



CASTOR CANADENSIS

Newsletter of the Jedediah Smith Society • University of the Pacific, Stockton, California

WINTER 2017-2018 CASTOR

GRIZZLY ADAMS: A Man To Match Our Mountains

This article on Grizzly Adams was selected from the Pacific Historian to honor its author Dr. Richard Dillon. Dr. Dillon was librarian at Sutro Library in San Francisco.

Well known for his books and articles on California history. I asked his son Dr. Brian Dillon, consulting archeologist and current President, Los Angeles Corral of Westerners to write this biography. (Editor).

Permission to publish this article was given by Dr. Brian Dillon and Holt-Atherton Special Collections, University of the Pacific.

RICHARD H. DILLON: 1924-2016

By Brian Dervin Dillon, Ph.D.

Dick Dillon's demise was prematurely reported three times in past years by historical publications whose Internet-addicted editors could not conceive that persons not reachable by Email could possibly still be alive, especially authors who began publishing long before they themselves were born. But reports of my father's death, in Twainian terms, finally, and sadly, have not now been *greatly exaggerated*. Richard Hugh Dillon (RHD) died suddenly, without any pain or suffering, on July 7, 2016, in Mill Valley California, at age 92.

Dick Dillon was a world-renowned California historian, who published hundreds of books, articles, and reviews over an 80-year period, all without the benefit of the Internet, Email, or even an electric typewriter. *A Giant Has Fallen* wrote his long-time friend and admirer, Dr. Robert Chandler. RHD may indeed have gone West, and colleagues will no longer receive historic postcards or wine labels with brief communications from him, but, for the countless fans of his writing, he will never be farther away than the nearest bookshelf.

Born in Sausalito, California, on January 16, 1924, Richard H. Dillon was the youngest of four Army brat brothers. His earliest curiosity about long-ago times and faraway places developed through stamp collecting. By age five friends, relatives, and total strangers were saving stamps for him, and we still have thousands of the ones he collected in the late 1920's and early '30's. Dick Dillon was first published at age 11 in a San Francisco newspaper: it was a dog story, in the Jack London mold. He later wrote a campus gossip column called "*Rumah Hassit*" all through high school, where his nick-name, owing to his Black Irish good looks and Spanish fluency, was "Duke Lopez." He graduated from Tamalpais High School in Mill Valley in 1941, then began studying history, geography, and anthropology at U.C. Berkeley while still only 17.

He left the University in 1943 at 19 to join the American Army in the ETO. Dillon was a WWII combat soldier who served with the famous 79th Division in France (where he was WIA), in Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany and Czechoslovakia. His nick-name in the Army, bestowed by his quasi-literate hillbilly peers, was "the Perfesser." Dad returned to UC Berkeley in 1946 only days after demobilization.

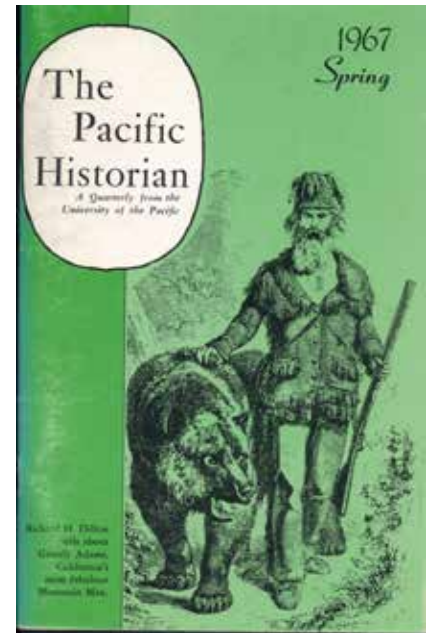


Table of Contents

Table of Contents.....	1
Biography of Author, Richard H. Dillon	1-2
Featured Article	2-8
Editor's Note and Newsletter Guidelines	8
President's Message	8
Events: (including 2018 Rendezvous Utah)	9-12
Wall Map and Interactive Maps	12
Jed Smith Monuments	13-15
Committee Position	15
Members' Book Corner	15
Members' Section: New Members, Donor List, Relatives of JSS, JSS Officers and Board Members, Member Profile.....	16

Continued on page 2

GRIZZLY ADAMS: A Man To Match Our Mountains

He earned an MA in History, and also published his first scholarly work, in 1949. Dillon then took yet another degree at Berkeley in Library Science in 1950. Dillon married Barbara Allester Sutherland, a fellow librarian and ceramic artist, in 1950. She predeceased him in 2009. Richard and Allester Dillon leave behind three sons, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

By the early 1950's, Dick Dillon had become the primary non-fiction book reviewer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He honked out hundreds of reviews for that paper until 1959, even as he was doing research for what would become a *Tsunami* of full-length books on Western History and Historical Biography published through the next two decades. My father's writing and publishing took place simultaneously with his position, for nearly 30 years, as the head librarian of the Sutro Library, first at San Francisco City Hall, then on the USF Campus. An historical "triple threat," Dillon also taught history at the University of San Francisco for an even longer period of time, as well as for single semesters at UCLA and the University of Hawaii. For nearly seventy years Richard H. Dillon cranked out one full-length book after another: biographies, and California and Western American history. More than a dozen of his non-fiction books have been re-issued as paperbacks. Many remain in print today, some more than fifty years after their initial appearance. Towards the end of his long and productive life, R. H. Dillon's writing came full circle, most of his output now book reviews, hundreds of them, written for *Westerner's International*, *True West Magazine*, and for the *California Territorial Quarterly*.

Dick Dillon was a Phi Beta Kappa, a member of many historical societies, and the past President of the Book Club of California. He was the recipient of many literary awards for non-fiction writing, including: 1960- The Phelan Award for *Embarcadero*; 1966- Award of Merit, American Association for State and Local History, for *J. Ross Browne, Confidential Agent in Old California*; 1966-Award of Merit, California Historical Society; 1966- Gold Medal, Commonwealth Club of California for *Meriwether Lewis*; 1967-Silver Medal, Commonwealth Club of California, for *Fool's Gold*; 1970-Laura Bride Powers Memorial Award, City and County of San Francisco; 1973- Golden Quill Award, Los Vendedores, for *Burnt Out Fires*; 1973-Golden Spur Award, Western Writers of America, for *Burnt Out Fires*; 1975- made a Fellow of the Gleeson Library, University of San Francisco; 1977-Award of Merit, Rounce & Coffin Club of Los Angeles, for *Images of Chinatown*; 1983-made a Fellow of the California Historical Society; 1986-Philip A. Danielson Award, Westerners International, for *The Later Days of the California Missions*; 1997-Award of Merit, San Francisco Historical Society; 1997-Oscar Lewis Award, Book Club of California; 1997- Award of Merit, Napa County Historical Society; 1999-Award of Merit, Rounce

& Coffin Club, Los Angeles, for *Artful Deeds in the Life of the Felon, Grovenor Layton*.

But my Dad's greatest honor came in 2005, when he was presented with a Lifetime Achievement Award by the Bancroft Library, Book Club of California, California State Library Foundation, Gleeson Library, Huntington Library, Roxburghe Club of San Francisco, Society of California Pioneers, Sutro Library, UCLA Library, and the San Francisco Corral of Westerners, in combination. More than 30 years ago, I began writing in collaboration with my father. More recently, the Dillon literary duo became a trio, with the addition of RHD's grandson, my own son John. Together, we have won The Coke Wood Award for historical writing from *Westerner's International* for three years running, for our *California Territorial Quarterly* articles.

The Richard H. Dillon Literary Archive was established at the Powell Library, Special Collections, UCLA, many years ago. It will continue to receive his research materials and manuscripts as I tackle the herculean task of sorting through the "unfinished business" left by my father's passing. By initial count, I have found over a dozen unpublished books of varying lengths in manuscript form, on topics ranging from the Seminole War to the history of Hawaii. I am compiling a memorial volume in his honor, incorporating contributions by leading scholars who either knew my father, or were inspired by his writing. Publication is anticipated for the end of 2017. For more information contact me at briandervindillon@gmail.com

Dick Dillon's good friend and fellow historian Monsignor Francis J. Weber, of Mission San Fernando, California, said, upon learning of the passing of his old friend of more than 50 years:

*"You don't know whether to pray **For** Dick Dillon, or pray **To Him**."*

GRIZZLY ADAMS: A Man To Match Our Mountains

BY, RICHARD H. DILLON

LIBRARIAN AT SUTRO LIBRARY, SAN FRANCISCO

The author was an emergency speaker at the twentieth California History Institute at the University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif., March 18, 1967. We are indebted to Mr. J. R. Blanchard, University Librarian of the University of California at Davis for gracious permission to publish here that portion of the address which had been read to his Library Associates, April 7, 1966, and printed as that organization's Keepsake Number 1.-EDITORS



CONTRIBUTIONS to California of the Chinese, the Basques, The Issei, and Sansei, the Portugese and Azoreans, the Hawaiians and the Cousin Jacks from Cornwall, have been woefully neglected in our writing of history. No one, I think is more aware of this fact than I am. On the other hand, we must not over emphasize the roles of various minority groups out of a zeal for fairness or in an attempt to make a period more colorful than it actually was.

The much-maligned (in recent years) “WASP”— the white, Anglo Saxon, usually-Protestant, American, still deserves the lion’s share of credit for the westering of our frontier and the settling of the trans Mississippi country. On the other hand, he deserves the fullest barrage of criticism, too, for his shameful treatment of the Indians and the land in his lust for gold, property, success, and power. Unfortunately for America, his very toughness — which allowed him to survive — even to thrive, in a hostile environment — carried with it a ruthlessness and, at times, a hypocrisy which flaw the traditional Protestant ethic of this country, an ethic of hard-work and Christian *good-works*.

In some fifteen years of writing, I have devoted articles and parts of books to the Chinese; the first Japanese-Americans; and our Hawaiian argonauts. But recently in outlining a future book for publication, a collection of short California biographies, I found that, although I bent over backward, the overwhelming majority of subjects crying for inclusion were Yankees (and, of course, Southerners too). Too few people from minority groups asserted leadership in a climate which was, then, far from permissive. And when they did, the documentation is not to be found today. (How many Gold Rush diaries are there in Chinese? Where are the memoirs of Cornishmen, Basques, or whalemens from Fayal?)

In planning this book of short biographies, I chose 76 Californians to represent us as outstanding personalities, whether good or bad, “important” (whatever that means) or merely colorful. The number of non-Yankees was most disappointing. There were only two Negro Americans — Jim Beckworth and William Leidesdorff. I was able to include only two Indians, Ishi and Captain Jack, and one half-breed, Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, Sacajawea’s baby, who became a Californian in the Mexican War and the Gold Rush. Only one Japanese — Joseph Heco — is on my list and one Chinese, Fong Ching, alias Little Pete. Even Mexican Americans are in short supply, only Mariano Vallejo and Tiburcio Vasquez being included.

Doubtless, some of you in this audience could add many more names (especially of Mexican-Californians) who fit my criterion of *colorfulness*. But I have limited myself to only 76 sketches. And which of the “Yanquis” would you push aside for Juan B. Alvarado, Chief Solano, or Ng Poon Chew? Not Bancroft, Bidwell, Sutter, Fremont, Judah, Stanford, Lucky Baldwin, or Larkin? Perhaps Mary Austin,

Grace Hudson, Helen Hunt Jackson, or Lillie Coit? Which writer would you omit — Norris, London, Twain, Bierce, or Lummis? And among heroes, *per se*, whom would you discard — Grizzly Adams, Lewis Manly, James B. Hume, J. Ross Browne, or William G. Eddy?

I think that there is no real need to prove the case. While we must pay far more attention to the “second-class citizens” of our past, the Yankees did dominate the Western frontier of a century ago. John Gilcrease, of the University of Arizona, was going to tell you about one of them, Wyatt Earp, but John cannot be here today. So, Leland Case has pressed me into service. Now, I know little of Earp (except that he was practically run out of San Francisco for an unpopular decision while refereeing a prize fight, as I recall) . So I shall choose a different man to epitomize the *California Yankee*, a man about whom I know a great deal since I wrote his biography last year, *The Legend of Grizzly Adams*. Here we have a nut-tough Yankee of legend, who epitomized many of the latter’s strengths while, at the same time, he turned his back on the cut-throat philistinism of Yankee California and became almost a hermit in the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range.

It is all but impossible for a venturesome traveler to avoid cutting the trail of Grizzly Adams somewhere in California. This eccentric mountain man, whose nickname came from his astonishing mastery over the most dangerous animal on the North American continent was a prodigious pedestrian. In the art of shank’s mare, he rivalled such men as Jedediah Smith, John Ledyard, and Meriwether Lewis. His tracks, were they not erased by the winds and rains of time, would pock the state’s terrain from Goose Lake in the North to Alamo Mountain and Claraville in the Tehachapis.

Nor was Adams averse to exploring and hunting in adjacent states, either. In fact, one of his first great hunts, in 1853, took him not only to the Cascades of Washington Territory, where he met Chief Tonasket, or Kennasket (for whom a town on the Okanogan River is named), but he went as far east as the Palouse Range and beyond. He talked of “eastern Washington Territory” but since he hunted buffalo there it must have been beyond the Bitterroots and well into Montana. Another expedition took Adams to the Humboldt Mountains of Nevada, in 1854, and on to the Rocky Mountains, proper.

But the Happiest of Hunting Grounds for Adams lay in two widely separated California locations. One was on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. The other, surprisingly, was in the Coast Range country of San Francisco Bay Area. The region between the northern boundary of Yosemite National Park and the now neon-desecrated South Shore of Lake Tahoe is a tremendous expanse of pine and cedar and granite, to be sure, but chances are good that the rugged bear hunter ranged over it all. It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the exact location of his semi-permanent

GRIZZLY ADAMS: A Man To Match Our Mountains

headquarters in the wilderness. Spencer Storer and Lloyd Tevis, Jr., in their excellent book, *California Grizzly*, vote for a site in Mariposa County near Pilot Peak, between Bower Cave and Big Grizzly Flat, just west of Yosemite.

I tend however, to side with the historian of California's Sonora Carlo de Ferrari, whose researches in old property records and other legal documentation leads him to place Grizzly Adams' camps in Tuolumne County between Twain Harte and Pinecrest, perhaps on the very site of Long Barn or farther northeast where the University of California alumni camps, Blue and Gold, are to be found today. This is the region drained by Sugar Pine Creek, the North Fork of the Tuolumne, and the South Fork of the Stanislaus. Adams, when he wanted a taste of civilization would visit Sonora or the ranch of William J. Howard, near Hornitos. (The latter, you may recall, was the subject of an interesting book, many years ago by J. L. Cossley-Batt *The Last of the California Rangers*.) Unlike the Indians, who scattered to the lower foothills or to the flat of the San Joaquin Valley when the first snows fell, Adams wintered in his Sierra camps, snug as a grizzly bear.

The other area which Adams frequented for his hunting and trapping forays was the Diablo Range of the "contra costa" or eastern-shore of San Francisco Bay. Southeast of the saddle of Mount Diablo lies a secondary route, connecting Livermore and Tracy today, which was one of the major roads between San Francisco and the Southern Mines a century and more ago. This is Corral Hollow Road, now prosaic Alameda County Road Number 12. It parallels the main east-west artery of Highway 50 which, itself, bypasses historic old Altamont Pass although it is often called by the same name. In Adams' day, Altamont Pass was still called by its rightful name, Livermore Pass. The name came from Robert Livermore, an Englishman from London who jumped ship in Yerba Buena, for keeps, and owned the ranch just west of the Pass. Adams hunted in Livermore Pass, on the slopes of Mount Diablo, and probably on Brushy Peak, said to be a hangout in the 1850s for the almost legendary bandit, Joaquin Murrieta. But Grizzly Adams favorite non-Sierra hunting area was Corral Hollow.

To this very day, Corral Hollow is a lonely and desolate place of bare hills and dry arroyos. Even the hardy live oaks seem to shun it except in protected, shady, gullies. At its eastern end, the old road has been ruined by the Delta-Mendota Canal, the West Side Freeway, and the

posted fences of the University of California's Livermore radiation facility. But it retains its bucolic state west of the San Joaquin County line. Attempts to "civilize" the heart of Corral Hollow have all failed, so far. They are marked now

only by ruins and a bronze historical plaque on the site of the ghost town of Carnegie. This was a brickyard company town on the bank of Corral Hollow Creek, as is still readily evident from the tens of thousands of redbrick shards which are scattered over the area. Upstream lies the remains of the old coal town of Tesla, largely tunnels and a mine dump. In 1895 a grandiose scheme was developed by two returned Alaska miners to use Corral Hollow coal to generate electricity for San Jose, Stockton, and even San Francisco. A railroad was to be built from Stockton to Corral Hollow and, eventually, to Oakland. The developers planned to revive the old brick, pottery, and cement industries of the Hollow, too. But nothing came of it — for one thing the coal was low grade stuff — and the narrow valley

reverted to the look it had when Grizzly Adams first saw it in 1855.

The mighty hunter built himself a rude cabin at a spring in the Hollow which the Mexican-Californians called Portezuela de Buenos Aires, or Pass of the Good (probably cooling) Winds. So hot and dry is this country, once spring dries in the lee of Mount Diablo, that there is only one perennial water source on topographic maps of the area. Hence, there is little doubt of the location of Grizzly's cabin. It must have been in the little gulch, blessed with spring water and the sparse shade of pepper trees which lies just west of old Carnegie and east of the San Joaquin-Alameda County line where it cuts across the Corral Hollow Road.

Pinning down the exact whereabouts of Grizzly Adams' camps and cabins is not always easy because the old codger was, to say the least, careless with fact. It is not that Adams was a liar, *per se*. He simply saw little point in distinguishing hard, cold, facts from wishful thinking. Like Jim Bridger or the Negro mountain man, Jim Beckworth or, for that matter, almost any mountain man worth his salt, Grizzly Adams simply could not resist making a good story better. He apparently did not keep a diary but trusted to memory, and his mind played tricks on him, too. This led him in one instance to give a single hunting companion three different names — Drury, Browne and Carroll — at three different points of his memoirs. This kind of reminiscing can give re-



This bull elk came off second best with Grizzly Adams. It kicked the knife from his hand, but he managed to reach his trusty pistol.

gional historians and biographers the very vapors. It is the reason why I had to title my recent biography of Grizzly, the *Legend of Grizzly Adams*, because I had to record some events and anecdotes of his life which could not be substantiated by any kind of primary sources. However, it is a book of biography, and Western Americana, not of folklore.

For a long time, finding out just where Adams either roamed or stayed-put was child's play when compared to the task of determining who he was. Normally, he went by the name of James Capen Adams and he is to be found in dozens of books and on thousands of library catalog cards under that name. But this was not Grizzly Adams' real name.

For some reason, and we may never know just why, Grizzly took an alias when he came to California. He called himself, at first, William Adams and, later, James Capen Adams. The latter was his brother's name. The real James Capen never came West and probably never saw a grizzly bear unless it was one of his brother's burly "pets." Western historians owe a great debt to Francis Farquhar, not only for his fine new book, *The History of the Sierra Nevada*, but because he straightened us out on Adams. Mr. Farquhar found the tombstone of the noted hunter, complete with effigy of bear hunter and prey, in Charlton, Massachusetts. The name on it was plain — JOHN ADAMS. It verified what we knew from the Adams family genealogist's statements . . . that the great hunter of the New England Adams clan was not James Capen, but John Adams.

Why did Adams pose as his brother or, at least, use his name as an alias? If he really wanted to hide his identity why did he hang onto the Adams name, changing only his first name? Did he do it "involuntarily"? Adams was an eccentric who died before his time because of brain damage inflicted upon him by wild grizzlies. Perhaps his scrambled mind told him that he was James Capen. If his use of an alias was deliberate, what was the cause? No one has the answer.

No evidence, so far, has come to light that he was a felon, a defaulter, or anything of that sort. He was mightily disgusted with judges, courts and lawyers but because he had lost all of his property on the San Joaquin River, near French Camp here in San Joaquin County, when he borrowed on it and was unable to pay it back. It appears that Adams was involved in Tuolumne law suits, too, and lost what land he held there. In his reminiscences, he complained of his herds of stock being raided by rustlers, but the major cause of Adam's turning his back on civilization, for a life in the wilderness, seems to have been the fact that he was "lawsuit-prone." He paid no attention to the old maxim, "Never a borrower or a lender be," and as a result he all but lost his shirt. As Carlo de Ferrari put it, "Grizzly Adams was a spectacular failure at all of his early California ventures except bear hunting." To his biographer of 1859, Theodore H. Hittell, he complained, "I was dead broke. The lawyers and the judges



P. T. Barnum cooked up this poster and it paid off well. The bear probably is Lady Washington, one of Adams' two tamed grizzlies.

. . . contrived to rob me of everything I possessed . . . I was disgusted with my fellow-men and their hypocrisy, their betrayal of confidence, their treachery and fraud."

The real reason for Adams's wishing to hide his identity may be involved in the circumstances of his migration to California from Massachusetts in 1849. I think it was his desire to cut himself off entirely from New England and its painful memories. For, on June 5, 1849, shortly before Adams headed for California, his father, Eleazar, committed suicide by hanging in the

town of Charlton. When Adams died in 1860, he was buried not in Medway, where he was born and lived as a youth, nor in Neponset where he spent his last days and where he died, but in Charlton, like his suicidal father.

When Adams turned his back on civilization, probably here in Stockton, and headed for the Sierra, the Range of Light, in the autumn of 1852, he had little more to his name than a bedroll, two fine hunting rifles, a battered wagon and a yoke of oxen. So feeble were the beasts that Adams said he had to lift them by their tails to get them on their feet after they had laid down. As for the wagon, he said that it would not even hang together until he had soaked it for a week.

Somewhere near Long Barn he set up camp and began hunting a mule deer. Although gruff and seemingly inconsiderate he always provided his Indian neighbors with meat, and appears to have been respected and liked by all of them. So misanthropic was Adams, at first, that he wished no companions at all, not even Indians. Later he mellowed to the point of welcoming hunting companions to his campfires.

Adams was no hardnosed person of Henry D. Thoreau, of Walden Pond fame. He was not a writer and was certainly not a conservationist, though he never killed wantonly. He was a philosopher of onfy the narrowest-gauge and liked the freedom of wilderness life, and the lack of people, rather than the esthetic beauty of the Sierra. But he was more than just a character, an eccentric. He was an "original," he was *sui generis*. No one, before or since, came within a country mile of his prowess in taming wild animals, although he

had imitators. (The most notable of these successors, incidentally, was probably his one-time hunting companion, Seth Hollister, whose lithographed portrait hangs in the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley, as part of the Honeyman Collection.) In this respect, as a super hunter/trapper and above all, as a dominator of wild beasts, he is “California’s greatest mountain man.”

This claim, phrased as a subtitle to my recent book, stirred up about the only negative criticism which the work has received, so far. It was argued by some that I was leapfrogging Adams to a position of eminence over some pretty fair representatives of what Robert Glass Cleland called the “reckless breed of men.” I am well aware of the prowess of Jed Smith, Broken Hand Tom Fitzpatrick, Kit Carson, and Old Greenwood. All of these men were great trappers, pathfinders and courageous men. All of them visited California, too. But none of them is associated largely, primarily, with our state. More of their fame was earned in the Rockies, on the High Plains, in the Southwest and on the overland trails. Our strictly local mountain men have been all-but-overlooked by writers. I can think of only one, right now, of a similar calibre to Adams — Jim Savage, the White King of the Tulare Indians.

Adams began to trap animals for their furs, then tried taking them alive, to exhibit and to sell in the mining towns of the Mother Lode. He tamed deer, rabbits, beaver, mink, wolves, and coyotes. He finally took on the dreaded grizzlies and was successful when he captured the animals young enough. Adams claimed that he cleared \$800 in Mariposa in 1853 by exhibiting and wrestling with one of his grizzlies. Two men bought the animal to show in South America and to participate in bull-and-bear fights, and they asked for more. Grizzly Adams was in business.

Basically a loner, Adams took on helpers, from time to time, to make his hunting and trapping easier. The first hunter who worked with him was a Texas half-breed named Saxon, probably, but nicknamed Saxey or Sykesey. Next, he signed on two Indian boys whose names he could not pronounce so he called them Tuolumne and Stanislaus. At first, he tried lassoing young bears. This did not work well; he found that even cubs were deucedly hard to snare with a *reata* even though he was as skilled as many *vaqueros* with a rope. Finally, Adams gave up this technique and built huge boxtraps, which he called “trap huts.”

With only his pet grizzly, Lady Washington, and a dog, Adams wintered on the upper Tuolumne in 1853-54, then paid a visit to the valley named for its grizzlies — Yosemite. As has been said, he was no Thoreau but, with the help of his amanuensis, Theodore H. Hittell, Adams made a game attempt to describe that great wonder of nature, the Yosemite Valley:

The first view of this sublime scenery was so impressive that we were delayed a long

time, as if spellbound, looking down from the mountain upon the magnificent landscape far below. It is vain to attempt to convey the effect produced by those giant and picturesque cliffs three thousand feet high, that romantic valley-bottom with its green carpet and silvery stream, and those groves of trees, which are formed and placed as if a skilful artist had disposed them to portray the essence of romance. It is vain to attempt with words alone to convey the impressions produced upon the mind by such an enchanting sight; magnitude may be imagined, beauty may be conceived, but the breadth and scope of these rocks, the tempered tints of these distances, the influence of these sublime forms inclosing within their compass lawns and groves and grassy banks, presenting at every turn new and unimagined splendors — all these must be seen and felt, to be fully comprehended . . . Who could ever forget those stupendous cliffs, with their fit associates, the tapering evergreens? Or the greenswards and oak and cottonwood groves of the Valley?

Adams’s skill with wolves, mountain lions and, above all, the supposedly untameable grizzlies, was astounding. He tamed them, made them his friends. He had them carry his packs and occasionally he rode on their backs. They even fought for him against their own, wild, kind. The grizzly is known by two scientific names which suggest how fearful he is — *ursus horribilis* and *ursus ferox* — horrible bear and fierce or ferocious bear. The grizzly is the only beast which ever intimidated Meriwether Lewis. He wrote in 1804, “These bears, being so hard to die, rather intimidate us all. I must confess that I do not like the gentleman and had rather fight two Indians than one grizzly bear.”

Although Grizzly Adams was a braggart and tall-tale teller, he made little of his strange power over the terrible beasts. When he was running his wild animal menagerie in San Francisco, he explained it simply by saying that he just happened to be the “hardest” animal in the whole collection.

Adams came to California from Massachusetts when he was 27, having thrown away his shoe maker’s awl, forever. He soon became so expert — if reckless — a mountain man that he would crawl into the dens of bears wolves, and mountain lions to capture the young animals. He grew so skilled that he could “yell” bears out of caves and get them to pose, erect, so that they made a good target. He killed the beasts with his rifle, pistol, and knife and it could almost be said with his bare hands. But he paid dearly in pain and scars. One time, when he tried to slit a downed bear’s throat, just to be sure, the touch of the blade revived the animal and it leaped upon him. The animal, a huge, female,

sank her teeth in his flesh. Proudly, Adams remembered that painful moment:

The elrquisite pain left me nothing but an instinctive sense of the necessity for prompt action. We were both down on the ground together, now. Her teeth and claws were both at work. I was desperately struggling to get my arms free for offensive measures but, growing exhausted with my loss of blood; I was not at first successful. At length, I twisted myself around underneath her and, catching her with my left hand by the great goatee which hung under her mouth, I plunged my knife into her heart with my right and worked it briskly 'round to insure its fatal operation. Her jaws opened, her claws relaxed her hold and after one or two more spasmodic endeavqrs to mutilate me, she rolled over and expired.

Mangled and almost crippled, the boastful Adams still had the strength to crow, "I was worth twenty men, yet . . . I felt like Alexander, sated with victory and wishing another foe worthy of my prowess to engage."

During the spring of 1855, Grizzly and his entourage — the bears, Lady Washington and Ben Franklin, and greyhound, Rambler — moved to the greening hills of Corral Hollow. He sold deer meat to travelers and set traps in the rugged canyons. He was almost ready to take his collection of animals to San Francisco to set up a menagerie but he wanted one more Sierra hunt. It proved to be almost his last trip, anywhere.

Near Strawberry Lake he was surprised by a monster grizzly which knocked his rifle away and tore at him. Adams was about ready to concede that the game was up. But his pet bear, Ben Franklin, and his dog hurled themselves at the grizzly. They harried the brute long enough for him to grab his rifle and put a ball into the animal's heart. Then he leaped on the beast, bowie knife in hand. From that day forward, loyal Ben Franklin was Adams' best friend.

"That was one of the narrowest escapes I ever had in all my hunting . ." said Adams. "He has borne the scars of combat upon his front ever since and I take pride in pointing them out to persons who, I think, can appreciate my feelings towards him."

After hunting as far south as the Tehachapi Mountains and Tejon Pass, Adams brought his beasts to San Francisco's Clay Street, opening the Mountaineer Museum. It was a success and in 1860 he sailed to New York where he opened another menagerie with P. T. Barnum. What a pair they made! Barnum liked to play practical jokes, of course, so he dyed some ordinary pigeons and called them Golden California Pigeons. He asked Adams why he had not brought some of the birds to exhibit with his bears and

other animals, since they were so rare. Adams took the bait beautifully.

"Rare birds!" he snorted, "Indeed! Why they are just as common in California as any other pigeon. I could have brought a hundred of them from San Francisco if I had thought of it. They are so common there . . . I have eaten them in pigeon pies hundreds of times and have shot them by the thousands."

When the feathers grew out to reveal the white "roots" of common park-bench pigeons, Adams vowed to get even with Barnum. The chance came shortly. With his health failing, mainly from a bad head wound, Adams let Barnum get another animal trainer to succeed him. He knew that his own days were numbered. But, with a wicked gleam in his eye, which he managed to hide from P.T., he asked for the loan of the new man's fine suit of hunting clothes.

"Well, Adams," said Barnum, "I will lend you the dress. But will you send it back to me?"

"Yes, when I have done with it," Adams answered. Just draw a little writing and sign it, saying that I may wear it until I have done with it." Once he took to his sick bed, Adams never left it till the short trip to the cemetery. But he gave his wife strict orders to bury him in the fine new hunting dress since he would not be through with it. He died in good spirits, tickled at having outfoxed Barnum, himself. He said, "Barnum agreed to let me have it until I have done with it. I am determined to fix his flint this time. He'll never see that dress again!" Adams's last words, after a dying chuckle, were — "Won't Barnum open his eyes when he finds I have humbugged him by being buried in his new hunting dress."

Grizzly Adams was an irascible, obstinate curmudgeon. But he was never pathetic. His reckless courage made him the bravest of men. He faced his greatest test—death—calmly and bravely. And perhaps some of the Thoreauan poetry of the wilderness rubbed off on him, after all. For, during his last hours, he talked to the clergyman in attendance explaining why (like Thoreau) he had never felt it necessary to be a church-goer. He had no Hittell now to polish his phrases and yet his quasi-religious creed, as he explained it on his deathbed to a New England parson, has both power and beauty:

I have attended preaching every day, Sundays and all, for the last six years. Sometimes an old grizzly gave me a sermon, sometimes it was a panther. Often it was the thunder and lightning, the tempest, or the hurricane on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada or in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. But, whatever preached to me, it always taught me the undying majesty of the Creator and revealed to me the undying and unchanging love of our kind Father in Heaven. Although I am a pretty rough

GRIZZLY ADAMS: A Man To Match Our Mountains

customer, I fancy my heart is in about the right place and I look with confidence for that rest which I so much need and which I never enjoyed upon earth.

One of Grizzly's many nicknames was The Wild Yankee. But, at heart, he had become a Californian. One of his deathbed statements was, "I have looked on death in

many forms and I trust that I can meet it whenever it comes, with a stout heart and steady nerves." His only regrets were that his old friend, Ben Franklin, was dead and that he was far from his other ursine friends and farther, still, from the Sierra Nevada which he had grown to love. "There, surely," he said, a little sadly, "I could find rest through the long future among the eternal rocks and evergreen pines."

Editor's Note

From the *Castor* Editor - Ed Sieckert

This month the Jedediah Smith Wall and Interactive Maps have been completed and will be added to our website. Final print testing and the posting on the website is our next step. Both maps will be available later in March. We will send an email to all members as to the date you can access the website. 7 Map Team members (all Members) started in March 2017 and made this new and historic map(s) possible. I want to thank them on behalf of the Board of Directors for this monumental effort.



CASTOR CANADENSIS NEWSLETTER GUIDELINES

The editor welcomes articles for publication. Please review the following guidelines:

- If you have an article you would like considered for publication, send it in MS Word 'Double Spaced' to the editor at ed@sieckert.com.
- End notes should be numbered consecutively.
- Photographs, maps or illustrations should be sent as an attachment and not embedded into the article. They should also be numbered i.e. Fig 1. A separate list with Fig. No. should be attached with a short title of the photograph etc.
- After receipt the article will be reviewed by a technical editor. Once this is completed the author will be notified and an approximate date for publication will be provided.

Please note the Castor Canadensis is not responsible for either the research or the opinions of the writer.

President's Message - Jim Smith, Helena, Montana



We each come by a different path to our interest in Jedediah. Some of us in the Society are living relatives of Jedediah Smith. Some of us may have had other relatives in the business of trapping beaver, or just a strong interest in the Fur Trade Era. For some it may have been a chance visit to one of the many monuments or parks named after him, all over the west, that stimulated an interest in this man. Others may have a lifelong interest. I still have a copy of *Young Jed Smith, Westering Boy* by Olive W. Burt.

No matter what captured your interest, or how you became involved, the Board of Directors values your membership in the Jedediah Smith Society. We know we have a dedicated, enthusiastic membership. We'll soon be sending a membership survey to all members in an attempt to get to know you better; identify your skills and talents; to ask for your ideas; and request your assistance with the work of the Society.

Please watch for and return this Membership Survey. Thanks in advance.

Meanwhile, there is plenty of good news in this issue of *Castor*. Please take the time to read and enjoy this issue. Plan to join the Jedediah Smith Society in Utah, October 12-14 for the 62nd Annual Rendezvous. And, by all means read the update on the digital map project. The wall map and interactive map will be available in March. Check back on the JSS website. We will send a flash email to all members when it is installed. This is our best effort to reach a whole new generation thru the wonders of technology and the internet. Please check it out, tell your friends, and give us your feedback.

We'll also be presenting a framed copy of the *Map of Jedediah's Travels in the West* to the Museum of the Mountain Man this July 12-15 at the Annual Green River Days.

Sincerely, Jim Smith
jim@smithandmcgowan.com

Events

2018 RENDEZVOUS - UTAH

Jedediah referred to the Great Salt Lake as his “Home in the Wilderness.” Plan to join the Jedediah Smith Society this October 12-14 as we retrace his significant travels in the state of Utah. We’ll be ably led by Ms. Sheri Wysong, a Society member from Delta, Utah. Here are the highlights. For further information, and to Register for the Rendezvous please contact Jim Smith or Sheri Wysong before August 1, 2018.

YOU MUST BE REGISTERED (SIGNED UP) WITH THE JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY IN ORDER TO ATTEND. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY. WE NEED TO KNOW WELL AHEAD OF TIME HOW MANY FOLKS ARE COMING TO THE 2018 RENDEZVOUS. THERE IS NO FEE FOR THE RENDEZVOUS ITSELF. FOLKS WILL BE ASKED TO SIGN A STANDARD WAIVER OF LIABILITY PRIOR TO SETTING OUT OCTOBER 13TH.

TO REGISTER PLEASE CONTACT:

Jim Smith
jim@smitandmcgowan.com
406-949-1002

Sheri Wysong
swsong@frontier.com
435-864-8392

BY AUGUST 1, 2018.

Schedule & Itinerary.

Friday, October 12. Arrive Salt Lake City. Lodging at the Little America Hotel or the hotel of your choice. There are many hotels in downtown Salt Lake City and in American Fork.

Saturday, October 13. Meet Sheri Wysong in American Fork, about 30 miles south of Salt Lake City, by 8 am. Folks can leave their cars at their downtown Salt Lake City hotel, walk a few blocks to the North Temple Station, and take the 7 am Frontrunner Commuter Train to the American Fork Station. The closest hotel to the North Temple Frontrunner Station is the Hyatt Place Salt Lake City/ Downtown (801) 456-6300.

Or, folks can drive to American Fork Frontrunner Station. Parking available at the Station. There are also many hotels and motels in and around American Fork.

However, on the return Sunday we’ll end up back in Salt Lake City, not American Fork. Thus, the suggestion to leave cars in Salt Lake City and catch the Frontrunner at 7 am Saturday morning. Make arrangements with your hotel.

We’ll meet Sheri Wysong in American Fork at 8 am, have a brief orientation, and set out. We’ll be driving about 200 miles per day, with stops along the way both Saturday and Sunday.

We’ll drive to Fremont State Park, following Jed’s 1826 route. Arrive Fremont State Park at 12 noon. Lunch stop along the way. Depart Fremont SP at 3 pm, and drive to the Border Inn, in Baker, NV. Arrive at the Border Inn by 6 pm. Dinner on your own.

2018 RENDEZVOUS - CONTINUED

Sunday, October 14. Breakfast on your own. Pick up box lunch (if ordered in advance). Depart Baker, NV by 9 am. Follow Jed's 1827 route from the Utah-Nevada border to the Great Salt Lake. Return to Salt Lake City by 5 pm. Drop folks off at their motels in Salt Lake City. Rendezvous concludes.

Lodging.

You must make your own hotel reservations.

Friday, October 12. The recommended Hotel in Salt Lake City is the Little America Hotel, 500 South Main St. Phone 801-596-5700. The Rate I (Jim Smith) received is \$123 per night. There are many hotel options in Salt Lake City.

Saturday, October 13. The Border Inn in Baker, NV. Phone 775-234-7300. The Rate for the Jedediah Smith Society group is \$75 per night. There is also an RV Park at the Border Inn.

Vehicles.

We're planning to use our own private vehicles. If you have a high clearance outfit with tires capable of handling some rougher terrain, (4wd would also be ideal, but probably not necessary) and are willing to drive, please let Sheri or Jim know. We'll be on some dirt roads Sunday, but they are all well maintained county roads. We'll caravan all the way, and stay within sight of each other.

Weather.

We can expect warm days (50-60 degrees) and cool nights (40-50 degrees) in the Great Basin in October. But, you never know so be prepared for any type of weather. In addition to the items below, bring a goretex shell and a warm hat and gloves, just in case.

What to Bring.

Most of our time will be spent driving and sightseeing. We will not be spending a lot of time hiking or walking off the beaten path. But, please bring sturdy footwear. Also, a sweater or down vest in addition to a Fall jacket. Bring a small pack. Bring sunscreen, insect repellent, sunglasses, and a hat with a good, wide brim. Jim &/or Sheri will have a first aid kit.

Our vehicles will have coolers with bottled water and light snacks. Bring anything else you'd like, and we'll add those drinks to the coolers.

Meals.

Most of the time we'll be on our own for meals. Breakfast on your own Saturday morning prior to departure from American Fork. We'll stop along the way to Fremont State Park to pick up Lunch at Subway to take to the Park. Dinner on your own Saturday evening at the Border Inn. Breakfast on your own Sunday morning at the Border Inn. You can order a box lunch for Sunday from the Border Inn. You can do this when you Register for the Rendezvous with Jim or Sheri.

Recommended Reading.

Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West. By Dale Morgan.

The Southwest Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith. By George R. Brooks.

The Song of Jed Smith. Part of the Cycle of the West Trilogy: The Mountain Men. By John G. Neihardt.

Events - *continued*

FUR TRADE SYMPOSIUM 2018



--- *Save the Date* ---

2018 Fur Trade Symposium “Old Forts Never Die”

The Middle Missouri Fur Trade, 1790-1860
September 26-29, 2018 • Bismarck, ND

Presentations, living history encampment, and tours including Fort Clark, Fort Union, Fort Mandan and the Lewis & Clark Interpretive Center, featuring the art of Catlin and Bodmer.

More information will be available at FortMandan.com



Events - *continued*

OREGON CALIFORNIA TRAIL ASSOCIATION NATIONAL CONVENTION 2018

August 6-10, 2018 Ogden, Utah

Rails and Trails: speakers, field trips, activity workshops, focusing on Native American History; Earliest Crossroads of the West, Completion of the Transcontinental Railroad, Mountain Men, Explorers and emigrants prior to 1847. Four bus tours to see, Bidwell/Bartelson route, The Transcontinental Route, Echo and Weber Canyons used by Native Americans; Explorers and mountain men; Bear River Massacre.

Jedediah S. Smith Wall Map and Interactive Web Maps

The Map Team met on March 4, 2017, on a conference call and went over the Google Maps guidelines written by Tom Jonas, our cartographer and Holly Jonas, interactive Web Designer on developing the Maps in Google Maps. Each of the members were selected on Jedediah Smith Research Experience, field travels and map experience.

The Map Team consists of:

Ed Sieckert Project Manager
Jim Hardee Technical Editor
Dr. Ned Eddins Trans Mississippi West to Wyoming
Sheri Wysonog Utah and Nevada
Albert Eddins Mojave Desert
Joe Molter California
James C. Auld Oregon and Washington

The Wall Map will be in 2 sizes:

24 x 36" and 16 x 20"

Types: Historic and Modern with Highways

Purchase Price: Members and general public
(See web site Map order page.)

The wall map will be produced on a matte finish
that brings out the map trails and topography.

The Interactive Web maps will feature the ability to look at it in Terrain view and Satellite view. You can also increase the closeness of the view by using + or - tool.

A beaver icon allows you to view description of the site. Each Region is located by using a button. Photographs may also be on the site.

Directional arrows and dates give you the latest information on his travels. A guide to viewing, specific location map buttons, and a map order form button is on the main page.

Next Steps

A framed Wall Map will be presented to Jim Hardee and Clint Gilchrest of the Museum of the Mountain Man at the Green River Rendezvous July 12–14, 2018, Pinedale, Wyoming. In addition a framed map will be auctioned off to provide funding for the museum.

Future plans include an interactive map placement at museums for visitors use.

*I know you will like both and hope you will purchase a map to help fund further
JSS research and map placement.
Enjoy.*

Jedediah Smith Monuments

Dr. James Shebl, JSS member and past vice President, and University of the Pacific professor suggested I visit the Old Timers Museum in Murphys, California. It was started by Dr. Coke Wood, professor at the University of the Pacific. The museum is located on the Main Street. What is unique is the Wall of Comparative Ovations with picture tiles of notable figures who have contributed to History. The E. Clampus Vitis local chapter placed this monument on the Wall. These are just a few of the figures:

Jedediah S. Smith

Dr. Coke Wood "Mr. California"

Dr. Robert Burns, Former President University of the Pacific

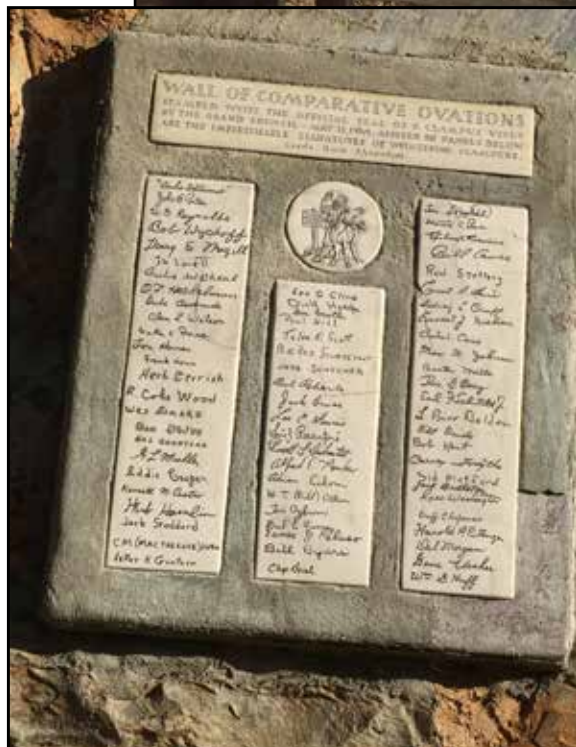
L. Burr Belden, Editor San Bernardino Sun, a friend of Maurice Sullivan

James Clyman. Worked with Jed. Retired and farmed fruit trees in Napa, CA. Buried in local cemetery.

You may see the wall anytime. It is just 1 mile west of Highway 4 in Murphys.



Wall of Comparative
Ovations

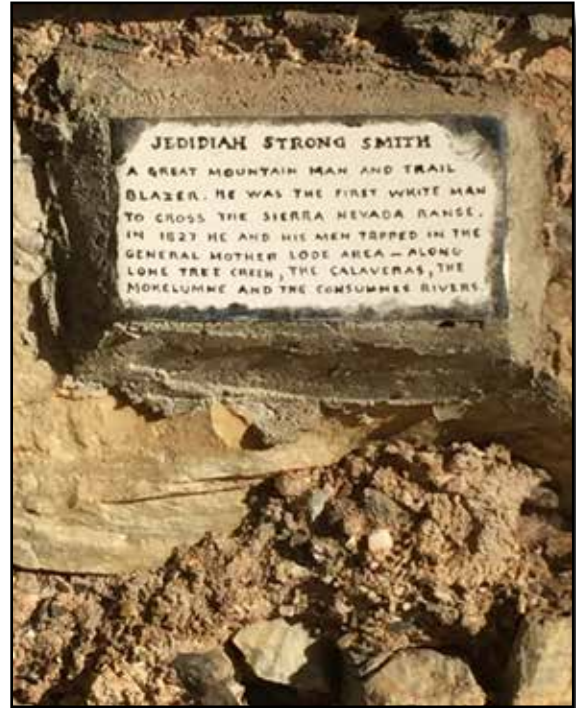


List of Notable Historians



Dr. Robert Burns

Jedediah Smith Monuments - *continued*



Jedediah Strong Smith



Dr. Coke Wood



L. Burr Belden

Jedediah Smith Monuments *continued*



James Clyman

Committee Position Available

Events Director

We have a new position
“Events Director”
which will plan and execute the
Rendezvous each year.

Planning the event, obtaining speakers,
coordinating lunch if needed, program
bulletins are all part of the position. If
you have an interest/experience in this

area please contact

Jim Smith, President at
jim@smithandmcmgowan.com

You do not necessarily
need to live in California.

Members' Book Corner

Book: *The Fur Trade Gamble*

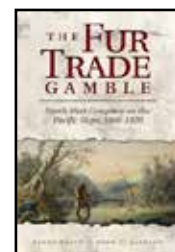
Author: Lloyd Keith and John C. Jackson

Publisher: Washington State University Press

Why I read this book: I purchased this book in Oregon at the Museum of the Benton County Historical Society. It seemed to have new research about Oregon and the fur trade that others did not cover or have access to.

The Book: While both authors had passed away before the book was published, Mr Jackson notes in the introduction that his co-author, Mr. Keith had done extensive research into sources in Canada, Great Britain and Scotland giving the authors new insights into the actions and the partners of the North West Company in the nineteenth century as it pertained to the Oregon country. Unfortunately, in their attempt to present all their research and findings, portions of the book tend

to read like a long recitation of facts; each documented with a footnote. This, in turn, sacrifices narrative at the expense of scholarship. For example, I found their retelling of the incredible story of David Thompson to be far less interesting than that of Jack Nisbet in his book, *Sources of the River*. In other places, such as their retelling of the efforts of the North West Company to get a ship with an armed escort to Astoria, make for an enlightened telling of the story complete with portions of the journal of the captain of the HMS Raccoon and other participants. In conclusion, I found the book to be a great addition to my library due to the excellent scholarship and information shared by the authors even though the story seemed to get bogged down at times in an effort to squeeze in every detail.



What are you reading?

If you have a book that you would like to recommend to other JSS members, please send your info by email to Paige or Steve Mair at pfrend1@yahoo.com. You can follow the format: title, author, publisher, why I read this book, a short review of the book, and why other members might be interested.

Members' Section

New Members

Please welcome our new members to the Society. We welcome you to our events and participation in various committees. If you like to write articles please see the guidelines under the editor column.

Reverend Mr. Jon J. Buxton, Tunkhannock, PA
Mr. Josiah K. Buxton, Boulder, CO
Mr. Jesse G. Buxton, Philadelphia, PA

Donor List

The Society wishes to thank the sponsors and patrons and all members for the investment in the future of our society.

Sponsors

Anthony Rantz
Eldon Knauf
Irene Steiner
Kevin Kucera
Mike Mc Whirter
Russel Clough
Steve & Amanda Cottrell
Thomas Allyn
Troy Tuggle
Fred Gregory

Patrons

Jim Smith
Jon Warn
Milton von Damm
William Rich

Thank you

Jedediah Smith Relatives:



Barbara Bush
Jeff Bush
Jessica Bush
John Felt
Ed Sieckert
Loretta Smith Buxton
Lillian Smith
Marlene-Smith-Baranzini

Your Officers & Board Members

President

Jim Smith

Jim@smithandmcgowan.com
406-949-1002

Vice President

Joe Molter

Secretary

Wayne Knauf

Treasurer

Milton von Damm



Board of Directors

Jim Smith

Joe Molter

Wayne Knauf

Milton von Damm

Eric Jung

Kevin Kucera

Ed Sieckert

Bob Shannon

Executive Committee

Jim Smith

Joe Molter

Wayne Knauf

Milton von Damm

Ed Sieckert

Member Profile



Irene Soler Steiner started her own business, "Soler Graphics" in 1992. In 1998, she was asked to design a new layout for the quarterly JSS newsletter. That started a great relationship that has lasted 20 years.

Since then, Irene has helped design our JSS brochures, logos, and website. Currently, she not only handles email and mailing of the newsletters, but also updates the roster and sends out new member welcome packages. Soon, she will be overseeing the printing and shipping of our exciting new wall maps.



INVITE A FRIEND TO JOIN

Jedediah Smith Society membership is open to all who wish to join in support of research, preservation and information about the 1st American arriving overland 1826 and other California pioneers of the 18th & 19th centuries.

Student	\$10.00	Individual	\$30.00
Sponsor	\$50.00	Patron	\$100.00

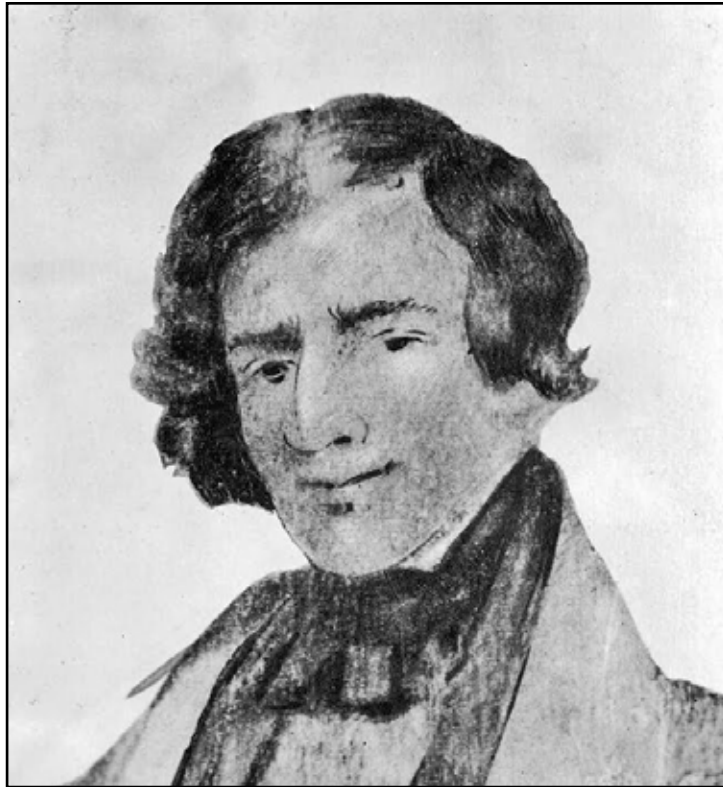
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
PHONE _____

Please make check payable to: JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY

Mail to Treasurer: 1322 Shattuck Ave. Apt. 401, Berkeley, CA 94709

Need a Membership Application?

See website: www.jedediahsmithsociety.org Go to Membership then click "Application"



**Make sure your dues are up to date.
Dues were due Jan 1, 2018.**



Jedediah Smith Society
1322 Shattuck Ave. Apt. 401
Berkeley, CA 94709