

Still Casting Shadows

A Shared Mosaic of U.S. History

VOLUME II: 1914-2006



B. Clay Shannon

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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

“It’s not the monuments that teaches us history. It’s the ruins.” -- Carl Hammarén

“Giving up smoking is easy...I’ve done it hundreds of times.” -- Mark Twain

- ◆ 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

Although specialization in factory work had been implemented prior to this, Henry Ford and his Motor Company started up the first *mechanized* assembly line this year. Using this new manufacturing paradigm and mechanism, a completed automobile could be put together in three hours.

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.

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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, Missouri, 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. Circumstantial evidence for this can be deduced from the August 27th, 1965 *Chillicothe Constitution Tribune* which reported, "Anna Lee Branstuder, Hale, ...entered the hospital." And also: "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.

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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. As Deborah lived with their daughter Marian in California (and is buried in Dinuba in that state), she must have been visiting her other children in Canada at the time that she died.

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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 when another world conflict broke out. The hostilities raging at that time throughout the world was christened World War II (and what was formerly called the "The Great War" took on 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 assassination 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 in his plot to assassinate the Archduke—along with his wife, the Duchess. 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 dominoes 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 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. Mankind, society, and civilization have 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 Jäger, 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.

In addition to the millions of human lives, eight million horses were killed on the battlefields of the “Great War.”

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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, John Muir wandered the Mojave Desert. He contracted pneumonia. John was not a "young laddie" anymore. 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”

“A banker is a fellow who lends you his umbrella when the sun is shining and wants it back the minute it begins to rain.” -- Mark Twain

“Golf is a good walk--spoiled.” -- Mark Twain

- ◆ 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 on May 7th, 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 victims 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 gallows-humor caption “Last voyage of the Lusitania.”

Although Germany offered apologies and reparations for the Americans killed, outrage over the incident played a large role in getting America directly involved in The Great War.

Americans' view towards Germans changed drastically after this incident. Although at the turn of the century 1/10th of Americans spoke German (about the same ratio of Americans who now, a century later, speak Spanish), after this incident many with German surnames changed them to less Teutonic sounding ones, and some place names changed, too (from, for instance, Berlin to Oberlin). Frankfurters started being called “hot dogs.” Also, similar to French fries “morphing” into “Freedom fries” in 2003 after France refused to support America's invasion of Iraq, sauerkraut began being called “liberty cabbage.”

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News of the Lusitania tragedy could be relayed quickly across the country, using the newly available Transcontinental U.S. Telephone Service, which had begun operation January 25th.

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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 Sempervirens*) of northwestern California is taller than its cousin, the Giant Sequoia (*Sequoiadendron 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-resistant marvel. Thriving in areas where less-robust trees had been victims of previous fires, the location of groups of redwoods coexisting 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.

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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.

A short obituary ran in the *Benton County Democrat* October 15th:

GREEN, Thomas - We are sorry to announce the death last week of Thomas Green of near Dug Hill on Sugar Creek. Mr. Green was a good man and a substantial citizen.

The family doctor, as well as relatives, offered to adopt the two youngest children--Alice, who was five years old, and the baby of the family, 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 retaining the land for which Tommy had traded.

This retention of the beloved family property did not come easily, though. Belle's daughter Alice had a life-long aversion to banks. As a child, every time she entered one with her mother, the two of them ended up leaving the bank with less land than they had when they entered--the bank having confiscated some of it for back taxes.

{{ 7_1915GreenFamilySansThomas.tif -- half page }}

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.

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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 Euro-Americans at the San Francisco Museum of Anthropology. This was a common cause of death among the native population.

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This year, Woodrow Wilson became the first President to serve two terms since Andrew Jackson in 1832 (Lincoln was elected twice, but was assassinated early in his second term). 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).

FDR was the only president to serve three terms. Since his time, term limits have been imposed on the presidency, limiting the officeholder to two consecutive terms.

Although Mark Twain lived for parts of seventy-six years (one-third of the country's lifetime to date), only one U.S. President 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. 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," 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 ones to be held to serving 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 2001-2009?

Wilson was no shoe-in in the 1916 election, though. In fact, many expected Hughes to be elected instead. The booklet "Redwood Bonanza" by Genzoli and Martin report on the importance of Humboldt county in the results:

The outcome of the race between Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic choice, and Charles Evans Hughes, Republican, was uncertain from the start, so, when voters went to the polls on November 7th, 1916, they were in a nip-and-tuck race.

That evening, however, returns from New York showed the state had been carried by Hughes. In the next four hours Hughes piled up a commanding lead in the other eastern states.

Failing to recognize there was more to the United States than their immediate world, the New York World and The New York Times, both of which supported Wilson, conceded the election to Hughes. Neither the United Press or the Associated Press declared him elected, although it seemed certain until Wednesday morning. At that time, Wilson was only two electoral votes behind. The Hughes camp was enthusiastic.

In California, all of the counting had been completed, even though the balance of the State had cast 925,000 votes. Election observers began to realize the outcome would depend on who won the State's 13 electoral votes. By Thursday, the result had narrowed to at least a single county. That was Humboldt. It was the isolated county in the Redwood Country which held the history-making answer.

Morris DeHaven Tracy of the United Press, San Francisco, was a former Eureka newspaperman. Going to work, he traced the final results through his old friend, County Clerk Fred M. Kay.

At 7 p.m., the Humboldt County clerk called Tracy: "I got it. I just found an error in counting. About 1,800 votes were erroneously put in the Hughes column. They are Wilson votes and he carries the County by about 1,600 votes." At that exact moment United Press flashed to the East: "Wilson Carries California."

As went Humboldt County, so went the State of California. As went the State of California, so went the Country: Wilson won.

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. Buys the Virgin Islands
- ◆ U.S. enters the “Great War”

On January 25th, The United States of America purchased the Virgin Islands (then known as the Danish West Indies) for \$25 million.

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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 first 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 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 for use against the Germans.

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.”

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.” – JAMA (The Journal of the American Medical Association)

“When once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been and there you will always long to return.” -- Leonardo Da Vinci

- ◆ 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.

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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 21 and 100 million lives. In one year, more died from the Spanish flu than had perished from the black death in Europe in an entire century; more died in 24 weeks than have died, at the time of writing, in 24 years from AIDS.

At least half a million of the victims of the flu were Americans. In fact, more Americans died as a result of the pandemic in a single year than had died in both world wars.

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 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. Fort Riley 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.

So how did the flu get named for Spain, if it began in Kansas? Due to the wartime news censorship, Spain was the first locale to *report* on the widespread deaths. Thus was the messenger "stamped" with the disease.

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 commissioner 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 one was 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 twenty-five percent 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 lost their lives as a result 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 on the 9th. Myrtle and Floyd's brother Charley, also in the military, had already paid the ultimate price on the field of battle 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.

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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 “mummies”).

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 also born this year, and 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 bunk beds until they were almost all of the way out--just enough to keep the boards attached, but very loosely. When the harvester allotted the top bunk grabbed ahold of the board to climb into bed, the board would come off and clatter onto the floor, the dumbfounded farm laborer 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, stuff the ice-cold poker under the covers of her brothers’ bedsheets.

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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 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 enormously proud to be an American. I would say that the things our corporate-controlled government has done at best are shameful, and at worst, genocidal. But there's an incredible and a permanent culture of resistance in this country that I'm very proud to be a part of. It's not the tradition of slave-owning founding fathers. It's the tradition of the Frederick Douglasses, the Underground Railroads, the Chief Josephs, the Joe Hills, and the Huey P. Newtons. There's so much that's hidden from you. The incredible courage and bravery of the union organizers in the late eighteen hundreds and early nineteen hundreds: that's amazing. People often get tricked into going overseas and fighting Uncle Sam's Wall Street wars, but these are people who knew what they were fighting for here at home. I think that that's so much more courageous and brave." -- Tom Morello of the band "Rage Against the Machine"

"I am going to meet the greatest umpire of all -- and He knows I'm innocent." -- "Shoeless" Joe Jackson

"Well, it's the real article! Genuine, double-rectified bust head. Aged in the keg." -- John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in the movie "True Grit"

"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 either 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.

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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 physically and emotionally 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 first-baseman 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, some players, such as southerner "Pee Wee" Reese went out of their way to befriend Robinson.

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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 in the series led all hitters, and his twelve hits tied a world series record. You make the call.

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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.

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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 1939, the Supreme Court would outlaw sit-down strikes.

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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.”

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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.

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Disallowance of the production, sale, and consumption of alcohol 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/rum-running 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 Branstuds 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 living in northern Missouri 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 to 1933, the outlawing of both tobacco and alcohol in Kansas overlapped during most of the 1920s.

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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 in the event that the President were to become 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"
- ♦ NFL Formed
- ♦ 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" shops), 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.

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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 "passed" as a white man throughout 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.

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The National Football League was founded this year in the city which houses the Pro Football Hall of Fame, Canton, Ohio. The first president of the League was Jim Thorpe. Only two of the original franchises are still in existence, albeit with different names and locations: the Chicago Cardinals team, which moved first to St. Louis after the 1959 season and then relocated to Arizona in 1988; and the Decatur (also Illinois) Staleys, who moved to Chicago in 1921. The Staleys changed their name to the Bears the next year.

Amateur football had already been played in the country for several decades. Back in 1873, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Rutgers Universities had drafted the first code of football rules.

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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.

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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 architectural 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 the winter, when farm work is less demanding than at other times of the year.

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 concluded 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 a rare occurrence. *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.

{{ 8_1920HarryKollenbornFamily.tif -- full page }}

Harry Kollenborn family, circa 1917 Kansas. Back row: Harry, Myrtle. Front row: Charles, James, Emma, Roy (Thora not yet born)

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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.

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Albert Kollenborn had two half-sisters born this year: Thora was born to his father Harry (with a little help from his wife Myrtle), 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 night shift work at Weyerhaeuser). 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.

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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 answer 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?”

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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 James’ second wife Rosa (Pennington) were listed as living nearby in La Harpe, which is also in Allen County, Kansas. Rosa’s parents had also apparently relocated along with the Kollenborns to La Harpe, as Rosa’s father John J. died there on July 2nd, 1917, at the age of 75, and is buried in the town cemetery.

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 the one in 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.

As of the 1920 census, the states with the most Shannons were Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, although California was in the second tier of states with the most residents bearing that surname (and was the only state in the West in that category).

1921

Thanks to Mother (No Thanks to Father)

“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 fool 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)

◆ Myrtle Kollenborn and Children Move to California

Apparently abandoned by their husband and father, Myrtle Kollenborn and her children relocated from Kansas to California this year. Myrtle had siblings in the central part of the golden state who urged her to move out, telling her that she could find work there. Her siblings 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 may have felt 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” reported Thora (Kollenborn) Wheeler.

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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. This is so because 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 Grizzly 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

“Sometimes I wonder whether the world is being run by smart people who are putting us on or by imbeciles who really mean it.” -- Mark Twain

- ◆ 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 also true of 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 and 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.

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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.

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Following the events of two years earlier, when Harry Kollenborn abandoned his family and subsequently mysteriously disappeared, Myrtle divorced him 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

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." --
Edmund Burke

"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 instead 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 and Oklahoma
- ◆ 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 an "Anti Ku Klux Klan Cleaning and Pressing Shop."

And Kansas wasn't the only state where the KKK was strong—Oklahoma declared martial law this year in response to terrorist activity carried out there by the white-robed, lily-livered do-badders.

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Many things are so commonplace today that we take them for granted, and imagining matters 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 pleased. 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.

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In Tulare County this year, the Shannon family cheated 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.

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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

Citizen Band Radio Banned

“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

“When asked by an anthropologist what the Indians called America before the white men came, an Indian said simply “Ours.” -- Vine Deloria, Jr.

“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 continue in the post in the election at the end of this year.

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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) apparently 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, considering Will’s and La Follette’s politics), Will simply went with the winner of the election as regards 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 name selected. Unfortunately, Calvin would also die at a rather young age.

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After herding them on to land undesirable to Euro-Americans, Congress officially granted citizenship to Native Americans this year (those who had served in World War I had been granted citizenship in

1919). 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 Euro-Americans 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 this year. An additional 2,000 were injured. It remains the most destructive tornado in U.S. history.

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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 each son would get 40 acres, but the youngest son received the 40-acre parcel on which the house was located (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).

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

"Fire burns; water erodes. Say what you will about fire's speed and efficiency, but I've never seen anyone put out a river." -- Greg Jensen

"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."

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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. 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.”

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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 superabundance 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 their fame and fortune in the near future—more on that in the 1934 chapter.

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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 Missouri river boats. He could have done either of these jobs from either locations: Kansas City, which is a rail hub and lies on the river; or Brunswick, which is adjacent 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 this year—which took 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."

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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 injured 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 home runs 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, when 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 and similar chemical supplements.

"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. At the time of writing (just prior to the start of the 2006 season), Barry Bonds had 708 career homeruns.

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

“Wall Street owns the country. 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.” -- R. B. Gruver

“Here was all this grain, food enough to feed half the world, sitting in piles at the train station, going to waste. Something was out of balance. Productivity surged, while wages fell and jobs disappeared. That left too much of everything – food, clothes, cars – and too few people to buy it. At one point, the going rate for corn was listed at minus three cents a bushel.” -- from the book “The Worst Hard Time: The Untold Story of Those Who Survived the Great American Dust Bowl” by Timothy Egan

- ◆ 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 was she and Will’s 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."

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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.

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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 began 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 than the calamitous one of 1873.

Timothy Egan's "The Worst Hard Time: The Untold Story of Those Who Survived the Great American Dust Bowl" tells of the immediate reaction to what would in hindsight be viewed as the start of the Depression:

It was nothing, brokers said, a correction at the end of a dizzying decade, the most prosperous in the story of the republic. It got worse, quickly. Over the next three weeks, the market lost 40 percent of its value, more than thirty-five billion dollars in shareholder equity—money enough to float a hemisphere of nations. The entire American federal budget was barely three billion dollars. For someone who had followed the advice of the day and taken their savings out of the bank and put it all into General Electric, say, shares had grown by 500 percent from 1925 to 1929. In a month, they lost it all. More likely, they had bought more shares on margin,

borrowing on the bet that stocks were going only skyward. To pay the margin loan after the crash – sometimes as high as 18 percent – they had to sell at a time when many stocks did not get any bids at all. Banks had gone on their own speculative binges, reaching into people's savings accounts to make millions in interest-free loans available to bank officers and other insiders for stock purchases. When stocks tanked, banks were hollowed until the money was gone. One company, Union Cigar, went from \$113 a share to \$4 – in a single day. The company's owner jumped to his death from a building on Wall Street.

As bad as it was for stockholders, only one in thirty Americans at the time counted themselves as such. This did not mean those without a literal stake in the market were unaffected, though – by no means.

In spite of the widespread suffering, multimillionaire 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 of migrant workers that sprang up “Hoovervilles.”

Society was so shaken, and so many people “fell through the cracks” (which were actually more like crevasses than cracks 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 of a record four times in 1932.

1930

Keep Your Senses

*Even in a crowd, well
You'll pick her out
Makes a bloke feel
So proud*

– from the song “Mrs. Brown You’ve Got a Lovely Daughter” by Herman’s Hermits

“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

“Put your hand on a hot stove for a minute and it seems like an hour, sit next to a pretty woman for an hour and it seems like a minute. That's relativity.” -- Albert Einstein

“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

“All the evidences indicate that the worst effects of the crash on unemployment will have passed during the next sixty days.” – Herbert Hoover, 1930

- ◆ Albert Kollenborn and Alice Green wed
- ◆ The Plow that Broke the Plains
- ◆ 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 all 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 of a geographical “Four Corners” region, 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 smidgen of “poetic license” is granted. The “almost” Four Corners of the AMOK states would meet, if the Oklahoma line was dropped 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 UNMAC states (Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado), 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 fruit pickers) up until the time of Tommy’s death, and were still making a go of their farming 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 at the time of writing) says, though, that Albert and Alice met there in Arkansas, on the Green farm—Albert walked across a field in which he was working (possibly at the Green farm itself) and introduced himself to Alice.

Albert and Alice were attracted to one another from the get-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 heaved *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 certain (now unknown) 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 Theodore's suit, we don't know. Although that rejection was doubtless a blow to his heart and ego, Theodore's 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 their children's children, 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 western Oklahoma (as well as other states), and the Branstuder's wheat and oat farm in the Verdigris river bottoms, between Claremore and Tulsa in the eastern part of the state, was probably not going so well, due to the prolonged drought the region was suffering. The Branstuders may also have grown hay, too--dust bowl ranchers in Kansas got hay trucked in for their livestock from eastern Oklahoma.

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Although eastern Oklahoma did suffer drought (or "drouth" as the people in the area invariably termed it) during the "dirty thirties," they did not bear the brunt of the wicked "dusters" (dust storms) those in the panhandle to the west did. The areas that suffered the most from the airborne migration of dirt, in approximate order of severity, were: western Kansas, the panhandles of both Oklahoma and Texas, southeastern Colorado, northeastern New Mexico, and southeastern Nebraska.

That having been said, those living in those regions were not the only ones to ever suffer from the dust storms. On May 9th, 1939, a storm

emanating from the plains carried three tons of dirt for every person then living in America first to Chicago and finally to the eastern seaboard. Timothy Egan's "The Worst Hard Time" describes it this way:

It covered Chicago at night, dumping an estimated six thousand tons, the dust slinking down walls as if every home and every office had sprung a leak. By morning, the dust fell like snow over Boston and Scranton, and then New York slipped under partial darkness. Now the storm was measured at 1,800 miles wide, a great rectangle of dust from the Great Plains to the Atlantic, weighing 350 million tons. In Manhattan, the streetlights came on at midday and cars used their headlights to drive. A sunny day, which had dawned cloudless, fell under a haze like that of a partial eclipse. From the observatory at the top of the Empire State Building, people looked into a soup unlike anything ever seen in midtown. They could not see the city below or Central Park just to the north. An off-white film covered the ledge. People coughed, rushed into hospitals and doctors' offices asking emergency help to clear their eyes. The harbor turned gray, the dust floating on the surface. The grass of the parks and the tulips rising to break the Depression fog were coated in fine sand. From Governors Island, visibility was so bad that a person could not see the boats just beyond the shore. Baseball players said they had trouble tracking fly balls.

Dust also reached the White House, where FDR was discussing drought relief. People from the east, who now had a taste of what the plainspeople had been experiencing, still didn't fully appreciate the sheer immensity of the plains, or what it would take to stop the soil from flying away. Of the many suggestions made for solving the problem, two in particular are worth recounting: One man suggested blacktopping the prairie (one wonders if he was in the paving business); another idea was to transport junk cars to the plains, to use them as weights to hold down the dirt.

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, 1936 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 old stomping grounds of Muskogee (located fifty miles from Sallisaw and fifty-seven miles from Verdigris).

Neither Albert nor the Branstuders became "exodusters" -- those who moved away, usually to the West and California in particular, during the Dust Bowl period. In fact, they first went the other direction--east, to Arkansas. Not in terms of their destination and experiences, 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 Weyerhaeuser). As with Lizzie, the Joad's next child was also a son. Oddly enough, that second Joad was named Al. Then comes "Rosasharn" Joad, compared with Lula Mae Branstuder; Ruthie Joad matched to Ruie Branstuder; and finally Winfield Joad and Juanita Branstuder. On the census record, Ruie is listed as Ruth, probably due to the census enumerator misunderstanding the girl's name.

<u>Lizzie's children</u>	<u>Joad children</u>
Albert	Al
Charles	Tom
Lula Mae	"Rosasharn" (Rose of Sharon)
Ruie	Ruthie
Juanita	Winfield

Many blamed God or drought for the hellacious conditions brought on by the Dust Bowl. What was truly responsible, though, was man's greed. Indirectly, at least, the first World War can also be held culpable.

The region that was hit hardest by the "dusters" had been grassland since time immemorial. It was a perfect habitat for bison, antelope, prairie chickens, and the original human caretakers, most particularly the Comanches, the "Lords of the Plains." Later, as the buffalo were slaughtered as a way of indirectly destroying the red man, ranchers brought in cattle and fed their bees on the seemingly endless miles of grass.

With World War I, though, everything changed: Europe's supply of bread was cut off when Russia's wheat crop became unavailable. This

opened up opportunity for wheat farmers in the United States. Grassland by the millions of acres was ripped out of the plains, and wheat was planted in its place. The plains experienced an above-average amount of rainfall for the first few years, and the wheat bonanza continued. By the time the weather returned to its normal pattern (arid), the soil's nutrients had been depleted by years of wheat cultivation.

To make matters worse, with the onset of the Depression, many farmers simply abandoned their fields, without planting anything on their uprooted land to bind the soil together. The combination of dry conditions, dirt held down by nothing, and wind (for which the prairie is famous) was a begging for trouble, a recipe for disaster. It comprised a "perfect storm" scenario for the violent transfer of soil from the plains to wherever the wind cared to carry it.

The dust storms which plagued the region in the 1930s were ominous in appearance, sound, and effect. More than mere nuisances, the storms did all the following: Produced static electricity so powerful that it could short out automobiles, stranding motorists, and knock people over if they kissed, or even shook hands; Embed so much grit and grime in the eyes of people and animals that these sometimes went blind; Precipitously drop temperatures (in one twenty-four period, the temperature fell 70 degrees); Brought accompanying winds commonly at and above 40 miles per hour.

The tiny dust granules were so invasive that they could get through windows and doors even when these were sealed shut, and into automobile carburetors, clogging them. Beyond invasive, the dust was extremely abrasive--so much so that it scraped paint off houses. People even died from the respiratory problems brought on or exacerbated by the dust. To guard against the static shock suffered by directly touching metal objects during these storms, homeowners covered doorknobs and oven handles with cloth. Chains were attached to cars to serve as a ground for the electricity in the atmosphere as the cars were driven. Hospitals had to postpone surgical procedures due to the impossibility of maintaining the necessary standard of cleanliness in the operating rooms.

Similar to the necessary precautions taken during times of blizzard, farmers tied strands of rope from their houses to their barns, so that they would not lose their way between the two in the howling, vertigo-inducing brownouts. More than one person was later discovered dead between where they were when a duster hit and their aimed-for place of relative safety.

And on the rare occasions during the 1930s when precipitation did occur in dust bowl country, the atmosphere was so choked with dust that rain often fell as mud, hail as dirt clods, and snow in dark flakes. Such storms were called "snusters" (mixtures of snow and dust) by those who experienced them firsthand.

The Dust Bowl lasted the entire decade of the 1930s, following abruptly on the heels of the freewheeling and uproarious 1920s. When it

was over, farmers in the region had lost an average of 480 tons of soil per acre.

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.

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The economic downturn 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.

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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 and 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 probably 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 Roosevelt 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 plenitude of Portuguese fishermen in the area practically guaranteed that at least a little wine would be available—port, to be precise.

Esther (Silva) Shannon's father Jeremiah Bliss Nelson by this time appears in Middlesex, New York, married to a woman named Gwendolyn. The family believes he worked for and eventually retired from the railroad while in that state.

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, and Roy was 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 Kollenborn was 15, and her sister Thora was 10. Thus, Emma may have known fourteen year old Robert Shannon, and Thora Kollenborn may have known eleven-year-old George Shannon and nine-year-old Eda Shannon. 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

"Loyalty to petrified opinions never yet broke a chain or freed a human soul in this world—and never will." -- Mark Twain

"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.”*

In an attempt to jump-start their moribund Depression-era economy, the state of Nevada on March 19th legalized gambling.

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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. But as is shown in 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 had 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.

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Theodore Roosevelt Shannon, Esther (Nelson) 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

Besides the Dug Hill, Arkansas, area, the Kollenborns lived in Joplin and Springfield, Missouri as well as Oberlin, Kansas during the 1930s. 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.

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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 in California exclusively their whole lives, 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 1941, 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. As regards 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.

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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 ideological 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 who 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.

During the violent repulsion, many people were injured, several seriously, and two World War I veterans were shot to death.

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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

“We have a political system that awards office to the most ruthless, cunning, and selfish of mortals, then act surprised when those willing to do anything to win power are equally willing to do anything with it.” -- Michael Rivero

“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, or four Marks to one Dollar. 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 “Führer.”

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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 yet 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.

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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.

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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.

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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 jump-start 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 response to the dire consequences of over-farming the southern plains (the “Dust Bowl”), FDR had 220 million trees planted between the North Dakota/Canada border and just south of Amarillo, Texas. This arboreal band was to serve a three-fold purpose: Serve as a wind-break; check soil erosion; provide jobs for the unemployed.

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
- ◆ Dust Storms Increase

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, having been nabbed for income tax evasion three years earlier, in 1931.

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

It didn’t take long for the FBI to get their first men (and woman). Bonnie Parker and Clyde Champion Darrow were killed by FBI agents May 23rd in Siles, Louisiana. Also killed in separate incidents this year

were anti-heroes Charles 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 for some of them of the Great 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.

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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 & Hardy.

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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 his 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).

Exactly one week after Theodore Jr. was born, both journalist/broadcaster Charles Kuralt and baseball player Roger Maris were born. In 1961, Maris would break fellow New York Yankee Babe Ruth’s single season home run record (albeit with an asterisk in the record books, because when Ruth hit his 60, only 154 games were scheduled, and when Maris hit 61, 162 games were played).

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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.

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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*.

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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.

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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 amenities. 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 Hauptmann--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 not 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 not make any appointment just now. We know very well what it means to us. It is (is it) really 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 be 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 not 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 too 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 “NOTE-uh” 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 surnames such as “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,” but certainly 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.

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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 government man cared to follow. The last of the Seminole holdouts didn't sign a treaty with the United States until this year.

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Following the perhaps well-intentioned but disastrous Dawes Act of 1887, Indian land had been reduced by 63%. As for individual Indians, two-thirds of them either had no land at all or did not have enough to derive a living from.

The so-called "Indian Reorganization Act" (officially the Wheeler-Howard Act, AKA "The Indian New Deal") was passed this year. The Dawes Act had abolished the Reservation system; the Indian Reorganization Act re-established it. This was prompted, at least partially, by the results of the Merriam Report, which documented the impact that the Dawes Act had had on Indians. The results had proven to be a dramatic increase among them of poverty, disease, and untimely death.

Ostensibly, the Indian Reorganization Act restored to Indians the right to live and worship in a traditional manner (see the 1887 and 1890 chapters 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, and a fostering of native Arts and Culture (after many had been forcibly prevented from speaking their own language or engaging in their own customs for decades).

Thus, the government flip-flopped again as to its policy towards Indians: First, they gathered them up and forced them on to reservations. Then they broke up the reservations. Now, they reformulated and re-instituted the reservation system.

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Dust storms on the plains increased in frequency and intensity this year. There were four dust storms in January, seven in February, the same number in March, and then fourteen in April – one of them lasting twelve hours. There ended up being a total of 56 for the year. This was "nothing," though, in comparison with what was to come – there would be 134 in 1937. Even sooner than that, a duster so bad that the day on

which it took place came to be known as “Black Sunday” was to take place in 1935.

Even in this early stage of dust storms on the southern plains, though, conditions were more than bad enough. One man, summoned to the hospital as his pregnant wife's labor pains intensified, got his car stuck in a drift on the way. He walked two miles through the storm to a farmhouse. His car was eventually extricated with the aid of the farmer and his tractor. The man continued his journey to see his wife and baby when, visibility being what it was (nearly nil), he entered a corner too fast and tipped his car over. At first, he thought he was pinned in the wreckage, but was finally able to free himself, crawl up and out through the passenger-side window, pull the car back over onto its wheels, and continue his sojourn. He walked into the delivery room, bruised and battered and bleeding from the accident, eyelids mud-clogged, fingers stained with oil, just in time to see his wife give birth to their firstborn.

Doubtless he felt the travails he had been through to get there had been amply compensated by the joy of seeing his wife and newborn. However, he would endure a similar ordeal a few years later, but this time it would culminate tragically: The same child would die from dust pneumonia. This time, the father was not able to make it to the hospital until an hour after his child had died.

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

“We dream of the faint gurgling sound of dry soil sucking in the grateful moisture, but we wake to another day of wind and dust and hopes deferred.” -- Caroline Henderson, resident of Oklahoma during the Dust Bowl

“Expectation postponed is making the heart sick, but the thing desired is a tree of life when it does come.” -- Proverbs 13:12

- ◆ Elvis Presley born Mississippi
- ◆ Amelia Earhart First Woman to Solo Across the Pacific
- ◆ Black Sunday
- ◆ Will Rogers killed in Plane Crash
- ◆ Social Security Law Established
- ◆ Statewide Irrigation in California

Elvis Presley was born January 8th to a sharecropping family 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.”

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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.

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The “mother of all dust storms” struck the southern plains this year, on April 14th, a day henceforth infamized as “Black Sunday.” The moving mob of dirt measured two hundred miles in width, reached an estimated two thousand feet into the sky, and was propelled by sixty-five mile-per-hour winds. It was just one of hundreds of dusters in the decade, but one that etched itself ignominiously in the memories of those who endured its onslaught.

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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 doubtless 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 Point Barrow, 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—who two years earlier had become the first person to fly solo around the world--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.

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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. Depending on which authority you lend more credence, the first benefit was paid either less than three years later, on April 27th, 1937, or on January 31st, 1940.

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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" by Robert Cushman

- ◆ Max Schmeling KOs Joe Louis
- ◆ Jesse Owens and Adolf Hitler
- ◆ 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."

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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.

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Black American Jesse Owens won four medals at the Olympics in Berlin this year. In spite of this feat, he was snubbed by master racist Adolf Hitler.

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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 Earhart and hometown heroine Louise--such feats may have seemed as unexpected as an invasion of Martians.

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, in 1929, to greet local-girl-makes-good Louise McPhedren Thaden as she landed at that airport 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 popular name in Benton County at the time. One of the other Alices in the area was Louise's sister Alice McPhedren, who was four years older than Alice Green.

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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 Esther. Instead, Gertrude Irene Shannon was named for her paternal grandmother. She was born on June 24th, at a logging camp named Camp Baker. Pop and Esther would have only one more child, and his first given name would be the same as that of 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).

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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 is also situated between Kansas City, Kansas and Denver--which are both important railroad hubs--Albert was probably working for the railroad at this time.

Like many young married couples, Albert and Alice had a rough row to hoe at first. Early in their married life, they worked in the fields picking fruit. After at most a few years, Albert landed a job with the

railroad, which was doubtless a big step up for the family financially. However, Alice did not like the frequent absences from home that were necessary with Albert's railroad job. Although Albert loved being a railroad 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 much for that type of work, though. He may have developed an aversion to farming while working for or with his stepfather Jim Branstuder on farms when he was growing up. 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 Weyerhaeuser in Coos Bay, Oregon, from whose employ he retired).

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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 did the driving as they drove across the country (or perhaps they came west by train). James' only other son besides Harry, namely 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 from the time they moved to California until she was sixteen (1936). Thora recalls her grandfather James being a kind, gentle man. James visited them off and on until his death three years later.

1938

Comebacks, Underdogs, Martians, Super Heros, and 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"

"Whistle While You Work!" – from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

"Horse sense is the thing a horse has which keeps it from betting on people." -- W.C. Fields

"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

- ◆ 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
- ◆ New England Hurricane
- ◆ 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 visage. 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 the first full-length animated talking picture, a cartoon movie that was destined to be a classic: *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. A different type of “comic book” also burst onto the scene this year, you might say “with the power of a speeding bullet.” Superman, the Kryptonite-challenged Metropolitan, 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. In the latter part of the year, they relocated again, this time to American Tank, near Carlotta (formerly Cuddeback) in neighboring Humboldt County.

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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. Additionally, Oberlin was located in the region hardest hit by the dust bowl, and the Kollenborns may have taken the health of the family, especially that of the children they already had and the one about to be born, into account. Northwestern Arkansas was certainly a more salubrious clime than the dust-choked over-plowed plains of that time.

As her mother Alice Gladys Green had been, Rosie Lee Kollenborn was born at the Green homestead in Dug Hill, outside of Bentonville (in which town—the county seat--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 in that area until 1942, when one was built in Bentonville. In fact, it was just at this time that it had become 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 whom had two middle names, one of which was Lee in each case). Lee was also the surname of Albert’s maternal great-grandmother. Another possibility, though much less likely, is 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 previously, 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, after all, *really* Albert's intent—to name his daughter Rosie Lee? Although that would certainly seem natural, 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 version reached #6.

If one wants to get technical about it, another bone can be picked regarding what is stated on the birth certificate as to location of the birth. The certificate states 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, lest there be confusion on the point, is by no means intended 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 and actor Dennis Weaver.

The extended Green family was captured on film this year in Arkansas:

{{ 11_1938ExtendedGreenFamily.tif – half page }}

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, James "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)

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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 unmarried 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. What she expected him to do about that situation is unknown. At any rate, Albert missed the funerals. 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.

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In 1919, the eight-hour work day had become the norm. This year, the forty-hour work week gained the same status, when the Fair Labor Standards Act, passed in 1938, went into effect. These figures became the standard length of time to work, and since that time those who exceed them in a day and/or in a week are customarily (but by no means always) paid overtime.

It took stepwise refinement for workers to gradually achieve this milestone of a forty-hour work week. It first had to be reduced from seventy-two to sixty, and then fifty, before it could settle at forty. Yes, at one time, six-day weeks of twelve-hour days were the norm. When this was reduced to six 10-hour days for the lumber mill workers in Humboldt County in 1892, they rejoiced. Genzoli and Martin's booklet *Redwood Country—Legacy of the Pioneer: The Real Western Frontier Tells its Own Story* reported on this in a story entitled "Advent of the Short Ten Hour Day" as follows:

Back in May 15, 1892, things around the edge of Humboldt Bay had a brighter hue, for the mill workers had agreed to extend the qualities of the ten hour day, six days per week, without a complaint. It was better than the wearing 12 hour days they had been working.

...

In its resolution the Millmen's Union stated:

“WHEREAS, Experience had demonstrated that ten hours constituting a day's work, is not satisfactory to employers in this county and to the employed, and

“WHEREAS, We are convinced that a longer period of labor is a hardship to the employees, breaking them down physically and depriving them of the time necessary for their mental improvement and the acquisition of the intelligence and knowledge so essential to a proper discharge of the duties of citizenship, and

“WHEREAS, the happy experience in this county of a ten hour system has shown that positive benefits have accrued to labor; the social and intellectual standard advanced among laborers generally, the whole community measurably benefited Be it therefore

“Resolved, By this general meeting of millmen, assembled in Eureka, that we are utterly opposed to any attempts to a discontinuance of the said ten hour system and we view with alarm and dissatisfaction any movement of any class having for its object the return of the system formerly in vogue...”

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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 Aryan muscleman and “Great White Hope” Max Schmeling.

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Do you prefer seafood or Italian? The underdog (underhorse?) Seabiscuit won the DelMar race in southern California this year, although the big blueblood Eastern horse Ligaroti was favored to win.

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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 clarifying the fictional nature of the presentation.

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.

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John Steinbeck, who would write a series of articles and then a Pulitzer Prize-winning novel on the situation , was researching the living conditions of migrant workers moving into California from Dust Bowl states this year. The climatic 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,*

...

*Ö 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

*The only fish you get downtown
ain't caught with a hook and sinker
Put on your brakes beep beep honk your horn
Look out now turn on your blinker
Gimme that country side of life
Where I can stretch out right
Gimme the countryside*
--from the song "Country Side of Life" by Wet Willie

*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
- ◆ Einstein Writes Roosevelt

The last decade or so of James Kollenborn's life was spent in dry and hot Wichita, Kansas. 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 own death in 1925.

Still the largest city in Kansas today, Wichita was even in 1939 a thriving metropolis. Although not incorporated 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 Castle, 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—knowingly or otherwise--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 had apparently also died 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 aware of his grandfather's death.

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The novel which chronicles the plight of the "Okies" 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.

Neither eastern Oklahoma, where Steinbeck's fictional Joad family had lived, nor Arkansas, where the Branstuders and Kollenborns lived, were part of the Dust Bowl area *per se*, but eastern Oklahoma was suffering from drought, and cotton farming in both Arkansas and Missouri had tanked. Thus, the general exodus to the west included many from these areas in addition to the dust bowl area proper.

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, even if but a temporary one, from their worries and misery. Hollywood provided a measure of such escapism. Movie ticket prices were low enough that sixty percent of the populace were able to attend at least one movie per week.

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Many movies destined to become classics reached the theaters this year: *Gone with the Wind*, the pro-southern 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 *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, from James Hilton's novel of the same title.

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DC Comics followed up on its success of the previous year with the man of steel who came from space and 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.”

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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.

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Albert Einstein wrote a letter to President Roosevelt this year, in which he presented his arguments for the scientific feasibility of atomic weapons. Einstein urged the President to pursue rapid formation of a U.S. atomic program.

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

"Your president says this country is not going to war." – Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1940

"It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets." -- Voltaire

"What's up, doc?" – Bugs Bunny

- ◆ U.S. Prepares for War
- ◆ Carleton Shannon born California

This year, one-third of American farms had electricity. Those that did could 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 by the war in Europe.

Preparations were already being made for war in America, too, though. Congress passed the Selective Service Act. Just two weeks after FDR uttered the words quoted above about American boys not being sent to foreign wars, *The Iola Register* reported on this, in that newspaper's July 26th edition:

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.

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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."

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

“It took me like three hours to finish the shading on your upper lip. It's probably the best drawing I've ever done.” -- Jon Heder as Napoleon Dynamite, from the movie of the same name

“After I'm dead I'd rather have people ask why I have no monument than why I have one.” -- Cato the Elder

- ◆ Lend/Lease
- ◆ Pearl Harbor
- ◆ Humboldt College Camouflaged
- ◆ Mount Rushmore Sculptures Completed
- ◆ Kollenborns move to Idaho

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 by the U.S. to 38 nations.

The assistance was given to help these nations 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.

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At 7:55 on Sunday morning, December 7th, 181 carrier-based Japanese planes attacked the U.S. Navy base at 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, the Shannon family moved again, this time to Camp 3, Ten Mile Camp. The children attended school at Camp 2.

Albert Kollenborn also contemplated joining the Air Force at this time. With several children to care for, though, he ultimately decided against it. There *was* a Kollenborn from Idaho (probably a distant cousin of Al's) who did fly in WWII, namely Mac Kollenborn.

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.

The day after the attack, Congress declared war on Japan. One day later, on the 9th of December, China also declared war on Germany and Italy as well as Japan. The next day, Japan invaded the Philippines, concentrating first on the capital, Manila. By the middle of May, Japanese forces 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 thus 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 his home of

Rome. He apparently didn't consider any other city worthy of special consideration.

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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 a business, 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*, Starr 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 attaché 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.

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On the last day of October, the Mount Rushmore National Memorial was completed, after 14 years of blasting and chipping, polishing and sanding. From left to right, the luminaries depicted, standing stone-faced against the windy plain, are George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln. Although the others hailed--comparatively anyway--from "ancient history," Roosevelt was only eight years in his grave at the time.

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The Albert Kollenborn family relocated to Idaho from Arkansas this year. The Kollenborns had not gone to California from the AMOK states during the Dust Bowl, as many others from that area 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 the attack on Pearl Harbor, many from Benton County moved to California to work in the defensive industry.

Why, of all places, did the Kollenborns move to the pork chop-shaped state of Idaho? It had been talked up by relatives--Charles and Bill Logston's sister Grace and her husband George Cottrell--who had moved to southern Idaho from Oklahoma.

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 they could in Arkansas. Once irrigated, the "sagebrush," as the desert-y part of southern Idaho was called, 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 foremost potato pantry.

Idaho's reputation for its "famous potatoes" (which is the motto on their 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 simply filling a demand—a demand was actually *created*, as per capita consumption of French fries grew sevenfold from 1960 to 1984—from two pounds per year to fourteen.

French fries were introduced to the United States by none other than Thomas Jefferson, who had enjoyed the strips of fried potatoes while serving as Ambassador to France. For this reason, apparently, they became known as "French fries" here, while in actuality "pommes frites," as they are known in Europe, are of Belgian origin.

The Kollenborns resided in two counties and three towns in southern Idaho: Rupert, which is in Minidoka County, and Burley and Declo, which are located 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, 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 Euro-Americans.

The Green women 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 guerrilla

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, invented in Germany in 1886 by Karl Benz, 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 and arid California, or rainy and 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 Delaware thrown in for good measure--*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 because “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 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 in-laws 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 settle 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.

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 or may not have had something to do with his not writing.

Lizzie would cry as she read about her grandchildren 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.

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 Theodore Geisel (Dr. Seuss)

*"If the misery of the poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions,
great is our sin."* -- Charles Darwin

*"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither
liberty nor safety."* -- Benjamin Franklin

- ◆ 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 Euro-Americans 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 Euro-American females, but rather that they were excelling in business, particularly in agriculture. By 1920, there were more Euro-Americans working for Japanese employers in California than vice versa. Although many of them had been in America just as long or longer than their Euro-American counterparts--many of whom were of German or Italian descent--110,000 of them ended up being incarcerated, or "interned," during World War II.

Tens of thousands of Japanese 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.

Native Americans were also taken advantage of during the war as a result of government action. One and a half million acres of their land in Arizona, South Dakota, and Alaska was taken from them for use in the war effort. Among the ways their land was used was: As gunnery ranges, for nuclear test sites, and...internment camps for these very Japanese-Americans.

As of October 12th of this year, though, Italian nationals would no longer be considered enemy aliens. A year and a day later, Italy would reverse its alliances and proclaim war on Germany, its former Axis power partner.

One of the Japanese internment camps was located in Minidoka County (where the Albert Kollenborn family was living) north of Twin Falls and 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 and distrust 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 utterly groundless. 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 (near where Pop Shannon and his family were living), then proceeded further south to San Francisco. Operating off San Francisco, Nishino 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 would have instantly earned its place (in infamy) in American history. This would have been the first time since the War of 1812 that a foreign power had directly attacked an American mainland 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 the two and-a-half years of internment.

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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 Mexico 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, as previously mentioned, Albert had given 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, labor 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.

In the United States this year, on November 13th, the minimum draft age was reduced from twenty-one to eighteen.

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. Also, wartime shortages caused the government to ration shoes: Each person was restricted to purchase at most three pairs for the remainder of the year.

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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 to which 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, Calvin 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).

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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.

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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.

{{ 12_1944PopShannonFamily.tif – half page }}

Theodore Roosevelt Shannon family circa 1944. Back row: Theodore Roosevelt "Pop" and Esther Shannon. Front row: Bill, Laura, Theodore Russell, Trudy, and Carleton

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Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who had been President throughout the Great Depression and World War II, was re-elected to an unprecedented fourth term at the end of the year. Such an unusual showing will also remain unmatched, as consecutive 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) Crook

"Had I right, for my own benefit, to inflict this curse upon everlasting generations? ...for the first time, the wickedness of my promise burst upon me; I shuddered to think that future ages might curse me as their pest, whose selfishness had not hesitated to buy its own peace at the price, perhaps, of the existence of the whole human race." – from the book "Frankenstein" by Mary Shelley

"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

"Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we know about peace, more about killing than we know about living." -- General Omar Bradley

"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 of this year. An air traffic controller at La Guardia airport

wanted the pilot to land there instead of continuing on, 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, New Jersey, wanted to continue the flight anyway, and got permission from the military to do so.

The fog was so thick that the pilot descended in an attempt to regain visibility. Once he saw where he was--right in the middle of Manhattan, surrounded by skyscrapers—the pilot 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 in a free fall 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 fewer people were in the building than would have been on a weekday. It was quite unfortunate, though, that the very floor into which the plane crashed was one of those in which people were working.

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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. Apparently being the type of person to wear both suspenders and a belt, Adolf Hitler poisoned and then shot himself on April 30th. And so it was that the man who brought a "New Deal" to America was dead, and the diabolical psychopath who had brought destruction and devastation to Europe was, also. 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.

FDR had been the only President to be elected to more than two terms of office. He had died shortly after his fourth term began. To prevent a virtual "reign" of power by any one administration, the 22nd Amendment

to the Constitution was ratified on February 26th, 1951, limiting a president to two consecutive terms in office.

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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 a 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 fully down for the count.

Forty-four months after Japan attacked the military installation at Pearl Harbor, and after having 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 then 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 immeasurable.

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.

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Throughout America, the news that the war (not called World War II until this year, its last) 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 the United States 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 pursuing *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.

Within hours of the Japanese surrender, Communist leader Ho Chi Minh proclaimed the independence of his country, naming it the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Twenty-four years to the day later, in the midst of a war fought there, Minh died.

In September, Pop Shannon's brother Calvin returned from his overseas stint with the navy. For all intents and purposes, the war was over. Nevertheless, president Harry S. Truman did not officially proclaim an end to the hostilities until the last day of 1946.

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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 displace and supplant, was released this year.

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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.

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

"They say he has grit. I wanted a man with grit." -- Kim Darby as Mattie Ross in the movie "True Grit"

"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 (on the professional level).

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 theme in the warp and weave of daily American life. What happened in baseball was bound to affect other aspects of life. A broader program of integration would become official policy the next year.

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Fearing Russia taking over other countries, leading to a domino or virus-like effect on the balance of power, President Harry Truman this year issued what is known as the Truman Doctrine. Its immediate catalyst was fear that Greece and Turkey could otherwise become communistic. This program, 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."

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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 rigueur*. 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 Desegregated
- ◆ 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 desegregating its forces.

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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 to be the West. The West as we now view it was at that time 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 1940s 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 from Missouri first to Washoe (Nevada) with his Territorial Secretary brother Orion, and then on to California in the 1860s.

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For the last time, Pop Shannon moved back to the ranch he owned in Trinity County, in order 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 older 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 Robert. Not as badly injured as was Calvin, Robert 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 another brother, Howard, attempted to drive to Will and Gertie’s house in Orland (only about one hundred miles east as the crow flies, 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. 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.

The "Belle" mentioned above was Robert'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 fiancé, 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, the town of Fort Bragg, California is oft-misunderstood. Whereas mountainous Idaho is sometimes confused with corn and pig-rich Iowa, many confuse this small 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 North Carolina, the fort was named for Braxton Bragg (who would later become 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); the 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 of States--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 stereotypes 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.

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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."

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As a fitting segue, perhaps, from the last item, former President Herbert Hoover--who had followed a *laissez faire* approach when he was President regarding the economic problems the nations faced during his term in office (the Great Depression), saying, in effect, "Hands off! Don't intervene. Leave it alone, and eventually it will right itself"--this year recommended that the government open up Indian lands to mineral exploitation, terminate government services to Indians, and remove the nontaxable status of their lands.

When things were bad for the white people, Hoover wouldn't lift a finger to help. When things were bad for the Indians, he wanted to raise a gloved fist and an iron heel to smash and stomp them.

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

"Readers who may wonder at the absence of a publisher's imprint are informed that this book was published by the author. This was made necessary when he learned that no commercial publisher, due to the political temper of the times, would undertake the publication or distribution of the book...He hopes that for some future edition, at a time when it would not subject them to danger and reprisal, to be able to name these people and extend personal thanks to each in turn." – from the novel "Spartacus" by Howard Fast, published 1951

*"WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH"* -- from "1984" by George Orwell

- ◆ 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 64% (almost two-thirds) of Americans living in cities.

In 1950, the average home cost \$8,000, the average car cost \$1,500, rent was typically \$75 per month, and a uniformed attendant would pump a gallon of gas into your car for 18 cents. He would also wash your windows, check your cars' fluid levels, and possibly give you stamps that could be saved up and redeemed for items such as towels and dishes.

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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 apparently just a blank sheet of paper (McCarthy later claimed to have misplaced the list). McCarthy succeeded in getting many Hollywood people "blacklisted" by accusing

them of communism, which branded them as being too risky to work with--whether the accusations had any basis in truth or not.

This national nightmare would last for another four years.

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The Korean War began on June 25th, 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.

Actually, the confrontation is not considered to have been a war, but a "police action," or simply a "conflict." Whatever you call the involvement the two sides had with each other, it was not officially terminated until 1991, or 38 years after fighting had ceased in 1953. It was not until then that North Korea and South Korea finally signed a treaty of reconciliation and nonaggression.

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 feared a "domino effect" if they lost South Korea to the communist camp. They were afraid that one "conversion" to communism would lead to another, then another, until they were outnumbered and out-gunned 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. America responded by sending "military advisers" and supplies, and contributed millions of dollars to the cause.

This was just the beginning of American involvement in the quagmire there, though. America would remain entangled in one way or another with the problems in Vietnam from Truman's Presidency at this time and on through Eisenhower's, Kennedy's, Johnson's (and how!), and finally end in Nixon's era.

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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.” – Robert Duval as Ned Pepper addressing John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in the movie “True Grit”

“57 Channels and Nothin’ On” – from the song of the same name by Bruce Springsteen

“I find television very educating. Every time somebody turns on the set, I go into the other room and read a book.” -- Groucho Marx

“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 pretty much represented all the choices a viewer had).

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 seemingly unable, or at least 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 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 theater-sized models); the images are in color; you can record any shows you like--and yet, how often is the quality of the product worthy of being watched, let alone recorded?

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 families 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 commercialism. 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.

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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

"Hit the point once. Then come back and hit it again. Then hit it a third time -- a tremendous whack." -- Winston Churchill

- ◆ 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.

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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 the Fort Bragg hospital. Albert went to work as an auto mechanic for Reuel Eubanks.

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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." -- Theodore Geisel (Dr. Seuss)

The low is always lower than the high
– from the song "Reasons to Quit" by Merle Haggard

"Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies...a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children." -- Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1953

"A government which robs Peter to pay Paul can always depend on the support of Paul." -- George Bernard Shaw

"In general, the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one party of the citizens to give to the other." -- Voltaire

- ◆ 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.

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The war/conflict/police action in Korea had been raging for three years, in see-saw fashion: North Korea's capital of Pyongyang 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, anyway, the situation seemed to remain 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 Jim Croce

“In the first place God made idiots; that was for practice; then he made school boards.”
-- Mark Twain

*“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 sense of
decency?”* – Joseph Welch, lawyer for the U.S. Army, addressing Senator Joseph
McCarthy

*“He that is excavating a pit will fall into the same, and he that is rolling away a stone—
back to him it will return.”* -- Proverbs 26:27

- ◆ Pop and Esther Shannon Divorce
- ◆ Earthquake in Arcata, Kollenborns Stay Put
- ◆ Modern Civil Rights Era Begins
- ◆ Army/McCarthy Hearings

Separated since November of 1952, Pop and Esther (Nelson) Shannon officially brought a complete end to their marriage when they divorced on March 18th of this year. Pop would end up having been involved in two twenty-three year marriages: The first ending in divorce this year, the second ending with his death in 1979.

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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.

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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 alphabetically 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 theaters, etc.) for the races, albeit supposedly "*equal but separate*" (which was virtually never, if ever, really 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 of 1954 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, in the end, achieved. 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, public transportation and restaurants would be integrated, albeit only after much suffering.

In his book "Walking With the Wind: A Memoir of the Movement," which chronicles the Civil Rights movement, John Lewis, a very active participant in that movement, wrote of his reaction on finding out about the court's decision in the *Brown* case:

Near the end of my freshman year, on a May morning in 1954, I read something that stunned me, just absolutely turned my world upside down. The U.S. Supreme Court had finally handed down its decision in the school desegregation case of Brown v. the Board of Education of Topeka. The ruling declared that the "separate but equal" doctrine, on which

almost the entire institution of segregation was based, was unconstitutional. I remember the feeling of jubilation I had reading the newspaper story – all the newspaper stories – that day. Everything was going to change now. No longer would I have to ride a broken-down bus almost forty miles each day to attend classes at a “training” school with hand-me-down books and supplies. Come fall I’d be riding a state-of-the-art bus to a state-of-the-art school, and integrated school.

It was not to be that easy, though. Lewis went on to report about the backlash:

All that spring I searched the papers for news of Alabama’s plans for desegregating its schools. Instead, what I saw were stories quoting state politicians derisively referring to the day of that Supreme Court decision as Black Monday and making clear that they had no intention of obeying the ruling. I read about branches of something called White Citizens Councils – coat-and-tie versions of the Ku Klux Klan – forming in Georgia and Mississippi. As for the Klan itself, there were reports of hooded marches and midnight cross burnings across the state of Alabama. I heard talk that summer of black men being beaten and even castrated – not in Pike County, but in places just like it. I didn’t know if that talk was true, but I didn’t doubt it was possible...as I began my sophomore year in the fall of 1954 by climbing onto the same beat-up school bus and making the same twenty-mile trip to the same segregated high school I’d attended the year before. Brown v. The Board of Education notwithstanding, nothing in my life had changed.

The ruling was a sign of hope for black Americans. They had been promised many things before, though, by white America. As civil rights activist and lawyer Charles Houston put it, “Nobody needs to explain to a Negro the difference between the law in books and the law in action.”

It was a start, though. This year is, in fact, considered the beginning of the modern Civil Rights moment, which ran, according to the producers of the book and video series “Eyes on the Prize,” from 1954-1965. It was doubtless an impetus to the Montgomery bus boycott, which would begin three months after the *Brown v. Board of Education* ruling was handed down.

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Joe McCarthy went too far in 1954 when he accused the U.S. Army of being riddled with communists. To President Dwight D. Eisenhower--a career military man--this allegation seemed fishy, to say the least. Eisenhower 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

"Freedom has never been free... I love my children and I love my wife with all my heart. And I would die, and die gladly, if that would make a better life for them."

--Medgar Evers

"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 buses in order 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 had reached the breaking point, the point of no return. She was tired from working all day, and tired of such degrading shenanigans. The humiliation she had had to suffer included not just having to sit towards the back of the bus, and give up her seat to whites when seating was scarce, but also having to exit the bus after paying her fare and then entering the bus from its rear door.

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, Jr., decided to boycott the buses (whose best customers were those from the African-American community).

At first, black cab companies agreed to provide transportation to the boycotters for the same ten cents they paid when they rode the bus. They were eventually legally prevented from continuing this practice, though, as they were required to charge a minimum of forty-five cents per fare. Thereafter, those who owned cars agreed to drop off those who didn't at

their places of work. In some cases, the white employers themselves picked up their employees. Three white men from a nearby Air Force base did their part, too, in shuttling the blacks to and from work in their automobiles.

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. 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, Jr., Medgar Evers, and James Meredith--would manifest itself all too plainly in the years to come.

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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 gray monstrosity, which has spread outward to engulf everything within miles.

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Rock Around the Clock, the song that many consider the harbinger of rock ‘n’ roll, delighted most kids and outraged many of 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, starting from this year it can be said that rock ‘n’ roll was here to stay.

1956

I'll Meet You Halfway

*Now there's a beautiful river in the valley ahead
Where 'neath the oak's boughs soon we will be wed
Should we lose each other in the shadow of the evening trees
I'll wait for you
And should I fall behind
Wait for me*

-- from the song "If I Should Fall Behind" by Bruce Springsteen

"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

"You ain't goin' nowhere, son. You ought to go back to drivin' a truck." -- Jim Denny, (Manager of the Grand Ole Opry) to Elvis Presley, 1954

- ◆ 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.

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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 apparently been born in Washington State (some believe she was born in New York state, but records say Washington), 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.

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The day after the Shannon/Kollenborn nuptials, Elvis Presley really hit the big time. Elvis was already all over the radio, but on September 9th, he made his television debut. His hit songs this year included “Heartbreak Hotel,” “Blue Suede Shoes,” and “Don’t Be Cruel.” He became the talk and shock of the nation, though, when he made his famous shown-only-from-the-waist up (due to his supposedly sexually suggestive dance gyrations) appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*--a forum on which the Beatles also would make a historic appearance eight years later, when they “invaded” America, to the delight of hordes of adoring adolescents.

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 in an up-until-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 youths 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.

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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.

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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.

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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

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Chuck Berry duck-walked 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.

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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, relocated in Los Angeles. Nowadays California has a whopping five major league baseball teams. Besides the Dodgers and the Giants, there are the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim (formerly known as both the California Angels and the Anaheim Angels), the San Diego Padres, and the 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

“You see them two horses down there? They brought us.” -- Eric “Hoss” Cartwright (Dan Blocker), in an episode of “Bonanza,” after being asked what brought he and his brother “Little Joe” (Michael Landon) to town

“Although it is within the realm of possibility to escort equus caballus to a location providing a potable mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, one cannot coerce said mammal to imbibe.” (You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink) -- Unknown wag

- ◆ 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 Weyerhaeuser, 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 Euro-American 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—the majority of 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 brought 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 entities', 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 breach 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 "town" replete with houses, businesses, water towers, a roundhouse, trees, bushes, hills, and a variety 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 nostalgia world.

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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.

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On January 3rd, Texas lost bragging rights as the largest state in the Union. Alaska is over twice as large (and it would take three Californias, 12 New Yorks, or 470 Rhode Islands to equal it in size). 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 considered strictly from a financial standpoint. Oil revenues alone have repaid that investment many times over.

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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.

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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 Cartwright and his three sons Adam, "Hoss," and "Little Joe"--and sometimes a ranch hand named Candy and Hop Sing, their Chinese cook. The Cartwrights had their hands on their 600,000-acre spread, but always found a way to survive with their integrity and 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

"Under the tousled boyish hair cut it is still old Karl Marx." -- Ronald Reagan, 1960, referring to John F. Kennedy

"[Nixon] is a filthy, lying sob, and a very dangerous man." -- John F. Kennedy, 1960

"I recollect you used to pick that git-tar fairly tolerable." -- Andy Griffith

- ◆ "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 the widower 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), Ernest T. Bass, Sam Jones, and--last but not least--"Ain't" (Aunt) Bee, who fussed over Andy and Opie, keeping their house clean, their hearts warm, and their bellies full.

Like the Cartwrights of "Bonanza," the Taylors of North Carolina took care of one another--and their friends. The "Andy Griffith Show" later morphed into "Mayberry, RFD."

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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.

Greensboro was not the only location where sit-ins were taking place. Another hot spot was Nashville, Tennessee, where the civil disobedience

attracted so much publicity that Tennessee Governor Buford Ellington claimed that television station CBS was behind the sit-ins there.

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The first oral contraceptive, Enovid—popularly known simply as “the pill,” was introduced this year.

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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 have occasion for giving 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!

1961

Rabble Rousers and Bomb Shelters

"The citizens of the state are so enraged that I cannot guarantee protection for this bunch of rabble-rousers." – Alabama Governor John Patterson

"Segregation now! Segregation tomorrow! Segregation forever!" – Alabama Governor George Wallace

"Alabama will have to face the fact that we are determined to be free." – Martin Luther King, Jr.

"I think that the people in this part of the world would do well to listen to Dr. Martin Luther King and give him what he's asking for and give it to him fast, before some other factions come along and try to do it another way." – Malcolm X

"In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."

"We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together." -- from Dwight Eisenhower's farewell address of January 17, 1961

- ◆ Boynton v. Virginia
- ◆ Freedom Riders
- ◆ President Kennedy Recommends Bomb Shelters

Slowly but surely, segregation was being torn down, at least from a legal standpoint. This year's *Boynton v. Virginia* case extended the federal ban on segregation to all public transportation terminals for interstate travel.

What this meant was that bus stations, in order to comply with this law, would have to remove their signs segregating users of rest rooms, water fountains, and snack bars--no more signs designating one facility as "colored" and others as being reserved for "whites only" would be allowed.

For the law to become reality, though, for the theory to be put into practice, it had to be tested. People would actually have to force the issue to provoke a confrontation between the federal government, which had enacted the law, and the individual southern states, which would try to ignore it. This is where the groups of volunteers who came to be known as Freedom Riders came in.

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CORE (Congress Of Racial Equality) organized an invasion of the south to test the new law and thus set a precedent for future response by the authorities to any who wanted to exercise their rights in this regard. The core (no pun intended) intent of the action was to dramatize segregation in the South and to see to it that the new law did not exist solely on paper but would indeed be enforced.

This was actually not the first ride of its type, or with the same purpose. A similar one had taken place fourteen years earlier, in 1947. That trip, also made by bus, was termed the Journey of Reconciliation, and was also undertaken in response to a law which made segregation *on* interstate buses illegal (not in the bus terminals, but just on the buses themselves). That first trip, which planned to make a tour of the “Upper South” states of Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina, ended when twelve of the riders were arrested in North Carolina for violating a state segregation law, for which they were sentenced to serve twenty-two days on a chain gang.

In his book “Walking With the Wind,” John Lewis explains why this action was taken:

The federal government was not enforcing its own laws in that section of the country because of fear of political backlash from those states. If, in some way, it might become more politically dangerous for the federal government not to enforce those laws than to enforce them, things would begin to change. If, for example, those states were forced to visibly – even violently – defy the law, with the whole nation looking on, then the federal government would be forced to respond in ways it had not so far.

The plan was that after three days of training, those who were selected to be a part of the momentous event would board buses in Washington, D.C. and make stops in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. They were scheduled to arrive in New Orleans on May 17th, the seven year anniversary of the Supreme Court’s *Brown v. Board of Education* decision.

They didn’t make it that far. Things went even worse for many Freedom Riders than they had gone for those on the Journey of Reconciliation in 1947, who had toiled on the chain gang.

A Greyhound bus carrying nine Freedom Riders was bombed in Anniston, Alabama. After comparing the scene to something you might expect to see in World War II, Bosnia, Verdun, or Antietam, John Lewis describes what happened:

But this was America in 1961. Those were American men who had clutched pipes and clubs and bricks as they surrounded that bus when it had pulled into the Anniston terminal that day. Those were Americans shouting and cursing and beating on the windows with their crude

weapons. It was all the driver could do to gun the engine and hurriedly back the vehicle out. And even then, someone got to the rear tires and slashed them before the bus managed to pull away.

It had sped west, its back tires flattened, with an army of fifty cars and pickup trucks in hot pursuit. It was like something out of a horrible movie.

After six miles the bus had rolled to a stop, its tires worn down to the rims. The driver threw open the door and ran, as one witness later described it, "like a rabbit."

Meanwhile the mob arrived, two hundred of them, circling the bus and smashing the windows. They tugged at the door, which had been pulled shut. They screamed at the riders, who were sprawled on the floor of the bus, avoiding the flying glass.

Then someone in the crowd hurled a firebomb, a Molotov cocktail, through the back window. As thick smoke and flames began to fill the bus, the riders rushed to the door and found they couldn't open it. The mob was now pushing the door shut, trapping the people inside.

At that point a passenger in the front seat of the bus pulled a pistol and waved it at the crowd outside. He was a white man. His name was Eli Cowling. He was an Alabama state investigator who had been traveling undercover to keep an eye on the riders. Now it was no longer a priority for him to keep his identity secret. His life was on the line along with everyone else's on that bus.

The crowd backed off. Out the emergency exit door, led by Al Bigelow, tumbled the riders, choking and coughing. One by one they fell to the grass, the last one climbing out just as the bus was rocked by a blast – the fuel tank exploding.

Now the mob moved in, still cautious because of Cowling's pistol, but pecking around the edges, like birds darting at a wounded animal. Henry Thomas, whose large size was usually a deterrent, was clubbed as he staggered away from the bus; somebody swung a baseball bat into the side of his head. Genevieve Hughes had her lip split open. Rocks and bricks were heaved from people in the crowd too afraid to come closer.

That was not the only violence in Anniston that day, though. A Trailways bus, which pulled into the terminal an hour later, was also attacked.

And in Birmingham, Alabama, the attack was even more vicious.

Years later, testimony presented before the U.S. Congress described local Ku Klux Klan leaders conferring with Birmingham police and receiving a promise from them that the police would give the Klan ample time to wreak havoc before the police finally made a belated show of

establishing order. When asked on that day, though, why the police had been so slow to respond, Birmingham Chief of Police Eugene “Bull” Conner had given the excuse that it was Mother’s Day and that “We try to let off as many of our policemen as possible so they can spend Mother’s Day at home with their families.”

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President Kennedy this year advised Americans to buy or build bomb shelters to protect themselves from the atomic fallout that would result if there were a nuclear “exchange” between America and the Soviet Union.

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

"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" – from the song of the same name by Tammy Wynette

"He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he who has a great deal left him does to his father's care." -- William Penn

- ◆ 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

During 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 was 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—although the origin of the workers had changed, and the situation for the employers had gotten much better. 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 inherent 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, painting the UFW as 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.

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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, known as "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 (Mississippi, hometown of novelist William Faulkner) which took place September 30th and October 1st. The 82nd Airborne was also called in, as well as the National Guard.

Guitar virtuoso Jimi Hendrix was also a member of the 101st Airborne for a time—at the same time that John Patton was. Rather than remaining in the Army, perhaps to be sent to Vietnam, though, Hendrix (a notorious womanizer) pretended he was gay. While visiting the base psychiatrist at Fort Campbell, Kentucky in the spring of 1962, Hendrix claimed to be in love with one of his (male) squad mates.

Convincing the army that the guitarist extraordinaire was ill-suited for military life, Capt. John Halbert eventually recommended Hendrix's discharge, citing his 'homosexual tendencies.' Hendrix left the 101st Airborne in 1962, just in time to miss out on the "Battle of Oxford."

Hendrix then jumped into a musical career that would, according to an Associated Press article, "redefine the guitar, leave other rock heroes of the day speechless and culminate with his headlining performance of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at Woodstock in 1969."

Jimi later claimed that he was discharged after breaking his ankle on a parachute jump, but his medical records mention no such injury.

The "Battle of Oxford" has also been called "the last battle of the Civil War." White Oxfordians were still apparently seething with bitter resentment over tales of the original "War Between the States"—Oxford had been burned by Union forces in 1864. Many if not most residents of the city still held the same perverted views of race as had their forefathers of the previous century. With resistance to the integration of the university there ("Ole Miss") by African-American James Meredith growing ever more violent, President John F. Kennedy had to call 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."

Kennedy, who had won the Presidency over Richard Nixon by less than one percent of the vote, owed his office to the black vote—68% of them had voted for him, tipping the scales his way.

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 Mississippians, including members of the National Guard there. In the end, 31,000 National Guard 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, putting the lobsterbacks of 1770 Boston to shame), these requests were 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.

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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 the 28th.

Throughout U.S. History, the island of Cuba has been an object of national desire. The government has attempted to buy it, and has also attempted to acquire it by force. So far, all these attempts have failed.

In April of 1961, the infamous Bay of Pigs Invasion had met with resounding failure. Expecting to be welcomed with open 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 judgment, expect the response of the Iraqi people to be when they invaded their country in 2003?).

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 Krushchev 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 plane photographed the missile bases under construction.

It may be, in fact, that Russia's actions were just as much defensive as they were offensive. Eric Alterman's *When Presidents Lie: A History of Official Deception and Its Consequences* notes regarding the Kennedy administration's continuing desire to invade Cuba:

According to authors Ernest May and Philip Zelikow, Robert McNamara met with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, McGeorge Bundy, and other officials on October 15 to review "contingency plans for a massive air strike on Cuba and for an invasion." Even after discussing the evidence of Soviet missiles in Cuba on October 16, Robert Kennedy held a mongoose meeting later that same day in which he pushed for more aggressive action and pleaded for new ideas of actions that could be taken against Cuba.

The Cubans and Soviets were aware of much of this plotting, though certainly not all of it. They definitely knew more than the American public, and it would certainly have influenced their behavior. Robert McNamara has since admitted, "If I was a Cuban and read the evidence of covert American action against their government, I would be quite ready to believe that the U.S. Intended to mount an invasion... I can very easily imagine estimating that an invasion was imminent." Yet during the entire crisis, the American people were led to believe that Krushchev's decision to place the missiles in Cuba—and Castro's willingness to accept them—constituted a wholly unprovoked attempt to threaten the United States and upset the global balance of power. Had they known that the Cuban regime had good reason to wish to defend itself against U.S.-supported subversion and potential aggression, Kennedy's hard line might have been viewed with considerably less sympathy, both in the United States and abroad.

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, as well as some in Italy. Kennedy also promised to never again attempt an invasion of Cuba.

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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.

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California became the most populous state this year. Other states are larger in area (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. Full disclosure calls for mentioning, though, that some say California did not become the top state population-wise until three years later, in 1965.

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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.

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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. Will 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...?

“By the force of our demands, our determination and our numbers, we shall splinter the segregated South into a thousand pieces, and put them back together in the image of God and democracy.” – John Lewis

“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 assassinated

“It is the history of mankind that they have crowned their oppressors and crucified their saviors.” – Eugene Debs

It ain’t no secret

No secret my friend

You can get killed just for living

In your American skin

-- from the song “American Skin (41 Shots)” by Bruce Springsteen

“I helped make Mexico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenue in. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers...I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Honduras “right” for American fruit companies in 1903. Looking back on it, I might have given Al Capone a few hints.” – former U.S. Marine Corps General Smedley D. Butler

- ◆ March on Washington
- ◆ JFK Assassinated
- ◆ Zip codes introduced
- ◆ Bombs of Birmingham Bigots

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 in 1969, the shooting of John Lennon in 1980, the Challenger Disaster in 1986, 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 engineered the assassination of John F. Kennedy as there are crackpots in Congress. Some think Russia was to blame; 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 attempted to defect to Russia. In late 1959, Oswald had announced from Moscow that he would never return to the United States. Unfortunately, he broke that promise, and the hearts of millions. Oswald's dissident background would seem to lend weight to the theory that Cuba's Castro was behind the Kennedy assassination, especially when taking into consideration that the U.S. had allegedly attempted to have Castro assassinated.

Another of the many possible suspects is the "Military/Industrial complex" about which former President Dwight Eisenhower had warned (see the final quote at the head of the 1961 chapter). 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 Oswald for questioning. Oswald was himself killed by Dallas nightclub owner and reputed underworld figure Jack Ruby two days later. The horse's mouth was thus silenced.

Four U.S. Presidents have been assassinated: Lincoln in 1865, Garfield in 1881, McKinley in 1901, and Kennedy this year. In addition, eleven Presidents have survived assassination attempts. In chronological order these are: Andrew Jackson (1835), Theodore Roosevelt (1912), Franklin D. Roosevelt (1933), Harry Truman (1950), and then all of the Presidents from Nixon to the time of writing, specifically Richard Nixon (1974), Gerald Ford (1975, twice), Jimmy Carter (1979), Ronald Reagan (1981), George H.W. Bush (1993), Bill Clinton (twice in 1994 and once in 1995), and George W. Bush (2004 and 2005).

The phone hot line between the White House in Washington, D.C. and the Kremlin in Moscow became operational this year.

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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.

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A March on Washington coordinated by various African-American groups took place on August 28th of this year. Its purpose was to “pass the Bill,” to push through the Civil Rights legislation John F. Kennedy had promised during his Presidential campaign. African-American leader A. Philip Randolph, head of the Pullman Porters Union, called the march “a moral revolution for jobs and freedom.”

Thirty special trains and two *thousand* chartered buses brought a great many of the participants to the scene of the march. Although these comprised the majority of the 250,000 demonstrators, black Americans were not the only ones who marched: 60,000 whites weighed in, also.

Nervous about what might happen with a crowd of such magnitude attending the March, the government banned sales of liquor for the first time since prohibition. The Washington Senators (an erstwhile baseball team) canceled two home games. Also, fifteen thousand paratroopers were placed on alert. John Patton was probably one of these ready to respond to the scene at a moment’s notice.

The determination of many marchers is made manifest by noting that some walked 230 miles from Brooklyn, New York to get there; one man bicycled all the way from South Dakota; and another traveled the 700 miles from Chicago on roller skates. Others present included Jackie Robinson, Paul Newman, Marlon Brando, Sidney Poitier, and various musical personages who provided entertainment and support. Among these last were Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, as well as Peter, Paul & Mary.

In spite of the fears the government had, the March was peaceful. The massive demonstration culminated with one of the best known speeches in American history, delivered by Martin Luther King, Jr. The following is an excerpt of what King said from a podium erected in front of the Lincoln Memorial:

Fivescore years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free; one hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination; one hundred years later, the

Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity; one hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself in exile in his own land...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.

King's was not the only speech given that day. John Lewis prepared a speech which, in its original draft, contained the following:

This nation is still a place of cheap political leaders who build their careers on immoral compromises and ally themselves with open forms of political, economic and social exploitation. What political leader here can stand up and say, "My party is the party of principles?... We cannot depend on any political party, for both the Democrats and the Republicans have betrayed the basic principles of the Declaration of Independence."

The speech as actually delivered by Lewis was only slightly less confrontational in tone. After much pressure had been applied by many who had seen an advance copy of the speech, Lewis (currently a Congressman from Georgia) struck the word "cheap" from the above draft.

On the day of the march, W.E.B. Du Bois, author of "The Soul of Black Folks" and other seminal African-American works, died of natural causes in his adopted home of Ghana.

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.

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Just a few days after the March on Washington, four little girls were killed in Birmingham, Alabama, when a black church full of children was bombed. The church had been celebrating "Youth Day." The church's theme for the day? "The Love That Forgives."

On September 15th, three weeks after delivering his "I Have a Dream" speech before an open-air crowd of half a million, Martin Luther King, Jr. traveled south to Birmingham to give the eulogy for the girls.

Besides being a bigot, Alabama Governor George Wallace also appears to have been none too bright, as he learned nothing from his fellow white supremacist Orval Faubus' come-uppance in Arkansas in 1957.

Alabamans had been egged on, or at least been given tacit approval for their acts of terrorism, by the attitude that Wallace had displayed this year as he blocked the integration of Tuskegee High School by surrounding its building with state troopers. It was not until President

Kennedy federalized the Alabama National Guard that Wallace finally stood aside.

The prime perpetrator in the bombing, Robert Chambliss, was not brought to justice until fourteen years later, in 1977.

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.

“It is easier to stay out than get out.” – Mark Twain

- ◆ Civil Rights Act
- ◆ Vietnam War

Before he was killed, John F. Kennedy had promised to pass Civil Rights legislation. His successor, Lyndon Johnson, followed through by shepherding the bill himself—Johnson said that was the best way to honor Kennedy’s memory.

At this point, many in the Civil Rights movement thought their goals had been achieved and their work was done. The other side intensified their efforts, though: the Ku Klux Klan and their sympathizers stepped up beatings, shootings, and bombings in the South, particularly in Mississippi, the deepest of the deep South states.

Like the Indians before them, and the environmental groups after them, the various Civil Rights Groups, such as SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), SCLC (Southern Christian Leadership Conference), CORE (Congress of Racial Equality), SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), etc., never seemed able to coalesce and cooperate. Thus, rather than being synergetic, they dissipated much of their potential combined energy and power by fragmenting into fractious factions. Infighting, egos, and ambitions--as tends also to happen in popular musical groups, sports teams, and the halls of government--sunk a lot of their ships and dammed them to gradual disintegration. Fighting for integration in society at large, they—for the most part--failed to integrate within their own like-purposed groups.

Many members of the SNCC, in fact, ultimately rejected the “N” (Non-violent) part of their name. Some also spun a 180 as regards their views on racial integration. Whereas integration had formerly been their goal, they now espoused segregation themselves, wanting nothing to do with a biracial society. Indeed, there came a time when whites, who had been members and in many cases held responsible positions in the organization, were no longer welcome in SNCC. Thus, they self-destructed and were, in effect, “conquered” by white racists by becoming just like them.

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Although the United States had been involved in Vietnam for quite some time, this year the situation became much more “official” after an American warship was supposedly fired on by North Vietnamese in the Gulf of Tonkin on August 4th. Soon, tens of thousands of American soldiers would be deployed there. This contrasted sharply with the unofficial presence of military “advisers” that had been in the country up until this alleged provocative act by the communists in the north.

At the time, President Lyndon Johnson was highly skeptical about whether the attack had really taken place (reports from those on the scene were inconclusive, confusing and contradictory). Johnson once confided to one of his advisers: “Those dumb, stupid sailors were just shooting at flying fish.” Even superhawk Robert McNamara (who later tried to rewrite history by claiming that he had, in fact, been a dove) admitted in 1995 that there had been no attack in Tonkin Gulf on the 4th of August, 1964.

1965

Fires, Fights, and Firefighters

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 would rather die on the highway in Alabama than make a butchery of conscience by compromising with evil... We've gone too far now to turn back." – Martin Luther King, Jr.

"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
- ◆ Selma to Montgomery March
- ◆ Voting Rights Act
- ◆ 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 (Shannon) Gibney and her family. Nobody was hurt. Pop's mother Gertie recalls the 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.

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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 to 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 Muslim 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 thereafter refraining from sex until he married.

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, Jr. 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 metamorphosed into a different person from pre-Mecca Malcolm, or was at least in the process of morphing.

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On March 21st, a group of four thousand began a Civil Rights march that began in Selma, Alabama, and ended in that state's capital of Montgomery. It was not a "walk in the park" for the marchers. One portion of the march, along the Jefferson Davis highway, was described this way in the book "Eyes on the Prize" by Juan Williams:

As the marchers approached the far side of the [Edmund Pettus] bridge, Major John Cloud ordered them to turn back. "It would be detrimental to your safety to continue this march," he said. "You are ordered to disperse, go home or to your church. This march will not continue. You have two minutes..."

[Hosea] Williams asked, "May we have a word with you, Major?" Cloud replied that there was nothing to talk about. He waited, then commanded, "Troopers, advance." Fifty policemen moved forward, knocking the first ten to twenty demonstrators off their feet. People screamed and struggled to break free as their packs and bags were scattered across the pavement. Tear gas was fired, and then lawmen of horseback charged into the stumbling protesters.

"The horses...were more humane than the troopers; they stepped over fallen victims," recalls Amelia Boynton. "As I stepped aside from a trooper's club, I felt a blow on my arm...Another blow by a trooper, as I was gasping for breath, knocked me to the ground and there I lay, unconscious..."

These depredations were all over the news, and decent Americans were outraged. Segregationists actually hurt their cause and hastened on legal redress. President Lyndon Johnson, in a televised speech, said of the Civil Rights proponents: "Their cause must be our cause, too. Because it's not just Negroes, but it's really all of us who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice."

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On August 6th, the Voting Rights Act was passed. Among its provisions, as enumerated by John Lewis in his book "Walking With the Wind" were:

- ◆ The suspension of literacy tests in twenty-six states, including Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi
- ◆ The appointment of federal examiners to replace local officials as voter registrars
- ◆ Authorization for the Attorney General to take action against state and local authorities that use the poll tax as a prerequisite to voting

As we will see in the 2000 chapter, though, the suppression of black votes was not completely done away with via this legislation.

John Lewis certainly highly touts the Voting Rights Act. He goes on to write about the day the Act was passed:

That day was a culmination, a climax, the end of a very long road. In a sense it represented a high point in modern American, probably the nation's finest hour in terms of civil rights. One writer called it the "nova of the civil rights movement, a brilliant climax which brought to a close the nonviolent struggle that had reshaped the South."

Yet, righteousness cannot be legislated. Hatred, prejudice, and violence cannot be gaveled out of cold, unreasoning hearts. Less than a week later, the Watts Riots would begin. Lewis gives the reason for this spilling over of frustration and anger:

We now had the right to vote. We now had the right to eat at lunch counters. We could order that hamburger now...if we had the dollar to pay for it. Far, far too many of us, unfortunately, did not have that dollar. That was the challenge ahead of us now. Now that we had secured our bedrock, fundamental rights – the rights of access and accommodation and the right to vote – the movement was moving into a new phase, a far stickier and more complex stage of gaining equal footing in this society. The problem we faced now was not something so visible or easily identifiable as a Bull Connor blocking our way. Now we needed to deal with the subtler and much more complex issues of attaining economic and political power, of dealing with attitudes and actions held deep inside people and institutions that, now that they were forced to allow us through the door, could still keep the rewards inside those doors out of reach. Combating segregation is one thing. Dealing with racism is another.

1965 is considered to be the end of the modern Civil Rights era. What began with a Supreme Court victory in 1954 (*Brown v. Board of Education*) culminated with the Voting Rights Act just delineated.

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The Watts Riots (called by many from the area the Watts Rebellion) were a direct response to racism. They 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 Congress 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-days of unrest. 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, more than one thousand injured, and almost four thousand people arrested. In addition to local police officers, 500 National Guardsmen had been deployed.

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 sub-par 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 really care enough to try 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

Helmets and Boots and Beads

“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’ primary receiver threat due to an injury to Boyd Dowler, would join Dowler in 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 ironic twist (or was there more behind it?), the opposite is what actually occurred: it was Fred Williamson who got hammered and had to be 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.

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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 a mere 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 schoolmate 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 Kollenborns 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. John was the driver. With him were his buddy Benny Kollenborn as well as 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 one of the photographs in particular 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.

{{ 14_1967JPattonCoosBay.tif – half page }}

John Patton, Coos Bay, Oregon

{{ 15_1967JPattonWavingGoodbye.tif – half page }}

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. John had been stationed in Germany at the time he volunteered for combat duty.

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 of your own making.

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 ones after wiping paint splashes 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. Recreational 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 even 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 otherwise-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 William 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 strategic areas such as road junctions, bridges, hills, ports, and such, General 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 been 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

{{ 16_1967JPattonScar.tif – two-thirds page }}

John Patton's scars are clearly seen in this candid shot taken in Vietnam

{{ 17_1967JohnPPattonWithGun.tif – one-third page }}

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 hill's elevation 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 on them. 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 ridge line, 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—the safest place for them to be, as far as avoiding the aerial attack, was to move as close to the Americans as they could get. 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 a.m., 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, returning from its search and destroy mission, was also on its way back 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, Lieutenant 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:

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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.

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 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—by their own official count, anyway--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 500. However, the soldiers who had been involved in the fray estimated that they had only killed 50-75 NVA.

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 they had earlier requested an increase in troop strength, 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 a poignant 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 VIII.

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.

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John Perry Patton’s grave in Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno

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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 reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.” – Martin Luther King, Jr.

*Well don't let the politician turn you 'round
Slow you down, slow you down*

*Well don't let the politician slow you down
You got to keep on walkin', keep on talkin'
Marchin' to the freedom land*

*Well don't you let the army general burn the world
Burn the world, burn the world*

*Well don't let the army general burn this world
You got to keep on walkin', keep on talkin'
Marchin' to the freedom land*

-- from the song “Don't Let Nobody Turn You Around” as recorded by Steve Miller

“Some men see things as they are and say, ‘Why?’ I dream things that never were, and say, ‘Why not?’” – Robert F. Kennedy

*Anybody here seen my old friend Bobby?
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

“When the Kennedys and King were assassinated people wailed and moaned over the “sick” society. Most people took the assassinations as a symptom of a deep inner rot that had suddenly set in. They needn't have been shocked. America has been sick for some time. It got sick when the first Indian treaty was broken. It has never recovered.” – Vine Deloria, Jr., from “Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto”

- ◆ Martin Luther King assassinated
- ◆ Robert Kennedy assassinated
- ◆ Police Riot at Democratic Convention

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 had sent King a threatening letter. After FBI

director J. Edgar Hoover had complained to him 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. Forty-six more people lost their lives during these riots.

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Two months after King's assassination, former President John Kennedy's brother, Senator Robert Kennedy, who was running for President, was shot down in Los Angeles by the redundantly christened Sirhan Sirhan, a man born to Palestinian parents but raised "Christian." The Jerusalem-born shooter has always maintained that he has no memory of the eight shots he fired at Kennedy (three of which reached their target). The most common allegation among conspiracy theorists in this case is that the CIA hypnotically brainwashed Sirhan. The assassin is serving life in prison in the California State Prison in Corcoran (Tulare County). Although he claims he acted unconsciously, Sirhan had written about his desire to kill Kennedy for his support of Israel in the Six Day War fought in the Middle East, which had begun a year earlier.

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Anti-Vietnam war demonstrations took place at the Democratic Convention in Chicago this year, leading to a violent confrontation between the demonstrators and the Chicago police force. A federal commission investigated the matter and labeled it "police riots," claiming Mayor Richard Daley had incited his police force to use excessive and unnecessary force against the demonstrators.

As to the business concluded at the convention, Hubert Humphrey was nominated as the Democratic candidate over Eugene McCarthy. The Republican candidate, Nixon, was able to defeat Humphrey in the election by assuring Americans (similar to George W. Bush in 2004) that

he would make them safe. Nixon's campaign slogan was "Law and Order."

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,” 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 post-apocalyptic movie “The Omega Man,” Charlton Heston (of all people) plays the apparent sole survivor of San Francisco. He is depicted entering a movie theater 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 McDonald and the Fish (among many others).

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At 4:17 Eastern time on July 20th, Neil Armstrong did something many had considered impossible: He walked on earth's moon, 240,000 miles from home. The mission was called *Apollo 11*, the command ship was named *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 clearly recalls.

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 & 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, Mississippi, 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 & 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?

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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.

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Albert Kollenborn's stepfather Jim Branstuder died in Hiwassee, Arkansas on February 5th of this year at the age of ninety. James 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 Hiwassee and Gravette, not far from Bentonville, Bella Vista, and Dug Hill. 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.” – Carroll O'Connor as Archie Bunker in the television sitcom “Archie Bunker”

- ◆ Myrtle (Buster) Kollenborn dies
- ◆ Pentagon Papers
- ◆ Esther (Nelson) Shannon remarries

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, Albert's estranged father and Myrtle's ex-husband. Besides having been the cause of much mental anguish to both of them, Harry had fathered Albert, and had been the father of Myrtle's five children (naturally, Lizzie and Myrtle not only played a big role in that gift of life themselves, but also did a lot more nurturing of those lives once they appeared than Harry ever 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.

The surname “Koll” among the pallbearers is suspiciously similar to Kollenborn. Did some Kollenborns shorten their last name in this way?

There was indeed at least a Donald Kollenborn and a Leroy Kollenborn. Cecil LaRue Kollenborn (who was himself a son of Richard Lee Kollenborn) had a son named Donald. Cecil's Donald was thus a 1st cousin once removed of Henry Harrison "Harry" Kollenborn, Myrtle's erstwhile husband. Donald was probably born around 1930, as his father Cecil LaRue had been born 1906.

As to Leroy Kollenborn, his father was Myrtle's son Roy E. Kollenborn. Perhaps Roy's feelings toward his father were bitter enough that he effected a change in name for his son—or Leroy could have made that change himself. Leroy was likely born in the 1930s, as his father Roy had been born 1910. This Donald and this Leroy were, then, probably about forty years old at this time, and so this possibility is certainly feasible.

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On June 13th, *The New York Times* published a series of articles on a secret government study popularly known as "The Pentagon Papers," a 47-volume document compiled between 1967 and 1969 by Defense Department analysts. These "papers" revealed how the government had systematically deceived the public about what was really going on in Vietnam. The documents revealed how the 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 there—in other words, it was a setup and a pretext for a war the United States wanted to wage. In the end, the Pentagon Papers helped prove the alleged attack by the North Vietnamese on the American vessels never took place.

Daniel Ellsberg, an MIT professor and government consultant who was one of the authors of the papers, leaked them to the press after becoming disgusted and disillusioned over the government's actions. The Nixon administration went after the newspapers (such as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*) for publishing the documents, and the principle two whistle-blowers, Ellsberg and Tony Russo. The two, in fact, were (unsuccessfully) prosecuted for treason by the U.S. government.

Others saw their act in a completely different light. Mel Gurtov, who was one of the many government employees and consultants who worked on the Pentagon Papers, is quoted in the book *"Inside the Pentagon Papers"* as saying:

When I learned what Ellsberg had done, I quickly realized that his was not only an act of great courage, but also a necessary step to ensure that the papers – which is to say, the record of government deceitfulness – would become part of the national debate. Without that step, I feel certain we would have nothing to celebrate today.

Making the Pentagon Papers public showed the world how duplicitous the American government had been in its involvement in Vietnam. Faith in leaders, especially political leaders, to be honest and act in good faith, was mightily shaken as a result. Not even the likes of an Evel Knievel, straddling the hottest rocket he'd dare mount, could hope to jump the credibility crevasse that yawned open with that revelation. It was a social earthquake that ripped open a fissure between the leaders and the led on a Grand Canyon-sized scale.

Pulitzer-prize winning author Thomas Powers puts it this way:

The release of the papers broke a kind of spell in this country, a notion that the people and the government had to always be in consensus on all the major issues. It trained newspapers not to take the government at its word. At the beginning of that episode, no one could really know if any newspaper would summon the courage to publish the papers.

That courage was short-lived, though. Just a few decades later, this could be said of the press (by Murray Marder, also quoted in *"Inside the Pentagon Papers"*):

The coverage of the Gulf War...was abominable. The press showed none of the skepticism that they should have learned in the years since the end of Vietnam. There was no sign there, visible, that the people were even conscious of the Pentagon Papers. They were making all the same mistakes over gain. They were the most gullible group...the Pentagon Papers have had on a positive side of the ledger, some very encouraging effects. The government is much more cautious now. But it has learned much more, how to circumvent the press than it ever did before.

The apparently mathematically-challenged Anthony Russo, Jr., who played almost as large a role as Ellsberg in the "outing" of the Pentagon Papers, wrote of the significance of the revelations:

The Ellsberg-Russo Pentagon Papers trial is said by scholars to be 66 percent of the reason Nixon fell; Watergate, the other 33 percent – that was stimulated by the Pentagon Papers, too.

The question may arise, then: If these papers were so volatile, and so damning to the government, why did the administration commission them in the first place? Bill Crandall sheds some light on this:

Like all other historical analysis, the Pentagon Papers were meant, not simply as a dispassionate discourse on the random facts of an era, but as, how did we get into this mess. Such histories are meant as weapons for winning a battle. The battle of the day was over whether to continue the Vietnam War or end it. The Pentagon Papers hit the streets like a sack full of grenades, which the government wanted to keep out of the hands of the rebels and failed.

The original Pentagon Papers are still contained in top-secret government vaults, and four of the forty-seven volumes (over 7,000 pages in all) have still not been made public.

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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.

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

"People have been hurt so many times, they can't trust any more. Every time a promise was made, it wasn't kept. We live not as our ancestors had planned, but as their worst nightmare, a nation of bureaucrats of the worst kind. We have become so imbalanced in our world that the chances of getting punished for doing a good job are higher than for doing a bad job. If each one should speak out, we could begin to trust each other once again and respect each other for having the courage to try and change." – Robin Powell, Chippewa

♦ Watergate Breakin

Although Richard Nixon was a shoe-in to be re-elected as President later this 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 already been involved in "dirty tricks" against Democratic challengers. Reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein from *The Washington Post* tenaciously tracked down leads and discovered the White House was involved in the Watergate break-in.

June 17th, five burglars were arrested. These men, dressed as "plumbers," were sent there to plug breeches regarding the Pentagon Papers. They also planted bugs at Democratic headquarters, so they could listen in on strategy sessions held there. Nixon's campaign manager, former U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell, led CREEP. One of the "plumbers" who was nabbed was carrying an address book which contained E. Howard Hunt's contact info. Hunt had been a CIA agent; he had been head of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Hunt was assistant to Charles

Colson, Nixon's Special Counsel. His address, as noted in the burglar's address book? "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 aides began to talk.

Many of the President's aides who were involved resigned, including Nixon's closest advisers, John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman. Vice President Spiro Agnew admitted to filing a bogus tax return and accepting bribes while he was Governor of Maryland. Agnew eventually (late 1974) resigned. It was requested of Nixon that he hand over copies of his taped White House conversations (he had secret recording devices planted all over the White House, and obsessively recorded virtually every official conversation he ever had there). When Nixon finally complied, and turned over the tapes to prosecutors, one of the tapes had an eighteen minute gap—whatever had been on the tape had been erased.

Showing just how strong his position as incumbent was, even after the break-ins, 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, came to light about the Nixon administration. Among "Tricky Dick's" laundry list of dirty rotten imbecilic tricks and shady shenanigans 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 break-in 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 redirected/diverted (stole) \$10 million dollars of taxpayer money to make improvements to his personal homes.
- ◆ In 1969 and 1970, the U.S. had secretly bombed Cambodia without the knowledge (or even consent) of Congress.

More on the Watergate affair is contained in the 1974 chapter.

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, Sioux

“They definitely are out to destroy our concept of freedom.” – Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, Micmac, referring to the U.S. government’s 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 this year with the signing of peace accords in Paris.

In 1976, North and South Vietnam combined to form the Socialist Republic of Vietnam.

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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. Those making the

trek to the reservation 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.

As a result of that discovery, the Indians never had a chance. There was no way the government would give back land—valuable land—that it had taken over a century earlier. Besides government-sponsored Indian lackeys and local white ranchers, the reservation was also besieged by the military.

Tensions between AIM and the U.S. government, particularly the FBI and BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) continued, and would boil over in 1975.

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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 \$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 like an amazing bargain now, but it represented an increase 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 against those who “took cuts” in line or pumped more than their allotted 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.

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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.

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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 the ruling of the Supreme Court in the *Roe v. Wade* case--provided such abortion take place in the first trimester, that is to say within the first three months, of pregnancy.

During that time period, the ruling applies throughout the United States. What is allowed, or not, 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

"When I retire, I'm going to spend my evenings by the fireplace going through those boxes. There are things in there that ought to be burned." -- Richard Milhous Nixon

"Honesty may be the best policy, but it's important to remember that apparently, by elimination, dishonesty is the second-best policy." -- George Carlin

"But there is nothing carefully concealed that will not be revealed, and secret that will not become known. Wherefore what things you say in the darkness will be heard in the light, and what you whisper in private rooms will be preached from the housetops." -- Luke 12:2,3

"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 of the affair, 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.

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: (1) Abuse of his presidential powers (2) Obstruction of justice, and (3) Disobeying 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.

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. The committee's Articles of Impeachment read, in part:

Richard M. Nixon has acted in a manner contrary to his trust as president 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.

One of Gerald Ford's first official acts as President was to pardon Nixon. His excuse for this injustice was that by doing so the American people could put this dark period behind them. Following that "logic," the guilty party should be set free every time a heinous crime is committed, for the well-being and peace of mind of the victims.

But is Watergate behind us? Have we experienced "closure" or is it 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, Plamegate, etc. etc. ad nauseum? The Barnhart Dictionary of New English sheds some light on this linguistic phenomenon 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 1970s. The word spawned various coinages and the combining form -gate, used to denote scandal or corruption.

Interim President Gerald Ford was not elected to a term of his own when he ran for President in 1976. The erratic golfer gave way to a Georgian peanut farmer.

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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 located 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 also spent time in Calaveras County. 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 owners 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 (California) 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, was eventually extradited to California, and finally convicted after long court delays. These interruptions in justice 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 two of the married Kollenborn daughters) still live today, was once in the running to become 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 there 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). The soldiers were to do this by provoking hostilities against these “foreigners” whenever and wherever they could. In other words, they were there to pick and provoke a fight.

Similar to the war in Iraq initiated by George W. Bush a century-and-a-half later, many accused Polk of beginning a war that was not only unnecessary, but also unconstitutional. Then again, people accused Lincoln of this during the Civil War, too.

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, apparently 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 prosperous community. Mokelumne Hill was soon recognized as one of the state’s more important trade and financial centers, and as such was—as mentioned earlier—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 (Earl Hallas) 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, Sioux

“It’s like the old days, except now they call us ‘militants’ instead of ‘hostiles’ or ‘renegades’.” – Russell Means, Sioux

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 Bighorn, 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 it 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 accounts of the eyewitnesses 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 with murder along with Peltier have long since been acquitted. After spending decades in Leavenworth, Kansas, in 2005 Peltier was transferred to the federal penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana.

No evidence has been found for it, but family legend has it that Albert Kollenborn was a guard at Leavenworth (decades before Peltier arrived) for a time. Another family story is that Albert once beat a man so badly that the man was crippled for life. According to the handed-down account, Albert was defended in court by the government. Understandably, Albert felt terrible about the result of the beating. He was acquitted. If the story is in fact factual, it would make sense that it happened during the time he was working as a guard—as a government employee, it is logical that they would defend him in court.

Getting back to the events of 1975: Many people fail to remember that an Indian, Joe Stuntz, was also killed during the Wounded Knee shootout. Reminiscent of scenes from a century and more earlier, following the shootout his body was thrown in a ditch by FBI agents who had by then arrived on the scene. Stuntz's body was also otherwise disgraced by these agents—who also shot up the house of an elderly couple on the property, 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. The poor woman was later found to be delusional—even the prosecution eventually declined to put her on the witness stand, aware that the defense attorneys would rip her testimony 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 as well as Desmond Tutu and many others to be a political prisoner, is in poor health, suffering from diabetes, high blood pressure, and heart troubles. Adding insult to injury, Peltier 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

“You don’t do time. You do without it. Or rather, time does you. Time is a cannibal that devours the flesh of your years day by day, bite by bite.” -- Leonard Peltier

“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. The day she died 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, eight 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.

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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.

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Speaking of “minis,” the “mother” of all television mini-series programs, Alex Haley’s *Roots*, began a record-breaking eight-night broadcast on January 23rd. The book of the same name had won a special Pulitzer prize the previous year.

1978

Love Hurts

“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

“What the polluters do is make themselves rich by making everybody else poor. They raise the standards of living for themselves by lowering quality of life for everybody else, and they do it by evading the discipline of the free market.” -- Robert Kennedy, Jr.

“Yet hear me, people, we have now to deal with another race – small and feeble when our fathers first met them but now great and overbearing. Strangely enough they have a mind to till the soil and the love of possessions is a disease with them. These people have made many rules that the rich may break, but the poor may not. They take tithes from the poor and weak to support the rich who rule. They claim this mother of ours, the earth, for their own and fence their neighbors away; they deface her with their buildings and their refuse. That nations is like a spring freshet that overruns its banks and destroys all who are in its path.” – Sitting Bull, Sioux

“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 2nd, 1978, the U.S. 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 one dollar. 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 of chemicals 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, while those living near the dump lived only 105, and those situated 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 chemicals, but many—thousands of them, in fact--do.

1979

A Tradition of Excellence

“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

“It is a vanished world. No journeys, save those which memory can take, will bring you to it now. The mountains are there, far and shining, and the sunlight, and the infinite earth, and the air that seems forever the true fountain of youth,--but where is the buffalo, and the wild antelope, and where the horseman with his pasturing thousands? So like its old self does the sage-brush seem when revisited, that you wait for the horseman to appear.” – from “The Virginian” by Owen Wister

“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 presented to Theodore Russell Shannon

“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 demonstrated 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
- ◆ Iran Hostage Crisis Begins

On March 28th, blind faith in U.S. technology, big business, and government regulation was put to a severe test when a nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania lost coolant water. The result was an uncontrolled nuclear chain reaction, generating

tremendous heat, which initiated a partial meltdown of the reactor's intensely radioactive core.

Nuclear power had been controversial even before the accident. Seen as an inexpensive and safe way to produce energy by some, others questioned its safety. A bizarre coincidence was the fact that a movie depicting a nuclear plant accident, *The China Syndrome*, had been filmed just prior to the accident.

Radiation had been released into the atmosphere, and Pennsylvania governor Dick Thornburgh warned all 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 would strike 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 government's official report begged to differ, 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."

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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 quite 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 and 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 and dignified in his demeanor, seemed to be well aware of just 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 Pop's "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.

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On December 15th, 1979, a horrific traffic accident took place in rural Calaveras County. Pop's second son Theodore Russell Shannon, a California Highway Patrol officer, was patrolling in the area where the accident occurred. Had he not been in the immediate vicinity, the next people to come upon the scene would have no doubt come upon the macabre sight of two completely burned out vehicles containing five charred occupants.

A head-on collision 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 three teenagers. The adult, Timothy Michael Pullen, had driven off the road on his right, and then over-corrected, crossed the center line, and smashed full force into the Vega traveling in the opposite direction. Apparently both drivers, as well as both passengers in the Vega, were knocked unconscious.

Officer Shannon had just begun tailing the Vega, which had passed his parked vehicle at what seemed to be an excessive rate of speed, when the accident occurred. Shannon saw the glow from a fire as he rounded a curve in the road. A fire was already raging in the cab of the pickup, and he first attempted to pull the unconscious driver, Timothy Pullen, from 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—although pulling with all his might--was unable to extricate him. As the fire increased in intensity, flames and smoke filling the car, Ted Shannon returned to his patrol car to retrieve his fire extinguisher. After knocking the blaze down, the former fireman again attempted to remove Mr. Pullen from his burning pickup.

Still, though, Pullen's 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. A small rivulet of burning gasoline had spread from the pickup down the slope to the Vega. A fire had ignited in the passenger compartment of the car. Ted proceeded to the right front door of the two-door Vega and pulled out the unconscious passenger seated there, Elliott Bissell, and dragged him away from the car. He then immediately returned to the car and, with the assistance of two passersby who had stopped to help, pulled Cynthia Mann from the back seat, also dragging her away from the burning vehicle.

At this point Officer Shannon 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 the twisted metal of the car's wrecked front end.

Despite a heroic effort—the presence of fire and fuel made an imminent explosion a very real threat--Shannon was unable to remove Thein. He finally had to abandon the recovery effort when the fire became so intense that it singed off his eyebrows and melted the lens of his flashlight.

Though he had received second degree burns on his face and hands, Shannon then returned to Bissell and Mann and performed first aid on them (he had just completed an EMT training course). Within minutes both pinned (and thankfully unconscious, and perhaps already dead) drivers of the vehicles were burned beyond recognition. Passengers Bissell and Mann had suffered massive injuries to the chest and head, respectively. Bissell survived the crash, but died several hours later at the hospital.

For his role in the rescue attempt, Ted Shannon received the state's highest honor, the Medal of Valor. Appendices IX through XII contain supplementary documentation on this accident and the awarding of the medal, including Shannon's own accounts of the incident—both the “official” one that he wrote immediately following the event, and an “informal” account written more than a quarter of a century later. Appendix IX contains the text of the Memorandum written by the Lieutenant Commander of the San Andreas Office of the CHP, Fred Garrison, wherein he recommended the award be given; Appendix X contains the entire CHP Traffic Collision Report, written by Shannon; Appendix XI contains the text of various newspaper and magazine accounts concerning the accident and Shannon's receiving of the award; Appendix XII is the account Ted Shannon wrote of the incident in late 2005.

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On November 4th, the U.S. embassy in Teheran, Iran, was seized by a group of 500 people, led by Iranian students. U.S.-Iran relations had been deteriorating since the West-friendly Muhammad Reza Shah Pahlevi had been replaced by a fundamentalist Islamic government, led by Ayotollah Khomeini. After Pahlevi was admitted to the United States for medical treatment, anti-U.S. feelings escalated and the siege of embassy and the hostage-taking took place.

Of the 90 people who were in the embassy building when it was taken, fifty-two of them remained hostages for the next 444 days.

President Carter tried everything he could think of to secure the release of the hostages, some of whom the Iranian captors claimed were spies, but all efforts were for naught. Carter stopped buying oil from Iran, and froze Iranian assets held in the U.S. The next year, a dramatic rescue attempt would be undertaken.

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Half a year after Theodore Roosevelt “Pop” Shannon’s death, 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
- ◆ Aborted Hostage Rescue Attempt
- ◆ American Gothic II (Kollenborn 50th Anniversary)

Mt. St. Helens, in Washington State, which had been threatening to pop off 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 the eruption 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 in addition to 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 with his seventeen cats on Mount Saint Helens five miles from the volcano. Harry said he would never leave, regardless of the danger or the consequences of his obstinacy.

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. Helens 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 gray 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.

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On April 24th, U.S. President Jimmy Carter attempted to rescue the American hostages held in Iran by sending in a group of helicopters to storm the embassy in Teheran. A desert storm proved fatal to this attempt, though—three of the eight helicopters sent were disabled as a result of the sandstorm, and the mission had to be aborted. Eight people were killed during the failed rescue attempt.

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who had opposed the action, resigned in the aftermath. The failure also played a role in Jimmy Carter not being re-elected at the end of this year.

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Grant Wood painted "American Gothic" in 1930, the year Albert and Alice Kollenborn were married in Bentonville, Arkansas. Albert and Alice celebrated the 50 year anniversary of that painting as well as their marriage this year.

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"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

- ◆ Iran Hostages Freed
- ◆ AIDS

On January 20th, his first day in office, new President Ronald Reagan effected the release of the American hostages held at the embassy in Teheran, Iran, by un-freezing almost \$8 billion in Iranian assets held "hostage" in the United States. As they now had their hands full with a war they were waging with their neighbor Iraq, Iran was more receptive to bringing the matter to some sort of resolution. Iran now had other, if not bigger, fish to fry, and needed the money to prosecute their war with Iraq, a war which many Iranians came to call "the American War" (as the Vietnamese called the war there) due to the assistance America gave to Iraq.

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The first AIDS cases were formally reported this year. First called Kaposi'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 capabilities, making the carrier susceptible to life-

threatening diseases. The name given the condition was fitting: Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, commonly telescoped down to AIDS.

Stated another way, 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.

People who are now young adults have heard of AIDS all their lives, 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. As one would probably expect, women who contract AIDS via sexual contact are typically in their child-bearing years. 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 infected with HIV, and thus die before reaching adulthood.

By the turn of the millennium (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.

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 (and often both). At the time, doctors referred to their symptoms as "the immunologic consequences of some unknown process." In other words they were, if not clueless, at least conclusionless.

By April of 1985 there were 10,000 cases in the U.S. alone. It has grown by leaps and bounds since then. 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 “Howard’s End” by E.M. Forster

“The fact is that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation becomes almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends.” -- Oscar Wilde

- ◆ Kenneth Howard Shannon and Robert Taft Shannon die
- ◆ 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.

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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. It wasn’t that the person selected 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.

It was this year, too--on November 10th--that Microsoft released its flagship operating system named “Windows,” which was an extension of MS-DOS that incorporated a graphical user interface to make working with computers easier for “the average Joe.”

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

“Don't you know that love isn't just going to bed? Love isn't an act, it's a whole life. It's staying with her now because she needs you; it's knowing you and she will still care about each other when sex and daydreams, fights and futures -- when all that's on the shelf and done with. Love -- why, I'll tell you what love is: it's you at seventy-five and her at seventy-one, each of you listening for the other's step in the next room, each afraid that a sudden silence, a sudden cry, could mean a lifetime's talk is over.”
-- from “The Luck of Ginger Coffey” by Brian Moore

“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. And 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 seventy-seven years and six months. Born five years after Pop Shannon, Albert also died five years later. Pop had lived seventy-seven and five months.

Albert's wife Alice, born 1911, ended up outliving her husband by 21 years. 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 “foreseen” dire social conditions.

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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 (Nelson) Shannon, speaking of her mother
Emma (Silva) 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 also be said of the Challenger Disaster, which killed seven astronauts.

In January, the Challenger space shuttle 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 space flights, it was ultimately 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.

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At the age of ninety-four years and seven months, 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 eventually beat them all, though, and live ninety-five years and ten months.

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.

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

"No man of genuinely superior intelligence has even been an actor. Even supposing a young man of appreciable mental powers to be lured upon the stage, as philosophers are occasionally lured into bordellos, his mind would be inevitably and almost immediately destroyed by the gaudy nonsense issuing from his mouth every night." -- H.L. Mencken

◆ 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 22.6% mass sell-off represented 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 (which claimed that the rich getting richer would gradually enrich the poor, as well) had been dubbed by George H.W. 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 many 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, as mentioned, of 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 they 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 prior to the crash.

Nevertheless, some view the precipitous, breakneck decline as a harbinger of possible future calamities. 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 the value of these dropped 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 should act on the suggestion or not. If he hesitated too long, the sale was automatically made. As many brokers were using the same software, and thus all received the same selling suggestions, this led to gigantic dumping of certain stocks almost simultaneously, which then triggered other selling binges, and the race to the bottom was on.

Some blame these computer programs and the way they commandeered the decision-making process for 300 of the 508 points that 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 exuberance.” 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

“It’s one dollar, one vote.” -- Thomas Friedman

“We are vandals of the earth. We are destroying everything we inherited.” – Jacques Cousteau

“Some people say the animals see the straight path and flee from it in fear, for they know it was built by men.” -- James Houston

“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 take 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 9th fall of the wall. Its effects lingered 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 in position to fire on 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 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 that it is inevitable that the time will come when a group of terrorists are able to obtain an atomic weapon. Exactly when it will happen cannot be predicted, but they believe it to be 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-case 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 could 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 a country's GDP as indicative of how livable the place is.

Joseph Stiglitz, winner of the 2001 Nobel Prize in Economics, has a different view of globalization. Although Stiglitz views globalization as--theoretically at least--having great potential for benefiting all peoples, he sees it in actual practice too often bringing about just the opposite. In the Preface of his book "Globalization and Its Discontents," Stiglitz writes:

I have written this book because while I was at the World Bank, I saw firsthand the devastating effect that globalization can have on developing

countries, and especially the poor within those countries. I believe that globalization—the removal of barriers to free trade and the closer integration of national economies—can be a force for good and that it has the potential to enrich everyone in the world, particularly the poor. But I also believe that if this is to be the case, the way globalization has been managed, including the international trade agreements that have played such a large role in removing those barriers and policies that have been imposed on developing countries in the process of globalization, need to be radically rethought.

Globalization may appear a dry topic, but it is one that has lit a fire under many people who oppose it. Globalization in general and why many oppose it will be discussed in greater detail in the 1999 chapter, in the “The Battle of Seattle” section.

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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, 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: Over one-fifth of 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, you wonder? 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’ pockets) 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 have also 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. The 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

Race Among the Ruins

*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

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

"If you're not the solution, you're part of the problem." -- Unattributed

"I don't ever want to believe my own press clippings, good or bad." -- Bill Ford

"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

"Where is the human commitment and political will to find the relative pittance of money needed to protect children? What kind of world allows 40,000 children to die needlessly every day? UNICEF estimates that for \$6 billion a year we could save 20,000 children a day by 1990 by applying new scientific and technological breakthroughs in oral rehydration therapy, universal child immunization, promotion of breastfeeding, and mass use of child growth charts. At home, where are the strong political voices speaking out for investing in children rather than bombs; mothers rather than missiles?." – Marian Wright Edelman, 1983 Commencement Address at Milton Academy

- ◆ Rodney King Incident
- ◆ Desert Shield and Storm / Persian Gulf War

In a macabre and sickening version of a Candid Camera episode/Reality TV show, four white L.A. police officers, a police force that has been rife with corruption and racism from its inception, were caught on videotape shortly after midnight on March 3rd after pulling over African-American Rodney King for speeding.

Unbeknownst to the officers of the law, their actions were being recorded by a citizen near the scene. The officers dragged King, a part-time Dodger stadium groundskeeper who was to start a full-time construction job the next day, from his car and beat him with their nightsticks and kicked him with their feet—after first shooting him in the chest with a stun gun. The fifty-six blows with their metal batons and six kicks with their jackbooted feet caused King to suffer eleven skull fractures, brain injury, and kidney damage.

The beating was so vicious that King's fillings were knocked out of his teeth, and it took five ER physicians to work on King after he was

brought in to the hospital. In addition to the litany of damage noted above, the 25-year-old victim's eye socket was shattered, a cheek bone was fractured, a leg was broken, and he suffered a concussion as well as facial nerve 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.

Those four police officers whaled on King while he was down. Why didn't the other twenty-three stop them? Yes, there were a total of *twenty-seven* police officers at the scene of the crime: Four perpetrators and twenty-three silent accomplices.

In response to the officers' outrageous behavior, Dallas Police Chief William Rathburn, a former assistant chief of the LAPD, called their actions "gross criminal misconduct." Tom Sullivan, an LAPD officer, said "This isn't just a case of excessive force. It's a case of mass stupidity." Daryl Gates, who was Los Angeles Police Chief at the time, later said that the first time he saw the tape it made him "physically ill." Four days after the assault, he went on record that the four officers should be charged with felony assault.

Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, himself a former LAPD officer, weighed in on the subject: "The conduct of those officers on that scene that night is the most reprehensible thing that I've seen occur in this city. And I think that we are on the road to bringing to justice those who committed the illegal acts."

The four officers were called to account and required to answer for their actions in a court of law. As to whether justice resulted, let the facts speak for themselves--the results of that court case are discussed in the next chapter.

In the meantime, though, other acts of excessive force by L.A. law enforcement continued to take place. Many deaths occurred, in fact. For instance, on August 3rd, a man was shot dead by a sheriff's deputy. The official version of the account was that the man had grabbed another deputy's flashlight and had knocked him unconscious with it. Residents of the housing project where the event took place, though, claimed the dead man had only engaged in a verbal altercation with the officers.

As bad as King's beating was, what he experienced was actually relatively mild compared to what many blacks had experienced in the South, even just a few decades earlier. Some had been beaten to death for refusing to sit in the back of buses, for saying something "saucy" to a white person, or just for being there, so to speak.

Sadly, such incidents were not just of the past. They continued, *in Los Angeles*, this year: On August 13th, a mentally disturbed man was shot eight times in the back and once in the shoulder. On the 28th of that same month, a fifteen-year-old boy was killed by law enforcement officers.

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Partly in response to the ongoing Iran hostage situation, the United States had in 1980 egged on Iraq in a war against its neighbor and long-time enemy Iran, a war that lasted until 1988. These two countries roughly correspond to ancient Babylon (Iraq) and Medo-Persia (Iran), and have, in effect, been fighting each other for thousands of years. Although both modern nations are Islamic, Iraqis are Arabic while Iranians, for the most part, are not ethnically Arabs.

Yet there are Arabs living in Iran. Because of their shared ethnicity, Saddam Hussein, leader of Iraq, believed that Iranian Arabs would welcome his troops as liberators when they entered Iran. But such was not the case. This mistake—expecting to be welcomed as a liberator--would be repeated by the United States a generation later, in 2003, when they invaded Iraq.

The United States provided all the possible types of aid it could to Iraq during its war with Iran: Manpower, *materiel*, “moral” support, and money—in fact, to the tune of \$18 billion dollars. America was not the only foreign power interested in the outcome of this war, though—the Soviet Union was, too. Oddly enough, both of these arch-enemies in this cold war, pre-Berlin Wall Fall period backed Iraq. Thus Iran, although larger and more populous, was doomed.

By 1990, the United States was sending signals to Iraq that it would not interfere with other conflicts in the region. In July, U.S. Ambassador to Iraq April Glaspie told Hussein that the U.S. didn’t want to get involved in regional conflicts and border disputes. Hussein apparently read this, whether it was meant that way or not, as a go-ahead to expand his empire. Although Hussein had risen to power in Iraq as a result of his anti-imperialist stance, Hussein apparently had no qualms about imperialism if it was Iraq in the role of the hammer rather than the nail.

On August 2nd, 1990, Iraqi troops moved into Kuwait, conquering it within twelve hours. The U.S. went to the U.N. to secure sanctions against Iraq for this action. Ultimately, a U.N Security Council resolution 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 furthering its conquest. This phase of the operation was termed *Desert Shield*. A second phase followed, an aerial attack which sported the sobriquet *Desert Storm*. This war against Iraq, which officially began January 16th, was 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 George Bush, Sr. pulled off a masterful piece of diplomacy: Not only did he acquire the support of many Arab nations *against* Iraq, he simultaneously kept 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. The U.S.-led air attacks began January 16th, 1992. By the time they were over, approximately 100 tons

of explosives had been dropped on Iraqi targets—equivalent to a half dozen of the nuclear bombs dropped on Hiroshima in 1945.

The land campaign portion of the war began on February 24th. It lasted only 100 hours. Iraq had already agreed to a peace plan, but as its soldiers were evacuating Kuwait on the 26th, they set 640 Kuwaiti oil wells aflame as a parting gesture of ill will.

The front and rear portions of the Iraqi convoy was attacked by U.S. forces, trapping them in their tracks. The Iraqis were harassed and slaughtered for forty hours until a formal truce was signed on the 28th. Half of the 60,000 Iraqis killed during the conflict died while they were retreating, a period of the conflict they came to call “The Highway of Death.” As for Kuwaitis, between two- and five thousand of them lost their lives (many of them civilians). Fewer than three hundred Americans were killed, about half of these as a result of accidents during training exercises.

In less than two months, 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.

Why did the victorious forces stop short of overthrowing Hussein. Why did they not implement “regime change”? Dilip Hiro explains in his book “Iraq: In the Eye of the Storm”:

Many politicians and commentators in the West and the Middle East have repeatedly asked why the coalition forces did not overthrow Saddam. This question was addressed in 1992 by Gen. Sir Peter de La Billiere, who commanded the troops of Britain, which contributed the second largest Western force to the Coalition. “We did not have a [UN] mandate to invade Iraq or take the country over, and if we had tried to do that, our Arab allies would certainly not have taken a favorable view,” he explained in his book, Storm Command. “Even our limited incursion into Iraqi territory had made some of them uneasy. The Arabs themselves had no intention of invading another Arab country. The Islamic forces [i.e., forces of the 13 Muslim members of the coalition] were happy to enter Kuwait for the purpose of restoring the legal government, but that was the limit of their ambition. No Arab troops entered Iraqi territory.” Sir Peter had no doubt that the Western troops would have reached Baghdad in another day and a half. “But in pressing on to the Iraqi capital we would have moved outside the remit of the United Nations authority, within which we had worked so far. We would have split the coalition physically, since the Islamic forces would not have come with us, and risked splitting it morally and psychologically as well, thus undoing all the goodwill which we had taken so much trouble to achieve. The American, British, and French would have been presented as the foreign invaders of Iraq and we would have undermined the prestige which we had earned around the world for helping the Arabs resolve a major threat to the Middle East. The whole Desert Storm would have been seen purely as an operation to further Western interests in the Middle East.” Finally, what would have been achieved by such a move? “Saddam Hussein...would have slipped away

into the desert and organized a guerrilla movement, or flown to some friendly state such as Libya and set up a government-in-exile. We would then have found ourselves with the task of trying to run a country shattered by war, which at the best of times is deeply split into factions... Either we would have to set up a puppet government or withdraw ignominiously without a proper regime in power, leaving the way open for Saddam to return. In other words, to have gone on to Baghdad would have achieved nothing except to create even wider problems.

As bad as war always is, things could have gone even worse: Like Germany in World War II, Iraq had been attempting to produce a nuclear bomb, which they had hoped would be deployable by mid-1991. Fortunately, they had been unable to attain the necessary triggering device.

1992

Mountain Misery and Valley Fever

“If they think we are going to trust them, (We didn’t trust them before they shot us) they’re crazy!...It appears as though the feds are attempting to draw fire from the house as an excuse to finish us all off.” – Randy Weaver

“How could there be so much evil in such a beautiful place?” – FBI Special Agent-in-charge Gene Glenn

“The lady who was flying blind, had missed the trapeze bar during the big finale and fallen to a familiar death under the big top of justice. Ticket holders of color were not surprised by her fall, only hurt and weary after having been taken in again. Many were enraged that they had spent their meager trust on yet another ticket.” – from the book *“A Gathering of Heroes: Reflections on Rage and Responsibility, A Memoir of the Los Angeles Riots”* by Gregory Alan-Williams

“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

“I go into the streets, into the neighborhoods, into the projects. I see the homeless, the helpless, the anger and the violence, the drugs and the despondency. It is real, it is pervasive, and it cannot be ignored. Some people were shocked by the explosion of rioting in Los Angeles in 1992. They asked aloud, “Where did that come from?” It came from the same place as the rioting in Watts in 1965 and in dozens of other urban neighborhoods in the quarter century since then. The stew of poverty and despair simmers and cooks in the grimmest parts of our cities, and it will not go away. We who do not live in these places might close our eyes or our hearts, we might pretend it does not exist or that it has nothing to do with us, but it will not simply go away. And it has everything to do with us. We have a choice. We can look and listen and respond in constructive, creative ways to our places of poverty, or we can be forced to respond to outbursts of violence such as these riots.” -- Congressman John Lewis, in his book *“Walking With the Wind: a Memoir of the Movement”*

- ◆ Ruby Ridge
- ◆ Los Angeles Riots

In an ultimately prophetic pronouncement, Randy Weaver’s then-attorney, Everett Hofmeister, had written him in a 1990 letter: “The present course you are following is suicidal. In a few short years, you will look back on what happened as a needless disaster.”

How did a man who had at one time wanted to be an FBI agent, along with an Iowa farmer's daughter and their four children, end up surrounded by a team of U.S. Marshals, as well as ATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms) and FBI agents in northern Idaho? At one time, Army veteran Randy Weaver and his Midwestern farm girl wife Vickie were viewed as "the All-American couple." This year, their case had become a high priority for federal law enforcement.

Blame can be laid at the feet of the Weavers themselves, a religiously fanatical and racist family who defiantly refused to submit to the law (although Randy had ran for Sheriff there in Boundary County, Idaho, and certainly would have expected his authority to have been respected had he won the office).

Also culpable are many of the members of those aforementioned officers of the law.

The true cause of the whole debacle, though, was fear. Fear on both sides. The Weavers had become extremely paranoid about the government, which they considered to be completely corrupt and backed by Jews, one of their least favorite races. The Weavers claimed to be Separatists rather than (white) Supremacists. In fact, one of the reasons the Weavers moved to remote northern Idaho from mid-America Iowa was that they wanted to home-school their daughters, a process which was illegal in Iowa.

Unfortunately for everyone concerned, from the perspective of the Weaver family, and their friend Kevin Harris, the fears they had of government conspiracies seemed to actually come true in their case. Especially was this true for Vicki Weaver, who would die believing ZOG (the "Zion Occupied Government") was out to kill her entire family. The Weaver's extremes of behavior actually brought upon them the unwanted attention from the government that they so feared. Their debilitating paranoia turned their nightmare into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The Weavers had no monopoly on fear, though. Had the government agents not over-estimated the danger the Weavers posed, the whole tragedy need not have happened. Prior to the deadly day, the feds thought Randy was a member of the Aryan Nations. He was not, although he *had* attended a few of their gatherings and was friendly with some of the members. Raising the hair even further on the back of the feds' necks was their belief that Weaver was hoarding a massive cache of illegal weapons. He was not. It was feared, too, that the mountain on which the Weavers lived was booby trapped. That thought made little sense, though, with three children and several animals running around the place.

One is reminded of FDR's famous Depression-era quote that "there is nothing to fear but fear itself." It certainly would have been good for all had the two sides somehow managed to get a grip on their frenzy-inducing fear. Rather than converting retreat into advance, though, the better course in this instance would have been the opposite, at least for

the feds, who went out of their way to hunt down the Weaver family in the back woods of the inland Northwest.

The Weavers had three children when they moved to Idaho: Sara, Samuel, and Rachel. Shortly before the shootout, baby Elisheba was born. The baby's name means "El is Our Savior." The Weavers considered "El" to be a more proper name for God. At the time of the events related here, Sara was 16, Samuel was 13, Rachel was 10 -- and Elisheba, of course, was yet a babe.

The Weavers' troubles began in earnest when Randy was under surveillance by the ATF due to his rather tenuous connections with the Aryan Nations (which were not as strong as thought), a rabidly racist and anti-government pack of wackos. At one time focusing mainly on raiding stills in the south (the despised "revenueurs"), the ATF has in recent years come to focus more intently on the "Firearms" portion of their acronym as their chief duty.

An informant working for the ATF lured the cash-strapped Weaver into selling him an illegal weapon, getting Randy to agree to provide the informant with a sawed-off shotgun. After being caught in the act, Weaver hoped to avoid being taken into custody by keeping a low profile and staying on his land as much as possible. Despite his caution, the ever-vigilant Weaver was arrested by means of a ruse: A couple pretended their truck was broken down on the road near the Weavers' mountain cabin while Randy and Vicki were on their way down the mountain into town. Stopping to see if they could be of any assistance to the supposedly stranded strangers, the Weavers were arrested by this pair of undercover agents.

Then, in a tragicomedy of errors, after Randy was apprehended he was given false information about the gravity and potential consequences of his situation, being told he could lose his property to amend for matters. Additionally, Weaver was given two erroneous court dates (although his court appearance was in actuality scheduled for February 20th, he was told on one occasion it was February 19th, and on another that it was March 20th).

As matters turned out, it was for missing his scheduled day in court that the heat really came down on Weaver. To be fair, though, Randy probably would not have gone to court even had he been given the correct date—he had already stated he was not coming in (although at the time of his arraignment he had assured the authorities that he would).

This intractability of some of the mountain folk was just the thing to jangle the nerves of the officers of the law. In his book "Ruby Ridge: The Truth and Tragedy of the Randy Weaver Family," Jess Walter writes of this situation:

Marshals duty in North Idaho was considered the worst assignment in the country because of cases just like this, stubborn antigovernment types whose failure to appear became more serious than the actual crime they'd

committed. Such cases, once they started going badly, could pick up their own momentum, like a stone rolling downhill.

In the case of the Weaver family, the foregoing would prove to be an understatement. For a family already morbidly afraid of the government, the series of events leading up to this impasse only served to underscore, and seemed to validate, the paranoia from which the Weavers suffered: Randy being set up in the gun deal; being tricked by the ATF on his arrest; being given false information as to his court date at his arraignment; and then being spied on by hidden cameras. Before the shootout, one of the surveillance cameras the FBI had set up in the woods above their cabin was discovered and destroyed by the Weavers.

On the day of the killings, the Weaver's golden Labrador Retriever, Striker, picked up on the presence of the strangers and raced into the woods after them. Randy Weaver hoped that the scent Striker was tracking was that of an elk or a deer, as the family lived hand-to-mouth and could have used the meat. The U.S. Marshals retreated, not wanting to get involved in a firefight with Randy, his thirteen-year-old son Sammy, and Kevin Harris—all of whom were, like almost always, armed. Even Vicki and the girls, not only 16-year-old Sara but also 10-year-old Rachel, normally went around with weapons strapped around their bodies.

The U.S. Marshals couldn't get away from Striker, though. The dog tenaciously followed them. Although the story the law later gave and the account the Weavers and Kevin Harris told differed fundamentally, what appears to have happened was this:

A U.S. Marshal named Arthur Roderick shot Striker dead, hoping he could "take out" the dog before it led its owners to him and his partners. It was too late, though. Young Sammy quickly came on the scene, saw his dog had been shot dead, and reacted—as many armed boys would do in such a predicament--by shooting at Roderick. The other two agents, Larry Cooper and William Degan, returned fire. Sammy was struck in the elbow, almost severing his arm. On this, Sammy turned and ran for home. He didn't make it far, though—he was felled by a bullet through the back, which killed him instantly.

The Weavers' friend and house guest Kevin Harris was with Sammy (Randy had fled homeward on realizing that the "game" Striker was tracking were of the two-footed, armed, variety). Harris, in order to protect his young friend, fired on the agents, mortally wounding Degan with a shot to the chest. Harris was then able to retreat back to the Weaver's homestead. Harris was moaning and shaking so violently on coming out of the woods and into the clearing near the cabin, though, that Randy at first thought he was someone else. Kevin had to yell out, identifying himself.

Two people were dead, but the mayhem was not yet over. The FBI had changed their normal rules of engagement due to misunderstanding the situation. Due to thinking, as noted previously, that Randy Weaver was a card-carrying member of the racist and subversive Aryan Nations, and

that he was also a highly-trained Green Beret who had his mountain hideaway booby-trapped, they felt tougher tactics were imperative. In actuality, Weaver had mostly driven heavy equipment during his stint in the military, and, although he was in the service during the time of the Vietnam War, he had never been to Vietnam. The FBI was also nervous that the anti-government sentiment in northern Idaho was strong enough that they would be facing more foes than just the Weaver family.

The FBI's standard rules of engagement are: Do not shoot at anyone unless you intend to kill them, and do not have that intention unless your life, or someone else's, is in imminent danger. These rules are not arcana to FBI officers. Agents are expected to be as familiar with the rules as they are with their own phone numbers. These rules are framed and hang on a wall at FBI headquarters in Quantico, Virginia. The document reads:

Agents are not to use deadly force against any person except as necessary in self-defense or the defense of another when they have reason to believe they or another are in danger of death or grievous bodily harm. Whenever feasible, verbal warning should be given before deadly force is applied.

Due to the overestimation of the danger Weaver posed, the highly irregular, even unprecedented, step of changing the rules of engagement to the following took place after the initial contact (after Sammy Weaver and William Degan, and Striker, had been killed):

If any adult is seen with a weapon in vicinity of where this firefight took place, of the Weaver cabin, then this individual could be the subject of deadly force...

Later that decision was made even more severe: The "could" (be the subject of deadly force) was changed to "can and *should*" (italics mine). Those in the FBI who made that decision did not even consult with the U.S. Marshals who had been in the firefight. FBI agent Richard Rogers was more specific as to just who was included among those who could be fired on when he said, *"If Randall Weaver, Vicki Weaver, Kevin Harris are observed with a weapon and fail to respond to a command to surrender, deadly force can be used to neutralize them."*

After three days of being surrounded in their house, and no shots coming from inside, the rules of engagement were finally changed back to standard.

Yes, Randy Weaver, the man they considered so dangerous, never even fired at any of the interlopers. He himself had been hit by an FBI sniper, Lon Horiuchi, as he opened the door of an outbuilding to take one last look at his dead son Sammy, whose body the family had washed and wrapped in a sheet and stored there.

When Horiuchi saw Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris head toward the outbuilding wherein Sammy's corpse lay, he thought they were trying to

take cover before firing on an FBI helicopter that Horiuchi heard behind him. In actuality, the helicopter never was in danger of being fired on. Aiming to kill Weaver—who moved to reach for the door just as the sniper was pulling the trigger—Horiuchi instead struck him in the upper arm. At that point Weaver, his older daughter Sara, and Harris made a run for the cabin.

As Randy and Sara ducked into their dwelling, and Kevin Harris was preparing to do so, Horiuchi tried to kill Harris. Or so he says. Vicki Weaver, who was holding baby Elisheba in her right arm, was standing in the doorway, hurling obscenities at the men who had killed her son. Horiuchi's shot struck her in the middle of the forehead. Vicki died instantly, and collapsed in a heap just inside the doorway, still clutching her baby tightly.

FBI snipers are trained to hit a target the size of a quarter from a distance of 200 yards (the distance from which Horiuchi was shooting). The sniper claimed he was aiming for Harris, and yet hit Vicki, who the authorities felt was the "strength" of the family. That is at least somewhat curious. Perhaps Horiuchi *was* actually aiming for Harris. If so, he's not much of a sharpshooter. In any case, shooting into a house with three children present does not seem the most ethical, nor the brightest, thing to do--to say the least.

But that horse has already been pummeled black and blue. Plenty of blame can be laid at the doorstep of the Weavers, too. In the woods with his friend Kevin Harris and his young son, Randy Weaver fled when he realized Striker was stalking, not an elk or a deer, but gun-toting lawmen, abandoning his son. Incomprehensible, too, is Weaver's practice of having his daughters serve as "shields" for him. If the Weavers dogs barked, Sara went outside first, armed. Any time Randy went outside, his girls stood between him and the enemy. It would be suspect enough to do that if you felt your enemy would refrain from firing on young ones. Weaver, though, claimed the government was completely vicious, evil and untrustworthy. Why did he trust them not to shoot at his daughters?

After Vicki had been shot dead, there was certainly no reason for any of the surviving members of the family to have much faith in fair play from the FBI and their cohorts. An hour after shooting at various and sundry family members and friend of the family Kevin Harris, the FBI finally gave those in the house a chance to surrender—which would normally be an option proffered at the outset, but which on this occasion seemed to be an afterthought.

The remaining Weavers, and Harris, refused to negotiate with the federal agents at first. They thought it was pointless, that the whole thing had been a setup--that they were doomed no matter what they said or did. Adding to this conviction, fueling their suspicions about what they thought of as a thoroughly corrupt and conspiratorial government, the news reports they listened to about the unfolding situation claimed that Kevin Harris had fired the first volley. The initial reports also did not mention that Vicki had been killed (something the feds claimed not to

know, although they had planted listening devices around the area, and Randy had on at least one occasion cursed at his tormentors, yelling that they had killed his wife). The wounding of Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris, and the killing of the family dog Striker were also omitted from the early newscasts.

The lawmen even claimed that they didn't know one of their number had killed young Samuel Weaver. When they found Sammy's body in the shed later (they were about to bulldoze the building, as it was obstructing their view of the house, but decided to do a reconnaissance mission first to make sure nobody was skulking inside, waiting to ambush the bulldozer operator), they claimed to surmise that perhaps Randy had started killing his own children.

Vicki Weaver's faceless body (Horiuchi was using bullets that expanded on impact) lay in the cabin for several days before the remaining members of the household--Randy, Sara, Rachel, the seriously wounded Kevin Harris, with baby Elisheba--finally gave up. The standoff lasted a total of eleven days.

The bullet that blew up Vicki Weaver's skull and tore away the bottom half of her face continued its erratic, bee-dance flight path and ended up lodged in Kevin Harris' upper arm. For a time Harris was in serious danger of dying from his wounds. He was the first of those holed up in the house to surrender, and he did so in order to receive the medical attention he so desperately required. At first, the rest of the household thought that Kevin was dead after being hit with the bullet that had passed through Vicki's body. Subsequently, based on how he looked, sounded, and smelled, the Weavers thought that their friend would not make it through the night.

That the Weavers were on the defensive rather than being the initiators or aggressors is also attested to by an audit of the weapons that were found in the cabin after their surrender: seven rifles, two shotguns, and five pistols. Quite an arsenal; yet, no shots had been fired from the house. As the investigation of Randy Weaver revolved around trafficking in illegal weapons, the federal agents had expected to find a cache of these in Weaver possession. There were no illegal weapons whatsoever--no sawed-off shotguns, no automatic weapons.

However, the feds did find armor-piercing bullets among the ammunition the Weavers had at their disposal. The Weavers showed either great restraint, fear, or resignation in not using these. Or perhaps it was simply the prudent course to refrain from giving the law an excuse to really let loose. The armor-piercing bullets could have quite possibly been effectively used against the APC (Armored Personnel Carrier) the FBI had driven up to the house to negotiate with Weaver. Even so, it had not been fired on.

At one point when it seemed Randy just *may* have been willing to consider a negotiated surrender, he spotted the robot the FBI was using to approach his house. The automaton was to punch a hole through one of the windows and drop a telephone inside. However, one of the robot's

arms ended in a menacing-looking shotgun. Still, Randy did not go ballistic (again, he never fired a shot).

In the end, the FBI got their woman, and the U.S. Marshals got their little boy. As mentioned previously, both agencies at first denied knowing they had killed their targets. Ballistics tests conclusively proved that they had, though. Whether he was simply lying, or he had a mental blackout about the situation afterward, the shooter of Sammy claimed that neither he nor the slain William Degan had fired their weapons in the initial clash. That proved to be an erroneous recollection, though: forensic evidence showed that Degan's weapon had been fired seven times, and the bullet that killed Sammy was from Cooper's gun.

The facts that came out at the dual trial of Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris seemed to corroborate the defense team's version of events: U.S. Marshal Arthur Roderick shot and killed Striker; Sammy attempted to retaliate by shooting at Roderick, but missed; U.S. Marshal William Degan shot Sammy in the arm, at which point the boy turned around and fled back toward the house; Kevin Harris shot and mortally wounded William Degan; U.S. Marshal Larry Cooper shot Sammy in the back, killing him. Later on the same day, FBI sniper Lon Horiuchi attempted to kill Randy Weaver, but only injured him; Horiuchi then killed Vicki Weaver and the bullet passed through her head and embedded itself in Kevin Harris' arm, seriously wounding him.

Although Larry Cooper denied shooting Sammy, and asserted that neither he nor his partner William Degan had fired their weapons, one of the slugs from Cooper's gun that was found at the scene of the first gun battle still contained trace material from Sammy's clothing.

Both sides, which had gone to extreme measures out of grotesquely exaggerated fear of one another, were found liable for their actions by the judge and jury. For failing to appear in court, Randy Weaver was sentenced to eighteen months in jail. At the time of sentencing, he had already served fourteen of those months. Weaver was found not guilty of the murder and assault charges the government tried to hang on him.

Judge Edward Lodge found the FBI in contempt of court, and fined them \$1,920 for its delays and obstructions. Lodge said, "The actions of the government, acting through the FBI, evidence a callous disregard for the rights of the defendants and the interests of justice. Its behavior served to obstruct the administration of justice."

In fact, the one person on the government side of the issue who served time, Michael Kahoe, did so for obstruction of justice. Specifically, Kahoe had shredded the FBI's internal post-confrontation critique. Like Weaver, he was sentenced to eighteen months in prison. Additionally, Kahoe was fined \$4,000. Weaver had been fined \$10,000, but his fine was paid by one of his many supporters (Weaver lived on donations from his supporters for some time after his release from prison).

Other government employees were disciplined to various degrees, but for the most part these were "slaps on the wrist"—none of those involved were fired from their jobs, although some were reassigned from one assignment to another and/or "censured" and given some time off.

As we will see in the 1995 chapter on the O.J. Simpson murder trial, the gap between criminal and civic court cases are often quite wide. Although both sides were found guilty to one extent or another in the criminal trial, in the 1995 civil trial that the Weaver family brought against the government, the Weavers were awarded \$3.1 million dollars—a million each to the Weaver girls, Sara, Rachel, and Elisheba; and \$100,000 for Randy. It wasn't until late in the year 2000 that closure came to Kevin Harris, when he accepted a \$380,000 settlement from the government.

By that time, the little cabin in the woods of Northern Idaho, where the Weavers had gone to await a government-bred Armageddon, was gone—it had collapsed in the spring of 1997 under a heavy load of snow.

As symbolic as that may seem, the Ruby Ridge debacle did not end on the remote north Idaho outpost. The mayhem there, along with another raid involving the ATF, would serve as a catalyst to other tragedies to follow. In fact, the standoff between the ATF and the Branch Davidians outside Waco, Texas would take place during the trial of Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris in 1995. FBI sniper Lon Horiuchi was also at Waco, and would also end up in the middle of the controversy surrounding that deadly conflagration.

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Although many law enforcement personnel present at the trial—including the CHP officers who started the chase--condemned their overwhelming use of force, all four officers (Stacey Koon, Theodore Briseno, Timothy Wind, and Lawrence Powell) captured on videotape beating Rodney King were acquitted by an all-white jury in arch-“conservative” Simi Valley, which is located forty miles northwest of Los Angeles. A crowd of at least 300 outside the courtroom erupted in anger on hearing the verdicts. They yelled “guilty” as the plaintiffs came out of the courthouse and chased the officers to their cars with rocks.

Many observers were completely dumbfounded by the outcome of the trial. Yale University law professor Drew Days, who had been an assistant U.S. attorney general, articulated the views of many when he said: “It is astounding that anybody could look at that film and not conclude that those police officers were violating someone’s civil rights.”

Similarly, Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the NAACP, said, “Given the evidence, it is difficult to see how the jurors will ever live with their consciences.” And L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley, in a remark that was criticized by some as incendiary, was shocked: “I was speechless when I heard that verdict. Today this jury told the world that what we saw with our own eyes is not a crime.”

Yet even President George H.W. Bush did not mince words. He said that he, his wife, and his children were stunned by the verdict. He agreed with many others quoted above when he said, “Viewed from outside the

trial, it was hard to understand how the verdict could possibly square with the video.”

What about Rodney King’s reaction? The book “Understanding the Riots: Los Angeles Before and After the Rodney King Case,” compiled by the staff of the Los Angeles Times (whose building was also the target of rioters during the unrest), reported it this way:

As for Rodney King himself, he retreated to the solitude of his bedroom, shaking and speechless. He had watched the verdicts on television. Stunned, he had reached for a pack of Marlboro Lights. “He wasn’t talking in clear sentences,” said one friend. “It suddenly was like he had no idea who he was or what time it was or where he was. He would start to make sense, and then 10 seconds later he couldn’t even tell you what room he was in. The lights were off, the television turned down low. On the screen, the officers who had beaten King were hugging and smiling, free men. Through the door, King’s occasional screams could be heard. “Why? Why? Why?” he groaned. “Why are they beating me again?”

What is often referred to as the “justice system” is perhaps better described as the “legal system.” Is justice the aim of its practitioners? Or simply enforcing the letter of the law? The penal codes are black and white. Justice is another concept altogether, and any who would really try to uphold it would be sticking their neck out. Once again the ubiquitous and multipurpose acronym CYA stamps itself on events, an acronym which, among other things, stands for California Youth Authority.

The jury’s practically inconceivable decision triggered three days of rioting over a fifty-square-mile swath of Los Angeles. Sympathy riots broke out in other cities, including Atlanta, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Miami, New York, Seattle, and even the relatively small cities of Madison, Wisconsin; Providence, Rhode Island; and Hartford, Connecticut, one-time home of anti-slavery authors Mark Twain (“The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn”) and Harriet Beecher Stowe (“Uncle Tom’s Cabin”). Hundreds of fires were set and millions of dollars worth of goods was looted. Fifty-four people were killed, over two thousand wounded, \$700 million of property was damaged, and more than thirteen thousand arrests were made. 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.

Parking lot attendant Adey Behre said “It’s horrible what they’ve done. I’m from Ethiopia, where they have a lot of problems. But I’ve never seen anything like this.”

The outrage of many from the African-American Community in Los Angeles manifested itself on April 29th with a chaotic cacophony of mayhem directed against, it seemed, any non-black person. In some cases, even light-skinned blacks who appeared Caucasian by mobs were targeted.

Of course, not all African-Americans were involved in the lawlessness. In some cases, they came to the aid of those the crowds were pummeling.

One example of this was actor and author Gregory Alan-Williams, who saved the life of a Japanese stranger, Takao Hirata, as he was being beaten to death by a rabble of bloodthirsty rioters.

After wrenching him away from the clutches of the murderous mob, Alan-Williams asked Takao his name and, due to the man's impaired speech (which came out sounding slurred or heavily accented), thought he was a recent immigrant. Gregory welcomed Takao to America. Hirata responded with a wry grin. In actuality, the Japanese man was born in America—in a government internment camp during World War II, in which his family had been placed due to their ethnicity.

The reason for Hirata's unclear speech? Members of the crowd had not only smashed him in the face with their fists, but had viciously broken bottles against his face. Alan-Williams was not the only good Samaritan on the scene from the African-American community: A middle-aged man was also on the scene, protecting Hirata by holding back some of the attackers. After Alan-Williams had escorted Hirata away from the worst area of the trouble spot, another black man came to the rescue and drove Hirata to the hospital.

Additionally, pummeled white truck driver Reginald Denny was taken to the hospital by five black men. Denny had been dragged from his truck, beaten, kicked, and had his own fire extinguisher bashed against his skull. Similar to the Rodney King beating, it was seen by millions on television—the difference being that Denny's beating was broadcast live, as it was happening—the police unable to come to his assistance.

That was also a conundrum to many. Nargas Nadjati, a resident of the hardest hit part of the city, wondered aloud: "How could it take them so long? They are so fast to send troops to the other side of the world. Why can't they save our city?"

Although Denny's face was covered in blood and his eyes were swollen shut, he somehow managed to climb back into his truck and began to drive slowly away. He was helped by some good Samaritans who at first hung on alongside his truck and guided him with steering instructions, and then took over the driving, pulling his truck into the hospital in the nick of time—he suffered a seizure on arrival at the hospital, and doctors said had he arrived any later he would have died.

Another hero was L.A. Times reporter John Mitchell, who saved a Vietnamese refugee from the wrath of an angry mob.

What started as a riot in response to the injustice in the Rodney King case seemed to morph into a combination poverty riot (many stores were looted) and a race riot, wreaking revenge not only on whites, but also on Asians. Many of the latter were targeted, either personally or via their businesses, partly as a result of lingering animosity over the shooting death of African-American girl Latasha Harlins by a Korean grocer in 1991 (the store clerk had argued with the 15-year-old over a bottle of orange juice). As the four policeman in the Rodney King case had been, Soon Ja Du was inexplicably acquitted.

Los Angeles Times reporter Josh Meyer wrote of some looting that he witnessed:

One woman zoomed up to the front of the building in a late model Seville, a wild look in here eyes and a grin on her face. She jumped out of her car without rolling up the windows, leaving her screaming infant unattended. Then, the well-dressed, professional-looking woman sprinted into the store for her share. Inside the market, there was pandemonium.

As I scribbled notes furiously, one looter, dragging what appeared to be a small copying machine, tapped me on the shoulder and said calmly, "I know you're a reporter, but can you help me drag this outside?" I said no. He went on dragging.

As far as monetary damage to businesses went (from vandalism and looting), the ethnic groups who suffered the most were Koreans and—perhaps surprisingly, African-Americans. During the Watts Riots/Rebellion of 1965, black businesspeople had tried to ward off destruction of their own shops by posting "Soul Brother" signs in their store windows. This time, the signs read "Black Owned." Nevertheless, many of them were still targeted. The reason some rioters hurt themselves or members of their own race? One person compared it to a person becoming so angry that he strikes out in uncontrolled rage and frustration and punches a wall—hurting his own hand in the process.

Another, perhaps more convoluted, psychological hypothesis asserts that such self-destructive behavior is a result of self-loathing brought on by an internalizing of the message behind the verdicts—that they are a lesser people, unworthy of justice.

Regardless of the psychology behind it all, Rodney King was not reveling in the rabid rabble's reckless abandon. The afore-quoted book "Understanding the Riots" tells of what happened on May 1st:

On the third day, Rodney King came out of hiding. He emerged from his lawyer's office in Beverly Hills to be engulfed by a throng of 100 reporters. City Hall had called minutes earlier: King wouldn't say or do anything to make the situation worse, would he? The mayor's staff wanted to know. Nervous and barely audible, his voice lost at times to the blast of helicopter rotors overhead, King delivered a halting plea for peace that, in its rambling, elliptical, tragic quality, became one of the more memorable moments in the Los Angeles riots.

"Can we get along? King asked, almost begging. "Can we stop making it horrible for the older people and the kids?... We've got enough smog here in Los Angeles, let alone to deal with the setting of these fires and things. It's just not right. It's not right, and it's not going to change anything. We'll get our justice. They've won the battle, but they haven't won the war. We will have our day in court, and that's all we want... I'm neutral. I love everybody. I love people of color...I'm not like they're...making me out to be.

“We’ve got to quit. We’ve got to quit... I can understand the first upset in for the first two hours after the verdict, but to go on, to keep going on like this, and to see a security guard shot on the ground, it’s just not right. It’s just not right because those people will never go home to their families again. And I mean, please, we can get along here. We all can get along. We’ve just got to, just got to. We’re all stuck here for a while...Let’s try to work it out. Let’s try to work it out.”

President Bush also did his part to defuse the situation. The book just quoted adds this:

Bush also announced that a federal grand jury had already issued subpoenas as part of an accelerated Justice Department investigation into whether the beating of Rodney King violated federal civil rights laws. White House aides described the unusual disclosure as an attempt by Bush to soothe the destructive anger sparked by the not-guilty verdicts.

A certain degree of justice was eventually obtained. The next year, two of the officers were found guilty on federal civil rights charges.

1993

A Million Monkeys

“Government is not reason, it’s force. Like fire, it’s a dangerous servant of a fearful master.” – George Washington

“We live in an age of unimaginable rage and apocalyptic arsenals: nuclear, chemical, and biological.” – Louis R. Mizell, Jr.

“The World Trade Center will continue to be one of our targets.” – Ramzi Yousef

“We are potentially the most dangerous agency in the country if we are not scrutinized carefully.” – Louis Freeh, 1997, at that time director of the FBI

“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 Yousef had 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 in the Philippines two years later that he had hoped to kill 250,000 civilians in the attack.

Yousef and his accomplices 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 is now caged 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 Yousef’s “neighbors” are Unabomber Ted Kaczynski, Oklahoma City bomber Terry Nichols, and--until he was executed on June 11th, 2001--Nichols’ co-conspirator, Timothy McVeigh.

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BATF (The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, a branch of the U.S. Treasury Department) and FBI agents raided the seventy-seven acre Branch Davidian compound outside Waco, Texas in the spring of 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 by using some of their stockpile of weaponry. Four ATF agents were killed in the exchange, as were six members of the Branch Davidian community. The cult’s leader, David Koresh (real name Vernon Howell), was among the wounded.

Howell had adopted the name David Koresh for its Biblical symbolism: Koresh is the Hebrew name for “Cyrus,” the Persian King who had destroyed Babylon twenty five hundred years earlier. Howell apparently viewed modern society as a new “Babylon” and presumably saw himself as the future conqueror of such.

The “Branch Davidians,” as they were called (they didn’t normally refer to themselves by that name) had actually broken off from the Seventh Day Adventists in 1934 and had been living at “Mount Carmel,” as they called their compound located outside Waco, Texas, for almost sixty years at the time of the raid. The unwanted attention from the authorities came about when a UPS driver noticed grenade hulls and black powder in a shipment of boxes he was delivering to their compound, which had accidentally broken open while in transit. The alarmed driver contacted the local police, who then got in touch with the BATF.

It was believed that the residents of the compound were producing machine guns and grenades. The initial raid was made in order to search for evidence of illegal activity and to arrest David Koresh. One of the few survivors of the siege claimed that Koresh had invited the government to

come and inspect their operation, which was supposedly a legal and above-board gun-dealing operation which the group carried out at gun shows. Rather than accept the invitation, the government forced their way in, upon which the aforementioned gun battle ensued.

Those who defended the rightfulness of the raid cited the following as just cause for doing so: The Davidians were regularly receiving large shipments of gun parts and other materials that could be used to manufacture illegal weapons (they were not federally licensed gun dealers, nor did they possess machine gun licenses). During 1992 alone, the group had received hundreds of weapons and thousands of rounds of ammunition, including parts for M-16s and AK-47s, grenades, a grenade launcher, and explosives. Suspicious at least was their practice of posting armed guards at their compound, who were told by Koresh to “shoot to kill” in the event that intruders were to infiltrate Mt. Carmel.

One possible reason for this fearful attitude toward outsiders on the part of the Davidians was that the former leader of the group, George Roden, had threatened Koresh, who had taken over leadership after a gunfight between the two factions. Koresh was also the regular recipient of hate mail from friends and relatives of members of his “flock.”

The legal basis behind the pursuit was that the gun activity in which the group was involved was deemed illegal. In order to own a machine gun, one must pay a \$200 tax and fill out requisite paperwork. So it was a matter of registration and taxation. The basic issue contained elements similar to the Ruby Ridge incident (see the 1992 chapter) and the Whiskey Rebellion (see the 1791 chapter).

Koresh seemed to have more in common with fellow gun lover Randy Weaver than with the farmers of old Pennsylvania, though: He showed members gory footage of the Vietnam War and called these “training videos.” A former member of the group, a Registered Nurse, claimed that Koresh had fathered at least fifteen children from various women and girls in the compound—some of them as young as twelve years old. This nurse says that she delivered seven of these babies herself, and that Koresh annulled the marriages of members of his church and then gained sole sexual access to all the women.

From the more cynical camp of observers (those critical of the government, that is) came the charge that the raid was carried out due to--or at least timed so as to closely precede--an upcoming Congressional decision regarding BATF funding. Newsman Mike Wallace reported that most of the BATF agents he had interviewed called the raid a “publicity stunt.” After all, the BATF, as well as their partners in crime-fighting, the FBI, were still smarting from the PR bruising they had received after the debacle in Ruby Ridge.

David T. Hardy, a former U.S. Department of the Interior headquarters staff attorney, wrote a book entitled *This Is Not an Assault: Penetrating the Web of Official Lies Regarding the Incident at Waco*. In it he writes:

The ATF desperately needed publicity. It was reeling from a 60 Minutes series on sexual harassment (indeed, near-rapes) of female agents, stinging from a racial discrimination class-action lawsuit (which it soon lost), and was only ten days away from its appropriations hearings in the House of Representatives. Internally, agents were referring to the Waco raid as “ZBO,” slang for “Zee Big One,” the publicity stunt that would ensure the agency went into the hearings with headlines and national media coverage behind it. A quiet arrest in the countryside would not make for ZBO.

After the initial raid, additional BATF and FBI forces arrived on the scene, bottling up the members inside their compound. Various forms of “persuasion” were utilized to undermine Koresh’s influence on the residents of Mt. Carmel: The FBI played statements of former members over loudspeakers, and they sent into the compound videotapes and pictures of members’ children, as well as messages from family members. Their intent was to increase the flow of the exodus from the compound from a trickle to a flood--Koresh apparently allowed any who chose to depart to do so at any time they wished.

Perhaps even more disconcerting were the recordings of Tibetan chants, Christmas music, and the screams of rabbits being slaughtered which the FBI blasted over loudspeakers aimed at Mount Carmel. During the nights, a weapon of psychological warfare wielded was floodlights that served to disrupt the sleep of those involuntarily basking in their eerie glow.

Feeling the Mt. Carmelites were too comfortably ensconced in their collection of buildings, the feds shut off electrical power to the compound, and surrounded their quarters with “concertina wire” (spiral barbed wire) fencing.

If the authorities had really wanted the group to surrender, as they claimed they did, one would think they would have wanted the people inside to be thinking straight and clearly, but this strategy was not conducive to such a state of mind. In addition to the previously mentioned tactics, they increasingly tightened the perimeter around Mt. Carmel, creating a shrinking concentric circle of concentrated power: Armored vehicles of various types, as well as a massive display of weapons and personnel.

Harvard Psychiatry and Law Professor Alan A. Stone wrote that these conditions caused a “constant stress overload...intended to lead to sleep-deprivation and psychological disorientation...and emotional chaos.” Stone also complained about the CS gas used by the FBI, which is known to be harmful, especially to children—the group of people inside the compound the government claimed to be most concerned about protecting.

In fact, it was later determined that the average concentration of CS gas inside Mount Carmel during the attack was 10-90 times that required to deter trained troops—enough to overcome protective masks. The suffering was all the worse in the case of children.

Most of the twenty-four children who died on April 19th did so of suffocation. Many of these deaths were from smoke inhalation, but some may have been a result of the CS gas. The cause of the fire is also disputed, both sides blaming the other for the ignition of the conflagration.

Helicopters were also used to—if you believe one side—simply observe the goings-on in the compound, or—if you believe the other side—fire on the residents of the compound from above. Some say these shooters were government law enforcement agents, others (including a CIA agent) claim they were in fact members of the military's secret Delta Force Unit. It is illegal for the government to use the military in police matters.

Due to the way they had been terrorized, many of those holed up in Mt. Carmel may have been afraid to go out into what they may have reasonably foreseen as a Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid-like hail of bullets/blaze of gory “glory.”

The initial siege had lasted two hours. The final one, fifty-one days later, on April 19th, was much more chaotic and catastrophic. The FBI, fearing their team would lose its edge if they had to wait any longer, decided it was time to act. The orders came from above: President Clinton conferred with Attorney General Janet Reno, but told her it was ultimately her decision. Clinton's delegation of this decision was not due to any ambiguity in his mind about the bent of the Branch Davidians and their leader. Clinton later said, “Koresh's response to the demands for his surrender by federal agents was to destroy himself and murder the children who were his captives, as well as all the other people who were there who did not survive.”

Clinton also went on the record as being convinced that the Davidian dead had committed suicide: “I was, frankly, surprised would be a mild word, that anyone would suggest that the Attorney General should resign because some religious fanatics murdered themselves.”

David Thibodeau, one of the few survivors of the raid, claims that their gun operations were a legal money-making venture, and that Koresh had invited the BATF to come and examine the weapons weeks prior to the initial raid. Thibodeau also asserts that Koresh was going to surrender to the authorities once he completed the writing of his interpretation of the Seven Seals of Revelation. The feds thought this was just another ploy (Koresh *had* earlier indicated he would surrender, but had reneged on those promises).

Two completed commentaries written by Koresh were discovered in the ashes of Mount Carmel in the inferno's aftermath. Probably nobody knows for certain whether Koresh would have really “come out with his hands up” after completing the full complement of manuscripts. One may wonder, though: If Koresh intended to “go quietly,” why could he not have written the documents while in custody?

According to Thibodeau, all who were inside wanted to live. Differing with the nurse who had been a member, he also denies the child abuse charges.

The FBI began pumping CS (tear) gas into the compound several hours prior to the fatal fires breaking out. Thibodeau, who co-authored a book with Leon Whiteson named “A Place Called Waco: A Survivor’s Tale” wrote concerning this:

The noxious CS gas that the FBI shot into Mount Carmel (almost 400 rounds were fired at us) was mixed with methylene chloride, which is flammable when mixed with air and can become explosive in confined spaces. CS gas is so nasty that the United States, along with 130 other countries, has signed the Chemical Weapons Convention banning its use in warfare. But apparently there is no prohibition against its use against American citizens.

It could be that many who may have wanted to escape found it impossible to do so—they might have been prevented from doing so due to being trapped by the fire and building damage, or possibly even lost consciousness as a result of the massive amount of gas infused into their quarters.

The Davidians *did*, as during the initial siege, fight back on April 19th. When the tear gas was “inserted” (in the euphemistic terminology of the government), the Davidians fired back. The fire, which led to most of the deaths, was either deliberately set by the Davidians in a pre-arranged mass suicide (according to the government’s story) or touched off by the ramming of the building by one of the tank-like vehicles, knocking over a lantern (which the Davidians were using for light and heat, since their electricity was shut off). According to Thibodeau, the latter was the case.

Why did the Davidians have such a supply of kerosene laid up, though? It seems unlikely that they anticipated the authorities would shut off their electricity—the outrage they displayed when it occurred makes it at least *appear* they were not expecting it.

Thibodeau wrote of what it was like for those inside Mount Carmel during the attack:

It remains hard for me to clearly remember what happened after the tanks made their move. Walls collapsed, the building shook, gas billowed in and the air was full of terrible sounds: the hiss of gas, the shattering of windows, the bang of exploding rockets, the raw squeal of tank tracks. There were screams of children and the gasps and sobs of those who could not protect themselves from the noxious CS. This continued for hours. Inside Mount Carmel, the notion of leaving seemed insane; with tanks smashing through your walls and rockets smashing through the windows, our very human reaction was not to walk out but to find a safe corner and pray. As the tanks rolled in and began smashing holes in the building and spraying gas into the building, the FBI loudspeaker blared, “This is not assault! This is not an assault!”

Around noon I heard someone yell, “Fire!” I thought first of the women and children, whom I had been separated from. I tried desperately to make my

way to them, but it was impossible: rubble blocked off passageways, and the fire was spreading quickly. I dropped to my knees to pray, and the wall next to me erupted in flame. I smelled my singed hair and screamed. Community member Derek Lovelock, who had ended up in the same place as me, ran through a hole in the wall and I followed. Moments later, the building exploded.

As millions watched the shootout and inferno on live television, upwards of seventy people died inside the compound. Of the eighty-three members trapped inside the blazing inferno, Thibodeau was one of only nine who survived.

Quoting from an article the aforementioned David Hardy wrote, entitled “Call It Off”:

During the siege, Davidians told FBI negotiators that the double doors were the best evidence of who fired first: The bullet holes through the left one were all pointing inward. After the fire, the left door (which, it should be stressed, was made of sheet metal, not wood) simply vanished. Although the scene was sealed off to all but the ATF and the FBI, divided into squares and searched as if it were an archaeological site, the left door somehow went missing and remains so to this day.

Two clues point to its fate. First, the soundtrack of an FBI video picked up radio transmissions as the fire was burning down: They reveal “T-1” asking: “Shall we begin taking this place apart?” Second, Jim Brannon, attorney for some of the Davidian survivors, located a home video made by one of the fire department personnel as the fire died down. This shows agents backing up a rented moving truck to the ruins and hastily loading a door-sized object, wrapped in black plastic, into it.

The evidence, in short, strongly suggests that the government knew the door's bullet holes would incriminate the ATF as the initiator of the gunfight in front, and accordingly made its disappearance a high priority.

...

There is also a deeper question: Regardless of who started the fire, did the FBI deliberately initiate a chain of events which would cause one? Getting rid of the incriminating front door appears to have been a high priority. It would have been the most solid piece of evidence that the ATF began the gunfight, and coming after 51 days of government spokesmen blaming the Davidians, would have been stunning evidence that they were victims rather than cop-killers. The Davidians had been insisting that the door would prove them right and that the building bore bullet holes from above, as a record of the helicopters' gunfire, as well. A fire provided the only convenient way of making the door and all the bullet holes in the walls vanish. A disastrous fire would, in short, be uncommonly convenient to the federal agencies.

Six years later, in 1999, the FBI admitted (reversing its previous vehement denials) that it *had* used pyrotechnics and incendiary tear gas cartridges during the final day of the siege. Precisely two years later, the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma was bombed. The perpetrators claimed they had carried out their carnage in retaliation for the government's acts in Ruby Ridge and Waco.

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Spurred on by the cold war, the original intent of the decentralized architecture the Internet used (a collection of remote computers connected with one another) was to maintain communications in the event of a catastrophic attack on the United States. 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 operational even if a large percentage of the country had been 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 by the Soviets. Sputnik set in motion the space age, and, tangentially, 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 achieved mainstream fame and became household terminology. The work that government computer scientists were doing was originally unveiled in 1969, and was called ARPAnet. It was a private computer network linking the U.S. Defense Department with key university researchers and government laboratories. In 1972, another key element of what we now call the Internet was added – email (electronic mail).

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 a worthwhile endeavor.

That changed with the advent of browsers, which placed 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, “surfing” with browsers,

are the two key components of the whole entity which makes up the Internet. By this year, the Internet had become more-or-less mainstream.

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 *literally* wired with literal, physical cables. Wireless Internet (WIFI) is the wave of the present (as of time of writing in early 2006).

1994

Rush to Judgment

"Round up the usual suspects" -- Claude Rains as Capt. Renault in the movie
"Casablanca"

"The only good nigger is a dead nigger." -- LAPD detective Mark Fuhrman

"I didn't do it...I didn't do it...but it's all my fault." -- O.J. Simpson

*Mrs. Brown you've got a lovely daughter
Girls as sharp as her are something rare*

...

But it's sad

She doesn't love me now...

-- from the song "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter" by Herman's Hermits

"Whatever ya do, brotha Fox, please don't fling me in that Briar Patch!" -- Brer Rabbit

♦ Murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman

Former football star, actor, and orange juice pitchman O.J. Simpson was the prime suspect when his ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman, a male guest at her home, were found brutally murdered on June 12th of this year. Goldman, a martial arts devotee, defended himself (and possibly Nicole) valiantly, but eventually succumbed to the vicious onslaught of a knife-wielding assailant. Both victims perished from multiple stab wounds. Nicole's head was practically severed from her body, her throat cut ear to ear.

Placing O.J. under the loupe was, it seemed, a no-brainer: he and Nicole had always had a tempestuous, on-again, off-again relationship; the police had responded to 911 calls from Nicole in the past when O.J. was beating her. And, if that's not enough, O.J. had even on occasion told people that he was going to kill Nicole.

Yet there are reasons for questioning whether O.J. really was the murderer. If he had been overcome by a fit of jealous rage on finding Ron Goldman in Nicole's house with her, why had he not flown into such a violent rage on a past occasion when he came upon Nicole and her then-lover engaging in sex on the couch? On that occasion, he simply berated the two for their lack of discretion (the Simpson's kids were upstairs) and left.

Other questions arise, too: Why would O.J. kill his children's mother in the same house in which the children were sleeping upstairs? After all, he knew that they were there that night.

Timing is another issue: Was it humanly possible to perpetrate the murders, clean himself up, and ditch the murder weapons in the little

amount of time he had between attending his daughter's dance recital earlier and his leaving for a business trip in Chicago later that night?

And why were no bruises found on O.J.'s body, when the young and athletic martial arts practitioner Ron Goldman had furiously fought with his assailant? Goldman had bruises on his hands, indicating he had made violent contact with the murderer prior to his bloody demise.

O.J.'s well-known aversion to blood is another eyebrow-raiser. If he were indeed the assailant, why would he choose a knife as his weapon? Would he go to McDonald's for a burger just prior to the murder? That is exactly what O.J. and house guest Kato Kaelin had done an hour before the murder.

Had O.J. been the knife-wielder, so assert many authorities, he would have been covered—indeed, completely *drenched*—in blood. However, only minuscule amounts of blood were found in O.J.'s vehicle, on his clothing, and in his house—such a small amount that it was barely enough to fit under a man's fingernail.

There was no blood on the brake or accelerator (it would surely have been impossible for the perpetrator to avoid walking through the rivulets of blood that gushed out of Nicole and Ron after their throats were cut). There were only *traces* of blood found in O.J.'s vehicle, house, and on his clothing. The police tore apart the plumbing in Rockingham, O.J.'s estate, to see if he had washed himself clean. Had he done so, there would have been blood in the pipes. None was found.

What about the infamous bloody gloves? The prosecutors claimed the bloody glove found at the scene of the murders fell off O.J. during the attack. But how would a glove just fall off, unless it was extremely loose fitting? When the prosecutors bone-headedly had O.J. try on the gloves in the courtroom (bone-headed because they should not have instigated something unless they knew for certain it would strengthen their case), the gloves were way too small for O.J.—in fact, they were so small, he couldn't even put them on.

But if O.J. was not the murderer, who was? According to the book "O.J. is Guilty, But Not of Murder" by private detective William C. Dear—who spent six years investigating the case--the most likely suspect is O.J.'s son Jason. Despite the fact that Dear's book is written rather amateurishly (many of the conversations he records seem stilted—the dialog he reports does not ring true, or at least does not sound natural), the conclusions he draws are perhaps worth considering.

Among the reasons Dear has for believing O.J. is innocent of the murders are:

- ◆ Although the LAPD (Los Angeles Police Department) found nine sets of fingerprints at the murder scene, none of them were O.J.'s.
- ◆ O.J.'s son Jason, twenty-four years old at the time of the murders, was a "problem child" who had "anger management" issues—*big time*, as the saying goes.
- ◆ The day after the murders, O.J. retained Carl Jones to represent his son Jason. Jones was a criminal defense attorney who specialized in

defending clients accused of murder. And yet, Jason was never considered to be a suspect by the police.

- ◆ The police investigators at the scene of the crime had done a very sloppy job of collecting evidence, examining the crime scene, and maintaining the integrity of the forensic evidence. For example, photographs show them at the scene without rubber gloves or protective booties over their shoes. They walked from one body to the other, thus carrying evidence from one location to the other. Perhaps worst of all, they covered Nicole's body with a blanket from another location in the house—and the blanket was doubtless contaminated with hair, etc. which could have then been transferred from the blanket onto her clothing and body.
- ◆ Jason was a chef, and owned a collection of chef's knives which he carried with him to and from work. He had worked as a chef that night, and may have been upset with Nicole for promising to bring the family to the restaurant where he worked after her daughter's dance recital but then changing her mind. Jason had prepared for their appearance by reserving a table for them and ordering special food. Not only that, Jason had been arrested (in fact, was still on probation at the time of the murders) for assault with a deadly weapon.
- ◆ Jason was not averse to using knives in a violent manner. He had on at least one occasion deliberately stabbed himself in a suicide attempt.
- ◆ Jason was prone to rage and impulsive behavior. Shortly before the murders he had checked himself into a psychiatric hospital, saying that he felt he was on the verge of "raging." Dear makes the claim in his book that Jason suffers from IRD (Intermittent Rage Disorder), a condition which causes people to "go berserk," after which they often-times don't remember what they did while in that state.
- ◆ Two of Jason's former girlfriends claim he beat them. On one occasion, he chopped off the hair of one of these ex-girlfriends in a fit or rage using one of his chef's knives.
- ◆ Regarding O.J.'s Bruno Magli shoes, whose imprints were found at the crime scene, Jason often borrowed his father's clothing. Jason's feet are only ½ size smaller than O.J.'s.
- ◆ When first questioned about his whereabouts on that fateful and fatal night, Jason claimed he hadn't spoken with Nicole since a couple of weeks before her murder. He later updated this to June 7th (five days before the murder). After yet more questioning, he admitted to speaking with her the day before she was murdered, and finally, on the day of the murders.
- ◆ A former coworker of one of Jason's girlfriends said of Jason: "The guy is psycho. One minute he's the sweetest nicest guy you ever met and the next minute he's all angry and upset, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type. Jackie often came into work with bruises on her face and arms from where he would hit and shove her around." Jackie herself said of Jason: "You could see one of those fits coming on, especially if he

wasn't on his Depakote [medication frequently prescribed to people who suffer from rage] and had been drinking or doing drugs. Something would just start coming over him. I could actually see it 'bubble up.' He would get this look in his eyes and he would start to shake and then he would go ballistic...There was one time—I don't even remember what for—when he dragged me into the bathroom and picked me up and held me over his head and dropped me into the empty tub. It hurt so much I thought that Jason had broken my back.”

- ◆ Two months prior to the murders, Jason tried to strangle his girlfriend Jennifer Green at her birthday party.
- ◆ Traces of skin and blood were found under Nicole's fingernails that did not belong to her, O.J., or Ronald Goldman.
- ◆ Jason was never asked to furnish an alibi regarding the murders. Nor were his fingerprints examined to compare them with those found at the murder scene.
- ◆ Experts established that the probable murder weapon was a chef's knife.
- ◆ Jason's psychiatrist shredded all of Jason's medical records after the murders.

Defense attorney F. Lee Bailey accused police officer Mark Fuhrman of finding a second bloody glove at the crime scene and surreptitiously depositing it at Rockingham. Far-fetched? Grasping at straws? Perhaps. Yet, in excerpts from taped interviews, Fuhrman was found to be a rank bigot, deriding minorities in the crudest of terms, bragging about beating suspects and evading discipline for such heinous behavior. He had even once said, paraphrasing John Chivington's take on America's indigenous peoples, that “the only good nigger is a dead nigger.”

During his tenacious investigation, William Dear hired a London firm called *Complete Investigations*, an independent crime investigation laboratory run by two retired British policemen, Terry Merston and Peter Harpur, to appraise the job the LAPD had done. Between them, Merston and Harpur had more than fifty-eight years of combined investigative experience. A portion of their appraisal was:

It can be seen that Detective Fuhrman has little or no regard to scene and evidence protection, or preventing contamination, being that he is beside the body of Nicole without any protection...He also commits the... sin of attending other connected scenes during the investigation, therefore creating the real possibility of contaminating the other scenes.

Their report gets even more damning:

Due to the fact that...Detective Fuhrman is not wearing any protective footwear, it is entirely possible that he or any one of the other detectives has walked the blood onto the driveway of O.J. Simpson's house.

Conversely, it is also possible that when returning to the murder scene from O.J. Simpson's house that the detectives have inadvertently transferred the blood of O.J. Simpson from his house to the murder scene at Bundy Drive.

...

It is obvious from the carnage at the murder scene and other evidence that the murderer would have had to have been in close contact with both of the victims. Due to the severity of the injuries and the amount of wounds resulting in the severing of both jugular veins of Nicole Simpson and one jugular vein of Ronald Goldman, causing blood to gush from the victims, there is no doubt that the perpetrator of these vicious attacks would have been soaked in blood from head to foot. The distinct lack of blood in the Ford Bronco would therefore exclude it from being the murderer's 'get away' vehicle.

But if O.J. did not commit the murders, why did he have any blood at all on his clothing, in his car, and at his estate? A scenario, or theory, of Dear's is that after Jason killed Nicole and Ron, O.J. somehow found out about it—perhaps after receiving a call from Jason on his cell phone. O.J. may have then gone to the scene to check on not only Nicole, but also on his younger son Justin and daughter Sydney. Thus could he have picked up the traces of blood that were found on his clothing, in his car, and in his estate.

Suspiciously, when being questioned about the incident, Jason made a point of claiming he did not own a cell phone, whereas in actuality telephone company records show that he did.

Merston and Harpur's report concluded this way:

From the available evidence it appears that O.J. Simpson was in all probability at the murder scene, at some time after the events, for some reason best known to himself.

Many people are 100% certain O.J. is guilty; others are just as convinced of his innocence. Based on the evidence, though, it is impossible to be *that* certain about what actually took place in Nicole Simpson's house on the night of June 12th. It is possible that the only person alive who knows who the murderer was is the murderer himself.

In any event it is clear that there is more evidence against O.J. (who was acquitted) than there was against Leonard Peltier, who was convicted and is still imprisoned decades after his apparently wrongful incarceration (see the 1975 and 1977 chapters for more details).

1995

The Juice is Loose

“In fact, one thing that I have noticed...is that all of these conspiracy theories depend on the perpetrators being endlessly clever. I think you'll find the facts also work if you assume everyone is endlessly stupid.” -- Brian E. Moore

“The shooting of Vicki Weaver as she held her baby daughter will haunt federal law enforcement for years to come.” – from the Senate Subcommittee report on the Ruby Ridge affair

“The whole problem with the world is that fools and fanatics are always so certain of themselves, but wiser people so full of doubts.” -- Bertrand Russel

- ◆ 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.” This year’s trial over the murder of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman, with O.J. Simpson as the defendant, took over that role this year. On October 3rd, after being sequestered for 266 days (one day short of the average duration of human pregnancy) and then deliberating for a little more than three 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.

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 the family of his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson.

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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. One hundred sixty-eight people were killed (and another died while taking part in the rescue effort). Included in the dead were nineteen children who had been in 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 (although it is difficult to understand why the results of their deed could be considered involuntary) 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 incomprehensible 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 seventy-four dogs used in the effort 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?" some of the problems the volunteers faced at the time and dealt with after the fact are detailed:

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 blindness 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 relate 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 in which they were now living: Terrorists could strike anywhere, anytime.

Lest your faith in humanity 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 service 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.

For those interested in and/or willing to investigate “conspiracy” theories, former Oklahoma State Congressman Charles Key headed up the voluminous *Final Report on the Bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, April 19, 1995* which--similar to the Columbine catastrophe's alternate tellings—reports on an “olive-skinned man” who accompanied McVeigh and—similar to the conspiracy theorists reports of the 9/11 World Trade Center attacks—suggests that there was more than one explosion, and that some people knew in advance what was about to occur (some ATF employees were told not to come into work that day, and a bomb squad was already on alert in downtown Oklahoma City prior to the bombing, among other circumstantial and perhaps coincidental events).

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At the age of ninety-five years and ten months, Dollena “Dollie” (Kohl) 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. In my studied and sober judgment on the matter, Dollie Madison (the bakery, not the former first lady) 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 with her tools and instrument of choice—range, stove, and oven.

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

“Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, comrades and friends - but only one mother in the whole world.” -- Kate Douglas Wiggin

◆ 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

An Awkward Combination of Propaganda and Complete Rubbish

*Down on the boulevard they take it hard
They look at life with such disregard*

...

The hearts are hard and the times are tough
-- 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*

"If man does find the solution for world peace it will be the most revolutionary reversal of his record we have ever known." -- George C. Marshall

"We live in a disturbing age, where technology has surpassed religion. We have guided missiles and misguided people." -- Martin Luther King, Jr.

- ◆ Capt. John Gorham Boulevard
- ◆ Desert Fox
- ◆ Puerto Rico rejects a suitor

In many of the early chapters of this book--those that covered the 1740s and 1750s--the exploits (deeds and/or misdeeds) of Gorham's Rangers were explored. A quarter millennium 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 of this year.

Human rights activist, historian and author Daniel N. Paul (who happens to be a Mi'kmaq Indian and is the author of 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 committed 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 also admits 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.

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Like the aerial bombardment carried out by the U.S.-led coalition at the start of 1992, there was another 100-hour bombardment of Iraq this year, this time ordered by Bill Clinton.

Iraq, with its hand held to the fire, had been caught attempting to manufacture chemical weapons, such as “gas gangrene” (clostridium perfringens). Additionally, they had succeeded in producing large quantities of Anthrax. Iraq also had VX, a lethal nerve agent. Also problematic, five hundred tons of rocket fuel was “missing.”

The 1998 edition of the lead rain that fell on Iraq was dubbed “Desert Thunder.” It is somewhat ironic that President Clinton, who had protested against the Vietnam War during his youth, unleashed an array of bombs collectively named such, as it was reminiscent of the bombing campaign carried out against Vietnam from the mid-1960s to the early 1970s (which had been called “Rolling Thunder”).

Also seeming somewhat fishy is the fact that the bombing campaign took place during Clinton’s impeachment hearings, which stemmed from an immoral relationship the President had carried out with a White House intern (although found guilty of perjury and obstruction of justice, Clinton retained his job).

When Clinton gave the word to begin the bombing, his impeachment hearings were postponed—but only for twenty-four hours. At the end of the 100-hour bombing raid, 415 cruise missiles had been fired (90 more than in Desert Storm, the first Gulf War), and 600 laser-guided bombs had been “delivered.”

Grasping for victory, Clinton claimed significant success. He said 75 of the 100 sites targeted had been hit. American military analyst Anthony H. Cordesman held a different viewpoint regarding the effectiveness of the attacks. Cordesman said, “the initial [U.S.] assertions of significant damage inflicted on Iraq appears to be an awkward combination of propaganda and complete rubbish. No change in Iraqi politics or Saddam’s behavior should be expected. He has shown the Iraqis, the Gulf and the world that he can survive another U.S. attack.”

While Hussein may have shrugged off the attacks, or even tangentially benefited by them, the Iraqi people were the ones to be pitied. They had been attacked on and off for seven years by the U.S., both periodically from the skies, and daily as a result of sanctions imposed on the country. These sanctions brought about privation, deprivation, and even death by starvation. It has been estimated that 1,000,000 Iraqis, mostly children, have died as a result of the U.S.-sponsored U.N. sanctions.

This gross injustice has certainly not gone unnoticed throughout the world, especially in Muslim countries. Even in the United States, the victims have their sympathizers. In fact, seventy members of the U.S. Congress wrote an open letter to President Clinton this year in which they exhorted him to do “what is right: lift the economic sanctions... Morally it is wrong to hold the Iraqi people responsible for the actions of a brutal and reckless government.”

The United States government claimed that Saddam Hussein was a mean man who didn't have the interests of his people at heart. This is true, and beyond question. Hussein and his henchmen used poison gas to kill Kurds in Northern Iraq who wanted independence from his rule. Regardless of the fact that British "heroes" Winston Churchill and T.E. Lawrence had also advocated using poison gas against their enemies in the Middle East, this certainly proves Hussein's wickedness. Why, then, did America think that causing the Iraqi people to suffer would soften Hussein's heart? Certainly they knew that Hussein himself continued to live in the lap of luxury, sanctions or no sanctions.

Actually, America hoped that Hussein would be toppled from within. It didn't work out that way, though. Just as Americans would rally around President George Bush, Jr. in the wake of "9/11" in 2001, Iraqis rallied around their leader when their country was attacked, too.

It was the Americans and the Britons, or more specifically their governments, who are blamed most by the Iraqi populace in general for conditions there. As Jon Lee Anderson was researching his book "The Battle of Baghdad," Iraqi Nasra al-Sadoun, editor of the *Iraq Daily* complained to him: "One million Iraqi children have died! What kind of people are the Americans? Are we Red Indians to be slaughtered?"

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On December 13th, voters in Puerto Rico rejected U.S. statehood in a non-binding referendum.

1999

Dead People Don't Argue

"What we've got here is failure to communicate." -- Strother Martin in the movie "Cool Hand Luke"

*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 The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

*The foreman says
these jobs are goin', boys
And they ain't comin' back
to your home town*

-- from the song "My Home Town" by Bruce Springsteen

"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 burn 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 world is tired of the wealth and splendor that you have squeezed out of our blood and bone. The world is tired of the song of the whip. It is the only song the noble Romans know. But we don't want to hear that song any more. In the beginning, all men were alike and they lived in peace and they shared among them what they had. But now there are two kinds of men, the master and the slave. But there are more of us than there are of you, many more... You put little children into your mines and work them to death in a few months. And you have built your grandeur by being a thief to the whole world. Well, it is finished...to the slaves of the world, we will cry out, Rise up and cast off your chains!" — from "Spartacus" by Howard Fast

"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

"Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter."
-- Sojourner Truth

"Oh, just killing people." — Dylan Klebold, when asked by an acquaintance what he was doing during the Columbine school attack

- ◆ Y2K Preparations
- ◆ Battle of Seattle (WTO Riots)
- ◆ Columbine

Some thought it was a hoax, that there was really 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. Yourdon and other computer professionals (those whom one would think were in the best position to ascertain the most realistic state of affairs regarding how computer programs would “act”) were sometimes the ones most vigorously 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 personally relocated 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, and to be 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 memory and disk size requirements to save as much memory and disk space as possible in an era of expensive and limited computer memory--to allot 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 millennium), 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 millennium 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 pivotal date drew close, most everyone was at least curious as to what would happen. In the end, 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 amount of time and effort that had been expended in advance in order to fix as much of the suspect 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.

Networks controlling power grids and the nation's air traffic control system were all at risk of suffering ill effects if the problems were not solved. 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 millennium 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 to examine and fix 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 than 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).

Computer programming guru and author Steve McConnell had said this in a 1997 interview: *"From what I know of the kinds of shortcuts*

programmers take and how easy it is not to account for special cases in computer programs, I take the Year 2000 problem very seriously indeed."

In a lighter vein, the British computer programming journal "The Delphi Magazine" printed the article "Ask not for whom the clock ticks" in its July, 1999 number. That column contained the following tongue-in-cheek take on the problem:

There are two questions I am regularly asked at parties. The first is: 'While you're here, would you mind setting the clock on my video?' The second (and this is usually when the would-be conversationalist is flailing around for a suitable topic) is 'What do you think about this millennium bug problem?'

The only honest answer to the question, of course, is that I haven't the faintest clue. I'm flattered that people think that because I work in the computer industry I have some kind of insider knowledge that makes me better-informed than the man on the street. If only it were true.

In my heart of hearts I suspect that the whole thing's been massively overblown and, apart from a [few] minor irritations, life will carry on pretty much as before on 1st January 2000. But I've got nothing to back this up, and my hunches have been spectacularly wrong before. Five years ago I was sniffily dismissing the Internet as just another fad that would soon wither and die, and it wouldn't surprise me if this was the case now (I'm buying an extra can of baked beans on my trip to the supermarket each week, just to be on the safe side).

Given that the questioner is usually the first person to show any interest in me all evening, my only recourse is to hide my total ignorance by making stuff up. If the questioner is relatively young looking, I tell them airily that there's nothing to worry about, that it's all taken care of and the worst that can happen is that they might get some odd-looking bank statements for a couple of months. Then I get to look wise and 'in the know', and hopefully they'll introduce me to one of the girls who came with them. Or, if I'm talking to an oldie, perhaps somebody's elderly aunt or uncle, I suck my cheeks in mournfully and tell them that I'm expecting the worst. It's going to be much worse than people think, I mutter conspiratorially. Stock market crash, riots, food shortages, anarchy. They usually turn white, stagger slightly, then head off unsteadily to call their stockbroker.

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. All in all, though, the world survived the Y2K bug 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 and ubiquitous 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.

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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 ever since—or so it sometimes seems. 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 along with the positives. Friedman 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 places 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 detractors of it 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 on 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 what we commonly refer to as “globalization” here in the United States is often called “Americanization” elsewhere. In China, where feelings are still 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 *amoral*--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 thus its dividends and 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?

The U.S. Senate voted in favor of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) on November 19th, 1993, allowing for the freer movement of goods, services, and investments (but not always people) between Canada, Mexico, and the United States.

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 besmirch the image 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.

What is it about globalization that has made it such a hot-button issue with so many? In his book “Globalization and Its Discontents,” former chief economist at the World Bank Joseph Stiglitz clarifies some of the negative aspects of globalization:

The critics of globalization accuse Western countries of hypocrisy, and the critics are right. The Western countries have pushed poor countries to eliminate trade barriers, but kept up their own barriers, preventing developing countries from exporting their agricultural products and so depriving them of desperately needed export income. The United States was, of course, one of the prime culprits, and this was an issue about which I felt intensely. When I was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, I fought hard against this hypocrisy. It not only hurt the developing countries; it also cost Americans, both as consumers, in the higher prices they paid, and as taxpayers, to finance the huge subsidies, billions of dollars.

...

The Uruguay Round [part of ongoing international economic agreements] also strengthened intellectual property rights. American and other Western drug companies could now stop drug companies in India and Brazil from “stealing” their intellectual property. But these drug companies in the developing world were making these life-saving drugs available to their citizens at a fraction of the price at which the drugs were sold by the Western drug companies. There were thus two sides to the decisions made in the Uruguay Round. Profits of the Western drug companies would go up. Advocates said this would provide them more incentive to innovate; but the increased profits from sales in the developing world were small, since few could afford the drugs, and hence the incentive effect, at best, might be limited. The other side was that thousands were effectively condemned to death, because governments and individuals in developing countries could no longer pay the high prices demanded.

But what really happened? Why did the “Battle of Seattle” take place? Quoting from Stiglitz again:

The global protests over globalization began at the WTO meetings in Seattle, Washington, because it was the most obvious symbol of the global inequities and the hypocrisy of the advanced industrial countries. While these countries had preached—and forced—the opening of the markets in the developing countries to their industrial products, they had continued to keep their markets closed to the products of the developing countries, such as textiles and agriculture. While they preached that developing countries should not subsidize their industries, they continued to provide billions in subsidies to their own farmers, making it impossible for the developing

countries to compete. While they preached the virtues of competitive markets, the United States was quick to push for global cartels in steel and aluminum when its domestic industries seemed threatened by imports.

...

One of the reasons globalization is being attacked is that it seems to undermine traditional values. The conflicts are real, and to some extent unavoidable. Economic growth—including that induced by globalization—will result in urbanization, undermining traditional rural societies. Unfortunately, so far, those responsible for managing globalization, while praising these positive benefits, all too often have shown an insufficient appreciation of this adverse side, the threat to cultural identity and values. This is surprising, given the awareness of the issues within the developing countries themselves: Europe defends its agricultural policies not just in terms of those special interests, but to preserve rural traditions. People in small towns everywhere complain that large national retailers and shopping malls have killed their small businesses and their communities.

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 simply needy to downright desperate. Stiglitz writes:

Even those countries that have experienced some limited growth have seen the benefits accrue to the well-off, and especially the very well-off—the top 10 percent—while poverty has remained high, and in some cases the income of those at the bottom has fallen.

Speaking of the IMF (International Monetary Fund), whose goal is the maintaining of global stability, Stiglitz goes on to say:

Modern high-tech warfare is designed to remove physical contact: dropping bombs from 50,000 feet ensures that one does not “feel” what one does. Modern economic management is similar: from one’s luxury hotel, one can callously impose policies about which one would think twice if one knew the people whose lives one was destroying.

Or not. At any rate, many of the “haves” 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.

In his book “Walking With the Wind: a Memoir of the Movement,” John Lewis had the following to say on the subject:

There hasn't been a time in America – certainly not since World War II – that the classes have been pushed as far apart as they are today, with vast numbers of poor at one end, a small number of wealthy at the other and a middle class in danger of completely disappearing as most of it is pushed toward the lower end of the spectrum. Measurements of economic well-being are misleading. The overall economy might be healthy, but where is most of that wealth going? Vastly and disproportionately, it is funneled to the relatively few at the top. America's total wealth, jobs and productivity might be growing, but the benefits are being enjoyed primarily by a small minority... If we continue to allow hundreds of thousands of our young people – black, Hispanic, Asian, Native American, white – to grow up without a feeling that they have a stake in this society, if we let them come into young adulthood without ever holding a meaningful job, without any sense of hope, I think we are asking for trouble. We can't retreat from them. We can't turn our backs on them. We can't circle the wagons in suburban developments with armed guards at the gates and believe that we are safe. The people, the masses, will eventually arrive at those gates, angry and upset, and then it will be too late. We must reach out to one another now. We must realize that we are all in this together. Not as black or white. Not as rich or poor. Not even as Americans or "non"-Americans. But as human beings.

The two hundred wealthiest people on earth own an equal amount of assets as the poorest forty percent of earth's population: that's two hundred people compared with 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 at fairly distributing those 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 tend to have, regardless of race.

At the conclusion of his book, Stiglitz says:

But for millions of people globalization has not worked. Many have actually been made worse off, as they have seen their jobs destroyed and their lives become more insecure. They have felt increasingly powerless against forces beyond their control. They have seen their democracies undermined, their cultures eroded.

If globalization continues to be conducted in the way that it has been in the past, if we continue to fail to learn from our mistakes, globalization will not only not succeed in promoting development but will continue to create poverty and instability. Without reform, the backlash that has already started will mount and discontent with globalization will grow.

Even the predominantly pro-globalization Friedman admits:

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.

Seattle was not the only locale where demonstrations against globalization took place. This year alone there were 400 protests in third world countries. And since the “Battle in Seattle,” the demonstrations against globalization have grown larger in size and have increased in intensity. For that reason, some meetings of the WTO have been held in isolated locations to ward off these masses of angry protesters.

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On entering Columbine High School, in Littleton, a Denver, Colorado suburb, one sees the declaration: “The finest kids in America pass through these halls.”

On April 20th of this year, fifteen people were killed at Columbine High School. One teacher, the two student gunmen and thirteen innocent classmates made up the fifteen. Another 23 were wounded, many seriously.

Columbine is by no means the only contemporary example of school violence. The book “Columbine High School Shooting” by Judy L. Hasday contains a chart that lists eleven other fatal incidents in American schools between early 1996 and early 2001. The Columbine shootings were the worst of them all, though.

Dylan Klebold, whose mother was a counselor at a nearby community college, had as a boy played in Little League and been a Boy Scout. Klebold had already made plans to attend college. His cohort Eric Harris had plans to join the U.S. Marines.

Eric Harris had warned of the rampage on his web site, where he wrote: “I’m coming for EVERYONE soon and I WILL be armed to the...teeth and I WILL shoot to kill...I do not care if I live or die in the shoot-out. All I want to do is kill and injure as many of you as I can.” Although a complaint was filed by the parents of one boy who was threatened by name, the police never investigated the matter.

As it turned out, the young men had something even more deadly than a shootout in mind: They planned to detonate bombs inside the cafeteria at lunchtime, when approximately 500 students would be on hand. Had they been successful, the death toll could have been much higher than fifteen.

The day that Harris and Klebold referred to as “Judgment Day” began normally. Harris, in fact, showed up on time at 6:15 that morning for his bowling class at a local bowling alley. Following that class, though, Harris and his buddy Klebold were busy with “other things,” and didn’t

arrive at school until 11:10 that morning—both arrived at that same time, although in separate vehicles.

According to detailed descriptions of their plans, which were discovered after the attack, Harris and Klebold had been planning the attack for over a year. Harris' daily planner contained the following entries for the day:

5:00. Get up; 6:00, meet at KS; 7:00, go to Reb's house; 7:15 he leaves to fill propane, I leave to fill gas; 8:30, meet back at his house; 9:00, made d. bag set up car; 9:30, practice gearups; Chill; 10:30, set up four things; 11, go to school; 11:10, set up duffel bags; 11:12, wait near cars, gear up; 11:16 HAAAAA.

The propane Klebold obtained was to fill two home-made tank bombs. Harris and Klebold planned to detonate the propane bombs at 11:17, during first lunch, then position themselves outside the cafeteria so as to shoot the surviving victims as they exited the building. The two brought shotguns and semi-automatic weapons with them for this purpose.

At the pre-arranged time, the two youths placed the duffel bugs containing the propane tanks inside the cafeteria, went outside, strapped on their weapons, put on trench coats, and waited for the bombs to explode.

For some reason, the bombs did not go off. Not wanting to call off their killing spree, Harris and Klebold improvised. They entered the school with their guns and some pipe bombs. Seemingly indiscriminately, they wandered around the cafeteria and other areas in the school, shooting just about everybody they came across, and tossing pipe bombs around.

Soon, the school was filled with smoke from the pipe bombs, noise from the fire alarms that the smoke triggered, water from the automatic overhead sprinklers—and the prone bodies of the dead and wounded. Fear, pain, chaos and death ensued for forty minutes, until Harris and Klebold took their own lives at 12:05. This last fact was unknown for hours, though. Those on the outside didn't know how many gunmen there were, or exactly where inside the school they were located. Nor did they know that Klebold and Harris had killed themselves.

Although the police did not have or make the time to investigate the complaint about Harris' threats published on his web site, after the fact 80 detectives spent eight months interviewing 4,500 witnesses and gathering 10,000 pieces of evidence. As is so often the case, resources unavailable for prevention suddenly become available for "post mortems."

A parent of one of the victims held nothing back when he complained: "When 500 officers go to a battle zone, and not one comes away with a scratch, then something's wrong. I expected dead officers, crippled officers, disfigured officers—not just children and teachers." Similarly, Angela Sanders, the daughter of the teacher who was killed, asked: "How

many of those kids could have lived if they had moved more quickly? This is what I do every day. I sit and ponder, 'What if.'"

Angela's father, a teacher named Dave Sanders, had courageously come to the aid of students during the crisis. After he was wounded, it took SWAT teams almost three hours to reach Mr. Sanders. By the time they did, it was too late. It should be noted, though, that those officers may have been more than willing to "move" earlier, but had to wait on orders allowing them to do so.

For the record, some people assert that there were other attackers in addition to Klebold and Harris. Many eyewitnesses claimed to see others. Specifically, many students reported seeing a third, older man, with the two youths outside the school when the mayhem began. He was dressed differently than Klebold and Harris (in a T-shirt and jeans) and was seen throwing something on the roof of the building. Whether this is a case of (many) unreliable witnesses muddying the waters, or a cover-up, I don't know. For more information, see Russ Kick's article "Witnesses to a Massacre: Other Participants in the Columbine Shooting" in the book "Everything You Know is Wrong: The Disinformation Guide to Secrets and Lies" (various authors, compilation edited by Russ Kick).

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

"Any color - so long as it's black." -- Henry Ford

"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

"Under democracy one party always devotes its chief energies to trying to prove that the other party is unfit to rule - and both commonly succeed, and are right." -- H.L. Mencken

"The principal difference between a cat and a lie is that the cat has only nine lives." -- Mark Twain

"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 2000, the population of the United States reached approximately 300 million people, and was increasing at an overall rate of one new resident every 13 seconds. Thus, about 3,500 citizens were being added each month to the U.S. Total. This increase, of course, is but a small fraction of world population growth (which is advancing by a million additional souls per month).

A century earlier, in 1900, only thirteen per cent of Americans lived in cities; by this year, the percentage of urbanites had quadrupled to fifty per cent. For the Branstuders, their way of life remained 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 Hiwassee. This leaves only one surviving member of the Branstuder household, Lula Mae (Branstuder) Dixon.

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Between September 1999 and October 2000, at least 117 "dot com" companies—Internet companies which had enticed gullible or rationally exuberant investors to try to make quick money, failed. The healthy skepticism, 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 their target market. Many of these companies projected for stardom only ended up in the "big" 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 presumably be more circumspect.

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Neither George W. Bush nor Al Gore really struck a chord with the majority of the nation's citizens. 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 numbers of 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, the news media 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 votes. This triggered an automatic recount, as according to Florida law a margin of victory of less than 2,000 votes must be examined more closely. For thirty-six days everyone was in suspense as to the election’s 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 minuscule 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 one ex-con bears that name may 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 perforation that corresponded to his candidate of choice. If the voter 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 declare 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 meaning in this instance?

Finally, the tide turned in George Bush's favor. His brother Jeb was at the time, and still is at the time of writing, Governor of Florida. The U.S. Supreme Court stepped in and, in a five-to-four vote, overturned the Florida Supreme Court's ruling (which, as has been noted, had ruled for a recount).

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

Who's Flying This Plane?

"Why did the terrorists have to kill my mom?" -- a boy named Kevin, whose mother was killed in the terrorist attacks on September 11th

"Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain!" -- Frank Morgan as the wizard in the movie "The Wizard of Oz"

"I've thought about this a lot, and all that matters is money." – former Enron executive Jeff Skilling

"Having a lot of money is not an important goal. There isn't even a true Crow word for money. We say buhla, which derives from the English word 'dollar.' We know that wealth doesn't bring quality of life. We see whites live alone and die alone, and it seems that an excess of money may only bring loneliness. We pity the shyster businessmen, the chiseling coal developers, the rip-off land developers who have no people with them. What is important to Crows is relationships and respect...People here only ask a decent life—a roof, a decent car, an education for their children, good water, to be near their relatives, and near the mountains and the land." – Janine Pease-Windy, Crow

"I want all the money outside the building inside the building." – former Enron executive Greg Whalley

"We're on the side of angels." – former Enron executive Jeff Skilling

"For such men are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into apostles of Christ. And no wonder, for Satan himself keeps transforming himself into an angel of light. It is therefore nothing great if his ministers also keep transforming themselves into ministers of righteousness. But their end shall be according to their works." – 2 Corinthians 11:14

"I don't care what you say about the company, just don't make me look bad." – former Enron executive Andy Fastow

"I would like to know if you are on crack. If so, that would explain a lot. If not, you may want to start because it's going to be a long time before we trust you again." – Question posed to Ken Lay by an anonymous attendee of an all-employees Enron meeting on 11/23/2001

"If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything." – Mark Twain

- ◆ 9/11 and its Aftermath
- ◆ Anthrax
- ◆ Enron Crosses the Street

Normally, the collapse of a 47-story building in Manhattan would be the news of the week, the month, maybe even the year. This year, though, when Seven World Trade Center collapsed, it seemed to be 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 business.

On this sunny late summer morn, four commercial airliners were apparently hijacked. Two of them, originating in Boston, Massachusetts, were flown into the World Trade Center, eighteen minutes apart. The first one sliced into the north tower of the WTC (Building 1) at 8:46 a.m. The pilot angled the jets wings so that the lower wing entered the tower at the 93rd floor, the upper wing at the 98th floor. At 9:04, a second airliner slammed into Building 2, the south tower. In this case, too, the plane's wings were angled so that the hole created stretched from the 77th to the 85th floors. The plane that struck Building 1 was traveling 450 mph; the one that slammed into Building 2 was going even faster: 545 mph.

The initial collision raised concerns about a terrorist attack, but the possibility remained that the plane crashing into the building was a tragic mistake. In the minds of most people, the second collision 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 who was on the scene, Cynthia Tucker, at first thought that a terrible accident had occurred. 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.”

At around 10 a.m., less than an hour after being struck, the south tower collapsed. Most people in the north tower were unaware the south tower had fallen. They heard and/or felt its collapse, though not knowing just what had happened. Some assumed that a third plane, which had been rumored to be on its way, had struck one of the buildings. But the plane that had been spotted, giving rise to the rumors, was not a hijacked airliner, but a military plane on its way (albeit too late) to intercept the hijacked planes.

A half hour after the south tower fell, the north tower followed. The impact of the towers hitting the ground caused the earth to shudder to such an extent that the shock waves were recorded on seismographs 265 miles away in New Hampshire.

The loss of the twin 110-story towers, completed in 1973, left a gaping void in downtown Manhattan. The vacuum 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.

The bucolic field in rural Pennsylvania 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 successful in preventing the hijackers from flying the plane to their intended destination. What *was* their intended destination? The White House, perhaps? The Federal Capitol building?

All in all, 3,052 people were eventually reported as having been killed in the day's attacks (2,749 at the World Trade Center alone). This was a greater total than those that had perished during the attack on Pearl Harbor during World War II. And indeed, the attack was compared to that day that lives in infamy, December 7th, 1941, in its effect on the American people in particular, and the world in general. Another comparison has been made between the collapse of the Twin Towers and the sinking of the Titanic. As the Titanic was considered unsinkable, so many viewed the Twin Towers as indestructible. Also, in both cases safety standards were satisfied in a legal sense, but not in a practical

sense: The Titanic had enough lifeboats on board to comply with legal requirements (which had not yet been updated for ships of that size), but not a sufficient number to accommodate everyone in the case of the “unthinkable.” As to the World Trade Center towers, the three stairways they had were the bare minimum to meet the building code (the smaller Empire State Building has nine), but were not enough--because so many people were attempting to simultaneously evacuate, and because the staircases were all situated close to one another rather than being spread out throughout the buildings. Most of the staircases were destroyed beyond usability, as were the greater number of the elevators.

Yet another comparison conjured forth by the disaster of 9/11, as explored in the book “102 Minutes: The Untold Story of the Fight to Survive Inside the Twin Towers” by Jim Dwyer and Kevin Flynn, revolves around the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire of 1911.

Among the victims of the 911 catastrophe were more than 300 New York City policemen and firemen, who had entered the buildings after the attack to aid in the rescue effort.

President Bush declared war on terrorism almost immediately. In addition to the Americans killed, citizens of eighty countries had died in the attacks, and many of those nations joined forces to fight the terrorists.

According to official reports, the terrorists were sponsored chiefly 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 “Zionists” (Israelis and their supporters) and “Crusaders” (professed adherents of Christianity who persecute Muslims).

Late this year, the Pentagon released a videotape of bin Laden, in which the al Qaeda leader says the attacks of September 11th had exceeded his “most optimistic” expectations.

Al Qaeda is said to refer to 9/11 as “Victory Tuesday.” This was by no means the first time that al Qaeda had attacked U.S. targets, but this was the first time they had done so on American soil. Previous targets had been hit throughout the Middle East and Africa, including the crippling of the U.S. battleship *Cole* off the shores of Yemen in October of 2000, which had killed seventeen U.S. sailors.

In a statement following the attacks on 9/11, bin Laden was quoted as saying, “Here is America, struck by God Almighty in one of its vital organs, so that its greatest buildings are destroyed.” Presumably straight-faced, bin Laden would go on to say in 2002:

A message to the American people: Peace be upon those who follow the right path. I am an honest adviser to you. I urge you to seek the joy of life and the after life and to rid yourself of your dry, miserable, and spiritless materialistic existence. I urge you to become Muslims, for Islam calls for the principle of “there is no God but Allah,” and for justice and forbids injustice and criminality. I call on you to understand the lesson of the New

York and Washington raids, which came in response to some of your previous crimes. The aggressor deserves punishment.

Say what? Killing over 3,000 unsuspecting people is not a criminal act of injustice? Bin Laden also aired his grievances and what he thought of the U.S. government in no uncertain terms:

We regret to tell you that you are the worst civilization in the history of mankind. You ransack our land, stealing our treasures and oil...Your forces occupy our land...You have starved the Muslims of Iraq...So what is left on the list of the most heinous, evil and unjust acts that you have not done?

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, in October.

And, in fact, an attack by the U.S. on al Qaeda in Afghanistan was not unwelcome by bin Laden. He had declared war on the U.S. in 1998, and luring the enemy to his home turf was not something he dreaded—far from it! That's where his forces were located, and where, in many respects he holds "home field advantage." Bin Laden would also be happy two years later when the U.S. invaded Iraq.

Yet, according to the U.S. intelligence officer who wrote the book "Imperial Hubris: Why the West is Losing the War on Terror," success could have been achieved by the Americans in Afghanistan had they acted immediately against al Qaeda there, rather than waiting until October 7th. In the writer's view, that was too late—al Qaeda had by then had time to disperse, melt into the surrounding villages and countryside, and dig in. The reason the author, who asserts that America's attack on al Qaeda was too little too late, wrote his book anonymously is explained in a short note in the back of the book: "...the author remains anonymous as the condition for securing his employer's permission to publish *Imperial Hubris*."

It should be noted that there are many who suspect a U.S. government conspiracy behind the attacks, claiming the towers could not have blown up as they did, and come down as they had, lest bombs had been planted inside them prior to the planes striking them. Some conspiracy theorists also claim that the airliner that supposedly struck the Pentagon was bogus, due to the minimal damage it did to the building and their claim that there was no wreckage of the plane remaining at the site.

There had been many indications that bin Laden was planning something big around this time (there was terrorist "chatter" picked up by the U.S. intelligence community as well as several reports and warnings from various other intelligence agencies throughout the world). But just when and exactly where would the attack take place?

Actually, U.S. Intelligence agencies were aware of specific threats against the World Trade Center by al-Qaeda. Some of these agencies were also aware that Arabs with known or at least suspected ties to terrorist organizations were taking flying lessons in the U.S., and that some of these novice pilots were not interested in learning how to take off and land aircraft, just how to guide them while in flight. At least one of these suspicious characters also displayed keen interest in getting around New York City from the air. These should have been clues; bells should have gone off; suspicions should have been shared between agencies (such as the FBI and the CIA), regardless of the “sibling rivalry”--the “bad blood” and competition that historically exist between them.

Two months previously, in July, the late John O'Neill quit his job as Deputy Director of the FBI in disgust because the Bush administration was not allowing him to pursue Islamic terrorists as aggressively as he wished to.

In the weeks preceding the attack, Salman Rushdie, author of *The Satanic Verses* (an anti-Islam book) was not allowed to fly (as a passenger). San Francisco mayor Willie Brown, who was planning a trip to the east coast, was warned at 10 p.m. on September 10th to be very cautious about flying. A week before 9/11, a Pakistani high school student in Brooklyn pointed out a classroom window to the twin towers and informed his teacher and classmates: “Do you see those two buildings? They won't be standing there next week.”

In response to the appearance that some people in the country had advance knowledge of these events, and in the belief that the spy agencies should have sniffed it out, Russ Kick writes in his article “September 11, 2001: No Surprise,” (from the book *Everything You Know Is Wrong*):

At the very least, the success of the 911 attacks reveals gross incompetence, criminal negligence, and general stupidity on the part of intelligence and other aspects of the government.

If there is any truth to the conspiracy theories, such wicked maneuverings would not be something that had never before been considered. Eric Alterman's *When Presidents Lie: A History of Official Deception and Its Consequences* reported on a similar scenario during the Cuban missile crisis of the Kennedy era (“the island” mentioned refers to Cuba):

In March the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff proposed an absolutely incredible series of actions, including acts of terrorism against U.S. Citizens, the U.S. Space program, and internationally bound air travel—including students—for the purposes of surreptitiously provoking a global reaction that would justify a U.S. Invasion and occupation of the island.

Personally, I must admit that while an internal conspiracy falls within the realm of the possible, I find it unlikely, for if such a conspiracy were to have taken place, it would have required the complicity of a large number of Americans. The only way such a thing could have been perpetrated is if among that large group not a single one of them possessed a shred of decency, and all of them were criminally insane. Possible? Yes. Probable? I think not.

Yet, it is said that writer Hunter S. Thompson was investigating 9/11, attempting to expose a massive cover-up and government plot, when he died at the age of 67 as a result of a gunshot wound to the head. Official reports say the fatal gunshot wound was self-inflicted. Yet it may be of interest that Thompson had predicted he would be murdered for his investigation, and that “they would make it look like suicide.” Thompson, famous for his reports from “Tricky Dick” Nixon’s campaign trail in 1972, added, “I know how they think.”

Could this have been be a bizarre and macabre joke, pulled out of malice or gonzo hijinks by a man who already planned to kill himself? Maybe. Who knows for sure?

At any rate, as had taken place at Ruby Ridge, the rules of engagement were changing again with regards to the response to terrorism. In America, the so-called “Patriot Act” changed the way suspects were dealt with; in Britain, whose government is America’s staunchest ally, suspects were shot in the head—a realization of the old “shoot first, and ask questions later” method of interrogation.

In October, U.S. forces invaded Afghanistan, outlawed the Taliban government, and set up a pro-U.S. (“puppet”) government. Taliban fighters are still fighting back. Among those deployed to Iraq are the 2nd Battalion of the 503rd Infantry (the “Sky Soldiers” of the 173rd Airborne, John Patton’s original paratrooper division).

In response to the U.S. attacks on Afghanistan, secularist Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein, playing to the emotions of the religious in his regime, stated: “The true believers cannot but condemn this act, not because it has been committed by America against a Muslim people but because it is an aggression committed outside international law. These methods will bring only greater instability and disorder in the world. The American aggression could spread to other countries.”

President Bush also had harsh words for Iraq. In the following statement, Bush lumps Iraq with North Korea and Iraq’s ancient enemy Iran as an “axis of evil.” Bush said:

North Korea is a regime arming with missiles and weapons of mass destruction, while starving its citizens. Iran aggressively pursues these weapons and exports terror... Iraq continues to flaunt its hostility toward American and to support terror... This is a regime that has something to hide from the civilized world. States like these, and their terrorist allies, constitute an axis of evil, arming to threaten then peace of the world.

As to who was behind the attacks on 9/11 and why, it must be noted that many of the world's 1.2 billion Muslims are not averse to taking up arms to defend themselves. The prophet Muhammad himself was said to have personally taken part in seventy-eight battles. In fact, defensive jihads are considered by Muslims an unavoidable personal responsibility when the Muslim faith, Muslim land, or Muslim people themselves are attacked. War with one Muslim people or land, then, is by Islamic definition war with *all* Muslims. A "true believer" among the Muslims believes there are but two options open to him in such a case: Take up arms, or face eternal damnation for not doing so. And tenacious defenders they are. Their motto can be said to be "Until Victory or Martyrdom."

In the aforementioned book "Imperial Hubris" by an anonymous member of the U.S. intelligence community, the warning is given:

One of the greatest dangers for Americans in deciding how to confront the Islamist threat lies in continuing to believe—at the urging of senior U.S. leaders—that Muslims hate and attack us for what we are and think, rather than for what we do. The Islamic world is not so offended by our democratic system of politics, guarantees of personal rights, and civil liberties, and separation of church and state that it is willing to wage war against overwhelming odds in order to stop Americans from voting, speaking freely, and praying, or not, as they wish. With due respect for those who have concluded that we are hated for what we are, think, and represent, I beg to disagree and contend that your conclusion is errant and potentially fatal nonsense. As Ronald Spiers, a former U.S. ambassador to Turkey and Pakistan, has said, the "Robotic repetition of 'because they hate freedom' does not do as an explanation."

The author goes on to point out that it is U.S. policies toward Muslim nations--not how we live, or "our freedom"--that have moved Muslims to act against the U.S. After all, Muslims in Afghanistan fought against communist Russia, too. "Imperial Hubris" goes on to say:

The focused and lethal threat posed to U.S. national security arises not from Muslims being offended by what America is, but rather from their plausible perception that the things they most love and value—God, Islam, their brethren, and Muslim lands—are being attacked by America...It is, I believe, the Muslim perception that the things they love are being intentionally destroyed by America that engenders Islamist hatred toward the United States, and that simultaneously motivates a few Muslims to act alone and attack U.S. interests; a great many more to join organizations like al Qaeda and its allies; and massive numbers to support those organizations' defensive military actions with prayers, donations, blind eyes, or logistical assistance...Bin Laden and most militant Muslims, therefore, can be said to be motivated by their love for Allah and their hatred for a few, specific U.S. policies and actions they believe are damaging—and threatening to destroy—the things they love. There is a

war against a specific target and for specific, limited purposes. While they will use whatever weapon comes to hand—including weapons of mass destruction—their goal is not to wipe out our secular democracy, but to deter us by military means from attacking the things they love. Bin Laden et al. are not eternal warriors; there is no evidence they are fighting for fighting's sake, or that they would be lost for things to do without a war to wage. There is evidence to the contrary, in fact, showing bin Laden and other Islamist leaders would like to end the war, get back to their families, and live a less martial lifestyle. They share the attitude of the Afghan mujahdeen during the Afghan-Soviet war: They are weary of war, but not war weary in a way making them ready to compromise or fight less enthusiastically. In both cases, participating in a defensive jihad was a duty to God and therefore had to be pursued until victory or martyrdom. For the Afghans, their jihad continued until the Soviets were stopped from destroying Islam, killing Muslims, and occupying Afghan land—the three things they love most and that united the ethnically and linguistically diverse insurgent groups. For bin Laden and the Islamists, jihad against America is the Afghan jihad writ worldwide, and, like that jihad, it is fueled by hatred for the United States based on what they see as American attacks on the things they most love—their faith, brethren, and land... While America's political, military, and media elites portray efforts to kill bin Laden as nothing more than a necessary act to annihilate a deranged gangster, many Muslims see that effort as an attempt to kill a heroic and holy man who lives and works only to protect his brethren and preserve their faith. While Americans are told U.S. forces are hunting an Arab version of Timothy McVeigh, Muslims are praying and working for the survival of a man better characterized for them as a combination of Robin Hood and St. Francis of Assisi, an inspiring, devout leader who is unlikely to be betrayed for \$25 million in U.S. reward money.

The anonymous writer of "Imperial Hubris" is not optimistic regarding U.S. chances for victory in Afghanistan. He seems to agree on this score with Mullah Omar, who opined in September of 2002, "Today the United States in Afghanistan deludes itself with the vanity of power and imagines that its fate will be better than the fate of earlier invaders... Apparently it has not properly read Afghanistan's history."

Speaking of U.S. and NATO troops in his country, Abdul Rasul Sayyef, a nominal ally of Afghanistan's American-sponsored leader Hamid Karzai, had this to say: "I do not find a convincing reason for their continued presence. We did not get rid of the Soviets to get the Americans in the end."

Three countries refused to fly their flags at the U.N. at half-mast in a show of sympathy after 9/11: China, Iraq, and Libya. Besides that passive act, Iraq's leader Saddam Hussein took it upon himself to say in connection with the attacks: "America is reaping the thorns planted by its rulers." In a similar vein, Iraq's foreign minister Naji Sabri referred to America's actions in Hiroshima, Vietnam, Central America, and Palestine as "crimes against humanity."

Iraq's response to the disaster would continue to irk many in high places in American politics, as we will explore in subsequent chapters.

Many questions still remain about the tragedies of 9/11, and doubtless will linger for a long time to come. Some of these are: How is it that these buildings came down so quickly, and in such a seemingly controlled way (collapsing straight down, rather than toppling sideways), when fire prevention professionals say no steel building has ever before been destroyed by fire? Why did *Fire Prevention* magazine call the official report of the 9/11 Commission "a half-baked farce"? Why is it that pieces of both main towers flew outwards and *upwards* as they were collapsing? And regarding that 47-story building mentioned at the outset of this section, World Trade Center building 7: How is it that it was "pulled" (intentionally taken down with explosives) just hours after the attacks on the main towers, when it takes days or weeks to plan, set up, and carry out such an operation?

Some conspiracy theorists believe that the 1941 attacks on Pearl Harbor were allowed--or even orchestrated by--FDR (well-known as a prevaricator), as a means to get the American public behind the war. In this case, too, some call the 9/11 attacks a "New Pearl Harbor." In their view, such an attack was necessary to mobilize public sentiment against an "axis of evil" comprised of al Qaeda, Iraq, and possibly later Iran, Syria, and...who knows what other countries and organizations?

Whose conspiracy theory is it, anyway? One is reminded of the following passage from *Through the Looking Glass* by Lewis Carroll:

Alice laughed: "There's no use trying," she said; "one can't believe impossible things." "I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was younger, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

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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 (flu-like 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 set. 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 two hundred twenty 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 in 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 as yet 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).

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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 morphed into being primarily an energy broker. By 1998 they were the largest power merchant in North America.

Yet there was a disconnect between how Enron presented itself and who it really was behind closed doors. To a great extent, Enron had become a “paper bull.” On paper they looked robust and vibrant. In

reality, the paper was counterfeit--they were playing intricate shell games, precariously propping up a house of cards.

Enron's incredibly complex and meticulously manipulated bookkeeping was a maze of partnerships and subsidiaries that camouflaged shady deals and pernicious problems.

In 1998, an Arthur Andersen employee wrote "Enron is continuing to pursue various [accounting] structures to get cash in the door without accounting for it as debt."

Late in the game, Sherron Watkins, an Enron Vice President, warned founder and chairman Ken Lay that the company "might implode in a wave of accounting scandals." In the end, company officials admitted overstating earnings by \$586 million. Enron posted a \$638 million loss in the third quarter for this year, and also admitted owing a whopping \$3 *billion* dollars. Following a reduction of its stock to junk-bond status, a hoped-for acquisition by chief rival Dynegy (which was up to that point a much smaller company than Enron), which would have infused \$23 billion into the company, fell apart.

The largest bankruptcy case U.S. history ensued.

That's the Enron story in a nutshell. There are additional noteworthy particulars, though:

The company started out with the name Enteron. It was soon pointed out to them, though, that they might want to reconsider, as "enteron" is a synonym for the alimentary canal (the digestive tract). Ultimately it may have proven a more fitting moniker.

More than a good company gone bad, Enron was more precisely a rogue operation almost from its inception: It had been cooking its books since the early 1980s. Enron had been involved in many mini-scandals over the years and even in those early years were labeled by some auditors as "a bunch of scam artists."

Based on the juggling, ventriloquism, optical illusions, high-wire acts, sleight of hand card tricks, and men being shot out of cannons that were constantly being conjured up (in an accounting sense) by Chief Financial Officer Andy Fastow, he and his cohorts would have been more fitted to life in a traveling circus. Andy had no qualms about manipulating matters so that his personal fortune was enhanced, either. Before it turned sour, the milking was good. Fastow said, "Being CFO of Enron is as good a CFO position as anyone could have in America, I think."

When their accounting shenanigans really got out of control near the end, when they were not just cooking the books but charbroiling them in true Cajun fashion, their accomplices at Arthur Andersen (who should have served as a check on overzealous Enron officials and, if necessary, a whistle-blower to the SEC (Securities and Exchange Commission) and/or the IRS) chose not to report them. In fact, Arthur Andersen left it up to their client, Enron, to turn themselves in—or not. We know what Enron did. Would the fox turn himself into the farmer after raiding the henhouse? Not while there were more chickens to raid.

One of the bad decisions Enron made was Jeff Skilling's idea to use the mark-to-market accounting method. This method allows a company to post all the estimated future earnings of a deal into the company's books immediately. It is as if a college graduate landed a job at \$50,000 per year and told people he had just made millions (figuring he would work at the job for about forty-five years, would earn periodic salary increases, etc.). While doing this made Enron look good out on paper, it put pressure on them to continue landing more and bigger long-term contracts. This they needed to do because corporations are judged by those they care most about (investors) primarily by *growth*. If they recorded \$100 million in earnings in one quarter, the pressure was on to record more than that the next quarter, even more than that in the quarter after that, and so forth. The treadmill revolves ever faster, and its incline rises ever steeper.

They couldn't keep it up forever. The deceit and cheating eventually caught up to the unprincipled principals of Enron. In their book "The Smartest Guys in the Room: The Amazing Rise and Scandalous Fall of Enron," Bethany McLean and Peter Elkind write regarding Andy Fastow's tricky accounting schemes:

Many of Fastow's structured-finance vehicles, which seemed so clever—even elegant—not long before, now stood revealed as rickety contraptions, lashed to one another and rigged to explode.

Rather than a reliable Rube Goldberg-esque construct, Fastow's machinations resembled a TNT-laden train trestle.

Finally caught with their collective hands in the cookie jar, the exposure of the leaders led to bankruptcy for Enron, personal shame and jail time for many of the master mirror mechanics at Enron, the crumbling of Arthur Andersen, and the loss of huge amounts of investor's money.

At the time Enron collapsed, they were on the verge of moving into a new corporate headquarters building across the street from their relatively spartan former digs. The building's current occupants could save a little money on interior decorating costs by using Enron stock as wallpaper. Like currency bearing the visage of Jefferson Davis, such stocks are now hardly worth more than the paper on which they were printed.

The intensified public scrutiny that settled in after the fallout of the Enron implosion shone a light on cooked books and funny business at other corporations, too. Some of these to quickly make the news in a similar negative fashion as had Enron were WorldCom, Global Crossing, Adelphia, and Tyco.

The accounting firm that Enron used, and who aided and abetted them in their steamy "book" kitchen, Arthur Andersen, was also a casualty of the self-inflicted wound of complicity in egregious wrongdoing.

As already indicated, Enron was just the tip of the iceberg. On August 11th, 2005, WorldCom finance chief Scott Sullivan was sentenced to five years in prison for his high-ranking role in the largest accounting fraud in U.S. history. How large? A total of \$11 billion was mishandled—a stupendous sum which averages out to more than \$30 for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Speaking of being cooked, former corporate insider and U.S. Congressman Robert Monks warns:

More than two centuries of government ‘of the people, by the people, and for the people’ in the United States came to an end at the beginning of the twenty-first century. Instead, what we have today is a new phenomenon, one that I deplore: the corporate state. We’re like a frog in the water that’s boiling away. We’re not cooked yet, but my God, when history looks back, people will say, Where were you? Didn’t you understand what was happening?

2003

Riding the Tiger

"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"

"It is a difficult question. But, yes, we think the price is worth it." – then-U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, in a 1996 interview on CBS' *60 Minutes*, in response to Lesley Stahl's question: "More than 500,000 Iraqi children are already dead as a direct result of the UN sanctions. Do you think the price is worth paying?"

"Gentlemen, you can't fight in here! This is the War Room!" -- Peter Sellers as President Merkin Muffley in the movie "Dr. Strangelove"

"If what America represents to the world is a leadership in a commonwealth of equals, then our friends are legion; [but] if what we represent is empire, then it is our enemies who will be legion." – Al Gore

"Men have become the tools of their tools." -- Henry David Thoreau

"Where a ruler is paying attention to false speech, all those waiting on him will be wicked." -- Proverbs 29:12

"War against a foreign country only happens when the moneyed classes think they are going to profit from it." -- George Orwell

♦ America Invades Iraq

As on 9/11/2001, a monstrous and inexcusable atrocity was perpetrated this year. As happened two years prior, most of those victimized were civilians, trying to get on with the business of day-to-day living. An advance force of carpet bombs was to be followed by an "army" of carpetbaggers. Things haven't turned out quite that way. The classic

problem of “riding the tiger” is the result—once you’re on its back, how do you get off without being chewed to shreds and mauled into oblivion?

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’s Iraq)--and in fact despite intelligence diametrically opposed to the phony conclusions drawn, quartered, dolled up, and paraded before the American people and the world, 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” (that Hussein was behind an assassination attempt on George H.W. Bush) is now considered suspect.

The stage had been set the previous year, when The House of Representatives voted overwhelmingly (296-133) to give President George W. Bush the authority to use military force against Iraq, whether the U.N. gave its blessing to such or not. The Senate then joined the House in an even greater show of solidarity (77-23) in favor of the use of America’s military against Iraq.

In April of this year, FBI director Robert Mueller said concerning Iraq’s involvement in the 9/11 attacks: “We ran down literally hundreds of thousands of leads [and found nothing].”

In his book “Iraq: In the Eye of the Storm,” Dilip Hiro writes of the alleged Iraq/al Qaeda connection:

According to the longtime Saudi intelligence chief Prince Turki, who possessed volumes of intelligence on Iraq and bin Laden, “Iraq does not come very high in the estimation of bin Laden. He thinks of Saddam Hussein as an apostate, an infidel or someone who is not worthy of being a fellow Muslim.” Jamal al Fadl, a key Al Qaeda defector, said there were individual Iraqis in Al Qaeda but there was no specific Iraqi group that Al Qaeda was backing. He told the US authorities that bin Laden criticized Saddam “sometimes for attacking Muslims and killing women and children, but most importantly for not believing in ‘most of Islam,’ and for setting up his own political party, the Baath.” The Baath was a secular party, and Tariq Aziz (aka Mikhail Yahunna), Iraq’s deputy prime minister and chief spokesman for the Western media, was Chaldean Catholic. For eight years Iraq fought the Islamic regime of Iran. So the idea of an alliance between Saddam and Al Qaeda seemed outlandish.

Hiro also brings out in his book that Israel was guilty of being in breach of more U.N. Security Council resolutions than Iraq was, so attacking them on that basis, as the U.S. sometimes claimed, rings hollow.

The chief hue and cry in the lead-up to the invasion was about the supposed existence of WMD (Weapons of Mass Destruction). The U.N. weapons inspectors had been searching for such, but in vain. They wanted more time. The Bush administration, though, ran out of patience and apparently thought the inspectors weren’t looking hard enough.

Whether such existed or not, the logic again (using the existence of such as a pretext for war) seemed flawed. Hiro says of this in “Iraq”:

If possessing WMD was a sufficient cause for a country to merit an invasion by the Pentagon, then certainly Israel—possessing an arsenal of two-hundred-plus nuclear arms, produced since 1968, and vast quantities of chemical and biological warfare agents at its Nes Tziona facility south of Tel Aviv, established in 1952—should have been invaded by Washington a long time ago, especially when Israel also had missiles and aircraft to deliver its WMD.

Besides the logic, or lack thereof, Hiro, in his book published in 2002, foresaw potential disaster in a U.S. invasion of Iraq:

By invading Iraq, Washington will initiate a conflict the course of which is very hard to predict. The best scenario projected by the US hawks shows Iraqi soldiers defecting in droves and civilians welcoming the Americans as liberators. Such an eventuality is based on the information and expectations of the exiled Iraqi opposition. History shows that exiles are the last people to have a correct grasp of the current situation in the country they have left. Washington faced a fiasco when it mounted its Bay of Pigs operation in Cuba, based on information provided by Cuban exiles, in January 1961. More recently in Iraqi Kurdistan, the scenario visualized by the Iraqi National Congress and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan in March 1995 failed to materialize.

To imagine that a people who have suffered grievously at the hands of the United States for twelve years, and have grown deep hatred for it, would turn out in thousands to greet American soldiers and their Iraqi cohorts as liberators seems unrealistic. The United States has been generally wrong both in gauging popular feeling in Iraq and in devising policies likely to turn Iraqis against Saddam and his regime. Leaving aside the immediate aftermath of the Gulf War, what has actually happened in Iraq is the opposite of Washington’s scenarios, often conceived in consultation with the Iraqi opposition. The United States has failed to grasp a basic element of popular psychology. When a country is attacked, its citizens rally around the leader. This is what happened after the September 11 terrorist attacks on New York and Washington. Americans turned to President Bush Jr. for leadership and succor. His popularity ratings soared from 50 percent to 90 percent. In Iraq this is precisely what happened after the Pentagon’s bombings of Iraq—in January and June 1993, September 1996, December 1998, and February 2001. They stoked feelings not against Saddam, but the United States. Also, far from causing Saddam’s ousting or destabilization of his regime, the US policy of maintaining punishing sanctions against Iraq has ended up—albeit inadvertently—aiding him to tighten his grip over society by a most effective instrument of rationing.

In reality, the sanctions, while hurting the Iraqi people deeply, did not hurt Saddam Hussein. Not only was he, as the dictator of the country, to a great extent immune to personal privation, the sanctions allowed him to blame any and all bad conditions in Iraq on the sanctions, and simultaneously *increase*, rather than diminish, his control over the people. This was so because his government was administering the distribution and dissemination of necessities, doling out what little there was to those who maintained their loyalty to him and his regime.

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 subjects 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 this year. Most of these deaths (*The Lancet* estimates 80%) have been the result of air strikes by the U.S.-led “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 family members to the slaughter. Among these fourteen were his wife and children as well as his parents.

As it had in 1991, 1993, 1996, and 1998, this year the United States bombed Iraq. Like an attempt to smash a mosquito in a preschool classroom with a sledgehammer, the American military, in attempting to “take out” certain unsavory individuals, bombed and shelled the areas they were purported to be occupying. In many cases, though, the bombs and shells killed Iraqi citizens with no connection to the military or its government. Among these casualties were many children.

Bush’s national security adviser, Brent Scowcroft, warned regarding how America went about its goal of regime change in Iraq: “If we are to achieve our strategic objective in Iraq, a military campaign very likely would have to be followed by a large-scale, long-term, military occupation.”

As of the time of writing, the U.S. occupation of Iraq, three years old, continues, and with no end in sight. Allegedly undertaken to fight terrorism, this tactical blunder, just like the invasion of Afghanistan, seems to have played right into Bush’s archenemy Osama bin Laden’s hands. Professor Gerges Fawaz wrote in the Los Angeles Times: “Bin Laden must be laughing in his grave or cave...The U.S. has alienated those in the Islamic world who were its best hope.” Al Qaeda was overjoyed at this turn of events because now U.S. troops were spread out across Afghanistan, Iraq, and the Arabian Peninsula—close at hand, and easy to target.

In “Imperial Hubris,” the author writes:

There is nothing bin Laden could have hoped for more than the American invasion and occupation of Iraq. The U.S. invasion of Iraq is Osama bin

Laden's gift from America, one he has long and ardently desired, but never realistically expected. Think of it: Iraq is the second holiest land in Islam; a place where Islam had been long suppressed by Saddam; where the Sunni minority long dominated and brutalized the Shia majority; where order was kept only by the Baathist barbarity that prevented a long overdue civil war; and where, in the wake of Saddam's fall, the regional powers Iran and Saudi Arabia would intervene, at least clandestinely, to stop the creation of, respectively, a Sunni or Shia successor state. In short, Iraq without Saddam would obviously become what political scientists call a "failed state," a place bedeviled by its neighbors and—as is Afghanistan—a land where al Qaeda or al Qaeda-like organizations would thrive. Surely, thought bin Laden, the Americans would not want to create this kind of situation. It would be, if you will, like deliberately shooting yourself in the foot...In the end, something much like Christmas had come for bin Laden, and the gift he received from Washington will haunt, hurt, and hound Americans for years to come.

With the risk already clear to many (even including many who had the administration's ear), and the reasons for attacking Iraq dubious, the question may come up: Why? Why invade Iraq? What is the potential upside which proved so irresistible to President Bush and his advisers? Again quoting from "Iraq" by Hiro:

If the risks are high, so are the rewards, argue the hawks. Ousting Saddam and replacing him with a democratic regime in Baghdad will open Iraq's rich oil fields to US corporations, thus releasing the United States from its dependence on petroleum from Saudi Arabia, a fundamentalist kingdom that provided the bulk of the hijackers for the 9/11 attacks. Furthermore, they claim, Washington will introduce democracy in Iraq, from where it is bound to spread to the rest of the region.

Is it really a true democracy that Washington wants in Baghdad, though, or do they define self-determination in this case with the conditional stipulation that the government chosen be one approved by the U.S., and that it not be an Islamic regime?

There is a well-known and oft-quoted aphorism about those ignorant of history being destined to repeat it. It seems to apply even better than usual in this case, as Britain had earlier failed to harness Iraq. A key point driven home in Jon Lee Anderson's book "The Fall of Baghdad" is that most Iraqis were glad to see Saddam Hussein removed from power, but they would not stand for the United States staying on and trying to run their country after the removal of Saddam was accomplished. Most Iraqis want Americans to simply leave and allow them run their own affairs. Anderson writes of the quagmire that America seems to have gotten itself into there:

A few historians and academics had written books about Britain's early-twentieth-century colonial experiences in Mesopotamia, but knowledge of

the period was not widespread in the United States. I wondered whether Washington's war planners had studied the history and taken some of its lessons into account. Somehow, I doubted it.

In his book, Anderson tells of a conversation he had with Mouayed al-Muslih, the chief engineer for the grounded Iraqi national airline:

Muslih told me that he and most other Iraqis had been pleased by the American overthrow of Saddam and had had high expectations of what would come next. But they had been sorely disappointed. "Tomorrow, the ninth of April, is the anniversary of the fall of Baghdad, but now, you know, everyone sees this as the date marking the beginning of the liberation of Iraq." I understood that what Muslih was talking about was liberation from American occupation, in an inversion of the language used by President Bush to refer to the U.S. role in Iraq. Muslih went on: "Iraqis don't have anything against American people or their culture, you know, but they don't want to be humiliated by American soldiers."

2004

Precariously Perched 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, California-dated 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

"There's an old saying in Tennessee. I know it's in Texas, probably in Tennessee, that says: 'Fool me once...[pause]... shame on...[pause]...shame on you...[pause]...If fooled, you can't get fooled again.'" -- George W. Bush

"If the Bill of Rights contains no guarantee that a citizen shall be secure against lethal poisons distributed either by private individuals or by public officials, it is surely only because our forefathers, despite their considerable wisdom and foresight, could conceive of no such problem." -- from "Silent Spring" by Rachel Carson

"Indians had little respect for white generals who did not lead their men into battle and contemptuously tagged the first white soldiers they saw as the 'men who take orders from the chief who is afraid to fight.'" -- Vine Deloria, Jr., from "Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto"

"Those who cast the votes decide nothing. Those who count the votes decide everything." -- Josef Stalin

"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

- ◆ Wiyot Tribe Gets Land
- ◆ George Shannon dies
- ◆ Eda (Shannon) Cordy dies
- ◆ Another close election
- ◆ Iraq Quagmire

In May 2004, the city of Eureka, California and the Kay family, residents of that town, 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 had taken place. The tribe had earlier, following extensive fund-raising efforts, purchased one and a half acres on the island.

Rayna Green, who is Cherokee, said the following in a 1993 speech:

We live in a world where everything is mutable and fragile. But we are here, and we are not going to go away. Indians look around at the malls and stores of America, and say, 'None of this is ever going to be ours.' But none of it is going away either. This is still our home. We are all here willy-nilly together. Somehow we must face the consequences of history and live with it. We don't need only to remember the tragedy, but to also remember the gift, to live in this place, to know it gave us birth, to feel the responsibility we have for it. We have to sit down and figure out how to not hurt each other any more.

In a similar vein, Fergus Bordewich wrote the following in *Killing the White Man's Indian*, published in 1996:

To see change as failure, as some kind of cultural corruption, is to condemn Indians to solitary confinement in a prison of myth that whites invented for them in the first place. In the course of the past five centuries, Indian life has been utterly transformed by the impact of European horses and firearms, by imported diseases and modern medicine, by missionary zeal and Christian morality, by iron cookware, sheepherding, pickup trucks, rodeos and schools, by rum and welfare offices, and by elections, alphabets, and Jeffersonian idealism as well as by MTV, Dallas, and The Simpsons and by the rich mingling of native bloodlines with those of Europe, African, and the Hispanic Southwest. In many ways, the Indian revolution of the 1990s is itself a form of adaptation, as Indians, freed from the lockstep stewardship of Washington, search out new ways to live in the modern world.

Bordewich concludes his book with the following thoughts:

The Indian story does not, of course, end with an intellectual accommodation with the past or even a moral coming to terms. Indeed, the story does not end at all. Until now, each age has imagined its own Indian: untamable savage, child of Nature, steward of the earth, the white man's ultimate victim. Imagining that we see the Indian, we have often seen little more than a warped reflection of ourselves; when Indians have stepped from the roles to which we have assigned them, we have often seen nothing at all. There will be no end to history, but an end may be put to the invention of distorting myth. With that may come a recognition that Indians are not, at last, poignant vestiges of a lost age, but men and women of our own time, struggling to solve twentieth-century problems with the tools of our shared civilization. To see Indians as they are is to see not only a far richer tapestry of life than our fantasies ever allowed but also the limitations of futile attempts to remake one another by force. Stripped of myth, the relationship between Indians and other Americans may yet remain an uncertain one, an embrace that permits neither consummation nor release, but that is, nonetheless, full of hope.

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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 in high school and had been 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. George felt this way because Pop 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."

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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 Shannon, Albert Kollenborn, Esther (Nelson) Shannon Welch, and Alice (Green) Kollenborn who are still living.

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Cynics saw it coming—if "W" could, with the help of his powerful friends and relatives, finagle his way into the White House in 2000 (from the outside), they thought, what deals would he be able to pull off to rig the results from the inside?

PhD Dennis Loo, of Cal Poly Pomona, wrote an article entitled "No Paper Trail Left Behind: The Theft of the 2004 Presidential Election." The article in its entirety can be read here:

http://www.projectcensored.org/newsflash/voter_fraud.html

In a nutshell, Loo's article presents a plethora of points that cast doubts on the authenticity of the official election results. Among the questions Loo raises are:

- 1) How was it that Bush was able to obtain more votes in Florida than there are registered Republican voters in 60 of 67 counties—and in fact 200% in fifteen of those counties, and 300% in four?
- 2) In contrast with the above, how did it come about that in many Democratic strongholds in the key states of Ohio and Florida, voter participation was as low as 8%?
- 3) Why was it that Bush, in the Florida precincts that used electronic voting machines, received 260,000 more votes than past voting patterns would indicate he should have gotten, while prior voting patterns held steady in the precincts that used optical scanners to record the votes?

As to this last question, it is quite interesting that computer programmer Clinton Curtis (a life-long Republican) testifies that his employers asked him to create a computer program that could undetectably alter vote totals. Specifically, they told him, “This program is needed to control the vote in south Florida.”

Similarly, there is the case of electronic voting machine monger Diebold, whose CEO Walden O’Dell promised GOP fund raisers in a 2003 letter that he was “committed to helping Ohio to deliver its electoral votes to the President next year.” Diebold is one of three major suppliers of electronic voting machines that were used in Ohio in 2004.

Loo’s conclusion: “A plethora of reasons clearly exists to conclude that widespread and historic levels of fraud were committed in this election.”

So why has the Democratic party not raised a bigger stink about this? Loo’s opinion:

The Democrats, rather than vigorously pursuing these patently obvious signs of election fraud in 2004, have nearly all decided that being gracious losers is better than being winners, probably because – and this may be the most important reason for the Democrat’s relative silence - a full-scale uncovering of the fraud runs the risk of mobilizing and unleashing popular forces that the Democrats find just as threatening as the GOP does...To all of those who said before the 2004 elections that this was the most important election in our lifetimes; to all of those who plunged into that election hoping and believing that we could throw the villains out via the electoral booth; to all of those who held their noses and voted for Democrats thinking that at least they were slightly better than the theocratic fascists running this country now, this must be said: VOTING REALLY DOESN’T MATTER. If we weren’t convinced of that before these last elections, then now is the time to wake up to that fact. Even beyond the fraudulent elections of 2000 and 2004, public policies are not now, nor have they ever been, settled through elections.

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Reminding many people of Vietnam, the situation in Iraq seemed to go from bad to worse. In “The Fall of Baghdad,” Jon Lee Anderson wrote the following about the state of the country this year:

Iraq was a much more dangerous place than it had been a year earlier. The Iraqis had been liberated from dictatorship by Operation Iraqi Freedom, but their newfound liberty was not something they could easily cherish. Iraqis now had the freedom to express their opinions, to surf the Web and watch satellite TV, to read any newspaper they wanted, and to join the political party of their choice (except for the Baath party); but now too terrorists and criminals were free to strike at will, seemingly, against whomever they wanted, whenever and wherever they wanted.

Freedom has only notional value unless a state is capable of harnessing its benefits for its citizens. For that to be possible, there must be security. It seems like a simple formula, but it was the essential ingredient still missing in Iraq a year after George W. Bush declared it to have been delivered from evil. No Iraqi I knew felt comforted or protected by the continued presence of 130,000 American soldiers in the country. Quite the contrary. Because of the risks to their own safety, the American troops lived inside secure compounds like the Green Zone or Saddam's former palaces and military camps, protected by sentries and blast walls. When they emerged, they engaged with Iraqi society from behind their protective coating of flak jackets and Kevlar helmets and weaponry, and they moved around in armoured vehicles, guns at the ready. Most days, several of them were killed by ambushes or roadside bombs detonated by remote control. After such incidents the soldiers often opened fire, sometimes wildly, spraying everything around them. All too often they killed Iraqi civilians who just happened to be there, within range of their bullets.

It was no longer safe for Westerners to travel around the country. In the month of March alone a series of targeted ambushes on Iraq's roads resulted in the deaths of about twenty Western civilians, including businessmen, civilian contractors, clergymen, and relief experts. After the bombing of the Lebanon Hotel, which had apparently been targeted because it hosted some foreign guests (a British businessman was among the blast's victims), and subsequent attacks on other small, unguarded hotels, most Western reporters and other civilians remaining in Baghdad moved behind the walls that surrounded the Palestine and Sheraton or else to the Al-Hamra, which now was also surrounded by blast walls and armed guards. Just about the only people in Baghdad living without such protection were the ordinary Iraqis, and for them, life had become just as hazardous. Criminal gangs had proliferated and operated with impunity. The number of murders and rapes had skyrocketed since the fall of Baghdad, as had carjackings and kidnappings for ransom. Frequently, the victims were children.

2005

Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes

“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

*I used to think maybe you loved me, now I know that its true
and I don't want to spend all my life, just in waiting for you
now I don't want you back for the weekend
not back for a day, no no no
I said baby I just want you back and I want you to stay*
-- from the song “Walking on Sunshine” by Katrina and the Waves

“An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.” – Old saying

“Civilization is unbearable, but it is less unbearable at the top.” -- Timothy Leary

“Let them eat cake.” – Marie-Therese, wife of Louis XIV (oft mis-attributed to Marie Antoinette)

“I believe there are more instances of the abridgment of the freedom of the people by the gradual and silent encroachments of those in power, than by violent and sudden usurpations.” -- James Madison

“We must not confuse dissent with disloyalty.” -- Edward R. Murrow

- ◆ Kelvin Shannon and Heidi Brunzelle wed
- ◆ Alice (Green) Kollenborn dies
- ◆ Hurricane Katrina
- ◆ Situation in Iraq Deteriorates

On July 1st, Kelvin Caleb Mordecai Shannon (born December 28th, 1983 at Mark Twain Hospital in Calaveras County, California) and Heidi Louise Brunzelle got married at a small ceremony in Oconomowoc, 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.

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In early August, Alice (Green) Kollenborn was hospitalized; shortly thereafter, she was released but had to be cared for in a nursing home. Although ninety-four, this was her first admission to such a facility. Her daughters Rosie Lee (Alice Rosalie) Shannon and Sharon Dee Noland, who live in the same town of Mokelumne Hill, California, cared for her up to this time.

After just a couple of days in the nursing home, Alice had to be re-hospitalized, in nearby Jackson, California. There Alice died August 8th. In terms of the calendar, Alice outlived her husband Albert by 21 years. In terms of longevity, she outlived him by 17 years.

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Some claim that the effects of climate change (popularly known as “global warming”) have intensified, and will continue to intensify, the severity of hurricanes, among other things. University of Texas biologist Camille Parmesan, in speaking of climate change, said the following, as quoted in the September/October 2005 issue of *Audubon* magazine:

You can't stop it, but you can keep the progressive warming to a minimum. If we can keep it down another two degrees until 2010, then we may lose some species, but I'm hoping we can still maybe keep coral reefs. I'm crossing my fingers. But if it goes over that by much, we will simply lose coral reefs, because their little algal symbiont can't persist above a certain temperature. And alpine environments will no longer exist, because there will be no more mountain for them to go up.

The sea level has risen from four to eight inches in the last century [estimates vary] and will keep rising anywhere from five inches to six and a half feet in the next one. When New York City, Florida, Houston, and San Francisco Bay are flooded, people are going to finally demand action. But by then it will be too late. The climate system has a long lag time, and we can't reverse the effects that are happening or in motion even now. So climate change is unlike any other environmental crisis we face in that it is global and slow moving. It's like trying to stop the trajectory of a planet. It has a lot of momentum, and once it gets going, you're not going to stop it. Carbon dioxide stays in the atmosphere for hundreds of years. What we've already put up, we're not feeling the full effects of, so even if we stop it now, we will still feel its effects.

But global warming is also the thing that the individual can do the most about, without asking anyone's permission, like trading in their SUV for a Honda Civic that gets 40 miles per gallon. If everyone just did that, it would make a huge dent.

The number of intense hurricanes, typhoons, and cyclones throughout the world have indeed been increasing. Since satellite records began to be recorded, scientists at Georgia Institute of Technology in

Atlanta, Georgia, and the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado, have analyzed global tropical cyclone statistics. They have found that there has been a sharp rise in the number of category 4 and 5 tropical cyclones over the last thirty-five years. Additionally, they have tallied the number of severe hurricanes over two consecutive fourteen-year spans. Between 1975 and 1989, there were 171 severe hurricanes. Between 1990 and 2004, the number rose to 269.—an increase of more than 50%. And those statistics, obviously, do not include the hurricanes since 2004, such as Katrina and Wilma.

Low-lying Louisiana, surrounded by levees, had been a catastrophe waiting to occur for some time. That state's vulnerability to hurricanes had increased dramatically due to the deterioration and widespread disappearance of the coastal wetlands, which slow down storm surges. This summer, the long-dreaded killer hurricane hit.

When man tries to improve on nature, he invariably fails. He either doesn't realize the implications of what he's doing, or simply doesn't care about the long-term damage done. The flood-control levees were the culprit behind the loss of wetlands—instead of periodic flooding to replenish and invigorate the soil (farmers along the Mississippi used to pray for floods if they hadn't had one in recent years), and maintain the wetlands, the levees starved the soil and dehydrated the former wetlands.

Adding insult to injury, the wetlands were sentenced to "death by a thousand cuts" (as it was called by Donald F. Boesch, president of the University of Maryland Center for Environmental Science in Cambridge, in a September newspaper article about the Katrina tragedy) when navigation channels were cut through them for easier access to oil and gas wells. The rapid rate of coastal wetland loss in Louisiana has been well-documented for more than a quarter century. Short-term economic interest has driven the decision-making process there, as has been the case almost everywhere at almost every time in history.

Hundreds of people died as a result of Hurricane Katrina, many of them trapped in the city without a way out. And some were told not to worry, the Superdome would be open and, if worse came to worse, they could repair to that mega-coliseum and be safe there. For those who had to resort to the Superdome as a temporary residence, though, conditions were neither safe nor were they well-provided for.

In addition to the hundreds of deaths, tens of thousands lost their homes and all their possessions. These became refugees and were dispersed to various cities throughout the country, to start life anew. Outside of the disaster area, people were affected, too. Not to the same extent as those who had lived in New Orleans, of course. Nevertheless, throughout the country, gas prices skyrocketed to their highest historic levels—often over \$3 per gallon.

It has been estimated that it would have cost 8 billion dollars to prepare the levees to withstand Katrina's onslaught; cleanup costs are estimated at 200 billion dollars, or twenty-five times that amount. What other future disasters could be averted, or at least minimized, if appropriate preventive measures were prescribed?



The situation in Iraq continued to worsen this year. Although the U.S.-led coalition had expected to be welcomed by the Iraqis with open arms, many Iraqis and other Muslims continued to meet them with arms of a different sort.

A strongly entrenched insurgency kept up the pressure on American forces and, in fact, Iraqi citizens. True insurgencies are more serious than isolated incidents of terrorism or revenge. An insurgency is a type of conflict that shares many commonalities with “conventional” warfare. They are exceedingly difficult to overcome, as their purpose is to wear down the opposition, the invaders, by destruction so catastrophic and unrelenting that the attacker decides any possible victory would only be Pyrrhic.

Insurgency is, in fact, the only form of warfare that has ever been successfully employed by a minor power to defeat a superpower. Modern-day examples include Algeria in the 1960s, when the French were defeated there by the natives; the Vietnam War in the ‘60s and ‘70s (where the French had also failed before the Americans); and the Soviet Union in Afghanistan in the 1980s.

The insurgency in Iraq is being carried out primarily by the nation’s once-ruling Sunni Arab minority, which now fears a massive power loss to their arch-enemy, the Iraqi Shiite majority. In fact, by this year the insurgency there had actually transformed into a low-grade Civil War between the two Iraqi Muslim sects. It seems that the fundamental difference between the Sunnis and the Shiites is that the former believe the leadership of Islam is assumed by elective office, whereas the latter believe primacy in the faith is passed on as a birthright. So, rather than a persnickety quibbling over semantics, the breach is a wide one: Who is the leader of their shared system of beliefs and worldview?

On so many fronts, military and otherwise, the world seemed to edge closer to oblivion, chaos--and possibly even, ultimately, anarchy--this year. An array of perfect storms, both literal and figurative, seemed to be on the verge of simultaneously converging. An analysis of such would call for a separate and different type of book, though. We end this tome on a positive note, with the following and final chapter.

2006

Winners of the Gold

“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

*We said we'd walk together baby come what may
That come the twilight should we lose our way
If as we're walkin' a hand should slip free
I'll wait for you
And should I fall behind
Wait for me*

*We swore we'd travel darlin' side by side
We'd help each other stay in stride
But each lover's steps fall so differently
But I'll wait for you
And if I should fall behind
Wait for me*

*Now everyone dreams of a love lasting and true
But you and I know what this world can do
So let's make our steps clear that the other may see
And I'll wait for you
If I should fall behind
Wait for me*

-- from the song “If I Should Fall Behind” by Bruce Springsteen

“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

*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 “Road Less Traveled” by Robert Frost*

- ◆ 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.

As is true in every family, it was only by means of a series of seemingly random events 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 by. 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 any one of the fighting Gorhams of colonial times (members of which fought in King Philip's War, the French and Indian War, and the Revolutionary War) had died before fathering the child who ended up in the Howland/Gorham/Silva/Nelson line, Pop Shannon's children—including Theodore Russell--would never have existed.

Had the John Gorham who had been born during a diphtheria 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 also 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. That is of course 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...the likelihood that all of these would actually take place, and at the right time, seems exceedingly 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 necessary spot, takes place at the precise millisecond and with the exact 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 minuscule, 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 in the timeless quest for life. 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 well 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. Lamplly. 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. Lamplly 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 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.

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
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2. Laura Elaine Shannon	April 14, 1933
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James Russel Gibney	Feb 3, 1925
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Anniversary	June 24, 1951
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3. Theodore Russell Shannon	Sep 3, 1934
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Rosalee Alice (5) Kollenborn	February 11, 1938
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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
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Richard Harold Crook	Dec 12, 1926
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Anniversary	Mar 31, 1956
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5. Carleton Howard Shannon	Jan 16, 1940
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Susan	Aug 10, 1945
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Anniversary	May 1, 1965
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[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 how 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??
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Anniversary	Jan 7, 1929
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Louise Endicott (maiden name – Meadows)	7-17-1915
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Anniversary	Sep 18, 1944
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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 he 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) Possibly a son of either Thomas Kemper Carr (not Caar), or his brother John Carr. John was a long-time resident of both Trinity and then Humboldt counties, and was the author of the book "Pioneer Days in California," quoted many times throughout this book.
 - (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 unclear who Gertie meant here; neither she nor Will had a sister named Eda, unless her sister Effie's middle name was Eda. They had a daughter named Eda, though.
 - (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 fiancé 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 "Pop" 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) (9). 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" rather than "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.
- (9) Clover School

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 Weyerhaeuser 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 take 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 Theaters. 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 theater. 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 acute 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 see. 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 inches 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, etc. 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” Caterpillars, (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 rhythmic 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 one 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, bacon, 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 3 rd .
June 1936	Our second daughter is born on the 20 th , 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 16 th .
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 waitress, 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 courtroom.

Being in the right place at the right time couldn’t have more meaning. Dad said it was the luck of the Irish.

Dad 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 anywhere. He would find a spot, lie down and with his 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 the 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 owner'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 properties. 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 patterned 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 piano 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 juvenile 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

matinée. 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 nieces 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 one 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 piano 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 pressure 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 gypso (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, Andrew Heller.

Appendix V

Virginia Belle (Myers) Green

(Written by Virginia 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 (Haecker) 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 children's 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) Alice lived the longest of all the children, but finally died in 2005.

(3) Other sources reverse the given names, saying it was Eunice Margaret (Reeder).

(4) All except for Alice herself at the time of writing. She died August 8th, 2005

Appendix VI

CARLETON JAMES SHANNON

(from "History of Tulare and Kings Counties, California with Biographical Sketches - Los Angeles, Calif., Historic Record Company, 1913")

Prominent as a farmer and dairyman and through his connection with the Dairymen's Co-operative Creamery association and the Farmers' Irrigation Ditch company, Carl James Shannon of Tulare is probably as favorably known as any other citizen of Tulare county, where he has lived since 1889. He was born in Coleborne, Ontario, Can., June 9, 1870, the second in a family of four sons and one daughter, born to Robert and Deborah (Richardson) Shannon. The parents left Canada in 1891 and came to California, making their home on a farm near Visalia, where Mr. Shannon died. His widow lives at Dinuba. Their son, Carleton J., lived on the parental farm in Canada until he was sixteen years old, attending the public school near his home. At sixteen he became self-supporting and for three years worked at such employment as he could find in the vicinity of his birthplace. At nineteen he was making only fifteen dollars a month and he was not at all satisfied with his income. But he saved the little money that he could and in 1889 reached Tulare county, all traveling expenses paid, with twenty dollars in his pocket. Here he began working for one dollar a day. He remained with his first employer, J. R. Robinson, a year and eight months and then worked two full years for John Frans at stock-raising. Next he ventured in the field of business on his own account, renting the R. H. Stevens ranch near his present farm for five successive years. Returning to the Frans ranch he became Mr. Frans's partner in handling stock, and by 1897, through good management, acquired enough capital to purchase a farm of one hundred and forty acres, which was the nucleus of his present ranch. In 1900 he bought two hundred and forty acres more and in 1902 another hundred acres, bringing his holding up to four hundred and eighty acres in sections thirty-two and thirty-three, township nineteen, range twenty-five, located five miles northeast of Tulare. He has improved and cultivated the tract until it ranks with the best ranches in the county. By later purchases he has become the owner of fifteen hundred and sixty acres. Forty acres is devoted to peaches, one hundred to alfalfa and eighty to vineyards. He has a dairy of sixteen Holstein cows, keeps an average of four hundred hogs and raises seventy-five beef cattle yearly, and he has also raised some fine Percheron colts. In 1911 he planted one hundred and two acres to Egyptian corn which yielded thirty-three hundred sacks. He is a member of the Dairymen's Co-operative Creamery association and president and manager of the Farmers' Irrigation Ditch company, which has an eight-mile ditch whose practical length is greatly increased by many laterals. Besides President Shannon, the officers of the company are W. P. Ratliff, secretary, and Bank of Tulare, treasurer. Its directors are Carl J. Shannon, P. F. Roche, E. P. Foster, Joseph LaMarche and A. W. Church.

In Fresno, Cal., in 1902, Mr. Shannon married Mrs. Lulu B. (Jordan) Smith, born near Visalia, daughter of James B. Jordan. By her former marriage Mrs. Shannon had one son, Leslie Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon have three children, Gordan, Dorothy and Richard. Fraternally Mr. Shannon is an Odd Fellow, affiliating with Four Creeks lodge No. 92, of

Visalia, and politically he is a stanch Democrat. Public-spiritedly he is all that his many admiring friends could wish him.

Appendix VII

James Shannon's Civil War Re-enlistment Document

**{{ 21_AppendixVI_JamesShannonVolunteerEnlistment.tif --
full page }}**

Appendix VIII

John Patton's Vietnam Documents

{{ 22_AppendixVII_Patton_RptOfCasualty.tif --full page }}

John Perry Patton's Casualty Report

{{ 23_AppendixVII_BronzeStarAward.tif --full page }}

John Patton's Posthumous Bronze Star Award Notification

{{ 24_AppendixVII_BronzeStarCitation.tif --full page }}

John Patton's Posthumous Bronze Start Citation

Appendix IX

Ted Shannon's Special Act Award Recommendation

{{ 25_AppendixVIII_Memo1.tif --full page }}

{{ 26_AppendixVIII_Memo2.tif --full page }}

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Appendix X

Traffic Collision Report

Note that the narrative from page two takes up again on page six.

{{ 29_AppendixIX_AccidentReport1.tif --full page }}

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{{ 35_AppendixIX_AccidentReport7.tif --full page }}

{{ 36_AppendixIX_AccidentReport8.tif --full page }}

Appendix XI

Media and Congressional Accounts of Accident and Subsequent Award

{{ 37_AppendixX_ShannonAwardedMedalOfValor.tif -- half page }}

Newspaper coverage from Nov. 20, 1980 issue of Calaveras Prospect

{{ 38_AppendixX_EnterpriseCover.tif -- half page }}

Newspaper article from Nov. 20, 1980 issue of Calaveras Enterprise

{{ 39_AppendixX_CHPPressRelease1.tif -- half page }}

{{ 40_AppendixX_CHPPressRelease2.tif -- full page }}

Article from News from the CHP, dated Nov. 3, 1980, along with newspaper clipping from the Nov. 4, 1980 issue of the Stockton Record

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 assistance, 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 dislodged 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.

Appendix XII

Ted Shannon's 2005 Account of the Accident and its Aftermath

I was parked on Fricot Ranch Road, 100 feet or so off State Highway 49 observing traffic going by on this main north–south artery in Calaveras County. I observed headlights in my rear-view mirror and identified a Chevy Vega as it passed alongside me. As it had appeared to be traveling a little fast for this narrow, winding side road, I decided to run a speed check on it as it proceeded north on 49.

I waited several seconds to allow the Vega to go around a right curve (so as not to alert the driver that I was following him), started the patrol car and accelerated hard once on 49 as no taillights were in sight and I wanted to close quickly on the Vega to start the speed check.

Almost immediately, I saw a glow to the right (east) of the highway. My headlights soon illuminated the Vega and a mid-60s GM pickup, tangled together – both badly damaged. They had obviously collided head-on and also obvious was that the occupants had to have sustained serious injuries. The glow I had seen was from fire in the GMC's cab, and it was growing in intensity.

While I was only about 2/10th of a mile away when the grinding high-speed collision occurred, I did not hear what was surely a very noisy impact. I can only guess that I was starting the CHP Dodge patrol car at the time. They had a loud starter.

I grabbed my two-way radio mike as I pulled to a stop just short of the vehicles, advising Stockton CHP Dispatch of a major injury accident with vehicles on fire. I told them to send me an ambulance, fire truck, and some help. As I was opening the door I realized that I had failed to provide an important detail - grabbing the mike - “Highway 49 – Fourth Crossing.” “10-4 (message received) 49-30” (my beat call sign) the dispatcher replied.

As I ran to the burning pickup, I noted slumped and motionless occupants in the Vega. Except for the murmur of burning fuel, the site of carnage was eerily silent. Due to the sloping nature of the terrain, the burning driver's side of the GMC was tilted downhill. The driver (and sole occupant) was lying across the seat, his head near the passenger door. I did not take the time to determine if he was alive as my priority was to get him out of the fire. Flaming fuel illuminated gasoline flowing out of the neck of the in-cab fuel tank. When I first opened the right door, the fire was extending up to around the driver's knees. I pulled with all my strength, but could not budge him. (After the fire was extinguished, it was discovered that his lower legs (ankle area) were wedged between the brake and clutch pedal arms.) I emptied my fire extinguisher as the flames spread, but only managed to temporarily reduce, not extinguish the fire, which soon encompassed his entire body. I continued attempting to remove him until I noted that burning fuel had flowed down to the Vega and its left front was on fire.

Realizing the futility of further attempts to remove the GMC driver, and hoping to remove the occupants of the Vega, I hurried to the passenger door (two door coupe). The driver was slumped forward over the steering wheel. Flames and smoke were encompassing his body. There was a young male passenger in the right front and a young female in the right rear – both motionless and quiet. Due to the low roof structure of the car, I had to tilt the front seat occupant's head back to get the clearance to remove him. (I

had just completed EMT (Emergency Medical Technician) training at the CHP Academy and realized as I extended his head back that this was not proper procedure, but there was no option.) Cradling him in my arms, I drug him about fifteen feet from the Vega, noting that he was still breathing. Returning to the vehicle, I attempted to remove the driver, but he was wedged in (this was the area that sustained the most damage). As I turned my attention to removing the rear seat passenger, a youthful male approached and offered to help. Together, we removed her – also still alive - to a spot away from the burning car. Both the Vega and GMC were soon totally engulfed in flames.

Other CHP Officers arrived and we gave both victims oxygen until an ambulance crew took over the life-sustaining efforts, freeing us to do accident investigation. Our investigation showed that the (intoxicated, an autopsy revealed) GMC driver allowed his vehicle to drift onto the southbound shoulder, overcorrected, and slid into the northbound lane where it collided head-on with the Vega. The much heavier and faster moving pickup drove the Vega backwards off the highway in a southeasterly direction.

Both Vega passengers arrived at Mark Twain Hospital alive, but unfortunately were too severely injured to survive. My ensuing Medal of Valor would have been so much more rewarding had they lived. And while I never blamed myself, I could not help but wonder if the Vega driver might have been further up Highway 49, beyond the spot where the GMC slid into his lane, if seeing a CHP unit had not caused him to slow down – even a little.

As to the medal, while I certainly cherish and am proud of it, there was more than one other occasion in my CHP career when I was more in fear of my future well-being. My previous stint as a City of Eureka fire fighter taught me that (already) burning vehicles do not violently explode as shown in the movies. Yes, it was extremely hot – I sustained burns on my forehead and smoke inhalation. Do I feel that I deserved the medal then? Certainly less than many recipients – and probably more than a few others.

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* Not the John Perry Patton from the 1967 chapter, but another man who describes himself as “a soldier who was lucky enough to come home alive from Vietnam.”

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“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

“The man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who cannot read them.” -- Mark Twain

“The larger the island of knowledge, the longer the shoreline of wonder.” -- Ralph W. Sockman

“Curiosity is the very basis of education and if you tell me that curiosity killed the cat, I say only the cat died nobly.” -- Arnold Edinborough

“Thinking is the best way to travel.” – from the song of the same name, written by Michael Pinder of the Moody Blues

“Once you have learned how to ask questions—relevant and appropriate and substantial questions—you have learned how to learn and no one can keep you from learning whatever you want or need to know.” -- Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner in their book “Teaching as a Subversive Activity”

“Live as if you were to die tomorrow, learn as if you were to live forever.”
-- Mahatma Ghandi

“Those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it.”
-- George Santayana

“A wise person will listen and take in more instruction, and a man of understanding is the one who acquires skillful direction, to understand a proverb and a puzzling saying, the words of wise persons and their riddles.”
-- Proverbs 1:5,6

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“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

Genealogical (“Pedigree”) Charts of Selected Family Members

{{ 41_GenChart_Pop.tif -- full page }}

{{ 42_GenChartAlbertKollenborn.tif -- full page }}

{{ 43_GenChartAliceGreen.tif -- full page }}

{{ 44_GenChartEstherNelson.tif -- full page }}

{{ 45_GenChart_GeorgeGorham.tif -- full page }}

{{ 46_GenChart_JosephGorham.tif -- full page }}

{{ 47_GenChart_LtColJohGorham.tif -- full page }}

Map Marking Significant Places

{{ 48_Map.tif -- full page flipped }}

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