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Figure 1: *Kalaupapa, Molokai, Hawaii. South view towards the towering cliffs isolating the settlement from the rest of the island. The elaborate graves in the foreground are the minority: seven-eighths of all the people separated from their families and sent here involuntarily now lie in unmarked graves. Dillon photo, 2017.*

Pilgrimage to Kalaupapa

Brian Dervin Dillon

Introduction

Mainlanders, especially those from the Eastern United States, often forget that Western American history includes Hawaiian history. The Pacific coast of North America, including California, became historically intertwined with the vast Pacific and all the lands that touched it and the islands within it as early as the time of the Manila Galleons five centuries ago. Much later, Mexican

(*Continued on Page 3*)

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Editor's Corner . . .

Welcome to the Spring 2019 issue of *The Branding Iron*. In anticipation for summer, former Sheriff and ever-prolific writer Brian D. Dillon takes us "west of the West" to Molokai, Hawaii, in an article about Kalaupapa National Historic Park. Next, Monsignor Weber shares his wisdom on California Mission clocks, and finally we have some words of farewell for Living Legend Robert Chandler, also by former Sheriff Dillon.

If you missed any Roundups this last season, catch up with recaps by student fellows Alan Griffin, Aaron Tate, and Jovanny Gochez. We also have two book reviews by Joseph Cavallo and Therese Melbar on recent Western history titles.

Many thanks to the contributors who help make *The Branding Iron* a journal we all enjoy. If you want to share your knowledge and enthusiasm for Western history, please feel free to contact me with your ideas for articles. I look forward to hearing from you!

Happy Trails!

John Dillon
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California bestowed upon Hawaii gifts that all Hawaiians still treasure: beef cattle and the small guitar that evolved into the *ukulele.* At this same time, beginning in 1820, Eastern America's principal export was Protestant missionaries, who banned the *hula,* informed the Natives that every part of their culture was sinful, put them in trousers and dresses, and taught them guilt, shame and inferiority. The descendants of these Yankee missionaries, over the next three generations, did little preaching themselves, for they were too busy borrowing, buying or stealing most of Hawaii from the Hawaiians.[1]

Hawaii and California are, and historically have always been, next-door neighbors. By the first year of the Gold Rush, 1848-49, no fewer than 17 sailing vessels were making continuous round-trips between the Islands and San Francisco. Even earlier Richard Henry Dana camped with Hawaiians marooned on California beaches,[2] and John Sutter's expert Sacramento River boatmen were exclusively Hawaiian.[3] The earliest California Gold Rush Chinese came not directly from Canton, but from Honolulu.[4] And eighteen years later, when Samuel Clemens went to Hawaii as a correspondent in 1866, having just adopted the *nom de plume* of *Mark Twain*, he was writing for a California newspaper.[5] Today, a hundred and fifty years after Twain, many people now living in California and Hawaii have relatives in, and ancestors from, both places.

Nowhere is the American dream of equality between people of different races, religions, cultures and places of national origin closer to reality than in Hawaii. In the Islands racially and culturally mixed families are called *Kapakahi 'Ohana:* mine is one of them. And like most old Hawaiian families, my own has a bittersweet connection with Kalaupapa, Molokai.

Kalaupapa is one of the most unique of all American locations. It is also now a National Historic Park, unlike any other. Part Olympus, part Andersonville, its history is superficially familiar to the thousands of tourists who have visited over the years, and to many millions more who have never been to Molokai but have read accounts by

Figure 2: *The shape of Molokai, near the center of the eight main islands in the Hawaiian chain, has been likened to a shark swimming eastwards. The Makanalua Peninsula jutting northwards into the Pacific is the dorsal fin of the Molokai shark. Kalawao is at the southeast margin of this peninsula, Kalaupapa lies at the opposite margin, 2.5 miles away to the west. Satellite photo, courtesy of NASA.*

Robert Louis Stevenson,[6] Jack London,[7] and James Michener,[8] or have sat in theaters and seen Tinseltown's Michener-inspired take on the place. Some popular impressions about Kalaupapa are accurate while others, unfortunately, are not. Many of these latter are the result of more than a century of sensationalism for shock value. Eight thousand people were exiled to Kalawao-Kalaupapa, the first in 1866, the very last almost exactly a hundred years later. Each of these people suffered heartbreak and sacrifice, yet, for most, their lives were also leavened by love and *aloha.* Their stories are sad yet uplifting, and still haunt their descendants, even today.

Our *'Ohana*

The Hawaiian kinship system was so unique, and sometimes puzzling, to the first Europeans to visit the islands that anthropologists eventually created a specific classification for it.[9] Neither truly patrilineal nor matrilineal, but fluid and adaptable to the ever-changing demands of politics, economy, and geography, a key element within the Hawaiian kinship system is '*ohana,* with no direct English-language equivalent.[10] '*Ohana* means "extended family," an aggregation of people who in many cases are blood relatives, but in others may not be, yet are linked through *aloha:* love, marriage, and long association, usually over multiple generations. Most 21st century Hawaiian '*ohanas*

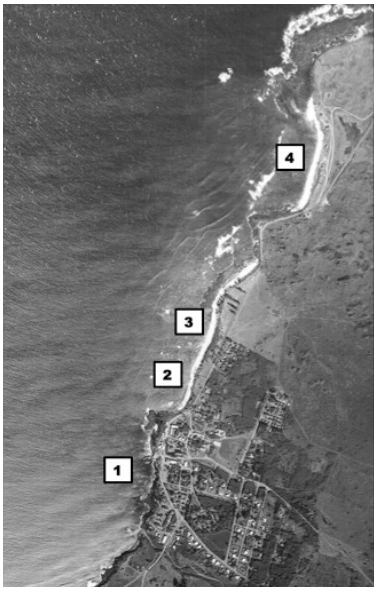


Figure 3 (Left): *Air photo of the western side of the Kalaupapa peninsula, taken on December 28 1964. Just inshore of the numbered blocks are: 1: The town of Kalaupapa. 2: Umi Kuka 'ilani's grave. 3: Kapoli Kamakau's grave. 4: Fung Tung Shu/Tommy Fung's grave. Courtesy of the University of Hawaii Library, additions by Dillon, 2017.*
Figure 4 (Right): *The eastern side of the peninsula, a view towards the east from Kalawao along the northern shore of Molokai. Dillon photo, 2017.*

incorporate people with very different backgrounds.

I am proud to belong to an '*ohana* that includes Native Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Okinawans, Filipinos, and even one or two Caucasians ("token *Haoles*")–in my case Irish. When you marry into an '*ohana,* as I did 44 years ago, your own racial or cultural background becomes less important than your ties to your new family. In true Hawaiian fashion, we don't always understand each other, but we love each other and are proud of our differences. In the Hawaiian Islands this is called *Aloha,* another word with multiple meanings. One important thing that unites, for lack of a simpler name, our *Fung-Chong-Chock-Dill-Dillon 'Ohana* is our admiration for four Native Hawaiian and Hakka Chinese ancestors who were involuntarily exiled to the terrible beauty of Kalaupapa between 1888 and 1932.

Mai Pake

Most present-day Americans are familiar with leprosy, now universally referred to as Hansen's Disease,[11] only through biblical references or as a Hollywood cliché.[12] The affliction was recorded in the Holy Land two millennia ago, and was present throughout Europe all during the Middle Ages and into the Renaissance. In the late 15th and early 16th centuries it was spread by European sailors and explorers to places where it had never been present before: Africa, much of Asia, and the Americas.

One place where the native population had no immunity to any of the diseases carried by sailors on European, then later on American, ships, was Hawaii. The first case of leprosy recorded in the Hawaiian Islands was at Koloa, Kauai, in 1835: coincidentally where the sugar plantation system originated.[13] Earlier cases almost certainly went undiagnosed, unreported, or mistaken for any of the other battery of brand-new and mysterious diseases that were the most deadly gift of the *Haoles* to the Native Hawaiian population. By the 1850s, leprosy was making deadly inroads, alongside measles, smallpox, malaria, syphilis, tuberculosis, and other ailments brought ashore by the thousands of

sailors from the hundreds of whaling ships visiting Hawaiian ports year after year. The worst disease vectors were Lahaina, Maui and Honolulu, Oahu, where you could find *all* the diseases of *all* the ports of *all* seven seas.[14] On December 31st, 1843, the Reverend Richard Armstrong preached a sermon in Honolulu, excoriating white sailors for bringing disease to the Hawaiian Islands. Armstrong said:

> …Inquire after the multitudes who once inhabited villages now deserted–where are they? Why do you meet so few children in the streets? And why are so many diseased, and sink into premature graves?...the diseases...have contributed more than all other causes put together to depopulate these fair islands... these diseases, with all of their deadly effects, were introduced here by…men from Christian lands; and for the untold evils which have resulted…to these unsuspecting people, such men are responsible. [15]

Introduced disease attacked Islanders indiscriminately: rich and poor, old and young, all died. In 1851, eight years after Armstrong's sermon, the Reverend Henry T. Cheever, on an inspection tour of Congregational missions throughout the Hawaiian Islands, visited the leeward shore of Molokai, where 600 converts had been made from an Hawaiian population he estimated at less than 3,500 people.[16] But in 1889, thirty-eight years after Cheever's visit, Robert Louis Stevenson rode over the same part of "topside" leeward Molokai. Stevenson found the countryside depopulated, and asked Apaka, his Native Hawaiian guide, where all the people were. The melancholy answer was *Pau kanaka make...* "The Hawaiian people are all gone, all dead." Introduced disease had killed off all but a tiny handful of survivors.[17]

The Chinese, by 1860 the largest non-native group, suffered alongside the Native Hawaiians. Because of its visibility amongst these newcomers, by 1863 leprosy was being called *Mai Pake*–the Chinese affliction–by some Hawaiians. It was also so named and recorded by the German-trained doctor at the sole public hospital in the Hawaiian Islands, then only in its third year of operation. Other names for the disease were *Mai Alii,* since so many members of the Hawaiian nobility (the *Alii*) contracted it, and then, after the isolation station had been established on Molokai it was increasingly called *Mai Ho' oka' awale,* "the Exile's disease." The most poignant and accurate name was *Mai Ho'oka'awale 'Ohana* "the disease that destroys families." The cruel, medieval, label for sufferers of the disease is *never* used by those whose ancestors were forcibly removed from their families and involuntarily sent to Kalaupapa.

Kalaupapa, Molokai, Hawaii

Molokai's shape is often analogized to that of a shark: its dorsal fin projecting northwards into the blue Pacific on the island's windward side is the beautiful and isolated Makanalua Peninsula (Figure 2). Molokai is the fifth largest of the eight inhabited main islands of the Hawaiian Island chain, all of them the products of volcanic activity. Most of Molokai is steep and rugged, with tall ridges, deep valleys, and sheer cliffs, but the Makanalua Peninsula, more commonly called the Kalaupapa Peninsula today, is comparatively flat, much of it just a few dozen feet above sea level. "Topside" Molokai is separated from the peninsula by towering sea-cliffs, created by ancient landslides. The five-square mile peninsula itself was formed long after the other Molokai volcanoes went extinct: it resulted from a succession of undersea volcanic eruptions that eventually built up the roughly triangular "shark fin" 2½ miles wide east-west by 2 miles long north-south.[18] *Kalaupapa* is a descriptive adjective, simply meaning "the flat place." The Kalaupapa Peninsula today forms Kalawao County of Molokai, a sub-district of Maui County, which incorporates the islands of both Maui and Molokai. Kalawao County officially extends for 12 square miles. Its 2016 population was 88 persons, mostly National Park employees: today only four of the original Kalaupapa patients remain there. The Mayor of Kalawao County is the Director of

the Hawaii State Department of Health, who is appointed by the Governor.

Until the time of King Kamehameha V, Kalaupapa was a location much like any other in Hawaii. Populated by a few Native Hawaiian families, these were the descendants of the original Polynesian settlers of a millennium and a half earlier. These earliest people fished and grew some taro, but much sweet potato, and built *heiaus* or temple platforms. The peninsula is still crisscrossed with a great many prehistoric field walls and some agricultural terraces. Only two petroglyphs are known from the peninsula, but assuredly many more pictographs once existed: these, of course, owing to wind erosion and chemical weathering, have not survived.[19] By the 1840s there was a Protestant Mission on the opposite side of the island, but few converts from the isolated peninsula, cut off from the rest of the island by steep, 2000+ foot tall volcanic cliffs (Figures 1 and 4).

Kalihi, Kalaupapa, and Kakaako

By the middle of the 19th century increasingly powerful *Haole* planters, shippers and businessmen were exerting pressure on the Hawaiian monarchy to "medically modernize." Most such *Haoles* were the children or grandchildren of the original American Protestant Missionaries of the 1820s. They persuaded the Hawaiian government to take steps to contain the diseases that so frightened the tiny white population of the islands. Queen Emma in 1859 created the very first, and long overdue, public hospital specifically for Native Hawaiians. It only had forty beds, a single doctor,[20] and no nurses.[21] This medical facility, Queen's Hospital, was on Oahu, only one of the eight main islands of the Hawaiian chain. The other seven had no hospitals of any kind.

Queen Emma's own story was a tragic metaphor for what was happening to all Hawaiians: her only son, Prince Albert, died at age four in 1862 of unknown causes, and her husband, Kamehameha IV, died the following year at age 29, probably from tuberculosis. There was no doubt that the sicknesses decimating the Royal Family were all brought by the *Haoles*, and if even the *alii* were dying, then what hope did the common man have? By the time Kamehameha V took the throne in 1863 Native Hawaiian mortality was reaching epidemic proportions.

At the urging of his American advisors and the few medical men in Hawaii at the time, Kamehameha V criminalized the most feared disease in Hawaii. On January 3, 1865, police were empowered to arrest and detain anybody suspected of being infected with *Mai Pake.* This made involuntary separation of those suspected of infection from family members who were healthy and their *de facto* imprisonment completely legal. Since there was no cure known for the *Mai Pake,* and it was erroneously thought to be highly contagious, segregation, isolation, and quarantine were accepted as the only practical solutions to the growing public health problem. A medical examination facility was built at Kalihi, west of Honolulu, late in 1865. Here, those suspected or accused of infection, and uprooted from all eight of the main Islands, were tested and kept separate from the general population until examiners decided whether or not they posed a risk to others. If they did, they sent the patients on to a brand-new permanent isolation station on the north coast of Molokai. The Kalihi facility on Oahu was first simply called the "separation center" and then, many years later, after more doctors, nurses, and interpreters became permanent staff members, and it was expanded to many times its original size, it became "Kalihi Hospital." But it was a hospital for only one kind of patient, suffering from a disease for which there was no known cure.

The Makanalua Peninsula of Molokai was converted to a place of involuntary exile, a dead-end quarantine zone. The isolation area came to be called *Kalaupapa,* after the small settlement on its western side, but all of the earliest *Mai Pake* sufferers were sent to Kalawao, the even smaller settlement on its eastern side.[22] The first twelve patients were delivered on January 3rd 1866 to a Kalawao that had no doctors, no nurses, and no hospital. After all, if there was no cure for *Mai Pake,* and if seven out of eight Hawaiian Islands still lacked hospitals or even doctors,

Two of our four family members exiled to, and buried at, Kalauapapa, Molokai. ***Figure 5 (Left):*** *Kapoli "Lizzie" Kamakau (1852-1891), alii poet, singer, songwriter, and close friend of Princess Lilioukalani, Likelike, and Bernice Pauahi Bishop. She was sent to Kalaupapa in 1888, as Patient No. 3298, and died there in 1891. Hawaii State Archives photo, early 1880s. Kapoli's father Umi Kuka 'ilani accompanied her to Kalaupapa as a Kokua, and married Hana Pelio Kapakahi, a patient there.* ***Figure 6 (Right):*** *Fung Tung Shu aka "Tommy" Fung (1878-1945), Patient No. 2871. This photo, the only one known of him, was taken in 1928 while he was quarantined at Kalihi Hospital on Oahu. Hawaiian-speaking, and culturally as much Hawaiian as Hakka Chinese, Tommy Fung died at Kalaupapa in 1945. He was buried amongst his Hawaiian friends outside the wall of the nearby "Chinese" cemetery. Photo courtesy of the Hawaii Department of Health.*

then why should the quarantine station have either? People with, or suspected of having, *Mai Pake*, criminalized by the government, would now serve out their life sentence, with no hope of parole, at Kalaupapa, the place that Robert Louis Stevenson later called "a prison fortified by nature."[23]

Sixteen years after the creation of the Kalihi separation center, in 1881 a second facility was built on the opposite, eastern, side of Honolulu. In swampy terrain behind Waikiki Beach, near today's Ala Moana, was the Kakaako Detention Center. Here *Mai Pake* sufferers were quarantined on Oahu before being sent on to Kalaupapa. Like Kalihi, its name changed over time: within a few years, it was being called Kakaako Branch Hospital. Like Kalihi, it only contained patients suffering from a single disease, thought to be incurable. Eventually, Mai Pake patients began to be "stockpiled" at Kakaako, and the facility was expanded so as to accommodate more and more residents. By 1887, it had become a viable alternative to automatic banishment off-island to Kalaupapa.

The Heartbreak of Separation

After his 1889 Kalaupapa visit, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of the heartbreak of families torn apart by separation, segregation, and isolation.[24] But twenty-two years later, when Jack London wrote of the same process, he made it sound as if it were voluntary, almost a vacation for patients, underwritten by a benevolent Board of Health more akin to a Chamber of Commerce than the medical law enforcement agency it really was.[25] Contrary to London, the separation process not only ended the patient's own life as he had known it, but severely wounded his family as well, imparting fear, public shame, and embarrassment. Landlords or employers who learned that a son or daughter had

been sent to Kalaupapa often evicted or fired their healthy, stay-behind, parents. Grieving families frequently found themselves ostracized by their neighbors. Some families with loved ones languishing at Kalihi, Kakaako, or Kalaupapa claimed that a beloved daughter or missing father had died (drowned at sea was a favorite fabrication) or had sailed off to America to find work to deflect suspicion. In some cases funerals were held and headstones were erected over empty graves for "dear departed" still alive on Molokai.

Not only were people suspected of infection separated from their loved ones, parents from their children, and husbands from their wives, but after couples began having children at Kalaupapa, such offspring were automatically removed from their parents, for fear that they too might contract *Mai Pake.* Thus emerged the peculiar institution of Kalaupapa "orphans," most of whom were sent to Kalihi for examination, and then, if deemed free of infection, were placed either with foster-parents or within orphanages. Most of the "Kalaupapa orphans" had one or both parents still alive at the Molokai quarantine station, parents they would never know.

Lest it be thought that the Hawaiian policy of separation, segregation and isolation was unique, it should be noted that this was the common contemporary response to the to the threat of Hansen's Disease in Europe, on the American mainland, and in Asia. San Francisco's "house of pestilence"[26] is where that city's Chinese suspected of leprosy were sent until the 1920s. In Los Angeles public health concerns led to racial segregation and laws restricting Chinese residence and even movement.[27] California authorities tried, year after year, to get the Hawaiian government to take their own suspected leprosy cases, but year after year the Hawaiian government, first under the Monarchy (1866-93), then under the short-lived Republic (1894-98), refused to accept them. The fear of leprosy and bubonic plague, both thought to be "filthy Chinese diseases" was a primary stimulus for racist, anti-Chinese, legislation first in California as early as the 1850s and then on the national level, culminating in the Chinese Exclusion act of 1882.

Our Family at Kalaupapa

From the very first, people with symptoms similar to those of Hansen's Disease, but who did not actually have that ailment, were sent to Kalauapapa, simply because medical science could not yet diagnose it with 100% certainty. Pellagra, psoriasis, elephantiasis, syphilis, diabetes, neurofibromatosis, scaly acne, natural birth marks, even severe sunburns were all misdiagnosed as *Mai Pake*.[28] Other unfortunates, unpopular for social, economic, or political reasons were denounced as "possibly infected" and sent to Kalaupapa without conclusive medical justification. Denouncing your neighbor was a convenient way to take possession of his or her spouse, land, outrigger, or water resources.[29] We will never know how many of the 8,000+/- people eventually exiled to Kalaupapa were sent there under false pretenses, not because they actually suffered from *Mai Pake*, but because their neighbors suffered from fear, jealousy, envy, or simple greed. In fact, questions can be raised about the legitimacy of diagnosis of all members of our 'Ohana that were sent to Kalaupapa.

Hana (often rendered as Hannah) Pelio Kapakahi (1854-1904) was the daughter of Juan Bello and Kaleohou O Kaahumanu, and owned land at Kauaula near Lahaina, Maui, and also the water rights to land where the Pioneer Mill was later built. She was born at Peleula, Oahu, and was the sister of Becky Pelio Kawaakoa and John Kaleihoomio Pelio. Hana arrived at Kalaupapa on December 30, 1890. She was married to Umi Kuka'ilani at Kalaupapa on August 22, 1891, and died there on November 3, 1904. Hana had multiple Board of Health numbers assigned to her; in ascending order 887, 4154, and 9757.[30]

Umi Kuka'ilani (1833-1899) is said to have arrived at Kalaupapa on November 14, 1893, as his daughter Kapoli Kamakau's Kokua, but this date is in error, since he had already married Hana Kapakahi there two years earlier. Since Kapoli arrived at Kalaupapa in 1888, and was granted her request that her father Umi accompany her as her Kokua, Umi may have lived at Kalaupapa for three years prior to his 1891 marriage. This marriage took

place approximately three weeks after Umi's daughter Kapoli died: he now transferred his love and care to his new wife Hana. Umi died at Kalaupapa eight years later, on June 26, 1899. As did Hana, Umi had multiple Board of Health numbers issued to him: the first was 1,777, his second was 4620, and his final one was 9,255.[31]

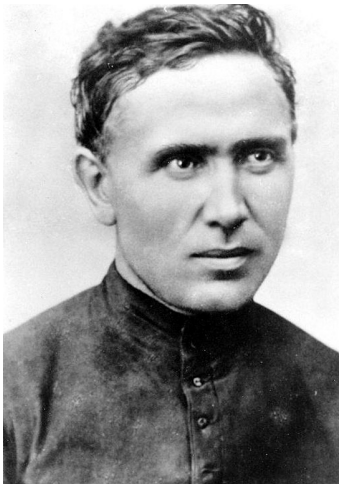
Kapoli Kamakau (1852-1891), Umi's daughter, was the closest thing to Hawaiian royalty exiled at Kalaupapa. She was an *alii,* or noble, and an intimate friend of the most prominent Native Hawaiian women of her day. Kapoli (Figure 5), nick-named Lizzie, was an accomplished musician, singer, and lyricist. She wrote songs with Princess Lilioukalani and Princess Likelike, and taught Honolulu singing classes in both Hawaiian and English. She was best friends with Bernice Pauahi Bishop and Princess Ruth Keelikolani. Kapoli was "ratted out" to the Board of Health in January, 1888, and sent to Kakaako Hospital on March 1. She was exiled to Kalaupapa on May 1st, 1888 as patient No. 3298. Doubtless her tragic example convinced her good friend Charles Reed Bishop to financially underwrite the facility that later bore his name: the Bishop Home for Girls. Kapoli Kamakau died, not of *Mai Pake,* but of dysentery brought on by influenza, on July 27, 1891: the beautiful and accomplished woman was only thirty-nine years old.[32]

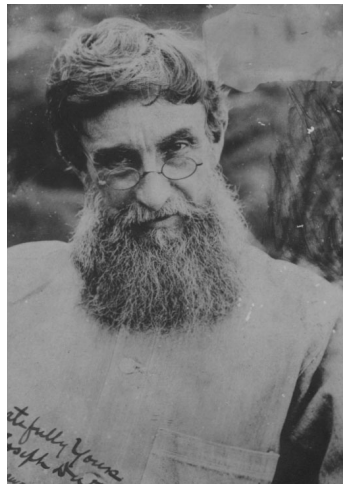
There is little doubt that Fung Tung Shu (1878-1945) was initially misdiagnosed. Fung (Figure 6), a fisherman, taro farmer, carpenter, and father of five children, grew up living and working with Native Hawaiians at Kohala, on the northern end of the Big Island. He spoke Hakka Chinese and Hawaiian, but no English, and was called "Tommy" Fung by his Hawaiian friends who had trouble pronouncing his Chinese name. Fung had blown off his right hand and blinded his left eye dynamite fishing in 1910. These permanent disfigurements excited the apprehension of people suspicious of anyone displaying symptoms which might be misidentified as *Mai Pake*. Fung was arrested and sent to Kalihi Hospital from the Big Island some time between 1921 and 1924. His involuntary removal left his already-poor family destitute. Were it not for the kindness and generosity of their Hawaiian friends and neighbors, Fung's family would have starved. Tommy Fung's youngest daughter, *Ah Moy*, my mother-in-law, born in 1921, never knew her own father. She was *Hanai'ed* to a loving Hawaiian woman, who gave her the Hawaiian name *Aoe*, by which she was known all her life.[33] But Aoe Fung's father was not sent on to Kalaupapa from Kalihi Hospital until 1932. He spent many years in limbo at the Oahu quarantine station because repeated diagnoses were inconclusive, and through fluctuations in official policy.[34] Years later, the "average" stay for those tested for *Mai Pake* at Kalihi would be a fraction of the time Fung spent there: six months at most. The doctors must have erred on the side of caution, re-testing Fung year after year instead of releasing him back to his family, until, I suspect, somebody in a white coat went into a back room and flipped a coin to determine his fate: when it came up "tails" he was finally exiled to Kalaupapa.

Facilitating the possibility of misdiagnosis were the language barrier and the medical interview process itself. The overworked doctors at Kalihi were English-speaking while 95% of the patients being examined were, at first, either Hawaiian or Chinese speaking. Some doctors knew conversational Hawaiian, but used interpreters for medical interviews, asking about things like the loss of feeling in extremities. I believe that questions left unasked were if some rich *Haole* planter coveted your land, or if a squeamish person was disturbed by the appearance of an Hawaiian-speaking Chinaman missing an eye and a hand.

The Kokuas

From the beginning relatives and loved ones volunteered to go with patients on their one-way trip to Kalaupapa. In the case of children, these were most often their mothers and fathers, of wives their husbands, and of husbands, their wives. These were the *Kokuas,* the bravest and most loving people on the planet, who took care of people who nobody else would. Patients from Oahu were more likely to have kokuas accompany them





Molokai Saints, Past, Present, and Future. ***Figure 7 (Left):*** *A very young Father Damien in 1873, the year he came to Kalawao. Courtesy of the Hawaii State Archives.* ***Figure 8 (Center):*** *An equally young Mother Marianne in New York State, ten years before she came to Kalaupapa in 1888. Courtesy of the Order of St. Francis.* ***Figure 9 (Right):*** *Brother Joseph Dutton at Kalawao in November, 1905. Courtesy of the Hawaii State Archives. Father Damien was made a Saint in 2009, Mother Marianne in 2012. The remarkable Brother Dutton has also been proposed for saint-hood, and deservedly so. When he is inevitably elevated, the Kalaupapa Peninsula will have produced more saints than any other place of equal size.*

to Kalaupapa than those from other Islands, simply because of their proximity to the separation center at Kalihi. And better-off families were more likely to send kokuas to Kalaupapa than poor ones, for most impoverished breadwinners were unwilling to abandon many healthy children to be with a single sick one. Many simply could not afford boat passage from Kauai or the Big Island to Oahu, and then on to Molokai alongside patients whose passage was free of charge. As R. L. Stevenson noted on the Big Island in 1889, parents who could not go to Molokai with their children considered the sorrowful day of separation the same as if it were that of their child's death.[35]

Most Kokuas outlived the patients they cared for. After burying their family member, they often transferred their love and *aloha* to other patients suffering without kokuas, and stayed on. In more than a few cases, Kokuas that became widows or widowers at Kalaupapa married other kokuas there, or married patients that were age-mates of theirs. And so an entirely new and unique society developed at Kalaupapa, composed of the very best people that Hawaii, or, for that matter our poor planet, had to offer–the most selfless, the most generous, and the most loving. In 1889 Robert Louis Stevenson was deeply moved by "so much courage, cheerfulness and devotion...I never admired my poor [human] race so much, nor…loved life more than in the settlement [at Kalaupapa]."[36] Part of what so inspired Stevenson at Kalaupapa were Kokuas of a different kind, voluntary care-givers without any family connection to the place: the Catholic priests, nuns, and lay brothers whose selfless devotion captured the imagination and earned the admiration first of the Scots writer, then of people all around the world.

The Kalaupapa Saints

Hawaii was the bloodless battleground of the missionaries, where Protestant Congregationalists from New England competed with Catholics, mostly from France,[37] and then later with Mormons from the American Far West, for the souls, hearts and minds of the Native Hawaiian population. The Yankees, beginning in 1820, made inroads by converting many of the *alii*, the

nobility, and within a few years had persuaded most of the Hawaiian royal family to convert to the tenets of their Congregationalist doctrine. Not coincidentally, through their efforts English became the official language for all written documents in the Kingdom of Hawaii. For perhaps the first thirty years, the only teachers of that language were, in fact, Protestant Missionaries. Meanwhile, the Catholics also had an ambitious plan to convert Polynesian peoples throughout the Pacific. But it was heavy going in the Hawaiian Islands, where they were often pushed out by local chiefs at the behest of their intolerant Protestant religious advisors, who had gotten their foot in the door first.[38] The French had better luck in Tahiti, where, *tit for tat*, they paid the Yankees back in their own coin, doing their level best to keep the Protestant missionaries out.

At least some Yankee Missionaries were incredibly intolerant by today's standards: they opposed interracial marriage (as "sinful") and refused to ordain Native Hawaiians as ministers or even lay preachers. Conversely, both the Catholics, and then later the Mormons, gave mixed marriages their blessing, and recruited Native Hawaiians into the ranks of lay brothers and preachers.

Few commentaries on the Hawaiian Islands by early-and-mid 19th-century Protestant missionary writers are without bilious objections to the rival Catholics.[39] Today, a century and a half later, most religious differences have been set aside in Hawaii, and little acrimony remains. And fortunately, on the Kalaupapa peninsula from the very beginning of isolation in 1866, remarkably little religious friction developed: petty differences faded away as patients, kokuas, priests, nuns, and ministers realized that their survival depended upon cooperation.

The first religious congregation formed by patients at Kalawao was Protestant. Within five years of its founding in 1866, the first church there was built (Figure 10).[40] It was called *Siloama*, Hawaiian for the biblical healing pool at Jerusalem. Congregations throughout Hawaii and the mainland sent funds for its construction and upkeep. Shortly afterwards work began on a second church, Catholic St. Philomena's (Figure 11), nearby. Last of all at Kalawao was built a third, Mormon, church for the ever-growing number of patients and kokuas. Later still, on the other side of the Peninsula at Kalaupapa proper, three more churches were built, once again, Catholic, Protestant, and Mormon, for a total of six.[41]

If there ever was a company of living saints in what is now the United States, dedicated to self-sacrifice and to the service of others, it was at Kalawao/Kalaupapa. First came Father Damien (1840-1889), then Brother Joseph Dutton (1843-1931), and finally Mother Marianne (1838-1918).

Belgian-born Joseph de Veuster (Figure 7) came to Honolulu on March 19, 1864 and took the name Father Damien upon his ordination at Our Lady of Peace Cathedral there.[42] His initial service was on the Big Island, where he became fluent in spoken and written Hawaiian, and preached to his flock at Puna, Kona, Hamakua, and Kohala. Kohala was a bastion of traditional Hawaiian culture and language, and where some of the poorest Chinese immigrants eked out a precarious living as farmers and fishermen. Damien spent nine years on the Big Island before arriving at Kalaupapa/Kalawao on May 10, 1873. At that time the segregation and isolation system was seven years old, and just over 900 people had been quarantined there. Since there was no lodging for the priest at Kalawao, he spent his first night there sleeping under a pandanus tree. A skilled carpenter, Damien went to work, built his own small house, and expanded the small church there. He tended the sick, and fended off bureaucratic interference as best he could. He also traveled all over Molokai, building other churches but always returned to his home base at Kalawao. During the nearly 16 years that Damien worked at Kalawao, 3,000 more people were sent there.

In 1878, funds became available to build modern wooden houses for many of the patients at Kalawao, and division of its population into normal social residential units became possible. Damien oversaw the construction, beginning in 1879, of small houses for married couples, and other dwellings for

Figure 10 (Left): *Siloama Protestant Church at Kalawao, the first church of any kind built on the Makanalua Peninsula by and for patients in 1871.* ***Figure 11 (Right):*** *Father Damien's St. Philomena Catholic Church at Kalawao. Both buildings have been repeatedly reconstructed. Dillon photos, May, 2017.*

the elderly where they could be taken care of more easily than before, as well as the first separate orphanage structures for boys and girls. Queen Kapiolani, Princess Lilioukalani, and other officials of the Hawaiian court visited Kalaupapa/Kalawao in July of 1884. The Queen talked with every person exiled there. Damien was asked to compile a list of needs for royal consideration, and shortly afterwards supplies, money, food, and clothing began to flow from Honolulu to Kalawao.

In 1885 Damien noticed that he was developing the same symptoms his patients exhibited, and on March 30, 1886, he was given his own patient number, 2886. Damien visited Mother Marianne, who had recently begun working at Kakaako Hospital on Oahu, and conferred with her over a five-day period. He urged her and her nursing sisters to do everything they could to be transferred to where they were most needed, Kalaupapa on Molokai. But bureaucratic opposition frustrated this goal for two years, until their wishes came true. It seems clear that with Mother Marianne finally established at Kalaupapa, Damien "let go" and began noticeably failing after the New Year of 1889. He died on April 15, 1889, at only 49 years of age, his body ravaged by the disease he had contracted from working so closely with the people he had come to serve. Damien was buried the next day outside St. Philomena's by Brother Dutton, Mother Marianne, and by the flock of patients he was so dedicated to, and who loved him so much.

On January 27, 1936, Father Damien was disinterred from his grave at Kalawao, after the Belgian government persuaded the Hawaiian Territorial government to return him to the land of his birth. Nobody asked the patients at Kalawao, some of whom had known Damien a half-century earlier, if they thought giving up his remains was a good idea. Most were bitterly opposed, and some cursed the *Haoles* who took him away. Damien was sent to the American mainland on an Army transport ship, whose captain mysteriously disappeared just as it was approaching the Golden Gate. He was never found, and most assume that he somehow went overboard unnoticed, a victim of the Hawaiian curse. The campaign in Belgium to make Damien a saint was derailed by World War II, and did not resume until long afterwards. In 1965 the Hawaii State Legislature selected Kamehameha I and Father Damien

to represent the 50th state in the Statuary Hall of the United States Capitol in Washington, D.C. Neither statue in the 50-plus years since their erection has been without at least one lei emplaced by those who believe them the best of all possible choices. An identical statue of Damien stands in front of the Hawaii State Capitol in Honolulu: like its twin 4,827 miles away, it is seldom without fresh leis, representing the love of the people of Hawaii. The very bad feeling generated by his removal from Kalawao triggered an ameliorative response from Belgium almost sixty years afterwards. In July of 1995 Damien's right hand, the one he blessed his flock with, and bandaged their sores with, was returned to Kalawao as a holy relic. It was re-buried in his original tomb next to St. Philomena's with great reverence by a large, loving crowd.

Father Damien finally became Saint Damien of Molokai in 2009, 120 years after his death, and 43 years after his exhumation. Today he is the Patron Saint of all Hawaii, and his death day, April 15, is celebrated as a holiday. He is also the Patron of outcasts around the world. For more than a century Damien has been the inspiration for millions of humble followers, as well as for better-known ones like Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948) and Mother Teresa (1910-1997). And the return of Damien's right hand has special significance to our 'Ohana. Tommy Fung, my grandfather-in-law, sent into exile at Kalaupapa missing his own right hand, was present when the body of the future Saint was removed. In the metaphysical sense, when Damien's right hand came back home, Fung Tung Shu was made whole again.

On July 29, 1886, Brother Joseph Dutton arrived at Kalaupapa to care for Father Damien's patients.[43] He told the Belgian Priest that he had come to help, and come to stay. And stay he did: Dutton remained on the Makanalua Peninsula for 44 years, nearly three times as long as Damien. Unlike Damien and Marianne, who came to Kalaupapa with many years of experience, Dutton was a comparative "rookie." But he shortly became Father Damien's most loyal, hardworking, and humble assistant during the final three years of the ailing priest's life. He was born Ira Barnes Dutton in Stowe, Vermont, and raised as a Protestant Baptist. Dutton moved to Wisconsin for his schooling, which was interrupted by the Civil War. He enlisted in the 13th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Regiment, became a quartermaster, doubtless because of his writing and record-keeping ability, and was eventually made a officer. Unfortunately, after the war, Dutton's marriage failed, and he became an alcoholic. In 1876, he "took the pledge" and in 1883 converted to Catholicism. Ira changed his name to Joseph and became a Franciscan lay brother.

Dutton was a lovable person, and very popular with the patients and the kokuas at Kalawao. He was also a compulsive letter-writer, and for more than forty years a steady stream of requests for aid and assistance, and of thank-you letters to those whose generosity was spurred by his entreaties, came from Dutton's pen. Made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson and Jack London, Dutton's admirers included more than a few U.S. Presidents, including Teddy Roosevelt. T.R. ordered the Great White Fleet to pass in review past Kalawao during its trip around the world in 1907-1908 as an honor to the tireless old Civil War veteran.

After Damien's death in 1889, Brother Dutton assumed responsibility for Kalawao, and was instrumental in the creation of the Baldwin Home for Boys, the male counterpart to the Bishop Home for Girls on the other side of the Peninsula. Dutton died on March 26, 1931 in Honolulu, where he had been sent to spend his final days: his body was returned to Kalawao and his grave occupies a place of honor outside St. Philomena's Church. As beloved by most Hawaiians as Damien and Marianne, the first formal steps towards Brother Dutton's canonization were taken in 2015. When Dutton is inevitably made a saint, he will be the third from the tiny, five-square-mile, Kalaupapa Peninsula, to all Catholics and to many others of different religions too, the most sacred spot in all Hawaii.

Mother Marianne Cope, of the Sisters of Saint Francis, a natural leader and a skilled administrator at the cutting edge of

Figure 12 (Left): *Tommy Chock recites a prayer and chant in Hawaiian at Umi Kuka'ilani's 1899 grave at Kalaupapa. Still uncertain is the location of Umi's wife Hana Kapakahi, who died in 1904. We presume that she was buried next to Umi, and that her marker, probably perishable, disappeared decades ago. Dillon photo, May, 2017.*
Figure 13 (Right): *Tommy Fung's 1945 grave at Kalaupapa with the Fung/Chong/Chock/Dill/Dillon 'Ohana, three generations of Chinese and Hawaiian descendants, arrayed behind it. Left to right: Hayden Butler, Tommy Chock, Matthew Dill, Katie Dill-Johnson, Stan Chong, Jenn Fung, Millie Dillon, Brian Dervin Dillon, and Reggie Fung. Millie, Stan and Reggie are Tommy Fung's grandchildren, Jenn is his great-granddaughter. Tommy, Matthew, Katie and Hayden are the descendants of Hana Kapakahi. Ka'ohulani McGuire photo, 2017.*

the brand-new field of hospital planning and administration, came to Honolulu on November 8, 1883. In writing of her abilities, Mother Marianne's biographers enthused that she could:

> ...Captivate a Hawaiian king and his queen, charm niggardly politicians into fits of generosity...and even soften the stony hearts of Hawaii's most suspicious Calvinists.[44]

Marianne was born Barbara Koob, on January 23, 1838, in what is now Germany. Her parents with their four children emigrated to the United States two years later, to Utica, New York.[45] She entered a Franciscan convent in Utica in 1862, becoming a nun by 1866. She took the name Mary Anna, which eventually became Marianne, and Anglicized her über-German last name of Koob to Cope. The Franciscan Sisters founded St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Utica in 1866, then St. Joseph's Hospital in Syracuse three years later. Sister Marianne was committed to her order's mandate of caring for the sick, first as a nurse, then as an administrator, and finally as a hospital supervisor. On December 27, 1877, Marianne was elevated from Sister to Mother Superior of the Franciscan Order. She was now in charge of sixty-two Sisters, nine schools, and two hospitals. Six years later, in 1883, Father Leonor Fouesnel of Honolulu, King Kalakaua's emissary, persuaded Mother Marianne that an even greater need for her talents existed in the Kingdom of Hawaii. Kalakaua, a nominal Protestant, was disturbed by the increasing power of the Yankee missionaries, and even more so of their offspring. He shrewdly

recognized that increasing the Catholic presence in Hawaii would be a convenient way of diverting Calvinist pressure away from his regime.

Marianne and the six nursing sisters she brought with her from Syracuse were welcomed by Walter Murray Gibson (1822-1888), King Kalakaua's President of the Hawaiian Board of Health, his Prime Minister, and so-called "Minister of Everything." Gibson was 100% pro-Hawaiian, and remarkably advanced in his medical views, for he believed in germ theory at a time that many practicing physicians did not. His book of recommendations for combating Hawaiian mortality from introduced diseases earned him his Board of Health position.[46]

British-born Gibson came to Hawaii on July 4, 1861. He created a small Mormon colony on Lanai, but it failed owing to his own mismanagement and corruption, and he was excommunicated. Gibson moved to Honolulu, where he started a newspaper strongly supporting future king David Kalakaua and in which he also published very positive articles about Father Damien. In 1882 King Kalakaua appointed Gibson his Minister of Foreign Affairs, the first of a great many cabinet posts he would collect in very short order. Gibson was detested by the anti-monarchists, led by Sanford Dole, who saw him as the primary impediment to Hawaiian annexation by the United States. Gibson was a strange mixture of idealist and charlatan, utterly devoted both to the King and to maintaining his own status as the most politically powerful white man in all of Hawaii.

One result of Queen Kapiolani's 1884 visit to Kalaupapa was the decision to separate from parents children who exhibited no signs of infection and to remove them from the settlement: these young people were thus separated twice. At first only female children were removed, from Molokai to the Kapiolani Home for Girls,[47] which opened on November 9, 1885. This new "orphanage," for girls not actually orphans, was at the Kakaako Branch Hospital. Mother Marianne and her six nursing sisters were installed at the Kapiolani Home, where they served mostly as teachers and caretakers for the healthy children of parents still under Damien's care back on Molokai. Despite repeated requests for the Franciscan Sisters to come to Kalaupapa, the nursing sisters were kept at Kakaako, month after month.

Persistence finally paid off, and in the summer of 1888, a brand-new facility for female patients was built at Kalaupapa, on the opposite side of the Peninsula from Kalawao. The new Molokai facility was called the Bishop Home for Girls, and was completed in September with funding from Charles Reed Bishop. Charles was the husband of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, Kapoli Kamakau's best friend. With the facility now ready for them, Mother Marianne finally left Kakaako for Kalaupapa in November, 1888. The Franciscan Sisters' love and care transformed the entire Kalaupapa Peninsula. From this point onwards, the girls would be under Mother Marianne's care at the Bishop Home on the west side, and the boys would be under Damien's, and, increasingly, under Dutton's, care on the east side, in what later became the Baldwin Home for Boys. Hundreds of children would eventually be raised in both facilities.

Mother Marianne died at Kalaupapa in 1918, and was buried near the Bishop Home for Girls, adjacent to St. Elizabeth's Convent, where members of her nursing order still live and work today. Mother Marianne became a Saint in 2012. Like Damien, her body was exhumed, and sent to New York State for reburial. No part of her has yet been returned to Kalaupapa: all Hawaiians hope that this will be done, sooner than later.

The Recent Past and the Future

Sulfone drugs, developed during WWII to treat battlefield wounds, were the "miracle" cure people at Kalawao/Kalaupapa had been waiting for since 1866. First used on Molokai in 1946, they were found to be wonderfully successful. Their continued use finally led to the recognition that the physical isolation of patients was no longer medically required. But, as always, it took bureaucracy a long time to catch up with science, and the quarantine policy was not terminated until

1969, after being enforced for 103 years. Many Kalaupapa residents chose to remain there, while others moved to Honolulu. No longer legally exiles, they began to ask anybody that would listen why such a tragic, long-lasting and inhuman practice as separation, segregation, and isolation could have occurred in the "American Paradise."

As more people listened to them, most Hawaiians, and many mainlanders too, came to realize that Kalaupapa was a very special place, perhaps the most significant in culture-historical terms within the Hawaiian Island chain, and eminently worthy of protection. Arguments for the conversion of the Makanalua Peninsula into a National Park increased, and in 1976 Congresswoman Patsy Mink formally proposed that this be done. Four years later, in 1980, Kalaupapa became America's most unique National Historic Park, jointly administered by the Department of the Interior and the Hawaii State Board of Health. In the nearly forty years since then the number of patients has constantly diminished. When I visited Kalaupapa in 2017, only six remained. At the time of this writing, the number has dropped to four. On the inevitable day when the last patient at Kalaupapa joins Damien, Marianne, and Dutton in Heaven, joint administration of Kalaupapa will end, and it will revert entirely to the National Park system. The Park Service has done a very considerate and responsible job of managing the place so important to so many Hawaiian families, so the preservation and protection of Kalaupapa seems assured for the future.

In 2017 nine members of my own 'Ohana (Figure 13) made a pilgrimage to Kalaupapa to visit the graves of our four family members buried there. Protestant, Catholic, and Mormon, we said prayers in Hawaiian, Hakka Chinese, and English over our exiled family members. We were successful in locating three out of four graves, a 75% success rate, remarkably good when one considers that most Kalaupapa descendants have no idea where the graves of their ancestors might be. Tommy Fung never joined the Chinese Benevolent Society at Kalaupapa, the organization that took responsibility for the burial and grave-marking of its members.[48] Instead, Fung was buried outside the wall of the Chinese cemetery, by and amongst his Native Hawaiian friends who laid him to rest and put up his marker (Figure 13). We never found Hana's grave, but I am convinced that she reposes next to her husband Umi. Doubtless, Kapoli's elaborate 1891 grave marker was put up by her father Umi, and then Umi's own 1899 marker (Figure 12), was put up by Hana. Of our three Native Hawaiians, Hana, was the last to be buried, and we assume that unfortunately no close friend or family member remained alive in 1904 to put up a permanent marker for her. Umi's, Kapoli's, and Tommy Fung's graves are three of only 1,000 to 1,200 still marked by headstones or monuments at Kalaupapa. Another 6,000 to 7,000 additional people, just like Hana, lie buried in graves now bereft of permanent markers.

Grave markers in all but a few cases at Kalaupapa were of perishable materials: wooden headboards, with carved or painted inscriptions, or even more ephemeral markers like tapa cloth, basketry, pandanus matting, or, simply, and perhaps most universally, leis of flowers and of maile leaves. All such perishable markers, after months, years, or decades of chemical weathering and natural decay, are now, of course, invisible. Even more permanent markers, of stone but more commonly at Kalaupapa of cement, are also suffering the ravages of time and nature, mostly through constant root-intrusion from nearby trees and shrubs, sand-blasting by seasonal winds and the light fraction picked up from nearby beaches and dunes. The most catastrophic damage was from tsunamis, which lifted heavy headstones, then moved and redeposited them far from their original positions.

In 2003, a group of patients, their descendants and friends, formed *Ka 'Ohana O Kalaupapa*-the Kalaupapa Family-to promote greater recognition and understanding of Kalaupapa's unique story. One of *Ka' Ohana O Kalaupapa's* most important missions is the creation of a permanent memorial listing every patient sent to Kalaupapa, as well as the Kokuas who accompanied them. Shortly

before he left office, Hawaii's favorite Native Son, President Barack Obama, gave his official blessing to the proposal. For the very first time the thousands of people buried in graves that lost their markers decades ago will be commemorated by name. As envisioned, this monument will be similar in presentation to the very moving Vietnam Memorial in Washington D.C.: the inscribed names will speak for themselves. The place selected for the memorial is a short distance from St. Philomena's Church, upslope from two major graveyards, one Catholic, the other Protestant, where thousands of people lie buried. The Kalaupapa Memorial will commemorate the love, *aloha*, and sacrifice of the 8,000 people who lived there for a century and a half. It will guarantee that this community of people, absolutely unique in American History, will never be forgotten.

Acknowledgements

My late Father, Richard H. Dillon (1924-2016), took my mainland *Haole* family to Hawaii in 1962. While he was teaching history at the U.H. Manoa, I fell in love with the islands and their people. Many thanks to my wife of 44 years, Millie, Tommy Fung's granddaughter, and to my late mother-in-law, Aoe Fung Chong (1921-2010), Tommy Fung's youngest child, for my own Kalaupapa connection. Other members of our 'Ohana I have pestered for 40+ years through oral history interviews include, on the Hakka Chinese side, my brother-in-law Stan Chong, the late Esther Fung Tyau, Aoe's older sister, Cynthia and Roy Ikeda, Esther's daughter and grandson, and the entire Fung clan, especially Clarence Fung, Francis Fung, Reggie Fung and his daughter Jenn Fung. On the Native Hawaiian side of our 'Ohana, go many thanks to the late Auntie Hattie Dill, her son Jan Hanohano Dill, his children Matthew Dill, Katie Dill-Johnson, his grandson Hayden Butler, and the entire Dill clan, and to Jan's cousins Michael and Melvin Chock, Melvin's son Tommy Chock and the entire Chock clan. Thanks to my old UCLA archaeology student, Dr. Robert Rechtman, who at my request located Tommy Fung's grave while working at Kalaupapa twenty years ago. This discovery set other wheels in motion, some of which are still turning. Shortly afterwards my cousin Clarence Fung and his family, guided by the late Richard Marks, became the first members of our 'Ohana to visit Tommy Fung's resting place.

We are truly grateful to our new friend Ka'ohulani McGuire, Cultural Anthropologist for Kalaupapa National Historical Park, who facilitated our 2017 visit, and helped, and continues to help, our research in many ways. She is the best possible person the Federal Government could have at Kalaupapa. Our new friend Valerie Monson, the Executive Director and driving force behind *Ka 'Ohana O Kalaupapa*, answered dozens of questions with good humor and enthusiasm, and then came over from Maui to meet with us on Oahu. We are most humbly grateful for all the work she has been doing for so many years on behalf of all people with a Kalaupapa connection. Clarence "Boogie" Kahilihiwa, President of *Ka 'Ohana O Kalaupapa*, graciously welcomed us to Kalaupapa. We thank him for serving as a living link for almost seventy years to our own family members who preceded him there as patients. Many thanks to Sister Alicia Damien Lau who so warmly welcomed us to the Sisters of St. Francis Convent at Kalauapapa, and who told us so much about Mother Marianne and her disciples. We are indebted to the Kana 'ana Hou-Siloama United Church of Christ, whose members are the present-day guardians of historic Siloama Church. They generously loaned us their 9-passenger van, in which we hauled our 'Ohana around Kalaupapa during our 2017 visit. Many thanks to my friend and neighbor Monsignor Francis J. Weber, of Mission San Fernando, Rey de España, for writing the Catholic prayer honoring Saint Damien I read at Tommy Fung's grave. *Mahalo* also to Ben Duong and Aaron Mahi, for providing Stan Chong with the Hakka and Hawaiian translations of the prayer he read at his grandfather's grave, and to *Kahu* (Pastor) Richard Kamanu for helping Stan with Hawaiian pronunciations. Thanks to Keith Yamamoto, Deputy Director, and to archivist Yvonne Ono, of the Hawaii Department of Health, for help with documents relating to our family members exiled to, then buried at, Kalaupapa. Thanks to the Huntington Library of San Marino, California, for access to Jack London's Kalaupapa notes and photographs, to the Bancroft Library of the University of Berkeley, California, for access to Mark Twain's Hawaiian material, and to the University of Hawaii, Manoa, Library for its unparalleled Hawaiiana collection.

My mother-in-law Aoe Fung Chong could never bring herself to visit Kalaupapa, the focus of so much personal sorrow. So 94 years after the suspicion of *Mai Ho'oka'awale 'Ohana* almost destroyed her family, her 'Ohana was finally able to make a pilgrimage there on her behalf. This paper is dedicated to her memory: *Aloha,* Aoe.

Notes

1. ***Yankee Missionaries' Descendants Get Hawaii Away From The Hawaiians:*** Smith 1956; Dougherty 1992. As the old Hawaiian joke goes, the Protestant missionaries came to the Islands *to do good,* and most of them, or at least their children and grandchildren, *did very well indeed.*
2. ***Richard Henry Dana's Hawaiian Friends in California:*** Dana (1815-1882) wrote *Two Years Before the Mast,* based upon his 1834-1835 voyage to California. Near San Diego, at what is now the location of the Point Loma Naval Base, Dana camped with a group of Native Hawaiians, all former sailors. Dana considered them to be "the most interesting, intelligent, and kind-hearted people that I ever fell in with."
3. ***Sutter's Hawaiian Sailors:*** R.H. Dillon 1967.
4. ***Earliest Gold Rush Chinese Were From Hawaii:*** Dillon, Dillon and Dillon 2014: 6
5. ***Mark Twain in Hawaii 1866:*** Mark Twain spent just over four months in Hawaii in 1866 as the foreign correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, one of the most widely-read California newspapers. He wrote twenty-five letters, many of which were not published until after his return to California. The best source for Twain's original letters is the centennial volume edited by A. Grove Day (Twain 1966). Mark Twain later reworked some of his original letters into the Hawaiian portion of *Roughing It.* Within the realm of "should have been" is Twain's unfinished novel, incorporating Kalaupapa as a plot element, begun in 1884, of which only 17 pages survive in the Bancroft Library (ibid: xii-xiii).
6. ***Robert Louis Stevenson at Kalaupapa, 1889:*** Robert Louis Stevenson (RLS) made two visits to Hawaii, the first of six months duration in 1889, the second of only five weeks in 1893. During his first visit he befriended King Kalakaua and Princess Lilioukalani. Stevenson's interest in Kalaupapa and Father Damien came through reading the book written about them by his friend Charles Stoddard (1885). RLS obtained permission from the Board of Health to visit Kalaupapa in May of 1889, spent a week on the Peninsula, and twelve days total on Molokai. Robert Louis Stevenson published six short comments on Kalaupapa (1890, 1891a, 1891b, 1891c, 1891d, 1891e), the first as a privately-printed pamphlet, the subsequent five as sequential chapters in one of his least-known books. Additionally, at least three of his private letters describing Kalaupapa have been preserved and published (1889a, 1889b, 1889c).
7. ***Jack London at Kalaupapa, 1907:*** London visited Kalaupapa in July of 1907 with the blessing of the Hawaii Territorial Board of Health. The expectation was that he would write a positive account of the place, offsetting the kinds of lurid, sensationalistic, horror stories that had appeared for too many years. London published four things on Kalaupapa, the first (1911) a non-fiction report of his visit, the latter three (1912a, 1912b, 1912c) the following year. While his Chapter VII in *The Cruise of the Snark* (1911) portrayed the patients and the kokuas that cared for them in a sympathetic light, he truly crossed the line with the three short stories published together in 1912, in *The House of Pride & Other Tales of Hawaii.* Two of these three stories were sensationalistic pot-boilers of the horror genre, yet leprosy lurked as the villain in all three. London now wrote of those afflicted with *Mai Pake* as objects of pity or scorn, and in the final, most objectionable, story, as subhuman caricatures living in an earthly hell of their own creation. The Hawaiian opinion, still prevalent today, is that London stabbed his hosts in the back, his sensationalism motivated by greed. Lorrin A. Thurston (1858-1931), a prominent Hawaiian businessman and early annexationist, published an outraged denunciation of London in a Honolulu newspaper, calling him: "a dirty little sneak, a sneak of the first water, a thoroughly untrustworthy man, an ungrateful and untruthful bounder" (Day 1971: 81). At least some of Jack London's Kalaupapa stories were probably written while "under the influence." A hopeless alcoholic for most of his adult life, London added addictive drugs to his self-abuse menu around the time he published his three 1912 *Mai Pake* stories. Suffering from a variety of both real and psychosomatic aliments, including the fear that he had somehow contracted leprosy himself, Jack London terminated his own life at age 40 through a self-administered morphine overdose. To this day London's critics and defenders still debate whether or not his 1916 death was accidental or intentional, and if he would have died of renal failure or other "natural" causes so young had he not "self-medicated" with booze and hard drugs for so many years.
8. ***James Michener's Kalaupapa:*** Michener's *Hawaii* describes how our 50th State came to be from multiple ethnic and cultural viewpoints: his Kalaupapa episode (1959: 472-510) is from

the perspective of a female Hakka Chinese *Kokua*. Despite the essential humanism of this remarkable book, Michener's Kalaupapa section is an unfortunate return to London's fictional hell on earth.

9. ***Hawaiian Kinship System:*** the earliest missionaries in Hawaii (cf: Ellis 1825; Smith 1956) were shocked by the marriage customs and kinship terminology of the Natives, and considered both incestuous. A half-century later, the first, proto-anthropological documentation of non-Western kinship systems by Lewis Henry Morgan (1871) considered them more objectively. Morgan's "Hawaiian" system is generational: all females of your mother's generation are also called "mother," while all age-mates of your own generation, siblings or not, are called "brother" or "sister." The missionaries wanted the Hawaiians to adopt classifications duplicating their own kinship system, but were not entirely successful. The old, more generous Hawaiian system persists, with "auntie" and "uncle" now substituted for biologically unrelated multiple "mothers" and "fathers." Most Islanders, regardless of whether they are Native Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Caucasian or any combination of same, still call each other "brother" or, more accurately in modern pidgen, *Brah.*
10. ***'Ohana:*** the term includes blood relatives, fictive kin, and relatives by adoption. In English, '*Ohana* members are often termed "calabash cousins" when the precise degree of kinship is unknown or unremembered.
11. ***Mai Pake—Leprosy—Hansen's Disease:*** is a slow-growing bacterial infection of *Mycobacterium leprae.* Not all people are susceptible to it, just as some people develop diabetes while others, including close relatives, do not. The disease can be passed through close contact but is not highly contagious. While now curable, Hansen's Disease has by no means been eradicated: approximately 100 to 200 people annually are still diagnosed in the United States. If untreated, it can cause nerve damage, diminished vision and/or blindness, partial paralysis, even death (Mouritz 1916). The modern term for the disease recalls the Norwegian researcher Dr. Gerhard A. Hansen (1841-1912), who first isolated and identified the bacteria responsible for it. This was in 1873, when Hansen was only twenty-two years old. His discovery was not universally accepted for many years; the cure for the disease was not found until 70+ years after Hansen's breakthrough. Most people today shun the old, biblical, term for the disease, fully aware of its pejorative connotations and the social stigma still attached to it. In 1948, at the 5th International Leprosy Congress in Havana, doctors, patients, and medical researchers all resolved to abandon the old term in favor of the much gentler *Hansen's Disease.* Virtually all educated people, especially in the medical professions, have subsequently followed suit. But see Tayman (2006) and Hanley and Bushnell (2009: xv) for perpetuation of the old, hurtful, label. Our family, as do all connected with Kalaupapa, feels that the old term is now only used by the ignorant, perverse, or needlessly cruel (Dillon, Dillon and Dillon 2015: 24; Center for Disease Control and Prevention Web Site, 2017; National Park Service, N.D.3).
12. ***Tinseltown's Take on Hansen's Disease****:* if 99 out of every 100 residents of the Hawaiian Islands think *Kalaupapa* when *Mai Pake* is mentioned, then 99 out of every 100 mainland Americans, including Californians, think *Ben Hur*, the 1959 Hollywood blockbuster dramatization of Lew Wallace's 1880 biblical novel, when they hear the word *leprosy*. So, unfortunately, the only association the vast majority of modern Californians have with the disease is fictional, not factual.
13. ***Birth of the Plantation System in Hawaii:*** Dillon, Dillon and Dillon 2015: 7-9.
14. ***Disease and Mortality in Hawaii:*** Cheever (1856: 124) recorded the deadly effects of just one disease, measles, in Hawaii, noting 6,465 more deaths than births in 1848, an 8% population decrease in just one year. Even worse epidemics followed: that of smallpox in 1853 was particularly virulent (Greer 1966). The Native Hawaiian population is usually estimated to have been 300,000+/- at initial white contact, but only eighty years later, it had dwindled away, primarily as the result of introduced diseases, to only 70,000.
15. ***All the Diseases of the Seven Seas:*** As quoted by Cheever (1856: 277-278).
16. ***1851 Population Estimate for Molokai:*** Cheever 1856: 169. William Ellis (1825: 7) some thirty years earlier, similarly estimated the entire population of Molokai as not greater than 3,000 persons.
17. ***Pau kanaka make:*** Stevenson 1891e: 75, 78.
18. ***Geology of Kalaupapa:*** NPS n.d.4
19. ***Archaeology of Kalaupapa:*** NPS n.d.2
20. ***Queen's Hospital:*** The first hospital in the Hawaiian Islands was founded in 1859 by Queen Emma and King Kamehameha IV (Greer 1969), created to combat Native Hawaiian mortality from introduced

diseases. It had a staff of five: a solitary doctor, the energetic and talented German William Hillebrand (1821-1886), supported by a Portuguese "dispenser" (pharmacist), a Native Hawaiian cook and two orderlies

21. ***Kokuas:*** Since there were no nurses of any kind at the first public hospital in Hawaii, the tradition of voluntary *Kokuas* was welcomed by Dr. Hillebrand. These people, commonly the spouses, parents or children of the patients, cared for them in traditional Hawaiian fashion by feeding them, cleaning them, and keeping their spirits up. Most kokuas slept on mats on the floor next to their loved ones' beds. Consequently, there was no objection to kokuas accompanying their loved ones in exile to Kalaupapa after its founding in 1866.
22. ***Creation of Kalihi Hospital and the Kalaupapa Settlement:*** Dr. Hillebrand first called attention to *Mai Pake* in 1863. He termed it a "new disease" and urged the isolation of patients suspected of infection. The quarantine station on Molokai was not Dr. Hillebrand's brainchild, but, in his own medical opinion, was correct. In March of 1865 the Hawaiian Board of Health considered various alternative locations for both a hospital solely specializing in that disease, and a permanent isolation station. Objections to the latter anywhere on Oahu led to the selection of the Kalaupapa peninsula, out of sight and out of mind of most Honolulu residents. After many years of "ad hoc" diagnosis by just a single physician at Kalihi Hospital, Dr. Edward Hoffmann, by the end of the 19th century a panel of five doctors was deciding the fate of each person suspected of *Mai Pake* infection.
23. ***Kalaupapa: "A Prison Fortified by Nature:"*** Robert Louis Stevenson (1891b: 48). Works on Kalaupapa include Stoddard 1885; Law and Levin 1989, 2012; Cahill 1990; Brocker 1997; Tayman 2006; and Law, Monson and Levin, 2012. The best book ever published on the place is by Law (2012).
24. ***RLS on Separation:*** Stevenson 1891a: 40.
25. ***London on Separation:*** London 1911: 97-98.
26. ***San Francisco's "House of Pestilence:"*** Risse 2016; see also B. Dillon, 2018.
27. ***Anti-Chinese Legislation in Los Angeles:*** Molina 2006.
28. ***Other Ailments Misdiagnosed as Mai Pake:*** by the 1860s "germ theory" was by no means universally accepted. Some doctors still believed that "miasmas" caused disease: "malaria," for example, is an English garbling of the Spanish *mal aire* ("bad air.") Even Jack London was convinced he had contracted *Mai Pake* during his 1907 visit to Kalaupapa, mistaking pellagra for that disease (Day 1971: 153-156; Sinclair 1989: 9-10).
29. ***Hustling Hawaiians Off Their Land, and Off to Kalaupapa:*** my calabash cousin Jan Hanohano Dill, the kindest and gentlest of Native Hawaiian activists, is convinced that *Haole* speculators denounced Native Hawaiian landowners as potential *Mai Pake* victims so that sugar plantations could be expanded into the flattest and best-watered land. This especially seems to have been the case during the tumultuous period immediately after the 1887 "Bayonet Constitution," concocted by *Haole* businessmen and landowners forcing King Kalakaua to cede many, if not most, traditional Hawaiian rights and privileges to non-Hawaiians. Immediately after this clear signal that Native Hawaiian rights could be legally ignored, there was a tremendous upsurge in the number of Hawaiians suddenly diagnosed with *Mai Pake* and exiled to Kalaupapa. With pro-Hawaiian Gibson now replaced by Dr. Georges Trousseau as president of the Board of Health, all previous restraint seems to have gone by the wayside. Tayman (2006: 164) notes that in the final eighteen months under Gibson's authority, only 35 patients were sent to Kalaupapa, but under Trousseau, at the urging of Sanford Dole, during the first eighteen months of the new regime no fewer than 767 people were exiled. Law (2012: 192) notes that in 1888, more people (558) were sent to Molokai than in any other year, before or after. Kapoli Kamakau, of course, was one of the unfortunates swept up in this mass deportation. For some years cousin Jan has been trying to determine to what extent Kapoli Kamakau, her father Umi Kuka 'ilani and his wife Hana Kapakahi, were victims of this dishonesty. Hana and Umi brought suit against those who had stolen their land and water rights back on Maui, and tried to pursue this suit while exiled at Kalaupapa, but both died before any kind of legal resolution could be achieved. What happened to our three Native Hawaiian family members may be a metaphor for the legal victimization of the entire Native Hawaiian population under the new, increasingly Haole-dominated, regime.
30. ***Patient Numbers:*** for those researching relatives sent to Kalaupapa, the existence of multiple, conflicting, patient ID numbers is puzzling and aggravating. Their numerical sequence also makes no chronological sense,

for why should 20th century patients like Tommy Fung, have a *lower* Board of Health number than 19th century patients, like Father Damien, 40+ years earlier? Obviously, there was no single, centralized, master list of patients. Multiple, competing, lists were kept at different locations and never reconciled. Were early numbers "recycled" for later patients? Did different doctors maintain different lists? The left hand never seemed to know what the right hand was doing, and the shortcomings of the Board of Health are nowhere more glaringly obvious than in its "human accounting" practices.

31. ***The Native Hawaiian Connection:*** Hana was the great-grand aunt of my cousin Jan Hanohano Dill's grandmother, Julia Maile Ayers Chock, while John K. Pelio was Jan's great-great-grandfather. Hana was the great-great-great-grand aunt of Amy, Maile, Katie, John and Matthew Dill and Thomas Chock, and the great-great-great-great-grand aunt of Hayden Butler, and of Matthew Dill's and Thomas Chock's children. These descendants now live, not only in Hawaii, but also in the American Midwest and East Coast.
32. ***Kapoli Kamakau:*** Information on this tragic figure has been published by Law (2012: 198-201, 204-205, 242-243).
33. ***Hanai*:** Literally, "the gift of a child" was a traditional form of Native Hawaiian adoption, accelerated, of course, by the breakup of families whose parents were sent to Kalaupapa (Dillon, Dillon and Dillon, 2015: 25).
34. ***Tommy Fung's Years of Limbo at Kalihi:*** Fung's 1945 death certificate states that he suffered from Leprosy for 17 years, dating the "original" diagnosis to 1928. But the same form also notes that he had been resident at Kalaupapa for only 12 years, 8 months, indicating more than four years of prior bureaucratic "misplacement" at Kalihi Hospital. Fung's arrest and expulsion from the Big Island, however, may have taken place up to seven years before his only known Kalihi file (No. 2871) supposedly began. We cannot help but speculate that an earlier file, created some time between 1921 and 1924, had been lost, misplaced, or destroyed, and that a second, completely new file, was started for him years later. Both Tayman (2006: 214) and Law (2012: 370) note that the period from mid-1919 through mid-1923 saw an almost-complete halt to exiling patients from Kalihi Hospital to Kalaupapa. It was Tommy Fung's bad luck to be sent to Kalihi during a time of policy fluctuations by the Board of Health. Fung's period of limbo at Kalihi Hospital, therefore, was not less than 4+ years, but might have lasted as long as 11 years: he may, in fact, hold the record for any patient "lost in the shuffle" through bureaucratic inconsistency and neglect. In the late 1920s, Fung's daughter Esther, who had left the Big Island to work on Oahu, was able to visit her father at Kalihi. Esther told me seventy years later that her father was like an imprisoned Guinea Pig because of constant medical testing. Today what happened to Tommy Fung at Kalihi could be construed as false imprisonment. Fung was the father of Charles, Esther, James, Raymond and Aoe Fung, the grandfather of Alfred Mow, Millie Dillon, Stan Chong, and Clarence, Francis and Reggie Fung, Evelyn Pang, Rosalyn Eng, Andrew Tyau, and Cynthia Ikeda, and the great-grandfather of Robert and Jenn Fung, Steven and Trisha Chong, Nathan Tyau, Roy and Naomi Ikeda, and Shannon and John Dillon. He was the great-great-grandfather of Emma and Sarah Chong. His descendants live, not only in Hawaii, but also in California and Japan.
35. ***Departure = Death:*** Stevenson 1891a: 44.
36. ***Courage, Cheerfulness, and Devotion:*** Stevenson 1889b: 139.
37. ***The French Catholic Mission to Hawaii:*** was favorably described by Mark Twain, who wrote, in 1866, that it: "goes along quietly and unostentatiously…The Catholic clergy are honest, straightforward, frank, and open; they are industrious and devoted to their religion and their work; they never meddle..."
38. ***Molokai Pigeons Plucked by Protestants:*** To Reverend Cheever missionization was a business proposition. He may have hated the Catholics as much as he did because he feared that they might poach the flock of Native Hawaiian pigeons he was busy plucking. In Cheever's (1856: 169) table for 1850 listing income from the Molokai congregation, presumably just Hitchcock's on the south side of the Island, we find that while most of the cash harvested from poor Hawaiian converts stayed on Molokai, to support their *Haole* pastor (unlike the unpaid Catholic missionaries, the Protestants demanded an annual salary of $420.00), and, significantly, to buy a church-bell for Kalaupapa ($166.00), some was also sent to the Big Island. Money milked from the south Molokai congregation helped defray the expenses of 1: rebuilding the meeting house at Kohala ($102.00), 2: repair of the Pastor's House ($25.00), and 3: supporting the

French Protestant Mission ($23.00).

39. ***Anti-Catholic Attitudes in Hawaii:*** so dogmatic and repetitious are Reverend Henry T. Cheever's anti-Catholic diatribes in his 1856 book *The Heart of the Pacific* that these eventually stop being annoying and become laughable. Cheever (1856: 291) wrote that without further funds for the Protestant Missions: "the [Hawaiian] people [will] all go back to heathenism, or over to the Romish Beast." Anti-Catholic nastiness reached its climax thirty-three years later when the Reverend Dr. Charles McEwen Hyde, a Honolulu Protestant minister, maligned Father Damien of Kalaupapa in a private letter to a San Francisco associate, four months after the priest's death. His comments were published in *The Presbyterian* Newspaper on October 26, 1889. Hyde was rebutted by Robert Louis Stevenson (1890) who almost went off the rails defending Damien's reputation. Stevenson, himself the son of a Protestant clergyman, considered Damien a hero and a saint. Most agreed that after seventy years of anti-Catholic fulmination in Hawaii, enough was enough. Some associate the Reverend Dr. Hyde with Stevenson's split-personality villain of his best-selling 1886 story *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but the similarity between the names, one real, the other fictional, was entirely coincidental.
40. ***Early Protestant Worship at Kalaupapa:*** Damon 1948; Cahill 1990: 42-44. As early as 1847 a rudimentary stone church may have been built a Kalaupapa by the Reverend Harvey Hitchcock, whose main establishment, fully described by Cheever, was on the opposite, south, coast of Molokai. If it needed a church bell by 1850, then the Kalaupapa church must have been completed by then. It was expanded again in 1853. This earliest church was overshadowed by the congregation, formed by patients in 1866, on the opposite side of the Peninsula, and their *Siloama* Church, built at Kalawao in 1871. Eight years later, in 1879, a new church was built on the Kalaupapa side of the Peninsula, and was called *Kana 'ana* (Canaan). This church, later rebuilt, is now called "New Canaan"- *Kana 'ana Hou-Siloama.*
41. ***More Churches than Church-Goers:*** Due to the decline of the patient population resulting from the post-WWII cure for Hansen's Disease, and especially from the termination of the isolation policy in 1969, today there are actually more *churches* (6) than there are church-going *patients* (4) at Kalaupapa.
42. ***Father Damien***: Daws, 1973; Cahill 1990: 16-31; Law and Law 2009.
43. ***Brother Dutton:*** Halpern 1981; Cahill 1990: 32-37.
44. ***Marianne's "People Skills:"*** Hanley and Bushnell 2009: 10.
45. ***Mother Marianne:*** Cahill 1990: 38-41; Hanley and Bushnell 2014. My paternal Great-Grandfather, William Edward Dervin (1840-1916), was the first American-born son of pre-famine Irish immigrants, ditch-diggers for the Erie and other Northeastern canals. The region's largest town, and later city, was Utica. Barbara Koob, later Mother Marianne Cope, arrived there as the two-year-old daughter of German immigrant parents at the time of my great-grandfather's birth. Koob and Dervin were age-mates and devout Catholics. I would like to think that these two children met in some social, educational, or religious context in Utica in the early 1840s before their paths later diverged.
46. ***Gibson on Mai Pake:*** Gibson 1881.
47. ***The Kapiolani Home:*** on Oahu housed the healthy children of local patients sent to Kalaupapa. Unfortunately, no similar provision was made for children of people exiled from islands other than Oahu, where they were simply left behind if one or both parents were forcibly removed to Kalaupapa. This is, consequently, what happened to the Fung children on the Big Island when their father Tommy was shipped off-island, never to be seen by four of the five of them again.
48. ***Chinese Benevolent Society***: Kalaupapa National Park Ethnologist Ka'ohulani McGuire almost miraculously saved its records (CBS 1949) from destruction, and very kindly made me a copy of them in 2017.

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Clocks at the California Missions

Monsignor Francis J. Weber

The invention and development of the first mechanical clocks dates back to 1300, with the first such timepieces being used to regulate the *horariam*, or schedule of daily activities in monasteries.

The initial mechanical clocks used a rope wound around a cylinder. A weight on the free end of the rope was allowed to slowly fall, using the force of gravity to unwind. As it fell, it rotated the dial of the clock past a stationary hand which registered the hour.

Later the dial was fixed in position and the hand rotated. Since those early, crudely-made clocks were five or ten minutes off each day, they were reset every morning in reference to a sundial.

The monks of England developed a high degree of expertise in clock making. Automatic alarms were added to warn the bell ringer to toll the curfew each night and alert the friars to other special events.

In 1320, Fray Richard of Wallingford started assembling a complex astronomical clock that took years to complete. Two centuries later, the clock was still running quite accurately.

In Italy, the birthplace of the Renaissance, history's first public, mechanical, bell-striking clock was installed in the Catholic church of San Gottardo, Milan, in 1335. This innovation was subsequently adopted by hundreds of churches throughout Europe.

In the latter part of the 17th century, the mechanical clock played a pivotal role in Jesuit efforts to convert the Chinese. In 1601, Father Matteo Ricci gave the Chinese emperor two mechanical clocks, explaining that they were products of Catholic ingenuity. His Imperial Majesty was immensely impressed.

In 1504 Peter Henlein developed the spring-wound clock, a revolutionary invention that allowed clocks to become portable. Between 1550 and 1650, thousands of clocks were made in the German-speaking parts of the Holy Roman Empire.

Then, in 1656, Christian Huygens, a Dutch mathematician, invented the pendulum clock and once against revolutionized clock-making. The pendulum kept time by using the natural motion of a weight attached to the end of a rod swinging in a fixed arc.

It seems certain that each of the California missions had at least one timepiece, in addition to the traditional sundial. Aside from the need of an accurate timepiece to regulate the activities of the local community, the friars themselves needed a means for fulfilling their Franciscan Rule.

The friars would never have come to such distant areas without the necessary means for counting the passage of the hours. And, with the reports of early explorers before them, they would have known that the California weather was not all sunshine.

Fray Junípero Serra had an alarm clock at San Carlos Borromeo Mission in 1774. And it is known that the friars at Santa Clara had a wooden clock with little bells or chimes for striking the hours.

An *informe* of 1777 stated that "the new Christians regulate themselves by the clock of the mission; for timing their rest, meals and work, they sound the bell."

Inventories at the missions of San Francisco Solano, Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz all list *un relox de sala* (a parlor clock). In the museum at Santa Barbara Mission are the inner works of an old wooden clock which, in all probability, is all that remains of one of the examples mentioned above.

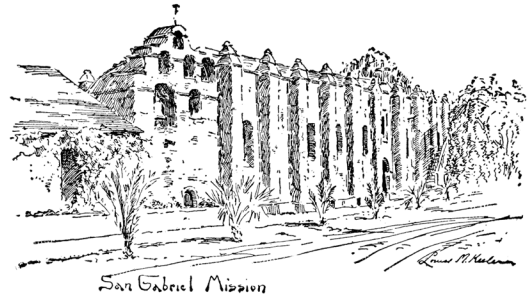


Figure 1 (Left): *Dr. Robert Chandler receiving his 5th Westerners International Coke Wood First Place Award for historical writing from Dr. Bonney MacDonald, WI Chair, in Texas, September 2018. Ross Dillon photo.* ***Figure 2 (Right):*** *Bob Chandler "back at school" with my 1894 Winchester during a practical tutorial on "Old West" guns, ammunition, and ballistics out in the California Desert. Brian Dillon photo, 2016.*

Dr. Robert J. Chandler, 1942-2019: Now Chasing the Setting Sun

Robert Chandler was an Army brat, born in Utah, much of whose childhood was spent in Hawaii. His father was a career soldier, a "mainland Haole" who met his mother, the daughter of Portuguese immigrants, on Oahu during a 1930s posting. Bob attended Punahou High School in Honolulu, then, later, Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, and finally the University of California, Riverside. There he earned his Ph.D. in History. Dr. Chandler's professional career spanned almost exactly 40 years, and it is easier to list the very few awards and honors he was *not* given, and the scholarly and fraternal organizations he did *not* belong to, than the reverse.

Bob was the Sheriff of the San Francisco Corral of the Westerners five times, and, during a moment of weakness, let himself be persuaded to also join the Los Angeles Corral. In 2018 Dr. Chandler was accorded Westerners International's greatest honor when he was proclaimed a Living Legend. Bob was also an enthusiastic clamper, the X-Noble Grand Humbug of Yerba Buena #1, the Mother Lodge, of *E Clampus Vitus.* He was a member of the Council of the Friends of the Bancroft Library; on the board of directors of the San Ramon Valley Museum; past president of the Western Cover [Philatelic] Society; past president of the Book Club of California; and a member of the bibliophilic Roxburghe Club of San Francisco. He was even an honorary Kentucky Colonel. From his 1978 UC Riverside dissertation on *The Press and Civil Liberties in California During the Civil War* and during and after his 32 years as Senior Research Historian for Wells Fargo Bank at its San Francisco headquarters, Bob wrote more than 60 articles on California and Western American topics in a great many different scholarly journals. Chandler was a mainstay of the *California Territorial Quarterly,* and helped guide it through a

quarter-century of publication. Bob was also the author of a half-dozen full-length books running the gamut from university-level introductory texts to beautifully-illustrated biographies.

Bob was an historian's historian, a dogged and imaginative researcher, a talented and compelling lecturer, and a tireless, effective, and prize-winning writer (Figure 1). His interests were varied, encompassing not just the economic, political, and military kinds of "macro" history commonly encountered amongst academics, but also a wide range of "micro" historical topics: numismatics, banking, stage-coaching, ethnic minorities, international postal history, and California during the Civil War to name just a few. And, no single person was better-informed than Bob on the history of California's shining jewel, his adoptive city, San Francisco.

Chandler was a powerhouse, always hitting on all eight cylinders throughout his long, productive life. Besides his spectacular gifts as an historian, where he was truly the roundest peg in the roundest hole, Bob was immensely generous, outgoing, and likeable. He was always ready to share ideas and make intelligent suggestions for the improvement of your own writing. And, since he was a seeker of the truth, he never hesitated to ask questions, even embarrassing ones.

The doors to Bob's mind were always wide-open. Bob was the first to tell you he didn't know everything, and was thrilled when others could expand his knowledge into uncharted territory. A few years ago, after correcting guns and ammo errors typical of "chairborne" historians that kept creeping into Bob's drafts on the American West, I told him that a single day out in the desert shooting "Old West" guns would resolve any lingering uncertainties about ballistic possibilities and impossibilities.

And one fine day I did indeed teach Bob to shoot, so that he could accept or reject dubious historical claims of derring-do from a position of knowledge, rather than Ivory-Tower ignorance. All three "firearms flavors" were on the menu for *Remedial Redneck Studies:* pistols (.44-40 and .45 Long Colt), rifles (.30-30 and .45-70) and shotguns (12 gauge). At first, the safest place on the range was actually *behind* the target, but Bob responded well to instruction, and by the end of the day he was getting on paper and occasionally in the bullseye. He was, however, as the saying goes, "shooting like a Republican:" jerking the trigger a tad too much, and pulling his shots to the right (Figure 2).

My own family has shot cannons as a means of celebrating Christmas for 110 years. The tradition began with 12-inch coastal guns at the San Francisco Presidio and Marin Forts, and then, in civilian contexts, it moved on to a Winchester Model 1898 signal cannon given to my grandfather by the San Francisco Yacht Club 90 years ago. We fired it from our Sausalito front porch on Christmas, New Years, the 4th of July and, of course, on St. Patrick's Day. Unfortunately, an ever-growing flood of transplanted Easterners objected to this proud old California tradition (fueled, we were told, by miniature poodle neuroses). I sincerely believe that every time we triggered off a small artillery round at Christmas, we were "sending a prayer downrange," since black power was invented as a Chinese religious sacrament.

Great minds think alike, and we were not surprised to find that Bob Chandler was also a fan of miniature cannons. He had more than a few in his own office, including a reproduction of a late 15th century culverin of Portuguese design, denoting his own maternal heritage. Bob was delighted to learn that we Dillons actually *shot* our cannon, and was reminded of his "firecracker-rich" environment as a child in Hawaii, where most holidays were accompanied by black powder symphonies. He begged to join us in our annual Christmas cannonade/serenade. Unfortunately, for the longest time we couldn't find a place to let fly in Bob's neck of the woods, because of the comparatively *high* ratio of miniature poodle owners to the very *low* percentage of 5th generation Californians like us Dillons. But we persevered, and found a poodle-free location not too far from the *Hacienda Chandler*. Thanks to the kindness of a sympathetic shotgun range administration, we were able to put the lanyard of the Dillon family signal cannon in Bob's hands late in

Figure 3: *Dr. Robert Chandler (left) sends "a black powder prayer" downrange with our signal cannon, a Model 1898 Winchester 10 Gauge breechloader, late in 2018 with two of us three Dillon brothers, Brian (center) and Dave (right). By this time Bob was using a walker that doubled as a wheelchair. Peter Llama photo.*

2018 (Figure 3). Blowing off our hand-loaded black powder salute charges made our day, and as Chandler told us enthusiastically, it was a high point of his own year, the most challenging and daunting year of what had hitherto been a long and happy life.

Unlike his less skilled or perhaps overly paranoid peers, Dr. Chandler had no pretense and was the least pompous smart man you could ever hope to meet. Although he had strong opinions about right and wrong, and deplored shortcuts or detours along the road to historical accuracy, Bob Chandler didn't have a mean bone in his body. Bob possessed that sixth sense so rarely found amongst historians, and, for that matter, amongst academics as a human sub-species: this was, of course, Bob's unique *sense of humor.* Chandler was the only distinguished scholar who could wear a propeller beanie to the most straight-laced meeting and pull it off. Or, in his alternate persona as Emperor Norton, could mimic that beloved eccentric so convincingly that one might mistake him as a cartoon character. Eventually, truth always being weirder than fiction here in California, Bob Chandler as Emperor Norton actually did end up in the local funny pages.

Robert Chandler was a devoted husband and father, and immensely proud of, and thankful for, his loving and patient family. Bob's legions of fans must thank his long-suffering wife Sue and his kids for loaning him to us so often for so many years. We hope and pray that they can accept our most profound apologies for taking him away from home so much, and for distracting him from his husbandly and fatherly duties for so many decades. Chandler at home reveled in pleasures unsuspected by his professional peers who only knew him through his writing and lecturing: he loved flowers, birds, and many elements of nature mostly lacking in the big city. Bob and Sue and their children turned their home into an oasis of beauty, one that sustained their love for one another and facilitated Chandler's daily writing.

Seeing Bob in his natural environment–his cathedral-like home office–was always a treat. While writing he had not one, but two computers going, side-by-side. One for him, he would quip, but the other was a decoy for the cat asleep on its keyboard. This duality also mirrored the architectural layout of his *sanctum sanctorum*, for to get to his inner office, so crammed with enough books

and historical artifacts to put many a small library or museum to shame, you first had to navigate through an even larger outer office. This anteroom again featured floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, an entire wall of hardwood filing cabinets, and historical items ranging from Bob's miniature stagecoach collection to San Francisco Chinatown herbalist's shop signs.

Bob entered the ring and fought two successive bouts against Cancer. He whipped it in a fair fight the first time around, to universal applause. But he fared less well during the big re-match some years later. Cancer now had him on the ropes, and it was clear to all, Bob himself first and foremost, that this second time around he would not leave the ring victorious. But Chandler fought to the last, proving wrong the army of doctors that were constantly poking, prodding, scanning, irradiating and transfusing him. At the beginning of 2018 the *medicos* were only giving him "a few months." Then, when he made liars out of them, they gave him only "til the end of the year." But Bob had the last laugh on the sawbones, making it almost to St. Patrick's Day, 2019, when his spirit finally left his battered body, and headed west to chase the setting sun.

A tremendous double-whammy came in November, 2018. Bob was noticeably failing, and now bedridden most of the time. Then came the devastating Butte County Camp Fire. This massive conflagration burned up the town of Paradise, home to one of Chandler's (and my own) favorite journals, the *California Territorial Quarterly.* Sadly, one of the most remarkable California historical publication series became a casualty of the fire. What promised to be Bob's final scholarly paper, on Grafton Tyler Brown, California's uniquely talented 19th Century Afro-American artist and lithographer, was quite literally "on the drawing board" at the CTQ when the town went up in flames. So my son John, editor of the *Branding Iron* stepped in, and Bob's paper arose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of Paradise. It was given new life 500+ miles to the south as the lead article of the Winter, 2019, *Branding Iron.* An honor only dreamed of by most writers was conferred upon Dr. Robert Chandler on March 13, 2019: his final publication was distributed to his friends and fellow Westerners on the very day that he died. No better send off for any author could be imagined.

Bob's ashes were spread by family and friends on the waters of his beloved San Francisco Bay. As they commingled with the waves and moved out past the Potato Patch into the broad Pacific, they joined those of my own Mother and Father. In that most magnificent Ocean of our Planet, all three friends are now at rest. A week later, a wonderful memorial celebration was held at Bob's place, attended by dozens of his family, friends, and admirers. Prominent amongst the latter were members of the Book Club of California, representatives of the Bancroft Library, and of *E Clampus Vitus* and Westerners International. Paeans to our missing comrade were heartfelt if not always, at least in the case of the ECV, reflective of strict sobriety. And then, a few days later still, Bob's final tribute took the form of a 21-gun salute rendered by my own Boy Scout Troop, an honor we extend to all Living Legends of Westerners International when they leave us for their final roundup.

For more than thirty years Bob Chandler was a great friend of my late father's, long before I came to know him. We became Internet buddies at my dad's urging, and continued in this capacity for many years before I ever met Bob face-to-face. Once we did, we became best friends. Bob called me his brother, and meant it. And I loved him right back as if we were indeed brothers, separated at birth, but miraculously reunited later in life. Bob's passing leaves a great hole in my heart and in my life. But amidst all of the sadness and pain occasioned by the end of his corporeal existence we still, nevertheless, have cause for celebration. Dr. Robert Chandler did what so very few people on this planet ever have: he achieved immortality. Bob cannot be with us today, but he is still all around us, no farther away than the nearest bookshelf. And there, on thousands of pages of books, magazines and journals in public libraries and in private studies throughout the land, he will live forever, until the end of time.

— Brian Dervin Dillon, Ph.D.

Corral Chips

Membership Directory

Our hardworking Registrar of Marks and Brands, Therese Melbar, is happy to note everyone's dues payments for the 2019 year. Thanks for your contributions to the Los Angeles Corral! If you have any changes to your address or contact information, please get in touch so we can keep the membership directory up to date. Additionally, if there is anyone you wish to nominate for advancement up the Corral's membership totem pole, please contact Gatekeepers Therese Melbar and Michele Clark.

Meeting Attendance

As per the Corral's Range Rules, Active and Associate members should attend at least four events each year. Given our lineup of meetings for Summer 2019, that should be easy to do! Enjoy good food, drink, and company at our June Fandango at Rancho Los Cerritos in Long Beach. Our July Roundup will feature a presentation by Gene Autry Fellow Alyssa Kreikemeier on travel in the West, and our very own Abe Hoffman will speak on Bernardo de Gálvez in August. We hope to see you there, and feel free to invite your friends and colleagues as guests—they just might join us too!

Speaking of new members, the Corral is happy to welcome Alan Griffin, as our new Paul McClure Fellow. Alan, one of my former students at Los Angeles Valley College, now studies medieval history at Cal State Northridge. The Corral is also pleased to announce/boast of accolades granted to our Phil Brigandi, who received a 2018-2019 Award of Merit by the Conference of California Historical Societies. Well done!

Writers Wanted for Future Equestrian *Branding Iron*

Much ink has been spilt about the cowboys of the American West, but what about their trusty steeds? In homage to our horse friends—and donkeys, mules, and ponies, too—the Summer 2019 issue of *The Branding Iron* will have an equestrian theme. Similar to the Earthquake Issue in *Branding Iron* 292, we would like to have members submit their stories, remembrances, research items, poetry, artwork, photographs, or anything else related to equestrian matters.

If you would like to contribute, please contact *Branding Iron* Editor, yours truly, at John.Dervin.Dillon@gmail.com. This horse special will be published in September, so please submit your articles by mid August at the latest to be considered for inclusion.

Book Sales

Are there any empty spaces in your bookcase that need filling? Or do you need to free up room on your shelves? The Westerners can help you do either, or both!

A silent book auction is held at every monthly Roundup—come early for social hour, find a book or two that appeals to you, and name your price. Thanks to a generous donation from the family of Pete Parker, the Corral has many rare books for sale. A number are signed or contain interesting broadsides, publisher letters, or invoices. For the full catalog of other books for sale, please check our webpage or contact Brian D. Dillon at briandervindillon@gmail.com.

The Westerners also accepts donations of books, whether individually or by the truckload. Every book donated helps to fund the Corral, and brings enjoyment to a new reader. If you would like to make a bibliophilic contribution to the Corral, feel free to contact us at westerners.la@gmail.com.

— John Dillon

Monthly Roundup . . .

March 2019

Michael Holland

If you've got a bureaucrat's bone where your funny bone should be, then the March Roundup was one you'd have been sorry to miss. Aside from yours truly officially becoming a Corral member by receiving the Paul McClure Fellowship, the main event of the evening was a presentation on the workings of the Los Angeles City Archives by that facility's manager, Michael Holland. In addition to outlining the purpose and administration of the city archives, Mr. Holland offered anecdotes about some of the more peculiar treasures held within his trove, and piqued the interest of anyone with an eye for Los Angeles history with his sample of beautiful photographs documenting the city's development.

The Los Angeles City Archives consists of the Records Center, which maintains the everyday, temporary records for nearly all city business—some 200,000 boxes worth—and the Archive, which focuses on curating the primary documentation for the clerk's office and the City Council. It is the archive which starred in Mr. Holland's presentation, as it is the place to find council minutes dating back to 1829, in the years of the Mexican Common Council—both in their original Spanish, and in English translations. These are joined in the archive by audio and video recordings of later meetings, as well as by aerial footage of the growing city—shot from dirigibles!—used in right-of-way films, construction photos and LAPD scrapbooks, and even a piece of the fig tree which long stood in El Pueblo Plaza.

These more ephemeral bits of history stand out as perhaps the most exciting aspect of the archive, as they help bring Los Angeles' past to life. Old licenses and deeds have proven valuable to genealogy, and council minutes are great for exposing bygone political issues. But, to see photos of the city under construction, or to hold a brick from the recently excavated portion of the *Zanja Madre*—the "Mother Ditch" responsible for providing Los Angeles the water necessary for its early growth—provides a truly visceral connection to our past that few documents can match. Mr. Holland jumps at the chance to preserve this ephemera, saying that, "You've got one chance to get this stuff. Get it now, and you can justify it later."

Another quote from Mr. Holland was that "This stuff is meant to be shared." To that end, the archive is open to the public and, uniquely, will loan its treasures out to those who wish to exhibit them. With an unimaginable 200,000 boxes worth of documents in the Records Center, alone—and only 1/10 of one percent digitized—if you plan to delve the archives depths in service of your research, make sure you've done your legwork, and know where you're looking! If, however, you plan to visit the archives for fun, maybe pack a bottle of wine to grease the wheels, as Mr. Holland is an amateur vintner. He assured us that guests are always welcome at the archive, and encouraged everyone to check out the Marie Northrop Lecture Series which he chairs. The archive is located at the C. Erwin Piper Technical Center, 555 Ramirez Street, Space 320, Los Angeles, CA, 90012. Mr. Holland may be reached at (213) 473-8441, and at michael.holland@lacity.org.

— Alan Griffin

April 2019

Larry Latimer

Southern California has a rich history of aviation, and the Westerners had a unique opportunity to learn more about it at April's Corral meeting. Our speaker, Larry Latimer, was the president of the Aerospace Legacy Foundation for nine years, and thus uniquely qualified to present a lecture on the history of aerospace in the city of Downey.

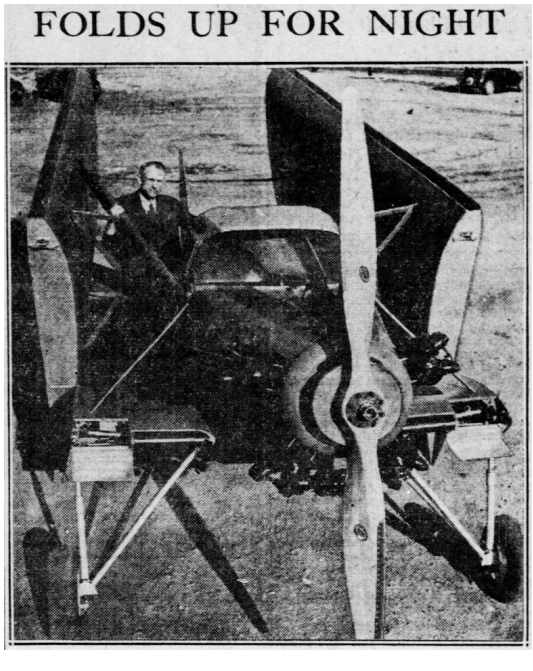
The first aviation plant in Downey was founded by E.M. Smith in the inauspicious year of 1929. Unfortunately, the Great Depression soon caused Smith to shutter his EMSCO Aircraft Corporation within a year. However, Smith still got some use out of the plant by leasing its facilities to other designers. He found a good customer in Berk Kinner of Security National Aircraft, who had sold aviatrix Amelia Earhart her first airplane. He developed the "Airster" with folding wings that could be stowed in a normal garage and was marketed as a flying car, but few Depression-era customers could afford normal cars, much less gimmicky airplanes.

Jerry Vultee was Smith's chief engineer until Smith shuttered the plant. He later worked as the chief engineer for the Lockheed brothers, but he never forgot about the EMSCO plant in Downey. In 1936, when Vultee began building planes of his own for large orders from countries around the world, he decided to lease the plant in Downey to accommodate his growing business. And grow it did during WWII. The Vultee plant produced flocks of planes, many of them built by women pitching in to the war effort.

The plant originally built by E.M. Smith in 1929 ultimately reached the heights of its achievements not in aviation, but in rocketry. After the war, North American Aviation moved into the Downey plant and built missiles. They went on to win the contract for the Apollo program, which attracted talent from all around the country. All Apollo astronauts travelled to the Moon in capsules made in Downey. The plant, later under Rockwell, also played a decisive role in the Space Shuttle program.

While the assembly plants in Downey have mostly been repurposed as shopping centers today, the history that was made there has not been forgotten. In recognition of Downey's special place in space exploration, the space shuttle *Endeavor*, carried on the back of a NASA Jumbo Jet, made three passes over Downey before landing at LAX for retirement in 2012. The Westerners thank Larry Latimer for his enjoyable and informative talk.

— Aaron Tate


FOLDS UP FOR NIGHT

Above: *Berk Kinner's "Airster," from the* Pittsburgh Press, *Sun Nov 1 issue, 1936. Image from Latimer's excellent website,* aerospacelegacyfoundation.com. *Here you can learn more about Downey's aerospace history and find many more photographs. Check it out!*

May 2019

Mike Eberts

The Westerners were privileged to have Dr. Mike Eberts as guest speaker for May's Roundup. Mike, who earned his PhD in Political Science at USC and has taught at Glendale Community College since 1987, provided a history of one of Southern California's most iconic locales and its greatest tragedy: the Griffith Park fire of 1933. This fire, as Mike so eloquently put it, began at the wrong place, at the wrong time, with the worst choice of victims.

After the stock market crash of 1929, people struggling emotionally and economically turned to Griffith Park to unwind. Despite the tight budgets of the Great Depression, the Los Angeles Recreation Department kept itself and the jobless busy. In addition to organizing festivities like the Magic Dell, Enchanted Pool, and May Day, the Park Commissioners put the unemployed to work on the beautifying the park. In a show of solidarity in hard times, city employees contributed 1% of their salaries to keep these jobless men at work maintaining Griffith Park.

On October 3, 1933, the day the fire occurred, more than 3700 unemployment relief workers were believed to have been on duty. By noon, the temperature was around 100 degrees. A professional golfer, Bobby Ross, was the first to notice what appeared to be a small fire. The Park's Superintendant, Frank Shearer, saw thick, oily smoke reminiscent of a car fire around 2:15pm, which made him think it could have been intentional. Shearer's observation fueled much wild speculation. Some witnesses claimed to have seen two suited men flee the scene of the supposed arson, while others swore the conflagration was the fault of a communist saboteur.

Although the fire's origins may never be known, its consequences were tragic. Many of the unemployed relief workers were sent to fight the fire with shovels and wet sacks. Their work started with high spirits, yet much worse was to come. Shortly before 3pm, the hot and dry Santa Ana winds blew in from the east and fanned the flames in Griffith Park. Conditions quickly worsened to the point that the chief of the Fire Department entered the scene and attempted to evacuate what he claimed were about 2,000 hysterical people. Many of these workers and parkgoers survived by simply running down the hill from where the fire began. Unfortunately, those who decided to run uphill from the fire could not escape and were quickly surrounded. Many fell prey to the flames, but some survived by jumping into the Girl's Camp swimming pool.

By nightfall, the winds had subsided and the fire was brought under control. Worried friends and family members visited a makeshift morgue erected on New High Street. Sadly, many of the unemployment relief workers were transients who could not be identified. The body count was initially estimated to be 70, and eventually revised to an official total of 29—a number some still dispute as too low. The event left the surviving workers bitter, because they did not even receive worker's compensation. According to the courts, they were only "informally" employed, and thus, not qualified for benefits.

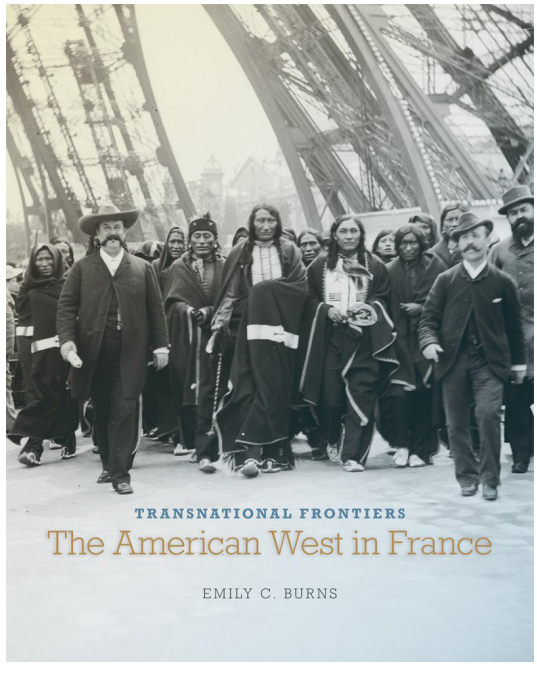
The legacy of this unfortunate event is still felt today. The Griffith J. Griffith Trust is funding an interpretive plaque at the fire site, but the improvements to the Los Angeles Fire Department are perhaps its most fitting memorial. Prompt use of firefighting helicopters at night contained a more recent fire in Griffith Park in 2007 with no casualties.

While the history that Mike recounted was grim, we at the Corral were able to enjoy learning another great story of California's greatest city. See you next time!

— Jovanny Gochez

Down the Western Book Trail . . .

TRANSNATIONAL FRONTIERS: the American West in France, by Emily Burns. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2018, 231pp. Many color and b/w Illustrations, extensive, annotated Notes, Bibliography, Index. Hardbound with photo illustrated dust jacket, large format, $45.



This beautiful book is an academic review of relations between the United States and France, from a historical and artistic, material culture perspective from 1865 to 1914. The Native American representatives touring France, their influence and inclusion, is given particular documentation and analysis. Indeed, the dust jacket cover offers an excellent example of the main topic: a photo from the 1889 Buffalo Bill Wild West show in France, with cast members, including many Indians posing under the Eiffel Tower.

The quality of the many photos and illustrations, including many in color, is truly wonderful. Since the book is large format, the illustrations are generally a nice size. The layout of the photos is uncommonly excellent in that, the descriptive adjoining text is on the same page or nearby. The only drawback is that the book's font is unfortunately thin, not dark or large.

Although academic, it is a comfortable read for both laypersons and serious students, depicting Native Americans, the transnational cultural exchange between the U.S. and France, and the arts and entertainment of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, especially the Buffalo Bill Wild West show.

As Emily Burns explains, the American West permeated every mode of creative production in France: illustration, painting, sculpture, photography, literature, posters, caricature, toys, ceramics, metalwork, film, decorated maps, and live performances. One of the highlights of the book is the information describing the art of Rosa Bonheur, a French woman, who did a serious and magnificent portrait of Buffalo Bill.

To French audiences, the West represented American culture as wild and untamed, yet paradoxically, modern. The log cabins on display at the 1867 Universal Exposition in France left lasting impressions of America as land that was rough and "unfinished." The iconography of the 1900 Exposition juxtaposed the charging cowboy with dwindling Indians as a visual metaphor for the fierce epic of the American West. The wildly successful European postcard trade used Indian images as popular ethnographic souvenirs.

Threaded through the book's artistic dynamics are complex political and social issues. For example, the Lakota nation was the most represented U.S. Indian community abroad, participating in many Wild West shows and American culture exhibits, while at the same time that U.S. reservation and assimilation policies at home were the most severe. Burns also draws interesting comparisons between the collective mythologies of France and the United States, who both saw themselves as pioneer nations "taming" nature and Native peoples in the American West and colonial Africa, respectively.

The art expositions and especially the Buffalo Bill Wild West shows in France

played a decisive role in shaping America's national identity for foreign audiences. This image, unfortunately, came at the expense of the Native Americans showcased to gawking crowds in France but still confined to reservations at home.

The book's Epilogue explains that this is only a starting point on the history of transnational cultural exchange and identity formation, and that there are many further areas of study. This is an excellent work by Emily Burns, and recommended reading for anyone interested in the history of the American West from an outside perspective.

— Joseph Cavallo.

Editor's Note: *Astute readers will notice that this book's title and the above review use the term "transnational," rather than the more familiar "international." Is there a distinct reason for this terminology? In the opinion of this editor, the two words are similar enough to be used interchangeably, but still possess subtle differences in meaning that can justify one's use over the other in certain contexts. INTERnational suggests relations* between *countries as state-level entities. TRANSnational, on the other hand, implies relations* across *borders, with or without the influence of the state. Therefore, things managed by governments like diplomacy or world trade would be "international," but for more fluid, unregulated forces like culture—as is the case in Burns' book—"transnational" is an appropriate label.* — John Dillon

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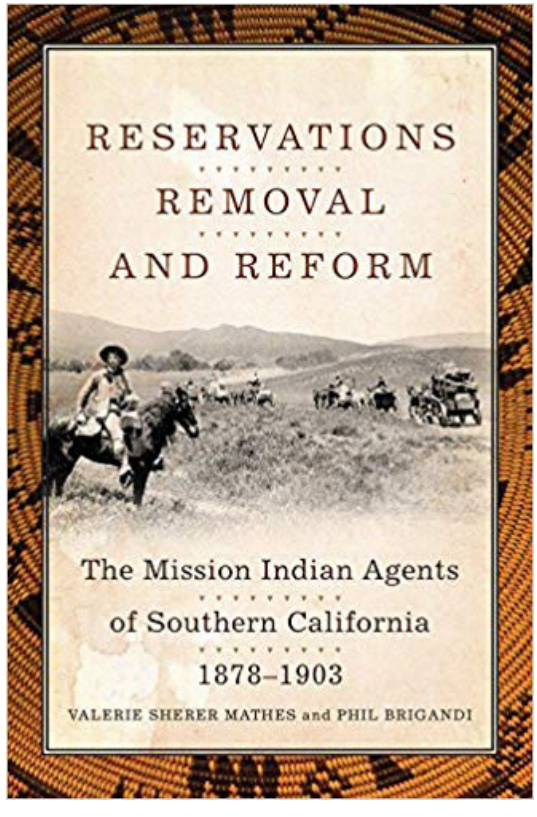
RESERVATIONS, REMOVAL, AND REFORM: The Mission Indian Agents of Southern California 1878-1903, by Valerie Sherer Mathes and Phil Brigandi. University of Oklahoma Press: Norman, 2018. 287 pp. Photos, Epilogue, Endnotes, Bibliography, Index. Hardbound, $36.95. ISBN: 978-0-80641-5999-7.



In *Reservations, Removal, and Reform*, by Valerie Sherer Mathes and Phil Brigandi, the reader experiences the lives of seven Indian agents, between the years 1878 and 1903. The agents are charged with administering government policy, and find themselves in the difficult position of maneuvering through opposing forces between Native Indians, an increasing number of encroaching White settlers, shifting public opinion, court decisions, and administration changes. Not all succeeded at their work. In addition to the agents, the names of key citizens and tribal leaders such as Gervasio Cabezón, Helen Hunt Jackson, John Morongo, Albert K. Smiley, Shirley Ward, and Jonathan Trumbull Warner are to be found in this narrative.

The book brings together excellent accounts from hundreds of source materials, to give the reader an understanding of the duties of agents, which included the welfare, assimilation, and education of Indian children with the intent for making Indians self-sustaining. Reading *Reservations, Removal, and Reform* provides insight into the decisions and recommendations agents made within the crucible of opposing opinions of the time.

Through the use of newspaper articles, government reports, public influence or criticism, and other welfare organizations, various points of view and preferences are revealed. This is a complex subject, yet Mathis and Brigandi bring together this saga in a chronological, understandable format, from varying standpoints with the Indian agent as central figure. With references listed in the back, a reader can choose to skip the endnotes entirely, or methodically read them for an expanded understanding of these events in greater detail.

Most Mission Indians were concentrated in San Bernardino, Riverside, and San Diego Counties. Some tribes were still living on their ancestral lands, others had already been relocated to new places, often with poor land fertility and reduced water availability. Several of these tribes are recognized today by their gambling casinos. Mathes and Brigandi give us the details of the early history of the Mission Indian reservation narrative from the perspective of Indian agents.

Reservations, Removal, and Reform reveals the conflicts with homesteaders who wanted them off "their" land, and government policies which shifted between being supportive and detrimental. One agent, John Shirley Ward, described the Indian as a "…lounging, loitering, lazy, lousy son of the forest…" (Page 84). Another agent, Francisco Estudillo saw him as "a human being endowed with thoughts, feelings, and a soul as immortal as our own" (Page 133). Agent John G. McCallum noted that "the contrast between Indian school children and their parents is so great that it is hard to realize that they are of the same family or even of the same race" (Page 55). Mathes and Brigandi bring this engrossing story to us, and refrain from imposing their opinions.

The reader will learn of the patience, resiliency and character that many Indian leaders displayed, as they gained increased legal assistance and positive public opinion in support of their situation, while pleading their cases in the courts. Agents usually did not bring them the decisions desired. But, as the Indians learned to speak English and their children attended Indian schools, they witnessed the ways of legal maneuvering, and they would continue their battles through the court system of this new country on their ancestral land.

I experienced a number of emotions while reading *Reservations, Removal, and Reform,* a narrative of much struggle and few triumphs. It revealed government policy that, sadly, seemed poorly formulated. It showcased the resilience of the Mission Indians, yet their hopes were disappointed by those who, infuriatingly, used the reservation system for personal profit. Ultimately, the contrast between reservation-educated Indian children and their parents and tribes was too great, and much cultural heritage was lost within one generation's time.

This book is written using the current approach to history topics, in which the authors let the reader arrive at his or her own conclusions. Readers, including historians, interested in local history, early California history, and Native American Studies will benefit from reading this publication. With over 700 endnotes citing manuscript collections, government documents, books, articles, reports, proceedings, theses, dissertations, and interviews woven together to provide an account through opposing perspectives, this book is an excellent resource for further study.

— Therese Melbar