



The Improvement Era

OCTOBER, 1942
VOLUME 45 NUMBER 10
POSTAGE GUARANTEED
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SAM BRANNAN

AND THE MORMONS IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

EDITOR'S NOTE

ALTHOUGH only a young man, Paul Bailey, the author of this historical study, to be serialized in the pages of the *Era*, already has two published books to his credit: *Type High* and *For This My Glory*, the latter of which was on the M. I. A. reading course for 1941-42.

Paul Bailey has evidenced that he has the stuff of which great writers can be made, for he is an indefatigable researcher and a painstaking reviser.

In addition to his writing, which he declares he cannot let alone, he is known on the Pacific Coast as an expert in advertising and trade typography. He is married, the father of two fine sons, and an active elder in Garvanza Ward, Los Angeles.

PART I

SPRAWLED along the southwestern coast of North America lies a fabulously rich and favored strip of summered earth. A land both coveted and lauded in superlatives from the galleon days of Cabrillo down to the latest fulmination of dollar-baiting chambers of commerce in any one of its present rich cities. One basic pride to any true Californian, and a deathless lure to confirmed romantics, is that state's amazing and seemingly inexhaustible font of historic lore. From breech-clothed Indian to Spanish grandee, from swaggering argonaut down to the latest movie premiere, there can be no denying the pulsing glamor of that land.

Books have fattened on the exploits of Kearny, Stockton, and Fremont and their deeds-of-arms which gave California to the American republic. Exciting are the tales of red-shirted miners who grubbed the earth of the mother lode country in search of wealth. Even to those prosaic but essential folk who turned its rich soil to the husbandry of men, has come a deserved measure of praise. No thinking mortal can fail to acknowledge the beauty, the heroism, the color of any part of the glorious drama of our great west—least of all Mormons, who were instrumental in writing much of it. In the mutual affairs both of California and the Latter-day Saints, there stand

By PAUL BAILEY

the deepest bonds of sympathetic interest. To that great state, Mormonism acknowledges a peculiar debt of gratitude. And, conversely, the Saints had more fingers in California's historical pie than most people are even remotely aware.

A discerning probe of California lore will reveal how singularly important are the parts which Mormons have played in the drama of the Pacific slope. Our people witnessed the first American flag over Yerba Buena. Our Battalion boys built the first flagpole in Pueblo de Los Angeles and draped it with the Stars and Stripes.¹ Earliest Anglo-Saxon colonizers under the new flag were Mormons. Mormon picks laid bare the gold which plunged a world into the delirious frenzy of 1849. It was Mormons who changed the *ranchos'* idle acres to the richest agricultural section in the world. From the day California ceased to be a forgotten province of indolent Mexico and became a part of this nation—in every step of its growth to the present—Latter-day Saints have played distinguished and noble parts.

In return, California has ever been to our people a tolerant friend. No place, outside of Utah, or the cradle of its restoration, does Mormonism hold more sacred in recollection than the broad slopes of the Pacific. California was first to receive the Mormon expatriates from the eastern expulsion, and was early to provide a welcome haven to those destitute sufferers in the name of religion.

Wherever Latter-day Saints have chosen to sojourn—Utah not excepted—the record of intolerance and open persecution seems to have repeated itself. Apparently only in one spot have Mormons lived and been permitted to work out their peculiar pattern of life unmolested—and that is California. In its relations with Latter-day Saints, no black pages of persecution or violence have ever been written against

¹La Reina, *Los Angeles in Three Centuries*, p. 41.



SAMUEL BRANNAN.

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that land. No betrayal of trust or insidious chicanery have darkened the record. California has always been a friendly refuge.

But the story of Mormonism in California, while of utmost interest and importance, is perhaps the least understood of all the historical phases connected with the rise and growth of the Church in America. The turbulent beginnings in New York, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois; the epic plains journey to Utah; the Church's march to destiny in the valley of the Great Salt Lake; all these have become a familiar and laudatory part of Mormon heritage. We know them, the world knows them, and we can lift heads proudly and unashamed in the recital of our past. And yet neglected, almost doomed to obscurity, lie some of the brightest pages in our book of remembrance.

ON March 7, 1835, one hundred Mormon laborers knelt beside the unfinished walls of the Kirtland Temple, to receive a blessing from the Prophet Joseph Smith in acknowledgment of their unselfish labors in constructing the first house of the Lord in this dispensation.² Among those horny-handed toilers

²Journal History, March 7, 1835.

was a lad of fourteen, with wavy black hair and brooding eyes. He was young Samuel Brannan, from the nearby town of Painesville, Ohio, and but recently from Saco, Maine.

Two years previously Samuel had come to Ohio with his elder sister, Mary Ann, and her husband. His brother-in-law had taken up a fertile homestead in the booming region fronting the south margin of Lake Erie. Samuel had heard the magnetic voice of Joseph Smith crying tidings of the Restoration in that wilderness. Against many pleadings he had taken up Mormonism.

As was the custom of those who would learn a trade, Samuel was bound out to the town printer of Painesville as an apprentice. But, whenever time allowed, he journeyed the few miles to Kirtland to fling his strong, young muscles into the thrilling task of building the great temple rising in the Prophet's town.

Little did this dark-eyed neophyte, kneeling to a prophet's blessing, realize the exciting page of history he some day would write for his Church on the legendary shores of the Pacific. Little did he know that the destiny of his own acts would bless and bruise the cause to which he now rendered such commendable faith and homage.

IN early manhood Samuel Brannan purchased his time as an apprentice, and turned his abilities as journeyman printer to the fulfilment of a restless ambition for travel. At Indianapolis he promoted a newspaper—and failed. In New Orleans he joined his brother, Thomas, and there commenced publication of a literary weekly. Misfortune stalked him there as well. His weekly col-

lapsed for want of support; Thomas died of yellow fever; and Samuel fled the scene of his double tragedy.

In New York City the wandering printer employed his talents and turned his energies toward the Church. There his practical eyes saw immediate need for a periodical devoted to Mormon interests. William Smith, brother of the Prophet, then on a mission to the New England states, concurred with Samuel's views, and the two of them traveled through the eastern churches soliciting financial aid for *The Prophet*, a folio, to be published in New York.

William Smith, to an unfortunate degree, lacked the stalwart qualities of his brothers, Joseph and Hyrum. Samuel Brannan likewise possessed certain weaknesses of character which, uncurbed, could only lead to disaster. In their tour of New England, both young men were guilty of acts and indiscreet utterances which brought down upon their heads a deserved rebuke from Wilford Woodruff, who at the time was sojourning in New York preparatory to his mission to the British Isles. In several revealing letters Apostle Woodruff specifically made charges to the Council against the two men.²

Wilford Woodruff sailed to Europe; William Smith returned to Nauvoo; and Parley P. Pratt arrived in New York. Samuel Brannan's publishing venture at last commenced to bear fruit. Under sponsorship of Apostle Pratt, a press was installed at No. 7 Spruce Street, and soon was issuing *The Prophet*.

When, to the jaunty young printer, all things seemed resolved into peace and serenity, from Nauvoo came word that the Prophet and the

Patriarch had suffered brutal martyrdom at the hands of a mob. Close on the heels of this tragic disclosure came news that Samuel Brannan and William Smith had been disfellowshipped from the Church.⁴

Smarting under this abrupt fall from grace, Samuel Brannan resolved to answer charges by a personal visit to Nauvoo. On May 23, 1845, he presented himself before the Council with fervid plea for reconsideration.⁵ Conscious of his eternal loss, he begged most desperately for a return of his rights and standing as a true Latter-day Saint.

The position of the Twelve at that time was by no means comfortable. Saints were being driven frantic by mob acts, and the worried leaders were faced with the problems of completing the Nauvoo Temple and accomplishing a wholesale evacuation of the Church from Hancock County. In the midst of such worry and travail, they found both the time and heart to temper justice with mercy. With true Christian charity, Samuel Brannan was reinstated to fellowship as an elder in the service of the Church.

With renewal of faith, his talents again were enlisted to the cause. He was to return to New York. In place of *The Prophet*, now suspended, he was to establish a new periodical, devoted to the interests of the Church and those Saints in the east. The name chosen for this new venture was *The Messenger*.

Humbled by his experience, rich in the spirit of his new charge, Samuel Brannan hurried eastward. On

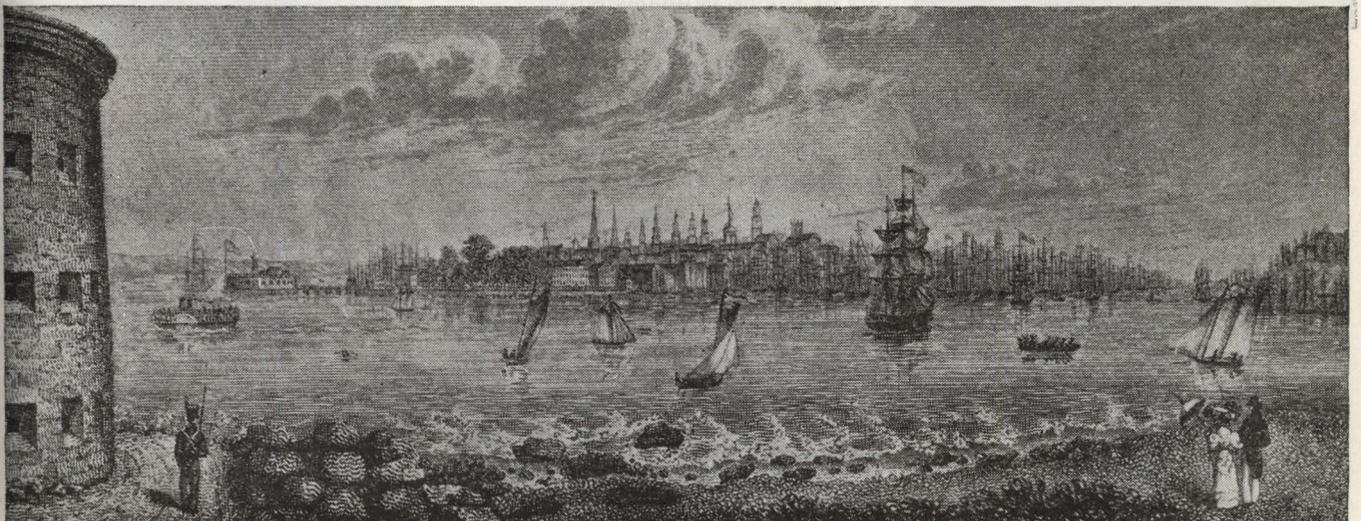
(Continued on page 663)

⁴Ibid., April 10, 1845.

⁵Ibid., May, 23, 1845.

²See letters extenso, *Journal History*, Oct. 9, 22, Dec. 3, 1844.

THE NEW YORK CITY WATERFRONT ABOUT THE TIME THE "BROOKLYN" SAILED FOR CALIFORNIA WITH SAM BRANNAN AND TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT SAINTS ABOARD.



SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 621)

July 5 of that year the first issue of *The Messenger* was struck from the press at No. 7 Spruce Street. It was quarto in size, and was jointly edited by Parley P. and Orson Pratt.⁶

With the Church's every overture for appeasement, its every cry for sanctuary and humane consideration turned back upon its head in utter failure, Brigham Young and the Council at last were forced by stark necessity to move the Saints from the borders of the nation. In that unhappy fall and winter of 1845, those apostles on missions were ordered to return and assist in the exodus. And with direct apostolic supervision withdrawn from New York, Samuel Brannan suddenly found himself charged with managerial responsibilities—and face to face with a bitter task. To him was given the charge of evacuating the eastern Saints to California.

In October of 1845, Orson Pratt had written to Brigham Young regarding Samuel Brannan's problem of disposal of *The Messenger*:

Brother Brannan thinks it will be difficult to take his printing establishment and go to California, unless he goes away dishonorably without paying debts. He is very anxious to go and is willing to do anything he is counseled. He says that the Church perhaps would consider it wisdom to buy his establishment and still keep the paper [in New York].⁷

Either Brigham Young was convinced wholesale evacuation would leave no Church in the east, or he did not "consider it wisdom" to purchase *The Messenger* equipment. History makes no mention of any such financial transaction as ever having been made.

Before Orson Pratt returned to Nauvoo—and as farewell to his beloved Saints in the east—he tearfully urged them to follow Elder Brannan's leadership, and take ship to California. "We do not want one Saint left in the United States after this time," he admonished. "Let every branch in the east, west, north and south be determined to flee out of Babylon either by land or sea. . . ." As a practical note he suggested: "If all want to go, charter a half dozen or a dozen vessels and fill each with passengers, and the fare among so many will be but a trifle."⁸

At the final conference held in American Hall, New York City, November 12, 1845, a resolution was

drawn, setting forth plans for the immediate movement of eastern Saints to California by way of Cape Horn. In an eloquent plea, Samuel Brannan urged all Saints desirous of joining his expedition to present their names immediately. Sailing date was set for January 12, 1846.⁹ It was an incredible task he had set his hands to accomplish in sixty days. And Samuel Brannan found he had shouldered enough cares and responsibilities to challenge all the dynamic energy he possessed.

As the first move, he hurried to Washington. With complete disregard for the failure of every Mormon mission to that hotbed of political intrigue, he visited every dignitary who would grant him audience. In previous letters President Young had informed Brannan that the government was laying secret plans to prevent the Saints from migrating west in the spring. Determined to ferret out the truth, Brannan visited the Secretary of War and cabinet members. Either he heard enough to frighten him, or was taken in by a subtle, greedy political intrigue at the expense of the Mormon people—for he hurried back to New York with a mind full of plans and ideas shaped by Washington backdoor political conferences.

"I have received positive information," he wrote to Brigham Young on January 12, "that it is the intention of the government to disarm you after you have taken up your line of march in the spring, on the ground of the law of the nations, or the treaty existing between the United States and Mexico. Amos Kendall was in the city last week, and positively declared that that was the intention of the government, and I thought it my duty to let you know that you might be on your guard."¹⁰ Amos Kendall was the former United States postmaster-general under two administrations.

The letter further disclosed:

Kendall has also learned that we have chartered the ship *Brooklyn* and that Mormons are going out on her. It is thought that she will be searched for arms, and, if found, taken from us, and if not, an order will be sent to Commodore Stockton on the Pacific to search our vessel before we land.

Kendall will be in the city next Thursday again, and then an effort will be made to bring about a reconciliation. I will make you acquainted with the result before I leave. . . .¹¹

(Continued on page 664)

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⁶Church Chronology, Jenson, p. 27.
⁷Journal History, Oct. 31, 1845.
⁸Ibid., Nov. 8, 1845.

⁹Ibid., Nov. 12, 1845.
¹⁰Ibid., Jan. 12, 1846.
¹¹Ibid., Jan. 12, 1846.

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 663)

The ship *Brooklyn* had been chartered by Brannan for an agreed rate of twelve hundred dollars per month; lessee to assume all risks, pay all port charges, including cost of converting the old hull into a passenger carrier for the two hundred and thirty-five Saints who had signed the register. For a ship of only four hundred and fifty tons burden, this conversion alone was a geometric problem of no mean proportions.

Apparently Samuel Brannan's conference with Amos Kendall and his agent A. G. Benson, over governmental amnesty to the fleeing Saints, resulted in agreement at least between the three principals of the undercover negotiations. As price for "reconciliation," Kendall and Benson produced a contract which Samuel Brannan blithely signed on behalf of the Church. The terms were as vicious as they were simple. Mormons were to transfer to "A. G. Ben-

son, Kendall and Co., and to their heirs and assigns," the even number of all land units and town lots acquired by the Mormons wherever they might colonize. In other words, the Mormons were neatly to divide with greedy politicians their inheritances in the Zion-to-be.¹²

Because of these "negotiations," it was necessary to postpone sailing date of the *Brooklyn* almost a month. But now it was done. Samuel, flushed with victory, wrote to Brigham Young on January 26:

... My interview with Amos Kendall in company with Mr. Benson, resulted in a compromise, the condition of which I shall forward by this mail. . . . Kendall is now our friend and will use his influence in our behalf, in connection with twenty-five of the most prominent demagogues of the country. You will be permitted to pass out of the States unmolested. Their council is to go well armed but keep them secreted from the rabble.

I shall select the most suitable spot on the Bay of San Francisco for the location of a commercial city. When I sail, which will be next Saturday at 1 o'clock, I shall hoist a flag with Oregon on it. . . .¹³

What Samuel Brannan received—for if anything—for this outrageously fraudulent contract at the expense of the Latter-day Saint people is a secret seemingly beyond penetration. The cost of rebuilding the old *Brooklyn* and stocking her hold with everything from sawmills to encyclopedias has been estimated at over \$16,000. Most historians concede the huge sum involved as belonging to Samuel Brannan, which perhaps was so. But Orson Pratt's previous mention of the printing debts throws a confusing shadow upon the affair. Regardless of how the bills were paid, the fact remains, few colonization expeditions ever were better planned. Tools and equipment of every conceivable variety filled the hold. Seeds, chickens, pigs, and even milch cows were crammed into the little vessel. And carefully stowed aboard was the five-ton printing press and all equipment used in production of *The Prophet* and *The Messenger*.¹⁴

Fares for the pilgrims were set at fifty dollars for each adult person, plus twenty-five dollars for food—with children to go for half. There were a number of exasperating delays; but finally, on February 4, 1846, the *Brooklyn* hauled anchor and put to sea—by curious coin-

¹²Contract quoted extenso, *Journal History*, Jan. 27, 1846.

¹³*Ibid.*, Jan. 26, 1846.

¹⁴Description of *Brooklyn*, *Times and Seasons*, VI, 1127.

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SAM BRANNAN

cidence on the very day the first Mormon Pioneers crossed the Mississippi's ice and plunged into the unknown west. Crowding the rails of the *Brooklyn* were two hundred and thirty-eight Saints, including seventy men, sixty-eight women, and one hundred children. It was a solemn moment in the lives of these people. They were leaving, perhaps forever, the land of their birth, the nation of their allegiance. They faced the grim necessity of tearing up roots and beginning life anew in a strange land—for in those days the Mexican province of California was as little known to average Americans as the steppes of Russia. All they possessed was their love one for another, their hope in the future, their sustaining faith in God.

And on that bleak February day, when the creaking ship with gathering sail slipped past the bristling guns of Fort Lafayette and into the

lead gray waters of the channel, many a heart tugged in nostalgic memory of what they never again might see. Many an eye turned for a fond last look at the white mounds of Staten Island, the hazed and fast receding shoreline. Their life of the past was dead—their new life only now commenced. Who could know their future store?

And as if in answer to their anguished hearts, a brave voice raised itself in song. While the masts grew white with sail, while the old ship cleaved the swells out into the Atlantic, the song caught on—until it rolled in mighty paean of sustaining faith:

Sister, see yon evening star
Shining on the hills afar!
Shines it not, for you and me
O'er the California sea?
Rejoice! Rejoice!
The wilderness shall bloom!

(To be continued)

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF THE MORMONS

(Continued from page 625)

From subsequent contacts, through visiting in the state, I found that the Mormons are quite clannish in a business way, and although they are using gentile capital to help in the development of their country, and there is at the present time a large quantity of such, still they prefer to do their trading and give their profits to people of their own religion. Out in the farming districts of the state the condition of agriculture is very backward from a modern standpoint. You see a great deal of abject poverty through such districts, although, of course, modern methods of agriculture have made great headway in some places. (No. 20)

Comment: Granting that the observations may be true in some cases, foreign capital has solicited investment in Mormon communities, partly because managers of investment firms, like insurance companies, considered the risk exceptionally desirable.

Irrigation, so essential in reclaiming the desert, has limited the size of the farming unit to frequently less than fifty or one hundred acres and to crops of an intensive nature such as fruits and vegetables. Such crops require considerable hand labor, hence, fewer tractors, field trucks, and large machinery.

Their chief weakness is their traditionalism, which is a common weakness of most religious people, though not necessary. (No. 21)

Comment: The traditions of the Mormon people constitute our prize

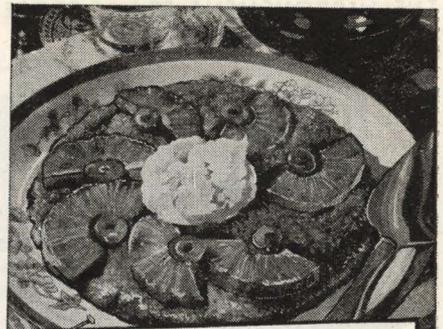
possessions. We consider them our choice assets, economically as well as socially and religiously.

I think I would state that their greatest weakness as a Church is the missionary system, wherein very young men and sometimes women without proper training are sent into all parts of the world as missionaries. That these young people can give good accounts of themselves morally, I think, is known to those who come in contact with them. But their weakness lies in their inability to discuss such matters with the more intelligent people in the educated centers, owing to their lack of experience and ministerial training.

The Mormon Church in their religious meetings believe in having the various members of the Church take part in talking to the congregations. This results in making many of their services uninteresting, as many of the speakers have no apparent ability to deliver a sermon and this is amplified by lack of preparation. This Church does not believe in a paid clergy. While this may be beneficial in some respects, it does not lend itself to services of a high intellectual order, and may detract from its spiritual rewards. I have been told recently that the Mormon Church is now building some churches which are great improvements in church architecture from the past, and that they are more and more pressing for better and better sermons and the order that is essential for exhilaration in church services. So, it would seem that they recognize the above mentioned weakness, in part, at least. (No. 22)

Comment: Although the quality, as preachers, of our missionaries evidences the absence of adequate experience, their youth and humility have won many converts who have,

(Continued on page 666)



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The Improvement Era



EMBER, 1942

45 NUMBER 11

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GENERAL CONFERENCE
EDITION

Sam Brannan

AND THE MORMONS IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

PART II

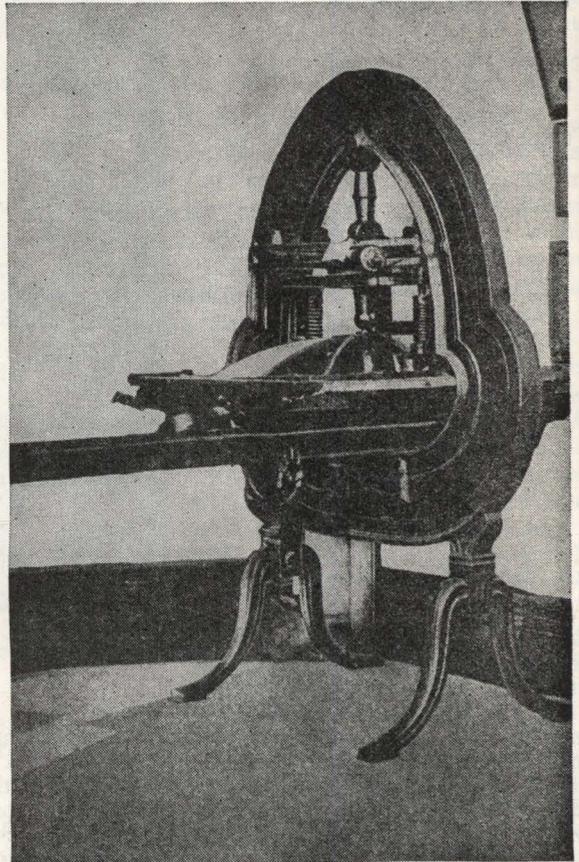
AT the age of twenty-seven, Samuel Brannan was a dashingly handsome figure. His dress was impeccably dandified. His near six-foot physique and tireless energy were heritage from sturdy seafaring ancestors and the bleak coast of Maine which cradled him. His hair was black, his eyes dark and flashing, his voice full of imperious thunder. He walked the sagging decks of the old *Brooklyn* like a king—demanding instant obedience from that band of Mormon pilgrims who had plighted their lives to ocean hazard and looked to him for guidance.

Despite his tendency toward pomposity and self-exaltation, Brannan had leadership qualities which if rightly used could have assured success for the undertaking. He was shrewd, attentive to detail, and possessed of courage and vision in a degree given few men. In stocking the hold of the *Brooklyn* he chose supplies and equipment calculated to meet any emergency which might arise in pioneering a new commonwealth. In 1848 the coasts of California were but vaguely known to the American people, and rarely touched by ships plying the Pacific. In the China trade, Honolulu was the Pacific port of call rather than any of the squalid seacoast villages of California. Occasionally American merchantmen touched at Yerba Buena, San Pedro, or San Diego, but their only hope for a cargo was an occasional load of dried beef hides.

In that land of imponderables Samuel Brannan hoped to plant a Mormon colony. He seemed convinced that Brigham Young would lead the Saints through to California—a belief difficult to reconcile with the great leader's public utterances and writings at that time. He expected to arrive first in this new land. His responsibility, he considered, was to make ready a place where weary Saints who traveled overland might find rest and surcease from the trail.

So into the hold of the *Brooklyn* had gone agricultural and mechanical implements for eight hundred

By PAUL BAILEY



SAM BRANNAN'S
PRINTING
PRESS

Upon this press was printed "The Prophet," and "The Messenger." Afterwards, hauled around the Horn on the "Brooklyn," it was used by Brannan to print San Francisco's first newspaper, the "California Star."

—Courtesy, Society of California Pioneers.

men: scythes, plows, hoes, forks, shovels, plow-irons, nails, glass; blacksmith, carpenter and millwright tools; equipment for three grain mills; turning lathes and sawmill irons; printing equipment and two years' supply of paper. There were such staples as brass, copper, tin and crockeryware, dry goods, and an immense supply of school books and slates. Two milch cows, forty pigs, and crates of fowls were loaded aboard to make certain Zion had an agricultural start. And the cows, milked on deck, provided a fresh and nourishing diet for the *Brooklyn's* infant passengers. A case or two of smooth-bore muskets were carefully hidden between

decks, and the ship had been provisioned for a six month's voyage. To prepare meals, a negro cook and a negro steward had been hired for sixteen and eighteen dollars a month, respectively.

Throughout the weeks preceding the voyage a crew of carpenters had transformed the decrepit old merchantman into something vaguely resembling a packet. Lower deck and a portion of the evil-smelling hold had been converted into tiny cabins and bunks, with one large room provided for religious services and mess hall. These quarters were ill-ventilated, insanitary, and almost wholly devoid of light.

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SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 692)

As the ship headed out into the Atlantic, the Saints were not long in discovering other discomforts—from which there would be no relief for months to come. Not the least of these was a lack of headroom below deck. So low were the ceilings that only a dwarf could stand erect. For a person of normal stature to move about, it was necessary to crouch monkey-fashion.

Elder Brannan chose staterooms alongside Captain Richardson in the ship's officers' quarters. For a few days he democratically took meals with the passengers in the mess hall. But the infernal clatter of tin plates, the howling, seasick babies, and the bilgy smell quickly offended his fastidious sensibilities. For the remainder of the voyage he dined at the captain's table—and there were whispers among those less fortunate.¹

Before leaving New York he'd drawn up an elaborate code of conduct, to which he now insisted the Saints adhere. Affairs were to be guided by a set of twenty-one rules which covered everything from insubordination to Sabbath observance. To complete his presidency he chose two counselors, E. Ward Pell and Isaac Robbins. He appointed assistants and table waiters, and divided the seventy men aboard into "watches" to keep twenty-four-hour guard on person and property.

He was punctilious in his demands for proper religious devotion. Prayers were to be held every evening—on deck when weather was fair, in the mess hall when cold or storms made the deck untenable. Attendance was obligatory. The Sabbath was a day of rest and praise, during which the young elder loudly exhorted them to "a true sense of duty."

This elaborate scheme of government and discipline had scarcely begun before it was broken into by ruthless and unheeding weather elements. In less than a week after swinging into the Atlantic from Sandy Hook, the vessel was clutched in the grip of a storm which brought consternation and terror to the huddled Saints "below." The howling gale which descended in the vicinity of the horse latitudes came very nearly ending the audacious venture once and for all. Four days and four nights the little vessel was at the mercy of the storm. The "passenger deck" of the pitching ship became an appalling sight. Pots, pans, luggage, and tables were thrown about in clattering melee. The Saints, most of them New England farmers and mechanics, and totally unused to rigors of the sea, were prey to sickness doubly aggravated by the violence of the storm.

While the helpless vessel was blown

¹A number of intimate touches bearing on Brannan's conduct are mentioned in the *Glover Ms.*, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. This is probably the best eyewitness account extant.

ever nearer the treacherous coast line of the Cape Verde Islands, Samuel Brannan fought panic. "Sing!" he'd bellow. "Sing all!" And through those awful days and nights, the Saints sang down the howl of the winds and the roar of the waves which crashed the deck above their heads. With retching stomachs, with trembling fear, they clung to pitching benches to lift brave voices in "The Spirit of God," and "We Are Going to California."

There was one occasion when even the grizzled Captain Richardson became convinced all was lost. Going below to inform his Mormon charges they might as well prepare for the worst, he was astonished and ashamed by their show of composure in the face of danger. Then, when death and a watery grave seemed most imminent, the wind suddenly shifted, and gradually died to sailing breeze. The mighty swells and dashing seas, which for days had threatened to broach the ship, slowly died to a gentle chop. The long-hidden sun shone again in answer to their prayers. After burying their dead in the steely waters of the Atlantic, the Saints knelt in prayerful thanksgiving for deliverance from the storm.

In a week the *Brooklyn* had passed into the region of the gentler southeast trades. For days on end the old ship plowed its way through green seas toward the southernmost tip of the world. Winter days grew warm and comfortable. The equator was crossed early in March, and King Neptune was duly crowned with all the hilarity usually accompanying such an event.

But Samuel Brannan, as he restlessly stalked the ship, visioned to himself the broad vistas of the future. To make their venture workable there needs must be a pattern of government strong enough to weather the problems and adversities certain to beset them when the voyage ended and they were confronted with the task of subduing the earth and pioneering a commonwealth. With these cares dinning in his ears he called a shipboard meeting. The plan he presented bore partial semblance to the Prophet's United Order, but he added faults to it of his own making. Each Saint was asked to subscribe to articles of agreement, which, roughly, included among its points:

1. They would unite to form one company.
2. They would, as a single body, make every effort to pay the debt of transportation.
3. They would, with one accord, make preparations for members of the Church who were coming overland.
4. They would give the proceeds of their labor for the next three years to a common fund from which all were to have a living.
5. If any refused to obey the laws

(Continued on page 726)

IDEAS

From My Kitchen to Yours!

\$5 TEA GARDEN-SUNSET IDEA OF THE MONTH

The \$5 Tea Garden merchandise award for the November "Tea Garden Idea", as judged by the Improvement Era food editor, goes to Miss Lenora Flake of Olympia, Wash., for her recipe for:

TEA GARDEN RED CURRANT MERINGUE CAKE

Split 4 (3-inch) squares of sponge cake, or 4 plain cup cakes, and fill generously with Tea Garden Red Currant Jelly. Beat 1 egg white until stiff; gradually beat in 2 tablespoons powdered sugar; add ¼ cup Tea Garden Red Currant Jelly; beat until smooth. Spread meringue over filled cakes; garnish with a bit of jelly. Serves 4. Vary the kind of cake and the flavor of the jelly to suit your taste.

CRANBERRY-MARMALADE SAUCE

The traditional holiday cranberry sauce takes on new interest when combined with Tea Garden Orange Marmalade. With a fork, mix 1 cup cranberry sauce (or jelly); ½ cup Tea Garden Marmalade... and you have a zippy, tangy relish with an exciting new flavor. Excellent on meats or poultry. Tea Garden Marmalade is made of fresh, golden oranges... adds zest to any meal.



Gifts for the boys in service. A Christmas Box of goodies loaded with Tea Garden delicacies. Last mailing date for overseas troops is November 1st.

HOTCAKES FOR BRISK MORNINGS

These glorious, brisk mornings suggest steaming buttered hotcakes deluged with luscious Tea Garden Drips. It's a rich, hearty syrup of delicately flavored sugars. It gets along famously with hotcakes or waffles. Tastes so good, it adds new "zip" and "go" to your morning's work!

Idea! In addition to using Maraschino Cherries in cocktails or fruit drinks, include a dish of Tea Garden Maraschino Cherries with your other hors d'oeuvres.



New Pumpkin Sauce: Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Fold in 2 tablespoons Tea Garden Drips and a dash of cinnamon. Serve atop Pumpkin Pie or Pudding. Also delicious served on squares of Chocolate or plain cake.

EVER TRIED A COOKIE SANDWICH?

For a novel sandwich, fill large sugar cookies with a spread of cream cheese and a generous amount of Tea Garden Raspberry or Blackberry Preserves. It's a delicious, satisfying snack. Great for children's or defense workers' lunch boxes. Just as appetizing with bread or rolls. Tea Garden Preserves are made of large, luscious table-quality fruits.



Helen Thurston
YOUR TEA GARDEN HOSTESS

PRESERVES JELLIES
GRAPE JUICE SYRUPS
MARASCHINO CHERRIES



SWEET PICKLED AND CANDIED FRUITS

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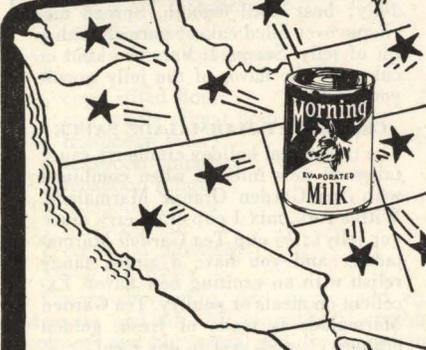
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UTAH HOMEMAKERS made home-owned Morning Milk the fastest-selling evaporated milk in the Intermountain West. Then Morning Milk's *finer flavor* brought demands from consumers throughout the West! So today the modern Morning Milk plants in Wellsville, Utah, Sunnyside, Washington, and Stockton, California, are busy producing for Western America the finer-flavored evaporated milk that you in Utah made famous!



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Aids in treatment of Canker, simple sore throat and other minor mouth and throat irritations.

Hall's Canker Remedy

536 East 2nd So. — at Salt Lake City, Utah

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 725)

laid down, they should be expelled.

- In event all the Saints departed from the covenant the common property was to rest with the elders, and if the elders fell from grace, the common fund was to pass to the first elder.²

As "First Elder," Samuel Brannan assumed titular head of the body politic and custodian of its property. To continue the personal note even further, the Order was given the name of "Samuel Brannan & Company." Grumbling immediately was manifest because of those clauses so patently favorable to the leader's interests. Yet, with a loyal Mormon's respect for authority, all subscribed their names to the agreement. Inexorable justice would deal with the contract's irregularities, and an all-seeing God could be depended upon to humble any leader who might be foolish enough to allow opportunism to advance personal affairs at the expense of true humility and the doctrines of the Master.

The old hull bore steadily southward under drive of the favorable and constant southeast trades. Colder days and nights gradually became persistent reminders of old "Cape Stiff" yet to be rounded, and ever growing nearer. Sometime in April, when the deck no longer was a pleasant spot to relax, the *Brooklyn* headed her barnacled prow into the frigidly treacherous waters of Drake's Passage. Cape pigeons, and the trailing petrels with mourning cry, seemed morbid harbingers of the perils ahead. But eventually, through the skillful seamanship of Captain Richardson, Cape Horn was rounded, and that graveyard of ships at last put behind them.

As the *Brooklyn* headed northward along the coast of Chile, hopes and spirits raised with every mile. At last they were on the mighty Pacific. Soon Valparaiso would be reached—their first landfall since leaving New York.

Indeed, it was high time the vessel made port. Drinking water had become so scarce it was rationed in pints. Firewood for the galley was all but exhausted. Warm meals must soon become a memory, unless needed fuel was supplied for the cook's stove. But most of all, the pilgrims were utterly weary of the monotonous days, the weeks on end of sea and sky, and nothing more. Every soul looked forward to setting foot in the lovely city of Valparaiso.

But the *Brooklyn* and its hopeful passengers never saw Valparaiso. When within the very reach of its harbor entrance, an offshore gale broke upon them. For three days and nights the elements raged, until the ship was blown back almost to the Cape itself. When finally the storm died, and the

world of sea and sky grew calm again, several children were dead in the suffocating hold of the ship, and despair was felt for the life of Sister Laura Goodwin, who had been thrown from a ladder-way during the gale's fury.

Discouraged, Captain Richardson made no further attempt to gain harbor at Valparaiso. His decision, born from the desperateness of their predicament, was to strike for the lonely island of Juan Fernandez. On May 4, 1846, the *Brooklyn* dropped her rusty anchor into the mooring cove of the island which Defoe had chosen as setting for his immortal *Robinson Crusoe*. Events proved it a more fortunate choice than Valparaiso could ever have been. Ship's casks were filled with the island's abundance of finest drinking water. Firewood was present for the simple effort of its gathering and baling by the willing hands of the Mormon pilgrims. The place abounded with wild goats. Rocky shoreline teemed with fish hungry for the hook. Peaches and wild fruit were there for appetites satiated with ship biscuit and brined pork, and the huge crawfish which frequented its streams rivaled the best eastern lobster.

Barrels of food were packed and salted. These, along with the water casks and firewood, were safely stowed in the *Brooklyn's* hold—and all with little cost to "Brannan & Company." Similar stocks in Valparaiso would have taken a considerable outlay of their slender resources. It was easier for the Saints to forget the storm's misery when they considered this sign of divine intervention in their behalf.

Sister Laura Goodwin was never privileged to continue the voyage. But of those who died en route, she alone found resting place on dry land. Her body, after a solemn funeral, was lowered to its island grave. And there she lies today.

After five days at Juan Fernandez the little ship struck boldly out across the trackless Pacific, perfect weather holding almost to the Sandwich [Hawaiian] Islands. Day following day the creaking sails bore them over warm and gentle seas at constant speed of from six to seven knots an hour.

Through months past, death had struck the little company of Saints on ten tragic occasions. Yet life, too, had partially offset the loss. In mid-Atlantic the ship's midwife had successfully delivered a healthy baby to a seaisk mother aboard. At the suggestion of the versatile Samuel Brannan, the tiny boy was named "Atlantic," after the ocean of its birth. Now, once more and this time in the calm Pacific, a girl was born. To follow precedent, she duly was christened "Pacific."

Early in the voyage Elder Brannan had instituted military drill for the seventy men who comprised the ship's male complement. As soldiers,

²This item, in more extended form, is contained in the Dunlap Thesis (unpublished), undergraduate division, University of California.

Sam Brannan

they made a brave aggregation of farmers and mechanics—until Brannan dug up a suitable bolt of cloth from the cargo miscellany, and busy fingers of the women were soon at work providing uniforms for the shipboard "battalion." After that the men wheeled and turned about deck with a jauntiness which only a uniform can give. Samuel Brannan made capital use of these long, warm days of the Pacific to round out the military knowledge of his little army, under tutorship of an ex-soldier by the name of Samuel Ladd.

For thirty days the vessel sailed west by north. Then suddenly the wind died, and they were becalmed on a glassy, tropic sea. Not so much as a breath of wind stirred the drooped sails for more than a week. To the Saints, who had suffered in their cramped quarters for more than a hundred days, this was a grievous experience. When finally the endless monotony of it threatened to drive them to madness, they cried in desperation to heaven for deliverance. And at long last, as if in answer to their importuning, a breeze stirred the wilted canvas overhead. A joyous shout went up. The rickety hull began to move.

A week later the *Brooklyn* dropped anchor in Honolulu harbor, to take on supplies and discharge the five hundred barrels of freight which the canny Brannan had contracted to deliver to help defray expense of the voyage. This second landfall was reached June 20, after one hundred and thirty-six days at sea.

As the vessel rounded Diamond Head to anchorage, a strange sight met Mormon eyes. Ominously offshore, bristling with guns, stood a number of American warships. The meaning of all this was quickly learned. United States and Mexico were at war! California soon would be American soil! Present with the fleet was Commodore Stockton, with his flagship, the frigate *Congress*. Ships were provisioning to assault the very place Mormons already had sailed four and one-half months to reach.

This was astonishing news. To many Saints, grievous news. Like the Puritans before them, they had fled their native country to work out their salvation in a new land. Had they sought freedom—only to lose it? Now that California was destined to become a part of the United States, would the same persecution follow?

To aggravate the already delicate situation, Elder Brannan suddenly conceived a daring plan. Why shouldn't he and his shipboard-soldiers achieve historical acclaim by taking Yerba Buena by force of arms? By being the first to plant the American flag on San Francisco Bay?

It is doubtful if the Saints in his charge were aware of their fame-hunting, filibustering leader's intentions. Many of the brethren favored changing their course to Oregon or

Victoria Island. Not a few were anxious to turn back. Samuel Brannan answered by reminding them of their promises to President Young; of

their settled plans to disembark on the California coast; of their obligation to "prepare a place" for the Saints from
(Continued on page 728)



Mrs. Spaunhoven's APPLE FRITTERS

NEXT time you treat your family to a pork roast try this simple recipe for apple fritters sent in by Mrs. Spaunhoven of Sacramento. And, to be sure of fluffy tenderness use Enriched Globe "A1" Flour. It's always dependable . . . for everything you bake. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

APPLE FRITTERS



1 ½ c. GLOBE "A1" FLOUR	1 egg
1 ½ tsp. baking powder	Tart apples
¼ tsp. salt	Confectioners' sugar
⅔ c. milk	1 tbsp. lemon juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift again. Gradually add milk and well-beaten egg. Peel, core and slice apples crosswise; sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and lemon juice; cover and let stand ½ hour. Drain and dip each slice first in a little GLOBE "A1" FLOUR, then in batter. Fry in deep hot fat (370 degrees) until golden brown and apple is tender. Drain on unglazed paper. Sprinkle with mixture of 2 tbsp. sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon.

A-1 FOR EVERYTHING YOU BAKE!

FACTS ABOUT FRISKIES - the complete dog food



Q. Can a dog eat too much of one thing?

A. Too much of anything is as bad for dogs as for humans. That's why dogs do best on a complete food like Friskies. It contains 19 essential ingredients for proper nutrition.

Q. Does Friskies contain meat products?

A. Yes—meat and bone scraps for the proteins all dogs need. Friskies also contains cooked cereals, dried skimmed milk, minerals and six vitamins—all in adequate amounts!

Q. Do dogs like Friskies?

A. Yes! Friskies is scientifically blended to accentuate the flavor most dogs prefer. What's more, Friskies is economical, easy to feed!



FEED FRISKIES IN CUBE AND MEAL FORM FOR VARIETY!

3 Grand Ways TO MAKE DELICIOUS MAPLEINE SYRUP

1

made with SUGAR

pour 2 cups boiling water
over 4 cups sugar
add 1 teaspoon Mapleine
stir and you have . . .

2 pints Mapleine Syrup

2

with CORN SYRUP

boil 1½ cups hot water
3 cups corn syrup
for 5 minutes

add 1 teaspoon Mapleine
stir and you have . . .

2 pints Mapleine Syrup

3

with HONEY & CORN SYRUP

heat 1 cup hot water
½ cup strained honey
2½ cups corn syrup
Bring to full boil.

add 1 teaspoon Mapleine
stir and you have . . .

2 pints Mapleine Syrup



Plenty of golden-rich syrup, even in wartime! Make yours easily, save money! Three grand ways, with Mapleine. One, America's favorite for 35 years. And two wartime recipes—sugarless! Get a bottle of Mapleine from your grocer now!

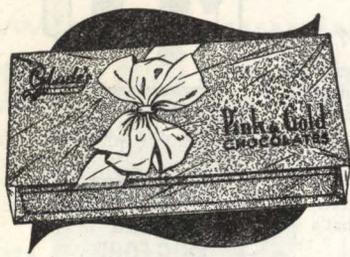
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for Syrup ★ for Flavoring

★ REMEMBER ★

"THE OBJECT OF
YOUR AFFECTIONS"

WITH

Glade's Delicious
PINK & GOLD
CHOCOLATES



THIS HOLIDAY SEASON

"Order From Your Favorite
Candy Dealer Now"



SAM BRANNAN

(Concluded from page 727)

Nauvoo. After his canny persuasion, duty pointed in one direction only. They must go on to California.

While the ship replenished supplies, Samuel's bold plan was hatched—apparently with the collaboration of American naval authorities. Ten days later, when the *Brooklyn* again put to sea, a hundred and fifty stands of American military arms were secreted in her hold. And in the head of the volatile Samuel was a grandiose scheme to earn for himself a dashing immortality in the history of American conquest.

Captain Richardson's keenly observant eyes had witnessed both the secret stowing of arms and the egoistic swagger of Samuel Brannan, but had interpreted affairs quite differently. To him it never occurred that the visionary leader could ever have rashly thought of inducing seventy sober men to storm the Mexican garrison at Yerba Buena. This peaceful captain of a rickety merchantman had no taste for war. He had no intentions of acquiring any. His fear was that Samuel Brannan contemplated mutiny, and to forestall such danger he padlocked the arms and forbade shipboard drill.

While inconvenient for Samuel, he was by no means discouraged. There would be opportunity and time enough to use the arms when the ship reached California, and enough drill had been taught the men to hold them to the assault. Little did the brethren realize the plans and purposes of their leader.

But far graver problems beset Samuel Brannan's path. There was grumbling among his flock. There were whisperings about his "privileges," "fancy living," "high-handed tactics." So, to put an end to these "apostate" utterances and certain "sins," his inquisitorial eyes had beheld aboard ship, he decided to make ruthless example of "back-biters and evil-doers." In the farcical shipboard trial which followed, four brethren were mercilessly excommunicated for "improper views," and "wicked and licentious conduct." Samuel Brannan had tasted power. As an ax-swinger, he showed himself to be no respecter of persons. One of the excommunicated four was his own counselor, E. Ward Pell.

Instead of silencing whispered protests, this last act served only to fan a rebellion already smoldering against such inhuman arrogance. But the faithful *Brooklyn*, unmindful of this sad cleavage of Mormon ranks, plunged ever eastward toward California. Nearer crept the land which for the Saints held so singular a destiny. At daybreak, July 31, 1846, a wall of green hills was sighted through the haze. After six weary months of travel, at last the place they sought was before them.

Certain that danger of mutiny was past, Captain Richardson now unlocked

the arms. Samuel Brannan distributed them to his sober-faced, questioning battalion. But the cautious old Richardson was not at all anxious to have the deck blown out from under him by cannon from the presidio. Sensing a fresh peril, and strictly against Brannan's wishes, he crowded every passenger down the hatches and cleared the deck of all warlike evidence.

Through the fog-bound Golden Gate the little ship wallowed her way. When the fort was safely past, Richardson opened the hatches and once more allowed his charges on deck. The *Brooklyn* rounded the green nub of land, and while Samuel Brannan's dark eyes strained for glimpse of the enemy through the morning haze, she slid into the quiet waters of Yerba Buena Cove.

And there an unexpected sight met the gaze of Samuel and his pilgrims. Among the whalers and hide droghers rocking at anchor, was the unmistakable outline of a sloop-of-war. Suddenly, through the rising mist, came sight of the little town. From a mast beside the low, squat Mexican customs house drooped a flag. It was the Stars and Stripes.

A moment later the war-sloop's jolly-boat thumped alongside. A brisk, young officer swung to the *Brooklyn's* deck and saluted the crowd of excited Mormons. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have the honor to inform you that you are now in the United States of America." For a moment there was silence. Then a lusty cheer broke forth.

Commander John B. Montgomery and the sloop *Portsmouth* had cheated Samuel Brannan of his dream. But to the Mormons of the *Brooklyn*, who had sought peace, not war, there came a conscious sigh of relief and satisfaction. Their haven was reached, their voyage had ended. They were the first California settlers under the American flag. Their greater destiny lay before them.

³Western Galaxy, March, 1888.

(To be continued)

ANSWERS TO OLD TESTAMENT CURIOSITIES

(Questions on page 674)

1. Abraham. (Genesis 15:5.)
2. Cyrus. (Isaiah 44:28; Ezra 1:1.)
3. Esther.
4. Seer. (I Samuel 9:9.)
5. Tiglath-pileser, first king of Assyria. (2 Kings 15:29.)
6. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job 1:21.)
7. He that ruleth his spirit. (Proverbs 16:32.)
8. Sons of Joseph. (I Chronicles 5:6.)
9. Four. Jesus, (Luke 1:28); John, the Baptist, (Luke 1:13); Isaac, (Genesis 18:10); Samson, (Judges 13:3.)
10. Samuel. (I Samuel 15:22.)

*See Journal History, Jan. 1, 1847—2A.

The Improvement Era



DECEMBER, 1942

VOLUME 45 NUMBER 12

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SAM BRANNAN AND THE MORMONS

By
PAUL BAILEY

in Early California

PART III

“**O**F all the memories of my life, not one is so bitter as that dreary six months' voyage on an emigrant ship around the Horn.”¹ So spoke one woman who had shared that long journey.

But now the bitter and dreary voyage of the old *Brooklyn* was at an end. The Saints were in California—not as conquerors, as Samuel Brannan had visioned, but as bearers of the truth, and colonists under the new flag.

The day opened, not with glorious sunshine, for a fog hovered over Yerba Buena, and a mist hiding all from view; but through the fog we descried the forms of whalers, sloops-of-war; and waving from the barracks [the old adobe customs house on the plaza] the well-known and glorious flag of our country. A salute from the fort was responded to by the *Brooklyn* and all hearts felt more cheerful and secure; and in a few moments, uniformed men trod the deck. We knew they were friends. . . . In our sweet native tongue the officer in command . . . courteously said, “Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to inform you that you are in the United States of America.” Three hearty cheers were given in reply from faint and weary lips, and from hearts . . . loyal still.²

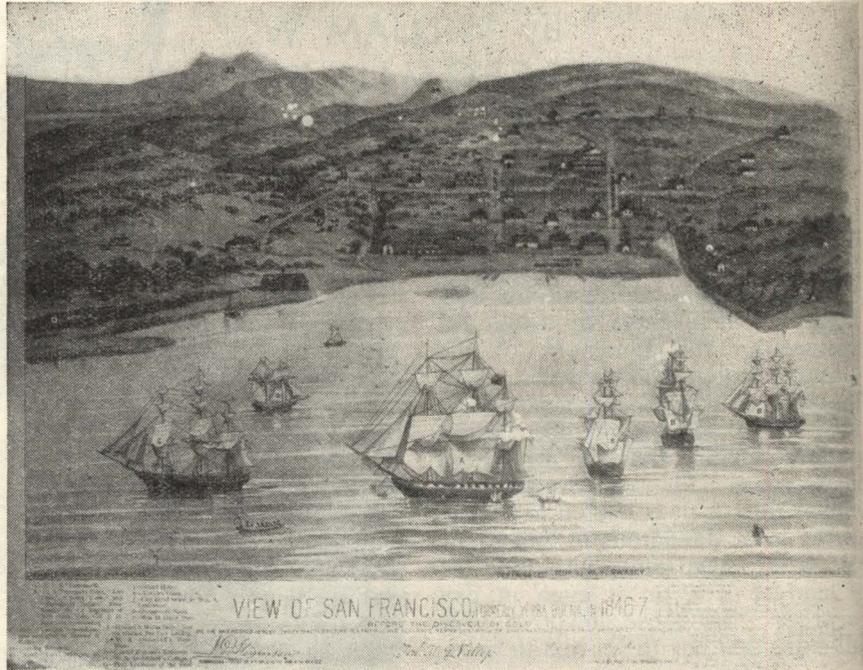
With the landing of the *Brooklyn's* sea-weary pilgrims, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints began its history in California. It was a humble start. To these Americans, fresh from the bustling centers of the Atlantic seaboard, accustomed to most of the civilized comforts of that day, it could not have been an easy one.

The ship *Brooklyn* left us on the rocks at the foot of what is now Broadway [Clarke's Point]. From this point we directed our steps to the old adobe on [now] Dupont Street. It was the adobe to shelter us from the chilling winds. A little further on [toward Jackson Street], stood the adobe of old “English Jack,” who kept a sort of depot for the milk woman, who came daily, with a dozen bottles of milk hung to an old horse and which retailed at a *real* [twelve and a half cents] per bottle. At this time, where now are Jackson and Stockton Streets, were the outer boundaries of the town.³

¹Wife of Colonel Jackson, quoted in Tullidge, *Women of Mormondom*

²August Joyce Crocherson, as quoted by Tullidge, *Western Galaxy*, Mar. 1888

³Tullidge, *Women of Mormondom*, pp. 447-48



SAN FRANCISCO (YERBA BUENA) AS IT APPEARED IN 1846-47 TO THE “BROOKLYN” SAINTS

Courtesy, Martin Behrman Collection

The “old adobe” could provide housing for but sixteen of the colonists. Others pitched tents on a vacant lot near what is now Washington Street and Montgomery. Still others found quarters at the deserted Mission Dolores over the hill from town. With sudden ingress of a shipload of immigrants in the midst of a war, the tiny Mexican village's facilities were sorely taxed.

Yerba Buena, at the time of the *Brooklyn's* entry, bore little resemblance to the future metropolis of San Francisco. What the Saints beheld was a sleepy village in the cove's sand hills, possessed of nine dwellings. Its population numbered several old Spanish families, half a dozen Americans, one hundred Indians, and officers and marines from the ship *Portsmouth*.

Since the town stood in imminent peril of Mexican attack, Samuel Brannan's seventy soldiers were welcome additions to the public garrison. Somehow the enemy never managed to show itself, and the colonists' war activities soon were confined to drilling on the plaza in their ship-sewn uniforms and navy musk-

ets. And when tenseness of impending danger eventually passed without incident, any military aspect of the Mormon arrival vanished in the more immediate problem of providing food and shelter—and paying off the company's one-thousand-dollar debt to Captain Richardson.

Yerba Buena, its resources already exhausted by the American forces of occupation, could furnish little sustenance to the shipload of immigrants suddenly thrown upon the town. For a time living was poor—with jerked beef, of unpalatable quality, and gravel-sprinkled Mexican wheat. Soon even these were gone. As weeks passed and the *Brooklyn's* store of food shrank to nothing, actual want stalked the colony.

When I soaked the mouldy bread, bought from whale ships lying in the harbor, and fried it in tallow, taken from the rawhides lying on the beach, God made it sweet to me and my child.⁴

There was that one-thousand dollar debt to Richardson, and the prob-

⁴Tullidge, *Women of Mormondom*, p. 446

lem of repayment. After some discussion it was agreed that the *Brooklyn* would take on a cargo of lumber for its return passage, and the captain was willing enough to accept such in payment of the debt. Elder Brannan selected a stout Mormon crew, equipped them with axes and sawmill irons, and dispatched them to the Marin forests to haul out the *Brooklyn's* cargo. The task was willingly and speedily accomplished. With payment of this final obligation, the old *Brooklyn* hoisted sail. When she glided through the rocky portals of the Golden Gate, she vanished forever from Mormon history.

Conscious of growing dissension among his charges, Samuel Brannan now endeavored to re-inject into the hearts of the colonists some of the rich spiritual fervor so apparent at the beginning of the voyage. Contrary to the missionary policy of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Elder Brannan repeatedly had cautioned the Saints against publicly discussing the restored gospel. "When anyone asks you the meaning of Mormonism," he declared, "tell them 'It is to mind one's own business.'"¹⁵ Such churlish attitude toward earnest seekers of the truth had gained them nothing in Honolulu and was not likely to swell the ranks in Yerba Buena. Without discussion or opposition, the ensign of truth scarcely fluttered in the calm, and Elder Brannan's spiritual drive apparently went unavailing.

Whatever Samuel Brannan's attitude toward non-Mormons may have been, his religious demands on his flock were certainly austere and exacting enough. Religious services were immediately instituted in the Portmaster's *Casa Grande*. Elder Brannan called his Saints to worship with a small handbell conveniently hung in the plaza.

Powerful and vigorous were his verbal hammerings at the Saints—to remain faithful—to shun all temptations in this land of gentiles. Findla, who came to Yerba Buena in the fall of 1847, says he heard Samuel Brannan preach, and that "the Mormons then did not preach very different from other men." For a time Samuel Brannan was the only preacher the town possessed. There never had been a regular house of worship in the village. Even the priest of Mission Dolores had deserted his post on the arrival of the American navy.

Yet the Mormon elder's punctili-

ous attitude toward things religious utterly failed to heal the cleavage between himself and the Saints in his charge. Complaints constantly arose over management of the affairs of Brannan & Company. In accordance with the agreement signed aboard ship, all business transactions pertaining to the organization were conducted through the firm name and under the sole direction of the "First Elder." As an uncompromising leader, Samuel Brannan exacted strict obedience to every rule. Many of the brethren complained of his high-handed, rough-shod tactics. His merciless excommunications aboard ship had added nothing to his popularity.

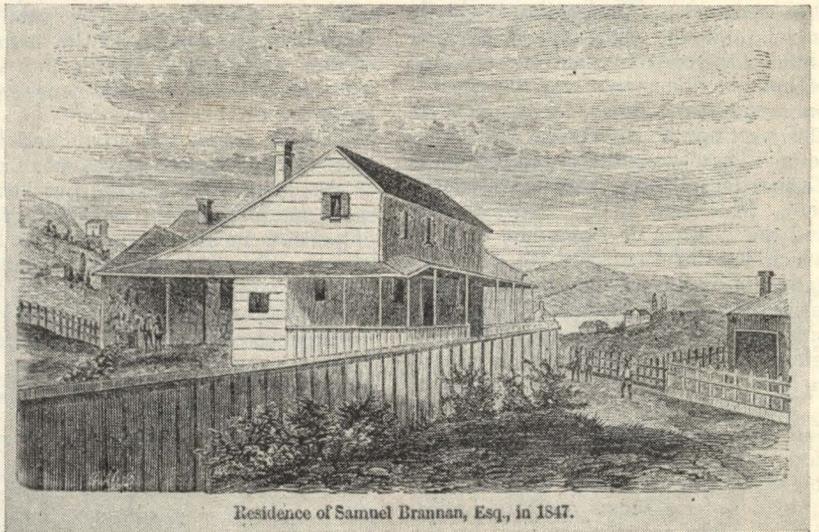
In desperate attempt to counter this disturbing rift, he excommunicated three more brethren. And this act stirred a hornet's nest of retribution. Several appealed to Captain Montgomery for redress. They claimed to be tired of Brannan & Company, wished to withdraw from its chafing obligations, and complained of bad treatment. Moreover, in accordance with the stipulations of the agreement, they demanded

forms, *Alcalde* Bartlett gathered around him an American jury, and proceeded to hear the affair American style.

Lawyer Hyde, who had come on the *Brooklyn*, eloquently presented the case for plaintiffs. Col. C. W. Russell served as counsel for the defendant. But it was Samuel, who with characteristic vigor, did most of the defending.

Whether it was the sparkling courtroom oratory of Samuel Brannan which swayed the jury, or the insupportable premise of the complaints, history attests a verdict of "not guilty." The court declared the contract, signed for a period of three years, could not be broken. When the verdict was given, Samuel is said to have exultantly exclaimed: "The truth was mighty and prevailed!"

Thus ended the first jury trial in California—though by no means did it end the mounting problems faced by the redoubtable Brannan. Brannan & Company already was showing signs of disintegration. But despite squabbling and dissension, he



Residence of Samuel Brannan, Esq., in 1847.

Courtesy Los Angeles Public Library

their share of the common stock of the joint company.

Captain Montgomery immediately instituted a court of inquiry. Suit was brought by William Harris, one of the number, against Brannan. At this time the municipal machinery of Yerba Buena was entirely Mexican in form. There was no *ayuntamiento*, or town council, and the *alcalde* was absolute in power. Washington A. Bartlett, a pompous naval officer, filled the *alcalde's* post under military administration, and it was before him as trial judge that the case finally was heard. With an amazing disregard for Mexican

drove forward the program to which he had set his efforts.

With the machinery brought west in the *Brooklyn* he built two flour mills on Clay Street. The press and type which had printed the *Messenger* in New York were set up, and from them issued San Francisco's first newspaper, the *California Star*. Space for business establishments decidedly was at premium in the town. The first printing was done in the second story loft of an old storehouse and grist mill on the north side of Clay Street. Be-

(Continued on page 804)

¹⁵Dunlap, Thesis, Ms., Undergraduate Department, University of California

IDEAS

From My Kitchen to Yours!

JELLY-GLAZED CHRISTMAS HAM

Here's an easy-to-prepare, tempting Christmas dinner fit for a king—and will add to your reputation as a cook:

Consomme

Jelly-Glazed Baked Ham*
Whipped Sweet Potatoes
Tea Garden Raspberry Preserves
Hot Rolls
Mixed Green Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream
with Tea Garden Drips

*Directions for Glazing Baked Ham: Bake 45 minutes. Remove ham from oven. Take off skin, score fat with a sharp knife and stud with cloves. Spread Tea Garden Red Currant Jelly liberally over surface. Return to oven and finish baking.

TEA GARDEN STRAWBERRY WAFFLES

Bake 3 or 4 waffles until crisp and nicely browned. Spread them first with softened butter and then with Tea Garden Strawberry Preserves. Stack them layer-cake fashion, top with whipped cream, and dust with cinnamon. Cut in wedges and serve immediately. This hearty and delicious dessert is particularly good as the finale to a light supper.

IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS



A practical Christmas gift for the boys in camp, and for relatives and friends is an assortment of

Tea Garden's excellent preserves, jellies, syrup, sweet pickled fruits and other delicacies, which you can get at your grocer. And to add the personal touch, pack into a single little box or basket and decorate with pine cones, lollies and other gay wrappings.

CHRISTMAS MORNING EYE-OPENER!



U-mm-mm! Steaming, buttered hotcakes deluged with superb-tasting, appetizing Tea Garden Drips Syrup. Just the thing to start the Christmas morning off right . . . and leave you in trim for the holiday dinner to come. But don't wait till Christmas. Make a date with Tea Garden Drips every morning. It's a perfect syrup blend of delicately flavored sugars that will make your appetite turn handspings.

Make holiday salads and iced drinks more tasty, more festive. Garnish with Tea Garden Maraschino Cherries.

SHOPPING FOR DESSERT TOPPING?

Here it is, easily made, eagerly eaten. Beat together one cup Tea Garden Red Currant Jelly, one-half cup boiling water, two teaspoonfuls Tea Garden Orange Marmalade. Serve hot over cottage pudding, cake, ice cream or custard and stand aside for a shower of compliments. Remember, Tea Garden delicacies are made of fine table-quality fruits.



Helen Thurston
YOUR TEA GARDEN HOSTESS

PRESERVES

GRAPE JUICE

MARASCHINO



JELLIES

SYRUPS

CHERRIES

SWEET PICKLED AND CANDIED FRUITS

SUCH A BIG DIFFERENCE IN QUALITY...

SUCH A LITTLE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE!

COOKS' CORNER

(Concluded from page 803)

two-thirds full, cover tightly, and steam for 3 hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce

1/2 cup butter
3 cups confectioners sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg

Cream the butter until soft, add the sugar and continue creaming until smooth. Stir in the beaten egg yolk, then fold in vanilla, and beaten egg white. When well blended place in refrigerator to harden.

Christmas Cookies

1/2 cup butter or shortening
1 cup sugar—2 tablespoons
2 eggs
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt

Combine butter, vanilla, and salt. Add sugar and cream well, add eggs one at a time beating after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients to make a dough stiff enough to handle.

Have ready a small amount of melted bitter or sweet dipping chocolate, shredded coconut, and pecan halves. Pinch off bits of dough and roll between palms of the hands into small balls. Place some of the balls on greased cookie sheet, then press flat with tines of fork which have been dipped in the melted chocolate. Press other

balls down into shredded coconut, then place on cookie sheet. Press pecan halves into other balls.

Roll some of the dough 1/4 inch thick on floured board, cut with cookie cutters into different shapes, as stars, Christmas trees, Santas, bells, etc. Decorate with pieces of candied fruit, or sugar, and spices, or after they are baked decorate with colored frosting.

Bake cookies in a moderate oven (350° F.) about twelve minutes.

For a child's gift, fill a bright colored sand pail, a toy truck, a wagon, or a cellophane stocking with Christmas cookies. For grownups fill an ice bucket, pottery bowl, a cookie jar, or trays with Christmas cookies.

Puffed Rice Balls

1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup light corn syrup
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
3 quarts puffed rice

Cook the sugar, syrup, and water to the soft-crack stage. Watch carefully and stir occasionally. Add the butter and vanilla, stirring only enough to mix. Pour slowly over the puffed rice. Mix well, then form into balls with the hands, pressing as little as possible. Popcorn may be substituted for the puffed rice.

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 793)

sides the newspaper, Brannan soon had his printshop facilities busy at work printing notices, naval proclamations, and municipal deeds. All this was a definite source of income to the leader—of which there is no record of his having turned any of it in to the common fund of Brannan & Company.

With Mormon labor, Samuel built the finest house in town. It became a popular rendezvous for such illustrious figures as Commodore Stockton, Governor Mason, and ex-Governor Lilburn Boggs of Missouri, who now was *alcalde* of Sonoma.

The loyal and hard-working Saints could hardly fail to look upon this new development without alarm.

Complaints of mismanagement and neglect continued openly to be made by the brethren. Instead of exercising humility, of attempting to remedy a most deplorable situation by becoming as "one of the least," Samuel arrogantly excommunicated others, in hope of silencing the "rebellion." Winter was coming on, and he was impatient. A city must be started, a haven of rest made ready for the weary Saints, sure to arrive overland next year. Its site must be chosen, its acreage planted. Houses must be built, and all made ready for the Zion-to-be.

After lengthy consultations with trappers and frontiersmen acquainted with California's interior, Samuel Brannan made choice of a site for the new venture. Along the headwaters of the majestic San Joaquin River, at the juncture of the Stanislaus, slept a land of breath-taking natural beauty, boundless level acres, and a climate which rivaled Italy. The soil was deep, wild game in plenteous abundance, and with a natural waterway to the Pacific seaports on the bay. A more perfect setting could hardly be imagined. Samuel believed he'd marked the true site for Zion.

The name chosen for this city-to-be was "New Hope." And with boundless enthusiasm Brannan and the remaining loyal Saints set to work to make the dream come true. From the funds of Brannan & Company, Samuel purchased the launch *Comet*, and loaded it with provisions, seeds, wagons, and implements. From the Livermore *rancho* were purchased teams and oxen. Twenty experienced farmers were "called," and with William Stout as manager, they sailed up river to make real the great plan. There is no indication that the site chosen disappointed them.

Round about, elk and antelope went in droves by thousands; deer were plentiful;

SAM BRANNAN

the ground covered with geese; and rivers with ducks, while the willow swamps along the river banks, were filled with grizzly bear. The tracks were as well worn in the swamps as cattle paths today. Three hours of good hunting could provide meat enough for a week, for the whole colony. Bears' oil served as lard, and the only provisions which Samuel Brannan had to send from Yerba Buena were unground wheat, sugar and coffee.⁶

A log house with oak shingles soon was completed. Before spring many acres were plowed, and seeded to wheat. The tract was fenced by cutting down oak trees, sawing them up, arranging butts and large pieces into line, and thatching them with limbs.

Yet the venture—begun with such promise—was plagued with the same evil which had followed the Saints to the soil of California. The leader, believing all was tranquil at New Hope, turned his restless energies to promoting various enterprises in Yerba Buena. Almost overnight he became the town's leading citizen. Opportunities for profit were on every hand, and he neglected none of them. He still allowed a measure of his time to Church affairs, and demanded strict obedience from the Saints under his jurisdiction—but a day of utmost reckoning was surely on its way. It is not given to man to serve both God and Mammon.

By day and by night Samuel longed for the expected appearance of Brigham Young, that this enterprising leader might untangle the snarl which now enveloped the Pacific colony. Excommunication and apostasy had made terrific inroads. Brannan & Company was tottering on the brink. The loyal ones seemed unhappy and bewildered. In those crucial months, could Samuel have discarded his own greed and lust for power, could he have turned his soul outward to those who looked to him for example, all might yet have been saved. Instead he forwarded, by way of returning ships, a stream of advice-begging letters to Brigham Young (few of which ever reached him)—and pursued his own egocentric course.

The Mormon people had been treated by Californians with utmost consideration and tendered a most hospitable welcome. By all rules of logic the Church should have flourished under so favorable an environment, and yet it was sick unto death.

Brannan & Company continued to be popular only with the few laggards who were supported by the ef-

forts of the toilers. Ambitious ones, Brannan included, were anxious to toss off the chafing restraints inherent in its cooperative set-up. The colony of New Hope was its only bright page of accomplishment.

Early in the spring of 1847, like a sickening thud of doom, came adverse reports from up-river. New Hope had foundered in a black sea of suspicion and greed. The leader, William Stout, had claimed for himself the first tilled acreage, the house—all that had been accomplished! One hundred and sixty acres of growing crops had been stolen!

In towering rage Samuel Brannan now definitely laid plans to dissolve the joint company. Arranging its assets for public sale, and without waiting to wind up affairs, he made ready for a journey. In April, he abruptly shed the mounting responsibilities of the newly named town of San Francisco, and started east.

First he would visit New Hope, and toss William Stout off the farm he'd stolen. For the sake of peace, that farm would be reserved for the Twelve, and made ready for their arrival. Then he would cross half of America, if need be, to find the tardy, uncommunicative Brigham Young!

With all his capabilities, Samuel Brannan seems never to have learned one simple lesson—that the pattern of true leadership in the kingdom of God comes not in the fuming drive of the dictator, but in that more humble example of the Man of Galilee.

(To be continued)

Bible Questions

1. In what town did Christ spend his last Sabbath?
2. What city was exalted to heaven, yet brought to destruction?
3. What was the ruling nation of the world in the time of Christ?
4. What is the whole duty of man, according to the scriptures?
5. What is harder to be won than a strong city?
6. What was Elijah's dying gift to Elisha?
7. What is it which makes its possessor truly rich?
8. What miracle did God work to enable a widow to pay her debts?
9. Where are we told that there was joy in heaven at the creation of the world?
10. What prediction is the last one recorded in the Old Testament?

(Answers will be found on page 831)

Ham... MAPLEINE
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JUST add 1 teaspoon of Mapleine to the sugar-crumbs topping. Mapleine brings out the flavor.

Gravy... MAPLEINE
makes it better!



ACCENT the natural meat flavors with a few drops of Mapleine in the gravy. It's easy and delicious.

Sweet Potatoes... MAPLEINE
makes them better!



ROLL cooked sweet potatoes in sugar, add 3/4 teaspoon Mapleine to butter for frying. You'll like it!

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SAM BRANNAN *and*

PART IV

NEW HOPE, the Mormon settlement so auspiciously begun, had dismally failed. The problem posed itself hopelessly before Samuel Brannan. If twenty brethren, as pioneers and charter members of a commonwealth, could not submerge petty differences and labor with a will, how could they ever hope to create a city of the Saints on the west coast of North America?

Throughout that long winter of 1846-47, Brannan had watched with alarm the steady disintegration of the project in Yerba Buena. Excommunications had failed to steady the hands of the faithful ones, and had brought only distrust and sullen rebellion. Conscious of his blunder, Samuel frantically had written President Young for counsel. Never an eastbound whaler or hide-laden merchantman departed San Francisco Bay without a letter to the leader of Israel. In return, only silence had greeted Samuel's efforts. *Would the eastern Saints arrive? Where was Brigham Young?*

Samuel was aware that both he and his California Saints had failed. True, their industry as citizens had brought new life and a new name to Yerba Buena. But hill-clinging, fog-ridden San Francisco (the name now chosen to identify the town with the great bay against which it lay) would never do for the center stake of Latter-day Zion, especially with most the ranks of Israel composed of land-loving, soil-nurtured husbandmen. New Hope had been the glowing answer. New Hope had failed.¹

When Samuel Brannan readied the launch *Comet* for the upriver trip to the colony, he prepared for a longer journey as well. Aboard were saddle horses and pack mules. Included in the stores were sixteen issues of the *California Star*. He planned, after unsnarling New Hope's tangle, to cross North Amer-

¹Samuel Brannan, until his meeting with Brigham Young in Salt Lake Valley, seemed to persist in the belief that President Young would lead the Church to the Pacific coast. His public utterances and his letters are most emphatic in bearing out this conviction. In a letter to President Young (*Journal History*, Jan. 12, 1846), he states regarding a deceptive move at the time of the *Brooklyn's* clearance from New York harbor: "I declare to all that you are not going to California, but Oregon, and that my information is official." Another letter (*Journal History*, Jan. 26, 1846), he declares: "I shall select the most suitable spot on the Bay of San Francisco for the location of a commercial city." See also letter of Jan. 1, 1847, where he renders some timely advice to prospective California colonizers. President Young's own silence regarding the matter of proceeding to the coast is ample proof that Brannan was in error.

ica if needs be to lay his problems before Brigham Young.

He arrived at New Hope early in April, and found there his worst fears confirmed. William Stout had usurped the first completed farm and dwelling, and ousted the brethren. In return, the brethren were staging a sit-down strike in protest against such high-handed tactics of their presiding elder.

"Now, boys," Stout had declared (according to the *San Jose Pioneer*), "we have got through putting in our crop, and have got it fenced in. Now, go to work, each of you. Select a good farm of 160 acres, and make out your boundaries. . . . By the time the crop is ready to harvest, you will have your own houses and farms. But I select this place, and this house. This farm is mine."²

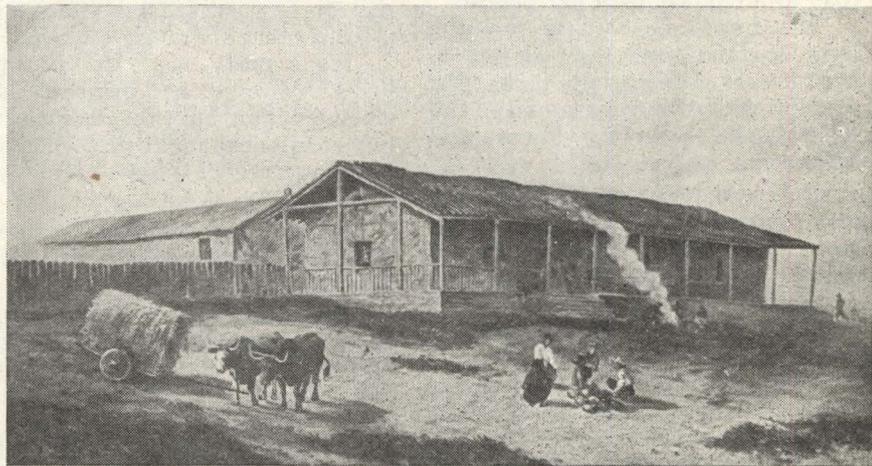
It is rumored that Samuel Brannan personally and characteristically settled the issue with a well-placed toe of his boot. And henceforth William Stout was lost to the Church.

Restoration of harmony at New Hope was no simple matter. The men were apathetic toward the project, and spiritually lukewarm. They were weary from their isolation in the wilderness, and homesick for

ing it the sole property of the Twelve, and subject to that Council's use and disposal upon their California arrival. Tactfully he went about healing the wounds which jealousy, petty strife, and loneliness had inflicted upon the hearts of the brethren of New Hope. He reminded them of their duties under the covenant, and upon disclosure of the fact he was on his way to meet President Young and the vanguard, to pilot the Saints over the high Sierras to New Hope, they willingly turned back to their labors in anticipation of that great day.

THIS task accomplished, Samuel rode northward to Sutter's Fort. When he arrived, it was to find the place agog with excitement over the final rescue of the dying survivors of the ill-fated Donner party. Those pathetic, skeleton-like figures his eyes now beheld gnawed his heart with pity. A year ago these people had been healthy Americans—filled with hopeful prospects of their new homes-to-be in California. Half the Donner party had perished in the Sierra's snow.

CUSTOM HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, 1846, THE "OLD ADOBE" WHICH HOUSED A NUMBER OF MORMON PILGRIMS FROM THE "BROOKLYN."
Courtesy, California State Library.



their families, who were still at the bay. Then, too, they sensed injustice in the fact that Brannan was enjoying San Francisco's comforts and luxuries while they labored in sweat and solitude, with the hazards of wild beasts and savages. The first farm, which had proved a source of so much contention, Brannan lifted from their covetous circle by declar-

²*San Jose Pioneer*, June 23, 1877

And Samuel Brannan had something more than a personal interest in the Donner survivors, for all might have perished had it not been for the generosity of San Francisco and his own energetic efforts in their behalf. As early as January had come reports to San Francisco of the desperate plight of the Donners. On January 16, 1847, Brannan had published in his *California Star*:

The MORMONS in Early California



SAM BRANNAN

By PAUL BAILEY

emigrants, and were instrumental in saving the greater number of those yet alive.

Now, at Sutter's, Samuel could look upon that tragedy's gaunt survivors with more than ordinary concern. To his, and his brethren's, unselfish acts, many of these pitiful creatures owed their very lives.

But it was April, and a yet greater task lay before him. No precious time must be wasted at Sutter's. Through fortunate circumstances he'd struck up an acquaintance with a lean and active young man by the name of Charles Smith. Charles once had lived in Nauvoo, and had joined the Church. More important, he was an experienced plains scout. Charles knew every treacherous mile of the journey. The two men now proceeded to lay plans for a crossing of the winter-bound Sierras—before thaw—and by a daring frontal attack.

Snowfall in the California Sierra Nevada reaches incredible depths. The Donner affair offered ample credence to a Sierran winter's deadly peril. It would be early summer before those steep canyons would be free of mountain winter and fit to be negotiated with any degree of safety. With reckless disregard for every calamitous factor, Samuel Brannan and Charles Smith made ready to cross the mountains in early April. If frosts proved right—if fortune favored them—they could cross *over the snow*. If the frost-crust failed them, their fate would be as tragic as the Donner's.

Another young man, whom history has left unnamed, joined the two adventurers. And on April 26, 1847, against the sober advice of Captain Sutter and experienced mountaineers, the three men swung through the big gates of the fort and headed toward the east. Their outfit consisted of eleven head of horses and mules, provisions, emergency equipment, and the precious sixteen issues of the *California Star*, which Brannan intended for the eyes of Brigham Young.

They made the forty-mile crossing of Truckee Pass in the astonishing time of one day and two hours—over the same snows that only that year had trapped the Donners. Of his amazing journey in search of the Saints, Samuel Brannan tells us:

We traveled on foot and drove our animals before us, the snow from twenty to one hundred feet deep. When we arrived though, not one of us could stand on our feet. The people of California told us we could not cross under two months, there being more snow on the mountains than had ever been known before; but God knows best, and was kind enough to prepare the way before us.⁴

He mentions their passing the shacks and cabins of the Donner party, and "the heartrending pictures"⁵ of the unburied dead. On the trail, shortly before arrival at this scene of horror, the three young men encountered the last member of the party to leave the mountains—a German by the name of Lewis Keseberg.⁶ Survivors at Sutter's had told awful tales of Keseberg's thievery, his subsistence on human flesh, and his alleged murders of the Donner women and children. Rescue parties bluntly had refused him help and had abandoned him to search his own way out of the mountains.

The eastbound trio of adventurers shared food with Keseberg, but were unable to render him assistance by a back-track down the trail. Eventually Keseberg crawled into Sutter's Fort—as abject and pitiable a creature as man's eyes could witness. For his sake it is only fair to acknowledge those alleged crimes were never legally proved. But in California he lived a rejected outcast to the day of his death. It is strange that of all people, only Samuel Brannan ever reached out a hand in mercy to this ill-starred soul. Years later, when Brannan had become wealthy, he established a brandy distillery at Calistoga. Lewis Keseberg was an expert distiller; so, ignoring the unwholesome aura which even then haunted the man's presence, and rec-

(Continued on page 38)

⁴Journal History, April 26, 1847

⁵Ibid.

⁶Jenson, *Historical Record*, IX, No. 4, p. 65. For identification of the "German" as Lewis Keseberg, see McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party*.

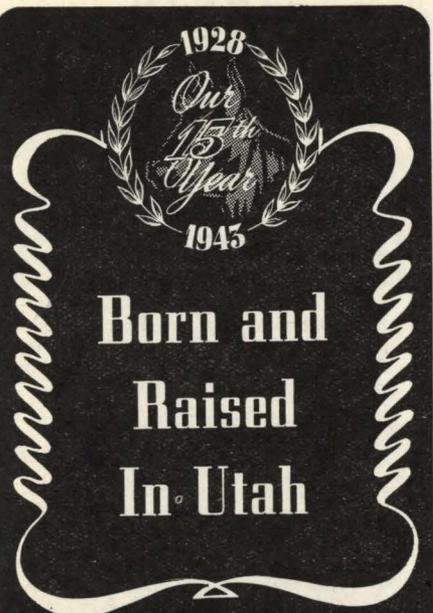
EMIGRANTS ON THE MOUNTAINS

It is probably not generally known to the people that there is now in the California mountains, in a most distressing situation, a party of emigrants from the United States, who were prevented from crossing the mountains by an early, heavy fall of snow. . . . Capt. Sutter, as soon as he ascertained their situation, sent five mules loaded with provisions for them, but they found the mountains impassable in consequence of the snow. We hope that our citizens will do something for the relief of these unfortunate people.³

Most of "the citizens" of San Francisco at that time were Latter-day Saints. With characteristic benevolence, they, with the Spanish families and the military garrison, had responded nobly to Brannan's plea. A mass meeting had followed. Fifteen hundred dollars was subscribed. On February 13, 1847, a rescue party of twenty men departed San Francisco with desperately needed provisions and clothing for the snowbound Donners. After several futile attempts they eventually succeeded in reaching the stranded

³California Star, Jan. 16, 1847. McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party*

SAM BRANNAN



FIFTEEN YEARS ago Morning Milk was introduced to the people of Utah as the highest quality product that could be made. This quality, plus Morning Milk's finer-flavor soon made it Utah's most popular evaporated milk. With production at our plant in Wellsville, Utah, at full capacity, two modern plants were opened at Stockton, California, and Sunnyside, Washington, to meet the ever-increasing demand in the 11 Western States. Morning Milk, Utah's only home-owned evaporated milk, is today a truly great industry—born and raised in Utah.



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(Continued from page 21)

ognizing his talents for what they were, he made him partner in the enterprise.⁷

But precious time allowed no immediate concern for Keseberg, or the ghoulish sights about the Donner campground. Later visitors must tend to interment of the dead. The three intrepid wayfarers must cross the mountains, or perish. And negotiating the Sierras was but one hazard they faced. Hostile Indians, waterless deserts, and a thousand miles of unfriendly terrain must be conquered before the day they might greet the Saints from Illinois. When finally the time came that the mountains at last were behind them, each oncoming wagon-train was met with happy anticipation. Perhaps it was Brigham Young's vanguard, California-bound! And each in turn proved a disappointment.

EARLY in June the three adventurers wearily rode into Fort Hall. This decrepit stockade was the junction-point of all westward migration, and it was here the road split. The north trail led to Oregon; the south branched off to California. To Samuel's astonishment, by far the greater number of companies headed for Oregon—and as a lover of California, it lay beyond his understanding why this should be so.

Now, at long last, came a message from Brigham Young. It was tendered him en route by a westbound company. Eagerly he scanned its precious contents.

Black Hills, Bitter Creek, 30 miles west of Ft. John, or Laramie, on the Oregon and Calif. route from the Platte, in camp of Israel's Pioneers.
June 6, 1847.

Mr. Samuel Brannan:

My dear Sir: By my date you will discover my location, and as there is an emigrating company from the States camped about one-fourth of a mile back this eve, some of whom, as I understand are destined for San Francisco, I improve a few moments to write you. About the time you left New York, the first company of friends left Nauvoo for the west, and in June arrived at Council Bluffs, where they were invited by Pres. Polk, through Capt. James Allen to enlist in the services of the United States and march to and be discharged in California. . . . About 500 enlisted. Capt. Allen died at Ft. Leavenworth, and was succeeded by others in command, and the Battalion was marched to Santa Fe, from whence 150 were returned to Pueblo, on the Arkansas, invalids, etc., and the remainder continued their route to Mexico or towards Calif. by the South route.

After the battalion left Council Bluffs, the remainder of our camp settled on the west bank of the Missouri about 20 miles north of the Platte River, and threw up log cabins, etc., so as to make themselves as

⁷For Keseberg's part in the Donner tragedy, as well as his association with Brannan, see McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party*.

comfortable as possible. And thus passed the winter. . . .

By the middle of Sept. Nauvoo was evacuated, and the city in possession of those who had chosen to go there for that purpose. Those who had left came on to Winter Quarters, the village before mentioned on the Missouri, or stopped at intermediate places. . . .

This camp, which left Winter Quarters between the 6th and 14th of April, consists of something less than 200 men—two men to a wagon, accompanied by two-thirds of the council and men in pursuit of a location for themselves and friends, which they expect will be west of the Rocky Mountains.

We left upwards of 4000 inhabitants at Winter Quarters and expect a large company which have since started, and are now en route, among whom will be as many of the families of the Battalion as can be fitted out. If any of the Battalion are with you or at your place, and want to find their families, they will do well to take the road to the States, via the south bank of the Salt Lake, Ft. Bridger, South Pass, etc. and watch the path or any turn of the road till they find this camp. . . . The camp will not go to the west coast or to your place at present; we have not the means.

Any among you who may choose to come over into the Great Basin or meet the camp, are at liberty to do so; and if they are doing well where they are, and choose to stay, it is quite right. . . .

The papers report your arrival and that you have the only printing office in Upper Calif., but I do not know the name of your paper. . . . I should have mentioned that from information received at Ft. Laramie, it is expected that the command, belonging to the Battalion at Pueblo is on their route toward Calif. by the South Pass and will be at this point in a few days.

BRIGHAM YOUNG*

TO Samuel Brannan, this long-awaited letter was as enlightening as it was depressing. Its terse sentences told of the evacuation of Nauvoo; of Winter Quarters; of the historic march of the Mormon Battalion to California. It revealed at last the whereabouts of Brigham Young and the vanguard. But at the same time it was darkly foreboding. Unmistakable was its disclosure that the pioneer companies were not bound for California, but to the desert alkali flats of the Great Basin! That must not be! The Saints, somehow, must be turned from so foolish a move! Charles Smith was emphatic in his declarations that the Great Basin could never support human life—that California, in comparison, was a living Eden.

Only by a fast and desperate ride could they hope to intercept President Young's company. By every means of persuasion they somehow must induce the pioneers to avoid this arid land, continue on to Fort Hall, and thence under their experienced pilotage on into California. The very fate of the Latter-day cause seemed at stake. They must spare neither selves nor animals if they would save the Saints!

*Journal History, June 6, 1847

SAM BRANNAN

William Clayton, whose vivid pen has recorded much of the drama of the pioneer journey of 1847, tells thus of the historic meeting of Samuel Brannan and Brigham Young on the banks of the Green River:

Wednesday, June 30. . . . We resumed our journey at 8:30 a.m., President Young, Kimball, and others going on ahead again. . . . At 11:30, having traveled eight miles, we arrived on the banks of Green River and formed our encampment in a line under the shade of the cottonwood timber.

Green River is very high, there being in the channel from twelve to fifteen feet of water; the width of the stream is about eighteen rods with a very rapid current. . . . The grass grows good and plentiful, but still not so much as has been represented. This river is 338½ miles from Fort John. After dinner the brethren commenced making two rafts, one for each division, and soon afterwards Samuel Brannan arrived in camp, having come from the Bay of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast to meet us, obtain counsel, etc. He is accompanied by a Mr. Smith and another young man. They have come by way of Fort Hall.*

Only the travel-frayed Samuel Brannan knew how desperately necessary it was he "obtain counsel." And in return he felt he had some counsel to give—since it was now so apparent Brigham Young and the Twelve had set hearts on turning southwestward to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

But first must come the interchange of greetings, the excited telling of the *Brooklyn's* dramatic voyage, and the tragic story of Nauvoo's fall and the sufferings at Winter Quarters. And in this historic hour, two movements of the great Mormon symphony of faith blended themselves into an harmonious whole. The third movement, that of the Mormon Battalion, was inferentially trailing itself beyond the immediate horizon. Time had not yet arrived for its moment.

Yet there *was* news of the Battalion. The sick detachment which had wintered at Pueblo, already was reported as on its way to join the pioneers. Any day it might arrive.

Samuel Brannan had traveled far to lay his case. After that first flush of social amenities had submerged itself into the stern tasks of river-ferrying, he earnestly endeavored to convince Brigham Young of the gross mistake in Zion's choice. To Brannan at least the arguments were persuasive and logical. How could human life expect to subsist there when every trapper and plains-scout could tell it was alkali desert, fit only for the abode of savages, wolves, and jackrabbits? Furthermore, he had been told, it froze there nearly every day in the year, and whatever growing-season the desolate place possessed was entirely too short for the maturing of crops.

President Young shook off the argu-

ments with a bland smile. He seemed little impressed by Samuel's fervid description of the California Eden, and countered with a faith-nurtured opinion that a touch of the Lord's hand, coupled with the brawn of Saints, could make an Eden of almost any place.

Neither eloquence nor logic could dent the armor of conviction which the leader turned toward Brannan. But the California elder had an unbending will of his own. He felt he could well afford to be patient, when common sense was arrayed in his behalf. No man who had conquered the Sierras and drouth-ridden deserts to defend so precious and far-reaching a cause must allow himself to become discouraged by first rebuffs of the leader. There was still a reasonable certainty that, after a glance at that sagebrush wilderness, Brigham Young would not risk approval of it as future home of the Saints. There was still the Hastings cut-off from the Great Basin to the coast. "On to California!" must surely come the cry. And in joyous reunion, the Saints of the *Brooklyn* would yet greet the Saints from Nauvoo—and together they'd yet build to God's glory on the summered slopes of Pacific America.

ON July 4, while still at Green River, twelve dust-begrimed soldiers rode into camp. To the happy surprise of all, they announced themselves as the advance guard of Captain Brown's invalidated Pueblo detachment of the Battalion. In search of stolen horses, they had ridden into Brigham Young's camp quite by accident. And since both thieves and horses had been reported as being at Fort Bridger, it was in such direction their journey lay. After another avid retelling of experiences, President Young and the Council requested volunteers to return, and if possible intercept Captain Brown's main command. That day President Young wrote in his journal:

The council decided that Sergeant Thomas S. Williams, one of the brethren of the Mormon Battalion who had overtaken the pioneers on Green River, should return to meet Capt. James Brown and the Battalion company from Pueblo, accompanied by Samuel Brannan, and inasmuch they had neither received their discharge, nor full pay, Bro. Brannan should tender them his services as pilot to conduct them to California.¹⁰

Calm with the certainty of the eventual uniting of all segments of the Mormon pattern in the rich valleys of the Pacific, Samuel Brannan was happy to offer himself as guide to Brown's company—for the plan was to route the company on this westward journey by way of Great Salt Lake and thence on to the coast. After this reuniting with the pioneers in the Great Basin, it was likely *all* the Saints would continue

(Continued on page 40)

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MAPLEINE

IMITATION MAPLE FLAVOR

*William Clayton, *Journal*

¹⁰Brigham Young *Journal*, under date of July 4, 1847

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 39)

westward. So, without delay, Brannan and Williams headed toward Pueblo by way of South Pass. By the middle of July they had successfully intercepted Captain Brown's command on its line of march toward the coast.

Meanwhile Brigham Young's pioneer company plodded its way across mountains and through valleys only dimly marked by the wheels and shovels of the previous Hastings party. And by July 24, Latter-day Saints were breaking ground in the sloping valley beside the great salten sea.

BEFORE July had ended, Samuel Brannan, in company with Captain Brown and the lost hundreds of the Battalion's "sick detachment," likewise rode into the valley. The reunion of Saints was joyful enough, but no joy sang in Brannan's heart. His dark eyes looked aghast at what had happened. The worst he'd imagined had come to pass. Brigham Young not only had chosen to sojourn the Saints in the forbidding wilderness, but had actually marked out a city!

Acres of sun-baked earth had been creek-flooded and plowed. A fort and dwellings were under construction. Streets and town plats were surveyed and marked. "Inheritances" were being dealt to the faithful. A "bowery" had been erected for public meetings, and a spot marked for the Lord's House.

Reluctantly, and with heavy heart, Samuel Brannan joined Brigham Young in a carriage inspection-tour of the vast terrain of sagebrush land which Latter-day Saints now must know as home. Mentally he compared the sun-swept picture of blue desolation with the great land he felt to be of more certain promise to the west. He thought of California's wide, navigable rivers, and compared them with the puny creeks and the brush-choked stream Brigham had named "The River Jordan." He thought of California's gentle climate and compared it to the blistering, dry mountain heat and the vicious winters and howling winds so surely a part of this wilderness. He thought of New Hope, with its bottomless black soil, its endless procession of wild life and game. And like a sickening echo he heard the mournful wail of the coyote.

While the dusty carriage bumped its way along the prairie's weather-ruts, Samuel's heart grew sad and bitter. The trip had been useless. The promises he'd left behind must be refuted. In a frenzy of desperation he begged President Young to reconsider, and recounted to him again the manifold asets of a land which surely must some day become the richest portion of America. He listened irritably to the leader's calm explanation that God had made the choice—not Brigham Young. That the purpose and wisdom was His—not puny man's.

There was little conviction in Sam-

uel's breast when the leader explained that Latter-day Saints too often had faced the guns and felt the lash of those who misunderstood their way of life. That a land so desirable as Samuel had pictured California must of necessity draw men as syrup draws flies, and no hope of Mormon peace and isolation was contained therein. That God's kingdom and the kingdom of the world could never grow in harmony side by side. It was vain for Brigham Young to point out that in these arid vales Samuel so heartily detested, the Saints must fight to live—and because they must turn everlastingly to God for help, they *would* live. Ease, he was told, meant spiritual and physical death. That only by taking that which no other man wanted could they be freed from human rapacity and be reasonably certain of building the Mormon pattern of life unmolested. On one thing alone was Samuel quick to agree—that no enemy was likely to raise any claim to the land now chosen for the Saints!

President Young likewise reminded Samuel that a number of his acts were neither acceptable in the Lord's sight nor to His Church. The Benson and Kendall contract, which Samuel had executed in New York, had been rejected by the Council as a veritable covenant with death. The Saints, he was told, would rest their protection in the Lord above—not in a handful of "the most prominent demagogues of the country."¹¹

Samuel finished the carriage ride, smarting under defeat, and with black anger raging in his soul. Hurriedly he made preparation for the return to California—with the expectation of piloting the Battalion members from Pueblo west to join their comrades-in-arms on the coast. The Battalion's time of enlistment had now expired, and it was anticipated that Brown's detachment must proceed to California for mustering-out and payoff. But unexpectedly President Young decided on a new course. Following counsel with the leader, Captain Brown mustered out his Battalion command in Salt Lake Valley, and thereby released these brethren's willing hands to Zion's cause. As to their pay, it was decided Brown should accompany Brannan west. He would collect pay for all the soldiers remaining behind.

In final desperation, Samuel Brannan made still another attempt to convince Brigham Young of the folly of his choice. The encounter led to a bitter quarrel, and ended with deep distrust on the part of President Young for the arrogant, self-willed New York Saint. Moreover, the leader entrusted Captain Brown with the Council's letters of instruction to the brethren on the coast—and Samuel considered this an open affront to his office of president of the

¹¹Journal History, Jan. 26, 1846. Letter of Brannan to Young.

California branch. To him it was stinging proof that President Young not only had lost confidence, but also had rejected both him and his calling.

At the suggestion of Apostle Orson Pratt, Samuel busied himself instructing the brethren in the Mexican way of adobe construction while he nursed wounds and chafingly awaited Captain Brown's preparation for the perilous overland trek. At last, on August 9, 1847, the little party of horsemen turned their backs on Zion.

In the turbulent, rebellious soul of Samuel Brannan seemingly there were no regrets. His farewell to Zion proved a final one.

(To be continued)

On the Book Rack

(Concluded from page 28)

NUTRITION

(Fern Silver, D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. 1942. \$1.00.)

THIS admirable book is intended to be an introductory text for school use. But it would serve equally well for reading by those long out of school. It presents the fundamentals of nutrition comprehensively, yet simply. It is well illustrated, further readings are suggested, and useful facts are placed in tabular form throughout the book. America would be greatly benefited, many of our national ills would vanish, if every boy and girl were required to study in school this or a similar book. Educational wisdom should begin with the study of self.

—J. A. W.

GOLDEN FLEECE

(Hughie Call. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 250 pages. \$2.75.)

THIS woman's story of life on a sheep ranch makes vital reading as well as gives a good picture of a valuable part of our national life. The picture is particularly vivid because the author was herself what most of her readers are—a "tenderfoot." Therefore, the picture she draws is a most enlightening, as well as a refreshing one.

The book is delightful and will furnish a lasting picture of an important phase of our American life.—M. C. J.

FRONTIER BY AIR

(Alice Rogers Hager. Illustrated. Macmillan Company, New York. 1942. 243 pages. \$3.50.)

FOR those who would know about Brazil's situation, this book is a *must* book. Mrs. Hager, well-known for the work she has done as chief of public information for the Civil Aeronautics Board until recently when she opened her own news service, has done a much-needed job well.

Mrs. Hager made the trip "by anything," as the photographer said, for she traveled by oxcart, by river, by foot, whenever the plane failed to carry her where she wished to go. And in the book, she introduces her readers to many people who are to be found in the outlying provinces as well as the more densely populated areas. One of the chief charms of the book lies in the intimate pictures Mrs. Hager paints of Brazilian life.—M. C. J.

The Improvement Era

M205.1

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v.46

#2-6

1943

cop42

FEBRUARY, 1943

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 2

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Sam Brannan

PART V

SAMUEL BRANNAN was perturbed and thoroughly disheartened by his interview with President Brigham Young in Salt Lake Valley. The long journey had been one of extreme danger and at a price of genuine sacrifice. Except for that certain vague hope still beating in his breast, his effort had proved barren of results.

Contrary to belief, however, Brannan did not return to his beloved California in throes of apostasy. True, he questioned Brigham Young's judgment in choice of location; he vociferously despised the Salt Lake Valley; he stoutly maintained California was the Goshen of modern-day Israel; but his acerbity had not yet reached the stage of an open renouncement of the faith. As he and his companions headed west once more, he nursed the conviction that time itself would prove his stand was right.

But the return journey was not made without incident. Long before the little party of horsemen reached the eastern base of the Sierras, hot words had flowed between Samuel Brannan and Captain James Brown. By early September, after a bitter quarrel, they had parted company—Samuel Brannan and Charles Smith fleeing their brethren and riding on ahead into the mountains.

Jealousy and injured feelings appear the basis of this strife. Samuel had been promised the task of piloting the "sick division" of the Battalion into California. For reasons of his own, President Young suddenly had changed plans, disbanded the command, and instead sent Brown on alone. Samuel had always considered himself spiritual leader of the Latter-day Saints in greater California—but now, in James Brown's possession were epistles of counsel and comfort to all Mormon soldiers at that place. His egocentric nature was not the kind to bear even imagined slights with complacency. And while Brown in no sense was responsible, he unfortunately was the handiest target for Samuel's wrath. The journey—with the men constantly chafed by one another's presence—probably bred other causes for discord. And, taken all together, Brannan considered them sufficient reason for abandoning the company—to let his friends reach

Sutter's Fort however well they might.

On September 6, 1847, Samuel Brannan and Charles Smith were many miles ahead of Brown's group. That day, at a point in the Tahoe Valley, they had the astonishingly good fortune to intercept the main body of the Mormon Battalion—recently discharged from service, and now headed east to meet Brigham Young and the pioneers. It was a day of rejoicing. News-hungry ex-soldiers pumped Samuel to wordless exhaustion in their anxiety to learn all possible regarding the loved ones

further inquiry as to how his views were received, he said, in substance, that the President laughed and made some rather insignificant remark; "but," said Brannan, "when he has fairly tried it, he will find that I was right and he was wrong, and will come to California."

He thought all except those whose families were known to be at Salt Lake had better turn back [to California] and labor until spring, when in all probability the Church would come to them; or, if not, they could take means to their families. We camped over night with Brannan, and after he had left us the following morning, Captain James Brown, of the Pueblo detachment, which arrived in Salt Lake on the 27th of July, came up with a small party. He brought a goodly number of letters from the families of the soldiers, also an



Courtesy, Martin Behrman Collection

SACRAMENTO IN 1849

they had left at Council Bluffs over a year before. In turn, their own strange story was eagerly poured forth for his ears. They were desperately eager to acquaint themselves with the place President Young had chosen as abode for the Saints. And Brannan's answer is thus tersely recorded by Daniel Tyler:

We learned from him [Brannan] that the Pioneers had reached Salt Lake valley in safety, but his description of the valley and its facilities was anything but encouraging. Among other things, Brother Brannan said the Saints could not possibly subsist in the Great Salt Lake valley, as, according to the testimony of mountaineers, it froze there every month in the year, and the ground was too dry to sprout seeds without irrigation, and if irrigated with the cold mountain stream, the seeds would be chilled and prevented from growing, or, if they did grow, they would be sickly and fail to mature. He considered it no place for an agricultural people, and expressed his confidence that the Saints would emigrate to California the next spring. On being asked if he had given his views to President Brigham Young, he answered that he had. On

epistle from the Twelve Apostles, advising those who had not means of subsistence to remain in California and labor, and bring their earnings with them in the spring.¹

FEW mortals have loved California more fervently than did Samuel Brannan. In his delusion that the Saints eventually would go to the Pacific Coast, he labored stubbornly and long. Lacking the eyes and spiritual guidance of a prophet, he failed to see that his day of hopes must wait. Had he cared to observe, there was ample proof of President Young's contention in the spiritual apathy of the *Brooklyn* colony—and it was but faint shadow of what destiny already was preparing—a destiny soon to be thrust upon that green-valued corner of the earth that would change it beyond the percep-

¹Tyler, *A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War*, p. 315

AND THE MORMONS

in Early California

By
PAUL BAILEY

tion of man. But Samuel Brannan sensed no error of judgment as he turned from the Battalion brethren to hurry on to Sutter's Fort.

His stop at Sutter's was brief, but while there he and Charles Smith projected a mercantile partnership destined later to become the foundation of an immense fortune. The beginning was humble enough. Agreeable to Captain Sutter, the two men leased a one-room adobe east of the fort. Possibly to avoid the store's being confused with the San Francisco's Brannan & Company, the venture at Sutter's carried the name of the junior partner as "C. C. Smith & Company." But the Yankee settlers of the upper Sacramento were not fooled by the title. To them—and no doubt because of its cluttered miscellany—it was known as "Brannan's Shirt Tail Store."²

Leaving Charles behind to manage affairs, Samuel hurried on to San Francisco. He was desperately anxious again to take up the tangled skeins he'd so abruptly dropped nearly seven months before. On September 18, 1847, he once more stepped over his own threshold. The next day he wrote to Jesse C. Little:

I reached my home yesterday in good health. . . . I found everything on my return far better than my most sanguine expectation. . . . The Battalion boys have gained great credit in California, so much so that Gov. George Mason has authorized Capt. Hunt to raise five hundred more. . . . The Mormons are A No. 1 in this country . . . our friends are increasing very fast. The predictions of Dr. Richards and President Young have been truly verified in relation to my affairs on my return. . . . By the *Star* being sustained, "civil and religious rights" are maintained in California, which is of great moment to us, particularly as this point will be one of the greatest cities of the present age. When I landed here with my little company, there were but three families in the place and now the improvements are beyond all conceptions. Houses in all directions, business brisk and money plenty. Here will be the great emporium of the Pacific and eventually of the world.³

Samuel eagerly plunged into the affairs of the growing city. Handsome in face and figure, meticulous in dress, a young and merry host—he made his home a popular gather-

ing place for every notable on the Pacific Coast. Under his roof were entertained governors, military authorities, and the haughty Spanish land barons. And occasionally under his roof met the less-acclaimed Mormon brethren.

NATURALLY endowed with business sagacity, Samuel Brannan took free advantage of the opportunities for profit everywhere present in the growing town. Before winter ended he was sole owner of hundreds of San Francisco's business and residential lots. That the remaining loyal Saints were distressed by his gentile popularity and money-hunger is not hard to understand. Aboard the old *Brooklyn* they had bound themselves, with their leading elder, to hold all things in common. Brannan now showed little inclination to share his new affluence.

The pioneers at New Hope lost no time in abandoning that project. They acquired farms of their own, or moved to the city. New Hope's improvements, including the farm reserved to the Twelve, were later appropriated by Samuel himself. And fresh sounds of discord floated over the mountains to Brigham Young.

In outward principle at least, Samuel Brannan appeared loyal to the faith. Unfortunately he'd taken upon himself the impossible task of appeasing both God and mammon. Every dollar which Samuel Brannan now harvested reseeded itself in seditious distrust for a later and more bitter reaping. Within a month after his return, Samuel was forced to dissolve Brannan & Company—for his own interests, and to silence the clamor of his fellows. A division of its assets among the loyal Saints was agreed upon, with public sale of its various properties.

Though Samuel Brannan was sadly weakened in testimony, and inexcusably lax in conduct of Church affairs, there is no evidence to prove that at this period he either was openly apostate or patently dishonest. On October 17, 1847, he wrote to President Young:

The friendly feeling and confidence of the people and government of this country still continues to grow stronger and stronger in our favor. Since my return home the subscription list of the *Star* has increased nearly double. I forward you full files to this date. My reception since my return by all classes has been with the warmest and kindest
(Continued on page 118)

THE MILL RUN AT SUTTER'S FORT ABOUT THE TIME GOLD WAS DISCOVERED THERE

—From a contemporary print.



²Peter T. Conmy, *Grizzly Bear*, April 1939. Quoted from journal of John A. Sutter.

³*Journal History*, Oct. 3, 1847, p. 9

The Church Moves On Answers to Bible Curiosities

(Concluded from page 117)

Howard G. Smith, Salt Lake City; Hugh Crae Wilson, Boulder, Utah; Mildred Hill, Lordsburg, New Mexico; Alvin W. Taylor, Salt Lake City; Joyce Peart, Randolph, Utah; Russell T. McDonald, Murray, Utah.

Hawaiian: Wayne M. Von Almen, Bedford, Wyoming.

Mexican: A. Lorenzo Anderson (Mission President), El Paso, Texas; Vera P. Anderson (Wife of Mission President), El Paso, Texas.

New England: Helen Barton, Salt Lake City; Jean Horsley, Malad, Idaho; Amber R. Palmer, Park Valley, Utah; Victoria Rasband, Heber, Utah; Richard T. Wooton, Salt Lake City.

North Central: Ray L. Christensen, Richfield; Charles W. Dahlquist, Provo; Wayne C. Dalton, Clearfield, Utah; Frank S. Hardy, Jr., Salt Lake City.

Northern: Ward Rhodes Clark, Lehi, Utah; William Paul Merrill, Jr., Preston, Idaho; Lynn C. Nelson, Thornton, Idaho; William H. Green, Hooper, Utah; Franklin Van Nebeker, Shoshone, Idaho; Virginia Stewart, Spanish Fork, Utah; Ethel L. Jones, Salt Lake City; Arnold Bangarter, Woods Cross, Utah; Jay A. Miller, Mesa, Arizona.

Northern California: Lewis T. Patterson, Salt Lake City; Thomas B. Doxey, Ogden, Utah; Wayne R. De Leeuw, Bicknell, Utah; Dorothy H. Miller, Parker, Idaho; Lester A. Peterson, Salt Lake City; Harland S. Russon, Salt Lake City; LeRoy E. Peterson, Salt Lake City; Merlin Dee Whiting, Manti, Utah; Doris R. Nielsen, Salt Lake City; Lars Anderson, Jr., Salt Lake City; Iola Elodie Sorenson, Jr., Bancroft, Idaho; Paul W. Christensen, Cedar City, Utah.

Northwestern: Max Milligan, Sacramento, Calif.; Ruth S. Marsden, Murray, Utah; Blake J. Anderson, Fairview, Utah; Kenneth R. Ballard, Smithfield, Utah.

Southern: Kimball C. Richmond, Salt Lake City; Maxwell G. Erskine, Salt Lake City; Vaughn J. Paxman, Nephi, Utah; Derrah B. Wiggill, Kaysville, Utah; James T. Crowther, Sanford, Colorado; Paul V. Christofferson, Lehi, Utah; Evert G. Martin, Sanford, Colorado; Eldon LaVar Coates, Kingston, Utah; Varsel L. Chlar-

(Questions on page 92)

1. The faith of the saints. (Jude 3)
2. "If any man will do his will." (John 7:17)
3. "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and is a discern-er of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Hebrews 4:12)
4. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." (John 4:14)
5. Three. Adam. (Genesis 2:21) Abram. (Genesis 15:12) Saul and his army. (I Samuel 26:12)
6. A meek and quiet spirit. (I Peter 3:4)
7. Earnestness, determination, and patience. (Luke 8:15)
8. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant [slave] of sin." (John 8:34)
9. "And forgive us our sins." (Luke 11:4). "And forgive us our debts." (Matthew 6:12)
10. Three years and six months, in the days of Elias. (Luke 4:25)

son, Honeyville, Utah; Richard C. Bigelow, Provo; Lloyd P. George, Kanosh, Utah; Eula Moseley Byrne, Ogden; Oviatt Byrne, Ogden; Ray R. Wright, Lyman, Wyoming; Thora Rawlings, Preston, Idaho; Finley R. Hendrix, Sunnyside, Nevada; Thornton J. Nelson, Safford, Arizona.

Spanish American: Donald E. Jones, Ogden; Raymond C. Johnson, Salt Lake City; Donald E. Matthews, Burley, Idaho; Ruth Stout, Moab, Utah.

Texas: John Rawle Baylis, Salt Lake City; Norman E. Hansen, Salt Lake City; Elmer V. Howell, Jr., Salt Lake City; Ray Hill Moore, Payson, Utah; Melvin H. Johnson, Inglewood, Calif.; Alma J. Duersch, Driggs, Idaho; Harvey S. Hansen, Mink Creek, Idaho; Robert Kent Fielding; Provo; Lester H. Thomson, Seattle, Wash.; Clarence G. Walker, Salt Lake City; Nor-

Test of Faith

(Concluded from page 112)

He is an electrician and is now working in Colombia. He speaks four languages. Recently he sent fifty dollars to the Presiding Bishopric to be credited as tithing, thirty dollars for his parents, residing in Switzerland, and twenty dollars for himself.

man R. Fletcher, Vernal, Utah; Andrew S. Wilkinson, Jr., Huntington Park, Calif.; Reese H. Westover, Rexburg, Idaho; Richard B. Stephens, Ogden; Emerle L. Crosland, Salt Lake City.

Western: Gerrit Van Dyle, Salt Lake City; Henry M. Schumann, Tremonton, Utah; H. Wells Meeks, Salt Lake City; Thomas D. Hunsaker, Honeyville, Utah; Newell Antone Bastian, Loa, Utah; Leon Marchant Judd, Hoytsville, Utah; Fredrick W. Hunzeker, Montpelier, Idaho; Eldren L. Butler, Salt Lake City; Adrian P. Nielson, Ovid, Idaho; Cleveland E. Cook, Pocatello, Idaho; Alvin G. Snarr, Murray, Utah; Verl F. Scott, Murray, Utah; Spencer G. Beck, American Fork, Utah; Norman M. Adams, Parowan, Utah; Grant V. Williams, Grace, Idaho; Ray W. Summers, Ririe, Idaho; Dean C. Garner, Rupert, Idaho; William E. Bradshaw, St. George, Utah; Douglas Farrow, Summit, Utah; Alvin L. Davidson, St. Anthony, Idaho; W. Clem Utley, Fillmore, Utah; Marjorie Lunt, Nephi, Utah; Clarence L. Mecham, Carey, Idaho; Geneva Ricks, Idaho Falls; James C. Hansen, Hooper, Utah.

Temple Square Still Popular with Visitors

A TOTAL of 309,652 visitors paused at Temple Square during the year 1942, compared with 465,432 visitors for 1941, reported Elder John H. Taylor of the First Council of the Seventy and president of the Temple Square Mission.

June and July were the best months with 42,246 and 39,463, respectively registering. A large number of the visitors to the grounds in 1942 were men in the armed forces.

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 83)

feelings. . . . The *Star* takes a bold stand and a straightforward course, cutting to the line and at the same time meeting with universal approbation. On my return home I deemed it most prudent to dissolve our company association from the fact that a great many were idle and indolent and would try to live upon the earnings of the few, and at the same time it would leave me less incumbered to perform the duties involved upon me in sustaining the interest of the cause of Zion.

I hope, brethren, that you will not suffer your minds to be prejudiced or doubt my loyalty from any rumors or reports that may be put in circulation by brethren or others. . . . I want your confidence, faith and prayers, feeling that I will discharge my duties under all circumstances, and then I am happy. No undertaking will then be too great or any burden too heavy. I hope it may be counted wisdom by your council

for one of your number to visit us next fall. . . . My whole soul, might and strength is bent on laboring for you night and day. I look upon no one as being judges of the fruits of my labor except your honorable body. To you I stand ready at any moment to render an account of my stewardship. . . .

About twenty of the Battalion are working here in town and are doing well. About the same number are at Captain Sutter's and many more scattered about different parts of the Bay, and as far as I can learn, they are doing well.⁴

Two days later a serious attempt was made toward liquidation of the assets of Brannan & Company. The following advertisement appeared in the *California Star*:

The subscribers offer for sale, on reason-

⁴Journal History, Oct. 17, 1847

able terms, the following effects of the late firm of Samuel Brannan & Co., as follows:

- A large quantity of wheat
- American cattle, horses, and mules
- A large quantity of a good breed of pigs
- A valuable lot, situated on the corner of Kearny and Pacific Streets; a lot and farm house, cor. of Clay and Stockton Streets, school books
- Harper's *Family Library*, 168 volumes
- A medium chest
- The launch, *Comet*
- Wagons, chairs, yokes
- Two drums, muskets, swords, powder, etc.
- Linen thread, wicking; one hat block, matches, and twine
- Castor oil, mustard, soap, eight hundred barrels salt, empty hogsheads, etc., etc.⁵

So much as the public could be in-

⁵California Star, Oct. 19, 1847. Condensed somewhat from original.

SAM BRANNAN

duced to buy was converted to cash, and the loyal brethren then remaining received a share of the funds. But many things, even after repeated offers, could not be sold. Eventually they fell into Brannan's hands, and after apostasy had warped his better nature, there is little evidence that the partners received a just division of these spoils. Regarding New Hope, William Glover later wrote: "Samuel Brannan got the land, oxen, crops, house, tools and launch from New Hope, and the company, who did the work, got nothing."⁶

As wealth and prestige crowded upon Brannan, his ardor for the Latter-day cause slowly underwent eclipse. But Samuel Brannan was not the only Latter-day Saint guilty of lifting greedy eyes to the golden calf. A like spirit of worldliness seems to have permeated the entire San Francisco colony through that winter of 1847-48. As virtual pioneers of a rich and growing city, they found manifold opportunities for personal gain. Indeed the tide of worldliness might have totally engulfed them, had it not been for the timely arrival of Addison Pratt.

Elder Pratt had for years labored among the natives of the Society Islands, and with astonishingly fruitful results. On his way across the world to report this mighty harvest, he touched at California. It was his intention to hurry eastward, but at San Francisco his zealous soul quickly discerned all was not right with the Church. Rather than immediately hasten over the mountains, he turned energetic efforts to a greater task—that of quickening the hearts of these wavering brethren of the covenant. Under his labor the San Francisco branch officially was organized, the Church brought out of hiding, and fired again with zeal.

At first Samuel Brannan was delighted with the capabilities of Elder Pratt, and he lent him every assistance toward putting the Church in order. While he jealously guarded his own rights as leading elder, he insisted Addison serve as president of the San Francisco branch. Not all the good Saints who had made the *Brooklyn* journey were by these labors reclaimed to righteousness—yet, through the unselfish efforts of Addison Pratt, many a brother and sister were saved for the Church even through the dynamic upheaval of the Gold Rush so soon to follow. Under this radiant spiritual influence, Samuel Brannan at times veered from crass neglect to the warmth of spiritual fervor. The tide of his inner strife is strikingly indicated in a letter he wrote to President Young on March 29, 1848:

The wide distance that separates us at

present and the peculiar circumstances under which I am at this time situated, occasions very peculiar feelings to rise in my heart, knowing fully the responsibility resting upon me, and my acts during my tarry here. That I am a man of errors, I most sincerely acknowledge; but with all of my errors, I hope and trust they have not brought reproach upon the high and holy cause which I have had the pleasure to represent in this country. . . .

That I shall have many calumniators arising from jealousy and misrepresentation I am fully confident. But from my unbounded confidence in the known integrity and disposition to give justice to all men, especially to the household of faith, in yourself and council, I do not give myself any alarm—putting my trust in the "God of Israel" the great architect and director of His kingdom on earth. I sincerely hope that another year will not pass away until I have the pleasure and happiness of receiving "one of the Twelve" in this place. I feel assured in saying that the good result that would arise from it would pay a thousand-fold to the cause and interest of Zion. For myself, I have labored under many disadvantages, from not having received my endowment. Ambition on the part of those who have received it, disputing my Priesthood and joining their influence with the slanderer, in order to strengthen their own influence and exalt themselves. . . .

When Brother Addison Pratt took the presidency of the branch, I was in hopes of receiving better results than I have; he is one day carried away with them and the next against them; and so it has been from the first three months. I do not say this with any feeling against Brother Pratt, for I have none; it arises from a want of natural stableness of purpose and firmness in decision and character.

Our care and interest is daily increasing in influence and strength. The tide of opposition that has heretofore existed against us under the recent control of Alcalde here has received a successful defeat, and the *Star* has become the representative of the commercial and influential portions of the community of the place, and is rapidly increasing in the surrounding country. . . .

Myself in connection with two other influential persons of this place have organized an order entitled "The United Order of Charitable Brothers." We three compose at present the only members of the Grand Lodge and the Great Grand Lodge. A subordinate lodge has been organized in this place, entitled Samaritan Lodge No. 1. We have taken in a majority of the most respectable citizens of this place. The order is advancing very rapidly and we have applicants from all parts of the county to become members. It will without a doubt, become the most influential of any order in the county.

I have sent Brother Wm. Glover down south with \$2,000 worth of goods to trade with the Spaniards, which we obtained here on credit. If we realize 50 per cent on them and meet with good sale, he will then fit out immediately with more supplies and meet you at the "Lake." You may rely upon my pushing every nerve to assist you and sustain you to the last. . . .⁷

THE letter was a long one and reveals, as nothing else could, the peculiar mental state of a man torn between two

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⁶Glover Ms., Bancroft Library, University of Calif., Berkeley

⁷Journal History, Mar. 29, 1848

(Continued on page 120)

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SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 119)

all-consuming interests. It cries out petulantly against Brother James Ferguson (a sergeant-major of the Battalion), because Brother Ferguson personally had received a letter from the Twelve requesting the remainder of the Battalion to return east and advising them not to re-enlist, as contemplated. He accuses Ferguson of gross impertinence, for after a request to examine the letter, he claims the Battalion officer insulted him by declaring "that if I wished to hear the letter, I must attend the meeting, for he would not let the letter get out of his hands." Brannan moans piteously of the Twelve's "distrust" of him by their sending letters of importance to others without consulting him. He tells of his desire to erect a suitable "convention house" or place of meeting, that all members of the Bay colony might hear the preached word. And almost in the same breath he accuses the brethren under him of conducting a house-to-house whispering campaign against his initiative in the matter, "they" claiming he intended using the "convention house" facilities only for the building up of his own standing with the people of San Francisco. In conclusion, he longs for the day when men "will know their own place and keep it." Evil ruled the heart of Samuel Brannan. His apostasy had begun.

He had utterly failed in his efforts to convince Brigham Young of the desirability of locating the main body of the Church on the Pacific slope, yet his setback in this regard dimmed not a whit his zeal for California. Whether the Church liked it or no, it still to him was a land of superlatives. And he would have the world know it. Accordingly he laid plans to organize a regular overland mail that would link Independence, Missouri, with San Francisco in the amazingly short time of sixty days. He hired the best riders from the discharged Mormon Battalion. On April 1, 1848, to commemorate the first run of this mail, a special edition of the *Star* was struck off the press.

It extolled in florid prose the wonders and prosperity of California. It appealed with convincing promise to the prospective home-maker. There is something faintly reminiscent in this early-day effort of Samuel Brannan to make the world "California conscious." Perhaps it was the precedent so assiduously followed by today's "All-Year Clubs" and chambers of commerce. Samuel Brannan was the first "Californiac."

But up-river, other things were occurring among those little clusters of Battalion boys laboring for Captain Sutter—things destined to make the world "California conscious" beyond the wildest dreams of the dynamic Samuel Brannan.

As early as February and March of 1848 had come wild rumors from Sutter's Fort that gold had been discovered in the races of a mill which the Mormon boys were building for Captain Sutter in that vicinity. At first, the *Star* openly ridiculed such statements. Contemptuously it branded them "all sham—a superb take-in, as was ever got up to guzzle the gullible." But when Charles Smith, from the store at Sutter's, wrote Brannan that his depleted stocks were being paid for with gold flakes, Samuel decided to investigate.

On April 1, 1848, the first relay of Brannan's overland mail dashed out of San Francisco. Saddlebags were stuffed with eastbound letters and California *Stars*. The lusty Samuel rode with his mail as far as Sutter's. The timing was right, for already the spotlight of history had shifted its beam to the American River, forty miles above the fort. There a group of Battalion boys had humbly been toiling with shovels and picks.

From this toil something already had come that was destined to shake the world.

(To be continued)

⁸California *Star*, May 20, 1848, Bancroft, California, VI, p. 57

WHEN IT'S "NO SMOKING" IN THE ARMY

(Continued from page 70)

where we were going—how did we do on the intelligence test—what do you think of so-and-so as an officer—and so on, when quite unobtrusively the 'pack' came out—cigarets all around. I simply said, "No thanks," an answer that had been sufficient in a hundred like situations—but not so with the sprouting fighting cocks.

"Whatsamatter?" queried a surprised one, "Don't you use 'em?"

"No," I said, trying not to sound prudish.

"Well," he countered, "what do you do to be sociable?"

What do I do to be sociable? It was my turn to be shocked. Recovering quickly and half smiling I replied, "I always thought conversation or just plain geniality was enough to be sociable. If you want though, I can juggle three tennis balls or do a cartwheel." He looked a little sheepish and we all smiled. Later in the conversation the



The Improvement Era

MARCH, 1943

NO. 46 NUMBER 3
POSTAGE GUARANTEED
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SAM BRANNAN

PART VI

THE rise of California from an indolent, all-but-forgotten province to its present enviable position as a rich state in the richest of all nations, forms a study of deepest interest. In its early lore, sprinkled with far more liberality than people have come to realize, is the Mormon influence. From Lassen to the Mexican border, the hardy Saints wrote history.

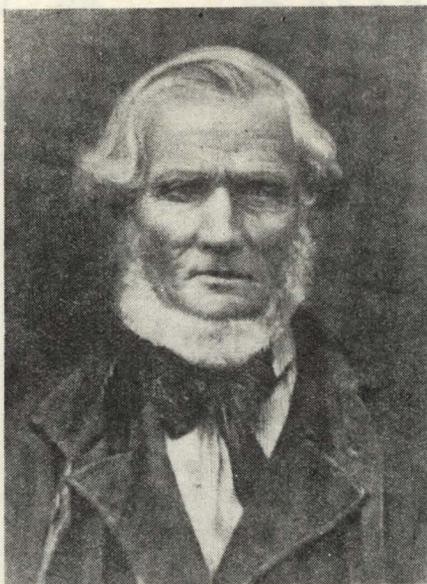
The arrival of the *Brooklyn* in San Francisco Bay marked the true birth of a teeming metropolis. The founding of San Bernardino, under the Church's colonial program, was among the first serious developments of one of the world's richest agricultural areas. The Mormon Battalion's march to California, and the part played by its members while there, comes down to us as one of the most forceful epics of courage under adversity.

In considering the central California Mormon picture under Brannan, particularly the period from 1847-50, the interlapping of the Battalion phase with that of the *Brooklyn* colonists is constant. It is wise to pause for a proper consideration of the Mormon Battalion.

Two important factors determined the birth of this Mormon army—the outbreak of the Mexican War of 1846, and the drivings of the Saints from Illinois. On January 20 of that year, some weeks before the Nauvoo exodus, the high council caused to be published in *Times and Seasons* a public declaration of the Church's policy to remove itself to "some good valley of the Rocky Mountains." It further stated that in event of President Polk's "recommendations to build block houses and stockade forts on the route to Oregon, becoming a law, we have encouragement of having that work to do, and under our peculiar circumstances, we can do it with less expense to the government than any other people."¹

That same month Elder Jesse C. Little was chosen as president of the Eastern States Mission. His letter of appointment contained the following instructions:

If our government shall offer any facilities for emigrating to the western coast, embrace those facilities, if possible. As a wise



JEFFERSON HUNT AS HE APPEARED IN THE LATER YEARS OF LIFE, FROM AN ENGRAVING WHICH APPEARED IN INGERSOLL'S "ANNALS OF SAN BERNARDINO."

and faithful man, take every honorable advantage of the times you can.²

ACTING upon this inspired advice, Elder Little forthwith visited the President of the United States, James K. Polk, to plead the cause of the distressed Saints. His arrival in Washington, May 21, came at a time when the capital was seething with excitement. At the Mexican border, a reconnoitering troop of American dragoons had been ambushed and fired upon, with a loss of sixteen men. Because of this incident, President Polk had directed a special message to Congress voiced in the indignant cry that "Mexico has invaded our territory, and shed the blood of our citizens on our own soil."³ Congress had answered with a declaration of war against Mexico.

When Elder Little arrived in Washington, already the victories of General Taylor in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had fanned the American war spirit to a tempest. The plan was to gather a great "Army of the West" at Fort Leavenworth, under command of Colonel Stephen W. Kearny. Plans for this army included close cooperation of the American battle fleet already dispatched around the Horn to the west coast of North America. But the first and major problem was

²Little's Report, *History of Brigham Young Ms.*, II, pp. 11-12

³Lossing, *History of U. S.*, 1872 ed.

and the

to assemble that "Army of the West," to get it to California without delay.

Already the pathetic exodus of Mormons from Illinois had commenced. Saints by the thousands were now trudging across the plains of Iowa. The generous tender of Mormon manpower to fortify the west, was avidly seized by President Polk and his cabinet as a ready-at-hand means of prosecuting the war. Out of Jesse Little's appeal for suffrage in the Church's darkest hour of peril came a strange bargain. Elder Little's memorial to President Polk thus stated the Mormon overture:

I come to you, fully believing that you will not suffer me to depart without rendering me some pecuniary assistance. . . . Our brethren in the west are compelled to go [west]; and we in the eastern country are determined to go and live, and, if necessary, to suffer and die with them. Our determinations are fixed and cannot be changed. From twelve to fifteen thousand have already left Nauvoo for California, and many others are making ready to go. Some have gone around Cape Horn, and I trust before this time have landed at the Bay of San Francisco.

We have about forty thousand [members] in the British Isles, and hundreds upon the Sandwich Islands, all determined to gather to this place, and thousands will sail this fall. There are yet many thousands scattered through the states, besides the great number in and around Nauvoo, who are determined to go as soon as possible, but many of them are poor (but noble men and women), and are destitute of means to pay their passage either by sea or land.

If you assist us at this crisis, I hereby pledge my honor, my life, my property and all I possess as the representative of this people to stand ready at your call, and that the whole body of the people will act as one man in the land to which we are going, and should our territory be invaded we hold ourselves ready to enter the field of battle, and then like our patriot fathers . . . make the battlefield our grave or gain our liberty.⁴

After so clear a tender of loyalty, and so honest a desire to serve, the President could not have honorably brushed the appeal aside. When Samuel Brannan had visited Washington six months previous, he'd found a sullen, hostile attitude toward the Saints. The futile bargain he'd made for protection of his brethren had been one of political fraud and treachery without parallel. But now the nation was at war.

⁴Little's Report, pp. 20-22

¹*Times and Seasons*, VI, p. 1096

By PAUL BAILEY

Mormons IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

Manpower was sorely and immediately needed on the western borders of the nation. Mormons already were on the western border. Mormons had the manpower. On June 5, 1846, Elder Little wrote in his report:

I visited President Polk; he informed me that we should be protected in California, and that five hundred or one thousand of our people should be taken into the service, officered by our own men; said that I should have letters from him, and from the secretary of the navy to the squadron. I waived the President's proposal until evening, when I wrote a letter of acceptance.⁵

The final interview with President Polk was held June 8:

... The President wished me to call at two p.m., which I did, and had an interview with him; he expressed his good feelings to our people—regarded us as good citizens,

said he had received our suffrages, and we should be remembered; he had instructed the secretary of war to make out our papers, and that I could get away tomorrow.⁶

That great friend of the Mormons, Colonel Thomas L. Kane, was entrusted with the orders to Kearny regarding the projected Mormon army. Kane accompanied Elder Little as far as St. Louis, where they separated—the Colonel continuing on to Fort Leavenworth to make arrangements, Little hurrying on to the wilderness of Iowa to lay before President Young the results of his Washington plea.

Acting under Kane's order from the President, Kearny meanwhile sped Captain James Allen northward from Fort Leavenworth to the Mormon camps. Allen's instructions

were to recruit immediately a battalion of five hundred Mormon men.

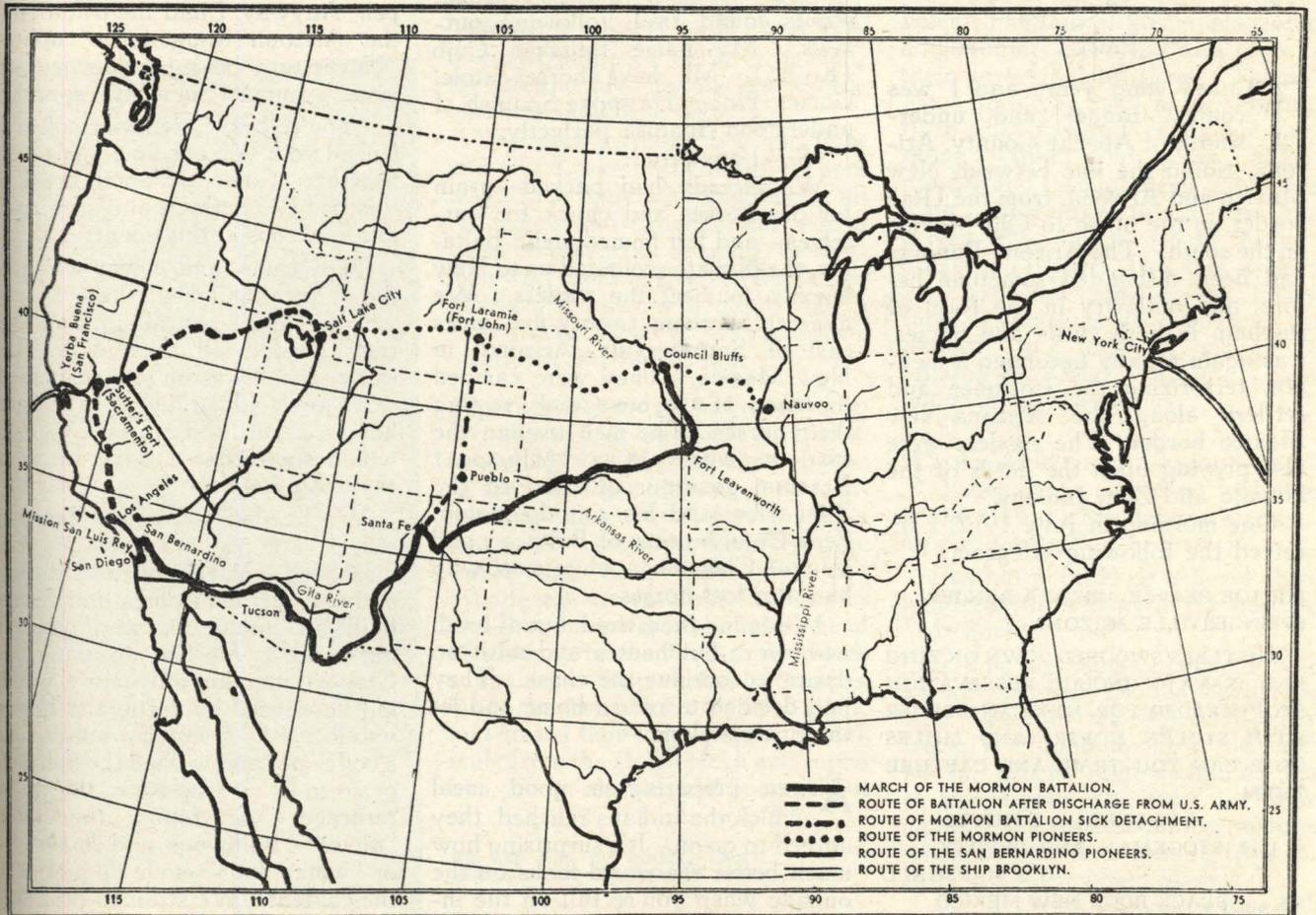
On the 30th of June, Captain Allen, in company with three dragoons, rode into President Young's camp at Council Bluffs. The next day he met with Church leaders, to decide the feasibility of so ambitious an undertaking, together with ways and means for its speedy accomplishment.

To drain five hundred of the ablest Mormons from the destitute ranks of the pioneers at this particular time was a hazardous measure—one which could well end in disaster for the whole Mormon venture. For one thing, the season was late. The heart-rending task of Nauvoo's evacuation had cost precious months, and had

(Continued on page 167)

⁵Ibid., p. 23

⁶Idem



SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 151)

brought only the vanguard as far as the eastern banks of the Missouri River. From there back to Illinois the Saints were strung by thousands along ratty wagon trails and temporary camps. President Young already faced the grim necessity of wintering his famished, ill-clad hosts of Israel in as forbidding a wilderness as ever greeted the brawn and temper of man. Now came this call for the best of his sorely needed menfolk. No wonder the matter was pondered tearfully and prayerfully.

After their conference with Allen, President Young and the council concluded wisdom lay in acceding to the call, no matter what sacrifice might be entailed. Accordingly, a meeting was called at Council Bluffs to lay the matter before the people. After Captain Allen had suitably addressed the Saints regarding the momentous undertaking, President Young spiritedly urged the Saints to enlist. In his manuscript history, he explains it thus:

I addressed the assembly; wished them to make a distinction between this action of the general government and our former oppressions in Missouri and Illinois. I said, the question might be asked, is it prudent for us to enlist to defend our country? If we answer in the affirmative, all are ready to go. . . .

I proposed that the five hundred volunteers be mustered and I would do my best to see all their families brought forward, as far as my influence extended, and feed them while I had anything to eat myself.⁷

On July 11, Colonel Thomas L. Kane arrived at Council Bluffs and lent friendly efforts toward recruiting the Mormon army. Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball in behalf of the venture returned to Mount Pisgah to acquaint the brethren there with the plan. Just before reaching this wilderness camp, they intercepted Jesse C. Little, who in turn made known to them his efforts in behalf of the Mormon people while in Washington, and clarified President Polk's attitude and reasons for this call upon the Saints.

On his return to Council Bluffs, Brigham Young went at the task of raising this army with grim earnestness. An American flag was hoisted to a tree mast. Under it, the enrollment took place. In three days the muster-rolls were filled. Captain Allen, as acting colonel, took over command in the name of the United States of America.

It was a motley-looking army, but it was composed of good men, of brave men—as history so amply testifies. To kiss a wife or a mother good-bye, in the midst of a grim wilderness—knowing that that wife or that mother must drive an ox team, pilot a wagon loaded with every cherished family possession across the savage-infested American plains—was a sacrifice both heroic and reckless. Flour barrels were empty

when the Battalion marched away. And a poignant reason why these ragged men marched was the assurance that their pay as common soldiers might provide food and sustenance for those loved ones they left in the wilderness of the Omaha hills.

"There was no sentimental affectation at their leave-taking," says Colonel Kane. True to the Mormon policy of leavening the tragedies of life with sustaining strength, a gay ball was tendered the departing brethren. Observed Colonel Kane:

A more merry dancing rout I have never seen, though the company went without refreshments and their ball room was of the most primitive kind. (A "bowery," with Mother Earth for a floor.) To the canto of debonair violins, the cheer of horns, the jingle of sleigh bells, and the jovial snoring of the tambourine, they did dance! None of your minuets or other mortuary processions . . . but the spirited and scientific displays of our venerated and merry grandparents, who were not above following the fiddle to the Foxchase Inn, or Gardens of Gray's Ferry, French fairs, Copenhagen jigs, Virginia reels and the like forgotten figures executed with the spirit of people too happy to be slow, or bashful, or constrained. . . .

ON July 20, 1846, the Mormon Battalion commenced its grim march. Without arms or accoutrements, sleeping under the stars, the ragged brethren swung south through the hostile state of Missouri. After many exciting adventures, after a considerable number of them (including Colonel Allen) had contracted malaria, they finally arrived at Fort Leavenworth on August 1.

In the year 1846, Fort Leavenworth was the farthest military outpost of the American nation. At the time of the Battalion's arrival, word had just been received that General Kearny, then advancing west to California, already had successfully taken Bent's Fort and Santa Fe. But the main arsenal was Leavenworth. Here the Mormon Battalion received its tents, ordnance, food supplies, and five hundred stands of arms. More immediately important to the brethren was their first issuance of pay.

Under terms of enlistment, Mormon soldiers were to receive the standard infantry pay of seven dollars a month. In addition, a clothing allowance of three dollars and fifty cents a month, or forty-two dollars for the year's enlistment, was granted them. This allowance was paid in advance at Fort Leavenworth. Majority of the Battalion's enlistees had loved ones back in the Camp of Israel, most of whom were in destitute condition. Agreeing among themselves to make the grim march to California in the clothes they had worn as

(Continued on page 168)

⁷Kane, *The Mormons*, p. 80

⁸Idem



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SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 167)

they left Nauvoo, the greater amount of this clothing allowance was secretly dispatched to the Pioneers on the Missouri River to alleviate the distress made doubly imminent by the necessity of winter-quartering the Saints in Iowa. This money, so desperately needed by the Battalion members, and so unselfishly tendered the Saints in their darkest hour, provided the means which kept the very life in Brigham Young's band of valiants throughout that ghastly winter of 1846-47. By such heroism did the Mormon Battalion earn its right to be called the "ram in the thicket" for Mormonism.

With Colonel Allen desperately ill, the Mormon soldiers now began wondering when their march westward might be resumed. But on August 12, their beloved commander, from his sick bed, ordered the march begun. He promised to overtake them following a few days' rest and recuperation.

On the 23rd of August, Colonel James Allen was dead. The Mormon army, then nearing the borders of the Arkansas, received the news of this misfortune with pained sorrow and uncertainty. The tolerant, kindly Allen, throughout that strenuous march from Council Bluffs, had imperishably endeared himself in the hearts of his Mormon charges. The service conducted in memory of James Allen, in Garden Grove near the Arkansas, speaks eloquently of the genuine regard with which the Battalion held him.

But now they were without a commander. Elections were held. Captain Jefferson Hunt, of Company A, was chosen and sustained by unanimous vote. Unfortunately, no sooner was this matter settled to the brethren's satisfaction, than a Lieutenant A. J. Smith, of the Second Dragoons, arrived from Leavenworth. Major Horton had ordered him to succeed Allen as Battalion commander, and in a rather high-handed manner he proceeded to do so.

It was vain for the Mormons to protest. Smith declared that Captain Hunt, even though the choice of the Battalion, was not a regularly commissioned officer of the United States Army. Until his commission was approved by the War Department, Hunt was powerless to receipt for the government property already in possession of the Mormon troops. Only a regularly commissioned officer could command an American fighting corps, Smith argued—and he had been ordered to that command. The Battalion's woes had their real beginning that day.

WITH Lieutenant Smith had come Dr. George B. Sanderson, who was to serve throughout the march as Battalion surgeon. He proved an immediate and lasting scourge. Malaria had made alarming inroads upon the health

of the brethren. For days and weeks many had been forced to accomplish their daily tasks in burning fever and quaking chills. Following the counsel of President Young, the power of the Priesthood had been constantly invoked by "laying on of hands," and herbs and mild foods were the established curatives. So far, with faith and endurance, the five hundred men had loyally continued to plod forward. Dr. Sanderson, however, had little credence in the efficacy of faith and herbs. Calomel and arsenic were the army's curatives for sick men. With the harsh and unrelenting Lieutenant Smith to back him up, Dr. Sanderson lost no time in pouring his violent potions down the throats of the protesting Mormon soldiers.

Every day, throughout that long and bitter march, all men showing least signs of illness were lined up, and forced to "jim along joe" to the medical wagon of Dr. Sanderson. There, amid the doctor's torrent of wild oaths, the brethren were forced to abandon their spiritual credo and swallow the near-lethal concoctions poured so generously from the Battalion's communal "old iron spoon." Forever after, Dr. Sanderson and his iron spoon became the Battalion's symbol of all that was evil, intolerant, and cruel.

Nor was the arrogant, abusive Lieutenant Smith loved any the more. Under his merciless drivings the Battalion marched—sick, bewildered, unhappy—through the long, weary days of heat and dust. From Leavenworth, after crossing the Kaw River, they followed the route pioneered earlier in the year by that staunch friend of the Mormons, Colonel Alexander Doniphan. He, with his company of Missouri Dragoons, had now reached Santa Fe. The Battalion's route continued up the Arkansas River as far as Fort Mann, where the first crossing was made, and from thence it followed the "Cimarron Route" westward.

Lieutenant Smith, profanely contemptuous of the sick brethren and the "family rear guard" which hampered the marching speed of the corps, decided to separate the Battalion from the weak and dependent "sluggards" who no longer could increase pace under his tyrannical verbal lashings. On September 16, at a point somewhere west of the later settlement of Dodge City, Smith ordered the twelve or fifteen families, who in wagons were trailing the Battalion, to separate themselves from the command immediately and proceed under direction of Captain Nelson Higgins to Pueblo. There were protests over this "division," but in the interests of the army as a whole, the procedure undoubtedly was sound and logical.

Lightened considerably by this weeding-out process, Smith now drove his army relentlessly forward. But, under

the salivating process of Dr. Sanderson's liberal dosage of calomel, the alkali dust of the desert, the lack of water, and the miserable food provided, the sick men grew steadily worse—and the well men sank to a state of unutterable physical exhaustion.

BY early October the condition of the men had become alarming. Rather than grant them the recuperative blessing of rest, Smith grew increasingly impatient to get the army to Santa Fe. The men, already physically depleted by the Nauvoo expulsion and the hardships of Iowa, were far from the proper physical trim necessary to undertake a grueling foot-march of two thousand miles. Stock and wagons they had brought as commissary equipment, like themselves, had commenced the journey in Illinois—not Fort Leavenworth. Consequently, they were certainly not of the best. Instead of consideration and sympathy for this condition, Smith drove the men to the limit of their physical endurance. When it became apparent, despite oaths and threats, that many no longer could withstand the abusive pace, he split the Battalion into two divisions—the "sick" and the "well." This seemingly arbitrary act utterly broke the hearts of many of the brethren. They had pledged themselves before their God to stand one with another to the end.

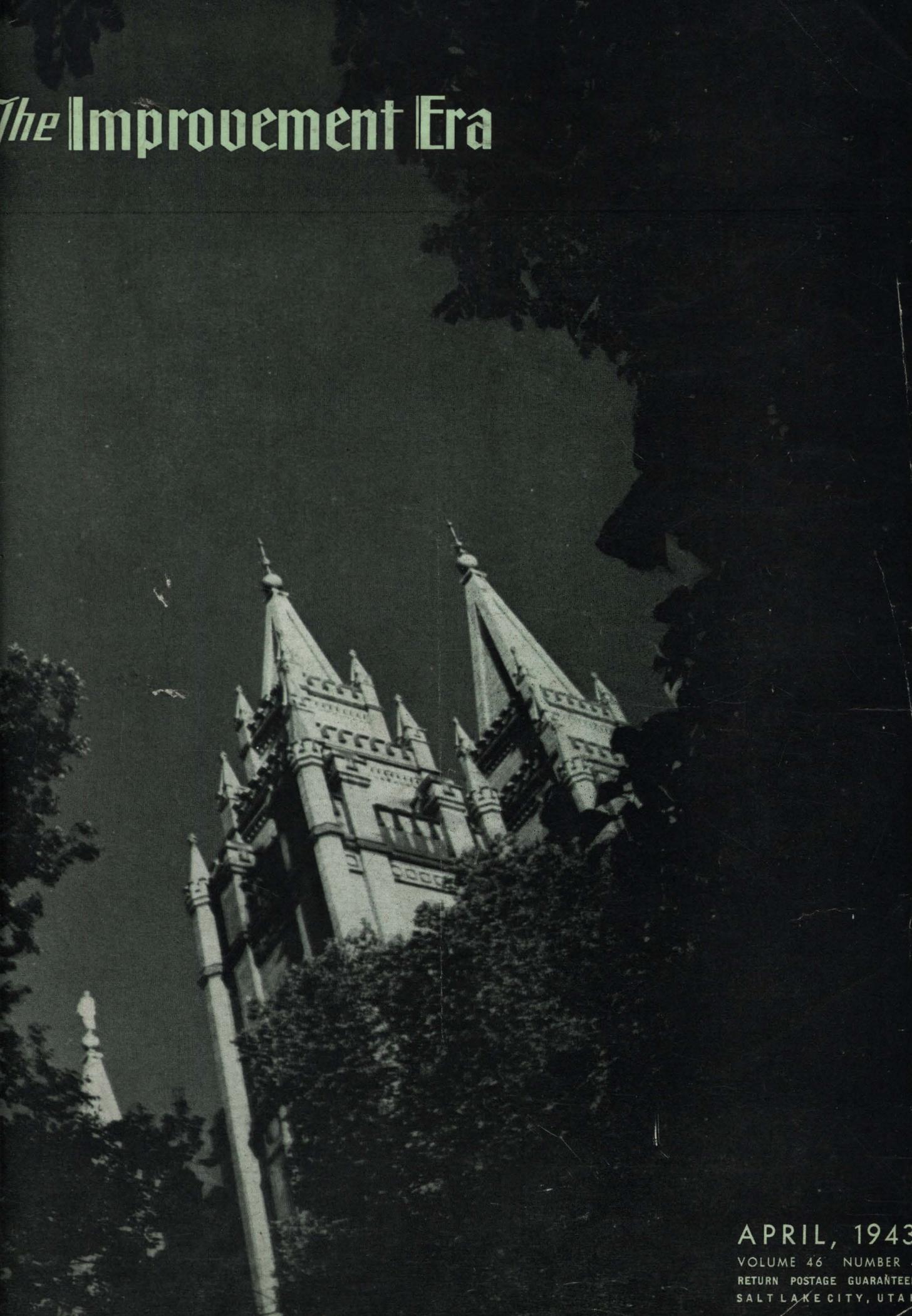
On the 9th of October the Battalion's "well" division limped into the once-Mexican stronghold of Santa Fe. The men were weary and bitterly discouraged. Under their sufferings it seemed even God above had hidden His face. To their bruised feet, their anguished souls, it seemed they had marched the grim earth, not months—but years. And oh, the countless weary steps yet ahead—before their California goal could be reached!

But as they plodded up the dusty streets of this ancient town, cannon from the roof-tops suddenly commenced to boom a cheery salute. One hundred hearty blasts shook the town before the Mormon soldiers grounded arms. Colonel Alexander Doniphan, Missouri's noble friend of the Prophet and his people, had not forgotten. And in that humble presidio, America paid its first tribute to that strange army of sacrifice. Quickly the hearts of the brethren stirred from gloom. Aches of body, hunger of belly, were forgotten in the cheers that frenziedly broke from Mormon lips.

Three days later, when the "sick" division limped up the same street, the united Battalion was made happy with the promise of a full week of body-comforting rest. But more important, their anguished prayers had found an answer. They were promised a new commander.

(To be continued)

The Improvement Era



APRIL, 1943

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 4

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SAM BRANNAN

and the

MORMONS

in

EARLY CALIFORNIA

By PAUL BAILEY

VII

THE commander now chosen to lead the Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to California, while a notorious stickler for discipline and military forms, was nevertheless a welcome improvement over the harshly arrogant Lieutenant Smith. It must have been a painful sight to the martial eyes of Colonel P. St. George Cooke when the Battalion lined itself up for his initial inspection and assumption of command. Forced marches, scant food, sickness—all had done their worst. Assignment of clothing allowances by the brethren to their destitute loved ones in the Camp of Israel had brought the army to a sorry spectacle of rags and tatters. In Colonel Cooke's own frank words:

Everything conspired to discourage the extraordinary undertaking of marching this Battalion eleven hundred miles, for the much greater part through an unknown wilderness, without road or trail, and with a wagon train.

It was enlisted too much by families; some were old, some feeble, and some too young; it was embarrassed by many women; it was undisciplined; it was much worn by traveling on foot, and marching from Nauvoo, Illinois; their clothing was very scant; there was no money to pay them, or clothing to issue; their mules were utterly broken down; the quartermaster department was without funds, and its credit bad; and animals were scarce. Those procured were very inferior, and were deteriorating every hour for lack of forage or grazing. So every preparation must be pushed—hurried. A small party with families [Captain Higgins' company, previously mentioned] had been sent from Arkansas crossing up the river, to winter at a small settlement close to the mountains, called Pueblo. The Battalion was now inspected, and eighty-six men, found inefficient, were ordered, under two officers [Captain James Brown, command], with nearly all the women, to go to the same point. Five wives of officers were reluctantly allowed to accompany the march, but furnished their own transportation.

By special arrangement and consent, the Battalion was paid in checks—not very available [negotiable] at Santa Fe.

With every effort, the quartermaster could only undertake to furnish rations for sixty days; and, in fact, full rations of only flour, sugar, coffee, and salt; salt pork only for thirty days, and soap for twenty. To venture without pack-saddles would be grossly imprudent and so that burden was added.¹

Daniel Tyler, in his priceless chronicle of the long march, comments relative to:

¹Cooke, *Conquest of New Mexico and California*, pp. 91, 92

Colonel Cooke's assertion that the Battalion "was much worn by traveling on foot and marching from Nauvoo, Illinois," that while this statement is strictly correct, it was much worse "worn" by the foolish and unnecessary forced marches of Lieutenants Smith and Dykes, which utterly broke down both men and beasts, and was the prime cause of the greater part of the sickness and probably of many deaths. I am satisfied that any other set of men but Latter-day Saints would have mutinied rather than submit to the oppressions and abuse thus heaped upon them.²

THROUGHOUT that painful journey from Leavenworth to Santa Fe, one noble-hearted Mormon officer persistently had raised his voice against Smith's tyranny. Lieutenant Samuel L. Gully, in defense of his brethren, had hopelessly put himself at cross-purposes with the command and consequently had become a target of wrath. Through the vindictive machinations of Lieutenant Smith, Gully was forced to relinquish his officerial post at Santa Fe, or face charges of insubordination. Daniel Tyler calls Gully "a brave, noble-minded and undeviating friend to the Battalion . . . with all the noble characteristics that grace a model officer. He would have sacrificed his life rather than be untrue to his friends."³

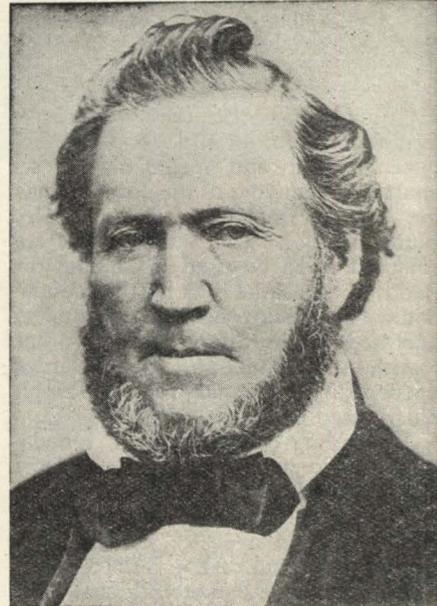
When the deposed Lieutenant Gully sorrowfully rode from the ranks of his brethren at Santa Fe, he carried back to Winter Quarters not only their brotherly tribute for his noble stand, but a portion of their army pay to alleviate the distress of Israel in the wilderness. The Battalion never again saw Samuel Gully. He died the next year crossing the plains en route to Salt Lake Valley.

On October 19, 1846, the thinned ranks under command of Colonel P.

²Tyler, *A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War*, p. 174

³*Ibid.*, p. 175

St. George Cooke, marched out of Santa Fe into the desolate west. The Mormon Battalion carried strange orders. Its task was to open a wagon



BRIGHAM YOUNG, WHO ISSUED THE CALL FOR THE MORMON BATTALION

road to the coast.⁴ Kearny's corps, already engaging the Mexican forces in California, had been forced to abandon wagons and finish their march against the enemy as mounted troops. Though classed as infantry, the Mormon Battalion was to haul the wagons through to the coast.

To men emaciated by semi-starvation and disease, with stock and rolling equipment in pitiable condition, Kearny's order was a demand of staggering proportions. With rations totally insufficient to guarantee the army against hunger, this hope of Kearny verged on the fantastic. But perhaps unknown and unreck-

⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 187-188

oned by this American commander were some eternal founts of strength upon which the sober Mormons had been taught to draw. Added to lean and stubborn physical endurance bred of hardship, they possessed a sustaining faith which quickened bodies and drove them forward through physical perils that would have killed men less favored. They had a gospel and a God—which fed them strength when food was gone, when canteens were dry, when death was near. Within a month the stern, undeviating Colonel Cooke came to realize he was commanding a Battalion of extraordinary men. Their physical exploits are beyond explanation, unless a sober accounting be made of the eternal verities upon which those hardy souls so faithfully leaned.

By the middle of November the army's "beef" subsistence consisted of those shrunken oxen no longer able to pull their supply-wagons. Not even the entrails were wasted. The pinch of necessity was further manifest by constantly dwindling rations of flour, coffee, and salt.

Says Daniel Tyler:

Our course now lay down the Rio del Norte. We found the roads extremely sandy in many places, and the men, while carrying blankets, knapsacks, cartridge boxes (each containing thirty-six rounds of ammunition), and muskets on their backs, and living on short rations, had to pull at long ropes to aid the teams. The deep sand alone, without any load, was enough to wear out both man and beast. . . . The men were ready to eat anything that would furnish them any nourishment, the rations issued to them being insufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger. . . . From that time on it was the custom to kill the work animals as they gave out and issue the carcasses as rations. Nor was any portion of the animal thrown away that could possibly be utilized for food. Even hides, tripe and entrails, all were eagerly devoured, and that, too, in many cases without water to wash them in. The marrow bones were considered a luxury, and were issued in turns to the various messes.⁵

Levi Hancock, the Battalion soldier-poet thus aptly paraphrased it in song:

While here, beneath a sultry sky,
Our famished mules and cattle die;
Scarce aught but skin and bones remain
To feed poor soldiers on the plain.

We sometimes now for lack of bread,
Are less than quarter rations fed,
And soon expect, for all of meat,
Naught less than broke-down mules, to eat.

Our hardships reach their rough extremes,
When valiant men are roped with teams,
Hour after hour, and day by day,
To wear our strength and lives away.

⁵Ibid., pp. 180-181

We see some twenty men, or more,
With empty stomachs, and foot-sore,
Bound to one wagon, plodding on
Through sand, beneath a burning sun.

A Doctor which the Government
Has furnished, proves a punishment!
At his rude call of "Jim Along Joe,"
The sick and halt, to him must go.

Both night and morn, this call is heard;
Our indignation then is stirred,
And we sincerely wish in hell,
His arsenic and calomel.⁶

The fearful strain upon the endurance of the men could not but show itself. By November 10, fifty-five men had collapsed. Cooke, realizing their chance of reaching California alive was pathetically remote, ordered Lieutenant W. W. Willis to escort the sufferers to Pueblo, there to join their other inviolated brethren. A wagon was loaded with half rations of beef and flour, but with no allowance for medicine or comfort to sick men. After pronouncing the "blessings and promises of God" upon the fevered brows of these broken souls, the Battalion marched away to leave their sick ones to reach Pueblo however well they might.

THE journey of Willis' tiny command to Pueblo is an epic in itself. They lost their ox-team—one ox mired to its shoulders and could not be retrieved, the other broke its neck attempting to move the sunken wagon. In the midst of their tragic helplessness, two of the sick brethren died, and were buried alongside the trail. It was with humblest con-

⁶Ibid., pp. 182-183. Somewhat condensed

COLONEL P. ST. GEORGE COOKE [COOK]
WHO LED THE BATTALION ON THE FINAL
STAGE OF ITS HEROIC MARCH

—Courtesy Church Historian's Office



trition the men prayed to God Almighty for deliverance. "The next morning," says Lieutenant Willis, "we found a pair of splendid young steers, which was really cheering to us. We looked upon it as one of the providences of our Father in heaven. Thus provided for, we pursued our march."⁷ December 24—after incredible hardship—they finally reached Captain Brown and those brethren at Pueblo. And by such heroic faith does man prove his similitude with God.

While eight days' rations were saved to the main army by departure of Willis' command, it was soon apparent that not even the stretching of providence could guarantee food enough to last the Battalion into California. At order of Colonel Cooke, every unnecessary burden was disposed of. Tent poles were thrown away; muskets and pegs used in their stead. By thus lowering the height of the tents, and spreading them over a greater area, ten men could be crowded into them, with consequent saving in portage.

With all the discomforts, with all the hardships, one searches in vain for the drastic criticism of Cooke as commander, such as was consistently voiced against Smith prior to the Battalion's arrival at Santa Fe. Cooke was stern, unswerving; at times he was severely harsh. But Cooke was a true soldier. There was nothing arrogant nor pettily vindictive in his attitude toward the men in his charge. In turn, they respected him for his true worth. He countenanced no infraction of rules; he tolerated no shirking of duty. When one day a party of hungry men from Company E filched a little of the mules' corn and boiled it for food, Cooke, as reprimand, ordered the entire company's beef rations fed to the mules.⁸ For Cooke, the marching of the Mormon Battalion to California was a sacred responsibility. Under command of a lesser man, the venture might well have ended in disaster.

The great waterless deserts of the southwest now began falling under the tattered tread of Mormon boots. To people of modern-day comforts, it seems incredible that men could be expected to cross, afoot, deserts of from thirty to ninety miles—with only a canteen of water between themselves and death. Words never can adequately describe the thirst-maddened sufferings of this body of men ere the south margin of the

(Continued on page 230)

⁷Ibid., p. 191

⁸Ibid., pp. 236-237

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THE DESCENT OF THE GOSPEL

(Concluded from page 210)

(D. & C. 107:45). Adam bestowed a special blessing upon Enoch when he was 65 years of age, the year that his son, Methuselah, was born.

The chronological records in the fifth chapter of Genesis have likely come to us from Moses back to Jacob; from Jacob back to Abraham, and from Abraham as reported to him by Noah and Shem. (See Book of Abraham 1:31 and 3:1.)

Noah lived 600 years before the deluge, A.M. 1656, and 350 years after the deluge.

Shem, Noah's second son, lived 108 years before the deluge and 502 years after the deluge.

Shem's son, Arphaxad, was born 2 years after the deluge.

The patriarchs were born in direct line from Noah, with given birthrights from father to son, not always the oldest son. Japheth was Noah's oldest son, and Ham the youngest. Japheth was born 150 years before the deluge and Ham 100 years before. The three sons were assisting their father well in his work before the deluge and are prais-

ingly called "sons of God" (Book of Moses 8:12, 13).

Jacob and his family (70 persons) journeyed to Egypt A.M. 2238. The exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, under Moses, was A.M. 2453.

Noah had cooperation in his gospel proclamation during the 350 years he lived after the deluge, from his son, Shem, and further from Arphaxad, Salah, Heber, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor (Terah became a worshiper of idols, so he cannot be counted); further from Abraham during a period of 58 years (2006-1948).

Shem had cooperation from the same men, his own grandsons after Arphaxad if the named men all remained faithful in God's service; and his years of life reached down to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Patriarch Jacob was born A.M. 2108, and Shem, 610 years old, died A.M. 2158. Jacob was exactly 50 years old at the time of Shem's death; an most likely these four great men, Shem, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Methuzedek with them, had known each other most intimately.

Ham... MAPLEINE makes it better!



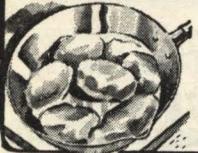
JUST add 1 teaspoon of Mapleine to the sugar-crumbs topping. Mapleine brings out the flavor.

Gravy... MAPLEINE makes it better!



ACCENT the natural meat flavors with a few drops of Mapleine in the gravy. It's easy and delicious.

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SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 215)

Gila River at last was won. When canteens were dry, when it seemed beyond earthly hope that human flesh could endure to the next water-hole—out would come picks and shovels, and with the last ounce of strength, the delirious men would drive wells to the subterranean sources of this precious necessity to faltering man and beast. These wells and the wagon road, coming at such a price in human suffering, later served a nation in its westward migration and expansion to the Pacific slopes. But to those wretched souls of the Mormon Battalion, many were the days when the dark specter of death was faced with faith alone asserting itself in agonized prayers to God for deliverance. California was the goal—the restful haven. Roped to wagons, ragged, shoeless, half-starved, and maddened with constant thirst, the Mormon Battalion somehow dragged itself across the lethal wastes of the great southwest.

Nor were its functions as a military unit allowed to be forgotten in the grim battle for self-preservation. The presidio of Tucson was assaulted by these men, and taken from the Mexicans in the name of the United States of America. Other than the common foe, the constant perils of starvation, thirst, and disease—the army faced many a narrow escape from death. Not the least of these was its "battle of the wild bulls."⁹

Along San Pedro Creek, where once the Spanish settlers had maintained ex-

tensive cattle ranches, Apache depredations had driven the land again back to wilderness. Through absence of human contact the cattle herds had reverted to a state of wildness along with the land. In viciousness far exceeding the native buffalo, great herds of long-horned bulls roamed the land—in dangerous readiness to do battle with any sort of intruder.

First intimation of peril came when the army was suddenly attacked by as awesome a foe as any foot-soldier might care to stand against. In a cloud of dust, amid a thunder of hooves, the rage-moaning beasts thundered into the marching columns. Wagons were upset, men and mules gored, and bedlam ruled until volleys of musket-shots finally dispersed the charging beasts.

COLONEL COOKE, after patching up scars of battle, next day turned loss to gain by ordering a hunt. Drying-frames were built and loaded with strength-sustaining beef. And when the Battalion at last departed from San Pedro Creek, for once its larders were stuffed with food.

From this point on to the margins of the Gila River, the grim battle with desert thirst again became the brethren's daily lot. On December 22, the suffering army at last reached the Gila and were succored and fed in a friendly village of Piman Indians. The journey down-river likewise proved a trying one for the men. Mules—by now only "bags of bones"—were useless to draw the heavy wagons which Cooke seemed determined to haul into California—though it cost the heart and

⁹Ibid., pp. 219-221

SAM BRANNAN

soul of every man under his command. So, with stamina beyond the burden-beasts, the men dragged the wagons forward.

Here it was that the commander devised a plan which, while ingenious, came near proving disastrous. By lashing a number of wagon boxes together, a crude raft was formed, launched on the Gila, and loaded with precious remaining food stores. The plan was to float the barge down-river by day; tie it up at night. But the barge floundered on a sand bar, and the army moved on to the juncture of the Colorado—uncertain as to whether they would ever taste staple food again.

When next they saw the strange craft, it was January 10, 1847—and the thing was near empty. Lieutenant Stoneman had been forced to unload the meat and flour in order to float the contraption downstream. While the army raft-ferried the Colorado, a detail of men was sent back to recover these lost supplies.

While engaged in crossing the Colorado, news came of a Mexican uprising in California against the victorious American army—and with it an urgent appeal upon the Battalion for haste. Cooke sped his ragged troops on forced march toward the scene of conflict. But not even these exigencies could induce the stubborn colonel to abandon the wagons, nor the primary objective he'd set his hand to accomplish. Kearny had ordered the cutting through of a road to California. Cooke was determined Kearny should have that road—and with it some wagons as evidence in proof.

So the men continued rolling those cumbersome rickety contraptions for-

ward. With picks and shovels, they carved the hillsides. With crowbars and gunpowder, they hewed a way through living rock. Food supplies again were exhausted, and while a detail rode on to San Diego for needed beef, both men and dying mules subsisted on mesquite pods. The conquering of that last and longest desert should forever be held to man's gaze as a triumph of physical endurance, coupled with a faith that would allow no defeat.

On January 21, the Mormon Battalion camped on Warner's Ranch. And how the hungry brethren feasted themselves on good beef, raised by that Yankee settler from Massachusetts! At last they'd reached California—but their entry bore small resemblance to that of a conquering army. Their clothes were rags, their feet were bare and bleeding—but Kearny could never deny they'd brought the wagons through!

But no time was allowed to the beckoning civilized comforts of Warner's Ranch. A courier had brought fresh news from Kearny. The rebellion had been successfully dealt with. The Battalion was to proceed to San Diego. After a thorough drilling, to sharpen up the military aspects of his command, Colonel Cooke ordered the march.

And then, after a week of steady plodding, the army came upon its first sight of the Pacific Ocean. On January 30, 1847, the Mormon Battalion, after history's longest infantry march, grounded arms in the courtyard of the Roman Catholic Mission of San Diego.

It was fitting a church should have been their first haven of rest!

(To be continued)

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ATONEMENT

(Concluded from page 212)

Apparently as a further test, even His feeling of contact with His Father was withdrawn from Him, for He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He was left there with His own strength only to sustain Him. There were no angels to comfort Him, no word from God to encourage Him. He was the Lord of the earth, but He was hanging there in agony because His chosen people had rejected Him. The suffering He must have experienced in taking upon Himself "the pain of all men," in understanding the sorrow that must come to the vast numbers of His people who from the beginning to the end of the world had disobeyed and would disobey His commandments, was likely greater than His extreme physical torment. But He endured to the end.

The atonement further demon-

strates that death must be the lot of all, no matter how well we live. It is a necessary step in our progress, and we have come to realize that death is no tragedy to the righteous individual, however much his loved ones may feel his loss.

And we may learn also that often great suffering is in store for the best of God's children. The Lord reminded Joseph Smith of this fact, and the reason for it when he was chafing in Liberty jail.

And finally, as one more demonstration of His fitness to judge, as one more assurance that each of us will be rewarded for our accomplishments or our shortcomings with full justice, unwarped by any heat of passion, no matter how great the offense, we have that supreme example: In the first full intensity of His agony upon the cross, "Father, forgive them," He said, "for they know not what they do."

Wartime

MENU IDEAS

From My Table to Yours!



• Quick Light Lunch:

A bowl of creamed cottage cheese topped with a generous spoonful of Tea Garden Preserves.

• **Victory Shortcake:** Split warm shortcake biscuits, butter and spread Tea Garden Strawberry or other Preserves between halves and on top. Serve with top-milk — and you'll have a new longing for shortcake.

• **Frosted Grape Cocktail:** Try this as a refresher for lunch or party: Combine equal parts of chilled Tea Garden Concord Grape Juice and ginger ale. Frost the glasses in which it is to be served by dipping the rims first in lemon juice and then in powdered sugar.

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Peanut butter and
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Sandwich on Boston Brown Bread
Ham and Cheese Sandwich on Rye Bread
Deviled Egg Carrot Sticks
Orange Molasses Cookies Milk

• **Surprise Cakes:** Cut tops off plain cup cakes, make a small hollow in each and fill the hollow with Tea Garden Preserves or Jelly. Replace tops and frost cakes.

• **Sunday Evening Waffles:** Ever stumped as to what to serve Sunday evening? Turn to the Sunday evening standby — waffles. And serve with them — Tea Garden Drips — the syrup with the delightfully different flavor that makes hotcakes and waffles S-I-N-G!

P.S. You don't have to wait 'till Sunday.

• **Tasty Toast:** Spread strips of hot, buttered toast with Tea Garden Preserves. Sprinkle with cinnamon and place under the broiler just until preserves are bubbly. Serve for breakfast, lunch or afternoon tea.

• **Festive Floating Island:** Combine 4 slightly beaten eggs, ½ cup sugar, and 1 teaspoon salt; gradually stir in 1 quart hot milk; cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats metal spoon; add 1 teaspoon vanilla; pour into serving dish; chill. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff; gradually beat in 1 glass Tea Garden Currant Jelly (or any Tea Garden berry-flavored jelly); heap mixture on top of custard; chill and serve. Children love this.



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A black and white photograph of a woman and a child walking on a path through a wooded area. The woman is on the left, wearing a patterned dress, and the child is on the right, wearing a striped shirt and pants. They are walking away from the camera. The path is surrounded by trees and foliage. In the foreground, a large tree trunk and its branches frame the scene from the left and top. The title "The Improvement Era" is printed in a stylized font in the upper right corner.

The Improvement Era

MAY, 1943

VOLUME 46 NUMBER

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SAM BRANNAN

and the MORMONS in Early California

By PAUL BAILEY



PART VIII

CALIFORNIA'S chain of missions was quickly utilized by American army commanders as barracks facilities for the swelling tide of forces engaged in the Mexican conquest. Years before the outbreak of the Mexican War, a large percentage of these missions had been stripped of sacerdotal trimmings, and were now weed-grown and in a sad state of disrepair. The see-saw battle between Mexico's church and civil factions for public control had effectually reduced or broken the hold of Cali-

THE MISSION AT SAN LUIS REY, CALIFORNIA, WHICH SHELTERED THE MEMBERS OF THE MORMON BATTALION WHO RESTED THERE FOR NEARLY TWO MONTHS IN THE EARLY SPRING OF 1847.

fornia missions upon the populace. Many priests had fled, and their church properties confiscated. The war's outbreak had come at a time when the mission era was at its very lowest ebb.

Except for a few Indians who still clung to the premises, the Mormon Battalion found the Mission San Diego deserted of life and care. Olive groves and vineyards were weed-grown and neglected. Walled gardens and sequestered burial places were tangled with briars. The

great sprawled buildings were rent with earthquake cracks, and the stately place of worship had been looted. But it was a welcome, comforting spot to those foot-weary Mormon soldiers. The timeless, indolent atmosphere of the place was soothing to bodies delivered now at last from the dusty, drouth-ridden inferno of endless deserts. Buoyant to soul and spirit was the commander's open recognition of their heroism.

Headquarters Mormon Battalion
Mission of San Diego,
January 30, 1847.

(Orders No. 1).

The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, congratulates the Battalion on their safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and the conclusion of their march of over two thousand miles.

History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness, where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them we have ventured into trackless tablelands where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick, and axe in hand, we worked our way over mountains, which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a pass through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss. The garrison of four presidios of Sonora concentrated within the walls of Tucson, gave us no pause. We drove them out, with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus marching half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country. . . .

Thus volunteers, you have exhibited some high and essential qualities of veterans. But much remains undone. Soon, you will turn your attention to the drill, to system and order, to forms also, which are all necessary to the soldier.

By order

(Signed)

Lieut.-Colonel P. St. George Cooke,

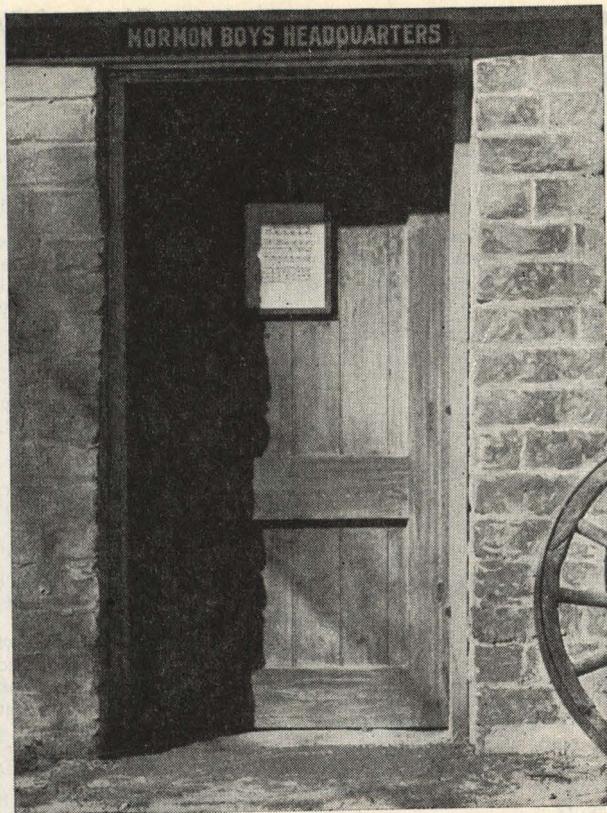
(Signed)

P. C. Merrill, Adjutant.¹

The Battalion, in its march from Warner's Ranch, had gained the Pacific's margin at a point some distance north of San Diego. First view of the mighty ocean was from a bluff in sight of the deserted Mission San Luis Rey. Their journey southward to San Diego was partly through the Soledad Valley, partly over cross-trails and hills to the travel-worn mission route of El Camino Real; thence along the coast and in full sight of the ocean, to San Diego's Mission. Of that pulse-stirring first view of the great blue sea, even the grizzled Cooke lost himself in superlatives:

¹Letter extenso, Cooke's Conquest, p. 197

MORMON BOYS HEADQUARTERS



MORMON BOYS' HEADQUARTERS

In 1847-8 this room was used as a "Boarding house" by the Mormons who were working for Captain Sutter.

The same Mormons worked under the direction or control of Sam Brannan, who at that time had a trading post or store in a large adobe building outside the Fort grounds about where the group of redwood trees now stand at 28th and K Streets.

Of his Mormon workmen Captain Sutter always spoke very highly. They were sober, industrious, and when the great gold strike came and everybody was stampeding to gold diggings, these Mormons held to their contract with Sutter until their job was finished. Many of them later became prominent in California history.

The road wound through smooth green valleys, and over very lofty hills, equally smooth and green. From the top of one of these hills, was caught the first and a magnificent view of the great ocean; and by rare chance, perhaps, it was so calm that it shone as a mirror. . . . The charming and startling effect, under our circumstances, . . . could not be expressed.²

THEIR rest at San Diego proved a brief one. Within two days they were marching northward again to be quartered at the Mission San Luis Rey. The mission's ruined and dirty quarters were cleaned, repaired, and made comfortable by the brethren. Days of intensive military drill followed. Cooke was determined to add a bit of needed martial air to the ragged army. After that, over the protests of the brethren, the Battalion was divided. Company B was ordered back to San Diego for garrison duty. The remaining four companies, with exception of a small thirty-man garrison for San Luis Rey, was marched north to the Pueblo de Los Angeles—arriving there March 23.

The issues of war already had been decided before the Mormon Battalion's arrival on the Pacific Coast. In the north, Fremont in two engagements had successfully de-

feated the Mexicans under Castro. Commodore Sloat, with the American naval squadron, had taken Monterey, and in almost simultaneous action, Montgomery had painlessly claimed Yerba Buena. Stockton's sailors and the recruit-swollen army of Fremont had ended hostilities at Pueblo de Los Angeles. The last, and perhaps bloodiest, engagements had been won by Kearny on December 6, 1846, and January 8, 1847.

The Mormon Battalion was denied a test of mettle in open engagement with the enemy—but courage can be proved in ways other than shedding of human blood. As occupational troops they served their country well; so well that their final departure came amid clamor and petition of the conquered populace that they remain. No modern army has earned such respect. No greater tribute could be offered to the stalwart virtues of the peace-abiding Mormon soldier.

But when the Battalion marched into the squalid Pueblo de Los Angeles, they had yet to win this flattering acceptance. Fremont's wild troopers, quartered at Mission San Gabriel, had spread many a weird rumor as to Mormon depravity. Although California was the strangest of all places to fan hate's flames, the Missourians of Fremont's and Price's commands had shown no hesitance in voicing resentment among the natives. The populace feared the worst when the

Battalion marched through town. They hid behind doors—and there was no cheering.

With no quarters available, the Battalion was forced to encamp on the open plain about a mile from town. The next night, a better site was found a mile up the San Gabriel River. This threw them uncomfortably nearer to Fremont's Missourians of whose belligerent attitude all Mormons were aware. Animosity boiled itself to such a bitter frenzy one night in April that the brethren were routed from blankets, ordered to fix bayonets, and stand ready to repulse an open attack of Fremont's men. Fortunately, no such disgraceful skirmish occurred, and no blood was shed.³

That the brethren were not too favorably impressed with Los Angeles pueblo is attested by the number of first-hand accounts which have come down to us. With quaint truth and brevity, Henry Standage wrote:

May 2. For the last two days I have been more or less through the city of Angels or as it is in Spanish, Ciudad de Los Angeles, and must say they are the most degraded set of beings I ever was among, professing to be civilized and taught in the Roman Catholic religion. There are almost as many grog shops and gambling houses in this city as there are private houses. Only 5 or 6 stores and no mechanics shops. A tolerable sized Catholic church, built of unburnt brick and houses of the same material. Roofs made of reeds and pitched on the outside (tar springs close by or I may say pitch). Roofs flat. There are some 3 or 4 roofs built American fashion. The Spaniards in general own large farms in the country and keep from one to 20,000 head of cattle. Horses in abundance, mules, sheep, goats, &c. Also the Indians do all the labor and Mexicans are generally on horseback from morning till night. They are perhaps the greatest horsemen in the known world, and very expert with lance and lasso. They are in general a very idle, profligate, drunken, swearing set of wretches, with but very few exceptions. The Spaniards' conduct in grog shops with the squaws is really filthy and disgusting even in day time. Gambling is carried to the highest pitch, men often losing 500 dollars in cash in one night, or a 1000 head of cattle. . . .⁴

Not the least opportunity for idleness was granted the Mormon Battalion during its Los Angeles sojourn. Already it had been partially divided, with almost a fourth of its men garrisoned at San Diego and San Luis Rey. And now, within two weeks of its arrival, Company C was marched away to the mountains to guard Cajon Pass against the guerrilla bands who stubbornly harassed the American forces of

(Continued on page 305)

³See Golder, *March of the Mormon Battalion*, p. 219, which quotes the *Standage Journal* ext.

⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 220-221

²Cooke's *Conquest*, p. 195

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occupation. The remainder of the Battalion was detailed to the drudging labor of baking, repairing the village structures, and building a fort atop the hill west of town. This fortification, on the same hill where Gillespie had been forced to stand siege, was to be large enough to quarter two hundred soldiers, and stout enough to withstand assault until aid could be brought from San Diego, San Francisco, or Monterey. It stood directly over the present Broadway tunnel (the site now marked with staff and flag). It was dedicated as Fort Moore on Los Angeles' first Fourth of July celebration, with solemn and impressive flag-raising ceremony. Even its flagpole was a distinctive Mormon achievement.

... A company of natives and Mormons were sent to the San Bernardino mountains to fell the tallest trees they could find for a pole. A long time passed before they returned and the authorities became worried. Finally on the old Mission Road a large cloud of dust was seen and many shriekings and groanings were heard. It was the flag pole cavalcade! Everyone was relieved. It had two tree trunks, one about 30 feet and the other about 75 feet, mounted on the axles of about twelve *carretas*. Each was hauled by twenty yoke of oxen with an Indian driver to each ox. . . . The two trunks, spliced, made a flag-pole for the city 150 feet high, that "could be seen by all men."⁵

Among those hurriedly recruited regiments the country threw into the California campaign were some whose ranks were filled with border renegades and the riff-raff of the eastern cities. Colonization rights, bonuses, and promise of public lands had lured many an undesirable to take up arms. While fighting was the strict requisite, they had made brave and faithful soldiers, but with the closing of hostilities had come the chafing monotony of peace. Drinking, gambling, rapine, and wholesale desertions followed. American military authorities were driven to wits' end in coping with a situation that was disgraceful to them and a source of terror to the natives.

This strange contrast were the stalwart, sober Mormons whose arrival had been advertised so malignantly. They worked hard, they complained little, they abstained from drink and the vices and follies about them. They met often in humble brotherhood and spirit. They broke bread, they passed the cup, they acknowledged their faults one to another. Instead of brothel songs, their sturdy voices sang the praise of God and acknowledged His goodness unto man. Instead of the profane oaths with serpent-like sting, they spoke the supplication of the contrite heart. Little wonder Spanish-speaking natives and Indians recognized the intrinsic goodness of these strange soldiers. And

when the Battalion's term of enlistment neared its end, military authorities were implored by the natives to retain Mormons as garrison troops in preference to the less reliable companies who must assume this important duty when the Battalion had gone its way. In San Diego, where Company B was quartered, a petition was signed by every person in town.

In May, before General Kearny departed for the east, he made strenuous efforts to re-enlist the Battalion. Tyler records:

On the 4th of May, an order was read from Col. Cooke, giving the Battalion the privilege of being discharged on condition of being re-enlisted for three years as U. S. Dragoons; but under the circumstances the generous proposition could not consistently be accepted.

Regarding Kearny's address to the Battalion on the tenth of the same month, Tyler states:

He sympathized with us in the unsettled condition of our people, but thought, as their final destination was not definitely settled, we had better re-enlist for another year, by which time the war would doubtless be ended, and our families settled in some permanent location. In conclusion he said he would take pleasure in representing our patriotism to the President, and in the halls of congress, and give us the justice our praiseworthy conduct had merited.⁶

As the time for mustering-out drew nearer, many attractive offers were dangled before Mormon eyes to induce them to remain in service. When praise and cajolery failed, there were threats of impressment. Honest justice to these faithful men forestalled so drastic a move, and in the end the call of loved ones and the stronger cry of duty was the deciding issue. Mail from the east revealed that Brigham Young and the vanguard had left Winter Quarters, and already were nearing the Rockies.

⁵Tyler, *Mormon Battalion*, pp. 281-2

LIKE HEAVEN'S RAIN

By Knox Munson

THE liquid rhythm on the forest's roof
Drove feathered crowds into inert
seclusion;
Each naughty raindrop's stamping little hoof
Sent tangled branches into high confusion.
And as I wandered in the dripping scent,
My budding thought was leisurely in-
tent
Upon the mystery there. Designed like
you,
The skies pour out a strange, poetic
dew,
Stirring Earth's veins until his cheeks are
blushing,
And life is plunged through hungry limbs
and shoots.
Yes, you are like abundant trails of gushing,
Clean heaven's rain, swept to the thirsty
roots.

The war was ending, hostilities had ceased, their obligation to the nation valorously paid. Zion-to-be-built had need of their sturdy hearts and brawn. So, on July 16, 1847, after all companies of the Battalion were marched from the various garrison posts up and down the coast and reunited in Los Angeles, a brief mustering-out ceremony was conducted, and the men discharged from service. Eighty-one of the brethren elected to remain under arms for an additional six months. These were sent back to San Diego for garrison duty.

At 3 o'clock p.m. the five companies of the Battalion were formed according to the letter of the company, with A in front and E in rear, leaving a few feet of space between. The notorious Lieutenant A. J. Smith then marched down between the lines in one direction and back between the next lines, then in a low tone of voice said: "You are discharged." This was all there was of the ceremony of mustering out of service this veteran corps of living martyrs to the cause of their country and religion. None of the men regretted the Lieutenant's brevity; in fact, it rather pleased them.⁷

THEY at last were freed from the soldier's yoke, but there still remained a thousand miles of wilderness and mountains to be met and conquered before they could hope to greet their loved ones in the promised land of the Great Basin. After mustering-out and payoff, the brethren assembled at the place agreed upon—a rendezvous on the San Pedro River, three miles from the Pueblo. Fortunately stock and provisions were cheap, and with the meager cash in their possession, the brethren were able to assemble satisfactory traveling equipment, with ample flour and salt for the return journey. ". . . The majority of those who did not re-enlist were organized into companies for traveling, after the ancient and modern Israelitish custom, with captains of hundreds, fifties and tens. . . ."⁸

Within a week their strange caravan was wending its way northward through California's wide valley of the San Joaquin. At Sutter's Fort they stopped to barter. With the consent of the "captains" a few of the brethren remained there, to accept positions at wages with Captain Sutter until the following spring. The majority, however, pushed hurriedly on into the Sierras. On September 6, while leaving the Tahoe basin, came that historic meeting with Samuel Brannan—who at that moment was returning to San Francisco after his disappointing interview with Brigham Young in the Great Basin. Brannan's antipathy toward President Young's choice, and his doleful account of things he'd seen, were not lost on the minds of the brethren.

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⁷Azariah Smith Journal, Journal History

⁸Tyler, *Mormon Battalion*, p. 305

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But next day came Captain James Brown with letters from families of the brethren, and the epistle from President Young and the Council. The decision—whether to return and winter at Sutter's Fort, or push on to the Great Basin—became the individual problem of every man. After discussion and council, about half the number considered it wisdom to remain in California. The others snapped fingers at Brannan's advice, and pushed on toward the new Zion.

Those who elected to remain had no difficulty in obtaining work. John A. Sutter, whose ingenuity and sagacity already had carved out an empire, needed men. Fremont had recruited the best of Sutter's American workers and rifle-men. Sutter faced a crying need for mills and manpower. The sober, hard-working Mormons were an answer to his prayers. He offered employment to all who would work.

His foreman, James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey and carpenter by trade, took a crew of nine of the brethren, three other white men, and a number of Indians, and moved up to the Coloma Valley. Here a sawmill was to be erected. Samuel Brannan's "shirt-tail store" (as the little mercantile establishment managed by Charles Smith was called) furnished the supplies for this venture. Coloma Valley, site of the projected mill, was some forty-five miles east of Sutter's, on the south fork of the American River.

The men labored through the winter, felling trees, constructing a brush dam across the river, and deepening a dry channel for a mill race. To save labor, Marshall utilized the river to deepen the channel of the race—employing the men by day to remove stones and obstructions, and turning in the water by night to carry off the

sand and debris. On the morning of January 24, while inspecting the work after a particularly heavy rain, he noticed some yellow particles intermixed with the sand. Curious as to what they might be, he dispatched one of the Indians to his cabin for a tin plate. With this Marshall was able to obtain a small quantity of the metal, which had the appearance of gold. At the evening meal he disclosed his find to the men, who for the most part took the matter lightly and with considerable doubt. However, Henry W. Bigler, one of the Battalion brethren, considered it important enough to record in his diary:

Monday 24 (January): This day some kind of metal was found in the tail race that looks like gold.

Jan. 30th: Clear, and has been all the last week. Our metal has been tried and proves to be gold. It is thought to be rich. We have picked up more than a hundred dollars' worth this week.*

By such humble words was an epoch marked! Before the year was out, this discovery of gold on the American River in California was destined to start a tide of immigration westward that would change the face of the nation. The President of the United States would utilize the subject in a special message to Congress. Through it, and by it, California would be made a sovereign state of the Union within two years and boast almost a hundred thousand population. In less than a decade it was to add five hundred million dollars to the world's store of gold. And then, when surface riches were gone, and the wealth too deep for the common man with pick and pan, those hosts who followed the lure would turn the earth for greater riches than ever was destined to come from the glittering sands of California's

*Bigler Journal

shallow rivers.

When Marshall's find proved to gold, efforts were made to hush the fair. He hastened down-river for conference with Captain Sutter, while the Mormon brethren continued to honor their contract by laboring daily on the uncompleted mill. So rich were the sands about them, that by brief labor in the evening they were able to provide for themselves many times the amount they received as employees of Sutter. It is remarkable, that even after the secret was out and the stream swarmed with gold-hungry men, the Mormon boys continued with the task. Not until March 11 was the mill completed and running.

But in spite of the elaborate efforts of Sutter and Marshall to hide the great secret, it soon was traveling the word of mouth. It remained only Samuel Brannan to complete the cycle that was to set the world afire. From time to time throughout the early spring of 1848, news of the discovery had been carried to San Francisco. For some reason the little city on the bay remained strangely indifferent to events that soon would turn it into a holocaust. But Samuel, while on his visit to his Sacramento store, not only investigated the rumors, but carried back to San Francisco a quinine bottle stuffed with the precious metal.

It was May of 1848 before the word was taken into confidence regarding the discovery, but Samuel Brannan made ample amends for the tardy state of things. With hat in one hand, and the quinine vial in the other, he strode the muddy streets of San Francisco. With his bull-like voice he shouted tidings, "Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!"

Within a week the city was deserted.

(To be continued)

GENERAL CONFERENCE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION

MARION G. ROMNEY

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Delivered at the Sunday afternoon session of the 113th Annual Conference, April 4, 1943, in the Tabernacle

SINCE October Conference six months ago, a most unusual experience has been mine. With Brother Roscoe W. Eardley, I have visited in more than one hundred and twenty of the one hundred and forty-three stakes of the Church in what may be called an inspection tour of Welfare projects and activities. We have held regional Welfare meetings in sixteen of

the seventeen Welfare regions. I have appreciated this assignment and the gracious manner in which you brethren have received us.

Being thus intensely engaged in the activities of Church Welfare, I am led to refer to some of them here. In April, 1936—just seven years ago—the First Presidency, in "An Important Message to the Presidents of Stakes and Bishops of the Church," stated the guiding principles of the "Church Welfare Plan." At the October Conference following, they read a report of what had been accomplished during the intervening six months. Their reason for inaugurating the plan was stated as follows:

Our primary purpose was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system

under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and independence, industry, and self-respect be once more established amongst our people. Work is to be enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our Church members. . . . The Church aims to help provide for the care and sustenance of those on direct relief—federal, state, and county, as also for those for whom the Church has heretofore cared.

The progress made in Welfare production since that beginning has been remarkable. The evidence of it is apparent in every stake. A record of the time, means, and enthusiasm voluntarily contributed to Welfare production and processing would fill volumes.

From those first general instructions given in April, 1936, that "every bishop should aim to have accumulated, by



The Improvement Era

JUNE, 1943
VOLUME 46 NUMBER 6
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SAM BRANNAN *and the*

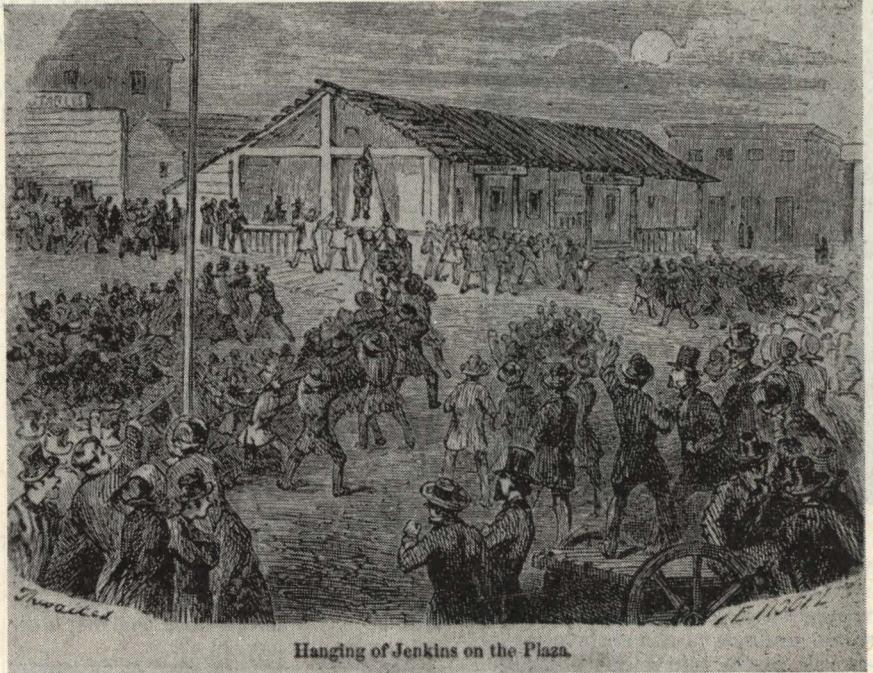
By PAUL BAILEY

PART IX

AFTER Samuel Brannan's dramatic pronouncement of the discovery of gold, the fever for riches approached a frenzy that spread far beyond California's borders. Soldiers deserted their posts; sailors left their ships to rot in the bay; San Francisco became a dead city. Immigrants, bound for Oregon, turned away at Fort Hall and raced madly for the gold camps across the Sierras. Sutter's empire was tattered and bruised. The thoughtless hordes moved in, turned the crystal-clear streams to muddy red with spades and picks. And this was scarcely a taste of what other years would yield.

California Mormons—both Battalion members and those from Brannan's New York group—were enviably situated to profit from the strike. From chance discovery by two of the Battalion boys came one of the richest of all finds—the famous "Mormon Island" in the American River. Those other brethren, still bound to Sutter by employment contract, utilized their odd hours to garner considerable wealth in raw gold. Nor did the San Francisco Saints neglect opportunity to stake some of the first claims on the gravel bars of California's streams. Even today a tour of the Mother Lode country reveals many geographical names quaintly reminiscent of the day when Mormons were first on the scene: Mormon Gulch, Mormon Bar (Merced-Yosemite highway), Mormon Island (American River near present town of Folsom).

Exercising his proprietary rights, Sutter demanded a flat commission of fifty percent on all diggings. Later he cut it to a modest one-third. In the end he found himself literally ousted off his own land. With the only store in the Sacramento Valley, Samuel Brannan reaped a golden harvest from the exorbitant prices he charged for implements and provisions. Charles Smith's share of the enterprise was purchased by Brannan for fifty thousand dollars, and the name changed to S. Brannan and Company. No time was wasted in opening other stores in the gold camps of Coloma and Natoma. In the Sacramento store alone, receipts were soon averaging five thousand dollars a day. Greed was gnawing at Brannan's soul. He still maintained an unctuous decorum among the brethren, and was extremely jealous of his standing as their leader, but unmistakable now were the signs of his spiritual disintegration. It is said he demanded, and received, tithing from all Mormon earnings—though there is no record of his having de-



Hanging of Jenkins on the Plaza.

—From Soule's "Annals of San Francisco"

livered any part of the money over to the Church.¹

In striking contrast to Brannan's insatiable lust for wealth, is the example set by the majority of the Battalion brethren during that hectic summer. No set of men could ever have been more favorably situated to gain from the gold strike. They were first on the spot. They had free choice of the best locations before the crowds swept in. To have remained in California another year might have guaranteed them wealth. But the call now had come from President Young. They were to take up their burdens in Salt Lake Valley. They were to plight their hearts and brawn to the task of building Zion. In the moment, as true Saints, they forgot not their duties and promises to God. With a brave sigh they laid down their picks and pans, and abandoned their rich diggings to the greedy ones. With their earnings they purchased provisions for themselves and the destitute souls out beyond. They bought horses, cattle, and seeds—and cannon for the defense of Zion. They held rendezvous at a spot called Pleasant Valley, near the present city of Placerville. On July 4, 1848, their cannon boomed a noisy salute to their great nation—and a farewell to California. They were going home.

"Thus," said historian Bancroft,

¹See Scherer, *First Forty-Niner*, p. 48; see letter from James Ferguson to the Presidency in Salt Lake City, *Journal History*, under date of April 1, 1848. Ferguson complains that Brannan and others grew rich from Brannan & Co., while the poor Mormons who contributed were "bereft and trodden down."

FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE EXECUTION

On June 9, 1851, Samuel Brannan and his newly organized Vigilance Committee declared war on the outlaws who repeatedly had ravaged San Francisco. John Jenkins was the first victim of the aroused populace. As a preface to the hanging, Brannan shouted "Let every lover of liberty lay hold the rope." The hastily chosen scaffold was a beam of the "Old Adobe" on the Plaza.

"amidst the scenes now every day becoming more and more absorbing, bringing to the front the strongest passions in man's nature, . . . at the call of what they deemed duty, these devotees of their religion unhesitatingly laid down their wealth-winning implements, turned their back on what all the world was just then making ready with hot haste and mustered strength to grasp at, and struggle for, and marched through new toils and dangers to meet their exiled brethren in the desert."² Had the *Brooklyn* Saints manifested the same faith and integrity—could they have freed themselves in time from the misguided counsel of Samuel Brannan—how much greater might they have enriched their own lives and that of the religion in the name of which they had come to California in the first place!

THE journey to Zion of these three men fraught with hardship. Crossing the Sierras from west to east, with seventeen heavily loaded wagons and droves of stock, was a task which tested the stamina and endurance of man and beast. The new roads they cut lessened greatly the toil for many an immigrant

²Bancroft's *History of California*, VI, p. 49

Mormons in EARLY CALIFORNIA

in years to come. Three of the brethren, blazing trail ahead of the main body, were ambushed by savages and brutally murdered. The spot where their mutilated bodies were found, buried under a thin layer of dirt, was named by their sorrowing brothers "Tragedy Spring," a name which it bears today. Duties to these dead performed, the men pushed on. With drudging toil they fought at the narrow canyons and steep grades until the eastern slopes of the Sierras finally were won. After seemingly endless weeks of parched deserts, their dusty wagons thumped their way into Salt Lake City. On that October day of 1848, their long journey was ended,

wheeled vehicle. They had arrived June 5, 1848. From their glowing accounts of the fertile valley beneath the southern Sierra Madres came the beginning of the San Bernardino colony of the Church.

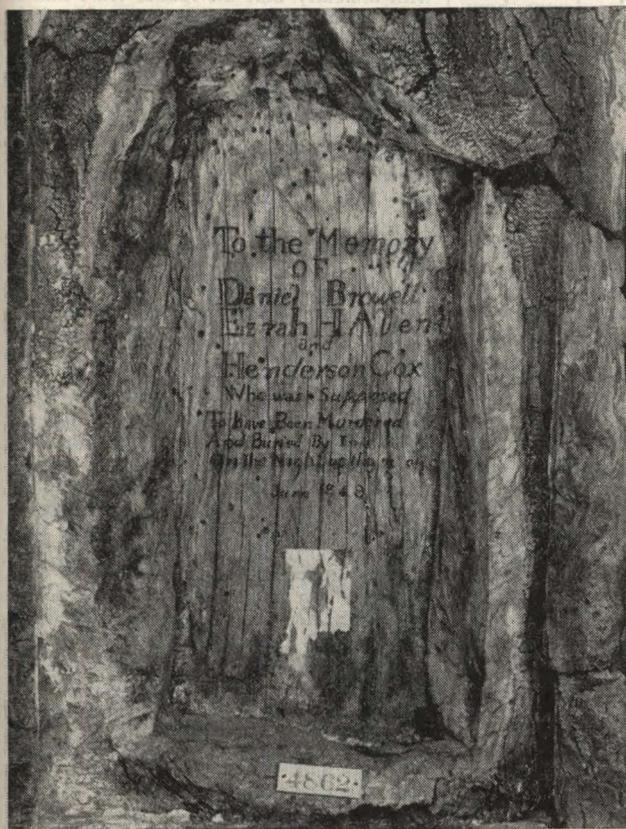
THE importance of the Mormon Battalion as a motivating force in moulding American greatness can scarcely be overestimated. To gain some perspective of this vital movement, one must consider the four great factors so conducive to stabilization and growth of both intermountain country and Pacific slope. B. H. Roberts lists them thus: "(1) The opening of the

highways; (2) the conquest of northern Mexico; (3) the discovery of gold in California; (4) the adoption of irrigation farming by Anglo-Saxon people."³ In each of these varied phases the Battalion played a worthy part.

Their road-building efforts are substantiated by history and backed by government and military documents in Washington. The beneficial results of the Mexican War—when injustices to the conquered nation were ameliorated with cash purchase of the territory won—raised the United States to a world power. Discovery of gold was an event of far-reaching magnitude, and a factor for speedy consolidation and development of that rich territory now added to public domain. The Battalion had ample opportunity to witness first-hand the irrigation systems practiced for generations by Mexicans of Santa Fe and the valleys of the Rio Grande. Members of Brown's command were in Salt Lake Valley when the first plow tore itself apart on the sun-baked crust of the desert. "What more likely than that some of those men who had seen irrigation in progress should suggest the flooding of the land to prepare it for plowing, as they had seen it conducted over the land to convey moisture to the growing vegetation? The probability of it has a moral certainty."⁴

It takes but cursory examination of the Mormon heritage to see how profound and far-reaching was the Spanish-California influence upon the Mormon people. Scores of words common to the Pacific slope found their way into the provincial idiom of the Great Basin: corral, lasso, ranch (rancho), dobe (adobe), savvy (sabe), chaps, pinto, canyon (cañon). Making of adobe bricks, which in their humble way so valiantly have served our people when timber was scarce, had been raised to a useful art among the Mexicans long before the Battalion marched to California. The club-head wheat, introduced to Utah by

(Continued on page 358)



TRAGEDY SPRING TREE

In June, 1848, three members of the Mormon Battalion in exploring a trail over the Sierra Nevada Mountains were killed by Indians. Their bodies were discovered by other members of the Battalion, who gave them fitting burial and carved a memorial in the now famous pine. Considerably weather-worn, it can be made out to read: "To the Memory of Daniel Browett, Ezra H. Allen, and Henderson Cox, who was supposed to have been murdered and buried by Indians on the night of . . . June, 1848." Tyler, in his "Concise History of the Mormon Battalion," gives their names as David Brawett, Daniel Allen, and Henderson Cox.

—Photo courtesy Primary Association

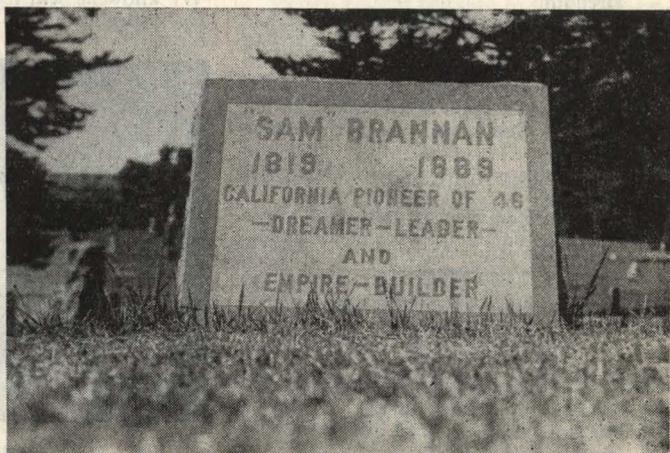
THE GRAVE OF SAM BRANNAN AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY, SAN DIEGO

—Paul Bailey photo

their own heroic chapter of a nation's history imperishably written.

The eighty-one members of the Battalion who in Los Angeles had elected to remain under arms for an additional enlistment of six months had been discharged from service early in the spring. Twenty-five of them already were in Zion. Others had remained behind to engage in mining or other activities, but eventually most of them made their way to the valley. Those twenty-five men in the main body had journeyed from San Diego to Los Angeles, thence by way of the old Spanish trail through Cajon Pass, to Salt Lake City. Under their pioneering, the trail became a road, and to them goes the honor of hauling through the first

Sam Brannan died penniless at Escondido, California. His body lay unburied and unclaimed in the San Diego receiving vault for over a year. Out of friendship and pity, Alexander Badlam donated the grave-site, but until 1926 the forgotten grave was marked by only a 2x2 redwood stake. J. Harvey McCarthy donated the tiny marker over the resting place of California's first millionaire. Samuel Brannan, Jr., also penniless, was buried alongside in 1932. His grave is unmarked, and was donated by the Society of California Pioneers.



³Roberts, *The Mormon Battalion*, p. 77
⁴*Ibid.*, p. 81

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 345)

Lieutenant James Pace, proved a sustaining blessing to Utah soil. Daniel Tyler brought back with him the California pea, which in early days became the staple field pea of Utah. From Pueblo, via Brown's command, came *taos*, which, crossed with club-head, became the seed wheat of Utah's fields. California's gold had its effect on the Mormon colonial system both for good and evil. But the soldiers' pay which Captain James Brown collected by power of attorney for his detachment while on that quarrelsome journey to the Pacific with Samuel Brannan, purchased Fort Goodyear and changed that site to Ogden City. Truly the Mormon Battalion served greater than it knew.

A STUDY of the plight of the Church in California during the mad period of the gold rush, and the transition years following, reveals, as nothing else could, the profound judgment and breadth of vision shown by Brigham Young in settling the exiled Saints in the sheltered valleys of the Rocky Mountains. Those who followed his advice and turned to Zion were saved to themselves, and to the Church. Those who followed such worldly prophets as Samuel Brannan, or held aloof to their own selfishness, fell—and were swallowed up in the great oblivion. It is true that many California-isolated Saints eventually heeded conscience and moved to Zion, but few who wilfully alienated themselves from the councils of the faithful retained their testimonies or their zeal for the cause. Let it not be said, however, that fair California in and of itself was the poison which blighted. As President Young ceaselessly expounded, the real destroyer was that motivating power of worldliness—that lethal force which gratifies the senses but dulls those inner promptings through which the spirit guides the better destiny of man.

"If we were to go to San Francisco and dig up chunks of gold, or find it here in the valley," President Young told the returned Battalion boys, "it would ruin us. Many want to unite Babylon and Zion; it's the love of money that hurts them. If we find gold and silver, we are in bondage directly. To talk of going away from this valley we are in, for anything, is like vinegar to my eyes. They that love the world have not their affections placed upon the Lord."⁵

Samuel Brannan, and the lost Saints who followed him, verify the truth of this inspired statement. And Samuel Brannan, the fallen leader, has a place in our story for this reason.

With money which probably belonged to the Church, with flow of funds from his tremendously successful

mercantile enterprises, he soon was established as one of California's richest men. Astuteness and business acuity enabled him to profit from the tremendous flow of population to Pacific shores, and soon he was involved in scores of enterprises, the profits of which within a few years made him California's first millionaire. With two other capitalists, he purchased Sutter's vast holdings. He erected numerous fine buildings in San Francisco and Sacramento. He established lucrative ship trade with China, Hawaii, and the east coast. His land holdings extended to southern California and Honolulu. And as his wealth increased, his testimony diminished, until he turned from the Church a bitter apostate.

Yet in justice to Brannan's memory, let it be said there existed in the man a certain true measure of greatness. Pity is that such virtue was not expended in the channels wherein it was born. For aside from his betrayal of the Church, and his insatiable pursuit of wealth, he served California well, and must rank with Sutter, Marshall, and Stanford in the pantheon of that state's great ones. He pioneered the first overland mail from San Francisco (with Battalion boys as the riders); and his energy and funds greatly assisted in bringing the first railroad west. In the admittance of California as a state to the union, with slavery as a determining issue, he raised an indignant voice that helped save the state from that awful curse. He built the first wharf in San Francisco, and more than any single man, labored to change that chaotic gold-rush village to the metropolis we know today. In 1853, he served as state senator.

PERHAPS the brightest page in this man's life was his efforts toward quelling the lawless elements which during the period of the gold rush had made a hell-sink of San Francisco. From the convict settlements of Australia, from the borderlands and city slums of America, from the questionable haunts of men the world over, had poured a stream of thieves, murderers, and wantons into San Francisco—lured by that magic word "gold." True to their type, they found easier ways of extracting the elusive metal than the laborious method of pick and pan. So critical did the situation become that no unarmed man was safe in person or property. Once organized into gangs, the boldness of these vultures knew no limit. Six times they fired the city, and while the flames devoured homes and buildings, they looted for gain. Within a period of a few months, one hundred murders were committed, without a single criminal apprehended. Human decency could stand no more.

On June 9, 1851, amid the ashes of his ruined city, Samuel Brannan or-

ganized the first vigilance committee. Outraged citizens under his leadership commenced their tardy vengeance against lawlessness by hanging the first culprit from a rafter of the "old adobe." These hangings did not cease until San Francisco became a safe place for law-abiding people.

In 1861, the now wealthy and fashionable Sam Brannan purchased immense land holdings in Napa Valley among the natural mudpots and geysers of that region. His plans were to establish there a watering place that would surpass the American Saratoga and the great spas of Europe, which he had seen and frequented. He named his venture Calistoga (combined from the words "California" and "Saratoga"). He pioneered a city, built hotels, and a race track. With Lewis Keseberg, of Donner ill-fame, he established brandy distilleries to process the superlative grapes raised in that region. In all, he is said to have squandered over six million dollars on this ill-starred project.

In the midst of this speculative heyday, the Civil War dragged itself to a bloody finish. In politics, Brannan was violently anti-slave, supported Lincoln, and was sent to Washington to cast the electoral vote for his state. During the American carnage, Napoleon had usurped the government of Mexico and seated the puppet emperor Maximilian on his short-lived throne. Juarez arose to deal vengeance of an outraged people upon this travesty, and Brannan poured his own wealth into the Mexican people's revolution against the European interloper. Not satisfied with purely monetary help, he stumped California for recruits, and the "Brannan Contingent" of the Mexican Foreign Legion was a definite factor in removing the unholy specter of an alien government from our sister republic to the south.

Against these altruistic and patriotic acts of Sam Brannan were those less noble traits which eventually proved his downfall. With wealth came careless living. With careless living came financial reverses, which in a short space of years left him a penniless drunkard. In 1849, President Young had written to Brannan in special request for tithing unrighteously withheld from the Church. In that letter was both a promise and a warning. "... if you will deal justly with your fellows, and deal out with liberal heart and open hands, making a righteous use of all your money, the Lord is willing you should accumulate the rich treasures of the earth and the good things of time in abundance; but should you withhold, when the Lord says give, your hope and pleasing prospects will be blasted in an hour you think not of, and no arm can save..." One wonders if the former millionaire,

⁵Doc. Hist., 1848, p. 67⁶Journal History, April 5, 1849

SAM BRANNAN

when reduced to sleeping in back rooms of saloons, remembered this prophecy.

There are a number of strange twists to the story of Samuel Brannan. In 1879, in depths of his poverty, he remembered the supposedly worthless bonds he'd taken in exchange for his Juarez loan. Through the Mexican minister at Washington he succeeded in liquidating the bonds in exchange for two million acres of Sonora land, and a promise of \$100,000 in cash. With a token of payment of \$25,000, Sam Brannan was off on another tremendous colonization scheme—this time for Americans in Mexico. He hurried to Guaymas, and there discovered that the stubborn Yaquis were in possession of his land. A time limit had been set for the surveying before Mexican patents were issued. Hopeless delays followed. Brannan's store of cash dwindled in the promotion preliminaries, surveying expense, and futile attempts to dispossess the Yaquis from the land they'd held since time immemorial. In the end the tinsed bubble burst, and Brannan was left stranded at Guaymas.

Bancroft tells us that as late as 1885, Sam Brannan was still living in Mexico, but a sorry wreck physically and financially.⁷ A year later he journeyed north to San Diego in search of the health

⁷Bancroft, *Pioneer Register*, p. 728. In this sketch of Brannan's life, the author pictures him in later life as "remarried to a Mexican woman." This statement is vigorously contested by a living relative of Brannan at Vallejo, California.

which dissipation and age had stolen from him. Then happened another of those quirks of fate which dogged this strange man's life. He did not tarry in San Diego, but moved to Escondido, a new village then being promoted. With borrowed money he purchased twenty acres of desert land. While in Escondido he lived in an attic room, and labored diligently and soberly to make his tiny venture a success. Something had happened to Sam Brannan. During his entire Escondido sojourn, he never was known to take a drink, and in contrast to the gay revels of his earlier life, he conducted himself with a quiet dignity as commendable as it was strange.

Someone has said that no man can ever partake of the gospel's fruit without thenceforth and forever hungering for its sweet savor. The percentage of neglectful, even apostate, Latter-day Saints who in age turn their thoughts and efforts back to their earlier fount of strength would make an interesting and profitable study. Certainly some motive for good was at this time making over the Sam Brannan who had rebelled and contemptuously gone his way alone. Perhaps he looked back with longing eyes to the days of the *New York Messenger*, to the *Brooklyn*, to the time when he'd valiantly served God and man in the service of the Priesthood. Wealth and adulation he'd known. They had turned back upon

him as gall and wormwood. He'd known good; he'd known evil; and time and misfortune had sharpened his perspective. In that desert village he made a choice.

Now, like a smile from on High, and a test to his new convictions—came a forty-nine-thousand-dollar payment from Mexico. To his everlasting credit, he did not spend this cash to restore the old life with its morbid trappings and dissipation. No part of it was used to build a shelter for himself in his old age. Instead, he hurried to his beloved city of San Francisco. With the money he paid his debts; he canceled out his conscience toward man. When the money was gone, he returned alone to his attic room in Escondido. There he died, on May 6, 1889—alone and forgotten.

Samuel Brannan died penniless. With no money either for grave or coffin, his body lay a year in the San Diego receiving vault, unclaimed. Only by chance discovery of a friend was Brannan accorded a Christian burial at Mount Hope Cemetery. But for years only a wood stake marked the grave. In 1926, a more suitable marker was provided. It reads: "SAM BRANNAN — 1819-1889 — CALIFORNIA PIONEER OF '46—DREAMER—LEADER—AND EMPIRE-BUILDER."

A greater marker could and might have been his.

(To be continued)

ON THE BOOK RACK

notable contribution in this field. The author has diligently sought out sources and has analyzed the types of songs of this group of people. She has divided the songs into the groups: African Survivals on the Coast of Georgia, Afro-American Songs, Ring-play, Dance and Fiddle Songs, Religious Songs, and Work Songs. In each of these groups, the music has been transcribed by Creighton Churchill and Robert MacGimsey.

It will be a good thing if from this beginning, others will be encouraged to gather like folk songs from the other Negro and Indian groups that live within the United States.—M. C. J.

HOW TO COOK A WOLF

(M. F. K. Fisher. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., New York. 255 pages. \$2.50.)

Here is a book about food which is as unusual as its name. In these days the nation is being warned and forewarned that if conservation and economy are not practiced, "the wolf will surely be at the door." The author's simple (though rhetorical) solution is: Well then, catch the wolf and cook him. You are that much to the good! The author makes a point of the fact that the enjoyment of one's food may be as important as having meals "balanced." Indeed, she states that it is not necessary to have every meal balanced if the day's intake of food is right. A further point is made of the unwisdom of eating so many kinds of food and so many courses at each meal, instead of having one or two good,

excellently prepared foods and making a meal of them.

If the "destiny of a nation depends upon what they eat," as stated by Brillat-Gavarin, then, asks the author, "why does our country eat so unwisely?" Why do we let our millers rob the wheat of all its goodness and then buy the wheat germ for one thousand times its value from our druggists, so that our children may be strong and healthy? Or permit small portions of one factor of vitamin B found in natural grain and a little of the iron restored to the flour, and call it "enriched"? The book is thought-provoking and contains some good recipes not found in the ordinary cook book.—L. D. W.

FAVORITE STORIES OLD AND NEW

(Selected by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York. 1942. 372 pages. \$2.50.)

This book will fill an all-around need for young folk, for it includes seven kinds of stories which they are interested in and should know something about. It includes well-loved stories of all time: fairy stories, animal stories, folk tales from many lands, stories of make believe, tales of laughter, myths and fables, and Bible stories. An additional reason why the book will prove of great worth is that it includes both new and old stories; such new ones as "The Story of Ferdinand" and "The Little Rooster" and "The Turkish Sultan" take their place beside the time-tested "The Frog Prince" and "Father William."—M. C. J.

(Concluded from page 346)
accepted Christianity and thereby turned the Christian church into new channels of activity. This readable story of Constantine will be welcomed by the general reader and by the specialized student of early Christian history. The book is written from the Roman Catholic point of view, but appears to be historically correct.—J. A. W.

LOVE AGAINST HATE

(Karl Menninger, M.D. and Jeanetta Lyle Menninger. Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y. 1942. 311 pages. \$3.50.)

An eminent psychiatrist analyzes in this book several of the destructive conditions of the day, notably the frustrations of children and women. He seeks a cure for these evils in work, play, faith, hope, and love. Though the book is popularly written, he probes deeply and wisely in search of causes. His cures are ably defended. The chapter on hope is notable, particularly because hope as a means to happiness is often disregarded. Love becomes the culminating cure. The reading of this book would be helpful to all, but especially to parents. It is full of practical suggestions.—J. A. W.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE GEORGIA SEA ISLANDS

(Lydia Parrish. With an introduction by Olin Downes. Creative Age Press, Inc., New York. 1942. 256 pages. \$3.50.)

America has need to look to folk songs within her border. This book of songs from the Georgia Sea Island slaves is a

The Improvement Era



JULY, 1943

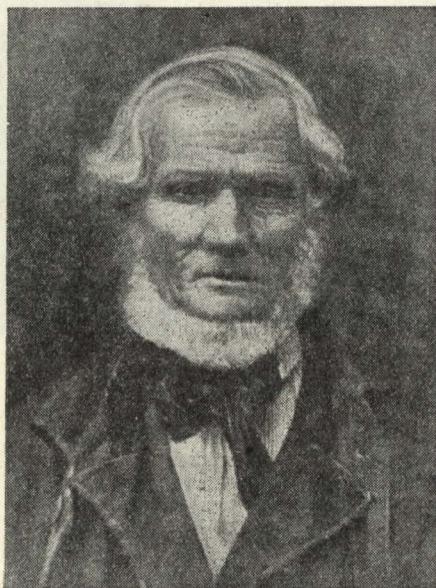
VOLUME 46 NUMBER 7

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Sam Brannan

AND THE MORMONS IN EARLY CALIFORNIA



JEFFERSON HUNT

PART X

THE even temper of California's climate, its endless acres of untilled fertile soil, the ease with which huge tracts could be cheaply acquired, all made deep impression on the minds and hearts of the Mormon Battalion members. On the 14th of May, 1847, while stationed at Los Angeles, Captain Jefferson Hunt had broached the subject of Mormon acquirement of California land in a letter to President Young. He had written:

We are in perfect suspense here. In two months we look for a discharge and know not whither to steer our course. We have a very good offer to purchase a large valley, sufficient to support 50,000 families, connected with other excellent country, which might be obtained. The rancho connected with the valley is about thirty miles from this place, and about twenty miles from a good ship landing. We may have the land and stock consisting of eight thousand head of cattle, the increase of which was three thousand last year and an immense quantity of horses, by paying 500 dollars down, and taking our time to pay the remainder, if we only had the privilege to buy it¹

This immense tract, so favorably offered, was the Rancho Santa Ana del Chino. At the time of the Mexican War it was in possession of an American, Isaac Williams, who had married the daughter of its former Spanish owner. Through a series of personal misfortunes, Williams had earned disfavor among the proud aristocrats in whose circles he moved. Discouragement and ill health were the reasons for so sacrificing a tender of sale.

¹Journal History, May 14, 1847

However, President Young consistently had looked with disfavor upon California as a gathering place for the Saints, and at the time nothing came of this overture. The subject of land purchase again came to the fore when those members of the Battalion who had re-enlisted for an additional six months outfitted themselves at Williams' Chino Rancho in preparation for their journey to Salt Lake City after their final discharge from military service. As aforementioned, their journey home was by way of the old Spanish Trail, which led through Cajon Pass, Mojave Desert, and Las Vegas Springs. In addition to hauling the first wagon to Zion via the southern route, these returning Battalion boys took with them one hundred and thirty-five good mules and other stock.

In the fall of 1849, Jefferson Hunt consented to pilot a large company of winter-stranded gold-seekers down the snow-free Spanish Trail to California. Except for that small group who disregarded counsel of this hardy frontiersman, and whose "short-cut" folly landed them in the lethal wastes of Death Valley, Hunt brought his wagon-train successfully through without serious mishap. It was necessary to dismantle the wagons at the upper narrows of Cajon Pass and reassemble them on the other side, but by December 22 they were safely arrived at Chino Rancho. Doubtless land sales again were topics of discussion between Williams and Hunt, for on his return to Salt Lake valley, considerable agitation was manifest by the Saints for establishment of a colony in the fertile valleys of southern California.

A goodly amount of logic was martialed in support of the idea. Such a wagon route to the coast was essential to the growing Mormon empire. The southern route was perpetually free of the winter hazards which blocked the Sierra passage so much of the year. And it was extremely desirable that the Saints should control the southern end of it, to tend adequately to the outfitting of wagon trains, that they might not find themselves at the mercy of hostile profiteers in stock and supplies. Then again there was wisdom in maintaining a friendly way-station for rest and equipment of converts from Australia, the isles of the Pacific.

ACCORDINGLY, in the winter of 1850-51, President Young appointed Apostles Amasa Lyman and Charles C.

By PAUL BAILEY

Rich to the task of promoting such a colony, and volunteers were called to accompany these leaders to the coast. Apostle Lyman, in service of the Church, had spent some time in the San Francisco Bay region, though he never had been in the vicinity of the chosen site. Charles C. Rich had accompanied Elder Lyman to upper California, but in addition had made the trip to Los Angeles with Jefferson Hunt.

Early in March of 1851, the company—a hundred and fifty wagons strong—pulled out of Salt Lake for first rendezvous at Payson. President Young visited the colonists there, and viewed with considerable dismay the legion of Saints who had availed themselves of this opportunity to settle in California in preference to the chosen place. He had visioned a colony of perhaps twenty or thirty people. When his eyes beheld nearly five hundred of his beloved Saints abandoning their God-chosen heritage for California, he was so distressed he could not address them. Accompanying the group south was Apostle Parley P. Pratt, who with a number of other missionaries was on his way to the south sea islands. The four hundred and thirty-seven men, women, and children included a generous sprinkling of Battalion members and their families. The California pioneer company took with them over three hundred cows, a hundred horses, and fifty-two mules. It was necessary to move the huge train in two sections as far as Parowan.

At Parowan the essential planning for the long desert trip was made. The established custom of choosing captains of fifties and captains of tens was adhered to. These smaller sections moved as units to conserve forage and not to place too great a drain on the meager watering facilities which the desolate southern deserts provided. Their route was one pioneered by Jefferson Hunt—by way of Mountain Meadows, the sandy bed of the Rio

Virgin, over the mesa to Muddy River, and thence to Las Vegas Springs. Their suffering ran the gantlet from blizzards and mud in Utah, to the maddening thirst of the desolate sun-baked deserts. Neither were they free of Indian at-

holding at least one conference, Apostles Lyman and Rich busied themselves with the huge task of raising the very considerable amount of cash necessary to purchase the Lugo properties. Terms were not nearly so advantageous as the

With sublime faith in their venture, Lyman and Rich left the Saints at sycamore grove and hurried north to the gold camps—visiting San Francisco, Sacramento, and Mormon Island. The generous Saints in these places unhesitatingly shared earnings for the benefit of the projected colony, and within two weeks eight thousand dollars' worth of provisions and supplies were aboard the brig *Fremont*. Leaving Apostle Lyman to continue efforts in behalf of the project, Apostle Rich and Richard R. Hopkins boarded the *Fremont* with a substantial amount of cash. In five days they arrived at San Pedro and were met by a group of the brethren with forty teams to haul the precious freight to San Bernardino Valley. Apostle Lyman returned some weeks later, and by September 22 the first token payment of seven thousand dollars was made and the Saints moved onto the property.

The colony was tendered an en-



—From the original, Ingersoll Collection

SAN BERNARDINO IN 1852

tacks. One skirmish nearly cost a group its precious horses and mules. The Pratt train suffered a particularly vicious raid of Paiutes between Vegas and Resting Springs which endangered lives and cost them numerous dead and wounded stock. Late in May the pioneer group crossed the dreaded stretch between Resting Springs and the Mojave River, and June 9 reached the agreed-upon assembly place—a sycamore grove near the south end of Cajon Pass.

Here Apostle Pratt and his fellow missionaries bade farewell to the Saints and hurried on to Los Angeles. Apostles Lyman and Rich, leaving their charges safely encamped at sycamore grove, rode on to Rancho Chino, to confer with Isaac Williams regarding its purchase. Here disappointment awaited them. Williams now refused to sell.

This sudden reversal of Williams is difficult to understand. As late as December of 1850, in a letter to Apostle Rich, he had repeated his offer of sale. "I make this proposition in consequence of ill-health," he said, "and not being able to manage things, as the country is at present, as I could wish."² Discouraged, but not beaten, the two apostles commenced negotiations for other lands suitable to their purpose.

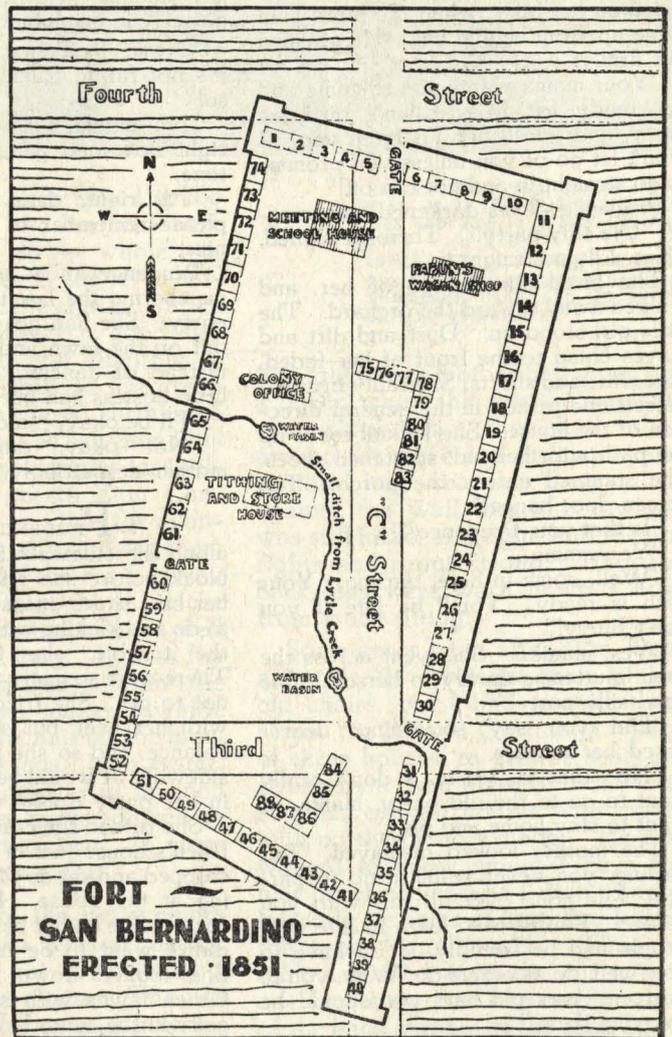
ON July 5, the Los Angeles *Star* announced:

We learn that they [the Mormons] are negotiating for the purchase of the Rancho of San Bernardino from the family of Don Antonio Maria Lugo, by whom it is held. . . . This is the site of the old Mission of San Bernardino. . . . Here probably this interesting people will make their first establishment on the shores of the Pacific.³

The prophecy became a fact only after considerable delay. While the Mormon camp at the sycamores engaged itself in establishing a stake organization, temporary schools, and

²Williams to Rich, *Rich Papers*, Salt Lake City
³Los Angeles *Star*, July 5, 1851

From Ingersoll's
Annals of San Bernardino



expected Chino deal, and the sum finally agreed upon was \$77,500. As the settlers had little cash in their possession, the two apostles were faced with the dilemma of raising \$25,000 before purchase contract might be entered into.

thusiastic welcome by the Los Angeles *Star*:

The Mormons are an industrious community, and will develop the resources of this country to an extent that will give it
(Continued on page 430)

SIR WALTER SCOTT, GENEALOGIST

(Concluded from page 407)

a tale of Wat of Harden." Through both his father and his mother he was a lineal descendant of "Auld Wat." Through his mother he was also a descendant of Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, Knight, known as "Wicked Wat," being his tenth great-grandson. He was a brave and powerful baron, killed in the streets of Edinburgh in a border feud with the Kerrs (also Scott's ancestors). His death is referred to in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

The Lady of Branksome of the *Lay* was his third wife, and not Scott's progenitor, but she was a sister of another forefather.

It is small wonder that Scott wrote *Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field*. Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch fought at Flodden and lost many of his kinsmen on that field of bitter defeat. I have counted the names of twelve others, direct ancestors of the poet, who fell at Flodden, September 9, 1513, around their king, James IV, Scott's eighth great-grandfather. His own note states that in that battle the Scottish army "lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden." One of Scott's progenitors, Sir David Hume, led his seven sons into the battle, and perished with the rest. Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, old "Bell the Cat" Douglas of *Marmion*, was not himself in the fight, but two of his sons—one Scott's ancestor—commanded the old earl's followers. "They were

both slain in the battle," writes Sir Walter, "with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged earl, brokenhearted at the calamity of his house and country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden."

In concluding his summary of Sir Walter Scott's character, Lockhart says:

Scott himself delighted, perhaps above all other books, in such as approximate to the character of good family histories—as for example, Godscroft's House of Douglas and Angus, and the *Memorie of the Somervilles*; and his reprint of the "Memorials of the Haliburtons," to whose dust he is now gathered, was but one of a thousand indications of his own anxiety to realize his own ancestry to his imagination. No testamentary deed, instrument of contract, or entry in a parish register, seemed valueless to him, if it bore in any manner, however obscure or distant, on the personal history of any of his ascertainable predecessors. The chronicles of the race furnished the fire-side talk to which he listened in infancy. . . .

These studies led by easy and inevitable links to those of the history of his province generally, and then of his native kingdom. The lamp of his zeal burnt on brighter and brighter amidst the dust of parchments; his love and pride vivified whatever he hung over in these dim records, and patient antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became gloriously transmuted into the winged spirit of national poetry.

Whatever he had in himself, he would fain have made out a hereditary claim for. He often spoke both seriously and sportively on the subject. He had assembled about him in his "own great parlour," as he called it—the room in which he died—all the pictures of his ancestors that he could come by; and in his most genial evening mood

he seemed never to weary of perusing them. The Cavalier of Killiecrankie—brave, faithful, learned and romantic old "Beardie," a determined but melancholy countenance—was never surveyed without a repetition of the solitary Latin rhyme of his Vow. He had, of course, no portraits of the elder heroes of Harden to lecture upon; but a skilful hand had supplied the same wall with a fanciful delineation of the rough wooing of "Meikle-mouthed Meg. . . ."

The ardent but sagacious "goodman of Sandyknowe" (Scott's father's father) hangs by the side of his father, "Bearded Wat"; and often when moralizing in his latter day over the doubtful condition of his ultimate fortunes, Sir Walter would point to "Honest Robin," and say, "Blood will out. . . ." "And yet," I once heard him say, glancing to the likeness of his own staid calculating father, "it was a wonder, too—for I have a thread of the attorney in me." And so, no doubt, he had, for the "elements" were mingled in him curiously, as well as "gently. . . ."

His first and last worldly ambition was to be himself the founder of a distinct branch; he desired to plant a lasting root, and dream not of personal fame, but of long distant generations rejoicing in the name of "Scott of Abbotsford." By this idea all his reveries—all his aspirations—all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled. His worldly ambition was thus grafted on that ardent feeling for blood and kindred which was the great redeeming element in that social life of what we call the middle ages; and it was the natural effect of the studies he devoted himself to and rose by. . . . I suspect that at the highest elevation of his literary renown—when princes bowed to his name, and nations thrilled at it—he would have considered losing all that at a change of the wind, as nothing, compared to parting with his place as a Cadet of Harden and Clansman of Buccleuch. (Lockhart, *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 9:235-242)

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 403)

an importance second to no county in the state. It is said that the Mormons now located near Cajon Pass will raise enough wheat to supply the whole southern portion of California with flour. . . . The mountains near are covered with pine sufficient to supply with lumber all southern California for years. . . . We understand that a flouring mill and several sawmills will be erected there during the rainy season.⁴

THE warm hopes of Californians as to Mormon industry were not misplaced and were amply rewarded, but construction of a fort became the most serious and immediate problem confronting them. The lands they were acquiring stood in the direct path of the devastating incursions of Indians from the Mojave Desert which had plagued the ranchos for many years previous to Mormon arrival. Renegade savages to the south—many banded under white leadership—had long carried out systematic raids against stock herds and homes of the great landholders of

that region. The new colonists were confronted by Indian hostilities from the start, and construction of proper fortifications was pursued day and night until completed.

This urgent matter delayed somewhat final negotiations with the Lugos for full possession of the property. As soon as the fort was completed Apostle Lyman hurried again to San Francisco in an heroic endeavor to raise the additional funds required for the down payment. Meanwhile the settlers themselves raised six thousand dollars by selling their precious ox-teams to a party of drovers. Their loss was only a temporary one however. Wild horses were the cheapest of commodities in southern California. Shrewd purchases and the effort of breaking the animals soon filled the need. Apostle Lyman was equally successful. A total of \$25,000 was paid, and a note for the remainder given. A deed was executed, and the Latter-day Saints were possessors of the Rancho San Bernardino. The great tract had been represented

to contain a total of eighty thousand acres. The Saints, and apparently the Lugo heirs, labored under the assumption that the deal now consummated included the entire tract described in the Mexican grant of 1842. A Spanish clause, unintelligible to the purchasers, made the tricky provision that eight leagues (a little more than thirty-five thousand acres) were to be selected by the grantees from the larger area. For years the Lugo family had pastured stock over the entire San Bernardino and Yucaipa valleys without ever having confined their selection to any particular eight leagues. In the arrangement by the Lugos for confirmation of the grant in order to give sound title to the Mormon purchasers, their attorneys filed a petition for clarification with the United States Land Commission, which approximately one year after the purchase confirmed the claimants to the extent of only eight leagues of land. By this act the Saints were given less than half the acreage they supposed they were purchasing. And worse, anything

⁴Los Angeles Star, Oct. 4, 1851

SAM BRANNAN

beyond the eight leagues thus confirmed automatically became public land, and any person locating there was under no obligation to purchase from the Mormons.

Unfortunately, these ugly facts were not disclosed until long after a city had commenced rising, the land subdivided into lots and farms, and splendid crops growing in the rich soil.

UNTIL the city plat was laid out, and surveying completed, the colonists lived within the fort. Over a hundred families were forced to crowd into a space three hundred feet wide and seven hundred feet long, and it is not hard to imagine the congested discomforts they endured until adobe and log houses commenced relieving the situation. Center stake for the city was driven on "Temple Block" (now Pioneer Park). Streets running east and west were numbered; those running north and south were given such typically Mormon names as Far West, Nauvoo, Independence, Salt Lake, Utah, and Kirtland.

In April we reared our Bowery, which is an adobe building sixty feet by thirty; in which we held our conference April 6th. . . . The Bowery is occupied during the week by our Day School of one hundred and twenty-five scholars, under the direction of two well-qualified teachers; and on the Sabbath, after the morning service, by our Sabbath School and Bible class.⁵

The Saints were willing enough to incorporate sun-dried adobes into their homes and public buildings, but they stubbornly shied away from the California architecture of flat-topped roofs. Timber and split shakes were a necessity for the peaks and gables of Mormon dwellings, and one of the prime necessities was tapping the forested resources of the steep mountains to the north. To bring down timber, roads were necessary. And the first Mormon road to timberline was through the present Waterman Canyon.

One cannot help being struck by the assertion that the timber on the mountain top would be *easy to reach*. Those who drive along the present Rim of the World Drive and pause at the point where it crosses the line of the old Mormon Road, realize that only to men who had conquered the almost insuperable difficulties of the trail from Utah to California would the proposed road seem simple.⁶

A letter to Salt Lake about this time contains the statement that the road cost about one thousand days of labor. . . . It ran from the base of the mountains around, or possibly over, the knoll through which the cut was made for the present Pacific Electric railway to Arrowhead Hot Springs and continued upward through what later became Waterman Canyon to the steep mountain-side a mile or a mile and a half below the summit. It ascended this difficult pitch, crossing the line of the present high-gear road before it reached the top. A monu-

⁵Letter, Lyman to Richards, *Millennial Star*, 14, 491.

⁶Beattie, George W. and Helen P., *Heritage of the Valley*, p. 196.

ment in honor of the men who built it was erected in 1932, at a point where this crossing occurred.⁷

This road tapped one of the finest of mountain forests. In an incredibly short time Charles Crisman had a second-hand steam sawmill in operation.

LIKE the problem of lumber, every major task confronting the colonists was solved in the true community and brotherhood spirit. With completion of the road to timber came the necessity of caring for a bumper grain crop from the extensive acreage sown in the spring. With united labor, a storehouse one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide was soon constructed and a grist mill commenced. First threshing was strictly by hand. On August 7 the mill was in operation, and flour rolling from its stones.

Apostle Rich was absent in Utah during that first harvest. The neighborly act of cutting his wheat is thus recorded in a letter to the *Deseret News*:

At the close of the morning service [Sunday, July 4], it was agreed by a show of hands to celebrate the 5th in place of the 4th of July. The day worthy the occasion was ushered in by the sounding of the Bishop's horn (Uncle Grief's six-foot instrument), at which signal the entire strength of our camp came together at the bars of the Big Field, every man armed for the occasion. After a short but patriotic appeal by the orator of the day, it was concluded to commence immediately the festivities of the glorious 5th. With the patriotism of American citizens, and brotherly love of Latter-day Saints burning in their hearts, commenced a furious attack, and the living thousands of heads that at sunrise bowed gently as a welcome to the zephyrs that floated over us, measured their length upon their mother earth. No accident happened to mar the festivities of the day; and there was scarce a cessation in the somewhat dusty work until the entire crop of General Rich's wheat was cut, bound and put up. Thus ended the first holiday, if such it may be called, that we have had in San Bernardino.⁸

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 197.

⁸*Deseret News*, Sept. 4, 1852.

UNMITIGATED

By Lorin F. Butler

As gentle showers

Traversing sun-seared fields on elfin feet

Seek to restore the withered flowers

Laid low by wind and heat

And mourn because they fail,

Remorse traces

The wanton steps of anger with bowed head

And weeps for many trampled places

Where buds of love lie dead

And withered in its trail.

To the indolent Spanish natives, who had conducted their ranching from the saddle, the industrious Mormon must have been something of a novelty. For decades the raising of beef and horseflesh over vast landed estates had been the accepted form of wresting a living from the soil. The wealth of the landed gentry was measured by leagues and hoofs. It was an odd scene to witness these hardy newcomers extract, with a little brawn and sweat, as much wealth from the soil of an acre as the ease-loving *Californio* could derive with all the help of Indian menials from twenty times the land. The report of the *Los Angeles Star* on San Bernardino's first harvest feast indicates how generously the fertile soil of that place returned its blessing upon the Mormon husbandmen and their colony.

Saturday, September 4, 1852, was devoted to this entire people as a Harvest Feast. Imagine a building sixty feet by thirty, in which is usually held their public worship, schools, and business assemblies, decorated in green shrubbery formed in groups and devices upon the walls, and in arches interwoven with clusters of grapes, corn, squashes, cabbages, onions, beets, melons, etc., were tastefully arranged in various parts, within and at the entrance.

Over the stand was inscribed in large capitals, HOLINESS TO THE LORD, and beneath this in letters formed of evergreen, *Harvest Feast*. Among the specimens of the bounties of nature was a stalk of Indian corn nine feet nine inches to the first ear, eleven feet four inches to the second ear, and sixteen feet to the top; four onions weighing nine and one-half pounds; a cabbage weighing twenty-four and one-half pounds; with melons, squashes, etc., in proportion . . .

A song of thanksgiving opened the services; then followed an able and appropriate prayer by their leading man, Mr. Lyman. Then another song, followed by a short speech from Mr. P. P. Pratt [just returned from his mission to the Pacific Islands and South America], approving of merry-making, feasting, dancing, and other innocent amusements, provided the whole were conducted in peace, good will, and with thanksgiving and a lively remembrance of the giver of all good things.

The violins then commenced a lively tune while the center of the room was cleared, and soon set with couples for the dance. Messrs. Pratt, Lyman, Rich, Captain Hunt, Bishop Crosby, and others of the aged and leading men, led off the dance. After this, old and young, married and single, grandsire and child, mingled in turn with the dance, each taking the floor as their numbers were called, and the others in turn looking on.⁹

Their year in California had been a hard one, fraught with discouragement, and heavily packed with drudgery. But as a people they had clung as one in spirit and brotherhood. Now their efforts stood rewarded in bounty; their hopes established; their future rich with promise. San Bernardino had been born, had thrived, and God had smiled.

(To be continued)

⁹*Los Angeles Star*, Sept. 7, 1852.

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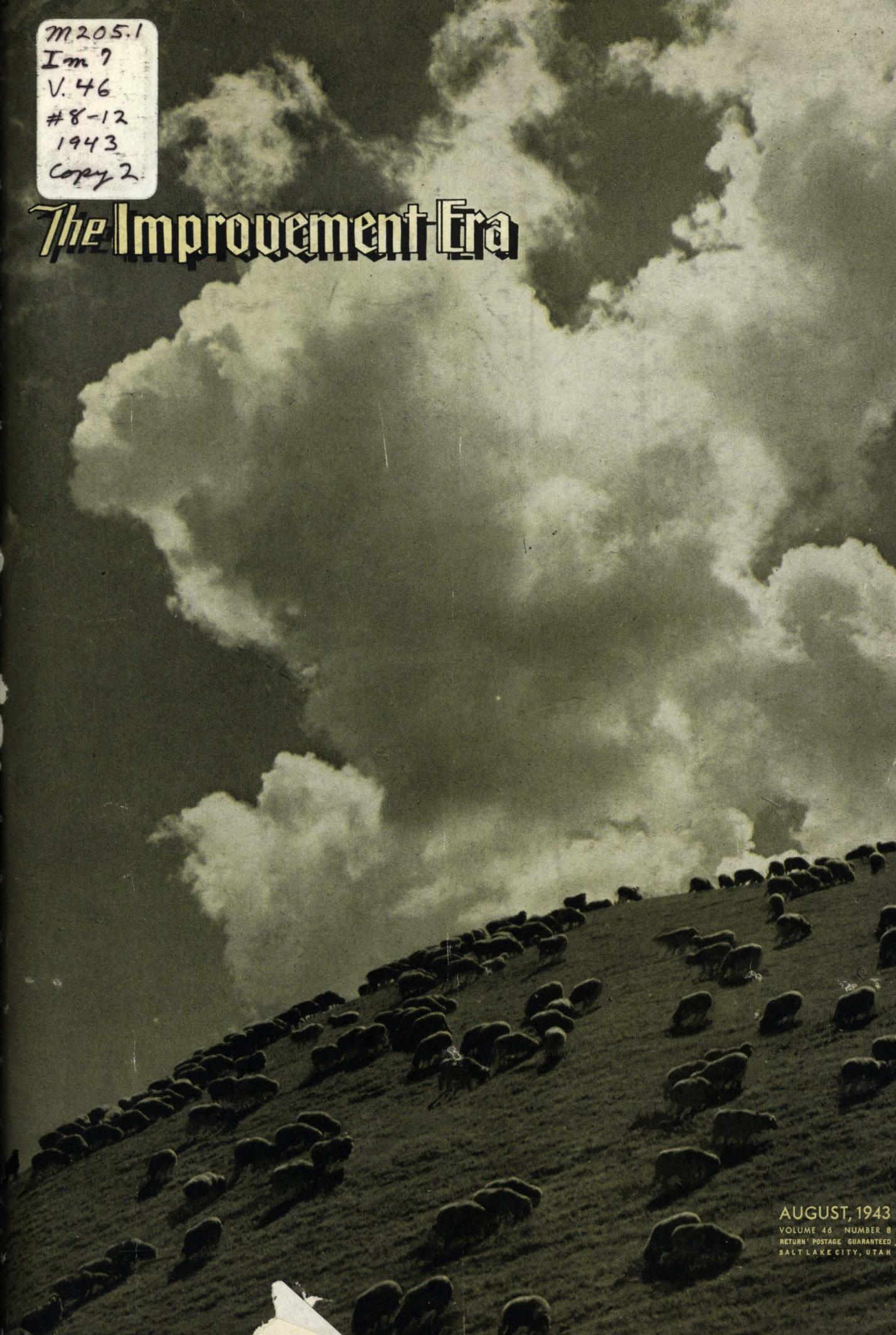
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The Improvement Era



AUGUST, 1943

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 8
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Sam Brannan

AND THE

SAN BERNARDINO'S stride toward town status appeared never more promising than through the fall and winter of 1852-1853. Southern California acknowledged the leadership and vision of Mormonism by electing to the legislature that stalwart pioneer and Battalion member, Jefferson Hunt. The following year saw the Mormon settlement incorporated as a city by legislative act, with Apostle Amasa Lyman as first mayor, and Apostle Charles C. Rich heading the city council.

A certain Judge Hayes, riding circuit through this new Mormon land of promise, has left a flattering pen-portrait of San Bernardino in the making. It was published as a personal contribution to the *Southern Californian*, under date of October 9, 1854.¹

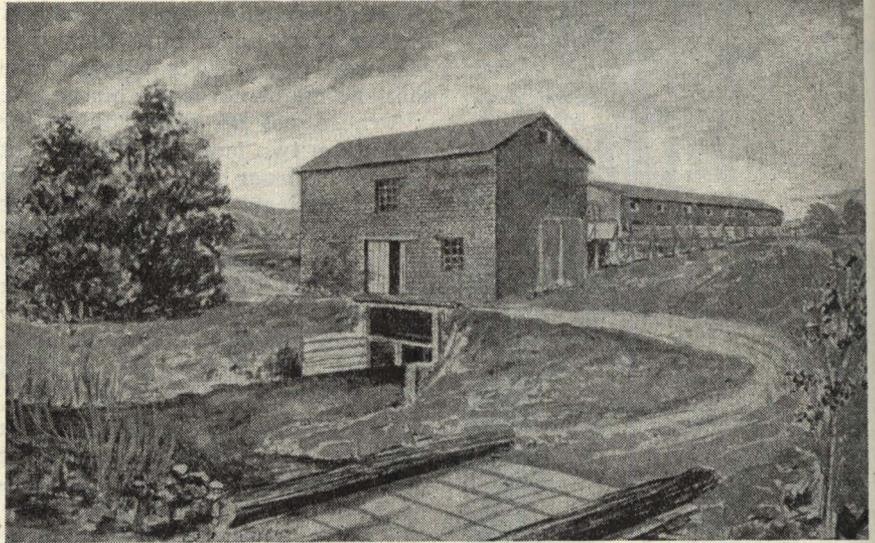
The District court was held at San Bernardino on Monday last. There were but four cases on the docket, the litigant parties, of course, being "outsiders" as those not belonging to the Saints are called. The Mormons do not tolerate lawsuits among themselves, adjusting all their differences by arbitration.

This city continues to flourish steadily. It is known that the Mormons proper of San Bernardino occupy a ranch of eight square leagues, which had been confirmed by the U.S. Land Commissioners. The title is good, beyond doubt. It is certainly one of the best, if not the very best tract of land in California; well-wooded, with abundance of water, and the soil adapted to every species of culture. The great body of the land had not yet been surveyed and divided out, for want of time. But many small tracts have been taken up as settlers have desired, on which they have planted grape vines, peach, and other trees—all to be regulated hereafter, satisfactorily to the parties.

This year the wheat was raised in a common field, amounting to near 4,000 acres, and averaging thirty-two bushels to the acre. They have a fine flouring mill in operation, six sawmills on the neighboring mountains, and streams that might turn the machinery of the largest manufacturing town in the whole world. . . .

The city is regularly laid out in one-acre lots. The streets are at right angles. *Zanjas* [ditches or canals] are to pass through every street, and shade trees are to be planted along them. At least one hundred new buildings have been put up within the last four months, principally adobe—some of them very fine. We noticed particularly the mansion of President Lyman and the new hotel of our excellent host, Bishop Crosby. Already about two-thirds of the city lots have been sold. . . . The city is on a plain, and when built up will make a beautiful appearance, with the picturesque scenery that surrounds it. The population now amounts to about twelve hundred, of which nine hundred are members of the "Church of Latter Day Saints," including children above the ages of eight years.

A large immigration is now on the way from Salt Lake. There are three public schools organized within their limits, having four hundred and one children under their charge. These are the only schools in the county; although at Agua Mansa,



PIONEER GRIST MILL, SAN BERNARDINO
Built by William Oliver for Lyman and Rich in 1852.

From Ingersoll's "Annals of San Bernardino County,"
Ingersoll Collection. Courtesy Los Angeles Public Library.

some five miles from San Bernardino, there is a population ample for one or two schools.

The County and City government is well organized, and we know not any community that has a more efficient set of officers. President Amasa Lyman is Mayor of the city. . . .

And yet, beneath this outward semblance of prosperity and well-being, the two apostles responsible for its very existence were having extreme difficulty keeping the venture on even keel. The fifty-two-thousand-dollar mortgage, which Bayerque and Moss of San Francisco had acquired from the Lugos family, was now due. The Saints had made desultory small payments through the three years past, but since the obligation bore an annual interest rate of thirty percent, little relief had been realized other than releasing certain tracts of pledged property to Mormon warranty deed. The greater amount of the huge sum still remained due and payable.

Trading among the Saints and with their neighbors was brisk and healthy, but these transactions were usually in terms of credits. If a brother operated a sawmill, and needed provisions for his crew, he would trade lumber to the Lyman and Rich store in exchange for it. These brethren in turn would deliver the lumber to Los Angeles or San Pedro in exchange for essential stocks necessary for so varied a mercantile business. When it came to paying San Francisco capitalists the gold necessary to insure San Bernardino's existence as a Mormon colony, the task oftentimes became a desperate one.

In the year of 1853, the United States government had surveyed Cajon Pass as the likely entrance into Southern California for the projected railroad

from the Mississippi to the Pacific. To the surveying party, Lyman and Rich sold nearly fifteen hundred dollars' worth of barley and beef. With this money and nearly eight thousand dollars additional raised by the brethren themselves, the mortgage-holders wisely agreed to extend the day of final reckoning. A penurious attitude at this time would have been fatal for all.

By 1855, over six thousand acres were planted to wheat, and that year witnessed the first commercial freighting to Salt Lake valley. It witnessed also the first serious friction between the Saints who were faithful to their obligations, and a number of squatters, malcontents, and apostates who had aligned themselves in opposition to the leaders of the colony.

The most serious threat to internal peace had its basis in land and water rights. Under the grant, defined and upheld by governmental decree, the Mormons were entitled to eight leagues, or approximately thirty-five thousand acres of land. Choice of land was to be made, and bounds set, by the Mormon trustees, Lyman and Rich. Wisely, they in turn had withheld setting bounds until time should disclose the most desirable choice, and reveal the natural flow of population to the tillable acres. All portions outside the bounds as finally set must of necessity become public land, and subject to squatters' rights. Unfortunately, a number of squatters, in complete disregard to Mormon counsel, had chosen free lands for themselves

¹Also quoted in *Emigrant Notes*, p. 347 et seq.

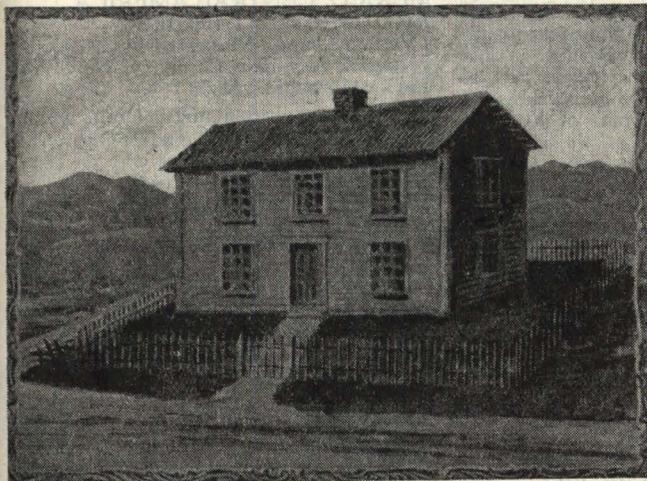
MORMONS —● IN EARLY CALIFORNIA ●

By PAUL BAILEY

within the acreage purchased the hard way by the thrifty Saints. Loudest of complaints were registered against Lyman and Rich when eviction notices were posted. Whether the Saints did wrong in waiting five years to declare metes and bounds, seems hardly an argument when measured against the fact that these same squatters, arriving subsequent to Mormon occupation, were in full knowledge of the fact that the eight leagues of Rancho San Bernardino were

was free of a dissenting voice in political and religious affairs.

The condition was further aggravated by the fact that San Bernardino now suddenly found itself the most important way station on the southern line of travel, with a constantly increasing population, and heavy incursion of peoples not of the faith. Too, the valley likewise served as home to numerous tribes of Indians, though by now, relations between Mormon and red man



OLD MORMON COUNCIL HOUSE

The first courthouse used in San Bernardino County

—Ingersoll Collection.
Courtesy Los Angeles Public Library

to be chosen voluntarily from the much larger tract which the Saints had imagined they were purchasing to begin with. In the broader sense only the technicality of a Spanish-worded clause prevented all this now declared public land from belonging to the rightful purchasers. Had strict equity ruled, those loud-moaning squatters, who sought to gain without paying, would not have had the slightest claim to a foot of the soil.

With these disgruntled ones, and those who had claimed rich lands outside Mormon bounds, there developed friction over riparian and irrigation rights to City Creek and Santa Ana River. The first definite rift in the former tranquil state of affairs was the alignment of the San Bernardino valley settlers into two groups: the Church, or loyal, party; and the Independent, or anti-Mormon, party. Though the Church group held a preponderance of membership, the colony never again

were peaceable and cordial. As usual, these natives had come to look upon the Saints as something apart and above the "Americans." One of the first attempts of malcontents and anti-Mormons was to stir up the natives against the Saints. Failing in this, they called upon other cities to witness such an idyllic state of affairs as an example of criminal collusion between Mormons and red men, with a stinging threat to the safety and well-being of all Americans living outside the colony of San Bernardino. Such pretexts appear shoddy and childish, but to the sober Mormons they were annoying and worrisome.

AS though nature itself was frowning upon this growing discord, the winter of 1856-57 ushered in a year of drouth. By spring most of the water-power sawmills were forced to shut down through lack of sufficient head to turn their wheels. More serious was the

loss of two thousands acres of wheat which withered and died under the blistering sun. This time it took heroic measures on the part of Apostles Lyman and Rich to raise a sum substantial enough to appease the mortgage-holders on Rancho San Bernardino.

And yet, by persistent appeals to the Saints to honor their obligations, the principal sum owing was substantially decreased in spite of drouth, spiritual apathy, and spiteful acts of Mormon-baiters and apostates. In April of 1857, Messrs. Bayerque and Moss, the San Francisco mortgage-holders, paid a visit to San Bernardino. So well pleased were they with Mormon initiative and industry, they released a goodly portion of the city from debt; holding only sufficient land under bond to secure the dwindling balance now due. This was a welcome turn of events, for it allowed Elders Lyman and Rich to issue warranty deeds and clear title to the choicest parts of the growing city.

But the end already was in sight for San Bernardino as a Church colony. On the first day of that same month, Apostle Woodruff recorded in a letter: "This spring Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich will be with us about the first of May. I expect they will take a European mission." A new call had come to the leaders. Before the month was out, the two apostles who so heroically and steadfastly had labored to build a city of Saints in California were headed north toward Salt Lake City.

With that company was an Australian convert by the name of Joseph H. Ridges, who was destined to win undying fame as the builder of the great tabernacle organ in Salt Lake City. The previous year, Ridges had migrated from Sydney to Los Angeles. Back in Australia, as a hobby, he had built a small pipe organ, which he graciously donated to the Church. This organ, securely packed in soldered tin cases, he had brought with him to America. It was carried to Salt Lake City with the Lyman-Rich party, and some of the parts of Zion's first pipe organ were as long as the wagons which hauled them.

Within five months after departure of the leaders, the southbound mail from Utah brought news which not only stunned San Bernardino, but ended the auspicious venture. By order of the government, all United States mail from the east to Salt Lake City had been stopped. An army was marching west, bringing with it a full set of territorial officers to take over Utah's civil government—when the army had concluded its subjection of the Latter-day Saint people. Salt Lake City had known of these catastrophic developments since July 24, but it was September 1 before the news reached San Bernardino. Public agitation lost none of its strength by the delay.

The decision of the Latter-day Saints in the face of this new threat was a crucial and a far-reaching one—but it had

(Continued on page 500)

THREE WAYS TO PRESERVE FOOD

(Concluded from page 499)

in arid climates. However, quite favorable results can be secured during favorable summer weather in some of our more humid areas. This is especially true where the produce is placed on a black material during drying. Peas, beans, corn, apples, berries, and under good conditions, peaches, cherries, or prunes may be dried in this manner, although green vegetables are difficult to handle. A crude dryer may be fashioned by placing a screen door or window screen on suitable supports in a sunny portion of the yard. Spread the produce to be dried evenly over the surface, and cover with mosquito netting to exclude insects. Stir material frequently and cover or remove indoors each evening to protect from dew.

Oven or Stove Dehydrater. Drying in the oven of any kitchen range or above the cooking surface of a coal or wood range gives fair results. This method of drying may be occasionally necessary where wet weather interferes with the completion of a batch of produce that is being dried by heat from the sun. In oven or stove drying the produce is spread on suitable trays which are placed in a rack in the oven or above the stove. The oven door should be left open a few inches to allow for moisture escape. Avoid overheating. Where trays are used above the stove they are usually suspended from a ceiling support.

PREPARATION OF FRUITS FOR DRYING

Apples. Fall apples of good cooking quality are satisfactory. After apple is peeled it should have the core removed and cut into quarters or eighths and placed in water or salt water solution (one teaspoon in one quart of water) to prevent darkening. Keep in the salt solution ten minutes, or steam five to seven minutes.

Pears. Bartlett pears have been dried with good results. Pears are usually cut in half, de-cored, but not peeled for drying. The halves may be kept in salt water, as with apples, to prevent darkening. Steam five to seven minutes.

Peaches. Wash and peel. Large peaches should be quartered or sliced; small ones halved. Steam five to seven minutes.

Apricots and Nectarines are dried without peeling. After halving, steam five to seven minutes, open side up.

Cherries. Sour or sweet cherries may be dried successfully. They may be halved and dried without further treatment.

Plums. Halve and stone. Dry without further treatment.

Prunes. To soften the skin, hold in steam or boiling water for two minutes.

Berries. Dried without special treatment.

500

PREPARATION OF VEGETABLES FOR DRYING

Most dried vegetables are much more prone to deteriorate in flavor and quality after drying than are fruits. In most cases basement or pit storage or canning is much more satisfactory than drying.

Practically all vegetables should be blanched before drying. Blanching prevents darkening, preserves normal color, and accelerates the drying process.

Sweet Corn. Corn should be dried at the stage of development best suited for table use. The ears are plunged into boiling water and allowed to remain for eight to twelve minutes. The blanching is complete when the kernels can be cut without loss of liquid. Cut kernels from cob and dry.

Pumpkins and Squash. Firm-fleshed varieties of pumpkins and squash are best for drying. After peeling, the squash should be cut into pieces about one-half inch to one or two inches in diameter, immerse in boiling water for three to six minutes or until the pieces have become semi-transparent. Drain and dry.

Cabbage. Cabbage should be cut into pieces about one-half inch square and boiled for four minutes before drying.

Tests for Dryness

In general, fruits are dry enough when a compressed handful separates into individual pieces of original size and approximate shape upon release. If fruit is sticky or fails to separate, the drying process has not been completed.

Vegetables when properly dried are hard, brittle and uncompressible.

Packing and Storage

Produce such as dried corn, apples, mature beans, and peas can be stored in cloth bags in a dry, cool place provided insects are excluded. Other materials, however, should be stored in moisture-resistant, insect-proof, air-tight containers which are placed in a cool, dark place. Screw-top jars with ring seal are ideal storage containers. Metal cans with covers are good storage containers when they are sealed by stripping the joint with cellophane tape.

Preparation for Use

Water removed in the drying process should be restored before fruits and

vegetables are used for table use. To do this most recommendations call for rinsing and soaking the product in cold water. The soaking will usually require several hours, preferably overnight. Use only enough water to cover the product. If preparation for the table requires that the produce be boiled, use the water in which it was soaked for this purpose.

Further information can be obtained by securing from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., a copy of U.S.D.A. Farmers' Bulletin 984, "Farm and Home Drying of Fruits and Vegetables." The cost of this publication is five cents.

FOOD PRESERVATION BY BRINING

Food preservation by the use of a salt brine, except in the case of cabbage (sauerkraut), is one of the least commonly employed methods of preservation. Preservation by brining utilizes the preservative effect of concentrated salt solutions to prevent the spoilage of the stored vegetables. Brines in general use, consist of high salt concentrations which necessitate long soaking periods in water before the product can be eaten. A good discussion of standard methods of brining can be secured free by writing to the Worcester Salt Company, 40 Worth Street, New York City, and asking for a copy of a booklet entitled, "Salt Away Your Vegetables."

Very recently instructions for the use of brines, consisting of rather low salt concentrations in combination with vinegar, have been given in a publication available to people living in North Carolina. This variation from the generally used brines eliminates the need of soaking the produce in water before eating it, and thereby eliminates the unavoidable loss of water soluble nutrients which occurs during the soaking. This publication can be obtained free by people living in North Carolina by writing to the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station, at Raleigh, N.C., and asking for a copy of "Commercial Brine Preservation of Vegetables," by John L. Etchells and Ivan D. Jones.

SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 475)

been made. Through New York, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, the Church and its people had suffered and bled for the tenets of its faith. Oppression, persecution, and open murder had driven the harassed Saints across a continent. Now when security seemed won, when at last they could live their religion in self-chosen isolation, without offending neighbors, had come the gravest threat of all. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had paid a fearful price for the right to worship. Not by any stretch of the imagination could

they be accused of harming any American soul in their development of the land wastes of the Great Basin. To throw an army at them at this time was not only a supreme blunder but an insult beyond human endurance. The decision was courageously made. They would resist. They would burn every straw. They would destroy every brick. When and if this army took their lands, they would get it as the Mormons found it—a desert waste.

And this policy held for San Bernardino as well, though other factors likewise had contributed in the

Church's decision to abandon the colony. On October 30 came word from President Young counseling the Saints to return to Salt Lake Valley. Loyal Saints commenced liquidating their property for a fraction of its worth. Within a month, the first wagon trains were on their way to Utah. Their seven-year struggle to establish a colony was abruptly ended.

On February 15, 1858, Ebenezer Hanks, as attorney-in-fact for Lyman and Rich, deeded the remaining twenty-five thousand acres of Rancho San Bernardino to William A. Conn, George L. Tucker, and Richard G. Allen. The eighteen thousand dollars received in this sacrifice sale barely wiped out the indebtedness against the property.

That same month there arrived in the near-deserted San Bernardino a bearded gentleman who called himself "A. Osborne, Esq.," and who claimed to be a botanist traveling under auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Professor Osborne made not the least effort to collect specimens of California flora, but instead offered a liberal sum to anyone who would take him through to Salt Lake City in fifteen days. That Ebenezer Hanks and the remaining Saints took the professor to their arms, and lost no time in speeding him on his way, was later explained when Osborne dropped his elaborate incognito in the presence of Brigham Young and revealed himself as Colonel Thomas L. Kane—the great friend of the Latter-day Saints. In a noble-minded effort to avert the threatened hostilities between the Saints and their government, he had sailed from New York by steamer in June, reaching California in mid-winter. The part he played in settling the "Mormon war" is known to every student of Mormon history.

There remains even today a vast wonder why the Mormon people abandoned San Bernardino at the height of its greatest promise. In searching for a cause, one should look deeper

than "Buchanan's blunder" and the threat of an armed invasion—even though these served as the pivot upon which President Young centered his decision to abandon southern California as a part of the Mormon domain. The picture this great leader and prophet held constantly before his people was a well-knit commonwealth, out of range of gentile friction and domination, until the great experiment at least might be adequately tested in the fires of actual experience. This promise is borne out beyond refutation by the consistent voice of President Young's public utterances, imploring the Saints to hold fast to their inheritances in the valleys of Utah, to hold themselves aloof from the popular clamor which then was driving a frenzied America to the Pacific coast. In his rejection of Samuel Brannan's dream of empire, time proved the prophetic wisdom of the decision. Illinois and Missouri had demonstrated the impossibility of Latter-day Saints promoting their dreams and working out their religio-social experiment alongside querulous and hostile gentile neighbors. The time had not yet arrived for a peaceable sharing of California acres with neighbors not of the faith. That President Young entertained this view is amply substantiated in the San Bernardino affair. When close to five hundred Saints answered the call for volunteers to pioneer the colony, President Young was so aggrieved he could not find heart to address the throng when they set out for the enticing vales of California. He had expected that but a fraction of that number would answer the call. The years proved that the greater the growth and prosperity of San Bernardino, the greater became the drain on Utah through immigration south.

It was not, then, a fear that Mormon lives or property in San Bernardino were endangered that led the authorities in Utah to order the withdrawal of the colony. Nor, in our opinion, was the actual "counsel" to break up the colony given for the sake of any military aid for the Mormons in Utah

that could be supplied by men from the California settlement. Had such been desirable, it could have been secured by summoning the men alone, as is the custom in wartime the world over. The frenzy of a "Holy War" simply made it easier to carry out a purpose determined upon before any conflict with the United States Government was in prospect—that of drawing Mormons more closely within the personal influence of the great leader, Brigham Young, in order to prevent their drifting away from the Church into apostasy.*

The tragedy of San Francisco had not been forgotten. That the same spiritual apathy and worldliness was visiting San Bernardino in its final years, no one can deny. And when the great choice was dramatically thrust upon them, more than a third of San Bernardino's Mormon population loved their acres and climate more than their Church, and refused to heed the call. Of those who remained in California, a great percentage drifted away from the Church. When one views the generation of people now living in San Bernardino and San Francisco whose forbears followed the dusty trail or high seas for the love of their gospel, and who today claim no connection with or interest in that religion—how can one doubt the wisdom of Brigham Young in jealously gathering his Saints about him as a mother-hen guards her brood?

California would yet have a mighty place in Mormon affairs, but not until the Church had tempered itself through trial and tribulation. "This is the place," said the leader when his eyes looked upon the Utah lands. And it is the place where this thing called Mormonism grew, flourished, gained prestige and power. And when this was done, all things were added. The world then turned freely and willingly to Zion—for here was wisdom. In due time the Church went to California. And its strength there has become second only to Zion itself.

(To be concluded)

*Beattie, *Heritage of the Valley*, p. 298

NO MATTER WHAT COMES

(Continued from page 473)

gay. "Lo, Sally. How's everything?"

"Lo," said the girl briefly, not looking up. "No, Mom, there's not enough sugar. I can see that."

"What for?" asked Evelyn.

"Fudge."

"You're sweet enough without fudge."

Sally looked up at her sister in astonishment.

"Are you sure you're well, sis? You haven't noticed me around for ages."

"Sorry, Sally," Evelyn said, patting the girl's bright head. "I've been a heel wrapped up in my own wor-

ries, but I do love you, and I am sorry about the sugar."

Sally was almost boyishly awkward at her sister's show of affection. "Oh, sugar isn't everything. Say, something's wrong."

"What?"

"You didn't ask the usual question when you came in."

"What's the use? There's never any mail."

"But there was today. Wasn't there, Mom?"

The girl's voice was glad, almost jubilant, as if she were happy to make up for some of the bitter things she had said which now rose up to sting her conscience.

Evelyn stood for a moment very still. Her face was white, her eyes luminous. It was as if she could not speak. Then at last she whispered, her lips barely moving, "From Dennis?"

"Who else?" said Sally.

Her mother was wiping the flour from her hands onto her apron, and then she reached high up into the cupboard for the letter.

"I had to put it 'way up here, for Sally threatened to open it, and I was afraid she might actually do it behind my back."

"Well, I'm just as interested as anyone to know where Dennis is."

(Concluded on page 502)



The Improvement Era

SEPTEMBER, 1943

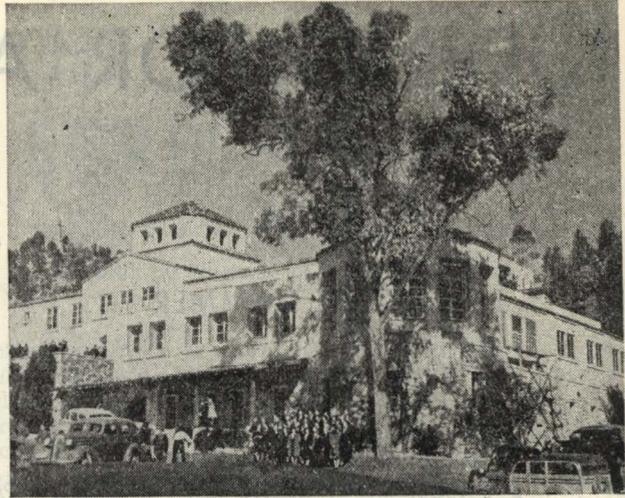
VOLUME 46 NUMBER 9

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



DIMOND WARD CHAPEL, DEDICATED BY
PRESIDENT GRANT MAY 19, 1929



STAKE HOUSE, SAN FERNANDO STAKE,
AT BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

—Photograph by George Bergstrom

SAM BRANNAN *and the Mormons*

PART XII CONCLUSION

FOR the peoples of California, Mormonism as a religious and sociological factor lay feeble and dormant for three decades after abandonment of the San Bernardino colony. Return of the Battalion and disintegration of Brannan's San Francisco group had weakened its influence in the bay area. North and south there remained a few scattered adherents to the faith, but no longer could the church exert power and prestige by sheer force of numbers.

Nevertheless, just because Mormons had elected to remove themselves as immediate neighbors, did not mean Californians had renounced all interest in their oddly patterned way of life. All through those years of chosen isolation, California cocked an ear to the momentous happenings in Mormondom's Rocky Mountain refuge. Johnston's Army and the Utah War stirred controversial reverberations up and down the coast—with Californians choosing their sides as to the issues involved. The deplorable Mountain Meadow massacre, along with venomous diatribe of certain energetic Mormon-haters, were sources of unfavorable reaction. But for the most part Californians were tolerant of the Saints and admired their desperate struggle to wrest a commonwealth from Utah's mountain wastes. Voiced the *Los Angeles Star*, at time of abandonment of San Bernardino:

From our acquaintance with the people of San Bernardino, we must say that we know them to be a peaceable, industrious, law-abiding community. Under great disadvantage they have cultivated their farms, and caused the ranch [San Bernardino] which was, before their occupation, almost unproductive, to teem with the choicest products of the field, and the garden. With their peculiarities of religion or church we have nothing to do; we know them to be

good citizens, and cheerfully testify to that fact. . . .¹

Isolated from eastern America by thousands of miles of land and water, California welcomed the strong inland position held by Salt Lake City. Californians recognized and were recipients of its contribution to fast mail and express routes connecting the Pacific with the outside world. With coming of the transcontinental railroad, Utah assumed added importance through its key part in this vast undertaking. A new area of understanding and mutual accord had dawned for all America west of the Mississippi.

But California and Utah reached maturity and statehood through their own peculiar and respective patterns. Their orbits, so closely joined at first, drew in upon themselves. Their struggles were conducted under widely divergent ideologies and social concepts. To California the gold rush had brought wealth and an overwhelming influx of population. The grave problems which arose in consequence, found normal adjustment only as gold returns shrank and people turned to the more stable pursuits of husbandry and industry. And, on the other side of the Sierras, in the mountain valleys spurned by Brannan and the argonauts, was enacted at the same time a religio-sociological experiment of astounding scope and consequence. To the Mormon brotherhood, gold and the pursuit of gold held a shrunken degree of importance alongside the simpler attributes of faith in God and the dignity of common toil. Mormon adherence to this ideal through those lean years is in itself something of a miracle. And because of this peculiar stand, the Mormon commonwealth became as rich in its

own way as that of its counterpart on the throbbing Pacific slope. Essentially it became a matter of where one chose his values.

* * *

FOR a short time after Brannan's apostasy, Elder George Q. Cannon conducted the California mission from San Francisco, for benefit of scattered church members and investigators of the faith. From February 23, 1856, until September 18, 1857, President Cannon published a four-page weekly newspaper and missionary organ under the title of *Western Standard*. Able and brilliant editorials of this short-lived publication later were gathered into a book and re-issued as faith stimulus to the Saints. But with the general call of 1857, for Mormons everywhere to return, President Cannon closed the mission and rejoined his brethren in Utah.²

Not until 1890, did Mormonism again become a virile force on the Pacific Coast. December of that year, in Oakland, Elder J. W. Pickett began the modern story of Mormonism in California by baptizing Alfred and Charles Nethercott and families into the faith. A number of inactive members in that area were invited to renew their covenants, and from that nucleus grew the Oakland Branch. In August, 1892, John Luther Dalton of Ogden, Utah, was appointed by the church as a missionary to that area. In a hired fraternal hall, the Oakland Branch was soon thriving.

The following year Elders Alva S. Keller, Henry B. Williams, and George H. Maycock arrived to assist Elder

¹For facts and figures pertaining to Mormonism's later history in California, the author is indebted to the late Andrew Jensen, assistant church historian; Mary F. K. Pye, secretary to Elder Jensen; and to Mildred Gagon, of the California Mission.

²Copied into *History of Brigham Young Ms.*, entry for November, 1857, pp. 796-8

Dalton as missionaries. Maycock and Williams were later dispatched to southern California to open up that field again. After a fruitful time, Keller was moved to Sacramento, where he was joined by Elder James D. Cummings. That land once trodden by the *Brooklyn* pilgrims, the Mormon Battalion, and the pioneers of San Bernardino, now began hearing the tidings in earnest. By 1893, there were branches of the church in Oakland and Sacramento, with scattered Saints in Los Angeles and San Diego counties rapidly being drawn into the net. At that time the registered California membership numbered one hundred and twenty.

In 1894, after John L. Dalton's honorable release as president of the revived California Mission, Elder Karl G. Maeser took over. With energy and zeal so characteristic of this stalwart, he immediately arranged for a Mormon

Early California

By
PAUL BAILEY

exhibit at San Francisco's Midwinter Fair, and militantly launched a series of public meetings in the new mission headquarters at 29 Eleventh Street. Among the church's mighty ones who visited the fair, and cried tidings in that Eleventh Street chapel, were apostles Francis M. Lyman, Brigham Young, Jr., John Henry Smith, Moses Thatcher, and elders George Reynolds, George Goddard, B. H. Roberts, and Andrew Jensen.

April, 1896, the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir made its first tour of California, and gave concerts to enthusiastic music lovers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Oakland, and San Jose. Two years later occurred the death of President Wilford Woodruff at the home of Isaac Trumbo in San Francisco. By 1904, the California Mission had spread its bounds to include portions of Nevada; and four years later a part of Arizona had been added.

Again California received the Mormon people willingly and happily. When President Joseph F. Smith with other church notables toured the mission in 1908, they were honored and banqueted at Los Angeles by the world-famous Jonathan Club. Such friendly overtures must have struck them as a far cry indeed from the tragic expulsions of Missouri and Illinois.

In 1900, the mission's population was 427; 1905, 666; 1910, 1274; 1915, 4168; and in 1920, 6333. Since 1920, a phenomenal growth has taken place. At rec-

ommendation of President Joseph McMurrin, the first stake of Zion was organized on the Pacific Coast—Los Angeles Stake—comprising the various wards in and about that city. From that point on, Mormonism as fact and force, takes on its present-day stature.

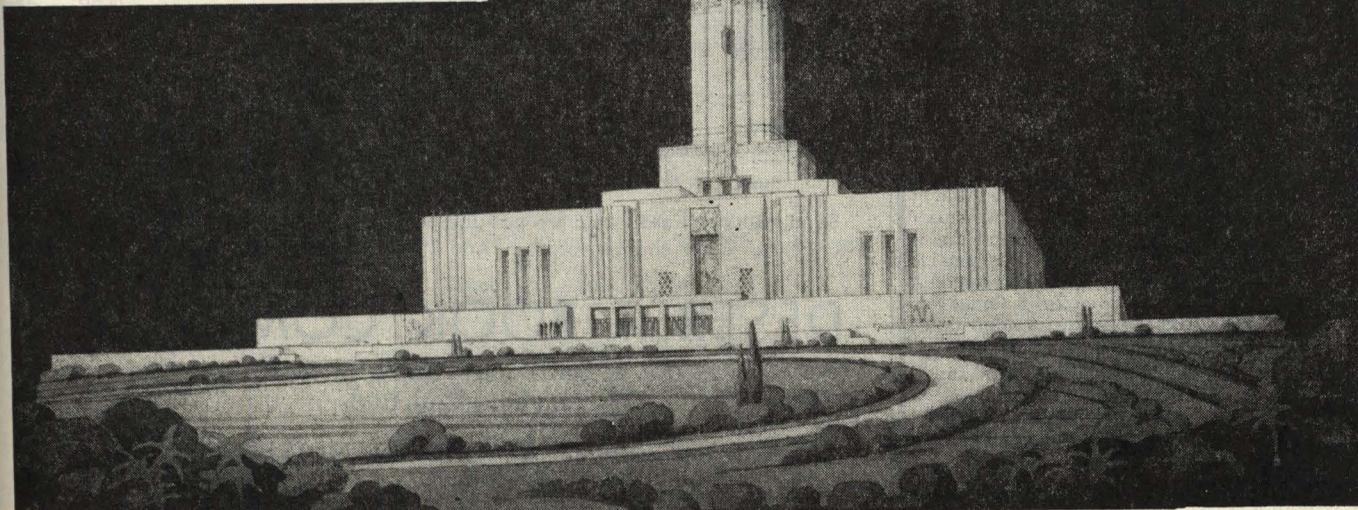
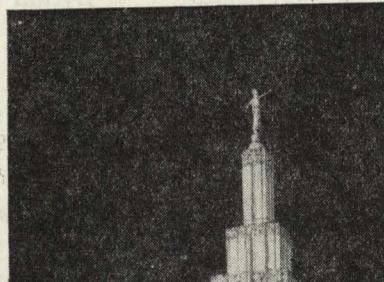
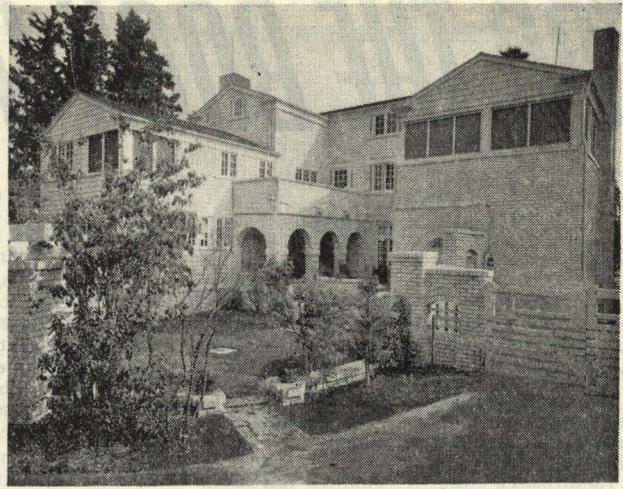
Today's healthy condition is indicated by the fact that there are now 19 stakes, 147 wards, and 3 separate missions in California. Its grand total of Latter-day Saint membership, as of 1942, is 67,529 souls. Truly, the vine has grown over the wall. What the future holds, with war and industry changing America's face as to population and technological segregation, only a prophet would dare say. But certainly that land must continue as one of the richest reservoirs of strength to the church. And the historical part which Mormonism has played in California cannot but loom brighter with every passing year.

* * *

SOBRIETY, industry, and honest faith were Mormon virtues which won acclamation and good will from natives of the Pacific slope. The Battalion was
(Continued on page 561)

ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE PROPOSED
LOS ANGELES TEMPLE

CALIFORNIA MISSION
HOME—
VIEW FROM
REAR DRIVEWAY



SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 539)

recipient of flattering land offers and tearful pleas to remain. The *Brooklyn Saints* were received with openhanded hospitality and tendered every office of neighborly kindness in adapting themselves to the new life of pioneering San Francisco. Magnificent strides of San Bernardino as a colony were a constant source of pride and wonder to Californians of that day. Nor did removal of the church from their borders wipe out interest in Mormon affairs.

Progress of the great Utah experiment became matters of attention and deepest interest, not alone to intelligent Californians, but to thinking people the world over. Colonial expansion, development and perfection of common stock irrigation projects, cooperative public works enterprises—all were noted, admired, and copied. Successful Mormon integration of diverse racial groups gathered in by a worldwide missionary system, became an unanswerable phenomenon to the Pacific

Coast and the United States in general—where every city had its native colonies and almost hopeless racial lines of demarcation. The dignity with which Mormons held the family pattern, and even the less understood doctrine of "plural" marriage reaped a harvest of earnest discussion both pro and con. And the philosophy of the Latter-day Saint religion, its power to grip men, to hold them steadfast, to mold character and ideals to brotherly endeavor

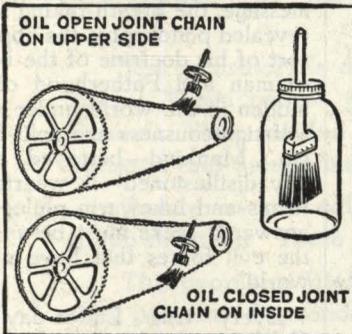
(Concluded on page 562)

STANDARD FARM SERVICE NEWS



Handy Harvester Chain Oiler Quickly Made From Paint Brush and Jar

Your harvester's chains and sprockets need oiling 3 to 4 times each day, the sickle bar 4 to 6 times daily. This simple oiler will save you lots of time. Fit the handle of a paint brush into a hole in a jar lid. Fill the jar half full of oil each morning. Use S.A.E. 20 for chains and sprockets. Make another oiler for Calol Castor Machine Oil to lubricate the sickle bar.



To keep that costly harvester in smooth running order, lubricate it twice daily. Be sure wheel bearings and the turntable have plenty of RPM Wheel Bearing Grease. And use it on unsealed ball or roller bearings 3 to 4 times daily. Plain bearings should get an application of RPM Tractor Roller Lubricant 3 or 4 times a day.

Fill the gear case with RPM Gear Oil and check it every 60 hours. Look at the crankcase daily to be sure it is filled with the correct grade of RPM Motor Oil.

For an urgently needed truck part, first check all dealers. If it cannot be obtained locally, contact your County U. S. Department of Agriculture War Board for assistance.

ENGINEERS LIST LUBRICANTS THE AVERAGE FARM SHOULD HAVE

Having the right lubricant handy is the surest way to avoid the costly habit of hit-or-miss lubrication. To make this easy, and conserve equipment, Standard Engineers recommend the following lubricants for the average farm. The dust-proof cabinet illustrated will keep them safe.

Ten Rules To Stretch Gas Mileage up to 50%

One of the best ways to stretch your gas coupons is to change to Standard "Unsurpassed" and follow these rules. 1. Don't overchoke. 2. Accelerate slowly. 3. Keep under 35. 4. Use the braking power of the motor to slow down. 5. Lubricate and change oil every 1000 miles. 6. Use recommended weight of oil. 7. Keep air cleaner and carburetor clean. 8. Keep the motor tuned. 9. Flush the radiator. 10. Keep brakes adjusted, tire pressure up.



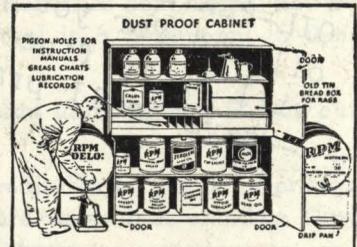
"Shading Off" Secret of Successful Spot Removal

No fear of unsightly "rings" when you remove spots with Standard Cleaning Fluid this easy way: Place a clean blotter or cloth under the spot. Rub lightly with the fluid from the center of the spot out. Gradually shade it off, and finish the edge with a dry cloth. Standard Cleaning Fluid removes wax, cleans rugs, upholstery, gloves—leaves no unpleasant odor, evaporates quickly and completely. Keep it handy. Order today in 1 or 5-gallon containers.



First are five basic "must" lubricants. *Motor Oils*: "RPM" for cars, RPM Heavy Duty for trucks and tractors, RPM DELO for Diesels. Equally important are the correct *Gear Oils*, *Tractor Roller Lubricant*, *Wheel Bearing Grease*, and the correct *Calol Oil* or *Grease* for pumps and electric motors.

Supplementing this basic grease kit are nine additional lubricants



that save farmers time and money. *Handy Oil* for light oiling, *Penetrating Oil* for loosening bolts, *Rubber Lubricant* for rubber bearings, shackles and spring inserts. *Spring Lubricant* for Ford-built vehicles, *Chassis Grease* for all cars, and *Cup Grease* for most farm implements.

Universal Joint Grease is a necessity for some equipment. You need *Waterproof Grease* for centrifugal pumps and water pumps on engines, and *Flushing Oil* for crankcases and gear cases.

If you'd like a lubricant line-up, "tailored" specifically to your needs, just ask your Standard of California Representative.

STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA



P.S.

Of course, I haven't forgotten that trip we planned that was interrupted when you joined up. I dream about it and plan it down to the last detail. Of course, we'll have to go in our present car, as we probably can't get a new one as soon as you get back. So, like a hen with a chick, I'm mothering it no end. Down it goes every week to your old friend Mileage Merchant Jim, and he does everything to it. He says to tell you he's keeping the engine OIL-PLATED with Conoco Nth motor oil and for you not to worry. It will be in fine shape for our trip --says he'll practically guarantee it!

(over)

Sam Brannan

(Concluded from page 561)

and singleness of purpose, was the most profound of all mysteries—for in it lay the key to all. Mormons have always had the eyes of their neighbors upon them.

In modest way, the story of Mormonism in California is a symbolic pattern to a new and greater destiny. Because Mormons have proved themselves by past acts—criticism and ostracism are dead. Sixty-seven thousand Saints live in peace, equality, and admiration in California today. Mormon concepts and developments earn editorial consideration far in excess of numerical standing. The world we know faces a desperate crisis. It is sick, and fighting for a way out. It is seeking for spiritual and philosophical leadership to displace dead forms and discredited credos—a faith-kindling force with deepest roots in democratic ideology. If Mormonism knows where it is going—if it has the way—if indeed it is the Master's creed—now is the time to show it. Humanity, the world over, is waiting—hungrily waiting.

But let there be no mistake. Mormonism cannot step to leadership by resting on its dead past. The pioneering phase is ended. A Zion of mortgages, tumble-down barns, and pioneer acreage reverting again to sagebrush will not answer the hopes and yearnings of the honest-in-heart. Little efficacy there is, so far as a troubled world is concerned, in multiplying words to prove Joseph Smith a true prophet of God, when the burning power of his message, the breath-taking scope of his revealed philosophy, the hope and comfort of his doctrine of the brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God, are hidden in the world under a bushel of self-righteousness and split-haired dogma. Mankind—betrayed, and spiritually disillusioned—is wearied of dead forms and lukewarm philosophy. The answer it seeks must be as militant as the evil forces that have wrecked the world.

Every true Latter-day Saint—in California or elsewhere—is looked upon with a degree of awe and respect. He is product of a faith virile enough to uproot established concepts, write tumultuous history, and wrest empires from forbidding deserts. His forbears, tattered and barefoot, marched across America's burning wastes for love of country, for love of man, for love of God. His parents turned nobly away from California's gold—to seek and establish the richness of a better life on earth and in the world to come. His heritage is glorious. His background bright and wonderful to behold. But what manner of man is this Mormon today? Wherein does he prove himself different from other men?

The answer rests with every Latter-day Saint.

(The End)

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