The Ancient and Honorable Order of
E Clampus Vitus

LOST DUTCHMAN ECV
CHAPTER 5917 + 4
NEW ARIZONA

LOST DUTCHMAN CHAPTER 5917+4

Welcomes you to the Brotherhood

This is your PBC Handbook

NAME ________________________________

SPONSOR ___________________________ Date __________________
CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION AND BRIEF HISTORY

Congratulations, PBC. You have chosen to seek admittance into the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus. As a PBC, or Poor Blind Candidate, the next few days will present a completely new and enlightening experience.

The entry level into ECV is as a PBC. Life as a PBC consists of performing simple chores, preparing meals, entertaining, contributing toward the building of a monument boasting a commemorative plaque, and always having a great time. Your first Clampout as a PBC will likely be remembered as one of your best, if not the best, in your career as a Clamper.

The PBC plays an important role at the Clampout. This role becomes better understood as the Clampout progresses. The low-life PBC, if proven worthy, will receive the embalming Staff of Relief and become a new member of ECV and an "officer of equal dignity". As a newly minted "Redshirt", he will have a new awareness of the importance and substance of this wondrous Order, ready to instruct future PBCs who seek admittance into the Hall of Comparative Ovations of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus.

The following is a brief history of E Clampus Vitus obtained from Carl I. Wheat's article in the Pacific Historical Review, Number XVIII (1949), pages 67-69. In the midst of his busy law practice, Carl Wheat found time to contribute extensively on such topics as the journeys of Jedediah Smith, maps of the Gold Rush Country, the Death Valley Forty-Niners, Theodore Judah and the Pacific Railway, and monumentally on the geography of the Trans-Mississippi West. Here he discussed an institution in which his interest is strong and proprietary:

It was early in the fifties that the "Ancient and
Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus first appeared on the California Scene. The time was one of vast upheaval, human as well as physical. And after a hard day in the dirt and muck of some Sierra diggins, where else but in the Clampers' Hall of Comparative Ovations could a man rediscover those values that seemed otherwise so lacking in the hard life of the California canyons?

E Clampus Vitus spread like wildfire through the mountains. Few indeed were the camps where the Order's great horn, the "Hewgag", did not on occasion hoarsely bray. Surely, the succinct Constitution of the Order displayed its roisterous spirit as could nothing else.

*Article One*, read the unorthodox document: "All members are Officers."

*Article Two*, it eloquently continued: "All Officers are of equal indignity."

That was all. But it was enough. When the Hewgag blew, the brethren gathered from far and near. It was a signal that a sucker had appeared in camp-some Poor Blind Candidate ripe for a new experience. For the only ritual of this significant organization of gold rush days was that of initiation, and the only stated meeting was "before or after the full moon" when such a one should come upon the scene ready for immolation on the altar of merriment.

On those gala occasions when, in the vociferous spirit of the mid-nineteenth century Yankee, a parade was to
be staged along the camp's lone street, it was usually the Clampers who stole the show, marching behind a stalwart soul carrying a pole that bore a hoop skirt with the strange device, "This Is The Banner We Fight Under". Nor was it only in connection with such celebrations that the Clampers shone. For were they not brethren ready at the merest hint of their mysterious Sign of Distress to come to one another's assistance, and did not their well-known sign of recognition, the Sign of the Well Jackass, betoken a vitality that even the drab life of the diggings could not destroy?

"All for one and one for all" could, indeed, have been the motto of this lusty Order. As a matter of fact, however, the Order's hortatory watchword was: "For the benefit of widows and orphans—but more especially of widows!" And when a brother, worn by toil and broken in the search for gold, could no longer carry on, the brethren, one and all, would come to his assistance. It is said that fifteen dollars a month from the Clampers would keep a miner in bacon and flour, beans, and saleratus, and that in those better days E Clampus Vitus had but two rules to guide its members in their eleemosynary roles:

1. A man shall come in person to the Hall of Comparative Ovations for this helpful dole; and

2. Payments shall commence two years after death.

When, in the late twenties of this softer century, a band of latter-day enthusiasts sought once more to capture the spirit of the Order's elder days, it was
found that little in the way of written data could be
found to describe and explain those small and intimate
details of the past that at such times bear so great a
significance. It was the late lamented Ezra Dane who
suggested the answer: "During those early days," said
he, "no Clamper in attendance at a stated meeting was
ever in any condition to take minutes of the
ceremonies." And, he would add, "After the meeting
had concluded, no one could be found who could
remember what had happened."

The Grand Lodge of the Order convened at Mokelumne
Hill, but from the far north of Downieville and Sierra
City to the southernmost diggings, even beyond
Mariposa, chapters of E Clampus Vitus flourished. Let
no benighted individual place a period after that
fateful "E" (as was done, ignominiously, in a recently
celebrated catalogue of California), and let no person
of whatever race, color, or previous condition succumb
to the heretical placing of an "s" after the "p" of
Clampus.

The actual revival of the Order began at Yerba Buena
early in the thirties, and by a happy circumstance
there came to the group a voice from the past in the
person of Adam Lee Moore, last Noble Grand Humbug
of the Order in that earlier Dispensation. Before he
passed from the scene a few years ago at the ripe age
of ninety and nine, he--the Clampatriarch of the
revival--brought to these younger and later Clammers
not only a Charter of Apostolic Succession, but a
youthful spirit that pervaded many a Pilgrimage to the
Diggins with mirth and lusty human wisdom. Soon,
another chapter was erected in the Queen of the Cow
Counties, far to the south, and others later were convened at Camptonville, Nevada City, Auburn, Hangtown, Columbia, Murphy's Camp, Skunk's Misery, and other memorable spots. The New Dispensation carries on, often incredulous of the tales it hears of the Clampers of old.

In The Enigmatical Book of Vitus the story of the resuscitation of the Order has been told and the spirit of Credo Quia Absurdum has been outlined in The Curious Book of Clampus. Later, The Esoteric Book of E and Ye Proposteroys Booke of Brasse carried the tale further. The literature of the revival grows apace.

Once each year the brethren gather at Yerba Buena on a night nigh unto the twenty-fourth of January, when their lamented one-time Clamapriarch James W. Marshall turns over in his grave three times in their favor. Once, also in each year, "before or after the full moon", they devote themselves to a pilgrimage to some spot hallowed by the picks and pans of forty-niner days, there to imbibe by some obscure but revivifying osmosis the spirit of the elder days.

E Clampus Vitus was a force of no little significance in those earlier decades. It represented release from toil, respite from sweat, a chance to laugh with and at one's fellows. And so, when the sonorous echoes of the Hewgag resounded through the Sierra silences, few there were who did not drop their picks and haste them to the Great Hall, where amid Comparative Ovations and mighty mirth Poor Blind Candidates were brought out and instructed in the mysteries of the Order. To the query "What say the Brethren?" the
assembled Clampers would shout "Satisfactory!" and the Grand Noble Recorder would reply, with August dignity, "And so recorded."

What is the significance of the mystic words which designate the Order? What can "E" or "Clampus" or even "Vitus" mean in this connection? That is a secret the answer to which reposes only in the astral memories of Clampers long since gone to their reward. It is, in fact, the only true secret still recorded and remembered by their Order, for no member now in good standing knows the answer. An odd situation? Yes, but wholly in keeping with those other factors which render this agreeable fraternity of the gold days memorable and worthy of perpetration.
CHAPTER TWO

PBC RULES

1. A PBC must never wear the colors Red or Black. This includes each and every item of clothing and jewelry.

2. A PBC must attend all scheduled and spontaneous PBC meetings.

3. A PBC must complete all assigned and scheduled duties.

4. A PBC must get to know all officers, members, and fellow PBCs.

5. A PBC must show unity and loyalty to fellow PBCs.

6. A PBC must attend the Clampfire and Dedication.

7. A PBC must participate in PBC Entertainment. This includes telling a joke, singing, or some other conventional form of entertainment, and must be prepared to answer all questions presented to him at PBC Entertainment.

8. A PBC must be sober and clean for initiation, and free from any items of women’s clothing or loathsome delusions of grandeur.

9. A PBC must help clean up the Clampsite prior to leaving on Sunday.

10. NO FIREARMS, NO EXPLOSIVES, NO FIGHTING, NO LONG KNIVES, AND NO BAD ATTITUDES!
11. A PBC is under the complete authority of the Hangman and Keeper of the PBCs at all times. If in doubt, ASK THE HANGMAN!

12. A PBC must study (1) PBC rules, (2) PBC etiquette, (3) Code of Clamper Conduct, (4) History of ECV, and (5) any other material presented to him before initiation, either verbally, in writing, or by gesticulation of any part of the body.
CHAPTER THREE

PBC ETIQUETTE

(Or Things a PBC should do in order to survive the Clampout)

1. A PBC should always address a Redshirt as “Sir”, i.e. “Yes, Sir”, “No, Sir”, and “That is correct, Sir. I am a low-life PBC.”

2. A PBC should always take his responsibilities seriously.

3. A PBC should always enjoy his work and maintain a cheerful disposition.

4. A PBC should never offend, anger, or in any way irritate a Redshirt.

5. A PBC should always make sure that a Redshirt is comfortable and is given excellent service. Remember, a warm beer or soda could easily spoil a Redshirt’s day.

6. When fetching a beer or cold drink for a Redshirt, a PBC should always locate the coldest drink (usually found at the bottom of the ice chest) and present it to the Redshirt with a cheerful “Here is your drink, Sir.”

7. A PBC should never stand upwind from a Redshirt.

8. A PBC should never serve Spam or green eggs to a Redshirt.

9. A PBC should never let his hangover interfere with his work.

10. A PBC should never say or do anything that might embarrass his sponsor.
CHAPTER FOUR

CODE OF CLAMPER CONDUCT

1. All members shall conduct themselves in a manner which does not bring disgrace upon themselves or the organization. The manner of conduct will be determined by the situation.

2. No Clamper shall exert bodily harm upon another nor shall he cause another to fear such harm based upon vocal abuse.

3. No Clamper shall in any way do bodily harm to a PBC or touch him physically beyond what is considered good taste. No Clamper shall cause any materials to be placed on a PBC’s person without the permission of the Hangman and/or Keeper of the PBCs.

4. No Clamper or PBC shall take anything from another Clamper or PBC unless the other party is informed.

5. No Clamper or PBC shall remove from a site that which is not considered to be an artifact and which has no current archaeological significance.

6. No Clamper or PBC shall engage in lewd conduct.

7. No Clamper or PBC shall make remarks about another’s ethnic or religious background.
GLOSSARY

"And so recorded"  Reply of acknowledgment by the Grand Noble Recorder that the ECV brethren deem something "satisfactory".

Braying Jackass  The symbol of E Clampus Vitus.

Clamper  A member, standing or not, of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus; a Redshirt; an ECV "Officer of Equal Indignity".

Clampout  A "doin"; a gathering of Clampers for a specific purpose, or even for an unspecified purpose.

Credo Quia Absurdum  The Order's motto, "I believe because it is absurd."

E Clampus Vitus  "Either a historical drinking society, or a drinking historical society. Take your pick." (John Severino, President and General Manager, KABC-TV.)

Gold Dust Receiver  An ECV officer who primarily functions as the Chapter Treasurer.

Grand Noble Recorder  An ECV officer who primarily functions as the Chapter Secretary.

Greybeard  A former Chapter Humbug; one of the Elders of the Chapter.

Hall of Comparative Ovations  Any place where two or more Clampers congregate.

Hangman  The person to whom PBCs are responsible; the ECV officer, who, in conjunction with the Keeper of the
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hewgag</td>
<td>An instrument resembling a long tin trumpet which is sounded at the Clampout to alert Redshirts that a PBC is in camp.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Humbug</td>
<td>Noble Grand Humbug; the presiding officer of the Chapter and of the Clampout, unless another officer who is more equal is present.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Keeper of the PBCs</td>
<td>An ECV officer who assists the Hangman in preparing PBCs for admittance into Clamperdom. PBCs are at the complete mercy of the Hangman and Keeper of the PBCs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Low-life</td>
<td>A PBC or Poor Blind Candidate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proctor</td>
<td>Officer of the Grand Council of The Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Redshirt</td>
<td>A Clamper; one who is treated as a VIP by any PBC,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Satisfactory&quot;</td>
<td>The shouted reply of approval by Clampers to the fateful query, &quot;What sayeth the brethren?&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serious Shit</td>
<td>Any item of particular or unparticular interest to a Clamper, whether it be written, verbally expressed, or merely implied; something a PBC had better know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slippery Gulch</td>
<td>The Humbug's bar. The original Slippery Gulch Saloon was located in Murphys, California, the spiritual heartland of Clamperdom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sublime</td>
<td>Indicates an officer of the most exalted level.</td>
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</table>
Vice Noble
Grand Humbug

An ECV officer who primarily functions as the chapter Vice President or Executive Officer

Vituscan Missionaries,
Lost Jackass Patrol

Four wheel drive Clamper organizations

Wall of Comparative Ovations

Located in Murphys, California, the unofficial capitol of Clamperdom in the known universe, on the west exterior wall of the Thompson building on Main Street.

"What sayeth brethren?"

Query given to the brethren of ECV for approval of the item in question

PBCs BEWARE!

There is more to this than ye yet wot!
JACOB WALTZ
AND
THE LOST DUTCHMAN MINE

Jacob Waltz or Walzer or Walz or Walls or Waltz or Waltz; he wrote it WALTZ, was apparently a native of Germany. He probably was born in Wurtzburg and came to the United States in 1839, when he was about twenty-nine years old. On September 12, 1848 he signed a declaration of intention to become an American citizen in Natchez, Adams County, Mississippi and completed this in Los Angeles, California on July 19th, 1861. He died in Phoenix on October 25, 1892. These are documented facts.

It is believed that he went from Mississippi to California during the gold rush. He is thought to have been included in the Census [1850], October 27, 1850; City and County of Sacramento, p.171; Dwelling No. 717. Later he worked in the placer mining camps of the San Gabriel River.

Waltz under the name Walls, is included in the Census July 24, 1860; County of Los Angeles, Azusa township. Gold had been discovered in the canyon in 1854. The first plaque ever erected by E. Clampus Vitus commemorates the forgotten miner responsible for this discovery. Torrential rains struck Southern California in late 1861 and early 1862. Thirty-nine inches were reported to have fallen in December and January. Needless to say this completely decimated the work of the gold seekers in the San Gabriel Canyon.

The discovery of gold on the east bank of the Colorado River, by Pauline Weaver, apparently brought Waltz to Arizona. Although his name does not appear among the early mining claims of the La Paz area his name is among those who filed a claim on September 21, 1863 on the Gross Lode in the Pioneer District of Yavapai County. This claim was described as being located twelve miles, more or less, from Walker's Placer Diggings. It was later referred upon, according to the records of the Turkey Creek Quartz Mining District.

Waltz continued in the Prescott area, at least until March 11, 1864, when he joined in the signing of a petition to Governor John N. Goodwin. This petition demanded that protection be provided to the settlers from the Indians. This was to be done by either regular troops or militia. Waltz was recorded in the Special Territorial Census of May 1864 in the Prescott area as entry number 1008. By September of 1864 he had migrated south and slightly west of Prescott, filing a claim on the Big Rebel Lode which was recorded on January 7, 1865. It is important to note that after this date, Jacob Waltz's name never appeared on any mining claim in the Arizona Territory.

During this period an individual miner did little more than discover evidence of a drift. He lacked the capital to develop a mine and the majority of claims were more boast and brag! The hope was always present that some syndicators would appear who would purchase the same and then, the discovering individuals, or groups, could cash in and explore further in other regions.

There is no clear picture of the happenings of the next several years. In April 1868, Jacob Waltz had recorded improvements on a 160-acre freehold. This property lay one-eighth mile south of Buckeye Road and 16th. This insignificant piece of land fell into slum conditions, but is easily recognized as being one mile west of Sky Harbor Airport and today being very, very valuable! One need not go to the Superstition Mountains to find the Bonanza of the Dutchman!

There is no hard historic information relative to Jacob Waltz in the immediate years ahead. Records show that in 1878, Waltz deeded his Phoenix property to an Andrew Starr. He continued to live on this land, although it was reported that he went regularly on extended prospecting trips. Despite the wild declamations of those who would lead you to believe that "THE DUTCHMAN" had a hidden source of wealth, there is no evidence to support this contention. Review of newspapers of the time fail to make any reference to him and it is apparent that during this period he lived in a fashion which would not attract attention. Hardly the pattern that accesses to enormous wealth would have been expected to demonstrate.

Jacob Waltz died on October 26, 1891. A major flood in mid-February 1891 apparently had treed him. Who was responsible for his rescue and whether he had tied himself in a tree can not be determined. It was only after his death that there were questions and ultimately wild speculation.

During the last part of his life he appears to have been cared for by a lady of color, Julia Thomas. Some reports suggest that the Pettit family helped in his rescue after the flood and became close to him. Various authors supply other details. It was not until after Jacob Waltz's death that the questions of there being a super-abundant-rich-rich-rich-mine were ever raised.
The newspapers reported some of the attempts to locate the source of the reported wealth of "The Dutchman". None were successful and a litany of stories developed which magnification the legend of the Lost Dutchman Mine. Numerous authors have tried to put together a plausible and "historically" correct description of this legend. Several prototype scenarios are available for manipulation.

1: AZTEC GOLD was brought to the mountains under the direction of Guatomizin, who had married the daughter of Montezuma, Nezatun. After the initial repulse of Cortes, Guatomizin required that a constant watch be kept which would alert him if invaders returned. When there was evidence that such was to be the case, it is reported that he had all the movable treasure of the empire transported away. This was done and it was hidden in the Superstition Mountains. It is postulated that this was the same treasure to which Dr. Thorne was lead to by the Apaches, although he could have been led to treasure created by legend 2.

2: The Perlata family of Sonora came to this part of Arizona and discovered a productive mine. According to the story, Pedro Perlata, after developing the mine, was bringing gold back to Sonora when Apaches attacked him. Many men were killed and the mules, which the Apaches sought for food, were widely dispersed and butchered. Legend would tell that all the men were killed but one of his sons escaped. Later, either Pedro's remaining brothers, Manuel and Ramon, or a son of Pedro's, who had escaped the massacre, became indebted to Waltz and an individual accompanying Waltz. Unfortunately, Wiser is not to be found on any census or other record. Allegedly Waltz and Wiser rediscovered the mine, either with a Perlata, or independently, with the aid of a map. Wiser was killed either by Indians or he was murdered by Waltz. Prior or subsequent to this Waltz reputedly hid the nearly pure gold that was present. Later on, without working the mine, he retrieved the gold from a variety of hiding places, which he had created. There is historic evidence that the Perlata's developed a mine in Arizona, but it was not located in the Superstitions.

3: This story would have Waltz led to the Apache Cache of gold by his lissome lover, a sweet young and impressionable Indian maiden, [the kind all Clambers dream about]. Whether the gold was from the paniers of the Mexican Burros that the Perlata family had been using when attacked by the Apaches, or was just lying there from the early Aztec deposition of their wealth in the sanctuary of the Superstitions, can not be answered. Certainly if $70,000 worth of gold was present it weighed in excess of 300 pounds and this was a heavy load!

4: To give support to there being a lost mine in the Superstitions the legend of the two young soldiers can be used. The story suggests that having completed their tour of duty, with no experience in exploration, these men decided to go across the Superstition Mountains. While in transit they found some odds and ends of rock, which, according to a mining engineer, represented very rich ore. They attempted to retrieve their steps and were never seen alive again.

5: Every author has developed his particular biases for any story that is presented. All insist, despite the apparently poor circumstances under which Jacob Waltz lived, that he was in possession of information leading to an immensely rich accumulation of gold ore; in fact, an extraordinarily rich mine from which gold could be lifted in literally pure form.

All historic evidence suggests that this was not the case. The accounts suggest that during the last days of his life, Waltz was an old, and perhaps dreamy, wish-fulfilling man, who gave a description of a mine to his nurse and benefactors.

"The late afternoon sun shines into the mouth of my Mine. I can see the Military Trail from my cave, but you cannot see my cave from the Trail! I have only to climb a little distance and I can see Weaver's Needle."

Whether these were instructions to a dream lode of gold, or the creation of literary Dons who above all wish to believe that the rainbow sits upon an unimaginable bonanza, can not be determined. This author, would hide behind his holy raincoat's and summon heavenly hosts, who are as real as the images presented in ADAM WAS A CLAMPER, and thus lead the acolytes to the shimmering hereafter of all the gold mines in the sky.

Bob 'country doctor' Stragnell XNCH

Clampatriarch Lost Dutchman Chapter 5917 ECV
Billy Holcomb and Holcomb Valley

It all started when William F. Holcomb left Indiana and made the overland trip to seek his fortune in the mining camps of Northern California. Discouraged by his poor luck, he drifted southward. There he was told a story about a small gold discovery in the San Bernardino Mountains. And so in 1859, Bill Holcomb left Los Angeles and came to Starvation Flats.

If it hadn't been for "boot soup," Bill and his companions would have starved that first winter. Bill, being a fine marksman, was hired by other prospectors to fetch bear meat. His search led him through Pelique Canyon. When he reached the summit of the ridge he looked northward and saw a beautiful little valley about two miles distant.

The following day, Bill, accompanied by an Indian, wounded a "monster grizzly" and trailed it past a quartz ledge which was flecked with gold. The yellow metal seemed to be everywhere! The news of Holcomb's discovery spread like wildfire, and the rush was on. By July, 1860, the valley was swarming with prospectors.

The miners worked the ground at this site down to within several feet of bedrock many years ago. Once "pay dirt" was reached, it was moved by horse and cart, or in sacks on burros, to be "sucked in the rockers." These crude gravel washers were located near hand-built earthen "snow ponds" where snow melted to supply the water needed. One such pond can be seen just up the grade from these tattles.

Diggings were shallow and easily worked. In 1860, an average of three pounds of gold a day was removed from this area by Holcomb and his companions with pick and shovel. As the placer gave out, a shaft was dug to search for bedrock and the "Mother Lode." However, they encountered a large amount of water which made the attempt unsuccessful. To this day, the Mother Lode, which supposedly enriched this whole area, has never been found.

It was said of the early towns in Holcomb Valley that they consisted of ten grist mills, one sawmill and one quartz mill. This interesting log structure saw many a gold nugget pass across the table for a glass of Old Gilt Edge. The early day saloon was not only a place for drinking, it was the social hall, court house, and city hall of most boom towns and mining camps. It was a place to gather during the day when not engaged in digging or looking for gold, and at night to spin yarns, drink and have a flag at "Lady Luck."

In this general area Bill Holcomb made his original discovery of gold while trailing the wounded bear.

"Panning and digging along this intermittent stream yielded some of the purest gold ever discovered in California. In 1861 and 1862 thousands of claimants were staked throughout the valley. Staking one's claim was easy, protecting it was something else. One old claim paper says, "Joe Brown, takes this ground, Jumpers will be shot."

East of the original discovery was a rich flat which drew the largest gathering of prospectors. A town soon sprang up. In addition to the many saloons, there was one store, two butcher shops, two laundries, one bakery, three carpenter shops, two blacksmiths, one stamp mill, and one sawmill. On the outskirts "dugouts" and hastily built shacks were used as shelter for the miners. The population was the typical mining town variety, good men and industrious workers, worthless characters and professional "hadmen." The blacksmith's wife, Mrs. Jef Van Dusen, made a flag from Petticoats for the town's first July 4th celebration. For her patriotic efforts the town was named Belleville in honor of her pretty little daughter, Belle.

At the end of the mining season in 1875, William F. Holcomb returned to the valley he had discovered 15 years earlier out of sentimentality, curiosity, and for pleasure. He saw the area during its last phase; the last futile search for gold were taking place before the area was deserted and its centers of population turned to ghost towns. Few would have guessed that day in 1860, when Holcomb shouldered his rifle and left Starvation Flats, that more gold would be taken out of Holcomb Valley per square mile than anywhere else in Southern California.
This brief biography of Lt. George Derby was written by John Kendrick Bangs for the 1903 edition of *Phoeniziana, or Sketches and Burlesques*, by John Phoenix. It was published by Appleton and Company, New York.

George Horatio Derby (1823-1861) of Massachusetts graduated from West Point in 1846 and served in the Army Topographical Engineers at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo before being sent to California in 1856.

He remained there for seven years, leading three exploring expeditions and winning a place as one of the state's first humorists with pieces published in the *San Diego Herald* and republished around the nation. *Phoeniziana* was published in 1855. It contains Derby's pieces as "Professor John Phoeniziana" and "Squibob," poking fun at such topics as military surveyors and explorers; contemporary travel accounts of the Mission Dolores, Benicia, Sonoma, San Francisco, and San Diego; literary societies and women's clubs; astronomy; and Army life.

Had Lieutenant George H. Derby been a professional fun-maker, the production of such a work as *Phoeniziana* might possibly have proved a solemn task and a wearisome effort; but this Squibob was not. His real work in life was that of a soldier, and an engineer. He was graduated at the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1846. His career was an arduous one. He suffered hardships of the more strenuous order. He was a fighter in the Mexican War. He sustained severe wounds in the battle of Cerro Gordo, and for gallant and meritorious conduct upon that occasion was brevetted first lieutenant. On behalf of the government he conducted surveys and explorations in what at that time were waste places within our borders. Heavy responsibilities devolved upon him—the responsibilities of leadership in pioneer days—and it is the testimony of his record on file at the War Department at Washington that his shoulders bore well the burdens they carried—burdens which in the end cost him his life. His last commission was a surveyor and lighthouse engineer on the Florida coast, in the discharge of the duties of which he suffered a sunstroke, which affected his eye-sight and caused softening of the brain, from which he died in 1861.

There are in various parts of the country today silent witnesses to his skill as an engineer and fidelity as a servant of his country, but the greater fame which will attach to his name comes from the things of his spirit which throughout all his trials remained unaffectedly simple, sunny, and helpful, both to self and to others. The fact, and it seems to be the fact, that he turned to his pen for the meed of pleasure which comes from forgetfulness of the trials incident to the day's work, appears to me the chief reason for his unquestioned success as a fun-maker. There was that in his nature which struggled always for expression, even under the most unpromising conditions, and which, held in restraint by more pressing things, once given an outlet, bubbled forth with all the vigor and spontaneity of a geyser. One finds no trace of a taskmaster driving his muse in Phoenix's fun, and for that reason it is of the best.
AND

SO

RECORDED