INDIGNANT TIMES

News Nuggets Straight from the Sluice

Issue #1 **Saturday, October 11, 6030** **Cost: 1.5¢**

DAVY BROWN: EQUAL PARTS PIONEER & PUBLIC NUISANCE

“A Brief But Ill-Considered Account of a Local Legend”

Born in Ireland in 1800, though one Santa Marian swore he sounded Scotch, young Davy took to sea, privateering for the British until Yankee hands clapped the lot of ’em and dropped him off in Charleston. From there he commenced a westering that lasted near a century.

He teamstered for the U.S. Army in the Mexican-American War, then rode as a Texas Ranger tangling with smugglers, desperados, and Indians who did not roll over for the likes of him. He trapped with Kit Carson, bumped into John Muir.

In Santa Barbara County he staked 300 acres, then forsook civilization entire to vanish into the San Rafael wilds with two mules, “Jinks” and “Tommy,” who likely bore the better sense of the trio.

A tale set to type in the Santa Barbara Daily Independent of 1883, which scribes did declare one of the more sober accounts of that legendary Davy Brown. Whilst the hordes of shovel-snouted goldseekers did scamper to the diggin’s of ’48, Davy eschewed the pick and pan, instead taking to the rifle. With eye sharp as a buzzard and hand steady as a hangman, he furnished venison aplenty for miner’s tables, and in Calaveras County proved himself a bear’s worst nightmare, bragging of ten grizzlies bagged in a single week.

Yet whiskey proved the foe that neither ball nor blade could best. By ’72 in San Francisco, his thirst laid him low, physicians wagging tongues that the old hunter was done for. But Brown, being contrary to both medicine and common sense, rose again, confounding the sawbones, and fled to the San Mateo hills.

By his mid-seventies he drifted south, bought a patch near Guadalupe, and tried his hand at farming, though dirt never held his fancy like wilderness did.



In ’83 he vanished into the backcountry once more, squatting first in the belly of a hollow sycamore, then fashioning a rough-hewn cabin and two lean-tos at the brook now bearing his name, North East of Figueroa Mountain. Not far from Rancho Santa Barbara in fact. He stoked a fireplace vast enough to roast an ox, feeding it whole timbers hauled by his faithful mules.

There he trapped, farmed, coaxed trout from the creek, and even tamed a doe to lure unsuspecting bucks within range of his ever-ready rifle. But as years wore him thin, the call of Guadalupe drew him back. In ’98 Death fetched him, and Davy laid down his rifle for good.

His cabin, abandoned to time, served wanderers for half a century until torn down in the ’30s, leaving only a heap of stone to mark the spot where the old fool once argued with mules and fire alike. Thus ends the irregular chronicle of Davy Brown, a man too stubborn to die when asked, but obliging at last when pressed

His final abode has been memorialized as a campground in his name and is surely worthy of a plaque, if it doesn’t already have one.

—Filed most dubiously, with admiration and mirth,
Yer Humble Recorder of Ill Reputations

The Chumash Swordfish Ceremony!

In the summer of 1849 a curious discovery would have been found in the Santa Ynez valley, An unsuspecting traveler could have staggered upon a ceremony so strange it might have knocked sobriety into him. The Chumash, noble hosts of the valley, were known to convene for what they called the Swordfish Dance. And by thunder, the custom is no fish tale.



Imagine, if you dare: drums pounding like a mule-kicked chest, instruments hissing like rattlers in a flour sack, and a dancer crowned with the very skull of a swordfish. Yes, a skull complete with shank! Offerings piled before him—beads, shells, and trinkets of trade—all laid at the fins of Swordfish, whom the people hail as Chief of the Sea Beasts. Apparently these natives believe that whales themselves are herded ashore by Swordfish, a living larder for the tribe. A richer banquet a prospector has never seen.

Now to the contrived centerpiece of this report: my participation. After imbibing three gourds of their mysterious liquor (a concoction tasting like equal parts turpentine, vinegar, and divine inspiration), I felt moved—nay, compelled! I affixed a broken shovel blade to my brow, declared myself “King Crappie of Lake Cachuma,” and flopped into the circle with all the grace of a hog on ice. I leapt, I twirled, I bellowed—until a small child, annoyed with my aquatic majesty, began pelting me with acorns. One cracked me square in the eye, and I at last conceded that Neptune had not called me to service.

Let the record show, however, that for one shining, absurd moment, I danced among them. And I say unto you: where we commoners toil in dirt for a pinch of gold, the Chumash summon whole whales with but a swordfish’s blessing. They live upon nature’s bounty; we gnaw hardtack and argue over who stole the last bean.

Thus, rugged reader, let it be local lore: in the summer of ’49, a Clamper stumbled into majesty, made a mockery of himself, and emerged as the one and only King Crappie of Lake Cachuma!

—Filed with bruised dignity and lingering hiccups,
Yer Humble Weaver of Fish Tales

Plea to the Absent, Elusive, and the Chronically Unreachable



Brothers of equal indignity, it has been brought to this humble scribe's attention — under the seal of grave and weighty urgency — that certain of our brethren have slipped the tether of regular correspondences.

Whether by change of domicile, neglect of electronic address, or some obscure clerical calamity, their absence is sorely felt 'round our camp fires.

Let there be no mistake — proclamations, edicts, and summons of irregular assembly have been loosed into the ether, yet some fall to earth unreceived. Our messages, as the noble pigeon without its roost, flap aimless.

Therefore, you are enjoined — nay, commanded in the most benevolent fashion — to see your particulars set aright.

Visit **https://dlgyp.org/serious-shit** with all due haste and ensure your coordinates are correct.

Technically Challenged Brothers

A class of worthy brothers walks among us. Clampers for whom the modern contrivances of the electrical age are as perplexing as a gold pan to a banker. They have become known in the parlance of our camp as **TCBs**.

They prefer the tried-and-true methods of a bygone era: news by word of mouth, and a proclamations on paper. Their reluctance to register for doins via the infernal internet, or to submit coinage through mysterious digital portals, is no vice.

Yet, absent intervention, such brethren may drift from the warmth of the campfire and into the cold shadows of unawareness. Thus, your officers propose that any brother adept in the arts of modern communication is urged — nay, honored — to sponsor one or more TCBs. This sacred duty may be as simple as a quick telephone call, or as ceremonious as a chat over coffee... or some other potable best left unrecorded.

Seek them out. Guide them in. And thus shall our ranks swell again with those we sorely miss.

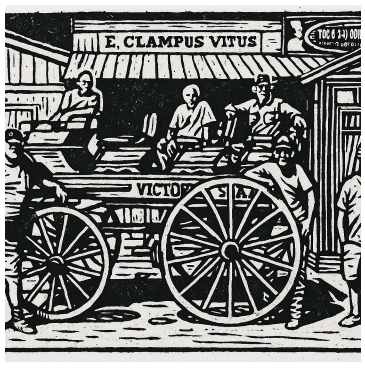
The Next Big Thing: Converging Traditions

Dally not for the Hewgag Brays yet again — As with a rare alignment of the wandering planets, three grand traditions now converge: the Annual ECV Chapter 1.5 Car Show, the Bill Colville Memorial Dinner, and the monthly Bastardos Dinner. This trifecta of traditional tidings shall be a singular happening, stitched together for our delight. Mark your calendars for Saturday, November 15, 6030 and chart your course for the Santa Barbara Western Art & Carriage Museum — before rumor replaces fact, and fact takes to sulking.

Chapter 1.5 Quietly Marks 35 Years

Chapter 1.5, with the subtlety of a prospector sneaking off to stake a claim, quietly marked its thirty-fifth anniversary. No fanfare, no parade, no brass band — just the quiet passage of time and the faint creak of the calendar page turning. Those who noticed were free to nod sagely and say nothing; those who did not may take comfort in the knowledge that they celebrated in exactly the prescribed manner.

Carriage Restorations



A smooth-talking snake-oil salesman sold some of our brothers on the notion that aiding the Santa Barbara Carriage and Western Art Museum in the restoration of their dilapidated collection of wagons would be in our better interest. Having completed four or five already, we now find there's no end to the work and seek others to join us in indentured servitude.

Your sweat earns us deep discounts for using the museum as an event venue. To join this noble toil, visit **https://dlgyp.org/carriage-restorations/**.

Los Bastardos — Monthly Dinners

Serendipitously, a group of Chapter 1.5 brethren united by proximity and inclination, Los Bastardos meet the second Thursday of each month for libations & fraternization. Locations vary — from favored watering holes to private properties near the City of Santa Barbara.

All ECV members and their prospective Blue Shirts are welcome. Declare your interest via the electronic telegraph at **bastardos@dlgyp.org**.

Be On The Lookout

Some clamper, lost something, somewhere and wanted me to pass on a plea for assistance in finding it. Sadly, I lost my notes and have no further details. Please let me know if you find either.

Official Hysterical Keepsake
Exclusively for attendees of the 6030 Fall Doins at Rancho Santa Barbara.
Courtesy of Our Noble Grand Humbug, Thaddeus "The Protégé" Haines, AL-XXXVI,
de la Guerra y Pacheco Chapter 1.5 of the
Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus
Credo Quia Absurdum!