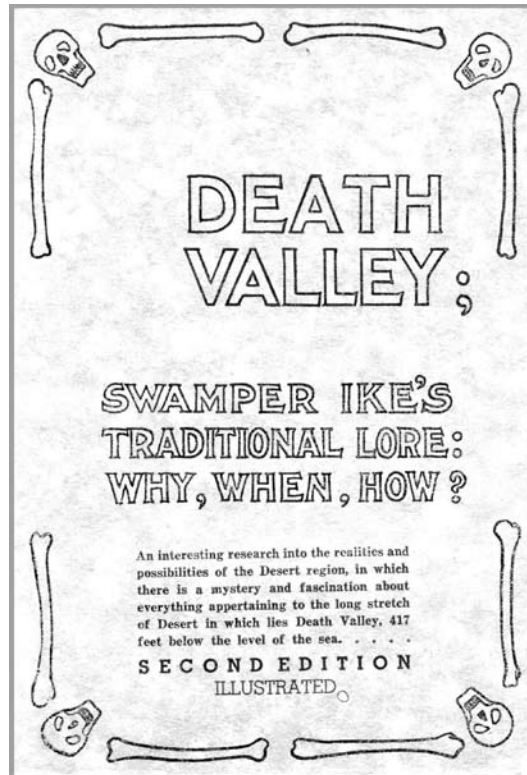




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## David Andrew Hufford Printer, Writer, Plagiarist

*By Mark Hall-Patton*

Odd monographs on Western history topics have always fascinated me. Many years ago, I acquired just such an item, a short book entitled *The Real Ramona* by D.A. Hufford. Knowing his interest in the Ramona story, I showed it to Phil Brigandi, our *Branding Iron* editor and a noted Ramona collector and scholar. In addition to his comments in per-

son, not now remembered except that they were delivered in a generally derisive tone, he also noted in a short note to me:

*"The Real Ramona* was one of the first – and quite probably the worst – books to explore the 'facts behind the fiction' of Mrs. Jackson's

*(Continued on page 3)*

## The Branding Iron

Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners

*Published Quarterly*

Spring – Summer – Fall – Winter

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*The Branding Iron* is always seeking articles of 2,500 words or less dealing with every phase of the history of the Old West and California. Contributions from both members and friends are welcome.

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Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners

## Editor's Corner . . .

As we begin a new year, historians everywhere are calculating just what anniversaries will fall in 2009. It will be the centennial of Admiral Perry reaching the North Pole in 1909. Seventy-five years ago, in 1934, Upton Sinclair lost his "epic" campaign for Governor of California. Half a century ago, in 1959, Alaska and Hawaii joined the Union. And 25 years ago, in 1984 (yes, 1984 is now a quarter of a century in the past), Los Angeles played host to her second Olympiad.

For this issue of *The Branding Iron*, we meet a variety of Western people. Mark Hall-Patton traces the clumsy career of author-printer-publisher David Hufford. John W. Robinson outlines the life and work of Leroy and Ann Hafen, whose writings remain some of the most authoritative work on the Far West. Author and historian Gary Ledoux joins us with a look at the later career of one of Tombstone's famous characters, John Clum. And Abe Hoffman reminds us of some of the contributions of Phoebe Hearst to the cause of California education.

—Phil Brigandi  
[ockid@netzero.com](mailto:ockid@netzero.com)

# Hufford . . .

(Continued from page 1)

novel. More often than not, though, Hufford created his own fictions and let the facts go to the devil."

With a ringing endorsement like that, I couldn't help but look around for more books by this mysterious, and fairly inept, historian.

Eventually I located copies of all of Hufford's works. These include *The Real Ramona of Helen Hunt Jackson's Famous Novel*, his first known work, *El Camino Real; The Original Highway Connecting the Twenty-One Missions From South to North, Death Valley; Swamper Ike's Traditional Lore: Why, When How?, A Rambling Sketch in and about Laguna and Arch beaches; Orange County, California*, and, last but by no means least, *What I Know About the History of California*. With a collection like this, the story of this writer/publisher was calling to me.

So who was David Andrew Hufford? He was born in Berwick, Ohio, on October 13, 1858. He lived in Grand Rapids, Michigan in the early 1880s, editing and publishing a couple of labor newspapers there, the *Boycotter* in 1883 and the *Labor Union* in 1884. Neither lasted very long, with the *Boycotter* specifically noted in a Grand Rapids history as having an ephemeral existence.

He made his way to California, arriving in 1887. He was a tramp printer, and worked for a number of newspapers in Southern California. Most notably, he worked for the *Los Angeles Times* for many years.

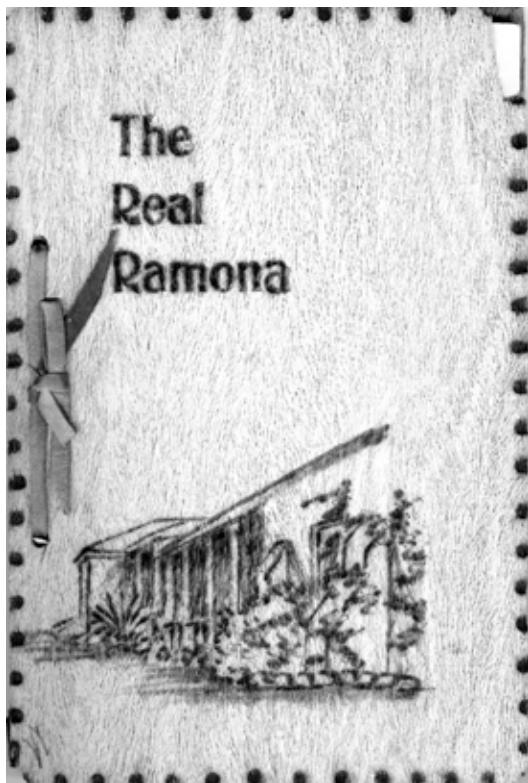
Hufford was married, and the father of two children. I have not been able to ascertain whether his marriage to Celia White was before or after moving to California. By 1888 their son, Ray, was born, followed by daughter Hazel in 1889. Ray died at the age of 11 in 1900, and Hazel outlived her Mother and Father, though apparently never married.

Though he was working as a printer for the *Los Angeles Times*, Hufford was also interested in having his own business. By 1894, he had opened The Book Exchange, a business selling souvenir books and doing job printing at 226 W. Sixth Street in Los Angeles. He

would continue to have this business through at least 1918.

In 1899, Hufford became one of the principals in a new printing company in Los Angeles, the Springer and Marion Company. The company was incorporated by Charles L. Springer, F.N. Marion, Earl Legrande Kiger and R.O. Anthony, in addition to Hufford. His involvement did not seem to impact his other job printing, as The Book Exchange was still listed in a number of publications through this time. The new shop, though, may have had something to do with his new interest in writing and publishing local monographs for a tourist market.

This began in 1900 with the first of Hufford's forays into historical writing, this being the afore-mentioned *Real Ramona*. Published in 1900, it went through at least four editions, though always with the same size and style of printing. However, the number of illustrations (taken from other sources and uncredited) did grow as the editions progressed.



An early edition of *The Real Ramona* with a "pyrographed" sketch of the Rancho Camulos on a yucca wood cover.

One of the curious aspects of Hufford's publications is the variety of covers the books could be purchased in. *The Real Ramona* could be purchased in paper for 35¢, in yucca or redwood with pyrography (that is, an image burned into the cover) of the Camulos Adobe (one of the claimants for the title "Home of Ramona") for 75¢, in pyrographed leather for \$1.00, and in orangewood with pyrography for \$1.25. In each case the contents were the same, just the cover was changed.

Images in the book are taken mostly from photographs by A.C. Vroman. They include four different images which Hufford claims to all be of Mrs. Machado, identified as the "Real Ramona." At least one of the views is of an entirely different person who claimed to be the Real Ramona, Ramona Lubo, but Hufford did not let that trouble his magnum opus. He also included two images mis-identified as Ramon Corrales (they were actually of Jose Hilario, which he would have known had he looked back at the June 1896 *Land Of Sunshine* magazine where the images were originally published), identified as the real Alessandro, along with views of various sites which had even by then become associated with the Ramona myth.

This little book became well known and widely circulated in Southern California. A description in *The Literary News* for March 1902 says it:

"Tells the story of the real Indian girl, the heroine of 'Ramona,' and of the Spanish lady – the wife of an American army officer, judge, and ranchman – who adopted and raised her. It tells who she now is, and where she lives, etc...."

Of course, it did no such thing, but mere factual problems were not enough to keep David Andrew Hufford from publishing his book. Hufford's veracity issues were already known by 1903, when Carlyle Davis wrote his "Ramona, the Ideal and the Real" for *Out West* magazine and referred to the book in a section about the myth, and authors and researchers who wanted it to be real.

Following up his success with *The Real Ramona*, in 1901 Hufford brought out his second work, *El Camino Real; The Original Highway Connecting the Twenty-One Missions*

*From South to North*. This work went through two editions, and was available in the same previously mentioned list of cover materials, interestingly for the same cost for each. This book included six pages of text and images of the twenty-one missions cribbed mainly from photos by W. M. Graham.

Graham was a photographer in Los Angeles at the turn of the twentieth century. He was active at 119 S. Spring Street in Los Angeles until 1905. Whether he was paid for the use of these images is not clear, but he is certainly not credited except where his name could not be cropped from the half-tones of his images.

The second edition of *El Camino Real* was printed on only one side of each page, as had been *The Real Ramona*. I have not seen a first edition, but I believe it was done the same way. By his next work, *Death Valley; Swamper Ike's Traditional Lore: Why, Where, How*, Hufford had begun printing on both sides of the page.

In this work, published in 1902 according to the title page, but listed in the back of *El Camino Real* as already being available when that book was published in 1901, Hufford produced a work which would go through two editions yet again.

The covers of the three copies in my collection are different and yet the same. The outer cover is lined with bones, with skulls on the corners. The first edition, in green cover, is straightforward in its presentation. The second edition, which I have represented in red and light green paper, sports two different covers. They are laid out the same, with a paragraph under the title and Second Edition noted on the cover. Oddly, though, the second editions each use a different typeface on the covers.

This work also came in fancy cover materials, including the now traditional (for Hufford) paper, yucca, redwood, and leather, but this time also in snakeskin. I have seen only one copy in snakeskin. It is actually bound in boards with a snakeskin coiled horizontally around the cover and Death Valley burned into the wood in an area with the snakeskin cut out.

This little booklet is noted in many Death

Valley bibliographies, but I believe E. I. Edwards has the best note about the work in his *The Enduring Desert*. Annotating the listing for Hufford's work, Edwards describes it as:

"An early and peculiar account by one who claims to have journeyed into Death Valley shortly after the turn of the century. My personal opinion is that its contents border on the apocryphal. Some of the weird incidents described would impress one as being in the nature of desert aberrations."

With the publication of *Death Valley*, Hufford ended his foray into the world of written souvenir publication for twenty years. He was active with his shop and his job printing, and apparently worked for other newspapers. He joined and became active in the Los Angeles County Pioneer Society and with the Craftsman Lodge of the Freemasons, where he served as Chaplain. In 1922, his need to write again pushed him to produce a new book.

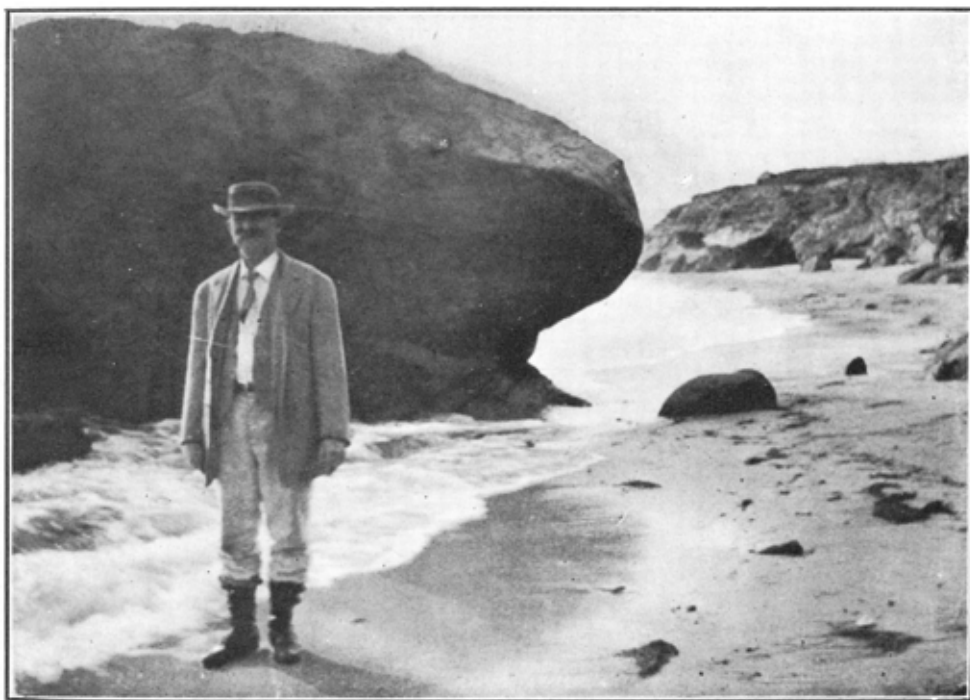
This work, entitled *A Rambling Sketch; In and About Laguna and Arch Beaches Orange County, California* (subtitled "Marine Sketches In Water Color Suggestions"), is also an interestingly personal account. It is printed

with much more care to its looks, and shows a greater level of design. The title letters are in orange, with brown used for the body of the work. None of Hufford's other works were done with such care and design sense. This work appears to be done as a personal effort aimed at the perceived art community of the Laguna Beach area.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, there was only one edition of this work. Hufford lists his address on the title page as 308 E. Washington Street in Los Angeles. He had moved recently, as he was still listed at the 226 S. Sixth address as late as 1919, though I think this is in error.

He is listed in 1923 in the Printing Trades Blue Book as being the proprietor and buyer for a job printing firm at the 308 E. Washington address. The listing also notes that the firm was established in 1918, so it was probably right at the end of World War I that he relocated his job printery.

*A Rambling Sketch* is also unique among Hufford's works by not advertising any of his other books. There is no listing of other covers available, or where to order the short monograph. From the way it is written, I



David Hufford, circa 1922. (All illustrations from the author's collection)

believe this was a labor of love on the part of Hufford about an area he had found and wanted to sing its praises.

Hufford continued to be an active printer during the 1920s and 1930s. In 1933 he brought out his last work, entitled *What I Know About the History of California; An Intriguing History of California of the Past and Present in the Southland*. This work, priced at 25¢, was only available in paper.

The work was published with another person, H. Karstens. I have not been able to ascertain who Karstens was, but this is the only one of Hufford's five works with a second name listed as publisher. Hufford is listed at 310 E. Washington, the address he retained for the rest of his life.

The booklet is a short, humorous work which ends with the admission that the author knows "Nothing At All" about California history. It was obviously meant to be a funny piece to pick up a quick quarter from the visiting public.

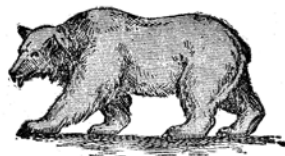
Inside the front cover, Hufford's other works are listed. *The Real Ramona* is still available in all five cover types, but *Death Valley* is only available in paper or yucca, and *El Camino Real* in paper, yucca and redwood. *A Rambling Sketch* was still only available in paper.

In 1985, I became the Director of the San Luis Obispo County Historical Museum, and a couple of years later, one of the ladies who worked at the museum, Helen Foree Keller, gave me a copy of a pamphlet she had been given in the 1920s when she was in college getting her teaching credential. Called *Cressy's History of California*, and published in 1923 by Will M. Cressy and the Cressy History Sales Company, it seemed familiar when I read the short work.

Sure enough, when I opened Hufford's last work, it became clear that he had plagiarized his last booklet. Entire paragraphs were almost word-for-word copies. The final paragraph is a good example of the level of plagiarism in Hufford's booklet. Hufford wrote:

"Then (when there is nowhere else to go), you go back to your little house under the orange trees and the mortgages, read a chapter out of a Bible written in Jerusalem, wind up

## WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE **History of California**



PRICE 25 CENTS

*An Intriguing History of California  
of the Past and Present in  
the Southland*

your Waterbury watch, put on your China silk pajamas, crawl between your Fall River sheets, and fight the fleas, *the only native product on your whole Damn Ranch.*"

The same paragraph, from Cressy's original, reads:

"Then (when there is nowhere else to go), you go back to your little home under the orange trees and the mortgage; read a chapter out of a Bible written in London, England; say a prayer written in Jerusalem; wind up your Waterbury watch; put on your China silk pajamas; crawl in between your Fall River sheets, and fight with the fleas, the only native product of your whole damn ranch."

Hufford, to be sure, did add some of his own writing. The work is an interesting period piece, with some of Hufford's own work being obvious because of references to the Depression and ongoing racist comments.

Hufford's final work was not a great success, though, and Hufford suffered an even greater loss the following year when his wife,

(Continued on page 19)

# Phoebe Apperson Hearst

## California Education's Best Friend

*By Abraham Hoffman*

California public education, from kindergarten through college, owes a tremendous debt to Phoebe Apperson Hearst. Her generosity to the University of California, museums and libraries ran into the millions of dollars, but was more than just financial aid. She embraced the quality of education and did much to insure that California could offer the finest public education possible.

Phoebe's interest in education began at an early age. Born in Franklin County, Missouri, in 1842, she took a job teaching in a village school at age seventeen. In 1862 she met George Hearst, a wealthy man who had made his fortune in the California Gold Rush and in other mining enterprises. Although George was more than forty years her senior, she accepted his marriage proposal and went with him to California. Hearst's fortune provided Phoebe with the means to indulge her interests in travel, music, and the French language. Her concern about what she felt was her incomplete education led her to a life-long commitment to supporting learning for young people.

In 1886 the California legislature chose George Hearst as the state's new U.S. Senator. The Hearsts moved to Washington, D.C., and while there Phoebe found herself in a position to use the family fortune constructively. She helped found the Columbian Kindergarten Association in 1893 and served as its first president; contributed to the restoration of Mount Vernon and served as one of its board members from 1889 to 1918; and donated money for the founding of Episcopal orphanages.

When George died in 1891, Phoebe inherited his huge fortune, and her philanthropic contributions increased. Returning the California, she helped establish the organization now known as the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and helped it financially. But Phoebe's greatest interest was in support of the University of California. In the 1890s

there were no branch campuses. Berkeley was the main and only campus; what became UCLA lay almost thirty years in the future. In George's memory Phoebe donated the George Hearst Memorial Mining Building. She supported women college students through funding scholarships and paying for Hearst Hall, a women's social and athletic center on the Berkeley campus. Other campus buildings were also built with Hearst donations.

Phoebe did much more than just paying for buildings. She financed archaeological and anthropological expeditions to Italy, Mexico, Egypt, and Russia. Artifacts found by these expeditions went to a University Museum that Mrs. Hearst donated to the university. The faculty at the University of California benefited from her generosity in scholarships, research grants, and travel funds. She developed an interest in anthropology and in 1901 financed the creation of the Museum of Anthropology and funded the Department of Anthropology and its faculty, initially four specialists in Native American cultures.

One of the new anthropologists was Alfred Kroeber. Almost seven decades later Theodora Kroeber, in her biography of her late husband, recalled, "Mrs. Hearst paid all salaries and expenses during the first years of the museum and department – for research, expeditions, museum and office staff from director to janitor as well as the teaching staff in Berkeley. The university supplied only the museum building; Mrs. Hearst saw to its furnishings." The museum's most famous "janitor" was Ishi, the Yahi Indian who emerged from the Sierra Nevada mountains in modern society.

Phoebe donated the first 23,000 items in the Museum of Anthropology. By 1931 the Museum had outgrown its space, and a new building was constructed on the Berkeley campus and named the Phoebe Apperson Hearst Museum of Anthropology. Its collections now



number almost four million items. Phoebe's continuing support of the university led to her appointment as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California, a position she held until her death in 1919.

It may be noted that Phoebe Apperson Hearst was the mother of William Randolph Hearst, the controversial newspaper publisher. As William's mother, Phoebe saw to her son's education and was generous with her affection. She was generous with her money as well, giving him the \$7.5 million needed to expand his newspaper chain beyond California. But it clearly would be a mistake to consider Phoebe Hearst just as the mother of an

eccentric publisher who built a so-called castle at San Simeon that is now a state historic monument. Phoebe Apperson Hearst merits recognition for using her vast fortune in support of education, to aid women's higher education, and in backing organizations that promoted learning. The Phoebe Apperson Hearst-National PTA Excellence in Education Partnership Award annually recognizes local PTA chapters that encourage student success. A list of the schools, colleges, libraries, museums, and other cultural landmarks that benefited from her generosity would run to many pages; her legacy continues to this day.



# Leroy and Ann Hafen

By John W. Robinson

Leroy and Ann Hafen stand high in the front rank of outstanding historians of Western America. For almost half a century, this husband and wife team worked, both individually and together, to produce some forty books and countless journal articles on the rich heritage of the West. They complimented each other in perfect fashion. Leroy was the professional historian whose scholarship was meticulous, thorough, and impeccable. Ann, a poet and story teller, added a soft, human touch to their joint undertakings.

Leroy R. Hafen was born in the Mormon frontier settlement of Bunkerville, Nevada, along the banks of the Virgin River, on December 8, 1893. He grew up in the close-knit community, attending a one-room adobe school house and working hard at his chores, which included herding cattle, tending the vineyards, and harvesting alfalfa. Showing promise as a student, he was sent to Branch Normal School in Cedar City, Utah, then to St. George Stake Academy (now Dixie College) to complete his high school education. Here he met the love of his life, Annie Woodbury.

Ann Woodbury was born in Salt Lake City on May 31, 1893, but grew up on a farm near St. George, Utah. She also was an excellent student and was sent to St. George Stake Academy in Cedar City to complete her schooling. When Ann and Leroy met they knew, almost at once, that their lives would be intertwined. They were married in 1915 while Leroy was a student at Brigham Young University, pursuing a degree in history.

Western history was Leroy Hafen's passion and life-long profession. Upon graduation from BYU in 1916, Leroy and Ann, now with their first child, moved back to Bunkerville and Leroy's first job as an educator, teaching history at the new high school at a salary of \$1,200 a year. He spent summers studying at the University of Utah, where he earned a masters degree in history in 1919.

In 1920, Leroy Hafen made a momentous

decision that was to change him from a run-of-the-mill high school history teacher into one of the premier historians of the West. He resigned from his teaching job at Bunkerville High School and moved to Berkeley, California with his wife and baby son. Here he entered the doctorate program of the University of California, under the tutorage of Herbert Eugene Bolton, originator of the "Spanish Borderlands" field of research. Under Bolton's masterful guidance, Hafen underwent four years of intense study, wrote his dissertation on the Overland Mail, 1849-1869, and was awarded his doctorate in history in 1924.

Hafen, now with "Dr." before his name, was immediately appointed State Historian of Colorado, a position he would hold for thirty years. His beginning salary was \$2,500 per year, a good sum for that era. As State Historian, he also served as director of the Colorado Historical Society and editor of *Colorado Magazine*. His literary output, often with the help of Ann, was prodigious. Among his slew of books written while he was state historian were the three-volume *History of Colorado* (1927); *Colorado: The History of a Western Commonwealth* (1933); *Colorado: A Story of the State and Its People* (1943); and the two-volume *Colorado and Its People* (1948). He began a long and fruitful association with the Arthur H. Clark Company, the most prestigious publisher of books on Western history, with the publication of *The Overland Mail, 1849-1869*, his doctoral dissertation, in 1926. Other outstanding volumes he produced during this period were *Broken Hand: The Life of Thomas Fitzpatrick* (1931); *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West* (1938); and, with C.C. Rister, *Western America* (1941, revised 1950), a college textbook. Hafen also edited several other books, including three on the Colorado Gold Rush, and authored more than fifty articles for *Colorado Magazine*.

Ann Hafen, meanwhile, besides aiding her husband with some of his books, was writ-

ing poetry and campfire tales. She was the founder and first editor of *Timberline: Colorado Poetry Fellowship Magazine* (1938-41).

In the late 1940s, Leroy and Ann spent part of their summer vacations traveling historic Western trails, which had become Leroy's main field of interest. In 1950 Leroy was awarded a fellowship grant for study at the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino, California. The Hafens moved from their Denver home to a rental unit in Pasadena in late 1950. While working at the Huntington, Leroy was asked by the Arthur H. Clark Company to edit their proposed twelve to fifteen volume *Far West and Rockies* series. Hafen agreed, and a contract to edit the series was signed in June 1951.

The first volume in the *Far West and Rockies* series, authored by Leroy and Ann Hafen, was *Old Spanish Trail: Santa Fe to Los Angeles*, published in 1954. Leroy had long held an interest in the Old Spanish Trail, which passed through his home town of Bunkerville, Nevada. He had done some research on the old trade route in previous years, and had discovered and edited Antonio Armijo's diary for the *Huntington Library Quarterly* in 1947. Now, in 1951, he began intense research on the trail, not only at the Huntington, but also at the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, the California State Library, and other research institutions. As a disciple of Herbert E. Bolton, Hafen followed his mentor's dictum that one could not successfully write the history of an exploration or a trail without personally retracing the route, mile by mile. Leroy and Ann spent much of the summer of 1951 following the historic pathway from Los Angeles to Santa Fe.

Leroy and Ann Hafen's *Old Spanish Trail* received high praise from reviewers, not only for the Hafens' impeccable scholarship, but also because it was the first book-length study of a trail long ignored by historians. Later that same year (1954) the second volume of the *Far West and Rockies* series appeared, *Journals of Forty-Niners, Salt Lake to Los Angeles*, edited by Leroy Hafen. The Salt Lake-Los Angeles, or Mormon, Trail closely paralleled the Old Spanish Trail much of the way, but, contrary to popular belief, was not

the same. (The Old Spanish Trail was a pack route, unsuitable for wagons in many places. The Salt Lake-Los Angeles Trail, almost from its beginning in 1848, was a wagon road and avoided the rough segments of the trail from Santa Fe.)

Succeeding volumes of the *Far West and Rockies* series followed in rapid order, and the fifteen-volume set was completed in 1961. Thirteen of the volumes were edited by Leroy Hafen; two were written in their entirety by Leroy and Ann: the *Old Spanish Trail* and *Handcarts to Zion: The Story of a Unique Western Migration*, published in 1960 as Volume XII of the series and based upon Leroy's 1919 masters thesis at the University of Utah.

Leroy Hafen retired after thirty years as Colorado State Historian in 1954 and accepted a part-time professorship at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. This allowed the Hafens more time to pursue their life-long passions for travel, research, and writing.

The *Far West and Rockies* series quickly sold out. In 1962 the Arthur H. Clark Company proposed that Leroy Hafen edit another series on some aspect of Western history. Hafen suggested a four to six volume set on the fur trade and mountain men, with brief biographical sketches of each known trapper to be written by specialists in the field. Clark enthusiastically accepted Hafen's plan and the contract was signed in September of that year.

The first volume of *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade in the Far West*, with Hafen's history of the fur trade, was published in 1965. One or two volumes appeared each year until the series, stretched to ten volumes, was completed in 1972.

The *Far West and Rockies* series, followed by the *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade* series, placed Leroy Hafen right at the top of his profession, on par with such distinguished Western historians as Frederick Jackson Turner, Herbert Eugene Bolton, Walter Prescott Webb, Dale Morgan, and Ray Allen Billington. Hafen was honored by many historical organizations, including an honorary life membership in the Western History Association and awards from the Colorado and Utah historical societies, for his outstand-



Leroy Hafen



Ann Hafen

(Courtesy Bob Clark and the Arthur H. Clark Co.)

ing contributions to Western history. Ann, too, received honors. In 1969 she was named Poet Laureate by the World Poetry Congress meeting in Manila.

The Hafens' last book together was a labor of love. *The Joyous Journey of Leroy R. and Ann W. Hafen* appeared in 1973. In it, the devoted couple told of their joyous life together, their families and friendships, and their many travels. One gets the distinct impression from reading *Joyous Journey* that both Leroy and Ann considered their prodigious research and writing as a genuine pleasure rather than a chore.

Sadly, Ann Hafen died before she could see *Joyous Journey* in print. She passed away after a long bout with cancer on December 13, 1970. In keeping with Ann's wish, Leroy married her sister, Mary Woodbury Adams.

Leroy Hafen passed from this life at the home he and Mary shared in Palm Desert, California on March 8, 1985. He was 91.

The Hafens' many books remain as everlasting monuments to their distinguished scholarship. Although all of them, in their original hard-cover, are long out of print and

difficult to find outside of libraries, several of the Hafens' most sought-after books have been reprinted in inexpensive soft-cover. *Old Spanish Trail* was reprinted by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1993, and again in 2002. *Journals of the Forty-Niners, Salt Lake to Los Angeles* was reissued by the University of Nebraska Press in 1998. Selections from the *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade* series have appeared in three soft-covers: *Mountain Men and Fur Traders of the Far West* (1982) and *Trappers of the Far West* (1983), both by the University of Nebraska Press, and *Fur Trappers of the Far Southwest* (1997), from the Utah State University Press.

In hard-cover, *French Fur Traders and Voyageurs in the American West*, a selection of twenty-five biographical sketches taken from Hafen's original work, was published by the Arthur H. Clark Company in 1995. And the Arthur H. Clark Company recently reprinted the entire ten-volume *Mountain Men and the Fur Trade* series on a subscription basis.

(This article first appeared in *Spanish Traces*, the newsletter of the Old Spanish Trail Assn.)

# John P. Clum

## An Uncommon Life

By Gary Ledoux

Most followers of the old west genre have come to know John P. Clum as an Indian Agent for the San Carlos Apache Reservation in Arizona, Mayor of Tombstone during the Wyatt Earp/Doc Holliday era, founder of the still-operating *Tombstone Epitaph*, and a personal friend of famed diarist George W. Parsons. But few know of Clum's exploits after Tombstone; leading a life that was arguably more adventurous and exciting than any of his contemporaries – one might say, an uncommon life!

In the spring of 1882, John Clum was washed-up in Tombstone. Being associated with the "Earp faction" who had fallen out of political favor due to their part in the OK Corral incident in October, 1881, Clum decided to head east taking a job with the United States Postoffice Department in Washington, DC. But "flying a desk" was way too tame for the only man who ever captured Apache renegade, Geronimo, at gun-point.

By February, 1885, Clum was back in Tombstone as a Postmaster, only to find the "Town Too Tough Die" in a decidedly dying state due to the decline in silver mining in the area. Ever the optimist John Clum wrote, "Familiar streets... a few familiar faces. Prosperity seems just around the corner."

On Thursday, February 4, 1886, diarist George Parsons wrote in his journal: "Was asked by John P. Clum to stand as godfather for his child next Sunday at its baptism. The madame's request. Complied." That Sunday, February 7, 1886, Caro Kingsland Clum, then 26 months old, daughter to John P. and Belle Clum was baptized at Tombstone, George Parsons standing in as her godfather. (Belle Atwood was Clum's second wife. His first wife, Mary Ware died from complications of childbirth in December, 1880. That union produced one son, Henry Woodworth Clum.) In a December, 2003 interview with Caro's son,

John Davidson "Dave" Vachon, he noted that he was always proud to be associated with Parsons, the famed diarist being a life-long friend of the Clum family.

But prosperity was not going to return to Tombstone any time soon. Word reached Tombstone about a new "boom-town" in California; booming not because of silver or gold – but real estate and a burgeoning citrus industry. The place to be in the fall of 1886 was San Bernardino, California!

Together with his friend, Dan O'Connor, the firm of Clum & O'Connor – Real Estate and Insurance was born. The firm may have occupied an office in what was known as the Burt Building, but eventually found roomy and prestigious quarters on the first floor of the new Stewart Hotel on the corner of 3rd and E Streets.

Low-cost train fares, a burgeoning citrus market, and plenty of jobs all fueled San Bernardino's economy, so much so that wild land speculation began to take place. Land, farms, orchards, and homes were bought and sold at a break-neck pace. The firm of Clum & O'Connor, and everyone else it seemed, was making money hand over fist.

The town was caught-up in a contagious excitement, "...depriving men of their reason and good sense." No matter what their profession, it seemed everyone was in on the notion that owning a piece of California soil was the key to riches. And it was – for a while.

Some bought land sight unseen. Others bought land knowing there was no water on it, not sure if they could bring water to it. But it didn't matter because they were going to sell the property to the next man to come along, probably in a day or two, and at a tidy profit. Land purchased for \$2,000 could be sold the following week for \$3,000 or in a few weeks for \$5,000. It seemed the sky was the

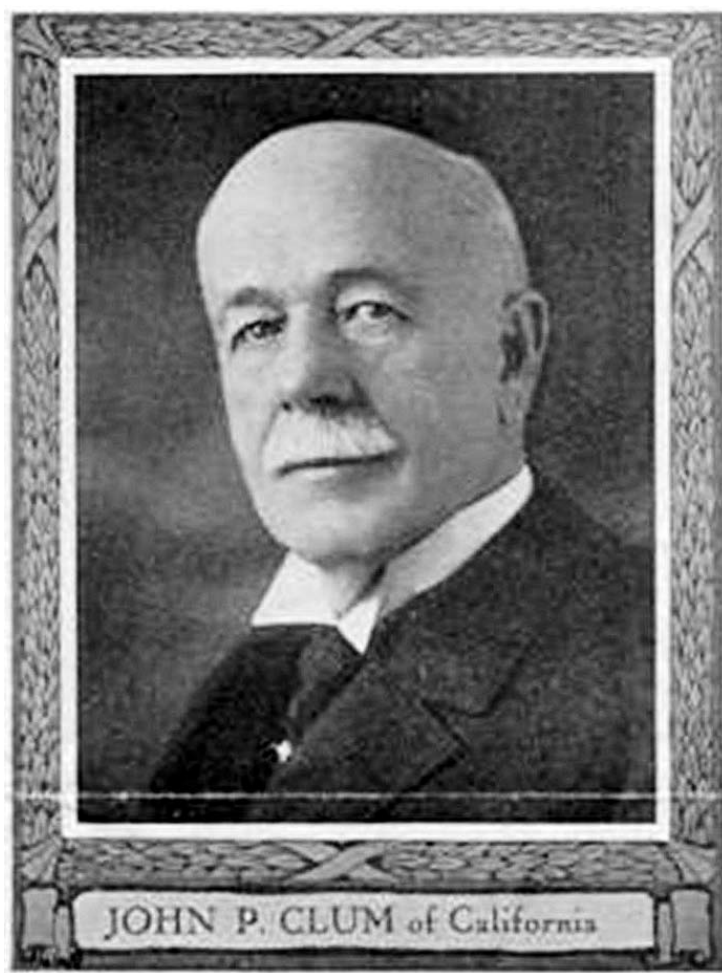
limit. Acres of property were cut into town lots where no town lots had any business being. The person who owned the now-subdivided lots amplified their profits many times over. An ad dated February 24, 1886, describes how potential real estate buyers were treated to a ride around the country to view the various properties up for sale. They were given a free lunch, free drinks, free fruit, and continuous band music.

Clum would later write, "A boom was on sure enough. We prospered... moved into spacious quarters on the ground floor of the Stewart Hotel Block. Believing in the future of the community, I immediately reinvested all my profits... save only living expenses... to buy more land... to make more profits. And buy more land. That is a fine formula...

as long as the boom lasts." Then, as in more recent times, the bottom fell out of the real estate market, and by the fall of 1888, the party was over.

Clum turned to promoting California citrus fruit to easterners as a way to bring more people to California to raise real estate prices again. He did indeed give a small boost to the California fruit industry, but the real estate market and the economy continued to suffer.

By the summer of 1890, after a short and very unsatisfying stint working for the *San Francisco Examiner*, Clum again found himself employed by the United States Postoffice Department as a postal clerk. Apparently, he did a good job because in October, 1890, the Postmaster General appointed Clum as Chief



John P. Clum in his later years, circa 1911.  
(Author's collection)

Clerk of the Division of Mail Depredations and Post Office Inspectors. The good part was it was a substantial promotion; the bad part was it was a desk job – something Clum hated.

In January, 1891, Clum transferred to Postal Inspector, a direct drop of one full rung on the post office political ladder, but a big step-up in job satisfaction. Clum would get to travel, and lead a more adventurous lifestyle! His job as “Postal Police” took him to Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, and Texas.

In Texas, Clum played a key role in breaking the Juarez Lottery Case. During that period, conducting a lottery was not illegal. However, using the U.S. Mail system to promote a lottery was. In March, 1891, the post office at El Paso was being flooded with lottery circulars addressed to people all over the country. In April, 1891, Postal Inspector John Clum and Inspector George Maynard, went to El Paso to investigate the large volume of mail that had so suddenly descended upon that post office.

What they discovered was the Juarez Lottery Company of Juarez, Mexico decided to save some money on postage, and mail their circulars through the El Paso post office. International mail at that time was five cents whereas domestic mail was two cents. Mailing thousands of pieces of mail made it worthwhile to take a short ride across the border. The intrepid Postal Inspectors lay in wait for the next courier to drop off the circulars. The “courier” turned out to be Nicholas Leipheimer, the president of the Juarez Lottery Company. Leipheimer was arrested along with several other Juarez Lottery operatives effectively ending the illegal activity.

Clum continued to have many adventures along the Texas/Mexico border over the next few years including a short stint as a United States Marshal.

As a representative of the Postoffice Department, Clum began doing something he found he loved to do, and for which he was well suited – giving illustrated lectures. One of his first was entitled, “America Picturesque.” The more talks he gave, the better they got. Always with a flair for the dramatic, he billed his talks with different, colorful, and even fan-

ciful headings including “See America First,” “The Glories of America,” “Short Stories of Western Travel” and the most unlikely, “Ben Hur.” What sounded like an epoch of old Rome was actually a story about how he had slept in the Governor’s mansion in Santa Fe while serving there as an Army Signal Corps weatherman. The bedroom in which he had slept was later host to New Mexico governor Lew Wallace, who was, of course, the author of the book, and later movie, *Ben-Hur*.

By 1897, Clum received another promotion and again found himself in Washington, D.C. – and another dreadful desk job. But his life was about to take a dramatic change, and he would have the adventure of a lifetime!

In August 1896, gold was discovered in Rabbit Creek, a stream that flowed into the Yukon River in Alaska. At first, small gold flakes were found in the stream-gravel – then nuggets! The first placer miners recorded their claims in the town of Fortymile and renamed the stream, “Bonanza Creek.” Within three weeks, claims were staked up and down the length of the creek.

On July 14, 1897, the steamer *Excelsior*, a wooden-hulled steam schooner, landed in San Francisco bringing with her over a half million dollars worth of gold. Along with the gold came fabulous stories of men finding gold nuggets just lying in stream beds waiting to be taken. News traveled quickly over the wire services and newspaper headlines screamed with news from the north. Soon, “Stampeders” were headed to Alaska to make their fortune. A few hearty Alaskan/Yukon miners had worked placer claims for several years – but this was different! It was gold-mania!

Miners in such a far-away place would need to communicate with friends and family “back home” and the mail system in Alaska was woefully inadequate. The Postoffice Department issued a call for a Postal Inspector to take the reins and build a postal infrastructure in Alaska, but no one applied for the job. Newspapers quipped that a government job going unfilled during tough financial times was unheard of. And then, John Clum stepped up to the challenge. He, like most people of that time, didn’t know much



The famous Chilkoot Pass, circa 1898  
(Courtesy Library and Archives Canada)

about Alaska. But what John Clum knew was he was tired of being chained to a boring desk job!

On March 9, 1898, John Clum left Washington, D.C. for the great unknown. With him he carried everything he would need to establish post offices along the route of the stampede. Along the way, he picked up his son, Woodie, who was attending college in Ohio, and father and son set out on an epic journey!

Once in Alaska, father and son encountered one of the most amazing sights ever seen in the annals of human migration, and one that epitomizes the trek toward the gold – the climb up Chilkoot Pass; a narrow stairway of ice, wide enough for one would-be millionaire at a time, along with a weighty sack of supplies. Most “outfits,” a full complement of necessities, weighed 1,000 pounds. Assuming a hearty man could carry a 100 pound load, it meant the agonizing trudge up the “Golden

Staircase” must be made 10 times! Beside the “normal” supplies, some men carried products to sell. One man carried crates of chickens on his back. Eggs were sold at \$2.50 a dozen on the trail. Clum called the Chilkoot Pass “one of the most accessible gateways to the land of nuggets, frosts, mosquitoes, scenery, and silence.” Alaska’s spring brings warm weather, mud, and hordes of voracious mosquitoes. Clum also made mention that at many places, the silence was deafening.

Clum spent the summer of 1898 establishing mail service all over Alaska. His last journal entry on September 4, 1898 signaled the start of a train ride from San Francisco to his home in Washington, D.C. and the end of his 6 month journey. He established 13 post offices and improved several others. Whereas the government had taken two years or more to establish a single post office in various outlying regions, Clum’s method took as little as 20 minutes!

In the summer of 1900, Clum again headed north as a Postal Inspector, spending much of his time in Nome where he ran across old friends, Wyatt and Josephine Earp, and the inveterate diarist George Parsons. In a diary entry for July 24, 1900 Parsons wrote, "Went up to see John Clum also yesterday. Same old John. Breakfasted with him this a.m." In the same entry he wrote, "Meeting friends constantly – [Wyatt] Earp, etc." It must have seemed like 1881 all over again!

Parsons and Clum evidently re-ignited their friendship. On Thursday, August 16th Parsons wrote; "Saw Clum tonight." Then on Monday, August 27, 1900, Parsons wrote; "Clum introduced me to his friend [Ed] Englestadt tonight at [Wyatt] Earps' place [Dexter Saloon] and he sang 'Jurusalem' [sic] with soprano and another woman accompanist. Strange sight – Earp dealing faro in corner, rough miners and some joining in the chorus. Strange mixture."

Clum spent several years in Alaska in various positions with the Postoffice Department including a stint as Postmaster for Fairbanks where he endured temperatures of 60 below zero. He wrote, "The demon cold pursued us – silent, persistent, relentless." It was a far-cry from Arizona temps of 118-plus degrees!

Eventually, Clum retired from the Postoffice Department and began yet another career as "Official Lecturer for the Southern Pacific Company," giving a lecture series promoting America and tourism via rail. And who better for such a job than John Clum – a man who experienced, first hand, the opening of the last two frontiers in America; an uncommon achievement.

John Clum eventually landed, like many of his contemporaries, in Los Angeles where Wyatt and Josephine Earp and George Parsons were frequent visitors.

On the morning of Monday, May 2, 1932, John Clum rose as he did every morning, dressed, and while his third wife, Florence Baker fixed breakfast, went out to his beloved garden to putter about the roses. Moments later, he felt a deep pain in his chest and headed for the door to the house – but never reached it. In a moment, the man known as "Nantan" to the Apaches, "Mayor" to Tomb-

stoners, and "Grandpa Clum" to his grandchildren, was dead.

Funeral services were held at Pierce Brothers Chapel, the same place that had seen services for Wyatt Earp in 1929. He was buried at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Among the pall bearers was son Woodworth Clum, noted Arizona historian Dean Frank Lockwood, then-present Indian Agent for the San Carlos Apache reservation where Clum served from 1874 to 1877, James B. Kitch, noted Arizona lawman Fred Dodge, and family friend, George Parsons. (Parsons had served as pall bearer for Clum's first wife, Mary Ware Clum, over 50 years prior!)

John Clum led a truly fascinating and uncommon life. But for all he was and all he did, perhaps his granddaughter, Hortense "Vicki" Vachon Grant, best summed up his life when this writer interviewed her in the summer of 2006 – "To us, he was just Grandpa Clum, a refined and elegant gentleman."

(Excerpted from Ledoux's new book, *Nantan: The Life and Times of John P. Clum – Volume 2 1882-1932 Tombstone to Los Angeles*. For more information, visit the author's web site at: [www.yesterwest.com](http://www.yesterwest.com))





# RENDEZVOUS 2008



A crisp fall day, a historic setting, a lively auction, and a hearty meal all combined to make Rendezvous 2008 a success.

The courtyard of the Andrés Pico Adobe in Mission Hills was filled with tables, books, artwork, and Westerners by the time the annual auction began. Auctioneers Eric Nelson and Jerry Selmer held out for the last dollar on every sale. All proceeds will go to the Corral's publication fund.

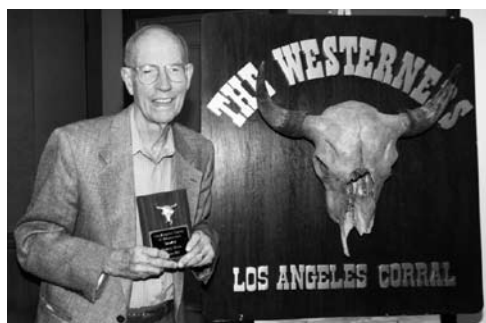
Honored guests were Gary and Vicki Turner, who received an ovation from the 65 or so Westerners, family, and friends present.

Wrangler Boss Joe Cavallo and his crew, with help from Corral member Richard Doyle and Midge Gisel, of the San Fernando Valley Historical Society made sure that there was a place for everything, and everything was in its place.

(Photos by Froy Tiscareño)



# MONTHLY ROUNDUP . . .



## November 2008

Our November meeting featured an unfortunately abbreviated talk by Dr. Robert Hine, who has been documenting the history of California and the West for more than half a century now. In recent years, he has turned to historical fiction, based on his earlier research. He spoke of some of his many books, including his biography of California-born philosopher Josiah Royce, "the greatest American philosopher of his day."



## December 2008

Rounding out the year, Corral member Nick Curry spoke on "William Andrews Clark Sr. and the Other Copper Kings of Montana." His talk touched on all sorts of famous Americans from the late 19th and early 20th centuries, from Mark Twain to J.P. Morgan, who helped bail out the U.S. economy during the Panic of 1907, after "copper king" Gus Heinze's failed attempt to corner the copper market sent Wall Street into a tailspin. Curry also described what the more successful investors did with their wealth, including fine homes, charitable contributions, and

elaborate burial sites.

The copper fortune built by his father allowed William Andrews Clark, Jr. to support several Los Angeles cultural enterprises. He was the leading benefactor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra until his death in 1934. In the 1920s he also built the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, which was later given to UCLA.



## CORRAL CHIPS

On the recommendation of outgoing Sheriff Willis Osborne, 14 members of our Corral saw their membership status change at the end of 2008.

2005 Sheriff **Paul Rippens** was made a Ranger Active Member on the eve of his move to Las Vegas, Nevada.

Associate members **Larry Boerio, Phil Brigandi, Joe Cavallo, Margie Green, Lynn Hodge, Jan Porter, and Paul Spitzzeri** are now Active Members of our Corral.

**Anne Collier, Richard Doyle, Glenna Dunning, Tim Heflin, and Michele Zack** were advanced from Corresponding Members to Associate Members. And Associate Member **Loren Wendt** is now a Ranger Active Member.

Congratulations to longtime Corral member **Patricia Adler-Ingram**, who was recently named Executive Director of the Historical Society of Southern California.

At our December meeting, **Willis Osborne** was presented with an original oil painting by Corral member **Bill Bender**.

## Hufford . . .

(Continued from page 6)

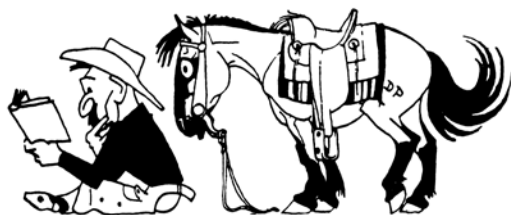
Celia, died. The Los Angeles County Pioneer Society turned out for the funeral at St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

During the 1930s, Hufford fell on hard times. In articles in the *Los Angeles Times*, he is quoted arguing that he could not pay the property assessment the City of Los Angeles wanted for street improvements. Hufford tried to get the County to take his property at 310 E. Washington to cover the cost of his assessment (nearly \$5,000, a significant amount in 1936). He fought on, but the city did not ever allow the plan to move forward.

Hufford's printing skills were brought to the fore one last time in 1939, when he competed as an old tramp printer in a contest sponsored by the Los Angeles Advertising Club and hosted by the American Type Founders to vie for the title King of Old-Time Printers. Hufford does not appear to have won, but a career which stretched back to the early 1880s was quite an achievement. In September, 1939, he was honored by the Los Angeles County Pioneer Society as an octogenarian member.

Hufford died January 13, 1941. He was survived by his spinster daughter Hazel and his wife's sister in San Diego, also never married. He was buried in the Evergreen Cemetery.

Hufford's work as an historian can, most charitably, be called less than adequate. He was, though, one of thousands who struggled to find his piece of the California dream, hoping to hit on that correct combination of factors which would make him a dollar off the tourists who flocked to the state. He was a type sticker, a writer, a plagiarist, an amateur (and quite bad) historian, whose odd little works ended up in some of the finest collections of Western Americana ever created. His five ephemeral works will continue to confuse the unwary, and amuse the knowledgeable.



## Down the Western Book Trail . . .

*Emperors in the Jungle: The Hidden History of the U.S. in Panama*, by John Lindsay-Poland. Durham: Duke University Press, 2003. 266 pp. Maps, illustrations, tables, notes, index. Cloth, \$74.95; paper \$21.95. Order from Duke University Press, Box 90660, Durham, NC 27708-0660 or [www.dukeupress.edu](http://www.dukeupress.edu).

At first impression this study of United States involvement in Panama would seem at best remotely connected with the history of the West. A closer look, however, reveals important continuities. In the ten years that followed Frederick Jackson Turner's famous announcement in 1893 that the American frontier was closed and a new chapter of American history had begun, the nation continued the concept of Manifest Destiny to a degree that gave pause even to the most enthusiastic expansionists. Hawaii was annexed in 1898. That same year, the United States acquired Guam, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines from Spain, along with perpetual rights to Guantanamo Bay as part of the price Cuba paid for its independence. To these prizes President Theodore Roosevelt added the liberation of Panama from Columbian rule in 1903, with a string attached to Panamanian independence that seemed more like a noose. The string was the Canal Zone, the ten-mile-wide strip that ran from one ocean to the other through which the Panama Canal would be built.

American history textbooks celebrate the construction of the Panama Canal as a triumph of technology and science over nature. Where the French had succumbed to malaria and yellow fever and the miscalculation of attempting a sea-level canal, the Americans solved the puzzle of mosquito vectors, exca-

vated huge cuts through the mountains in building the canal, and remade the Panamanian environment through the construction of Gatun Lake. Studies of this achievement, most notably David McCullough's *The Path Between the Seas*, acknowledge the racism of segregated housing and pay scales but laud the accomplishment of building a canal that cut 8,000 miles from the passage of ships from one ocean to the other. For most Americans (if not almost all Americans) the story ends there, the canal locks efficiently opening and closing to admit or drain water, enabling ships to make their passage.

John Lindsay-Poland reminds us that there was a great deal more to the story, and that the Panama Canal was only part of it. Utilizing the Freedom of Information Act, the author pried documents from reluctant bureaucrats to trace the history of the Canal Zone. Unless a reader has served in the armed forces and was stationed in the Canal Zone, he or she is unlikely to be aware of the numerous naval, army and air bases there. There may be a general understanding that periodically the Panamanian government renegotiated the canal contract, winning higher payments from the United States, and that in wartime, from World War I through the Cold War, it was in America's interest to protect the canal from enemy attack.

Lindsay-Poland reveals that the United States government found other uses for the Canal Zone besides conquering yellow fever. Beginnings in the early 1920s, the U.S. Army's Chemical Warfare Service (CWS) stored and tested chemical weapons, including mustard gas and cyanogens chloride, in the Canal Zone. Panama's San Jose Island served as the locale for testing the effects of gas on American servicemen ("volunteers") during and after World War II. The island became known as "Test Tube Island," and in 1962 the U.S. Army Tropic Test Center continued experiments involving chemical weapons. Agent Orange was tested in Panama, and herbicide experiments continued into the 1990s. In the 1950s the United States seriously considered the construction of a second transoceanic canal to be built with nuclear detonations, 275 of them (!), to make a sea-level canal.

Lindsay-Poland also exposes use of the U.S. military in fighting the drug war and the very large number of Panamanian casualties (underestimated in the U.S. press) killed or wounded in the capture of Manuel Noriega in 1989. Incidentally, this was the twentieth U.S. intervention in Panama since 1856. But the most permanent scars remain after the Canal Zone was returned to Panama in 1999. These are the unexploded bombs and other ammunition left lying around on gunnery ranges and forts – Empire Range, Pina Range, Fort Sherman, Fort Clayton, Fort Kobbé, and other places where the U.S. government refuses to pay for the cleanup. Panama now has the Canal Zone, but removing the old ordinance is Panama's problem.

In many ways this is a hard book to read, not for its excellent narrative that makes the book a page-turner, but for realizing the terrible cost to Panama the United States extracted in pursuit of that greatest of all rationalizations, "the national interest." Except for Jimmy Carter, few U.S. presidents in the 20th century escape blame for going along with the despoliation of another nation for dubious gains in protecting our own. Ironically, it is a measure of American democracy that Duke University Press could publish this harsh indictment of U.S. policy in Panama. All that remains is for people to buy it, read it, and reflect on what our leaders say in preaching democracy to other nations and what they really mean or intend in the name of America's self-interest.

– Abraham Hoffman

