvelous horsemanship Custer displayed on that day: "It was like the charge of a Sioux chieftain."

The Regiment's last shared experience of note took place there in Washington. In *The 16th Michigan Infantry*, Kim Crawford reports:

Some men had been singing as darkness fell, and soon a group took out candles they had been issued that evening, and fell into line with the singers. The parade probably started by men who were fooling around more than anything else, but soon the idea took on a life of its own. Several thousand men with bayonet-candled torches formed their procession "out of pure joy," remembered a veteran from the Third Brigade.

The cheering parade stopped at the headquarters of Generals Griffin, Bartlett, and Pearson, and those of other commanders, where the men called for speeches. This spectacle continued until their candles burned out.

On June 16th, the 16th Michigan was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky (one hundred years later a member of the Kollenborn family would be a paratrooper stationed in that state, at Fort Campbell). After they got there, they took a train to West Virginia and then a steamer down the Ohio River to Louisville. The members of the 16th Michigan were mustered out of service across the river at Jeffersonville, Indiana on July 8th. They then returned to Michigan, arriving in Jackson on the 12th, where they waited until they were given their final pay on the 25th, after which they disbanded. Colonel Benjamin Partridge sent the men on their way with a final address:

This is the hour which has served as a talisman to each of you during the last four years. The rebellion crushed out of existence, the Union one and inseparable, and yourselves enabled to return to your homes, to follow the peaceful pursuits of life. May your career in civil life be as successful as your military has been.

Before parting with you, I must express my high appreciation of your merits as patriots and soldiers. You have earned and received enconiums of praise from every commander under whom you have served, and you served under those who knew too well the value of praise to bestow it unmerited.

When I look around me and see the heroes of such battles as Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the tremendous Wilderness fights, and then think of the noble spirits we lost at those places, it would seem that we were cemented to each other

by something stronger than the common ties of friendship. I hope we shall always entertain this friendly feeling towards each other, and above all, let us cherish with reverence the memory of our fallen braves; and let us ever be ready to the extent of our power, to aid a dependent relative of any of those who fell in the cause of liberty, and in the ranks of our glorious organization.

A final tally of casualties for the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment shows a total casualty rate of 25.1%. Two hundred twenty seven of them had been killed in action, eight died in Confederate prisons, and one hundred four died from diseases. Although this last figure may seem large, it is actually small in comparison to the combatants as a whole —that more members of the 16th died in battle than from disease, which was unusual, indicates just how intense their battle experience had been. Two hundred eleven of them had been discharged for wounds during the war.

Here is a list of dates and operations in 1865 for Brady's Sharpshooters and the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment:

February 5th to 7th:	Dabney's Mills
March 25th:	Hatcher's Run
March 29th:	White Oaks Road
March 31st:	Quaker Road
April 1st:	Five Forks
April 2nd:	Petersburg
April 3rd to 8th	Pursuing Lee
April 9th:	At Appomattox Court House, Lee's surrender

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

April 14th, five days after Lee's surrender, with the Civil War finally all but over, President Lincoln was assassinated by an overwrought, over-dramatic, alcohol-fortified twenty-six year old racist named John Wilkes Booth. Although pro-slavery and a white supremacist, Booth had never fought in the Confederate Army. After it was too late, and the war was over, he had begun to chastise himself for a coward. At the time of the assassination, Booth was downing half a quart of brandy per day.

Booth had already botched two previous attempts to kidnap the President. And he wasn't the only one with evil intent toward the President--eighty letters that threatened Lincoln's life were on the President's desk this very day.

As an actor himself, Booth was familiar with the theatre and the play Lincoln was attending, and what it would take to gain an audience--albeit uninvited--with the President. He lured the stagehands outside with alcohol, and after imbibing two drinks himself, waited for the most opportune moment. At a point when there was only one actor on stage, Booth stole into the Lincolns' box and shot the President from point blank range in the back of the head. The conniving assassin then leaped fourteen feet to the stage, breaking his leg in the fall. Brandishing a dagger, he turned to the audience and bellowed out something. Some claim he yelled "Sic semper tyrannis!" (which means "thus ever to

tyrants," and is Virginia's state motto); others present thought he said "The South is Avenged!"

Booth had also planned to kill Ulysses S. Grant, who was at first expected at the theatre that evening but who at the last minute changed his mind and traveled with his wife to Philadelphia.

Even with Grant gone, Abe Lincoln was not the only target that night. Booth and his co-conspirators had also planned to kill Vice President Andrew Johnson (who became President after Lincoln's death early on the 15th) and Secretary of State William Seward. Johnson's would-be assassin changed his mind about following through with his grisly task. Seward, who was convalescing at home after a carriage accident, had no such luck. Seward's assailant, although stabbing and clubbing the sixty-four year old man, did not succeed in killing him. Nevertheless, the scene he left was chaotic—not only Seward himself, but also his son, his daughter, a State Department messenger, and a male nurse were injured in the attack.

Many soldiers in the 16th Michigan did not at first believe it when they first heard the reports of Lincoln's death. Having been subjected to countless unfounded "camp stories" for years, they thought this was also just a rumor. On the 20th, though, they found out that the reports were, in fact, true.

On the same day, April 26th, that Joseph E. Johnston (who had won the first battle of the war, the First Bull Run) surrendered to William T. Sherman near Durham Station, North Carolina, and the war came even closer to its definitive end, Booth was cornered and killed in a barn near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

All of John Wilkes Booth's accomplices were eventually captured and hanged.

Joseph Johnston later served as a pallbearer at Sherman's funeral, and died a few days later from pneumonia that he had apparently contracted while paying his last respects in the cold weather (out of regard for his former enemy, he had declined to don a hat to guard against the inclement weather, saying that Sherman would have shown him the same courtesy if the roles had been reversed).

The last shots by the last holdouts (Texas was the last state to surrender) were fired in late May. This brought the Civil War to an end, more or less, until 1962, when it would flare up again in a hushed-up but very highly incendiary battle in Oxford, Mississippi.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Had he remained a Mississippi River boat pilot, Mark Twain may have been piloting, or catching a ride on, the Mississippi River steamboat *Sultana*. On April 27th, a boiler exploded, resulting in the death of 1,547 people. Twain, though, had moved West, to California.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Mark Twain was already fairly well known in the “far West” (as the West coast was known at the time) even prior to this year. He had worked as a reporter for the *Territorial Enterprise* in Virginia (City), Nevada, or as Twain called the then-Territory, Washoe. Twain was known in the region as “The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope." He had also worked and written for newspapers in California, such as the *San Francisco Call*, but his fame hadn't spread beyond the hinterlands of the West and throughout the country until he reworked a story he had heard in Angels Camp, California, naming it “The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.” The “wild humorist” was in the area around Angels Camp prospecting and, to hear him tell it, loafing.

Today Twain has a hospital named after him in San Andreas, also located in Calaveras County, just eleven miles north of Angels Camp, on highway 49 (named for the prospectors of 1849). A statue of Hannibal’s favorite son graces the city park in Angels Camp, too. His aphorisms and quips are quoted on a regular basis in the local newspapers in that part of the country, and his visage is seen “everywhere” there. The Calaveras County fair bears the name “The Frog Jump” and features an actual frog jumping contest, which event is entered by people/frog teams from around the world.

That leaping frog helped catapult Twain to a degree of fame that even a dreamer like him probably never imagined. In his heyday, he was one of the most famous and beloved people on earth. Of course, many people hated him, too, because he never minced words when criticizing the injustices and absurdities he noted around him.

But why all this talk of Twain and Calaveras County? Both key families of this book, the Shannons and the Kollenborns, would end up living in the County a century after Twain.

1867

Alaska, a Maple Leaf, and a Thousand Mile Hike

"To be great is to be misunderstood." – Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Few people know how to take a walk. The qualifications are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence and nothing too much." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

"All we ask is to be allowed to live, and live in peace…We bowed to the will of the Great Father and went south. There we found a Cheyenne cannot live. So we came home. Better it was, we thought, to die fighting than to perish of sickness… You may kill me here; but you cannot make me go back. We will not go. The only way to get us there is to come in here with clubs and knock us on the head, and drag us out and take us down there dead." – Morning Star (Cheyenne, kinown to the Sioux as Dull Knife)

- Canada Unites
- "Seward's Folly"
- Division of Oklahoma and the Indians
- John Muir walks from Indianapolis to the Gulf of Mexico

Fearful of what an America reunified after the conclusion of its Civil War might do regarding annexation of various disparate British colonies in Canada, these independent colonies decided to unite into one cohesive whole. The "British North American Act," creating the Dominion of Canada, was signed May 8th and went into effect July 1st. By forming a confederation, they would be able to present a united front to the United States, discouraging any rapacious moves against tasty tidbits and mouth-watering morsels such as British Columbia (the United States had, not long before, made noises about annexing that Province).

The lion's share of Canada prior to unification were the two humongous regions known as the North-Western Territory, located in an obvious region of the country, and "Rupert's Land" on the eastern half, which had been owned by the Hudson Bay Company.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On October 18, in Sitka, Alaska, amongst the firing of Russian and American cannon, the Imperial Russian flag was lowered, and the U.S. flag took its place. Alaska was now officially a territory of the United States.

Forward-thinking Secretary of State William H. Seward became the butt of jokes for this acquistion. His purchase of Alaska was called "Seward's folly"; the purchase itself was termed "Seward's icebox." There was a method to Seward's "madness," though. Natural resources and splendor aside, securing Alaska had geopolitical ramifications that Seward considered vital. Removing Russia from North America was his main aim.

Seward felt so strongly about the importance of this that, when asked about his greatest accomplishment late in life, he replied: "The purchase of Alaska! But it will take a generation to find that out."

For a grand total of $7,200,000.00 (about 2.5 cents per acre, slightly less than what America had paid France for the Louisiana Purchase), the "icebox" (which would prove to contain vast oil and coal reserves) has been borne out to be quite a bargain, to say the least. At 586,400 square miles, the state is more than twice the size of Texas.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The government decided this year to place the eastern Indian tribes, including the five “civilized” tribes (Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Chickasaw, and Seminole) in the eastern half of Oklahoma, and populated the western half with displaced Plains Indians (Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa, and Comanche). Not all Indians would go peaceably, though, as we will see.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Muir, future “patron saint” of the wilderness in general and Yosemite in particular, was starting to become who he was intended to be. He undertook a thousand-mile nature hike from Indianapolis to the Gulf of Mexico. This trek would lead to many others, perhaps most notably the one he would take the next year. He would also discover Glacier Bay in Alaska a dozen years hence.

1868

His Heart's Home

"He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year, comin' home to a place he'd never been before." – from "Rocky Mountain High" by John Denver

"The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood." – Ralph Waldo Emerson

"No white person or persons shall be permitted to settle upon or occupy any portion of the territory, or without the consent of the Indians to pass through the same." – Treaty of 1868

- John Muir in Yosemite Valley
- Fort Laramie Treaty

John Muir wasn't twenty-seven when he arrived in California, like the protagonist in John Denver's song, and it wasn't quite summer when he arrived, but he was definitely coming home. The thirty-year old native Scotsman had never been to California before, but it didn't take long until it became obvious he had found his spot and his calling. He came to call the Sierra Mountains both "The Range of Light" and his "heart's home."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The U.S. government concluded a treaty with the Sioux this year at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The treaty promised the Sioux the Black Hills (which they called Paha Sapa) in perpetuity. Land could only be lost by the tribe if ¾ of the adult males agreed to it.

The reason for this favorable treaty was that Red Cloud had been adamant in resisting the encroachments of the whites and would not allow himself to be hoodwinked by shady agents. He was able to get the Army to abandon the Powder River Country (for the time being).

Two years prior, in 1866, some minorities had won a victory when a Civil Rights Bill passed (congress overrode a presidential veto of it) when equal rights were granted to all persons born in the United States. For the purposes of that Bill, though, the Indians were not considered persons—Indians were excluded from being enfranchised with those rights. This year, that legislation became a part of the U.S. Constitution, when it was appended to that highest national legal document as its fourteenth amendment.

Also this year, Civil War hero U.S. Grant was voted into the Presidency, and Thomas Edison was granted his first patent, on an electrical vote recorder.

1869

California Annexes the United States

"The romance of boating is gone, now. In Hannibal the steamboatman is no longer a god. The youth don't talk river slang any more. Their pride is apparently railways--which they take a peculiar vanity in reducing to initials ("C B & Q")--an affectation which prevails all over the west. They roll these initials as a sweet morsel under the tongue." – Mark Twain

"Four hoarse blasts of a ship's whistle still raise the hair on my neck and set my feet to tapping." – John Steinbeck

- George Gorham and Susan Lucky wed
- Thomas Green born Indiana
- Nellie Jean Moore born Pennsylvania
- Transcontinental Railroad completed

In 1869, farmers regained their numerical superiority to miners in the United States for the first time in twenty years--since the California gold rush. In 1776, 90% of EuroAmericans were farmers; by 1900, the percentage had dropped to 32%; by 1935, the number had fallen further, to 20%.

Official records indicate that George Gorham and Susan Lucky married February 21st of this year (five years after their daughter Mary Abby Gorham was born). It is probable that they were married prior to this, but that their marriage was not registered until this time. Admittedly, their union may have been a casual one--which was not all that rare at the time between Indian women and EuroAmerican males ("squaw men")--but the fact that their daughter bore her father's surname may indicate that George and Susan were married at the time of the baby's birth.

George--by modern standards, anyway--was on the small side, standing only 5'7." He was very light complected, and by adulthood had tattoos on both wrists. The body decorations are not at all surprising considering his home town of Nantucket, Massachusetts, where almost every boy grew up to make a living on the ocean. George did become a sailor, and he identified himself as such in one of the census enumerations.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Thomas Green, destined to become a cagey "haggler" who would strike a noteworthy bargain, was born in Wells County, Indiana, one week after the official recognition of the Gorhams' marriage, on February 28th. In addition to being a good negotiator and something of a renaissance man, Thomas would become the father of eight children, one of whom would be married to Albert Kollenborn for fifty-four years and bear six children of their own.

Thomas grew up on a homestead in Jewell County, Kansas, which his parents claimed in 1872, when he was three years old. If their personalities matched their names, Thomas' parents were a genuine odd couple. Both were named for famous, but quite dissimilar, personages. Indiana-born Andrew Jackson Green wed Ohioan Mary Magdelene Haecker in 1865. Andrew Jackson had been called "The Devil" by the Indians, while Mary Magdalene—after a rather rough start--attached herself to the opposite deity. Ironically, or fittingly, perhaps, Andrew Jackson Green's granddaughter would marry a son of Henry Harrison Kollenborn (William Henry Harrison was also a noted Indian fighter, having defeated Tecumseh, who was creating a confederacy of Indian tribes to stop the encroachment of the EuroAmericans on Indian land in the west).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Less than three weeks after Thomas' birth in Indiana, Nellie Jean Moore was born in Greenville, Pennsylvania. She would marry James Kollenborn; it was their firstborn who would be given the name Henry Harrison Kollenborn, and eventually become Albert Kollenborn's father.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

America was becoming more proud of its technological achievements and scientific advances. Paralleling or mirroring such was the spirited drubbing that Mark Twain gave Europe and its pretentions in his first travel book, *The Innocents Abroad*, which was published this year. American was coming into its own, and now there were more opportunities than ever for Americans to see America.

After the north-south rent in the country had been provisionally patched up after the Civil War, the nation experienced horizontal unification. This binding of east and west came about as a result of the completion of the Transcontinental railroad

The Golden Spike was driven into the tracks at Promontory Summit in Utah. This connected the Central Pacific tracks, laid primarily by Chinese working from Sacramento, California east, with the line laid by the Union Pacific, laid mostly by Irish workers heading west from Omaha, Nebraska.

The age of headlong expansion and innovation in the United States was not without its blemishes. Abuse of those who had done the actual work, which was hard and dangerous, was scandalous. The chickens came home to roost during the ceremony at Promontory Summit. It was a day of bloopers, truth be told:

First, Leland Stanford of the Central Pacific, one of the "Big Four" of that corporation, robber barons who charged whatever the market would bear as regards freight rates, almost failed to arrive for the ceremony due to-- of all things--a train wreck.

Second, Thomas Durant of the Union Pacific was kidnapped on the way to the ceremony by some of his own employees, who had not been paid for months. The "photo

op" had to be delayed two days (it was initially scheduled for May 8th). Durant was released only after he telegraphed for the money, received it, and disbursed it.

Third, Chinese laborers inadvertently gave a clear indication of how they had been treated away from the eyes of the public and the press when a photographer yelled, "Shoot!" as they were lowering the last rail into place. The Chinese workers immediately dropped the rail and ran for their lives.

Fourth and finally, Stanford, attempting to drive the symbolic last spike (the golden spike which would subsequently be removed and replaced with a run-of-the-mill iron spike), failed to connect sledge with spike—twice. A laborer, sans frock coat, top hat, and boiled shirt, then stepped in and drove the spike home, finally making ends meet. The Iron horse could now travel from coast-to-coast.

Crowds gathered in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and San Francisco, California awaited telegraphic word of the completion of the railroad link. When it was received, cheers erupted in all those far-flung places. In San Francisco, a great banner was unfurled, proclaiming "California Annexes the United States."

In 1969, exactly a century later, Americans would be awed by technology again as they watched a pair of their countrymen take small but significant steps on the moon.

1870

Robert E. Lee Victorious

"I think that much the most enjoyable of all races is a steamboat race; but, next to that, I prefer the gay and joyous mule-rush. Two red-hot steamboats raging along, neck-and-neck, straining every nerve--that is to say, every rivet in the boilers--quaking and shaking and groaning from stem to stern, spouting white steam from the pipes, pouring black smoke from the chimneys, raining down sparks, parting the river into long breaks of hissing foam--this is sport that makes a body's very liver curl with enjoyment. A horse-race is pretty tame and colorless in comparison. Still, a horse-race might be well enough, in its way, perhaps, if it were not for the tiresome false starts. But then, nobody is ever killed. At least, nobody was ever killed when I was at a horse-race. They have been crippled, it is true; but this is little to the purpose." – from "Life on the Mississippi" by Mark Twain

- Great Steamboat Race
- Carleton "C.J." Shannon born Canada
- Census

On June 30th, the "Great Steamboat Race" began. The first ship to arrive at St. Louis from New Orleans would win. The Natchez, captained by Thomas Leathers, was pitted against the Robert E. Lee, captained by John Cannon. The race was so broadly advertised that huge crowds lined the banks. People came from all over the world, and the contest was reported worldwide (correspondents came not just from New York, but also from London and Paris).

A new record was set as the underdog boat, the Robert E. Lee, completed the trip in three days, eighteen hours, and fourteen minutes. As the ships steamed into St. Louis, they could see the pilings for a railroad bridge being constructed there. The writing was on the wall: as a day can go out with the "blaze of glory" of a magnificent sunset, the steamboat era was waning at the very height of its excitement.

Mark Twain, the most famous Mississippi River boat captain of them all, steamboating's most beloved one-time practitioner and supporter, wrote of the event in "Life on the Mississippi":

The time made by the Rob't E. Lee from New Orleans to St. Louis in 1870, in her famous race with the Natchez, is the best on record . . .the race created a national interest . . . The Lee left New Orleans, Thursday, June 30th, 1870, at 4:55 P.M.. . . and landed at St. Louis at 11.25 A.M., on July 4th, 1870 --6 hours and 36 minutes ahead of the Natchez. The Rob't E. Lee was commanded by Captain John W. Cannon, and the Natchez was in charge of that veteran Southern boatman, Captain Thomas P. Leathers.

Painting of 1870 Steamboat Race by Dean Cornwell Photo courtesy of Dave Thomson

Earlier, steamboats had contributed to their own demise by transporting materials up the Missouri River to Omaha to begin the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. Railoads were anathema to steamboat men as they were gradually eroding their livelihood. Ironically, the first railroad that crossed Missouri terminated in Hannibal, Mark Twain's hometown.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Carleton J. Shannon was born June 9th of this year in Colborne, Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada to Robert L. and Deborah (Richardson) Shannon. He would be the first Shannon to come to California, in 1889.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The 1870 census found George and Susan Gorham in Bucksport, Humboldt County, California. George is listed as a farmer; Susan “keeps house.” Their six-year old daughter Mary Abby is also included in the census enumeration, and is described as being “½ Indian.”

In Massachusetts, George's father William Gorham is still in Nantucket, but is no longer residing in the alms house. He is listed as being eighty-two years old and among the "inmates of asylum" in Nantucket. He outlived all three of his wives, Tamar (Worth) Gorham having died five years earlier in 1865.

Thirteen-year-old Robert Huddleston is in District 7, McNairy, Tennessee, Purdy post office. The Huddlestons and the Kollenborns would form a marriage license a few decades hence.

1871

Apocalyptic Blazes

"Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends." – James Shannon, in an 1886 letter to his sister Eliza (Shannon) Philp in Canada

- The Great Chicago Fire
- The much "greater" Peshtigo Fire
- Canadian census

Just about everyone, at least in the United States, has heard of the great Chicago fire, supposedly caused by Mrs. O'Leary's negligence, in allowing her bovine source of milk, cream and butter to knock over a lantern, setting the barn ablaze, which spread to another building, then to another, then to the greater part of downtown Chicago.

The fire in Chicago on October 8th was indeed a catastrophe. So many ramshackle tenement buildings collapsed so quickly that onlookers described the sound as being earthquake-like. Exacerabting matters was the hot, dry weather that had preceded the outbreak of fire there. The conditions directly after the blaze were even worse--winds up to sixty miles per hour which spread the inferno wherever the wind blew.

Most macabre of all was the burning piece of wood which floated down the Chicago River and landed on top of the city's only water pumping station, which went up in flames, leaving the firefighters without water to battle the blaze. Similar to what was happening in Peshtigo, Wisconsin, many fled the flames by wading into the river. Their faces were scorched from the superheated air, while their legs were simultaneously suffering from the bitterly cold water.

Although 17,500 buildings had been destroyed by the time the fire finally died out--partly from lack of fuel, and partly due to the winds finally dying down, the O'Leary home was not one of them. Though the fire had started in the barn next to their house, their house itself had been spared.

Regardless of the overwhelming destructive force of the Chicago fire, it didn't hold a candle to the conflagration 255 miles north in Wisconsin, which, unbeknownst to those in Chicago and even most in Wisconsin, was taking place at the very same time.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

More than two hundred fifty people lost their lives in the Chicago fire, and ninety thousand were made homeless. The same ill wind which contributed to the misery in Chicago did even more damage in northeastern Wisconsin, in the Peshtigo fire there. In the worst natural disaster in U.S. history, approximately 1,152 died in Peshtigo, and 350 in nearby towns (it is impossible to know the exact number of dead, as many bodies were completely vaporized in the 2,000 degree heat, and a number of people had just arrived in

the area). Three hundred fifty of the victims of the fire remained unidentified and were buried in a mass grave.

As an aid in envisioning the scope of the damage, two *billion* trees were burned during the fire.

Swamp gas had been building in the marshy areas surrounding Peshtigo during the long, hot days preceding the fire. This gas exploded before the fires racing toward town even arrived. The result was a superheated firestorm that blew roofs off buildings and even lifted entire buildings off the ground. Anything combustible was incinerated; people died simply from breathing in the superheated air.

As in Chicago, people headed to the River to escape the flames. Some crowded onto the bridge that spanned the river, but it too burst into flame and spilled its occupants--people, horses, and carts--into the river. Many sought refuge in wells; some, but not all of these, thus survived.

One young boy who survived the fire by climbing into a well as the fire approached lost his entire family--parents and siblings--to the blaze. A burial crew came by and interred his family in a single hastily dug shallow grave. Once the crew left, though, the boy dug his family members out, carefully separated them into makeshift coffins he constructed, and re-buried them individually in deeper graves.

And yet who has heard of the Peshtigo Fire, outside of residents of the cheese state and fire abatement professionals? Perhaps the reason for this cognitive void is that everyone has heard of the city of Chicago, and because of the “importance" of that mighty metropolis, a fire striking that locale is considered worse than one centered in a less-populated area, regardless of the number of lives lost.

Admittedly, there was much more *material* damage in the Chicago fire, but only a cynic much more cyncial than I would conclude that the greater extent of material damage in Chicago is what gives its conflagration dubious "bragging rights" over the fire in Peshtigo.

Perhaps the skewed reporting of the incidents of that week, and the continuing unbalanced viewpoint toward the relative "merits" of the two fires, are partly due to the fact that even at that time news of the Chicago fire spread farther and faster than news of the conflagration in Peshtigo. In fact, even in Wisconsin, most people were aware of the Chicago fire before they knew about what had happened near the western shores of Green Bay, in a sparsely populated and heavily forested area called “The Sugar Bush.”

Lucius Fairchild was Governor of Wisconsin at the time. Born in Ohio, he had moved to Wisconsin with his family as a youth. Answering the call of excitement and possible wealth, he had been a California prospector before returning to Wisconsin. On his arrival in California, he had twenty-seven cents to his name. When he returned to Wisconsin, his financial situation was not much better. But he had begun his political career there, in a modest way. Back in Wisconsin, the Civil War prompted him to action. Serving at

Antietem and Gettysburg, he may have run across James Shannon (and/or his fellow Ohioan George Custer).

Even Governor Fairchild was aware of the disaster in Chicago before he knew anything about what was happening simultaneously in northeastern Wisconsin. Lucius' wife Frances, when finally hearing about the horrendous fire in the Peshtigo area (her husband had gone to Chicago to lend assistance there), commandeered blankets and other relief supplies and rerouted trains, that had originally been bound southeast from the state capitol of Madison to Chicago, northeast to Peshtigo. And it was a good thing that she did: as badly as the citizens of Chicago needed aid, those in northeast Wisconsin needed it more.

One possible benefit from the fire was an increased awareness in communities around the nation of the need for fire preparedness. After reporting on the Chicago fire which had taken place the week before, the *Iola Register*, a Kansas newspaper, in its issue of October 19th, editorialized:

With the example of great fires in many communities, The Register *urges the community to get together and create some kind of fire-fighting organization.*

Almost two years later, in its June 7th, 1873, issue, the same newspaper was able to report:

An ordinance creating an Iola Fire Company took effect with its publication in this issue. The ordinance provides for the voluntary organization of fire companies who will operate under the direction of fire wardens appointed by the mayor and city council.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The 1871 Canadian census shows the following Shannons, all living in Warwick Township, Lambton County, Ontario, and listed as belonging to the Church of England (Anglican):

William, 54, [farmer?], born Ireland
John, 55, LAB[orer?], born Ireland
John, 37, F[armer?], born Ireland
Robert, 35, Carpenter, born Ontario
Samuel, 33, F[armer?], born Ontario

These men are apparently, for the most part, Thomas and Anny's sons. Thomas and Anny had a William, a John, a Robert, and a Samuel James. Although these ages do not perfectly jibe with other sources for these men, they are all within a few years (which amount of discrepency is not rare for census reports of the era).

At any rate, we can deduce from the census that the Robert Shannon family moved 240 miles west from Colborne, Ontario to Warwick, Ontario between 1870, when Carleton was born in Colborne, and the census this year.

The Thomas Shannon family had lived in Warwick earlier--that is where he and Anny's son Robert was born, for instance. Robert apparently relocated east for a time, to Colborne, but then returned to Warwick this year.

Robert, who would eventually bring his family to California in the early 1890s, and become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's grandfather, was born 1833, so should have been 37 or 38 instead of 35. His brother William was born 1820, so was either 50 or 51 instead of 54. The younger John was apparently the brother born 1831 (so he was 39 or 40, not 37). As William is listed before the older John, even though he is a year younger than him, perhaps the older John is an uncle or some other relative.

Samuel James, whose service in the Civil War has already been reported, and who later toiled in the gold fields of Colorado before retiring to Buffalo, New York, was born 1835. Thus, James was 35 or 36 at the time the census was taken in 1871, not 33. If this Samuel was not James, returning home for a time after the War, perhaps it was the elder John's son.

It almost seems as if the men skewed their ages so that William could pass as their father, rather than older brother. Instead of appearing to be just eleven years older than John, he is listed as being seventeen years older. Why they would do that, if that was indeed their intent, is unknown.

A potentially problematic piece of intelligence is that John claims to have been born in Ireland. Other records indicate that siblings Mary Ann was born in Ireland in 1821, and Eliza A. 1827 in Canada. If Robert, who was born July 10th 1833, was really born in Ireland, it would seem that the Shannons spent some years back and forth between the new country and the old.

1876

Heros and Villains

"We preferred our own way of living. We were no expense to the government. All we wanted was peace and to be left alone. Soldiers were sent out in the winter, who destroyed our villages. Then 'long hair' came in the same way. They say we massacred him, but he would have done the same things to us had we not defended ourselves and fought to the last." – Crazy Horse

"If I were an Indian, I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people who adhered to the free open plains rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation." – George Armstrong Custer

"I could whip all the Indians in the northwest with the Seventh Cavalry." – George Armstrong Custer, June 25th, 1876

"It is a good day to fight! It is a good day to die! Strong hearts, brave hearts, to the front! Weak hearts and cowards to the rear." – Crazy Horse, June 25th, 1876

"Hundreds of books have been written about this battle by people who weren't there. I was there, but all I remember is one big cloud of dust." – Good Fox (Sioux)

"When men sow the wind it is rational to expect that they will reap the whirlwind." --Frederick Douglass

"It is my heart-warmed and world-embracing Christmas hope and aspiration that all of us, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the admired, the despised, the loved, the hated, the civilized, the savage (every man and brother of us all throughout the whole earth), may eventually be gathered together in a heaven of everlasting rest and peace and bliss, except the inventor of the telephone." – Mark Twain

- Centenniel of the Country
- Custer's Last Stand
- Disputed election
- Foiled robbery of Minnesota bank by the James/Younger gang
- Will Shannon born Canada
- Telephone invented
- "Tom Sawyer" published
- Colorado becomes the 38th State
- Rules of American football codified

Even though in the midst of a national economic depression, the approaching centenniel of the country had many people in a festive mood. The country, viewed as a political entity, counting from its declaration of Independence from England, was 100

years old. Although still young in comparison to many of the governments around the world, the country was no longer a babe, and had endured longer than many had thought it would.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The economy wasn't the only problem this year, though. The situation began to go from bad to worse for westward expansionists. Sitting Bull, who was at an encampment along the Greasy Grass River (or, as the EuroAmericans called it, the Little Big Horn) along with Crazy Horse, was at odds with the whites. The Hunkpapa Lakota tribe considered the Black Hills (which they call "Paha Sapa") sacred, and resisted white encroachment in the area when gold -sound familiar?- was discovered there.

The Sioux knew there was gold on their land, and had tried to keep it secret. Crazy Horse's father Worm had attended a large Indian council where the warriors agreed that any of their number who divulged to the whites the presence of gold in the Black Hills was to be killed as punishment.

Based on his earlier experiences with them, Sitting Bull was skeptical regarding treaties made with the whites. He had said, "Tell them at Washington, if they have one man who speaks the truth, to send him to me, and I will listen to what he has to say."

In spite of the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty acknowledging Sioux ownership of the Black Hills in perpetuity, the government soon confiscated it. The Homestake Mine alone has extracted over a billion dollars worth of gold from the Black Hills. Meanwhile, many if not most of the Sioux live below the poverty line.

"Long Hair," as some Indians called George Armstrong Custer, bit off more than he could chew in southeastern Montana when he pursued a large encampment of Lakota, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe there. Custer, who had cut his hair short for the campaign had, some conjecture, intended to win another quick victory in the Indian wars and then hightail it back to Washington and cast his hat into the ring in a bid for the Presidency.

Custer had told his Indian scout Bloody Knife (as the Crow and Shoshoni were traditional enemies of the Sioux, it was not difficult for the U.S. Army to attract these as allies in their campaign against the Sioux) that this would be his last Indian campaign (in fact, all involved knew that this would be the last big Indian fight on the plains) and that if he was successful he would become the "Great White Father" in Washington.

As it turned out (as we will examine), the 1876 election was a very contentious one. The Democratic front-runner, New York Governor Samuel Tilden, was not popular with all in the party as they regarded his reform impulses as dangerous. Custer, on the other hand, was a horse of a different color. Ambrose's "Crazy Horse and Custer" says:

To men desperate for a candidate, Custer must have seemed ideal. The Democrats were scheduled to hold their convention in St. Louis in late June; by then, Custer should have found and whipped the hostiles. News of his victory could have swept the convention like

wildfire if handled properly and led to a stampede for Custer. Did Bennett or someone else suggest this possibility to Custer? Despite direct orders to the contrary from Sheridan, Custer was bringing Mark Kellogg, a newspaper reporter, with him on the expedition. Perhaps Custer hoped that Kellogg could get a report of the battle with the Sioux to the Democrats and to the country before June 27, the opening day of the convention.

There was enough reality in the proposition, one could suppose, for Custer to believe his nomination possible. If nominated, could he have won? That is anyone's guess, American politics being as they are, but it may be instructive to recall that the Democrats were able to throw the election of 1876 into the House of Representatives, even when running so faceless a candidate as Tilden and despite widespread republican fraud at the ballot boxes. And it might also be said that as President, Custer probably would not have been much worse than the men who did hold the job for the remainder of the nineteenth century. The country would have survived.

U.S. Grant had almost inadvertently saved Custer's life. Grant, no supporter of Custer especially after Custer had accused Grant's son of being a drunkard, had attempted to prevent Custer from leaving Washington for his final escapade.

Custer's Indian scouts also tried to save him. They warned him that the superior numbers of the Sioux made victory for the army impossible. Bloody Knife told Custer that there were more Sioux up ahead than the Cavalry had bullets. Custer estimated there were at most 1,500 Sioux; in actuality, there were 3,000 Sioux and their mostly Cheyenne allies.

Never accused of being a genius, but always brave and aggressive, Custer didn't listen. Instead of heeding the warning, the man who had graduated last in his class at West Point (and been courtmartialed soon after graduation, at the same time his fellow graduates were being called to Washington and being bestowed commissions at the start of the Civil War), was killed along with his men at the battle known as the Little Big Horn on June 25th.

Bearing in mind the Presidential implications of the battle, Ambrose goes on to write regarding Custer's decision to proceed directly with the attack rather than allow his men and horses time to rest:

He called his officers to him and ordered a night march. This was another inexplicable decision; it further weakened the striking power of an already exhausted 7th Cavalry. Why all the haste? Perhaps the opening date of the Democratic Convention, only three days away, had something to do with it. Kellogg would need time to write his dispatch, take it to the Far West*, and get the news on the telegraph to St. Louis. It was already the night of June 24-25; Custer needed to fight his battle soon if he wanted to stampede the Democratic Convention. Whatever his reasons, Custer was pushing hard now, the smell of battle in his nostrils.*

Not only was the military outnumbered—there were fifteen hundred to two thousand Indians, and Custer's men numbered seven hundred--they were also outgeneraled. Custer thought the Sioux would flee for sure, so when he saw they were still in camp, he said "We've caught them napping! We've got them!"

Not so, though. The Sioux knew Custer and the 7th Cavalry were near, and were anxiously waiting for them to attack. Sitting Bull had had a vision, wherein the whites attacked the Sioux encampment and tumbled head over heels, upside down, into the Sioux camp. They could hardly wait for the vision to become reality. Custer did what the Indians expected and wanted, but the opposite was not the case. Instead of fleeing, the Sioux and their allies launched a counterattack.

And the Sioux were no pushovers. Ambrose again:

...men of brave hearts and strong bodies, warriors any commander would be proud to lead, the mightiest armed force, man for man, if equally armed, this continent has ever seen.

Custer wasn't the first to underestimate the Sioux. Captain William Fetterman had said earlier: "With eighty men, I can ride through the entire Sioux nation." With precisely that number, he and his men were slaughtered by a contingent of the Sioux after being lured into an ambush by Crazy Horse. In 1865, Fetterman and another captain had hoped to kill Red Cloud. Instead, they engaged in mutual assisted suicide—they shot each other in the head as their position was about to be overrun.

"The Fetterman Massacre," (named for Lt. Col. William Judd Fetterman) may have been seen by the Sioux as revenge for the Sand Creek Massacre at the end of the November the previous year (1864). The Indians called it *The Battle of the Hundred Slain*. It was the worst defeat the Army had suffered in warfare with the Indians.

Crazy Horse and Custer had met once before on the field of battle, on the banks of the Yellowstone River in 1873. They may have killed each other then had not some of the survivors of Black Kettle's Cheyennes been there. Crazy Horse was attempting to lure Custer into an ambush and had many warriors hiding in the woods. The Cheyennes, though, once they saw the hated Custer, could not control their emotions and rushed forward to attack. The ambush failed; instead, a skirmish ensued, in which both sides inflicted relatively minor damage on the other and then dispersed.

Both sides thought that they had chased the other off. The reason the whites left the territory, though, was due to the (economic) Panic of 1873, which caused a postponement in the furtherance of the building of the railroad. The military was along as guards for the railroad construction gang, so when construction stopped, they left.

Custer, for his part, thought that Indians were cowards, and that they would always flee when attacked, regardless of the numbers they had. This misconception was to prove deadly to Custer and his men.

Probably out of a desire to retain all the glory for himself and his regiment, Custer had turned down an offer of more men from another outfit. It is impossible to say whether these additional men would have made the difference in the battle, but they might have.

Opposites in some ways, Crazy Horse and Custer also had many things in common: both were teetotalers (Custer had not always been, but had been for many years), had younger brothers who were even more given to derring do than they were (Tom Custer won the Congressional Medal of Honor), were known among their people as excellent hunters, and had even shared the same nickname earlier in life ("Curly").

Not only were the professional soldiers heavily outnumbered, the 7th Cavalry were tired, while the Indians were rested. Significant, too, is the fact that many of the soldiers were basically mercenaries—many were recent immigrants to whom service in the Army was "just a job," whereas the Indians were fighting for retention of their way of life, revenge, and were also protecting their women, children, and old folks—for they knew from experience what would doubtless happen to these if the army was not driven away.

The 7th Cavalry never had much of a chance. After a fierce and chaotic thirty to fifty-five minute bloodbath, over two hundred fifty U.S. solidiers were dead. Among them were George Custer and two of his younger brothers, Tom and Boston. The only soul in Custer's column to survive was a horse named Comanche.

Up until this point, Custer had been viewed as "lucky," and was known for being in the right place at the right time. In the Civil War, where he came to fame, he had had twelve horses killed from under him. On an earlier occasion chasing the Indians around the plains, he had once gotten lost on that great treeless expanse after accidentally shooting his horse while on a buffalo hunt, but was then found by his own men. This was indeed "lucky" for him, as he otherwise may have been found by the Indians, or found by his men only after he had died--which would have been a likely scenario for someone who had put himself in that situation.

The following passages from "Crazy Horse and Custer" by Stephen Ambrose provide insight into Custer's personality and his previous experiences in the Civil War, which doubtless played a role in his actions at the Little Big Horn:

Custer rode to the top of his profession over the backs of his fallen soldiers. As a general, Custer had one basic instinct, to charge the enemy wherever he might be, no matter how strong his position or numbers. Throughout his military career he indulged that instinct whenever he faced opposition. Neither a thinker nor a planner, Custer scorned maneuvering, reconnaissance, and all other subtleties of warfare. He was a good, if often reckless, small-unit combat commander, no more and no less. But his charges, although by no means always successful, made him a favorite of the national press and one of the superstars of the day.

. . .

Of all the division commanders in the war…Custer was the most famous.

He almost certainly suffered the highest losses. At Gettysburg in July 1863, where he had a brigade of approximately 1,700 men under his command, he lost 481 in killed, wounded, and missing. He personally led the 1st Michigan Cavalry regiment, about 400 strong, in a saber charge against an entire enemy division. The charge did halt a Confederate advance, although that probably could have been done with less bloodshed by placing his men in a defensive position and throwing up breastworks. As Custer did the job, however, he lost 86 men in a few brief moments. But he also drew attention to himself and received high praise from his superiors for his boldness and willingness to seize the initiative. The previous Army of the Potomac commander, General Hooker, had supposedly once complained that his cavalry would not fight and that he had never seen a dead cavalryman. Custer gave him plenty to look at.

. . .

Heavy casualties were almost a point of pride with the Union generals, something to brag about, as they proved that the general had not shirked his duty, that he was willing, nay anxious, to get out there and fight. One hundred killed, three hundred wounded, two hundred missing, for no conceivable military advantage, but what did it matter, as long as a superior officer saw the charge or the newspapers reported on it? The reality behind the figures escapes us today, but it was there—farm boys without an arm or a leg, dragging out their existence, unable to work or support themselves or their families, men whose minds as well as their bodies were permanently scarred, young wives who never saw their husbands again, teen-age boys whose lives were cut short. The Union cause was about as just as men are every likely to find in any war, certainly more noble and inspiring than most, but the price the North paid for victory was far higher than it should have been. And clearly, Custer was one of the leading spendthrifts.

On this day, though, Custer's luck ran out. At least one man had understood the danger of Custer's death-defying antics. During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln had said to Custer's wife Libbie: "So this is the young woman whose husband goes into a charge with a whoop and a shout. Well, I'm told he won't do so any more." Libbie replied that the President was mistaken, that Custer would, on the contrary, continue in his same style. Lincoln then responded, "Oh, then you want to be a widow, I see."

At the Little Big Horn, on June 25th, Custer's luck ran out, and his wife became a widow. Within a year, Crazy Horse would also be dead.

Custer's last mistake, or "Custer's death ride" as one contemporary German painting ("Custer's Todesritt") named it, manifestly put a damper on any feelings of invincibility EuroAmerican military aggressors may have had. News of the massacre didn't reach the East, via Western Union telegraph, until July 4th, the very day the country was celebrating its Centenniel.

Besides "Yellow Hair," the Lakota people had also termed Custer "Long Hair," "Hard Backsides" (because he chased them over long distances without stopping to rest), and "The Chief of Thieves." The trail the whites took to the badlands the Indians called "The

Thieves' Trail." Custer, who was noted for his bravery but not for his sensibleness, had been ealier in his career suspended from command for a year without pay for abandoning his command (returning home to spend time with his wife), shooting deserters without first at least going through the motions of according them a trial, and for being otherwise inhumane to the men under his command.

Not all of the Army were killed at the Little Big Horn—some stayed out of the action, as much as they could, opting not to come to Custer's rescue, or realizing it would have been futile, anyway. All 210 in Custer's batallion fired their lost shots there, though. Approximately 40 on the Sioux side lost their lives that day.

In order to save face, the Army later claimed that the Indians possessed superior fire battle. This was bunk, though. Custer saw to it that his men had the best available equipment, and made sure that they were in fighting trim. As to the Indians, most of their weapons were old flintlocks, condemned muskets, muzzleloaders, and smoothbores. Sitting Bull's gun, in fact, was a forty-year-old Hawken rifle.

The EuroAmericans would have their revenge, though. They went on the rampage for the next fourteen years, culminating in the massacre at Wounded Knee. The Indian victory was a short-lived one, and ultimately Pyrhhic in the extreme. The whites have been extracting revenge for "Custer's Last Stand" ever since, continuing down to the present.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

That notwithstanding, it is possible that if Custer had lived, the outcome of the U.S. Presidential election of 1876 would not have been so contentious. Even had Custer not won, he may have proved a spoiler a la Thedore Roosevelt in 1916, who, running against Taft and Wilson, was nonplussed to see that not only did he not win the election himself as the Progressive ("Bull Moose") candidate, but had also affected victory for Woodrow Wilson.

As it turned out, though, in the 1876 election it appeared after the results were in that the democratic candidate Samuel Tilden had won. Nevertheless, as a result of some shenanigans perpetrated by some party followers of Hayes, it was Tilden's opponent Rutherford B. Hayes who ended up in the oval office. And, in fact, in an odd twist that is practically a reverse image of the 2000 election, the Republican party claimed that black voters had been suppressed in Louisiana, South Carolina, and *Florida*.

The disgruntled Democrats protested and even rioted throughout the country due to what they considered a "stolen" election. The backers of Tilden, who included almost everyone in the Democrat-heavy South, dubbed Hayes "His Fraudulency."

Finally, the new administration made a back room offer to Southern representatives: if you will call off the hounds, the federal government will get out of the South. The deal, called "The Compromise of 1877," was made. The Electoral College gave Hayes 185 of its votes, Tilden 184. Reconstruction was decommissioned, dismantled, shelved.

Conditions for blacks in the south went from terrible (during slavery) to better (during reconstruction) back to terrible again. The Southerners were allowed to resume their exploitation of blacks, even though the peculiar institution of slavery was not revived, at least not in its former guise.

Reconstruction segued into re-destruction for the former slaves. As peculiar as it may sound, the former slaves in many cases were as bad or worse off than they had been before, that is during slavery. Former owners were now simply employers who didn't feel the need to protect their investment by feeding and housing them – they just hired labor (cheap) as they needed them, and provided them with as little as possible.

Martin Luther King, Jr., may have been thinking in particular of this time when he said, "This 'Wait' has almost always meant 'Never.' It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The James/Younger gang had been terrorizing the country, especially western Missouri, for years. Frank James had fought for the South in the Civil War. His younger brother Jesse had been a bushwhacker, a self-styled irregular (in reality nothing more than a terrorist). After the war, the James brothers continued their lawless ways. They suffered their first total failure when they traveled far to the north and attempted to rob the bank in Northfield, Minnesota.

Despite being a racist and a murderer (or perhaps in same cases *because of* being such), Jesse James became something of a folk hero, especially in the South. The Green family, from whose ranks Albert Kollenborn's wife came, named a son Jesse--or was it James: both names are attributed to him, perhaps indicating who he was named for.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Will Shannon was born in Canada on the 8th of November--in Warwick Township, Lambton County, Ontario, to be precise. He would become the father of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The telephone, a contraption which even its inventor Alexander Graham Bell despised as a nuisance, was invented this year. With a characteristic lack of prescience, many prognosticators thought the telephone would garner only a very limited number of users.

One of these was Mark Twain. Although imbued with one of the sharpest minds in the nation, Twain was an almost ludicrously bad businessman. He was notorious for investing in business projects doomed to failure. Although investing fortunes in many "pie in the sky" ideas, Twain declined when the opportunity was offered him to invest in the telephone. Twain was a proponent of most technology and an early adopter of gadgets

such as the typewriter (he was the first author to submit a typewritten novel). In fact, he was even proud of the fact that he was the first private person to have a telephone installed in his residence. Nevertheless, he thought the device didn't have much of a future.

The first telephone directory contained just names and addresses, no telephone numbers. If you wanted to speak to someone, you called the operator and told them who you wanted to bother. The operator would then connect you with that person. Another disadvantage of early telephones was that often many people shared the same line, and neighbors could—and often did—listen in on each other's conversations. Widespread telephone usage had to wait until the Turn of the Century, though.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Another noteworthy occurrence of this landmark year was Colorado becoming a state. In a few short years, the Rocky Mountain state would welcome James Shannon, who would come in search of gold.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Based on rugby, the rules for the American game of football were written this year. American football is not to be confused with what other nations call football (which game is called soccer in the United States). In American football, the lion's share of the violence is usually on the field of play; in soccer, more violence is prone to be perpetrated in the stands, among the fans.

1877

Chasing Bona Fide Chiefs

"Our chiefs are killed…The old men are all dead…The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are, perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I can find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever." – Heinmot Toovalaket (Chief Joseph, Nez Perce)

"The whites told only one side. Told it to please themselves. Told much that is not true. Only his own best deeds, only the worst deeds of the Indians, has the white man told." – Yellow Wolf (Nez Perce)

- Nez Perce Hounded
- National Railroad Strike
- Phonograph Invented

While the identity of the rightful commander in chief of the United States was in question early in 1877, nobody doubted that Joseph was the legitimate leader of a band of Nez Perce Indians who lived in an area that is now near the Oregon/Washington border.

As in the case with the Cherokees in Georgia during the 1830s, and similar to the situation with the Miwok, Yahi, Wiyot and myraid other tribes in the 1840s-1860s California gold rush, the land of the Nez Perce land was desired by EuroAmericans because--you probably guessed it--it was rich in minerals and metals.

The Nez Perce had never engaged in hostilities with the EuroAmericans, and Joseph did not want to fight them and their government now. In fact, the Nez Perce had come to the aid of the "Lewis & Clark Expedition" less than a century earlier. Rather than destroying them or stealing their houses, the Nez Perce fed them and looked after their horses for them for several months while the Corps of Discovery continued their journey by canoe. Doubtless the presence of the Shoshone woman Sacagawea among the Corps of Discovery aided in maintaining peaceful relations with other Indians they met on the way (such as the Nez Perce).

The Nez Perce were still hospitable seventy years later, but not so "friendly" that they were willing to give up their homeland. Joseph did not want to sign a treaty to give up his people's land. Fighting the whites may have been foolish; giving up their land without a fight, though, Joseph viewed as a caving in to injustice.

The stronger of the two sides would not take no for an answer. Although the Nez Perce had helped the Corps of Discovery less than a century earlier, the U.S. Army chased Joseph and his band--including, as usual, not just warriors and braves but women, children, and the elderly--1,000 miles from their home. The Nez Perce sought to elude the

army and escape into the sanctuary of Canada. They made it to within forty miles of that country, but were then overtaken by the army and, after a long and hard battle, and after their horses had been driven off, were forced into submission.

Aiding and abetting the U.S. Army in their fight against the Nez Perce were some Lakota and Cheyenne warriors. Only one year after their resounding victory over Custer at the Little Big Horn, some of them were making common cause with not only Nelson Miles and his 5th Infantry, but also that very same (reconstituted, of course) 7th Cavalry that Custer had led to its doom.

Miles even put heavy pressure on Crazy Horse to serve as a scout against the Nez Perce, but the Sioux warrior, who had recently surrendered for the good of his people, refused. Later in the year, in September, Crazy Horse was bayoneted by two white soldiers when he attempted to resist being thrown into the prison house. The intention was (although Crazy Horse was not informed of it, and in fact, was misled into believing otherwise) to send Crazy Horse to a prison in the Dry Tortugas for the rest of his life.

While on a forced move to the Missouri a few days later, Crazy Horse's body was left by his parents on a scaffold near Pine Ridge, South Dakota, along the valley of Wounded Knee Creek. Nobody knows exactly where. Troubles would take place there in 1890 and then again in the 1970s. Today, the Oglala Sioux, the band to which Crazy Horse belonged, still inhabit a reservation there.

The Seven hundred fifty-strong Nez Perce tribe, along with their 1,500 horses, led the cavalry on a five-month chase covering 1,170 miles from Oregon to Montana. The Nez Perce won all the skirmishes they had with the Army up until the time the majority of them were captured at the Battle of Bear Paw Mountain in Montana, just forty miles south of refuge in Canada.

A few of them did make it into Canada, and were welcomed by Sitting Bull and his Humkpapa Sioux band there.

The Nez Perce who had not made it to Canada were told that if they would surrender their weapons, they could return to their homeland. Not surprisingly, this promise was not kept, and they were taken by steamboat and then train to northeast Indian Territory, present-day Oklahoma. Later, Chief Joseph would be allowed to return to the West, although not to his home in eastern Oregon.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Manifest destiny, Social Darwinism (the "survival of the fittest" mantra), and its reductio ad absurdem "might makes right" were excuses paraded forth for such greed and inhumanity as had been perpetrated against the Indians. Capitalists and their handmaidens in government offices and barracks had translated and extrapolated the underlying theme of Charles Darwin's "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life" into economics, arguing that

whoever ended up at the top of the socioeconomic heap were there because they were the fittest, and thus deserved their sometimes ill-gotten gain and pilfered privileges.

Not everyone gladly accepted the great discrepency between the wealthy and the poor, though. The Gilded age was beginning, a time of opulence, conspicuous consumerism and pretension for the few while a great many suffered from low pay, long hours, and dangerous working conditions. An era of labor unrest that would burn bright and strong for the next several decades, through the Great Depression, came dramatically to a head during the National railroad strike this year, “The Great Strike of 1877."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The last quarter of the 19th century was not just a time of race and class conflict, though. It was also a time of breakneck-speed industrial advancements and whiz-bang inventions. Thomas Alva Edison invented the phonograph this year. Edison was no one-trick pony: he would wind up with 1,093 patents in his lifetime. If one were to consistently rack up patents at the rate of one a month, it would take over ninety-one years and two months to break his record.

1879

Bright Ideas

"I bet you if I had met him [Trotsky] and had a chat with him, I would have found him a very interesting and human fellow, for I never met a man that I didn't like." – Will Rogers

"If I want to do anything, I want to speak a more universal language." – William Saroyan

"When I find a well-drawn character in fiction or biography I generally take a warm personal interest in him, for the reason that I have known him before--met him on the river." – Mark Twain

- Electric Light Bulb Invented
- James Branstuder born Illinois
- Will Rogers born Indian Territory
- Virginia Belle Myers born Missouri

Many consider the electric light bulb to have been Thomas Edison's most important invention. Prior to this, illumination was supplied by kerosene lanterns and candles. Kerosene was expensive and dangerous (a tipped-over lantern could easily start a fire, and the storage of the flammable fuel was also a hazard). Candles were cheaper and safer than lanterns but also much less powerful. The electric light bulb allowed people to "stretch daylight." This was a blessing, allowing more work to be accomplished, especially on short winter days.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James "Jim" Branstuder, who would eventually become the third and final husband of Albert Kollenborn's mother Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston (they would be married forty-five years at the time of Ruie's death), was born in Lincoln, Illinois February 28th to Squire and Margaret Branstuder.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One of America's great humorists and "wise guys" was born on November 4th of this year in Oologah, Indian Territory, known as the Cherokee Nation, a government and a country within the United States. His father, Clem, was active in tribal government and served as a judge and Senator in the Cooweescoowee district. Clem was also a member of the Constitutional Convention when Oklahoma became a state. Northeastern Oklahoma's Rogers County was named for him--not for his son Will, as many people assume.

Will's mother was Mary American Scrimsher, a descendent of Chief O-Loo-Tsa. Mary died of typhoid fever when Will was ten years old. Will once said, "My folks have

told me that what little humor I have comes from her. I can't remember her humor, but I can remember her love and understanding of me."

Following 1910, when the passing of Mark Twain was more than just a rumor, the baton of national wit and social conscience was passed to Will Rogers. A wizard with the lariat and possessor of a natural comic genius (he called himself a "poet lariat"), Will played the vaudeville circuit. As did many vaudevillians of the time, he eventually became a movie star. What is most remembered about Will Rogers, along with his tragic early demise, is his wellspring of refreshing down-to-earthiness and homespun wisdom.

As was mentioned, when Will was born, what we now call Oklahoma was Indian Territory. It was originally set aside as a safe haven for the Indians after being forcibly removed from Georgia and other states to the east. As discussed in the 1830, 1831, and 1832 chapters, whites eventually decided they also wanted this land after all. So much for Indian Territory and their "permanent" home. The Oklahoma land rush is discussed in the 1889 chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although the 1930 census claims she was born in 1874, most sources say that Virginia Belle Myers, who would eventually become the mother-in-law of Albert Kollenborn, was born to Sylvester Myers and Eunice Margaret (Reeder) Myers December 20th of this year in Grant City, which is located in northwestern Missouri. Grant City was named for Civil War general and former U.S. President Ulysses S. Grant, who would live another six years.

When Virginia Belle Myers was three years old, her family moved west. Like her future in-laws Andrew Jackson Green and Mary Magdelene (Haecker) Green, Virginia's parents homesteaded in Kansas. She would grow up and meet her future husband there in the Sunflower State.

1880

The Octopus

"A railroad is like a lie--you have to keep building to it to make it stand. A railroad is a ravenous destroyer of towns, unless those towns are put at the end of it and a sea beyond, so that you can't go further and find another terminus. And it is shaky trusting them, even then, for there is no telling what may be done with trestle-work." – Mark Twain

- Mussel Slough Shootout
- Census

The true events which served as the foundation on which Frank Norris built his novel "The Octopus," took place in Mussel Slough, in central California, on May 11th of this year.

In a nutshell, grievances farmers had against the Southern Pacific Railroad escalated into a shootout in Mussel Slough. The railroad, which had lured farmers and rancher to the area with the promise of selling land to them at one price, changed their minds and dramatically increased their selling price, but only after the farmers and ranchers had been long settled on the land and had improved it with much blood, sweat, and toil, building houses and outbuildings necessary for the operations of their farms and ranches.

The big corporation, as usual, had the law on its side. Local policemen and the railroad's hired guns fought and prevailed against the outnumbered settlers.

The book "The King of California, J.G. Boswell and the Making of a Secret American Empire" by Mark Arax and Rick Wartzman, spoke about the event in this way:

'All that the traffic will bear' became Southern Pacific's mantra…Mussel Slough farmers, many of them southern Confederates, had acquired some of the sweetest loam in the Kings River delta through the well-worn practice of squatting. The land actually belonged to the Southern Pacific, a gift from the federal government to induce the railroad to lay its tracks through the state's heartland. The Big Four were looking to maximize the millions of free acres, and what better way than to populate the land with farmers whose wheat needed to be hauled to San Francisco. The farmers of Mussel Slough argued that they had been lured to the lake basin after reading the breathless circulars of the Southern Pacific, which offered to sell the land for $2-$5 an acre and implied that they could settle now and pay later. They believed that their illegal grab had become less illegal by virtue of their unbroken tenancy and improvements to the land.

When it came time to buy the land, however, Southern Pacific wanted to charge the settlers $35 an acre and essentially make them pay for the houses and irrigation canals they had built and dug with their own hands. The settlers refused and on the forenoon of May 11, 1880, the U.S. marshal and a railroad man, armed with a court edict, rode into town to take back the land.

What happened on Brewer's homestead that day—who tried to keep the peace and who fired the first shot—engendered years of speculation and controversy across the nation. It became an overwrought symbol of the evil of industrial American monopolies and the righteousness of the small farmer. The bloody gun battle in the wheat fields of the Tulare Lake basin took the lives of seven men, five of them settlers lined up against the Southern Pacific and two of them settlers working in concert with the railroad to seize land for their own taking. The Mussel Slough tragedy would live on in the pages of one of America's greatest novels of social protest, Frank Norris' The Octopus.

Joining the fight to break up Southern Pacific's monopoly was the king of California sugar, Claus Spreckels, and his son John. They approached none other than Miller to help build an independent rail line, the 'People's Railroad,' through the valley. Miller granted passage through his land, a route that eventually became the Santa Fe and gave rise to the town of Corcoran. Then Miller, ever the conniver, turned around and handed the Southern Pacific an even choicer right of way.

For Miller & Lux, however, the real future lay not in playing one railroad off the other but in capturing a bigger share of California's snowmelt and using that windfall to grow more grain. Toward that end, Miller and a handful of San Francisco land speculators lent their names and pocketbooks to a colossal irrigation and navigation project rising along the valley's west side. The plan called for a canal running from Tulare Lake to the San Joaquin-Sacramanto delta, a 150-mile artery through the state's midsection. It would tap into California's three biggest rivers, carry grain to compete with the railroads and shunt water to 3 million acres of land.

Nothing like it had ever been tried before in the West, a vision lifted from India where the British had built 6,000 miles of irrigation canals to claim 10 million acres of desert. Indeed, the British engineer who oversaw India's hydraulic miracle, Robert Brereton, had come west and was now working for Miller and his group at a salary of $1,000 a month in gold. Like Carson before him, Brereton took one look at the expanse of salt grass and marsh and saw the potential for a garden unparalleled, the richest and most productive farm region in America."

The events at Mussel Slough were no isolated incident. It was simply one blood-red square in a crazy quilt cobbled together out of a coalition of big business, big government, and their militaristic and paramilitaristic consorts, an ultra-macabre *menage a trois* of domestic terrorism.

As untold myriads of workers were exploited and crushed, and robber barons reigned over a virtual plutocracy in the United States, people who were adversely affected by this unholy alliance had to decide which of the three possible responses they would make: fight, flight, or submit. The great majority chose to submit; others chose to fight back, many joining labor unions and even turning to socialism; the rest chose to simply leave--many immigrants returned to their homelands between the 1880s and the first decade of the 20th century.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

As testified to by the 1880 census, many who were or would become part of the combined Shannon/Kollenborn family were in Kansas at the time, or would be soon:

- Gertrude Bailey's parents lived in Wabaunsee, Kansas, forty-five miles west of Topeka. A few years later, Gertrude would be born there.
- Thomas Green's parents were also in Kansas, in Jewell County.
- Just two years later, three-year-old Virginia Myers would move, along with her parents, to Graham County, Kansas.
- Myrtle Buster would be born in Kansas in 1886.
- Both Myrtle's future husband Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn as well as Jeremiah Bliss Nelson would be born in either Kansas or Missouri (accounts differ) in 1888.

In northern California, George and Susan Gorham were living in Eureka, Humboldt County. George was listed as a 61-year-old laborer. Susan was described simply as the 40-year-old Indian wife of George (her grave marker indicates she was born 1846, but this census indicates 1840). Not only were George's parents born in Massachusetts and Susan's in California, but such was even the case regarding their grandparents, and great-grandparents, and so on--back for hundreds of years in his case and perhaps thousands in hers.

Also in the Gorham household was their "half Indian" 16-year-old daughter Mary Abby Gorham.

John Kollenborn, who had been born in Virginia in 1816, is recorded in the census as farming in Missouri at this time. Although he was sixty-four years of age, his wife Elizabeth, who had been born in Indiana, was only twenty-eight. Children residing in the household were all born in Missouri and included John H., born 1872; William C., born 1874, and Allice J., born 1875. Note that John was fifty-nine years old at the time he fathered Allice.

1881

Dowrys and Corrals

"The Army conquered the Sioux. You can order them around. But we Utes have never disturbed you whites. So you must wait until we come to your ways of doing things ." – Ouray (Ute Chief)

"It never pays to kick a skunk." – Cornelius Vanderbilt

- John Silva and Mary Gorham wed
- Gunfight at OK Corral
- James Garfield assassinated
- James Shannon's first Colorado letter

John Silva had been born in the Azores in 1837. George Gorham, true to his nautical blood, had been a sailor in his native Massachusetts. George may have sailed to the Azores while John was living there. Sailors didn't like the "Western Isles," as the British called the Azores, because of the frequent storms there.

George had left Massachusetts between the 1850 census and the next one in 1860, possibly in 1853. John came to the United States in 1872.

When John came to America, some say that he was fleeing the islands due to having impregnated three women in the Azores. If that story is true, it could be a quite ironic twist to the following story.

It is said that the nuptials between Mary Gorham and John Silva were arranged--that the son of a prominent local family had impregnated Mary, wherupon that man's family had given John Silva land in exchange for claiming responsibility for the pregnancy and marrying Miss Gorham.

Some thorny questions about all of this persist, though: The census record from 1880 states that both of Mary Gorham's parents were born in California--and yet George was born in Massachusetts. If it is really true that both of Mary's parents were born in California, it could be that it was *Susan* who had been impregnated by a local man, and then was married by George Gorham in return for land.

Listing both parents as being born in California was probably just a census mistake or misunderstanding, though, because if such a deal had been made with George, they would have no doubt claimed George as the child's father on the census, and thus claimed that her father had been born in Massachusetts.

Cases can be made for and against both possibilities. A reason *not* to believe the couple involved were George and Susan include that Susan's daughter Mary Abby *was*

given the surname “Gorham” in 1864, and that George and Susan apparently didn’t legalize their marriage until 1869. This indicates that George was the father, and that legalizing the marriage apparently was not an urgent issue.

On the other hand, clues that might provide circumstantial evidence that the couple in question *was* George and Mary include the fact that George and Mary did not have any other children. Although that certainly doesn’t prove anything, it could indicate that George was unable or unwilling to produce children. Reasons for George possibly not wanting to procreate might include:

- The fact that his mother had died shortly after giving birth to him
- His half-brother’s mental retardation
- His father may have already been displaying signs of mental illness by the time George left Massachusetts. The prospect of suffering the same malady may have been enough to cause George to think twice about bringing forth children.

In fact, William and George both would spend their last years in asylums.

On the other hand, if George married Susan for land, she may not have wanted to have much to do with him. Another circumstance that doesn’t make much sense if one assumes that John Silva and Mary Gorham were the couple involved is that their first child, Mary Anna, wasn’t born until after they had been married thirteen months. So Mary apparently wasn’t pregnant at the time of their wedding. Of course, it’s *possible* that she was, and subsequently suffered a miscarriage or aborted in some other way.

Perhaps of import and perhaps not, there seems to be no representative of the short-statured, pale-skinned, blue-eyed complexion that George's genes would have presumably passed on in our family. Of course, that was many generations ago, and those characteristics could have been severely diluted by the darker complexions of the Indian and Portuguese blood with which it mixed. Nevertheless, it remains an open question as to whether it was the New England Mayflower descendant George or the Azorean Portuguese John who married his wife for land--or whether it, in fact, happened in either case.

The upshot is, that if George and Susan were the couple (and the story is even true), then no Mayflower blood has been passed down through George, at least not to the Shannons through Susan. In that case, the Plymouth connection would be more tenuous for the Shannons, but they could still claim an ancestress who was *married to* a Mayflower descendant.

Yet another, and somewhat far-fetched possibility, is that John Silva and Mary Gorham were, indeed, the couple involved, but that they architected a “sting” against the man whose family gave John the land. If this were the case it could be that Mary was not really pregnant prior to their wedding, but was coached by John on what to say and do in order to secure the land deal for them--or came up with the plan herself. If such a scenario did take place (admittedly unlikely), it may have been concocted by John in response to the related troubles he was said to have had in the Azores, which led to his leaving his native island.

What is known for sure is that John Silva and Mary Gorham, both of Eureka, married this year, on July 23rd. John was forty-four years of age; Mary was seventeen.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Gunfight at OK Corral took place on October 20th. Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan Earp, along with their friend, the comsumptive dentist Doc Holliday, shot it out in Tombstone, Arizona with the Clantons and McLaurys.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Clantons and McLaurys weren't the most famous victims of gunshots this year, though. President James Abram Garfield was shot in Washington on the 2nd of July by Charles Guiteau, a sore-loser lawyer who was upset because his application to become the U.S. ambassador to France had been rejected by the President. Garfield lingered until September 19th, when he died from blood poisoning, a result of the bullet fired into him by the disappointed barrister. Chester Arthur then took over the office of President, serving out Garfield's term.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Sixteen years after the Civil War ended, James Shannon makes reappearance in our narrative. He had not married his sweetheart, the one for whom he was supposedly going to war. He claimed that he had joined the Union army primarily so as to save money for their nuptials and future life together.

Although James had apparently returned for a time to the family farm in Canada (appearing in the 1871 census in Warwick, Ontario), by this time he has moved on to Colorado, where a gold rush was in progress.

Fur trappers had known of the presence of precious minerals in the area as early as the 1810s, but kept it secret to prevent their trapping ground from being overrun. A white man named Rufus Sage even witnessed Arapahoes battle enemies with bullets made of gold. In 1807, a certain James Purcell told Zebulon Pike (namesake of Pike's Peak) that he had discovered gold at the headwaters of the Platte. The peltmongers maintained a code of silence, though--for a time.

James may have gotten the idea to go to Colorado from Alfred Apted, a fellow member of the Brady Sharpshooters, who had gone to Pike's Peak, Colorado twice before the war searching for gold.

Indirectly, at least, James was probably partly responsible for the eviction of the Ute Indians from their home in the Rockies to the Colorado/Utah border. These oldest residents of the state, who had always (for whatever reason) considered whites their friends and acted accordingly toward them, were driven out by the state militia in the Ute War of 1879. Gold-seeking white prospectors were the impetus behind this uprooting of

the Utes. Because James and like-minded white men wanted to use the land, its age-old inhabitants had to go.

The full text of James' earliest known letter to his younger sister Eliza is reprinted below. We can deduce for a certainty that Eliza was the recipient of his letters because: 1) they are addressed to his sister 2) James only had two sisters, and 3) his other sister Mary Ann had died in 1848. By this time Eliza had married her sister Mary Ann's widower, William Oke Philp.

The letter below was transcribed from a copy of the handwritten original. James' handwriting was not always the easiest to decipher. Where there is doubt about what he wrote, guesses, where possible, are contained in brackets. Otherwise the letter (as well as subsequent letters James wrote) is presented "as is": in other words, misspellings, misplaced or omitted punctuation marks, odd capitalization, and grammatical errors are retained. Nothing has been added or subtracted.

Note that James always signed his letters "S.J. Shannon" but signed his poems "S.J.S." His first name was Samuel, but he went by his middle name. In modern times Gold Park is in neighboring Eagle County, not Summit County, which is a little west of Denver, "in the heart of the rockies." At the time James lived there, Summit County encompassed all of northwestern Colorado.

Gold Park Summit Co, Colorado [April 21st] 1881

My dear sister

I arrived here two weeks ago and I think I shall stay here this summer and work for a mining company and I may stay longer if the country suits me as well as I think it may. This is a new mining company and nothing Done yet everything depends on the mine if they are as good as some men think they are. I shall stay some time altho I don't like the Country on a count of deep snow it is from two to ten feet Deep now but I shall be here long enough to get a letter from you [anyway] I think I shall have better health here than I had in the hills. I am feeling good and healthy at present hoping to here from you soon.

I Remain Very Respectfully
Your Brother
S.J. Shannon

1882

The Return of the Native

"You can never go home." – from the novel "Look Homeward, Angel" by Thomas Wolfe

"…all those who take the sword will perish by the sword." – Matthew 26:52

- Mark Twain returns to the Mississippi
- Jesse James killed
- Myers family homesteads in Kansas

Revisiting his old friend and sometimes nemesis, the Mississippi River, Mark Twain spent much of this year researching America's main aqua artery for one of his best books, "Life on the Mississippi."

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Jesse Woodson James was the son of a preacher and a fire-breathing conferederette who egged her sons Jesse and Frank on in their iniquities. Zerelda James was proud of her offspring when they robbed, killed, and terrorized western Missouri. As a group, the types of men Jesse and Frank operated with were given the semi-romantic title of "Bushwhackers." In reality, they were nothing more or less than cold-blooded, white supremacist criminals.

Jesse James lost his life, not in the act of robbery, but while standing on a chair straightening a picture. Although extremely suspicious and distrustful (and justifiably so), one person Jesse really liked and trusted was Bob Ford.

Bob and his brother Charley, visiting with their old partner in crime at his home in Liberty, Missouri, took advantage of the fact that Jesse had removed first his jacket due to the sultry weather, and then his revolver belt because he was wary of raising suspicions if somebody outside were to see that he was walking around armed inside his house.

The last sound Jesse heard was one very familiar to him: the cocking of a pistol. On turning around, Jesse may have had a fraction of a second to see who held the pistol and the expression on the gunman's face. It is said that "money talks, " and that "every man has his price." In this instance, at least, regarding Jesse and Bob and Charley, those hackneyed maxims proved true.

Many people would have liked to have seen Jesse killed in order to rid the area of a menace. The Ford brothers, though, didn't perform this execution impelled by a desire for justice or with the public welfare in mind. Pure and simple, they were after the $10,000 reward--the equivalent of over $100,000 today. The Fords did eventually get the money, and were absolved of any guilt in Jesse's murder. Not content with taking the reward

money and quietly retiring to a farm or ranch somewhere, the Fords toured the country demonstrating their feat in a sort of macabre freak show called, imaginatively enough, “How I Killed Jesse James.”

As for other principals in this melodrama, Charley Ford shot himself later this year, and Jesse's brother Frank turned himself in to Governor Crittenden; Bob Ford was murdered in Colorado in 1892.

Although the Kollenborns (and the Huddlestons, and probably the Branstuders, too) were already in Missouri before the death of Jesse James, it was the demise of this feared outlaw that provided the signal that Missouri was now a civilized, safe place to live. The menace had been eradicated. The worst of the bushwhackers had been either ambushed, imprisoned, or run out of the state. This opened the floodgates to more westward roamers from the eastern states.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Alsos this year, Virginia Belle Myers’ parents relocated from Grant City, Missouri, to Kansas in order to homestead land in Graham County. Belle, as she was usually known, was three years old at the time. Her future husband Tom had been born ten years before her, in 1869, and his parents had also homesteaded in Kansas beginning when *he* was three years old, in 1872.

1883

Engineering Feats, Volcanic Eruptions, and Synchronization

"Does anybody really know what time it is? Does anybody really care?" -- from the song "Does Anybody Really Know What Time It is" by Chicago

- Gertrude Bailey born Kansas
- Brooklyn Bridge opens
- Krakatoa erupts
- U.S. Time Zones introduced

Less than a year after the death of Jesse James, and a mere few dozen miles to the west, Gertrude Bailey was born across the state line. Gertie was born on January 24th in Topeka, the capital city of the state that had not so long before been pitied and ridiculed as "bleeding Kansas." Fanatical terrorists such as John Brown, William Quantrill, "Bloody Bill" Anderson and Jesse James had helped brand Kansas with that sobriquet.

Like Tommy Green and Belle Myers, Gertie didn't stay long at the place of her birth--her parents took Gertie, along with her older sister Effie, to California the year after Gertie was born. Her grandparents also went along, settling in Cuddeback (known as Carlotta today), while she and her parents made their home a few miles away in Hydesville (formerly known as Gooseberry).

Gertie's mother was an Eaton whose married name became Bailey; her mother's mother, was the opposite: she was born a Bailey and became an Eaton by marrying one.

It should be mentioned that, as is so often true with old birth records, there are conflicting reports on the exact year of Gertie's birth. One piece of data claims she was born in 1882, another 1884, whereas Gertie herself gives her birth year as 1883. As it is the middle year in the possible range, and nobody should know better than Gertie herself when she was born, 1883 is assumed as the correct year.

A mere dozen years before Gertie's birth there, John Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok had resided in Topeka.

Gertie would become the mother of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon almost exactly nineteen years after her own birth. All told, Gertie would give birth to eleven children over a span of twenty-seven years. Ten of she and Will's offspring survived childbirth, and eight of those lived past the age of twenty-five. Their first daughter died as a result of a rattlesnake bite (covered in the 1911 chapter) and their second-to-last son died in a plane crash (see the 1949 chapter).

In her memoirs (reprinted in full in Appendix I), Gertie related the details of her early years:

Topeka, Kansas was the place of my birth, on January 24, 1883, and the following year found us many miles west in California. My parents and grandparents settled in a little town near the moist green coast in Northern California. My immediate family located at Hydesville while my grandparents lived a few miles distant in Carlotta. I had one sister and one brother. My sister, Effie, who was three years older than me; and my brother Edgar, who was five years younger than I was. I lost my sister January 26, 1952 and I lost my brother June 21, 1953.

We will return to these children and their parents and the people of Hydesville in the 1891 chapter.

Prohibition, although not yet state law (that would happen two years later) was a popular concept in Kansas, the stomping grounds of "temperance" firebrand Carry A. Nation, at the time Gertie was born. In fact, prohibition sentiment was strong in many parts of the country. The Prohibition Party had been formed in 1869, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) in 1874. The Anti-Saloon league would come into being in 1893. These were just two of the many temperance societies of the day, one other notable one (albeit less famous and influential) being the Pure Prairie League, which provided the name of a latter-day country-rock band. This antagonistic attitude toward alcohol may have played a role in Gertie's parents' decision to vacate the region. As will be seen in the 1891 chapter, Clarence Bailey was not averse to pulling a cork from time to time.

This was also a time when many blacks, called "Exodusters," were moving to Kansas, and especially to the Topeka area. In fact, Topeka would be the focal point of the 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education* Supreme Court case which made segregation illegal. If the Baileys were racists, this situation may have been another factor prodding them to move on.

There were several Baileys in the 16th Michigan Infantry Regiment. Gertie's parents had lived in Michigan prior to moving to Kansas, and Clarence's father had been born there. So it is that James Shannon may have unknowingly fought alongside some of his as-yet unborn nephew Will's future in-laws, possibly even Clarence's father or uncles, in that regiment.

The Oregon Trail had major starting points at the three Missouri towns of St. Joseph, Independence, and Westport or Westport Landing (now known as Kansas City). It terminated 2,020 miles away in Oregon City, Oregon. The trail usually took four-to-five months to traverse. From 1830 to the Turn of the Century, three hundred thousand people traveled it. Ten percent of these, more than 30,000 of them in all, ended up being buried beside the trail. Economic depressions in 1837 and 1842 increased the numbers flowing west. The flood of people accelerated even more with the California gold rush (the California Trail branches off from the Oregon Trail in southeren Idaho).

By 1850, it was unnecessary for sojourners to take maps along. Those westering could easily follow the ruts worn in the trail by the thousands of wagons that preceded them--or

follow their nose. The latter tactic was unfortunately possible due to the many animal carcasses and other refuse scattered along the trail, not to mention the open latrines. As for the dangers of the trail, more men were shot by mistake while underway than were killed by Indians.

The Oregon Trail went through Topeka. The Baileys were possibly among those that followed the trail west, although it is likely, or at least possible, that they took a train when they ventured west. At the time the Bailey's were leaving Kansas, many were arriving in that state. The September 14th, 1883 issue of *The Iola Register* reported on the influx of people:

The number of covered wagons passing through our streets daily reminds one of the old times, except that the horses are in better condition and the outfits generally have the appearance of belonging to well-to-do people. The immigration to Kansas this fall will certainly be very large.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Brooklyn Bridge is an icon of not just New York but of the United States as a whole. Its signature look is due to the architect, former Union Civil War soldier John A. Roebling, first determining how much bracing he needed to make the bridge safe, and then doubling those figures. It was an era of many bridge collapses, and Roebling wanted to ensure the stability of his structure. It seems to have worked, as the Brooklyn Bridge has endured constant heavy usage for well over a century. The Manhattan bridge also connects the two boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, but it cannot hold a candle to its sister bridge in style, mystique, and history.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On August 26th, a volcano awoke from its ages-long slumber with stupendous force, spewing hot ash and lava. Located between Java and Sumatra, Krakatoa has a name that even *sounds* painful. And Krakatoa certainly brought misery to the world when it blew its top: it killed 36,000 people, and also altered the world's weather for years. In fact, much of the "spooky" atmosphere existing in novels of the time were said to have had their mood influenced by the cool, dark, eerie, Krakatoa-influenced weather that lasted through much of the 1880s.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Are they up yet? Have they already gone to bed? These are questions we may ask ourselves when we need to contact people living in other time zones. The contiguous United States alone encompasses four time zones. Proceeding from the sunrise to the sunset they are: Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific. Disregarding local (statewide) practices related to daylight savings time, these zones are divided into one-hour gradations.

The origin of this manner of keeping time dates to this year, 1883. The development of the East-West railroads prompted this regulating, normalizing and formalizing of time. A standard time for an entire region was needed in a world where distance was being telescoped by technology. The railroads, in particular, needed a unified way of specifying arrival and departure times. Notwithstanding this, the precise borders of the time zones were not standardized until 1918.

Before the railroads made rapid transit possible, it was for the most part unnecessary to translate what time it was between two or more parts of the country. At that time, simple "local time" was used. When the sun was at it highest point and shadows were cast in a north/south direction, it was noon. Watches could be synchronized at this time. This "local" time was actually more accurate than what we use today. After all, the sun does not move across the sky in fits and starts, one thousand miles at a pop.

While the current division of the contiguous United States is convenient, it makes for some oddities at the "edges" of time zones, where a person can cross the line in one direction and gain or lose an hour, only to cross back over again shortly thereafter and reverse that adjustment. If you live in one time zone and work or attend school in another, this can create problems.

1884

Triple Tragedy and a Change to the Skyline

"…in modern architecture, to which I here refer, America has earned a distinction in the skyscraper. It is her specialty in building construction, her own particular contribution to the art of building. Now, I am not disposed to argue or insist upon the claims or merits of the sky-scraper as "a work of art," but I would contend that this much maligned object is, in its own sphere, as symbolic of the spirit of its own age as the Gothic spire is symbolic of the infinite ascension of religious aspiration." -- from "California, An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State" by Arthur T. Johnson

"Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell." – from "The Journey Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West" by Edward Abbey

- Triple tragedy in the Roosevelt household
- First skyscraper

Theodore Roosevelt's mother Martha died February 14th. Hours later, in the same house, his wife Alice Hathaway Lee Roosevelt died from Bright's disease, the symptoms of which had been masked by her pregnancy. Theodore thus lost his mother, his wife, and his child--representatives of three generations--all on the same day.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

There was a time that the tallest objects to be seen in cities like New York and Boston were the masts of the sailing ships at harbor. That began to change when skyscrapers began to be built. Made feasible in part due to the invention of the elevator, the first building termed such was built in Chicago for an insurance company. It jutted a whopping ten stories into the stratosphere. Today, Chicago is home to the 107-story Sears Tower, dwarfing buildings the size of its progenitor, casting a shadow over them like an NBA center over a pygmy.

1885

Ears Flared, Trunk Raised, and Trumpet Blaring

"All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called Huckleberry Finn." – Ernest Hemingway

"The government is always making laws, so many laws, every day new laws. Then they break every one. They use the law to cheat people, but that is not the Indian way. We have one law, God's law: to live on this earth with respect for all living things, and to be happy with what God has given to us." – Chief Frank Fools Crow (Sioux)

- Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
- Kansas Prohibition
- James Kollenborn and Nellie Jean Moore wed
- Chinese evacuated from Humboldt County
- Washington Monument Dedicated

Whether you concur with Papa Hemingway or not, none can deny the impact that Mark Twain's novel *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* has had on American life and culture. Released on February 18th, "Huck Finn" was set in the 1840s of Twain's boyhood in Hannibal (although he calls it "St. Petersburg" in the book).

Huck Finn was banned in many places shortly after its publication, something which made its author gleeful, knowing that such a stricture would actually result in more sales.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Perhaps the politicos of Kansas gave *Huck Finn* a quick read and got the heebie jeebies from reading about Huck's pappy's delerium tremens and ghastly demise. Kansas, the sometimes stomping grounds of such overwrought reactionaries as abolitionist John Brown and hatchet-wielding, stone-throwing "temperance" advocate Carry A. Nation, made alcohol illegal February 19th, the day after *Huck Finn* was released.

The law was not always strictly adhered to, or even enforced. As an example of the attitude many in Kansas had at the time, an editorial that appeared in *The Iola Register* dated July 18th of this year is telling:

To the two Missourians who have invaded Iola for the purpose of establishing a whiskey shop: The Register has been in Iola for a long time and knows the sentiment of its people better than you do and it thinks it may save you some disappointment if it tells you what you may expect, provided you carry out the purpose you announce:

You may expect to achieve about the same social recognition that a horse thief would get in Missouri.

You may expect to be pointed out to strangers as men with so little decency or morality that you will come where you are not wanted and engage in a damnable traffic for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

You may expect that the tears of women and children, from whom you take bread and raiment, will cry out to heaven against you.

You may expect to be harassed and annoyed in every legal way.

And you may expect, sooner or later, to be driven from the town, as any other vile pestilence would be driven from it, followed by the cordial ill-will of every decent citizen.

These are some of the things you may expect if you stay. Don't you think you had better go?

One week later, the paper gloated:

The [Missourians] are having a rocky time of it. The banks have refused to enter into an agreement to go on their bond when they are arrested, the butchers will not sell them the use of their ice chests and the lawyers will not accept a retaining fee. They are realizing what the Register told them last week they might expect.

The 1880s was not without its agitators. One pamphlet released this year was entitled "The Science of Revolutionary Warfare: A Handbook on the Use and Production of Nitroglycerine, Dynamite, Gun Cotton, Mercury Fulminate, Bombs, Fuses, Poisons, etc., etc."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James Kollenborn and Nellie Jean Moore, the eventual parents of Henry Harrison “Harry” Kollenborn (their firstborn, born three years later), got married this year. James was in his early twenties; Nellie was sixteen, or perhaps not quite sixteen.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Chinese population of Humboldt County, California was forcibly evacuated this year after a Eureka city offical was inadvertently killed in a Chinese tong war. All of the Chinese were gathered up and put on two ships bound for San Francisco. Five years later, in 1890, the book “A History and Business Directory of Humboldt County” billed itself as “the only county in the state containing no Chinamen.”

Chinese salmon cannery workers were also expelled from the area in 1906. Even as late as the 1920s, no Chinese people were allowed to spend the night in Humboldt County, nor in neighboring Del Norte County.

Conditions for the Chinese were apparently better at the time in Trinity County (at least among the children), which borders both Humboldt and Del Norte. A report from May 11th, 1905, printed in the Sacramento Bee, said of Trinity County's capital:

The census report of the Weaverville School District shows a total of 164 children of school age, or just four more than enough to entitle the Trustees to employ three teachers, the number in the corps last year. There are twenty Chinese children under 17, and all of them who are over 5 attend school with the white children, and nothing is thought of it. No trouble ever occurs among the children because of racial prejudices.

The town of Arcata had previously made clear its view towards the first residents of the area: Until at least 1870 there, Indians had to leave the city by 8 p.m., when a town watchman rang a bell.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The Washington Monument was dedicated in Washington, D.C. this year. It had been long in construction, the foundation being laid during the Civil War. As the Confederacy claimed George Washington as one of their heroes (George being a rebel himself against Britain, fighting alongside Robert E. Lee's father Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee), perhaps the Union wanted to lay claim to the first President as "their" hero by erecting this structure.

1886

Enlightening the World

"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" – Emma Lazarus, "The New Colossus"

"Once we moved like the wind." – Geronimo

- Myrtle Buster born Kansas
- Statue of Liberty unveiled
- Geronimo Surrenders
- James Shannon's 2nd Letter

As is not unusual with old vital records, the exact year of Myrtle Jennie Buster's birth is in question. One document asserts she was born1891, but others specify 1886. Thora (Kollenborn) Wheeler, the sole surviving child of Harry Kollenborn and Myrtle Buster, asserts that her mother was born in 1886. Agreement is found in August 16th as the date, and Kansas as the State.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A now-familiar sight in New York Harbor was set up there this year. The edifice commonly referred to as the "Statue of Liberty" was a gift from France. The green statue is officially named "Liberty Enlightening the World."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The man named Goyathlay (pronounced Goyahkla) was better known as Geronimo, a nickname he apparently picked up when some Mexicans he had attacked cried out to Saint Jerome for help (Mexicans had killed Geronimo's mother, wife, and three children in 1850, and he vowed to fight them for the rest of his life).

Geronimo was not just a thorn in the side to those south of the border, though. <~~~Geronimo surrenders text to be added>

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James Shannon sent another, apparently very hastily penned, letter to his sister Eliza this year. It is reprinted below. As in the first letter (1881 chapter), where questions exist as to the exact text, a "best guess" is contained in brackets.

The location for this letter is problematic. There is no Dundas or Terraville in Colorado, the state from which James sent his 1881 and 1887 letters. There is a Terraville, South Dakota, and there are towns named Dundas in Illinois, Minnesota,

North Dakota, Ohio, Virginia, and Wisconsin. There *is* both a town and a county named Dundas in Ontario, James' birth province in Canada, though. Ontario's town of Dundas is not in the County of Dundas; it is near Toronto. The County is on the opposite side of Ontario from Lambton County, where the Shannons lived most of the time. However, James lived the final part of his life in Buffalo, New York, only about seventy miles from Dundas *County*, Ontario, and so this is probably the best guess of all as to the location of this curious Dundas/Terraville.

The *town* named Dundas in Ontario is approximately equidistant from Warwick and Colborne, and between those two towns. James' brother Carleton had been born in Colborne, Ontario. Dundas and Colborne are both on Lake Ontario, whereas Warwick is very near Lake Huron.

One possibility is that James started the letter in Dundas (presumably the town in Ontario) and finished it in Terraville, South Dakota. Or perhaps Eliza was in Dundas, whereas James was in Terraville.

Mr. [S.J.] Shannon
Dundas
Terraville Feb 12 1886

My Dear sister
Yours of January is at hand and although it brings sorrowful news I was glad to get it and an answer I would say that things has changed with me since I wrote you before I left this place and am working [at] for another company about 2 miles from here but it don't suit me and I am going to leave this country before long and don't now just where I shall go but I may be here long enough to get your letter answer to this if you answer as soon as you get this I was not working today so I came over here and got yours letter about an hour ago but I will write again before I leave I got a letter from Mattie today are all well at last writing I have no news that would be likely to interest you only that I may write to you occasionaly as long as I live and if fortune favors me to go and see you again as soon as I can. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends.

Very Respectfully Yours in haste
[S.J.] Shannon

The S.A. three cent stamp is enough but I did not know it at writing before.

1887

Streams of Love to Restrain

"You must not think I am a poet or a crank or a Lunatic." – James Shannon

- Dawes Act
- James Shannon's last letter and poems

Congress passed the Dawes Act this year. Purportedly to benefit the Indians, its actual affect was to further weaken the tenuous hold the Indians had on their culture. Heads of Indian families were given 160 acres of farmland and 320 acres of grazing land. That may sound like a generous allotment, yet it meant that tribal ownership, the traditional form of land ownership, thus became a thing of the past. And Indians had to become farmers and ranchers, even when those activities did not coincide with their previous lifestyle or their preferences.

Whether by design or by bumbling, the government again sapped the strength of the Indians by treating them as immature wards who did not understand how best to care for themselves. Indians were supposed to become like the EuroAmericans in every way, and immediately. Who gained from this change? Before the Dawes Act, Indians--even after having so much of their land snatched away from them by hook and by crook--owned 150,000,000 acres. After the Act was fully carried out, two-thirds of that land was lost. It was deemed "surplus land" that was opened to settlement by EuroAmericans.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The veterans of the Battle of Gettysburg, both Union and Confederate, held a reunion there this year, twenty-four years after the battle. There is a possibility, but no indication, that James Shannon attended the festivities.

The same caveats as earlier apply to these last letters of James Shannon's—no rough edges have been file away, and at any point where questions exist as to what he wrote, the best guess, if possible, is enclosed in brackets.

As with the 1886 letter, the location from where James wrote this letter is mysterious. There doesn't seem to be a Somers Point, Colorado. Research suggests that the only Somers Point in the United States is in New Jersey. There was a late-19th century coal mining town named Somers*ville* forty miles from San Francisco, but it's quite a stretch from Somers Point, CO to Somersville, CA.

At home April 17th 87

My dear sister yours of recent date at hand some days ago and in answer of brother John I cannot say very much but I think he is trying to leave off drink but how he will

succeed I can't say I have written to him twice first I asked him to loan me some money to help me [lay] out my land I told him I would give him a mortgage and security he answers me like this Jim what [money] you want is all [nelt] don't talk about interest or security tell me when and how to send it

On receipt of that I wrote him a long letter in [which] I gave him some very good friendly advice [about] how he will [receive] it I cannot tell as I have not heard from him since he may come out to see me after a while I hope he will [?] but about Brother Richard what makes you think he is not happy I can't think why he should not be very happy.

Well you asked me some questions The answers which you will find on the other side of these [sheets] will tell you what I do with part of my time at least but you must not think that I am a poet or a [crank] [or] a Lunatic for I think I am neither of [it] but I [would] [just] a little [rather] you would not show it to very many but you [might] as well know the truth as it is

Congratulate [Tom] on his success Hoping to [hear] from you I am as Ever S.J. Shannon

[Somers Point], Co, Col

The two poems James included with his last letter follow, dated January and April 10th—the latter one being penned just one week prior to the letter above:

To the only Girl I ever loved or ever can
On my Ranch January 9th 87

I loved her long I loved her well I love her yet
My own My darling loving Jane
She was honest loving kind and True
The object of my heart the girl I never can forget

[Why] [am] I [live, here] alone and my darling in another clime
The [season] is [simple] hard and to the test
[Crewel] [poverty] held her tightly bound
[Until] in anothers arms my darling did [?]

[?] her no she did but [might]
She waited for me day and night for years so long
~~Until she thought I was dead and well she might~~
I always thought I would be on time but was not quite

[?] now thirty years have passed in flight
And I am growing old and [feeble] to the sight

I love her yet the only one I ever [?]
My only guiding light and heavenly star

All those years are long and [lonely] too
All those dreams of pleasure would be better if forgot
But lonely visions bring them in their [might]
[?] I can only write them in the night

In the poem above, James writes, “30 years have passed.” If this figure is to be understood literally and precisely, instead of being an example of using “poetic license," rounding the years from 1861 to 1887 (or simply the result of poor mathematical skills), James knew Jane well before the Civil War and left to “seek his fortune” four years before that conflict erupted.

James also writes, “Crewel poverty held her tightly bound until in another’s arms my darling did (something).” So it was economic necessity that caused her to marry another, or that was James’ take on it, anyway, although he admits she thought he was dead and had good reason to.

Lonely Hours

[Horid] thoughts why do they not depart
Surely they are but Indian darts
Always present and a torture to my soul
Just to wake me from my sleep murder time and my head pierce

I well remember the last time we met
Our walk and my pleges in a lonely lane

To meet her once again in years not far between
Our parting kisses streams of love to restrain

But crewel luck bound me with his chain
And caused me to wander far and near
In hope of a little wealth to gain
With which to bless and comfort my own darling Jane

But chains like these are hard to break
I strive and try and lose again
Still they hold me firmly to the [rack, rock]
But I have tried hard and a [gasie] surely I am not to blame me

I repeat it over and over again
The truth I must not restrain
And my only all absorbing thought
Is to meet her in that spiret land
There all is love and not depart

Questions often asked
The answers yet [never] told
But to you I will say
My thoughts I will unfold

When I left my home many years ago
I went to [Juncleboard] to make the start
And bid adieu to my friends all around
And there I left the [summers] of my heart

I did not then think it best
To go [in] some lonely place
To take my final rest
[Lid] now since I have made the simple test
I find the [first] [business] the [defeat, depest]
Where it stands to rest

My future doings are withheld
Not by me but him that does command
I shall obey as I am impeled
And strive to do the best while [on] the [land]

S.J.S. Apr 10th 87

Honesty seemed to be a very important trait to James—in the earlier poem he extolled Jane as "honest, loving kind and true" In "Lonely Hours" he said, "The truth I must not restrain."

James seemed to be faithful and tenacious, one who "stuck to it" and "stuck it out" – he stayed in the Army for the entire four year of the Civil War, reenlisting in the midst of it, even after a long bout with illness in 1862 and after being wounded in action in 1864. It seems, too, that James loved only one girl, and held on to her all his life (in his heart). And, once he "embraced" loneliness, James seemed to also want to stare it down or resignedly accept it. James' long-suffering acceptance of his "fate," as expressed in the last stanza of "Loney Hearts" also seems to point to a dutiful acceptance of things as they were or were "ordained" to be (according to his perception).

1888

Absentee Fathers and a New Vision

"Most men lead lives of quiet desparation, and go to the grave with the song still in them." – Henry David Thoreau

- Henry Harrison Kollenborn born Kansas or Missouri
- Jeremiah Bliss Nelson born Kansas or Missouri
- Jim Thorpe born Oklahoma
- Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*
- First Portable Camera

Henry Harrison Kollenborn was born on the fourth of July. Whether he was a Yankee doodle dandy or not is a matter of speculation. Don't break your head over it, though. "Harry," as he was known, turned out to be quite an enigmatic and mysterious character, and not too much is known about him.

For starters, there are conflicting reports on whether Harry was born in Missouri or Kansas. Some records say one state, and others the other. The Kollenborns lived in several places in both states. Perhaps it was someplace on the border, such as Kansas City or Joplin. It is most likely, though, that Harry was born in Jasper County, Missouri. The only record that even claims to know anything more specific than the State are the family records of Harry's daughter Thora Wheeler, who pinpoints Jasper County as the location of her father's birth (her mother had always told the children that was the location). That *is* quite likely the spot, as the Kollenborns did live in that county for quite some time, and there are a large number of Kollenborns (and Kollen*burns*, who were apparently once Kollenborns but for some reason altered the spelling of their surname) buried in the Avilla cemetery in that county.

For whom Harry was named is another question. He seems to have been named, in a rather strange way, for three different men. His paternal grandfather was William Kollenborn, and his maternal grandfather was Henry Hilly. Harry was not *legally* given the name William, but it is the name that automatically comes to mind when hearing "Henry Harrison," as one thinks of William Henry Harrison, the Indian fighter, Governor of Indiana Territory, and short-termed President of the United States.

Another possibility is that neither William Kollenborn nor William Henry Harrison were in mind when Harry was named. William Henry Harrison's son Benjamin was campaigning for the Presidency at the time Harry was born. Perhaps Harry's first name was for his mother's father, and his middle name was bestowed in honor of Benjamin Harrison himself, rather than for Benjamin's grandfather William Henry Harrison.

As William Henry Harrison died in 1841, Harry's father James could only have been familiar with him through hearsay and the printed page (James having been born in

1862). It is possible that James heard about the man from his father William, who could *possibly* have seen him (as a young boy—William was only eight in 1841) when Harrison was campaigning for President. William Henry Harrison's father, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was also named Benjamin Harrison.

Before becoming President of the United States, William Henry Harrison acquired the nickname "Tippecanoe" when he defeated Indian warriors led by a Shawnee named Tenskwatawa (which means "the Open Door", but who was commonly called "The Prophet") at the Tippecanoe River in 1811. Two years later, Harrison killed Tenskwatawa's equally famous and much-feared brother Tecumseh at the Battle of the Thames near Detroit. The Shawnee brothers had formed, and were attempting to further strengthen, a confederation of Indian tribes to keep the whites east of the Alleghanies. It was a lost cause, a valiant but vain undertaking.

William Henry Harrison was presented by his political handlers as a "man of the people," although in actuality he was a typical politician of the day—a wealthy Virginian who lived in a mansion. His campaign, though, depicted him as living in a log cabin and quaffing hard cider (as opposed to sipping fancy wine). This spin won him a landslide victory in the 1840 election against the man who had beaten him four years earlier, Martin Van Buren. This P.R. coup was called the "Log Cabin and Cider" campaign.

"Old Tippecanoe" set two records. His was the shortest time in office of any President: he only served thirty-one days in the white house. Harrison died shortly after contracting pneumonia following his presidential-record-setting two-hour inauguration speech, which he delivered in a downpour. This result was the opposite of that enjoyed by Thedore Roosevelt, whose longwindedness saved his life.

Running for President on the Progressive/Bull Moose ticket in 1912, Roosevelt was campaigning in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when a would-be assassin's bullet had first to pass through his voluminous speech notes, which he had folded in half and stored in his inside jacket pocket, before it could lodge in Roosevelt's body. A long speech (which he did give that night in Milwaukee prior to seeking medical attention) served as a serendipitous homemade bullet-proof vest for Roosevelt. Harrison, on the other hand, signed his own death warrant as a result of his bombast.

Something that may indicate Harry was named for Benjamin Harrison rather than William Henry Harrison is that Harry's firstborn son was given the name Benjamin as one of his middle names. If that was the case, then the father (Harry) was given the President's last name as his middle name and the son (Albert) was given the first name as a middle name.

Although it is quite likely that Harry was named for either ninth President William Henry Harrison or his grandson Benjamin Harrison--who became the twenty-third President this year--just why either one of them would be selected for this honor is not known. But it was not rare at the time to name children after famous personages. We will see many examples of this later as respects many of Will and Gertie Shannon's sons (such as Theodore Roosevelt Shannon).

Being born in the rurals of the midwest, it is unlikely that Harry Kollenborn had to endure the Little Lord Fauntleroy style that, as a result of the 1886 Frances Hodgson Burnett book of the same name, was popular from its publication until 1900. If Harry was ever attired in that way, he would have worn long hair with bangs, a blouse with large, ruffled collars, dark breeches, and a frock coat. It's hard to picture a Kollenborn (or a Shannon, for that matter) attired in that way, though, even as a babe.

Henry Hilly must have been quite a beloved individual, because there was not just one Kollenborn likely named (at least tangentially) for him, but three, and all in a one-year span of time. Of the Hilly's thirteen children, at least two of them married Kollenborns: Charlotte Hilly married William Kollenborn (they were Harry's grandparents), and Nancy Hilly married J.J. Kollenborn, who may have been the son or grandson of the John Kollenborn born 1816 in Virginia. It is likely that J.J. and Nancy were the parents of Henry Sumner Kollenborn, who was born February 4th, 1887 in Missouri.

A third Henry Kollenborn was Henry G. Kollenborn, who was also born in 1887, but in the Far West, in Peaceful Valley, Idaho (actually Idaho Territory at the time, as Idaho did not attain statehood until 1890). This Harry was also born in Missouri. Henry Sumner and Henry G. Kollenborn both ended up in Idaho, as Henry Sumner Kollenborn was reported as living there in the 1930 census. Although the first Henry we concerned ourselves with apparently never lived in Idaho (his condition and whereabouts following 1920 are only surmised, as the 1920 chapter will show), in the 1940s his son Albert did live there.

The extended Hilly/Kollenborn clan moved together from Illinois to Missouri in the latter half of the 1800s. Many of the Hillys are buried alongside Kollenborns in the small cemetery on the outskirts of tiny Avilla, Missouri.

As for Henry Harrison Kollenborn being called "Harry," there are two possible explanations. One is that it was a shortened form of his middle name "Harrison." It may have been confusing to call him Henry, because his grandfather Henry was still living up until Harry was seven. Another possibility is that "Harry" was a nickname for Henry. And there is a historical example to lend weight to this theory: Robert E. Lee's father Henry Lee, who had been a revolutionary war cavalry officer under George Washington, was nicknamed "Light Horse Harry."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Like Henry Harrison Kollenborn, Jeremiah Bliss Nelson was born in either Kansas or Missouri. Like so many others in the extended family who were born in Kansas, "Jerry" ended up in California. He would marry Emma Silva and they would one day become Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's in-laws.

Also like Harry Kollenborn, Jerry would one day be permanently separated from his family. In Jerry's case, at least, that was not how he wanted it to be. Hearsay has it that after years of seeking a reconciliation with his wife--who had spurned his requests for

forgiveness for “a transgression” that he had confessed, Jerry moved away and started another family.

Rumors have it that he moved to New York, went to work for and retired from the railroad there.

Unlike Harry, there is no complicated and convoluted controversy concerning or speculation necessary regarding where Jerry got his names. Jeremiah was the name of both his paternal *and* maternal grandfathers; and, as was quite common in the time, his middle name was his mother’s maiden name. Benjamin Franklin Nelson and Martha Ellen (Bliss) Nelson welcomed Jeremiah into the family fold on October 23rd.

Jerry was said to have been a seaman, like Emma’s maternal grandfather George Raymond Gorham (who also bore his mother’s maiden name as his middle name). It is also said that Jerry was a World War I veteran, probably a Navy man. According to his daughter, he was preparing to board a ship to the war zone when the Armistice was signed.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Possibly the greatest all-around athlete in American history was born this year. Jim Thorpe became an Olympian and a professional athlete. He was a standout in football, baseball, basketball, and track. He was also the great-grandson of the Sauk leader Blackhawk.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Many utopian novels have been written over the centuries: Thomas More’s book “Utopia” which gave the genre its name; Jonathan Swift’s *Gulliver’s Travels*; *Walden 2* by B.F. Skinner, and countless others. 1888 is a very significant year for utopian novels, because one of the most important ones was set in, and published, this year. Edward Bellamy’s *Looking Backwards* is actually set in two years, as it moves back and forth between 1888 and 2000. Many of the “predictions” it contains about what life would be like at the start of the twenty first century were amazingly accurate. Radios broadcasting music, the use of credit cards, and the rise of mega-corporations are just a few of Bellamy’s prognostications.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Though photography had been around for almost a century, the first portable hand-held camera was not introduced until this year, thus making it accessible to the general public. Matthew Brady shot more pictures during the Civil War than most soldiers (or even entire companies) had shot their weapons. Brady left behind a large body (no pun intended) of work.

1889

Lost in the Flood

"You're kinda tricky, arent'cha?" – Henry Fonda as Frank James in the movie "Jesse James"

"He rides head first into a hurricane and disappears into a point" – from the song "Lost in the Flood" by Bruce Springsteen

"Each was full of panic, thievery, cheating, heartbreaks, unbelievable hardships." – Ernie Pyle, referring to the Oklahoma land rushes

- Carleton J. Shannon comes to California
- John Muir works for the creation of Yosemite National Park
- Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston born Missouri
- Adolf Hitler born Austria
- Oklahoma Land Rush
- Johnstown Flood

The nuclear bombs dropped on Japan in the 1940s killed hundreds of thousands of people. Before EuroAmericans came to America, there were approximately five million Indians; within twenty-one years of Columbus' landing, *eight million* Indians were dead. By 1889 there were only 250,000 Indians. Meanwhile, the number of EuroAmericans had grown to eighty-five million.

These figures are given, not to downplay the horrific suffering of the Japanese in and around Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but to emphasize the outsized atrocity perpetrated on the native Americans.

In the 1880s, California experienced the largest population growth since the gold rush. The three "W"s of wheat, wool, and wine were the State's biggest industries at the time. Gold's heyday was relegated to the past. "White gold" (cotton), "red gold" (redwood timber) and technology would drive the State's economy in the future.

The Shannons, being farmers at the time, were attracted to the state by the agricultural possibilites. Carleton James Shannon, the son of Robert and Deborah Shannon, nephew of James, and brother of Will, formed the vanguard of the Shannon phalanx that would make California their home.

Still, most of the Shannon family remained in Canada. In fact, only Carleton's parents and some of his brothers came. Even those few that did follow Carleton did not make the move until two years after he had.

Carleton, commonly known as “C.J.," was the second child in a family of four sons and one daughter. Raised on the family farm, he attended school until he was sixteen, at which time he “became dependent upon his own resources” as has been said concerning his situation at the time. He first found employment for three years in the vicinity of his home. He was only earning $15 a month in this way, so he decided to go West to see if he could make a better life for himself there.

Thus, at the age of 19, C.J. “lit out for the Territory," as Huck Finn would put it. Upon his arrival in Tulare County, California, C.J. had merely $20 of his “grubstake” remaining. He first found work with J.R. Robinson, and stayed with him for twenty months. Then he rented a farm from John Franz and raised stock for two years. After that, C.J. rented a farm from R.H. Stevens for a period of five years. Following that, he returned as partner with Mr. Franz, feeding and selling stock. In 1897, C.J. purchased a 140-acre farm. He had increased his holdings to 480 acres by 1902. Shortly thereafter he became the director of Farmer’s Ditch Company.

When Carleton arrived in California, Los Angeles had a population of 50,000. Today the population of the city of Los Angeles is about 3.7 million and Los Angeles County contains ten million smog-enveloped souls. By way of comparison, the San Joaquin Valley grape-growing community of Lodi today has a little more than 50,000 residents.

Perhaps Carleton had read Charles Nordhoff’s 1870s puff piece about California, which had been subsidized by Collis Huntington of the Central Pacific's “Big Four.” Nordhoff's pamphlet was entitled *California: For Health, Pleasure and Residence*. It was intended to attract farmers to the state.

Carleton eventually became prominent as a farmer and dairymen. His bio appears in “History of Tulare and Kings Counties California: with Biographical Sketches of The Leading Men and Women of the Counties Who Have Been Identified With Their Growth and Development From the Early Days to the Present” by Eugene L. Menefee and Fred A. Dodge. It is the typical “puff piece” of the genre and era, telling about how he worked his way up from obscurity to affluance, which organizations he was involved in, what he grew, how much land he owned, etc. The pertinent information appears in various places in this volume.

Also at this time, many of the California pioneers were passing off the scene: Mariano Vallejo, former Governor of California under Mexican rule, and J.C. Fremont, co-conspirator in and fellow fomenter of the Bear Flag rebellion, died in 1890. John Bidwell, leader of the first wagon train of settlers into the state, died in 1900. John Sutter was already nine years dead, having died in 1880.

Shedding some light on the type of life people were leading at the time, a contemporary of C.J. and his siblings was Laura Ingalls Wilder (1867-1957), author of the "Little House" series of books. It would still be another three decades before Mrs. Wilder’s first book was published, though, as she was in her sixties when she achieved that milestone.

Thus it is that the Shannons resisted the pull of the California Gold Rush, yet came later to the golden state for more practical reasons.

So why Tulare County? Of all the places Carleton could have gone within California, what was it about Tulare that might have drawn him? Tulare County is farming country, but it also has scenic wonders: the eastern side of the county boasts massive redwoods and mountains. Logging doesn't seem to have been a factor for the Tulare Shannons, although many of those that settled in Trinity County, to the north, did become loggers.

Tulare County originally stretched all the way from Mariposa County in the north, near Yosemite, to Los Angeles County in the south, and from the coast range on the west to the Sierra Nevadas on the east. Both Calaveras and Tulare Counties contributed land to help form Mono County in 1861. Tulare also contributed to Fresno (first called Buena Vista), Kern, and Coso (later Inyo) Counties.

In 1874, the boundary between Tulare and Fresno Counties changed. Prior to that, it had followed the contours of the mountain ridges; thereafter it followed township and section lines. In 1893, Kings County was formed from the western part of Tulare County. Although gradually whittled away by its generous contributions to nascent neighboring counties, Tulare County is still larger than the entire State of Connecticut.

Similar to the Humboldt County area discussed earlier, various visitors to Tulare have beheld it with varying opinions as to its beauty and desirability. For example, Army topographer George Derby called it "The most miserable country that I ever beheld." John Muir, on the other hand, described it thus: "…one smooth, continuous bed of honey-bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than 400 miles, your foot would press about a hundred flowers at each step." Maybe Derby saw it on a bad day, or Muir in an especially favorable season. Or then again, maybe Derby was a hater of flowers.

The area also boasted the largest body of water west of the Mississippi. Tulare Lake was that big until it was drained by Jim Boswell, the subject of the book "The King of California: J.G. Boswell and the Making of a Secret American Empire" by Mark Arax and Rick Wartzman. By 1905, though, once massive Tulare Lake was gone, its body having been drawn off by levees, canals, and dams.

Water has always been a bone of contention in the lower half of California. Farmers living downstream from those who had impounded the waters for their own use sometimes dynamited those dams in order to get their "fair share."

To give a specific example, the aforementioned "The King of California" relates this account
:

He [William Shafer] made a direct appeal to Church to lower his dam, but Church refused. Shafer wanted to pursue the matter in court but his attorney told him it would

take years, a delay that would turn dozens of farms in his twenty-mile service area into dust. Then the attorney suggested an alternative: dynamite.

The explosion that followed was a milestone in the long history of rebellion along the Kings River, a harbinger of the levee feuds between the Boswells and Salyers seventy-five years later. While other incidents of sabotage may have proven more damaging and incendiary, the destruction of Church's dam has managed to live on in part because of the mysterious involvement of a student from the University of California at Berkeley, a young man named Samuel Moffett. How the twenty-two-year-old Moffett landed in Kingsburg and why he was enlisted in an act of dynamiting may be a question only his uncle and mentor, Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, could have answered with clarity.

Twain's only son had died as an infant and he regarded Moffett, his namesake and the son of his older sister, Pamela, as his male heir. Moffett grew up in St. Louis and dazzled his uncle by displaying an encyclopedic knowledge of historical facts. In his autobiography, Twain lovingly recalled his nephew's prodigious gifts of instant recall, a "large and varied treasure of knowledge" that the boy showcased while visiting the author and his wife in Buffalo in the summer of 1870.

At age nineteen, Moffett had already decided on a career as a newspaperman, and Twain encouraged him to try his luck in San Francisco, though he made a point of refusing to write any letters introducing his nephew to friendly editors. Moffett went on to become a great newspaperman under the surly watch of William Randolph Hearst and later a writer of serious tomes such as The Tariff, works that could not have departed more from his uncle's crackling style.

But about his movements leading up to the canal bombing on August 2, 1883, only this much is known: Moffett was spotted in Visalia at a hardware store called the Sol Sweet Company. He purchased a twenty-five-pound box of dynamite, wrapped it in layers of cotton and shoved it under his buckboard. Then he rode along the foothills to a prearranged spot on the Kings River near Centreville. There he was met by Shafer, the chief of the C&K canal, and told to step aside. Shafer would alone plant the dynamite and light the fuse to blow up Moses Church's dam.

Moffett protested, insisting that he was plenty brave to do the job himself.

"I do not doubt your courage at all," Shafer replied. "But there may be shooting when I get to the dam, and I cannot take the risk of having you with me."

Shafer was setting the last sticks of dynamite in place when Church's superintendant confronted him. "What the hell's going on here?"

"We're going to dynamite your dam."

"You're headed for a pack of trouble."

"I know that, but this is war and no war was ever pleasant," Shafer said. "We are entitled to get the water we are entitled to, trouble or no trouble."

Shafer then lit the fuse and blew up Church's dam, sending rock and brush sky high. The river surged downstream, and the C&K headgate was opened. For two weeks, under the constant watch of armed guards, the water flowed to the fields of distant farms and saved the crop. Shafer freely admitted his role in the bombing and was arrested and hauled before the Fresno justice of the peace. Even if the judge had wanted to side against the civil engineer and squeeze him for the names of Moffett and any other accomplices, he dared not in the contentious world of California water rights circa 1880. To do so might have opened a Pandora's box.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Muir was a contemporary of Mark Twain. Twain lived from the appearance of Halley's Comet early in 1835 to its next appearance late in 1910. Muir was born three years after Twain, in 1838, and lived four yours longer than Twain did, until 1914.

Twain certainly left his stamp on the culture of America. Muir left his mark on the landscape, too. The environmental movement may have gotten a later start without him and might not be what it is today if not for his early efforts. Without Muir, we may not have access to Yosemite as a National Park. The Scotland-born, Wisconsin-raised naturalist didn't try to keep it all to himself; he wanted to share the bounties of creation he so enjoyed with his fellowmen, knowing what a rejuvenating effect they could have on the human spirit. In the midst of all the turmoil of the times, Muir devoted himself to preserving this unbelievably beautiful part of the wilderness for future generations.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On March 5th, in Callaway County, Missouri, Ruie Lee Elizabeth Huddleston was born to Tennessee-born Robert Huddleston and Missourian Eunice (Abernathy) Huddleston. Lee was on the verge of becoming a family name. Lizzie, as she would become known, apparently received it in honor of her paternal grandmother Laura Lee. She would give it to her son Albert as one of his middle names. Albert, in turn, would bequeath the name to his first daughter Rosie Lee (at least that's what her name is on her birth certificate, written in Albert's hand; Albert's wife/Rosie Lee's mother always claimed her oldest daughter's name was Alice Rosalie rather than Rosie Lee).

Ruie was apparently also named for her grand aunt Ruth Elizabeth "Lizzie" M. (Huddleston) Walton. In fact, she always went by "Lizzie." So it seems that her father Robert named her for his mother and his aunt. Robert's father John Wesley Huddleston had kept his little sister Lizzie with himself and his wife after coming to Missouri from Tennessee (John was twenty years old at the time, and Lizzie was nine). "Ruie" may have been a pet name for Robert's grand-aunt Ruth, which he then passed on directly to his daughter.

Callaway County, in the part of Missouri surrounding the Missouri River that was called “Little Dixie," was very “southern” in culture. Prior to the Civil War, there were quite a few black slaves in this part of the state. The County had earned the sobriquet “The Kingdom of Callaway County." In 1878, eleven years before Ruie was born, Jefferson Davis stopped there while on a trans-state tour.

Lizzie would be five days shy of eighteen at the birth of her first child, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn. Somewhat similarly and by way of comparison, Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon would be six days short of twenty when she delivered her first child, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon.

As will be discussed next, Lizzie was born the year the Oklahoma land rush took place. Her son Albert would be born the year Oklahoma became a state.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The Indians who had been displaced from more desirable areas had been herded into Oklahoma and told that this new country would be theirs forever. They wouldn’t be bothered again. They could settle and put down roots. Before long, though EuroAmericans decided they wanted Indian Territory for themselves after all.

The next step in the Indians’ disenfranchisement was having their “permanent home” divided in two, with the western half of it becoming Oklahoma Territory, and the eastern half remaining Indian Territory. Not content with that, the whites later annexed Indian Territory, swallowing it whole. To sum up, the Indians were first forced to leave their homes elsewhere and settle in Indian Territory, then had their land there halved, and ultimatley had most of it taken away completely.

Two million acres in the newly acquired eastern half of the Territory was made available for homesteading on April 22nd of this year. Actually, there were eleven land openings in Oklahoma between 1889 and 1906. Half of present-day Oklahoma was colonized by these openings to white homesteaders.

Despite this opportunity for free land, Carleton Shannon opted for California rather than join the mad rush to Oklahoma.

The opening of the Oklahoma Territory for settlement was supposed to be fair, but, as usual, some scofflaws found a way to get around the legal requirements. The book *Moments in Oklahoma History – People, Places, Things, and Events* by Bonnie Speer reports on these shenanigans, as well as on some enterprising and colorful individuals:

During the run of 1889, any man or single woman 21 years of age or older could stake a 160-acre claim, but had to live on it at least six months of the year. Chickasaw resident R.M. Graham, his two sons, and a hired man laid claim to an entire section of land [townships were thirty-six square miles and were divided up into thirty-six sections; one section was 640 acres] *near Lexington. Four months later when Graham’s daughter turned 21, the hired man relinguished his claim to her. Graham then built a house at the*

point where the four claims came together. Each claimant had a bedroom on his or her own land, thus fulfilling the letter of the law...

It was a most ambitious land grab. Before the opening of the Cherokee Outlet in 1893, a pair of enterprising brothers ran cattle north of what is now Mooreland in northwestern Oklahoma. The two ranchers hired 150 extra hands to make the run and to stake a claim. On each claim these cowboys erected a four-foot square "house," then relinquished the claim to the brothers. After all, nowhere in the rules for the run did the government state the size of the needed improvement. A town was later established and named in honor of the Quinlan brothers…

Henry Ives, who came to Guthrie on the day of the Run of 1889, was shocked at the lack of sanitary conditions in the new tent town. Deciding to do something about it, he dug a deep hole on his lot, then securing a quantity of leafy limbs from Cottonwood Creek, he planted them upright around the hole, and erected a sign: "Rest Room, 10 cents." Business was good, but rivals eventually forced him to lower his prices to five cents. Even so, when his enterprise was no longer needed, he had earned enough money to open a harness repair shop.

"Button Mary" became a familiar figure in Guthrie after the run. She arrived on the day of the opening and set up her tent beside the railroad track. One of the town's more enterprising citizens, each morning at sunrise, she left her camp and made her rounds through the busy tent city with needle and thread in hand. Each time she met a man with a missing button on his clothing, she sewed one on then requested a dime for her work. If he paid her, all was well and good, but if he didn't he received a sharp jab with the needle.

In some cases, the very people whose duty it was to facilitate the fair handling of the matter were among the scoundrels who cheated their way to land ownership. For example, some of the deputies on hand in 1899, posted near the lots to preserve order, handed in their resignations as a pistol shot signaled to the waiting multitude of men on horses and in trains that the race for choice parcels was on. They thus had a head start over everyone else, as they were already "on location" and were able to stake lots they had chosen in advance. These were the "Sooners." Some of them paid for their cleverness with their lives.

The trains were jam-packed with hopeful homesteaders. There were not only people in the trains, but on top and underneath, hanging by the handrails, and even sitting on the cowcatchers. Why the frantic rush to be first? There were not enough lots for all comers to Guthrie and Oklahoma City--to the quickest and strongest went the spoils.

Fifty years after the fact, on April 24, 1939, traveling newspaper correspondent Ernie Pyle described the scene:

Suppose we are sitting by the railroad track at Guthrie, Oklahoma, a little before noon on April 22, 1889...

Pack sacks fly out the train windows. Hurtling humans follow them. Half a dozen dash for a lot they've just spied. And instead of driving stakes, they drive their fists into each other's faces. A late-thinker jumps off and stakes the very lot they're fighting for.

We won't forget the woman for a long time. She stands on the roof of a boxcar running at full speed, and throws over her rolled-up tent and haversack. And then in one wild plunge she projects herself into thin air, bent for a Guthrie lot or hell won't have it. She turns five somersaults in the air with her Mother Hubbard flying, five more after she hits the ground, and winds up against the fence with only one broken leg.

As the train finally stops, the massed thousands pile off in a choking melee. Every man for himself, and no quarter asked. One great fat man tries to crawl through the window. He's so big he gets stuck. Another man comes past, openly lifts his wallet, and goes on. Dozens see it, and no one cares.

Men are held up at gunpoint and robbed without a sound or word, so crushing is the mob. As quickly as the throng breaks loose from itself, it spreads out over the eighty acres in a bewildered chasing of itself. A blind man's bluff, hunting for lots. You don't know how far to run, where to stop, whether to turn right or left. A greedy and panicky afternoon.

Fifteen long trains come in from the north before sundown. In five hours the population of Guthrie leaps from two hundred to fifteen thousand.

Counting those who went to other townsites, and those racing over the prairies, no fewer than a hundred thousand people entered the "unassigned lands" that afternoon of April 22, 1889.

Long before dark Guthrie was taken, and a tent city had sprung up. There was yelling and shooting that night, but little harm was done. The newcomers were too busy. Even before nightfall, frame houses had arisen. Trains bore in more lumber and brick and hardware. The transformation of Guthrie was remarkable. You can hardly believe what you read about it.

In one month there was hardly a tent left in Guthrie. Within three-and-a-half months Guthrie had streets, parks, a water-works, an electric-light plant, and brick buildings by the score. Lots that cost nothing on April 22 were selling for five thousand dollars only sixty days later.

At the end of those one hundred days there were in Guthrie five banks, fifteen hotels, ninety-seven restaurants and boarding-houses, four gun stores, twenty-three laundries, forty-seven lumberyards, four brickyards, seventeen hardware stores, thirteen bakeries, forty dry-goods stores, twenty-seven drugstores, fifty groceries, three daily newspapers, and two churches--all in a town of fifteen thousand.

What happened in Guthrie happened in Oklahoma City, on a smaller scale. For years the two cities were to fight for supremacy. Guthrie lost the last stand in 1913, when the state capital was moved to Oklahoma City.

Today Guthrie has fewer people than it had on that first night in 1889. And Oklahoma City has grown to two hundred thousand. Which proves you never know when to jump off a train.

Pyle also wrote about the run for the six million acres of land known as the Cherokee Outlet, or the Cherokee Strip (which was two hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, and formed the northern slab of Oklahoma):

The start of that wild race across the prairies must have been one of the greatest spectacles in American history. One who saw it said there rose from that line a roar like a mighty torrent--a roar of voices fifty miles long. He said it was a roar so far-reaching and prolonged that his very sense of hearing was stunned and his capacity for thought paralyzed. He said he had heard the roar of sixty batteries of artillery in the Civil War, and experienced the sound of the Federal yell and rah coming up from fifty thousand soldiers' throats, and listened to the fiercest thunder as it rattled among the lonely pines of the Black Hills--but never had he heard a cry so peculiar, a roar of such subdued fierceness as that which rose from the prairies to the skies on that fateful September 16...

The cowboys on broncs quickly took the lead. And then, far out ahead, they stopped and set fire to the grass, to throw up a wall of fire against those behind. But the grim home-hunters plunged on through. Many horses were so badly burned they had to be destroyed. Others fell into ravines, wrecking wagons, hurting men and horses alike.

One man rode his horse to death, and when it dropped he sat on its side, rifle across his knee, claiming the land his beloved horse had fallen on. Another man had toughened his mustang by riding it full-speed eighteen miles a day for two weeks before-hand. He led the race toward the town of Enid, twenty miles northward. But he, too, fell victim to the grass fires and gullies, and his willing mount came to its broken finish a mile from Enid. He had to shoot the mustang, but he ran the last mile on foot, and was the first one into town.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Two days prior to the 1889 Oklahoma land rush, on April 20th, Adolf Hitler was born in Austria.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Washington became a state this year, a century after its namesake, tobbaco planter/slaveholder/Revolutionary War General George Washington became the first President of the United States.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Johnstown Flood, one of the worst disasters in history, took place on May 31st. The amount of water unleashed was so massive and its power so enormous that people downstream from it in many cases didn't even see any water coming toward them—instead, they saw only what the water was pushing along in front of itself: tons of dirt, mud, rocks, trees, houses, flotsam, jetsam, effluvia, as well as animals and humans dead, living, and in-between.

Being situated at the bottom of the gorge at the confluence of two rivers, the residents of Johnstown were used to flooding. There was another danger, though, that apparently wasn't viewed as an imminent threat—450-acre Conemaugh lake sixteen miles from and above the city. Pittsburgh industrialists purchased the lake as a private fishing spot. Intent on retaining their recreation spot, they partially blocked the spillway, and removed the drainage pipes.

That was a recipe for disaster, as the lake's waters had nowhere to overflow in times of heavy rain. Instead of overflowing in a controlled way, pressure built up until the lake finally burst its bonds, and hurtled toward the town.

A train engineer saw what was coming, and blew his horn in warning. Most did not have time to escape, though—waters rushing forty miles per hour deluged the town, carrying houses, animals, and machinery. Much of this debris stacked up against a stone bridge on the edge of town furthest from the lake, eventually building up into an island of refuge thirty acres in size. Those seeking safety there were disappointed, though: the wreckage caught fire, and two hundred perished in the flames.

After the flood finally subsided, the death total stood at more than twenty-two hundred (some say five thousand), including ninety-nine entire families. One unlikely survivor was an infant who survived unharmed a seventy-five mile ride on the floor of a house that was swept downstream to Pittsburgh.

1890

A Terrestrial Paradise, and a Hell on Earth

"Most of what we call modern conveniences are no more than that at best. They are far from being necessities. And what a terrible price most of us have to pay for our tract homes, our fancy plumbing, our automobiles, our "labor-saving" appliances, the luxuriously packaged ersatz food in the supermarkets, all that mountain of metal junk and plastic garbage under which our lives are smothered. Men and *women trapped in the drudgery and tedium of meaningless jobs (see Studs Terkel's* Working *if you don't believe me), and the despoliation of a continent, the gray skies, the ruined rivers, the ravaged hills, the clear-cut forests, the industrialized farms, all to keep that Gross National Product growing ever grosser."* – from "The Journey Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West" by Edward Abbey

"If he's one of the heroes of this country, why's he all dressed up like them old men?" – from the song "Desperadoes Waiting for a Train" by Jerry Jeff Walker

"Do the dance sensation that is sweepin' the nation..." – from the song "At the Hop" by Danny and the Juniors

"Let them kill, skin, and sell until the buffalo is exterminated, as it is the only way to bring lasting peace and allow civilization to advance." – General Philip Sheridan

"The only good Indians I ever saw were dead." – General Philip Sheridan, oft misquoted or paraphrased as *"The only good Indian is a dead Indian."*

"...kill and scalp all, little and big... nits make lice." – Colonel John Chivington

"Most reprehensible, most unjustifiable, and worthy of the severest condemnation." – General Nelson Miles, speaking of the Wounded Knee massacre

"They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they kept one; they promised to take our land, and they did." – Red Cloud

- Sequoia and Yosemite become National Parks
- Mariano Vallejo dies
- John C. Fremont dies
- Gertrude Bailey moves in with her Grandparents
- *How the Other Half Lives* by Jacob Riis
- Sherman Anti-Trust Act
- Massacre at Wounded Knee
- Nellie Bly around the world in 72 days
- Census

When the areas known in 1890 as Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory became a state in 1907, its residents voted to name it “Sequoya," as opposed to Oklahoma (which is an Indian word for “red people”). In other words, rather than name the new state generically after Indians as a whole, they preferred to name it for the Cherokee leader who had created their alphabet and thus given the tribe a written form of its language.

Although the will of the people did not prevail in that case (Oklahoma has been named Oklahoma throughout its entire lifetime as a state), Sequoya did have other things named for him, such as the two chief types of “redwood” trees, the Sequoia Semperviren, or coast redwood (which is prevalent near where Theodore Roosevelt Shannon would spend most of his life, on the northern coast of California), and the Sequioadendron Giganteum or giant sequoia, which is thicker but not as tall as its cousin the coast redwood. The giant sequoias are to be found in large numbers in Tulare County south of Yosemite, the first location in California in which the Shannons lived.

Sequoia also became the name of the first National Park in the United States. Later in the year, the gem of the Sierras, Yosemite, also attained the status of National park. These events, protecting those areas from wholesale exploitation, were in large part due to the tireless efforts of environmentalists John Muir and Robert Underwood Johnson.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The former Governor of Mexican California, Mariano Vallejo, died this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Another California pioneer, John C. Fremont, also died this year, on July 13th. Fremont, who was a son-in-law of Missouri senator Thomas Hart Benton, had become known as “The Pathfinder.”

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

1890 was a pivotal year in the life of Gertrude Bailey, who was then a little girl. She recalls these times in her memoirs:

When I was only seven I went to live with my grandparents. My grandmother soon became mother and grandmother to me and I owe much to her. I used to follow my grandfather all around and I would lead the horse for grandfather when he plowed. When it came time for grandfather to go fishing, I dearly wanted to go with him, but as I was just a little noisy creature, I was not invited. This left me wondering, but now I realize that he must have enjoyed this opportunity to be alone to meditate. Sometimes he used the worms that I proudly picked up for him while walking in back of him as he made fresh furrows in the fields.

We walked two miles to school and this was my mode of transportation until I was sixteen years old. I had one teacher Mrs. West, who helped in so many ways and I even stayed with her often.

I remember as a girl the making of all of our soap, which is completely foreign to the young folks of today, and was just one of the chores for us. All winter long we collected wood ashes and stored them until spring. We then poured water through them and as it was draining off, it was formed into lye. With a big roaring fire under the old black wash pot, we thus made our soap.

I also remember wash day as being quite a chore. We had to draw water from the well in the yard, fill the old pot and diligently use the wash board.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Dutch immigrant Jacob Riis' book *How the Other Half Lives* was published this year. It graphically depicted, in words and pictures, the living conditions of "those less fortunate" in New York City. It opened the eyes of many people, including New Yorker Theodore Roosevelt, who later endorsed some progressive programs to assist the poor. Roosevelt would also be the first President to invoke the Sherman Anti-Trust Act (enacted this year) against predatory conglomerates. By moving against monopolies, Roosevelt became known as a "Trust buster."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Thirty years since the Wiyot massacre in Humboldt County, California; fourteen years since The Little Big Horn, or Custer's Last Stand; and thirteen years since Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perce were hunted down, the last major conflict of the Indians Wars took place at Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

A full one-third of the U.S. military was there to quell the Lakota "uprising" in connection with the Ghost Dance, a dance that was "sweeping the (Lakota) nation" in conjunction with a Messianic belief that the Lakotas could bring back their old way of life, even their dead ancestors, if they wore the Ghost Dance shirts, danced, and prayed.

From 1872 to 1874, three million seven hundred thousand buffalo were killed. Only 150,000 of these, or about four percent, were killed by Indians. The Ghost Dance was supposed to bring the buffalo back, and cause the white men to disappear. Such was not to be the case, though.

As was typical of such engagements, professional soldiers, including members of the 7th Cavalry (the same unit—albeit, of course, for the most part not the same personnel—that were at the Little Big Horn) were on the government's side, while the Indians were comprised of entire tribes: old and young of both genders. The casualty report for the massacre which took place on December 29th: only twenty-five U.S. soldiers lost their lives; while around 150 Lakota Indians did.

Many of the U.S. Army veterans considered the massacre "revenge" for the events of the Little Big Horn. The revenge continued in the aftermath. Peter Matthiessen's *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* says of this:

After Wounded Knee, the soldiers were replaced by bureacrats, including "educators" whose official task was to break down the cultural independence of the people. On pain of imprisonment, the Lakota were forbidden the spiritual renewal of traditional ceremonies; even the ritual purification of the sweat lodge was forbidden. They were not permitted to wear Indian dress or to sew beadwork, their children were seized and taken away to government boarding schools at the Pine Ridge Agency, and use of their own language was discouraged. They were, however, invited to celebrate American Independence Day on the Fourth of July, which they used at first as a secret memorial to Wounded Knee and later adapted to their own giveaway festivals and powwows. "We felt mocked in our misery," old Red Cloud said. "We had no one to speak for us, we had no redress. Our rations were reduced again. You who eat three times a day and see your children well and happy around you cannot understand how starving Indians feel."

Buffalo Bill Cody, who had hired Sitting Bull to work in his wildly popular Wild West Show, made arrangements for the release of upwards of twenty Lakota prisoners taken by the U.S. military following the battle/massacre. They were allowed to be released into Cody's custody provided they work with him in his circus extravaganza. By the next year, the Show featured a recreation of the massacre at Wounded Knee.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Elizabeth Jane Cochrane was by no means a shy and retiring wallflower. On November 14th, using the pen name Nellie Bly, she set out to make her way around the world in 80 days (she accomplished it in 72). This was not Nellie's only bold and daring adventure. Among other things, she was a pioneer of investigative journalism, and got herself admitted into the infamous Blackwell's Island (an insane asylum in New York) "under cover" in order to write about what really took place in such institutions. She exposed the mistreatment of the insane and the unwarranted commitment of some. Among other things, Nellie also worked for a time as a lion tamer.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The U.S. census of this year states that the frontier is now closed—there is officially no more "wilderness" left in the country. This only 86 years after Lewis & Clark and the Corps of Discovery set out from the Mississippi River to map out America's new possessions to the west--a region that then-President Thomas Jefferson thought would take 1,000 years to settle.

1891

Immigrants, Expatriates, and a Kidnapping

"If you're in trouble, or hurt or need - go to the poor people. They're the only ones that'll help - the only ones." -- John Steinbeck

"Country people never do like elocutionizing as well as plain speaking." – from the Diaries of Joseph Prince Tracy, Eureka, CA, 1893-1898.

- Robert and Will Shannon arrive in California
- Mark Twain leaves America to live in Europe
- Gertie Bailey in Orphanage
- Basketball invented
- Cheap Thrills at Coney Island

America was fundamentally changing. In the 1890 census,the U.S. government declared the frontier to be closed. Early this year, the Indian wars were over: On January 15th, the Lakota Nation formally surrendered. As the old era was setting, a new one was rising.

Although there was still some bad blood between the Canadians and their neighbors to the south--residual animosity from the War of 1812--many Canadians (such as James Shannon) had crossed the border to fight on the Union side in the Civil War. In World War II, the reverse happened: many Americans migrated north to join the RCAF (Royal Canadian Air Force). The reason for this is that Canada, being more closely allied to Britain than America was at the time, got involved in the war before the United States did. And Canada had many opportunities for young men who wanted to learn how to fly.

Since Robert's brother James had fought for the U.S. in the Civil War, this may have given the Shannon's a sense of investment in and partial ownership of the country. Regardless of the reason C.J. came to the States in 1889, he must have relayed good reports about the Tulare County area, since his father Robert Shannon brought his family to that area two years later.

Robert's son Will farmed with his brother C.J. for a time before heading north to homestead in Trinity County. Later, Will would return to Tulare County and resume working with C.J. during World War I. Will and his family relocated several times after that, from Wilmington to Shafter (where it is said that he farmed the first cotton in the area) to Lost Hills, then to Orland, and then finally returned for the final four years of his life to Tulare County, living on his son George's ranch.

Wheat (or "white gold," as it was sometimes known) was a very important crop in California until 1894, when the price bottomed out—it plummeted so low, in fact, that its selling point dropped below the cost of production. Until then, growing wheat had been a

very attractive proposition. For one thing, wheat requires no irrigation. From the 1860s until the time the bottom fell out of the market, there had been 600 square miles of wheat land between Sacramento and Fresno. In 1868, California had produced 20 million bushels; in 1880, 29 million bushels; ten years later, in 1890, the figure had risen to 40 million, second only to Minnesota.

That was the farming milieu that the Shannon entered into as they came from Ontario. Wheat, though, was a big business, run by “barons," as opposed to an array of family farms. The Shannons may have grown some wheat at first, but became better known for growing walnuts. Until the walnut growers banded together and “educated” people on how the walnut was really a good year-round snack, the product had been considered a luxury item to be enjoyed only on special occasions.

In less than half a century, the primary component of the California economy had gone from gold to wheat to diversified agriculture. Wheat was a transition phase between the first and last-mentioned items, bearing some elements of both: wheat engendered the same “bonanza” attitude or approach as gold had, but in actual practice was more similar to what it preceded. By 1920, California was producing more of many different types of fruits, vegetables, and nuts than any other state. The most notable exception was corn, for which California’s soil is not especially suitable.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Mark Twain “bested” Robert Shannon this year in that he moved his family, not just from one country to an adjacent one, but from one continent to another. Twain and his family left their home country for less expensive European living.

Although Twain had lampooned many of Europe’s traditions and pretentions in books such as “A Tramp Abroad," he now felt compelled to live there for a time in order to save money. European living was not only less expensive than on the eastern seaboard of the United States, but when home he felt obligated to host lavish parties for his friends and neighbors, which caused a considerable drain on his savings.

While it is true that Twain had received a “king’s ransom” from his writings and lecture tours, he had spent almost as much--or more, perhaps--on bad investments. Just one example of Twain’s poor business investments was the Paige Typesetting Machine, which was an extremely complex and advanced semi-automatic typesetting apparatus.

Twain had performed this very work, typesetting, by hand as a boy and young man in printing shops from Hannibal to Philadelphia to New York to Keokuk. Paige’s whiz-bang gizmo ended up being too good to be true, though. Or at least too good to be practical at the time. The contraption teased Twain with its potential and its short bursts of productivity, and he continued to pour money into its design and improvements. Unfortunately, though, the device never became reliable enough to be manufactured. Twain, who was the most recognizable American in the world, suffered from a self-imposed and self-inflicted deportation from America. His exile was to last for years.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

You may recall that during the previous year Gertie Bailey began living with her grandparents. This year would bring an even greater and more traumatic change to her life. First, though, some more thoughts from Gertie about what it was like living with her grandparents and how she felt about them:

When I was about 8 years I used to go down to the river bar and fill a flour sack full of rocks, and in the evening my grandfather would get down on the floor with me and show me how he would and did build his barns, fences and his house out of rocks. This was a wonderful time for me and I can never forget how kind he was to me. I loved my grandparents so devotedly.

The next passage gives an idea of just how far out in the woods they lived, and the state of transportation and roads in northwestern California at the time:

Another memory I have was that during the Spring and Summer months we were busy canning fruits and vegetables so that we had plenty of canned goods on hand for the long winter months. This was quite handy, to have the food canned and in our home, as it took some three or four hours to fetch groceries from the closest store, which was eight miles away by the horse and buggy.

Gertie goes on to relate the traumatic event, and the great display of community generosity that it evoked:

One other thing which was large in my life as a child was that my mother took me out of school when I was 8, and Effie was 11. Edgar was only three years old. Mother left father at this time, and we traveled by boat to San Francisco. It took us a little more than 24 hours and I was sea sick the whole time, along with Effie. As soon as we reached the city, I and Edgar were placed in a orphan's home. We were there almost a year before we again joyfully made our home with grandma and grandpa.

Effie went to live with a Methodist minister, who was very good to her. While Edgar and I were in the home, Edgar walked in front of a child swinging, and the edge of the swing hit him in the mouth, almost cutting his tongue off. The doctor was called and he sewed the tongue back on. After this, people were surprised that he could still talk as good as always. My grandparents didn't know where we were and so he couldn't know of the straits we were in.

My schoolteacher, while I was at the home, wrote to friends of hers living in the Eureka area and the news reached my grandparents. Folks in the area gathered up the money necessary to bring us back to Hydesville but they gave the money to my father, to go and get us, and he drank it up. So they all donated again, but this time Mr. Godfrey went to the boat and stayed there until it sailed for San Francisco. We were so happy to see him I cried. I knew the only place I had to go was with his folks and this is what we all wanted.

The worst hurt of my life as a youngster was when mother took us away. My mother came to see us once after we came home, and that was the last time we ever saw her, at 9 ½ years old. After I married, I received one letter from her. My father gave his consent for Dad and I to marry, and then a couple months after we married, he left the country and I have never saw him since.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In response to his students' complaints about the boredom of endless repetitive calisthenics, Canadian-born physical education instructor James Naismith invented the game of basketball this year in Springfield, Massachusetts. The game, which at first used a soccer ball, provided the exercise required (running, jumping, and a variety of twisting and turning) while making such exertions simultaneously interesting.

In its original incarnation, a peach basket was used. After a goal was made, a player had to climb up on a ladder to retrieve the ball. Later, the bottom of the basket was cut away, and a net added. Later yet, the bottom of the net was cut away so that the ball would fall through, and--finally--play would not have to be suspended in order to retrieve the ball.

The sport was to provide no bodily contact, and give each player an equal chance to make plays. Any one familiar with modern-day basketball can readily attest to how much the game has changed. There is a lot of bodily contact in the sport now; some have even called basketball "football in underwear." Anybody who has watched Shaquille O'Neal and other such giants bang their bodies against each other knows that there most certainly is bodily contact going on. And as to "each player…an equal chance to make plays," watch the Philadelphia 76ers some time, and see if that can be said of Allen Iverson's teammates.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Talk about cheap thrills. It didn't take much, by today's standards, to entertain some people in the late 1800s. At Coney Island, the New York City amusement park famous for hot dogs of both the animal and human variety, a popular ride introduced this year was none other than: the escalator. Maybe that is part of the fascination that shopping malls hold for some people.

1892

Cars, Clashes, and Clubs

"*God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools."* – John Muir

"The richest country in the world. But it doesn't look that way to me. Because everything has to be made cheap, cheap, cheap." – German-born stained-glass maker Johann Minten, speaking of his adopted home, the USA

"Dear weeps once, but cheap weeps all the time." – Traditional saying

"You are fools to make yourselves slaves to a piece of fat bacon, some hard tack, and a little sugar and coffee." – Sitting Bull

- Sierra Club incorporated
- Emma Laura Silva born
- Ellis Island opens
- Bloodiest clash in U.S. labor history
- First gasoline car

On May 28th, the Sierra Club was incorporated in San Francisco, spearheaded by John Muir. The following excerpt from an article that appeared in the "Humboldt Times" in its issue of Friday, November 7th, 1902, provides a glimpse into the kind of prejudice against which conservation groups had to contend in that time period:

This community is desirous of knowing who the multifarious idiot could be who wants to make a forest reserve out of this section of the county. If they want to kill the upper part of Humboldt county, a forest reserve is the way to do it. If the promoters succeed in rushing through this miserable scheme we hope some of our whitefaced bear will tree them.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Three days following the establishment of the Sierra Club, Emma Laura Silva was born at Table Bluff in that same California county of Humboldt. Some documents show Emma's middle name spelled "Lora," but not only is that an unusual spelling, she also had a granddaughter named Laura, so that spelling is probably wrong. Today Table Bluff, located seven miles from Eureka, is where the Wiyot tribe's headquarters and main rancheria is located.

Emma was the daughter of a fifty-five year old Portuguese man, John Silva, and a half-Indian woman half his age, Mary Abby (Gorham) Silva. Through her mother, Emma

was a 10th generation Mayflower descendant. She was apparently named for her father, whose middle name was Emmanuel.

Emma's daughter Esther would marry Theodore Roosevelt Shannon. In fact, this very year that Emma was born was also the year that Will Shannon moved to Trinity County. After Will's son Theodore and Emma's daughter Esther married, Will and Emma engaged in many political arguments with each other. Emma was a staunch Democrat. Will, as attested to by his naming sons Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Robert Taft, was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. Will's son Theodore recalls his father coming home from the voting booth one day with a black eye.

Such polling place violence was apparently not all that rare. In its November 6th, 1896 issue, *The Iola Register* reported:

One young fellow went to the livery stable to get his horse and as he was going out he shouted, "Any man who voted for McKinley is a blankety-blank ___ __ _ _____." Whereupon Sam Willoughby, who was hitching up his bus team nearby, hit him over the head with a beer bottle. "I didn't vote for McKinley myself," explained Willoughby, "but I didn't think it was nice to talk that way about anybody who was running for President of the United States and so I just smashed him with a bottle."

It was still an era of stage holdups at the time that Will drove his team and wagon up to Trinity County from Tulare. The Cloverdale to Mendocino stage was held up for its Wells Fargo box just three years earlier, in 1889. That happened to also be the year that some loggers were replacing teams of oxen with teams of horses (horses move faster and are less expensive to feed).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Both the Shannons and the Kollenborns (to say nothing of the Indian and Mayflower branches of the family) arrived on the American continent well before Ellis Island opened its doors this year. They had been among the vast numbers of immigrants that had come into the country in the early and middle 1800s. The Shannons came first to Canada. If they came through New York, the Kollenborns were probably processed at Castle Garden, which was the immigrant processing center used for the Port of New York before Ellis Island took over that function.

From 1892 until 1924, though, most immigrants legally entering America came through Ellis Island. Many, due primarily to language and accent difficulties, had their names changed by immigration officials who had either misunderstood them or simply lost patience with the communication difficulties. Many immigrants deliberately changed their names, too, oftentimes to ones that they thought sounded more "American." One reason for doing this was an attempt to seem a little less "foreign" to the "natives" (who were really fellow Europeans, for the most part, who had been there a little longer than they had). The newcomers hoped to fit in and avoid prejudice as much as possible for themselves and their children.

Setting foot on Ellis Island after a long and arduous sea voyage--sometimes one that exhausted a family's savings--was by no means a guarantee of being allowed entry into America. To be granted citizenship, the hopefuls had to first pass health exams, have their paperwork in order (and many countries did not want their people emigrating, making this a problematic proposition), and correctly answer questions about American politics.

Although it is often portrayed as a place of great joy and relief, Ellis Island was sometimes called "The Isle of Tears" or "Heartbreak Island" by would-be immigrants who were turned away. Nevertheless, hordes of people did successfully pass through its portals: sixteen million, in fact, from 1892 to 1924—half a million per year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One of the most serious labor confrontations in U.S. history took place this year, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The so-called Homestead Strike was actually a lockout. Henry Clay Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company, was virulently anti-union. Co-owner Andrew Carnegie was--perhaps "conveniently"--vacationing at his Scottish castle at the time and had turned over the business reins to Frick.

The price of steel had risen, and production had increased. The workers, whose contract was about to expire, asked for a wage increase. Frick decided, instead, to terminate all of the workers. Those who wanted to be re-hired had to go through the hiring process all over again.

When the (former) employees protested this action, Frick hired replacement workers, and brought in Pinkerton detectives to escort these to the steel plants. When those who had been locked out attempted to also keep the replacement workers out, a gun battle ensued. As is so often the case, it is not now clear who fired the first shot. The end result was clear, though: six strikers and two Pinkerton men killed, and many on both sides wounded.

Public sentiment was, understandably, against Frick and his handling of the matter. The tide turned though, whan an anarchist named Alexander Berkman attempted to kill Frick. Berkman snuck into Frick's office and both stabbed and shot him. This vicious attack not only caused public sentiment to shift, but also precipitated Pennsylvania Governor Robert Pattison's sending in the entire state militia (8,615 strong) to oppose the strikers (who, on first seeing the militia arrive, thought that they had been deployed to help them).

After a protracted period of time out of work, many of the hungry workers returned to the job as non-union men.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first gasoline-powered car was manufactured this year by--no, not Ford. Nor was it any of the other big automotive companies in existence today. It was the Duryea brothers who engineered and produced that marvel.

1893

The Cows Get Out of the Barn

"True, the white man brought great change. But the varied fruits of his civilization, though highly colored and inviting, are sickening and deadening. And if it be the part of civilization to maim, rob, and thwart, then what is progress?" – Chief Luther Standing Bear

- The zipper is invented
- Hard Times

Before zippers, men and women had to button (and unbutton) their pants and skirts. The invention of the zipper was certainly a convenience for everyone, but it was also bad news for button makers—and those who supplied them their material. Prior to the zipper, many people pursued the remunerative hobby of harvesting oysters from river bottoms, selling the pearls they thus gathered to button manufacturers. The Kansas newspaper *The Iola Register* makes reference to this in an article dated August 6th, 1920:

The Iola Button Factory is anxious that the river be watched closely by local authorities and that any pollution by oil be stopped, as oil tends to kill the mussels that furnish the shells the factory uses to make its buttons.

That same newspaper, in an article dated September 11, 1908, showed that zippers were not yet ubiquitous by that year:

Hooking the wife's dress up the back can be a pain. The "inner rows" of hooks and eyes prove easy and you delude yourself into thinking you have a snap. Your wife wiggles trying to help and you start on row number two. The first "eye" is not to be found. You finally find it and loose the "hook." The second hook splits your nail and you say something which your wife hears in stony silence. Finally you get four eyes and hooks together and stop to mop your brow. Fifteen minutes later and you have seven hooks together. If you ever have enough money you will hire your wife a maid, you can bet on that. By the time you have your wife hooked up you could go out and kill the janitor. But deliverance is at hand. A Brooklyn genius has invented a device which carries all the hooks and eyes on a narrow steel band and in one movement a pulley hooks up the whole dress.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

"The Great Depression" that was to come in 1929 and last for a decade was by no means the only depression the United States ever faced. Just as "The Great War" that was to come in 1914 was not the first war in mankind's history, depressions have also been a regular feature of the socio-political landscape. One of the worst ones in the United States took place beginning in this year of 1893. In fact, it was the worst one up to that time, even worse than the one that had struck twenty years previous, in 1873. A major eastern

railroad, the Reading, went into receivership. Soon thereafter many banks and other railroads failed. The stock market plummeted. European investors pulled out of U.S. investments. An ongoing agricultural depression in the West and South worsened. The extent of the collapse is demonstrated by statistics: 642 banks failed; 16,000 businesses closed down; 3 of the 15 million in the labor force (20%) were unemployed.

Despite the critical conditions, President Grover Cleveland chose a laissez faire response, thinking that the downturn was a natural occurrence that shouldn't be meddled with by politicians. Like Herbert Hoover later, "Let it runs its course" was his mantra.

One of the results of the hard times that began in 1893, which did not ease up until 1897, was the consolidation of many businesses. The "have nots," many of whom had suffered miserably, felt as if they had been heartlessly neglected and were now at the mercy of these ever-expanding "trusts" (large corporations). This anti-trust feeling among the populace would pave the way for Theodore Roosevelt's trustbusting policies in the early 20th century.

Speaking of Presidents, a very unusual circumstance held true this year: there was only one living ex-President. Prior to March 4th, Grover Cleveland was that man. After March 4th, when he re-entered that office (the only President to serve more than once, but not consecutively), Benjamin Harrison, who had just been replaced, became the only living ex-President.

Fourteen years later, in 1907--the year Albert Kollenborn would be born--hard economic times would return with a vengeance.

1894

Pseudo Armies and Pseudo Gods

"The public be damned!" – railroad magnate William H. Vanderbilt

"In turn the assembled people began shouting: "A god's voice, and not a man's!" – Acts of Apostles 12:22

"Wherever there's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there." -- Henry Fonda as Tom Joad in the movie "Grapes of Wrath"

- Susan Lucky dies
- Coxey's Army marches on Washington
- Emperor Hirohito born
- Pullman Strike

On March 23rd, at the age of forty-seven, Susan (Lucky) Gorham died of tuburculosis, or "consumption," the common term of the day. Susan had been fourteen years old at the time the massacre of her people took place. She was survived by her husband George, their daughter Mary Abby (Gorham) Silva, and five grandchildren. Among the grandchildren was two-year-old Emma Laura Silva, who would become Esther (Silva) Nelson's mother.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The nation was still in the grip of a deep depression. The early 1890s was not just a period of high unemployment, but also of labor unrest. An "army" of unemployed men and needy families marched on Washington this year in an attempt to convince the government to do something about their situation. Specifically, they hoped to convince the government to fund a public works program that would put them to work building roads.

This group of people, taking the initiative to make a better life for themselves and find relief from their disconcerting situation, was called Coxey's Army. Among them were many unemployed Californians. Although called an Army, they were peaceful. Instead of being met by government representatives, though, the marchers were met by the police in Washington, D.C., who violently crushed their demonstration. Coxey was not a socialist, but the political and business bigwigs perceived any dissent or protest as a threat to their authority. Those in authority were not willing to negotiate; they were not in appeasement mode.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Hirohito was not an Emperor at birth. But the man who would become emperor of Japan, who was held by many to be not a mere man, but a god, was born the same day that Coxey's Army marched on Washington—April 29th.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One of the most dramatic upheavals in U.S. labor history took place this year. The Pullman Strike was epicentered near Chicago. Grover Cleveland, who refused to intervene to stanch the bleeding caused by the economic hard times, found it meet to intervene in the strike. He sent troops to restore order (bust the strike). Among these was Nelson Miles, the famed Indian fighter, who had already earned himself a place in infamy and ignomy due to his untruthful and unjust way of dealing with Crazy Horse and Chief Joseph, among others.

George Pullman had created a company town on the outskirts of Chicago. He portrayed his workers as content and well-cared for. However, reality differed from his version of things. For one thing, like most company towns, Pullman was charging his employees exorbitant rates for necessities and forcing them to buy from him. Aggravation over this state of affairs overflowed when Pullman attempted to preserve his profits at the expense of his workers by cutting wages by an average of 25% while keeping their rent at the same level. In response, the employees struck. Apparently, they were not quite as content as Mr. Pullman wanted the public to think they were.

The American Railway Union asked its workers to refuse to run trains to which Pullman sleeping cars were attached. A sticky problem was that these trains also pulled mail cars. The mail had to go through. The workers offered to get the mail through, as long as there were no Pullman cars attached. The railroad would not agree to that stipulation, though.

The Pullman Palace Car Company informed federal officials that violence was occurring (although local authorities made assurances that there was no uncontrolled violence) and that the mail was not going through. Holding up the mail is a federal offense. These false charges of violence, and of preventing the mail from being delivered, were all Attorney General Richard Olney, who disliked unions, needed. Olney arranged to send federal troops to ensure the delivery of the mail and to suppress the strike. This was a typical ending for the many strikes of the late 19th and early 20th century--the national guard or the state militias being called in as strongarm strikebreakers. One of the common demands of strikers of the time was the right to join and be collectively represented by labor unions.

1896

Going for the Silver

"You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold!" – William Jennings Bryan

Up on Cripple Creek, she sends me
If I spring a leak, she mends me
I don't have to speak, she defends me
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one
– from the song "Up on Cripple Creek" by The Band

- Thomas Green and Belle Myers wed
- McKinley/Bryan Presidential campaign
- Cripple Creek Conflagration
- Plessy v. Ferguson
- 1896 Great Register of Humboldt County

Thomas Green and Virginia Belle Myers got married this year in the prairie town of Morland, Kansas. Alice (Green) Kollenborn, Thomas and Virginia's youngest daughter, would write about this decades later:

When Belle was seventeen she met Thomas Green, a young homesteader, at a camp meeting near Nicodemus, Kansas. Both Thomas and Belle were devout Christians early in life. After a short courtship they were married in Morland, Kansas in 1896. Belle then moved to Thomas' sod house on his claim near Nicodemus. Life was hard and lonely on the prairie and Belle looked forward to children.

Such camp meetings as the one where Tommy and Belle met sometimes lasted several days. The Kansas newspaper *Allen County Courant* of August 5th, 1868, contained the following notice:

There will be a camp meeting six miles northeast of Iola and three-quarters of a mile south of Deer Creek Church. Commencing on Wednesday at 2 p.m., continuing at least one week.

Thomas Green and Virginia Belle Myers wedding photo 1896

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Two men named William, namely William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan, vied for President in this year's hotly contested election. Republican McKinley spent seven million dollars on the campaign. Bryan, a Populist who had won the Democratic Party's nomination, spent a relatively miniscule amount—a mere $300,000, which amounted to 4.3 percent of McKinley's outlay.

In a face-off that was billed as Bryan championing agriculture and the common man vs. McKinley on the side of industry, the wealthy and the powerful, McKinley won. The

majority of American voters wanted McKinley in the White House, but among those who didn't was a man who felt so strongly opposed to what the President stood for that he would, in time, plot to take his life. More on that in the 1901 chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A fight broke out at a dance hall in Cripple Creek, Colorado, on the night of April 25th. An overturned kerosene lamp started a fire that spread throughout the town of 10,000, incinerating almost every building in town. But there were apparently still too many buildings left there: a few days later, a grease fire spread from one of the remaining hotels to a storehouse which contained half a ton of dynamite. You guessed it—the resulting explosion leveled what was left of Cripple Creek.

This may give us some idea of the types of places James Shannon lived in as he was mining in the mountains of Colorado—rough and tumble, wild and wooly.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In one the landmark Supreme Court cases, it was decided by that body this year that "separate but equal" accommodations for blacks on railroard cars did not violate the 14th amendment's clause promising "equal protection under the laws."

The veneer of supposed reasonableness and fairness was transparent to at least one justice. John Marshall Harlan, the court's lone dissenter, stated his opposing opinion that "The thin disguise of 'equal' accommodations…will not mislead anyone."

With the court's seal of approval and go-ahead signal, the stage was set for the discriminatory set of laws the south would enact, which came to be known as "Jim Crow."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Humboldt County assembled its own census this year. The "Great Register of Humboldt County" lists John Silva as a "farmer" dwelling near the Swanger Post Office. Swanger was apparently an old name for Loleta. The Register also notes "Nat: 8/6/1882," which presumably means that the Azores-born Portuguese man had became a U.S. citizen, or was "naturalized," on that date. This was ten years after he came to the country.

The same "Great Register" shows seventy-seven year old George Gorham as retired and living in the vicinity of the Beatrice Post Office. Today, Beatrice no longer has a post office; nevertheless, the placename is still in use, and the area is about a mile north of Table Bluff. The Register also makes note of what the registrars apparently considered to be a rather unusual physical feature, at least for a white man: It describes George as having "tattoos on both his wrists."

1897

Play it Again, Sam

"Big Brother is Watching You" – from "1984" by George Orwell

"Smile, you're on Candid Camera!" – punch line from the television show "Candid Camera"

- The pianola is invented
- Movie Camera invented

Before inventions such as the radio and phonograph, there was no recorded music. The only music to be heard was live music. For families living in rural areas, this meant that they and/or their neighbors had to be the ones performing the music, if they were to enjoy any music at all.

In those pre-American Bandstand, pre-Top 40 days, singing around the family piano was a common form of entertainment and pastime. Some today will admit that they don't know how to play any musical instruments but then add that they "play a mean radio" or make some other such witty remark. For that sort of folk, the pianola was a welcome invention. This device could "play" music without the need of a musician at hand. These "player pianos" were a bridge between pianos and juke boxes: you bought the roll of music you want, loaded it into the pianola, and cranked away. The perforated rolls "instructed" the piano which strings to pull, which pedals to depress, and when to do so. In their design, these rolls of music were not really so different from the early punch cards that technicians in the early days of computer programming created and fed into mainframe computer terminals.

If you didn't provide your own music or have access to a pianola, your only occasion to hear music might be at church on. And some churches frowned on dancing and music of all types.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Thomas Edison invented the movie camera and projector this year, gadgets that would permeate American society more and more as the years reeled on.

1898

Wars for Countries and Worlds

"To be a patriot, one had to say, and keep on saying, "Our country, right or wrong," and urge on the little war. Have you not perceived that that phrase is an insult to the nation. Statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception." – Mark Twain

"Man is the only Patriot. He sets himself apart in his own country, under his own flag, and sneers at the other nations, and keeps multitudinous uniformed assassins on hand at heavy expense to grab slices of other people"s countries, and keep them from grabbing slices of his. And in the intervals between campaigns he washes the blood off his hands and works for 'the universal brotherhood of man'-- with his mouth." – Mark Twain

"Is it, perhaps, possible that there are two kinds of Civilization--one for home consumption and one for the heathen market?" – Mark Twain

- Spanish-American War
- H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*

The Spanish-American War, that "splended little war" as it was called by United States ambassador to England John Hay, lasted only a little more than one hundred days —from April 23rd to August 12th.

During the war, the cry "Remember the Maine" echoed throughout the country (some appended the phrase "to hell with Spain" to this call-to-arms). The Maine, a U.S. Navy battleship, sank off the coast of Cuba after an explosion of unknown cause. A second blast, apparently touched off by the first, was so powerful that it lifted the entire ship out of the water. Hundreds of sailors were killed instantly or near-instantly. Some of the survivors, who were in a position to do so (those who were not trapped belowdecks, and who were not as yet severely wounded) valiantly attempted to throw explosives overboard. Their efforts were not enough to withstand the effects of the rapidly spreading fires, though, which set off another round of explosions. Before long, *The Maine* had sunk.

It was never definitively determined whether *The Maine* sunk as the result of an accident, or from deliberate enemy activity (as was assumed and which assumption was used as a pretext, or a reason, to begin hostilities against Spain). According to Filipino history textbooks (the Spanish-American War segued into a war between the U.S. and the Philippines), *The Maine* was blown up by American spys in order to provoke a war with Spain.

The following excerpt from a Cuban history textbook, *History of Cuba: The Challenge of the Yoke and the Star*, by Jose Canton Navarro, provides an even more incendiary take on the event:

According to a US commission, the explosion had come from outside the ship; but a Spanish commision found that the blast had occurred inside. Actually, Spain was doing everything possible to prevent a war with the United States and was careful not to commit any act of provocation. Hence, the Spaniards were not responsible for the blast. On the contrary, the US authorities were seeking a pretext to wage war against Spain. Besides meeting its old ambitions over Cuba [and] Puerto Rico, the Philippines and other militarily and economically important possessions could fall into US hands as a result of war with the European country. And fearing that Cuba would obtain its independence and slip through its fingers, the US needed an incident like that of the "Maine." Consequently, everything points to a self-provocation. The theory concerning US responsibility was reinforced by the fact that almost all white officials escaped the catastrophe because they were not on deck at the time of the blast. – quoted from *History Lessons, How Textbooks from Around the World Portray U.S. History*, by Dana Lindaman and Kyle Ward.

For yet another take on who was behind the incident, the same book quotes a Caribbean history textbook, *Caribbean Story, Bk. 2: The Inheritors*, by William Claypole and John Robottom:

On February 1898 the Maine exploded in Havana harbour with the loss of 266 American lives. It had been blown up by an underwater bomb. Americans immediately blamed the Spanish. In fact the bomb was probably placed by Cuban patriots who saw the disaster as a way of bringing the United States into the war on their side.

By the end of the blitzkrieg, the political landscape had changed dramatically. The United States had ramped up its imperialistic ways: Following an exchange of $20,000,000, the Philippines was an American colony, Guam was acquired, and Spain relinguished its claims to Cuba, Wake Island, and Puerto Rico. Around the same time, Hawaii (then called the Sandwich Islands) was also annexed by the U.S.

Not all of the acquisitions the U.S. had made went smoothly after the quick war, though. The Philippines, which the United States had supposedly liberated from foreign rule, did not want the U.S. ruling over them any more than they wanted Spain ruling over them. So once the Filipinos felt which way the wind was blowing, they picked their weapons back up, this time to fight the Americans, not having given up hope of gaining independence.

America's ambassador to England John Hay had indeed called it "a splendid little war," but he did not take part in it personally. From the sidelines it seemed that way to him. The family and friends of the more than 200,000 Filipinos killed as a result of the conflict were probably less ebulliant. "Only" 16,000 Filipino soldiers were killed, but 200,000 civilians died from famine and pestilence—America waged a "total war," destroying crops and killing work animals.

In contrast to the short war with the mighty European power of Spain, the war fought against the Filipinos lasted from 1899-1902. An organization called the Anti-Imperialist League sprang up in response to the aggressions. As its name clearly indicates, members of the AIL opposed America's increasing its land holdings via the conquest of other nations. The League, far from a collection of immature, impractical incompetents, included such prominent and respected figures as Andrew Carnegie and Mark Twain. In addition to the quotes at the head of this chapter, Twain, who has been described by historian Howard Zinn as "a world-acclaimed writer of funny-serious-American-to-the-bone stories," practically burnt a hole through the page with the following scathing denunciation in reference to the war in the Philippine Islands:

We have pacified some thousands of the islanders and buried them; destroyed their fields; burned their villages, and turned their widows and orphans out-of-doors; furnished heartbreak by exile to some dozens of disagreeable patriots; subjugated the remaining ten millions by Benevolent Assimilation, which is the pious new name of the musket; we have acquired property in the three hundred concubines and other slaves of our business partner, the Sultan of Sulu, and hoisted our protecting flag over that swag.

And so, by these Providences of God—and the phrase is the government's, not mine--we are a World Power.

Not all agreed with Twain's view of matters, of course. Secretary of War Elihu Root claimed: "The war in the Philippines has been conducted by the American army with scrupulous regard for the rules of civilized warfare…with self-restraint and with humanity never surpassed."

Even without commenting on the macabre oxymoronic phrase "civilized warfare," at least one soldier gave the lie to Root's interesting assertion. This volunteer from the state of Washington wrote: "Our fighting blood was up, and we all wanted to kill 'niggers.' … This shooting human beings beats rabbit hunting all to pieces."

Of course, this was just one man speaking. Perhaps he was the only one that felt that way, and all of his fellows conducted themselves in as gentlemanly and cordial a manner as humanly possible. It could be that they politely asked permission before killing their victims.

Twain again, as bitter as could be towards whom many consider the driving force behind many wars, either by way of sins of commission or omission (failing to do or say anything to try to prevent the orgy of bloodspilling in which their adherants engage, and in fact most often full-throatedly encouraging the hostilities), acerbically and sarcastically wrote:

I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched, and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiao-Chou, Manchuria, South Africa, and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle, and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies.

Mark Twain was no traitor, communist, or hater of his country. He simply reacted to injustice where he saw it. He did not limit his criticism to the United States by any means. Twain also wrote a piece entitled “To the Person Sitting in Darkness,” which exposed the genocide being perpetrated in the Congo by King Leopold of Belgium, who considered The Congo and all its inhabitants to be his own personal possession. Not at all squeamish about destroying humans en masse, Leopold caused the death of millions there.

By his vile actions, Leopold put himself on a level with Hitler, whose evil deeds are well-known; Stalin, who arbitarily killed many of his own people just to keep the populace “on their toes”; and the bully Mussolini, who with planes and tanks attacked Abyssinia (modern Ethiopia). Haile Selassie's soldiers fought back valiantly, but futilely, against Mussolini’s forces with spears and muskets. As gruesome and morbid as it may sound, trading cards depicting Abyssinians in exotic garb being slaughtered by Italian soldiers were sold in the United States at the time Mussolini was carrying on this slaughter. The bloodbath culminated in the gassing of untold numbers of Abysinnians, soldiers as well as civilians of both genders and all ages.

By means of its involvement in the “splendid little” Spanish-American War, the United States morphed from a continental republic into an international colonial empire.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

H.G. Wells is well respected for deep nonfiction works such as his two-volume *The Outline of History*. Wells was more well known, though, for his fictional works, such as *The Time Machine,* and the one he wrote in this year of 1898, *The War of the Worlds.* A similarly surnamed actor and producer would bring the latter story, apparently presented very realistically—based on the frenzied reaction of many listeners--to radio forty years later.

1899

Hello, Dollie

"…at midnight of 1899 everybody in Independence went out in the streets and rang bells and blew whistles and set off firecrackers and stayed up all night ringing in the next century. We thought the twentieth century was going to be the best one, but not more than fourteen years after that World War One started, so there went that dream out the window." – from the novel "Standing in the Rainbow" by Fannie Flagg

"You're lookin' swell, Dolly" – from the Louis Armstrong song "Hello, Dolly" written by Jerry Herman

- Radio invented
- $1 Camera introduced
- Aspirin introduced
- Dollena Kohl born Washington

Towards the end of the 19th century, only professional photographers, or avid amateurs, owned a camera; and no one had ever heard of aspirin, let alone a machine that could broadcast live sound—talking, singing, and musicmaking, right into the home.

All of these things, though—an inexpensive camera, aspirin, and radio--either burst onto the scene this year or by means of new inventions were well on their way to becoming household items.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although radios wouldn't become commonplace for another generation, the first words transmitted by radio went out over the ether during this penultimate year of the 19th century.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One dollar represented quite a bit more purchasing power in 1899 than it does today (one dollar in 1900, at the Turn of the Century, was roughly equivalent to ten dollars at the Turn of the Millenium, in the year 2000). Nevertheless, a one-dollar camera in 1899 was a pretty amazing price point—practically anybody who wanted one could afford to have one. And these one dollar cameras were built to last—nowadays, the only cameras one can find at an equivalent relaative price are disposables.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Aspirin, the headache and pain reliever which is now found in virtually every medicine cabinet, was first manufactured this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Dollena "Dollie" Kohl (or, as it is sometimes spelled, Cole) was born somewhere in Washington State on October 4th of this year. She would eventually make up half of the indomitable "Pop and Dollie" team.

1900

Fanatics, Fast Food, and Fantasy

He mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand
and he took his farewell trip to that promised land
...
He turned to the Fireman said Boy you'd better jump
cause there's two Locomotives thats a going to bump
-- from the song "Casey Jones" by Wallace Saunders

"…I don't care how widely traveled you are, nobody has really seen all of America until he has driven through the redwood forests…You have the spookiest feeling there where it's so dark, with those great trunks rising around you so thick and so straight and so big around…You don't feel they're trees at all. You feel as if they're something half human and half ghost. Everybody I've ever talked to has had that queer feeling about driving through the redwoods. You wouldn't be surprised to see an immense, gnarled wooden hand reach out and snatch you away into nowhere…" – Ernie Pyle, 1939

- Casey Jones dies in Train Wreck
- Nellie Jean Kollenborn born Missouri
- Nellie Jean (Moore) Kollenborn dies
- *The Wizard of Oz*
- Carry Nation cuts loose
- Hamburger Invented
- Worst Hurricane in U.S. History
- John Bidwell dies
- Lincoln Logs invented
- Will Shannon and Gertie Bailey wed
- Census

Railroad engineer John "Casey" Jones, nicknamed for his hometown of Cayce, Kentucky, died the death of a hero this year. On realizing that a stalled train was on the tracks ahead, Jones stayed with his train rather than saving himself by jumping off. By "staying with his ship," Jones was able to slow his train down so that the collision with the stalled train ahead would not be as great. In the wreck's aftermath, Casey was found dead in the cab of his locomotive, with his hand still wrapped around the brake lever.

Well, that's one version of the story.

John Luther Jones was a well-liked man, and a conscientious worker. The true story of the wreck that took place April 29th near Vaughan, Mississippi differs from the myth, though. For starters, it is a mystery why Jones didn't save himself by jumping from the train.

An earlier train was stopped on the sidetrack ahead of his, but was pulling too many cars to be completely off the main track--its last two cars were sticking out onto the main line. Because of that situation, a signalman was standing alongside the tracks up the line. When Jones came by, the signalman did his job, indicating to Jones that he should stop. The signalman even set off some "torpedoes" (noisemakers used by the railroad) to warn Jones of the danger ahead. Casey slowed, but he was going so fast (having gotten a late start and trying to make up for lost time) that he couldn't stop in time to prevent a collision.

After applying on the brakes and reversing the engines, there wasn't anything else Jones could have done. He may as well have jumped, as his fireman Sim Webb did. The railroad's formal investigation concluded that "Engineer Jones was solely responsible for the accident as consequence of not having properly responded to flag signals."

Ernie Pyle interviewed Jones' fireman Sim Webb in Memphis in 1937. The following is an excerpt from Pyle's dispatch of January 29th, which he entitled "The Story of Casey Jones' Last Ride":

Sim was twenty-six at the time, and Casey Jones was thirty-two. Sim had been firing for Casey only four months. They were pulling a fast passenger train, on a run of a hundred and eighty miles from Memphis to Canton, Mississippi.

They were due out of Memphis at eleven-thirty P.M., but on that fatal night the connecting train was delayed and they were an hour and a half getting out. But "Mr. Casey" was in high spirits that night, so Sim poured on the coal, Casey bent the throttle back, and they boiled south through the night, making up time. So fast did they go that when they hit the freight a hundred and seventy-six miles out of Memphis, with just twelve miles to go, they were running only two minutes behind time.

Somewhere around a quarter to four, with the cab a bedlam of noise and rushing air, and the miles clicking off every fifty seconds or better, Casey looked at his watch, and stood up and yelled across the boiler top to Sim. He said, "Sim, the old girl's got her high-heeled slippers on tonight." Those were his last words.

The wreck wasn't Casey's fault. It was the fault of the freight train that had taken the siding, leaving several cars sticking out onto the main line.

"We were going around a double-S curve," Sim Webb said. "We had taken the curve on Mr. Casey's side, and then we swung around so the curve was on my side."

"All of a sudden I saw a caboose ahead of us. Mr. Casey couldn't see it from his side. I jumped up and yelled, 'Look out, we're gonna hit something!' I never heard him say anything. I just know he stood up, and I heard him kick the seat out from under him.

"I grabbed the handrail and swung myself down and out of the cab. I held to the rail till I was almost down to the ground, and then let go. Just missed a cattle gate by that far. I hit the ground at seventy-five miles an hour. When I woke up I was in the hospital.

"The engine went clear through the caboose, through a car of corn, through a car of hay, and stopped in a car of lumber. The engine stayed on the track. It was stripped clean--cab and everything stripped off. They found Mr. Casey's body in the clear, lying on the ground by the back tracks. Every bone was broken. Mr. Casey was a fine man."

The myth, the official report, and Sim Webb's version of the accident all differ from one another. Regardless of the exact details, such accidents were not really such rare events. Many railroaders had died in similar accidents. What made this one different was that Jones had a good friend named Wallace Saunders, an African-American engine wiper, who wrote a dramatized song about him, one that has become one of the most recognizable of all American folk songs. The song was heard by a vaudeville performer, who adapted it for his use and sung it throughout the country. Casey Jones, not unlike Paul Revere, became a legend partly as a result of a work of art--in this case a song, in Revere's case a poem--that had been created honoring him.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Nellie Jean Kollenborn was born on April 26th of this year in Missouri. Unfortunately for all concerned, the price paid for this new life was that of her mother, for whom she was named. Nellie Jean (Moore) Kollenborn, the wife of James Wesley Kollenborn and mother of four previous children, died less than a month after giving birth, on May 21st.

Nellie and James' other children were as young as five at the time their mother died. The oldest, Harry, was only eleven when he lost his mother. Nellie had only been sixteen when she married James, and thirty-one when she died. As her death followed so soon after the birth of her last child, it can probably be attributed to complications connected with the delivery. A common problem of the day was infections. Not all were aware of the need for antiseptic conditions and strict sanitation, and most births took place in the home.

Whereas she had given birth to her other children at regular intervals--usually two to three years--it had been five years since Nellie's last child. Most of Nellie's other children had been born in Kansas (in the case of her oldest, Harry, he was apparently born in Jasper County, Missouri, but his next three siblings were all born in Kansas). Apparently the family had moved to Kansas, then to Missouri, and finally back to Kansas again (James' father William died in Kansas in 1925, where James himself died in 1939).

Although apparently living on a farm in McDonald township in Jasper County at the time, Nellie is buried in the cemetery outside of the small town of Avilla, not far from Carthage, in that same County. Avilla would be situated along "The Mother Road," Route 66, once that highway was built. The same can be said of Verdigris, Oklahoma, where Harry's son Albert Kollenborn would live from the late 1920s until 1930.

Albert would also live in Jasper County one day with his young family. Joplin, the county's largest city, to be precise, which is situated on the Kansas border. The Albert Kollenborn family would live throughout Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas before finally packing up and heading west.

William Kollenborn's father-in-law, Henry Hilly, is also buried at the cemetery in Avilla, having died in the area in 1895. As the extended Kollenborn family usually moved en masse, continuing to live near one another, this indicates that the James Wesley Kollenborn family could have been in Jasper County as early as 1894, right after the last child in Kansas had been born, and probably no later than 1895, when Henry died.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

If you understand a little Spanish and German, hearing the name "L. Frank Baum" may conjure up images of "a French tree" in your mind. A book by a man of that name was published this year. His story was famous, not for trees of any particular nationality, but for tornadoes, yellow brick roads, wicked witches from various and sundry points of the compass, and such unforgettable characters as The Scarecrow, The Tin Man, The Cowardly Lion, and the manipulator or marionette behind the screen. The tableau that was "The Wizard of Oz" was set in Kansas, a state which had had as residents not only many Kollenborns, but many others who would lend their makeup to the Shannon family. How many people have read the book? I don't know, but am willing to wager that far more have seen the movie than have read the book. It would be almost forty years until the movie was filmed, though.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

You can pave a pathway made of bricks. As the smart little pig did, you can build a house of bricks. You can also heave bricks through windowpanes, as Carry A. Nation was wont to do. There does seem to be some connection between Kansas and bricks, as the lady known for heaving bricks through windows was from that state. Carry Nation, another in a long line of fanatics connected with the Sunflower State (notwithstanding the solid farming folks depicted in the aforementioned *The Wizard of Oz*) began her prohibition-boosting/saloon-busting career by heaving a brick through the window of a Kiowa, Kansas saloon.

Not all members of "temperance" societies were militant in their views and actions. In fact, some members of these groups did actually start out as temperate "temperance" advocates, allowing the drinking of wine and beer but railing against hard liquor as well as the use of tobacco and profanity. Once the movement as a group came to the conclusion that total abstinance, even from beer and wine, should be practiced, they no longer promoted temperance (moderation); a more accurate designation for them would have thus been "abstinance" societies.

One of the reasons these groups, such as the WCTU (Women's Christian Temperance Union) and the Anti-Saloon League were so popular at this time was that liquor was cheap, and thus all too readily accessible in large quantities. Mothers did not want their

children to be confronted with the sight of drunkards on city streets; and wives did not want their husbands to be drinking at the saloon when they could or should be out working. And, of course, they wanted the money spent on alcohol to be put to a better use.

Not all women supported temperance, of course. Neither did all men oppose it. But in general, women favored it more than men did, and "Yankees" (EuroAmericans of British descent, most of them hailing from the New England states) tended to favor prohibition more than ethnic groups wherein beer (for example, Germans) and wine (for example, French and Italians) was part of their culture and daily food intake.

It was thought that if women got the vote, prohibition would become law. This was one of the factors in the fairer sex not getting suffrage until 1920 (at which time prohibition did, in fact, become the law of the land). In addition to the societies and clubs and radical agitators such as Carry Nation and her ilk, there was even a political entity, the Prohibition Party, that was active and nominated candidates to represent them in Presidential elections.

Even in Kansas, not all appreciated Mrs. Nation's zeal in attempting to stamp out "demon rum." In a Wichita-datelined article of *The Iola Register* of January 23rd, 1901, the following was reported:

Followed by a howling, hooting mob of about 500 men, women, and children, Mrs. Carry Nation left Salvation Army headquarters at 10 p.m. bent upon wrecking more saloons. Coming in front of a saloon on Douglas Ave., she was about to smash the plate window when a number of Salvationists caught her arms and prevented more damage. The crowd dared her to wreck another place and then cries of "mob her" were heard. The Salvation Army people managed to smuggle her to the depot where she took a train for Newton.

And it was not always just property that was damaged. The February 22nd, 1901 issue of the same newspaper editorialized:

One woman killed and several men were more or less seriously wounded. That is the distressing and shocking news that comes from the little town of Millwood as a result of a "Nation" raid on a joint.

In Iola itself in July of 1905, a "mad bomber" struck. Fortunately, nobody was killed, but the caption to a photograph showing extensive damage done to several downtown buildings reads:

C.L. Melvin set off hundreds of sticks of dynamite under and around saloons on West Street that did an estimated $100,000 in damages. The saloons were blown to smithereens, the courthouse clock stopped and plate glass windows in several stores were shattered. ... Melvin wrote letters saying that he took matters into his own hands when it became apparent the courts and police weren't going to shut the joints down.

Carry Nation's anti-liqour career ended in dramatic fashion. A chance encounter in a saloon was so emotionally traumatic for her that she gave up her work. *The Iola Register* of June 10th, 1911, reported on the incident:

Mrs. Carry Nation, known the world over as a temperance crusader and joint smasher, died tonight of paresis in Leavenworth. She was 65. Her touring ended in Chicago in a dramatic semi-tragedy, the saddest episode of her career. Visiting saloon after saloon near midnight, she talked to men behind bars asking if they were not ashamed to follow a business that leads people to destruction, pulling an occasional cigar out of a mouth and expressing indignation at the shocking pictures back of bars. In the last saloon the program did not vary. A young man was carrying drinks to human wrecks seated around tables. He greeted her with the words, "How are you, Grandma Nation?" She had been called grandma and mother many times so she talked to him the same as other bartenders. She asked if he had a mother and if he had did she know the low business he was in. He replied with a question, "Why, don't you know, Grandma? Don't you remember Riley? Riley White, your little grandson?" "Why yes, but I haven't seen him since a lad of 10. I don't know where he is now." "Why, I'm Riley, your grandson." The woman gazed at the man, even then a mere boy, and fell to the sawdust-covered floor, sobbing. Friends helped her to her feet but she was no longer the turbulent, aggressive Carry Nation. Her spirit for reform was crushed.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The standard fare of backyard barbecues, campfire cookouts, and fast-food restaurants, the hamburger, was first enjoyed July 28th in New Haven, Connecticut. So much for the theory that it was a German food named for the city of Hamburg. This thus casts doubt also on the assumption that frankfurters (hot dogs) were named for another city in Germany, the country so famous for varieties of sausages.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On September 8th, Galveston, Texas was devastated by the most severe hurricane the United States has experienced to date. As a result, an estimated six thousand died, and ten thousand were left homeless.

Like Johnstown, Galveston was an accident waiting to happen, based on its location on a six-square-mile sandbar off the coast of Texas which rose a mere five to nine feet above sea level. However, residents felt a false sense of security due to the fact that hurricanes in the past had always veered away from the city. So, those who called for a sea wall were ignored.

When the hurricane approached, the degree of worry was so low in Galveston that few evacuated to the mainland. Many would have gladly left later but were unable to due to the collapsing of all four bridges connected to the mainland. What had been 35-mile-per-hour winds at 4:00 A.M. ultimately became 120 mph winds. Tidal waves splintered houses and trees in its path, and the flooding and terrific winds forced a choice upon the stranded residents: either stay in their collapsing houses and risk being crushed, or

venture out into the wild winds, risking being knocked senseless—or worse—by flying debris. The velocity of the wind was such that some were decapitated by roof slates being flung through the air.

Once the worst of it was over, hordes of looters descended on what was left of Galveston, arriving by boat. Some were caught with pockets full of fingers—appendages they had sliced off in their haste to get the rings on them. Soldiers and local militia ended up shooting and killing 250 looters.

When Galveston was rebuilt, a sea wall was erected.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Bidwell, captain of the first wagon train to California, died on April 4th in Rancho Chico, California.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Lincoln Logs, invented by Frank Lloyd Wright's son John Lloyd Wright and named after the President who grew up in a log cabin, made their appearance this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One of the men running for President this year was known as "The Great Commoner." William Jennings Bryan ran--and lost--as the candidate representing three different political parties: Democrat, Populist, and Silver Republican. Ill-fated "gold" Republican William McKinley won the election. Although Bryan would run again for President, he would never win. He did win a famous victory as the prosecuting attorney in the "Scopes Monkey" trial, though, where John Scopes was convicted of teaching evolution in a Tennessee public school. Within a week of Scopes' conviction, Bryan died of a stroke.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

William Frederick “Will” Shannon and Gertrude “Gertie” Bailey married at the Towhig ranch in or near Carlotta, California December 23rd.

Gertie was seventeen. Already in her life her parents had separated, she had lived with her grandparents, then for a time in an orphanage, then back with her grandparents until they both died. She had met Will the previous year, 1899.

Will and Gertie lived in Cuddeback for the first year and a half of their marriage. Will made shingle bolts for a living. These, for those unaccustomed to old logging terminology, are not like bolts used to fasten things together but rather more like bolts of cloth in the sense that a bolt here is meant as a “quantity” of shingles. The shingles were manufactured from soft lumber by hand, using a froe and a mallet.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The census taken at the Turn of the Century found many representatives of three generations of Kollenborns in McDonald township in Jasper County. The ones of most interest to us are William, James, and Harry. According to this particular census (they are not all consistent with one another in various aspects), William as well as his father were born in Illinois, but William's mother was born in Germany. Besides his namesake William H., born 1861, there was yet another William Kollenborn listed in the census for this location. This third William may have been a son of the senior William's brother John.

In California, Will Shannon was boarding with William H. Brymer and his wife Elizabeth and son Edward in Eureka, California at the time the census was taken (prior to his marriage). He was listed as a day laborer who had been born in "Canada-Eng." This indicates he was born in the English-speaking part of Canada (as opposed to the French part).

Nearby, in the town of Table Bluff in the same county of Humboldt, we find George R Gorham, who at this time is described as an eighty-year-old white male, father born Massachusetts, mother born Maine. It makes mention also that he is literate.

John and Mary (Gorham) Silva lived two doors away from George, along with seven children, Emma among them.

1901

Big Trees and Big Sticks

"Walk softly and carry a big stick. You'll go far." – Theodore Roosevelt, September 2nd, 1901

"Oh, how proud we were to have a new baby born in a brand new century." – Virginia Belle (Myers) Green, speaking of the birth of her and Thomas' first child, Effie Estelle, born 1901.

"The man who dies rich dies disgraced." – Andrew Carnegie, "robber baron" who gave away vast sums of his fortune at the end of his life.

- Queen Victoria dies
- Largest Tree in the World Discovered
- Robert Shannon dies
- Theodore Roosevelt gives his "Big Stick" speech
- William McKinley assassinated
- Theodore Roosevelt becomes President
- Frank Norris' *The Octopus*
- Oil drilling begins in Persia
- Walt Disney born
- Safety razor invented
- Andrew Carnegie prepares to start giving his money away

As the industrial revolution continued to evolve and revolve, and technology grew ever more clever and complex, the century of steam gradually gave way to the century of electricity. To many it seemed that mankind was on the cusp of, if not already in, a golden age of progress and prosperity.

Some say the Victorian era ended this year. That opinion may be, in a literal sense anyway, unassailable, as the Queen who gave her name to the era died this year. Many say, though, that the era in actuality lasted until 1914, when The Great War/World War I erupted. Much more about the monumental changes brought about by that horrific conflict will be discussed in subsequent chapters (and have been discussed also in the Introduction).

In July of this year, Gertie (Bailey) Shannon was three months pregnant with her first of eleven children, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, when the first automobile in Northern California was seen in Trinity County. The vehicle could be purchased for $1 the pound —weighing in at 1,000 pounds, it sold for $1,000.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The largest tree in the world was discovered this year. Not surprisingly, it was found in California's Sierra Nevada mountain range. Fittingly, this spectacular specimen of Sequoia Gigantea was measured by none other than John Muir. Its circumference one foot from the ground was 108 feet; six feet above the ground the circumference was 93 feet.

Speaking of trees and John Muir, the great conservationist had this to say about trees and their hardiness, particularly that of the sequoias:

There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Death is due to accidents, not, as that of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age. Their fall is foretold in their structure; but the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the essential organs wood, roots, bark, buds. Most of the Sierra trees die of disease, insects, fungi, etc., but nothing hurts the big tree. I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. Barring accidents, it seems to be immortal. It is a curious fact that all the very old sequoias had lost their heads by lightning strokes. "All things come to him who waits." But of all living things, sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning.

So far as I am able to see at present only fire and the ax threaten the existence of these noblest of God's trees. In Nature's keeping they are safe, but through the agency of man destruction is making rapid progress, while in the work of protection only a good beginning has been made.

Nevertheless, like anything else worth while, from the very beginning, however well guarded, they have always been subject to attack by despoiling gainseekers and mischief-makers of every degree from Satan to Senators, eagerly trying to make everything immediately and selfishly commercial, with schemes disguised in smug-smiling philanthropy, industriously, shamelessly crying, "Conservation, conservation, panutilization," that man and beast may be fed and the dear Nation made great. Thus long ago a few enterprising merchants utilized the Jerusalem temple as a place of business instead of a place of prayer, changing money, buying and selling cattle and sheep and doves; and earlier still, the first forest reservation, including only one tree, was likewise despoiled. Ever since the establishment of the Yosemite National Park, strife has been going on around its borders and I suppose this will go on as part of the universal battle between right and wrong, however much its boundaries may be shorn, or its wild beauty destroyed.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Robert Shannon died on June 26th, a couple of weeks short of 68 years of age. The fatal gunshot wound was self-inflicted, but accidental. Robert's gun discharged while he was climbing a fence while hunting near Visalia, in Tulare County. He died seven months before his grandson Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born, and twenty-five years after Custer's Last Stand.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

When Theodore Roosevelt gave the speech in which he uttered perhaps his best-remembered phrase, “Walk softly and carry a big stick,” he was Vice President. That sentiment, as he freely admitted, was not an original thought with him, though; actually, it is an old African proverb.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Roosevelt was not Vice President for long, though: four days after delivering that speech, President William McKinley was shot in Cleveland by Leon Czolgosz, a man described as a “crazed anarchist.” At first it seemed that McKinley's wound was not life-threatening. For a time, the President made good progress. A few days later, though, he took a turn for the worse and died, eight days after being shot, on the 14th of September.

Prior to the assassination, U.S. immigration laws had excluded allowing polygamists, the destitute, and those afflicted with certain diseases from entering the country. After the assassination, anarchists were added to the list of persona non grata.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Thinking the move might be “political suicide,” a dead end career-wise, Roosevelt had to be persuaded to run for Vice President. He was on a hiking trip with his family, unaware that McKinley’s condition had deteriorated. He had to be tracked down by government officials so that he could be whisked to the White House to be sworn in as President.

The man who was famous as the leader of the “Rough Riders” in the Spanish War was thus sworn in as President four months before the birth of Will and Gertie Shannon’s first son. Roosevelt was at the time the youngest President in U.S. history (42). He also became the first to leave the United States during his presidency (he went to Panama in connection with the building of the Canal there).

For the record, the Rough Riders’ famed cavalry charge at San Juan Hill in Cuba never occurred. They did charge the hill, but it was not a cavalry charge--they had no horses. The group had had to leave their steeds behind due to lack of space on the boat transporting them from New York to Cuba. That situation caused a name change for the group: from “Rough Riders” to “Wood's Weary Walkers.” Joining them in the attack was the 10th (African-American) Cavalry. Not surprisingly, especially for the time, the 10th never received the "glory," or recognition, for the charge that the "Rough Riders" (Weary Walkers) did.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

“The Octopus," written by Frank Norris and published this year, is one of the all-time classics of California literature. It detailed “in spirit” (it is a work of fiction) the Mussel Slough shootout of 1880. Far from being a barren outpost peopled with dullards, as some considered California to be, in the decades to come many important California authors

would be heard from and make their mark. Some stellar examples of the state's literary offerings would be produced by the likes of John Steinbeck and William Saroyan.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Oil drilling began this year in Iran, a country known at the time as Persia. Their oil production would soon eclipse that of the United States, which had begun drilling for oil in Titusville, Pennsylvania in 1859.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Cartoonist, movie-maker, and theme-park builder Walt Disney was born on December 5th in Chicago, Illinois. His family soon moved to Marceline, Missouri, where Walt grew up. Marceline, in Linn County, is only thirty-four miles north of Brunswick in neighboring Chariton County, where Albert Kollenborn and his half-siblings would live just a few years later.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A man with the regal-sounding name King Gillette introduced the double-edged safety razor this year, smoothing the way for a change in grooming styles for men. In the late 1800s, almost all men wore facial hair: beards, sideburns, various styles of mustaches. Once the safety razor made shaving a quicker, cheaper, and safer proposition (you didn't have to either pay a barber to shave you or use a straight razor on yourself, something which often produced cuts, especially in dimly-lit houses early in the morning), the clean-shaven look became de rigeur; bewhiskered faces were for old fuddy-duddys; the young, the up-and-coming, those who were riding the wave of the exciting new century and its changes, went for a more streamlined and modern look.

In the not-too-distant future, World War I would make the shaving of beards not just a fashion statement but a safety issue: soldiers had to be clean shaven in order to get a good fit on their gas masks.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Andrew Carnegie, who had stated: "The man who dies rich dies disgraced," put his money where his mouth was. He got out of the business of making money by selling his steel holdings to J.P. Morgan, who then organized U.S. Steel. Carnegie then devoted himself to philanthropic deeds. By the time of his death in 1919, Carnegie had disbursed almost all of his $350 million fortune—and keep in mind that money then represents approximately tenfold its current buying power. Three hundred fifty million would be quite generous, but in modern terms it was closer to 3.5 *billion* that Carnegie gave away. He donated more than 300 million dollars to schools, foundations, and artists, and built in excess of 3,000 public libraries, as well as Carnegie Hall.

1902

Firsts and Lasts, Beginnings and Ends

"It was not an easy life, but it was a good life." – Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon

"Smile when you say that." – from Owen Wister's "The Virginian"

- Theodore Roosevelt Shannon born California
- Will Shannon family moves to Trinity County
- John Dolbeer dies
- Ansel Adams born California
- John Steinbeck born California
- Mark Twain makes his last visit to Hannibal
- Chinese Immigration Prohibited
- Mary (Gorham) Silva dies
- James Kollenborn and Rosa Pennington wed
- Air Conditioner Invented
- Owen Wister's *The Virginian*
- First Motion Picture Theatre in the U.S.
- First President to Drive an Automobile
- Volcanic fire destroys St. Pierre, Martinique

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born to Will and Gertie Shannon January 18th on the Felt "place" in or near Carlotta, California. At that time, though, the small town in Humboldt County was named Cuddeback (or Cutty Back, depending on which spelling you accept as genuine or official). Within a span of only four generations, this branch of the Shannon family produced natives of three different countries: Thomas had been born in Ireland, Robert and Will in Canada, and now Theodore in the United States.

If McKinley had not been shot and had Roosevelt not taken over the helm as President, perhaps Will and Gertie's firstborn would have been named William, for the former president. In that case the baby would have also borne his father's name at the same time as the President's. Perhaps Will and Gertie had originally intended to name him thus, and changed their mind after McKinley was assasinated and Roosevelt became the new President. Gertie was five months pregnant when McKinley was shot.

This may or may not have been common practice in other parts of the United States, but many towns in Humboldt County, not just Carlotta, changed their names over the years. Arcata was formerly Unionville, often simply called "Union"; Scotia (a lumber company town) had been " Forestville"; and Samoa, where Theodore Shannons' future wife Esther would be born ten years later, in 1912, had been called West Eureka.

As a Roosevelt was President when Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born, so it was that when Theodore's second son, Theodore Russell "Sunny" Shannon, was born in 1934,

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was President. Junior's nickname is not a typo—it was given him for his disposition, rather than his familial relationship to his parents.

The Presidents Roosevelt were fourth cousins once removed (which means that FDR had a great-great-great-great grandparent who was a great-great-great grandparent of Teddy's. Franklin was also a nephew-by-marriage to Teddy. That and their surname was not all these Roosevelts had in common, though: they both served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy (as did Theodore Roosevelt Jr.), and Governor of New York prior to becoming President.

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was born into a time and place that seemingly had one foot in the previous century at the same time as one in the present. Chief Joseph was still alive, as was Geronimo (they died 1904 and 1909, respectively). Theodore would have a sister who would die from a rattlesnake bite--a cause of death more typical of the "olden days"--and a brother who would die in a plane crash, something that would have been not just improbable, but impossible at the time of Theodore's arrival on the world scene.

The U.S. had just been at War with Spain when Theodore was born, and were still waging war with the Philippines. Hetch Hetchy had not yet been dammed. There was no high school in Hollywood yet, either—although it's first one would open the next year, in 1903.

Gertie Shannon bore children over a span of twenty-seven years, from 1902, when she was eighteen, until 1929, when she was ten days shy of being forty-six years old.

Shortly after Theodore's birth, Will and Gertie relocated from Humboldt County to neighboring Trinity County. The Shannon's nearest "neighbor" in Trinity County was the Hoaglin Valley post office, five miles from their home. Gertie wrote this about their move to and years living in Trinity County:

Our first home was rented in Carlotta where we spent a year and a half. Then in May 1902 we moved to Trinity County in northern California, and took up a homestead on the Eel River where we lived for eighteen years...

Just a little reminiscing about our trip. When Dad and I first went to Trinity, the trip was made with the horses and the large wagon he came from Tulare with and it took a week of long hard days from Carlotta.

The man who gave the Trinity River its name, from which the County took *its* name, was confused. He mistakenly thought the River emptied into Trinidad Bay (in reality it empties into the Klamath River). Trinidad Bay had been named such earlier for Spain, because it was claimed by Spanish sailors for their country on Trinity Sunday.

Counties, like people, often change their size and shape over the years. Parts of present day Humboldt County were previously part of Trinity County, and of Shasta County before that. This, along with the changing of names of towns, can be quite a challenge to the researcher—a family may have lived in a certain town in a certain

County in the past, but today that town may have a different name and could even be part of a different County. Adding to the complexity is that the dimensions of many states have also altered over the years.

Weaverville, the County seat of Trinity County, has not changed names even though it was apparently named for a confederate officer in the Civil War.

Gertie went on to report about the early years of her marriage:

I remember how we became acquainted with our first neighbor, Mr. Lamply. Before we moved to the hills, we made several trips to work on the cabin, and when we came out, we camped out under the trees. After moving, we stacked up some logs so that we could later add another room onto the cabin, but then we heard of another place and moved into it instead. When we arrived there, a friendly neighbor, Mrs. Lamply, welcomed us. She had brought over a hen, and six baby chicks, excusing her generosity by saying that they were for the baby. My first born, Theodore, was three months old at this time. The log cabin had a front room with a fireplace, also a kitchen, bedroom, and we had busied ourselves getting a room fixed upstairs for one more bedroom. We built some stairs on the outside, leading up to the new bedroom. Before, we had to use a ladder. There was the barn on the place already, and a good well on it, and a bucket even to draw up the water. I had to make a short hike up the hill to the house, after drawing the water.

Around Christmas time, we would sit up most of the night getting turkeys ready for the market. The next day Dad would start out for Fortuna, which was some 70 miles away, to sell our turkeys and to bring back a supply of groceries which would last us about six months. The two trips to "civilization" were the only ones made in a year's time, for it was a long drawn out difficult trip. It took us a week to make this trip by our horse drawn wagon. We lived there for 18 years, and in all that time, I only made one trip away from home, and that was to Fort Seward. Dad would take Theodore to town as the helper and companion. He'd take the other boys at times.

My life in Trinity proved to be lonely at times. I can remember one time when I didn't see another woman for two whole years. One day when I was alone in the house I saw some one in the yard. It was a peddler and when he started to open our gate and enter, he noticed our dog, backed out and kept right on going. With a dog for protection, I had few worries.

One day when I was lonesome for company, we walked for four hours to visit with Mrs. Shields and when we got there, we could only visit for a half hour in order to get home again before dark set in. I packed two of my children a good part of the way. But it was worth the walk. It was not an easy life, but it was a good life.

We took up two different homesteads in Trinity and the last one was near the river. This house was built on a hill overlooking the river and had a beautiful sweeping view of the hills around us. I could see the river from my kitchen window and watch its changing moods. The river was turbulent and angry in the winter; I could see logs and every kind of debris, being battered and carried downstram. In the warm spring days, it was

beautiful and calm. And in the summer, just right for the children's fun. We built two barns down by the river and there we stored hay for the cattle. We built sheds around one so that they could get out of sleet, rain and snow. This is below Soldier Basin.

The other place was just right of the fruit trees, by the Shannon buttes. We didn't live there for long. We had a log house there.

Theodore, in an account he wrote in mid-1950s, said this about the Shannons' early years in Trinity County, speaking of his father:

He met Arnott [sic] Shields who told him about homestead land in Trinity County in March, 1902. He went out on horseback to look at the land, there was two foot of snow on the ground. The place he first looked at was government land, it had too much young brush on it. So he settled on the land what now is the New Hoaglin School.

My father went back to Humboldt Co., bought six pigs, a dozen dairy calves to bring out. At the same time my mother and I went out in April 1902 by wagon. The first house the folks had was just a leanto cabin, had no siding on it for awhile. My father had to go back to Hydesville after groceries. My mother and myself was left at the homestead. At this time I was only three months old. He was out of money, no credit in Trinity County. So that is why he had to go to Hydesville for groceries. It took a week to make the round trip.

Arnett Shields and my father were good friends by this time so Arnett told him about the George Kindred place, a better location, lots of water, so he moved over on Kindred place in April, 1902. Filed homestead rights, got his deed. After living on this place 17 years my father sold it to John and Annie Holten in November 1919.

Mr. Shields knew about this place and its availability because George Kindred was his brother-in-law--Shields' sister Etta was married to Mr. Kindred. According to a contemporary who lived in the area, George Kindred left his place because he shot a man in the back and needed to "lay low" for a while.

This former Trinity County resident says that "…at the time, Trinity County was run by men like George Kindred." This man's uncle, Leonard Bean, rode up on a man that had been hung and shot full of holes. That apparently was the killing that finally brought the long arm of the law out to the remote outpost of Trinity. Leonard Bean served on the jury that sent many men to San Quentin. George Kindred apparently high-tailed it to Idaho rather than sit behind bars.

Gertie finally got some neighbors, but it was not to be a happy time for those people, nor for some others Gertie went on to mention:

An old school friend and her husband came to take up a homestead near us. During their stay of several years, tragedy struck repeatedly. Mr. And Mrs. Crank lost their place by fire, twice. One day a friend, Harry Parry, from Humboldt came out and the two of them

went hunting for deer. They parted and in the excitement of the hunt, Harry accidentally shot John to death. My friend Grace then left Trinity. No children.

Disastrous things are bound to happen though. One of our neighbors, Mr. Espie, went to hunt his horse when it was snowing, and he got lost and died. The searchers found where he tried to keep warm by going around and around a tree but when they found him, it was too late.

This account regarding Mr. Espie was a popular topic of conversation for years to come. *Hoaglin Highlights*, a feature in the local newspaper written by Darotha Hall, in reminiscing about bygone years, reported: "Mr. Espey's place lay north of the Hoaglin school a short way. He was quite crippled and he lost his life in Bluff Creek Canyon, attempting to hike to Zenia. The snow was very heavy." In a brief account of his life that Theodore wrote in the mid-1950s (quoted from above, contained in toto in Appendix II), he recalled the event in these words: "Mr. Espie was coming into his place, was very cold, got a little ways from the place, was found frozen to death by a pine tree, what is known now [as] the Garcia Mill on Ted Shannon place."

Gertie takes up the account again, continuing on the subject of "disastrous things":

A little girl was frozen to death when she took refuge near a log. She had unsaddled her horse and with the saddle had tried to keep her self warm, but to no avail.

Yes, unlike many people's view of California (those who have not been there, or have only been to southern California, or only in the warmer months of the year), the weather can be quite severe up in the mountains, especially in the northern part of the state (some will recall the Donner Party). Gertie goes on to talk of her husband Will's work, calling him "Dad":

Dad Shannon was the mail carrier in this part of Trinity County. It was no easy task then and when the river was dangerous in the winter, the horse would swim across and dad would go over, suspended in the air, in a bucket. Dad carried the mail from Hoaglin Valley to Caution. He'd make the trip on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the same as the mail is carried out there in this era. (Gertie wrote this in 1967)

Will's son Theodore had a little different take on this situation:

My father carried mail from Hoaglin to Caution for eight years. There was a cable crossing the main Northfork branch of Eel River, near Bob Hoaglin ranch. When the river was too high father tied the horse and walked the four miles to Caution and carried the mail on his back.

Besides "carrying" the mail and making shingle bolts with froe and mallet, Will (and Gertie) also kept busy in other practical ways. They fed turkey hens, which they had got by "hunting" turkey nests in March. These turkeys they then sold for "ready cash." Will and Gertie gathered acorns for their pigs as well as the turkeys. They would spend an entire day gathering acorns, then grind them for the turkeys (pigs will gladly eat them

unground). Coincidentally, this gathering and grinding of acorns was something the Indian tribes in the area had been doing since time immemorial.

Contrary to what some might think about the always-practical farmers of days of yore, the Shannons made pets of many of their animals. Their colt Prince would come up on to the porch and stick his head in the window. Their pet piglets would follow them on trips to the post office

Not all animals in the area were harmless, though. Besides coyotes, "rattlesnakes seemed to be everywhere when first we moved to the hills," Gertie wrote. On one occasion, she was about to lay one of her babies down under some bushes to help with the hay, when "just as I was about to put the baby down, I saw a rattlesnake, and it scared me so badly that I didn't help much with the hay that day."

On another occasion, Gertie saw two or three rattlers as she was returning from getting some wood from the wood pile. Gertie also killed many rattlesnakes while herding the turkeys, who would squawk to let her know when the venomous reptiles were around. Unfortunately for the family, though, the worst snake incident was yet to come.

While his brother was just starting out in Trinity County, Carleton Shannon was continuing to increase his land holdings in California's Central Valley, hundreds of miles to the south. This year, he added 480 acres to his holdings.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

As was Will Shannon, many of the "big names" in the logging business in northern California had been born in Canada (as well as many from New England, particularly Maine and Massachusetts). Among these former Canucks was John Dolbeer. Harvesting California's trees had grown more efficient over the decades. Starting out with teams of Bulls skidding the logs, John Dolbeer invented the Steam Donkey to do the work faster. These "donkeys" replaced horses, which had replaced bulls, until they were themselves replaced by another type of horse--the iron Horse (railroad). Dolbeer died in August in San Francisco.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Scarcely more than a month after Theodore Shannon was born, photographer extraordinaire Ansel Adams was born on February 20th in San Francisco. Theodore and Ansel both, along with John Muir, had a deep and abiding love for Yosemite, a love that has been passed down through the generations of the Shannon family.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Steinbeck, author of such classics as "Grapes of Wrath," "Of Mice and Men," "Travels with Charley," "The Winter of Our Discontent," "The Wayward Bus," "Cannery Row," "The Pastures of Heaven," "East of Eden,' "The Long Valley," and more, was

born exactly one week following the birth of Ansel Adams, on February 27th, in Salinas. Many of Steinbeck's stories were set in and around Salinas.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

As Steinbeck did indeed write much of his material using the environs around Monterey Bay as his setting, Mark Twain caressed as well as chastised his old haunts in Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi, in many of his works, most notably the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn"). Twain paid an emotional last visit to his old stomping grounds this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

During the building of the transcontinental railroad, Chinese workers had been recruited to come from their homeland. This year, a scant few decades later, an indefinite prohibition of Chinese immigration was made law in the United States. Enlightened people--like those depicted by the fictional Cartwright family of "Bonanza" fame, who employed a bequeued Chinese servant ("Hop Sing") at their ranch--were apparently outnumbered by jingoists.

Regarding the "danger" that Chinese people were posing in California, Arthur T. Johnson wrote in his book "California, An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State":

The Chinaman, no less than the Jap, are among the best fruit and vegetable-growers in the world. Yet these thrifty sons of the Orient, even in the Watsonville district, where they have proved themselves so eminently capable, are despised, scorned, and treated with less tolerance than the American ever bestowed upon the nigger. But so long as the Native Son is thriftless, so long as he thinks he knows everything, so long will he be slowly, but very surely, beaten on his own ground, cast aside in the race for supremacy in these things. In the face of these facts, and, knowing something of the American spirit, is there any cause for wonder that Uncle Sam does all he dare to prevent the Orientals from landing on his shores?

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert Kollenborn's grandmother Nellie Jean (Moore) Kollenborn had died as a result of complications suffered from giving birth in 1900. Mary (Gorham) Silva, the grandmother of Theodore Roosevelt Shannon's future wife Esther Nelson, died during childbirth July 5th, 1902 (some records indicate she died July 11th). Mary hemorrhaged to death after giving birth to a son, Francis, who survived.

Mary was survived by her husband John and their eight children. Mary's estate was valued at $6,500 at the time of her death--a tidy sum for the time. John would not wait long to remarry.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

James Kollenborn also remarried this year. In fact, James married Rosa Pennington exactly two weeks before Theodore Shannon was born, on January 4th.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

William Carrier invented the air conditioner this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The fictional genre known as the "Western" novel was born this year with the release of Owen Wister's *The Virginian.* It contains the immortal phrase "Smile when you say that."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first movie theatre in the U.S. was built this year. Inevitably, perhaps, it came into existence in Hollywood.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Theodore Roosevelt, never one to shy away from being a maverick or a daredevil, became the first U.S. President to drive an automobile this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On the beautiful Caribbean island of Martinique, trouble was brewing. From early in the year, volcanic Mount Pelée continued to give warning of an impending eruption. In spite of the obvious danger, the religious, commercial, and political leaders of the city of St. Pierre, located about five miles away from the volcano, tried to downplay the danger and assuage the fears of the people. An election was to take place May 10th, and the politicians wanted the citizens to stick around and vote. The merchants didn't want to lose their investment in the sugarcane crop--harvesttime was near. The religious leaders, as is so often the case, were in cahoots with the politicians and businessmen, and used their influence to ease the people's well-founded worries.

The mountain continued to rumble and spew forth smoke, ash and bits of rock. The air became so filled with smoke and acrid fumes that the islanders had to go about with their mouths covered with wet handkerchiefs.

On May 5th, after months of increasing signals of danger, the volcano belched forth a flow of scalding material that killed dozens of people. Still, as odd as it may seem, this was not enough to provoke a large scale evacuation. Three days later, Mount Pelée exploded with a stupendous roar. Gigantic, superheated black clouds raced with uncanny speed towards the town. The hot gas that comprised these clouds swiftly extinguished thousands of lives. Almost everyone in the city of 30,000 died—the only survivor was a young prisoner, who was safely ensconced in a dungeon at the bottom of the local prison.

Amazingly and somewhat ironically, the only person to escape to a place of safety did so against his will. The leaders of the community, who had selfishly minimized the degree of the danger, paid the price for their part in the unnecessary loss of human life with their own.

1903

Trips and Trails, Flights and Folks

"It is my belief that flight is possible, and, while I am taking up the investigation for pleasure rather than profit, I think there is a slight possibility of achieving fame and fortune from it." – Wilbur Wright, in a letter to his father written Sept. 3, 1900

"The conservation of natural resources is the fundamental problem. Unless we solve that problem it will avail us little to solve all others." -- Theodore Roosevelt

"They may learn something about their own relationship to the earth from a people who were true conservationists. The Indians knew that life was equated with the earth and its resources, that America was a paradise, and they could not comprehend why the intruders from the East were determined to destroy all that was Indian as well as America itself." – Dee Brown, in the Introduction to his Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

- John Muir guides Theodore Roosevelt
- First Transcontinental U.S. Automobile Trip
- Bob Hope born England
- Teddy Bears Designed
- George Orwell born England
- Victrola Hits the Market
- Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*
- *The Great Train Robberty* filmed
- Ford Motor Company founded
- Lou Gehrig born NYC
- First World Series
- Wright Flight

Two men who, if mixed together and stylized and characaturized, might project a persona not unlike that of Yosemite Sam, met in the valley that gave that cartoon character his name this year. Explorer, botanist, writer, and above all mountaineer John Muir took President Theodore Roosevelt on a tour of the place Muir called his "heart's home." Muir's goals in arranging the meeting with the powerful politician were fulfilled. Yosemite would not suffer the fate of so many other scenic wonders. It would not be taken over by individual speculators. Because of the hard work of Muir and his editor Robert Underwood Johnson, and with the help of men like Roosevelt, the area of wondrous beauty would be preserved for the use and benefit of all.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

If you really wanted to (and, perhaps, if you were half crazy), you could drive across the United States in sixty-five hours. To do so, you would have to *average* a little more

than 50 miles per hour, non-stop. Presuming you needed no sleep, you could leave at 5 p.m on a Friday and arrive on the opposite coast by 10 a.m Monday.

Such was not possible in 1903. Just *getting* from point A to point B in an automobile, regardless of how long it took, was quite a challenge. In 1900, the state of Vermont had passed a law requiring a motorcar driver to have someone on foot or horseback carrying a red warning flag one eighth of a mile ahead of the vehicle. In Tennessee, drivers had to post a notice a week in advance of any automobile trip they undertook.

Against that background, we can see why a feat that would seem rather pedestrian today was the talk of the nation this year: Almost a century after Jefferson's and Lewis and Clark's keelboat, canoe, horseback and per pedes round trip from Missouri to Oregon, the first coast-to-coast automobile trip was made. Horatio Nelson Jackson, his mechanic Sewall Crocker, and a bulldog named Bud traveled from San Francisco to New York in a brand new (1903) Winton.

The trip was complete in sixty-five days. Beginning in late May and ending in late July, the trio's sideways trip across the continent took the same length of time that the Pilgrims took in sailing from Plymouth, England, to Cape Cod in America back in 1620.

Lest we think of Jackson and Crocker as Sunday-driving dawdlers, we should bear in mind that there were no gas stations at the time, and only a grand total of 150 miles of paved roads existed. The fact that Nelson took a mechanic along indicates the unreliability of cars of the day, too. Although you could drive today from San Francisco to New York and cover a little less than 3,000 miles, Nelson and Crocker and Bud added 5,600 miles to the odometer on their journey, partly due to several wrong turns they made and partly because of deliberately going out of their way to avoid rough stretches, such as, near the start of the trip, the Nevada desert, and near the end, the Appalachian mountains.

What possessed these men to undertake this arduous journey? Not so unlike the 80-day, round-the-world trip of Phileas Fogg, a bet was at the bottom of it. Men in a San Francisco club Nelson was visiting claimed an automobile would never make the trip cross-country. Nelson differed. Fifty dollars was stipulated as the spoils that would go to the victor. Nelson would have three months to make it. Nelson was not in dire need of the cash. He was married to one of the richest women in Vermont. Nevertheless, it was a journey he felt driven to make.

The trip became a race. A duo in a Packard as well as one in an Oldsmobile attempted to beat the Winton to New York. Although Nelson and Crocker and the Winton only averaged four miles per hour, the challengers were unable to overtake them--partly because they had gotten a late start, and partly because they took more treacherous routes.

Jackson spent a total of over $8,000 on the trip. The car broke down several times, and they spent days waiting for parts to arrive, sometimes by stagecoach, but mostly by train. After one breakdown, they were towed by a horse. On another occasion, when they were lost (roads were not well marked and maps were scarce), they happened upon a

shepherd who fed them (they hadn't eaten in a day and a half) and pointed them to the road.

When Jackson, Crocker, and Bud got stuck in mud or while fording rivers, they used block and tackle to extricate "The Vermont," the automobile that Jackson had named for his home state. Much of the mechanic work that was done along the way was performed by blacksmiths.

Despite all the hardships, the successful conclusion of the journey showed that it could be accomplished. It indicated that the automobile would indeed, in time, replace the horse and the railroad as the chief means of transportation. Shortly after his arrival back home in Vermont, Jackson was arrested and fined $5 for breaking the speed limit--of 6 miles per hour.

The very next year, another driving team made it across the country in half the time it had taken Jackson. Two years after that, in 1906, the time was halved again.

Horatio Nelson Jackson never bothered to collect on the $50 wager he had made in San Francisco.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Bob Hope, who would later become a household name, Hollywood fixture, and inveterate entertainer of G.I.s, was born four days after the road trip began, on May 29th.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Half a century later, a man who was a G.I. for a short time would sing about his desire to be “your Teddy Bear.” But the man for whom the Teddy Bear was named, President Theodore Roosevelt, hated the nickname “Teddy” (his family called him “Teedy”). It can be assumed what this self-styled roughneck thought of cute and cuddly Teddy Bears.

Although Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was the right age to own a Teddy Bear (he was one year old this year), it is doubtful that he did, when we consider the milieau in which he lived. It is difficult to imagine that the semi-annual trips Will Shannon made to the nearest large town for provisions would result in his return with the purchase of such a “cute” toy—especially, perhaps, if Will was aware that the man he obviously admired was aggravated by the whole phenomenon.

A German toy company created the Teddy Bear following a hunting incident that provided some mirthful moments for many. On this trip to the marshes of Arkansas, Roosevelt, to his credit, refused to shoot a small bear that had been treed by two dogs. A Washington Post cartoonist portrayed this event as if the President had refused to shoot the bear because it was “cute.” The famous unshot-by-Teddy bear was thereafter referred to as “Teddy’s bear.” The German company sent dozens of the plush toys to the White House.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

George Orwell, master essayist and author of two books, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, whose impact on how people view politics can scarcely be exaggerated, was born Eric Arthur Blair on June 25, in Motihari, India.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

This year it became possible to play recorded music in the privacy of your home, if you could afford the newly available Victrola and a recorded musical performance or two.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Writer, adventurer, socialist, self-destructive John London published his dog-eat-dog novel “Call of the Wild” this year. The scene where the novel’s chief protagonist, a husky named Buck, listens to his master’s voice and wins a wager for him by pulling a heavily laden sled stuck fast on the ice from a dead stop is one of the best drawn in literature.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first “feature length” narrative movie, that is, one that actually told a story, was filmed this year. *The Great Train Robbery* was a marvel of its day. It was based on a true event, in which George Leroy Parker's (Butch Cassidy’s) "Hole in the Wall" Gang held up a train in Wyoming. Edwin Porter, who had formerly worked as a cameraman for inventor Thomas Edison, used several innovative techniques for the first time, including location shooting (although it was filmed in New Jersey instead of Wyoming) and jump-cuts.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Ford Motor Company was founded this year. Startup funds from twelve investors totaled $28,000, less than the sticker pice on some of that company’s cars today. The first few years, Ford only produced a few cars per annum, in a converted wagon factory. That would change with the wildly successful mass-produced Model T in1908.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

New York Yankee legend Lou Gehrig, who is perhaps best remembered now for the disease that cut short his career--which disease is now commonly referred to by his name--was born on June 19th in Manhattan, New York (AKA New York City).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Speaking of baseball, the first World Series was played this year. Many of the teams from the early days of baseball no longer exist, or have at least changed their names and/or locations. As examples, both the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers moved to California (San Francisco and Los Angeles, respectively), and the Boston

Braves relocated first to Milwaukee and then to Atlanta. Despite all this moving around of the baseball clubs, one of the two teams who met in the first World Series this year is still in existence today: The Pittsburgh Pirates, who lost to the Boston Pilgrims five games to three (unlike today's seven-game format, they played a nine-game format that first year).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The same year that a man drove a car as far as could be driven in the United States, two bicycle mechanics, brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, flew an aircraft they had built themselves in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. On December 17th, the Wright brothers flew their "aeroplane" a distance of one hundred twenty feet for a period of twelve seconds. Within two years, they flew one of their "flying monstrosities" twenty four miles in thirty-eight minutes, and by 1909 the Wright brothers were manufacturing and selling their airplanes.

1904

Fire and Ice

"Mr. Roosevelt is the Tom Sawyer of the political world of the twentieth century; always showing off; always hunting for a chance to show off; in his frenzied imagination the Great Republic is a vast Barnum circus with him for a clown and the whole world for audience; he would go to Halifax for half a chance to show off and he would go to hell for a whole one." – Mark Twain

"I believed Colonel Miles; otherwise I would have never surrendered." – Heinmot Toovalaket (Chief Joseph, Nez Perce)

"Surely the white men have many more good things to eat than they send to the Indians." – Spotted Tail (Sioux)

- Kenneth Frederick Shannon born California
- Panama Canal
- Ice cream cone invented
- Chief Joseph dies
- Crayolas invented
- Roosevelt elected President

Theodore Shannon's first sibling, Kenneth Frederick Shannon, was born January 18th, exactly two years after his older brother.

Their mother Gertie reported earlier about some fires that had taken place at neighbors' homes in Trinity County. The Shannons would later suffer their own loss from fire, and had a close call this year, too. Gertie wrote of this year's incident:

When Kenneth, our second son was born, exactly two years to the day after Theodore, a woman came in to stay with me, as Dad was away working and didn't want to leave me alone. She built a big warm fire and put some baby clothes on the chair in front of the fireplace. I'd arranged to be in the living room and had gone to sleep but awoke to find the baby clothes on fire, also some of the wall paper. There were some cartridges on the mantle of the fireplace and the logs would go up in a flash and the bullets could explode who knows where. The woman dashed in and put the fire out before it had a chance to get any worse. In doing this, she was quite badly burned on the hand.

At this time, only six percent of Americans were high school graduates. Theodore and Kenneth both only attended school through the eighth grade, after which time they began working full-time "in the woods" as loggers. Albert Kollenborn would spend even fewer years in classrooms.

Other facts about 1904 which are interesting, especially as a point of comparison with modern conditions and culture:

1) The speed limit in most cities was ten miles per hour.
2) Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa, and Tennessee were more heavily populated than California (The golden state was ranked 21st in terms of population, with only 1.4 million residents. In less than sixty years, though--in 1962--California would take over the top spot
3) Average wage was 22 cents per hour
4) Ninety-five percent of births took place at home
5) The population of Las Vegas was thirty
6) There were only two hundred thirty reported murders in the United States for the entire year (by way of comparison, in 1990 there would be more than one hundred times as many: 24,700)
7) Most women only washed their hair once a month. Johnson' baby shampoo was not available, nor were any of the other well-known brands of today. Commonly used in lieu of "factory" shampoo were either borax or egg yolks
8) There were no crossword puzzles, no canned beer, and no iced tea
9) Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were available over the counter at drug stores. In connection with this, one pharmacist of the day opined, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the stomach and the bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Beginning the previous year, the U.S. had engineered a revolution against the nation of Colombia, fomenting an uprising against this previous owner of the Panama region. The Minerva-like tiny country of Panama came into existence and immediately seceded from Colombia. Just as quickly, the United States, which had set up this tiny republic, granted Panama official recognition.

The continent's big-stick-wielding powerhouse then dictated the terms of a treaty with this nascent nation which made that powerhouse all the more powerful: Panama leased the Canal and adjacent land to the United States, on which they placed military bases. The U.S., acquiring sovereignty over the Panama Canal area "in perpetuity," took over control of the building of the Panama Canal, which had been started in 1881 by France. Eleven years and almost six thousand workers' lives later, Atlantic-to-Pacific trips were reduced from four months to about forty-seven days.

A big reason the U.S. wanted control of the canal through Panama was so that they could quickly deploy troops to and from the Atlantic or the Pacific. Perhaps the canal should have been named for Secretary of War Elihu Root—"The Root Canal" would seem an appropos moniker for the dirty ditch.

The United States had made an offer which the Panamanians had felt they could not refuse. Still, the "in perpetuity" part of the treaty did not stick. Responding to anti-American protests in Panama in 1977, the Carter administration agreed to renegotiate the treaty. The New York Times was candid about the origin of the United States' involvement with the Canal: "We stole it, and removed the incriminating evidence from our history books."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Probably more appreciated by the average person these days, the ice cream cone was invented this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Joseph, the Nez Perce Chief who had been hounded all over the Northwest by the U.S. Army, died at a reservation in north-central Washington state on September 21st. According to the doctor's report, the cause of death was a broken heart.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Crayola Crayons ("Crayola" is a combination of two French words which mean, in essence, "oily stick of color") were invented this year. In households with small children, walls--especially white ones which seem to a child a ready-made and convenient canvas of the first order--would never be the same.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Democratic stronghold Missouri astonished the nation this year by voting for Theodore Roosevelt (who was at the time a Republican). As the quote above indicates, Missouri's famous son Mark Twain was not a great devotee of the President.

Roosevelt was the first President in a generation--since U.S. Grant--to be elected to a second term. Even here, a caveat is in order: Roosevelt hadn't been elected to his *first* term, having taken over for the assassinated McKinley.

1905

10,000 Peek-a-Boos and a Good Swap

"Toto, I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore." -- Judy Garland as Dorothy Gale in the movie "The Wizard of Oz"

"…That makes me the best haggler…" – Scatman Crothers as the horse trader Moses in "The Shootist," John Wayne's final movie

- Nickelodeons
- Thomas Green swaps farms
- Green family moves from Kansas to Arkansas

The word "Nickelodeon" may today conjure up images of a children's television show. In 1905, when Nickolodeons became the rage, they were an "adult" attraction. Many of the short films shown were risque, or "naughty," depicting scantily clad women. Men, as can be imagined, were the chief frequenters of these establishments which were a combination motion picture theatre and variety show. The admission price, as most people would assume, was 5 cents. Within three years, there were 10,000 nickelodeons in operation in the country—an increase which required an average of almost 10 new ones per day over that span of time.

By the way, the first coin in America termed a "nickel" was a one-cent piece. The word nickel, after all, refers to the metal from which the coin is made, not its assigned trade value, and thus is not "tied to" any particular denomination.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In a deal which would make Scatman Crothers' horsetrader character Moses in *The Shootist* green with envy, Thomas Green swapped his farm in Morland, Kansas--sight unseen--for one in Benton County, Arkansas. You would think the advantage would have been with the man from Arkansas who was viewing the Green homestead in Kansas—after all, he was the one who knew what both farms looked like. This farmer doubtless had his own reasons for trading, and perhaps he really did consider the Kansas land better than his in Arkansas, or had some other reason for making the move.

The Greens came away from the negotiating table with four hundred eighty acres of orchards and farmland on which they grew onions, mushrooms, huckleberries, and potatoes. The land they acquired was in northwestern Arkansas, near the southwestern boundary of the Ozarks. The Ozark region is comprised of parts of four states: northeastern Oklahoma, a tiny strip in southeastern Kansas, southern Missouri, and northern Arkansas. Trees for which the Ozarks are famous, dogwood and redbud, also adorned the Green's new farm.

The Greens certainly came to view the deal as one favoring them to the utmost. Their daughter Alice recalled later: “When Belle looked across the farm, she saw how beautiful flowering fruit orchards covered the hillsides. She saw the sparkling, clear waters of Sugar Creek meandering around rich bottom land flanked by huge sycamore trees and small willow trees. It was a paradise to Belle.”

As can be seen from the quote above, Virginia Belle Green went by her middle name; her husband Thomas, as is still common today in that region of the country, went by the diminutive “Tommy."

The book *The Ozarks – Land and Life*, written by Milton Rafferty, describes the situation in this area, indicating that Tommy was not the only farmer drawn to the Ozarks: “A nationwide advertising campaign describing the Ozarks as sheep and cattle country and as a fruit-growing region was used to good advantage. The owners sold large amounts of land, sight unseen.”

Benton County certainly was a fruit-growing region. Red apples grow there in abundance. Apple orchards once surrounded Bentonville, which is situated twelve miles south of the Missouri state line, and eighteen miles east of the Oklahoma border.

At one time, Benton County was called “the Red Apple Capital of the World." In 1901, it produced 25 million bushels of apples – more than any other U.S. County. In more modern times, though, the entire Bentonville area has been practically monopolized, one might even say “sacked," by the megaretailer Wal*Mart’s corporate offices.

1905 was a fairly prosperous time for farmers and fruit growers in Benton County. The County had finally recovered from the devastating Civil War, and its encore, the debilitating Reconstruction era. REA (Rural Electrification Administration) had just come to northwest Arkansas, and the electrification of family farms helped tremendously.

For some farm people in Benton County, though, it was too little too late. The offer of good-paying jobs in Springfield, Missouri and Tulsa, Oklahoma drew massive numbers of young people from the farms of northwest Arkansas to these cities, the largest in the area. Around this same time there was also a migration of Benton County residents to Idaho, which was reputed to offer excellent farm land. The Albert Kollenborn family would move to Idaho from here, but not until a generation later. Other Kollenborns—some of them Albert’s uncles and aunts and cousins, would already be there by then.

The area surrounding Bentonville was gorgeous at the Turn of the Century: rolling hills, valleys, creeks and spring-fed streams, and the trademark Ozark overhanging limesone rock ledges.

Why did Sam Walton choose the tiny hamlet of Bentonville, Arkansas, of all places, as a base for his empire? Although Sam was born in Oklahoma, after some years in Missouri, he moved to Bentonville in 1950. After managing other people’s stores for years, Sam would open *Walton’s 5 and Dime* in Bentonville the year he relocated to that once-sleepy town, and then the first Wal*Mart store in nearby Rogers in 1962.

Benton County is named for Missouri Senator Thomas Hart Benton, the father-in-law of “The Pathfinder," J.C. Fremont. Benton had staunchly and successfully advocated statehood for Arkansas. This Thomas Hart Benton is not to be confused with his namesake great-nephew painter, whose works adorn the Missouri state capitol in Jefferson City.

Missouri also has a Benton County honoring their native son.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Tommy sent his wife Belle and the three children that had been born in Kansas (Effie, Lillian, Katherin) ahead to their new farm at Dug Hill, near Bentonville, by train. He followed by freight train along with their livestock.

Alice described the situation when the family arrived (as she later heard it recounted):

There were few buildings to be seen. A two-story evaparator, log granary and grey rambling rail fences scattered here and there. Atop the hill, against the forest stood a lonely frame house, weathered silver-grey by the elements of time. Its outstanding features were the huge white rock fireplace chimney, fashioned of native stone and the front porch overlooking the emerald green valley below. A little white schoolhouse stood on the far hill above Sugar Creek.

When Thomas arrived with the livestock and two stock dogs, the place came alive. He was happy with what he saw. He knew he couldn’t have a better place had he gone in search of one.

In modern parlance Tommy Green would be called an agricultural “engineer.” He immediately set about improving the land. He built a smokehouse, a springhouse used to “float” watermelons, apples and other produce in order to keep it cool and fresh, and a wash house next to the main house. He also installed a gravity-fed system to pipe cold water into the house and wash house from a spring. Tommy also dug a fruit cellar with concrete walls and steps for storing fruits, vegetables, milk, cream and butter for winter use.

When the children were old enough to attend school, Tommy built a long swinging rope bridge over Sugar Creek. Using heavy cables, he anchored it to huge sycamore trees on one end and steel cables set firmly in heavy concrete pillars on the other end. As Tommy’s daughter Alice put it: “Every child in the family clattered over that bridge endless times to cross Sugar Creek. It was a work of engineering skill and durability, lasting until the children were grown and gone from home.”

Besides being such a good hand around the farmstead, Tommy was a musician, public speaker, and entrepreneuer. As did daughter Alice’s future husband Albert Kollenborn, Tommy played the harmonica.

Tommy Green was also a nondenominational minister. With the help of his neighbors (all farmers), Tommy built a church near his hillside.

A local resident named Stratton Brooks wrote the “Brooks Readers” school textbooks that were used at the country school in Dug Hill, the community in which the Green's farm was located. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks encouraged the Green girls to attend college. Many of them did, at the University of Missouri in Springfield. The Brooks couple helped the Green girls get jobs to help them work their way through college. Attending college was, in comparison with modern times, a rarity--especially for females.

Although he was a farmer first and foremost, Tommy also liked to spend time speaking and singing in public. He would often challenge various people to debate. The subject of the debate didn’t matter so much as having the opportunity to engage in a little “spouting," as soapbox oratory was often referred to at the time. Tommy would invite neighbors to the Green home to sing and play musical instruments. The children enjoyed hearing him sing “Gypsy Davey” in his clear tenor; they would dance across the worn wood floor while he sang and played his harmonica.

Earlier, it was mentioned that the Ozarks was being haled as a great fruit-growing country--and that it was, especially for apples. But when it comes to grapes, especially wine grapes, one would normally think first of California and perhaps New York when contemplating wine production in the United States. The Ozarks would certainly not come up into the minds of many in this context. However, Ozark grapes saved the French wine industry.

Lafferty’s *The Ozarks – Land and Life* reports the details:

Even before the Italian immigrants began planting vineyards, farmers knew the western Ozarks as excellent grape country. Swiss immigrant Hermann Jaeger settled in Newton County, Missouri, where in 1867 he produced a hardy new grape by crossing Virginia grapes with the wild Ozark variety. Jaeger developed a large vineyard near Neosho with his hybrid, which proved to be very successful. Later, when he learned that grape lice were causing much damage in the vineyards of France, he suggested the adoption of cuttings from the wild Ozark grapes to give more resistance to the French vines. When his suggestions were received favorably, Jaeger sent seventeen carloads of cuttings to France. Jaeger’s plan proved successful and won him the Legion of Honor for his service to French agriculture.

Benton county also was famous for things other than apples and grapes. The Civil War Battle of Pea Ridge (sometimes called the “Gettysburg of the West”) had been fought outside of Bentonville, as discussed in the 1862 chapter. Also, the infamous and cataclysmic event now known as the Trail of Tears occurred partly in that area. Starting from Cherokee Agency in Tennessee, and traversing through Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to its termination at Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, some of the marchers on this sad and blood-stained trail went through Benton County.

Perhaps surprisingly to some, these Cherokees owned several hundred black slaves. This makes plain that some of them were at least moderately well-to-do (poor people did not own many slaves), and also that these same ones did not place a premium on freedom for all men; naturally, they wanted it for themselves and “wept” when it was taken from them. This does not excuse the theft perpetrated or at least aided and abetted by the Andrew Jackson-led American government, though, during the time of the Indian Removals. And it bears noting that not *all* Cherokees owned slaves (just as not all Southerners owned slaves or condoned slavery).

Speaking of slavery and Southerners, many of these displaced Cherokees were to take part in the Battle of Pea Ridge, fighting on the side of the Confederates. As did many other Indian tribes, the Cherokees hoped that they would receive fairer treatment at the hands of a Confederate government than they had from the Union. This brings to mind the Indians in Colonial times who sided with the British against the EuroAmericans--apparently they felt the devil they knew *had to be* worse than the one they didn't.

1906

An Earthquake, A Man-made Jungle, and Legal Redress

"Talk about Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii, this surely beats it all." – Frederick Collins, co-owner of a women's clothing store that burned in the 1906 San Francisco fire

"The way it is now, the asylums can hold the sane people, but if we tried to shut up the insane we should run out of building materials." – Mark Twain

- Debra May Shannon born California
- Lizzie Huddleston and Harry Kollenborn wed
- San Francisco Earthquake
- Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*
- John Silva's children sue him
- George Gorham dies

On March 30th, ill-fated Debra May Shannon was born to Will and Gertie Shannon. She was their first daughter. Will nicknamed her "Girlie." Although Gertie had praised the midwife that had helped her during the birth of her second son Kenneth, born two years earlier, she complained about this one, bouncing from hyperbole to meiosis: "The mid wife I had made Dad mad. She took all the covers I had on and I about froze to death. She was not satisfactory."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Just three days later, on April 2nd, Ruie Lee Elizabeth "Lizzie" Huddleston--who had just turned seventeen on March 5th--married Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn in northwestern Missouri, who would not be eighteen until the 4th of July. The service was conducted in the home of a minister, G.W. Hatcher. The marriage license states that those signing attest that the groom is over twenty-one and the bride over eighteen. Although both were under-aged, the Recorder of Deeds and the minister either looked the other way or didn't look closely into the matter.

While seventeen may seem a young age for a man to marry, the age of legal consent to marriage by parents had just been raised from 12 to 15 for brides and from 18 to 21 for grooms the previous year in Kansas (although Lizzie and Harry were married in Missouri, not neighboring Kansas, that shows what the prevailing practices in the region were).

Both Harry and Lizzie were residents of DeWitt in Carroll county. Coincidentally, Lizzie's grandfather was John Wesley Huddleston; Harry's father was James Wesley Kollenborn.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One of the most devastating earthquakes in history shook northern California's Bay Area less than a month following Girlie's birth and the wedding of Lizzie and Harry Kollenborn. At 5:12 a.m. on April 18th, San Franciscans experienced a series of very destructive earthquakes.

While northern California had experienced major earthquakes before, such as one in 1865 that Mark Twain had been on hand for, this one was much more "special." Since more than one third of the 1.5 million residents of the state lived within seventy-five miles of San Francisco, it was felt by a high percentage of Californians. Remote Trinity County lies two hundred miles north of the "City by the Bay," and so was well away from the densely populated part of the state (and still is).

The rearranging of the landscape struck so suddenly and violently that hundreds of people were buried underneath rubble while still lying in their beds. Within two minutes, the earth returned to rest. The destruction wasn't yet over, though.

Besides the devastation and death dealt by the earthquake itself, there were upwards of sixty separate fires that broke out as a result of the quake. Firemen, as was the case during the great Chicago fire of 1871, were unable to douse the flames, as no water was available—the water mains had broken. After first unsuccessfully attempting to quell the fire with sewage, they dynamited sections of the city in an attempt to halt the spread of the blaze. Some victims trapped in the rubble begged soldiers (who were on the scene to enforce martial law and shoot even suspected looters on sight) to kill them, preferring instant death by bullet to the slow roasting they would suffer when the fire reached them.

Although the number of total deaths from the disaster is disputed, the official record of seven hundred is considered by most today to be significantly lower than the actual count--there were probably three or four times that many killed. Additionally, several thousand were injured, and 225,000 left homeless.

The aftermath of the earthquake was not wholly unwelcomed by the timber-rich area around Humboldt and Trinity counties. The rebuilding that was necessary proved to be an economoc boon to the lumber industry of California's north coast.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Few books have had as much impact on everyday life in America as did Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. Based on actual conditions in the meat packing plants in Chicago, this novel unleashed a storm of protests and resulted in the passing of many laws regarding the way food is commercially processed. The Pure Food and Drug Act was passed just six months after publication of Sinclair's book. By government standards, this was a very speedy response. For legislators, passing new regulatory laws in six months was cheetah-like in its swiftness.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Four years after his first wife Mary Abby (Gorham) died, John Silva returned to the Azores to secure a new bride for himself. His minor children, whom he had apparently been neglecting, were worried that he was going to completely abandon them. The April 24th issue of the *Ferndale Enterprise*, a Humboldt County newspaper, ran the following article about John's minor children suing him for nonsupport:

The five minor children of John Silva of Hydesville have commenced action through Frank Rocha, their guardian ad litem, against their father for their support and education. They allege in their complaint that they have not been properly cared for and have received no education or proper clothing, although the father is well able to support them, he having some $8,000 or $10,0000 worth of property. They further allege that he is about to dispose of all his property and go to Portugal, leaving them destitute.

Portuguese possessions, such as the Azores, were often referred to as Portugal, and this is probably what was meant above. Donna Maria Texeira De Azevedo, the woman John took as his second wife, had been born--as he himself had been--in the Azores. It is likely that she was still living there at this time, and that that was the destination to which John traveled—back to his old home island. One of Donna's stepchildren later described her by saying that she "had only one arm and was very mean." Whether one thing had anything to do with the other can only be speculated.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Mary's father George Gorham died just a few months after the legal complaint was brought against his son-in-law John Silva by Mary's children/George's grandchildren. Regarding the exact date of his demise, there is a little room for speculation, as is the case with his daughter. Some reports claim that he died December 4th, some December 8th, still others December 11th. The Ferndale newspaper, in reporting his death in their issue dated December 11th, stated about George that: "he died…last Saturday," which was the 8th.

George had spent the final five years of his life in Mendocino State Hospital. A descendant of his claims that this was a mental hospital. And it is true that this facility was originally (1889) named "Mendocino State Hospital for the Insane." In 1893, its name was changed to "Mendocino Asylum." Others claim that by this time the facility was a hospital/home for the indigent. It is worth noting that George's father William, who died in 1872, was listed as residing in an asylum, in Nantucket, Massachusetts, in the 1870 census.

Coincidentally, it was on October 31st of this year (just a month or so before George's death) that a memorial was set up in Rhode Island at the site of The Great Swamp Fight of 1675, which took place during King Philip's War, at which George's great-great-great-great grandfather was killed.

1907
AMOK

You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off the ol' lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Slim
– from the song "You Don't Mess Around with Jim" by Jim Croce

"Rough? Law yes! Hit war made that way on purpose. Ain't nothin' to a flat country nohow." – from "The Shepherd of the Hills" by Harold Bell Wright

"He often challenged different ones to debate. The subject didn't matter." -- Alice (Green) Kollenborn, referring to her father, Thomas Green

"The white man knows how make everything, but he does not know how to distribute it." – Sitting Bull

- Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn born Missouri
- John Albert Kollenborn's naval contemplations
- Harold Bell Wright's *Shepherd of the Hills*
- Panic of 1907
- James Vila "Man" Green born Arkansas
- U.S. establishes world's first air force
- Oklahoma becomes a state
- First daily comic strip

In 1907, only eight percent of U.S. residents had electricity in their homes. This was changing fast, though, for by 1920, a mere thirteen years later, this percentage had risen to 34.7. One day electricity would become ubiquitous and it would be hard to imagine life without it. The same can be said of automobiles. The speed limit in Missouri at this time was nine miles per hour. Driving a car was faster than walking, and faster then riding a horse, but not dramatically so. Automobile drivers were still looked on with a measure of trepidation and suspicion, at least by the authorities: in Missouri, the "Show-Me" State, one had to purchase a license from *each county* through which he drove.

It was into this world that Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn (later known as "Slim") was born in DeWitt, Carroll County, Missouri, on March 10th, to Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn and Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston) Kollenborn.

The tiny town of Dewitt is located on the Missouri River in the northern part of the state, between Mark Twain's Hannibal to the east and Kansas City to the west, and is siutated a few dozen miles north/northwest of the part of the state in which Daniel Boone and his family lived.

When Daniel Boone came to Missouri from Kentucky--whose government he thought had cheated him out of land--it was necessary for him to become a Spanish citizen (as Missouri was owned by Spain at the time). Boone declared that his worst fate would be to end up being buried in Kentucky, a place he then claimed to abhor—he wished to be interred in Missouri.

Boone was indeed buried in Missouri, but representatives of Kentucky later came, gathered his remains, and transported them to the state of his birth. Some say the bones they were given were not really Boone's, though.

The town of DeWitt was also located on the Kansas City branch of the Wabash railroad. This area around the Missouri River border area was called the Missouri Rhineland due to the large number of residents of German descent who lived there. Adding their numbers to this ethnic group were both the Kollenborn and Branstuder familes—we will learn more about the Branstuders later.

Probably most famous for being one of the places in which Mormons formed a colony but from which they were later driven out, DeWitt had been named for DeWitt Clinton, a former Governor of New York. In 1856, the berg's name was temporarily changed to Winsor City, before reverting back to its original name.

The Mormons arrived in DeWitt on October 11th, 1838, and were driven out a decade and a day later. After first being asked to leave by the local townspeople--which request was not granted--the Mormons were threatened. They responded by taking over the town. Outmanned by the militia of three to four thousand that assembled there to evict them, the Mormons finally departed for Daviess County—another step in their fits-and-starts migration that would ultimately terminate in Utah (which was, at the time they arrived, not part of the United States).

Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, and the rest who comprised the Corps of Discovery passed through modern-day Carroll and Chariton Counties on their way west.

DeWitt, as was mentioned, is located in Carroll County, but Albert spent most of his early years three miles east in Brunswick, across the Carroll County line in Chariton County. The Missouri River forms the southern border of both Counties, although they were at that time Ray and Howard Counties, respectively. Albert was born a century after Meriwether Lewis became Governor of the Territory of Missouri.

Brunswick was named by Englishman James Keyte (for whom the nearby town of Keytesville is named) for the Brunswick near Manchester, England. Brunswick was originally located right on the Missouri River, five hundred yards south of its present location, but was gradually eaten way by the river's unpredictable hydraulic reengineering of the landscape.

Founded in 1836, twenty years later the few buildings in Brunswick that had been spared by the river were moved to the town's new location. Perhaps it was this renewal of

Brunswick that inspired the citizens of DeWitt to change the name of their town (albeit temporarily) to Winsor City, also named for a place in England. The course of the Missouri River continues to change; today, the town is even further from that mighty stream.

At a time when the town boasted a population of about 2,200 souls, a local booster claimed that Brunswick consisted of "moral, intelligent, refined and progressive citizens, whose unstinted hospitality has never failed to make a favorable and lasting impression upon the stranger within her gates."

Today Brunswick is a town of 925. The Grand River, which occupies, in part, a former section of the Missouri River, runs through the area, as do railroad tracks still. The entire area is full of pecan orchards.

Albert was the first child for both Harry and Lizzie, and would be the only one they would have together. Both of them, though, would have many more children by subsequent mates. In fact, both of them would have a second son around the same time and name him Charles—so Albert ended up with two half brothers named Charles who were nearly the same age.

Harry left his fledgling family shortly after Albert's birth. Lizzie worked in the kitchen of a well-to-do family in the area, who helped raise Albert. At least partially responsible for the breakup may have been Harry's desire to live in Kansas, while Lizzie wanted to stay in Missouri, where she had roots and a virtual multitude of relatives. Both the William Kollenborn and James Kollenborn families, who moved several times together en masse, lived in many places in both states.Growing up, Albert would live on and off with his maternal grandfather Bob Huddleston in "the (river) bottoms" of Kansas City, on the border of the two states which had been such bitter rivals in the Civil War era.

We don't know what prompted the Kollenborns to move from northern Missouri to southeastern Kansas, but there was a man named Frank Crouch from Carrollton, Missouri (the county seat of Carroll County, where the Kollenborns lived) who ended up in Iola, Kansas. The Kollenborns may have known this man and found out about the then-booming area of Kansas from him, or perhaps even been involved in the business that Mr. Crouch went to Iola to operate. The January 19th, 1901 issue of *The Iola Register* notes in this regard:

Frank Crouch of Carrollton, Mo., who built, owns, and operates successfully a street railway in that town is in Iola preparing to build an electric line to connect this city with Gas City, Lanyonville and LaHarpe.

By the time all was said and done, Albert would have nine siblings—four brothers and five sisters. Harry had three more boys and two girls; Lizzie had one more boy followed by three girls. But Albert would not see any of his paternal siblings until late in life, as Harry relocated to Kansas and did not stay in contact with either Lizzie or Albert.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert may have been named for John Albert Kollenborn. The problematic thing about this possibility, though, is determining just who John Albert Kollenborn was in relation to Albert. This is what we do know: John was born May 1898, and was thus almost nine years old at the time of Albert's birth. He entered the Navy in Kansas City, Missouri, on April 29th, 1917 (the United States had entered the Great War on April 6th). The record states that John was eighteen years and eleven months old at the time (that's how we know he was born May, 1898). Based on the year of John's birth, he was probably one of Harry's cousins, the son of either William Henry, Charles Edgar or, possibly, Richard Lee Kollenborn (but probably not the latter, since Richard was nineteen at the oldest when John was born).

John Albert Kollenborn spent a year and a half in the Navy and never left the States. His first assignment was training in Illinois, followed by training in South Carolina. After that, John was stationed in Florida for the duration of his service. By then, the war had ended. He had been in (formerly Spanish) Florida during the worst part of the "Spanish" flu. Starting as an apprentice seaman, John A. worked his way up to coxswain (a petty officer in charge of the ship's boat and who is its steersman) by the time he was mustered out of the service.

In the 1930 census, John Albert Kollenborn is found back in Kansas City, living with his mother Mary C., who was born 1874 in Scotland, his sister Edith, and brother Kermit. The children's father was either dead or otherwise gone. Of the earlier postulated theories, we might at first surmise that Charles Edgar Kollenborn was most likely John's father. After all, Charles had been married to a Mary. However, that Mary's full name was Mary Elmina (Swift) Kollenborn, and so she doesn't seem to fit this Mary. Besides, it appears that this Mary died in Idaho in 1920. William Henry Kollenborn married Eliza Jane Pattison, and Richard Lee Kollenborn married Eva Grove. In short, John's parentage, and thus his familial relationship with Albert, is a bit of a mystery. It is fairly certain they *were* related, though, based on their close geographical proximity coupled with the rarity of the Kollenborn surname.

So we *may* know the source, or inspriation, of Albert's first name. Now as to his two middle names, Lee and Benjamin:

Albert's first middle name, Lee, was a family name. Lizzie's maternal grandmother Laura's maiden name was Lee. Lizzie had a grand aunt named Anna Lee Huddleston; and she herself had two middle names, the first of which was Lee. Albert would pass on this name to his first daughter and last son as their middle names, also.

As for Albert's second middle name, Benjamin, he had a great-great-grandfather Benjamine—perhaps his name was derived from this ancestor, dropping the 'e'. Alternatively, it could be that Albert was given the name Benjamin so as to create a "matched set" with his father. Presidents William Henry Harrison and his grandson, President Benjamin Harrison, may have been the inspiration in this case. Benjamin had been President from 1889, the year of Lizzie's birth, to1893, and had died six years

previously, in 1901. Albert would eventually give his youngest son both of his middle names, but in reverse order: Benjamin as his first name, and Lee as his middle name.

In addition to Theodore Shannon, Albert's contemporaries included John Wayne, who would be born two months later, on May 26th in Winterset, Iowa. His name at birth was Marion Robert Morrison. When a brother was born later and given the name Robert, Marion's middle name was changed to Michael. American "cowboy" icon Wayne would die June 11th, 1979, nine days before Theodore Shannon's death. Author William Saroyan would be born in Fresno the next year. Other notables are fellow Missourians Langston Hughes, born 1902 in Joplin (where Albert would later live), John Huston, and Robert A. Heinlein. Huston and Heinlein were both born in this same year of 1907 in the Show-Me State, in the small towns of Nevada and Butler, respectively.

It was not at all unusual for the time and place that Albert only received a 4th grade education. In 1915, only fourteen percent of Americans between the ages of fourteen and seventeen attended High school. Missouri did not have compulsory school attendance until 1918. Even so, grade school attendance was only seventy-five percent in 1920—and school years, at least in rural areas, were much shorter even than they are nowadays, as children were needed to help on the farm, especially during harvest time.

Leaving school at a young age didn't mean you were a slacker or a dullard, though, doomed to a life of poverty. For instance, indifferent student and fellow Missourian Mark Twain only "enjoyed" a formal education until he was eleven years old.

Also, according to Irvine's "History of Humboldt County" (published in 1915) the education received in those times may have been more highly concentrated than that dispensed later. In the bio of Thomas Kemper Carr (who may be the "Mr. Caar" referred to in Gertie Shannon's memoirs, who came to the aid of the Shannon family in a time of distress), Irvine states:

When Mr. Carr completed the grammar grade he had finished the course of study that now comprises the second year of high school...The mental equipment with which he left the grammar school was perhaps little inferior to that of boasted graduates of higher institutions of learning today...

Carr was born in 1860, and so attended grammar school in that decade and the next.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Harold Bell Wright's pro-rural/anti-urban novel *Shepherd of the Hills*, set in the Ozarks near Branson, Missouri--situated roughly between DeWitt and Benton County, Arkansas--was published this year. That area is still known today as the "Shepherd of the Hills Country." Wright's sentimental story of mountain life was one of the most read books at the time, and is in fact said to be the fourth most widely read book in publishing history.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

As George Gorham had been in 1819, Albert was born in a year of financial "panic." In fact, a depression officially began the day Albert was born, March 10th. Panics, hard times, or depressions--however you choose to refer to them--were nothing new. America had faced such from 1873-1879, then from 1882-1885, and yet again from 1893-1897. The hard times that came upon the United States in 1907 would last through the next year. This time, the panic was severe enough that there was a run on banks. J.P. (John Pierpont) Morgan, who owned the nation's first billion-dollar company, U.S. Steel, arranged loans that bailed out the near-bankrupt U.S. government.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert's future brother-in-law, James (or Jesse, as his first name is sometimes recorded) Vila "Man" Green, was born in Dug Hill, Arkansas, this year. He was the first of the Green children to be born in Arkansas--and he was Tommy and Belle's first son. Tommy called him his little "Man" and the name stuck—he was known as "Man Green" (presumably not to be confused with the martian-like name "Green Man") throughout his life.

Albert would later live in Arkansas, as well as Oklahoma and Kansas which, taken together with Missouri, form the boundaries of the Ozarks. Together, these make up the AMOK states (Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas) in which Albert would spend the first thirty-odd years of his life.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The United States, only four years after the Wright flight, established the world's first air force.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Oklahoma became a state November 16th.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first daily comic strip made its appearance this year in the *San Francisco Chronicle.* "Mutt," which later became "Mutt and Jeff," thus became the forerunner of "Blondie and Dagwood," "Dennis the Menace," "Garfield," "The Far Side," "Prince Valiant," "Frank and Ernest," "LuAnn," "Calvin and Hobbs," "Nancy and Sluggo," "Doonesbury," and all the rest.

1908

Married by a Stranger

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." – William Shakespeare

"The minute we get reconciled to a person, how willing we are to throw aside little needless punctilios and pronounce his name right." – Mark Twain

- Harry Kollenborn and Myrtle Buster wed
- Charles Kollenborn born

Harry Kollenborn and Lizzie (Huddleston) Kollenborn divorced soon after the birth of their son Albert. Shortly after that, Harry and Myrtle Buster wed--on May 5th, 1908, in Iola, Kansas. They were both residents of nearby La Harpe at the time. If Myrtle was born in 1886 rather than 1891 (records disagree, but most say 1886, as does Myrtle's daughter Thora), she was two years older than Harry. However, on their marriage record, it is claimed that Harry was twenty-two (he was nineteen), and that Myrtle was twenty-one (which would have been true if she was born after May 5th, 1886).

The marriage certificate was filled out by somebody who didn't know Harry, apparently--his surname is spelled Colenborn. Or perhaps the anti-German sentiment of the era caused Harry to alter the spelling to disguise his Teutonic blood. Or perhaps Harry was "hiding" from the family he had left behind in Missouri.

Myrtle would become the mother of five half-siblings of Albert Kollenborn: Charles Lee, Roy Edward, James Henry, Emma Marie and Thora Louise.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Harry probably named his son born 1908 Charles Lee for two of his uncles: Charles Edgar Kollenborn and Richard Lee Kollenborn. Harry's first wife Lizzie also had a Charles, born around the same time--between 1909 and 1911--with her second husband Charles Davidson.

James Henry Kollenborn was named for both his grandfather James Wesley Kollenborn and his father Henry Harrison (Harry) Kollenborn. Half-brothers Albert and James, although not knowing one another growing up, finally met as aged men.

As of the time of writing, the two youngest of Albert Kollenborn's half-siblings (he had no full brothers or sisters) are the only ones surviving. His paternal half-sister, Thora Louise (Kollenborn) Wheeler, born 1920 in Carlyle, Kansas, resides with her husband in Central California. Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, born 1922 in Hiwasse, Arkansas, lives in Siloam Springs, Arkansas.

1909

Walking Aisles and Endless Miles

"Reflections on hunting. My father was a hunter. During the Great Depression and the war years, he killed dozens of deer, hundreds of cottontail rabbits, in order to put meat on the table for his hungry family. My mother would can the extra rabbit, putting it up in jars. During the fifties and sixties, as the times got better, my father gradually gave up hunting. Never in his life has he killed another living thing for sport. Except, that is, during his boyhood. Before he grew up. Hunters, he would explain, never kill for sport.

All those red-coated men we see out in the field during deer season--what are they up to? Well, some of them are hunters, engaged in the ancient, honorable, and serious business of providing meat for kith and kin. The majority, however, outnumbering the hunters and the deer as well by ninety-nine to one, are not hunters but merely gunners. Sportsmen."
-- from "The Journey Home: Some Words in Defense of the American West" by Edward Abbey

- Howard Shannon born California
- Theodore Shannon kills his fist deer
- E. P. Weston walks from New York to San Francisco
- Lizzie Huddleston and Charles Davidson wed
- Emma Silva and Jeremiah Nelson wed

Theodore Shannon's second brother--and Will and Gertie Shannon's second boy named Howard--was born this year, on February 14th in Hoaglin Valley, California. Howard William Shannon was born five years after Kenneth Howard Shannon.

As mentioned in the 1906 chapter, Will Shannon didn't care for the midwife they had employed when Gertie gave birth to their daughter Debra ("Girlie"). This time, Will took over the duties and helped in the delivery of Howard, a service he would perform at the births of others of his subsequent children, too.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Howard's oldest brother Theodore was seven years old at this time. A milestone for Theodore this year was bagging his first deer. His garb was probably coveralls, not camouflage and an orange cap. His mode of transportation was not a 4-wheel drive truck or jeep. He stalked his prey on foot. It wasn't a trophy he was after, but meat for the table. Although he would grow up to be a stout man able to impress others with his physical strength--hefting 100-lb. sacks as if they were bags of marshmallows--at the age of seven Theodore needed help to port the game back home. Gertie noted about this incident: "I remember when Theodore was seven years old, he killed his first deer. He came home for the horse and I went with him to get the deer."

Had the Shannons been a Wintu Indian family (many of whom still lived in the area, their traditional territory ranging from Trinity County on the west to Shasta County on the east, the eldest of whom could at this time still remember "Pre-Contact" times, before the whites came), this event would have marked Theodore's "coming of age," and a feast would have been thrown in his honor. This is described in Alice Shepherd's *In My Own Words; Stories, Songs, and Memories of Grace McKibbin, Wintu*, as follows:

Very little is known about traditional Wintu approaches to rearing children. They were expected to rise early and bathe in the river, and from an early age they accompanied family members of their own sex to learn their roles. When a boy shot his first deer or caught his first salmon, he had to bathe as soon as he got home and was not allowed to eat any of the meat. His parents gave a small feast in his honor and that marked his maturity.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

A man named E.P. Weston "hoofed it" all the way from New York to San Francisco this year, a distance of over three thousand miles.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Marrying for the second time at the age of twenty, Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston) Kollenborn and Charles Davidson tied the knot. Although the exact date for this event is unknown, it was probably mid-summer at the latest, as they would have a child in April of the following year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Walking the aisle on November 27th this year in northern California were midwest-born mariner Jeremiah Bliss Nelson and Emma Laura Silva. Emma was George Gorham's granddaughter and Theodore Shannon's future mother-in-law.

1910

Going Out Together

"I came in with Halley's Comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's Comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: "Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together." – Mark Twain, 1909

"Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved." -- Mark Twain

- Charles "Buck" Davidson born Missouri or Kansas
- Mark Twain dies
- Census

Shortly after his birth in 1907, Albert Kollenborn's parents divorced. His father Harry married Myrtle Buster on May 5th,1908. Harry and Myrtle's first child Charles was born in December of that year. Harry and Myrtle would end up having five children together. Albert's mother Lizzie also soon remarried. Harry was only one year older than Lizzie. Lizzie's second husband, Charles Davidson, was nine years her senior. As was the case with her union with Harry, she and Charles only had one child together. Charles Edgar Davidson, born this year, was known as "Buck" throughout his life. Albert now had a half-brother in the household.

There was also a Charles Edgar Kollenborn, who was an uncle of Harry's. Assuming Lizzie knew him, she could have either named her son Charles after the boy's father and her ex-husband's uncle (the father's middle name also started with E, and could easily have been Edgar).

The only surviving child of Lizzie at the time of writing, Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, of Siloam Springs, Arkansas, recalls that Harry wanted to live in Kansas, while Lizzie preferred remaining in Missouri. With that background information, it is somewhat ironic that Lizzie and Charles Davidson's son--according to the 1930 census--was born in Kansas.

It should be noted regarding census data, though, that it can not be completely relied on for accuracy. Oftentimes a respondent will state one thing in one census, and another thing in another--or the responses are recorded or transcribed inaccurately. The answers the householders provide the census enumerators are taken at face value, and it may be that the respondents are either not always truthful, not consistent, or perhaps misunderstood the question. In determining which conflicting piece of data is right, one might elect to accept the answer given most often—for example, if a person appears in five census reports, and in four he says he was born in Missouri and in one he claims Kansas as his birthplace, he was (barring solid evidence proving otherwise) probably born in Missouri.

Census data is not made available until seventy-two years after the date of the census. The most recent census for which the data has been made public, at time of writing, is 1930. The 1940 census will not be made public until 2012.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) died on April 21st. The man known for frivolity and wit in his younger years had grown increasingly caustic and pessimistic as a result of the many difficult times he faced later in life. His wry irreverence grew less playful and more scathing as tragedy embittered his heart. At the time of his death, Twain had lost not only his parents and many of his siblings, but also his wife, his only son, and all of his daughters but one. Twain "went out," as he predicted, with Halley's comet, just as he had arrived with its earlier appearance.

Montage of Clemens' birthplace at Florida, MO. (1835),
Stormfield, his home in Redding, CT. (where he died in 1910) and
Halley's comet (1985) by Dave Thomson

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

As recorded in the 1910 census, Albert's mother Lizzie and her then-husband Charles Davidson, a carpenter, were living in DeWitt, Missouri. Charles and Lizzie had been married less than a year at the time the census was administered on April 18th. Included in the household were their son Charles as well as Lizzie and Harry's son Albert (whose last name was unaccountably recorded as "Mellelborn"). Albert was recorded as a three-year

old stepson, so it was apparently Charles who answered the census enumerator's questions. He may have really not known Albert's true last name, or deliberately mangled it out of spite or misguided frivolity.

For both Charles and Lizzie it is claimed that their fathers were born in Tennesse and their mothers in Missouri. This provides an example of the unreliability of census data, for Lizzie's father Robert, in his response to the question as to the place of his birth, stated that he was born in Missouri (according to the family story, though, Robert *was* born in Tennessee and came to Missouri as a young boy). Another anomaly is that, although Buck was recorded as being born in Missouri in this census, in the 1930 census Kansas is given as the place of his birth. Again, besides the possibilities of faulty memories or being misinformed, there is always the possibility with census data that a question--or answer--was misunderstood--or even that the interviewee purposely misled the census enumerator, for whatever reason.

Lizzie and Charles and the two boys were living in the same household with Lizzie's parents and siblings. Lizzie had two sisters, Rosie and Viola, and two brothers, Robert and Samuel. Her youngest brother Samuel, her mother's last child, and her first son Albert were about the same age. Albert's aunt Rosie was ten years older than him. Since they were living in the same household, she was probably more like an older sister or even a second mother to Albert than an aunt. Rosie apparently made a favorable impression on Albert, for in 1938 he would give his first daughter that name.

Harry Kollenborn had by now made his way to Prospect, in Butler County, Kansas. Harry's grandfather William was still in Missouri, though--in Metz township, Vernon County. Metz is only 29 miles north of Nevada, Missouri, where actor/producer John Huston was born in 1907.

On the census, Harry claimed that both he and his father were born in Illinois, but that his mother was born in Germany. But at least in his case, that wasn't true; Harry was born either somewhere in Kansas or—more likely--in Jasper County, Missouri.

Over on the Pacific coast, in Trinity County, the Will Shannon family was in Mad River township. Will is listed as an independent farmer (meaning he owned the land he was farming). Gertie's father is listed as having been born in Michigan (we know that to be true), and her mother in Illinois (which is an otherwise-undocumented bit of data).

1911

Lost and Found

"One girl tried to keep her body upright. Until the very instant she touched the sidewalk, she was trying to balance herself." -- William Gunn Shepherd

"Sometimes I guess there just aren't enough rocks." -- from the movie "Forrest Gump"

- Alice Green born Arkansas
- Triangle Shirtwaist Fire
- Debra Shannon dies from Rattlesnake Bite
- "Ishi" Found near Oroville

A law was passed in Kansas this year disallowing the public consumption of snakes. Apparently, this macabre culinary practice was a problem in that part of the country at the time.

Meanwhile, a little to the southeast, in a state that *almost* borders Kansas, near the spot where it touches southwestern Missouri and northeastern Oklahoma (whose northern side juts up into Kansas, preventing Kansas and Arkansas from meeting), Alice Gladys Green was born at her parents' home at Dug Hill in Benton County, Arkansas. Tommy and Belle (Myers) Green welcomed their little girl on January 18th--the same date on which Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and his brother Kenneth were born, back in 1902 and 1904, respectively. Nineteen years later Alice would marry Albert Kollenborn.

At the time of writing, Alice (Green) Kollenborn is, at ninety-five, still living. A couple of Alice's better-known contemporaries that she has outlived include Ronald Reagan (1911-2004), and Bonnie Parker (of "Bonnie and Clyde" infamy), who was born 1911 and died in 1934, when Alice's first child, David, was one year old.


ALICE GREEN
WITH NICKLE IN HER HAND
(PAID TO HAVE HER PIC
TAKEN)

Alice Green in an early photograph

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On March 26th in New York City, unsafe working conditions led to what would rank as America's worst workplace disaster until September 11th, 2001. Shirtwaists (blouses) had been popularized by Charles Dana Gibson's "Gibson girl," and were replacing corsets as *de rigeur* for the new, modern, twentieth century woman. Demand was great; shirtwaist makers were so busy that the workers often put in eighty-four hour weeks, and sometimes as much as one hundred or more.

Tragedies caused by bullets discharged from "empty" guns are perhaps only eclipsed by fires started by "extinguished" cigarettes. The latter phenomenon was the cause of a wicked inferno at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company in New York City. A supposedly extinguished cigarette had been discarded into a scrap bin at the factory. The resulting blaze ultimately resulted in the deaths of one hundred forty six workers who had no other recourse when the flames reached them other than to jump out windows on the eighth and ninth floors.

New York's tallest fire department ladder did not reach high enough to rescue the trapped workers. The building’s fire escape was so inadequate that it could not bear the weight of those who attempted to use it. It collapsed in a heap of twisted metal, spilling its human contents out into the alley below. More than eighty of the victims died from making impact with the ground, having either fallen, jumped, or been pushed by panicking co-workers behind them. Some of the women and girls (most of the workers were sixteen- to twenty-three year old immigrants of the feminine gender) were seen jumping out together, hand-in-hand, falling to their deaths.

Crowds gathered on the street and watched in horror, unable to do anything to help the victims. Some of those falling and jumping from the buildings trailed flames from their clothing and hair. One girl seemed to be saved when her dress caught on a wire, suspending her in midair above the pavement. Shortly, though, the flames burned her dress—her lifeline—and she plunged the rest of the way to the street, to her death.

A thirteen-year-old girl clung tenaciously to life, gripping the windowsill on the tenth floor until flames reached her; she also fell to her death.

Exacerbating the danger of the situation was the fact that the owners were so worried about theft by their low-paid employees that they kept one of the exit doors locked at closing time (the conflagration began right at the end of the work day). Because of this situation, all of the workers had to file past an inspector who would look into their purses, and frisk them if necessary, to see that no shirtwaists were stolen.

After the conflagration ended, the bodies were picked up from the street and gathered from throughout the building. Many of the victims had fallen or jumped down the elevator shaft, and were found on top of the elevator car. The bodies were taken to a central location to be identified by family members. Many of the victims were so badly

charred that this was a very difficult undertaking indeed. In most cases the victims were identified by a particular item of jewelry or something unique about their clothing. The book "Triangle: The Fire that Changed America" by David von Drehle, reports:

Now and then a shock of recognition announced itself in a piercing cry or sudden sob splitting the ghastly quiet. When Clara Nussbaum found her daughter Sadie, she ran to the edge of the pier and tried to throw herself into the river.

Naturally, many heartrending stories could be told regarding individual victims and their families. One more of these, from the above-mentioned book, will suffice:

A teenager named Rosie Shannon joined the line at 8 A.M. on the morning after the fire. After waiting several hours, she reached the rows of coffins and began filing past the burned and battered faces in search of her boyfriend, Joseph Wilson. He had come to New York from Philadelphia not long before, intending to marry her. The previous evening, Shannon waited for Wilson to meet her after work. They were planning to pick a date for their wedding, but he never arrived. She found his badly burned body in coffin No. 34. Though his face was beyond recognition, he was wearing the ring she had given him. Shannon mentioned to a policeman that he should also have been carrying a pocket watch. When the authorities produced it, she opened the case--and there, inside the cover, was her picture staring back at her.*

* No relation to the Rosie Lee (Kollenborn) Shannon in this book.

As proof that some people never learn and have no shame, one of the owners (the two being known at the time as "The Shirtwaist Kings"), Max Blanck, was arrested two years later, in 1913, for locking a door at his 5th Avenue factory during working hours. In 1914, he was caught again--this time, his company was sewing counterfeit Consumer's League labels into its garments. These labels were supposed to guarantee that the garments were produced in safe workplace conditions.

The ironic thing about these later transgressions by Blanck is that the Triangle Fire was the catalyst for many of the legal reforms which had been instituted in subsequent years. The reason people wanted to be assured a garment was produced in safe workplace conditions was precisely because of the tragedy at the Triangle Shirtwaist Company. For example, laws were passed that called for automatic sprinklers in high-rise buildings, and mandatory fire drills in large shops. Doors had to be unlocked during working hours, and swing outward. Blanck never got the point, or simply didn't care.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A little over three months after the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire, another tragedy struck. Debra May "Girlie" Shannon was bitten by a rattlesnake on July 2nd, died the next day, and was buried on the fourth of July, on the twenty-third anniversary of Harry Kollenborn's birth. Writing of her firstborn daughter Debra, Gertie reminisced:

She made some biscuits and was not going to tell her father that she had made them but she waited as long as she could, after he had eaten a couple, and just could not wait for him to say anything. She asked him how they were, and he told her fine. She then told him she had made them. She knew if they were not good, he would say something.

She often said she was mama's little helper.

The day before she was bitten by the rattle snake, she and I went up into the field where the two oldest boys were working in the hay, and she and Kenneth ran a race to the house. She beat him, and I think to this day that he let her beat on purpose. She was so happy.

The 3rd of July, 1911, Dad and Theodore and Kenneth were up on top of the hill, working in the hay. Girlie took Howard up, walking with him around the side of the mountain, through the woods and the brush. She hadn't quite reached the field when the rattlesnake bit her on the inside of the instep. She pushed Howard out of the way, and cried for her daddy. They ran to where she was, and carried her to the house. She begged for water but someone told us to give her whiskey, and keep all the water away from her. It wasn't the 3rd after all because that is when she died and she did live for a day. It was the second that she'd gone for her stroll with Howard. Howard was 2 ½ when Girlie was taken from us, and Theodore was 9 and Kenneth was 7. She was a little over five years old. She is buried in her family's beloved Trinity County, in Hoaglin Valley, real close to where Theodore and Robert live.

Whether refraining from administering her whisky and/or allowing her to quench her thirst with water would have saved Girlie's life, it is impossible to say. The Indians who lived in the area had what they considered a sure-fire way of preventing death by rattlesnake bite. Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah, whose "English" name was Lucy Thompson, wrote about this in *To the American Indian, Reminisces of a Yurok Woman*:

…the doctors…used roots and herbs of different kinds, and they are hard to beat as doctors in a great many kinds of sickness. They can cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not one of them ever dying from the bite. I knew many of the people that were bitten by the rattlesnake at different times, and they were cured and lived to be very old. For this cure they use saltwater out of the ocean and the root of the onion of what you call kelp and which is taken out of the ocean. They pound the onion of the kelp and make a poultice out of it, place it over the wound and keep it wet with the saltwater, at the same time letting the patient drink all he can of the saltwater. The patient is kept perfectly still and not allowed to move about more than is necessary. They bind the limb or place where the part is bitten to prevent the free circulation of the blood through these parts.

Would the Indian cure have worked in Girlie's case? Who knows. It's interesting to note the differing medical approaches to the problem taken by the two cultures, though.

Gertie returns to this event later on in her memoirs:

Sadness also came to our house when our Girlie was bitten by a rattlesnake and we had to bury her. She was bitten on the 3rd of July & we buried her the 4th of July. This day is a hard one for me to be happy on. There was the annual picnic and Dad was carrying mail at the time. He asked John Holtorf if he would carry the mail that day, as he had to bury his girl. John said he couldn't as he had to be at that picnic, and it was too bad that she had to die just at this time. This answer made us both feel real bad, as it was too bad she had to die at all, and she certainly couldn't help what day the Lord took her home.

Anyway, Dad asked Mr. Caar to carry the mail so he could attend Girlie's funeral, and Mr. Caar said yea, right away. He also made the coffin and lined it all with sheets. Mrs. Monroe Lampley was not able to come so she sent Mrs. Frank Lampley to help us out. She came and spent the night with us, fixing up her body for burial. They also went to the cemetery with us. They were the only ones except for the grave diggers to come to her funeral. Everyone else had to go to a 4th of July picnic and this has never ceased to leave a horrible feeling with us.

Mrs. Gray was so sick she couldn't come to the house to comfort or help us, and yet she was at this picnic. Maude Gilman said she'd come but that it was too late by the time she heard. She said she liked Girlie and would have been with us. She said even if she didn't know or like the parents, she would have come for the child. Mrs. Frank Lampley invited us all to come home with them, and we appreciated it but we had to go home.

Dad always said we buried her about the same as they'd bury a dog. There wasn't a minister and Dad had to say what was said. We had no songs or no service of any kind. We'll never forget that horrible day. Just put the box in the ground, Dad say a couple of words, & put the dirt on the box. All the neighbors at a picnic.

Gertie and Will were obviously bitter about the 4th of July picnic taking precedence with their neighbors over their daughter's funeral services. Showing just how significant 4th of July celebrations in California were at the time, Arthur T. Johnson wrote in his 1912 book *California, an Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State* about a town in the Shasta foothills (Shasta County bordrs Trinity County):

It was July 3rd, and great were the preparations being made at the central establishment, an inefficient combination of saloon, post-office, and store, of the colony, for the proper celebration of the "Glorious Fourth." There was much bunting displayed on all sides. Stars and Stripes swaddled every unsightly board of barn and verandah; they wall-papered the wooden erection put up for the accommodation of dancers; festoons of ensigns hung limply in the sultry air from tree to tree…Everybody was in that high state of nervous tension which broods over the eve of a calamity, and it was only after the most judicious pleading, only after I had walked some miles to and from half a dozen ranches, that I could obtain enough horse-feed for the night. It strained the efforts of the whole family at the store to the utmost, to provide me with a few simple necessities. Everybody was so busy. There was so much going and coming, bustle and commotion. Yet it appeared to me that there was very little being achieved beyond talking and drinking. What did one want with bread and stamps and eggs on the eve of "The Fourth"?

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Only about 160 miles south/southeast from the Shannon ranch in Trinity County, another real-life drama was unfolding. A Yahi Indian who came to be known as Ishi (he considered it immodest to tell others his given name, so he was known by the word in his language for "man"), was found near an outbuilding near Oroville, California. Forced by hunger to leave his mountain stronghold, Ishi was the sole surviving member of the Yahi Tribe, which was until his sudden appearance thought to have been extinct. Shortly after 1850, the white settlers killed all but a handful of the Yahi, who had resisted American settlement. Ishi and a few others had escaped and hid for decades in the harsh and wild country at the foot of Mount Lassen.

Eventually only Ishi, his mother, and his sister remained of the Yahi. After his aged mother had died, and his sister had been killed by whites, Ishi was alone. His hunting implements were then found and taken by a group of people walking through his land in the hills above town. Had his hunting and fishing utensils not been confiscated by these souvenir-hunters, Ishi could have lived off the land alone indefinitely. But as it was, he was on the verge of starvation.

The frightened, gaunt, middle-aged Indian was taken into protective custody when discovered near the slaughter house on the outskirts of Oroville. Soon thereafter, he was transferred to San Francisco, where he became the friend of Native American expert A.L. Kroeber. While at the Museum of Anthropology there, Ishi was something of a living artifact, a piece of history on display. As would be the fate of so many Indians, this kindhearted man, who found modern brooms fascinating but accepted airplanes as a matter of course, would eventually succumb to a disease he caught from living among the EuroAmericans.

1912

Icebergs, Maidens, and the Bull Moose

"Bring your life preservers, please." – What stewards on the Titanic said to the passengers

"I don't know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot; but it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose. But fortunately I had my manuscript, so you see I was going to make a long speech, and there is a bullet - there is where the bullet went through - and it probably saved me from it going into my heart. The bullet is in me now, so that I cannot make a very long speech, but I will try my best." – Theodore Roosevelt

"I do remember once my father coming home with a black eye from voting." – Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, speaking of his father Will

- Marian Shannon born California
- Esther Nelson born California
- Titanic Sinks
- Robert Scott Reaches the South Pole
- U.S. Government Attempts to Curb Violence in the Media
- Theodore Roosevelt forms the "Bull Moose" Party, Shot in Milwaukee

By 1912, railroads had become ascendent as a means of domestic travel and transportation of goods, gradually displacing water transport via barges, canal boats, and steamships, which were completely out of service by the 1930s. A generation later a new wrinkle would arise, undercutting some of the railroad's business: By the late 1930s, big trucks began rolling.

Getting back to the year at hand, Theodore Shannon's sister Marian Adele Shannon was born on January 7th. It had been only six months since "Girlie" had died as a result of the snake bite. That means that Gertie was already three months pregnant with Marian when Girlie died. "He was so glad we had a baby girl," Gertie said of her husband Will. And Theodore, Kenneth and Howard now had a sister again. Of course, nobody could *replace* Debra, although having Marian in the household was doubtless quite a comfort to the family.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Esther Sylvia Nelson was also born this year, on January 23rd, to Jeremiah Bliss Nelson and Emma Laura (Silva) Nelson in Samoa, California, near Eureka. Esther, an eleventh generation Mayflower descendant, would marry Theodore Shannon nineteen years later.

Some records indicate that Esther's middle name was Silva or Silvia, rather than Sylvia. Either way would make sense--Sylvia is a common feminine name, and Silva was Esther's mother's maiden name. It was very common in those days to give a baby the mother's maiden name as a middle name. Some other examples in the extended family where maiden names were used in this way include Esther's father (Bliss), Esther's grandfather (Raymond), and John Huddleston and Laura (Lee) Huddleston's daughter Anna Lee Huddleston.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Fourteen years earlier, in 1898, Morgan Robertson had written a novel about a new, supposedly unsinkable, eight hundred foot ocean liner named *Titan* which sank in the Atlantic on its maiden voyage after hitting an iceberg in April.

The supposedly unsinkable 882 foot double-hulled ship *The Titanic*, on its maiden voyage, struck an iceberg late on April 14th, 1912, and sank a little after midnight the next day, on that fateful date which is still dreaded by taxpayers (Federal income tax was introduced the following year, in 1913).

As has been the case in so many other disasters down through the ages, warnings had been given, but went unheeded. Many reports of icebergs had been made to the *Titanic*. When the ship's wireless officer received a message from another ship saying, "Much heavy pack ice and great numbers of large icebergs," two factors prevented his quickly relaying this message to the bridge: the large volume of warnings already received, diminishing the impact of yet another report, and the fact that he didn't realize that the ship giving the warning was directly ahead of them.

By the time the forty-to-fifty foot-high iceberg was spotted, it was too late to avoid hitting it. Although the helmsman had already begun steering away from the iceberg, the glancing blow ripped a hundred-yard-long gash below the waterline. The effect of the impact differed depending on where on the ship you were located: for those in first class, who were situated higher up, they saw the iceberg through their windows; the portals of those below them, in second class, were broken by the ice; those in steerage felt the full force of the collision without seeing what had caused it.

A first was achieved, in that the distress signal SOS had never been sent out before, but was now—multiple times, in fact. The *Californian* was only five minutes away, but had turned off its radio for the night, and so did not hear the distress calls. The captain saw the signal rockets *Titanic* sent up, but assumed it was simply a manifestation of rambunctious revelry.

Contact between ship and iceberg lasted only ten seconds; a little more than two hours later, the unsinkable superliner was at the bottom of the watery deep.

One thousand five hundred thirteen perished as the ship disappeared beneath the ocean's surface. Acts of heroism found their counterpoint in acts of cowardice, as some men dressed up as women so as to be able to secure a berth on a lifeboat—early on, it was

realized that there would be no room on the lifeboats for most of the men. Although the White Star Line had accepted 2,207 passengers aboard, they *Titanic* was equipped with only enough lifeboats to carry 1,178 people.

Through it all, the ship's band played on. Their final performance started out with ragtime tunes, but concluded with hymns. The *Carpathia* arrived and rescued hundreds from the lifeboats.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Explorer Robert Scott, enjoying more success than the Titanic, steered clear of icebergs and reached the South Pole this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In an attempt to reduce the portrayal of violence in the media, the U.S. government this year prohibited movies and photographs of boxing matches, but stopped short of banning the "sport" itself.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Theodore Roosevelt, unhappy with the way things were going in the Republican Party, formed a new, more dynamic version of the party called the Progressive, or "Bull Mouse" Party. This party was founded by Republicans who were opposed to the re-election of President William Taft, a man whom Roosevelt had chosen and groomed as his successor, but who had proved a disappointment to them. Teddy the Trust-buster was unable to fulfill his ambitions for another run at the Presidential post, despite gamely following through with his scheduled speech while on the campaign trail in Milwaukee after being shot there by a would-be assassin on October 14th.

The upshot of the effect Roosevelt had on the Presidentail race was that he indeed proved a spoiler to Taft. However, by means of the split between the "old" Republicans and the "new" Republicans ("Progressives"), he inadvertently contributed to the election of the Democrat Woodrow Wilson. This was a bitter pill to swallow for Roosevelt, who subsequently refused to run as a Progressive in 1916.

Also on the Presidential ballot that year, besides incumbent Taft, former President Roosevelt, and future President Wilson, was labor leader Eugene Debs, representing the Socialist ticket. Like William Jennings Bryan and Henry Clay, Debs would run for President many times, but never win. As pie-in-the-sky as such a bid may seem at this stage of the game, it may surprise many to know that at that time between four hundred and five hundred socialists held political office in the United States.

1913

No Dam, Taxes, and Pavement

"There is no lack of water here, unless you try to establish a city where no city should be." – Edward Abby, writing of the American West

"Be thankful we're not getting all the government we're paying for." -- Will Rogers

"These temple-destroyers, devotees of ravaging commercialism, seem to have a perfect contempt for Nature, and instead of lifting their eyes to the God of the mountains, lift them to the Almighty Dollar. Dam Hetch Hetchy! As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man." – John Muir

- Federal Income Tax Introduced
- Hetch Hetchy is Dammed
- First Coast-to-Coast Paved Road in the U.S.
- Refrigerator Invented
- Japan Considers Declaring War on California

The Sixteenth Amendment to the Constition was instituted on February 25th. This (income tax law) would soon affect Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, as he would begin working full-time two years later at the age of thirteen.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Muir attempted to save the Hetch Hetchy Valley from being dammed. Muir claimed its beauty rivaled that of neighboring Yosemite Valley. In this battle he lost, though. The city of San Francisco needed the water supply, and although many other water sources came under consideration, including the South Eel River in Humboldt County (near where Theodore Shannon lived at the time) and the Mokelumne River (where his son Theodore Russell would later live), it was eventually decided to construct the Hetch Hetchy dam, burying the valley under water. Woodrow Wilson signed the Raker Act, sealing the valley's fate.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The construction of the first paved road traversing the entire breadth of the United States took place this year. Henceforth, traveling from one end of the country to the other would be much less arduous.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Before the invention of the electric refrigerator, people had ice boxes in their homes. Once or twice a week the ice man would make deliveries. The drip pan underneath the ice box which held the melted water had to be emptied on a daily basis. This kept the food cold; if you wanted a piece of ice in a drink, you had to chip it off the ice block with an ice pick. In 1918 the Frigidaire model first hit the scene; it wasn't until 1930, though, that prices had dropped enough for refrigerators to become affordable for the average family.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

At one time, the Japanese had called the United States "Dai On Jin," meaning "The land of the great friendly people." Things had changed, though. As a result of this year's "Keep California White!" campaign, some in Japan suggested that their nation declare war, not on the U.S. as a whole, but on the state of California only. Earlier in the century, the *entire* United States was in danger of becoming embroiled in a war with Japan.

Which side "started it," as with most such conflicts, is a chicken-and-egg conundrum. A little background information: Japan had defeated China in a war in 1894. A decade later, Japan became involved in a war with Russia. Theodore Roosevelt became the first American to win a Nobel Prize for his role in helping to end that war. On the heels of that cessation of hostilities, though, Japan and America considered a military confrontation with each other.

The anti-Japanese sentiment in California reached fever pitch at that time, and an attempt was made in the state to segregate all Japanese students in the public schools. The Jingoistic feelings of Californians became so heated that a catch-all coordinating organization called "The Associated Anti-Japanese League" was formed. Although seeming crude and even ludicrous now, this confederation even included an "anti-Jap laundry league." The tension between the two countries was so taut that in 1905 the Navy and Army staffs of both countries had drawn up plans for a possible conflict.

Although an uneasy "truce" followed, suspicion of Japanese-Americans would resurface in 1942.

1914

Big Business and a Big War

"The splendor of the new age soon faded into the Frankenstein of 1914 and the worst war in history." – from "Grasping for the Wind – the Search for Meaning in the 20th Century" by John W. Whitehead

"The world has got itself so jumbled up that the bays are all promontories, the mountains are all valleys, and earthquakes are necessary for our happiness. We have disasters for breakfast; mined ships for luncheon; burned cities for dinner; trenches in our dreams, and bombarded towns for small talk." – Walter Hines Page

"I am sure that if the mothers of various nations could meet, there would be no more wars." - from "Howard's End" by E.M. Forster

- Ford's Assembly Line
- Elizabeth Huddleston divorces Charles Davidson
- Elizabeth Huddleston and James Branstuder marry
- World War I
- Deborah (Richardson) Shannon dies
- John Muir dies

Henry Ford's first assembly line began operation on January 14th. The era of independent craftsmen producing customized goods, each one unique and imbued with its maker's personality, gave way to the automated, one-size-fits all, dehumanizing, demoralizing, cog-in-a-wheel you-can-be-replaced-you-know world of machine-driven manufacturing.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Lizzie Huddleston gave credence to the credo "Third time's a charm" with her marriage to James Branstuder on April 23rd in Carrollton, Missouri. Her first short-lived marriage to Harry Kollenborn had produced their son Albert. Lizzie's second marriage, also of short duration, to Charles Davidson, had produced Charles Edgar, known as "Buck." Lizzie was twenty-six when she commenced married life for the third time with Jim Branstuder.

As when she married Harry Kollenborn in 1906, both Lizzie and her new husband were residents of the town of DeWitt in Carroll County. But the Branstuders would soon move to Brunswick, a few miles east in neighboring Chariton County.

In order to marry Jim, Lizzie had to first divorce her middle husband, Charles E. Davidson. This she did in the nick of time: the day before she married Jim, she obtained

her divorce from Charles, who did not even show up for the proceedings. The Circuit Court's records say:

April Term 1914. Wednesday April 22nd 1914 Eighth day of Term
Elizabeth L. Davidson Plaintiff
vs.
Charles E. Davidson Defendant

Comes the plaintiff by her Attorney and although the defendant Charles E. Davidson has been legally notified of the commencement of this suit, of its object and nature by an order of publication, made issued and published in the Republican Record, a weekly newspaper for four weeks, the last insertion thereof being at least thirty days prior to the first day of this term of this court, comes not, but wholly makes default and this cause is submitted to the court upon plaintiffs petition and proofs, the Court finds that the plaintiff is the innocent and injured party and that she is entitled to divorce and relief prayed in her petition. It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed by the Court that the plaintiff be divorced from the defendant Charles E. Davidson and be forever freed from the obligations of said marriage, it is further ordered and adjudged by the Court that the plaintiff have and retain the care custody and control of Charles Edgar Davidson the minor child, born of said marriage.

The Branstuders' union held--they remained married for forty-five years, up until Lizzie's death in 1959. All three children the Branstuders had together were daughters: Ruie (born 1918), Juanita (born 1920), and Lula Mae (born 1922).

Lizzie's aunt Anna Lee Huddleston apparently ended up marrying Lizzie's father-in-law Squire Branstuder, as the August 27th, 1965 *Chillicothe Constitution Tribune* reported, "Anna Lee Branstuder, Hale, …entered the hospital." And: "Mrs. Squire Branstuder, Hale, [has] been released from the hospital." Both Chillicothe and Hale are in the vicinity of Carrollton, DeWitt, and Brunswick, the towns where the Kollenborns/Davidsons/Branstuders had lived.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Deborah (Richardson) Shannon, widow of Robert Shannon and mother of Will, died on July 21st in Canada, one week before the official beginning of "The Great War." Deborah and Robert had become estranged sometime after their move to California in 1891. She lived with her daughter Marian in California (and is buried in Dinuba in that state), so she must have been visiting her other children in Canada at the time that she died.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The global conflict which began in 1914 and didn't end until 1918 was first called "The Great War," but got a name change in the 1940s after the hostilities raging at that time throughout the world was christened World War II (giving the first in the series, formerly called "The Great War," the more grandiose title of "World War I").

Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria had been warned to stay out of Bosnia, whose Serbian population was seeking independence. On June 28th, an assasination attempt was averted. A bomb was thrown into the Archduke's car. Ferdinand himself threw it right back out again before it exploded. Later on the same day, however, a Serbian student named Gavio Princip was successful. The first bullet hit Ferdinand's wife Sophie in the abdomen; the second struck Francis in the jugular. They both died of their wounds.

The First World War began on July 3rd when Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, although the Serbia government apparently did not sponsor or condone the murder of the Archduke and Archduchess.

This declaration of war opened a Pandora's box, as it then became apparent that many countries had concluded secret pacts with one another to come to each other's defense in case of war. It was as though a row of dominos had been toppled by way of chain reaction: one declaration of war led to another, until practically the entire world was involved, at least tangentially. And of course, even the "neutral" nations were not left unaffected. Banding together on one side were chiefly Britain, France, Russia, and China. The other side included Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Italy. Others would enter the melee later.

In the view of many, the Victorian era ended with the advent of this terrible bloodbath. This global cataclysm, although not as costly in terms of lives lost, was even more of a watershed event than the Second World War. It brought a greater break with the past, gravely altering people's view of the world and its future.

At the time of the war, it would have been difficult to imagine a more devastating one. Ten million died in battle, and twenty million more died of hunger and disease related to the war. Historian Howard Zinn wrote: "No one since that day has been able to show that the war brought any gain for humanity that would be worth one human life." In the Battle of the Marne alone, one million soldiers were brutally slaughtered: 500,000 Germans; 500,000 French and British. To an even more dramatic extent than in most battles, there were no winners--only losers.

To provide an idea of just how devastating, and world-changing, this war was, all one has to do is consult history books that expound on the era and put the conflict in context. Before the war, most people thought world conditions were improving, and that the future looked bright. Prior to the war, people and nations felt secure enough, and trusted each other enough, that passports were not required when traveling from country to country. The war was a terrifyingly traumatic event for the world, and it has not been the same since.

As just one example of just how far-reaching and fundamental this jolt to the world was (see the Introduction for more on this), note this translation of an excerpt from the German history book *Kursbuch Geschichte* (History textbook) by Dr. Wolfgang Jager, which is taken from the compilation "History Lessons," by Dana Lindaman and Kyle Ward:

Artillery and machine guns, battle cruisers and submarines, as well as the first tanks and bombers led to an extermination of people and materials, which exceeded anything previously imagined. Poison gas, first employed in 1915, was one of the especially dreadful battle means employed. It signified the great downfall of the values of civilization in the consciousness of contemporaries. The First World War bore the traits of a total war from the beginning. The war-waging nations mobilized every member of their societies for the war at the front and on the "homefront," which led to a shaky separation between the military and the civil sphere. In the course of the war almost the entire civilian population, male and female, was involved in the war, both in the armaments factories and in the "normal" work positions, where women replaced men who were drafted into the military. "The present war," noted the French ambassador in St. Petersburg on August 20, 1914, "does not belong to those that can be ended by a political treaty […]; it is a war of life and death, in which every fighting nation puts its national existence at stake." The First World War meant the breakdown of the system of states, but not simply because all great powers were part of it, as a hundred years before in the Napoleonic Wars. Rather all the states and peoples involved felt and experienced it as an existential struggle for survival. As varied as they were in the details, the war goals on both sides aimed at a destruction of the former international order…Therefore, the only war aim that mattered was the complete subjugation of the enemy nation…Actually this war patriotism developed a tremendous power of integration, which concealed the tensions within populations and consequently deepened the chasms between the nations. Not since the wars of religion in the 16th and 17th centuries had the population been drawn in such measure into the occurrences of war as both fighters and sufferers—and that meant mobilization, nationalization, fanaticism, in completely new dimensions.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The damming of Hetch Hetchy may have played a role. Even the beginning of the great conflict in old Europe may have had an adverse affect on the man's health. Perhaps needing to get away and meditate in solitude, Muir wandered the Mojave desert. He contracted pneumonia. John was not a "young laddie" anymore. John Muir died December 24th at the age of seventy-six.

1915

Luxury Liner Lusitania to Liverpool

"Most folks in the valley considered eight grades was enough education. If you couldn't read, write, spell, and quote all twelve multiplication tables by then you probably never could…" – from "Under a Buttermilk Moon – a Country Memoir" by Roy Webster

"He was a good worker, with a head on his shoulders and could get up in the morning." – John Simpson Ross II in "A Pioneer Lumberman's Story"

- Lusitania Sunk By German Submarine
- Transcontinental U.S. Telephone Service
- Theodore Shannon completes grade school, begins working full-time
- Thomas Green dies

America was not yet officially involved in "The Great War" when some of its citizens were passengers on a journey from New York to Liverpool on the luxury liner Lusitania. Attacked by a German submarine, the Lusitania did not dawdle in its descent to the depths of the sea. A mere eighteen minutes after being struck, it vanished beneath the ocean's surface. One thousand one hundred ninety eight men, women, and children perished. Among these were one hundred twenty-four Americans.

The incident did not come as a complete shock. The German government had advertised in New York papers, warning Americans against traveling on British ships. Postcards of the ship sold dockside prior to the departure of the *Lusitania* bore the caption "Last voyage of the Lusitania."

Outrage over the incident played a large role in getting America directly involved in The Great War.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

News of the tragedy could be relayed quickly across the country, using the newly available Transcontinental U.S. Telephone Service, which had begun operation January 25th.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Theodore Shannon began working full time this year as a logger, at the age of thirteen. After completing the 8th grade, he went to work for the Hammond Lumber Company in "the woods." The area had previously experienced a gold rush; Redwood trees were now the valuable commodity to be extracted from the soil. Many people, in fact, referred to these massive vegetables--the largest in the world--as "red gold."

The Coast Redwood (Sequoia Semperviren) of northwestern California is taller than its cousin, the Giant Sequoia (Sequioadendron Giganteum) that is found inland, such as in eastern Tulare County, but is not as wide of girth. The Coast Redwoods are to the Giant Sequoias what an NBA center is to an NFL nose tackle: both are tall, both are thick, but each one takes decided precedence over the other in one of the two characteristics.

Another difference between the two species is that Coast Redwoods live approximately 2,000 years, whereas the Giant Sequoias endure for approximately 3,000 cycles of the seasons. As do Cypress trees, Redwoods hold up well against fire—in fact, fire seems necessary for this insect-, rot-, and fire-resistent marvel. Thriving in areas where less-robust trees had been victims of previous fires, the location of groups of redwoods found together may correspond to areas where there had been localized hot spots in past fires.

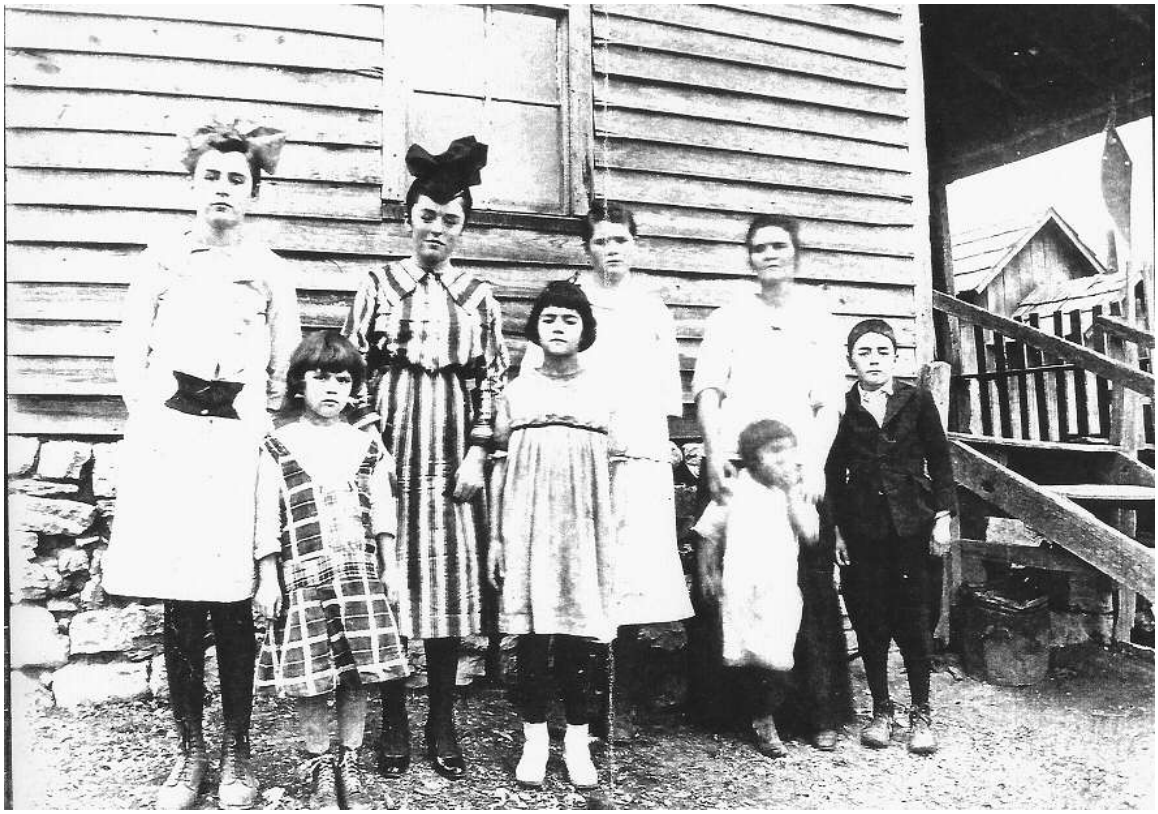
At the time Theodore was finishing his formal schooling and beginning his life-long career as a logger, some were still using ox teams for transporting logs out of the woods. As the form of transport to market changed from sail to steam to diesel, the logging industry went from using oxen to horses to (steam) "donkeys" to "cats" (caterpillars) in the woods.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Two thousand miles away, in northwestern Arkansas, the bucolic times in the Green family's Ozark home came to an end after just one decade. The patriarch, Tommy, contracted Bright's disease and died on October 9th. Belle would have to carry on without Tommy in caring for their seven children, ranging in age from two to fourteen.

The family doctor, as well as relatives, offered to adopt the two youngest children--Alice, who was five years old, and the two-year-old, Andy. Belle was determined to keep the family together, though, and declined the offers. Belle was also committed to keeping the farm. Although she had to sell most of the stock, she succeeded in doing so.

This retention of the beloved family property did not come easily, though. Belle's daughter Alice still has an aversion to banks, and doesn't like to set foot in one. As a child, every time she entered one with her mother, she and her mother left the bank with less land than they had when they entered--the bank having confiscated some of it for back taxes they had been unable to pay.



The Green family, shortly after Tommy's death, in front of the house at Dug Hill, Benton County, Arkansas. Alice (second from left) and her daughter Rosie Lee were born in this house (1911 and 1938, respectively). Today, a golf course has supplanted the formerly productive land nearby.

1916

The Yahi Disappear

"You stay. I go." – Ishi

"He kept us out of the War." – Woodrow Wilson's campaign slogan

"Who you are speaks so loudly I can't hear what you're saying." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

- Robert Shannon born California
- Ishi dies
- Woodrow Wilson reelected

Robert Shannon was born March 15th to Will and Gertie Shannon. Will acted as "midwife" in this instance also, and helped to deliver his sixth child and fourth son. Gertie says that Robert was named for Will's brother; however, Robert was also the name of Will's father, who had died in 1901.

At any rate, Robert's middle name is a bit of a conundrum. In her memoirs, Gertie gives his middle name as Lee. Other documents, however, indicate that the middle name given Robert was Taft. Given Will's penchant for naming children after U.S. Presidents (Theodore Roosevelt, and later Calvin Coolidge), Taft seems logical: William Taft had been President from 1909-1913. However, if he was actually named Robert Lee, one would assume that it were given him in honor of the Confederate General Robert E. Lee. If so, Will's uncle James, who served for four years on the Union side in the Civil War, might have disapproved.

--<>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>--

The Yahi Indian known as Ishi did not like to say goodbye directly. It had too much of a note of finality for his taste. Instead, Ishi would say as he departed, "You stay. I go." Ishi died on March 25th of a disease he had contracted while living amongst the EuroAmericans at the San Francisco Museum of Anthropology. This was a common cause of death among the native population.

--<>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>><>--

Woodrow Wilson became the first President elected to two terms since Andrew Jackson in 1832. Although Theodore Roosevelt had spent parts of nine years in the White House from 1901-1909, he was only elected once, in 1904 (he had been Vice President when William McKinley was assassinated). There wouldn't be another multiple-term President until Teddy Roosevelt's fifth cousin Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was elected a record four times (but died shortly after the fourth election).

Although Mark Twain lived for parts of seventy-six years, only one U.S. Presidential incumbent was reelected during Twain's lifetime: His friend U.S. Grant, in 1872.

Of the forty-three Presidents (at time of writing) in all of U.S. History, there have only been fourteen (one third) who served two or more full terms. FDR was the only one with more than two. Those who served two were: the first President, George Washington; then three in a row beginning with the third President, Thomas Jefferson, who was followed by James Madison and then "the last of the cocked hats," as he was known, James Monroe; Andrew Jackson; Ulysses S. Grant; Grover Cleveland (who did not serve his terms consecutively, but sandwiched Benjamin Harrison's term, both preceding and succeeding Harrison); Woodrow Wilson; three more in a row: FDR, Harry Truman, and Dwight Eisenhower; then Reagan, Clinton, and George W. Bush.

Of the first seven Presidents, the only who served a single term were John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams.

U.S. PRESIDENTS ELECTED MULTIPLE TIMES
1st George Washington 1789-1797
3rd Thomas Jefferson 1801-1809
4th James Madison 1809-1817
5th James Monroe 1817-1825
7th Andrew Jackson 1829-1837
18th U.S. Grant 1869-1877
22nd and 24th Grover Cleveland 1885-1889 and 1893-1897
28th Woodrow Wilson 1913-1921
32nd Franklin Delano Roosevelt 1933-1945
33rd Harry Truman 1945-1953
34th Dwight Eisenhower 1953-1961
40th Ronald Reagan 1981-1989
42nd Bill Clinton 1993-2001
43rd George W. Bush 2001-

1917

Crashing the Party

"America…will not fight." – Woodrow Wilson, 1915

"I have never had anything affect me more deeply. In spite of my best efforts, I could not keep back the tears, and for blocks down Fifth Avenue I wept over the pitiful spectacle. I could not look at those long lines of fine looking men, marching so gaily along, and with so little realization of what it all means, without a fresh outburst of tears. How little they realized that they were endorsing a system which means that great armies of splendid manhood shall go forth and slay other great armies. And why? Because stupid diplomats were too avaricious, too selfish, too ambitious to sanely handle the affairs entrusted to their care. All the lunatics turned loose from all the hospitals in the world could not have made so sorry a mess of things as have the diplomats of Europe. And yet we, blind and stupid as we are, are rushing into the same horrible cataclysm." – Lella Secor

"The proles, normally apathetic about the war, were being lashed into one of their periodical frenzies of patriotism." -- from "1984" by George Orwell

- U.S. enters the "Great War"
- John F. Kennedy born Massachusetts

After two years of remaining neutral, or at least two years of not being directly involved in the fighting, the United States entered The Great War on April 6th. As FDR would later say regarding the second World War, while it was raging--and as LBJ (Lyndon Baines Johnson) would later say about Vietnam--Woodrow Wilson had previously emphatically asserted that America would not sacrifice its young men and women's lives to the war effort.

Wilson had been re-elected in 1916. His campaign slogan was: "He Kept Us Out of the War." Wilson reportedly entered America into the war reluctantly. Whether reluctant or otherwise, Wilson's earlier assertion about America not fighting proved to be a hollow promise.

The hatchway had been opened to America's direct involvement when Germany sunk an American merchant vessel. Germany claimed the vessel was carrying weapons, bound for use against her by Germany's enemies. America denied this charge. In retrospect, it appears the vessel had indeed been transporting weapons.

After asking Congress for a declaration of War on Germany, which was met with thunderous applause, Wilson told an aide, "My message today was a message of death for our young men. How strange it seems to applaud that." Reportedly, Wilson then returned to the Oval Office, laid his head on his desk, and wept.

Lest one get the impression from this account that Woodrow Wilson was a compassionate man, a sympathetic figure, it bears mentioning that he imposed racial segregation on the federal bureaucracy and endorsed the rabidly racist (pro-KKK) film "Birth of a Nation."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, future PT Boat Commander, President of the United States, and martyr, was born May 29th.

1918

Spanish Flu, Egyptian Flu, and the Great War's End

"Medical science for four and one-half years devoted itself to putting men on the firing line and keeping them there. Now it must turn with its whole might to combating the greatest enemy of all–infectious disease." – The Journal of the American Medical Association

- Great War Ends
- Spanish Flu
- George Shannon born California
- Ruie Branstuder born Missouri
- Excitement in the Air

The Great War finally ended on November 11th. Germany, considered the primary instigator of the war (and on the losing side) was slapped with heavy reparations costs by the victors in the war. Many feel that the extreme strain that this put Germany under inexorably led to a bitter and belligerent Germany in the 1930s and 1940s that would later resume an aggressive stance against its enemies.

Anti-German feeling was so strong in the U.S. that even German-Americans and the German language itself were given special "attention." The February 8th issue of *The Iola Register* reported:

Tomorrow is the last day for the German alien enemies to register at the local police department. Some of the local unnaturalized citizens have been hesitant to make the fingerprint impressions but the officers say it is no disgrace. The names of the registrants will be published in tomorrow's Register to show good faith of the German-born citizens in their willingness to co-operate with the government.

The German tongue became "lingua non grata," too, as reported in the September 11th, 1918 issue of that same newspaper:

NEW YORK -- Fourteen states in the Union have abolished the teaching of the German language in the schools and in 16 other states a campaign to eliminate German is underway, according to an announcement made today by the American Defense Society.

Thirty-year old Harry Kollenborn, although he had four children living with him at the time (and Albert elsewhere), and bore a German surname, had to register for the draft on that date at the latest, for the same issue of the same journal also stated:

Every male in Allen County between the ages of 18 and 45 must register tomorrow under the new man power bill. The local board has completed arrangements for the

registration in every voting precinct in the county. It is expected there will be about 2,5000 men go to designated places in each precinct to register.

Just one half month later, though, the draft situation changed. The September 27th issue of *The Iola Register* told why:

The draft call which has been expected for the first week in October has been postponed indefinitely by the government on account of the epidemic of Spanish influenza in the military camps.

Whether Harry would have otherwise been drafted, we don't know. We know he did not die from Spanish influenza, and yet he apparently only had a couple of years to live.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The pestilence that appeared this year was to prove costlier, in terms of lives lost, than all the bullets and bombs of the war combined. The pandemic which came to be known as the Spanish Flu eventually took a toll of between 20 and 40 million lives, half a million of which were Americans. Thus the War and the Flu overlapped--some were already in the fire when the remainder of the contents of the frying pan were overturned into the flames. In fact, historians and scientists often describe the flu pandemic of 1918 as a "firestorm."

The flu originated in a war setting, and was spread further and faster because of war conditions. In fact, it first appeared on March 9th at an army base just seventy miles west of Topeka, in Fort Riley, Kansas (which also happened to be the home base of George Custer and the 7th Cavalry half a century earlier, at which time a cholera epidemic swept the fort and the surrounding region).

From Fort Riley, and another base in Kansas, Fort Funston, the flu quickly spread to army bases throughout the country. Not understanding the danger, the military sent thousands who carried the virus to Europe. Conditions in the trenches there only encouraged further rapid spreading of the flu. The unhygienic conditions that prevailed there due to all the casualties, wounded and dead, were a perfect breeding ground for the virus. The deaths came so fast and furious (many died within 24 hours of becoming ill) that some feared that germ warfare was being used on them by the Germans. But German soldiers were also dying.

By the fall every major army in combat in Europe had a significant number of its troops sick.

A strange thing about the flu was that it most affected the healthiest cross-section of the country—those between 20 and 40 years of age. For this reason, many colleges temporarily closed. Most public gatherings were prohibited, and unnecessary travel was discouraged. Many cities enacted laws that required the wearing of masks in public. The situation was so serious in New York City that the city health commissionier recommended that if people must kiss each other, they do so through a handkerchief. Five

hundred were arrested in that city for spitting. In Chicago, a man who refused the order to don a mask was shot dead on the street by a city health official.

A remarkable aspect of the flu was the suddenness with which it could strike. In a mine in South Africa, a lift operator was overcome so quickly with a sweating paralysis that he could no longer control his machine, and twenty-four miners died as the lift fell to the bottom of the shaft. In Washington, D.C., a young woman called the authorities, reporting that two of her three roommates were dead, and the other sick—she was the only healthy one there. By the time they reached the apartment shortly afterwards, all four of the young women were dead.

More than half of American casualties in the war were a result of the flu—forty-three thousand American soldiers died from the disease. An estimated quarter of the U.S. population contracted the flu, including President Woodrow Wilson, who caught the virus in early 1919 while participating in the Treaty of Versailles negotiations (British Prime Minister David George and French Premier George Clemenceau were also ill with the flu at the time).

In some cases, entire settlements were wiped out. In India alone, five million succumbed. Upwards of 550,000 Americans died of the flu, which was more than ten times the number of the American soldiers who died in battle throughout the entire World war.

By the time the pandemic was finally over, a total of 675,000 Americans had died from it—greater than the number of American soldiers killed in all the wars of the 20th century combined. During the month of October, 1918 alone, over 195,000 Americans died from the flu.

One of those October deaths was Myrtle (Buster) Kollenborn's soldier brother Floyd, who died October 9th. Myrtle and Floyd's brother Charley, also in the military, had already paid the ultimate price near the start of the year, on January 6th (prior to the flu's appearance).

If the flu had continued to spread, at the speed it was reaping deaths, the entire world population would have been wiped out in just a few years.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Two women in the extended family had another kind of “flu” this year, a strain they had had before and would have again. Both Gertie Shannon and Lizzie Branstuder had again contracted the “Egyptian flu” from their husbands (they were going to be "mummys").

Gertie gave birth to George Henry Shannon on October 15th. George, who was also delivered by his father and named for Will’s brother, became a walnut grower in Tulare County and lived there all his life (he passed away in 2004).

Lizzie and Jim's first child Ruie M. Branstuder was named for her mother and possibly her mother's great aunt, Ruth Elizabeth M. Huddleston.

Born in DeWitt, as her brother Albert was, Ruie (Branstuder) Barner lived in and around Arkansas most of her life. Ruie is remembered by her sister Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon as a practical joker.

When the Branstuders were growing wheat and oats in Verdigris, Oklahoma, in the northeastern part of the state, harvest time would bring workers to their farm, who boarded with them throughout their term of employment. Ruie would unscrew the bolts on the sides of the bunkbeds most of the way out--just enough to keep the boards attached, but very loosely. When the harvester allotted the top bunk took ahold of the board to climb into bed, the board would come off and clatter onto the floor, the dumbfounded worker presumably sprawled on the floor, doubtless to the amusement of his companions.

Ruie would also play a similar trick with the salt and pepper shakers, loosening the tops enough so that when they were overturned, their tops would come off, pouring copious amounts of spices all over the food and across the table. Transient workers were not Ruie's only victims, though. Her half-brothers Albert Kollenborn and Buck Davidson were also recipients of her keen sense of humor. On cold winter days, she would hide a metal poker in the snow, and then, prior to bedtime, stick the poker under the covers of her brothers' bedsheets.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Three planes flew over Trinity County on December 18th, bound for Eureka. Such an event which would hardly be noticed today was quite a thrill in those early days of aviation. All in the county seat of Weaverville went outside to see them, some even climbing onto the tops of buildings for a better view.

Another, more primally memorable occurrence took place in the Trinity area this year. Nearby Mt. Lassen erupted. Being only approximately 150 miles distant, the smoke from the volcanic fires was doubtless visible from the Shannon place, and the jarring of the earth was probably also felt.

1919

New Norms and Injured Limbs

"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime." -- Calvin Coolidge, 1919

"I am going to meet the greatest umpire of all -- and He knows I'm innocent." -- "Shoeless" Joe Jackson

"I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts." -- Will Rogers

- Theodore Roosevelt dies
- Jackie Roosevelt Robinson born Georgia
- Will and Gertie Shannon leave Trinity for Tulare
- "Black Sox" World Series Scandal
- 8-hr. Workday
- Belle Green refuses amputation
- Volstead Act
- Prohibition
- The First Woman President

When the telephone was invented in 1876, men were hired as operators. This didn't last long, though, as they were found to be too rambunctious with one another and tended to be surly with the parties they were employed to connect. Thus, being a telephone operator soon became primarily a woman's profession. This year, though, operators of any gender started becoming more scarce--for the first time, telephone users could dial direct.

President Theodore Roosevelt died on January 6th. His namesake, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, whose father had possibly followed the President's career closely, was twelve days shy of being seventeen years old. Had the Great War not ended the previous year, he probably would have been a candidate for direct involvement in that bloody contest.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon was not the only baby named for the President. One who would make quite an impact on history as well as on many baseballs was Jackie Roosevelt Robinson, born this year. This mentally and physically resilient individual would break the color line in baseball as a member of the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1940s.

The Brooklyn Dodgers organization, and even more so Robinson himself, displayed the content of their character in the roles they played in obliterating the "color line" in baseball. African-American athletes are taken for granted in Major League Baseball today, but at the time Jackie Robinson was added to the Dodgers' squad, he was

subjected to animosity and cruelty from fans and fellow players alike. As one example, opposing player and future baseball announcer Joe Garagiola deliberately spiked Robinson, jamming his foot down on Robinson's as he crossed first base. On the other hand, players such as southerner "Pee Wee" Reese went out of their way to befriend Robinson.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Those events were to come later, of course. The baby had to grow up first. This year, though, *was* certainly a dramatic one in baseball. It was the year of the so-called "Black Sox" scandal. The heavily favored Chicago White Sox lost to the Cincinnati Reds five games to three in the World Series. After investigation, it was determined that certain members of the Chicago White Sox had accepted bribes to "throw" the Series.

One of those indicted, and banned from baseball for life, was "Shoeless" Joe Jackson, a country bumpkin batting phenom. Superstitious and eccentric, "Shoeless Joe" would, among other things, send his bats to the South for the winter and practice his batting concentration by having stare-outs with lit matches. Although possibly agreeing with the scheme, or at least accepting the money, Jackson's .375 batting average led all hitters in the series, and his twelve hits tied a world series record. You make the call.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Gertie Shannon related in her memoirs that her sons Theodore and Kenneth relocated to Tulare County in 1919. After finding work and getting settled there, they asked their parents to move down with them. Will and Gertie did come down, with their other four surviving children, Howard, Marian, Robert, and George. For the first four years, they stayed with Will's brother C.J., for whom Will worked "in the fruit." Not long after they had got their Trinity County family to relocate with them down to Tulare County, though, Theodore and Kenneth returned north, returning to working "in the woods" as loggers.

Prior to the move south, Will and Gertie's daughter Marian Adele, who was then seven years old, fell off her horse at school and broke her arm. The teacher, Miss Holtorf, carried Marian into her own home about a half mile away and doctored her up "and did a fine job of setting the arm" according to Gertie.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Calvin Coolidge, who would later (1923-1929) serve as President and contribute his name to one of Will and Gertie's sons (1924), came into prominence this year when, as Governor of Massachusetts, he declared, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime." (The Boston police force was on strike at the time.)

It was not uncommon in this era for workers to spend six days a week, twelve hours and more per day, on the job. The eight-hour workday, although still not the norm for

everybody, was established this year as a standard. In 1938, the forty-week week would achieve a similar status.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In Arkansas, Belle (Myers) Green badly injured herself while cutting sorghum cane for winter molasses. The sharp knife slipped, cutting into her shin bone. By the time Dr. Hurley was called, the poison had spread rapidly and developed into gangrene. He explained to Belle that her only hope was for him to amputate above the poisoned area.

Despite the dire prognostication, Belle refused, saying, “But doctor, I have a farm to run and seven children to raise. I know with your help, the Lord will spare me for the childrens’ sake.” The doctor did all he knew how to do, but left the Green farm with little hope.

The next morning, when Dr. Hurley returned, he was amazed to find that Belle’s heartbeat was stronger and her temperature lower. The crisis had passed. He said, “Belle, when I left last night, your heart was pounding like a rusty tin can. I knew only a miracle could save you.”

“But doctor," Belle replied, “I prayed all night for the Lord to spare me for the children. I’m all they have now.” The doctor could only shake his head, feeling he had just witnessed a miracle.

All the children pitched in to help around the house. Ruth became nurse and second mother to her three youngest siblings Mary, Alice, and Andy, while “Man” and Effie did the outside chores, which consisted of milking, feeding the stock, cleaning the stalls, and cutting wood. The Greens were not on their own, though. They recall a neighbor named Port Howard who came with a big load of wood during a blizzard. Others brought food and encouragement.

Belle lived to see all of her children grow up together on the family farm, but her leg never fully healed from the dreaded gangrene. Belle never remarried; she lived to be 83 years old, until 1962. The Green farm no longer stands. As Alice (Green) Kollenborn puts it, “The rich farm land is buried beneath golf carts and manicured fairways.”

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One of the reasons many men opposed women getting the vote was their fear that the fairer sex would use their newly gained power to mandate the prohibition of alcohol. Preparations were already being made for that, though, even without women’s suffrage. As a prelude to Prohibition, the Volstead Act was passed this year. This Pharisaical law defined just what products constituted “alcoholic beverages," paving an ultra-puritanical path that would lead to the imminent ban of all such.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Disallowance of the production, sale, and consumption of alchol became law throughout the nation with the passing of the 18th Amendment to the Constitution. It didn't keep all of the people from drinking, of course. For many, it just changed how and where they got their alcohol. In many cases it also meant a degradation of quality of the spirits imbibed. And this was not just a case of less taste, but a situation where some of the illegal liquor sold was downright dangerous to drink.

This good-intentioned social experiment was not only welcomed by teetotalers and temperance advocates, but also by many who saw in it "business" opportunities. Enterprising individuals who didn't mind breaking the law to make their living went into the bootlegging/rumrunning trade.

Family lore has it, in fact, (there is, as one would expect, no documented evidence) that Albert Kollenborn was a bootlegger for a time. If true, it was probably when he was in his early twenties, at the time the family was living in northeastern Oklahoma. A natural destination for him to deliver his wares would have been Wichita, Kansas. If so, he may have run across his grandfather James Kollenborn, who was living there (although they probably would not have recognized one another). Wichita is less than 200 miles from Verdigris, where the Branstuders lived. The only big cities that are closer to Verdigris are Tulsa and Oklahoma City.

It could also have been the case that Albert had been involved in this activity while in northern Missouri, while in his late teens, taking his wares to Kansas City.

Prohibition was an understandable idea, viewed from the perspective of those who had seen homes shattered as a result of alcohol abuse. It was impractical, though, as a means of solving the problem—and punished the innocent along with the guilty. This experiment failed miserably and was finally repealed in 1933

People who like to smoke as well as drink had an even tougher time in Kansas than elsewhere in this period. The sale of cigarettes was banned in Kansas from 1912 to 1927. As National Prohibition lasted from 1920 to1933, the outlawing of both tobacco and alcohol in Kansas overlapped during most of the 1920s.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Before women even got the vote (which would happen the next year), a woman was running the affairs of the country. The woman in question had not been elected to the post, nor did she act in an official capacity. Nevertheless, Woodrow Wilson's wife Edith made presidential decisions on the sly for her husband while he was incapacitated for a time following a stroke this year. She was ridiculed as the "Presidentress" and the administration at the time was called by some the "Petticoat government."

Following this state of affairs, a law was passed that allowed the Vice President to take over the Presidential duties if the President became incapacitated.

1920

The Trouble with Harry

"What is so great about sleepin' downtown?" – from the song "Seven Year Ache" by Roseanne Cash

"It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery in an enigma." – Winston Churchill

"If you have any doubts that we live in a society controlled by men, try reading down the index of contributors to a volume of quotations, looking for women's names." – Elaine Gill

- James Shannon dies
- Yankees buy "The Bambino"
- Thora Kollenborn born Kansas
- Harry Kollenborn disappears
- Eda Irene Shannon born
- Juanita Branstuder born
- Women get the Vote
- Census

The 1920s ("The Roaring '20s") was a time characterized by optimism, high spirits, and experimentation. In this first year of the decade, for the first time, more Americans lived in cities than in rural areas. The population, at 110 million, was about one third of what it is today.

Men and women who were middle-aged in the 1920s had lived through more change than did citizens during any other period in American history up till then. They had seen the introduction of rockets, movies, radios, advertisements, "brands" of products, chain stores (against which some protested, because of the inroads these made on the traditional "mom and pop" stores), and now women voting and working outside the home, and the strict prohibition of all alcoholic beverages.

On March 10th, Albert Kollenborn became a teenager. The same day, James Shannon, Civil War veteran, Colorado Gold Miner, lifelong bachelor, died in Buffalo, New York. Considering his statement that he didn't like the "country" in Colorado due to the great volume of snow, one wonders about his last choice of domicile. James was buried in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. He was apparently one of the last surviving members of the 16th Michigan Infantry. The year before, only nineteen of their number attended the annual reunion they had been holding since 1881. We don't know if James attended any of these gatherings. He may have been a hard man to keep track of, having lived, after the war, in Canada, Colorado, New York, possibly South Dakota and perhaps even more places.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Some say the first black man in baseball's major leagues in the 20th century was not Jackie Robinson, as most believe, but rather George Herman "Babe" Ruth. If Ruth was in fact African-American (even according to the "one drop rule," which states that any African ancestry at all constitutes one as being "colored"), he had "passed" as a white man during his career. The Baltimore-bred bruiser had been raised in an orphanage after his parents had "given him up." In 1920 the New York Yankees adopted him into their club, after paying the rival Boston Red Sox $125,000 for Ruth's services.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Harry Kollenborn's last child (presumably) was born on January 7th of this year in the boom-and-bust community of Carlyle, Kansas (population went from 170 in 1910 up to 284 in 1913 and then dropped to 51 by 1919). Thora Louise (Kollenborn) Wheeler is the only surviving child of Harry and Myrtle (Buster) Kollenborn. Thora was only six months old when her father disappeared.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The 1920 census report for the Harry Kollenborn family was made on February 16th. As Harry was included in it, he disappeared at some point after that in that year, but the exact date is unknown.

Nobody knows exactly what happened, but the family story is this: Thirty-one year old Harry left his wife and five children for a young lady of nineteen. He withdrew all of the family funds from the bank (said to be $1,000, a fair grubstake at the time), and left town with this young "lady." About a week later, the girl returned to town, but Harry was never seen again--at least, no family member has ever reported seeing him after that.

Both of the girlfriend's brothers were ex-cons. It has been speculated that the whole affair was a "setup" to allow the brothers to ambush and rob Harry. If such is the case, they apparently killed him also, although his body was never recovered. His car was found near a river (presumably the Neosho, as the Kollenborns lived in the La Harpe / Iola / Carlyle area of Allen County) with his drafting tools still in it.

Although Harry was listed as a farmer in the 1920 census, family lore has him as a draftsman at this time. Iola and Allen counties were growing quite a bit at the time, so there was certainly a lot of work in that field. Of course, Harry could have been pursuing both professions simultaneously, as a small farm does not require full-time year-round attention and many farmers work at other jobs, especially during winter, when there is less that needs to be done around the farm.

Harry could have simply left, with no "foul play" being involved, but it is thought that if he had done that he would have taken his drafting tools along. Naturally, he may have deliberately left them for that very reason—so that the family and/or the authorities would be less likely to consider him alive and go looking for him.

Harry's brother George is said to have thought that Harry "rode the rails" out of town and figured that he had probably died somewhere along the way. Whether that was just a hunch or something more, nobody seems to know. "Riding the rails" wasn't to become common, though, for another decade, when the Great Depression gripped the nation.

Men abandoning their families in that area at that general time period was not rare. *The Iola Register* of February 6th, 1901 reported:

The sacred bonds of matrimony seem to be as the tiniest thread around the hands of a giant so far as the holding power on Iola husbands is concerned. Scarcely a month passes that some husband doesn't desert his wife and children and leave them for friends or the county or their town's feeble efforts to support.

Harry Kollenborn family, circa 1917 Kansas. Back row: Harry, Myrtle. Front row: Charles, James, Emma, Roy (Thora not yet born)

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Another daughter, Eda Irene, was born to Will and Gertie Shannon on September 4th of this year, in Tulare. Eda was the first of Will and Gertie's children to be born in a hospital. Will and Gertie's later children also stayed in school longer than the first ones had. Most of those born in the Central part of the state graduated from High School, Eda among them. She would marry on her seventeenth birthday.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert Kollenborn had two half-sisters born this year: Thora was born to his father Harry and Myrtle (Buster) Kollenborn, as already mentioned, and Juanita was born to his mother Lizzie (Huddleston) and Jim Branstuder. Albert may not have known about Thora at the time, as the Kollenborns and Branstuders did not seem to stay in contact with one another—Albert reportedly only saw his biological father once in his life.

Albert and Thora never did meet one another, although she had tried to stop by and see him once when passing through Coos Bay, Oregon when the Kollenborns were living there. Albert's wife Alice (Green) told Thora that Albert was either at work or sleeping (Albert was a day sleeper at that time, due to his nightshift work). Thora's brother James and Albert did meet, years later, toward the end of both of their lives.

Juanita was well-known to Albert, though--they grew up together, in Missouri and Oklahoma. They would also live near each other in northwestern Arkansas, where Juanita died at a young age. In 1920, though, the Branstuders were still in Missouri and, like some of her siblings--such as Albert--Juanita was born in DeWitt. Although it is possible that Juanita was born in 1921, it is most likely that she was born 1920. The reason for drawing that conclusion is that she was nine years old in the 1930 census, which was taken early in the year, in April. It is most likely she was born after April, and so she would have turned ten in 1930 in that case.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Women won the right to vote on August 26th. As an idea of the general feeling towards women's suffrage, the following excerpt from the January 6th, 1910 issue of *The Iola Register* proves enlightening:

Hey, men! Low bridge!
The Suffragette movement is upon us. Not the hypothetical overseas movement that has had the Lords ducking, but a home-made epidemic that will be shoved right up to the men of Iola, of Allen County and of the state of Kansas to decide.

A strange lady called at The Register office yesterday. She desired information as to the attitude of this paper toward a state campaign for equal suffrage. She stated that such a

campaign is now on and that the state has been divided into districts and that she is the district manager in this district. She wants the anwer to this simple question: "Is there any good reason why the men of Kansas should not grant to the women of Kansas the right to vote?"

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

In the 1920 census, Harry Kollenborn was listed as a farmer in Carlyle, Allen County, Kansas. In yet another inconsistency or point of confusion, Harry claimed that his mother was born in Missouri, whereas in actuality his biological mother, Nellie Jean Moore, had been born in Pennsylvania. Perhaps Harry was referring to his *stepmother* Rosa Pennington, who indeed *had* been born in Missouri in 1872, in the appropriately named tiny town of Tina.

In the census, Harry's father James and his second wife Rosa (Pennington) were listed as living nearby in La Harpe, which is also in Allen County, Kansas.

Another son of William Kollenborn and brother of James, Richard Lee Kollenborn, was also in Allen County, Kansas at this time, Osage township to be exact. Coincidentally, the Belle (Myers) Green family was also listed as being in Osage township—but the one in Benton County, Arkansas, not Kansas.

Lizzie Huddleston's father Bob, living in Kansas City, Missouri, was listed as working as a miller for a flour company.

Emma Laura Silva was in Eureka, California, on Clark Street to be precise. Three children are listed: Esther, Donald, and Margaret. The "Donald" is actually Gerald; the census taker obviously misunderstood or mis-read the boy's name. There are also three boarders in the house. Emma, who would later cook for California Governor (and future Supreme Court Justice) Earl Warren, was a waitress at the time.

Emma's future son-in-law, Theodore Shannon, was farming in Tulare township, California.

1921

Twiggy

“One must labor for beauty as for bread, here as elsewhere.” – John Muir

I came here looking for something
I couldn't find anywhere else
Hey, I'm not trying to be nobody
Just want a chance to be myself
…
Trying to find me something better
On the streets of Bakersfield
– from the Dwight Yoakam song “Streets of Bakersfield” (written by Homer Joy)

- Alex Haley born New York
- Myrtle and Children Move to California

Alex Haley, the author of the book and mother-of-all-television-mini-series *Roots* and the compiler of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, was born August 11th of this year in Ithaca, New York.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Apparently abandoned by their husband and father, Myrtle and her children moved from Kansas to California this year. Myrtle had siblings in the central part of the golden state who urged her to move there, telling her that she could find work there. They had a house that she and her children could live in. Youngest daughter Thora says about the move, “We all worked as soon as we could. I should say the boys did, we girls kept up the house and did the cooking. It was a very very rough go lots of times. But the neighbors were always good to give us extra fruit and vegetables, we always had a cow for milk, and chickens...but we all stayed together, thanks to mother (no thanks to our father). We all turned out good. No big educations, but all work and did good.”

Myrtle was one of the many unsung heroines who sacrificed for her family and displayed intestinal fortitude or “true grit.” Thora reports: “Mother always said no man would want five kids and no one was going to mistreat us, so she never remarried. My brothers were old enough when our father left to know, and always said they hoped he didn’t come back, because he was mean to all of us.

To say such a thing indicates that they thought he was still alive, somewhere. Or at least they considered that a distinct possibility.

The Kollenborn children, imitating their mother rather than their father, returned the favor: “We…all took care of mother…in her last years.”

Charles, Myrtle, Roy, Emma, James, and Thora Kollenborn c. 1925, Kern County, California

They probably never met, but these transplanted midwesterners could easily have run across some of the Tulare branch of the Shannon family, as Kern County, where the Myrtle Kollenborn household lived, borders Tulare County. In fact, the Will Shannon family and Myrtle Kollenborn family were both in Kern County for a time, as the 1930 census shows.

1922

The Last Bear and the Last Branstuder

"Calories—? diets--? We never heard of such things; hard work and long hours took care of everything—kept you lean and rugged." – from "Under a Buttermilk Moon – a Country Memoir" by Roy Webster

- Lula Mae Branstuder born Missouri
- Last Grizzly Bear in California Killed
- Harry and Myrtle Kollenborn Divorce

Albert Kollenborn's last sibling, half-sister Lula Mae Branstuder, was born in DeWitt, Missouri this year. As is Harry and Myrtle's last child, Thora (Kollenborn) Wheeler, Lula Mae is still living.

Siloam Springs, Arkansas, where Lula Mae lives today, is located on the boundary between northwestern Arkansas and northeastern Oklahoma. It is nineteen miles from Siloam Springs Smith, Arkansas, and two hundred three miles from Siloam Springs, Missouri.

Listed as Lulamay in the 1930 census, she was the right person at the right time to be a real "Rosie the Riveter" – Lula Mae was in her late teens and early twenties during the years that America was involved in World War II.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Wanna-be Davy Crocketts would have no more opportunities to try to grin down grizzly bears in California. What was thought to have been the last one in the state was killed in Sequoia National Forest this year. Apparently this was considered a grand achievement at the time, an event to celebrate.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Following his abandonment of the family and subsequent mysterious disappearance two years earlier, Myrtle Buster divorced Harry Kollenborn this year. The divorce proceedings took place in Kern County, California, on December 11th. The judgment stated that "...the marriage between the Plaintiff, Myrtle J. Kollenborn, and the Defendant, Henry H. Kollenborn, be dissolved and the same is hereby dissolved upon the ground of Wilful Neglect ... the said parties are after the entry of this decree each restored to the status of single persons."

Harry was to pay $75 per month to Myrtle, but he apparently never did--if he was even still alive, it is doubtful he ever got news of the judgment. Additionally, Harry was

to pay a total of $102 in Attorney's fees and related costs. These costs were apparently eventually covered by Myrtle herself, but she was unable to do so until early 1928.

1923

The Family Pants

" ... he had a wife who actually did "wear the breeches" while at her daily avocations about the house and ranch. To be precise, they were not breeches (or trousers) proper at all, but the ordinary blue cotton overalls, at a dollar the pair, which almost every male workman of the West uses instaed of the more expensive article. I had often seen little girls in these bifurcated garments, but here was a comely matron, still on the bright side of forty, who, with "Boss of the Road" (the maker's trade-mark) on a label at the small of her back, carried out her domestic duties unhampered by any vestige of skirt. Though, to my eye, the trousers might have been more comfortable had they been made a little wider, she went about her work unashamed. Indeed, she might have been born in them so little did the absence of a skirt, even in the presence of a stranger, affect her nonchalant demeanour." --from "California, An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State" by Arthur T. Johnson

- Ku Klux Klan in Kansas
- U.S. Attorney General Determines Legality of Women to Wear Trousers
- Robert Shannon Scares His Mother
- President Harding dies

Ku Klux Klan sentiment was so strong in Kansas in 1923, both for and against, that the gubernatorial race that year featured the pro-Klan Republican Ben Paulen and the Independent Anti-KKK candidate, William Allen White. The town of Iola, Kansas, even had a "Anti Ku Klux Klan Cleaning and Pressing Shop."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Many things are so commonplace today that we take them for granted, and imagining matters being otherwise seems bizarre. On May 28th of this year, the Attorney General, the top lawyer in the country, declared it legal for women to wear trousers whenever and wherever they please. Having the legal right to do something and that something being acceptable or fashionable are, though, not always one and the same. It would be decades before it would become commonplace for women to wear pants in public.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In Tulare County this year, the Shannon family cheat the hangman. Gertie reports:

While we were living at Carl's, and Robert was about seven years old, he gave me a scare. I had been outside with the boys, picking up the chips and carrying wood in, and the boys were playing and everything was all right. Everything got quiet and I went out to check on my children, and Robert was sitting in the swing with his tongue sticking out and the rope all around his neck. His tongue was black and I pulled him out of the swing,

laying him on the ground, and ran into the house, calling for Dad. He came out and carried Robert onto the lawn, and Robert came to. Mr. Reeves heard me calling but thought it was the children at play and didn't realize anything was wrong until he saw Dad carrying Robert. George didn't realize anything was wrong and was playing around and under the swing through all this.

Robert would experience another close call as an adult, in 1949, this time at the side of his brother Calvin Coolidge Shannon, who would be born the next year, in 1924.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

President Warren Harding died in the summer of this year. The plane on which he was riding, the navy transport *Henderson*, collided in heavy fog with the destroyer Zeilin in Puget Sound, Washington, on its way back from Alaska on July 27th. But that's not what killed the President; there were no casualties as a result of that accident. The next day, though, Harding contracted Ptomaine poisoning. Bronchial pneumonia was soon thereafter diagnosed, and he died in August after suffering apoplexy while his wife was reading to him at his bedside.

1924

Citizens

"Suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself." – Mark Twain

"Well roared, O Lion!" – from *The Magic Mountain*, by Thomas Mann

"I am impelled, not to squeak like a grateful and apologetic mouse, but to roar like a lion out of pride in my profession." – John Steinbeck

- First Presidential Radio Address From the White House
- Calvin Coolidge Shannon and Baby Shannon born
- Congress Grants Citizenship to Native Americans

On February 22nd, Calvin Coolidge became the first U.S. President to deliver a radio address from the White House. Coolidge was serving out Harding's term, but would be elected by the populace to the post in the elections at the end of this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

As they had named their first son for the President who was in office at the time (Roosevelt), so did Will and Gertie name their son born this year for the current President. Will (the politically-minded one) didn't follow Roosevelt into the Progressive, or "Bull Moose" camp. The Progressives nominated Bob La Follette of Wisconsin as their Presidential candidate. Or, if Will *did* follow Roosevelt in his party change (which is unlikely, knowing Will's and La Follette's politics), Will simply went with the winner of the election in his choice of name for his son. Will and Gertie already had a Robert, at any rate.

Calvin Coolidge Shannon was born June 11th. Calvin was the surviving half of a set of twins. The other child is known only as "Baby Shannon." In those days before ultrasound, they may not have known twins were on the way, and thus possibly only had one named selected. Unfortunately, Calvin would also die at a rather young age.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

After herding them onto land undesirable to EuroAmericans, Congress officially granted citizenship to Native Americans this year. Some of them, such as the Iroquois, declined the offer to become citizens. The "Indians" had been in the country for thousands of years before the EuroAmericans arrived. Significantly, there is no known record of Native Americans granting citizenship to members of Congress.

1925

William Waves Goodbye From the Windswept Plains

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts
-- from "As You Like It" by William Shakespeare

"This country is going forward with tremendous strides, both socially and industrially and I see nothing on the horizon to arouse pessimism. On the contrary, I look at national affairs with rose-colored glasses, as it were." --- Herbert Hoover, 1925

- Tri-State Tornado
- William Kollenborn dies

In the Kollenborns' previous home states of Missouri (where some of them still lived) and Illinois (as well as Indiana), a massive tornado resulted in the deaths of 689 people. An additional 2,000 were injured. It remains the most destructive tornado in U.S. history.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert Kollenborn's great-grandfather William Kollenborn died in Iola, Kansas, on July 7th of this year. Albert and his great-grandfather William apparently never met, although their lives overlapped for eighteen years. William's obituary was printed in the local newspaper:

The Iola Register
Thursday evening
July 9, 1925

Mr. William Kollenborn, father of Mrs. Olive Hathaway of this city, died suddenly early Tuesday morning at his home here, aged 97 years and 9 months. Funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Presbyterian church and interment will be made at the Moran cemetery.

Notwithstanding the obituary, most documents indicate William was born in 1833, and was thus ninety-two, not ninety-seven, when he died. Elderly William and Charlotte were living with their youngest son Richard Lee Kollenborn in their final years.

It was customary for rural families to pass on the family farm to the youngest son, and as a recompense for that live out their retirement years being taken care of by the youngest son's family. Although many might think the eldest son would be the logical inheritor of the farm, this youngest-son arrangement does make sense, as the parents are usually not ready to retire when the oldest son leaves home and starts a household; but by

the time the youngest son begins his family they would usually be at least close to being ready for retirement.

It should not be inferred from this that the older sons got nothing in the way of an inheritance, though. A typical situation in a family with a 160-acre farm and four sons was that all of the sons got 40 acres each, but the youngest son additionally received the house (and the company of his parents during their "twilight" years).

Charlotte, who was seven or eight years younger than William, would survive her husband and live one more year, until 1926. She is also buried in Moran, Kansas.

At the time William Kollenborn died, baseball legend Lou Gehrig began a streak of playing in all of the New York Yankees' games until his illness-induced retirement from baseball in 1939. Beginning his streak at the end of William Kollenborn's life, he continued it up until the end of James Wesley Kollenborn's life (William and Charlotte's son, and Harry's father).

William Kollenborn

1927

St. Louis Water and Spirit

"They had the power of money. They had the power of caste. They had the power of the times, when it was believed that men with money not only knew better but acted better." --- from "Rising Tide, the Great Mississippi Flood of 1927 and How it Changed America" by John M. Barry

"Architects cannot teach nature anything." --- Mark Twain

- First "Talking Picture"
- Massive Floods on the Mississippi River
- Lindbergh's Transatlantic Solo Flight
- Branstuders head for Oklahoma
- Babe Ruth sets single-season home run record

For decades now, children have balked at watching movies filmed in "black and white." There was a time when what was modern in films was based more on whether it was a "silent" film or if it had sound. The first feature-length "talkie" was released this year, featuring Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Mississippi River floods on a regular, albeit random, basis; that is to say, floods on the Mississippi are not rare, but they are also not predictable. The floods of 1927 were especially bad--so bad, in fact, that many wanted to take matters into their own hands and engineer a way to control the river. Various theories were put forth on how best to do that so as to safeguard people and property. Some of these theories were: deepen the channel; build higher and stronger levees; create spillways as safety valves. This year, New Orleans, among other localities, was seriously threatened by the floodwaters. Despite man's best efforts, there are still randomly recurring major floods on the "Father of Waters."

In his book "River Horse: A Voyage Across America," in which William Least Heat-Moon recounts his journey by boat from New York to Oregon, he writes of New Haven, Missouri, which is situated along the Missouri River, and its experience with floods:

In its first century and a half, the village never saw the two lower streets flooded because the river had room in the miles of wide valley upriver to spread out and get absorbed. But as the Army Corps of Engineers gradually turned the once richly twined river into a trough and eliminated a half-million acres of meanders below the South Dakota line, and as the Army and farmers built more and more levees, the Missouri lost an innate capacity to absorb its frequent excesses, and floods became more virulent (an Osage man, a descendant of the people who lived here at the arrival of the whites, once told me that in

the native tongue there was a word for "great flow" but nothing really for "flood." He said, "Floods are white man's things." That's why New Haven, like other intelligently situated river towns, for a century remained dry without floodwalls or levies.

At the time Heat-Moon wrote the previous passage, and the following one, he was describing a flood that he and his crew were experiencing on the Missouri at the time. He continues:

It was only the foolishness of trying to control the Missouri that was not as it should be. A man said so: "Our life would be easier if we'd grant the river its rights." And a woman next to him said, "What in hell are you saying?" And he, "I'm saying there isn't any way to manage the Missouri because only it *can manage itself. In ten thousand years, who do you think'll be managing the river? Taxpayers have spent billions so we can stand out here and sandbag. My grandfather never had to do this, and old What's-his-name over there at Treloar never had to fertilize that bottomland – the river did it, and with no chemicals to get into our drinking water. So now we got levees and rock dikes and we've seen two five-hundred-year floods in two years. Just tell me how any of that makes sense." "I can't," said another, "but I think it makes us a thousand years old."*

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

St. Louis, Missouri, is located at just about the midway point of the Mississippi River, where the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers meet, mix, meld, and eventually mesh. Aviator Charles Lindbergh flew *The Spirit of St. Louis* on the first solo Transatlantic flight this year. "Lindy," after not being able to sleep the night before due to a buildup of nervous adrenalin, began his flight on May 20th from New York. Exhausted, he ended it amidst an ecstatic crowd at the Paris airport the next day.

Charles Lindbergh and his wife Anne Morrow Lindbergh would suffer heartbreak as an indirect result of his fame in the near future—more on that in the 1934 chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert Kollenborn and the rest of the Branstuder household (half-brother Buck, mother Lizzie, stepfather Jim, and the three Branstuder girls) apparently remained in Carroll and Chariton counties, Missouri, until the late 1920s. Although they were in Oklahoma by the time of the 1930 census, Albert's sister Lula Mae recalls Albert building a large model airplane while they were living in Brunswick (Chariton County) in the latter part of the '20s.

Recall, though, that Albert didn't spend all of his time in the Branstuder household. He stayed off and on with his grandfather Bob Huddleston in "the bottoms" of Kansas City, Missouri.

As a young man, Albert worked both for the railroad and on steamboats. He could have done either of these jobs from either locations: Kansas City, or Brunswick, which

borders the Missouri River. The St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Railroad ran its tracks through the Brunswick area, also. Albert also lived in Joplin, on the Missouri/Kansas border for a time after he married, and in Oberlin, Kansas--both of which were railroad towns.

Lula Mae also recalled a time when Albert "sprung" his ankle one winter ice-skating on the Grand River, near Brunswick. She says Albert was quite athletic, and was "showing off." The Branstuder girls, Ruie, Juanita, and Lula Mae, placed Albert on a sled and pulled him up the riverbank back toward the house. Not without first having some fun at his expense, though: Probably instigated by Ruie, the practical joker of the bunch, they pulled him partway up the hill, then let go of the sled and watched him slide helplessly back down the hill again. Albert unwillingly repeated this stunt at least twice.

The Branstuders may have left Brunswick due to the flooding that year—which tok place not only on the Mississippi River proper, but also on many of its feeder rivers, such as the Missouri, which flows past Brunswick. Floodwaters may have wreaked havoc on the Branstuders' crops. Lula Mae recalls that she was five years old when they left Brunswick for Claremore, Oklahoma. This would pinpoint the year of their departure as 1927.

When the Branstuder family moved to Oklahoma, they transported their goods by train. It is possible that Albert may have been an employee of the railroad at this time and been able to get their belongings on board at a reduced rate, or even free.

During the heyday of river travel and commerce, the Missouri River was a major thoroughfare, and the Branstuders had lived near it in northern Missouri. Travel by automobile was now ascendant, though. The Claremore area in northeastern Oklahoma, to which the Branstuder household moved, lay on Route 66, "the great migrant road."

--<>><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

George Herman "Babe" Ruth hit sixty home runs this season, a new single-season record. This achievement, considered unbreakable by some at the time, stood until 1961, when another New York Yankee, Roger Maris, hit 61 balls out of the park (the sixty-first coming in the last game of the season).

Roger Maris, it seems, was a sports hero in spite of himself--and in spite of the Yankee fans. Vying with teammate Micky Mantle to see who could break the home record this year, Mantle got hurt late in the season. The added media attention this brought Maris distressed him so much that he began losing his hair. The fans were not always on his side, either. Many of them wanted Yankee legend Babe Ruth's record to stand or, if to be broken by somebody, then by the more gregarious Mantle, not Maris. Even in little Hibbing, Minnesota, Maris turned out to be only the *second* most famous hometown boy. Robert Zimmerman, better known as Bob Dylan, also hails from that town.

Maris' record is sometimes marked with an asterisk, because Ruth hit his 60 home runs in a 154-game season, whereas the season was 162 games long by the time Maris played. So Ruth hit more homeruns per game, on average--Ruth's 1927 figures extrapolated out to a 162 game season would have given him 63 home runs.

Ruth's record stood for thirty-four years. Maris' lasted for thirty-seven years, until it was broken in 1998 by both Sammy Sosa (who hit 66) and Mark McGwire (who hit 70). Just three years later, Barry Bonds broke the record again, with seventy-three round trippers. One wonders how many home runs Ruth and Maris might have hit had they taken steroids.

"The Bambino" would also set a new career home run record of 714, which was not broken until Henry "Hammerin' Hank" Aaron hit his 715th in 1974. Aaron wound up his career with 755. Currently, Barry Bonds is on a pace to break the career home run record; he hit his 700th on September 17th, 2004.

1929

Like a Train Wreck

"He hit a train in Wasco and was quoted as saying to his new truck, 'Whoa, Boy!' but the truck did not stop." -- Gertie (Bailey) Shannon

"We in America today are nearer to the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land." – Herbert Hoover, shortly before the stock market crash

"Turn out the lights, the party's over" – "Dandy" Don Meredith

"It is no longer a government of the people, by the people, and for the people – but a government of Wall Street, by Wall Street, and for Wall Street." – Mary Elizabeth Lease

"Most Americans seemed to believe that the value of goods and property would increase indefinitely and that the individual who bought something today could sell it tomorrow at a profit. . . . Speculation in stocks became widespread [as] barbers, stenographers, and elevator boys seized their opportunity to make money in an expanding economy." -- Historian R. B. Gruver

- Gary Gene Shannon born California
- Will Shannon Talks to his Truck and Hits a Train
- Martin Luther King, Jr. born Georgia
- Stock Market Crash / Great Depression

Twenty seven years previously, on January 18th, 1902, Gertie Shannon had given birth to her first child, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon. Her eleventh and last child, Gary Gene Shannon, was born this year on January 14th in an adobe house that Will built in Shafter, California.

Gertie was ten days shy of being forty-six years old at this time. Three years later she would become a grandmother, when her firstborn named *his* firstborn William after his father. Gertie recalls Gary's birth and other events (Marian is their seventeen-year old daughter):

During the time we lived in Shafter I gave birth to another son. Marian named him Gary Gene. While living in Shafter, Marian got married, George and also Robert, went back to Tulare to farm, and we met Lavern Cordy because he was a car salesman and sold Dad his first pick-up. Shortly after this, Eda and Lavern were married. They did not go far from us as they lived in Wasco. At this time, a very amusing and at the same time a very serious thing happened to Dad. He hit a train in Wasco and was quoted as saying to his new truck, "Whoa, Boy!" But the truck did not stop.

Although Gary's father Will was a contemporary of Herbert Hoover (1874-1964), and Hoover, who had won the 1928 election, was about to take office when Gary Gene was born, Will and Gertie did not name any of their boys Herbert. Perhaps Will's sympathies were still with Calvin Coolidge, for whom he had named an earlier son and who, like Will, had borne the pain of the loss of a child. President Coolidge had lost a teenage son; Recall that Will and Gertie had lost, not only Calvin's twin, who died at birth, but also their first daughter, "Girlie."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

One day after Gary's birth, a man who would become more famous and die younger (something that often goes hand in hand) was born: Martin Luther King, Jr. was born in Atlanta, Georgia to a minister who was himself the son of a minister.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

America has experienced many economic downturns, recessions, and even downright depressions over the centuries. These "hard times" have been of varying magnitudes, but when modern people speak of *The* Depression, they are referencing the one that began this year. The Wall Street Stock Market Crash of 1929 took place on October 29th with a precipitous plunge of stock prices. For American farmers, this was nothing new--they had been experiencing depressed prices for their goods for a decade, since the end of the "Great War." But this depression turned out to be even worse then the calamitous one of 1873.

President Hoover kept a "hands-off" attitude toward government intervention in the economy, or at least in aid for the needy. This policy led many to call the shantytowns that sprung up "Hoovervilles."

Society was so shaken, and so many people "fell through the cracks" (which were actually more like crevasses at the time) that even some schools went bankrupt and closed down. Two hundred fifty thousand teenagers ended up "on the road" during the Depression years, in search of a way to make some money--sometimes following the harvest, sometimes continually chasing rumors of work somewhere else.

Teenagers were by no means the only ones riding the rails, though. In 1932 alone, Southern Pacific evicted a half million people illegally riding their freight trains. Sometimes they were simply escorted to the police station, where they were arrested for vagrancy, a crime that was punishable by fines (which most of them could not afford) or incarceration. Other times, these "hobos" were dealt with more severely and violently, oftentimes even being killed by the "bulls" (railroad police) who kept as many of these ticketless passengers off the trains as possible.

The August 23rd, 1923, issue of *The Iola Register* reported on the situation at that time:

The railroads of Kansas have discarded harvest leniency toward side door sleeper tourists. No more riding the "blind" or the "rods" or the "deck." Hoboes will be seen from this time on and as often as seen must "hit the soil." R.M. Clary, special agent for the MoPac was here yesterday on a mission for his road and said his work chiefly is the elimination of the hobo.

Hoover's laissez faire approach to the country's economic problems would contrast dramatically with those of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who would be voted into the White House for the first time in 1932.

1930

Keep Your Senses

"Business and industry have turned the corner." – Herbert Hoover, 1930

"This is an interesting period to live through, if one lives through it." – Ray Garvey, Kansas farmer

"You bested my giant." – from the movie "The Princess Bride"

"In th' circus I seen in the city there was a feller that lifted a man, big as Jed here, clean above his head with one hand." – from "The Shepherd of the Hills" by Harold Bell Wright

Look at that young man
He is feeling good
Because his sweetheart
Is watching him.
– Indian Sun Dance Chant

- Albert Kollenborn and Alice Green wed
- Depression Deepens
- Census

In Kansas, which always seemed to be on the bleeding edge of protest, anti-chain store and anti-corporate farming movements were underway this year. Kansas has historically had a lot of beefs with the status quo. Some of the movements promoted by Kansans, prohibition for instance, seem ill-advised and extreme, at least in hindsight. Their concerns regarding the proliferation of chain stores and corporate farming, though, against which the Sunflower Staters took up the cudgels at this early date, seem downright prescient in the present-day world of Wal-martians and corporate megafarms.

Kansas is one of the states in which Albert Kollenborn was to live. Up until 1930, he had only lived in Missouri and Oklahoma, but Arkansas and Kansas would soon follow, with three western states added later. As has been noted, Albert was not the first of the Kollenborns to live in Kansas. His father Harry, his grandfather James, and his great-grandfather William had also resided there. In fact, James would remain in rural Kansas until his death in 1939.

Before finally "lighting out for the Territory" and heading west in the early 1940s, Albert made his home, for the most part, in the four corners area of the AMOK states. Normally, when an American citizen hears the term "Four corners area," he thinks of the meeting point of New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona and Utah, where one can—theoretically--be in four states simultaneously, provided one perform a few Twister™ -like gyrations, with one hand in contact with the Colorado soil, the other in the Utah

desert, one leg in the Arizona mesquite, while the other one touches down in the enchanted land of New Mexico.

That, while admittedly the most famous, is not the only Four Corners in America, though—provided, at any rate, that a smidgin of "poetic license" is granted. The "almost" Four Corners of the AMOK states meet, more or less--if you dropped the Oklahoma line down just a tad—at the junction of southeastern Kansas, northeastern Oklahoma, northwestern Arkansas, and southwestern Missouri. This is not as "clean" and obvious as the Four Corners area of the UCAN states (Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico), but nevertheless worthy of note.

On September 23rd, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn and Alice Gladys Green got married by the Justice of the Peace in Bentonville, Arkansas. Albert had moved from Oklahoma to Arkansas a short time before this.

The Greens had been a somewhat prosperous family (employing many seasonal fruitpickers) up until the time of Tommy's death, and were still making a go of their farm operation a quarter century after relocating there from Kansas. Albert was an odd-jobber and field worker (and, perhaps, part-time bootlegger) at the time, similar to the hired men the Greens would engage on their farm during fruit-picking time.

According to one family story, Albert and Alice met when Alice went to visit her pregnant sister Ruth in Oklahoma. Ruth already knew and liked Albert's mother Lizzie Huddleston. Another family member, who still lives in Benton County, says, though, that Albert and Alice met there in Arkansas, on the Green ranch—Albert walked across a field in which he was working (possibly at the Green farm) and introduced himself to Alice.

Albert and Alice were attracted to one another from the git-go. Alice found the tall, handsome, musical, and athletic Albert more appealing than her current "beau," a man named Stringer. Mr. Stringer and Albert both agreed: Alice, with her green eyes and auburn locks, was the most beautiful girl they had ever seen. Six decades later, the elderly Mr. Stringer revealed no fury as a result of the "scorning" Alice had given him. On seeing a relative of Alice's, he asked about his old flame and volunteered anew that Alice was the most ravishing beauty he had ever laid eyes on.

For his part, Albert was no less impressed with Alice's charms and vowed that he was going to get Alice one way or another.

One thing Albert tried was impressing Alice with his physical strength. Taking her to the circus on a date, he won a $50 prize (a fair amount of change in those days) in the wrestling ring. That prize was offered to anyone who could remain in the ring with the circus "strong man" for five minutes. Albert did more than simply tough out a five-minute pummeling and thrashing administered by the traveling tough—he lifted the strong man up and threw *him* out of the ring.

Alice was perhaps not convinced that this feat qualified Albert as good husband material. It took a threat of violence to extract an “I do” from Alice. Albert threatened to kill himself if she didn’t marry him.

Theodore Shannon, by contrast, apparently didn’t have the same flair for the dramatic that Albert exhibited. According to family lore, he was turned down when he asked a girl’s father for her hand. Reportedly, the man felt that the Shannons were socially "below" his family. How the girl in question felt about it, we don’t know. Although that rejection was doubtless a blow to the heart and ego of Theodore, his descendants can be thankful it occurred—for without it, Theodore would not have married Esther. And that would have been a disaster of the highest magnitude, for in that case their children, and theirs, and so on, would never have been born.

Albert did not have to face the gauntlet of asking Alice’s father for her hand in marriage, as Tommy had been dead some fifteen years when Albert and Alice tied the knot.

Albert and Alice made their home, at first, in northwestern Arkansas. Albert invited the Branstuders to move there from Oklahoma. The “dust bowl” was upon Oklahoma (as well as other states), and the Branstuder’s wheat and oat farm in the Verdigris river bottoms, between Claremore and Tulsa, was probably not going so well. The Branstuders may also have grown hay, too--dust bowl ranchers in Kansas got hay trucked in for their livestock from eastern Oklahoma.

An item in the October 2nd issue of *The Iola Register* was telling regarding the conditions brought on by the dust bowl:

September, 1931, goes down as the lousiest month on record at the Iola Weather Bureau. The mean temperature for the 30 days was 79 degrees, the highest recorded for the month in the 27 years since the bureau was established here. Rainfall was only 1.5 inches, in comparison to a normal reading of 4.93 inches. There were 20 days when the temperature reached 90. The high was 101.

That same newspaper, five years later in its March 20th issue, reported about a dust storm at that time:

Trains were halted, schools closed and business paralyzed over a large section of the Southwest by a new dust storm today. The dense swirl of fine soil reached the Kansas-Missouri border by noon and was sweeping rapidly farther east. As far east as Topeka, Ottawa and Lawrence, highway patrolmen blocked roads against traffic and in many places visibility dropped to absolute zero.

It is likely that the Branstuder’s farm had formerly been a Creek Indian farm. The Creeks had farmed in that area for a time after being assigned that part of Oklahoma during the Indian Removals of the previous century.

The fictional Joad family of John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* were from Sallisaw, Oklahoma, which is only about one hundred miles south of Verdigris. Between the two towns is Merle Haggard's Muskogee (located fifty miles from Sallisaw and fifty-seven miles from Verdigris).

Neither Albert nor the Branstuders moved West during the dust bowl. In fact, they first went the other direction—east, to Arkansas. Not in terms of their destination and epxeriences, but as regards their names and abilities, and where they lived in 1930, the Joad and Branstuder families parallel one another pretty well: The oldest of the Joad children, Tom, was of a mechanical bent. The oldest of Lizzie's children, Albert, also was adept at repairing machinery (Albert would spend most of his life working in garages and as a mechanic for Weyerhauser). As with Lizzie, the Joad's next child was also a son. Oddly enough, that second Joad was named Al. Then comes "Rosasharn" Joad and Lula Mae Branstuder; Ruthie Joad and Ruie Branstuder; and finally Winfield Joad and Juanita Branstuder. On the census record, Ruie is listed as Ruth, probably due to the census enumerator misundertanding the girl's name.

Lizzie's children	Joad children
Albert	Al
Charles	Tom
Lula Mae	Rosasharn (Rose of Sharon)
Ruie	Ruthie
Juanita	Winfield

The dust bowl lasted in general from 1930 to 1940, but some years and seasons were worse than others. In 1934, the affected region stretched from New York and Pennsylvania all the way to the California coast. Fifty million acres in the south-central plains were affected during the winter of 1935-1936.

Elsewhere in Oklahoma this year, a dispute with Texas concerning the boundary lines between the states was decided in Texas' favor by the U.S. Supreme Court.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The economic downtown that began with the stock market crash the previous year showed no signs of improving; actually, things were getting worse, as made clear by several excerpts from *The Iola Register* from 1930:

December 1st: *The best buy in Kansas right now is Kansas farm land. Farms can be bought all over eastern Kansas for $25 to $35 an acre -- as cheap as they were 40 years ago. This land certainly is going to be worth more in the very near future. The time to buy is when everybody wants to sell.*

December 17th: *Lee Wiener, 55 year-old veteran Iola merchant, committed suicide by hanging this morning in the rear end of his store, The Hub, 10 West Jackson. Stock market losses were blamed. Mr. Wiener is said to have bought stocks on margin and to have lost about $60,000 in the stock market crash.*

The problem of panhandlers is becoming more complicated daily. The Salvation Army is maintaining a wood pile at which they may saw or chop enough fuel to earn their meals during the 24 hours they are permitted to spend in town. Meal tickets of 15 and 30 cents value are given according to the amount of work done. The tickets are honored at a local cafe. Police usher floaters with whom they come in contact out of town after 24 hours. The problem is becoming more serious. C.A. Dorsey, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, reported that the other day he was accosted by seven panhandlers while walking but half a dozen blocks on the square.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The final census to which we have access was taken this year. 1940 census data will not become available to the public until 2012 at the earliest. Based on the way legislation regarding such seems to be heading, though, those records may never become available.

As for the Branstuders, the census enumerators made many mistakes this time around. For starters, the family surname is given as Brownstuder. Juanita's name is misspelled as Wannita (northeastern Oklahomans perhaps being unfamiliar with Spanish names), and Lula Mae's as LulaMay. Elizabeth's oldest boys are listed simply as Albert K and Chester D. Perhaps Lizzie unofficially changed Charles' name (he *is* listed as Charles in the 1910 census) to Chester so that he wouldn't have the same name as his father. Or it could be just another mistake in the census.

Although verifying that the Branstuder farm was in the Verdigris River bottoms, the lone surviving member of this household, Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, says that they never lived in Verdigris, but rather seven miles away in Claremore, Will Rogers' supposed home town (Will actually grew up in Chelsea, about twenty miles to the north, and, although he bought land on the outskirts of Claremore where he planned to retire, and datelined many of his columns from there, he never did live there). The census placing the Branstuders in Verdigris may have been a mistake, or may have been simply a vagary of the census process, such as the Green's being categorized as living in Osage Township, Benton County, Arkansas, whereas they had always considered themselves to be living in Dug Hill. Since Osage township is today part of Bentonville, near Bella Vista, the census is no doubt correct--they did officially live in Osage township; it's just that their own name for their locality, perhaps more specific than Osage, was Dug Hill.

"Mistakes were made" in the census in Benton County this year, also, with regard to the Green household. According to the official documents, those living with the widow Virginia Belle Myers were her daughter Effie and son-in-law William "Cogstone," as well as Lillian, Ruth, "Vila," Alice, and Andy. The "William Cogstone" mentioned was in actuality Bill Logston. The "Vila" was James, or "Man" Green (his middle name was Vila or Vilas). As James was sometimes referred to by the family as "Jesse," one can't help speculating that he was named for both the Missouri folk "hero" Jesse James (1847-1882) and the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa (1877?-1923).

On the northwest coast of California, in Humboldt County, Emma Silva is listed as head of house, married 20 years. The same three children that were in the 1920 census are listed, but the boy is this time correctly identified as Gerald rather than Donald. Emma is a housekeeper in a private home, and her daughter Esther is a janitoress at a church.

Also in Humboldt County, Theodore Shannon is counted in the census as a lodger in Trinidad, occupation “woodsman.” Theodore was thus at the time a logger lodger. He may have drank some lager on occasion to boot, notwithstanding the ongoing prohibition of such. The plentitude of Portuguese fishermen in the area practically guaranteed that at least a little wine would be available—port, to be precise.

Theodore’s parents, Will and Gertie, were in Kern County. Will was recorded as a farmer. Their children living with them at the time were: Robert, 14; George, 11; Eda, 9; Calvin, 5; and Gary, who was one year old. They were residing in "Township 9."

Living in the same county, the census freezes Myrtle Buster in time as living in "Township 3" and employed as a laundry worker. Her sons Charles L. and Roy E. Kollenborn are listed as “operators” at a service station in or near Bakersfield. Charles was twenty-two years old, Roy twenty.

With the Shannons in Township 3 and the Kollenborns in Township 9, they may well have crossed one another’s paths from time to time, or possibly even been acquainted with one another. Some of the children may have even attended school together. While James was 18, and thus four years older than the oldest Shannon child still living at home, Emma was 15, and Thora was 10. Thus, Emma may have known fourteen year old Robert, and Thora may have known eleven-year-old George and nine-year-old Eda. George died in Tulare in 2004. Thora still resides in Kern County.

Of course, nobody knew at that time that Will and Gertie Shannon’s grandson Theodore (second son of their firstborn son, Theodore, who would not be born until 1934) would marry the Kollenborn children’s niece Rosie Lee (Albert’s firstborn daughter, who would not be born until 1938).

Indian lands had by this time been reduced from 138 million acres in 1890, at the time of the Wounded Knee massacre, to just one-third that amount, 47 million acres, this year.

1931

Pop Pops the Question

"Men and women--even man and wife are foreigners. Each has reserves that the other cannot enter into, nor understand. These have the effect of frontiers." -- Mark Twain

- The Depression widens
- Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Esther Sylvia Nelson marry

With the beginning of a new year, people hoped the worst times were behind them. *The Iola Register*, in its January 1st issue, editorialized:

That curious humming sound you heard last night was the sigh of relief of 122,000,000 people in the continental United States that 1930 had come to an end!

It has been a long, long year. For millions of people, taking the world over, it has been a hard year, a year of disappointments, loss, hardships, discouragements. A queer year. A year of paradoxes. Surpluses of everything, money, food, all manner of products and commodities, clothing, wood, cotton, lumber. And yet men suffering for the lack of all these things. No war, no flood or fire, no wide-sweeping pestilence, no cataclysm of nature, and yet the times all out of joint. A strange, sorry year. Everybody is glad it is over.

An early end to the misery was not to be, though. This is evidenced by further excerpts from that newspaper throughout the year:

January 5th: *Douglas Schomerus, city manager, will manage the city program to give part-time work to men owing utility bills. Schomerous is working on a way to stagger the jobs available, about 25, among the men who owe bills.*

January 7th: *Wood is playing a big part in the winter economy of jobless Iolans. An Iola hardware man reported that during the past 90 days he had sold more than 200 axe handles. Hundreds of dollars worth of accounts have been paid with wood this winter, it is reported.*

The January 21st issue of the paper followed up on the item from the 5th of the month: *During the work finished last week 125 unemployed men were able to find enough work with the city to pay at least part of their utility bills. A like number are available for the project coming up, according to Utilities Commissioner R.I. Mather. So far as possible, men will be used on the new job who were not employed on the last one. Only men owing utilities bills and unable to pay them because of unemployment will be hired.*

August 28th: *The county commissioners will make an $18,000 tax cut at the township level possible this year by suspending paving projects "until times get better."*

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although the economic depression was ongoing, the normal routines of life--eating, drinking, buying, selling, marrying and being given in marriage--continued. Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, known to his family, friends and acquaintances as "Pop" throughout his adult life, married Mayflower descendant and one-eighth Indian Esther Sylvia Nelson on June 27th in Garberville, California. It was a Saturday, and Pop had to report back to work the following Wednesday, so they honeymooned nearby, in Gold Beach, Oregon. Esther later wrote of this:

In those days, it was quite a trip; for me especially. I had never been anywhere.

Theodore and Esther eventually made their home at what came to be known by the extended family simply as "The Ranch," which for some time served as a sort of home base, one might also say anchor, touchstone, and benchmark, to the family. At the start of their life together, though, they lived in Samoa, a small Humboldt County town.

Besides his livestock operation at the Walking S Ranch, Theodore was also a "gyppo" logger ("gyppo" meaning, not that he cheated anyone, but that he was a small, independent operator).

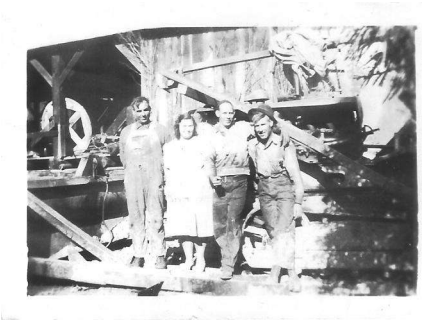
Even today, logging is not an occupation for the faint of heart or weak of spirit. According to the book *The Uncertainty of Everyday Life 1915-1945* by Harvey Green, that was even more the case in the past:

Logging was dangerous, hard physical labor. Stihl's gas-powered chain saws were not mass-produced until the 1930s, and not used widely until after 1945, so axes and one- and two-man felling saws were the common tools. A falling tree sometimes went where it was inclined to go, regardless of sawing angles and driven wedges. The benign and peaceful tree trunk became a projectile of huge weight and momentum when it snapped off its cutting hinge. Sawn trees hung up on those still standing were called "widow-makers" for good reason.

Once at The Ranch in Trinity County, Theodore built his house near the school that he and many of his siblings attended (and where his children would also attend, through grade school). At better than six feet, Theodore was noticeably taller than his father. He attributed his height to the Trinity County Air. Theodore was not otherwise a small man, either. Like Albert Kollenborn, he was physically strong, being known for throwing around 100-lb. bags of livestock feed as if they were sacks of marshmallows. Theodore was "bigger-boned" than wiry Albert, though. Whereas his sister Lula Mae describes Albert as being "stout" (meaning, in this case, physically strong), Theodore was always described by his family as "barrel-chested." It is unknown whether he also attributed this characteristic to Trinity County's mountain air.

Many of the families in remote and sparsely populated Trinity County have been there for untold generations. Will and Gertie Shannon's homestead had been located in Hoaglin

Valley. Theodore employed an Indian ranch hand named Bill Hoaglin, doubtless a descendant of the valley's namesake.



Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, Esther Shannon, Unknown, Kenneth Shannon

1932

Bashed on the Noggin

"…the average man won't really do a day's work unless he is caught and cannot get out of it. There is plenty of work to do if people would do it." – Henry Ford, a few weeks before he laid off 75,000 workers

"A lot of people who ain't saying 'ain't' ain't eatin'" -- Jay Hannah "Dizzy" Dean

"I say what's the big idea of bashin' me on the noggin with a rollin' pin. Clunk enough people and we'll have a nation of lumpheads." -- Foghorn Leghorn

- Young Brothers Massacre
- William Frederick Shannon born California
- Bonus Marchers Driven Out of Washington
- Amelia Earhart's 1st Solo Flight

Albert and Alice Kollenborn may have been living in Springfield, Missouri, when the "Young brothers Massacre" took place there on January 2nd. The perpetrators were not just the Young brothers, but also a certain Charles Arthur Floyd, better known as "Pretty Boy" Floyd. They killed six Springfield and Greene County law enforcement officers. Besides the Dug Hill, Arkansas, area, the Kollenborns lived in Joplin and Springfield, Missouri as well as Oberlin, Kansas during the 1930s.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On March 26th, almost exactly nine months after their wedding, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Esther (Nelson) Shannon welcomed a new member into the household--a son they named William Frederick Shannon, for his paternal grandfather. Theodore was now a pop at thirty; Esther was twenty. They were living at Pigeon Point at the time of William's birth, but moved the next month to Crannell (both Pop and Esther lived only in California their life-long, so all place names mentioned in connection with their domiciles refer to the Golden State).

Theodore and Esther married and had their first four children during the great depression--William ("Bill") in 1932, Laura in 1933, Theodore Russell in 1934, and Gertrude ("Trudy") in 1936. Their "baby," Carleton, was born in 1940, in the "time-out year" between the Depression, which ended in 1939, and 19141, when American got embroiled in World War II. As far as the U.S. was concerned, anyway, 1940 gave a bit of a respite between disasters. For other nations around the globe, it was a different story: for many of them, the war had been raging since 1939.

Theodore bought the old homestead from his father this year, who had been gone from Trinity for thirteen years at this point.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Partly as a response to the ongoing economic depression, socialism was a strong movement in America in the 1930s. Tempers often flared on both sides of the idealogical aisle, between capitalists and socialists. As an example of the temper of the times, a December 7th, 1932 *San Francisco Examiner* headline read "Minute Men to Fight Reds at Vacaville."

World War I veterans had been promised a bonus to be paid in 1945. In the midst of the depression, a large group of them (called "Bonus Marchers") converged on Washington, D.C., demanding immediate disbursement of the funds. Instead of an early retirement of the debt, they got a brutal eviction. General Douglas MacArthur led a contingent of soldiers burned the marchers' camp and drove them forcibly from the city. Also among the soldiers with MacArthur were his aide Dwight Eisenhower and future General/then Major George S. Patton, Jr.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On May 20th, aviatrix Amelia Earhart made her first solo flight. She would ascend to greater heights yet before disappearing over the Pacific ocean on July 2nd, 1937.

1933

Hitler and a New Deal

"Our people must first of all be liberated from the hopeless confusion of internationalism, and be deliberately and systematically trained in fanatical nationalism." – Adolf Hitler

"…let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance." – Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1933

"You gain strength, courage and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face. You are able to say to yourself, I lived through this horror. I can take the next thing that comes along. … You must do the thing you think you cannot do." – Eleanor Roosevelt

"You must do the thing you fear." – Ralph Waldo Emerson

- Hitler becomes Chancellor of Germany
- David A Kollenborn born
- Laura Elaine Shannon born
- Prohibition is Repealed
- FDR's "New Deal"

Construction of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge began January 5th. By May of 1937 it would be complete.

Less than a month after work on the Golden Gate Bridge began, on January 30th, Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of economically ravaged Germany. Before The Great War, a Deutsch Mark was worth the equivalent of approximately twenty-five cents. By 1929, it took three hundred *million* Marks to equal the value of *one* U.S. dollar.

Soon after Hitler's rise to power in Germany, Franklin Delano Roosevelt would begin his first term of office in the White House. Both men would play huge roles, not only in their own countries' economies, but also in world affairs for the next baker's dozen of years, and die within a few months of each other.

As Hitler would change the face of Germany, Roosevelt's influence in the United States would also be far-reaching. Facing off against each other in the last years of the 1930s and the first half of the 1940s, FDR would outmaneuver the "Fuehrer."

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Albert and Alice Kollenborn became parents for the first time on March 7th. Albert was twenty-six; Alice was twenty-two. David A Kollenborn was born in Oberlin, Kansas, in the northwestern part of the Sunflower State, near the Nebraska border and only 109 miles west of the geographic center of the 48 contiguous United States (which is located near Lebanon, Kansas). The "A" given David as a middle name stood for nothing. This idea was not unique to Albert and Alice; many babies, especially in the South, are given "standalone" single-letter middle names. It's possible that it was an indirect way of naming David for both and neither of his parents simultaneously, as both of their first names began with "A." At any rate, the parents rejected the tradition of naming their first son after family members—there was no David in either Albert or Alice's family. In fact, of the six children they would have, only two were given the same name as family members: Rosie Lee and Benjamin Lee (and Rosie Lee's name was informally changed to Alice Rosalie).

Early on in their marriage, the Kollenborns worked in the fields picking fruit. This was a common occupation in that area at that time. Many from the AMOK states were relocating to California, where there were reports of much work and big wages working the crop harvests. Albert and Alice would resist the lure of California for another decade and a half, though.

Alice would lay David down in the shade under a tree when he was a baby, and go about her work in the fields with Albert. When David got older, Alice would tie him with a length of rope to a tree or pole while she worked. Eventually David apparently became too old to cope well with this sort of treatment—but not old enough to help in the fields. And so, for a time David lived with the Logstons, his aunt and uncle (Alice's sister and brother-in-law) in Benton County. David no doubt spent a lot of time with his paternal grandparents at that time, too, as the Branstuders also lived in the area and were good friends of the Logstons.

David remembered those early years with his grandparents, apparently, as he attended Lizzie Branstuder's funeral in Arkansas in 1959, and possibly Jim's there also, in 1970.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Meanwhile, back at "The Ranch," that is to say the Shannon ranch in Trinity County, Esther Shannon gave birth to she and Theodore's first daughter, Laura Elaine, on April 14th. The baby girl was apparently named for Esther's mother Emma Laura (Silva) Nelson.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The "noble experiment," as it was called, Prohibition--which had backfired on its anti-alcohol backers and proven to be such a boon to gangsters who had taken over the liquor trade--was laid to rest this year. The 21st Constitutional amendment canceled out the 18th amendment of 1919 which had made consumption, production, and trading in alcohol a crime.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In contrast to Hoover's laissez faire approach to solving the nation's financial and social troubles, Franklin Delano Roosevelt took bold and decisive steps to jumpstart the moribund economy. No less dynamic and dramatic a man than his distant relative Theodore Roosevelt had been, FDR gradually introduced a compendium of programs he termed a "New Deal."

Among the elements of this multi-faceted "New Deal" were many public works programs. Some of these were the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps), which put hundreds of thousands to work planting trees, blazing trails, and building roads and campgrounds; the WPA (Works Progress Administration), which created jobs for millions of Americans in a variety of jobs ranging from additions to the country's infrastructure, such as the building of highways, bridges, tunnels, and dams, to artistic projects such as the painting of murals and recording of oral histories; the Federal Writer's Project, which wrote the "American Guide" series covering each individual state in detail; and the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority), which, besides providing many jobs, provided water power in—you probably guessed it—the Tennessee River Valley.

In addition to those things, FDR also introduced revolutionary ideas which are now taken for granted and are represented by everyday acronyms such as SEC (the Securities and Exchange Commission), to oversee the stock market, and FDIC (Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation), which insures bank deposits. Perhaps most significantly to many today, the Social Security Act was also passed as part of the "New Deal" package, establishing old-age pensions as well as unemployment, workers compensation, and welfare benefits.

Branded by many as socialistic, it remains unknown and unknowable whether these maverick maneuvers by the new President opened the door to more and more socialistically-slanted government programs, or whether these simply provided just enough relief to the masses at just the right time so that even more drastic socialistic inroads, even if by means of revolution, were thereby averted.

1934

Daring Young Men

"Never draw unless you intend to shoot." – Theodore Roosevelt

"Remember that every man is a variation of yourself." – William Saroyan

"No man really knows about other human beings. The best he can do is to suppose that they are like himself." – John Steinbeck

"The writer is a spiritual anarchist, as in the depth of his soul every man is.
He is discontented with everything and everybody.
The writer is everybody's best friend and only true enemy - the good and great enemy.
He neither walks with the multitude nor cheers with them.
The writer who is a writer is a rebel who never stops." – William Saroyan

- Bad year for Gangsters
- Shirley Temple displaces Mae West
- Theodore Russell Shannon born
- William Saroyan's *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*
- General Strike in San Francisco
- Lindbergh Baby Kidnapped
- Last Seminole Holdouts Sign Treaties
- Indian Reorganization Act
- FBI Formed

Being a gangster in 1934 wasn't all it was cracked up to be, or all it had been during the prohibition years, which lasted from 1920-1933. With organized crime and smalltime scofflaws no longer cornering the market on liquor--which people will consume in good times and bad, in sickness and in health, whether legal or not (some contrarians probably taking to it during the prohibition out of curiosity or because of the excitement of engaging in something previously mundane but now thrilling due to its illegality)--the big names of the underworld were scrambling to find other ways of earning a dishonest buck.

The curtain seemed to be drawing closed on the gangster era this year. Al Capone was already in jail, nabbed for income tax evasion. Bonnie Parker and Clyde Champion Darrow were killed by FBI agents May 23rd in Sailes, Louisiana. Also killed in separate incidents this year were anti-heroes Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Lester J. Gillis ("Baby Face Nelson"), and John Dillinger.

Many of these outlaw gunman happened to be from the Midwestern states--"Pretty Boy" Floyd was from Oklahoma, Bonnie & Clyde from Texas, Dillinger from Indiana, and the Barkers from Missouri. Perhaps they were drawn to crime partially due to the lack of economic opportunity in their respective areas at the time. The farming areas from which these gangsters hailed were especially hard hit, with the double whammy of the

economic depression and the dust bowl. This is not an excuse for their actions (the vast majority of people not following suit), but may have provided a nudge in that direction or provided them with a convenient “rationalization” for their misdeeds.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

While the nation’s police forces were cleaning up some of the vestiges of the “Roaring 20s,” the American populace chose a return to less suggestive entertainment, at least among the mainstream movie stars. Mae West had been number one at the box office, but beginning this year, she began to be replaced, or displaced, by the likes of Shirley Temple, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the Marx Brothers, and Laurel and Hardy.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In Hydesville, California, on September 3rd, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and Esther Shannon had another son. They were apparently still living in Korbel, where they had moved in May. Official records state Junior was born in nearby Eureka, but in her “biographical sketch” (see Appendix III), Esther states that Theodore was born in Hydesville.

Pop and Esther’s first son William had been named for its paternal grandfather; this boy, Theodore Russell Shannon, was named for its own father. To avoid confusion, from here on we will refer to Theodore Roosevelt Shannon as “Pop” (which he was called by family, friend, and probably--if this gregarious and easy-going man had any--foe alike).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

When this third child of Pop and Esther’s was born, Upton Sinclair (author of “The Jungle,” which had prompted the *Meat Inspection Act* and the *Pure Food & Drug Act*) was running for Governor of California on the Democratic ticket.

Sinclair was actually a socialist, but “converted” to the Democratic party so as to stand a better chance in his bid for the state’s preeminent political post. His campaign slogan was EPIC (End Poverty In California). The near-fascist Republican incumbent, James "Sunny Jim" Rolph, was beaten by Frank Merriam, who won the vote on November 6th by a 5:4 margin over Sinclair. Merriam garnered 1.1 million votes; Sinclair received 880,000.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Armenian-American William Saroyan, who is today possibly the most neglected of important California novelists, burst onto the literary scene this year with a collection of stories, including “The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze.” What John Steinbeck was to the Salinas and Monterey area, Saroyan was to the Fresno environs. Two of Saroyan's novels were made into movies, namely *The Time of Your Life* and *The Human Comedy*.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The 1930s were a time of great unrest in the labor market. 1934 saw a massive San Francisco longshoreman strike, followed by a general strike in that city.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

It has been said that “It’s lonely at the top." Fame *can* exact a heavy toll. Sometimes the price paid is not worth the accolades and the material benefits. Charles Lindbergh and his wife learned this vicious lesson the hardest way imaginable. “Lucky Lindy” had been at the top of the world since 1927, when he made the first solo Transatlantic flight. This year, though, the lives of Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh were shattered. Their baby was kidnapped and killed.

Although asserting his innocence to the end, Bruno Hauptmann, a German immigrant, arrested six months after the misdeed, was eventually convicted of the crime and executed.

The Hearst newspaper syndicate, known for its yellow journalism, knew a sensational story when they saw one. They first persuaded Bruno’s wife to fire their original lawyer, who was convinced of Hauptmann’s innocence, and paid for a replacement lawyer, who was an incompetent alcoholic. A nice gesture on the part of the newspaper? Hardly. With their man in place, they were assured exclusive scoops to sell papers. An apparent snow job suppressed evidence of Hauptmann’s guiltlessness in the matter, while “proof” against him was manufactured and bought.

There is probably nobody alive today who can say for a certainty whether Bruno Hauptmann was guilty or innocent. But whether Hauptmann was the guilty party or not, the text of a ransom note the Lindberghs had received--purportedly from him--raises some questions. The diction and spelling used in the letter seem almost like a parody of an evil and rather dull-witted German. Here is the letter:

Dear Sir. We have warned you note to make anyding public also notify the police now you have to take consequences—means we will have to holt the baby until everyding is quite. We can note make any appointment just now. We know very well what it means to us. It is (is it) realy necessary to make a world affair out of this, or to get your baby back as soon as possible to settle those affair in a quick way will be better for both—don’t by afraid about the baby—keeping care of us day and night. We also will feed him according to the diet.

We are interested to send him back in gut health. And ransom was made aus for 50000 $ but now we have to take another person to it and probably have to keep the baby for a longer time as we expected. So the amount will be 70000 20000 in 50 $ bills 25000 $ in 20$ bill 150000 $ in 10$ bills and 10000 in 5$ bills Don’t mark any bills or take them from one serial nomer. We will form you latter were to deliver the money. But we will

note do so until the Police is out of the cace and the pappers are qute. The kidnapping we prepared in years so we are prepared for everyding.

Rather than appearing genuine, this reads more like a letter written by someone who knows a little German and wants the reader to *think* he is a native German-speaker having difficulty writing in English. For example, the letter writer uses “anyding” for “anything” (phonetic spelling of approximately how the word would be pronounced by a German; “gut” for good, which is the German equivalent; and “made aus” for “made out” (“aus” is German for “out"). This all seems reasonable enough, but anyone knowing even just a smidgen of German would be able to come up with these type of affectations.

On the other hand, some of the other words used are suspect. As an example, the use of “nomer” instead of number or the corresponding German word Nummer. Why would the writer of the letter use such a construct? The German word is pronounced “NEW mer,” and so you would think if he were to misspell the English word "number," it would be as “numer," not “nomer."

Note also the word “note," used for “not." This is odd, because the German language, which is very consistent and precise in pronunciation, does not normally add silent letters to the end of words. The word “note” would be pronounced “No TAY” in German. Why would a genuine German spell it that way? It doesn’t seem to hold water.

And then there’s the case of the word “case” spelled “cace." The letter “c” is not used in German to reproduce an "s" sound, as it often is in English. The only possible exception to this is when it is used between the letters “s” and “h," such as in “Schmidt." The letter “K” is always used for a “hard c” sound, and “s” is always used for a “soft c” sound. So it seems bizarre that a German would spell case “cace”; “kase” would be a much more likely misspelling.

Also, the spelling of the word “papers” as “pappers” doesn’t correspond with German spelling or pronunciation. “Pappers” would be pronounced “poppers” in German; a phonetic spelling of “papers” would be spelled “pepers” or perhaps “pehpers," not “pappers." A similar argument could be made for spelling “later” as “latter."

Another (intentional?) misspelling which seems fishy is “quite” and “qute” for “quiet”; again, it seems strange that a German would add a silent letter (“e”) to a word. It would be more likely that he would use the German word “still” (meaning “silent”), which has a similar meaning in English and could have been used in conversation with an American without causing undue confusion—in other words, using “still” for “quiet” would probably simply sound to an American like slightly odd diction, but would have nevertheless been understood by them.

The last sentence of the letter is especially interesting. It reads, “The kidnapping we prepared in years…." The German equivalent of what would really have probably been written to convey this meaning would have been “auf Jahre," which literally translates as “*on* years,” not “*in* years.”

Strangest of all, the part about the letter that simply does not “ring true,” is that the sentence structure is that of a native speaker of English. If Hauptmann really struggled with the English language as much as the diction and spelling would lead us to believe, why was the sentence structure he used so English-like, and un-German-like?

Nevertheless, all that having been said, there are two elements of the letter which *do* seem “genuine”—they are either that, or display a “job well done” on the part of the forger of the letter: First, the use of the word “also,” which is a “false friend” between the German and English languages. A "false friend" is a word used in two languages (and pronounced similarly or the same), but which has different meanings. In German, “also” means “thus” or “therefore." In the letter’s first sentence, it states “We have warned you note to make anyding public also notify the police now you have to take consequences…” This could be understood with the meaning of the English word “also," but makes more sense considering the German meaning. A very clever forgery, or an indication that it really was someone who knew German well who penned the missive?

Also arguing *for* genuineness is the phrase at the end of the letter, where it states that they will feed the baby “according to the diet.” This sounds clumsy in English, but natural in its German equivalent. A German would say in this instance “nach dem Speiseplan” which, literally translated, *is* “according to the diet.”

Based on the contents of the letter alone (disregarding any other evidences establishing guilt or innocence), I can only say that while I don’t know who kidnapped and killed the Lindbergh baby--or why--I am not convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that it was Bruno Hauptmann.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Seminole Indians, who had claimed Osceola as one of their forebears and inspirations, fiercely fought against deportation during the Indian Removals of the 1800s, retreating into the inhospitable swamps of Florida--where no salaried man dare follow. The last of the Seminole holdouts didn’t sign a treaty with the United States until this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The so-called “Indian Reorganization Act” was passed this year. Ostensibly, it restored to Indians the right to live and worship in a traditional manner (see the 1890 chapter for details on how these had been taken from them), as well as a certain measure of self-government. This “certain measure” manifested itself in government-sponsored tribal councils. <~~~add more on the Indian Reorganization Act>

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation) was organized this year to combat gangsterism, a social plague that had been fertilized by prohibition and exacerbated by the depression. In years to come, its mission would become much broader in scope

1935

The Cherokee Kid and the King

"Heroing is one of the shortest-lived professions there is." -- Will Rogers

"We were specialized farmers all right; we specialized in survival." -- from "Under a Buttermilk Moon – a Country Memoir" by Roy Webster

- Elvis Presley born Mississippi
- Amelia Earhart First Woman to Solo Across the Pacific
- Will Rogers killed in Plane Crash
- Social Security Law Established
- Statewide Irrigation in California

Elvis Presley was born January 8th in Tupelo, Mississippi. Nothing unusual was noted at the time as respects his pelvis, and he was born without a crown or royal entourage. Eventually he would come to be known, though, as Elvis "The Pelvis"; also as "The King."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Amelia Earhart completed a solo flight across the Pacific four days after the birth of the sharecropper's son, on January 12th. She was the first woman to do so.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert Kollenborn had long been interested in aviation. He built a large model airplane while still a young man in northern Missouri. While living in southwestern Missouri, near the Kansas border, in Joplin, early in his married life, Albert learned to fly. In fact, he claimed to have learned the skill from none other than World War I "ace" Eddie Rickenbacker. Albert progressed to the point where he earned money taking up passengers for short sightseeing flights. His wife Alice never consented to fly with him, though.

Charles Lindbergh doubless caught Albert's attention, as he had everyone else's. Even "powder puff" pilots such as Amelia Earhart and Louise McPhedren Thaden, who was from Benton County, Arkansas, may have proved an inspiration to Albert—or a nudge ("Hey, if a *woman* can do it, *I* can do it"). Albert may have even known Louise personally, living, as he did, in her home county on and off for a number of years.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Flying was not all fun and games, glory and fame, though. In another aviation event this year, well-known wit and movie actor Will Rogers died near Pt. Barrows, Alaska in

an airplane crash on August 15th at the age of fifty-five. The pilot and only other occupant of the plane, fellow Oklahoman Wiley Post, also died in the crash. As Albert Kollenborn was involved in flying himself, and since he had lived in Rogers County, Oklahoma, which was named for Will's father Clem. Will Rogers was doubtless another well-known personage to Albert.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Another piece of FDR's "New Deal" was put into place on August 14th. In the midst of the Great Depression, with many people concerned about their financial future, the Social Security Law was passed. The first benefit was paid less than three years later, on April 27th, 1937.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Southern California doesn't have much water of its own. Just as Hetch Hetchy "had" to be dammed in order to provide water for the San Franciscans, water from the northern and eastern parts of the state began to be diverted this year to Southern California to support the growing monster called Los Angeles.

1936
Knockout

"You might truthfully say there is nothing left of western Kansas." -- Ernie Pyle, 1936

"…many good men are glad to snap at a crust. The rent-taker lives on sweet morsels, but the rent-payer eats a dry crust often with watery eyes, and it is nothing to say what some one of a hundred hath, but what the bulk, body and commonalty hath, which I warrant you is short enough." – from "Mourt's Relation, A Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth"

- Max Schmeling KOs Joe Louis
- Louise McPhedren Thaden wins Transcontinental Air Race
- Gertrude Shannon born
- Lyle Kollenborn born
- Kansas Kollenborns Visit Central California Kollenborns

It lacked great numbers of year-round residents, but the area around the Shannon ranch was a popular vacation spot for many at this time. This year alone, 30,000 families vacationed in the Klamath-Trinity basin in the vicinity of "The Ranch."

In an event which was perceived by many as determining racial supremacy, Max Schmeling gained Boxing's Heavyweight Championship by knocking out Joe Louis in a their June 19th bout. This would not be the end of the matter, though.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Benton County, Arkansas native Louise McPhedren Thaden won the Bendix Transcontinental Air Race this year. She was doubtless a "local hero" to the Benton County Kollenborns and Branstuders—probably most of all to the womenfolk, for whom, before the advent of aviatrixes such as Amelia Earhardt and hometown heroine Louise, such feats may have seemed as unexpected as a Martian invasion.

Alice Green may have even been among the throng that went to the Bella Vista golf course (near the family farm in Dug Hill) seven years previously, in1929, to greet local-girl-makes-good Louise McPhedran as she flew in to a hero's welcome. As the Ozark mountain community--like Trinity County, California--was sparsely populated in those pre-Wal*Mart times, the Green and McPhedren families may well have known each other.

Based on historical documents of the area, Alice was a very common name in Benton County at the time. One of the other Alices in the area was Louise's sister Alice McPhedran, who was four years older than Alice Green.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Pop and Esther's first son had been named for Theodore's father, Will. Their next child, a daughter, had apparently been named for Esther's mother. Their second child had been named for its father. So you might expect that child number four, daughter number two, would be named for its mother. Instead, she was named for her paternal grandmother. Gertrude Irene Shannon was born on June 24th, at Camp Baker, a logging camp. Pop and Esther would have only one more child, and he would be first-named for the pioneer of the California Shannons, Carleton, and middle-named for Pop's brother Kenneth Howard or his brother Howard William, or for both of them.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert and Alice Kollenborn also had a child this year, a son they named Lyle Clem, who was born December 17th. Like David, Lyle was not a family name, nor was Clem. A possible inspiration for their second son's second name may have been the patriarch of Rogers County, Oklahoma, where—as has been mentioned--Albert had lived for a time.

Prior to statehood, the area in Oklahoma where the Branstuders had farmed was known as the Cooweescoowee district of the Cherokee Nation. After statehood, it was dubbed Rogers County in honor of Will Rogers' father Clem, an elder member of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention.

The Albert Kollenborn family was probably living in Oberlin, Kansas, at this time. They were there by February 1937 at the latest, as that is where they were living when Albert applied for social security that month. As Oberlin is located between Omaha, Nebraska (headquarters of Union Pacific Railroad) and Denver, Colorado, and also between Kansas City, Kansas and Denver, which are both important railroad hubs, Albert was doubtless working for the railroad at this time.

Like many young married couples, Albert and Alice had a rough row to hoe at first, working in the fields picking fruit. After at most a few years, Albert had landed a job with the railroad, which was doubtless a big step up for the family financially. However, Alice did not like Albert's frequent absences from home that the job required. Although Albert loved his job as an engineer, Alice persuaded him to give it up so as to be home with the family every night. Perhaps partly due to sentimental reminiscing about her father and childhood, Alice wanted Albert to be a farmer. Albert never cared for that life, though. Working for or with his stepfather Jim Branstuder on farms growing up, he may have developed an aversion to farming. Albert loved transportation machinery, such as trains, planes, and automobiles.

As a compromise between railroading and farming, as a way to be home at night with his family, Albert spent most of his life as a mechanic, working for himself and others in shops both small (such as his own, and that of his brother-in-law "Man" Green) and large (such as Weyerhauser in Coos Bay, Oregon, from whose employ he retired).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert's grandfather James Wesley Kollenborn was at this time in his mid-70s. He may have been unaware of his oldest grandson Albert's whereabouts. He did want to visit his grandchildren who had moved to California, and asked permission of their mother Myrtle to come out from Kansas to do so. Myrtle did not object, and when James came he brought his daughter Nellie, his son George Wesley, and his daughter-in-law Verva. As James was up in years, his son George, who was then forty-three, probably drove them cross-country (or perhaps they came west by train). James' only other son besides Harry, George, had no biological children of his own. Thus, Myrtle's sons were all James had to carry on the Kollenborn name through his line.

Thora Kollenborn, Harry and Myrtle's youngest, recalls that they hadn't heard from any Kollenborns until she was sixteen (1936). Thora remembers her grandfather James as a kind, gentle man. James visited them off and on until his death three years later.

1938

Comebacks, Underdogs, Martians, Super Heros, and Dwarfs

"*Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadow like a gray snake. Now it's another one, and another one, and another one! They look like tentacles to me. I can see the thing's body now. It's large, large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather. But that face, it … Ladies and gentlemen, it's indescribable. I can hardly force myself to keep looking at it, it's so awful. The eyes are black and gleam like a serpent. The mouth is V-shaped with saliva dripping from its rimless lips that seem to quiver and pulsate. The monster or whatever it is can hardly move. It seems weighed down by. … possibly gravity or something. The thing's. … rising up now, and the crowd falls back now. They've seen plenty. This is the most extraordinary experience, ladies and gentlemen. I can't find words…*" -- Quote from "War of the Worlds" radio broadcast

"Whistle While You Work!" – from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

Rosalie, my darling
Rosalie, my dream
Since one night when stars danced above
I'm oh, oh, so much in love
So, Rosalie, have mercy
Rosalie, don't decline
Won't you make my life thrilling
And tell me you're willing
To be mine
Rosalie, mine
-- from the Cole Porter song "Rosalie"

- Rosie Lee Kollenborn born Arkansas
- Juanita Branstuder and her twins die
- 40-Hour Work Week
- Joe Louis Regains Heavyweight Title
- Seabiscuit Wins the DelMar
- *War of the Worlds* is Broadcast
- John Steinbeck Researching Migrant Worker Situation in California

The Buffalo or "Indian head" nickel was retired this year, and replaced by a nickel bearing Thomas Jefferson's image. Jefferson, a promoter of independent farmers and "small" government, was a popular man in primarily agrarian Missouri, as attested by their naming the state capital for him (Jefferson City).

Walt Disney this year released a cartoon movie that was destined to be a classic: *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. A different kind of cartoon burst onto the scene this

year, you might say “with the power of a speeding bullet.” Superman, the Kryptonite-challenged Metropoliton, also made his debut this year.

More than half of the movie “Gold is Where You Find It,” starring Olivia de Havilland, was filmed in Trinity County, and premiered there this year. The Pop Shannon family also moved to that County for the first time this year. In the latter part of the year, they relocate again, to American Tank, near Carlotta (formerly Cuddeback) in neighboring Humboldt County.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Albert Kollenborn family had moved temporarily back to Arkansas from Oberlin, Kansas, probably sometime between May of 1937 and the end of the year. Alice apparently wanted to go back to the family farm so that she could be with her mother during her third pregnancy. Alice may also have felt that her family had already left that part of Kansas once for Arkansas, and never looked back, and felt she was taking a step backwards in going from fertile and hilly northwestern Arkansas to flat Oberlin, which is only sixty miles from her parents’ first homestead in Morland.

As her mother, Alice Gladys Green, had been, Rosie Lee Kollenborn was born at the Green homestead in Dug Hill, outside of Bentonville (where the birth was officially recorded). In fact, the first of three Kollenborn daughters was born in the very same room where Alice had been born twenty-seven years previously. It was common for babies to be born at home at the time, especially in northwestern Arkansas—the first modern hospital didn’t open there until 1942, when one was built in Bentonville, the county seat. In fact, it was just at that time that it had became the norm in the United States--rather than the exception--to be born in a hospital rather than at home.

Rosie Lee was apparently named by her father for his aunt Rosie and for himself and his mother (both of which had two middle names, one of which was Lee in each case). Lee was also the surname of Albert’s maternal great-grandmother. It is also possible, though much less likely, that the “Rosie” was for Albert’s step-grandmother, Rosa (Pennington) Kollenborn, who had married Albert’s grandfather James in 1902. If James and Albert had kept in contact with one another, Albert would have known Rosa, who had died five years prieviously, in 1933.

Despite what it says on her birth certificate, and the logical origins of her name, Rosie Lee grew up instead with the name Alice Rosalie, as if she had been named for her mother. The names her father had given her were combined to form a new middle name. But a Rosie Lee by any other name is still a Rosie Lee.

Or was that really Albert’s intent—to name his daughter Rosie Lee? Although it would seem logical that Rosie Lee was named by her father for his aunt Rosie and for himself and his mother (who both had two middle names, one of which was Lee in each case), Rosie Lee was told by her parents that she was named for the 1937 Cole Porter song “Rosalie,” which was featured in the movie of the same name.

Cole Porter's version of "Rosalie" reached #1 on the charts; later, Horace Heidt's later version reached #6.

Another bone can be picked regarding what is stated on the birth certificate as to location of the birth. It says Bentonville, apparently because that was the closest "city" to the Green family farm in Dug Hill. Back then, Bentonville was a quaint little Ozark mountain village. Now, though, Bentonville is the headquarters for megastore Wal*Mart. As such, Bentonville has expanded into an overgrown, concrete-encrusted mess, looking as if a little bit of Los Angeles had been transplanted to the Ozarks (which by no means is to be viewed as a compliment). Instead of looking out on fertile fields and verdant valleys, the old Green family homestead—if it still stood!—would look out upon a playground of the polyester set, a land-usurping, water-guzzling golf course.

After their daughter's birth, the Kollenborns took up residence in Joplin, Missouri, on the Kansas border, hometown of Harlem Renaissance poet Langston Hughes.

The extended Green family was captured on film this year in Arkansas:

Back row: Georgie Green, Andy Green, Jeanette Green, Rosie Lee Kollenborn, Albert Kollenborn, Alice (Green) Kollenborn, Minah Green (Man's wife), Jeannie Green, Bill Logston, Man Green, Effie (Green) Logston
Front row: Tommy Green, Virginia Belle (Myers) Green, Lyle Kollenborn, David Kollenborn, Evelyn Logston (in chair), Bobby Green, unknown (a friend), Nadine Logston, Jimmy Green (standing in front of Nadine)

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Unfortunately, the other end of the life cycle was played out in the Branstuder family this year. In fact, the Branstuders had to try to cope with three deaths in the family in quick succession. Albert's half-sister Juanita, described as a beautiful girl with dark hair

and naturally red cheeks, got pregnant at the age of seventeen. In due time, Juanita gave birth to twins at the family home in Hiwasse, near Bentonville and Dug Hill. Both twins died shortly after they were born; Juanita, too, possibly too despondent to fight for her own life, also died, shortly after her twins had.

Naturally, the family was devastated. Jim Branstuder, Buck Davidson, and Bill Logston all worked together in Earl Keith's apple orchards and on his ranch, where Keith raised prize bulls. These families, as well as the Greens, socialized constantly. The Greens and Logstons shared the Branstuder's grief and comforted them as best they could in their hour of need.

On hearing of the tragedy, Albert, who was then living in Joplin (formerly named Webb City), went to Arkansas to be with his family and attend the funeral of his sister and nieces. After spending three days there, and before the funeral had actually taken place, Alice called and told him to come home--the neighbor's house had burned down. So, Albert missed the funeral. He would also be unable to attend his mother's funeral twenty-one years later.

Regarding the close ties of the Green and Logston families, it should be noted here that two of the Green girls married Logston brothers: Effie was married to Bill, and Ruth was married to Charles.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In 1919, the eight-hour work day had become the norm. This year, the forty-hour work week gained the same status. These figures became the standard length of time to work, and from then on those who exceeded them in a day and/or in a week were customarily paid overtime.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In a rematch of the 1936 bout, Joe Louis regained the Heavyweight Boxing Title on June 22nd by defeating the man who had bested him two years prior, the great white hope Aryan muscleman Max Schmeling.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The underdog (underhorse?) Seabiscuit won the DelMar race in southern California this year, although the big blueblood Eastern horse Ligaroti was favored to win.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Well, you can go to the well once too often, even when it's a job well done. In fact, Orson Welles' radio version of H.G. Wells' story *The War of the Worlds* was apparently *too well* done, or at least too realistically portrayed. The story of a Martian invasion of the earth was presented in such an authentic manner--as if the events were actually happening

and being reported live by radio newscasters--that many listeners actually believed that Martians had arrived on earth and were attacking the planet.

Before we accuse Welles of being callous, cruel or irresponsible, though, note that there were not one, not two, not three, but *four* explanatory announcements before, during, and after the broadcast explaining its true nature.

Besides this controversial sensation, Orson Welles also became famous as an actor and perhaps most of all as a producer, especially of the movie *Citizen Kane,* which portrayed, it was supposed, yellow journalism magnate William Randolph Hearst.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Steinbeck, who would write a series of articles on the situation and then a Pulitzer Prize winning novel, was researching the living conditions of migrant workers moving into California from Dust Bowl states this year. The climactic catastrophe in the midwest was causing 10,000 new settlers per month to pour into California.

Many of the landlords in the states most heavily affected by the Dust Bowl were very similar to the landlords in Ireland during the potato famine. That is to say, they heartlessly evicted their tenants, although these people, in most cases, were doing the best they could to pay their rent but were simply unable to do so.

1939

The Silence of the Centuries

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
...
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
...
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?
...
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes
-- from "The Man with a Hoe" by Edwin Markham

Well I was born in a small town
And I can breathe in a small town
--from the song "Small Town" by John Mellencamp

- James Kollenborn dies
- *Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck
- *Gone with the Wind, Wizard of Oz, Goodbye Mr. Chips,* and *Stagecoach*
- *Batman* debuts
- Automatic Washer and Dryer Invented

The last decade or so of James Kollenborn's life was spent in what was at the time a dry and hot Wichita. An explorer named Caveth Wells said the only place he knew as bitterly hot as Wichita was Cairo, Egypt--and in Cairo they dressed for it.

James Wesley Kollenborn, firstborn son of William and Charlotte (Hilly) Kollenborn, died in Wichita on March 25th. Traditionally, the Kollenborns have rejected big city life. James may have been one of the few exceptions to this. Wichita, the most populous city in Kansas and the closest metropolis to rural Allen County, lies about one hundred twenty miles to the west of Allen County, where James' son Harry lived at the time of his disappearance in 1920 and where his father William lived until his death in 1925.

Still the largest city in Kansas today, Wichita was a thriving city even back then. Although not incoporated until 1870, by 1887 this site of Indian wars and an 1865 treaty signed by Osage Chief Black Kettle was the fastest-growing city in the nation. By the Turn of the Century it was the most industrialized city in Kansas

Wichita was in the 1930s a railroad center and airplane mecca. Walter Beach and Clyde Cessna both lived there and operated their aircraft companies in the city. Other household names with headquarters in Wichita include fast food franchise White Caste, camping equipment supplier Coleman, and pasta purveyor Pizza Hut. Wichita was also the hometown of sometimes-lawman Wyatt Earp.

Cattle was also big business in Wichita. With his farming background, this may have been the industry in which James was involved. It's possible that he and his grandson Albert had seen each other in the stockyards when Albert was working for the railroad out of Oberlin.

Although later joining his grandfather William in Allen County, the 1910 census pinpointed Harry Kollenborn, twenty-two years old that year, as living in Prospect, Kansas, on the outskirts of Wichita. So it seems that Kollenborns had lived in and around Wichita, off and on, for around thirty years at the time of James' death.

James, like his father William, was buried in rural Allen County. William was buried in Moran, and James seven miles away in La Harpe, where his second wife Rosa Pennington was also buried in 1933. Both of these towns are near the Allen County town of Carlyle where the Harry Kollenborn family lived in 1920 (Harry and Myrtle were both residents of La Harpe when they got married). The *Wichita Eagle* carried James' obituary on March 27th:

SHORT ILLNESS FATAL – James W. Kollenborn, 76, 5148 N. Broadway, died late Saturday in a local hospital following a short illness. He was a retired farmer and had lived in and near Wichita most of his life.

He was a member of the Baptist church.

Survivors include two daughters, Mrs. Mary Bryant, Mullen, Idaho, and Mrs. Nellie Widner, Chloride, Ariz.; two sons, Mitchell, Wichita, and George, Coolidge, Ariz.; three sisters, Mrs. Olive Hathaway, San Antonio, Tex., and Mrs. Lillie Ball and Miss Lottie Kollenborn, both of Clovis, N.M., and two brothers, R.L. and Charles, both of Genesee, Idaho.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later by Downing mortuary. Burial will be in the cemetery at La Harpe, Kan.

We glean from the list of survivors that all of James' surviving children except for Mitchell had gone West: Mary to Idaho, Nellie and George to Arizona (Harry had apparently died 1920, and Vantia or LaVantia around 1922). All of James' siblings had also headed west--for Texas, New Mexico, and Idaho.

The obituary does not mention any of James' grandchildren. One of them, Albert Kollenborn, was residing at this time just across the state line in Joplin, Missouri—less than two hundred miles from Wichita. Being out of touch with that part of the family, Albert was probably not informed of his grandfather's death.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The novel which chronicles the plight of the "Okies" and "Arkies" coming to work the crops in California during the "Dust Bowl" and Great Depression era, *The Grapes of Wrath,* for which John Steinbeck would win the Pulitzer Prize, was published this year.

One quarter of the work force lost their jobs during the "Great Depression." Many who kept their jobs were forced to accept drastic pay cuts. Thousands of banks failed, whereupon the life savings of many families vanished. People in such desperate straits yearn for an escape, albeit a temporary one, from their worries and misery. Hollywood provided a measure of such. Movie ticket prices were low enough that sixty percent of the populace watched at least one movie per week.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Many movies destined to become classics reached the theaters this year: *Gone with the Wind,* the story of Reconstruction in the South, starring Clark Gable and Vivian Leigh; *The Wizard of Oz*, starring Judy Garland; western director extraordinaire John Ford's *Stagecoach*, starring John Wayne; and *Goodby, Mr. Chips*, from James Hilton's novel of the same title.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

DC Comics followed up on it success of the previous year with the man of steel who landed in a grain field in Illinois with the debut of *Batman*. Although he played second fiddle to Superman in terms of popularity for decades, the tables would eventually turn: based on the popularity of the *Batman* movies of the last few years, the cave-dwelling, butler-employing, ward-raising wannabe rodent has catapulted into a position even higher than the "Man of Steel."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first safe and practical automatic washer and dryer came into existence this year. Washday drudgery, although still with us, is not nearly as strenuous or time-consuming as it had been before.

1940

A Horse , a Cat, a Time-Out, and a Magic Valley

"I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again; your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." – Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1940, after asking Congress for $4.8 billion for defense

"We have furnished the British great material support and we will furnish far more in the future." – Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1940

"*What's up, doc?*" – Bugs Bunny

- U.S. Prepares for War
- Carleton Shannon born California
- Kollenborns move to Idaho

One third of American farms have electricity. Those that do can watch Bugs Bunny on television *in color* (both of which--the "wascally wabbit" and color television--made their debut this year).

The feel-good story for all underdog backers continued this year, as Seabiscuit won another important race, the Santa Anita Handicap, on March 2nd. Seabiscuit's well-wishers were not the only ones feeling frisky this year, though.

Some have referred to 1940 as a "time-out year" between the Great Depression, which ended in 1939, and America's involvement in World War II, which began in 1941. People could catch their breath, so to speak, as things began to pick up economically. Many had no inkling, however, of what the next year would bring, or how American would eventually be affected.

Preparations were already being made for war, though. Just two weeks after FDR uttered the words quoted above, *The Iola Register* reported, on July 26th:

WASHINGTON, D.C. -- The first peacetime conscription bill in American history was completed today by the Senate military committee for consideration by the Senate early next week.

The Register editorialized on December 31st, 1940, almost a year before the attack on Pearl Harbor:

The president's radio address of Sunday night was unquestionably a historic utterance, outlining as it did a policy of last-ditch support to England which can only mean full American participation in this "war between two worlds" until one or the other falls.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Shannons had a baby in this "time out year." Carleton Howard Shannon was born January 16th to Pop and Esther Shannon. If Carleton had waited another two days to be delivered, he would have made his appearance on his father's thirty-eighth birthday. Whereas Pop's mother gave birth over a span of twenty-seven years, his wife Esther gave birth to all five of her children in less than eight years. Length of time between her children grew steadily longer: thirteen months passed between Bill and Laura; eighteen months went by between Laura and Theodore Jr.; twenty-one months between Theodore Jr. and Trudy; and a doubling of that (forty-two months, or three and a half years) between Trudy and this last child, Carleton.

Carleton was a family name. It was the maiden name of Robert Shannon's mother-in-law. It was also the name of one of the baby's great uncles. Like C.J., this Carlton Shannon is also known by a nickname: "Cat."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Albert Kollenborn family moved to Idaho this year. Why, of all places, did they move to the pork chop-shaped state of Idaho? It had been talked up by a relative who had moved there from Oklahoma. Charles and Bill Logston's sister Grace and her husband George Cottrell returned to Arkansas from their new home in southern Idaho for a visit.

The Cottrells were able to convince the Green girls, in particular, that Idaho was great farm country, and that they could make a better life for themselves there than in Arkansas. The "sagebrush," as the desert-y part of southern Idaho was called, once irrigated, had indeed proven to be a very fertile crop-growing region. In fact, by the late 1930s, south-central ID was known as "Magic Valley." This was an apt sobriquet for the area not only because of the transformation that irrigation had brought but also because of the great change wrought by the promotional pamphlets that had drawn many into the area.

Idaho may very well be the least thought of and most misunderstood State in the Union. Not "least thought of" in that people *necessarily* consider it the "worst" state, but least thought of in the literal sense: people just don't seem to think much about Idaho, and what they think they know about it is often wrong. For one thing, Idaho is not Iowa. Idaho is in the northwest, bordering Washington and Oregon on the west, Utah on the south, and Montana on the east. They *do* grow potatoes there, yes, but Idaho is not one giant potato patch.

When the Kollenborns lived there, Idaho's spuds played second fiddle to those of Maine. It wasn't until the late 1950s (thanks in part to chain fast food restaurants and their ubiquitous french fries, as we shall see) that Idaho became the nation's #1 potato pantry.

Idaho's reputation for its "famous potatoes" (which is the motto on the license plate) began near where the Kollenborns lived. Idaho's "potato king," J.R. Simplot, started in the business by renting a quarter section of land (160 acres) near Burley (one of the small

towns in which the Kollenborns lived). Today the Simplot Company supplies McDonalds with more than half of its French fries. This was a better business than just filling a demand—a demand was actually created, as per capita consumpiton of french fries grew sevenfold from 1960 to1984--from two pounds per year to fourteen.

The Kollenborns resided in two counties and three towns in southern Idaho: Rupert, which is in Minidoka County, and Burley and Declo, which are in Cassia County.

This area may have reminded Albert, in a way, of Carroll and Chariton Counties in northern Missouri. Whereas those counties are bounded by the Missouri River, Cassia and Minidoka are divided by the Snake River. Before the Snake joins the Columbia River in south-central Washington State (aiding and abetting it in its quest to "roll on") this 1,000 mile river slithers its way across southern Idaho. In fact, 570 miles of it is located in Idaho.

The Snake River basin is on the Oregon trail (which originated in Missouri). The Snake River originates just south of Yellowstone Park; as it approaches the Oregon border, it plunges into the continent's deepest gorge--thirty miles in length and up to one half mile in depth.

Although Indian attacks were usually unlikely on the Oregon trail (which the natives called "The Holy Road"), especially prior to the mid-1850s (far more travelers died from other causes than from Indian attacks), there was more danger of such in the Snake River Plain than elsewhere along the trail. In his book *In Mountain Shadows – A History of Idaho,* Carlos A. Schwantes writes, "Only in the mid-1850s, when Indians began to worry about encroachments on their lands, did they become hostile and aggressive."

Idaho, home of the Nez Perce, Coeur d' Alene, and many other tribes, was the last of the fifty states to be entered by EuroAmericans.

The Green girls and their families were by no means the first to come to Idaho from the Ozarks. In 1863, large wagon trains from Missouri and Arkansas brought families desperate to escape the guerilla warfare perpetrated by "bushwhackers," such as Jesse James and his ilk, that was raging in their home states.

The Kollenborns, Logstons, and McCools arrived only a decade after the last of the stagecoaches serving remote communities finally "gave up the ghost." These passed into history as the automobile took over as the prime method of transportation for families relocating to the Western United States.

The area where the Kollenborns, et al, settled was near the point where the California Trail branched off from the Oregon trail. It was the last chance for travelers to change their mind about their ultimate western destination—shall it be sunny California, or green Oregon? The Kollenborns and Logstons would eventually be confronted with that decision here, too, although they stayed in Idaho for most of the 1940s before moving on. The Kollenborns would (at first, anyway), decide on California, whereas the Logstons would opt for Oregon.

Idaho is no insignificant state, at least when its sheer size is taken into consideration. It is as large as the six New England states of Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts--as well as New Jersey, Maryland, and Deleware, to boot--*combined*. Forty percent of Idaho is National Forest, and contains some of the most rugged terrain in the country, such as Ruby Ridge, near the Canadian border, and jagged mountain country in the central part of the state where mail is still delivered by airplane.

In one of those head-shaking trivialities of history, Idaho was almost named Montana, and Colorado was almost named Idaho. Schwantes explains in his book *In Mountain Shadows – A History of Idaho*: "When the U.S. House of Representatives voted to create the new territory, the bill carried the name Montana. In the Senate, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts moved that the name be changed to Idaho beause "Montana is no name at all."

Schwantes continues: "…One of the steamboats that transported gold seekers up the Columbia River was named the *Idaho*. Its owner apparently got the name from a Colorado mining man who said that it meant Gem of the Mountains. Indeed, Colorado had almost been named Idaho, and it was a Coloradan who coined the word Idaho, claiming that it was of Indian derivation. Until research in the late 1950s rediscovered the truth that Idaho was an invented word, several generations of Idahoans had been taught that it came from the Indian words E Dah Hoe and meant Gem of the Mountains."

But enough of that. Let's get back to the Kollenborns, Logstons, and McCools: After hearing the glowing report of the area from the Cottrells, three of the Green women went to work on their husbands. Ruth's husband Charles Logston was the first to of the men to see the wisdom of the move. The Logstons, the senior of the three couples, were then able to persuade Ruth's sister Mary and her husband Marion McCool, as well as Albert and Alice (Green) Kollenborn that the three families should all make the move together.

Belle Green, who loved her Ozark farm, couldn't bear the thought of losing so many of her children, as well as grandchildren, but was forced to reconcile herself to the idea when her girls proved intractable in their desire to build a new life in the West. Belle couldn't understand the decision her girls had made. Though they didn't tell her at the time, her daughters later admitted that a key factor in their decision to leave the Ozark mountain community was that they didn't want their children to end up marrying their own cousins--apparently a common occurrence in that area in those times of sparse population and relative isolation and insulation.

Moving with relatives to a new area was nothing new for the Kollenborn clan. Albert's grandparents had moved together with the Hilly family from Jersey County, Illinois, to Jasper County, Missouri about a century before. Like the Greens and Logstons, two Kollenborns married two Hillys. William Kollenborn married Charlotte Hilly, while J.J. Kollenborn married Nancy Hilly. J.J. was probably William's brother, and Nancy was probably Charlotte's sister.

Whether it was wanderlust, a quest for a better life, concern over the health of their grandchildren, or a combination of these considerations, the Kollenborns, Logstons, and McCools all packed up and headed fifteen hundred miles northwest.

Despite the stated attraction of the area, Albert had an aversion to farming, which was perhaps due at least partly due to his Dust Bowl farming experiences in Oklahoma or the hard times he experienced in Missouri following the great flood of 1927. Since it wasn't "in his blood," Albert only grudgingly and sporadically farmed, and only then because Alice always wanted him to.

It is ironic when you consider his birthplace, but Albert Kollenborn, along with the rest of his family, attended the Mormon church while living in Idaho. Actually, it was the only church in town (the towns of Rupert, Burley, and Declo were all close to the Utah border). You may recall the reason for the irony from the 1907 chapter: DeWitt, Missouri, where Albert was born, had forcibly driven out the Mormons when they attempted to form a community there. Albert did not attend the Mormon church long, however. After trying and failing to rid himself of the tobacco habit, he quit attending the church instead.

Albert probably didn't know it, but some Kollenborns had long since migrated to Idaho. For example, Archie Louis (born 1884) and Clarence Roy (born 1885) Kollenborn were both listed in the WWI draft records as living in Canyon, Idaho. And many other Kollenborns can be found in census records in Idaho in decades previous to the Albert Kollenborn family moving there. A Mac Kollenborn from Idaho was an air force pilot in World War II. These Idaho Kollenborns are probably all distant cousins, aunts, and uncles of Albert's.

So just as Albert was near other Kollenborns in the AMOK states, perhaps without knowing it or knowing exactly where they lived, the same was doubtless true in Idaho. There is no indication that he was aware that he had relatives in the area, though.

As for Alice, she wrote faithfully to her sister Effie back in Arkansas. Effie passed Alice's letters on to Albert's mother Lizzie, to whom Alice (and even Albert, apparently) didn't write. Albert's fourth-grade education may have had something to do with his not writing.

Lizzie would cry as she read about her grandchilden that she would never see again. Of course, Alice's mother Belle never saw her grandchildren again, either. The same was true for the *grandchildren*, too—they never got to see their grandparents, on either side. Their loss was perhaps even greater, as the grandparents had *some* of their grandchildren there in Arkansas with them, but the grandchildren in Idaho didn't have but two grandmothers and one (step-) grandfather, and they were all in Arkansas which was, for all practical purposes, as distant as the moon.

The house in which the Kollenborns lived in Declo (where they had moved from Burley) had an attached blacksmith shop, which Albert used as a mechanic shop.

The census data for 1940 will not be made public until 2012.

1941
Infamy

"*Yesterday, December 7, 1941 — a date which will live in infamy — the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked.*" – Franklin Delano Roosevelt

"I never went to war, too young for the First and too old for the Second. The great events of the world have been tragic pageants, not personal involvements." – Ansel Adams

"Time and again, as a reporter covering religious news, I have found church spokesmen resorting to deliberate obfuscations and torturing the truth in an effort to keep the public in the dark about what actually happened in a particular situation." -- United Press International writer Louis Cassels

- Lend/Lease
- Pearl Harbor
- Humboldt College Camouflaged

By 1941, the year of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, both Pop Shannon and Al Kollenborn had enough children (all five of Pop's were already born, the first four of Albert's six had been born) that they were near the bottom of the draft list. Pop had been on the outskirts of eligibility during the previous World War, also—he was sixteen at the conclusion of that war. Albert, being five years younger, was only eleven when WWI ended.

In March, the United States embarked on a program they called lend-lease. This was a way to lend war materials (such as tanks and planes) and other supplies (such as food and services) to any nation whose victory in the war America felt was vital to its own interests. Chief of these recipients of American aid was Britain, but the other allied nations were also rendered aid, including China and Russia. As the war continued, the breadth and depth of the aid expanded—by war's end, 50 billion dollars had been doled out to 38 nations.

The assistance was given to help them in their prosecution of their war against Germany and the rest of the Axis powers. A large minority, if not an outright majority, of Americans still opposed direct involvement in the war. As time passed, though, it became more and more obvious which way the wind was blowing in Washington, D.C.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

At 7:55 on Sunday morning, December 7th, 181 carrier-based Japanese planes attacked Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. Practically the entire U.S. Pacific fleet—ninety-four warships—was wiped out, along with almost four hundred warplanes. The fires ignited

by the massive attack took two weeks to put out. The death toll amounted to 2,403 sailors and soldiers killed. It was no picnic for the survivors, either: 300 sailors were trapped in the hull of the *West Virginia* for eighteen days before they were finally rescued after the fires had been extinguished.

According to his daughter Laura (six years old at the time), Pop "melted" to the floor out of shock and distress on hearing the news about Pearl Harbor. Despite his age (39) and the number of dependents he had (six), Laura says that Pop then attempted to enlist in the service. He was told, though, that he was needed more on the home front, where he continued in the logging business. In September, they had moved again, this time to Camp 3, Ten Mile Camp. The children attended school at Camp 2.

There are many conspiracy theories regarding the surprise (or was it really a surprise--that is, to *everybody* in America?) attack on Pearl Harbor. You can choose the one you like, or reject them all.

One thing that all would agree on, though, is that the "day that will live in infamy," December 7th, ultimately changed America and the rest of the world. It set into a motion a sequence of events which are still very much on the surface of our national and global consciousness today.

Three days later, Japan invaded the Philippines, concentrating first on the capital, Manila. By the middle of May, they had taken control of all the Philippine Islands. And then, one after the other, Hong Kong, Burma, Java, Singapore, Thailand, Indochina, British Malaya, Sumatra, Borneo, parts of New Guinea, Netherlands East Indies, as well as scores of Pacific islands, fell into Japanese hands. The Asiatic blitzkrieg was not one whit behind its European counterpart.

Meanwhile, in Europe, The German Catholic bishops' conference announced its support for war against the Soviet Union this year. Also, the first mass gassings in Auschwitz concentration camp took place. In 1944, the pope would ask the warring nations to spare Rome.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Following the attack on Pearl Harbor and the declaration of war between the United States and Japan, the Pacific coast became vulnerable to attack from the sea, and all coastal communities were placed on alert, Humboldt County included. Because Arcata, near Eureka in Humboldt County, was visible from the ocean, life in the town changed. Each block had a Civil Defense captain whose responsibility was to check every residence and building for visible light showing during the declared blackout alerts.

Each citizen was responsible for blackening the windows of his residence and business (provided he or she had one, of course). Street lights were turned off for the duration of the mandatory blackout, and automobiles driven after dark were restricted to using just their parking lights. On the hill above the town, Humboldt State College was

officially declared a highly visible target. In response thereto, it was painted a camouflage pattern of olive drab and brown.

Now for the "conspiracy theory" regarding the attack on Pearl Harbor. Well, it's not really a conspiracy theory, necessarily, but a bit of background information to show why the attack on Pearl Harbor should not have been so shocking to *everyone*. It was in actuality the perfect example of a "self-fulfilling prophecy." Isoroku Yamamoto, Admiral of the Japanese Navy, used a *predicted* surprise attack scenario on Pearl Harbor as his blueprint for how to proceed against America.

Kevin Starr has written a series of books that provide an in-depth and interesting coverage of California history. In the one covering the World War II period, *Embattled Dreams – California in War and Peace*, he writes of two war prognosticators who unwittingly gave the Japanese the idea for their attack on Pearl Harbor:

Brilliant in his depictions of the land war in California, Homer Lea was rather sketchy when it came to details of the Japanese naval strategy in the Pacific. This scenario was left for Hector Bywater, an English civilian naval intelligence specialist based in London. In 1925, in his book Sea Power in the Pacific: A Study of the American-Japanese Naval Problem*, Bywater outlined a complete naval strategy for Japan in the Pacific in the event of a war with the United States. Almost matter-of-factly, Bywater suggested that the war would begin with a surprise attack by Japan on Pearl Harbor. For the United States to contain Japan in the Pacific, Bywater wrote, it would have to establish a naval base and fleet in the Philippines, with secondary bases at Midway and Wake islands. As matters stood, the Philippines presented the United States with its only foothold in the Far East in its only base of operations for a blockade against Japan. Although he doubted Homer Lea's contention that the Japanese could launch a major assault on the Pacific Coast, Bywater's Pearl Harbor scenario greatly impressed a young Harvard-trained Japanese naval captain, Isoroku Yamamoto, then serving as a naval attache in Washington. Yamamoto submitted a detailed report on Bywater's scenario to naval officials in Tokyo and lectured on Bywater's book when he returned to Japan. Fifteen years later, Admiral Yamamoto put many of Bywater's strategies into practice, beginning with an attack on Pearl Harbor.*

The Albert Kollenborn family had relocated to Idaho from Arkansas the year before (the Theodore Shannon family, of course, had never left California). The Kollenborns had not gone to California from the AMOK states during the dust bowl, as many others had. They didn't go during the great migration there in the early 40s to work in the defense industry, either. The Kollenborns doubtless had some acquaintances back in Arkansas who had, though. Once America got directly involved in the war following "Pearl Harbor," many from Benton County moved to California to work in the defensive industry.

1942
Interred

From a distance, you look like my friend
Even though we are at war
– from the song "From a Distance" by J. Gold

"When the Star-bellied children went out to play ball,
could the Plain-bellies join in their game? Not at all!
You could only play ball if your bellies had stars,
and the Plain-bellied children had none upon thars."
– from the story "The Sneeches" by Theodor Geisel (Dr. Seuss)

- Japanese-Americans Interred
- Germany's Attempt to Bribe Mexico Foiled

Many people in California, from the Turn of the Century up to the 1930s, considered an invasion by Japan to be inevitable. The friction between Japanese-Americans and EuroAmericans was not so dissimilar to that between Germans and Jews in Germany during this time period. Many Germans viewed Jews with distrust and jealous animosity due to the perception that the Jewish men were "stealing" all of the most beautiful German girls (Jews in Germany at the time apparently tended to be more affluent than the Aryans and thus—as is often the case in sexual economics—"got the girls").

In California, it was not necessarily so much a case of Japanese men consorting with EuroAmerican females, but rather that they were excelling in business, particularly in agriculture. By 1920, there were more EuroAmericans working for Japanese in California than vice versa. Although many of them had been in America just as long or longer than their EuroAmerican counterparts--many of whom were of German or Italian descent--110,000 of them ended up being incarcerated, or "interred," as it is usually put, during World War II.

Tens of thousands of families were turned out of their homes and businesses and forced to spend the duration of the war in concentration camps throughout the country. It was, ostensibly at any rate, fear that these Japanese-Americans would collaborate with the Japanese military that prompted these violations of their rights. Similar to the "one drop" rule which relegated anyone with any African-American ancestry to a life of slavery in the old South, anyone with as little as one-sixteenth Japanese blood was a candidate to be incarcerated in these camps,.

One of the Japanese internment camps was located in Minidoka County (where the Albert Kollenborn family was living) north of Twin Falls near the town of Hunt. Minidoka County has been described as having hot and dusty summers and frigid winters. Oddly enough, Japanese-Americans already living in Idaho were not relocated to any of these camps. For that reason, some Japanese-Americans from other areas voluntarily

relocated to the state. Doing so saved them from removal to the camps, but not necessarily from prejudice on the part of some of their fellow citizens.

In fact, patriotic fervor and fear of the enemy were at a fever pitch. Such fear was not without reason. The Japanese did not intend their attack on Pearl Harbor to be a singular event, but just the first salvo in a series of attacks on the United States.

After conducting a screening operation off the island of Oahu, Japanese sub commander Kozo Nishino's next assignment was to move with eight other submarines of his squadron to the Pacific Coast of the U.S. They were to disrupt shipping and communication. From off the coast of Washington state, Nishino went south to Cape Mendocino, then proceeded further south to San Francisco. Operating off San Francisco, he sank an American freighter in mid-January. An even more shocking attack followed.

In February of 1942, Commander Nishino received orders to head for the coast of Southern California. From San Diego, he turned north towards Santa Barbara, running submerged by daylight, and cruising on the surface past the lights of the California coast in the evening. On February 23rd, shortly after seven p.m., Nishino stood in the conning tower of his submarine and raised his binoculars to his eyes.

Commander Nishino could have torpedoed this American city at the very moment that FDR was conducting a radio address to the nation. Occurring just two and one half months after the strike on Pearl Harbor, such an attack on a mainland American city whould have instantly earned its place in American history. This would have been the first time since the War of 1812 that a foreign power had directly attacked an American city. The affect it would have had on Americans is easily predictable: increased anger towards and fear of their adversary. The prognostications for a full-scale Japanese attack up and down the coast would have been elevated from a possibility to a probability or even a virtual surety.

In fact, the military was already claiming that the Japanese had been operating in California airspace. The book *Embattled Dreams – California in War and Peace* by Kevin Starr relates:

The day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Brigadier General William Ord Ryan, commanding officer of the 4th Interceptor Command, had confirmed that a large number of unidentified aircraft had approached the Golden Gate in the late hours of 7-8 December but vanished after searchlights from the Presidio of San Francisco flooded the sky. 'They came from the sea,' Ryan was reported to have said, '[and] were turned back, and the Navy has sent out three vessels to find where they came from. I don't know how many planes there were, but there were a large number. They got up to the Golden Gate and then turned about and headed northwest.' General Ryan personally confirmed the sighting to Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco.

In 1989, the Internment Compensation Act was passed. Every surviving Japanese-American internment camp victim received a belated twenty thousand dollars. Some had

lost millions of dollars in property during their internment. Regardless of what they had lost materially, money can not compensate them for the injustice and indignity done.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Japan was not the only potential threat to California. A century after losing California to the United States, Mexico was sent an offer from Germany to receive it back, provided they would join forces with the Axis powers against the United States. And not just California--Germany also promised Mexico the other land in the southwest that she had lost to the United States in the 1840s. However, the communique proposing this scheme was intercepted by U.S. intelligence, and thus did not reach its intended recipient.

Although he already had four children by this time, thirty-five year old Albert Kollenborn wasn't completely assured of not being drafted. It was only this year that men thirty-seven and older were excluded from the draft. In actuality, Albert gave thought to joining the Air Force, but it was probably family responsibilities which in the end prevented him from doing so.

During the war, California needed more workers because so many of its men had joined, or otherwise become a part of, the military. Not only did people from other states flock into California to take relatively high-paying defense industry jobs, but workers from Mexico came also, to work at those jobs which whites no longer wanted. An agreement with Mexico allowed Mexican workers called braceros ("strong-armed ones") to come to California and work the fields.

Many of these braceros and their families would remain in California. And others would continue to come. In the 1960s, leaders such as Cesar Chavez, Dolores Huerta, and Larry Itliong would fight for these farm workers' rights, establishing unions to improve the living and working conditions of the laborers.

1943

A Five-Sided Building and the Family Farm

"I got a letter from the IRS. Apparently I owe them $800. So I sent them a letter back. I said, "If you'll remember, I fastened my return with a paper clip, which according to your very own latest government pentagon spending figures will more than make up for the difference." -- Emo Philips

Green acres is the place for me.
Farm livin' is the life for me.
Land spreadin' out so far and wide
Keep Manhattan, just give me that countryside…
New York is where I'd rather stay.
I get allergic smelling hay.
I just adore a penthouse view.
Dah-ling I love you but give me Park Avenue
--from the song "Green Acres" by Vic Mizzy

- Pentagon Completed
- Green Farm sold

The Pentagon, headquarters of the United States Department of Defense, was completed this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In Dug Hill, Arkansas, Belle (Myers) Green offered the family farm to each of her children, most of whom had moved away to the West. None of them wanted the farm, or *to* farm, for that matter, and so she sold it.

Meanwhile, the Pop Shannon family made one of their many moves back to Trinity County, a place Pop would eventually settle "for good."

1944

Friendly Fire

"…the men thought the place was safe, and they went to sleep and it burned to the ground." – Gertie Shannon

"The hired man, who is no shepherd and to whom the sheep do not belong as his own, beholds the wolf coming and abandons the sheep and flees—and the wolf snatches them and scatters them—because he is a hired man and does not care for the sheep." – John 10:12, 13

- Calvin Coolidge Shannon enlists in the Navy
- Port Chicago Explosion
- Shannon homestead burns
- FDR elected to fourth term

Pop Shannon's little brother Calvin Coolidge Shannon, twenty-two years his junior, joined the Navy on January 19th in Wasco, California, as a Seaman First Class. While overseas, he met and became good friends with his "long lost" cousin Edgar Whetstone (Edgar was the son of Gertie's sister Effie, and was named for Gertie and Effie's brother).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

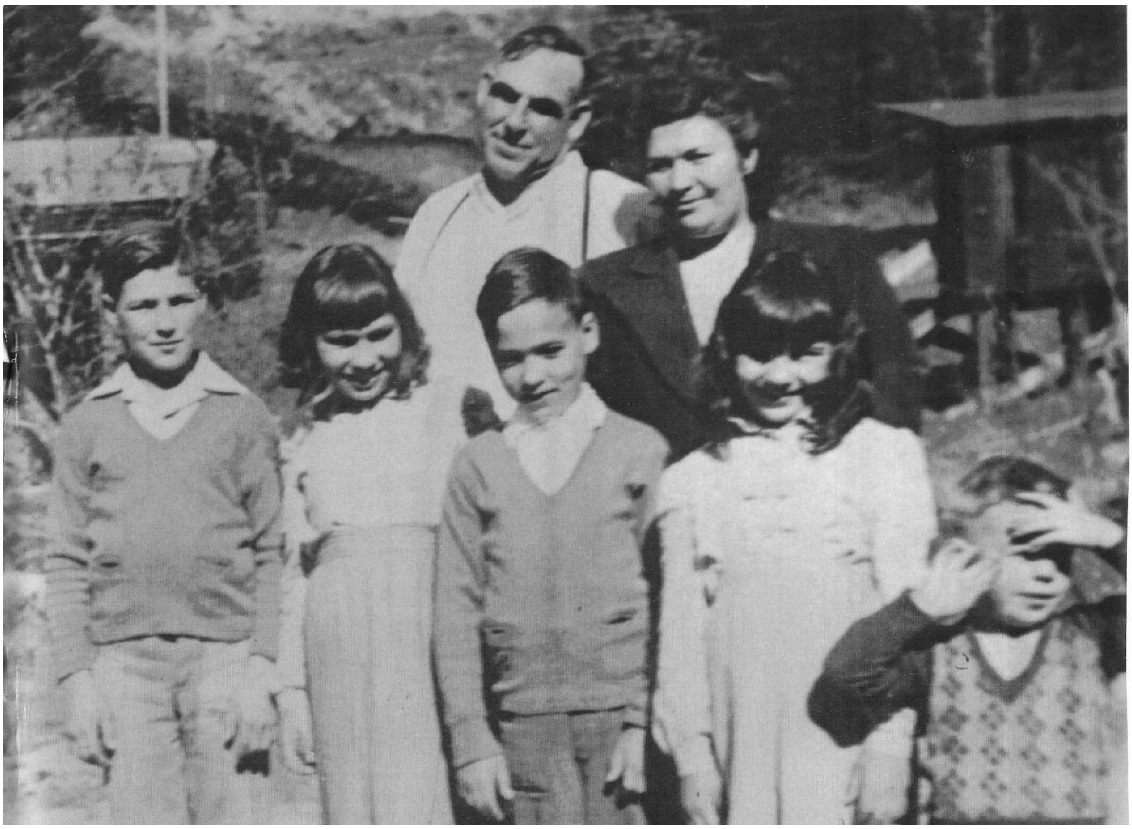
In spite of what may seem obvious, Port Chicago is not in or anywhere near Chicago, Illinois—unless you consider the West Coast and the Great Lakes to be in the same neighborhood. Port Chicago is north of San Francisco. A massive explosion rocked that small town on July 17th of this year. The blast was not the result of an enemy attack, nor was the cause sabotage. Kevin Starr reports on this event in his book *Embattled Dreams, California in War and Peace 1940-1950:*

As the tempo of shipments of ammunition from Port Chicago to the Pacific increased, so did the risks. On the night of Monday, 17 July 1944, shortly after ten o'clock, a horrendous explosion rocked Port Chicago as two Liberty ships, a fire barge, and a loading pier disappeared in a blast that was equivalent to five kilotons of TNT, which is to say, an explosion comparable to that of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima thirteen months later. An Army Air Force crew flying overhead at the time reported a fireball that covered approximately three miles and sent metal fragments nine thousand feet into the air. Three hundred and twenty men--202 of them black enlisted stevedores—lost their lives in an instant.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A fire that didn't make the national news that year was the one that burned down the old Shannon homestead in Trinity County. Gertie Shannon recounted this incident in her memoirs:

Our nearest neighbor was five miles away and this was the post office. We raised six of our children in Trinity Co…three sons still living there. The oldest son, Theodore, still has the old homestead although around 1944 it burned to the ground, and there is hardly a trace of where it stood. Theodore was on the job with his cats, keeping the fire clear of his place when the forest service came over, and asked him to leave his place to help them. He said he couldn't leave and they placed men at his place but the men thought the place was safe, and they went to sleep and it burned to the ground. It is still nonetheless referred to as the old home place.



Theodore Roosevelt Shannon family circa 1944. Back row: Theodore Roosevelt "Pop" and Esther Shannon. Front row: Bill, Laura, Theodore Russell, Trudy, and Carleton

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who had been President throughout the depression and the war, was re-elected to an unprecedented fourth term at the end of the year. Such an unusual showing will also remain unmatched, as Presidential terms are now limited to a maximum of two. FDR would not live to complete his fourth term, though. Taking his place would be Missourian Harry Truman.

1945

Planes vs. Buildings

"You can't say that civilization don't advance, however, for in every war they kill you in a new way." – Will Rogers

"I recall the family sitting so silently as the broadcast was made about the dropping of the atomic bomb. Then the surrender of the Japanese and the sounds of a jubilant nation that World War II had ended." – Trudy Shannon

"I cannot see the war as historians see it. Those clever fellows study all the facts and they see the war as a large thing, one of the biggest events in the legend of the man, something general, involving multitudes. I see it as a large thing too, only I break it into small units of one man at a time, and see it as a large and monstrous thing for each man involved.
I see the war as death in one form or another for men dressed as soldiers, and all the men who survived the war, including myself, I see as men who died with their brothers, dressed as soldiers. There is no such thing as a soldier. I see death as a private event, the destruction of the universe in the brain and in the senses of one man, and I cannot see any man's death as a contributing factor in the success or failure of a military campaign." – William Saroyan

"There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the United Nations—except its members." -- Hugh Caradon, former British ambassador to the UN

- Plane crashes into the Empire State Building
- FDR dies, Hitler commits suicide, Mussolini executed
- Atomic Bombs Dropped on Japan
- World War II Ends
- United Nations Formed

A U.S. military plane, a B-25 bomber, crashed into the Empire State Building (which was, at the time, the tallest building in the world) on July 28th. An air traffic controller at La Guardia airport wanted the pilot to land there due to the heavy fog. The controller informed the pilot that he could not see the top of the Empire State Building. The pilot, on his way to pick up his commanding officer in Newark, wanted to continue the flight anyway, and got permission from the military to do so.

The fog was so thick that the pilot descended to try to regain visibility. Once he saw where he was--right in the middle of Manhatten, surrounded by skyscrapers--he had to make some quick maneuvers. First he avoided one skyscraper, and then another; he tried to pull up and away from the Empire State Building, but was unable to. The ten-ton bomber rammed into the 78th floor at 300 mph.

The plane's high-octane fuel exploded, hurtling flames down the side of the building and through hallways and stairwells all the way down to the 75th floor.

One engine, along with some of the plane's landing gear, tore loose from the bomber and hurtled across the floor, breaking through partitions and firewalls, bursting through the opposite side of the building, finally coming to rest on top of a twelve-story building. The other engine skidded across the floor, and plummeted down the elevator shaft. The engine landed on top of the elevator car, driving the car to the bottom of the shaft, igniting a fire in the basement. Amazingly, the two women who were in the elevator car at the time survived.

Eleven of the office workers were not as fortunate, many of whom burned to death while still sitting at their desks. The three crew members also died, and many people on the ground were injured by falling debris.

It was fortunate that the accident, if it had to occur, did so on a Saturday, when not many people were in the building. It was quite unfortunate, though, that the very floor into which the plane crashed was one of those in which people were working.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died April 12th, shortly after beginning his fourth term as President. His post as President was taken over by Missourian Harry Truman. Within three weeks of FDR's death, Italy's Mussolini and Germany's Hitler were also dead. Not one inclined to subtle measures, Adolf Hitler both poisoned and shot himself on April 30th. And so the man who brought a "New Deal" to America was dead, and the diabolical psychopath who had brought destruction and devastation to Europe was, too. Italy's fascist leader Mussolini was arrested at the end of April. "Il Duce" and his mistress were then lynched. By the end of the year, another key figure in the war, George Patton, would be dead.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On July 16th, an atomic bomb exploded in New Mexico. It was a test. The energy it unleashed was the equivalent of between 15,000 and 20,000 tons of TNT. A telltale sign of its stupendous force was crater over a thousand feet in diameter that the explosion left behind.

This weapon had been three years in the making. The top-secret *Manhattan Project* had been carried out by scientists and militarists in three separate locations: Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Hanford, Washington; and Los Alamos, New Mexico, near where the test took place.

It was too late to use the new super-destructive awesome force on the Germans, who had already capitulated, but Japan was not yet quite down for the count.

Forty-four months after Japan attacked the military installation at Pearl Harbor, and after destroying 60% of Japan's 60 largest cities with conventional bombs, the United States dropped atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima on August 6th and Nagasaki on August 9th. These were the blasts heard 'round the world. Two hundred thousand people were killed as a result of these bombs, many instantly, others as a result of injuries and radiation poisoning. Innumerable others had their lives curtailed as a result of the radiation to which this exposed them, contracting various forms of cancer in the years that followed. Statistics do not tell the whole tale, though. The astronomical degree and extent of the resulting anguish--physical, mental, and emotional--is incalculable.

Statistics do tell some of the story, or at least provide some indication of the immensity of the devastation. The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, bearing the cuddly name "Little Boy," detonated with the force of seventeen thousand tons of dynamite. Thousands died instantly—mercifully—their skin scorched black. The blast tossed trains around as if they were leaves in a storm. Those who died later suffered greatly—the radiation induced nausea, fever, and hemorrhaging. The plutonium bomb, this one dubbed, cutely, "Fat Man," killed tens of thousands more civilians in Nagasaki.

Some argue that the dropping of these bombs was justified, on the basis that they probably saved hundreds of thousands of lives in the long run. Others have suggested, however, that a test explosion over an unpopulated area might have been sufficient to force Japan into surrendering.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Throughout American, the news that the war was finally over caused an outpouring of great emotion. *The Iola Register*, in its issue of August 14th, reported on the reaction of some in that small Kansas town:

IOLANS BREAK LOOSE. The tension created by three years, eight months and seven days of history's cruelest war snapped in Iola at 6 p.m. today. Within a matter of minutes following President Truman's announcement, sirens were screaming and Iola's streets were jammed with pedestrians and cars, and trucks filled with people bent on giving vent to their joy. The scene was not without its touch of sorrow. An older woman was quietly weeping. She had lost three sons in the war. A younger woman was smiling as she fought back her tears, she now awaits her husband who has never seen their 20-month old son. In contrast to those driving furiously around the square, in anticipation of the end of gas rationing, was Cap Newman marching with stately tread, beating a tom-tom from an oil can.

As the hot war was ending, the cold was beginning. The Soviet Union had started the war aligned with the Axis powers, but after Germany turned on and attacked them, they quit that band of cutthroats and formed an uneasy (and temporary) coalition with the Allies. As the war was ending, the Soviet Union and America were maneuvering themselves into positions of power for the post-war world. Probably as a move in this political chess match, hoping to get in on the action and share some of the credit, the

Soviet Union declared war on Japan two days after the bombing of Hiroshima and one day before the bombing of Nagasaki. Japan formally surrendered on September 2nd.

Other nations also jumped on the bandwagon. Not unlike the dog who only begins barking and growling and advancing after the subject of his attention has turned away, in the final months of the war, thirteen countries declared war on Germany.

The shock and awe generated by the atomic bombs that had been expelled from the belly of the Enola Gay crippled Japan not just militarily. Their will to continue fighting was also crushed. The worst war in human history, in terms of lives lost, was finally over. In fact, if keeping score in terms of casualties, World War II was much "greater" than the Great War (World War I). Whereas approximately fourteen million died as a direct result of World War I, an estimated 55-60 million died from World War II.

In September, Pop Shannon's brother Calvin returned from his overseas stint with the navy.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

The United Nations, taking the place of the failed League of Nations, was formed on June 26th in San Francisco. Fifty-one nations became charter members.

The stated intent of the U.N. is to maintain international peace and security. Its charter (among other things) states that:

- Disputes are to be settled peacefully
- Member nations must refrain from the use of force, or even the threat of force, against the sovereignty of any state
- Each member nation is to assist the organization in its actions
- The U.N. shall not intervene in domestic matters within a state, except for enforcement measures

Above and beyond these lofty aims, the U.N. endeavors to solve economic, social, cultural and humanitarians problems as well as promote and encourage respect for human rights.

1946

Here Comes the New Boss…Same as the Old Boss

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself." -- from "Animal Farm" by George Orwell

"ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL, BUT SOME ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS." -- from "Animal Farm" by George Orwell

- George Orwell publishes "Animal Farm"
- Calvin Coolidge Shannon musters out of the Navy

George Orwell's "Animal Farm," an allegorical tale of how revolutionaries, even when justified in their criticism of the current regime, often end up as bad or worse than the regimes they supplant, was released this year.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Calvin Coolidge Shannon was mustered out of the Navy on April 23rd in San Pedro, California. On re-entering civilian life, Calvin purchased an airplane and got engaged to be married, not necessarily in that order either in terms of importance or chronologically.

Calvin's decision to fly, an avocation that was pursued not only by Albert Kollenborn but also by many of the Shannons (Pop's brothers and sons) would prove to be a fateful one for Calvin.

1947

Integration

"A life is not important except in the impact it has on other lives." – Jackie Robinson

"Life is not a spectator sport. If you're going to spend your whole life in the grandstand just watching what goes on, in my opinion you're wasting your life." – Jackie Robinson

"The way I figured it, I was even with baseball and baseball with me. The game had done much for me, and I had done much for it." – Jackie Robinson

"There's not an American in this country free until every one of us is free." – Jackie Robinson

"Segaration...what's segaration?" – a young child speaking in the introduction to Ray Stevens' song "Everything is Beautiful"

- Jackie Robinson Breaks the Color Barrier
- The Truman Doctrine
- Suburbia

Jackie Roosevelt Robinson was a special baseball player. More significantly, and the reason why we remember him so fondly, is that he was a special *person*. Although a standout baseball player, it was not just his considerable skill on the baseball diamond which led to him being asked if he was willing to be the forerunner--or some might say guinea pig or sacrificial lamb--to integrate the Major Leagues. It was determined, or at least hoped, by Brooklyn Dodgers manager Branch Rickey and baseball commissioner Kennesaw Mountain Landis that Jackie could stand up to the extreme duress he would face as the first black athlete in what was at the time an all-white sport.

Rickey and Landis viewed Robinson as having "the right stuff." He was mentally tough. Jackie would be stubborn enough to stick it out, but also exhibit the self-control necessary to refrain from physically retaliating against those who would provoke him. Had he lost his composure, this would have given the bigots an "excuse" to step up their attacks under the guise of "defending themselves."

Jackie agreed to be the man who would go down in history as the one with the courage to pioneer the way for those who would come after him, and the guts to tough it out. To prove to the doubters that he belonged, he fought back, not with his fists, but with his bat (career batting average of .311, on-base percentage of .410); his glove (career fielding average of .983); and his legs (he stole 197 bases in his career and was only thrown out 30 times). During his ten-year career with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Jackie led the league at least once in each of those categories (batting average, on-base percentage, stolen bases, fielding average).

Baseball was very much an integral part of American culture at the time, a central focus of the warp and weave of daily American life. What happened in baseball was bound to affect other aspects of life. An even broader program of integration would become official policy the next year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Fearing Russia taking over other countries, leading to a domino or virus-like effect on the balance of power, President Harry Truman issued what is known as the Truman doctrine. This strategy, which became the basis for America's Cold War behavior, stated: "It must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

After World War II ended, many GIs were home and starting families (their children would be the first members of the "Baby Boomer" generation). The victorious, vibrant, virile returnees needed housing, and the GI Bill provided them with the money they needed. Quickly-built, modestly-priced cookie-cutter homes laid out in planned communities on the outskirts of cities became de rigeur. Levittown, on Long Island, New York, became the first of many such communities.

1948

Better Late Than Never

"'And goin' to California,' she said again. And she knew this was the great time in her life so far." – from "Grapes of Wrath" by John Steinbeck

"Eastward I go only by force, but westward I go free." -- Henry David Thoreau

- The U.S. Armed Forces are Desegregrated
- Kollenborns move to Colusa
- Pop goes home to Trinity

On July 26th, 1849, the U.S. Armed forces took the same step that Major League Baseball had the year before by desegragating its forces.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Kollenborns were always westering. When the William Kollenborn family was living in Illinois, that area, located in what is now the middle of the country, was considered the West. The West as we now view it was then called the Far West. As generations passed, William and Charlotte and their descendants kept up the westward march, at first with baby steps, from Illinois to Missouri, and then from Missouri to Kansas, but eventually would make kangaroo jumps into the states of Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, New Mexico, and finally California.

For several generations, the Kollenborns had resisted the lure of California. Albert and Alice were a little more adventurous. After first circling around the AMOK states, they had leaped all the way across the great Divide, landing in Idaho. But now the Kollenborn family would finally succumb to the draw of the golden state. And they would do so not once, but twice. After their second move to California, Albert would spend the final decade of his life there.

Albert and Alice Kollenborn had moved to Idaho from Arkansas because they had been told that it was a better place to farm and otherwise make a living and a life. After spending most of the 40s there in south-central Idaho, the Kollenborns moved again, this time from Idaho to California.

What brought them to California? Alice's brother James "Man" Green, who had preceded them there, told them that California was a better place to live. "Man" managed "Spanky's Auto Shop," and offered his brother-in-law Albert a job there. After working there for a time, Albert struck out on his own and started his own mechanic shop.

As different as the two states are (for instance, the highest point in Missouri, Mt. Timm, would scarcely qualify as a hill worthy of mention or thought in California), there are many connections binding Albert's birth state and death state to each other. Many of

the historical routes to California started in Missouri. As some examples of these Missouri-California connections, the Pony Express went from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California; the Overland Route started in and around St. Joseph and Independence, Missouri, and terminated in the Sacramento area; and the California Trail began in Independence, Missouri, and ended in San Francisco. Mark Twain's journey went that way, too, as he moved first to Washoe (Nevada) with his Territorial Secretary brother Orion, and then on to California in the 1860s.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

For the last time, Pop Shannon moved back to the ranch he owned in Trinity County, to develop it. He would live there for the rest of his life.

1949

Big Brother, Little Brother

"No mercy, no power but its own controls it. Panting and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider, the masterless ocean overruns the globe." -- from "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

"'Who controls the past', ran the Party slogan, 'controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.'" -- from the book "1984" by George Orwell

- Calvin Coolidge Shannon killed
- George Orwell's *1984*

Calvin Coolidge Shannon, Pop's second youngest brother, twenty-two years his junior and only eight years younger than Pop's oldest son Bill, died in an airplane crash near Westport, California, on the northern coast, on March 10th.

The day following the accident, the *Fort Bragg Advocate* carried his obituary:

Calvin Coolidge Shannon of Westport was killed when his airplane was blown off a runway near the ocean while landing at Union Landing March 10, 1949. The plane was smashed on the rocks and his body carried out to sea to be recovered later. Born in Tulare June 11, 1924 the son of the William Shannons of Orland, Glenn County, he enlisted in the Navy at Wasco, California, January 19, 1944 and served as a Seaman First Class until discharge at San Pedro April 23, 1946. His parents, six brothers and two sisters survived: Theodore of Westport, Kenneth of Carlotta, Howard of Arcata, Robert of Westport, George of Tulare, Gary Shannon of Westport, Mrs. Marian Jenkinson of Redondo Beach and Mrs. Eda Cordy of Lost Hills. The funeral was in Fort Bragg March 14th led by Rev. C.C. Huthnance. Interment was at Rose Memorial.

Actually, Calvin survived the crash itself, but drowned in the ocean. Calvin had one passenger with him in the plane--his brother Bob. Not as badly injured as was Calvin, Bob was able, after searching for Calvin in vain, to fight his way back to shore. All of Calvin's brothers except Tulare mainstay George were living in Humboldt County at the time (Pop, Bob himself, and Gary were residents of Westport; Kenneth was living in Carlotta; and Howard was in Arcata).

Now the Will Shannons had lost three children young—one each to the "old-time" dangers of infant mortality and rattlesnake bite, and one to a relatively newfangled kind of danger (airplane crash).

On hearing of the accident, Calvin's little brother Gary as well as Howard attempted to drive to Will and Gertie's house in Orland (only about one hundred miles east as the crow files but almost twice that far over rural roads at the time) to break the news in

person to their parents so that they wouldn't hear about the accident for the first time on the radio. They were just barely too late, though. Gertie reports:

We soon built a house on our property which Dad made out of adobe. We can plainly recall going to bed one night feeling so warm and so cozy, and Dad was listening to the news before going to sleep when he said that Calvin had been killed. I couldn't believe it as I just received a letter the day before from Belle & she told how Gary and Calvin were having the time of their life. Needlesss to say we didn't sleep much that night. I left the next morning with Gary, Kate, and Howard to spend some time with my son Theodore and his family. Dad wouldn't go because of the way we had to bury Girlie and people thinking more of their fun than her. He never went to another funeral.

The "Belle" mentioned above was Bob's wife, Lena Belle (Blake) Shannon. Like the other Belle in the family, Virginia Belle (Myers) Green, she preferred her middle name to her first name. Bob and Howard also flew, as would Pop's son Bill in later years. In 1963, Gary named a son, Calvin Jeffrey, for his brother.

Although she was not mentioned in the obituary, Calvin's fiance, Jeannie F. Larssen of Westport, was also among those left behind.

As Gertie noted, Will did not attend his son Calvin's funeral. As had Mark Twain, Will had vowed, after the bitter and traumatic experience of burying his young daughter Debra "Girlie" in 1911, to never again attend a funeral. Twain had said, "I will never again watch a loved one be lowered into the ground." Will was no wordsmith, but apparently felt similarly.

Like Idaho, Fort Bragg, California is oft-misunderstood. Whereas mountainous Idaho is sometimes confused with corn and pig-rich Iowa, many confuse this west coast city with an Army base of the same name in North Carolina.

The Fort Bragg in California did begin as a military post, established in 1857. As the one in Noth Carolina, it was named for Braxton Bragg (who was to became a Confederate general in the Civil War). In 1862, F.J. Lippitt, Commander of the Humboldt Military District, suggested a name change to Ft. McRae, but later the same year suggested that the fort be abandoned. The name change didn't take place, and the nearby town was named for the abandoned fort.

Mendocino County, wherein Fort Bragg finds itself--although tending towards fog and dampness--is a very photogenic area. As such, it has appeared in many television shows and movies. A few examples are the cold war comedy *The Russians are Coming* (which was filmed partly in a house in which Pop Shannon lived in Westport); World War II tale *The Summer of '42*; and Jim Carrey's *The Majestic*. Also, the television show *Murder She Wrote*, set supposedly on the opposite coast, as was *The Summer of '42*, was filmed in Mendocino.

Fort Bragg is not the only misunderstood place on the west coast. And Idaho is not the only misrepresented state in the West. California itself is often portrayed in a stylized

caricature reflecting, on the one hand, untruths, and on the other, gross exaggerations, and focusing almost exclusively on Southern California, which is as different from Northern California as New Hampshire is from New Mexico.

California is a surprising place to many. When the uninitiated think of this most varied state, especially those who have never been there, what often comes to mind is smoggy Los Angeles, semi-sleazy Hollywood, seedy San Francisco, and perhaps the tired old jokes about Californication and the "the land of fruits, nuts, and flakes." These prejudiced/misled/misleading/uninformed people would presumably be shocked to see such Counties as those the Shannons and Kollenborns lived in and still live in: Trinity, Humboldt, Mendocino, Tulare, and Calaveras, for example. A tour of Alpine, Inyo, Siskiyou and Modoc Counties (to name just a few) would set such ones straight, too. As is usually the case with much-maligned people, places, and things, there is much more to California than the oversimplified stereoptypes would lead gullible armchair travelers to believe.

California, the jewel of America, always seems to have one more trick up its sleeve, one more secret spirited away.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Following up on the success of his short novel "Animal Farm," Eric Arthur Blair (using the pen name George Orwell) this year published "1984," one of the most influential novels in English literature. Depicting a time when the government monitors and controls all that a person does, even attempting to control how they think and feel, this book brought to the lexicon such phrases as "Big Brother," "The Thought Police," "Newspeak," "Groupthink," and even "Orwellian."

1950

Seoul Food

"I have here in my hand a list of 205…names that are known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party." – Senator Joseph McCarthy, 1950

"When they call the roll in the Senate, the Senators do not know whether to answer 'Present' or 'Not guilty.'" -- Theodore Roosevelt

"WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH" -- from "1984" by George Orwell

- George Orwell dies
- McCarthyism
- Korean War
- Will and Gertie Shannons' 50th Anniversary

It was first in 1920 that more Americans lived in cities than in rural areas. Just thirty years later, this had increased to almost two-thirds (64%) of Americans living in cities.

After losing both of his parents, his sister, and his first wife from 1939 to 1946, George Orwell died in January, a mere seven months after the publication of his landmark dystopian novel *1984.*

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Joseph McCarthy was a Senator from Wisconsin who acted more like he was a superstitious and vengeful resident of old Salem, Massachusetts. In the height of the cold war, when Americans were afraid of communism, McCarthy played on this fear by accusing over two hundred people in the U.S. State Department of being communists.

At the time he uttered the infamous accusation above, McCarthy was bluffing (read: lying). The "list" was an empty piece of paper. McCarthy succeeded in getting many Hollywood people "blacklisted" by accusing them of communism, which marked them as being too risky to work with, whether the accusations had any truth to them or not.

This national nightmare would last for another four years.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Korean War began on June 25th (actually, it is not considered to have been a war, but a "police action," or simply a "conflict," and as such was never officially terminated), when troops from the Northern, communist half of that divided nation invaded the Southern portion. Five days later, President Harry Truman authorized military

intervention to help protect pro-U.S. South Korea. Albert and Alice's firstborn son David A Kollenborn would serve there during that conflict.

Of course, many would consider the activities in Korea a war, regardless of its official designation. Up to this point, this was the most intense burst of heat the Cold War had given off. And it was considered a very high-stakes game, too. The Americans suffered a "domino effect" if they lost South Korea to the communist camp. They feared that one "conversion" to communism would lead to another, then another, until they were outnumbered and outgunned by the opposition.

On the other hand, they didn't want to "pull out all the stops" out of fear of triggering World War III, or, as many people referred to the potential event, a "thermonuclear Armageddon."

Th Korean conflict coincided with, and foreshadowed, another Asian conflict the U.S. would involve itself in. France, which had lost many colonies since World War II, such as Algeria, wanted its old colonies of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia back. Knowing the United States was also intensely interested in keeping communism in check, they asked for help from the U.S. in fighting communist rebels in Vietnam. American responded by sending "military advisors," supplies, and contributed millions of dollars to the cause.

This was just the beginning of American involvement in the quagmire there, though.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

At the end of the year, Will and Gertie Shannon reached the milestone of 50 years of married life. Although there would be a big family get-together for their 60th anniversary, this one may have come too close to Calvin's death for them to feel much like celebrating. They were still living in Orland. Eight of their eleven children were still alive, ranging in age from Theodore, who was 48, to twenty-one-year-old Gary.

1951

Multiplying Millions (Revenge of the Rays)

"…people must sit and keep their eyes glued on a screen; the average American family hasn't the time for it." – New York Times, 1939, explaining why they felt that television would never supplant radios in American homes

"I call that bold talk for a one-eyed fat man." – from the movie "True Grit" (Robert Duval as Ned Pepper addressing John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn)

"57 Channels and Nothin' On" – from the song of the same name by Bruce Springsteen

"A full belly is little worth where the mind is starved." – Mark Twain

- Television Ownership grows Tenfold
- J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*

Modern man would consider televisions of the early 1950s substandard in the extreme: they were small by modern standards, and they displayed their images in black and white (actually grayscale). Also, reception was often problematic, and the number of stations that were broadcasting was low (NBC, ABC, and CBS were about all there was).

Nevertheless, and regardless of what we today might think of the state of the technology at the time, the general populace was certainly impressed. Perhaps more specifically, many were enthralled and practically mesmerized by the contraption. The process of converting multitudes of fiercely independent Americans into homogenized nincompoops unable or unwilling to think for themselves was well under way by 1951. In that year, the number of television sets grew tenfold, from 1.5 million the year before to 15 million.

This is not to say that television does not have a great potential for good. But what has happened--not in theory, but in actual practice? What has been achieved with that potential? Today we have more channels (streaming, digital, pay-per, subscription, satellite, and so and and so forth ad infinitum); screens are available that are as large as the wall in your house (or larger, if you're willing to remodel to accompany the theatre-sized models); the images are in color; you can record any shows you like; and yet the product is, all and all, of much worse content and quality than what was offered in the early days of television.

I Love Lucy debuted this year. The early 21st century finds such mind-numbing features as so-called "reality" shows clogging the airwaves, which star people desperate for attention or money at any and all costs to their personal dignity. Something is wrong with this picture…

The effect of television on families, today taken for granted by people who have never known life without the device, has been inestimable. The book *Don't Know Much About American History* by Kenneth C. Davis put it this way:

Families talked less and watched more. They saw commercials that created a desire for things they hadn't even known they wanted. Perhaps most importantly, television gave Americans more of a common culture.

And so, family communication suffered in direct relationship with the amount of time they spent viewing television. Purchasing of goods gradually morphed from needs-driven to wants-driven, with the wants awakened, intensified and even artificially created--jumpstarted, so to speak--by crass commercialsim. For good or for ill, the nation sucked in through its eyes and ears an increasingly homogeneous shared culture as it sat, trance-like, in front of the gadget the New York Times had dismissed as too demanding and time-intensive for American families.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

J.D. Salinger's classic novella *Catcher in the Rye*, featuring the unforgettable protagonist Holden Caulfield, was released this year.

1952

Separation Anxiety

"No one recognized me, I didn't look the same" — from the song "Garden Party" by Rick Nelson

- Pop and Esther Shannon Separate
- Kollenborns move to Fort Bragg
- Ozzie and Harriet

Pop and Esther Shannon separated in November of this year. Carleton, the youngest child, was twelve at the time. The other children were sixteen (Trudy), eighteen (Teddy, or "Sonny"), nineteen (Laura), and twenty (Bill). In her "biographical sketch," Esther wrote of this:

My marriage dissolves. We had just drifted apart. My husband's business keeps him in Trinity and Humboldt Counties. My business of keeping the children in school, keeps us in Mendocino County.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

For the first time, the Shannons and Kollenborns were living in the same general area this year. The Kollenborns moved to Fort Bragg from Colusa. This move was prompted by two families with whom the Kollenborns had become close friends. Bud and Lucia Raines, and Jim and Adabelle Ritter (the Kollenborns' landlords in Colusa) had moved to Fort Bragg, and the Kollenborns followed. Lucia Raines, whose mother already lived in Fort Bragg, eventually became head nurse at Fort Bragg hospital. Albert went to work as an auto mechanic for Reuel Eubanks.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Ozzie and Harriet, a television show depicting a "typical" American family, began its fifteen-year run this year. It starred the real-life Nelson family, which included teen heart-throb rock 'n' roll singer Ricky. His most popular songs of the era were *Travelin' Man* and *Hello, Mary Lou*.

On turning twenty-one, Ricky (whose real name was Eric) changed his stage name to Rick. As Rick he had perhaps his greatest hit twenty years later, in 1972, namely "Garden Party."

A generation later, Ozzie and Harriet would be replaced, in a sense, by the Osmonds, and yet another generation further along suchlike fare would be displaced by the dysfunctional Ozzie Osbourne family. We've come a long way, baby boomers.

Eric Hilliard (Rick) Nelson died in a plane crash on New Years Day, 1985.

1953

Because It's There

"Today is your day! Your mountain is waiting. So... get on your way." -- Thedore Geisel (Dr. Seuss)

The low is always lower than the high
– from the song "Reasons to Quit" by Merle Haggard

- Hillary and Norgay Scale Mt. Everest
- Cease–Fire in Korea

On May 29th, Edmund Hillary and Tensing Norgay reached the summit of Mt. Everest, the first men recorded to do so. Located on the border of Nepal and Tibet, Mt. Everest, at 29,028 feet, is not only the peak of the Himalayas, but the tallest mountain in the world.

Since the ascent by Hillary and Norgay, More than 1,200 have reached the summit, and at least 175 have died in the attempt.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The war/conflict/police action in Korea had been raging for three years, in a see-saw fashion: North Korea's capital of Pyongyan was captured by the U.S.-led U.N. forces at one point, and the South Korea capital of Seoul was overtaken by the communists at another point in the War. First the communists would push the U.N. forces south, then the U.N. forces would regroup, retake the momentum, and push the communists back north.

Finally, after three years of this exercise in frustration and futility, not to mention death, destruction, and mutually assured heartache, both sides decided to call the whole thing off. As is so often the case, the final result was "Status Quo Ante Bellum" (neither side gained any land from the other; the North was still communist, and the South still democratic).

Politically, the situation seemed basically the same. For the families of the dead, of course, it was not so. Twenty-three thousand American soldiers died (almost as many as would die in Vietnam), and tens of thousands more were wounded. Estimates of communist forces killed range between 1.5 and two million. Additionally, at least a million North Korean civilians died, and probably a like number of civilians from South Korea died, too.

1954
Closure

There ain't no good guy, there ain't no bad guy
There's just you and me, and we just disagree.
– from the song "We Just Disagree" by Dave Mason

Tables are meant for turnin'
And people are bound to change
Bridges are meant for burnin'
When the people and mem'ries they join aren't the same
– from the song "Lover's Cross" by JimCroce

"Until this moment, Senator, I think I never really gauged your cruelty or your recklessness…Have you no decency, sir, at long last? Have you left no sens of decency?." – Joseph Welch, lawyer for the U.S. Army, addressing Senator Joseph McCarthy

- Pop and Esther Shannon Divorce
- Earthquake in Arcata, Kollenborns Stay Put
- Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka
- Army/McCarthy Hearings

Separated since November of 1952, Pop and Esther (Nelson) Shannon officially divorced on March 18th of this year. Pop would end up having been involved in two twenty-three year marriages: the first one ending in divorce this year, the second one would end with his death in 1979.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Kollenborns had considered moving to Arcata, but decided against it when a strong earthquake struck that Humboldt County town. Their decision to stay in Ft. Bragg was to have a major impact on both the Kollenborn and the Shannon families.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Almost a century after Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and the Union's successful conclusion of the Civil War, racial segregation in schools was made legally untenable this year.

Oliver Brown lived just four blocks from an all-white school. The run-down all-black school, where Brown's third-grade daughter was expected to attend, was all the way across town. Brown attempted to enroll Linda in the nearer school, but was informed by the school board that he could not do that. Brown sued the school board. As similar

lawsuits were being simultaneously brought elsewhere throughout the country, they were tried together, and before the Supreme Court, no less.

Because the surname Brown came first automatically among the litigants, the composite case was known as *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*.

In this landmark case, the Supreme Court reversed the 1896 *Plessy v. Ferguson* decision, which had validated the practice of separate facilities (such as rest rooms, water fountains, seating areas in movie theatres, etc.) for the races, albeit supposedly "*equal* but separate" (which was virtually never, if ever, the case).

The wheels of justice are often slow in turning. Brown had attempted to enroll his daughter three years earlier, in 1951. In 1953, the case was finally heard by the Supreme Court. It wasn't until this year that a decision was reached.

Thurgood Marshall, who would later serve on that august body, was at the time a NAACP lawyer, fighting the case for Brown, et al. The Supreme Court justices were split until the Court's chief justice Fred Vinson died. Former California Governor Earl Warren took his place in that position.

Warren felt it was necessary for the court to present a united front on this issue. He was able to gradually persuade all the justices to his way of thinking, and his goal of a unanimous decision was reached. Warren summarized the Court's decision, writing that "in the field of public education, the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place." The new Chief Justice added that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

As parents everywhere know, though, it is one thing to enact a law, and another thing altogether to enforce it. Nevertheless, a precedent was being set for the future. Within the next few years, buses, lunch counters, baseball diamonds, and military barracks would all become integrated, albeit only after much suffering.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Joe McCarthy went too far in 1954 when he accused the entire U.S. Army of being riddled with communists. To President Dwight D. Eisenhower--a career military man—this seemed fishy, to say the least. He ordered an investigation into McCarthy's shenanigans.

From April to June, the "Army/McCarthy Hearings" were broadcast on television. As McCarthy didn't have a leg to stand on, he was exposed as a vicious fraud. At the culmination of the hearings, McCarthy was censured by the Senate, of which he was a member. He succumbed to alcoholism and died three years later, in 1957, at the age of forty-nine.

1955
Park It

"The only tired I was, was tired of giving in." – Rosa Parks

"Whenever you find yourself on the side of the majority, it is time to reform (or pause and reflect)." – Mark Twain

"One and God make a majority."
--Frederick Douglass

"*Lead, follow, or get out of the way*." -- Thomas Paine

- Rosa Parks refuses to give up her seat
- Disneyland opens in Anaheim
- Bill Haley and the Comets' *Rock Around the Clock*

Since most African-Americans in Montgomery, Alabama lived in their own neighborhood, away from the white part of town, and since most African-American women worked for white families, they had to ride a bus to get to work--unless they had a driver's license and could afford an auto.

On many occasions in the past, Rosa Parks had given up her seat in the front part of the bus to white passengers, as was expected of her. On December 1st, she was tired. Tired from working all day, and tired of such degrading shenanigans.

Rosa decided it was time to take a stand this day, or rather not to have to stand so that a person of lighter skin tone could have her seat. Her seemingly insignificant act of defiance led to lines being drawn in the sand. When she refused to give up her seat, she was arrested. The African-American community, led by Martin Luther King, decided to boycott the buses (whose best customers were those from the African-American community).

The boycott irked the powers that were, who demanded that the boycotters return to riding the buses (but only in the back seats). Although forcibly removed from the buses when they insisted on equal treatment, they were in some cases forced to board the buses during the boycott, even being beaten when they expressed their preference to walk or carpool with friends.

After a long and bitter struggle (the boycott lasted 382 days), the African-American community won the right to be treated fairly. Although a step in the right direction, this would not end prejudice, though. Justice can not be legislated; people must *want* to change before a genuine change of heart can take place. Animosity towards the "agitators," particularly those considered the leaders in the push for equal treatment--such

as Martin Luther King, Medger Evers, and James Meredith--would manifest itself all too plainly in the years to come.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Disneyland opened in an erstwhile orange grove in Anaheim, California this year. At the time, Anaheim was a suburb of Los Angeles. Today it is smack dab in the middle of that great grey monstrosity, which has spread outward to engulf everything within miles.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

"Rock Around the Clock," the song that many consider the harbinger of rock 'n' roll, delighted the kids and outraged their parents this year. Full of youthful exuberance and an aggressive beat, the erstwhile jazz band upended the world right onto its ears. Featured in *Blackboard Jungle*, a movie about teenage delinquents starring Sidney Poitier and Glenn Ford, the rollicking rave-up's meteoric rise up the charts provoked much hand-wringing among the older generation. This was just a beginning, though. From Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, and Sam Cooke to the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the Who down to the various derivations of rock extant today, as of this year, rock 'n' roll was here to stay.

1956

I'll Meet You Halfway

"His wife was a wonderful cook…and he was a really nice man." – Sherman Finch

"Human nature cannot be studied in cities except at a disadvantage--a village is the place. There you can know your man inside and out--in a city you but know his crust; and his crust is usually a lie." – Mark Twain

- Theodore Russell Shannon and Rosie Lee Kollenborn wed
- Pop Shannon and Dollena "Dollie" (Kohl) Johnson wed
- Elvis' Top Half

Pop Shannon's second son and third child married Albert Kollenborn's first daughter and third child September 8th in Fort Bragg, California. Theodore Russell Shannon and Rosie Lee (known as Alice Rosalie) Kollenborn honeymooned in Yosemite.

--<>><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

The twenty-two year old groom wasn't the only Theodore Shannon to get married in the family this year, though. Theodore "Pop" Shannon remarried this year. His bride was Dollena "Dollie" (Kohl) Johnson.

Dollie, who had been born in Washington State, was a recent graduate of a culinary academy. She had moved to Blue Lake, a small community between Eureka and the Hoopa Indian Reservation (the largest reservation in California). Just as there is a town in the area spelled Weott and pronounced the same as the name of the Indian tribe (which is spelled "Wiyot"), it has become customary to spell the tribe "Hupa," but the area "Hoopa" (as in "Hoopa Valley").

Like Pop, Dollie had been married before. Her first husband had been killed in an automobile accident.

"Pop and Dollie" were known throughout their part of Trinity County as a down-to-earth and hospitable couple. Sherman Finch, who currently lives in Davis, California, had this to say in reminiscing about them:

I worked for the USDA Soil Conservation Service and visited a Shannon in Trinity County at his ranch out near Ruth. His wife was a wonderful cook as we stayed at their ranch while working in that remote part of California. He spoke of his relatives in Tulare County. He had a son who worked in the woods nearby. He was also a Director with the Trinity County Conservation District. And he was a really nice man.

Everyone agreed that Dollie certainly was a wonderful cook. Her cinnamon rolls, in particular, were “to die for.” What her secret was, whether in preparation or ingredients or both, I don’t know, but they were most certainly in a class by themselves. Wars have been fought for less.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

Elvis was all over radio and television this year. His hit songs this year included “Heartbreak Hotel,” “Blue Suede Shoes,” and “Don’t Be Cruel.” He made his famous shown-from-the-waist up appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, a forum on which the Beatles also would make a historic appearance years later.

1957

Silly Hillbillies

"Travel is fatal to prejudice." – Mark Twain

"Always do what you are afraid to do." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Man turns his back on his family, well he just ain't no good.
– from the song "Highway Patrolman" by Bruce Springsteen

"The past is another country. They do things differently there." – from "The Go-Between" by L.P. Hartley

- Little Rock Nine
- Frisbee
- The Cat in the Hat

In 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court had made it clear that segregation of schools was illegal. Some hard-boiled racists were willing to die or kill rather than let that happen, though.

In Arkansas, nine black students enrolled an up-to-then all-white high school in Little Rock. Imagine the intestinal fortitude required to be one of those nine youngsters, forging ahead to pioneer an easier path for your younger siblings and the next generations. Imagine, too, the cold-heartedness and unfounded arrogance of those who wanted to prevent these courageous from integrating the school.

When the intrepid nine approached the school on the first day, they were assured and perhaps awed by the presence of 270 members of the Arkansas National Guard, who were posted outside the school. To protect them, they surmised.

In actuality, Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus, in contempt of the Supreme Court and disregarding all sense of decency and morality, had ordered the troops there to *prevent* the students from entering the school. President Eisenhower eventually found it necessary to deploy 1,100 army troops to Little Rock to do a job which should not have been necessary in the first place, or at least been undertaken by the Arkansas National Guard: they protected the nine students, remaining in the school for the entire school year.

Little by little, one battle at a time, the idiotic and pathetic bigots were being forced to do what was right. What conscience should have dictated from within had to be imposed on them from without.

◆ ◆ ◆

Wham-O introduced a piece of plastic this year originally called the the Pluto Platter Flying Saucer. The Frisbee would be a mainstay in American culture for decades to come, some even using it to play fetch with their dogs.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The indomitable Dr. Seuss published perhaps his most famous book this year, *The Cat in the Hat.*

1958

Comparing Bulls to Bills

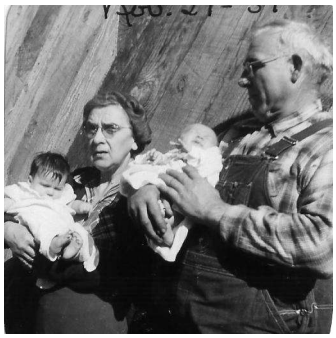
"This was the type of man he was, he had to be farming land." – Gertie (Bailey) Shannon, speaking of her husband Will

"Oh my, but that little country boy can play." – from the song "Johnny B. Goode" by Chuck Berry

- Will Shannon suffers a heart attack
- Chuck Berry's *Johnny B. Goode*
- New York Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers move to California

Near the first part of the year, at the age of eighty-one, Will Shannon suffered a non-fatal heart attack. After recovering, he and Gertie moved onto their son George's place in Tulare. Gertie relates:

In or about March of 1958, on a chilly and blustery morning, Dad came into the house and I knew that he was very sick. I tried to get him to go to the doctor, but to no avail. Then one of our neighbors came by and insisted he take Dad to the doctor. The Doctor put him into the hospital as he had suffered a heart attack…I remember when Dad was telling Laura of the cost of the hospital, it tickled her so when he used his Black Angus in terms of cost, instead of Dollars and cents. George and Gary took care of selling the live stock and property and we purchased a trailer house, and as soon as Dad was well enough, we took it to Tulare, parking it on George's place. Dad seemed to get better in Tulare, soon finding enough ground around our trailer for him to farm a small garden. This was the type of man he was, he had to be farming land, and now he did, even though it was a small piece.



Dollie & Pop and two of their grandchildren. From the left: Cynthia Crook, Dollie Shannon, Theodore Patrick Shannon, and Theodore Roosevelt "Pop" Shannon at The Ranch late 1957 or early 1958

◆

Chuck Berry duckwalked into the national spotlight this year with his guitar-driven barnburner "Johnny B. Goode." Berry's guitar playing would heavily influence rock guitarists for decades to come.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Both Northern and Southern California got their first professional baseball teams this year, transplanted from New York. The New York Giants moved to San Francisco, while Jackie Robinson's old team, the Brooklyn Dodgers, moved to Los Angeles. Nowdays California has a whopping five major league baseball teams. Besides the Dodgers and the Giants, there are the California Angels, San Diego Padres, and Oakland Athletics.

1959

Altered States

"…'family' meant anyone who lived in the household or the 'clan' unit, even if that person had been 'adopted' in." – Patricia Burrell, of the White Lily (Kaiitcin) Clan

- Kollenborns move to Coos Bay
- Ruie Lee Elizabeth (Huddleston) Branstuder dies
- Alaska becomes a state
- Hawaii becomes a state
- "Bonanza" debuts

Albert Kollenborn, who at times portrayed his youth as a rollicking, rambling period punctuated by kicking people with his "big #10 boots" (footwear he purportedly wore for that very purpose) and hitting them in the head with ball peen hammers, was in actuality (at least in his later years)--like Pop Shannon--a "nice man." Sometimes too nice, perhaps. Albert's auto shop in Fort Bragg had failed, not because he was not a skilled and dedicated mechanic, and a personable businessman, but because he accepted work on credit and his creditors did not always feel it was necessary to pay him.

This state of affairs eventually prompted another move for the Kollenborn family, this time further north up the Pacific coast to Coos Bay, Oregon. Coos Bay had originally been named Marshfield, possibly for Marshfield, Massachusetts, where some of the Gorhams had lived in the 1600s. There in Coos County, Albert would retire from Weyerhauser, for whom he plied his mechanic trade without having to worry about the bill collecting side of matters.

Perhaps the chief difference between northern California and southern Oregon are to be found in the intent and purpose of the EuroAmerican inhabitants who came to these states in the 1800s. Whereas many of those who came to California were gold prospectors and for the most part were single men who didn't intend to stay—making a fortune and going back home was their dream—those who set their sights on Oregon had other plans.

The Oregon Trail was primarily peopled by families, intending to stay and make a new home in Oregon. Homesteads and farms were their goal, not a quick strike followed by a hero's welcome accompanying a triumphant return to families back east.

At the time the Kollenborns moved to southwestern Oregon, it was timber country. By the mid-1970s (when the Kollenborns would move for the last time), mill closures and layoffs in and around Coos Bay made life hard and wreaked havoc with the local economy. In Coos and other logging counties, the last quarter of the 20th century was a series of economic disasters.

The oldest boys, David and Lyle, were out of the house by this time, and the eldest daughter Rosie Lee was married and already had two children of her own. The Kollenborn household consisted, at this time, of Albert and Alice, their youngest son Benny, and their other two daughters, Sharon and Patsy. Also accompanying them was a young man they had unofficially adopted, and who would always consider the Kollenborn household his true home: Benny's best friend, John Perry Patton.

For the purposes of this book, John Patton is considered a full-fledged member of the Kollenborn family. Almost an entire chapter is devoted to him later. Some may have a "problem" with this, as he is not a "blood" relative. I will allow Patricia Burrell to refute that objection. Although she is speaking of Indian families, the same principle applies:

In fact, the destruction of the original culture has been so fractured that centuries long traditions of "family" have been broken down. It is now at a point where DNA testing is being used to 'exclude' some people from 'tribal entitities', even though the family members have been/always were recognized as tribal members. In the pre-invasion times, and for decades after the invasion, 'family' meant anyone who lived in the household or the 'clan' unit, even if that person had been 'adopted' in. Today, greed and modern technology have come together to further the destruction of the old culture. I offer the example of several members of a large family recently being "expelled" or dis-enrolled from a local tribe - through the use of DNA. People who had been raised and always lived with the "tribe," are now excluded by DNA testing. This writer thinks, "what a world this is coming to be!" Our ancestors would be mortified if they thought that a family member could be 'thrown out' for reasons other than a breech of a grievous moral taboo. The result is that, what the white culture was not able to 'finish' in regard to destruction of the Indian Way, is being taken care of through modern practices and by the descendants of our forebears.

In Coos Bay, Albert (who, it might be recalled, had built a model airplane as a young man in Northern Missouri) built in his shop an extensive model railroad operation complete with buildings, water towers, a roundhouse, trees, bushes, hills, and a variety of types of train locomotives and cars. Working for the railroad had been Albert's "dream job." Perhaps, nearing the end of his working life, the old engineer was indulging in sentimental reminiscing of what had been, or what could have been. Or perhaps it was just an escape, a pastime. It is likely that it was a little of all of those things, and perhaps other reasons that he kept to himself, that drew him to take solace in that fantasy notalgia world.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert's mother Lizzie died October 19th in Hiwasse, Arkansas. She is buried at Mt. Pleasant cemetery, between Gravette and Hiwasse, next to Jim Branstuder, her husband of forty-five years and father of her three daughters. Lizzie's gravestone reads 'R.L.E. "Lizzie" Branstuder.' Lizzie was seventy; Jim, who is buried next to her, would live to be ninety, until 1970.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On January 3rd, Texas lost bragging rights as the largest state in the Union. Alaska is over twice as large. When acquired, many thought Alaska was a waste of money--a frozen, worthless, wasteland. It was called “Seward’s Folly” because Secretary of State William H. Seward paid a whopping $7.2 million for it in 1867. In hindsight, this largest and northernmost state was quite a bargain, even if just looking at it from a financial standpoint. Oil revenues alone have repaid that investment many times over.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

About as different from Alaska as can be, Hawaii also gained statehood this year. Formerly known as the Sandwich Islands, the location of Captain James Cook's demise (he was killed by the natives there in 1779) became the 50th and final State on August 21st.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The television show "Bonanza" debuted this year and remained on the air until 1973. Set in post-Civil War Virginia City, Nevada (around the time Territorial Enterprise reporter Mark Twain was living there), it features the Cartwright men: three-time widowed former ship captain Ben Cartright and his three sons Adam, Hoss, and Little Joe--and their Chinese cook Hop Sing. The Cartrights had their hands full with their ranching operations on their 600,000-acre spread, but always found a way to survive with their integrity and their family intact.

1960

We Shall Overcome

"I was thankful that we had each other, and kind of stunned to look around and see so many descendants from just two people…It seemed, I felt, to make my life worthwhile." – Gertie (Bailey) Shannon

- "The Andy Griffith Show" debuts
- Sit-In at Woolworth's
- "The Pill"
- Will and Gertie Shannon's 60th Anniversary

The Andy Griffith Show was one of the most memorable sitcoms in television history. Most people who grew up in the 1960s (the show ran from 1960 to 1968) remember Sheriff Andy Taylor, bumbling deputy Barney Fife, Floyd the fix-it man, Emmett the barber, Howard the scrivener, Goober the gas station attendant, Andy's love interest Helen, Andy's young son Opie (played by Ron Howard) and, last but not least, "Ain't" Bee, who fussed over Andy and Opie, keeping their house clean and their bellies full.

Like the Cartrights of "Bonanza," the Taylors took care of one another--and their friends.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In the real North Carolina, things were not as rosy and cozy. Tired of being treated as second-class citizens, and following in Rosa Parks' footsteps, four African-American college students staged a sit-in at the all-white Woolworth's lunch counter in Greensboro.

The idea spread; more than fifty Woolworth's lunch counters throughout the south were targeted for such courageous action. On July 25th, less than six months from the first sit-in in Greensboro, all Woolworth's lunch counters were declared open to all races.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The first oral contraceptive, Enovid—popularly known simply as "the pill," was introduced this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Not many couples reach their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Both parties have to marry young and live long to make it possible. They also have to be well-matched and long-suffering. It is necessary for the marriage to be a union of good forgivers, because in

such a close relationship, each one will have reason to feel hurt from time to time and also provide occasion for offense, too.

Gertie reports on the commemoration of their six decades together:

We celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary on December 23, 1960. We had quite a celebration with most of our family and friends present. I was so happy to be here with William and to have had our life together, with all the happiness, sorrows, trials, and tribulations. I was thankful that we had each other, and kind of stunned to look around and see so many descendants from just two people which started their life together way back in the first year of the century, 1900. It seemed, I felt, to make my life worthwhile. There was a newspaper lady who came to interview us and she asked Dad what most contributed to their [sic] long married life, and his sudden smile along with his slow and studied answer, amused all of us. "With a large family, we had no time for worry, or tom-foolery!" Isn't that wonderful!

1962

To Be Free and Human

"…if to build our union required the deliberate taking of life, either the life of a grower or his child, or the life of a farm worker or his child, then I choose not to see the union built." – Cesar Chavez

"The voice of the moderates in Mississippi is silent; it has been completely suppressed." – Karl Weisenberg

"We have met the enemy, and he is us." – from the comic strip "Pogo," by Walt Kelly

"The old Lakota was wise. He knew that man's heart, away from nature, becomes hard; he knew that lack of respect for growing, living things soon led to lack of respect for humans too." – Luther Standing Bear (Sioux/Lakota)

"Sparrows . . . not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father's knowledge." —Matthew 10:29.

"To have your own [culture] uprooted or homogenized into some global pulp is to lose your bearings in the world." — from "The Lexus and the Olive Tree" by Thomas Friedman

"Stand by your man" – Tammy Wynette

- Cesar Chavez Establishes UFW
- Battle of Oxford, Mississippi
- Cuban Missile Crisis
- Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*
- California Becomes Most Populous State
- Last Wiyot Speaker dies
- Will Shannon dies

In World War II, California had imported workers from Mexico to help harvest the crops. All the defense workers, the Rosie the Riveters and the transplants from other parts of the country, needed to eat. The pay was better in the factories than the fields, though, and some of the same people who a decade before had been clamoring to get any kind of work then turned up their noses at picking turnips and such. Mexicans provided the solution to the grower's need for labor--and their desire for cheap labor.

Although the economy had much improved and the growers, as a whole, could certainly have afforded to pay their farmhands a decent wage, working conditions in the fields for the Mexicans were not unlike what had been suffered by the "Okies" and

"Arkies" in the Dust Bowl/Depression era three decades earlier. In most, if not all, cases, the field hands were paid very little and given poor accommodations in which to live.

In other words, things had not improved for the workers--even though the situation was much better for the employers. The names of the migrant farmworkers had changed from Joad and Flowers to Chavez and Flores, but the situation was still the same. Appealing to the growers' sense of fairness had not succeeded, so the workers, seeking the strength inherant in numbers, formed the UFW (United Farm Workers) union this year. Seeing no other way to improve their lot and that of those who would come after them, the farm workers banded together to try to win concessions over wages, as well as working and living conditions. Cesar Chavez--along with Dolores Huerta and Larry Itliong and others--was one of the leaders in this movement.

The establishment-controlled press did their usual hatchet job on anyone who opposed the plutocracy, making the UFW out to appear to be an anarchistic bunch of scruffy, ignorant malcontents. But you be the judge as to whether they were accurately portrayed, based on this letter from Cesar Chavez to E.L. Barr, head of the growers' league:

You must understand—I must make you understand—that our membership and the hopes and aspirations of the hundreds of thousands of the poor and dispossessed that have been raised on our account are, above all, human beings, no better and no worse than any other cross-section of human society; we are not saints because we are poor, but by the same measure neither are we immoral. We are men and women who have suffered and endured much, and not only because of our abject poverty but because we have been kept poor. The colors of our skins, the languages of our cultural and native origins, the lack of formal education, the exclusion from the democratic process, the numbers of our slain in recent wars—all these burdens generation after generation have sought to demoralize us, to break our human spirit. But God knows that we are not beasts of burden, agricultural implements or rented slaves; we are men. And mark this well, Mr. Barr, we are men locked in a death struggle against man's inhumanity to man in the industry that you represent. And this struggle itself gives meaning to our life and ennobles our dying…

This letter does not express all that is in my heart, Mr. Barr. But if it says nothing else it says that we do not hate you or rejoice to see your industry destroyed; we hate the agribusiness system that seeks to keep us enslaved, and we shall overcome and change it not by retaliation or bloodshed but by a determined nonviolent struggle carried on by those masses of farm workers who intend to be free and human.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

John Perry Patton, the Kollenborn's unofficially adopted son, had joined the military in 1959 and had, like his older brother Barrett, become a paratrooper. As a member of the 101st Airborne, the "Screamin' Eagles" (at the time, that is—later, he would transfer to the 173rd Airborne, AKA the "Sky Soldiers"), John may have been at the Battle of Oxford which took place September 30th and October 1st. The 82nd Airborne was also called in, as well as the National Guard.

The “Battle of Oxford” (Mississippi, hometown of novelist William Faulkner) has also been called “the last battle of the Civil War.” When resistence to the integration of Ole Miss by African-American James Meredith grew ever more belligerent and violent, President John F. Kennedy called in the paratroopers.

In his book “An American Insurrection, James Meredith and the Battle of Oxford, Mississippi, 1962,” William Doyle writes: “As a dramatic psychological coup de grace, the president had even approved an incredible new deployment this morning. He was dispatching combat teams of paratroopers of the army’s elite 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, the premiere attack forces of the army. The paratroopers were a highly mobile, elite shock force designed to be dropped in behind enemy lines and strike with lightning speed.”

The situation had deteriorated so quickly and the soldiers had been deployed on such short notice that many of them did not even know where they were going, or why. Doyle goes on to relate an incident that reflected the fears of the soldiers in this cold-war period: “Stepping onto the tarmac, a dazed captain of the 101st asked, “Are we in Cuba?” Replied a local National Guardsman, “No, you’re in Oxford, Mississippi.” The officer fell to his knees and kissed the ground.”

Besides a large number of rabidly racist locals, the tinderbox had been ignited by the Ku Klux Klan, who had sent out a nationwide call to its faithful to gather in Oxford for a showdown. As the situation escalated, feelings of loyalty to the United States vied with loyalty to the State in the minds of many there in Mississippi, including members of the National Guard there. In the end, 31,000 troops, many of them African-American, were sent to Mississippi—more than the U.S. had sent to Korea during the conflict there.

The reason why it is not known whether John Patton was there in Oxford or not are twofold: first of all, he was killed in Vietnam in 1967, and thus is unavailable for comment; second, the matter was hushed up as much as possible at the time. It was an embarrassing incident for the United States, especially during the height of the cold war. When commanding officers later requested that some of their men receive medals for their actions in Oxford (and in some cases their non-actions—the self-control they exhibited in the face of extreme verbal and physical abuse), such was denied, as the government did not want to give medals for soldiers fighting fellow American citizens. This makes one wonder whether MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Patton received any accolades for their violent expulsion of the Bonus Marchers from Washington in 1932.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

This was indeed a busy and stressful time for John F. Kennedy and his staff, as the Cuban Missile Crisis began a little more than two weeks later, lasting from October 16th to 28th.

In April of 1961, the infamous Bay of Pigs Invasion had met with resounding failure. Expecting to be welcomed with opening arms, the fifteen-hundred strong American

forces were soundly thrashed by Castro loyalists (and what did American politicians, refusing to learn from past errors in judment, expect the response of the Iraqi people to be when they invaded their country in the late 1990s?).

Adding insult to injury was the fact that President Kennedy, fearing Soviet reprisal, had at the last minute reneged on a promise to provide support from the U.S. Air Force to the operation.

Seeing the debacle as a sign of weakness on the part of the Americans, Soviet leader Kruschev decided to exploit this flaw by covertly erecting nuclear missile sites in Cuba. Eighteen months later, the Soviet Union was nearing completion of these facilities. Before they could be completed, though, the U.S. found out about them. A U-2 spy plnae photographed the missile bases under construction.

On October 22nd, President Kennedy announced a "quarantine" of Cuba (a naval blockade, which prevented questionable shipments from entering or leaving the island's ports). After a very tense standoff in which a third World War, a nuclear-punctuated one, was a real and imminent threat, the crisis was finally defused. On Oct 28th, Khrushchev "blinked" and agreed to dismantle his bases in Cuba, and the U.S. secretly agreed to reduce its own threat to the Soviet Union by removing fifteen Jupiter rockets that had been based in Turkey. Kennedy also promised to never again attempt an invasion of Cuba.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, a book that is considered a cornerstone of the ecology movement was published this year. Carson decried the drop in bird population and pointed to a major cause of such: the use of the poisonous chemical DDT to eradicate insects.

Carson was not the first to notice the connection between chemicals and bird mortality, though. In his July 20, 1936 column entitled *The Grasshopper Plague*, datelined Rapid City, South Dakota, Ernie Pyle wrote:

There isn't much you can do about them, apparently. The government has used Paris green. That kills them, all right. But as one farmer says, "For every one that dies, a thousand come to his funeral." It's like trying to bore a hole in water.

The farmers say that when it rains after the poison is spread, the poison washes off and runs down to the water holes, and poisons the cattle and birds. They say that quite a few cattle have been killed, and that you hardly ever see birds anymore.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

California became the most populous state this year. Other states are larger (Texas, Montana and, of course, Alaska), and New York has a larger city (New York City, which is really an amalgamation of five cities, called there boroughs: Manhattan, Brooklyn,

Queens, The Bronx, and Staten Island), but from this year on California had more people calling it home than any other state.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Ironically, the year that California became the most populous state coincided with the year the last Native Wiyot speaker, which people were among the original inhabitants of the region, died.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Will Shannon also died this year, on November 21st in Visalia, California, at the age of 86. Gertie eulogized him in her memoirs:

On November 21, 1962 my husband of 62 years passed away. My son George took care of the arrangements, and he did a wonderful job. I realize that he couldn't have done what was done for us without the assistance and backing of his wife Estelle, who was always good to dad and I. She would do anything for us. At the funeral I looked around me and I found all my children, great grandchildren, and so many great grand children with me when I did need them so much. I'm so thankful for them and hope this short book will help all of my family come to know and understand us. I want them all to know and understand my William for the human being that he was. He was a man with good breeding, intelligence, and pride, something which a lot of people in today's fast moving, and grabbing world, just don't understand, let alone have. I feel I could go on and on about our life and it is all worthwhile. I sincerely hope that all of my family will read these pages with pride and recall and pass along so many incidents I have slipped up on. There are so many stories and incidents which have slipped my mind. So I'm dedicating this book in the memory of William Frederick Shannon, and to all of his children, grand children, and future generations.

In Gertie's recollections, she also relates how Will was thinking of her when he was sick and on the verge of death. He worried about who would take care of her and do all the little things "such as cutting my toe nails."

Defending her husband (who had a reputation for holding the mouth of the money-pouch in a stranglehold) at a time when it would have been easy to do otherwise (Will not being around to defend himself), Gertie went on to say, "This is how he was, and I know it but I fear that too many people didn't understand him."

1963

Where Were You When…?

"You surely can't say Dallas doesn't love you, Mr. President." – Texas Governor John Connally's wife Nellie to John F. Kennedy just before Kennedy was shot

Anybody here seen my old friend John?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
He freed a lot of people, But it seems the good they die young.
I just looked around and he's gone.
-- from the song "Abraham, Martin and John" by Dion

"It is the history of mankind that they have crowned their oppressors and crucified their saviors." – Eugene Debs

- JFK Assassinated
- Zip codes introduced
- March on Washington

On the morning of November 22nd, a year and a day after Will Shannon died, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot in Dallas. It is one of the events in recent history that is etched in the mind of practically every American who was alive at the time. Along with the first moon landing, the shooting of John Lennon, the Challenger Disaster, and, of course, 9/11, even those who were young children at the time can usually recall where they were when they heard that their fearless leader, their Knight in Shining Armor, had been killed.

It remains a mystery who killed Kennedy. Not who pulled the trigger on the rifle, but who was behind the plot and what their motive was. There are almost as many speculations on who was behind the assassination of John F. Kennedy as there are crackpots in Congress. Some think Russia was behind it; others suggest Cuba's Fidel Castro; still others the CIA; so many are the theories, and so wild some of them, that it wouldn't be too surprising if Martians or Phyllis Diller's hairdresser came under scrutiny in the matter.

The gunman, Lee Harvey Oswald, was an ex-marine sharpshooter who had at one time tried to defect to Russia. This would seem to lend weight to the theory that Cuba's Castro was behind the assasination, especially when taking into consideration that the U.S. had allegedly attempted to have Casto assassinated.

Another of the many possible suspects is the "Military/Industrial complex" of which former President Dwight Eisenhower had warned. A reason for drawing them into the circle of suspects is that Kennedy, had he lived, may have gotten America out of Vietnam. Some may have strongly disagreed with that move for geopolitical reasons

(which would seem to shine the spotlight on the CIA); others, though, may simply have seen such a pullout as less business for them, less money in their coffers (never mind that it would also mean fewer bodies in coffins). There is little that some people will not stoop to when their "livelihoods" (read "fortunes") are involved.

Whatever the case and whoever the culprits were in the Kennedy assassination (besides the gunman himself), the Vietnam War did escalate under new President Lyndon Baines Johnson (moving into the oval office from his former position as Vice President). LBJ, as was surely known beforehand by many, did not agree with a policy of "appeasement" regarding the Vietnam issue. It is an odd coincidence that it was in Texas, Johnson's home state, where Kennedy was assassinated.

Kennedy was not the only man Oswald killed that day. Before being taken into custody, he fatally shot a policeman named J.D. Tippett who attempted to stop him for questioning. Oswald was himself killed by Dallas nightclub owner and reputed underworld figure Jack Ruby two days later.

Four U.S. Presidents have been assassinated: Lincoln in 1865, Garfield in 1881, McKinley in 1901, and Kennedy this year. In addition, there have been five attempted assassinations of Presidents. Two preceded Kennedy (FDR in 1933 and Truman in 1950), and three attempts date after Kennedy: Gerald Ford in 1975 (two women tried to shoot him that year, one on September 5th, and another one on September 22nd), and Ronald Reagan in 1981.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Just as the phone companies had earlier replaced "exchanges" (such as "Cypress," "Sycamore," "Klondike," "Pennsylvania," and "Butterfield") with numerical area codes, the U.S. Post Office made a similar move this year. To expedite the ever-increasing flow of mail to a burgeoning population of multiplying hundreds of millions, they introduced zip codes to help route the mail.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

A Martin Luther King, Jr.-led March on Washington this year culminated with one of the best known speeches in American history. King said (in part): "I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."

The peaceful demonstration called for the passing of civil rights legislation, including banning discrimination in public accommodations. Before being assassinated a short four years later, King would win the Nobel Peace Prize, and see the sweeping Civil Rights Act signed into law the next year.

1964

Civil Rights and Wrongs

"This 'Wait' has almost always meant 'Never.' It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration…" – Martin Luther King, Jr.

- Civil Rights Act

  ~~~add details on Civil Rights Act
  ~~~

1965

Fires, Fights, and Firefights

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
Like a syrupy weet?

Maybe it just sags like a heavy load

Or does it explode?
– from Langston Hughes' poem "Harlem"

"I want you to get up right now, sit up, go to your windows, open them and stick your head out and yell – 'I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Things have got to change. But first, you've gotta get mad!... You've got to say, 'I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore!'" -- from the movie "Network"

"*Burn, baby, burn."* – Stokely Carmichael

- The Ranch burns
- Malcolm X killed
- Watts Riots

The main house (Pop and Dollie's) at "The Ranch" burned to the ground this year, along with the neighboring house, where the blaze started--that of Pop's eldest daughter Laura and her family. Pop's mother Gertie recalls this incident:

In 1965, while I was visiting with my family in the north, and staying with my granddaughter and her family, Laura and Russ' house caught on fire and was completely destroyed, taking Theodore's home at the same time. I went over and stayed with Robert and Belle, Theodore and Dollie were settled in the old school, and the Gibneys had purchased a trailer to live in.

When Pop and Dollie rebuilt, their new house had "indoor plumbing." Previously, an outhouse and separate shower house had served the calls of nature and hygiene. They still got their electricity by means of a large generator housed in a separate building. Communication with neighbors was via CB radio, as telephone service had not yet

reached as far as them. Other outbuildings at The Ranch included bunk houses for occasional hired hands (which also served as guest houses for visiting relatives), tool sheds, and barns.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The man born Malcolm Little is better known as Malcolm X. He rejected the surname "Little" as that was not a name passed down by his earliest ancestors, but rather a name assigned his slave ancestors—Little actually being the name of the slave-owning family. Malcolm X was killed on February 21st this year, apparently by a rival faction of Muslims led by Louis Farrakhan.

Malcolm X, who was also known by the Muslin name El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, was a highly-intelligent "self-made man," and a powerful motivator as a public speaker. Formerly a small time crook known as "Detroit Red" (born in Omaha, Nebraska, Malcolm had lived in Boston, Detroit, and New York), Malcolm turned his life around while in prison. After accepting Muslim teachings, this man who had previously been a notorious womanizer exercised self-control by staying chaste until marriage.

Regardless of what you think of Malcolm's beliefs or approach, you must admit that he was sincere. He broke away from the Muslim movement led by Louis Farrakhan when he discovered that Farrakhan was not living a morally upright life, as required by Muslim teachings.

Malcolm had been extremely racist (his father had been killed by white supremacists in Omaha when he was a youth, and Malcolm himself had been patronized and dismissed by white teachers there). He once said that the only white person he might possibly accept was the violent abolitionist John Brown—and maybe not even him. Malcolm X and Martin Luther King did not see eye to eye on just how the battle for civil rights for their race should be conducted. Malcolm viewed King as being too soft, not reactionary enough. Towards the end of his life, though, Malcolm began to moderate his stance. He was beginning to see humankind as a united whole, rather than in terms of black and white.

Just at that point, when he was perhaps on the verge of an epiphany, Malcolm was executed. Post-Mecca Malcolm seemed to have morphed into a different person from pre-Mecca Malcolm, or was at least in the process of morphing.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Watts riot took place in Los Angeles from August 11th to 16th. The 1960s were a time of great progress in Civil Rights--or were they? Although the federal government had passed the Civil Rights Act in 1964, some states moved to circumvent certain aspects of those laws. California, for instance, responded with Proposition 14, which moved to block the fair housing components of the Civil Rights Act. This, and other acts, created a feeling of injustice and despair in the inner cities.

A seemingly routine traffic stop in south-central Los Angeles provided the spark that provoked the six-day Watts riot. The brutality of the baton-wielding policemen seemed all too routine to the residents of the neighborhood. Frustration boiled over, and the riots began.

The final tally was thirty-four dead, one thousand one hundred injured, and the arrest of almost four thousand people.

Governor Pat Brown appointed a commission to study the riots. The conclusion reached was that the riots were not the acts of thugs, but were rather symptomatic of much deeper problems: the high jobless rate in the inner city, along with subpar housing and schools. This conclusion was apparently not given much credence, as no real efforts were subsequently made to remedy this situation. Or perhaps the conclusion was accepted, but those in power didn't care enough to do anything about it.

Meanwhile, America’s involvement in the Vietnam war (called "The American War" by those in Vietnam) continued to escalate.

This year, the U.S. Government finally did away with nationality-based immigration quotas.

1967

Perspective

"Died on 22 June 1967 in Vietnam as a result of metal fragment wound received during hostile ground action." – U.S. Army "Report of Casualty" document

"My advice to people today is as follows: If you take the game of life seriously, if you take your nervous system seriously, if you take your sense organs seriously, if you take the energy process seriously, you must turn on, tune in, and drop out." – Timothy Leary

- First Super Bowl
- John Perry Patton KIA
- The "Summer of Love"
- Gertie (Bailey) Shannon records her life story

On January 15th, the Green Bay Packers defeated the Kansas City Chiefs 35-10 in the first Super Bowl, played at Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles, California. Kansas City defensive back Fred "The Hammer" Williamson (who went on to become a Hollywood actor after his professional football career was over), boasted that Green Bay Packer receiver Carroll Dale, elevated to the Packers' number one receiving threat due to an injury to Boyd Dowler, would himself join the ranks of the injured, and in fact would have to be carried from the field on a stretcher. In a truth-is-stranger-than-fiction twist (or was there more behind it?), the opposite is what actually occurred: it was Fred Williamson who got hammered and was removed from the field of play on a stretcher.

The Super Bowl has become a very serious business. As evidence of that, witness the hype and hoopla surrounding the advertisements interspersed between the actual playing of the game. Some people without much or any interest in football watch the half-day extravaganza due to their curiosity regarding the heights of creativity and depths of inanity to which the marketers will respectively ascend and descend.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

The war in Vietnam, where men were not only being carried from the field (of battle) on stretchers, but were also dying horrible deaths by the thousands, put the relative importance of the football contest in perspective—or at least it should have.

John Perry Patton was born in Woodland, California (near Oakland) on February 28th, 1941. While attending high school in the northern California coastal town of Fort Bragg, John began spending less and less time at his foster home and more and more time at the home of his school friend Benjamin "Benny" Kollenborn. Although his parents were alive, John and his siblings, brother Barrett and sister Lynn, did not live with them. In fact, the Patton children had lived with a succession of foster families.

Before long, the Albert and Alice Kollenborn family unofficially adopted John, and he was accepted by the entire Kollenborn family as their son and brother. There was no official change of custody, but for all practical purposes John became a Kollenborn. Presumably, the foster family with whom he had been living continued to receive government money for his support--the Kollenborn's neither sought, nor got, any such stipend.

John called Alice Kollenborn, his adopted mother, “granny.” He used this term of endearment, not because she was especially old or acted in any way antiquated, but because for him the designations “mom” and “mother” bore a negative connotation.

In 1959, the Kollenborns relocated to Coos Bay, Oregon, and John made the move up the coast with them. While in Coos Bay, John was involved in a serious automobile accident. He was driving. With him were his buddy Benny Kollenborn and Sharon Kollenborn’s future husband Larry Noland. John received a bad gash in his face. Larry staunched the bleeding by holding John’s face together with his hands until medical personnel arrived. John’s scar can be seen in some of the photographs near the end of this chapter.

Soon after graduating from high school, in June 1959, John Patton enlisted in the army. John, along with his “brother” Benny Kollenborn, trooped down to the army recruiting office to join up together on the “buddy system.” Although John’s health was not perfect, it was he, and not Benny, who was accepted into the military at that time (but Benny would eventually end up in the military too and, like John, serve in Vietnam).

The “Screamin’ Eagles” was the nickname of John’s first unit, the 101st Airborne. John’s older brother Barrett had already been in the military for seven years and was a paratrooper. This likely had an influence on John’s decision to join the Airborne.

John Patton, Coos Bay, Oregon

John Patton waving goodbye in Coos Bay, Oregon

Although Lyndon Johnson had earlier promised that he would not "allow American boys to do the fighting of Asian boys," John arrived in Vietnam on October 4th, 1966. He was not there as a tourist. Whose fighting he was there to do is a matter of opinion. John *had* volunteered, though. Apparently a career soldier, like his brother Barrett, who was stationed in Korea, John had already been in the military for more than six years when he volunteered for duty in Vietnam. At the time he volunteered for combat duty, John was stationed in Germany.

Nothing on the streets of Fort Bragg, California, or Coos Bay, Oregon, nor in peacetime Germany, could have prepared John for what he would encounter in Vietnam. For that matter, nothing in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, or in John's case Fort Benning, Georgia, where he attended three weeks of intensive jump training, could have really prepared him for all that he would face, either.

Was life in the jungles of Vietnam exciting for military personnel? Doubtless it was, but usually in the same sense that civilian pilots claim that flying can be exciting: hours of routine drudgery and boredom punctuated by moments of sheer terror. Mistakes are often deadly. And the mistakes which can cost you your life are not always your own.

Combat is sometimes portrayed as adventurous and glorious fun, not unlike children playing cowboys and Indians with their neighborhood friends, or "weekend warriors" engaging in paintball contests with their buddies. For those in the infantry in Vietnam, combat was anything but glamorous, or fun. They couldn't call "time out" and come in for lunch when their mother called them, nor could they look forward to downing a few cold beers after wiping paint splotches off their clothing and skin.

John Patton and his comrades in the infantry were termed "grunts" apparently due to the sound they were wont to make when they hefted their 75-90 lb. packs on their back before beginning a "hump," or march. For men the size of John, who stood 5'9'' and weighed a svelte 155 lbs., the burden of the packs constituted half or more of their body weight. Backpackers today are cautioned against carrying more than 25% of their body weight, lest their trek become an ordeal.

The life of an infantryman in Vietnam consisted of humping day after day in the monotonous mountains and valleys. In the rainy season, near-continuous monsoon rains, two to three inches per day, soaked them to the point that their fatigues rotted off their bodies. The jungle floors were a quagmire, making each step forward a major effort.

In addition to the heavy weight of the ammo, food, water, and other necessities they had to carry, the infantrymen had to endure extreme heat, humidity, and trails so muddy and slippery that simply marching along resulted in many sprained and broken ankles. As if that were not enough, the entire area was leech-infested. These bloodsucking annelid worms, which live in water or wet earth, can attain a length of three inches, and are equipped with well-developed suckers at each end. They would even take up residence in the ears and noses of the soldiers while they slept. Rare was the man who found no leeches on his body at the end of a day's march. Adding to the negative psychological aspects of being physically uncomfortable, the grunts usually operated under triple canopy jungles, which made everything around them appear dark and dreary

In short, life in the jungle was miserable for all; but there was one thing that was worse than life in the jungle: death in the jungle.

John transferred from the "Screamin' Eagles" (101st Airborne) to the "Sky Soldiers" of the 173rd Airborne Brigade in 1965. The 173rd had been activated June 25th, 1963, and thus were not active at the time John joined the military in 1961.

Esprit de corps was so strong in the elite 173rd Airborne that the brigade often experienced an unheard of 100 percent reenlistment rate. Officers selected to attend stateside career-enhancing courses sometimes declined them in order to remain a Sky Soldier. This practice became so prevalent, in fact, that, in order to persuade them to attend, these men had to be promised that they would be assigned back to the 173rd after completion of their training.

The book *Dak To – The 173rd Airborne Brigade in South Vietnam's Central Highlands, June – Nov. 1967,* by Edward F. Murphy, says this about them: "The 173rd

Airborne was an elite, all-volunteer unit that fought for more than seven years in South Vietnam. General Westmoreland used the "Sky Soldiers" as a fire brigade, sending them wherever the fighting was heaviest. Rarely has the U.S. Army fielded a more intrepid unit."

Mr. Murphy wasn't just whistling Dixie regarding the intrepidity of the 173rd. After the war, the entire brigade was awarded the coveted Presidential Unit Citation, which is the equivalent of awarding each member the DSC (Distinguished Service Cross, the army's second-highest combat award).

Whereas in other wars the objective had normally been to control important road junctions, bridges, hills, ports, and such, General William Westmoreland pursued a strategy of winning a war of attrition. He determined to make "contact" with the enemy, engage them in combat, and kill more of them than the number of U.S. soldiers they were able to kill. Westmoreland figured that the North Vietnamese would thus either eventually run out of M-16 fodder, or lose the will to fight. But 1960s Vietnam was not 1860s Virginia, and Westmoreland was not U.S. Grant (coincidentally, Robert E. Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia).

Pursuing that strategy of attrition, the infantry spent much of their time on "Search and Destroy" missions: track down the enemy, and kill as many of them as possible. It probably surprises nobody that this could be a very dangerous proposition for the hunters as well as the hunted. In fact, the unit to which John Patton belonged, Alpha Company of the 2nd Battalion of the 503rd Infantry (of the 173rd Airborne Brigade), eventually became known as "No Return Alpha."

On April 9th, 1967, John sent his last letter home to the Kollenborns:

Dear Granny and everybody,

I sorry I haven't writing but I ben busy lately. I got transferred just about 30 miles from Saigon. The place is Ben Hoa I'm in the 173 airborne division I just got through with some jungle training. I'm go to the field tomorrow. I'm assigned to the weapons platoon. Everything fine it's hot here but that's not unusual. Thanks for getting my drivers license for me. Your address has always been my home (I told you an old dog knows where his home is). How is everyone treating you. Well I'll sign off for here. Take care of yourself. Remember I am always thinking of you.

John

John Patton's scars are clearly seen in this candid shot taken in Vietnam

John Patton holding an M-16 rifle in Vietnam

One of the reasons A/2/503/173 acquired the sobriquet "No Return Alpha" was their experience on what was officially termed "Operation Stilwell," a campaign the Sky Soldiers themselves referred to as "The Battle of the Slopes." This battle took place in Kontum Province in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam, near the tri-border area with Laos and Cambodia. More specifically, the fateful battle was waged on Hill 1338. The natives no doubt use a different name for the hill, but on the contour maps the military used, hill masses were designated by a number that corresponded to the most conspicuous hills' height above mean sea level, in meters. Hill 1338 has the greatest elevation for miles around. Its north face presented itself to the American base camp at Dak To, about three miles distant.

On June 18th, 1967, Alpha Company was helicoptered into an LZ (landing zone) north of Hill 1338. They knew that members of the NVA (North Vietnamese Army) were in the area, as the Dak To base camp had been attacked by mortar and rocket fire the day before. For the next two days, Alpha Company humped across the north side of the huge hill searching for the enemy. They did find a well-developed trail on the hillside and set up ambushes along it, but to no avail--no NVA moved down the trail. Charlie Company was choppered in on the 20th. Bravo Company was being used as a reserve unit (reaction/replacement force).

Up until the 21st of June, things had been relatively quiet—although Alpha and Charlie had been the targets of occasional sniper fire, no enemy forces had been confronted head-on, and Alpha had suffered no casualties. At 5 p.m. on June 21st, Alpha received orders to return overland to the base camp at Dak To.

It was considered gospel among the grunts that they should avoid repeat use of trails. This rule was a precaution against the possibility that the enemy could have set booby traps or might be lying in ambush along the trail. Many of the men in Alpha were thus disconcerted when it was decided that they would take the same ridge route they had been patrolling the last few days to return to the base camp. Due to the topography, however, Captain Milton didn't have much other choice. To deviate from the existing trail would have meant cutting a new trail on the steep slopes, which was covered with the typical

dense jungle growth. Doing so would have meant spending several days on the return trip, as opposed to a few hours if they used the existing ridge trail.

After camping for the night, Alpha Company rose early the next morning, June 22nd, to continue their trek towards the base. It was a dark and gloomy morn. Thick fog and low clouds covered the area. Alpha's Point Squad began the hump towards base camp, moving down the hill. Before going far, at 6:58 am, they came upon ten to fifteen NVA soldiers crossing the trail, who opened fire. The relative quiet of Alpha Company's early-morning march abruptly changed into a chorus of automatic weapon fire.

Captain Milton, hearing the staccato vibrations generated by the NVA's AK-47s and his men's M-16s, radioed Lieutenant Judd, who reported his Company's situation: Some of his men had been hit; he had placed the remainder in a defensive position.

Milton then radioed the TOC (Tactical Operations Center), and reported Alpha's contact with the enemy. Captain Ken Smith, Colonel Edward Partain, and Major Glenn Watson conferred. Watson remained on the radio with Milton while Partain and Smith plotted coordinates to supply the artillery.

The officers at the TOC command were not, at first, overly concerned with Alpha's predicament. They apparently didn't perceive the gravity of the situation, not realizing the strength of the entrenched NVA unit. General Deane, when hearing of the matter, concluded that Alpha had stumbled across a moving number of NVA, rather than that they had walked into an ambush. Apparently, the NVA were on their way to Cambodia for refitting.

Captain Milton ordered his 2nd platoon to assist his point squad. As they were on their way to do that, though, they too were attacked—from the front and from both flanks. Sizing up the situation, Milton ordered the 2nd platoon to withdraw and requested heavy artillery fire to cover their movement back up the hill. However, the NVA were at this point so close to the Sky Soldiers, "hugging them," that the artillery fire was ineffective—precisely targeting the NVA would have also meant endangering the 2nd platoon.

Next, Alpha's 3rd platoon was tossed into the mix. They were ordered to link up with the 2nd platoon and help them move to a more defensible area.

At 8:10 am, the 2nd and 3rd platoons, now forming a common perimeter along the ridgeline, also came under attack from the North. After half an hour of heavy fighting, Captain Milton reported to the TOC that his men were under heavy fire. At this point, a questionable decision was made. Colonel Partain called in an air strike (the "fast movers," as jets were called in the Vietnam vernacular). The disadvantage of airstrikes in this scenario was that the artillery had to be moved, in order to get out of the way of the bombs the jets would drop. This by necessity made the supporting artillery fire temporarily unavailable. As airstrikes are less accurate than artillery bombardment, they need to provide a bigger cushion between the area they attack and where their own men are located. This being the case, the airstrikes actually afforded the enemy an opportunity to close the gap with the GIs. Major Watson, realizing the airstrikes would be a mistake,

initially refused to move the artillery when ordered to do so. But General Deane broke in on the radio and overrode Watson's refusal, confirming the order to shift the artillery.

For five minutes, from 8:20 to 8:25 a.m., the fast movers dropped bombs along the east side of the ridge. Bell UH-1 ("Huey") gunships arrived on the scene at 8:35. At this point another mistake was made. First, though, some background information for those not well versed in military hardware: American soldiers in Vietnam used two types of grenades: smoke grenades, and fragmentation (or "frag") grenades. Frag grenades are the type that are destructive, and are used against the enemy. Smoke grenades (or "pop smoke," as the grunts called them) were used for two purposes: to mark wind direction for aircraft, and to mark the location of the American soldiers, so gunships would not strafe that area.

Now, back to the second mistake: the tossing of smoke grenades to mark their position. This did not aid the American air support in identifying the position of their countrymen, because the dense jungle dissipated and dispersed the smoke so widely that it was impossible for the gunships to get an accurate fix on the Paratroopers' position. However!--from the ground, their location was plain enough to see, and the NVA used that to the disadvantage and regret of the Americans. The NVA now had a fairly precise bead on the American Companies' position. The increase in enemy fire was immediately apparent.

Within seconds, NVA mortar rounds began crashing into the area occupied by Alpha Company. This triggered an immediate response from the grunts, who began yelling: "Medic!" and: "No more smoke! No more smoke!" The damage had been done, though—the NVA had them trapped, like fish in a barrel.

At 9 am, Captain Milton committed his first platoon to try to save his besieged 2nd and 3rd platoons. He further assigned his weapons platoon to assist in evacuating the wounded back up the hill, to the south, to his CP. As the NVA had the 2nd and 3rd platoons surrounded, the 1st Platoon had to plow right through their lines to get to their embattled buddies.

Bravo company, which had been providing security at the base camp, had by this time been ordered to move out in assistance of Alpha. The arrival of the bulk of their number was delayed, however, when pop smoke used to mark wind direction for the helicopter bringing the first group ignited a fire in the elephant grass near the LZ.

Charlie Company was also on its way back from its search and destroy mission to Alpha's location. They were slowed down, though, for the following reasons: they were carrying two of their number who had been KIA (Killed In Action) and others WIA (Wounded In Action); because of heavy enemy presence in front of them and to their flanks; and due to having to cut their way through the jungle as they went. Charlie Company's commander, Captain Ron Leonard, believed that the NVA had set a trap and were waiting to ambush his Company as they went to Alpha's defense. For this reason, Leonard sent out point squads in cloverleaf reconnaissance patrols, both in front and behind his main body of soldiers. Charlie Company was being berated by the officers at

the TOC for their slow progress, but Leonard would not put his men at risk needlessly. Unlike Alpha Company, Charlie Company was blazing a new trail rather than re-using their old trail; this, too, was significantly slowing down their progress. But they couldn't be of assistance if they didn't arrive at all.

By 10 a.m., the forward elements of Alpha reported that they were down to fifteen effective men (those who were still alive and able to continue fighting). All of the platoon leaders had been killed, and all of the platoon sergeants were wounded (John Patton was a Sergeant). Ammo was getting low, and those who could do so retreated to the CP. Shortly after 11 a.m., radio contact with Alpha's forward elements was lost.

Sometime before this, Bravo Company had arrived on the scene, joining the fight. Shortly thereafter, Charlie Company had made it to Alpha's earlier LZ. Soon half of Charlie's men were on their knees, retching and crying, and with running noses. The cause was CS crystals (tear gas) that had been sown by another platoon. Charlie Company's gas masks, having become wet in the earlier downpours, were not effective in filtering out the noxious fumes.

Some members of Bravo Company were sent to meet Charlie Company there and lead them to the site of the furious battle in which Alpha was engaged. Charlie arrived at Alpha's location at 2:20 p.m. Originally, Captain Judd had hoped to have Alpha Company back at the Dak To base camp by 3:00 p.m. Most of his men would arrive there much later than that, and many would never make it at all—not alive, at any rate. Although they were met with heavy sniper fire from the trees and surrounding area, Charlie Company pressed on, and managed to get many of the WIA and what was left of Alpha Company to the CP by 6:50 p.m.

As they camped there for the night, artillery was directed against potential NVA withdrawal routes, and one platoon was placed in ambush. During that night, shots followed by screams were heard.

The next day, June 23rd, was quiet. Bravo and Charlie Companies worked together clearing the battlefield and looking for remaining WIAs and KIAs. They discovered a grisly scene: of the seventy-six KIAs from Alpha Company, forty-three of them had been executed. This was surmised by the exit wounds the forty-three had in their heads. One wounded soldier had survived the ordeal by playing dead. Although his head was split open, and his skull exposed, the coup de grace had only stunned him.

General Westmoreland flew in to address the survivors and praise them for their courage. Standing on the hood of a jeep, he congratulated them on their victory, saying that they had "whipped" the enemy. One member of Alpha Company turned to another and asked rhetorically, "Wonder what he's been smoking."

John Patton was among the seventy-six killed, but he was apparently not one of the forty-three executed. The death certificates of the executed reported that they had suffered "fragmentation wounds to the head"; John's "Report of Casualty" states that he died "as a result of metal fragment wound received during hostile ground action."

The June 29th, 1967, issue of the Oakland Tribune carried a story about John's death as well as that of a "Private Valdez" who, rather oddly, is not mentioned at all beyond simply stating his rank and surname. Following the photocopy of the article is the text:

EASTBAY FAMILIES MOURN

War Comes Sadly Home

Headlines all over the nation Saturday told of the destruction of two platoons of paratroopers—75 dead out of 80 men—in a Red ambush high in Vietnam's central highlands. JUNE 22, 1967

And in Oakland and Antioch today two families each knew they had lost a loved member among those 75 dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Linn A. Patton, in their home at 1821 Sixth Ave. here, were waiting for the body of their son, Sgt. John P. Patton. "An officer came to talk about the arrangements," said the father. "They had told us Monday that John was dead. He will be buried in Golden Gate National Cemetery. We had a call again in the morning, and we believe our boy is on his way home."

The Pattons have another son, Barrett, who is also a sergeant and an Army paratrooper, stationed in Korea. Both were career Army men, Barrett with 13 years of service and John with just short of eight.

"We hope Barrett will be coming home," the father said. "I notified the Army yesterday to contact him, and they may fly him in."

Patton heard of his son's death when officers contacted him at the Oakland Naval Supply Center, where he is a warehouseman.

The Pattons are proud of their sons. "John was head of a platoon," said his father. "It was practically wiped out. By the first of the month he would have had eight years in.

"Both the boys started out as paratroopers. I don't know why, it was just what they wanted, that was all."

Sgt. Patton and Private Valdez were attached to an airfield out of Saigon, part of a special airborne battalion of the 173rd Airborne Brigade. One company had been dropped near Dak To, 270 miles north of Saigon, and had been looking for the enemy since the previous Sunday when they were caught in last Thursday's ambush.

Sergeant Patton, 26, went to grammar school in Oakland, and high school in Fort Bragg. His sister, Lynn, Mrs. Tom Cody, lives in the Mendocino coast city.

"We didn't particularly want the boys to be paratroopers," said their father, "because that is a dangerous business, worse than just being a soldier. But that was what they wanted and it was their decision. We can't live other people's lives."

SGT. JOHN P. PATTON
Paratrooper died in ambush.

<u>*EASTBAY FAMILIES MOURN*</u>

War Comes Sadly Home

Headlines all over the nation Saturday told of the destruction of two platoons of paratroopers—75 dead out of 80 men—in a Red ambush high in Vietnam's central highlands.

And in Oakland and Antioch today two families each knew they had lost a loved member among those 75 dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Linn A. Patton, in their home at1821 Sixth Avenue here, were waiting for the body of their son, Sgt. John P. Patton. "An officer came to talk about the arrangements," said the father. "They had told us Monday that John was dead. He will be buried in Golden Gate National Cemetery. We had a call again in the morning, and we believe our boy is on his way home."

The Pattons have another son, Barrett, who is also a sergeant and an Army paratrooper, stationed in Korea. Both were career Army men, Barrett with 13 years of service and John with just short of eight.

"We hope Barrett will be coming home," the father said. "I notified the Army yesterday to contact him, and they may fly him in."

Patton heard of his son's death when officers contacted him at the Oakland Naval Supply Center, where he is a warehouseman.

The Pattons are proud of their sons. "John was head of a platoon," said his father. "It was practically wiped out. By the first of the month he would have had eight years in."

"Both the boys started out as paratroopers. I don't know why, it was just what they wanted, that was all."

Sgt. Patton and Private Valdez were attached to an airfield out of Saigon, part of a special airborne battalion in the 173rd Airborne Brigade. One company had been dropped near Dak To, 270 miles north of Saigon, and had been looking for the enemy since the previous Sunday when they were caught in last Thursday's ambush.

Sergeant Patton, 26, went to grammar school in Oakland, and high school in Fort Bragg. His sister, Lynn, Mrs. Tom Cody, lives in the Mendocino coast city.

"We didn't particularly want the boys to be paratroopers," said their father, "because that is a dangerous business, worse than just being a soldier. But that was what they wanted and it was their decision. We can't live other people's lives."

Out of 137 men that Alpha Company had started out with on June 22nd, over half of them were killed, and twenty-three others injured on that day. Less than 30% survived physically unscathed.

Following the ambush, three men spent the next two days positively identifying the dead American soldiers. This painstaking duty was necessary because the NVA were known to sometimes switch dog tags on the corpses of their victims.

Viewing the results from Westmoreland's supposed perspective, the battle may have indeed been a victory: The Americans had killed more of the NVA than they had lost themselves. The official report claimed enemy losses at 106 NVA killed (actual body count), but possibly as many as 407. Although the soldiers who had been involved in the fray estimated that they had killed 50-75 NVA, the official report estimated 475-513.

To be fair, the severity of Alpha's losses did cause figurative "heads to roll"—one head, anyway. A fiasco of that magnitude had to be *somebody's* fault; a scapegoat was needed. Although it was General Westmoreland who had denied additional men for Alpha Company when that request had been made earlier, and although some of the tactics used in the battle were suspect, the blame was pinned on Charlie Company's Captain Leonard, who had supposedly moved too slowly in coming to Alpha's assistance —this even though it was realized after the battle that Leonard's situation was much more difficult than those at the TOC had realized. Besides, Alpha's battle was essentially over by 10:30 a.m.; Leonard and Charlie Company could have done nothing to change the outcome.

The story, or part of it anyway, ended on December 1st, 1967, when the battle for Dak To was declared to be over. The MACV (Military Assistance Command, Vietnam) issued a press release trumpeting the great victory. The surviving participants knew better, though—although the Americans had driven the NVA from the region, they realized that situation was only temporary. Like MacArthur in the Philippines, the NVA would be

back someday. For the moment, the Americans controlled some strategic hilltops, but they would soon leave, returning those hard-won hills to the jungle and the enemy.

Prior to departing Dak To, the 173rd conducted their traditional “boots” ceremony. In an emotion-filled tribute to those from their ranks who had fallen in the battle, the Sky Soldiers held a memorial service with a pair of jump boots placed in rank to represent each fallen paratrooper. The sight of dozens and dozens of boots arranged in neat rows packed an emotional wallop; it was a ceremony the participants would never forget.

America’s largest anti-war protests took place four months later, in October, as tens of thousands marched on Washington. Among the counterculture in the United States, 1967 was known as the “Summer of Love.” Somehow word of that did not seem to reach those engaged in combat in the jungles of Asia. On a single day, in a single battle, in a solitary company of soldiers, in the midst of that peaceful-sounding, sunny season, seventy-six young men lost their lives. Among them was John Perry Patton.

John received the following medals: Good Conduct; Parachutist Badge; Marksman Badge (Rifle); Expert Badge (Automatic Rifle); Bronze Star; Combat Infantryman badge; Military Merit Medal; and Gallantry Cross with Palm (the latter two were posthumously awarded to him by “The Government of the Republic of Vietnam”).

The full text of the letter awarding John the Bronze Star, as well as his “Report of Casualty” document, is included in Appendix VII.

John Patton’s name is located on the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C., at section 22E 047. More importantly, his memory is held in the hearts of his family.

John Patton's grave in Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Memories are what Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon recorded this year, too. She penned the autobiography/family story that is quoted throughout this book and contained *in toto* in Appendix I.

1968

A Dream Deferred

"History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has remided us, groups are more immoral than individuals." – Martin Luther King, Jr.

"Civilization is unbearable, but it is less unbearable at the top." -- Timothy Leary

- Martin Luther King assassinated
- Robert Kennedy assassinated

Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated April 4th in Birmingham, Alabama by James Earl Ray. Whether Ray was acting alone or he had accomplices is not known; at least not by anyone who's saying. Nevertheless, the FBI did send King a threatening letter. After FBI director J. Edgar Hoover had complained that he hadn't been "taking the aggressive" with the Civil Rights leader, Assistant Director William Sullivan wrote King an anonymous letter wherein Sullivan claimed to be African-American. The letter allegedly had as its intent embarrassing King into resigning from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Others believe its actual intent was to drive King to suicide. The letter concluded:

King, there is only one thing for you to do. You have just 34 days in which to do…You are done. There is but one way out for you. You better take it before your filthy, abnormal fraudulent self is bared to the nation.

King had planned to galvanize blacks and (poor) whites alike at a massive camp-in scheduled to take place in Washington, D.C. later in the month. Instead of the peaceful demonstration King would have wanted, though, rioting broke out in more than 125 cities around the country in reaction to King's assassination.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

President John Kennedy's brother, Senator Robert Kennedy, was also assassinated this year also. ~~~more on that…

1969

Sea of Tranquility

"Ain't no time to wonder why, Whoopee! we're all gonna die." – from the song "Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag" by Country Joe and the Fish

"Be there or be square." – Colloquial expression from the 1950s

"Everywhere is freaks and hairies, dykes and fairies, tell me where is sanity." – from the song "I'd Love to Change the World" by Ten Years After

"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." – Neil Armstrong

- Woodstock Music and Arts Festival
- Apollo 11 Moon Landing

The music concert extravaganza extraordinaire officially named "The Woodstock Music and Arts Festival" took place from August 15th-17th in upstate New York. Woodstock, billed as "three days of peace and music,". Woodstock is a touchstone of Hippie culture. The "happening" ended up being four days (an additional day was added) of mainly music, drugs, and mud. Sixty-thousand were expected; four hundred thousand showed up.

In the postapocalyptic movie "The Omega Man," Charlton Heston (of all people) is shown as apparently the sole survivor of San Francisco going into a movie theatre and projecting for himself the movie that chronicled this event. His character had seen the movie so many times that he is able to "sing" along with Country Joe and the Fish during their performance.

Country Joe McDonald, a San Francisco native himself, and former soldier, was the leader of a jug band turned folk-rock ensemble ("The Fish") that was very outspoken in its political views. Although some of their music was pedestrian, and some of their antics childish, anti-Vietnam War songs such as "Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag" were memorable for their shocking frankness ("be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box").

Although many attendees spent their time at Woodstock in a drug-induced stupor, those who kept their wits about them could fully appreciate the historic performances put on by the likes of Jimi Hendrix (who played a virtuosic, histrionic, kaleidoscopic version of *The Star Spangled Banner*); Janis Joplin; John Sebastian and the Lovin' Spoonful; Peter, Paul & Mary; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Joe Cocker; jazz-turned-rock band Ten Years After (performing an extra-frenetic version of their guitar-solo-driven raveup "I'm Goin' Home"); Santana; Sly and the Family Stone; and, as mentioned, Country Joe and the Fish.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

At 4:17 Eastern time on July 20th, Neil Armstrong did something many had helf for impossible: he walked on earth's moon, 240,000 miles from home. The mission was called *Apollo 11*, the command ship *Columbia*, and the lunar vehicle the *Eagle.* Also along were Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin and Michael Collins. Armstrong and Aldrin spent almost a full day on the moon, setting up scientific experiments, collecting rock samples, and marking their territory with a flag and a plaque. The plaque reads: "Here Men from the Planet Earth/First Set Foot upon the Moon/July 1969 AD/We Came in Peace for All Mankind."

Along with events such as the assassination of John F. Kennedy and 9/11, it is one of those events that virtually every American alive at the time remembers.

1970

Automatics

Tin soldiers and Nixon's comin'.
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drummin'.
Four dead in Ohio.
-- from the song "Four Dead in Ohio" by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

"Sayin' it's your job don't make it right, Hoss." – Paul Newman in the movie "Cool Hand Luke"

- Four killed in Ohio
- First ATM
- Jim Branstuder dies

At Kent State, near Akron, Ohio, students were interfering with military recruitment efforts on campus. The Ohio National Guard was sent in to prevent such interference from continuing. Their mission was to make the campus safe for recruiters. Somewhat similar to the situation eight years earlier at Ole Miss in Oxford, Mississipi, tensions escalated over the question of who should be allowed on campus.

It is quite possible that many of the Guardsmen did not want to be there and felt no animosity toward the students. As was the case with many members of the Mississippi State Militia called in to quell the disturbance at Ole Miss in 1962, these guardsmen didn't necessarily agree with their orders but followed them nonetheless.

Despite any sympathy some of the Guardsmen may have felt for the students or their cause, certain of their number opened fire on the students protesting the Vietnam War. Four students were killed. Crosby Stills Nash and Young wrote a song about the incident.

The most widely known photo of the event depicts a visibly distraught young woman bending over an apparently dead young man. Most assume, no doubt, that the young woman was a student at Kent State. In fact, she was not; she just happened to be passing through. The despair and disbelief her posture seemed to evoke represented the way most people reacted to the situation. Why are we killing our own? What had the students done deserving of death? Where does it all end? How can such tragedies be prevented from happening again? Did the punishment fit the crime?

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In a rather dubious move ostensibly aimed at providing greater convenience for their banking customers, the first ATM (Automatic Teller Machine) went into operation in Los Angeles this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Albert Kollenborn's stepfather Jim Branstuder died in Hiwasse, Arkansas on February 5th at the age of ninety. He is buried with his wife of forty-five years and mother of his three daughters, Ruie Lee Elizabeth "Lizzie" (Huddleston) Kollenborn Davidson Branstuder at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery between Hiwasse and Gravette. Since all three of Lizzie and James Branstuder's children were girls whose surnames changed when they married (or, in Juanita's case, died young along with her two babies), Jim's stirp of the Branstuder line passed away with him.

1971

Passing, Papers, and Pilots

"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children … to leave the world a better place...to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded." – Ralph Waldo Emerson

"The only thing that holds a marriage together is the husband being big enough to step back and see where the wife is wrong." – Archie Bunker

- Myrtle (Buster) Kollenborn dies
- Pentagon Papers
- Esther (Nelson) Shannon remarries
- "All in the Family" debuts

Myrtle Jennie (Buster) Kollenborn, Harry Kollenborn's second wife and mother of five of his children, died September 26th in Bakersfield, California, this year.

Albert and Myrtle Kollenborn did not know each other, but they did have something significant in common--Harry Kollenborn. Besides having been the cause of much mental anguish to both of them, Harry had also partnered with Lizzie in giving Albert life, and with Myrtle regarding her five children (naturally, Lizzie and Myrtle not only played a big role in that gift of life themselves, but also did a lot more about nurturing those lives once they appeared than Harry did).

Myrtle's obituary appeared in The Bakersfield Californian on Tuesday, September 28, 1971:

KOLLENBORN, Myrtle J. - Services will be held at Hillcrest Mortuary Chapel Wednesday at 3 p.m. for Myrtle J. Kollenborn, 85, of 2712 North Inyo, who died Sept. 26 in a Bakersfield hospital. The Rev. Tom Toler of the First Christian Church will officiate. Mrs. Kollenborn was born in La Harpe, Kan., and had resided in Bakersfield for the past 51 years. She was associated with the First Christian Church. Mrs. Kollenborn is survived by two sons, Charles Kollenborn of Bakersfield and James Kollenborn of Seattle; two daughters, Mrs. Emma Roberts of Bakersfield and Mrs. Thora Wheeler of Taft; a sister, Mrs. Anna Barnett of Tulsa, Okla.; 15 grandchildren, and 29 great-grandchildren. Pallbearers will be Jack Roberts, Gary Wheeler, Charlie Wheeler, Leonard Koll, Donald Koll, Leroy Koll and Lloyd Koll. Honorary bearers will be Larry Neal, Ed Norris, Trayfo Eagle, Charles Martin and Johnny Travao. Interment will be in Hillcrest Memorial Park.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In June, *The New York Times* published a series of articles on a secret government study popularly known as “The Pentagon Papers.” 47-volume document compiled between 1967 and 1969 by Defense Department analysts. Revealed how government had systematically deceived the public about what was going on in Vietnam. CIA conspired to overthrow and assassinate South Vietnamese President Diem (a U.S. ally, and like President Kennedy, a Catholic), and the fact that the Tonkin Gulf Resolution had been drafted months before the supposed attack on U.S. vessels by North Vietnamese forces. Daniel Ellsberg, an MIT professor and government consultant, who had contributed to the papers, leaked them to the press after becoming disgusted and disillusioned over the government’s actions. ~~~more Pentagon Papers section to be added later. Term “credibility gap” used to describe government duplicity.>

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Esther (Nelson) Shannon remarried in the summer of this year. Her new husband was Walter Welch, so she thus became Esther Welch. Notwithstanding the groom’s surname, beverages a touch stronger than grape juice were imbibed at the reception.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The television show "All in the Family" debuted this year. It was very controversial due to the Bunker family's narrow-minded and bigoted patriarch Archie (Carroll O'Connor) and the way he treated his wife Edith (Jean Stapleton), whom he called "dingbat"; daughter Gloria (Sally Struthers); and son-in-law Michael Stivic (Rob Reiner), whom Archie called "Meathead"; not to mention his African-American neighbors, George and Louise Jefferson (Sherman Hemsley and Isabel Sanford), All in the Family was shocking enough, but also relevant enough, to grab and hold people's attention.

While viewers learned how to face problems from the Cartrights in "Bonanaza" and the Taylors in "The Andy Griffith Show," they were taught how *not* to respond to situations and view people from Archie Bunker. As a reverse role model, and someone to laught at, the fork-lift operator from Queens, New York was great. Contributing to the cultural vacuum which was the 1980s, "All in the Family" went off the air after the 1979 season.

1972
Creeping Creeps

"I doubt that a country can live in freedom where its people can be made to suffer physically or financially for criticizing their government, its actions, or its officials." – Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black

"We were once friends with the whites, but you nudged us out of the way by your intrigues, and now when we are in council you keep nudging each other. Why don't you talk, and go straight, and let all be well?." – Black Kettle (Cheyenne)

"I think that Watergate is the greatest tragedy this country has ever suffered." – Senator Sam Ervin, Jr.

"It was an attempt, on the national level, to subvert the two-party system, which is right at the roots of our system. It was a naked attempt to use power for the perpetuation of power, and down that road dictatorship thrives and democracy cannot survive.

"It was a naked attempt to circumvent the democratic system of law that its perpetrators had sworn to uphold." – Walter Cronkite

♦ Watergate Breakin

Although Richard Nixon was a shoe-in to be re-elected in the Presidential election later that year, Nixon staff members, part of CREEP (Committee to Re-Elect the President) broke into Democratic Party headquarters at the Watergate Hotel in Washington, D.C. "Tricky Dick," as the President was known by colleagues and the press, had also been involved in "dirty tricks" against Democratic challangers. Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein from *The Washington Post* tenaciously tracked down leads and discovered the White House was involved.

June 17th, five burglars arrested. "plumbers" to plug breeches re: the Pentagon Papers. Planted bugs at Democratic headquarters. Nixon's campaign manager, former U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell, led CREEP. One of the burglars had an address book with E. Howard Hunt's contact info in it. Hunt had been a CIA agent, head of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Hunt was assistant to Charles Colson, Nixon's Special Counsel. His address? "The White House" Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy, CREEP's general counsel, were indicted on charges of burglary, conspiracy, and wiretapping. After their convictions, Nixon's aidees began to talk.

Many of the President's aides involved, resigned, including his closest advisors John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman. Agnew admitted to filing a bogus tax return and accepting bribes while he was Governor of Maryland and resigned. Nixon asked for copies to tapes of his White House conversations. When he finally turned them over, one had eighteen minutes of silence.

Showing just how strong his position as incumbent was, even after the breakins Nixon defeated George McGovern and won reelection. Soon after his second term began, though, more and more of the dirty laundry, some related to Watergate, and some random other shenanigans, had been discovered about the Nixon administration. Among "Tricky Dick's" laundry list of dirty tricks were:

- John Mitchell controlled secret monies used to finance a campaign of forged letters and falsified "news items" intended to damage the Democratic party.
- Major U.S. corporations had contributed millions of dollars in illegal campaign contributions.
- Hunt and Liddy had burglarized the office of "Pentagon Papers" whistle-blower Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist in an attempt to discredit Ellsberg.
- There was a plan to physically assault Ellsberg, as well.
- Nixon had promised clemency and money to the Watergate burglars if they remained silent.
- FBI files on the Watergate breakin were turned over to Nixon's attorney John Dean by L. Patrick Gray, who was Nixon's nominee to replace the deceased J. Edgar Hoover.
- Nixon directed the CIA to instruct the FBI to not investigate Watergate.
- Nixon stole $10 million dollars of taxpayer money to improve his personal homes.
- In 1969 and 1970, the U.S. had secretly bombed Cambodia without the knowledge (or even consent) of Congress.

After a lengthy and dramatic series of investigations, the U.S. Senate committee dealing with the Watergate case recommended that Nixon be impeached on three counts: abuse of his presidential powers, obstruction of justice, and the disobeying of subpoenas.

Rather than be fired, Nixon resigned on August 9, 1974. Vice President Gerald Ford served out the remaining two and a half years of "Nixon's" presidency. One of Ford's first acts was to pardon Nixon. His excuse for this injustice was that by doing so the American people could put this dark period behind them.

But is Watergate behind us? Have we experienced "closure" or is a festering sore? Whatever the case, the Watergate affair certainly left an impact on the American psyche. Any account of government corruption brings the watershed events of this year to mind. Who has not heard of Irangate, Contragate, Whitewatergate, etc. etc. ad nauseum? The Barnhart Dictionary of New English shed some light on this in this passage:

Watergate is a scandal, especially one that involves an attempt to conceal damaging information or illegal activities…The Watergate affair left a strong imprint on the language of the 1970's. The word spawned various coinages and the combining form -gate, used to denote scandal or corruption.

Interim President Gerald Ford was not (re)elected in 1976. The erratic golfer gave way to a Georgian peanut farmer.

1973

Stoppages

"Irreverence is the champion of liberty and its only sure defense." – Mark Twain

"What treaty that the whites have kept has the red man broken? Not one. What treaty that the white man ever made with us have they kept? Not one. When I was a boy the Sioux owned the world; the sun rose and set on their land; they sent ten thousand men to battle. Where are the warriors today? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them? What white man can say I ever stole his land or a penny of his money? Yet, they say I am a thief. What white woman, however lonely, was ever captive or insulted by me? Yet they say I am a bad Indian. What white man has ever seen me drunk? Who has ever come to me hungry and unfed? Who has ever seen me beat my wives or abuse my children? What law have I broken? Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked for me because my skin is red? Because I am Lakota, because I was born where my father died, because I would die for my people and my country?" – Sitting Bull

"They definitely are out to destroy our concept of freedom." – Anna Mae Pictou Aquash (Micmac Indian, referring to the U.S. governments treatment of Indians)

"The only way to deal with the Indian problem in South Dakota is to put a gun to the AIM leaders' heads and pull the trigger." – William Janklow, South Dakota politician

"If nominated, I will not run. If elected, I will not serve." – William Tecumseh Sherman

- Vietnam War Ends
- Wounded Knee II
- OPEC Oil Embargo
- U.S. Military Draft Suspended
- Roe v. Wade

Without apparently having accomplished much, unless you consider the killing of thousands of young men, as well as civilians of both genders and age ranges an accomplishment, the Vietnam War was finally put out of its misery with the signing of peace accords in Paris this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In what came to be known as "Wounded Knee II," a group of Indians spearheaded by the American Indian Movement (AIM) occupied the Wounded Knee reservation this year. Their aim was to bring attention to the long litany of treaties the government had broken. They called their pilgrimage "The Trail of Broken Treaties."

In particular, AIM wanted the U.S. government to honor the 1868 Fort Laramie treaty they had made with the Sioux, giving them the Black Hills in perpetuity. Great mineral wealth had been discovered in the Black Hills, though, including uranium, which is needed for the production of nuclear power and weaponry.

The Indians never had a chance. There was no way the government would give back land it had taken over a century earlier. Besides government-sponsored Indian lackeys and local white ranchers, the reservation was also besieged by the military. Included among those called to the scene were the 82nd Airborne, which had been at the Battle in Oxford, Mississippi, in 1962.

Tensions between AIM and the U.S. government, particularly the FBI and BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) continued, and would boil over in 1975.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Arab nations attacked Israel this year in retaliation for land Israel had taken during a war with Egypt in 1967. The U.S., which had become ever more dependent on foreign oil, was drastically affected when OPEC (Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) stopped shipping oil to the U.S., Israel's top ally. The oil embargo contributed to rampant inflation in the 1970s.

By 1981, the price of oil had gushed from about $4 a barrel in the early 1970s to its $35 in 1981. It has been fluctuating, but generally rising, ever since. At the time of writing in 2005, a barrel of oil commands more than $60.

The U.S., although comprised of just six percent of the world's population, uses one third of all energy produced, much of it in the form of petroleum. The embargo caused the price of gasoline in the U.S. to rise from 38 ½ cents per gallon in late 1973 to 55.1 cents per gallon by the middle of 1974. This sounds cheap now, but it was an increast of almost 50% in just eight months. And not only was gas expensive, it was scarce: rationing and long lines led to much frustration; in the summer, especially, tempers often flared over those who "took cuts" or took more than their fair share of gas.

Many Americans had to cut back on travel and electricity use. The 55-mile per hour speed limit came into being to save on fuel. Eventually, some members of OPEC refused to continue limiting their production, and this, coupled with the effects of the conservation measures, caused some price rollbacks by the early 1980s.

OPEC nations still control 77% of the world's proven oil reserves.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

With demand for cannon fodder severely curtailed, and persistent internal protests against its policies, the U.S. abolished the military draft this year. At least, it was discontinued for the time being. Time will tell whether the draft was permanently eliminated, or just temporarily suspended.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Pro- and anti-abortion factions still wage battle with one another, some times all too literally. This despite the fact that abortion was made legal in the United States this year by ruling of the Supreme Court. *Roe v. Wade*, provided such abortion take place in the first trimester, that is to say three months, of pregnancy.

During that time period, the rule is general throughout the United States. What is allowed regarding abortion during the remaining two-thirds of the pregnancy, though, was left up to each state to decide.

1974

Breaking In and Stepping Out

"The people have got to know whether or not their president is a crook. Well, I am not a crook" – Richard Milhouse Nixon

"I came back to California, convinced that this state and country were good enough for me." – John Simpson Ross II in "A Pioneer Lumberman's Story"

"… myriads of fair virgins contending with each other for my love …The Rothschilds, Girards and Astors appeared to me but poor people." – James Carson

- Nixon Resigns
- Kollenborns move back to California

Faith in its political leaders possibly fell to an all-time low in America this year as more details about the Watergate scandal came to light. Although he repeatedly pleaded his innocence and ignorance, eventually it became apparent that President Richard Nixon was behind the theft of documents from Democratic Headquarters at the Watergate Hotel in Washington, D.C.

The U.S. Constitution allows for impeachment of public officials on three grounds: treason, bribery, or "high crimes and misdemeanors."

Nixon's misdeeds fell most neatly into the first and last of those three. Among the infractions incorporated within the latter broad category are abuse of power and serious misconduct in office.

The House Judiciary Committee on July 30th recommended that Nixon be impeached on the following charges: illegal wiretapping, misuse of the CIA, perjury, bribery, obstruction of justice, abuse of presidential powers, and attempting to impede the impeachment process by defying committee subpoenas. In Committee's Articles of Impeachment read, in part:

Richard M. Nixon has acted in a manner contrary to his trust as presdient and subversive of constitutional government, to the great prejudice of the cause of law and justice, and to the manifest injury of the people of the United States.

The embattled chief executive, who had been a strong favorite (read "shoe-in") to win the 1976 election, chose to quit (resign) rather than be fired (impeached). On August 9th, Nixon was the first (and so far the only) U.S. President to resign from office. This left Vice President and erratic golfer Gerald Ford as President.

Ford eventually pardoned Nixon. Not all were happy about that, by any means, but the replacement President felt it was best for the country to put the whole Watergate mess behind it.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Albert Kollenborn family, now back down to the original two with which it had started in 1930, made their last move this year, to Mokelumne (Muh CALL uh me) Hill, California. Although Mokelumne Hill, located in the gold rush country of Calaveras County, is in northern California, this is the furthest south in the state the Kollenborns ever lived—much further south than Eureka and Fort Bragg, and even further south than Colusa.

Calaveras County, like California itself, has a varied topography. In the eastern portion of the county, there are areas--such as Bear Valley--that get a lot of snowfall. But the western edge rarely gets any. The County is home to olive orchards and redwoods (Calaveras Big Trees State Park, near Arnold, has within its confines a redwood tree stump so large that it was made into a dance floor). Famous people have passed through the county, such as "Black Bart" (Charles Bolton), who was tried, convicted, and sentenced in the county seat of San Andreas for his stagecoach robberies throughout the area; Mark Twain, who, while living near Angels Camp, wrote the story which catapulted him to fame, namely "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"; and Bret Harte, who wrote "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and other short stories set in the county.

There are conflicting opinions on whether Joaquin Murieta actually existed, that is, if the myths about him are true, or whether the stories are a glamorization/exaggeration of a combination of men named Joaquin. Whatever the truth may be, at least one of these Joaquins (or perhaps *the* Joaquin) doubtless spent time in Calaveras County, too. According to the tale of his beginnings in outlawry, his wife was raped in neighboring Tuolumne County. It is said that Joaquin, after recovering from the wounds he suffered while trying to ward off that attack, eventually tracked down and killed all of the perpetrators.

The Indian word Calaveras means "skulls." The county takes its name from the river of that name. The river was given that name because of the many Indian skulls found on its banks by an early explorer. The cause of the demise of the former users of those skulls is unknown. Was it famine? Disease? Tribal conflicts? A scare tactic? Or was there some other reason for such a macabre assemblage?

Calaveras County became known for collections of skulls again in the 1990s when human bones were discovered on the West Point property of Leonard Lake and Charles Ng. It turns out that these two bachelors had kidnapped and killed many women over the preceding several years. Lake committed suicide at the time of their capture by ingesting poison. Ng escaped into Canada, was arrested there for another crime, eventually extradited to California, and finally convicted after long court delays. These interruptions in justicce were brought about partly by Ng's real or feigned illnesses, and the replacing of one lawyer with another, which resulted in the starting of the legal process anew.

Mokelumne Hill, population 560, where Shannons and Kollenborns still live today, was once in the running to be California's state capitol. It was one of California's first gold mining centers. Not far behind James Marshall's find at Coloma, gold was discovered in Mokelumne Hill in that same year of 1848 by soldiers from New York, at a place which became known as Lower Rich Gulch.

These soldiers had been organized in mid-1846 under the command of Colonel Jonathan Stevenson. The orders this regiment received from President Polk and War Secretary William Marcy were to oppose Mexico in Alta California (upper California, today simply known as California, and called such to differentiate it from lower, or Baja, California) by provoking hostilities against these "foreigners" whenever and wherever they could.

On their arrival into the Calaveras County area, the Stevenson Regiment encountered neither hostile forces nor "foreign influences"--other than some peaceful indigenous tribes. Much more threatening to the good order and discipline of the regiment was the gold fever which had been raging since James Marshall's discovery of the shiny metal in Coloma in January of 1848. News of this discovery sent many of the troops scrambling into the outlying creeks and canyons of the countryside in search of nuggets. These defections became so widespread, in fact, that the Army—acknowledging a *fait accompli* —began sanctioning the desertions, after a fashion, in that they reported them as "furloughs."

Many members of that early regiment have lent their names to towns which still exist in the area. For example, George and Henry Angel gave Angels Camp its name; James H. Carson gave his name to Carson Hill--which became the location of the largest nugget ever found in California--and, although not formal members of the regiment, John and Daniel Murphy gave their name to Murphy's Diggings, today known simply as Murphys.

James Carson described the symptoms of gold fever, as he experienced it:

A frenzy seized my soul; unbidden, my legs performed some entirely new movements of Polka steps…I was soon in the street in search of the necessary outfits; piles of gold rose up before me at every step; castles of marble dazzling the eye with their rich appliances; thousands of slaves bowing to my beck and call; myriads of fair virgins contending with each other for my love. These were among the fancies of my fevered imagination. The Rothschilds, Girards and Astors appeared to me but poor people.

Carson spent a year searching for the elusive metal. He encountered such characters as "Dutch John," a Yiddish-cussing barkeeper who brought his own twist to the custom of dipping thumb and forefinger into a miner's pouch to extract the price of a shot of whiskey. Instead of reaching straight into the pouch, John would first slide his hand into his mouth. Rather than gathering the customary $1 pinch of dry dust, $4 to $8 worth of gold flakes collected on his moistened fingers.

Another memorable gent was a strapping Oregonian who swung his pickax night and day. Each time the earth disgorged another nugget, he would cry for joy over the material comfort he had just secured for his parents back home. “This nugget’s for dad’s winter coat,” he would cry out. And then, “This one’s for Mom’s new stove.” Carson, a keen judge of character, said of him, “Few men with a heart like his have ever come to California.”

A one-time preacher from the east had “backslid” all the way to becoming a notorious drunkard. Despite the repudiation of his old lifestyle and the disreputableness of his new one, he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of a certain miner named George. All was going as normal until it was necessary to sing a psalm. Midway through the second verse, the erstwhile preacher stopped all of a sudden, muttering, “The Good Lord has obliterated my memory.” He motioned the mourners to kneel beside the freshly dug grave, and he commenced praying. The prayer had gone on for a good ten minutes when one of the miners discovered that the recently unearthed dirt was “lousy with gold.” This discovery created quite a stir. The preacher, who kept his eyes closed, thought the ruckus was simply “the spirit of Jesus” that was infecting the boys. Thinking he was moving them to great depths of religious emotion, he “warmed up” to his task. His supplications for the dead man’s soul echoed across the valley. But then he suddenly stopped, opened one bloodshot eye, and caught a glimpse of the real reason for all the hubbub. “Boys, what’s that?” he shouted. He followed that up with an answer to his own question: “Gold by God! The richest kind of diggings—the very dirt we’ve been looking for.” Needless to say, George wasn’t buried at that spot. He was taken from his rich hole and a new grave was dug for him “high up on the mountain’s side.”

It was another member of Stevenson’s regiment, Sam Pearsall, who discovered gold at what is today called—no, not Pearsall’s Hill, but the aforementioned Mokelumne Hill. The gold discovery there led to the erection of what quickly became a busy and propsperous community. It was soon recognized as one of the state’s more important trade and financial centers, and as such was even in the running at one time for the permanent location of California’s capitol. A modern-day visitor may find that hard to believe. And they can’t be faulted for that. It *is* difficult to imagine sleepy little Mokelumne Hill, “The Miami of the Sierras,” as one imaginative real estate agent branded it (citrus trees *do* grow there), as the chief population center of this great state so “lousy” with people. Everybody in “Mok” Hill has heard of Sacramento (California’s capitol), sixty miles to the northeast, but the reverse cannot be stated with any degree of certainty.

But that is as the Shannon and the Kollenborn families, down through the ages--almost to a person--would have it. A small, slow-paced town nestled in the hills is just what they want—not the hustle and bustle, noise and confusion of a “big city” like Sacramento.

1975

Wounded Knee Redux

"We may have been happy with the land that was originally reserved to us. But continually over the years more and more of our land has been stolen from us by the Canadian and U.S. governments. In the 19th century our land was stolen from us for economic reasons because the land was lush and fertile and abounded with food. We were left with what white society thought was worthless land…Today, what was once called worthless land suddenly becomes valuable as the technology of white society advances. White society would now like to push us off our reservations because beneath the barren land lie valuable mineral and oil resources. It is not a new development for white society to steal from nonwhite peoples. When white society succeeds it's called colonialism. When white society's efforts to colonize people are met with resistance it's called war. But when the colonized Indians of North America meet to stand and resist we are called criminals. What could be more clear than that to treat us as criminals is a farce? We are an Indian nation and the governments of Canada and the United States and the dominant white society they represent have made war against our people, culture, spiritual ways and sacred Mother Earth for over 400 years." – Leonard Peltier

"It's like the old days, except now they call us 'militants' instead of 'hostiles' or 'renegades'." – Russell Means

When Leonard finally came to California, he was 21 years old as I recall…
Well, life began to twist its way around him
And I wondered how he carried such a load
--from the song "Leonard" by Merle Haggard

- Second Battle of Wounded Knee

The June 26th shootout that occurred on the Lakota/Sioux Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota this year generated the biggest manhunt in FBI history. The lives of two FBI agents, Jack Coler and Ron Williams, were lost, and the lives of many of the Indians have also been adversely altered ever since, most particularly that of Leonard Peltier.

The harassment the inhabitants of the Oglala Indian reservation in South Dakota experienced at that time may have been a diversionary tactic to keep the Indians from realizing that more of their mineral-rich land was being taken from them.

On the day before the shootout, on the 99th anniversary of "Custer's Last Stand" at the Little Big Horn, tribal chairman Dick Wilson ceded 1/8th of the Pine Ridge Reservation to the U.S. government. This was in conflict with the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, whereby any land transferred by the tribe had to be agreed to by 3/4th of the adult males. Wilson's squad of Indian policeman (who primarily functioned to harass and intimidate members and sympathizers of AIM, the American Indian Movement) were known as goons. In fact,

they accepted, and even embraced, that terminology, using at as an acronym for Guardians Of the Oglala Nation.

FBI agents were purportedly on the trail of a teenager named Jimmy Eagle, who had allegedly stolen a pair of cowboy boots. They tried to locate him at the Jumping Bull ranch on the reservation, a known gathering spot of AIM members. The exact sequence of events are difficult to know, as the stories of those who were there differ, but the upshot of it all is that a shootout ensued between the FBI agents and some at the compound.

At the end of the shootout (Indians say the FBI agents fired first, while the FBI claim the Indians fired on them first), two FBI agents were dead. Although no evidence exists that Leonard Peltier was guilty of killing either of the agents, he was found guilty and sentenced to two consecutive life terms in federal prison. The two other men who were originally charged along with Peltier of murder have long since been acquitted. After spending decades in Leavenworth, in 2005 Peltier was transferred to Terre Haute. ~~~more?

Many people fail to remember that an Indian, Joe Stuntz, was also killed during the shootout. Reminiscent of scenes from a century and more earlier, his body was thrown in a ditch and otherwise disgraced following the shootout by FBI agents who arrived on the scene—who also shot up the house of an elderly couple, including shooting pictures of relatives that they had hanging on their walls.

Testifying against Peltier at his trial was an Indian woman named Myrtle Poor Bear, who apparently had been intimidated by the FBI to claim that Leonard Peltier was her boyfriend and that she had seen him kill the two agents. Peltier and his friends were not even familiar with Myrtle Poor Bear, who was later found to be delusional—even the prosecution eventually declined to use her testimony, aware that the defense attorneys would rip her to shreds. In spite of the lack of evidence, though, Peltier nevertheless was somehow convicted.

Leonard Peltier, who did not have a prior criminal record of violence, claims to know who the shooter was, but refuses to divulge that information. A man known as “Mr. X” came forward years later to admit he was the guilty party, but made his confession on videotape while wearing a mask and disguising his voice.

Peltier, who is considered by Amnesty International, Desmond Tutu and many others to be a political prisonier, is in poor health, suffering from diabetes, high blood pressure, and heart troubles, and has been kept from his children and grandchildren for three decades now. The FBI was apparently satisfied to get *a* man rather than *the* man in this case—yet another disgraceful episode in the history of the U.S. government’s treatment of America’s indigenous population.

1977

From the Orchards

"Before saying goodbye, I'd like to tell you how much I love you all, and how proud I am of all of you." – Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon

It's not what you take when you leave this world behind you,
it's what you leave behind you when you go
– from the Randy Travis song "Three Wooden Crosses" (written by Doug Johnson and Kim Williams)

"After centuries of murder…could I have been wise in thinking that you would break that tradition and commit an act of justice? Obviously not! Because I should have realized that what I detected was only a very thin layer of dignity and surely not of fine character…Under your system, you are taught greed, racism, and corruption—and most serious of all, the destruction of Mother Earth. Under the Native American system, we are taught all men are Brothers and Sisters; to share the wealth with the poor and needy. But the most important of all is respect and preserve the Earth, who we consider to be our Mother…the main thing we are taught is to preserve her for our children and grandchildren, because they are the next who will live upon her…the white American establishment…has consistently said, 'In God We Trust,' while they went about the business of murdering my people and attempting to destroy our culture." – Leonard Peltier, speaking at his trial before Judge Paul Benson

"The court is just a stage, and the side that sets the stage right, and has the best actors, is going to win; the evidence is less important than the way it's presented." – Bob Robideau

- Gertie Shannon dies
- Personal Computers Hit the Scene
- Leonard Peltier convicted of murder
- Alex Haley's *Roots*

The woman born Gertrude Bailey, but known most of her life as Gertie Shannon, died on July 2nd in Tulare, California, this year, at the age of ninety-four. It was the sixty-sixth anniversary of the day her first daughter Debra "Girlie" had been fatally bitten by a rattlesnake.

Gertie enjoyed a long life and left behind quite a legacy: a dozen children born over a span of twenty-seven years, eifht of whom survived to adulthood, dozens of grandchildren, and the document, the "story of her life," which provided much of the information contained in this book.

◆

Apple Computer, the company which sprang from the proverbial “two guys in a garage” brought their Apple II computer to market this year. This device changed the world. What were initially called “Personal” computers (as opposed to “Business” computers, which up until then were mostly mainframes housed in an entire room) became so popular that they were soon used more in business settings than by hobbyists for personal use at home. Forward-thinking owners of small businesses that would never have purchased “big iron” did purchase these “minicomputers,” which have long since become almost ubiquitous in both home and office settings.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Although no solid evidence appeared to implicate him, Leonard Peltier was convicted for the murder of the two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge Reservation in 1975. He is still serving his time in Leavenworth Penitentiary.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Speaking of “minis,” the “mother” of all television mini-series programs, Alex Haley’s *Roots*, aired this year on eight consecutive nights. The book of the same name had won a special Pulitzer prize the previous year.

1978

Love Canal

"Fathers, hear me well. Call back your young men from the mountains of the bighorn sheep. They have run over our country; they have destroyed the growing wood and the green grass; they have set fire to our lands. Fathers, your young men have devastated the country and killed my animals, the elk, the deer, the antelope, my buffalo. They do not kill them to eat them; they leave them to rot where they fall. Fathers, if I went into your country to kill your animals, what would you say? Should I not be wrong, and would you not make war on me?" – Bear Tooth (Crow)

"But the nations became wrathful, and your own wrath came…to bring to ruin those ruining the earth." – Revelation 11:18

♦ Love Canal

William Love's intention was to build a model city. He wanted to alter nature by joining two rivers and erecting a city on the banks of these conjoined streams. His dream was of the pipe variety, though. The canal he excavated in 1894 never did serve its intended purpose. This mile-long, 10-40 foot deep, 45 foot wide ditch was later put to use as a location to dump chemical waste material. This abandoned water canal has become perhaps the second most famous "canal" in New York, after the Erie.

The warning signs were there to be seen. Some of the rocks at the dump at Love Canal would make a bright flash when thrown against concrete. Children called them "fire rocks." Even more menacing was the way the dirt would change colors, going from pink to red to purple to orange to green to blue. As if that were not enough to raise alarms, choking odors and black mold that seeped through walls were also part of life there.

Most obvious of all signals, though, was the way people got sick more often and more seriously than normal. Miscarriages, birth defects, asthma, chronic skin rashes, cancer and tumors became common topics of conversation among the residents.

On August 2, 1978, the Commissioner of Health declared the situation at Love Canal a health emergency. Ultimately, the government offered to buy the houses from the residents, but the price offered was not enough to pay off their mortgages. This put many of the people there between a rock and a hard place. They needed to get their family out of the danger zone, but they couldn't afford to do so.

What had caused all this mayhem? Hooker Chemical finally admitted they had dumped 200 tons of trichlorophenol (TCP), which is a chemical waste resulting from the manufacture of certain plant killers, into the canal from the 1920s through 1953. The nearby city of Niagara Falls added its share of garbage, too. Allegedly, the U.S. Army also used the site for that purpose.

TCP itself is not something you'd want to pour on your breakfast cereal, but even worse, a common by-product of it is dioxin. Dioxin is so poisonous that three ounces in New York's water supply would wipe out the entire city.

After covering over the witches brew of chemicals with dirt, allowing the toxins to mix and "cook," Hooker Chemical sold the land to the Board of Education of Niagara Falls for $1.00. A school and housing development was built on the site. This was not the brightest thing to do, even though it had been years since the last dumping had taken place.

Five years after the area was condemned and all the former residents had moved out (often times suffering severe financial losses as a result), the area was still contaminated enough that meadow voles who lived a mile from the dump lived an average of 154 days, those living near the dump 105, and those right on the dump 84 days—barely more than half as long as those a mile away.

Love Canal was not the only pestiferous location in the United States, by any means. In fact, there are still tens of thousands of chemical dump sites in the United States. Not all of them contain leaking, rotting barrels of toxic chemcials, but many—thousands—of them do.

1979

Last Rides

"Dad was a big robust man with such a love of family, animals and even the sky. … when he laughed, everyone laughed." – Trudy (Shannon) Crook, Pop's youngest daughter

"When my time comes, just skin me and put me up there on Trigger, just as though nothing had ever changed." -- Roy Rogers

"He exhibited a greater tenacity, degree of public service and willingness to risk his own life than one should routinely expect from any police officer." – from Special Act Award Recommendation Memorandum by F.V. Garrison

"We expect and demand a lot from our personnel and we have a tradition in our department for excellence, but on this occasion Ted Shannon has given well beyond what we have a right to expect or demand." – CHP Commissioner Glen B. Craig

"Despite Officer Shannon's incredible efforts, all four young victims of the accident succumbed to the massive injuries they had sustained. However, that tragic conclusion does not dilute the selfless courage and determination demostrated by Officer Shannon… Officer Shannon is a credit to his community, to the California Highway Patrol, and to humanity. Acts of bravery such as his are few and far between, and they are certainly deserving of our recognition and tribute." – from the December 1, 1980 Congressional Record, by Hon. Norman D. Shumway

"Character is the architect of achievements." – Mark Twain

- 3 Mile Isle
- Theodore Roosevelt "Pop" Shannon dies
- Theodore Russell Shannon Risks His Life
- Howard William Shannon dies

On March 28, blind faith in U.S. technology, big business, and government regulation was put to a sever test when a nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania lost coolant water. The result was an unconrolled nuclear chain reaction, generating tremendous heat, which initiated a partial meltdown of the reactor's 'ntensely radioactive core.

Nuclear power had been controversial even before the accident. Seen as an inexpensive and safe way to produce energy by some, others question its safety. A bizarre coincidence was the fact that a movie depicting a nuclear plant accident, *The China Syndrome*, had been recently just before the accident.

Radiation had been released into the atmosphere, and Pennsylvania governor Thornburgh warned residents to remain indoors and pregnant women to evacuate the area entirely. Fortunately, backup safety features in the plant did prevent an even more major disaster, on the scale of the one that struck Chernobyl, Ukraine in 1986.

Although no one was directly hurt at the time of the accident, radioactivity was released into the atmosphere over the next several days. Some scientists estimated that the radioactivity would ultimately cause thousands of cancer deaths. The official report of the government differed, though. The President's Commission concluded: "There will either be no case of cancer or the number of cases will be so small that it will never be possible to detect them."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Theodore Roosevelt "Pop" Shannon died on June 20th at The Ranch in Trinity County, California, outliving his mother by a little less than two years. The Ranch would never be the same again; it *could* never be the same without Pop.

Pop left his companion of the last twenty-three years, Dollena "Dollie" (Kohl) Shannon, as well as his first wife Esther, who had remarried a man named Welch. Other survivors included Pop and Esther's five children, all of whom survive to this day, and a dozen grandchildren.

Pop is buried in the Hoaglin Valley Cemetery near The Ranch, also near his sister Debra May "Girlie," who had died sixty-eight years earlier.

At the funeral service, performed under a tree in the front yard at The Ranch, Pop's favorite horse, Pal, carried his owner's ashes in his saddlebag. Strange as it may sound to some, Pal, subdued in his demeanor, seemed to be aware of what sort of ceremony was being conducted.

The obituary, which appeared in the Fort Bragg Advocate, reported names and places. As is customary in such records, though, nothing of his "soul" was revealed:

Theodore R. Shannon died June 20, 1979 in Trinity County. Born in Carlotta in 1902, he was a retired Mendocino Coast logger and cattleman. His widow, Dollie Shannon; three sons, Theodore Shannon Jr. of Mokelumne Hill, William Shannon of Kettenpom Valley, Carleton Shannon of Arcata; two daughters, Trudy Crook of Colville, Washington, Laura Gibney of Miranda; five brothers, Robert Shannon of Kettenpom Valley, George, Gary and Howard Shannon of Visalia, Kenneth Shannon of Carlotta; and two sisters, Marion Meek, Eda Cordy, both of Tulare, survived.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On December 15, 1979, a macabre traffic accident took place in rural Calaveras County. Pop's second son Theodore Russell Shannon was working the area as a member of the Calaveras Highway Patrol. Had he not been in the immediate vicinity, the next

people to come upon the scene would have no doubt come upon the bizarre sight of two completely burned out vehicles containing five charred occupants.

The head on collision which occurred between a thirty-year old man in a pickup (who, it later turned out, was driving under the influence of alcohol) and a car full of four teenagers. The adult, Timothy Michael Pullen, had driven off the road and then over-corrected and smashed full force into the Vega driving in the opposite direction. Apparently both drivers and the three passengers in the Vega were knocked unconscious.

Ted Shannon saw the glow from a fire as he rounded the bend. A fire was already raging in the cab of the pickup, and he first attempted to pull the unconscious Pullen out of that vehicle. Pullen was lying on his back with his head on the passenger side floorboard. His legs were wedged in the wreckage, and Shannon was unable to pull him out. As the fire increased in intensity, filling the can, Ted went back to his car for his fire extinguisher. After knocking the blaze down, he again attempted to extricate Mr. Pullen.

Still, though, his legs and feet were entangled in the wreckage. In the horrendous crash, the pickup's gas tank had been pulled away from its normal location, and gas was gushing onto the ground, downhill and under the Vega. Now a fire was beginning in the passenger compartment of the car, also. Ted went to the right front door of the two-door Vega and pulled out the unconscious passenger seated there, Elliott Bissell, and drug him away from the car. He immediately went back and, with the assistance of two passersby who stopped to help, pulled Cynthia Mann from the backside, also dragging her away from the burning vehicle.

At this point he crossed over to the driver's side of the Vega, and attempted to extricate Mark Thein from the burning car. As was the case with Timothy Pullen in the pickup, though, Thein's lower body was trapped in twisted metal of the car's wrecked front end. Despite a heroic effort—the presence of fire and fuel made an imminent explosion a real possibility--Shannon was unable to remove Thein. He had to give up the effort when the fire became so intense that it singed his eyebrows off and melted the lens of his flashlight.

Though he had received second degree burns on his face and hands, also, Shannon then returned to Bissell and Mann and performed first aid on them. Within minutes both pinned (and thankfully unconscious) drivers of the vehicles were burned beyond recognition. Passengers Bissell and Mann had suffered massive injuries to the chest and head, respectively. Bissell both survived the crash but died several hours later at the hospital.

For his role in the rescue attempt, Ted Shannon received the state's Medal of Valor. Appendices VIII through X contain supplementary documentation on this accident and the awarding of the medal. Appendix VIII contains the text of the Memorandum written by Lieutenant Commander, Fred Garrison, wherein he recommends the award; Appendix IX contains the entire CHP Traffic Collision Report; Appendix X contains the text of various newspaper and magazine accounts concerning the accident and Shannon's receiving the award.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Half a year later, on December 26th, Pop's brother Howard William Shannon died in Fresno, California, at the age of seventy.

1980

Ominous Bulges and Gothic Redux

"No one knows more about this mountain than Harry, and it don't dare blow up on him."
– Harry Truman, before Mt. St. Helens blew its top

"The moon looks like a golf course compared to what's up there."
– Jimmy Carter, after viewing the Mt. St. Helens devastation

"I don't think that word means what you think it means."
– from the movie "The Princess Bride"

"*You might think I'm wastin' time, but I'm just a good ol' boy who's learned to wait.*"
-- from the song "It'll Shine When It Shines" by the Ozark Mountain Daredevils

- Mt. St. Helens Erupts
- John Lennon killed
- American Gothic II (Kollenborn 50th Anniversary)

Mt. St. Helens, in Washington State, which had been threatening to do so since March 27th, when an ominous bulge was detected on its north slope, erupted on May 18th. The birds were eerily silent that morning. People soon found out what wildlife apparently already knew was going to happen.

The mountain erupted in a stupendous cataclysm five hundred times more powerful than the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Fifty-seven people who had not heeded the mountain's clear warnings died. The giant mass of dirt, rock, vegetation, and lava had actually already erupted several times in the days and weeks leading up to May 18th, but this was "the big one"-- the deadliest volcanic eruption in U.S. history.

The blast was felt from a distance of one hundred miles. The cloud of ash unleashed completely darkened the skies as much as eighty-five miles away. The crater that opened on the mountaintop measured a mile across. The winds generated by the blast knocked down trees like dominoes. At least a dozen fires were ignited as a result of the superheated gas and ash and hot mud.

The mountain belched forth massive amounts of hot gas besides the cubic tons of ash which turned the mountainsides into rivers of hot mud. Mud slides demolished 123 houses in the nearby town of Toutle. Portland Harbor was jammed with mud, and the Columbia River was blocked for twenty miles with trees that had been flattened and then carried into the river.

Across the entire northwest, almost six thousand miles of roads were covered with ash which had the consistency of wet cement. The ash cloud that spewed forth from the

innards of the mountain reached proportions of five hundred miles in length and one hundred miles in width and traveled eastward across Idaho and Montana.

Those who perished in the ensuing blast and hellacious outpouring of lava and gas included Harry Truman. No, not *that* Harry Truman, the one who had himself given the go-ahead for conflagrations of a different type to rain down on Japan in 1945. This Harry Truman was an eighty-four-year old gent who lived on the mountain five miles from the volcano with his seventeen cats. Harry said he would never leave, regardless of the danger or the consequences of his obstinance.

Harry was right about that—he didn't leave, and still hasn't. He is entombed deep beneath an accumulation of solidified mud that completely covers his former home, himself, and—presumably—his seventeen cats.

Other casualties of the cataclysm included thrill-seekers, and photographers who were willing to take any risk to get "the shot." These paid the ultimate price for their pursuit of glory, cash, art, historical artifacts, or whatever it was they were so intent on accumulating.

Besides the human lives lost, fifteen hundred elk, five thousand deer, and an estimated eleven million fish died. As to material damage, two hundred homes, forty-seven bridges, fifteen miles of railroad track and 185 miles of highway were destroyed. After Mt. St. Helen literally blew its top, its height was reduced from 9,677 to 8,364 feet.

Ash that had been belched out of the mountain's depths spread upwards and outwards, drifting for hundreds of miles, darkening the sky, dropping temperatures, and creating a muddy mess in areas where it was simultaneously raining. The sky was hazy and cars were covered with up to several inches of the grey ash. A disaster to a relatively small number of people, it was a nuisance to manifold more. The nutrient-rich ash proved to be a boon to farmers in the coming growing seasons, though.

The natural disaster was another reminder to mankind that he can only rein in "Nature" to a very limited degree—when it wants to release pressure, it will, and you had best just get out of the way.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

<~~~John Lennon killed section – to be added. "Holden Caulfield"… >

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Grant Wood painted "American Gothic" in 1930, the year Albert and Alice Kollenborn got married in Bentonville, Arkansas. Albert and Alice celebrated the 50 year anniversary of that painting as well as their marriage this year.

"American Gothic II" Albert and Alice Kollenborn, 50th wedding anniversary Sept. 1980, Mokelumne Hill, California

1981
AIDS

"I have been a surgeon for almost 50 years, and I have never seen such a threat as AIDS." – C. Everett Koop, U.S. Surgeon General

"No war on the face of the world is as destructive as the AIDS pandemic." — Colin Powell

"For somebody who does not sleep around or share needles or have blood transfusions, [HIV] is a very difficult virus to pick up." – from an editorial in the Star, a newspaper published in Johannesburg, South Africa

"If people stopped sleeping around tomorrow, the virus would die out. The people who have it would die and that would be it." – Professor Reuben Sher

"We do not need to spend billions on research and development… We need a return to morality." — Dr. Mark Hendricks, South African immunologist

"Discrimination, fear, panic, and lies surrounded me… I was labeled a troublemaker, and my mom an unfit mother, and I was not welcome anywhere. People would get up and leave, so they would not have to sit anywhere near me. Even at church, people would not shake my hand." — Ryan White

♦ AIDS

The first AIDS cases were formally reported this year. First called Karposi's Melanoma, it is now more often referred to as HIV. AIDS, or HIV, is not a disease in and of itself but is a weakening of the body's natural defense capabilites, making the carrier susceptible to life-threatening diseases. The name given the condition was fitting: Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, commonly telescoped down to AIDS.

People who are young adults have heard of AIDS all there life, and may think it an old disease. It is not. As recently as 1981, it was generally unknown. Now it is a worldwide plague.

Hardest hit of all areas on earth is Sub-Saharan Africa, whose populace suffers with more than two-thirds of the world's cases--ten times the number of North Africa and the Middle East combined. In Zimbabwe, the impact has been so great that life expectancy has dropped from 70 to 38 in recent years.

Regardless of the quotes above, many people contract AIDS from a spouse or, in the case of babies, from their mother. The fact that the disease can be passed from mothers to children is an especially heart-rending affect of AIDS. Without any say in the matter,

without deliberately engaging in risky activity, many babies are born with AIDS, and thus die before reaching adulthood.

Women who contract AIDS via sexual contact are typically in their child-bearing years. This results in the numbers of children contaminated by their parents being greater than would be the case if the disease were simply passed on via casual contact with other people (such as is the case with influenza).

By the turn of the millenium (at the end of 1999), there were over 13 million AIDS orphans. To fall into this category, a child has had to lose its mother before reaching the age of fifteen. Many of those thirteen million are "double orphans" in that they have also lost their father to AIDS.

AIDS is caused by infection with HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus). AIDS attacks the human immune system — the body's mechanism for warding off disease. It renders its victims defenseless against rare cancers and other fatal illnesses.

How was AIDS discovered? Back in 1980-81, doctors on both coasts, in Los Angeles and New York, began to encounter cases of a rare type of pneumonia called *Pneumocystis carinii* and a normally slow-growing cancer known as Kaposi's sarcoma. The disease did not attach itself to people randomly; the victims had something in common: they were all young males, and all were either homosexuals or drug abusers (or both). At the time, doctors referred to their symptoms "the immunologic consequences of some unknown process."

By April of 1985 there were 10,000 cases in the U.S. alone. It has grown by leaps and bounds since. AIDS is now killing more than three million people per year. In some countries of Africa, health workers fear that the disease will eventually kill two thirds of all the young men and women. The Joint United Nations Programme on HIV/AIDS lamented, "Despite millennia of epidemics, war and famine, never before in history have death rates of this magnitude been seen among young adults."

All told, upwards of 22 million people worldwide have died from from this pandemic. Even in the U.S., more than half a million had died from AIDS by the close of 2001. Ryan White was one of these. Ryan was a youth of thirteen when he contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion in 1984. Information on AIDS and how it could (and could not) be transmitted was sketchy at the time, and Ryan was ostracized, as his quote above makes clear. He died in 1990, a year before he would have graduated from high school.

1983

Entering the Deep

"It is thus, if there is any rule, that we ought to die--neither as victim nor as fanatic, but as the seafarer who can greet with an equal eye the deep that he is entering, and the shore that he must leave." -- from "Howards End" by E. M. Forster

- Kenneth Howard Shannon dies
- Robert Taft Shannon dies
- Inhuman Man of the Year

Two more of Pop's brothers died this year. Kenneth Howard Shannon, born exactly two years after Pop, in 1904, died four years after him on September 17th. Another brother, Robert Taft Shannon, born 1916, had survived the plane crash in 1949 in which Calvin Coolidge Shannon perished. Robert died two and one-half months after Kenneth, on December 2nd.

--◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇--

Often times the person Time magazine has chosen for its "Man of the Year" has proven controversial. This year was certainly one of those times. Its not the person was a hated dictator or something along those lines, but rather that its "man" was not a man at all, but a machine: the computer.

1984

The Passing of the Prince

"Our town has grown some in population, and improved much in comfort and attractiveness, but there were more men and women possessing individuality, personality and charm in the dear dead days…than there are today." – LeRoy Percy

"These people live again in print as intensely as when their images were captured on old dry plates of sixty years ago… I am walking in their alleys, standing in their rooms and sheds and workshops, looking in and out of their windows. Any they in turn seem to be aware of me." – Ansel Adams

- Albert Kollenborn dies
- Ansel Adams dies

On September 30th, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn died at Amador hospital in Jackson, California (eight miles from his home in Mokelumne Hill) at the age of 77 years and six months. Born five years after Pop Shannon, he also died five years later. Pop had lived seventy-seven and five months.

Albert's wife Alice, born 1911, still survives today, over 20 years later. Albert and Alice were married for fifty-four years and one week at the time of Albert's death. Although not matching Will and Gertie's sixty-two years together, it was quite a run.

Albert was also survived by his children David A, Lyle Clem, Rosie Lee (Alice Rosalie) Shannon, Sharon Dee Noland, Benjamin Lee, and Patsy Jane Lima Roberts.

Of the aggregate one hundred fifty-five years that Pop Shannon and Albert Kollenborn lived, one hundred of those years were spent in the married state. Each of Pop's marriages lasted 23 years.

Albert died in George Orwell's dystopian year, for which Orwell had "predicted" dire social conditions.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Yosemite icon and master photographer Ansel Adams, who was born 1902--the same year as Pop Shannon--also died this year, on April 22nd.

1986

The New Centurions

"And in the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years." -- Abraham Lincoln

"God has made no finer Mother." – Esther Welch, speaking of her mother Emma Nelson

- Challenger Disaster
- Emma Laura (Silva) Nelson dies

Downsizing leading to overtime leading to fatigue have been mitigating factors in many disasters--in the last few decades particularly. Besides the Exxon Valdez oil spill which would take place three years later, this can be said of the Challenger Disaster, which killed seven astronauts.

In January, the Challenger exploded just after takeoff. Millions of people watching the event live knew that the seven on board had certainly been instantly killed. After a three-year cessation of flights, it was determined that a faulty seal on one of the rocket's boosters was at fault.

Could anything have been done to prevent this? A presidential commission thoroughly investigated the matter and reported that the 20-hour overtime limit had been exceeded 480 times by one group of contract workers and 2,512 times by another. The investigators concluded that fatigue on the managerial level, caused by "several days of irregular working hours and insufficient sleep," was a significant factor in the shuttle getting the ill-advised go-ahead to launch.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

At the age of ninety-four years and seven months, one-quarter Indian Emma Laura Silva Nelson died on December 25th. At this time, she was the leader of the longevity "contest" in the extended family (among those who have passed away). Jim Branstuder lived to be thirteen days shy of ninety-one (February 28th, 1879 to February 15th, 1970); William Kollenborn (1833-1925) lived to be ninety-two; Gertie (Bailey) Shannon came just about as close as possible to Emma, living ninety-four years and six months (January 1883 to July 1977). Pop's second wife Dolly would live to be ninety-five and ten months old.

Those still living, of course, can exceed Dolly's longevity record. Those that are getting within striking distance are two of Albert's half-sisters, Thora Louise (Kollenborn) Wheeler, born 1920, and Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, born 1922. The one who can set a new record in the very near future is Alice Gladys (Green) Kollenborn, who will be ninety-five years and eleven months in December of 2006.

1987

Black Monday

"We have created a gigantic financial house of cards. We have had fair warning about its weakness." -- Investment banker Felix Rohatyn

"Man is the only kind of varmint sets his own trap, baits it, then steps in it." -- John Steinbeck

"Rainy Days and Mondays always get me down." – from the song "Rainy Days and Mondays" by the Carpenters

♦ Stock Market Crash

It is now known as the Crash of 1987. On October 19th, the Dow Jones Industrial Average took the deepest, fastest plunge in its history. It plummeted 508 points, losing $870 billion dollars in equity. This was a much steeper drop than the Great Depression of 1929. At the time, voodoo economist Ronald Reagan dismissed the drop as "some people grabbing profits."

Reagan's theory of economics, called "supply side," under the assumption that supply creates demand, and the "trickle down" theory that the rich getting richer gradually made the poor also richer had been dubbed by George H. Bush "voodoo economics." This was when the two men were running against each other during the Republican primaries. Bush later became Reagan's running mate, and served as Vice President before entering the oval office himself following Reagan's departure from public life.

Presenting his economic theory as the justification for doing so, Reagan annulled much of the social programs that FDR had instituted during the Great Depression.

The financial shock waves spread throughout the world. And making matters worse was the optimism, the "irrational exuberance" that had preceded the fall. The number of Americans who personally invested in the stock market had doubled between 1975 and 1985. Besides these direct investors, many others had indirect connections to the stock market, for example via pensions tied to stock performance.

Some wondered if another depression could result. After all, on "Black Tuesday" in 1929, the stock market had lost 12.8 percent of its valuation. In comparison, "Black Monday" in 1987 saw a drop on 22.6 per cent.

As it turned out, the world recovered rather quickly from this financial battering. This is not to say that all individuals got the money back the lost in the crash, but the stock market had been growing so robustly that even after the crash its level was just four per

cent less than it had been a year before, and by the end of the year, it even managed to be a little ahead of where it had been.

Nevertheless, some view the precipitous, breakneck decline as a harbinger of possible future calamites. An economic professor was quoted in *Time* magazine as saying about those who fail to heed the warning:

"It's like a bunch of drunken teenagers driving a car and thinking that just because they made it through the last curve, they'll be able to make the next one as well."

Many small investors did pull their investments out of the stock market after this debacle. One reason was their feeling of impotence after not even being able to get through to their harried brokers to sell their shares of stock before they went even lower.

The big investors, on the other hand, sometimes had the opposite problem: the deals were made without their go-ahead. Many of the "big players" were using computer programs which were programmed to suggest to the brokers using them to sell off stocks based on certain triggers: once the price reached such-and-such a level, they should sell, so advised these electronic assistants.

The problem was, the broker often was not allowed enough time to evaluate whether he sould act on the suggestion or not. If he hesitated too long, the sale was automatically made. As many brokers were using the same software, this led to gigantic dumping of certain stocks almost simultaneously, which then triggered other selling binges, and the race was on.

Some blame these computer programs and the way they commandeered the decision-making process, for 300 of the total 508 points the DOW lost that day. The computer programs used by brokers were refactored (revisited, reworked and improved) after this event. Despite the chastening experience, many of those who had bitten did not remain shy for long—within a decade, investors were so haphazardly optimistic and freewheeling in their spending that Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan warned them against "irrational exubertance." Their bullish ways were pushing up the price of stocks far higher than their intrinsic value.

1989

Valdez Is Coming

"Mr. Gorbachev, open this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" – Ronald Reagan

"The cold war is over. Even the hard-line kill-a-Commie-for-Mommy haters now admit it's over." -- Retired U.S. Army colonel David Hackworth

"The final days of the '80s, to many commentators, represent a kind of farewell to arms. The cold war appears all but over; peace seems to be breaking out in many parts of the world." -- John Elson

"The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius has its limits." -- Albert Einstein

"We are vandals of the earth. We are destroying everything we inherited." – Jacques Cousteau

"For the President to call for oil drilling in the Arctic Wildlife Refuge is like burning the furniture in the White House to keep the first family comfortable." – Gaylord Nelson, founder of Earth Day

- Berlin Wall Falls
- Valdez Oil Spill

A leading expert on Germany asserted in the 1980s that it would be at least fifty years before the long-awaited reunification of Germany would took place—if ever. Which goes to show you that experts do not always know what they think they know. It may be that there are signs they are blind to, it may be that they know so much minutia about a subject that they "can't see the forest for the trees." In any case, the Wiedervereinigung was not half a century or more away—it was practically knocking at the door when he penned those words.

Although the Berlin Wall fell in Europe, we cover it here in this book about U.S. History because it was a crumbling felt 'round the world, even if there was a time lapse, a delayed reaction, before its full impact was felt here. Unlike the walls of Jericho, the trumpets blew *after* the November 9 fall of the wall. Its effects linger on, though. Foremost, perhaps, was the easing of tensions between the super powers. In a short period of time, the United States and Russia agreed to scale back the number of missiles they had poised at one another's countries.

While good news when viewed from one angle, on the other hand there are now *several* countries which own nuclear weapons, and the world may have grown even less stable than it was previously, during the Cold War. In fact, in 1998 the infamous

doomsday clock of *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* was advanced to five minutes before midnight. Some believe the time when a group of terrorists are able to obtain an atomic weapon is inevitable. Unpredictable, but inevitable.

And even as far as the United States and Russia goes, although they have seemingly kissed and made up, they have not exactly disarmed: These two nations still have 5,000 nuclear weapons on hair-trigger alert. In a worst-cases scenario, two thousand ICBMs (InterContinental Ballistic Missiles) from Russia could pass two thousand ICBMs from America somewhere over the Atlantic. All this could happen within minutes—in the time it takes you to read this chapter. And that is not counting another thousand warheads from submarines that would be launched soon thereafter.

With the collapse of communism came also the collapse of its artificially controlled economy. It is no longer possible, or at least no longer appealing to most countries, to remain an economic island. You play the game, the free-market game, or you fall behind.

In other words, globalization was, if not born, at least popularized with the wall's fall. People in America (and the rest of the world) continue to be affected by globalization. Instead of just competing with their neighbors for jobs and for business, everybody competes with everybody else, worldwide, today.

According to Thomas Friedman in his Pulitzer prize winning book "The Lexus and the Olive Tree: Understanding Globalization," the wall's fall reverberated throughout the earth. It was a social tsunami that led to globalization via what he calls the three democratizations of money, technology, and information. Friedman's take on matters seems to be: Globalization is here to stay, whether you like it or not. Sink or swim, it's your choice.

And Friedman seems to equate Standard of Living with Quality of Life. He is certainly not unique in viewing country's GDP as indicative of how liveable the place is. Globalization is discussed more in the 1999 chapter, in the section on "The Battle of Seattle."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The Alaska Pipeline carries oil from the Prudhoe Bay fields way in the northern part of this more-than-twice-as-big-as-Texas state down south to Valdez on the Gulf of Alaska, the northernmost year-round ice-free port. The tiny town of Valdez, eight-hundred miles south of Prudhoe Bay, is thus a busy place at the port, where supertankers fill up with crude and carry it on to other ports of call.

At least, that's what's supposed to happen. On March 24th of this year, much of the oil the *Exxon Valdez* was carrying spilled out into Prince William Sound: more than one-fifth its load, or 11 million gallons of it, in fact.

Straying a mile-and-a-half off course, the gargantuan supertanker (the *Exxon Valdez* was 987 feet long, which is almost as long as the Sears Building is tall, and whose

helmsman stands one fourth of a mile behind the ship's massive prow) struck ground, ripping, Titanic-like, gaping holes in its hull. How could an experienced captain allow this to happen? An unlicensed third man was in command at the time.

And why was that? Crew reductions, made in order to reduce operating costs (read: put more money in shareholders' pocket) led to mariners working longer hours and performing additional duties. The third mate may not have been fully qualified to serve as commander. In any case, he had been up since early the previous day when the accident occurred shortly after midnight.

As bad as the spill was, it could have been worse. Deep-sea divers sent out to inspect the damage reported that the ship was teetering on the edge of Bligh Reef. The abyss yawning below the ship was several hundred feet deep. If the ship shifted with the tide, the entire ship could go down. If it broke apart on hitting the bottom, the other 42 million galls of oil could also have been released into the biosphere.

As horrible as an 11 million gallon oil spill was—negatively impacting the livelihood of scores of fishermen in Valdez, and killing thousands of birds and sea mammals, it is actually as a drop in the bucket when compared to the two million tons of oil belched into the sea each and every year by supertankers.

And yet there is an even worse culprit when it comes to spilling oil, thereby polluting the environment: According to *Consumer Reports,* people who personally change their automobile's engine oil discard between 200 million and 400 million gallons of waste oil every year. It is estimated that only 10 to 14 percent of that oil is properly disposed of. Th one-tenth to one-seventh of the waste oil that is properly disposed of gets recycled, but what about the other 86-90%? Apparently, it is simply being dumping indiscriminately.

Thus millions of gallons of waste oil end up in the ground, in streams, or in sewers each year. It would take at least 25 *Exxon Valdez*-sized spills annually to equal that amount of despoliation. How bad a problem is it? *Consumer Reports* noted that if the oil gets "into drinking water, there can be serious consequences: One gallon of used oil can make a million gallons of fresh water undrinkable, and a mere pint of oil can produce a slick that covers an acre [0.4 ha] of water."

1991

Can't We All Just Bomb Each Other?

He said way down yonder in the land of cotton
Old times there ain't near as rotten as they are
On this damned old L.A. street
--from the song "I Sang Dixie" by Dwight Yoakam

"People, I just want to say…can we all get along?…Can we stop making it…horribe for the older people and the kids?" – Rodney King

"Kuwait belongs to Iraq, and we will never give it up even if we have to fight over it for 1,000 years." – Saddam Hussein

- Rodney King Incident
- Desert Shield and Storm / Gulf War

In a macabre Candid Camera/Reality TV show, four white L.A. police officers, a police force that has been rife with corruption and racism from its inception, was caught on videotape on March 3rd after pulling over African-American Rodney King for speeding. Unbeknownst to them, their actions were recorded on videotape by a citizen near the scene. The officers dragged King from his car and beat him with their nightsticks and feet. The fifty-six blows with their batons and six kicks with their jackbooted feet caused King to suffer 11 skull fractures, brain injury, and kidney damage.

The brutal attack was broadcast throughout the nation, to the consternation of those who had previously assumed policemen were fair and civil in their dealings with the public. The policemen were, naturally, called to account, and required to answer for their actions in a court of law. The results of that are discussed in the next chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

In August 1990, Iraqi troops moved into Kuwait, conquering it within 12 hours. The U.S. went to the U.N. to secure sanctions against Iraq for this action. Ultimately, a U.N Security Council resoltuion gave Iraq until January 15th to pull out of Kuwait. Iraq President Saddam Hussein instead thumbed his nose at the ultimatum.

The United States responded with a show of force designed to keep Iraq from fruthering its conquest. This phase of the operation was termed *Desert Shield.* A second phase followed, which sported the sobriquet *Desert Storm.* This was a war against Iraq, waged by a coalition of thirty-one countries led by the U.S.

Regardless of what one thinks of politics in general and war in particular, one must admit that this was a masterful piece of diplomacy pulled off by Bush: acquiring the support of Arab nations *against* Iraq while simultaneously keeping Israel *out* of the fray.

In a deafening roar of saber-rattling turned saber-slashing, the coalition deployed more than a half million troops, one thousand eight hundred aircraft, and one hundred ships. Following six weeks of aerial attacks and a hundred-hour ground war, Iraqi forces were driven from Kuwait. The U.S. didn't press matters further, though: it stopped short of invading and deposing Iraqi President Saddam Hussein.

The U.S.-led coalition of 31 countries lost 149 killed, 238 wounded, 81 missing, and 13 taken prisoner; Iraqi losses have been estimated in excess of 80,000. When comparing the number of coalition soldiers was outnumbered by a ratio of 109:106. The casualty numbers were quite lopsided, though: for every 500 Iraqi casualties, there were only three on the coalition side thus affected.

1992

Riot Guns

"The operations of General Hancock have been so disastrous to the public interests, and at the same time seem to me to be so inhuman, that I deem it proper to communicate my views to you on the subject… For a mighty nation like us to be carrying on a war with a few struggling nomads, under such circumstances, is a spectacle most humiliating, and injustice unparalleled, a national crime most revolting, that must, sooner or later, bring down upon us or our posterity the judgment of Heaven." – General ~~ (?) Sanborn

"I doubt that a country can live in freedom where its people can be made to suffer physically or financially for criticizing their government, its actions, or its officials." – Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black

"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits." – Mark Twain

"The jury system puts a ban upon intelligence and honesty, and a premium upon ignorance, stupidity and perjury. It is a shame that we must continue to use a worthless system because it was good a thousand years ago...I desire to tamper with the jury law. I wish to so alter it as to put a premium on intelligence and character, and close the jury box against idiots, blacklegs, and people who do not read newspapers. But no doubt I shall be defeated--every effort I make to save the country 'misses fire.'"
- from "Roughing It" by Mark Twain

- Ruby Ridge
- L.A. Riot

Extreme conservative and white supremacists Randy and Vicki Weaver and his family. ~~~more Ruby Ridge to be added>

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The officers captured on videotape beating Rodney King were acquitted by an all-white jury in arch-"conservative" Los Angeles (more specifically, Simi Valley). This triggered three days of riots over a 50 square miles of Los Angeles. Sympathy riots broke out in Atlanta, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and Seattle. Hundreds of fires were set and millions of dollars of looting. Fifty-four people were killed, over two thousand wounded, $700 million in property damage, and more than thirteen thousand arrests. This was the worst urban disorder in the U.S. since the 1863 New York City draft riots that took place during the Civil War.

The next year, two of the officers were found guilty on federal civil rights charges.

~~~ more on L.A. riots to be added.
~~~

1993

A Million Monkeys

"We live in an age of unimaginable rage and apocalyptic arsenals: nuclear, chemical, and biological." – Louis R. Mizell, Jr.

"If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything." – Mark Twain

"The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds." – Mark Twain

"We've all heard that a million monkeys banging on a million typewriters will eventually reproduce the entire works of Shakespeare. Now, thanks to the Internet, we know this is not true." – Robert Wilensky

- WTC Bombing
- Waco Fiasco
- Internet becomes Mainstream

A little after noon on February 26th, in an eerie foreshadowing of an even more catastrophic event that would take place eight years later, thousands of workers were trapped in stalled elevators or had to flee down smoke-filled stairs.

Ramzi Youself filled a rented van with twelve hundred pounds of high explosives and parked it next to a concrete wall in the bowels of the World Trade Center. Yousef's intent was to blow up and take down the entire World Trade Center complex. The monsters behind the attack had wanted to knock one tower into the other and kill everyone in both buildings. In fact, Yousef admitted after being captured two years in the Philippines that he had hoped to kill 250,000 civilians in the attack.

They failed in that grotesque and grandiose endeavor, but nevertheless killed six and wounded more than a thousand.

In a letter to *The New York Times*, the "Liberation Army" claimed responsibility and stated that the bombing was in retaliation for U.S. support of Israel. The missive demanded changes in American foreign policy in the Middle East. If the demands were ignored, more terrorist attacks would take place against American targets, in the U.S. and elsewhere.

In a second letter sent by the so-called "Liberation Army," the writer stated:

Unfortunately, our calculations were not very accurate this time. ... However, we promise you that next time it will be very precise, and the World Trade Center will continue to be one of our targets in the U.S., unless our demands are met.

Judge Kevin Thomas Duffy rightly ripped into Yousef at the time of his sentencing:

Ramzi Yousef,…Your God is death…I must say that as an apostle of evil, you have been most effective.

Thankfully, not as effective as he had hoped to be. And Yousef is now completely impotent, no longer in a situation to harm anyone. He now lives in a Supermax prison near the small town of Florence, in the Colorado Rockies—in fact in *the* most secure prison in the U.S. Among Youself's "neighbors" are Unabomber Ted Kaczynksi, Oklahoma City bomber Terry Nichols, and, until he was executed on June 11th, 2001, Nichols' co-conspirator, Timoty McVeigh.

A conundrum you may find yourself involuntarily pondering is: why is Yousef still alive a dozen years after he killed six people (and injured thousands of others)? The punishment for his heinous act is equivalent to that doled out to Leonard Peltier, who seems to have been the victim of a coordinated frameup. For more information on Peltier, refer back to the 1975 chapter.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The ATF (Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearams, a branch of the U.S. Treasury Department) agents raided the Branch Davidian compound outside Waco Texas this year, investigating reports of a stockpile of illegal arms, as well as child-abuse allegations. When the ATF unit moved in on February 28th, the Branch Davidian members resisted with firearms. Four ATF agents were killed in the exchange. The cult's leader, David Koresh (real name Vernon Howell), was among the wounded.

The standoff lasted another 51 days until, on April 19th, ATF agents went on the offensive, using volleys of tear gas. The resulting fire (the agents claimed the cult members started the conflagration themselves) killed more than 80 of the cult members, including 24 children. Millions watched the shootout and inferno on live television.

Six years later, in 1999, the FBI admitted (reversing its previous claim) that it had used some incendiary tear gas cartridges during the final day of the siege. Two years later, the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma was bombed. The perpetrators claimed it was in retaliation for the governments acts in Ruby Ridge and Waco. ~~~more Waco to be added. >

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Spurred on by the cold war, the original intent of the decentralized architecture the Internet (a collection of remote computers electronically connected) used. In the event that one computer center was destroyed, other computers in the country would automatically detect this, and use an alternate routing plan to relay messages. In this way the Internet (built primarily for defense purposes) could theoretically stay operationally even with a large percentage of the country destroyed.

The Internet came about indirectly as a result of Sputnik, a little machine just a smidgen larger than a basketball, which was launched October 4th, 1957. Sputnik set in motion the space age, and, tagentially, the information/cyberspace age. President Dwight Eisenhower embarked on a "crash" program to catch up with the Russians. He set up ARPA (Advanced Research Projects Agency). The space and missile portions of that program were eventually spun off into NASA. ARPA was the Pentagon's arm for computer science research and information processing. ARPA built the original Internet prototype.

It is impossible to say exactly what year the Internet became mainstream. Work began on the Internet in the 1960s, but it wasn't until the 1990s that it became household terminology. The work government computer scientists were doing was originally unveiled in 1969, and was called ARPAnet. It was a private computer network linking U.S. Defense Dept. with key university researchers and government laboratories. In 1972, another key element of what we now call the Internet was added -- email.

As already alluded to, in its initial incarnation, the Internet was only available to certain government workers and university personnel. Even if it had been open to public use, the average person would not have been able to make heads or tails out of how to utilize it, or, more specifically, would not have considered the investment of time necessary to learn how to use it to be worthwhile.

That changed with the advent of browsers, which put a graphical overlay on top of the previously-used command line prompts that generated plain text only. The 1990 creation of the World Wide Web set the stage for the Internet becoming user-friendly and useful for the common person. Email and the World Wide Web, "surfed" with browsers, are the two key components of the whole entity which makes up the Internet which have made it more-or-less mainstream by this year.

According to recent figures, each week the Internet gains 300,000 new users. Even many isolated villages in third-world countries are, or soon will be, wired—or, as is the current trend, connected to the Internet, but not with literal, physical cables.

1995

The Juice is Loose

"Round up the usual suspects" -- Claude Rains as Capt. Renault in the movie "Casablanca"

"Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll enjoy it a second time." -- old cowboy saying

- O.J. Simpson Trial
- Oklahoma City Bombing
- Dollena "Dollie" (Kohl) Shannon dies

The 1935 Hauptmann/Lindbergh case had been called "The Trial of the Century." The O.J. trial took over that role this year. Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman murdered. On, October 3rd, after being sequestered for 266 days (one day short of the average pregnancy) and then deliberating for four hours, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

There was a vast gap among Americans as to their response to this decision. Only a little more than one-third of whites concurred with the verdict (36%), whereas twice as many, almost three-quarters (73%) of blacks held the jury's decision to be the right one.

~~~more on O.J. to be added>

Similar to the situation with the Rodney King-related trial of a few years earlier, O.J. was found guilty in a subsequent wrongful death civil trial and ordered to pay $8 million in damages to the families of Ron Goldman and that of his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

U.S. Army veterans Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols bombed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City on April 19th, on the two-year anniversary of the Waco/Branch Davidian disaster. 168 people were killed (and another died while taking part in the rescue effort), including 19 children at the building's day-care center on the first floor. The blast was strong enough that 220 buildings suffered damage.

A little over six years later, and three months before 9/11/2001, Timothy McVeigh was executed at the Federal Penitentiary in Terre Haute, Indiana, the first federal execution in almost forty years. His accomplice Terry Nichols is serving a life sentence for involuntary (?) manslaughter and conspiring with McVeigh.
~~~

Even if you concur that various individuals from a few government agencies were culpable in the Waco and Ruby Ridge debacles, it is quite a challenge to puzzle out how bombing a federal office building--one which contained no military or secret service offices, but which did include a day-care center on the ground floor--could be considered a blow against tyranny, a strike in the cause of justice.

Besides the hundreds of people directly affected by the despicable and incompehensible crime against humanity--that is to say, those killed and their family and friends--others too were seriously impacted. Among these "shadow victims" are both humans and animals.

The bomb exploded at 9:02 a.m. Within twenty minutes, police K-9 teams from Oklahoma City arrived on the scene. Within six hours of the blast, the first volunteer search and rescue teams from outside the area arrived. By midnight, the focus of the search had shifted from locating live victims to recovering bodies.

The search and rescue operation was extremely stressful for the 74 dogs used as well as their handlers. It was no blitzkrieg type of operation, either. It lasted sixteen days, until May 4th. The locals remained, though. It was not until May 29th, a full forty days after the mass murder that the last three bodies were recovered by two Oklahoma City Police Department patrol/search dogs.

In Susan Bulanda's book "Ready to Serve, Ready to Save! Strategies of Real-Life Search & Rescue Missions," in a chapter written by Marilyn Neudeck-Dicken, Ph. D., entitled "The Oklahoma City Bombing: What Have We Learned?" detailed some of the problems the volunteers faced at the time and dealt with after the fact:

Handlers and dogs were exposed to a vast magnitude of trauma. The air was thick with fumes and debris for days. Dogs experienced exposure to chemical toxins, asbestos, body fluids, eye irritants, and cuts, to name a few. Could the high incidence of cancer and blindess of the dogs who were in the first responding dog teams be a result of these exposures?…long-term ramifications of the bombing not only affected the dogs, but also the handlers as well.

Neudeck-Dicken, herself a search-and-rescue worker, goes on to related some of the affects the disaster had on the rescue personnel who responded. Sixty-eight per cent of the dog handlers at Oklahoma City demonstrated acute stress reactions for over two years. Of the dog handlers who were not emergency personnel by occupation, 25% of them dropped out of Search & Rescue immediately after returning home.

This event brought home to Americans the realities of the new world they were now living in: terrorism could strike anywhere, anytime. Lest your faith in humans be totally obliterated by vermin such as McVeigh and Nichols, though, note this excerpt from the chapter "Tragedy in the Heartland: The Oklahoma City Bombing" by Dewey H. Perks, taken from the book cited above:

…the kindness extended by the citizens of Oklahoma was overwhelming…we were not ready for the manner in which they treated us. Being from Virginia we felt that we were very familiar with the mystique of "the genteel South" and its hospitality. Yet every time that we met the locals, they expressed their gratitude and concern that we should be careful. At first we interpreted this as a method to encourage us to work harder, but as the days wore on, we realized that they knew we were truly working as hard as we could. The citizens waited on us hand and foot and we actually had to be careful what we requested since anything we asked for was delivered. Besides having our meals supplied, a small support city evolved within the confines of the Myriad. This included podiatrists, opticians, masseuses, shipment anywhere by United Parcel Service, telephone srvice by Southwest Bell, and a barbershop. Each day there were new "hosts" in the center. These were people who just wanted to help or others who had family directly affected by the bombing.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><--

At the age of ninety-five years and ten months, Dollena (Kohl) "Dollie" Shannon died on August 13th in Humboldt County, California. She lived even longer than Emma (Silva) Nelson had, by fifteen months. The world lost perhaps the greatest cinnamon roll maker/baker of all time. Dollie Madison couldn't hold a candle to Dollie Shannon when it came to kitchen wizardry. Chef is not a powerful enough word to convey Dollie's mastery; the word *artiste* may better define what she was able to accomplish in the kitchen.

Dollie had no children of her own, but was survived by her five Shannon stepchildren: William ("Bill"), Laura Gibney, Theodore Jr. ("Teddy" or "Sunny"), Gertrude ("Trudy") Crook, and Carleton ("Cat").

1997

Drifting off the Coast

"How wise and how merciful is that provision of nature by which his earthly anchor is usually loosened by many little imperceptible tugs, until his consciousness has drifted out of its untenable earthly harbor into the great sea beyond!" -- from "The Poison Belt" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

♦ Esther Shannon dies

Esther Sylvia (Nelson) Shannon Welch, Mayflower descendant, one-eighth Indian, first wife of Pop Shannon and mother of all of Pop's children, died on March 5th of this year in Humboldt County, California at the age of eighty-five. Esther lived her whole life on the northern coast of California. All five of her children, and a dozen grandchildren as well as many great-grandchildren, survived her.

1998

John Gorham Controversy

Down on the boulevard they take it hard
They look at life with such disregard
...
The hearts are hard and the times are tough
Down on the boulevard the night's enough
-- from the song "Boulevard" by Jackson Browne

"For every time we acknowledge a person's importance – by naming a road, bridge or building after them – we also make a judgment about their worthiness as cultural icons… history [is] an interminable debate in which the living continue to prosecute or defend the dead… Napoleon once said that history is a set of lies agreed upon. That's one way of looking at it. Perhaps we should start getting used to the idea that history is also a vast array of truths, hotly debated." -- from the editorial "Gone, but not Forgotten or Forgiven" in the *Halifax Chronicle Herald* of January 19th, 1998

♦ Capt. John Gorham Boulevard

In many of the early chapters that covered the 1740s and 1750s, the exploits of Gorham's Rangers were explored. A quarter millenium later these came into the limelight in Nova Scotia, as it was decided to name a street connecting Bedford and Sackville the "Capt. John Gorham Boulevard."

A hot and heavy debate erupted over this. As a *Halifax Chronicle Herald* editorial entitled "Gone, but not Forgotten or Forgiven," said in its January 19th issue of this year: "These debates illustrate all too well how the modern world, which has the benefit of retrospect, context as well as its own set of prejudices, perceives history with a critical eye."

The web site "The John Gorham Controversy" (http://alts.net/ns1625/gorhamj.html) contains a collection of 45 "clippings" about the whole debacle, which lasted through January and February.

Human rights activist, historian and author Daniel N. Paul (who happens to be a Mi'kmaq Indian and wrote a book entitled *We Were Not the Savages*) was the first to react, and probably had the strongest reaction (calling Gorham a "money-hungry criminal," a "despicable man" who commited war crimes, and comparing him to Hitler and Stalin). In an article entitled "Time to Stop Honouring Monsters of Past," Paul wrote:

I was shocked, but not surprised, when the Department of Transportation named the connector road between Bedford and Sackville after a man who was considered by the Mi'kmaq and Acadians, and by many of his peers, to be an "uncivilized savage."

Captain John Gorham, the man honoured, and his kinfolks were not strangers to enforcing colonial scalping proclamations.

Perhaps the most balanced and clear summary of the matter was provided by Parker Barss Donham, in an article entitled "The Road Named Gorham," which appeared in the *Sunday Daily Times* of Halifax. Therein Donham reported:

Those who want to name a local highway after a British colonial officer who committed atrocities against Micmac women and children make the following arguments:

1) *Capt. John Gorham (1709-1751) was an important historical figure whose activities, including those lately criticized, provided the security necessary to establish a British colony on mainland Nova Scotia.*
2) *It is fatuous to judge historical events through the ethical lens of the 1990s. History should be told as it was, not as we might wish it happened.*
3) *At least initially, Gorham;s most ferocious soldiers, "Gorham's Rangers," consisted mainly of Mohawks. Moreover, Micmacs of the day, whose descendants object to naming a road after him, were not themselves above collecting enemy scalps.*
4) *Political correctness has become a sinister form of censorship. If we don't take a stand against it here, there will be no end to the demands for sanitizing our history.*

Donham goes on to make the point, "But the label of political correctness can equally be used as a shield by those who would prefer never to examine the complaints of any aggrieved group, no matter how just or firmly rooted in reality."

The article mentions, too, that Gorham's Rangers were "notoriously vicious even by the vicious standards of their times."

Note, though, that the "Mohawks" who apparently warred along with Gorham's Rangers were probably not truly Mohawk Indians, which tribe was from New York. Americans at the time often used "Mohawk" as a generic term for any Indian; those Gorham actually recruited were probably Indians from Maine, rather than Indians from New York.

The signage was only up for a few months before it came down. The name of the road has now reverted to Glendale Avenue in Lower Sackville and Duke Street in Bedford.

1999

Dead People Don't Argue

"What we've got here is failure to communicate." -- Strother Martin in the movie "Cool Hand Luke"

"…for many workers around the world, oppression by the unchecked commissars has been replaced with oppression by the unregulated capitalists, who move their manufacturing from country to country, constantly in search of those who will work for the lowest wages and lowest standards. To some, the Nike swoosh is now as scary as the hammer and sickle." – from "The Lexus and the Olive Tree: Understanding Globalization" by Thomas Friedman

"The Great Father has men enough to drive all the Indians off the plains, and whip the Rebels at the same time… My advice to you is to turn on the side of the government, and show by your acts that friendly disposition you profess to me. It is utterly out of the question for you to be at peace with us while living with our enemies, and being on friendly terms with them." – Colorado Territorial Governor John Evans, speaking to Black Kettle, Cheyenne

Are they ever gonna understand?
You can't leave a workin' man
with nowhere to go.
-- from the song "Workin' Man (Nowhere to Go)" by Jimmie Fadden/The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

"In the next decade, if globalization continues to bring more and more people into this lifestyle, and if we cannot learn to do more things using less stuff, we are going to brun up, heat up, pave up, junk up, franchise up and smoke up our pristine areas, forests, rivers and wetlands at a pace never seen before in human history." – from "The Lexus and the Olive Tree: Understanding Globalization" by Thomas Friedman

"The 20th century has witnessed the most profound and wide-reaching changes of any century in human history." — The Times Atlas of the 20th Century

- Y2K
- Battle in Seattle (WTO)
- Columbine

Some thought it was a hoax, that there was nothing to worry about. Others, including well-known computer consultant and author Ed Yourdon, considered the danger so severe that they made dramatic life changes. He and other computer professionals (those whom one would think were in the best position to ascertain the most realistic state of affirs) were sometimes fanning the flames of fear.

Some of them predicted a run on banks, small-business failures, and a stock market crash. In Yourdon's case he moved from New York City to New Mexico. Others stocked up on canned goods, withdrew their money from the bank, or even built underground "air-raid" shelters.

What was the prong provoking them to such dire measures, preoccupied with this paranoia? They were hoping to avoid the catastrophic effects of what was popularly called the Y2K bug. The cause for alarm was the neglect of many programmers, due to previously strict size requirements to save as much memory and disk space as possible in an era of expensive and limited computer memory, to allow four digits to store the year portion of date values. For this reason (not planning for the future, or thinking their programs would be obsolete by the turn of the millenium), many programmers were stuffing the year value into just two digits. Thus, 1958 was stored as simply 58, with 1900 being added to it elsewhere in the program when the date needed to be displayed, for example.

The perceived problem with that was that once the century and millenium changed to 2000, a date stored as 00 may be computed to be 1900 rather than 2000 (and other variations of that basic problem were possible).

As the date neared, most everyone was at least curious as to what would happen. Not much did. Many of those who had dismissed the warnings as a tempest in a teacup felt vindicated. But others felt the only reason disaster was averted was due to the massive effort put forth ahead of time to fix as much computer code as possible.

The government was obviously concerned, as can be seen from this quote from the *Wall Street Journal*:

The year 2000 may bring technological chaos, but the [U.S.] Federal Reserve Board wants to make sure that whatever happens, Americans will be able to buy groceries in the new millennium. The central bank has ordered an additional $50 billion of new currency to pump into circulation in case consumers make a run on their banks and automated teller machines.

The bankers were not the only ones shaking in their oxfords. Utah Senator Robert Bennett said:

Everybody is guessing how bad it will be, including me. And no one will find out until New Year's Day 2000 or a week or two afterward.

Even the jaded, worldly-wise CIA took the matter very seriously. One of their spokesmen admitted:

We're concerned about the potential disruption of power grids, telecommunications, and banking services

And it wasn't just people in the United States who were concerned, either. The *Toronto Star* wrote of the situation:

While the microchip has brought us an industrial revolution that rivals the invention of electricity, it has also made us more vulnerable than its inventors could ever have imagined…Throughout the world there are computer systems and microchips that cannot distinguish between the year 1900 and the year 2000. Unless these systems are identified and changed, there could be global chaos.

As dates in the 20th century would begin to be dealt with in computer programs even before the new century and millenium began, some of the problems should have started showing up even prior to the year 2000. And they did. *Newsweek* magazine reported on this:

At one state prison, the bug made computers miscalculate the sentences of several inmates who were then released. Some credit cards have been refused at stores and restaurants when their '00' expiration dates confused computers. And in several states truckers have found their interstate licenses canceled when computers couldn't handle renewal applications with dates past the millennium.

It was estimated that corporations worldwide would need to invest $600 billion to solve the potential problems. This required programmers examining the source code written sometimes years before. More often than not, the code had been written by someone else, making the debugging process that much more difficult (different programmers have different "styles" of programming, and debugging someone else's code is almost infinitely more problematic that debugging your own).

While re-writing the code, many other bugs and logic errors were fixed at the same time, or at least the code was updated to reflect modern needs. In some cases, new bugs were probably introduced into previously working code, too (in many cases, fixing old bugs introduces some new bugs).

The actuality was very mild, at least in comparison with what had been predicted and feared by many. According to the IYCC (International Y2K Cooperation Center), most of the problems that did arise were relatively minor, involving the recording of dates in various computerized machines, financial and accounting program glitches, and snafus in ticketing, transportation and entertainment company software—a pain, to be sure, for those using the software, but nothing like what some had feared, which included the possibility of Russian missiles being accidentally fired at the United States (hence the "air-raid" shelters some had built or purchased).

Various problems were noted throughout the world. As for the United States, there were three in particular: one was the potential for some credit card companies to record two entries for transactions. The second involved the automated unemployment insurance benefits phone systems used in Florida and Kentucky. The third and final noteworthy problem was reported by the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, which experienced

technical difficulties revolving around the transfer of $700,000 in tax payments from certain of its customers.

All in all, the world survived the Y2K "bug" (perhaps more accurately termed a common oversight, or an agonizing but ultimately unwise deliberate decision) better than it has many viruses spread by hackers. And "experts" keep waiting for "the big one" which, many feel, is bound to hit at one time or another. If terrorists are able to take down the Internet for an extended period of time, the adverse affects could be well-nigh incalculable. And the more extensive the Internet becomes, the more we rely on it for our banking, shopping, appointment-making, and ever more things, the more devastating such an attack would be. In that sense, it is to the advantage of the hacker attackers to wait as long as they can--the longer they postpone their attack, the more damage they can do.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Ten years after the fall of the Berlin Wall, globalization had really begun to pick up steam. The end of the Cold War led to the end of the artificially propped-up economies of the formerly communist nations. The whole world became the whole world's market. Everybody has been trying to sell things to everybody else since. In a nutshell, globalization is the growing worldwide interdependence of people and countries.

In some ways, on paper anyway, this breaking down of national barriers seems to bring benefits. Other consequences seem less advantageous, though. At issue are job security (when large companies swallow up smaller ones or merge with other large companies, layoffs almost inevitably follow), environmental issues (the fiercer the competition, the tougher it is to resist the temptation to forget about the future to fill your belly today), and social injustice (when companies move their manufacturing facilities to where the labor is cheapest, sweat shops are often the lot for those forced by circumstances to work in them).

Thomas Friedman's Pulitzer-prize-winning book *The Lexus and the Olive Tree: Understanding Globalization*, while in general being pro-globalization, also details many of the negatives it brings with the positives. He also warns about even worse possibilities which can result from "Super-empowered" evil men, and the tenuous position a world linked to the Internet as a lifeline puts itself in.

The author's attitude seems to be "Globalization is here and seems as if it's here to stay, so why not learn to live with it rather than buck it?" Friedman's opinion is that Americans in particular have the duty of "talking up" globalization to the rest of the world, as we have more to gain from it than anyone, and we want as many supporters and as few enemies as possible. In his book, after telling of a 1998 *New Yorker* cartoon where one biker says to another "How was my day? Advancing issues led declines," Friedman goes to say, "Our job as citizens of the world is to make certain that a majority of people always feel that advancing issues are leading the declines."

Am I reading too much into the world "feel"? Is this a snow job he is suggesting?

It is perhaps telling that we commonly refer to as "globalization" here in the United States is often called "Americanization" elsewhere. In China, where feelings are still rubbed raw from earlier being forced out of their isolationist stance, they prefer to use the euphemism "modernization."

Financially speaking, globalization is good for some people, and the opposite for others; good for some countries, bad for others; a boon to some companies, a death knell to others. The increased market—practically the entire earth—opens many opportunities for corporations alert enough to take advantage of them. And so, the successful corporations become super-successful, and ever larger.

It seems, at least, that a handful of corporations control the lion's share of business being conducted around the world. Is this in and of itself "a bad thing"?

Corporations are not immoral, but they are certainly *a*moral, lacking in morals, good or bad. How else could it be? They are not really people (as they are asserted to be from a legal standpoint) and thus have no emotions nor can they subscribe to any set of beliefs or hold any ethical values. Corporations are, though, by law, required to make as much profit as possible. Thus, a corporation is obligated by law, by its charter and by its mission, to do whatever it can, ethical or not, to increase its profits and its payouts to shareholders.

What is it that the globalizers are selling, and want us to help them sell? There is certainly quite a difference between a salesman who believes in his product and one who is a shyster, offering either nonexistent goods or goods whose quality he is not sure of. Friedman, the proponent of globalization/Americanization/modernization, admits:

...we have to understand that today's global economic system is still so new and so fast that even our best minds don't fully understand how it works and what happens when you pull a level here or turn a dial there.

So who's flying this plane? Mad scientists? Insane economists? Clueless politicians? Amoral corporations?

During the meeting of the WTO (World Trade Organization) this year in Seattle, Washington, large protests were held. The police ended up using tear gas, rubber bullets, and pepper spray to restore order after the marches and demonstrations devolved into riots. Hundreds were arrested.

Was it just a few bad apples among the throngs that precipitated the escalation of violence? Or were the disturbances staged by paid "protesters" to bemirch the reputation of the anti-globalists among their fellow citizens. If you favor globalization, you probably think not; if you are against globalization, you are probably inclined to give credence to such a possibility. That's to be expected; that's human nature.

But what really happened? <~~~more on WTO/Battle in Seattle to be added>

Although overall wealth has increased since the advent of globalization, the chasm between the wealthy and the struggling *within* countries has also widened: many of the rich have become super-rich, and even more of the poor have gone from needy to desperate.

Many are no longer satisfied with having the necessities; enough is no longer enough, as the quote from the *Human Development Report 1998* shows:

'Keeping up with the Joneses' has shifted from striving to match the consumption of a next-door neighbour to pursuing the life styles of the rich and famous depicted in movies and television shows.

The two hundred wealthiest people on earth own an equal amount of assets as the poorest forty percent of earth's population: 2.4 *billion* people. The *average* wealth of those two hundred is thus the equivalent of the total owned by twelve million poor people. Sitting Bull said that white people were good at making things, but not distributing things. Apparently it is not just white people that suffer from that malady, though: the affliction of acquisitiveness at the expense of others seems to cross racial and ethnic lines. It is a problem we humans have.

Since the "Battle in Seattle," the demonstations against globalization have grown larger in size and increased in intensity. For that reason, meetings of the WTO have been held in isolated locations to ward off these masses of angry protesters.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Fifteen killed at Columbine High School in Littleton, a Denver, Colorado suburb. On April 20th, they wounded 23 and killed 12 students, a teacher, then suicides by the two student gunmen, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold. ~~~more Columbine to be added

2000

Too Close to Call

"I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain," he remarked. "If my record were closed to-night I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence." -- from "The Final Problem" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"She had not a thought in her head that was not a slogan, and there was no imbecility, absolutely none, that she was not capable of swallowing if the Party handed it out to her." – from "1984" by George Orwell

"We may never know with complete certainty the identity of the winner of this year's Presidential election, but the identity of the loser is perfectly clear. It is the Nation's confidence in the judge as an impartial guardian of the rule of law." – Supreme Court Associate Justice Stephen Breyer

"To tell you the truth, it's better I lost. The System is just too powerful, it's like quicksand, and I would have been sucked in." – Russell Means, on his failed bid for tribal chairman on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation

- Ruie M. (Branstuder) Barner dies
- Dot Bombs
- Election

In 1900, thirteen per cent of Americans lived in cities; by 2000, the percentage had quadrupled to fifty per cent. The Branstuder's way of life was for the most part more like a typical 1900 existence than the average lifestyle of people alive in the year 2000.

Albert's half-sister "Ruie," the practical joker, died this year in Missouri at the age of eighty-two, following a bout with Alzheimer's disease. As are her parents Lizzie and Jim, Ruie is buried in Gravette, Arkansas, near the old Branstuder home which had stood in Hiwasse. This leaves only one surviving member of the Branstuder household, Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Between September 1999 and October 2000, at least 117 "dot.com" companies—Internet companies which had drawn gullible or rationally exuberant investors to try to make quick money, failed. The healthy skepticism and attention to detail and sound business fundamentals required for wise investing seemed to have flown out the window in a flurry of feathers, as a free-for-all feeding frenzy ensued.

Many companies with minor-league quality products had been wooed by hopeful companies and bankrolled by unsavvy investors. The chickens came home to roost when many of these companies were not able to bring their product to market or find a niche in the market. Many of these companies projected for stardom only ended up in the "bigs" for the proverbial "cup of coffee" before they submerged, never to be heard from again.

Some young hotshots who had been CEOs of these startups fell hard and fast and were soon to be found flipping burgers in fast-food joints, regaling their co-workers with tales of the halcyon days. In a reverse rags-to-riches tale, the Phoenix had incinerated and returned to the ashes. Some had made millions, to be sure, but many of them lost that money as fast as they had attained it. Future suitors would be more circumspect.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Neither George W. Bush nor Al Gore really fired the imagination of the nation. Turnout at the polls was relatively low, as both candidates avoided the hot-button issues as much as possible, and many Americans did not feel a personal stake in the election's results.

Nevertheless, the election was an extremely close one, and the final results were not known for more than a month following election day. In fact, in the minds of many, the true results are still pending. Gore was leading in both the popular vote (48.5% to 48.3%) and electoral votes (255 to 246) with three states still too close to call, namely Oregon, New Mexico, and Florida. Gore had taken the Northeast (except for New Hampshire), the upper Midwest, and the west coast (except, possibly, Oregon). Bush had won the other states, most of which had small populations, and thus small electoral votes (with the exception of his home state of Texas, which, with 32 electoral votes, trailed only California (54) and New York (33) in that category).

Of the three undecided states, the only one that really mattered was Florida, with its 25 electoral votes (Oregon had seven, and New Mexico five)—no matter what happened with the latter two, the winner of Florida would get the keys to the White House door.

At first, it seemed that Gore had won that key state, and such was announced on television. Later, though, they flip-flopped and said that actually Bush had won. Later on, they changed their mind again, this time saying the results were "too close to call."

In the first count of Florida's votes, Bush was ahead by a mere 1,800. This triggered an automatic recount, as according to Florida law a margin of victory of less than 2,000 votes must be looked at more closely. For thirty-six days everyone was in suspense as to the outcome. The democrats wanted widespread recounts, citing voting abnormalities and irregularities. The republicans wanted the results to stand. The issue was fought in the courts. The Florida Supreme Court, most of whose members had been appointed by Democratic Presidents, decided in favor of a recount.

After a recount that was completed November 9th, Bush's lead was down to a miniscule 327 votes. Many blacks with names *similar* to the names of ex-cons were

excluded from voting (in a move to prevent the ex-cons from voting, they had apparently "thrown out the baby with the bathwater" by removing all with similar names from the list. As most people named "Harold Washington" (for example) are black, preventing anyone with that name from voting because of one ex-con with that name may have meant the disenfranchisement of *many* Harold Washingtons. Historically, blacks tend to vote the Democratic ticket more often than the Republican.

In addition to that, problems were found with many of the ballots themselves. Those paying any attention at all to the news at the time recall the terms "hanging chad" and "butterfly ballot." A "hanging chad" was caused when a person used a stylus to punch the hole corresponding to his candidate of choice. If he didn't punch hard enough, the piece of cardboard was not pushed out the back of the ballot, and was thus "hanging." These votes were not counted, as the machines used to count could not compute with certainty the intention of the voter.

The so-called "butterfly ballot" was a problem due to its confusing design. The hole for Bush was right next to his name, but those for Gore and right-wing extremist Pat Buchanan were not in the same spot relative to their name. Many elderly Jewish voters realized too late that they had accidentally voted for Buchanan (who is reputedly anti-Semitic), when they actually intended to vote for Gore. Whether Buchanan is or is not an Anti-Semite is not the issue. The *belief* that he is is enough to make it highly unlikely that Jewish people would deliberately vote for him.

In the midst of all the hoopla and confusion, the counting and recounting and complaints about who voted for whom and who wasn't allowed to vote, etc., Florida's top election official, Katherine Harris, volunteered that she was tired of waiting and was ready to declared Bush the winner. Harris is a Republican. She was a Bush delegate to the Republican National Convention and was very active in his campaign. Does the phrase "conflict of interest" have any bearing here?

Finally, the tide turned in Bush's favor (his brother Jeb was at the time, and still is, Governer of the state). The U.S. Supreme Court stepped in and, in a five-to-four vote, overturned the Florida Supreme Court's ruling.

Al Gore conceded the election to Bush on December 13th. It was decided that Bush had officially carried Florida by 537 votes. So Bush's narrow lead stood, and he entered the White House.

2001

Out of the Clear Blue Sky

"Why did the terrorists have to kill my mom?" -- a boy named Kevin, whose mother was killed in the terrorist attacks on September 11th

"The nearer the dawn the darker the night." – Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain!" -- Frank Morgan as The Wizard in the movie "The Wizard of Oz"

- 9/11
- Anthrax
- Enron Scandal

Normally, the collapse of a 47-story building in Manhattan would be the week, the month, maybe even the year. It did happen, but it is just an afterthought, taking a back seat to even worse calamities on a horrific day in late-summer, September 11th to be precise. A monstrous and inexcusable atrocity was perpetrated on this day. The targets were buildings and icons, the direct casualties were people going about their daily busines

On this sunny late summer morn, four commercial airliners were hijacked. Two of them, hijacked from Boston, were flown into the WTC, eighteen minutes apart. The first one sliced into the __th floor of the north tower of the World Trade Center at 8:46 a.m. At 9:04, a second airliner slammed into the south tower. The initial collision raised concerns about a terrorist attack, but the possibility remained that it was a tragic mistake. The second one erased all doubt: America was being attacked.

The next questions on everyone's minds were: who was behind it? And what was next? Was the attack over almost as soon as it began, or was it just the beginning of an all-out attack on the United States?

One woman, Cynthia Tucker, who was on the scene at first thought that a terrible accident had occurred, after the first plane had had smashed into the north tower. She later described her experience on watching the nightmarish events unfold:

"The plane was huge. I realized that it was going to crash into the building. I wanted to run, but I just froze—I did not know what to do. The plane seemed to go right through the building. The noise was so loud that it was like being underwater; I *felt* the sound. The air was heavy and seemed to have sand in it. Breathing was difficult. People were running in every direction. I ran into a building and watched as the first tower came down. People were taking off their shirts to cover their faces because of the dust. People

with children and pets came out of the buildings. Everyone was terrified. Even the animals were not acting normally. I cannot describe the fear."

A man named Joshua had been in the north tower, teaching a class on the fortieth floor. He described the scene this way:

"When we finally came out of the building, the police were moving everyone along. I looked up at the towers and saw that both buildings had been sliced open. It was surreal.

"Then I heard an eerie sound—an uncanny silence as if thousands of people were holding their breath. It seemed as if New York stood still. This was followed by screaming. The south tower was collapsing on itself! A tidal wave of smoke, ash, and dust was hurtling toward us. It was like special effects out of a movie. But this was real. As the cloud caught up with us, we could hardly breathe."

The south tower collapsed at around 10 a.m., less than an hour after being struck. The north tower followed a half hour later. The loss of the twin 110-story towers, built in 1973, left a gaping void in downtown Manhattan. The void was not just physical; nor was the altering of the landscape, which seemed too surreal to be assimilated by many of the onlookers.

It had already been too much, more than many could bear, but the terrorists were not yet finished. A third plane had flown into the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. at 9:43 a.m. President George W. Bush, who had been visiting an elementary school in Sarasota, Florida, was whisked away on Air Force One. His whereabouts were unknown for quite some time. The fourth and final hijacked airliner went down in an empty field in rural Somerset County, Pennsylvania, not far from Pittsburgh.

That was not the intended landing spot of the terrorists. The crash site is only about 190 miles from Washington, D.C. For an airliner traveling 600 miles per hour, that is only about twenty minutes removed.

A few passengers aboard Flight 93, aware of some of what had happened in New York and Washington, took matters into their own hands and stormed the cockpit, attempting to prevent the terrorists from carrying out their planned attack. They were apparently successfully in preventing the hijackers from flying the plane to their intended destination. What *was* their intended destination? The White House, perhaps? The Capitol building? That is what is now assumed.

All in all, over 3,000 people were killed in the days attacks (2,893 at the World Trade Center aloen). This was a greater total than those that had perished during the attack of Pearl Harbor in World War II. Among the victims were more than 300 of these were NYC policemen and firemen, who had entered the buildings after the attack to aid in the rescue effort. Bush declared war on terrorism. Citizens of eighty countries died in attack, and many of those nations joined forces to fight the terrorists.

The terrorists were apparently sponsored by Saudi multi-millionaire Osama Bin Laden, who was living under the protection of the Islamic Taliban government in Afghanistan. Bin Laden was leading a terrorist organization named "al Qaeda" (Arabic for "The Base") in a jihad (holy war) against Israel, the West in general, and the U.S. in particular. Angry over American culture and values, acts against or perceived to be against Arab nations, and America's support of Israel.

President Bush declared a war on terrorism. Many countries joined in that war; citizens from eighty countries around the world, who had been visiting or working in the United States at the time, had been killed in the attacks.

The Taliban regime in Afghanistan was given the ultimatum to turn over all al Qaeda leaders living in that country. Similar to Saddam Hussein's response after being given the U.N. ultimatum a decade earlier to quit Kuwait, the Taliban was defiant. An attack on Afghanistan by the U.S. followed. ~~~more on Afghanistan to be added>

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Anthrax gets its name from the Greek word for coal. This seemingly strange etymology stems from the black scabs that form over the scars of those who have been in contact with anthrax-infected livestock.

A more dangerous effect of Anthrax in humans can occur when they breathe in the anthrax spores. Exposure to anthrax by humans yields a high mortality rate. Anthrax appeals to terrorists because it is easy to cultivate and is hardy. Also, the death it brings is slow but sure: it takes days for the first symptoms, flulike malaise and fatigue, to manifest themselves. After that, it is downhill fast, often leading to death.

Letters laced with weapons-grade anthrax spores killed five people in the United States this year. The attacks began within weeks of the 9/11 tragedy. Among those (unsuccessfully) targeted were Senator Tom Daschle and television news commentator Tom Brokaw). The death of five innocents is an incalculable tragedy, but it is rather small compared to the numbers killed by bombings, and thus anthrax seems to have fallen out of favor among the terrorist crowd. As frightening as biological attacks are, very few of them kill more than a few people.

That having been said, the potential for large-scale havoc does exist. According to one assessment by the U.S. government, if 220 pounds of aerosolized anthrax were released over a major city, the effects could be as lethal as a hydrogen bomb. After the anthrax attacks, various bodies were heard from, uttering dire warnings:

The World Medical Association recognizes the growing threat that biological weapons might be used to cause devastating epidemics that could spread internationally. All countries are potentially at risk. The release of organisms such as smallpox, plague, and anthrax could prove catastrophic in terms of the resulting illnesses and deaths compounded by the panic such outbreaks would generate. —American Medical Association.

Unlike bombs and nerve gases, bioweapons have finesse: the disease incubation period makes the calamity build slowly and imperceptibly. At first a few people trickle into hospitals. Their symptoms might baffle doctors or mimic those of more common illnesses. By the time health care workers realize what is going on, entire cities could be infected. — Scientific American magazine

If the smallpox virus were released today, the majority of the world's population would be defenseless, and given the virus' 30 percent kill rate, nearly two billion people could die. — Foreign Affairs magazine

Anthrax was deliberately developed as a weapon the second half of the 1900s by a number of countries, the United States and Russia among them. The culprit or culprits of the anthrax attack have not been apprehended. A tentative conclusion, though, as to who was *not* behind the attacks: al Qaeda. It is thought that the attacks were the work of a domestic terrorist (individual) or terrorists (organization).

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

On the surface, Enron seemed like a terrific company in which to invest. The poster child of deregulation, Enron had started life as a Houston oil pipeline company and morped into an energy broker. In actuality, its incrediby complex bookkeeping a maze of partnerships and subsidiaries camouflaged shenanigans and problems. Arthur Andersen was thte accounting firm involved. Enron vice President Sherron Watkins warned founder and chairman Ken Lay that the company "might implode in a wave of accounting scandals." Company officials admitting overstating earnings by $586 million. It posted a $638 million loss in the third quarter for this year. They also admitted that they owed $3 billion. Following a reduction of its stock to junk-bond status, a hoped-for merger with chief rival Dynegy, which would have infused $23 billion into the company, fell apart. The biggest bankruptcy in American corporate history ensued. Other funny money business followed, involving communications giants Global Crossing and Worldcom.

As in everything, a balance needs to be struck between total regulation and complete deregulation, or "no regulations." In Enron's case, it seems the fox had been hired to guard the hen house. Other people's hens. ~~~more Enron to be added>

2003

Carpet Bombs and -Baggers

"The fact is that once we go into Iraq, and liberate Iraq, two things will happen immediately: the Iraqi people will start dancing in the street, and week after week, month after month, inspectors from around the world will find vats of biological weapons, tremendous progress on nuclear weapons. And every week, if not more, people will say, 'God, that was a close call. Thank God we stopped that production.'" -- Kenneth Adelman, member of U.S. Defense Policy Board

"Two wrongs don't make a right." -- Traditional parental admonition

"Professed patriotism may be made the cover for a multitude of sins." – Robert C. Winthrop

"Some of you will die, but that is a sacrifice that I am willing to make." – John Lithgow as Lord Farquaad in the movie "Shrek"

"Gentlemen, you can't fight in here! This is the War Room!" -- Peter Sellers as President Merkin Muffley in the movie "Dr. Strangelove"

♦ America Invades Iraq

As on 9/11/2001, a monstrous and inexcusable atrocity was perprated this year. As two years prior, most of those victimized have been civilians, trying to get on with the business of day-to-day living.

Despite "cooked" intelligence on an Iraq-Al Qaeda and Hussein/bin Laden connection (whereas in actuality bin Laden has once asked his native Saudi Arabia to wage a war on Hussein), and in fact despite intelligence diametrically opposed to the phony conclusions drawn and quartered and dolled up and paraded before the American people and the world (that is, that there was *no* connection between those elements, and that there were no WMDs in Iraq), Bush and his cronies pushed forward with their pre-ordained war against the Iraqi leader who, according to Bush, "tried to kill his daddy." Even that "intelligence" is considered suspect.

Three thousand innocents were killed on 9/11 in the United States. Since the invasion of Iraq, thousands of civilians there have been killed—not to mention members of both the U.S. and Iraqi military and police forces, as well as civilians of other countries. According to the British medical journal *The Lancet*, approximately 100,000 Iraqi civilians, the majority of them women and children—have died in Iraq since the invasion. Most of these deaths (*The Lancet* estimates 80%) have been the result of air strikes by the U.S.-led and –bred "coalition" forces.

Based on an AP survey of Iraq's 124 hospitals, more than 3,420 civilians perished in the *initial* part of the aerial siege—approximately the same number who died in the 9/11 attacks. In just one locality, al-Nasiriyya, 169 children died, and one resident (Ali Kadhim Hashim) lost fourteen members to the slaughter. Among these were his wife and children as well as his parents.

U.S.-led U.S. lead: American forces dropped over 30,000 bombs on Iraq. Like an attempt to smash a mosquito in a preschool classroom with a sledgehammer, the American military, in attempting to "take out" certain usavory individuals, bombed and shelled the areas they were guessed to be in. In many cases, though, the bombs and shells killed Iraqi citizens with no connection to the military or its government, including many children.

2004

Riding precariously on the narrow side of a 2 X 4

"The Wiyots aren't rich. They don't have a casino." – Kim Baca, in her Eureka-datelined newspaper article "Hard work for California Tribe Restoring Land Lost During Gold Rush"

"We are still here…we are still a people. We still cast a shadow." – Cheryl Seidner, Wiyot Tribal Chairperson

"I'm dying. See ya later." – George Shannon's last words

- Wiyot Tribe Gets Land
- George Shannon dies
- Eda (Shannon) Cordy dies
- Another close election

In May 2004, the city of Eureka, California and the Kay family returned a portion of Indian/Gunther Island to the Wiyot tribe. A parcel of greater than forty acres was included in the transaction, including historic Tuluwat village, where the massacre of 1860 took place. The tribe had earlier, following extensive fund-raising efforts, purchased one and a half acres on the island.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Another of Pop's brothers, George Henry Shannon, died this year in Tulare. Born in 1918, George had been an honor student all four years and very active in the FFA (Future Farmers of America). A prosperous walnut grower in Tulare County, George seems to have known exactly what he wanted from an early age. Nevertheless, he said that it was his brother Theodore (Pop) who was truly the most successful in the family, as he was the one that had done what he wanted to do (logged and ranched) and lived where he wanted to live (Trinity County).

George addressed his parting words to his companion Claire Marie, while sitting in a chair in their living room: "I'm dying. See ya later."

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

The last of Pop's siblings also died this year. Eda (Shannon) Cordy was eighty-four. That leaves Albert's two half-sisters Lula Mae Dixon and Thora Wheeler as the only siblings of Pop, Albert, Esther, and Alice still living. Alice herself is the oldest of the bunch, who turned ninety-three this year.

--<><><><><><><><><><><><><>--

Cynics saw it coming. ~~~more on 2004 election

2005

The Wheel Keeps on Turning

"That quiet mutual gaze of a trusting husband and wife is like the first moment of rest or refuge from a great weariness or a great danger--not to be interfered with by speech or action which would distract the sensations from the fresh enjoyment of repose." – from "Silas Marner" by George Eliot

"Yesterday is not ours to recover, but tomorrow is ours to win or to lose." -- Lyndon B. Johnson

- Kelvin Shannon and Heidi Brunzelle wed

On July 1st, Kelvin Caleb Mordecai Shannon (born at Mark Twain Hospital in Calaveras County, California) and Heidi Louise Brunzell got married at a small ceremony in <>, Wisconsin.

Kelvin is the grandson of Theodore Russell Shannon and Rosie Lee/Alice Rosalie (Kollenborn) Shannon and the great-grandson of Pop Shannon, Esther (Nelson) Shannon Welch, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn, and Alice (Green) Kollenborn.

<~~~insert picture[s] from wedding>

<~~~pic w. four generations?>

2006

Winners of the Gold

"We must not cease from exploration and the end of our exploring will be to arrive where we began and know the place for the first time." – T.S. Eliot

"An intelligent observation of the facts of human existence will reveal to shallow-minded folk who sneer at the use of coincidence in the arts of fiction and drama that life itself is little more than a series of coincidences." -- from "Captain Blood" by Rafael Sabatini

"It's great to be a part of somethin' so good that's lasted so long." -- from the song "Partners, Brothers, and Friends" by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

You've been through some things together
With trunks of memories still to come
...
With your gold hearts shining in the sun
Long may you run
-- adapted from the song "Long May You Run" by Neil Young

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood
And I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference
-- from the Robert Frost poem "Road Less Traveled"

- 50th Anniversary of Theodore Russell Shannon and Rosie Lee (Kollenborn) Shannon

On September 8th of this year, Theodore Russell Shannon and Rosie Lee ("Alice Rosalie") (Kollenborn) Shannon will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The linkage of the Shannon and Kollenborn families has thus proved successful and stable--and fruitful, as evidenced by their four children and five grandchildren.

<~~~add picture[s]>

As is true in every family, it was only by means of a series of events taking place that this union became a reality. The events that made the melding of these two families possible, for the most part, seem very commonplace and ordinary. At least when viewed in isolation, there is not much to be amazed at. Combined, though, these events form a virtually miraculous linkage of deliberate decisions with serendipitous happenstance.

Had any of a number of decisions not been made, or been made at a different time, or been somehow thwarted, Theodore and Rosie Lee would have never even met.

For example: If John Howland had not hung on for dear life after being swept overboard on the Mayflower's 1620 passage to the "New World," Desire Howland would not have been born. Without Desire, George Gorham would have never existed, and thus never come to California from Massachusetts and married Susan Lucky.

If only one of the fighting Gorhams of colonial times (members of which fought in King Philip's War, the French and Indian War, and many in the Revolutionary War, too) had died before fathering the child who ended up in the Howland/Gorham/Silva/Nelson line, Pop Shannon's children would never have existed.

Had John Gorham, born during a diptheria epidemic in New England, succumbed to that oft-fatal disease, the family line would have ended with him.

If C.J. Shannon had not come to California from Canada in 1889, his father and siblings would probably not have come in 1891. And if they hadn't, Will Shannon and Gertie Bailey would not have married in Trinity County at the Turn of the Century. That would have meant no Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, which would have meant no Theodore Russell Shannon, etc.

Had the incompatible Harry Kollenborn and Lizzie Huddleston not married in 1906 in northern Missouri, there would have been no Albert Kollenborn. No Albert, no Rosie Lee.

Would Alice had married Albert if he had not threatened to commit suicide if she didn't accept his suit? If the answer is no, whether he really would have followed through on his threat would be a moot point as far as this question of all the pieces falling perfectly together goes—they wouldn't have; couldn't have.

What if the earthquake in Arcata had not occurred in 1954? Albert Kollenborn would have moved his family there from Colusa, instead of to Fort Bragg. Theodore Russell Shannon and Rosie Lee Kollenborn would probably never have met in that case.

And all this is just scratching the surface of all the decisions and happenings, all the seemingly trivial events that made the difference between things turning out as they have and not turning out so. Again, though, that is not unique to the Shannon/Kollenborn extended family. Each one of us here on earth exist only because of a succession of fortuitous happenings and non-happenings, decisions large and small—the lives of all of us are a miracle almost beyond comprehension. If we look back on all the precise coinciding of events necessary for us as individuals to be here...that all of these would actually take place, and at the right time, seems quite impossible.

Indeed, this kaleidoscopic juxtaposition requires just the right number of revolutions of the cylinder. Necessary, too, is that the cessation of revolutions, allowing the pieces to settle into their proper place, takes place at the precise millisecond and with the exactly perfect touch on the barrel. The deceleration and temporary interruption of the ballet, the musical "rest," must be made with ultimate finesse, otherwise--all is lost.

This astronomically low-chance, super-high stakes existential lottery is not at all impossible to win, though. Although the chances of coming off victor are exceedingly miniscule, it *has* been won--and by billions (and billions, as Carl Sagan might say). Reader, whoever you may be, wherever you may be, you are one of those victors. You have cast shadows and are still casting a shadow. You are here, with us.

The ballet continues; the fugue plays on.

Appendix I

Gertrude "Gertie" (Bailey) Shannon

(Gertie Shannon's autobiography/family story)

My Birth and Childhood

Topeka, Kansas was the place of my birth, on January 24, 1883, and the following year found us many miles west in California. My parents and grandparents settled in a little town near the moist green coast in Northern California. My immediate family located at Hydesville while my grandparents lived a few miles distant in Carlotta. I had one sister and one brother. My sister, Effie, who was three years older than me; and my brother Edgar, who was five years younger than I was. I lost my sister January 26, 1952 and I lost my brother June 21, 1953.

When I was only seven I went to live with my grandparents. My grandmother soon became mother and grandmother to me and I owe much to her. I used to follow my grandfather all around and I would lead the horse for grandfather when he plowed. When it came time for grandfather to go fishing, I dearly wanted to go with him, but as I was just a little noisy creature, I was not invited. This left me wondering, but now I realize that he must have enjoyed this opportunity to be alone to meditate. Sometimes he used the worms that I proudly picked up for him while walking in back of him as he made fresh furrows in the fields.

We walked two miles to school and this was my mode of transportation until I was sixteen years old. I had one teacher Mrs. West, who helped in so many ways and I even stayed with her often.

I remember as a girl the making of all of our soap, which is completely foreign to the young folks of today, and was just one of the chores for us. All winter long we collected wood ashes and stored them until spring. We then poured water through them and as it was draining off, it was formed into lye. With a big roaring fire under the old black wash pot, we thus made our soap.

I also remember wash day as being quite a chore. We had to draw water from the will in the yard, fill the old pot and diligently use the wash board.

When I was about 8 years I used to go down to the river bar and fill a flour sack full of rocks, and in the evening my grandfather would get down on the floor with me and show me how he would and did build his barns, fences and his house out of rocks. This was a wonderful time for me and I can never forget how kind he was to me. I loved my grandparents so devotedly.

Another memory I have was that during the Spring and Summer months we were busy canning fruits and vegetables so that we had plenty of canned goods on hand for the

long winter months. This was quite handy, to have the food canned and in our home, as it took some three or four hours to fetch groceries from the closest store, which was eight miles away by the horse and buggy.

My grandparents had a few cows and I used to milk, churn, and mold butter. We kept the butter in a big crock and stored it and all of the milk and milk products in the well house where it was always cool.

When it came time to get the hay in, grand father would use a sled to bring it in and he then stacked it, all by hand.

I can't help but recall some more of the memories of my childhood. One day my grandmother and I went to see some friends and we were about there when our horse starting acting funny. Someone had lost a cow and it seems as though they found her on the river bar and it didn't want to come home. The horse seemed to sense that something was wrong, and then a while later, on our way home, at the very same spot, the horse acted funny again, and grandmother got out and held the horse until I got out of the cart. The horse then knocked her down and the wheel of the cart went over her arm, but as we found out later her arm wasn't broken, although it was very sore after that. One of the neighbors caught the horse at the bridge and brought him to a friend's house to be picked up later. I went to get my grandfather who then went and picked up my grandmother.

Another memory which is very plain is when I was still with my parents, when I was about five years old. I went to my uncle's home and my cousin, Will Smith, went with me to grandmothers and while climbing over a fence, I stepped into a bee's nest and was stung quite badly. Will picked me up and ran the rest of the way (it was about a half a mile) to grandmothers, climbing the fences with me as they got in his way.

The first heifer that I had was given to me by my grandmother, so that I would have a cow of my own on which to learn how to milk. Grandmother would not let me learn to milk until I was ten years old. I named my heifer "Nancy" and she would let no one but me milk her.

I had a dear friend, her name was Josie and one day at school, dear Josie Barney fell and she was never able to walk again. I would go to see her once every week and then she died and was buried the day before Christmas. She was only about twelve when she passed away.

We made pets out of all our animals. When I went out to feed the chickens my pet hen, a special hen, would fly up on my shoulder and there she stayed until I got to the place we fed them, the chickens.

I met my future husband a year before grand mother died, and had seen him many times where we both happened to be at homes of mutual acquaintances and friends. The next year casual friendship grew into love but since I was only sixteen we decided to wait awhile for marriage but catastrophe invaded my life about this time when my beloved grandmother passed away at the age of seventy. My grandfather had passed away six

years earlier at the age of seventy-one. I was ten at that time. When my grandmother died I went to live with my father, for a short time before Will and I married.

My heart still aches for my grandmother and my last memory of my grandfather bears mentioning. The waters were so high when my wise and hard working grandfather passed away, that my uncle had to put his body in the back of his wagon without a coffin, to take it to uncle's place, where a coffin was obtained before it's trip to his final resting place in the cemetery at Hydesville.

Clarence Bailey, my father, was born on December 22, 1850 and I don't know when he died.

I don't know when my grandparents, William Eaton and Electra Bailey were married. William was born in July of 1824 and died Mar. 20 1895. Electra was born on May 1, 1830 and died Sept. 2, 1900.

Marriage:

I, Gertrude Bailey, was born on January 24, 1883. William F. Shannon was born on November 8, 1876. Just a month and a day before I am seventeen, we were married on December 23, 1900.

Our first home was rented in Carlotta where we spent a year and a half. Then in May 1902 we moved to Trinity County in northern California, and took up a homestead on the Eel River where we lived for eighteen years. The following paragraphs and pages will tell of some of the experiences we had in the mountains.

My life in Trinity proved to be lonely at times. I can remember one time when I didn't see another woman for two whole years. One day when I was alone in the house I saw some one in the yard. It was a peddler and when he started to open our gate and enter, he noticed our dog, backed out and kept right on going. With a dog for protection, I had few worries.

I remember how we became acquainted with our first neighbor, Mr. Lamply. Before we moved to the hills, we made several trips to work on the cabin, and when we came out, we camped out under the trees. After moving, we stacked up some logs so that we could later add another room onto the cabin, but then we heard of another place and moved into it instead. When we arrived there, a friendly neighbor, Mrs. Lamply welcomed us. She had brought over a hen, and six baby chicks, excusing her generosity by saying that they were for the baby. My first born, Theodore, was three months old at this time. The log cabin had a front room with a fireplace, also a kitchen, bedroom, and we had busied ourselves getting a room fixed upstairs for one more bedroom. We built some stairs on the outside, leading up to the new bedroom. Before, we had to use a ladder. There was the barn on the place already, and a good well on it, and a bucket even to draw up the water. I had to make a short hike up the hill to the house, after drawing the water.

We raised cattle, pigs, turkeys, and also chickens. There were many coyotes around at the time we came, but the first one I saw was one that Dad Shannon caught in a trap. After that, while herding the young pigs and turkeys I would catch sight of many of them. The deer were plentiful and so beautiful to watch.

We had made pets of all our animals and one day, hearing a noise on the porch, we were so surprised to see our pet colt, Prince, come up onto the porch and stick his head in at front door. Often times when we walked to the post office, one of our little pet pigs would end up following us and then someone would have to be left outside to keep watch on the mischievous ham.

Wildlife was abundant and one day while we were herding the pigs, they seemed excited and noisy. I looked about and spotted a coyote at a small distance away. The piglets hid until I scared the coyote away. Then I climbed up on a rock and settled down to eat my lunch. The rattlesnakes seemed to be everywhere when first we moved to the hills. One day I fixed a place under the bushes to lay my baby so I could help with the hay. Just as I was about to put the baby down, I saw a rattlesnake; and it scared me so badly that I didn't help much with the hay that day. Another time I was just coming back from getting some wood from the wood pile and I saw two or three rattlers in the gateway.

When March came I would go out and hunt the turkey nests while there was still snow on the ground. We raised the turkeys to sell so we would have the ready cash we needed. I'd have to gather them so they wouldn't freeze and dad made small individual houses for each hen. He built them side by side. I would feed them by making curds, a food resembling cottage cheese. We also used to go out and pick up acorns for the pigs and turkeys. We'd go out by daylight and wouldn't get back home until dark. Then we'd grind the acorns up for the turkeys. The whole family would go on these all day trips. Turkeys have a habit of wandering off. Some turkeys came to our place and Dad and I ended up taking them back to the neighbors from the ranch whence they came. When they wandered off the coyotes would get in the pack, scattering, and scaring them; then kill them just for pleasure, not even hungry enough to eat them.

An old hen was making quite a commotion only a short while after I had taken care of them so I went out to check on her. I looked under the shed that was in the yard and saw a rattlesnake lying there. The turkeys always let me know if there were any around. They would squawk and we would always check on them. I killed many while herding the turkeys.

One time I had a mother and some chicks kept in a box in the wood shed and Dad brought home an old sow and he put her in the wood shed too. We heard a noise and upon investigating we discovered that the sow had eaten some of the baby chicks. We soon got rid of that sow. They did not tell us when we bought her that she would do such a thing.

Around Christmas time, we would sit up most of the night getting turkeys ready for the market. The next day Dad would start out for Fortuna, which was some 70 miles

away, to sell our turkeys and to bring back a supply of groceries which would last us about six months. The two trips to "civilization" were the only ones made in a year's time, for it was a long drawn out difficult trip. It took us a week to make this trip by our horse drawn wagon. We lived there for 18 years, and in all that time, I only made one trip away from home, and that was to Fort Seward. Dad would take Theodore to town as the helper and companion. He'd take the other boys at times.

One day when I was lonesome for company, we walked for four hours to visit with Mrs. Shields and when we got there, we could only visit for a half hour in order to get home again before dark set in. I packed two of my children a good part of the way. But it was worth the walk, It was not an easy life, but it was a good life.

One thing I just remembered. Mrs. Shields was now Mrs. Lambert. This was her name when she remarried after Mr. Shields died.

One other thing which was large in my life as a child was that my mother took me out of school when I was 8, and Effie was 11. Edgar was only three years old. Mother left father at this time, and we traveled by boat to San Francisco. It took us a little more than 24 hours and I was sea sick the whole time, along with Effie. As soon as we reached the city, I and Edgar were placed in a orphan's home. We were there almost a year before we again joyfully made our home with grandma and grandpa. Effie went to live with a Methodist minister, who was very good to her. While Edgar and I were in the home, Edgar walked in front of a child swinging, and the edge of the swing hit him in the mouth, almost cutting his tongue off. The doctor was called and he sewed the tongue back on. After this, people were surprised that he could still talk as good as always. My grandparents didn't know where we were and so he couldn't know of the straits we were in. My schoolteacher, while I was at the home, wrote to friends of hers living in the Eureka area and the news reached my grandparents. Folks in the area gathered up the $ necessary to bring us back to Hydesville but they gave the money to my father, to go and get us, and he drank it up. So they all donated again, but this time Mr. Godfrey went to the boat and stayed there until it sailed for San Francisco. We were so happy to see him I cried. I knew the only place I had to go was with his folks and this is what we all wanted. The worst hurt of my life as a youngster was when mother took us away. My mother came to see us once after we came home, and that was the last time we ever saw her, at 9 ½ years old. After I married, I received one letter from her. My father gave his consent for Dad and I to marry, and then a couple months after we married, he left the country and I have never saw him since.

We took up two different homesteads in Trinity and the last one was near the river. This house was built on a hill overlooking the river and had a beautiful sweeping view of the hills around us. I could see the river from my kitchen window and watch its changing moods. The river was turbulent and angry in the winter; I could see logs and every kind of debris, being battered and carried downstream. In the warm spring days, it was beautiful and calm. And in the summer, just right for the children's fun. We built two barns down by the river and there we stored hay for the cattle. We built sheds around one so that they could get out of sleet rain and snow. This is below Soldier Basin.

The other place was just right of the fruit trees, by the Shannon buttes. We didn't live there for long. We had a log house there.

An old school friend and her husband came to take up a homestead near us. During their stay of several years, tragedy struck repeatedly. Mr. And Mrs. Crank lost their place by fire, twice. One day a friend, Harry Parry, from Humboldt came out and the two of them went hunting for deer. They parted and in the excitement of the hunt, Harry accidentally shot John to death. My friend Grace, then left Trinity. No children.

Disastrous things are bound to happen though. One of our neighbors, Mr. Espie, went to hunt his horse when it was snowing, and he got lost and died. The searchers found where he tried to keep warm by going around and around a tree but when they found him, it was too late.

A little girl was frozen to death when she took refuge near a log. She had unsaddled her horse and with the saddle had tried to keep her self warm, but to no avail.

Sadness also came to our house when our Girlie was bitten by a rattlesnake and we had to bury her. She was bitten on the 3rd of July & we buried her the 4th of July. This day is a hard one for me to be happy on. There was the annual picnic and Dad was carrying mail at the time. He asked John Holtorf if he would carry the mail that day, as he had to bury his girl. John said he couldn't as he had to be at that picnic, and it was too bad that she had to die just at this time. This answer made us both feel real bad, as it was too bad she had to die at all, and she certainly couldn't help what day the Lord took her home. Anyway, Dad asked Mr. Caar(1) to carry the mail so he could attend Girlie's funeral, and Mr. Caar said yea, right away. He also made the coffin and lined it all with sheets. Mrs. Monroe Lampley was not able to come so she sent Mrs. Frank Lampley to help us out. She came and spent the night with us, fixing up her body for burial. They also went to the cemetery with us. They were the only ones except for the grave diggers to come to her funeral. Everyone else had to go to a 4th of July picnic and this has never ceased to leave a horrible feeling with us. Mrs. Gray was so sick she couldn't come to the house to comfort or help us, and yet she was at this picnic. Maude Gilman said she'd come but that it was too late by the time she heard. She said she liked Girlie and would have been with us. She said even if she didn't know or like the parents, she would have come for the child. Mrs. Frank Lampley invited us all to come home with them, and we appreciated it but we had to go home. Dad always said we buried her about the same as they'd bury a dog. There wasn't a minister and Dad had to say what was said. We had no songs or no service of any kind. We'll never forget that horrible day. Just put the box in the ground Dad say a couple of words, & put the dirt on the box. All the neighbors at a picnic. We had a true friend who was with us all the time, right through to the end. This true friend who didn't leave us or forsake us then, and who never will, was our Heavenly Father. He will be with us all if we let him.

A little while after we lost her, our first school burned to the ground and the children's next school was the old Clem cabin. Another school was built in 1916 (2) and Ted went to school there, and so did his children and Kenneth's a little while. It is still standing, across a dip and field where Ted and his wife built.

After their fire, they lived in the school.

In 1965, while I was visiting with my family in the north, and staying with my granddaughter and her family, Laura and Russ' house caught on fire and was completely destroyed, taking Theodore's home at the same time. I went over and stayed with Robert and Belle, Theodore and Dollie were settled in the old school, and the Gibney's had purchased a trailer to live in. I lost a brand new white coat I had just bought and worn just one time. Back to Trinity!

One day Marian was down by the river and the first thing I thought about was a rattlesnake. I ran down the hill to her, but she was just so scared. She had seen a rattler but it had went under a log and we couldn't find it. She had a cat with her. Another time I heard her screaming and she had stepped into a bee's nest while out with her brother Theodore while he was cutting wood.

Dad Shannon was the mail carrier in this part of Trinity County. It was no easy task then and when the river was dangerous in the winter, the horse would swim across and dad would go over, suspended in the air, in a bucket. Dad carried the mail from Hoaglin Valley to Caution. He'd make the trip on Mon. Wed, and Fri. the same as the mail is carried out there in this era.

When Kenneth, our second son was born, exactly two years to the day after Theodore, a woman came in to stay with me, as Dad was away working and didn't want to leave me alone. She built a big warm fire and put some baby clothes on the chair in front of the fireplace. I'd arranged to be in the living room and had gone to sleep but awoke to find the baby clothes on fire, also some of the wall paper. There were some cartridges on the mantle of the fireplace and the logs would go up in a flash and the bullets could explode who knows where. The woman dashed in and put the fire out before it had a chance to get any worse. In doing this, she was quite badly burned on the hand.

Our nearest neighbor was five miles away and this was the post office. We raised six of our children in Trinity Co….3 sons still living there. The oldest son, Theodore, still has the old homestead although around 1944 it burned to the ground, and there is hardly a trace of where it stood. Theodore was on the job with his cats, keeping the fire clear of his place when the forest service came over, and asked him to leave his place to help them. He said the couldn't leave and they placed men at his place but the men thought the place was safe, and they went to sleep and it burned to the ground. It is still nonetheless referred to as the old home place.

In the year of 1948, while spending the summer in Trinity County, after having moved south, Dad built a barn for Theodore and he'd turned 70 years old. Theodore needed the barn and Dad did most of the work himself. It is still standing. We camped out in the old Clem cabin which was built many years ago in Kettenpom Valley.

After many years of being away from Trinity and Dad Shannon had passed away, I took a trip back with my grand daughter Laura and her husband and my great grand

daughter, Laurie. The first thing I remember seeing were two of the wild deer going across the road. It was the dusk of evening and they just stood and looked at us, not being the least bit afraid. We went through Covelo, which in all the years I had lived in Trinity, I had never been. It was a beautiful trip and we journeyed on into Orland to visit some friends and coming home we stopped in Weaverville and visited the old Joss House where the Chinese used to, and now a few still do, worship their Gods. We read in the paper about one family that worships there, and it was so interesting. We had the most wonderful trip, but it was when we arrived in Eureka at my grandson Ted's home that we received word that Laura's home had burned to the ground, also her father's which stood right next to it. Laura lost everything, and little Laurie could not understand what was it all about. They took the news wonderfully though, and placed their trust in Jesus Christ who is the head of their home. Laura was so thankful no one was hurt worse than they were. Theodore was burned quite badly while fighting fire, but not critically.

The neighbors were all so kind and are helping to build a new house for Theodore. It's a large well built home and they are very comfortable in it. Laura and Russ have built on to their trailer and it is nice and they are comfortable also.

To get back to our life in Trinity. Theodore and Kenneth had left Trinity and ended up in Tulare. They had left and were looking for work, and they wrote, asking us to come down. We left Trinity in 1919 in a mail truck with the other four children. We arrived in Tulare in the winter time and stayed with Carl Shannon in a little house he had. Dad worked in the fruit for Carl for four years. During this time I gave birth to a daughter Eda, and two sons, one of which was still born. Just before Kenneth left the old home place, he'd climbed to the top of a large pine tree, putting a tiny wind mill in the top of that big stately pine! Kenneth stayed in Tulare for a little while but soon returned north to look for work in the woods again, and Theodore soon followed him.

While we were living at Carl's, and Robert was about 7 years old, he gave me a scare. I had been outside with the boys, picking up the chips and carrying wood in, and the boys were playing and everything was all right. Everything got quiet and I went out to check on my children, and Robert was sitting in the swing with his tongue sticking out and the rope all around his neck. His tongue was black and I pulled him out of the swing, laying him on the ground, and ran into the house, calling for Dad. He came out and carried Robert onto the lawn, and Robert came to. Mr. Reeves heard me calling but thought it was the children at play and didn't realize anything was wrong until he saw Dad carrying Robert. George didn't realize anything was wrong and was playing a round under and around the swing through all this.

Just a little reminiscing about our trip. When Dad and I first went to Trinity, the trip was made with the horses and the large wagon he came from Tulare with and it took a week of long hard days from Carlotta. When we left Trinity to go to Tulare, we started out in a mail truck and went as far as Alder point, where we spent the night, catching the train the next day for Oakland. It took the whole day, and was dark by the time we got to Oakland, and my sister Effie Whetstone and a daughter Annie, met us at the station and we stayed with them for 3 days. Then we went a little further, to Dinuba, and the children and I stayed with Dad's sister, Marian Brubaker while Dad went to Tulare to make

arrangements for us. We stayed with her several enjoyable days, and Dad and Carl came back for us. We stayed on the Carl Shannon ranch four years, living in a small comfortable home and Dad helped Carl in the fruit.

After 4 years, Dad decided to move on with us. Dad went before us and purchased a large apartment house just outside of Los Angeles, in a town called Wilmington. We now had six little ones and I was so concerned with Eda's health. She was pale and weak. However she soon regained her strength. Dad worked in a lumber yard, but we only stayed there for 7 months.

Dad traded our apartment house off for the ranch in Shafter. Theodore came in his truck and moved us to our new home. During the time we lived in Shafter I gave birth to another son. Marian named him Gary Gene. While living in Shafter, Marian got married, George and also Robert, went back to Tulare to farm, and we met Lavern Cordy because he was a car salesman and sold Dad his first pick-up. Shortly after this, Eda and Lavern were married. They did not go far from us as they lived in Wasco. At this time, a very amusing and at the same time a very serious thing happened to Dad. He hit a train in Wasco and was quoted as saying to his new truck, "Whoa, Boy!" But the truck did not stop.

I can't remember the exact time or date that we sold the place in Shafter and moved to a far out place called Lost Hills, Calif. The dust blew so hard. George helped Dad farm the land for awhile. George and Lavern built our house which had 2 bedrooms, a kitchen, a front room, and a big back porch. We raised chickens, pigs, horses, cows, and Dad farmed Alfalfa on the land. He irrigated from a river by our property. While we lived here I had acquired 5 daughters-in-laws and 2 sons-in-laws and they had all given me grandchildren. My family was growing in leaps and bounds!

We left Lost Hills on Friday with our possessions in our pick-up and drove to Tulare to spend the night with George and his wife. I remember that Jiggs kept George awake with his barking. George kept telling him to be quiet. We left Tulare early Saturday morning and went to Gridley. We went to the real estate office and the salesman took Dad to look at some property while I waited in the truck. All of my family were gone from home. Gary was in the army. When they got back, Dad had decided to take the place and now we had a home in Gridley, and we raised sugar beets, tomatoes, and one cow. Dad liked this part of the country very well, and so did I. I especially remember one Christmas when I had almost all of my family home. It was the last time so many of us gathered in our home. Dad and I received, as a Christmas gift, our first electric iron. We didn't have enough room for everybody in the house and the men slept in the barn. They seemed to enjoy themselves.

One day a man came by and noticed our tomato crop and said he would like to buy our place. Dad sold it to him so we were in the market for a new home again. We soon took a ride to a town further north called Orland. Dad had always liked this area and we decided this would be home. We built a big barn and a small room attached to it. One amusing visit from Eda and Lavern happened in the winter and Eda was up all night, moving their beds from one place to another, trying to keep all her family dry!

We soon built a house on our property which Dad made out of adobe. We can plainly recall going to bed one night feeling so warm and so cozy, and Dad was listening to the news before going to sleep when he said that Calvin had been killed. I couldn't believe it as I just received a letter the day before from Belle & she told how Gary and Calvin were having the time of their life. Needless to say we didn't sleep much that night. I left the next morning with Gary, Kate, and Howard to spend some time with my son Theodore and his family. Dad wouldn't go because of the way we had to bury Girlie and people thinking more of their fun than her. He never went to another funeral.

One thing I think is worth mentioning is how Dad always made such close friends with his animals. Theodore does the same thing. I remember he seemed to enjoy his neighbors in Orland, too. Really it was called Capay, the little farming community outside of Orland.

In or about March of 1958, on a chilly and blustery morning, Dad came into the house and I knew that he was very sick. I tried to get him to go to the doctor, but to no avail. Then one of our neighbors came by and insisted he take Dad to the doctor. The Doctor put him into the hospital as he had suffered a heart attack. I got in touch with Gary and he notified the rest of the family. He called Kenneth and Kenneth told Ted and his family. Gary George, and Marian, and Eda, arrived late the same night, and they were so much comfort. I couldn't stay alone while he was in the hospital so George took me in to stay with friends who had offered their home to me, The Macy's of Orland. I had only been there a couple of days when Theodore, and his daughter and her husband arrived. We went back home and Laura stayed with me when the men had to leave for home. She stayed with us until we left Orland, which was a little better than two months. Dad couldn't have come home when he did if we didn't have anyone with us. Laura and I stayed for a month with just the two of us and Theodore and Russ coming in for a night every once in a while, to make sure we were O.K., which we always were!

I remember when Dad was telling Laura of the cost of the hospital, it tickled her so when he used his Black Angus in terms of cost, instead of Dollars and cents. (*My note here – This is a time I wouldn't have missed for a million dollars! I came to know my grandparents so intimately, and to love them so completely. It was a blessing for me to stay with them, and listen to the stories Grandpa would tell about early life, coming from Canada and to Fortuna, and meeting Grandma, and settling in Trinity. It was great.* -- Laura) George and Gary took care of selling the livestock and property and we purchased a trailer house, and as soon as Dad was well enough, we took it to Tulare, parking it on George's place. Dad seemed to get better in Tulare, soon finding enough ground around our trailer for him to farm a small garden. This was the type of man he was, he had to be farming land, and now he did, even though it was a small piece.

We celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary on December 28, 1960. We had quite a celebration with most of our family and friends present. I was so happy to be here with William and to have had our life together, with all the happiness, sorrows, trials, and tribulations. I was thankful that we had each other and kind of stunned to look around and see so many descendants from just two people which started their life together way back

in the first year of the century, 1900. It seemed I felt, to make my life worthwhile. There was a newspaper lady who came to interview us and she asked Dad what most contributed to their long married life, and his sudden smile along with his slow and studied answer, amused all of us. "With a large family, we had no time for worry, or tom-foolery!" Isn't that wonderful! The reception was held in Marian's home.

Then all too soon Dad was to suffer so terribly from a blood clot in his leg. The doctors tried to help him with medicine, but he just didn't respond. We soon realized that he would have to have surgery. So the final time came, and how I prayed for his recovery. Before he left to go to the hospital, he was thinking of me. He wondered and worried about who would take care of me, and do all of the little jobs he did for me, such as cutting my toe nails, and seeing to it that the little everyday things were taken care of. I can never forget how he worried over me when it was him who was so sick. This was how he was, and I know it but I fear that too many people didn't understand him. They felt he was too conservative with his money, but I now realize he did this so that I would have a good life with plenty, and not be a burden to our children. Financially, I am able to do what I want to do and go where I want, and buy what I want. I feel that he was a good and generous man in his own way, in the only way he could be.

On November 21, 1962 my husband of 62 years passed away. My son George took care of the arrangements, and he did a wonderful job. I realize that he couldn't have done what was done for us without the assistance and backing of his wife Estelle, who was always good to dad and I. She would do anything for us. At the funeral I looked around me and I found all my children, great grandchildren, and so many great grand children with me when I did need them so much. I'm so thankful for them and hope this short book will help all of my family come to know and understand us. I want them all to know and understand my William for the human being that he was. He was a man with good breeding, intelligence, and pride, something which a lot of people in today's fast moving, and grabbing world, just don't understand, let alone have. I feel I could go on and on about our life and it is all worthwhile. I sincerely hope that all of my family will read these pages with pride and recall and pass along so many incidents I have slipped up on. There are so many stories and incidents which have slipped my mind. So I'm dedicating this book in the memory of William Frederick Shannon, and to all of his children, grand children, and future generations.

Your mother and grand-mother,

Gertrude Bailey Shannon
1967

Since I have a little more on this page to write about, and since it is now July of another period, 1969, I have decided to add a few notes to the last couple of years.

In 1967 my granddaughter Laura came and we visited all my friends in Capay, Fortuna, and Eureka, plus all my family up north, spending quite some time in Trinity.

In May 1968, Mrs. Smith invited me to go to Texas with her. We went by airplane, visiting her family. One place we went was to Edinburg, where Mrs. Smith had two daughters. We went to Fort Worth for a few days, to visit her brother and wife, the Ellises. We also took a trip and visited old Mexico. We went many other places but these were the highlights of the journey for me. Mrs. Smith is the lady who I boarded with when I left Marian's. I stayed with her for three years, and when I had to leave because she had a heart attack, it made me sad for I came to love her.

I then came to Mrs. Ezell's boarding home where I now am, and my address is: 26525 Harrison Avenue, Visalia, 93277.

Three weeks ago, my grand daughter Laura came after me, and we have visited the family and friends who are left. Also she promised to help me finish and put together this book, before I went back home. Before saying goodbye, I'd like to tell you how much I love you all, and how proud I am of all of you. Good bye, and God bless you.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SHANNON
BORN: January 18, 1902

My first born was delivered by Dr. Jorgenson when we lived in Carlotta, Calif. Theodore was just 3 months old when we moved to Trinity and we stayed there all through his seven yrs. of school. We stayed there while he went into Eureka, no, to Fortuna for his eighth grade. After completing his 8th grade, he went to work for Hammond Lumber Company, in the woods.

Theodore married Esther in 1931 and had five children. In later years he was divorced then he married Dollie Johnson (3) of Blue Lake, formerly though, of New York, and they still are in Trinity where Theodore attributes his height to the Trinity County air, which is the only home he has ever known.

I remember when Theodore was 7 years old, he killed his first deer. He came home for the horse and I went with him to get the deer.

Esther Sylvia (4) Nelson - - - - January 23, 1912
Anniversary: - - - - - - June 27, 1931
Divorce: (Separated Nov. 1952) March 18, 1954
Children:

1. William Frederick Shannon	March 26, 1932
Barbara Jean McHenry	February 9, 1936
Anniversary:	April 14, 1960
2. Laura Elaine Shannon	April 14, 1933
James Russel Gibney	Feb 3. 1925
Anniversary	June 24, 1951
3. Theodore Russell Shannon	Sep 3, 1934
Rosalee Alice (5) Kollenborn	February 11, 1938

Ted and Roz are living in a large beautiful home, which is their own in the hills above San Andreas. They have just bought and moved into their new home, complete with swimming pool.(6)

4. Gertrude Irene Shannon	June 24, 1936
Richard Harold Crook	Dec 12, 1926

Anniversary	Mar 31, 1956
5. Carleton Howard Shannon	Jan 16, 1940
Susan	Aug 10, 1945
Anniversary	May 1, 1965

[author's note: William and Barbara married on Laura's 27th birthday, and Laura and James ("Russ") married on Trudy's 15th birthday.]

KENNETH FREDERICK SHANNON
BORN: January 18, 1904

Kenneth was born in Trinity and he was delivered by a woman who really knew ho to deliver babies. Kenneth went to school in the community school until he was out of the 8th grade and then he went to work in the woods. Theodore was working in the woods.

He married Emma and they had two boys and a girl. They lost the little girl when they had only had her a few months. They had two sons after they lost her, then after a couple years, they divorced and Kenneth married and Louise gave him a daughter, Linda.

He worked for many years for Pacific Lumber Co. and retired this January, 1969. He supposedly is retired, but he keeps busy all the day long, working around their home, planting a huge garden, big enough for all their kids to share. They are living just outside of a little town in Northern California, near Eureka, called Carlotta.

Margaret "Emma" Lowry	Jan 30, 19??
Anniversary	Jan 7, 1929
Louise Endicott (maiden name – Meadows)	7-17-1915
Anniversary	Sep 18, 1944

DEBRA MAY SHANNON
BORN: March 30, 1906

Debra May, better known to her family as Girlie, was born in Trinity. The midwife I had made Dad mad. She took all the covers I had on and I about froze to death. She was not satisfactory. She came very affectionately by her nick-name, through her father who called her his little "Girlie".

She made some biscuits and was not going to tell her father that she had made them but she waited as long as she could, after he had eaten a couple, and just could not wait for him to say anything. She asked him how they were, and he told her fine. She then told him she had made them. She knew if they were not good, he would say something.

She often said she was mama's little helper.

The day before she was bitten by the rattle snake, she and I went up into the field where the two oldest boys were working in the hay, & she and Kenneth ran a race to the house. She beat him, and I think to this day that he let her beat on purpose. She was so happy.

The 3rd of July, 1911, Dad and Theodore and Kenneth were up on top of the hill, working in the hay. Girlie took Howard up, walking with him around the side of the mountain, through the woods and the brush. She hadn't quite reached the field when the rattlesnake bit her on the inside of the instep. She pushed Howard out of the way, and cried for her daddy. They ran to where she was, and carried her to the house. She begged for water but someone told us to give her whiskey, and keep all the water away from her.

It wasn't the 3rd after all because that is when she died and she did live for a day. It was the second that she'd gone for her stroll with Howard. Howard was 2 ½ when Girlie was taken from us, and Theodore was 9 and Kenneth was 7. She was a little over five years old. She is buried in her family's beloved Trinity County, in Hoaglin Valley, real close to where Theodore and Robert live.

WILLIAM HOWARD SHANNON
BORN: February 14, 1908

Howard was born in Trinity and was delivered by Dad, because he didn't like the way the midwife delivered Girlie. Howard also went to school in Trinity up to the 8th grade and it was at this time that we left Trinity and went to Tulare where he went to school awhile before we moved to Shafter where he graduated. When he went north, he met and married Kate and they had two girls and a son. After quite a few years they were divorced. Howard has never remarried. He lived in various places, going back to Trinity as most of the boys did. He is logging now out of Willits but will shortly go to Hales Grove just north of Rockport, over on the coast.

Mary Kathryn Bugenig born on Jan 29, 1916
Kate and Howard's anniversary Feb 21, 1935
Divorce 1950

MARIAN ADELE SHANNON
BORN: January 7, 1912

Marian was born in Trinity and was brought into the world by her father. He was so glad that we had a baby girl.

When Marian was about 7 years old she was sliding off her pet horse, Daisy, and while at school; she broke her arm. Miss Elsie Holtorf carried her into her home and did a fine job of setting the arm. She was not only the teacher but the nurse as well. The school which is on the Shannon ranch today was where Marian slid off, and Miss Holtorf packed her about a half mile to her home. It was the little place just at the foot of the hill going up the road to the old Shannon place. It fell down completely two years ago.

Marian went to grammar school in Trinity & in 1920 the family moved several times and she finished school in Shafter and went to finish high school in Wasco. She went to work in a telephone office in McFarland where she met our beloved Irish. His name was Henry but to all of us, he was "Irish". They were married and had two daughters. Marian is now working and living in Tulare, Calif.

Henry Patrick Jenkenson: May 5, 1891
Anniversary July 8, 1931
Passed away Dec 15, 1959 (7)

Marian married Dick Haney on June 29, 1967 at a small family wedding. Dick's birthday is March 22, 1904

ROBERT LEE SHANNON

BORN: MARCH 15, 1916

Robert was born in Trinity also and was delivered by his father. Dad named his fourth son after his brother (8). Robert had an accident when he was a small boy. He was playing out in the yard with a cat and I looked out to find out where he was doing and I no more than went back to my canning when I heard him crying and found that ha had hit his head against the old grindstone and cut his forehead. I picked him up and went to find Dad who was raking somewhere on the ranch. Dad sewed it up as we lived too far to take him to the doctor.

Robert attended school in Trinity and several other schools before graduating from Shafter. He met Belle in Trinidad and they married and had two sons and a daughter. They are now living in Trinity, where he is employed by the County Road Department.

Lena Belle Blake	Sept. 17, 1914
Anniversary	June 25, 1939

Just a final word on Robert, he has been interested in "Ham" radio and he now has a set in his home and one for the car. He picks people up all over the country and really enjoys this form of communication. He even interested the most isolated member of the community into getting one.

GEORGE HENRY SHANNON
BORN: October 15, 1918

George was also among the many of Shannon children born in Trinity, and he was also delivered by his father. George attended several schools. He went to high school in Wasco and was an honor student all four years. He was very active in the Future Farmers of America, and is now a successful farmer in Tulare.

He met and married Estelle Boles and they have one daughter and one son. They were always headquarters for the Shannon's from the north. Estelle had trouble with her feet and she passed away on June 18, 1967 at the young age of 47. The last couple of years were so rough on her but tender words from George, to the effect that he was remembering the darling she was and forgetting the last couple of yrs; left all of us who loved them both with warm memories.

George is still living and farming in the Tulare area and is a very well known man all through the valley area.

Colleen was born on November 19, 194? . She married Phil Riott on ? and they are the parents of a daughter, born just before Estelle died. Estelle saw her granddaughter. They named the baby Leslie.

Dale is the only son of George and Estelle and he came into the world on February 11, 194?. Dale was in a Honda accident, and he has had one successful operation on his feet and will have another one this summer. He is coming along fine.

George and Estelle were married on December 18, 1939.

EDA IRENE SHANNON
BORN: September 4, 1920

Eda was born in Tulare in a hospital and we named her after her Aunt Eda(9). She went to several schools and she graduated from high school in Wasco.

It was in Wasco that she met and married her husband. Lavern Kenneth Cordy and Eda Irene S. were married in September of 1937. Lavern was born on October 5, 1914. They were married on Sept. 4, 1937, which was Eda's 17th birthday.
Their daughter, Merna Lee Cordy was born in August on the 23rd in 1938.

Merna married Wayne Thomas Nobile on October 7, 1960. Wayne was born on November 10, 1939. They have three children.

CALVIN COOLIDGE SHANNON
BORN: June 11, 1924

Calvin was born, along with a twin brother who was still born, in the home of Eda Shannon, who lived in Tulare, California.

He went to school in Wasco and to Semi-Tropic, where he graduated.

After high school, he joined the navy and went overseas for 18 months. While overseas he met a long lost cousin, Edgar Whetstone and they became very good friends.

After returning home, he became engaged to a lovely girl from Westport, Miss Jeannie F. Larssen. He also purchased an airplane for pleasure purposes, and one day in the early spring, on March 10, 1949, he took the plane up and couldn't get the wheels on the ground. He would bring it down and the wind would whip under the plane and he would have to pull up again, He crashed into the ocean along the coast just north of Westport, the Westport in California (10). The ocean was so rough that help couldn't get to them. The men made a lifeline to him, but still couldn't reach him. After several hours he died and after more hours, he was washed up to shore, which I am so thankful for. Many times the ocean keeps it's victims.

Calvin's brother Robert was a passenger in the plane and when he gave up (11), the tide brought him in, and he recovered.

We, his dad and I, heard this unbelievable news over the radio, just minutes before our sons came to tell us. They didn't want the shock of a phone call to hurt us worse, and they had driven steadily to reach us as quickly as possible, but the radio blurted it out to us. Calvin is buried in Fort Bragg, Calif. Gone, but not forgotten.

BABY SHANNON
BORN: June 11, 1924

This baby was a twin brother to Calvin. My little son was still born, and was then buried in a cemetery in Tulare.

I always desired to know where his little grave was, so in or about 1965 I went to the office and inquired. They were able to show me his little grave and I was able to put a marker on it, after all these 40 odd years. Now I feel he is properly taken care of.

GARY GENE SHANNON
BORN: January 14, 1929

Gary was born in Shafter in an adobe house and went to school in Shafter, graduating from the Wasco High School. He raised chickens for his Future Farmer project.

Gary and his family are now living in Tulare, and he has continued with farming.

Gary is the baby of my large family and he will always be remembered as the last of the William Shannon children.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

(1) Probably Thomas Kemper Carr (not Caar)
(2) Did she mean 1906? Pop quit school at age 13, and he was 14 in 1916…
(3) Johnson was a married name from Dollie's first marriage; her maiden name was Kohl, or possibly Cole.
(4) Esther's middle name may have actually been Silva, her mother's maiden name.
(5) Actually Rosie Lee, although she has "always" gone by Alice Rosalie.
(6) Actually Mokelumne Hill; they lived in San Andreas only one year, 1968.
(7) "Irish" passed away, that is, not Marian.
(8) Will's father was also named Robert. It seems rather strange to say that Robert was named after Will's brother Robert, not after his father, or both of them.
(9) It is unnclear who Gertie meant here; neither she nor Will had a sister named Eda, unless her sister Effie's middle name was Eda.
(10) It is unknown why Gertie specifies "the Westport in California" here. There are sixteen other Westports in the United States, but there is no reason to believe that Calvin's finace was from one of these other Westports--if she had been, it would seem that Gertie would have mentioned which one she hailed from.
(11) According to Robert's nephew Theodore Russell Shannon, Robert did not and would not give up (he was not the type to just "give up").
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Appendix II

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon

By: Ted Shannon, Hoaglin Valley
(Written c. 1955 / 1956)

My parents are William Frederick Shannon and Gertrude Shannon. My father was born in 4 Corners Ontario Canada in 1877 (1) and came to Tulare Co. about 1890. He owned a team and wagon and drove from Tulare to Hydesville in 1898 (2). My mother was born at Carlotta, California in 1883 (3). Her parents were Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Bailey (4). Her father was a drinking man and her father and mother separated when she was a small girl. Her grandparents raised her. Her grandparents were Eli Eaton, they were early settlers in Humboldt County.

Father worked making shingle bolts for Beckwith, what is now the Mantecin ranch just west of the Van Duzen River grange hall. Father and mother were married at the Twohig ranch Carlotta in Dec. 1900.

Theodore R. Shannon their first child was born at the Felt place at Carlotta Jan. 1902. Father was a small man, not too healthy. The work was hard making shingle bolts. He met Arnett Shields who told him about homestead land in Trinity County in March, 1902. He went out on horseback to look at the land, there was two foot of snow on the ground. The place he first looked at was government land, it had too much young brush on it. So he settled on the land what now is the New Hoaglin School. The land my father first looked at was taken up in later years by Abe Clover.

My father went back to Humboldt Co., bought six pigs, a dozen dairy calves to bring out. At the same time my mother and I went out in April 1902 by wagon. The first house the folks had was just a lean-to cabin, had no siding on it for awhile. My father had to go back to Hydesville after groceries. My mother and myself was left at the homestead. At this time I was only three months old. He was out of money, no credit in Trinity Co. So that is why he had to go to Hydesville for groceries. It took a week to make the round trip.

Arnett Shields and my father were good friends by this time so Arnett told him about the George Kindred place, a better location, lots of water, so he moved over on Kindred place in April, 1902. Filed homestead rights, got his deed after living on this place 17 years my father sold it to John and Annie Holten in Nov. 1919 (5).

My brothers were born in the old homestead, Kenneth, Howard, Robert and George, also my sisters Deborah May and Marian Adele. Deborah was bitten by a rattlesnake July 1, 1911 while bringing water to my father and myself in the hayfield. She died the next day and was buried July 4, 1911 (6).

Our neighbors were Fred Crabtree about 2 ½ miles east of the ranch. Holtorf in Hoaglin Valley they had the post office, Also a man by the name of Espie. Mr. Espie was coming into his place, was very cold, got a little ways from the place, was found frozen to death by a pine tree, what is known now the Garcia Mill on Ted Shannon place.

Wade and Grace Atkinson and their mother lived about two miles due west from us. About two miles down the family by the name of Rutledge. If we wanted to visit any of the neighbors we usually walked.

My father carried mail from Hoaglin to Caution for eight years. There was a cable crossing the main Northfork branch of Eel River, near Bob Hoaglin ranch. When the river was too high father tied the horse and walked the four miles to Caution and carried the mail on his back.

I bought the old homestead from father in 1932 since then I have purchased 520 additional acres. They are Espie, Clover, Klem places.

I married Esther Nelson in 1929 (7). We have five children, William F. Shannon just out of the army, Laura who is married to Russel Gibney, Theodore R. Shannon Jr., working for the Union Lumber Co., Ft. Bragg, Gertrude who is working as a bookkeeper at the Community Hospital in Ft. Bragg. Carleton is still in school.

I went to school where the old school now stands. The old burned but built another in the same place. Mrs. Derring was my first teacher, Miss Lillian White was my second teacher. I don't remember about the voting. I do remember once my father coming home with a black eye from voting.

My folks left the ranch in 1919 to go to Tulare where my father rented his brothers fruit orchard for 8 years, in that time three more children were born, Eda, Gary, and Calvin. Moved from there to a ranch at Orland where they now live. Both of them are in good health.

[authors' note: Another account (from "Hoaglin Highlights" by Darotha Hall) mentioned Mr. Espie's death also: "Mr. Espey's (8) place lay north of the Hoaglin school a short way. He was quite crippled and he lost his life in Bluff Creek Canyon, attempting to hike to Zenia. The snow was very heavy. I attended the old Hoaglin school. The log building stood on the exact site of the present school house (in the valley). That was in 1906 and 1907, prior to the time I moved into the valley…Mr. Algy Lampley and I attended school together with a hermit thrush, in Hoaglin, the Mariposa Tulips on Long Ridge, the Diogenese Lanterns on Hamen Ridge. Such things flourished there in 1910."]

(1) Other records indicate 1876
(2) This is a distance of almost 500 miles.
(3) Actually, she was born in Topeka, Kansas, either 1882, 1883, or 1884 (accounts differ, but Gertie herself, who should know, said 1883).
(4) This is the only place where his name is given as Kenneth; elsewhere he is called Clarence.

(5) He probably meant "Holtorf", not "Holten."
(6) This differs from his mother's account, which states that Debra was bitten July 2nd and died July 3rd (and was buried July 4th).
(7) Actually 1931.
(8) Note the different spelling.

Appendix III

Esther (Nelson) Shannon Welch

Written July, 1972

My name is Esther Sylvia Welch, and my social security number is 562-46-2126. I was born January 23, 1912, at Samoa (across the Humboldt Bay from Eureka) in Humboldt County, California. My father Jeremiah Bliss Nelson, was working on the railroad for Hammonds. It was for many years the largest lumber mill on the coast with the exception of Weyerhauser Lumber Company in Washington.

From Samoa, we moved to Fields Landing, (where we lived in a houseboat on the landing) and which I do not remember. I was about three when we moved to Fortuna, where my brother Gerald was born. From Fortuna, we moved to Eureka, on sixth street between C and D Streets, and near a laundry. At that time there were probably some six thousand residents. It was very different in those days, and I can remember much of the change. My sister Margaret was born at this house.

My father was called into the service in this time period, and perhaps was a soldier for two years. He was preparing to board a ship when the Armistice was signed, and so did not go to the front. His allotment had been slow in coming, and my mother had had to go to work to provide for us. Her sister took care of us, while she was at work at Abe's Chop House as a waitress. My father was not a good worker or provider. His intentions perhaps were good, but he never grew up. He couldn't keep a job, and I have no answer as to why. Our mother never ran him down to us children, nor did she discuss him to us. If we asked questions, she answered them, but no more. She was always so proud, never complaining about her lot, and she surely must have had occasion to do so, with three small children to support and raise.

My father and mother finally divorced. Father had been gone so much of our life that I don't ever remember any of us even missing having a father.

Our mother cooked, washed, cleaned, sewed, played dolls, popped pop corn over the fireplace, took our brother to the Baseball games when he was old enough to go, took us to the Sequoia Park on Sundays, Samoa Beach for picnics on Sundays when it was nice; and was in fact Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, Grandparents—the whole lot to us. I mention this last, because when she and my father broke up, both sides of the family never came round. They were afraid that she would ask them to taker her in, or help out financially. When no one came to visit, she in turn didn't bother to visit them. She made us children her life and companions for some years. We, in turn, accepted everything without question. I think now though, of how very lonely and hard it must have been for

her; especially after we had all been read to and tucked into bed. She was perhaps so tired, that when she went to bed she was already half asleep. God has made no finer Mother.

I began school at Lincoln School on Harris Street, between California and Summer Streets. (We had moved prior to my going to first grade to A and Dollison Street, which was about six blocks to school.) My first teacher's name was Mrs. Murray, and I adored her.

My mother then moved to 1001 A Street, right across from the Washington School. I was then in upper A grade, and who should be my teacher but the same Mrs. Murray. To me, at six, I probably thought that she had come there to be with me.

My mother had moved here because she had changed jobs, and was working at the Eureka Woolen Mills, and we were closer to school. We lived here for six years, until I was twelve years old.

When I was twelve years old, I received a second-hand Piano for my birthday, and It was the most treasured gift I ever received. I was always playing on the edge of the table, across the front of a chair—anything that had an edge that I could pretend it was Piano or Organ. Looking back now, and since; I realize that it probably originated in listening to the beautiful organs that they had in Theatres. The Silent Days, when the words appeared across the screen, and the Organist accompanied the action on the Organ. Perhaps, an interlude of one-half hour before the movie started, one could sit and enjoy the sound of just the music filling the building; the organist always well groomed, sitting in a pool of light in the darkened theatre. This was their time to use as they wished, and they could and would explore the instrument and pipes; from a soft muted hum to a crashing crescendo! I know I sat, entranced; soaking up all the beautiful sound. Music can fill your very being, and it filled all of me.

And so, my mother went with me to the Convent, and asked the sisters if they would give me lessons. This was arranged, and so my music lessons started. I still remember how I hated to practice scales—they were so boring. I wanted to get on with it, and play melodies. I took lessons for over a year, and then came down with an illness, definitely not a child's. Erysipelas, which is an accute inflammatory disease of the skin, due to infection by various strains of streptococcus and accompanied by fever.

I awoke one morning, my head just pounding; aching clear across the temples. My mother had New York Life Insurance, which at that time, cost ten cents per week, per child for medical care. She called the office, and they sent a nurse to the house.

Being unable to find anything wrong with me, outside of my headache, gave me some Aspirin, and figured I would be all right after a bit. However ,this did not materialize. The pain got excruciating, and I was thoroughly miserable. I knew I didn't feel good, but did not get up out of bed; and when my mother came home from work, and came in to see me I could see that she was worried. (What I did not know was that my face was swollen up

like a balloon and my eyes were just little slits in my head, and when she touched my forehead and face it felt like I was filled with water.)

She called Dr. Wallace, our family doctor, and he checked me over from head to toe. He sent my brother down to the store for a prescription, after he had questioned and questioned. He wanted to know if I had cut myself anywhere, or scratched myself and didn't remember that I had done it, but it had not seemed important. I couldn't remember. But he seemed to know that somewhere, somehow, there had been skin broken to allow infection in. Anyway, he said he was going to try this prescription on me. The symptoms all pointed to this one thing and he felt that he was right in his diagnosis; but he was still perplexed when he left.

After awhile, I began to feel better and started thinking over what he had said, and tried to think if I had had a cut and it had gotten well, but I could recall nothing whatsoever.

The doctor had debated about shaving my head, because my hair was thick and wavy; and he had told mother to brush my hair back from the sides and temples so that he could rub this ugly dark brown, stinky mixture into my scalp. This she did, and then tore a piece of white flannel to wrap around it. Laying there, my head being warm and sweaty—I reached to scratch a spot on top of my head, and encountered a small scab, which felt no larger than a head of a common pin. Like a flash, I wondered if that could be what he had been looking for? It was exactly that. Anyway, I was in bed for three weeks before I was allowed to get up and go outside; and then that first day was only for a few minutes. I had a high fever for several days, and the Erysipelas had almost completely circled my head, when the medication finally conquered it. Meanwhile, my Piano lessons ceased for awhile. However, my love for music still went on and I kept up with what I knew.

I joined the Girl Reserves, which is connected with the Y.W.C.A.

My closest friend was a little Finnish girl, Aili Weijola, who lived across the street from me. She had two brothers, Charles and Olave.. One block away lived the three Douglas girls; named Evelyn, Merle, and Eileen. Merle was the same age as Aili and myself. Eileen, the same age as my sister Margaret. Evelyn bossed all of us, and we were always together; at least, up until the teens.

We attended Winship, which was called Junior High because it had only seventh and eight grades. From here, we went to the Eureka High School.

While attending Junior High, I used to baby-sit the Fire-Chief's children when they wanted to go out. Two little girls, and were they ever good to take care of. I can never remember us having any problems. The Carlson's had a Player Piano, with thirty or forty rolls neatly piled on top. Mrs. Carlson taught me how to use it, and the three of us would sit on the Piano Bench, and sing along with the words. I was fascinated with all of the little holes which made the music come out, and the keyboard with all of the black and white notes flashing up and down, faster than the eye could seen. I was enraptured.

They also had a beautiful green parrot who could talk. He sat in his cage, atop a nice table in the entry hall, and greeted everyone who came into sight. They said that he was seventy-five years old. We were warned not to put our fingers inside the cage.

We all went to different churches on Sunday. We always attended Sunday School, and when I was fifteen, was asked to teach the four and five year old class. I now had another very close friend, Hazel Nash. We would stay at one another's homes on Saturday nights.

About this time, we were old enough to be taken to public dances; and the Nash's would take us with them to Weymouth Inn. All of my life (since I was twelve, and my little girl friend Aili taught me to Waltz) I would rather dance than eat. We never tired.

I was about seventeen when my mother had a nervous breakdown from working too hard, coupled with a rupture. She was in the hospital for twenty-nine days. She was not expected to live, and everyday I walked, or went by trolley to the County Hospital. It was at least two and one-half miles from our house. I had to go in the afternoons, because she did not want to have to worry about me getting home at night. The T B Hospital was right next to the hospital and many of the men patients had the run of the grounds, and freedom to leave the grounds. There was about eight blocks to walk from the end of the trolley line up to the hospital, and it was heavily wooded. Sidewalks in those days were about 30 to 36 icnhes wide, and when it was dark you also had to worry about not stepping over the edge; and carrying a flashlight. She was depend- on me to take care of my brother and sister.

I would get all of us to school in the morning, and go myself. I arranged with Mr. Saunders, my bookkeeping teacher, to take that course in his evening class which was several times a week. Then I would come home, make the beds, straightened the house and go to see our mother. Then home again; prepare something to eat, and study or go to school.

Our mother brought us up to mind; to respect her and one another. When she told us to stay home, we did just that. I can never remember disobeying my mother, and don't think it even ever occurred to me. We did not have everything, but we had many things. A lot of things that you can't buy for any price.

The depression finally caught up with Humboldt County. There had been a bread line for a year or two, but finally many were out of work. Women, who were trained for office work, secretarial, clerks, etcetera; were asking for jobs in homes to pay for their keep.

My mother had recovered enough finally, that while she could not go back to the Woolen mills still needed a job to earn some money to take care of us. Dr. Wallace asked her if she would consider doing some practical nursing for him. He needed a woman that he could trust and train to take care of an elderly lady. The lady was the mother of his close friend who worked in the Scotia Bank.

The lady lived some eight blocks from our house, which was not bad. Mother took the job; and from then on, for some thirty years did work in private homes. My mother never remarried. She owns a small home in West Sacramento, and is very comfortable.

It was through Dr. Wallace and his friend that I got my first job. I did have to go there for an interview; but first I went to my teachers to see how they felt about my quitting school just two weeks before the end of school. They all felt that I should avail myself of this opportunity while I had the chance. There were so many trained people looking for jobs, and they thought that I was sufficiently schooled to be able to handle it.

So taking my courage in hand, I called them about the job, went to Redway from Eureka to see them, and got the job. They said they didn't want someone who was experienced; that they wanted to break their help in themselves.

They were opening a subdivision office there on the land, and wanted a girl in there at all times. They hired an accountant from Eureka to set up the books, and I was to sort out the various checks bills, papers, etceterra from the past several months and enter them into the accounts.

I worked here perhaps seven months when the subdivision went bankrupt. The Scotia bank foreclosed on the Mortgage. The Incorporation had purchased a large quantity of lumber from Scotia Lumber Company, and other materials to build a number of houses, but did not keep up with any kind of regular payment schedule; or an adequate payment, when they did find time to make one. All of this time, they were selling a lot of lots; many for cash; but taking the money to Los Angeles, where they would throw big parties, as part of advertising to sell properties. The idea was a good one, if they could only have made it work.

Garberville, in those days, was a resort town. It was busy during the tourist season; and little doing the rest of the year.

I was not able to obtain work, so my mother suggested that I go to school at Miranda with my brother and sister. I did go, but found only first year bookkeeping, typing, shorthand, were offered this year. They were probably beginning courses at the school, so had not been given before. So, I took Sewing for two periods, English, for one period, Library for two periods; and practice with their little school orchestra.

Then Miss Woodbridge, the Glee teacher, decided to put on an operetta, "Riding Down The Sky". This was a small high school, so it took practically the whole school, to fill the cast. Production started, and from playing for one period now, and another period later, we were utilizing all of my periods, which was very rewarding.

The High School is called South Fork High School, because it is on the south fork of the Eel River, but is situated in Miranda.

Next, we had moved to Garberville, and here is where I married.

We were married on Saturday morning, and my new husband had to be back to work on Wednesday morning. Our honeymoon trip took us to Gold Beach, Oregon. (In those days, it was quite a trip; for me especially. I had never been anywhere.)

My husband was a Hook-tender (Boss) and was over a crew of men. There were four "60" Catterpillars, (which are cats or tractors, to some) and the responsibility for the landing, logging, and men, was his. Remember, this is the depression! In January, he had been getting ninety cents, then a cut to eighty cents, then to seventy-two cents, and finally down to sixty-seven cents. At this time, the company laid every one off, save about nine men. Ted was one of the nine men. Gandy-dancers (who are track and tie men were getting about thirty-two cents).

They re-hired all the married men still living in the company cabins, but could promise them only four hours work a day, two and three days a week. They lowered the rent from $10.00 a month to $2.50. the mill was not running—the company was merely making work by having the men repile the lumber. It was a little sustenance, not much its true, but it sure beat nothing. I believe that Humboldt County suffered the least from the depression, than did any place else. It hit there the latest, and recovered the first.

The logging at Hammond Lumber Company woods, took you inland about twenty miles, and the only way to get there was by train.

The train with around twenty to thirty empty flat cars would leave Crannell on Sunday afternoon, about four o'clock, and it would sometimes take two and one-half hours to get to Camp 41 where I lived. The main camp was #43, and there were about 150 men at this camp.

Our friends, who lived at Camp Forty-Three were Watchmen for the camp, and had at their use a Speeder, which they could use at their will, and would come over several times a week to visit.

Red and Cleo Kent. I don't recall Red's name, but his hair was a fiery red; and his hair a crew cut—before anyone ever even thought of crew cuts! It took a little getting used to!

One day, after we had been married a whole week, we were at Cleo and Red's visiting, and we all decided to go on further to an older camp to look around. So, we boarded the speeder, and set off. It's really fun, this miniature flat-car with an engine; the sun is shining, the birds are singing; the wind is blowing in your hair, blowing it this way and that. The iron wheels going around, and around, until in your subconscious you hear and feel the rhthmic motion, and the even steady thump, thump, as it moves over the tracks.

The weather was very hot. It was the Fourth of July, and Cleo and Red had to stay around the camps—in case fire should break out. In which case, Red would have to get word to Crannell for fire fighting crews. There were phones at strategic points along the

tracks, mainly for the use of the train conductors, to call in to the train dispatcher for clearance.

They had a oune hundred ten ton Malley engine, and every day huge strings of cars loaded with logs, would wend its way down to the Hammond Lumber Company Mill at Samoa. I should have said six days; actually five and one-half, because the Malley would be ready to make its trip down to Crannell around noon time, and any of the men who wished to go home, or go to town; had to take this train. There was no other. On Saturdays' there was a box car with benches in it, to transport the hashers (waitresses) and men.

A camp would be composed of a long building which was used as the Cook-house. A smaller building nearby would be the meat-house. There would be a small building with a phone, desk, chairs, which would be the time-keeper's office. Along in lines, would be the mens' cabins. The hashers cabins were in a group on the other side of the Cook-house.

The Cook would call meals by taking a long steel pin and hit it resoundingly on a steel triangle, or old small circular saw hanging near the door, and call out "Come and get it."

Enormous meals were always prepared, and enormous plates of food were served family style. It was an ordinary sight to see any one take the plate of eggs and scoop off four to eight of them onto his plate, plus an equal helping of potatoes; biscuits, pancakes or toast; (all of which were served every morning) butter, jelly, and syrup.

Also, ham, backon, cookies, doughnuts, milk, chocolate, and coffee.

Most men took a large bag of lunch. Each would pick out what he wanted to put into it. Sandwiches were made up and wrapped, as was pie and cake. There was no limit—each man took what he wanted. In season, there was also fruit.

Some crews even took large stores of food to cook at the job. I don't recall hearing just who did the cooking.

Dinner was always two kinds of meat, two kinds of vegetable, beans, hot biscuits and loaves of bread; butter, jam, milk, coffee, pies and cakes. This may all sound unbelievable, but I will swear to it. I have eaten there at different times; in several different camps. It was a custom.

I could go on and on, until I will have written the book that I intend to write some day. When I've retired. ? One day I will begin.

December 1931 We moved to Pigeon Point to wait arrival of first son, born March 26, 1932.
April 1932 We moved to Crannell.
March 1933 Our first daughter is born, April 14.

May 1934 We moved to Korbel for the season. We could drive up to the last two miles of Camp 9, and walk the rest of the way.
September 1934 Our second son is born at Hydesville on the 3rd.
June 1936 Our second daughter is born on the 20th, at Camp Baker.
January 1937 Trip to Tulare, to meet my husband's family.
January 1938 We move to Trinity County; far in the hills.
September 1938 We move to American Tank, near Carlotta.
January 1940 Our third son is born on the 16th.
March 1941 Ted and I go to see the World's Fair at San Francisco.
April 1941 Ted begins new logging show at Branscomb.
September 1941 We move to Camp 3, Ten Mile Camp; where the children will go to school at Camp 2.
June 1943 We move back to the ranch in Trinity.
June 1945 We move to Westport, where, I not only cook for our crew, but for the Burman crew. There are fifteen men and our children.
August 1945 We purchase small home in Westport, and add to the building.
September 1945 War is declared 'officially' over, and Ted's brother comes home from overseas.
February 1946 My sister-in-law and children are staying with us for a few months.
Spring 1946 Ted's brother Calvin and little girl engaged.
Spring 1946 Brother Robert and Calvin have a tragic airplane accident. Robert put in hospital, with shock. Calvin, killed in the accident when the plane plunges into the ocean—two miles north of Westport.
Summer 1946 Russ (son-in-law to be, goes to work for Ted.
Summer 1946 John, one of our men gets ill; has repeated surgeries, dwindles from 180 pounds to 95. Autopsy: Cancer of the Pancreas. Terrible shock to his family, and to all of the crew.
Spring 1948 Ted moves back to Trinity County ranch to develop it.
Years 1949-50 We have all joined the Grange, and are active in it.
Years 1949-50 I am playing Piano in small dance Combo.
Years 1949-51 I am helping out at the Elementary School; playing the Piano, helping with the singing; teaching the children songs; making costumes for their programs at Westport.
Year 1952 My marriage dissolves. We had just drifted apart. My husband's business keeps him in Trinity and Humboldt Counties. My business of keeping the children in school, keeps us in Mendocino County.
Year 1952 I have two children yet to put through school, and I do have some assistance from him. Not a great deal, and not regular. I go to work as a waitrress, then a dinner waitress. These hours were too late, and so I looked for other employment. I felt and still do, that children need their parents home with them at night. My boy was 13, and my daughter 17 years of age.
September 1952 I went to work for Lee Wilson, owner of the Rexall Drug Store, as bookkeeper; where I kept all records. Payrolls, quarterly reports, cash registers, balanced tapes, handled all cash and banking were entrusted to me.

August 1958 I went to work for Kemppe Hardware Company. Here, I worked with the Head Office Manager, Pauline Newberry. We handled all orders, and accounts—receivable and payable. We charged and figured Butane-Propane gas tags; used various bookkeeping machines for posting to accounts and ledgers, and other routine jobs.

January 1963 I went to work for C. Louis Wood, the Dodge dealer, where I did some bookkeeping and Accounts receivable and payable. Payroll records and allied reports.

March 1, 1964 I went to work for Coast Tire Recapping Company where I did similar work.

January 1965 I went to work for Eastman Transport and Trucking Company where I did general office work.

April 1966 I went to work in office for joint venture, at Caspar. I worked for Thomas Construction Co. of Fresno; one of the three companies.

October 1966 I went to work for Glover and Doge. (Land Surveyors)

February 1968 Volunteered 150 hours work for O.E.O.

March 1968 Volunteered 174 hours work for O.E.O.

May 1, 1968 I went to work for North Coast Opp. Inc. as a Community Aide.

February 1970 I went to work for Head Start, as a Teacher Aide

February 1970 Advanced to Teacher Assistant.

Summer 1971 Walter and I are married.

September 1971 Advance to Teacher position.

September 1972 Teacher and Bus driver of our school bus.

Appendix IV

Gertrude "Trudy" (Shannon) Crook

Written sometime after Pop's death in 1979

In the 1950s, Dad had a logging operation that crossed the main highway in northern California. Debris would fall off the timber and mud from the woods packed into the tires and dropped onto the road. A few days of rain left the highway less than desirable.

A family was driving on such a day, lost control and went down an embankment. A large lawsuit for damages was filed against my dad's business. It entailed more money than we had ever earned or hoped to.

On the opening day of the trail, dad and his lawyer met at a coffee shop in the county seat, Ukiah. Unknown to them, the people in the next booth were the claimants. A comment was made that the driver hoped his license wouldn't be checked as he was restricted from driving at night and without glasses. He had violated both.

A look of complete shock came over their faces when my dad and his lawyer took their place in the courtoom.

Being in the right place at the right time couldn't have more meaning. Dad said it was the luck of the Irish.

Das was a big robust man with such a love of family, animals and even the sky. When a story was told, even if you didn't think it was funny; when he laughed, everyone laughed. Not out of courtesy but because his laugh was infectious. When we would be out in the woods or on a rocky ledge; when he got ready for a nap he could sleep any where. He would find a spot, lie down and with hus body—re-arrange the setting until he was comfortable.

Always said his land provided for the wildlife so whenever he wanted venison, he would go kill a deer. The ranch was so remote we weren't bothered with traffic. When a fish and game officer would come to our area: he always ate at dad's. My step-mother Dollie was a marvelous cook. She sometimes would use the leftovers out of the refrigerator, add a few items and come up with a marvelous casserole.

At some point during the meal; the officer would always state "Best beef I ever ate." Even as children, we knew better than to correct an adult plus the fact that he knew…

The ranch was never the same after my dad died in 1979. Whenever you entered within sight of the ranch, you knew his big frame would be on the back entry: awaiting the arrival of his guests.

The ranch and surrounding ranches are so far from "civilization" that each property has their own electrical power source. No bills except when the unit might need repair. No telephones; neighbors stay in touch with CB radios. There are some paved roads but many aren't. Makes for a long dusty ride. My brother Bill had an airplane for many years so he designed the "Shannon" airport (1). If you own a small jet plane, you can land safely plus the regular planes use it frequently.

Property is both old fashioned and modern. A great place to totally relax.

The folks bought a home in Westport with a half acre of land. Blackberries grew wild and would overtake everything if not cut back. We had rabbits, ducks, geese, and of course a garden. The fowl population did an excellent job of keeping pesky ear-wigs under control. We had one rabbit that was so buck toothed and how it ate and survived was a mystery. Within a few years, a large workshop and a duplex was built; also a large master bedroom and a sunroom. Large windows provided a magnificent view of the ocean.

We lived in Westport for a few years before electricity was provided to the area. Lamps had to be filled daily with kerosene. There was a pay phone at Van Horn's grocery store but my parents were the first to have a phone in the home.

We had never heard of television. We listened to favorite programs on the radio, played games and played musical instruments. Mother was an accomplished pianist, dad played the violin and we sang. I recall the family sitting so silently as the broadcast was made about the dropping of the atomic bomb. Then the surrender of the Japanese and the sounds of a jubilant nation that World War II had ended. The small town of Westport joined the noisy celebration. My uncle Bob (Shannon) and Belle and family lived about seven miles north at Union Landing and I spent a lot of week-ends there. We played Yahtzee and other card games. Aunt Belle usually had a blackberry cobbler or pie: my favorite.

The ride to Fort Bragg to attend Junior High seemed so long and many of us napped both ways. During the winter months: It was also very dangerous. Our bus drivers had to have a guardian angel at times. The fog would be so thick; could only see a few feet in distance or a rock slide would happen right before or after our bus had approached or passed.

…

The third grade was theh only one I spent in Trinity County, attending the same school as my father. He was one of its first students and after completing the eight grade, he went to work. The one room school house is still being used today but as ranch quarters for the owener's foreman.

The roads were not maintained as they are today and we had horses instead of bicycles. If our house and barn locations had been reversed; our parents would have been paid for the distance to school, even though we were not taken by car. Our school year ran from April to November. Seven students were required to fund a public school so our teacher, Florence Stevens, brought her daughter to meet the quota. Making up the group were the two Lampley girls and four of us Shannon's. We tried to time it right at the half-way point so we could climb into her pick-up. During the hot summer afternoons, she was very creative in "outings" and we could collect floral specimens or bugs. We would book-press them and later put them in scrapbooks. Spared us the misery of the hot room.

My brother Ted was such a slow eater that he usually took the entire lunch hour to finish his food.

During the winter months, we moved to Eureka. The truant officers came calling frequently and finally realized our situation wasn't on the books. We spent many summers at the ranch while my father would harvest portions of timber off his land. I was my father's shadow and went with him whenever possible. We would walk the fences, ride horses checking on the cattle, or climbing on board the big "Caterpillar" which he used for building roads or pulling logs onto a landing so they could be loaded on trucks and hauled to the mill.

Dean Witter: a name known throughout the nation: had thousands of acres of land. Hired only my dad for construction or repair of all the roads on his propertites. Besides the main ranch which was his get-away, were the Lone Pine and Armstrong. I had never seen a home so elegant. He made trips to Africa gone of Safari's, and brought home his trophies which were proudly displayed on his walls. This trophy room was as large as our home or bigger. It had servants quarters, a separate room which was refrigerated where meat was cut up. The house was patterened after a villa you might see in Scandinavia and it seemed surreal to believe it was in Trinity County. The large patio had an Olympic size swimming pool.

We had chores as children. I can remember standing on an orange crate to reach the dishes to dry. After I grew up more: My sister and I would switch chores. One week; wash—next week; dry. Majority of places we lived, there was always a garden spot. Once the plants were at a certain size and we were able to distinguish vegetable from weed; we were responsible for keeping the weeds out. At the ranch, we always had such a large garden, it appeared to be five acres in my mind. Seems we lived in it and I realize it wasn't as time consuming as we growled (to the other siblings, of course). Swimming hole at Salt Creek was so inviting and the dumb weeds stood in our way. After the garden was processed, the goods always tasted so good in the winter. It also was a beautiful sight to see all the products sitting on shelves. I think a bit of pride and a pat on the back said—job well done.

In Trinity; our school included first through eights. To continue education: either you found a family to take care of your children or the mother moved. At this time, my father had an opportunity to contract with Rockport Lumber Company. There weren't any

homes available for rent so my parents went shopping at Westport which was twenty miles south. We found only one rental and it was a hotel. A lot of my father's crew was single so rooms were rented to them. It was so spacious. Mom also did the cooking for them and she worked endless hours.

In the once busy bar-room was a player piano and the several rolls of music provided variety. I would pretend that I was really talented as the music rolled out. Mom eventually enrolled us in paino lessons but I didn't practice or become determined. Playing baseball with the neighborhood kids was more fund and it's a decision I regret to this day; not being able to play. My mom was an accomplished pianist plus being a seamstress. She had always made matching outfits for Laura and I with panties to match. With all the work of the hotel: she no longer had the time for sewing. Laura and I growled about still having the dish chore with all the added people but it didn't hurt us. Once again, the school was one room and went through the sixth grade. Older kids were transported to Fort Bragg; thirty miles away on very winding roads. The school was located on a hill overlooking the town and the view of the ocean was breathtaking. Walking up the hill during rainy weather was a muddy chore. Mrs. Ruth Roberts was our teacher and she was creative. We'd barely present one program to our community and she would us working on the next one. I remember our "May Pole," decorated with streamers and one girl was chosen as Queen. Baskets were filled with fresh flowers and we would put it on the door step of a favorite neighbor or another lady in the community. She played the piano and her husband, Irving played the violin. The team provided the music for dances in the area.

We joined and became active in the Grange. I went through all the 'chairs' and then was juvenil master for a few years. I memorized the installation of officers and the initiation of new members plus knowing the regular meeting regulations.

The closest shopping center was Fort Bragg and it was fifteen miles from our home. We were treated to a hamburger, fries and a milkshake and then went to the Saturday matinee. My parents then would take care of their errands. We also were allowed to buy one comic book and were careful not to buy the same as our siblings.

We all helped in bringing in the supplies. I sat down to enjoy my comic book and became totally involved. My dad asked me to cut kindling. This always was my older brothers job so without even looking up: I said no. I still do not know why I responded with that comment as children had respect for older people and did not say no or question a request. I was up and over his knee so fast. I believe this was the first and last time my father spanked me and I was heartbroken. Through the tears I attempted the job and ended up slicing fingers. A nurse also lived in our camp and she applied a 'butterfly' bandage and I don't even have scars.

…

Vacations were normally to the San Joaquin Valley to see relatives on my dads side. Was usually Xmas so we opened presents and then had to leave them. Tears were spilled on these occasions. My mother always seemed to have gifts for the niecs and nephews but rarely were there gifts to us from our "hosts." The cousins had all their new toys and of

course: did not share in play. Took an Aunts convincing to let us play with older toys. After this experience, I vowed not to take my children away from their home at this "festive" time of year.

Freeways were few so we had to drive through many towns. Dad was color blind so one of us had to be on guard to tell him which color the light was. Only once upon our return did we find our house had been burglarized and the gifts missing. It seems most of them were recovered.

Before my father returned from the woods on night, I vividly remember my mother being aware of a prowler. She moved furniture to cover windows and the adrenalin must have really kicked in as she moved the paino to block the front door. The person was scared away by the lights of my dad's vehicle as he came down the driveway. Several men searched the area and then helped move the piano back to its spot. ½ mile down, he got into 14 yr. Old girl's bedroom.

Canning was done in every household to preserve fruits and vegetables when the fresh products were not in season. I recall the family sitting in the front room listening to the radio when there was a ka-boom. A large presssure cooker hadn't performed properly and every inch of the large kitchen showed evidence of the peas. Poor mom and the mess. We were not wealthy so it also meant the cost of the peas and the pressure cooker.

In my mind: I can still see the fields of wild poppies surrounding our place and how gorgeous it was.

My dad's favorite story about me was when he came home and I had been playing in the dirt. He would ask how I got so clean and I would grin and say my mama washed me.

…

My father was a rancher but at this time: mainly a gypo (independent) logger. We lived wherever his work was. First and second grade were attended at Camp 2: even though we lived at Camp 3. It was a one room school house and we walked the one mile to school. Each Friday we were allowed to board and ride the train as it was the only day their schedule met ours. Such fun.

(1) On modern maps today it is named "Heller Highwater Airport," a cutesy name assigned it by its current owner.

Appendix V

Virginia Belle (Myers) Green

(from Benton County History book, written by Belle's daughter Alice (Green) Kollenborn)

Virginia Belle Myers was born near Grant City, MO., December 20, 1879 to Eunice Margaret (Reeder) and Sylvester Myers. In 1882, her parents homesteaded in Graham County, KS where she grew up.

When Belle was seventeen she met Thomas Green, a young homesteader, at a camp meeting near Nicodemus, KS.

Thomas was born February 28, 1869, in ? County, IN to Mary Magdalene (Haeker) and Andrew Jackson Green. He grew up on a homestead in Jewell County, KS which his parents had claimed in 1872.

Both Thomas and Belle were devout Christians early in life. After a short courtship they were married in Morland, KS in 1896. Belle then moved to Thomas' sod house on his claim near Nicodemus. Life was hard and lonely on the prairie and Belle looked forward to children.

In 1901 Effie Estelle arrived. Thomas and Belle were overjoyed. "Oh, how proud we were to have a new baby born in a brand new century," Belle always said.

Lillian May came two years later. In another year, Katherin Ruth arrived.

In the spring of 1905, Thomas traded his homestead for a 480-acre farm in Benton County, sight unseen. He sent Belle and the three children ahead by train while he followed by freight train with the livestock.

When Belle looked across the farm she saw beautiful flowering fruit orchards covering the hillsides. She saw sparkling, clear waters of Sugar creek meandering around rich bottomland flanked by huge sycamore trees and small willow trees. It was a paradise to Belle, but she still felt a longing for the open prairie, stretching for miles toward the horizon.

Belle often said, "little did I realize how dear that old home would become to me and the children in years to come."

There were few buildings to be seen. A 2-story evaporator, log granary and grey rambling rail fences scattered here and there. Atop the hill, against the forest stood a lonely frame house, weathered silver-grey by the elements of time. Its outstanding features were the huge white rock fireplace chimney, fashioned of native stone and the

front porch overlooking the emerald green valley below. A little white schoolhouse stood on the far hill above Sugar Creek.

When Thomas arrived with the livestock and two stock dogs, the place came alive. He was happy with what he saw. He knew he couldn't have a better place had he gone in search of one.

Thomas piped cold water from a spring above the house into the house and wash house he built next to the kitchen. He dug a fruit cellar with concrete walls and steps for storing fruit and vegetables for winter use. Also for milk, cream and butter.

Thomas and Belle's first son, also their first child to be born in Benton County, was Jesse Vilas, born in 1907 (1). Tommy called him his little "Man" and the name stuck. He was "Man" to everyone that knew him.

Four more children were born on the farm, Mary Eunice in 1909, Alice Gladys in 1911 and Andrew Jackson (Andy) in 1913. Baby Charles Hurley in 1915, named for the family doctor, lived only four months.

When the children were old enough to attend school, Tommy built a long swinging bridge over Sugar Creek, anchoring it by heavy cables to huge sycamore trees on one end and steel cables anchored firmly in heavy concrete pillars on the other end above the creek. Every child in the family clattered over that bridge endless times to cross Sugar Creek. It was a work of engineering skill and durability, lasting until the children were grown and gone from home.

Every Sunday Tommy led the children to the little white church he and the neighbors helped build.

He was a farmer first, but loved speaking and singing in public. He often challenged different ones to debate. The subject didn't matter. He loved to debate and sing, often inviting neighbors into the home to sing and play. He had a clear tenor voice and the children loved it when he sang "Gypsy Davey" and played his harmonica as they promenaded across the worn wood floor. These were happy times for the family, but Tommy became ill with a kidney disease and died on October 9, 1915, leaving Belle with seven children.

She hid her grief and went forward with courage and determination. Nothing could move her from the farm, even though she had to sell most of the stock.

The family doctor and close relatives offered to adopt Andy and Alice, but Belle's life was dedicated to her seven children and she declined.

In 1919 as Belle was cutting sorghum cane for winter molasses, the sharp knife slipped, cutting into her shin bone. By the time Dr. Hurley was called, the poison had spread rapidly and developed into gangrene. He explained to Belle that her only hope was for him to amputate above the poison.

Belle refused, saying, “But doctor, I have a farm to run and seven children to raise, I know with your help, the Lord will spare me for the childrens’ sake.” The doctor did all he knew how to do, but he left with little hope.

Next morning when he returned, he was amazed that Belle’s heartbeat was stronger and her temperature lower. The crisis had passed.

He said, “Belle, when I left last night, your heart was pounding like a rusty tin can. I knew only a miracle could save you.”

“But doctor,” Belle said, “I prayed all night for the Lord to spare me for the children. I’m all they have now.” The doctor could only shake his head, knowing he had just witnessed a miracle.

Fifteen year old Ruth dropped out of school and became nurse and second mother to Mary, Alice and Andy.

Man and Effie did the outside chores which consisted of milking, feeding the stock, cleaning the stalls, and cutting wood.

A good neighbor, Port Howard, came with a big load of wood during a blizzard. Others brought food and encouragement.

Belle saw all her children grow up together on the farm, but her leg never fully healed from the dreaded gangrene.

After graduation, Ruth went to Columbia University on a scholarship. She taught school until she married and had nine children.

Lillian graduated from Springfield Business College and worked as a secretary until she returned to Dug Hill in the 1920s and took a job as general secretary to the Linebarger Brothers, owners of Bella Vista summer resort. She never married, but became a professional photographer.

Bella Vista and photography were her life. But she was best known for her magazine covers and local photography.

Effie was an excellent horsewoman. They were her greatest love next to her three children, Georgia, Evelyn, and Nadine.

“Man” moved to California and became a master mechanic. He raised three children.

Andy married Janet and raised two sons, Tommy and Gary. He was service manager for Burger Motors of Bentonville for thirty-four years until a tragic accident took his life in 1972.

Mary and Alice worked their way through school and married soon after graduation.

Mary moved to Idaho and raised four children.

Alice had six children, one, Alice Rosalie, was born on the old farm in the same house her mother was.

J.V. (Man) Green and Alice (Green) Kollenborn are the only surviving members of Tommy and Belle Green's seven children. (2)

Virginia Belle lived on the old home place until all the children were grown. She lived to be 83 years old. She never remarried.

Thomas and Virginia Belle now rest beside Baby Charles and Belle's parents, Margaret Eunice (3) and Sylvester Myers, in the family plot overlooking their beloved farm home.

The house is gone now. The rich farm land is buried beneath golf carts and manicured fairways. The happy children that once roamed free over the wooded hills, swam in Sugar Creek, rode their horses and knew every inch of ground, are all gone now (4).

Only memories remain. – by Alice G. Kollenborn

(1) Other sources indicate his first name was James, not Jesse.
(2) Today, Alice is the only surviving child.
(3) Other sources reverse the given names, saying it was Eunice Margaret (Reeder).
(4) All except for Alice herself.

Appendix VI

(This will contain photocopies of James Shannon's letters to his sister Eliza)

Appendix VII

(This will be photocopies of U.S. Army correspondence regarding John Perry Patton)

Appendix VIII

(Special Act Award Recommendation)

~~~to be scanned in
~~~

Appendix IX

(Traffic Collision Report)

~~~to be scanned in

Note that the narrative from page two takes up again on page six.
~~~

Appendix VII

(Media Accounts of Accident and Subsequent Award)

"Shannon awarded Medal of Valor" from Nov. 20, 1980 *Calaveras Prospect*
~~~to be scanned in

"CHP's Highest Honor" from Nov. 20, 1980 *Calaveras Enterprise*
~~~to be scanned in

"A man of valor", from *Ft. Bragg Advocate*
~~~to be scanned in

"San Andreas patrolman to receive state honor" from Nov. 4, 1980 *Stockton Record*
~~~to be scanned in

"Medal of Valor for Officer Ted Shannon" from *News from the CHP,* Nov. 3, 1980
~~~to be scanned in

"Students Present Special Award to CHP T.O." from May 1980 *California Highway Patrol Magazine*
~~~ to be scanned in

From CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—Extensions of Remarks, E 5075, December 1, 1980:

TRIBUTE TO OFFICER TED SHANNON

HON. NORMAN D. SHUMWAY of California

In the House of Representatives
Monday, December 1, 1980

Mr. SHUMWAY. Mr. Speaker, at this time I ask that my colleagues join with me in paying tribute to a selfless act of heroism performed by Officer Ted Shannon of the California Highway Patrol. On November 13, Officer Shannon was awarded the State of California's highest honor for bravery, the medal of valor. This medal has been awarded only 40 times, and those upon whom it has been bestowed are indeed a select group.

Last December, Officer Shannon came upon the scene of a head-on collision involving an automobile and a pickup truck. The cab of the truck was in flames. After radioing for fire and ambulance assistanc, Officer Shannon attempted to remove the occupant of the truck. Repulsed by the expanding fire, he used his patrol extinguisher to subdue the flames, then attempted again to remove the victim. He was unsuccessful. At

this point, gasoline leaking from the truck's dislodges gas tank caused the fire to spread to the second vehicle. Officer Shannon then turned his attention to the three occupants of that car. He was able to pull out an unconscious young girl, and was removing a second victim from the blaze when two passersby rendered assistance. The driver of the car was pinned in the wreckage, and could not be removed. Officer Shannon applied his highway emergency medical training in an effort to assist the two unconscious teenagers who were now clear of the accident, then returned again to the task of rescuing the two trapped drivers. The heat of the blaze was so intense that it melted the lens on Officer Shannon's flashlight. He suffered the effects of smoke inhalation, as well as second degree facial burns, and the threat of explosion was very real. Nonetheless, his heroic rescue efforts continued.

Despite Officer Shannon's incredible efforts, all four young victims of the accident succumbed to the massive injuries they had sustained. However, that tragic conclusion does not dilute the selfless courage and determination demonstrated by Officer Shannon. He is a 16-year veteran of the California Highway Patrol, and his outstanding performance is indicative of his dedication to his profession. Officer Shannon is a credit to his community, to the California Highway Patrol, and to humanity. Acts of bravery such as his are few and far between, and they are certainly deserving of our recognition and tribute. I know that my colleagues will share in my pride, enthusiasm, and gratitude to this outstanding individual.

A Tip of the Hat (Acknowledgments)

The genealogical community, as well as family members near and distant (in both senses of the word) have gone "above and beyond the call of duty" in providing help in gathering the information in this volume. A partial list of those who have been of assistance appears below. I know there were others who helped in various ways, and I apologize for any omissions in this list.

Bonnie (Rankin) Arnold, Ken Artlip, Marion (Shannon) Bishop, Patricia Graves Burrell of the White Lily (Kaiitcin) Clan, Phillip Carnahan, Evelyn (Logston) Cimino, Kate Clabough, Betty Cox, Gertrude "Trudy" (Shannon) Crook, Barbara Dickey, Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon, Pearl Dorr, Sharon Dulcich, Mrs. D.C.H. Fairbanks, Kay Clerc-Fakhar, Laura (Shannon) Gibney, Dora Goodfellow, Don Gorham, Jean Huddleston Griggs, Orita Powell Kirkman, Carol Hall, Patricia (Kollenborn) Henslee, Linda Huddleston, *Humboldt County Genealogical Society,* Russ Hunt, Glenn Jones, Wes Keat, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn, Alice Gladys (Green) Kollenborn, Nancy Kollenborn, Ron Kuhnel, Marlene Lemmon, Dan Lindsted, Adele Martin, Shirley Martin, James S. Matthias, Cheryl McLaughlin, Marilyn Keach Milota, Debra L. Stiff Monsive, Sharon Morris, Ann Myers, Rosalie "Roz" Ohlson, John Patton*, D.D.M. Peoples, Gerald Philp, Lori Radtkey, *Redwood Genealogical Society,* Nancy Riley, *Rogers Historical Museum* (Rogers, Benton County, Arkansas), Mrs. Leo Scott, Pam Sears, Arthur R. Shannon, Cherri Shannon, George Shannon (of Canada), George Shannon (of Tulare, California), Gertrude (Bailey) Shannon, Joy Shannon, Nora Shannon, Rosie Lee (Kollenborn) Shannon, Theodore Patrick Shannon, Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, Theodore Russell Shannon, Gene Sheets, Jan Silva, Jan Thomas, Don Tunison-Campbell, Eleanor (Look) Weber, Carlene Weisz, Esther (Nelson) Shannon Welch, Thora (Kollenborn) Wheeler, Orrel Whitlow, Doris Jean "Jeannie" (Ebersole) Wilcox, Margaret Wooden

* Not the John Perry Patton from the 1967 chapter, but "a soldier who was lucky enough to come home alive from Vietnam"

BIBLIOGRAPHY

"Be a little careful about your library. Do you foresee what you will do with it? Very little to be sure. But the real question is, What it will do with you? You will come here and get books that will open your eyes, and your ears, and your curiosity, and turn you inside out or outside in." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Books are the liberated spirits of men." – Mark Twain

"Live as if you were to die tomorrow, learn as if you were to live forever."
-- Mahatma Ghandi

Ambrose, Stephen E.: "Crazy Horse and Custer: The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors"

Arax, Mark and Rick Wartzman: "The King of California: J.G. Boswell and the Making of a Secret American Empire"

Arkin, Michael, and Franklin Laskin: "From the Depths of the Mines Came the Law"

Axelrod, Alan, Ph.D., "The Complete Idiot's Guide to American History"

Ballam, Anthea and Julia: "Mayflower: The Voyage That Changed the World"

Bamford, James: "A Pretext for War: 9/11, Iraq, and the Abuse of America's Intelligence Agencies"

Barry, John M.: "Rising Tide: The Great Mississippi Flood of 1927 and How it Changed America"

Bodge, George: "Soldiers in King Philip's War: Being a Critical Account of That War, with a Concise History of the Indian Wars of New England"

Brown, Dee: "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee: An Indian History of the American West"

Bulanda, Susan: "Ready to Serve, Ready to Save! Strategies of Real-Life Search & Rescue Missions"

Brunner, Borgna: "Time Almanac 2001"

California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology vol. XXXV 1934-1943"
Editors: Kroeber, A.L., R.H. Lowie, T.D. McCown, R.L. Olson

Clarke Historical Museum: "Eureka and Humboldt County, California"

Collins, Walter: “Tales From the Redwood Coast”

Costo, Rupert and Costo, Jeannette Henry: “Natives of the Golden State: The California Indian”

Crawford, Kim: "The 16th Michigan Infantry"

Crawford, Mary: “In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers”

Cushman, Robert, et al: “Mourt’s Relation: A Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth”

Davis, Kenneth C.: “Don’t Know Much About American History”

Dear, William C.: “O.J. is Guilty But Not of Murder: An International Private Investigative Report into the Murders of Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman”

Deetz, James and Patricia Scott: "The Times of Their Lives: Life, Love, and Death in Plymouth Colony"

Dillon, Francis: “The Pilgrims: Their Journeys & Their World”

Doyle, William: “An American Insurrection: James Meredith and the Battle of Oxford, Mississippi, 1962”

Duden, Gottfried: “Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America, and a Stay of Several Years Along the Missouri (During the Years 1824, ’25, ’26, 1827)

Earngay, Bill: “Missouri Roadsides”

Fisher, Linda A.: “A Summer of Terror: Cholera in St. Louis, 1849” article in the April 2005 issue of “Missouri Historical Review”

Flexner, Doris: “The Optimist’s Guide to History: From the Invention of the Wheel to the toppling of the Berlin Wall—a delightful compendium of historic discoveries, comebacks, rescues, triumphs, and great escapes”

Flexner, Stuart and Doris: "The Pessimist's Guide to History: An Irresistible Compendium of Catastrophes, Barbarities, Massacres, and Mayhem--From the Big Bang to the New Millennium"

Friedman, Thomas L.: “The Lexus and the Olive Tree: Understanding Globalization”

Gilliland, Mary E.: "Summit : A Gold Rush History of Summit County, Colorado"

Gorham, Henry S.: "The Gorham Family"

Green, Harvey: “The Uncertainty of Everyday Life 1915-1945”

Grenier, John: "The First Way of War : American War Making on the Frontier"

Grun, Bernard, based upon Werner Stein’s Kulturfahrplan: “The Timetables of History: A Horizontal Linkage of People and Events”

Grunwald, Lisa, and Adler, Stephen J.: “Letters of the Century: America 1900-1999”

Hakim, Joy: “A History of US: Making Thirteen Colonies 1600-1740”

Hall, B.C. and C.T. Wood: “Big Muddy: Down the Mississippi Through America’s Heartland”

Heat-Moon, William Least: “River-Horse: A Voyage Across America”

Hicks, Patricia Johnsen: “Some Called It ‘Weaver’”

Hicks, Patricia Johnsen: “Tales of Trinity County, California”

Hoffman, Judy: “If I fall, my grave shall be made in Alton” from the Spring 2005 issue of “Gateway: The Quarterly Magazine of the Missouri Historical Society”

Hunter, Louis C.: “Steamboats on the Western Rivers: An Economic and Technological History”

Irvine, Leigh H.: "History of Humboldt County California, with Biographical Sketches of The Leading Men and Women of the County who have been identified with its Growth and Development from the Early Days to the Present"

Jahoda, Gloria: “The Trail of Tears: The Story of the American Indian Removals 1813-1855”

Johnson, Arthur T.: “California: an Englishman’s Impressions of the Golden State”

Kantor, MacKinley: “Missouri Bittersweet”

Karshner, Gayle: “A Bell Rang in Uniontown: The First Hundred Years of Arcata and Its Methodist Church, 1850-1950”

Keegan, John: “Fields of Battle: The Wars for North America”

Kirsch, Robert, and William S. Murphy: “West of the West: Witnesses to the California Experience, 1542-1906”

Langton, Anne: “A Gentlewoman in Upper Canada”

Larranco, Lynwoold and John T. Labbe: “Logging the Redwoods”

Levinson, Nancy Smiler: “Turn of the Century: Our Nation One Hundred Years Ago”

Lindaman, Dana, and Ward, Hyle: “History Lessons: How Textbooks from Around the World Portray U.S. History”

Lynn, Mickey and Emerson: "The Annals of Iola and Allen County 1868-1945"

Marble, Annie Russell: “The Women Who Came in the Mayflower”

Mason, F. Van Wyck: “The Battle for Quebec”

Matthiessen, Peter: “In the Spirit of Crazy Horse”

Menefee, Eugene L. and Dodge, Fred A.: “History of Tulare and Kings Counties California: with Biographical Sketches of The Leading Men and Women of the Counties Who Have Been Identified With Their Growth and Development From the Early Days to the Present”

Miner, Craig: “Kansas: The History of the Sunflower State, 1854-2000”

Morton, Nathaniel: “New England’s Memorial”

Murphy, Edward F.: “Dak To: The 173rd Airborne Brigade in South Vietnam’s Central Highlands, June: Nov. 1967”

Nagel, Paul C.: “Missouri: A History”

National Park Service: “Signers of the Constitution”

Nichols, David: "Ernie's America: The Best of Ernie Pyle's 1930s Travel Dispatches"

Peckham, Howard H.: "The Colonial Wars: 1689-1762”

Peterson del Mar, David: “Oregon’s Promise: an Interpretive History”

Rafferty, Milton: “The Ozarks: Land and Life”

Raphael, Ray: “An Everyday History of Somewhere”

Raphael, Ray: “Little White Father: Redick McKee on the Calif. Frontier”

Rasmussen, Louis J.: “San Francisco Ship Passenger Lists”

Rauchway, Eric: “Murdering McKinley: The Making of Theodore Roosevelt’s America”

Rogers Heritage Committee: “History of Benton County, Arkansas” (1991)

Ross, John Simpson II: “A Pioneer Lumberman’s Story”

Sandine, Al: “Plundertown USA: Coos Bay Enters the Global Economy”

Schlereth, Thomas J.: “Victorian America: Transformations in Everyday Life 1876-1915”

Schultz, Eric B. and Tougias, Michael J.: "King Philip's War: The History and Legacy of American's Forgotten Conflict"

Schwantes, Carlos A.: “In Mountain Shadows: A History of Idaho”

Secrest, William B.: “When the Great Spirit Died: The Destruction of the California Indians 1850-1860”

Shankle, Bill: “The Chief and the Earthquake” from the *Missouri Moments* feature of the Spring 2005 issue of “Gateway: The Quarterly Magazine of the Missouri Historical Society”

Shepherd, Alice: “In My Own Words: Stories, Songs, and Memories of Grace McKibbin, Wintu”

Shultz, Ray: “A Boy in the 1900s”

Speer, Bonnie: “Moments in Oklahoma History: People, Places, Things, and Events”

Starr, Kevin: “Americans and the California Dream, 1850-1915”
Starr, Kevin: “Embattled Dreams: California in War and Peace”
Starr, Kevin: “Endangered Dreams: The Great Depression in California”
Starr, Kevin: “Inventing the Dream: California Through the Progressive Era”
Starr, Kevin: “The Dream Endures: California Enters the 1940s”

State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia: Missouri Historical Review, July 2005 Article “With Pen or Crayon…”

Stiles, T.J.: “Jesse James: Last Rebel of the Civil War”

Stratton, Eugene Aubrey: "Plymouth Colony: Its History and People 1620-1691"

Sturdevant, Katherine Scott: “Bringing Your Family History to Life Through Social History”

Terkel, Studs: “Coming of Age: the Story of Our Country”

Terkel, Studs: “Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression”

Thompson, Lucy (Che-na-wah Weitch-ah-wah): “To the American Indian: Reminisces of a Yurok Woman”

Trimble, Vance H.: “Sam Walton: The Inside Story of America’s Richest Man”

Various Authors: “A Memorial and Biographical History of Northern California. Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World”

Von Drehle, David: "Triangle: The Fire that Changed America"

Walker, Dale L: “Eldorado: the California Gold Rush”

Walter, Jess: “Ruby Ridge: The Truth & Tragedy of the Randy Weaver Family”

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: 2003 Yearbook of Jehovah’s Witnesses

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “A Global Crash” from the August 8th, 1989, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “AIDS-How Will it End?” from the August 8th, 1992, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “AIDS-Unique in World History!” from the April 22nd, 1986, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “An End to the Nuclear Threat?” from the August 22nd, 1999, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “Chemical Dumps Are Ticking Time Bombs” from the November 22nd, 1980, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “Dark Winter” from the September 22nd, 2002, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “End of an Era—Hope for the Future?” from the July 8th, 1996, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “Facing the Threat of Terrorism” from the May 22nd, 2001, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “Fear Grips the World” from the July 15th, 1994, issue of the magazine *The Watchtower Announcing Jehovah’s Kingdom*

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article “Globalization—The Hopes and the Fears” from the May 22nd, 2002, issue of *Awake!* magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "How Dangerous Is Atomic Radiation" from the March 22nd, 1982 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "How Does Wall Street Affect You?" from the August 8th, 1989 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "How Their World Was Lost" from the September 8th, 1996, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Love Canal Again" from the March 8th, 1984, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Modern Notorious Misuses of Power" from the August 15th, 1986, issue of the magazine *The Watchtower Announcing Jehovah's Kingdom*

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Not Ordinary Garbage" from the September 22nd, 1992, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Oil at Your Service—Maybe!" from the November 22nd, 1989, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Oil Spill—It Will Never Happen Here" from the September 22nd, 1989, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Silent Weapons—How Real Is the Threat?" from the September 22nd, 2002, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The Day the Twin Towers Collapsed" from the January 8th, 2002, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The High Cost of Fatigue" from the February 8th, 2001, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The Millenium Bug" from the August 8th, 1997, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The World Since 1914: Part 1: 1920-1928 The Roaring Twenties—Lull Before a Storm" from the March 8th, 1987 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The World Since 1914: Part 2: 1929-1934 Worldwide Depression and On to War Again" from the March 22nd, 1987 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The World Since 1914: Part 4: 1940-1943 Nations in Anguish, Driven by Fear" from the April 22nd, 1987 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The World Since 1914: Part 5: 1943-1945 World War II—Its Fierce and Fiery End" from the May 8th, 1987 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The World Since 1914: Part 8: 1970-1986 As the World Disintegrates, Let Your Hope Grow Brighter!" from the June 22nd, 1987 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "The Year 2000—Will Computer Crashes Affect You?" from the February 8th, 1999 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "We Lived on Top of a Time Bomb" from the November 22nd, 1980 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Whatever Happened to the Apache?" from the March 8th, 1998 *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "When the River Ran Backward" from the November 22nd, 2003, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Who Are the Criminals?" from the February 22nd, 1998, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Whom Can You Trust" from the November 8th, 1973, *Awake!* Magazine

Watchtower Bible & Tract Society: Article "Young People Ask… How Can I Cope When Tragedy Strikes?" from the June 22nd, 2003, *Awake!* Magazine

Webster, Roy: "Under a Buttermilk Moon: A Country Memoir"

Whayne, De Black, Sabo III, Arnold: "Arkansas, A Narrative History"

White, Elizabeth Pearson: "John Howland of the Mayflower, Volume I: The First Five Generations, Documented Descendants Through his first child Desire Howland and her husband Captain John Gorham"

Whitehead, John W.: "Grasping for the Wind: the Search for Meaning in the 20th Century"

Wilson, D. Ray: "Missouri: Historical Tour Guide"

Worthington, George E.: "Epic of the American Frontier: Glimpses of 300 Years of American History Through the Eyes of One Family"

Zaboly, Gary: "American Colonial Ranger: The Northern Colonies 1724-64"

Zinn, Howard: "A People's History of the United States"

WEBOGRAPHY

Nantucket Historical Association, Eliza Starbuck Barney Genealogical Record (http://140.186.109.142/bgr/BGR-p/index.htm)

The John Gorham Controversy:
http://alts.net/ns1625/gorhamj.html

VIDEOGRAPHY

Apted, Michael: “Incident at Oglala: The Leonard Peltier Story”

Burns, Ken: “The West”
Burns, Ken: “Mark Twain”
Burns, Ken: “The Civil War”
Burns, Ken: “Horatio's Drive: America's First Road Trip”

Burns, Ric & Ades, Lisa: "The Way West: American Experience"

Maxwell, Ronald: “Gods and Generals”
Maxwell, Ronald: “Gettysburg”

PBS: “Liberty! The American Revolution”

Sonneborn, Barbara: "Regret to Inform"

Sekler, Joan: “Unprecedented - The 2000 Presidential Election - 2004 Campaign Edition”

Uys, Michael & Lovell, Lexy: Riding the Rails: American Experience

“When the Forest Ran Red: Washington, Braddock and a Doomed Army”

MAYFLOWER CHART

1. John Howland 1599*-1672 born Fenstanton, Huntingdonshire, England; 1620 Mayflower passenger
1. Elizabeth Tilley 1607-1687 born Henlow, Huntingdonshire, England; 1620 Mayflower passenger

2. Desire Howland 1625-1683 born Plymouth, Massachusetts
Captain John Gorham 1621-1676 born Benefield, England (military, not sea captain; King Philip's War)

3. Lieutenant Colonel (Hon.) John Gorham II 1651- Nov. 11, 1716 born Marshfield, Massachusetts
Mary Otis 1652-1733 born Hingham, Massachusetts

4. John Gorham III 1688-1769 born Barnstable or Yarmouth, Massachusetts
Prudence Crocker 1692-1779 born Barnstable, Massachusetts (2nd cousin of her husband John Gorham)

5. Joseph Gorham 1713-1760 born Barnstable, Massachusetts (John Gorham IV was his brother)
Abigail Lovell 1719-1760 born Barnstable, Massachusetts (2nd cousin of her husband Joseph Gorham)

6. John Gorham 1739/1740-1804 born Norwalk, Connecticut
Thankful Butler 1749-June 15, 1840 born Nantucket, Massachusetts?

7. William Gorham 1788-1872 born Yarmouth(?), Massachusetts
Mary Raymond 1796-1820 born Maine?

8. George Raymond Gorham 1819-1906 born Nantucket, Massachusetts
Susan Lucky 1847-1894 born Eel River Island, California

9. Mary Abby Gorham 1864-1902 born Table Bluff, California
John Silva 1837-after 1905 born Topo, St. George, Azores (Portuguese)

10. Emma Laura Silva 1892-1986 born Table Bluff, California
Jeremiah Bliss Nelson 1888-? Born Kansas

11. Esther Silvia Nelson 1912-1997 born Samoa, California
Theodore Roosevelt Shannon 1902-1979 born Carlotta, California

12. Theodore Russell Shannon 1934 – born Eureka, California
Rosie Lee (Alice Rosalie) Kollenborn 1938 – born Dug Hill/Bentonville, Arkansas

Some claim John Howland was born 1592

Generations 1-5 from "John Howland of the Mayflower"; generations 1-3 and 4-8 from Nantucket Historical Association site (Eliza Starbuck Barney genealogical section) at http://140.186.109.142/bgr/BGR-p/index.htm. The site does not connect generations 3 and 4, but the book (which only goes through the fifth generation from the Mayflower passengers) does make that link. By combining these two sources, the complete line from John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley down to Esther Silva (Nelson) Shannon--and beyond--can be ascertained.

Genealogical Charts

(This will contain genealogical charts for Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, Esther (Nelson) Shannon, Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn, and Alice (Green) Kollenborn)

Contemporary Chart

(This will contain a "Contemporary Chart," showing who lived when in relation to whom)

MAP OF KEY LOCATIONS

Top: Theodore Roosevelt Shannon and friends (Westport, California)
Bottom: Albert Lee Benjamin Kollenborn (Colusa, California)