My Darling’s E C V

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

E Clampus Vitus
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THE ESOTERIC BOOK OF

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

TO BE CONTINUED ON VERSO

Ancient
& HONORABLE ORDER OF

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Clampus Vitus

CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM

Gathered, collected, arranged and
now set into print by Capitulus
Platrixi-in-Exilio at the
Queen of the Cow Counties
E.C.V. 5941
(A.D. 1936)
This Book,
THE ESOTERIC BOOK OF
E
is the third of the Clampotent Series of Volumes
published by the New Dispensation.

The earlier numbers of this series were:

THE CURIOUS BOOK OF
CLAMPUS
(Published in 1935 by Capitulus Redivivus at the
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and

THE ENIGMATICAL BOOK OF
VITUS
(Published by Capitulus Redivivus Clampdestinely,
after midnight, at the University of California Press,
in 1934, under the direction of Brother Samuel
T (oo good to be true) Farquhar.)
Contents:

CLAMPREGNANT WORDS OF WISDOM,
From Leon O. Whitsell, Noble Grand Humbug of the Grand Lodge of E Clampus Vitus

THE ANCIENT AND VENERABLE ORDER OF ECCLAMPSIS VITIS IN PENNSYLVANIA.
By William M. Hall (Who was there and saw it)

EPHRAIM BEE, GRAND GYASCUTIS, AND HIS VIRGINIA E C V OF 1853
By Boyd B. Stutler

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF JUDGE PEMBROKE MURRAY OR THE INITIATION OF “STEAMBOAT JAKE.”
From the “History of Siskiyou County,” 1881, by Henry L. Wells

THE “TAKING IN” OF LORD SHOLTO DOUGLAS.
By Ignatz

A PRAGMATIC HISTORY OF GAZINTA, BEING AN EXPOSE OF THE ANCIENT, MORE OR LESS HONORABLE, BUT SUPREMELY OFFICIAL GAME OF E CLAMPUS VITUS.
By Milford "Panchito" Springer

ANNALS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION

CEREMONY AND RITUAL OF INITIATION

GRAND CLAMPROSTER

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

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

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

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

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

The primary objects of the revival of this Incomparable Confraternity were two fold: *first*, it affords an excuse for a group of hard-working and ordinarily serious-minded lovers of California’s golden yesterdays to engage from time to time in a rollicking get-together (wholly in keeping, be it said, with the proprieties of our somewhat drab period), and thus to revive the spirit of horse-play and to keep green
for succeeding generations the zest for hilarious comedy which so richly characterized that glorious epoch familiarly known as “the Gold Rush days”; and second, it furnishes a medium through which earnest students of California and of Californiana may acquaint themselves with each other, with each other’s work and interests, and with the gorgeous mosaic of California’s richly worth-while background. In addition, the Revived Order seeks to search out and to perpetuate important source material, and to quicken the public conscience to the vital necessity of preserving and of adequately marking the historic sites of this grand old state.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May the Sign of our revered member of the animal kingdom, when he is in full possession of this virile strength and vigor, remind you that age takes its toll; may you never experience the pangs of envy when you hear the familiar clarion call announcing that delightful period when “love hath all seasons for its own,” and may you never find yourself in the distressing predicament of that other (and unrevered) member of the animal kingdom who, at the crucial moment, was found wanting.
Finally, my beloved Brethren, when the Heavenly Hewgag sounds and you have crossed the Dark River and are resting in the shade of the trees on the other side, may you hear those welcome and familiar words, so fraught with momentous significance to every true and loyal Clamper:

Satisfactory

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Keyser, when initiated, got furiously mad, and would not be placated, and denounced the order as a burlesque. We talked some of drowning him, but didn’t do it. Our fun was done for, and the ancient and venerable order of Ecclampsis Vitis passed away forever, so far as the village of Bedford was concerned. But we had fun—lots of it—while it lasted.
(Editor's Note: Doggone if I ain’t gone and lost the dope on this feller Hall,—if I ever had it, which I disremember. You see, that old duffer Tom Norris pricked up Hall’s book of remy-nitionses in some old bookstore and by accident found this here chapter on Eclampsis Vitis in Pennsylvania in it is 1847. Ths sly old Tom, the old rascal, he went off east again afore we could get him to put down the biblygrafik details for this here note. Leastwise, if he ever did it, we can’t find it no-how. And we’ve had Ton’s whole family hunting for the book for a week. He’s got a locked case and nobody can’t find no key to it, and Tom’s fergit where he put it by telegraph. So if there here book is in there you’ll have to wait till the next Clamper book for the dope. So there, I wash my hands of this whole durn business. Ed.)
“There is a vein of humor and absurdity running along through human nature that makes the wit and clown the admiration of the mass of mankind. Hence it is that Falstaff and Artemus Ward are more popular than Hamlet and Julius Caesar or Milton and Lord Bacon. The real wit of the world is not an artificial product but a natural one. And the greatest and most original one I ever knew was an unlettered son of West Virginia—Ephraim Bee of Doddridge County.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ephraim lost his fight. Victory perched on the banner of the Davises and Randolphs, and the town of West Union was established to become the county seat. Joseph Diss Debar, who was not a party to the scramble for the location of the courthouse, but who arrived on the scene within a year after the location had been made, said that “the great secession war, which settled many another neighborly strife about a stray sheep or a breechy pig, brought about a state of retribution which sent Ephraim Bee to the Legislature and Preston Randolph to Camp Chase as a prisoner of war.”
Like Lincoln, Bee told stories in his inimitable way to illustrate his point of view or to bring about a horse-trade to better advantage to himself. He was a man of great natural ability and of strong common-sense, though possessing but little more than the rudiments of an education. He was a student of men rather than of books, and knew much of the nature of mankind that is not taught in schools and colleges. Many of his practical jokes were aimed at the Achilles heel of the victim. Certainly his greatest joke, the E Clampus Vitus, was a leveler of pride or feeling of superiority in the candidate who faced the Grand Hotentote and his minions.

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

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

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

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

It is said that the first real success of the ancient and honorable order, then but recently evolved from the brain of Mr. Bee, was at Richmond, to which place the founder had gone on some political mission. He gained a hearing and initiated some of the members of the Legislature. Within a short time the rolls of the Richmond branch bore the names of nearly all of the members of that august body, including, it is said, the name of the mayor. The governor was approached and was inclined to
favor such a popular society with his distinguished presence; but some of friends, who knew a little too much, persuaded him that the dignity of his high office would not permit association with a society of such humble origin.

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

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

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

The founder’s brother was one who could find no appreciation of the broad humor of the occasion. His curiosity was aroused. He wanted to know what it was all about, but he did not want to “jine” the lodge when Ephraim was present. A very kind friend arranged with the brethren at Weston, many miles distant, to confer the several degrees upon the brother, at the same time advising Ephraim of his action. A special ceremony was arranged—extra-special in honor of the distinguished candidate. Members were invited from Clarksburg, West Union, and other towns, and Grand Lama graced the occasion with his presence, though keeping discreetly out of sight of his brother.
The degree team gave him the whole works, with flourish of trumpet and roll of drums. After being released from the chamber of mysteries, though he had reserved a room at the old Bailey House, he mounted his horse and rode through the night to his home several miles distant. The ceremony had been a torture to him, and he was humiliated and ashamed. Upon his arrival at home it is reported that his only greeting to his family was a few explosive snorts. But he survived the ordeal. It is not recorded that he became a proselyter for the very ancient and honorable order or was ever able to take pride in his membership therein.

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

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

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

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

Ephraim Bee gained not a little in reputation by the success of his lodge. He was known personally in many parts of the State, where carried on an extensive land business and periodically made the rounds on horse-trading and cattle-buying trips. When the Civil War broke over the land he became an ardent supporter of the Union and an enthusiastic New State man. He was then more than sixty years of age, far too old to go into the field for services. He was just as valiant in home service.
He became a candidate for the Legislature in 1863, the first to assemble for the new State of West Virginia. His opponent was Joseph H. Diss Debar, a talented French-Alsatian who had settled in the county some years previously as the agent for a great land company. Diss Debar had youth and dash and vigor, a vast reserve of self-assurance, and almost impregnable political alliances. He was a foeman worthy of the best steel of the veteran humorist. When the votes were counted, Diss Debar was apparently elected and presented himself at Wheeling on June 20, 1863, ready to take his seat. Mr. Bee was also on the ground and, at the first opportunity, filed his petition contesting the seat of Mr. Diss Debar. A committee of the House passed on the merits of the claims of each candidate, and after a few days reported in favor of Mr. Bee, who then took his place in the Legislative chamber.

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

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

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

(Reprinted from Wells, Harry L., History of Siskiyou County, California, 1881. Chap. XVIII, Scenes and Incidents, p. 111, et seq.)

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

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

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

There existed at that time, 1856, in Yreka a Judge of the most Ancient and Honorable Order of Eclampus Vitus, an order that existed solely and simply for the sport that could he had in initiating novices into its mysteries. The ceremonies were the most ludicrous and awe-inspiring that the fertile brain of man could conceive. Into this order three practical jokers of the town, Pembroke Murray, Geol W. Stilts, and Wiley Fox, proposed to induct the inquisitive and mercenary Jew. They represented to him that for the modest sum of fifty dollars he could join the Odd Fellows, Masons, and Eclampus Vitus, and took his application and cash, having a royal good time with the latter. The most appalling ceremonies of the Eclampus Vitus as well as all the means they could devise by which a man could be deceived and frightened, were arranged in one grand programme, as he was not to be inducted regularly into the order. All the good fellows in town were posted on the affair, whether members of the order or not, and when the night came which was to remove the veil of the confiding Hebrew, the hall was crowded with eager spectators. The ceremonies commenced in the most solemn and impressive manner, and as they proceeded, ever and anon the whole assembly would give a sepulchral groan, to which, according to instructions previously given, the candidate responded “Timbo.” As the evening wore on and he became more and more terrified, his pronunciation of the magic word became less distinct, until nothing could be made of
it but “Steambo,” and he became “Steamboat Jake” upon the spot. At one time it was represented to him that each of the three orders must brand him with a red-hot iron, and to fully impress him with the reality of the intended act they began to dispute among themselves as to which order took precedent. Pembroke Murray dated the Masons back to Moses, but Stilts settled all dispute by conclusively proving that Adam was the first member of the Eclampus Vitus, and to that order was granted the privilege of first putting its brand upon the now thoroughly frightened man. Great demonstrations of heating an iron and making other preparations were made, and when all was ready he was touched upon the bare back with a piece of ice. In his imagination he could feel the scorching iron burn deep into his flesh and he bounded into the air, screeching the intensity of his pain and fright. His yells and cries could be distinctly heard a block away by people in their houses. For a long time he writhed and shrieked under the relentless deception of his persecutors, while all were convulsed with laughter. Finally his nervous system gave way under the strain, and he fell down in a fit, frothing at the mouth. The merriment was suddenly changed to fear and apprehension. The unconscious man was borne to his store, where four physicians labored over his for an hour. No one expected to see him open his eyes to the light of day again, but he was at last resuscitated, and all danger was past. Before this Murray had gone home, having word with Stilts to come to the house and tell him the result. As soon as the good news was announced, Stilts said to John Long, “John, have you got the old cayuse sown at the stable”

“Yes.”

“Well, we’ll have a good joke on Murray.”

“How so?”

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

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

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

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

The old cayuse was a pack animal, to which any gait faster than a drowsy walk was an utter stranger. He took so long to pass any given point as a procession. In vain did the anxious fugitive on his back cluck, kick, and swear. He had no spurs nor whip to encourage him with. Riding up in a fence he broke off the top of a picket, and with this commenced a vigorous prodding, eliciting a spasmodic trot of half a dozen steps, and then the walk was resumed. Again and again was the brute prodded and again and again did he respond with a bone-racking trot of six steps. After plodding
slowly along Main Street until Miner was safely passed, the exasperated man gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears and imprecations. “This is a pretty beast to give a man to save his life with,” he blubbered. “If I had a pistol, I’d shoot the man that gave him to me. If I only had a knife I’d cut the brute’s throat. Get up, you lazy hound!” he shouted as he dug the fence picket into the offending animal’s ribs. “Get up, get up; I’d walk if I wasn’t lame; get up! Oh, I’ll shoot the man that did this.”

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

“Is that you, Murray?”
“Yes. Is that you, Wiley?”
“Yes, and you had better hurry up; they are after us.”
“I can’t hurry.”
“Why not?”
“Why, the fools have given me an old crow-bait that won’t go off a walk. Have you got a pair of spurs?”
“No.”
“Have you got a knife?”
“No; why?”
“I want to cut his infernal throat.”

When they arrived at Greenhorn, Wiley turned around and said:
“I’m going back to face the music; come on.”
“No.”
“I’ll see it through if it costs me every cent I’ve got. No Jew can drive me out of town.”
“If you’re going back let me take your horse.”
“No, let’s both go back.”
“No, I won’t. Let me take your horse.”
“Murray, you’re the worst sold man I ever saw.”
“Why, the confounded Jew isn’t dead; it’s all a joke.”

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

Stilts and Fox have moved away, while Murray has been gathered to his fathers, but the woes of “Steamboat Jake” and the midnight flight of the worthy justice will be repeated in Yreka long after their bones will have mingled with the elements of nature.
Seated in a quiet corner of his London Club, the staid, dignified and highly respected uncle of the Marquess of Queensberry, His Honor, Lord Sholto Douglas, seldom allows his aging and rather John Bullish mind to wander untethered among the wild oat patches of his far-away youth. Especially does he eschew—when sober—all conscious remembrance of that very far-away and extremely undignified chapter of youthful indulgence when he toured with a traveling troupe of Ham's the rather beastly back-country of the American Far West—don't you know?—and particularly his visits to the then quite seedy and generally uncivilized villages of the erst-while gold diggings along the dusty foothills of the land of California.

But there are moments!

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

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

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

It was during the soggy month of January in the Year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-six that the somewhat discouraged group of would-be and has-been actors was wending their way through this section of the Yankee wilderness. Arrived in Marysville, the twenty-four year old "Lord" and his bride of less than a year, the petite "Lady Douglas," née Mooney, saw little to encourage them. When the curtain rose on "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the evening of the 21st, the audience was not only apathetic, but pitifully small. The total "take" of the box office was the miserable sum of $71.00,—not sufficient to pay the members of the company and leave enough over to get them to the next town. The youthful trouper were down at the mouth as well as at the heel, and His Lordship, who was the company's manager, as well as its leading man, was in a high state of despair; it seemed impossible for the already-scheduled performances to continue. Gloom settled upon the firmament.
Then came the miracle. We are fortunate in the fact that a full and complete account of what happened next has come down to us from that hoary period. The very name of its author has long been lost in the mists of passing time, but his tale, obscured though it be toward the end by the swirl of alcoholic vapors, deserves to be rescued from the oblivion in which it has lain so long. It is entitled “The Inimitable Initiation of Lord Sholto Douglas.” and goes as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord Sholto Douglas made his application in the due form and upon its acceptance a date was set for the initiation. The application signed by his Lordship consisted of quite an imposing document made up of innuberable questions and forms. As far as the “Clampers” were concerned he was accepted before the application was started. His Lordship took the entire proceeding from beginning to end as a very serious matter and throughout the initiation looked upon the ritual as being a solemn and somber affair. The “Clampers” never attempted to disillusion the gentleman and the night after the initiation when he appeared on the stage and gave the countersign of the Well Jackass, his Lordship received a great ovation from the packed house.
I cannot recall the exact date, but "A man may forget, and not be the worse for forgetting." However, at the appointed time Lord Sholto Douglas presented himself for initiation—duly instructed; properly clad, and royally introduced. Accompanied by the guard, his Lordship entered the hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The region which I was now passing through was a beastly one—nothing but blistering rocks and drifting sands. While crossing this bleak expanse about a dozen
disreputable blighters accosted me and asked if I ’ad seen a box of jewels they ’ad
lost. I told the blathering idiots I ’ad the bloomin’ box myself and ’ad instructions
from the Noble Grand ‘umbug only to deliver the bloody box to the person giving me
the proper sign and password for the receipt of the box. The ruffians again
demanded the jewel casket, and upon my refusal to part with the beastly thing the
beggars set upon me and endeavored to take it by force. In the scuffle that followed
one of the scoundrels bashed me on top of the ’ead and knocked me senseless.

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

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

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

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

HE IS A CLAMPER

Lord Sholto Douglas Was Initiated Last Night

A BIG CROWD WAS THERE

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

Lord Sholto Douglas, third son of the Marquis of Queensbury, one of the most
famous peers of the British Realm, is a member in high standing of the Ancient and
Honorable Order of E Clampsus** Vitus. He was initiated last night with all the pomp
and dignity usually attendant on like occasions and having answered all the solemn
questions and manfully shown his capacity, is now from henceforth shall ever be, a
Clamper of noble degree.
We are now told that “Doc” Barr, N. G. H. of King Solomon Lodge, is the unknown author of the account above reprinted. Insasmuch as, from the newspaper story, he appears to have been on the committee which took Lord Sholto in, he ought to know. (Ed.)
**The added “s” is clearly apocryphal. (Ed.)**

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

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

Next day the Appeal reported:

**LORD SHOLTO DOUGLAS INITIATED INTO E CLAMPUS VITUS**

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

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

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

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

At 2 o’clock the four-in-hand with Henry Elmore in the seat, was driven up to the Western Hotel and Lord and Lady Douglas were taken on. A short time after a hack containing Wm. Leech with the huegag (sic) was driven around the town and the lusty
lungs of the auctioneer made the huegag give forth sounds that rattled the window panes in the buildings on both sides of the street as the carriage passed by.

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

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

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

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

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

JOINED THE CLAMPERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*A certain Chinese proverb has here unfortunately been deleted by the Clamprognosticator, and it is said that there is now no man living who can discern the hidden significance of the cryptic passage.
A PRAGMATIC HISTORY OF GAZINTA, BEING AN EXPOSE OF THE ANCIENT, MORE OR LESS HONORABLE, BUT SUPREMELY OFFICIAL GAME OF E CLAMPUS VITUS. *

By Milford "Panchito" Springer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*See symbolic demonstration of Gazinta in the Rotogravure Section, at the end of this book. (Ed.)
Our gentle readers will now transpose this notable illustration with that on p. 87.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Page Brother Jessup!

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

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

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

Any Louse fancier may enter the contest. It will be conducted in a strictly humane manner without harm to the lice. Anyone caught doping, pinching, biting or otherwise artificially stimulating the runners will be disqualified. Lice are sensitive, affectionate creatures, and besides we don’t want complaints from the S. P. C. A. Contestants will enter one louse and one only. The committee serves notice that it cannot be held accountable for escaped entries.
The entry shall belong to one of the two well-known breeds, *Pediculus humanus* or *P. vestimenti* commonly known as the cootie. Any of the varieties now recognized by breeders—such as *P. humanus germanicus* and *P. h. Chineenis* may be entered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The assembled Clampers of the Grand Lodge joined with the embattled members of Lord Sholto Douglas Chapter, No. 3, at nearby Auburn, in celebrating the gold-days anniversary of that notable diggings. And after three great days—and nights—at the hospitable House of Lozano, all were convinced that if Ophir ever did fall—"It still lives."
“Tamalada! Tamalada!” Yo-ho, festive Clampers, Señora Dalton is stirring her celebrated Spanish Stew in Enrique’s good old copper kettle, brought around the Horn in 1841 to try out tallow, later used for the earliest baths of the youthful Rojerio, and now *pot par excellence* for the Señora’s Magnificent Mexican Mixtures. ‘Tis September, 1935, and tamales are in the making.

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

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

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

“Tamalada! Tamalada! On to Don Rojerio’s!
THE GHOST OF PANAMINT*

*By Don Rojerio himself.

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

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

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

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

Then was the Staff passed with éclat to Marshall Stimson, President of his class of P. B. C’s., and thereafter tall tales of the elder days and many a hair-raising
story of the past from the lips of Neill Wilson lent color to the scene. It was just after Fair Luna rose to shine upon the vale that Charlie and I clashed. All the others, it appears, slept without (not blankets, to be sure, that freezing night, but without roofs to shelter their heads), but my gang and Charlie had found an old, deserted shack, and here we laid (or hung) our heads. All would have gone well had not Charlie sought to close the shutters of the sole and only window. Forgive me, Charlie, for my hot words and pregnant temper; Oh, forgive me, lad.

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

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

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

Panamint, like Ophir, may have fallen, but she still lives. And if you don’t believe me, ask Neill Wilson.
THE LOST PLAQUE OF OLVERA STREET*

*By "Panchito," Springer the First.

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

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

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

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

Why is the plaque called infamous? Because, dear little children, within a fortnight after our conclave some light-fingered maniac (sex unknown) caused it to
vanish from its wholly appropriate setting upon the wall of the primordial privy, not six paces from the rear door of the adobe. In other words, swiped it.

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

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

And there, my confreres, dangles the tale, not of our patron animal, but of the lost plaque of Olvera Street.
ON, SUCKERS, ON TO NEW HELVETIA!*

*By the Capitol Doctor, ofttimes yclept Clark.

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

A sun-tanned blonde sprang to her feet.

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

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

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

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

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

Promptly at six they roared away to the westward. I followed them on my cloud. Soon all were at the Fort of Johann Sutter. At the gate stood an armed watchman, scanning each passport in the flicker of a bull’s eye lantern. I recognized
him as an acquaintance of my old beat. Inside was a banquet. On the table were beef, beans, cornbread, just such as I saw John Henry Brown prepare for Captain Sutter ninety years ago. Those men from south of the Tehachapi must not have eaten for a week.

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

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

“But, God, I failed. I failed miserably. I was deceived,—and by a Clamper,—by that old wretch Harry C. Peterson, who lives at the Fort of Johann Sutter. He must be the lineal descendant of Ananias, about whom you warned me. He was not billed on the program. The Noble Grand Humbug simply declared that Harry Peterson was going to make an important Historical Announcement. This man, apparently so simple, so guileless, briefly told the story of the Bear Flag Affair. Well do you know the tale. After getting the Flag raised at Sonoma, that sleepy June morning in 1846, and after the Vallejos and Victor Prudon had been imprisoned (in the very room in which he was now speaking), this Munchausen quickly changed the scene to Palo Alto on that April morning in 1906 when you gave the terrible lesson to San Francisco. He told of his bed shaking, and the furniture coming across the room. He sprang from the bed and rushed to the Stanford Museum. The relics there were safe. He bethought himself of his sister, in the fire. His brother owned one of the four cars in Palo Alto. They stopped at two drug stores for bandages and other first-aid supplies, at a department store for blankets. These they carried with them, the first such taken into the stricken city. At Fourth Street they were stopped by Federal troops. No one could cross that line. Peterson knew Lieutenant Lowsley. He begged for one last look in Pioneer’s Hall. The Lieutenant agreed to look the other way but
warned that the building must soon be blown to bits and that he must leave on the command. Wildly he rushed into the building, past the Mastodon, tears streaming down his cheeks as he took a last look at those priceless relics, doomed to destruction. A man brushed by his arm. It was a soldier laden with dynamite. The command to evacuate rang out. The fuses had been lighted. As he fled the building he reached into a showcase tottering to the floor, and seized a rag which he stuffed beneath his coat. Reaching his brother’s car he hid it under the seat, and proceeded to forget it. Six weeks later, when helping the brother clean the car, he rediscovered the rag. It would be useful in the cleaning. Opening it up he gazed a moment in terror, then hid it away in the woodshed, where it lay for fifteen years before he moved it to a more secure place. Through thirty long years this thing preyed on his mind. At last he could stand it no longer. He confessed, to a Sacramento physician, who convinced him that he was safe from prosecution, because of the statute of limitations; that the institution of New Helvetia Chapter of E Clampus Vitus made this the most important evening in the history of Sacramento since Marshall came in with his gold; and finally, that the men there assembled were real lovers of California and her romantic history. In consideration of all this, he produced a package, wrapped in a San Francisco newspaper of 1906. From it he took a dusty rag, shook out clouds of dust, and unfurled the Bear Flag. As the flag was run up the pole, cheers rent the roof. Hands were clapped till they hurt. Backs were thumped and pounded. Peterson was lauded to the skies. It was suggested by many that he be made permanent Grand Honorary Humbug. Pandemonium reigned supreme. After ten minutes of hysteria the Noble Grand Humbug was reminded of his promise to ask for further proof. He that asks shall receive. Peterson furnished the proof. He did not need to prove the Fort, for they were sitting in the very room in which the Vallejos and Prudon were imprisoned. He had stated the mountain men “forded” the river, and as proof he exhibited the steering wheel of an old Ford. He had stated that the men rode to Sonoma on horseback, and he passed around neat cellophane-wrapped packages containing the proof, well preserved. He had told of the difficulty of getting the men started for Sonoma, not wishing to leave their squaws unprotected. And he passed around little bags of sand with which the squaws were provided, and demonstrated the technique. On the approach of a man, if she perceived that he was a Clamper, she immediately sanded herself generously. He proved the San Francisco fire with a can of pickled ashes; that he was in Pioneer’s Hall with the jawbone of the Mastodon, coyote size, explaining that it had been steadily shrinking through the years. And as final proof he exhibited a parchment document swearing to the accuracy and honesty of all his statements and all his exhibits, signed on the 14th of June, 1846, by Johann Sutter, James Marshall, John Frémont, Kit Carson, Robert Semple, William B. Ide and Mariano G. Vallejo."

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

*By Panamint Pete.

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

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

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

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

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

*Usually we bust.
CAMP CODY AND CALICO*

*By Navajo Phil Johnston

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who knows what wonders to relate another year will bring?
THE
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE
ORDER
E CLAMPUS VITUS
CEREMONY AND RITUAL OF INITIATION

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

Nihil obstat…………………………………..G.N.R.
Imprimatur……………………….………….N.G.H.
Sed prime viduaribus…………………..G.I.H.

Prolegomena

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Clampatriarch, the Grand Noble Recorder, the Royal Platrix, the Roisterous Iscutis, the Grand Imperturbable Hangman, the Clamps Matrix, the Clamps Petrix and the Clamps Vitrix will attend without the portal, clad in their official panoply, bearing the Clampediments of their respective offices,* and having in their custody the miserable body of the Poor Blind Candidate.
The remaining multitude of Clampers will assume such posts about the Chamber as may be directed by the Noble Grand Humbug.

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

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

(Oh, so sorry! Excuse please! Wind has just blown the rest of Ritual out window. Printer, please leave blank page or two for Brothers and Widows to write in what they can remember, if any, of Initiation of poor Blind candidate.
I wring my hands in sorrow, and offer the well-known signal of Distress. Ed.)
Venerated Past Clampatriarchs

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

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Robert Greer, Grand Honorary Humbug, Yermo.
Dr. J. H. Barr, Grand Honorary Humbug, Yuba City.
Leon O. Whitsell, ex officio, Noble Grand Humbug, State Bldg., San Francisco.
G. Ezra Dane, ex officio, Grand Noble Recorder, Balfour Bldg., San Francisco.
Don Rojerio de Dalton y Zamorano, ex officio, Royal Platrix, Azusa.
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Panchito Displaying his Gasinta