

'Forty-Niners' In Death Valley

PILGRIMAGE OF THE "49ers"
Continued from Last Week

"Brown's story of the Utah experiences of the entire caravan contains some inconsistencies, but it is the most complete known. During the later years he acquired some little education, and embodied his experiences in a book from which the following is taken:"

"The emigrants called a meeting before taking their departure. They had employed Captain Jefferson Hunt, of Company "A," Mormon Battalion fame, to be their guide, as he had come through that route with pack animals. He was invited to tell them what they might expect. He described the route to them, with the roughest side out, lest they might say he had misled them by making things more favorable than they really were. In concluding his remarks, he said: "From Salt Springs we cross a sand desert, distance, 75 miles to Bit er Springs the water so bitter the devil would not drink it, and from thence away hellwards to California or some other place. Now, gentlemen, if you will stick together and follow me, I will lead you to California, alright, but you will have to make your own road, for there is none save the old Spanish Trail from Santa Fe to California, by the Cajon Pass, through the Sierra Nevada mountains."

"These men, with Alexandre Williams, who joined them, were all Mormons, going on the island mission. At Provo there was an Indian scare.

"The emigrant company consisted of about 500 souls, and 100 wagons and teams, the latter in poor condition. Feeling in high spirits, the company moved out between the first and eight of October. C. C. Rich, Francis Pomeroy and I, remained to follow on horseback in three or four days. Pratt and Blackwell, taking our team, started with the main body."

Through Brother Rich's influence the cause of the trouble was looked into, a conciliation effected, and war averted. We vertook the wagon train on Sevier River. We came up with the emigrants just as they were ready to move on, but did not find them so full of glee as they were on the start from the city. Still, we rolled on very peacefully until we came to Beaver River, where the country began to look more forbidding. Then the ardor of the meligrants began to weaken.

"At this place the comapny was joined by a man named Smith, with a pack-train of about seventeen men; also James Fiske, with thirty Latter Day Saints; besides, there were William Farrar, John Dixon, H. W. Bigler, who had been at the discovery of gold, George Q. Cannon, and others whose names I do not recall. Smith felt confident he could find Walker's Pass, in the Sierra Nevada mountains. This supposed pass had been spoken of often, but men had been disappointed so often in finding it. Smith's story excited our whole camp, so that there was a general desire to try the new route, and go down through the canyon, and out on the sandy desert. The whole company, except a very few, favored

DEATH VALLEY DOIN'S

(By THE RAMBLER)

The Rambler hitch-hiked a ride over to Las Vegas and Boulder Dam, recently, with Dr. Shrum and Johnie Long, when they moored over to the hospital to get our "Old-Timer" friend, Frank Tilton. He found the Last Frontier town, looking busy and prosperous, but in conversation with several business men was informed that while the city was in good shape, and business good, it was not quite up to the volume that during the actual construction of the dam, hree or four years ago. The Rambler was amazed to see the surface of Lake Mead nearly up to the top of the dam—almost ready to flow over through the spillways. We were informed that the spillway on the Arizona side is large enough and wide enough to permit passage through it of the Queen Mary. A new lighting system is being installed about the dam which, when finished and put into operation, will make the dam and the surrounding errain almost as light as day. We missed the little cafes which formerly stood beside the road, near the dam, when many men were employed, and which bore the sign, in front, "The Best Little Restaurant on the Desert, 'by a Dam Site."

Ideal fall weather prevails in Death Valley just now, with warm sunny days and cool clear nights, according to a bulletin issued by the National Park Service.

By way of Las Vegas entrance to the Valley can be made by either Beatty of Death Valley Junction over all-paved roads. The road from Beatty into the Valley is now all paved. Other routes are as follows:

From Southern California via U. S. 66 to Barsow, U. S. 91 to Baker and State route 127. Or via U. S. 6 through Majave to Lone Pine, thence on State route 190. Alternate entrances from U. S. 6 are provided by way of Trona or Olancha; the Trona route has 28 miles of unsurfaced road and the Olancha route has 19 miles of unsurfaced road; both are well maintained.

From Northern California via U. S. 99 to Bakersfield, U. S. 436 or State route 178 to junction with U. S. 6; thence by way of Trona Olancha or Lone Pine. Or, via Reno, Nevada, thence by U. S. 95 or State route 3 and 5.

The Scotty Castle road and the Ubehebe Crater road are all paved except three miles.

All modern camping and hotel facilities are available in the Valley but camping is permitted only in designated areas.

BABY TEETH

A lot of people wri ing plaintively toward Washington say that the baby chewed up their social security cards. Evidently the babies think it's just another numbers racket anyway. And maybe it is.—Los Angeles Times.

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the idea of leaving the route they had hired a guide for, and they urged Capt. Hunt to strike out and search for water,

(To Be Continued)

PERSONALITIES IN MUSIC

BOB MILLER, A. S. C. A. P.

Hill Billy Song Specialist



By Daniel I. McNamara

HE holds degrees in music from two conservatories. Composer and author, he has made brilliant arrangements in symphonic proportions. He is a piano virtuoso and versatile instrumentalist. But transcending all his musical accomplishments is Bob Miller's mastery of the distinctively American musical idiom, the hill billy song.

Miller is composer of an incredibly large number of these mountain ballads. Because no one would believe one person could write so many, he uses a dozen pseudonyms covering various types of songs. Vasca Suede, Shelby Darnell, Trebor, Rellim, Elli Divina, A. J. Adams, Bob Ferguson, Lawrence Miller, Bob Kackley, Dinny Dimes, Lawrence Wilson, Inky Hucklenutt—all these personages are disclosed in the records of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers to be the same Bob Miller whose "Leven Cent Cotton, Forty Cent Meat," now nine years old, is one of the greatest record sellers in history.

Miller was born in a suburb of Memphis, Tenn., September 20, 1895, in the heart of the hill billy country. A natural pianist, he became a runaway orphan, worked his way around the country playing piano. Relatives and friends induced the adventurous youngster to complete his formal musical education at Memphis and Chicago Conservatories, but his schooling was interrupted by theatrical engagements and a brief foray into the prize ring.

His first bid for national fame came with the phonograph recordings of his unique Memphis musical organization, Bob Miller's Steamer Idlewild Orchestra. Not only in the rural districts where the market is

greatest for this type of song, but in the large cities these records soon became big sellers. Miller's penchant for telling current happenings in original song creations gave him a field almost to himself among songwriters.

To keep pace with the demand for new hill billy songs, he turned them out so rapidly that he became known among music publishers as the one-man music factory. Frequently he composed at a few hours' notice three or four songs which he telephoned from Memphis to the recording studios in New York.

Miller became permanently established in New York City in 1922, and now for a dozen years has conducted his own publishing house. He has produced about two score books of his original song creations and several hundred records of his songs have been made.

Miller describes hill billy songs as spontaneous music of simple folks. At their best they voice the two extremes of emotion, happiness and grief. The simplicity of Stephen Foster's works is of the nature of the genuine hill billy school of song, Miller explains, but Foster was a trained musician whose reverence for musical form estopped the use of non-conforming meter and tempo characteristic of most hill billy songs.

Miller as an authority on hill billy song often is asked to trace origins of ancient songs, and not infrequently he encounters songs of his own composition which have found their way into the mountains, there to be "discovered" by students and brought to him as sterling examples of early Americana.

Miller's current work is the management of his publishing house. He is content now to turn out a mere hundred songs a year!