

America the Just

Book Two – The Pioneers

A Pictorial View through the Eyes of a Veteran Attorney

By Frederick David Graves

American Justice Foundation ®

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Preface

America!

A new continent conquered by pioneers who crossed the wide Atlantic in sailing ships to get away from Europe and its cruel, class society!



Here the pioneers found vast uncharted lands on which to grow and do as they pleased, free from the harsh rule of European aristocracy, free to be whatever they chose to be, free to forge a New World with Liberty and Justice for ALL!

Room for homes and wide-open spaces to raise children, grow crops, mine valuable minerals, and trade without restrictive taxation.

Room to do business, free of crowded, crushing commercial competition across the pond back in Europe.

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Room to run the risk to make a profit.

But American was a difficult place to get started.

It was hard in the small towns and tiny cities springing up back east near the Atlantic coast, unless you were among the few who owned a factory, store, harbor-side warehouse, or seagoing vessels that hired those who had only the shirts on their backs and willing to work for food and shelter.

Employees made scant wages and lived the best they could on what they could make with their arduous labor.

Cities offered some degree of convenience and security, unlike areas opening to the west where there was no sheriff or police to call when brutish outlaws came bursting through your door to rob and steal.

So, many of our pioneers were only pioneers in name. They were not adventurers pushing westward toward new horizons. They were content to settle down back east.



However, *west* was the clarion call on the hardy-hearted who longed for the liberty of wide open, uncharted lands where they could start afresh.

So, westward they headed where land was plentiful and labor demanding.

This wasn't "civilized" Europe!

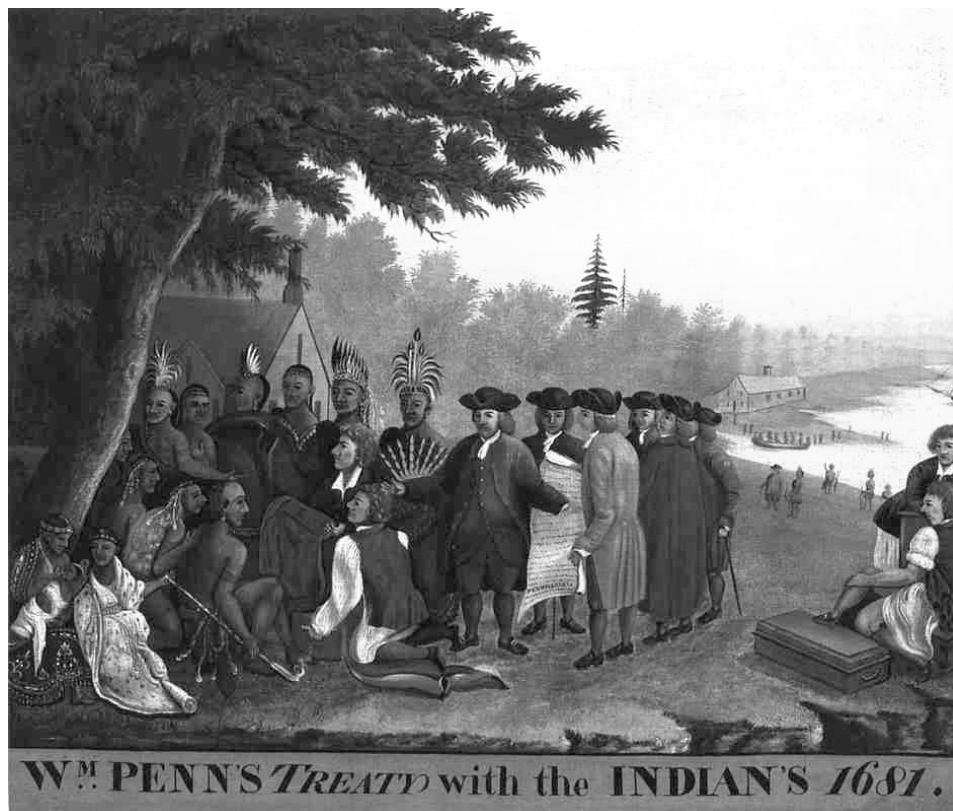
Early pioneers were rough and tumble folk making new homes in a rough and tumble land, people who unflinchingly chose the hard road of labor despite daunting demands and nearly insurmountable difficulties willingly taken on to achieve the rich dreams they brought with them from Europe and shared with others who accompanied them in their quest.

Pioneers pressed on to settle America by settling *in* America.

They were undaunted by hardships and dangers that dissuaded those less determined folk who chose to stay "out east".

From such pioneers grew the great ideas that launched a unique form of government our first President called "The Grand Experiment".

William Penn called it "The Holy Experiment", depicted in this painting.



Today we call it home.

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Are we a godless nation with Justice only for the rich?

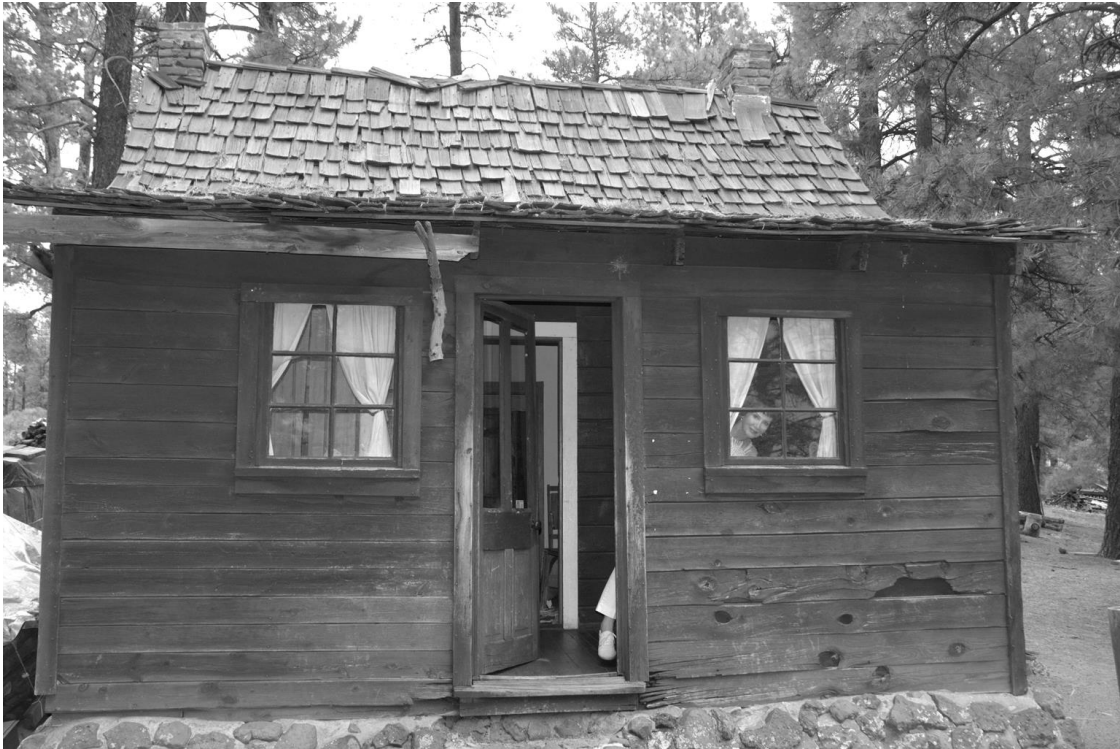
Do we really have Liberty and Justice for ALL?

Is the brave pioneer spirit still needed?

Will you be a pioneer for Justice?

Home

In the early days when pioneers came by thousands from the distant shores of Europe to make a new life here, homes were not what most of us would call “homey”.



This house is typical of many pioneer homes.

Most were built by the pioneers who lived in them and not by contractors hired to do the heavy work.

All were hand-made, like this one, the product of back-breaking work few today would consider doing.

Wood was hewn by hand and dragged from nearby forests by mules or by oxen (instead of purchased at a local lumber supply store as we do now).

Stone foundations (where floors were not mere dirt, as a majority were in those early days) were fashioned from hand-hewn rocks painstakingly dug from the ground, rocks removed to clear the land for planting crops those early pioneers needed to sustain themselves and their livestock.

There were no grocery stores to rely on for food and the countless other comestible commodities we take for granted today.

Times were tough.

But opportunities were boundless.

Many pioneer hearts sought to settle as far away from civilization as they could get, knowing crime, misery, and disease breed in crowded cities far more insidiously than in the wide-open spaces far from the Atlantic coast where fledgling eastern industries stole the pioneer spirit from employees willing to live on meagre salaries rather than strike out on their own for a new life in new lands farther west.



Thousands of homes like these log cabins were built away from the hustle and bustle and unavoidable trouble that followed life in towns and cities.

Conveniences were sparse, but freedom was sweet.

As the old adage says, “Home is where the heart is.”

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Even the sparsest shack was home for some and adequate to their needs.

Better a one-room shack with peace and quiet than a mansion in the midst of busy, crowded streets and noise of smoke-belching industrial furnaces.



Where Abraham Lincoln Once Lived and Worked

It all depends on one's perspective.

The true quality of a home was not decided by construction or adornment but by the quality of people living within its protecting walls.

Pioneer houses far west of the Atlantic were usually quite primitive, but they were homes for all that.

And, homes were what pioneers most wanted.

Owning one's own home was something new and wonderful for most who came from the other side of the Atlantic where nearly all land was owned by members of the aristocratic class, moneyed elite who rented to tenants occupying squalid, disease ridden, crime infested areas of cities where the

so-called upper class were loath to go in their ostentatious carriages.

When wealthy Europeans went out for a ride in their elaborate carriages, it was to be seen by society in the fancy boulevards far from the filthy crowd who occupied the rented slums.

America's pioneers had never known what it's like to "own" their homes as they were pleased to do here, once they escaped the European world where class distinctions kept the impoverished in their place lest they be a nuisance or tarnish the enjoyment of their "betters".

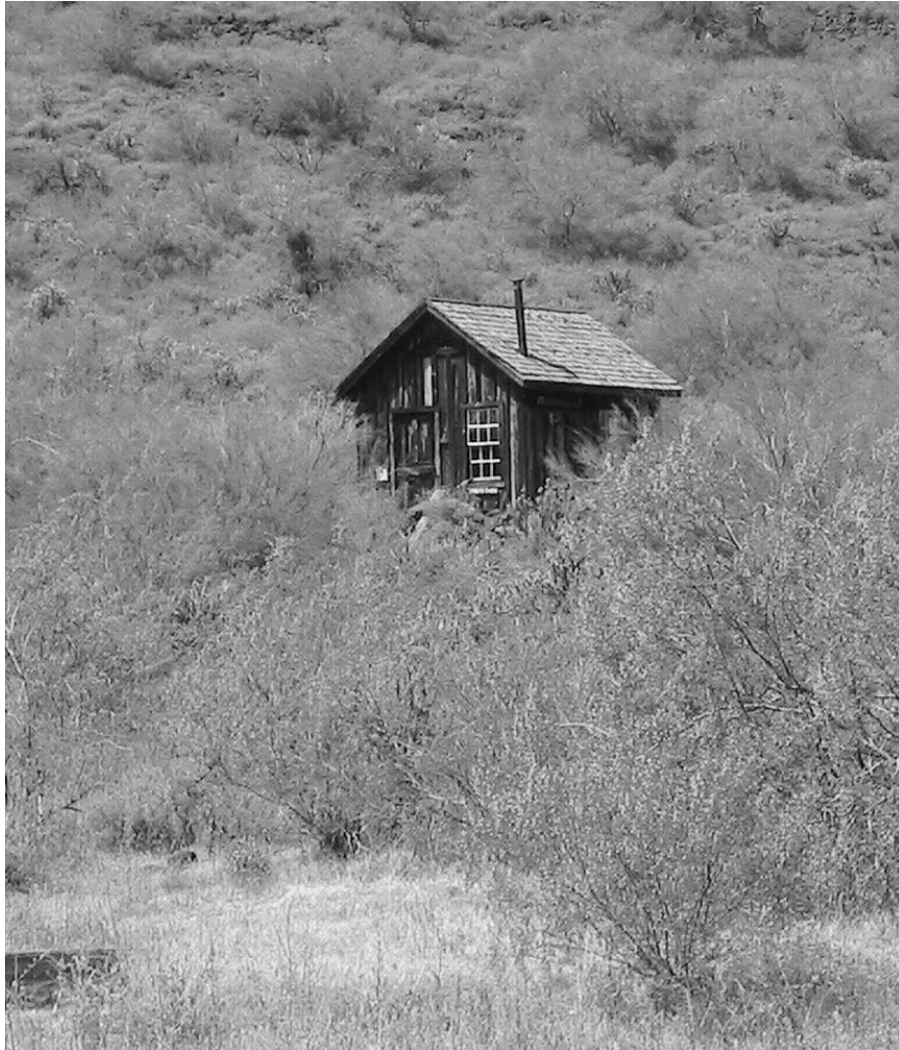


Pioneers cared little for mansions like this in Wilmington, North Carolina, where slaves were consigned to the basement or a building separate from the main house. This home belonged to a city man, not a pioneer.

To the true American pioneer, one man's shack *is* another man's mansion. For most it was shelter from the rain, a fireplace for cooking and warmth, a place to call home, however humble.

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Take this one, for example, almost hidden in the underbrush hundreds of miles west of the Mississippi.



Not much by today's standards, yet even the most impoverished could *own* a home ... in America ... be it little more than a shack!

This was the American Dream for our pioneers!

Today the gap between rich and poor has widened.

The poor are left behind.

Current class distinctions in America threaten to erode the pioneer spirit that made our nation great in earlier times.

We are fast forgetting our heritage!

Back then ownership belonged to anyone hardy enough to work for it.

It was the right of *everyone* who settled this great land to have a home.

We had no nobility then.

We had some rich, some very rich.

We had some poor, some very poor.

However, wealth in those early days did not make one person “better” than his neighbor.

Better off, of course, but never “better”.

The average European paid rent or was required to work in factories or on farmland and pay owners the greater portion of the product of their labor.

Those who did not work in factories or fields worked in owners’ homes as servants, and those who had no visible means of employment were sent to workhouses, where they slept in dormitories and ate stale bread, scraps or whatever was inexpensive, locked up at night and treated as criminals.



They were lucky to have a few morsels of food each day.

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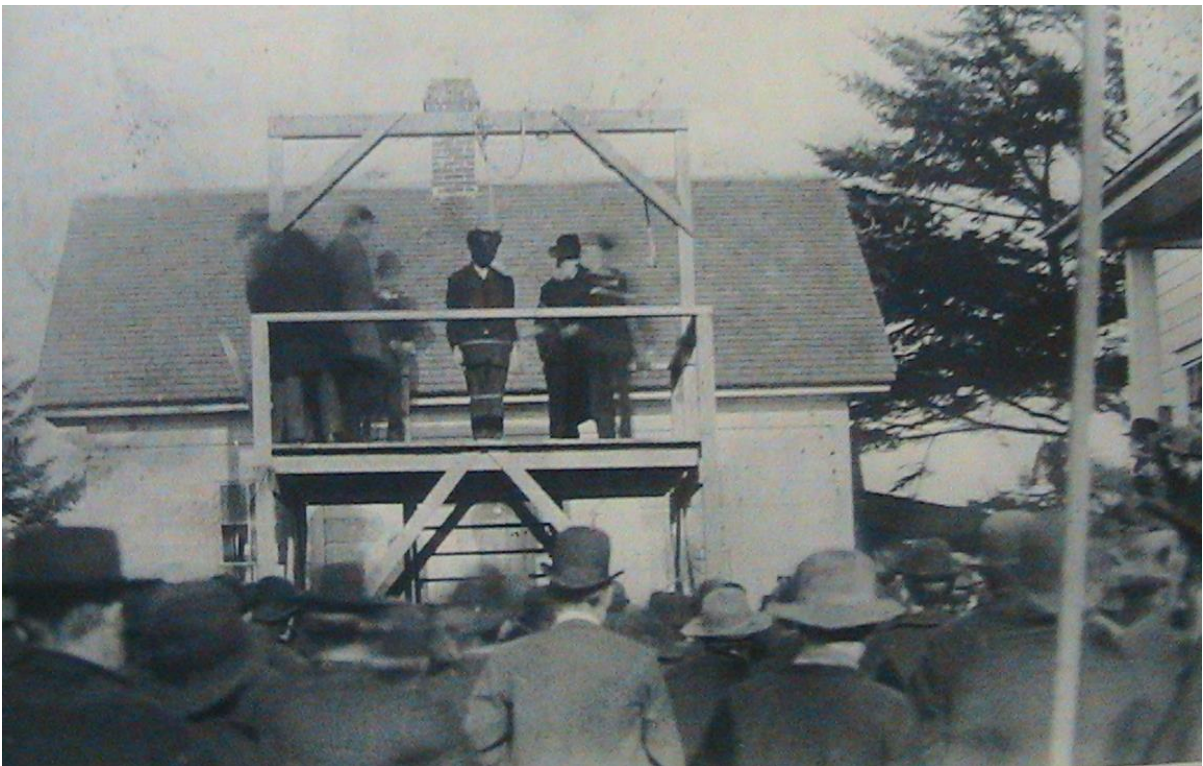
However humble, it was a roof over their heads.

Those fortunate enough to work for a wealthy family usually slept in a bed in a basement or separate building “out back” of the owners’ residence so not to shock the owners with the worker’s shabby clothing as those within sipped imported wines and dined on pheasant and partridge prepared by the “lower-class” people who served them while remaining out of sight in the background as much as possible.

These were the European underclass.

The strength of our nation was built on the back of that underclass who on these shores no longer bowed to their “betters” but enjoyed an equal status with *everyone*, none excepted.

Of course, we had our share of undesirable mountebanks, murderers, and malicious thieves.



Public hangings were an expeditious way of removing undesirables from a world that had no DNA testing or modern forensic sciences.

Those we didn't murder by public hanging were sent away in slave ships.



Convict Ship

Yet for the most part our pioneers were honest, hard-working folk, glad to be free from social strata and strategies that characterized the sick society they left behind them back across the great pond from whence they came.

Early pioneers were free from property tax, sales tax, and income tax.

At least for a while.

Soon after the Revolutionary War, however, taxes began to be levied on property of all kinds (varying from state-to-state) to pay for military, local law enforcement, and a burgeoning government establishment responding to the increasing demand of city people back east for services, protection, law and order.

West of the Atlantic coastal towns and cities, tax-collectors were virtually unknown, however, except where people settled a new town and needed a

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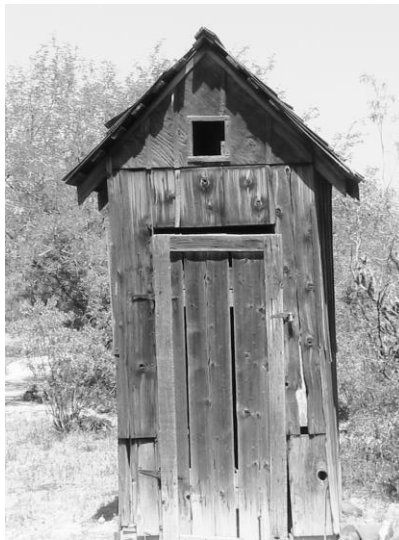
sheriff to control the drunks, vagabonds, and ne're-do-wells who always are drawn to the easy life of town where they can make a few dollars at an odd-job or two then spend their earnings at taverns or throw them away on gambling.

Away from towns and cities, life was undisturbed by government and its often pernicious way of trying to control even the simplest things of our lives for the sake of advancing the interests of a few who are favored by those who wield government power.

Such it has always been.

And from such the early pioneers removed themselves to establish homes farther and farther west, away from the avarice of powerful politicians.

Life was simple ... and free!



It was also primitive for the most part.

Sanitary septic, public water, and other services were still a long way from commonplace utilities, and electricity would not appear for years to come.

Modern conveniences *were* coming and with them a better way of life for most, but with them would come competing ideas of what America is and what it should be.

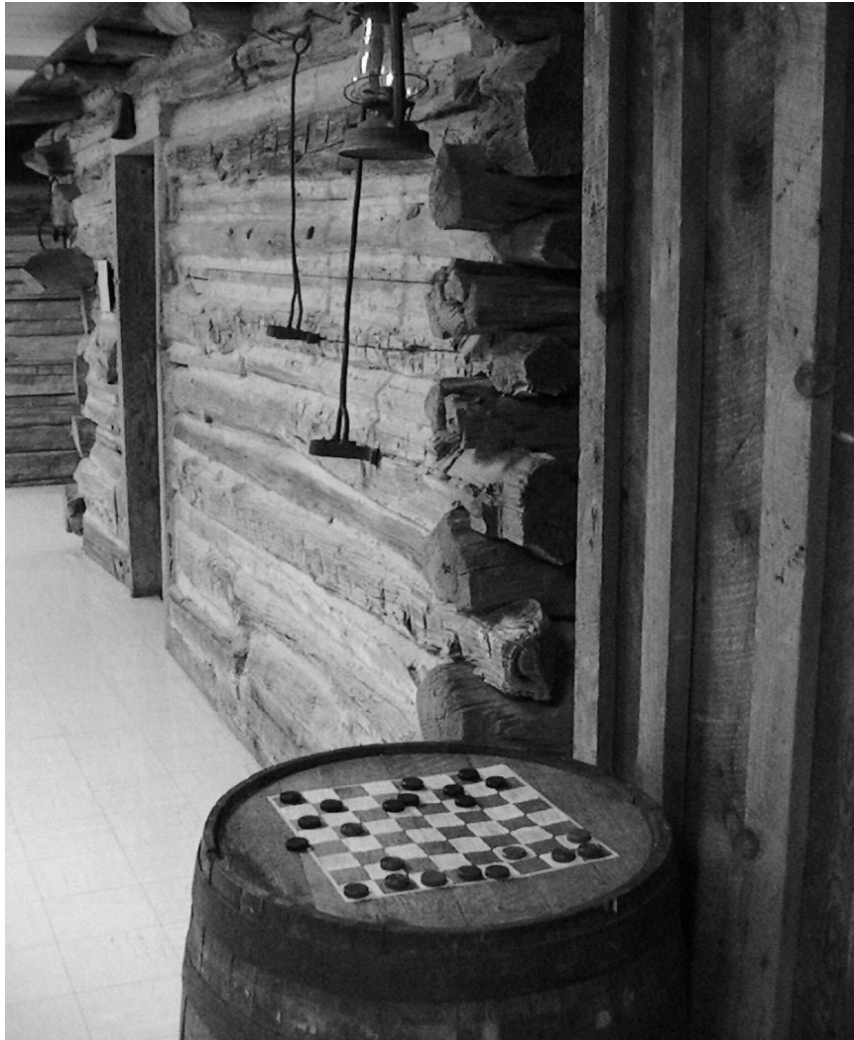
Divisions and their disastrous consequences would not be avoided, yet in

those early days the problems most faced each day centered on getting in the crops or caring for cattle.

There were no computer games.

Pioneer leisure time was usually spent just sitting on the front porch.

Checkers was a popular pastime.



An old upturned nail keg for a table and a grizzled pipe-smoking friend to the challenge with red and black pieces was entertainment enough.

Many whiled away time with a restful hour or two in a rocking chair out front where they could watch the children play or keep an eye on chickens pecking the ground nearby for food.

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Cloud gazing from a porch was just as entertaining for them as anything we modern people require to distract us from the worries of our world.

Peace was preferred to the price of plenty.



Most homes were built of logs, especially where stone was scarce.

Manufactured brick was too costly for pioneers spreading westward from Atlantic coastal cities headed for the Mississippi River or farther west in search of the fertility promised beyond the Rocky Mountains in the valleys of California and dense forests of Oregon.

Travelers today can explore such rugged homes preserved for posterity by museums and historical societies, discovering first-hand what it was like to live without electricity, gas appliances, indoor plumbing, or internet.

Children visiting these places (found in every state where government and charitable organizations preserve the past for children to see in these our present modern times) can learn and hopefully appreciate the people who came to this continent of ours to labor for a future we now enjoy, a future the pioneers would not live to see yet dreamed of in their hearts.

Nearly every pioneer home was built for family.

Nearly every family dedicated itself to the welfare of its children and its children's children yet unborn.



Fort McHenry in Baltimore Harbor where our National Anthem was Written

And so America began.

Getting There

Horse and oxen pulled their wagons.

There were no gasoline, diesel, or electric-powered cars or trucks.

Railroads were being built but had not yet reached the distant recesses of our land where pioneers were settling.

Many of the early pioneers were unsure where, exactly, they were headed when they left the somewhat civilized towns and cities on the East Coast of America, so for these intrepid souls “home” might be as crude as this temporary shelter, a flimsy lean-to erected as they traveled west, shelter to break the northern wind so they could build a crude fire for cooking.

Some pioneers headed southwest, some for the frozen northwest like the rugged men depicted in this old museum photograph with their temporary lean-to home.



Northern passes were hostile as were the sometimes defiant looks on faces of the weather-toughened people who braved the elements to gain the goal of independence.

Pioneers *were* a rugged people.

They *had* to be rugged.



There were no Interstate Highways.

It was one boot in front of the other, for hundreds of grueling miles.

They faced horrible hardships to settle anew, away from civilization.

It was independence they sought, *home free from unjust rule!*

The ability to forge their own way, to live free from tyranny under a new form of government (or no government at all) was the driving force that pushed them on to pursue their independence.

It wasn't merely land they were after.

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Most sought liberty from oppressive European monarchical tyranny with its crippling policies of taxation, and the oncoming wave of government control that would soon sweep west from Washington, DC to reach even the remotest places where pure liberty was last to die.

They had little to help them along the way.

Horses, oxen, and their own strength of unwavering will and sinew ready to hew down the barriers between them and the goal they sought.

With nothing more they pressed on against all odds.

Today, as we travel this vast land of ours, we can still visit the remains of humble homes of long-dead pioneers who struggled to tame the wild land where they could live their lives in liberty.



Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison

In today's largest cities we see marble government buildings where law is

made and where it is supposed to be justly enforced, but back then law and order were usually a matter of dealing with problems the pioneer way with a six-shooter, rifle, or a few feet of stout rope slung over a low tree branch and a horse that won't stand still.

Today we see mansions of modern families whose forefathers (and brave women who accompanied them) laid the foundations from which we enjoy our present degree of wide-spread prosperity.



Villa Louis Mansion at Prairie du Chein, Wisconsin

It was not so in those early days for most.

In those days most had no more than a few ounces of gold in their pockets and many had none at all.

Still, they pressed on in search of the dream.

The American Dream ... Liberty and Justice for ALL!

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Many died along the way.

Some settled between the Mississippi and Pacific Coast, providing rest and supplies to other weary travelers still pressing westward with their wagon trains and sparse possessions.

Towns like St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Lincoln, Omaha, Caspar, Springfield, and hundreds of others were born by intrepid travelers who decided to stop short of California and Oregon to make their homes right where they stood, instead of facing the hazards of pressing farther west.

America had a long road ahead.

Justice for ALL was sadly still a dream.

It still is.

There's plenty of work not yet nearly complete in these present times.

To understand what each new generation is called to do (our opportunity as well as our responsibility) we would do well to learn more about the men, women, and children who lived here long before any of us today were born, stalwart human beings searching for our still elusive dream.

Life was hard. Law, for many, was harder still.

Wagons and slow going was the order of the day.



The covered wagon pictured here is typical in size to those that wandered west in search of the dream too many today are still working to achieve.

Imagine life in such a small wagon far from city life months on end.

What they had was only what they could carry with them, little indeed.

Take a moment right now to put yourself in that wagon with the few belongings it would carry and see yourself many hundreds of miles from the nearest town or city ... alone out on the wide western prairies headed west in search of a home and freedom from tyranny.

Not much room in such a tiny vehicle for more than bare necessities.

They had to carry water and provisions as well as scant items of clothing and a very limited amount of personal possessions they needed to take on their arduous journey across the plains, rivers, dense virgin forests, and steep mountain passes where no European had been before!



Steam engines and gasoline powered vehicles weren't yet dreamed of.

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They made the most of what they had.

This “pioneer spirit” defied all odds, insisting on a better life in our brave new world, no matter what the cost.

Struggling against harsher reality than most of us can imagine, all for the sole purpose of escaping monarchical tyranny here.

Justice!

Liberty and Justice is what they sought and died for!

Liberty, Justice, and a home of their own.

Much the same as people today.

And, it didn't have to be much of a home.

Most often home was made of fallen logs glued together with dried mud.



Trapping, farming their own little plot of land, living in houses made from logs with mud between the beams to keep the cold winter wind outside.

Typical life for early pioneers who settled to build their homes, raise their families, and stay in one place.

Getting there was the hard part.

Then there was hewing wood, building hearth and home, and working the land to provide food for the table in what was typically, in those earliest days, a single room with perhaps a loft for sleeping.

The things we see hung on the outside wall of this original pioneer home give us an idea of what the occupants' lives were like.

Work!

And plenty of it.

Back-breaking work.

In most cases pioneers worked sun-up to sun-down, plowing, planting, pulling weeds, protecting the garden as best they could from the ravages of animals in quest of an easy meal.

Meat came from trapping, hunting, or raising pigs and chickens.

Sheep and goats were popular, too, serving for both food and clothing.



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Cows were for milk, butter, and cheese; for food only when the cow no longer gave its milk.

Horses were for labor and only eaten when too old to work.

When I was a boy, horse meat was used for food by those unable to afford beef; more commonplace than you might imagine.

This was American pioneer life ... *not so very many years ago.*

A shovel and wagon wheel.

A butter churn.

A wooden seat for milking a cow or relentlessly churning cream to make butter.



They didn't buy butter at the store.

They made butter at home from milk they squeezed from their very own cow (if they were lucky enough to own a cow).

Few were lucky enough.

Cows were a luxury.

Cows provided milk, cream, cheese, butter and an occasional pot roast if the cow refused to give milk.

Most pioneers made their own clothing.

They used spinning wheels like this to turn coarse materials like wool, flax, and cotton into thread.



It was a laborious process requiring many hours to create enough thread to fill just a single bobbin.

But that was their way of life.

Manufactured thread was available “back east” but, even there, it was an expensive commodity affordable only by the more affluent.

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Spinning wheels were fitted with a foot treadle that spun the wheel to turn rough work into useable yarn or fine thread later woven into cloth from which clothing, blankets, and other necessities were made.

Old-fashioned hard work gave this nation its birth, expanding westward one laborious day at a time.

Pioneers started work at first light, before the sun came up, and continued by candle light long after the sun fell below the western horizon.

For the few with money to buy supplies, a nearby “general store” provided manufactured goods brought in from the east, a wheel of cheese, barrel of pickles, and a friendly proprietor who shared the local gossip.

The rest made do with what they could make at home.

They weaved their home-made threads into cloth on a wooden loom like this, operated entirely by human-power ... human hands and feet.



One strand at a time.

The woof and warp of American life was woven together by human hands. They worked to fashion the fabric of this new world, hoping to provide by their efforts a better life for their children, a way of getting along in peace, as they wove single strands together on a loom of honest living to become the strong, seamless cloth of liberty and justice sought by humanity since the dawn of history.



A seamless society too often lost in varying religious cultures and an idea still straining our peace today, the belief that one's place of origin, faith in God, opinions seeking to change the generally accepted *status quo*, or the amount of melanin tanning one's skin may be used by government to keep some down while lifting others.

Justice truly *was* what the pioneers most sought.

Justice still denied to far too many in our modern world!

America the Just – The Pioneers

We need more spinning wheels today, more looms, more woof and warp of wisdom and human kindness to show us once again that we share one common goal above all others.

We need to love others every way we can. Isn't Justice a form of love?

And, isn't it time we mortal human beings worked together to give that form of love to "all".

After all, that's what we've been saying since childhood in our pledge of allegiance to the flag?

Liberty and Justice for ALL?

Justice for *all* ... a goal not yet obtained in this twenty-first millennium.

The pioneers of this great land of ours came here to escape "in-justice".

That was their main motive.

Justice was their primary goal from the very beginning.

Perhaps life is too easy for us today or, more likely, we simply don't take time in our hustle and bustle to stop and think how good we have it now.



At the Ford Museum near Detroit

Rosa Parks rode this very bus and refused to sit in the back.

There is yet work to do for *all* of us.

It is far too easy to look the other way when innocent souls are abused for their race or religion, imprisoned, or put to death by a system of laws too often twisted by power and politics.

Twisted power and politics in Europe is what drove the pioneers to risk everything they had to cross the wide Atlantic.

Twisted power and politics is what they hoped to avoid and overpower here where they labored with prayers for that which *still* is not reality.

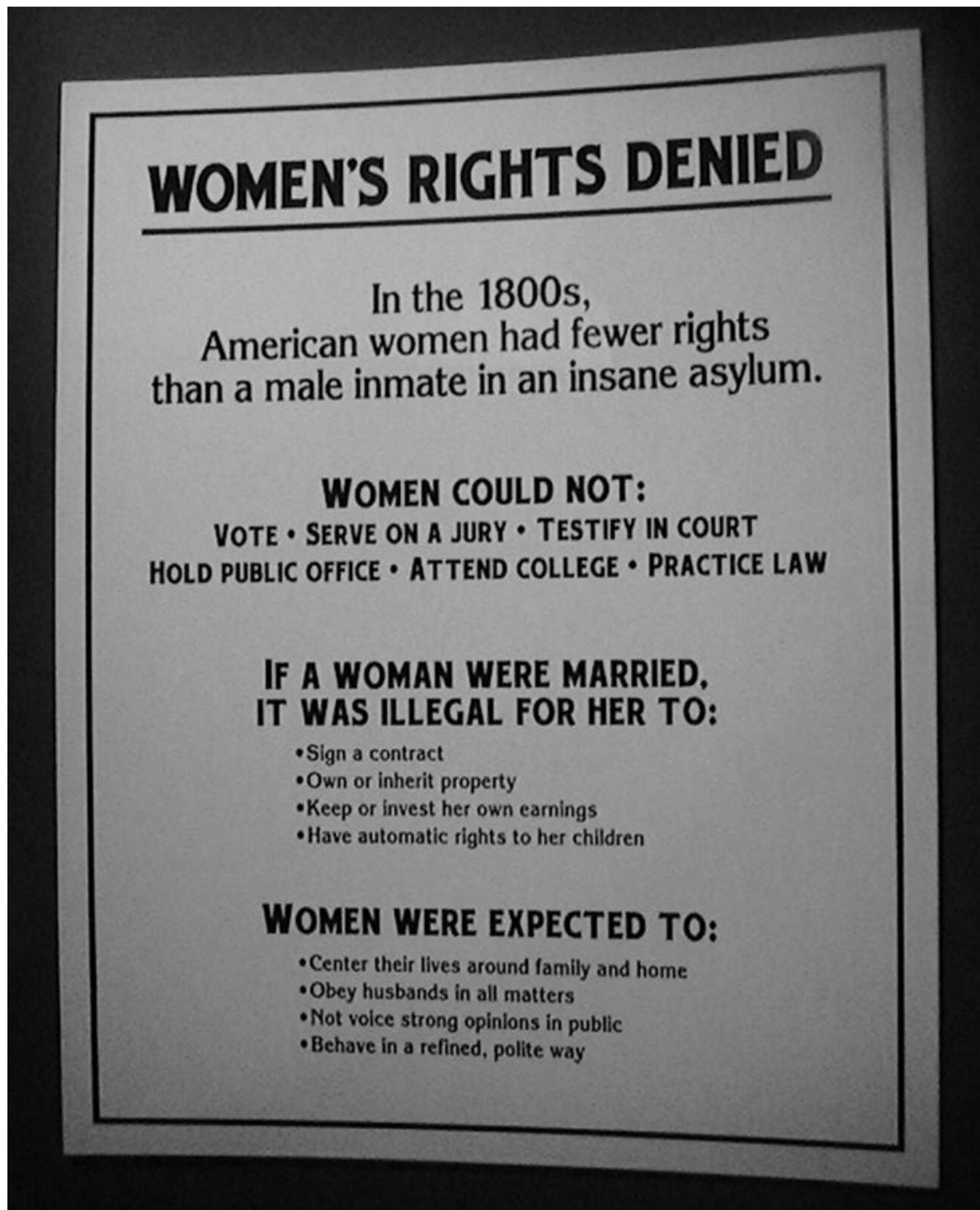
Why did they come here if not to live free from the iron-clad, class-based societies of Europe where government power imprisoned or executed too many starving men, women, and children for stealing a loaf of bread or being unable to pay back some paltry borrowed sum?



It was not until August of 1920 that women were allowed to vote. Where is the justice in that?

Was America “Just” before 1920?

Surely not.



Yet it was Justice such as this the pioneers came here to obtain.

How much justice did women have before 1920?

Water

The early pioneers had no running water.

Unless they lived near a spring or stream, most were required to draw their water from a hand-dug well using bucket and rope.

Then the heavy bucketful of water had to be carried to the house or to the barn or horse-trough for the animals on whose labor they relied.

I remember as a boy in the 1940's there were families living in rural areas near our small Ohio town still drawing their water from a well like this.

I remember a wrinkled old man in his 90's who made a living digging wells by hand with shovel and pickaxe, while those within the city limits needed only to turn a faucet handle for bathing, cooking, or watering the lawn.

Hand-dug wells like this were commonplace west of the Ohio River and in many southern states well into the early Twentieth Century!



If a well ran dry or was poisoned by some poor dead critter that fell in, the only recourse was to dig another or pull up stakes and move on.

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Water was the primary essential to life back then ... and still *is*.

Running water in homes was rare in the early Twentieth Century in most parts of our nation.

Before then it was virtually unknown.

Towns often sprung up where some hard-working well-digger dug deep enough to find that life-sustaining fluid in sufficient quantity beneath the soil to slake the thirst of a few hundred.

In those early years the growth of many towns was stifled by the limited size of a town's well unable to provide for increased population needing water to drink, cook, bathe, and wash their clothes.

Invention of the hand pump like this one, and ability to drill wells and sink pipe, instead of using shovel and bucket to dig down to the water made a huge difference in American life.



When I was a boy in the 1940's and 1950's many people had pumps like

this in their backyard, on the back porch, or even in the kitchen.

The only way to get water was to work the handle up and down and hope the well didn't lose its prime.

It was not so easy as turning a knob or holding one's hands in front of an electronic sensor to get water from a spigot.

Pioneers had to work to get a single drop to drink.

If a pump ran dry the only remedy was to pour a bucket of water down the well, while working the handle feverishly, hoping the pump would draw again.

Wise pump owners kept a bucketful handy just to prime the well and included the health of their well in evening prayers.

It was commonplace for such pumps to lose their prime, in which case the absence of a bucketful to make them draw again meant going thirsty!



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Bathing was a rare event even on Saturday nights.

Water was precious and hard to obtain.

Towns often outran their water supply and simply “dried up”, leaving an empty ghost town, of which many have been preserved for tourists to see today in our drier western states.



For those with financial means, a windmill drew water (when wind blew), making it easier to take baths, water animals, cook food, and do many of the other things we do today without thinking how life used to be.

Water tanks could be filled by wind-driven pumps so owners could have water during dry seasons ... so long as the wind didn't fail and didn't blow strong enough to topple the windmill over or blast off its blades.

Some early pioneers living where wells could not be dug or drilled relied on rainwater captured in cisterns – large open containers installed on a roof or separate supporting structure.

So long as it rained now and then, water was available.

In dry seasons one could only pray for rain or hire a huckster to do a magic dance or chant his gibberish until the rain came and the people paid his fee.

Of course the rain does always begin again sooner or later.

Raising cattle required living near a stream or having an efficient windmill and frequent, reliable wind to pump water into storage tanks or troughs in the field where herds of animals could drink freely.

No water meant no livestock and, in some cases, no people either.

Windmills like this one on a California ranch can still be seen working as they worked in years gone by ... without electricity or gasoline engines.



Though windmills have drawn water for perhaps thousands of years, they were too expensive for most pioneers who had to dig for water ... always by hand ... one shovelful at a time!

Life was hard.

Getting water was hard.

But!

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Failure to acquire means to consistently obtain a reliable source of water was, and is today, fatal to all human endeavor.

The wiser pioneers knew this and adjusted their choice of places to settle accordingly.

The foolish ones perished, leaving their parched bones along the dusty trails through the prairies, deserts, and mountain passes west of the Mississippi.

The windmill seen here is of recent vintage, probably early 20th Century.

It is part of the Stuhr Museum of the Prairie in Grand Island, Nebraska, an historical preserve where tourists can visit many buildings and other features, including a railroad and period buildings, restored from that time.



Clearly this one was not erected by impoverished pioneers who would not have any reason to make their water source so ornate, nor finances to pay the costs.

Be sure to visit this lovely historic facility when in Nebraska.

This windmill is part of the wonderful collection from the Ford Museum just outside Detroit.



This windmill would have belonged to a relatively wealthy land owner.

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By the Mid-19th Century most of arable land in America was settled, yet even today vast uninhabited areas remain without reliable sources of water and are required to bring it in by train or truck or settle somewhere else.



Dry Arizona Desert

Not too many settled in such arid, dusty land as this.

No water.

No life.

Food

Most pioneer food was grown just outside the cabin door.



Handmade baskets like this along with multi-colored quilts, and clay pots were a vital part of pioneer homes.

These were essentials to adorn the simple lives of pioneer folks in need of some adornment to enhance their daily existence.

Beauty was a necessity where other comforts were so hard to come by.

Curtains on doors and windows added much, though painstakingly made

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by loving wives or elder daughters who sought to make the most of what they had and beautify their humble dwelling places as well as possible.

A wood-burning pot-bellied stove was as much an ornament as a source of heat on cold nights.

Some were ornately beautiful, as well as practical.

A table cloth.

A wooden quilting rack.

Tired but relentless fingers of entire families doing all the work.

Outside was wilderness and farmland for many.



So inside needed to be as cozy as could be, so they did their best to make it so ... almost entirely by the labor of their own hands.

Notice in this pioneer home the walls are not painted drywall nor fancy wood paneling or expensive wallpaper.

They are simply strips of wood nailed up to keep out the cold, painted with whitewash no doubt.

The floors are not covered with lush carpet. Instead, the floor is made of rough wood boards, a luxury for some.

Other pioneer homes had only dirt or sawdust for their floors!

The iron pot-bellied stove you see is a vast improvement over open brick or stone fireplaces common to typical early pioneer homes.

This home probably dates from the early 19th Century.

Wooden cabinets, the chair by the table, the nightstand by the far-left wall are things earlier pioneers did without.

Yet, over by the stove you see the familiar butter churn, assuring us this is not a “modern home” by any means.



Most lived in buildings made from rough timbers like this one.

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They made their own butter.

Pot-bellied stoves were introduced around 1800, only a few years after our nation's independence was declared and our Constitution ratified.

Before 1800, *all* homes were heated by open fireplaces fueled by wood.

All food was cooked over open fireplaces or in pits behind the house.



Fireplace in Kitchen at Mount Vernon, George Washington's Home

George Washington's food was cooked over an open fireplace, as was the food of nearly all our early pioneers except those who had no fireplace and were required to cook over open fires outside the home or in ovens made of clay, also outside the house (a common means for baking bread as well as cooking meat and other comestibles).

Wood burning stoves did not become popular until the early 1800's

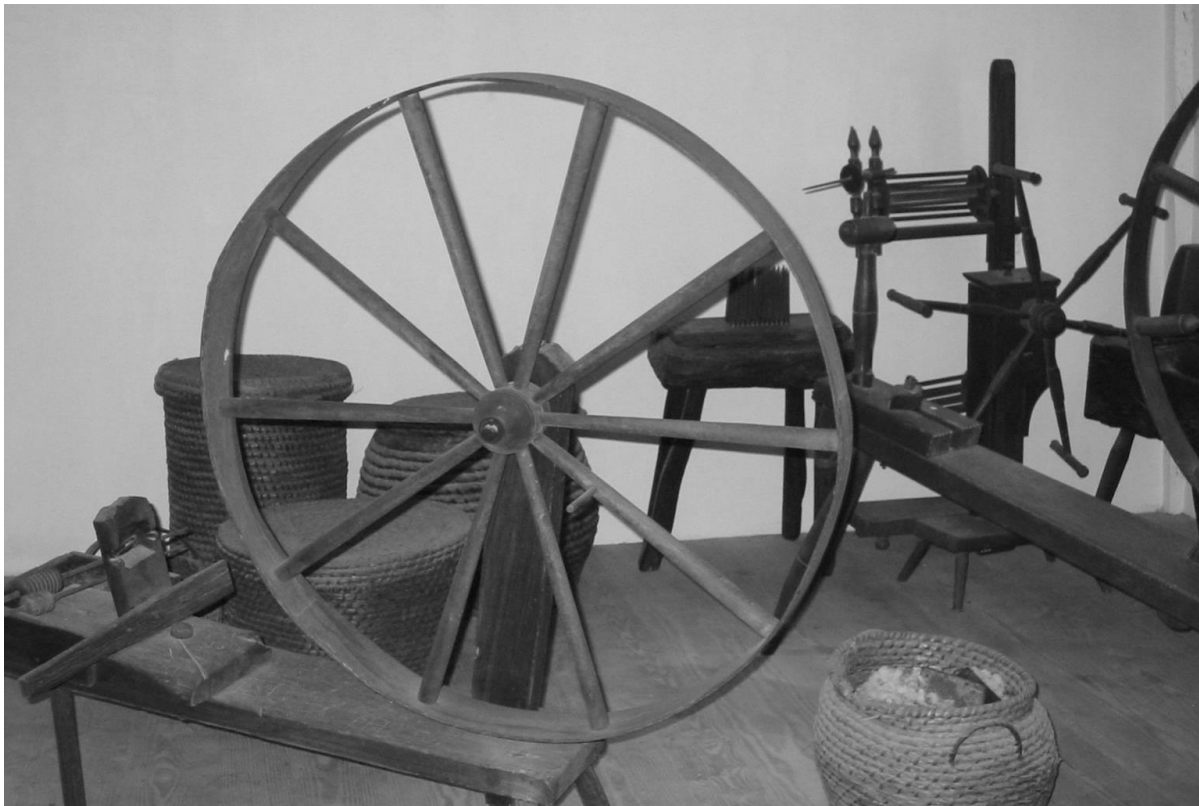
Even then they were far too expensive for the average pioneer household.

Open fireplaces remained the primary method of cooking as well as heating the house in cold weather.

Gas-powered stoves were not widely available until the Civil War era in the mid-19th Century when, of course, their use was limited to those areas where natural gas was available locally.

Electric stoves would not appear until the start of the 20th Century but remained unavailable in America on a wide scale until Nikola Tesla's idea of alternating current shattered Edison's recalcitrant arguments for direct current and allowed high voltage supply to be provided in rural areas as well as in the major cities.

Pioneer life remained primitive for many well into the mid-20th Century.



The small Ohio town where I spent my boyhood sat on one of the highest hills in the state and maintained their “city dump” near the bottom of that hill where my Dad and I, among many others, would sometimes visit near twilight for target practice with .22 caliber rifles.

Less than 100 yards farther down the hill lived a family where one of my Dad's childhood chums was born in a clean but rather ramshackle home.

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I remember one afternoon we visited the family and were invited to partake of dinner, bluegill fish fried in bacon fat on a *wood-burning stove!* This would have been around 1948, three years after the close of World War II and prior to the dawn of what was then to be called the “Modern Age”.

Food was plentiful because nearly all of it was locally grown or raised, yet the methods for cooking remained what we might call “pioneer style” for more than a few families outside the major cities and in the squalid inner cities where vice and crime continue to be bred by conditions of poverty and racial bias fueled, as it always has been, by the prideful trumpery of those who consider themselves better than their neighbors by the measure of their bank accounts.

Progress moves swiftly for some yet drags pitifully slowly for many even in our modern age so-called.

But, this is a book about the pioneers who laid the foundations for our new nation, so more about them.

This is a typical wood burning stove used, as stated above, well into the 20th Century by many families who could afford no better and a staple for nearly all early pioneers fortunate enough to have even *this* to cook with.



Notice the iron door on the front and the round iron plates on the top with small square holes by which the plates could be lifted to stir the coals to get more heat from dying embers.

Meat was primarily chicken, pig, cow, an unlucky goat, wild turkey, squirrel, rabbit, possum (in America's rural south) and, when supply of these ran low, a swayback horse that outlived its usefulness for work or transportation.

Horse was a frequent, necessary expedient to keep body and soul together in those days.



Stable at Mount Vernon, Washington's Home in Virginia

I remember as a very young boy that horse meat was commonly used by many in the rural Ohio area where I grew up.

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An adequate supply of food was secondary only to the necessity of water.

One could go without typical foodstuffs by resorting to alternatives like an occasional family pet, the bark of trees, wild berries, or even a rat (still eaten where no other food supply exists).

To maintain themselves with water and food, pioneers were often forced to settle down, build a structure in which to make their home, and remain in one place *just to survive*.

Death took young and old alike ... not uncommonly due to lack of food or consuming food that was spoiled, inadequately cooked, germ infested, or riddled with worms.



Grave of an Un-Named Child in Michigan

Only the most intrepid pressed on toward the promised fertile lands west of the Rocky Mountains, and those who did were richly rewarded.

Those who remained along the way, however, lived rugged lives of labor, suffering, and debilitating disease.

They ate what they had on hand or starved, and frequently perished from food-related ailments, of which there were many in those days when the miracles of modern medicine were yet unknown.

In the mid-19th Century, 17,000 children of every 100,000 born either died at birth or failed see their first birthday.

In 1943, when I was born, mortality rates were still staggering compared to survival rates today.

Of every 100,000 births, 3,000 babies died at birth.

Today of every 100,000 births fewer than 600 babies die.

Some scientific and medical authorities contribute infant mortality rates in years past resulted in large part from malnutrition, not enough food, wrong types of food, contaminated food, or food of surpassingly inferior quality.



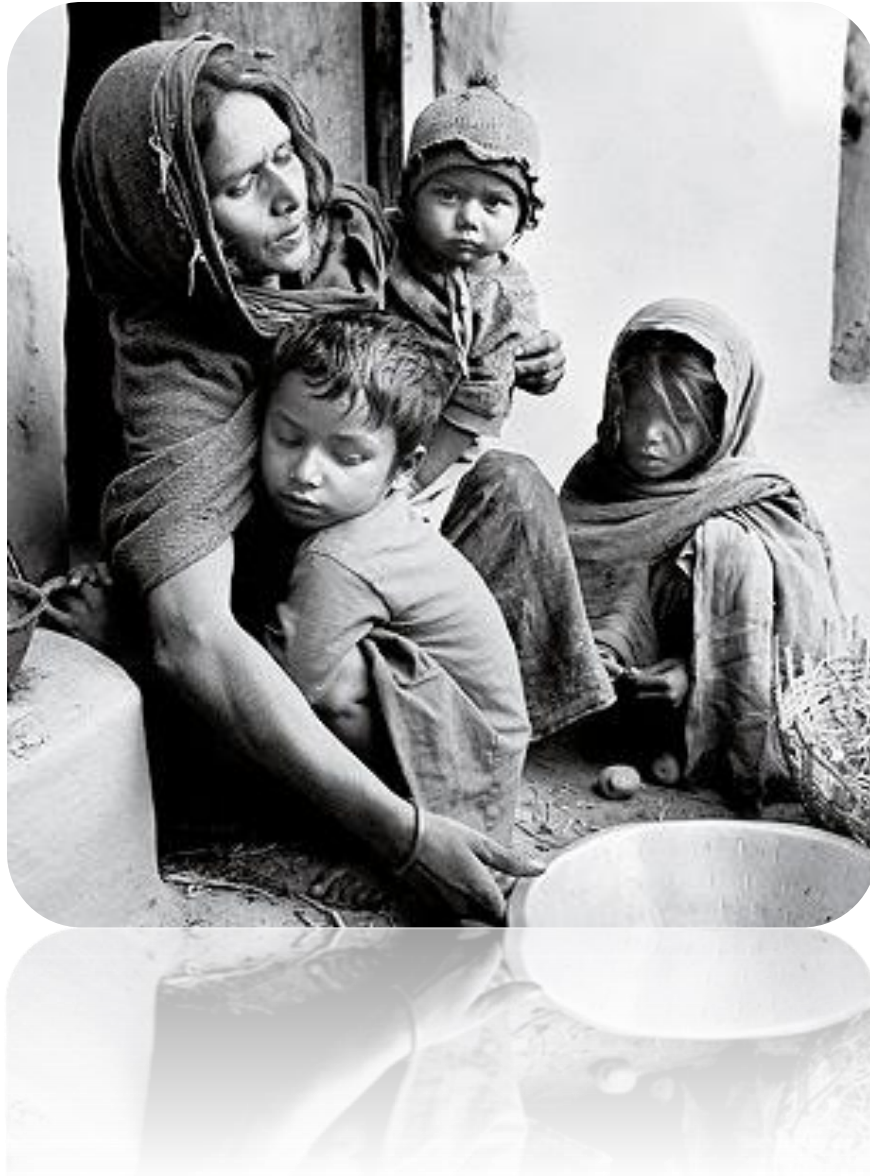
Yet, as stated above, in the early 19th Century when many pioneers were still settling our nation, 17 of every 100 babies died before their very first birthday!

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That they still die here and in nearby nations is a blight on humanity that deserves our most determined, loving efforts to prevent as quickly as we possibly can.

Poverty is one thing.

Starvation in our streets is another ... and intolerable in a society that claims to be just in any sense of the word.



Pioneers struggled just as this woman with her three children and many who had no husband, brothers, or father to look out for their needs were driven to lifestyles that tended only to drag them deeper into the poverty from which they sought to escape.

In the west today (e.g., Tombstone, Arizona noted for its famous “OK corral gunfight”, Wyatt Earp and his courageous brothers) there remains to this day buildings that once were primarily brothels that happened to sell whiskey and allowed card games, however it was in places like this that you can see today (places that dotted the western landscape and many of our eastern cities) that provided the only form of income a woman could obtain aside from taking in laundry or serving tables in a restaurant.

There was no other gainful employment for women in pioneer days.



Drinking and gambling establishments from all outside appearances, but inside were lonely, desperate women (many with infant children) having no other way to feed themselves and their family than to entertain men so long as their beauty lasted.

Many died early deaths from malnutrition, drugs that were just as common then as now, alcoholism of the worst kind destroying their minds with the

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denatured alcohol unscrupulous dealers colored with tea bags or tobacco juice to make it look like the real stuff.

And, of course, the same poison killed men as well as women.

It wasn't bonded bourbon or single-malt scotch whiskey some buy today.

It was moonshine, if you were lucky ... hard on the brain and body but seldom poisonous.

Denatured alcohol colored to look like bourbon whiskey was poison and took the lives of hundreds of thousands of pioneers and continues to take lives even today.

I remember a trip my Grandfather took me on to New York city back in the late 1940's where we saw men lying dead in the gutters of the Bowery, victims of whatever they could get to satisfy their alcohol craving.

They squeezed Sterno through an old sock to get at the denatured alcohol that is a deadly poison and killed many whose thirst for alcohol overcame their common sense.

They drank paint thinner and other poisons to satisfy their craving, losing their health and soon losing their lives as well.

Farming

If a woman was fortunate enough to marry a farmer she might escape the torturous life that was the typical plight of single pioneer women in our early days.

Farms were havens away from the gambling, boozing, and corruption that punctuated life in town.



There were other advantages to residing in fertile rural areas in the early years of our nation where vegetables could be grown and livestock raised at home, affording the homesteaders independence and a degree of safety from the turmoil and terrors of city life.

Of course, everything depended on rich soil, sufficient sunlight, rain that fell in reliable intervals, a deep well, or nearby stream.

The finest farming west of the Rocky Mountains was California, Oregon, and Washington states.

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But the Rocky Mountains had no smooth and even highways.

Mule and oxen-drawn wagons move slowly, and the more so in snowy mountain passes where pioneers were forced to depend on what they could carry in their wagons for food, there being none other than a bear or deer to eat now and then.

So, as said above, many stayed back east where farming was easy and early dirt roads made getting from one place to another much easier than crossing craggy mountains.



Land and weather was and still is ideal in the Shenandoah Valley of the Virginias, most of New England, parts of Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, northern Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio where pioneers put down stakes, unwilling to hazard the long and dangerous trip west.

Many pioneers chose to build their homes, raise families, and be content in states east of the Mississippi.

Much of the land in between (e.g., Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, most of Arizona, and a great deal of Texas) simply didn't lend itself to farming vegetables and fruit. The arid climates of those states managed to produce sufficient grasses for raising livestock on the hoof but not much else.

East or far west, growing vegetables and fruit trees required hard work to prepare the soil for new crops with seeds and seedlings.

Trees had to be chopped down by hand and dragged away by horse or mule, rocks and boulders had to be cleared away, and the hard ground had to be broken for each Spring planting.

They were the product of laborious toil, favorable weather, rich soil, and when weather was dry or soil worn out from over-use, pioneers and the pioneers' families starved or were forced to move away.



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Here are some early implements pioneers were forced to use.

Plows were pulled by horses, mules, or an occasional oxen that required a man or woman to walk behind the plow, guiding it by hand, forcing it and the animal pulling to follow the furrows one-by-one.

Like everything else in the pioneers' lives, farming was hard work.

Power was by mule, horse, or oxen ... not engine-powered tractors.

Pioneer food was picked from the earth, not grocery store shelves.



Then there was planting, also by hand.

Such vegetables as they had to eat did not come from a supermarket.

Turnips and peas, carrots and onions, potatoes and beans, necessary for a healthy life yet obtained only by great effort.

The vegetables they had were fresh and delicious in Spring, Summer, and Autumn if they planned their plantings properly to provide for the table in at least a majority of months.

But, when winter came they were forced to rely on vegetables they kept from spoilage by storing in a cellar under the cabin or hanging them from strings to air dry before the fireplace so they could be used in colder weather when farming was impossible.



Apples, harvested in Autumn, were sources of fresh fruit during the colder weather when fruit trees and garden were barren.

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Hardy, dense tubers like potatoes, turnips, rutabagas, parsnips, and other hard root-vegetables kept well if stored in a cool, dry place where rot was unable to destroy them.

Everything was made at home.

Home cooking was the only source of food for most pioneers, as there were no restaurants out in the wilderness.

Baking was done at home

In a wood-fired oven in the house, if they had such an appliance.

Just as often over an open fire in the fireplace.

Some times in a baking pit outside.

Biscuits and the butter and jam to put on them.



Handy food for hungry workers.

Biscuits could be taken with the farmers out to the field.

Sometimes with a slice of ham to add a bit of protein and keep the workers nourished as they toiled.

Ham was cured with salt or sugar to keep it fresh in all weathers.

Hams were often hung from cabin rafters to dry, another way to prevent spoilage.



A healthy hog or two was a blessing to those who stayed in one place.

Food and water guided the pioneers from one place to another, always in search of food and water, the two staples none could do without ... then or now.

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Home grown peppers and cabbages.

Simple food.

See the butter churn in the corner?

Food.

Home grown pioneer style.

Those who raised chickens also had eggs, as well as a whole chicken in the pot now and then or roasted over an open fire.

Eggs were highly valued and hard to come by in most places, except in farming country where they roamed freely just off the front porch.

A basket of eggs was a treasure as well as a source of needed protein.



Some early farm equipment.

All powered by horses, mules, oxen, or humans.



Education

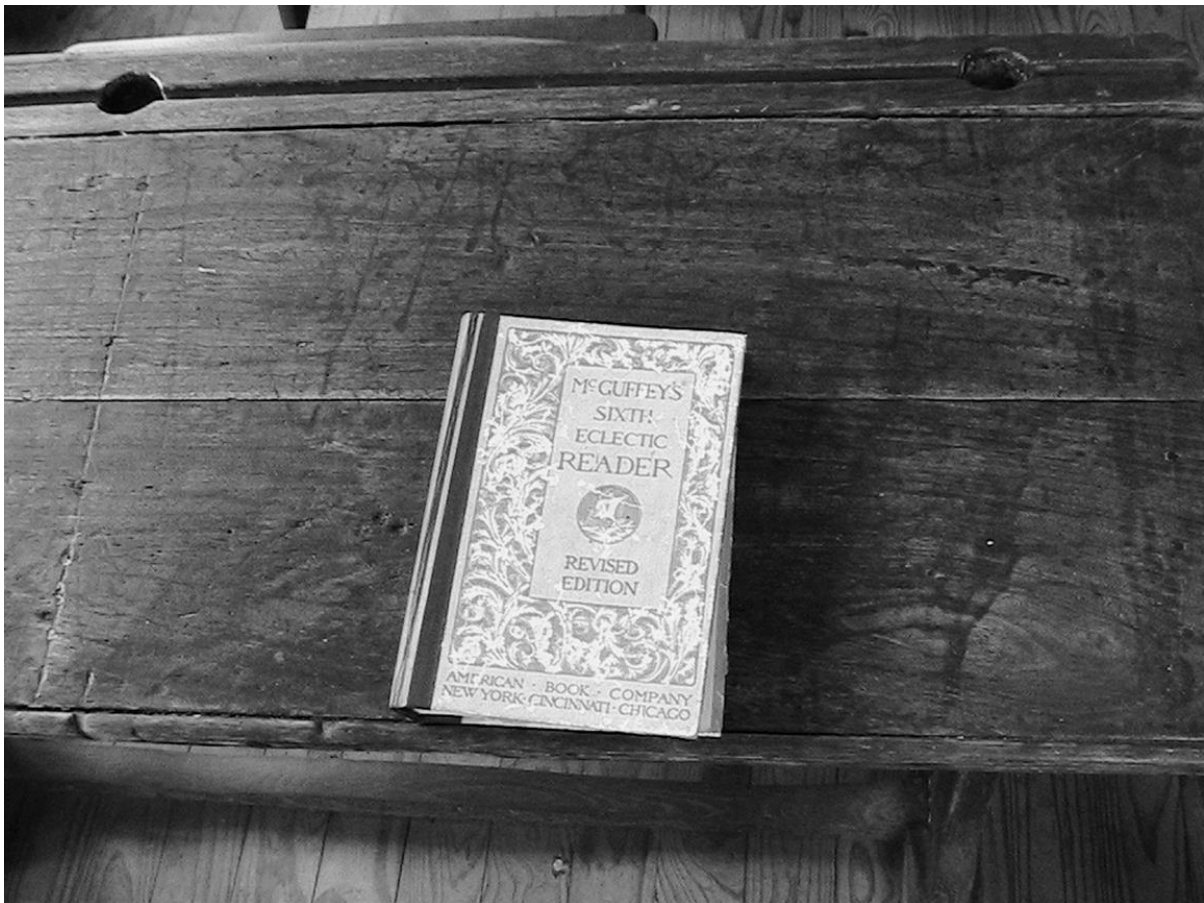
Those fortunate enough to learn reading and writing gained their early education with books like McGuffey's Readers.

The first book in the collection of McGuffey's Readers started with his First Eclectic Reader, a primer for those who knew little or nothing of the alphabet or English language.

By the time children got through the Sixth Eclectic Reader most were at a reading level far beyond the typical high school graduate today.

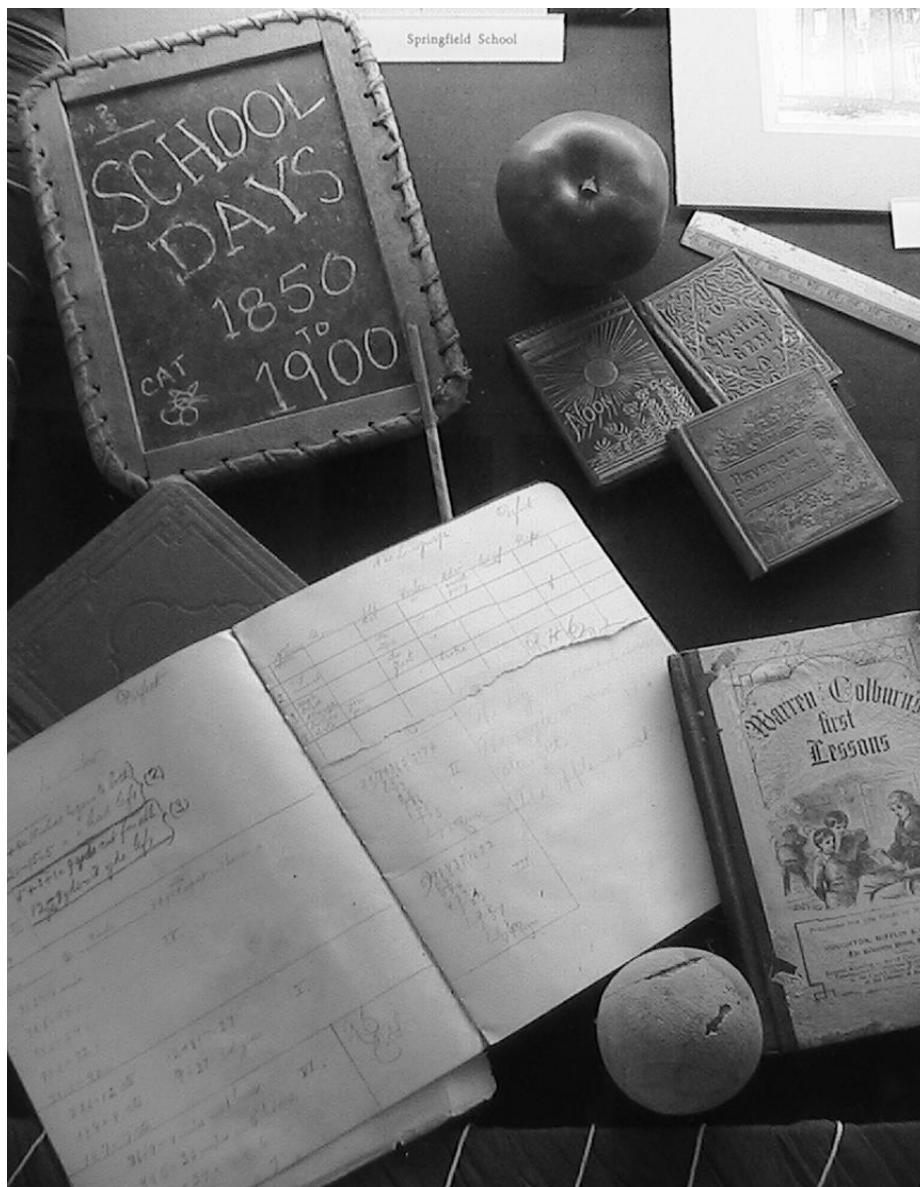
These old readers are still in print and available at most retail book dealers, including online outlets and are recommended for today's youth as they still contain the same wholesome, morality-building stories and essays that molded the minds of our early youth with solid thinking necessary to build a strong and honest foundation for our fledgling nation.

All our early leaders began with such reading material.



This sixth in the series would be considered advanced reading for many of today's youth who learn their language and grammar from what they hear on television or read on the screens of smartphones or other electronic handheld devices whereon grammar and proper spelling are seen only occasionally and too often considered unimportant in this fast-paced world rushing blindly toward an unknown future with very little sense of the past and blind to the foreseeable consequence of a world in which only a few have any true mastery of the greatest language on Earth.

School children then were not unlike children today.



From a Preserved Classroom in Columbia, California

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Their interests and activities differed widely from today's modern youth, but down deep they were kids just like yours and mine, little people with minds and hearts searching for truth, something to believe in, an identity of their own, a place of acceptance among their peers.



Typical Pioneer Doll belonged to Michigan Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

Unlike most children today, pioneer children had to work in the fields, do chores at home, and sometimes serve as parents to younger siblings when their own parents passed away to leave them alone with responsibilities few children today can imagine.

Readers opened fragile minds to worlds beyond the corn and wheat fields, lands of long-ago days where adventure and intrigue molded the world by thoughts and actions of men and women of long ago.

School days! School days! Good old Golden Rule Days!



Pump Outside Pioneer School House in Michigan

Notice firewood and washtubs. Teachers had many jobs beside teaching.

Think about those words from the old song.

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Reading and writing and arithmetic.

Much we do not have today and, because we do not have it, our society is crumbling as divisions line up in force to do battle with each other in the courthouses, legislatures, and increasingly in our streets.

I started First Grade in 1948 *when only 128 television stations operated in the entire nation!*

In those days television programming was wholesome, what many today would say “boring”, no sex and very little violence.

We watched “Kukla, Fran, and Ollie”, “Father Knows Best”, “The Lone Ranger”, and “The Danny Thomas Show” that taught us wholesome values, the value of honesty, family, sportsmanship, and courage to stand up for what was right ... no matter what the crowd may think of us for doing so.

The schoolhouse was a place of learning, not the baby-sitting clinic so many are these days, with guns, knives, drugs, and rape increasingly more common.



School meant a better future for pioneer children and our children today.

That's why most pioneer villages made a priority of building one and hiring a teacher to work with the children while the mothers and fathers were busy with chores at home.



One of the first buildings to go up in a pioneer town was the local school, usually a one-room schoolhouse such as can be seen today in many towns where history is preserved for future generations by historical societies who want today's children to know what it was like in the "old days".

All grades from youngest to the oldest were taught in the same room.

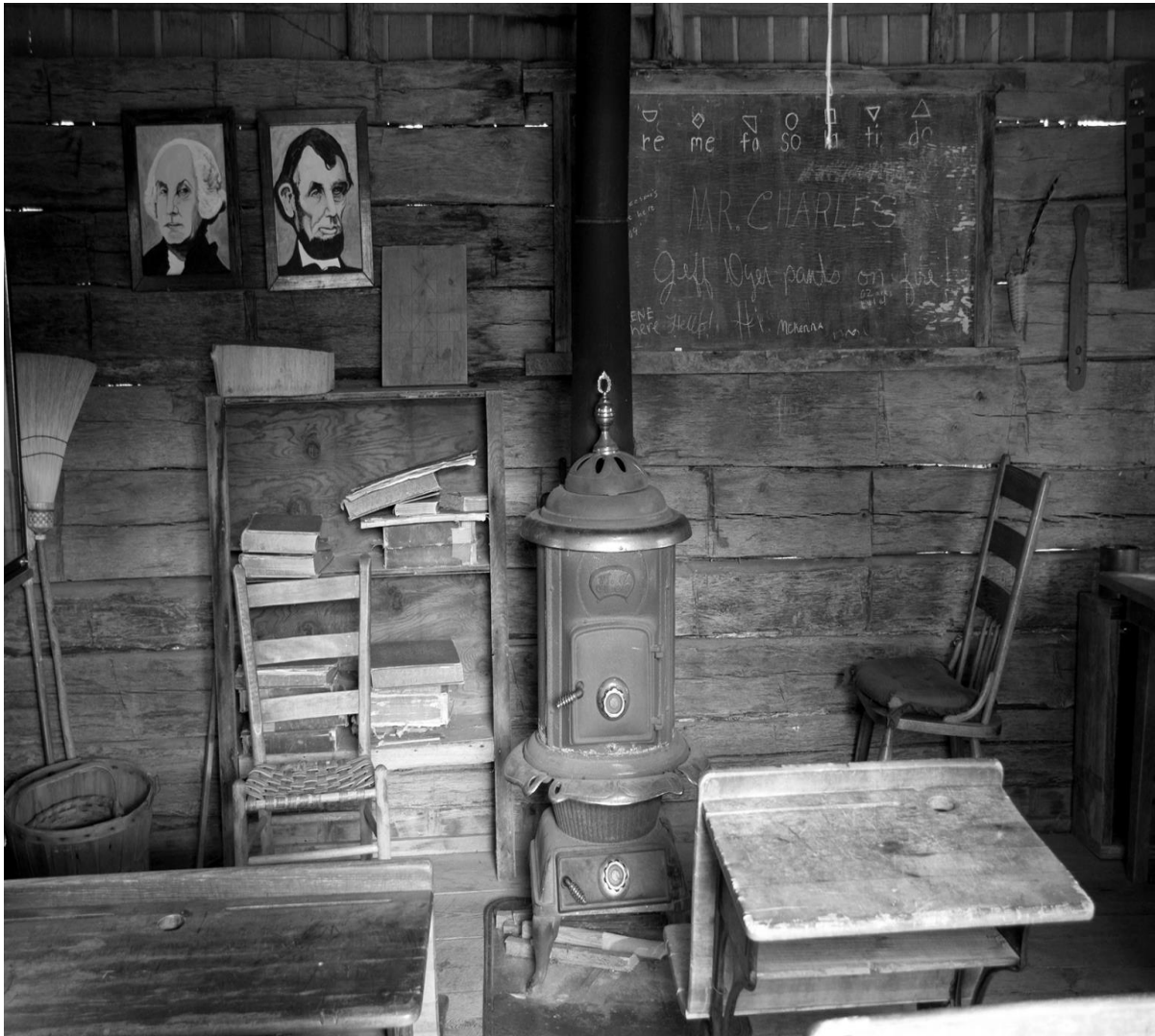
An old slate blackboard hung on the front wall behind the teacher's desk.

And many a wise person got his or her education this way and went on to become great leaders in industry and government, all from such small but wholesome beginnings where truth and kindness were the highest values.

We don't need an internet to be wise or educated, but we do need to read and write and know how to add and subtract, all of which basic knowledge

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imparted to pioneer youth as a priority in those early days.



Here is an old schoolhouse where you see some student desks and portraits of our two most famous presidents.

Nothing at all like the school rooms and school buildings of today, but the children learned what they needed to know.

Here they were not taught nor in any way exposed to contemporary moral values that today lead increasingly to suicide, drug abuse, and crime.

The children were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic.

However, they were also taught the values of honesty, self-reliance, and character values an increasing number of our children today need so very badly!

There were, and are today, students who rebelled against authority, yet all were provided with the opportunity to succeed in life through application of what they learned in those old one-room schools.

Among other things, they learned Justice and Honor.



Businesses

This was new land with wide-open opportunities for entrepreneurs of every kind.

When people found an ideal place to establish their homes, they settled in towns in the wilderness west of Ohio.

Most businesses thrived as more and more people moved to towns.

There was little competition.



Typical General Store in North Dakota

Mail ... thanks to the Pony Express.

Daring men on horseback!

Changing horses at relay stations like this so they could hurry on and get the mail through in all weather.



Nail, tools, farm implements, wagons and their wheels and parts, all these were sold locally in the fledgling towns where Pioneers decided to settle down and raise their families.

Demand for product and provisions was great for those who chose not to grow their own crops or raise livestock for food.

Dry goods.

Patent medicines.

Necessaries.

And, some not-so-necessaries.

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All provided by general stores that popped up along the trails headed west.

Soda Shops

Places like this soda shop cropped up early as pioneers moved westward. Most towns had at least one (in addition to a saloon or two for those with stronger tastes and fewer brains).



Much more than sodas were served in establishments like this.

Cakes and cookies.

Cigars and patent medicines.

They sold whatever was popular back east, anything the proprietor thought his clientele would purchase and give him a reasonable profit.

These were gathering spots where gossip was shared in the evening and on weekends.

Life-long friendships were established.

Boys invited girls to join them there to make romantic dreams come true.

Sweet memories some old-timers today still recall.

Banks

Banks were a central part of business in nearly every pioneer town, and occasionally the scene of violence as depicted in our modern movies that portray those wild and wooly days.

This one is in a small Kansas town, restored to its original condition for visitors to see how the old banks looked.



You can almost imagine a few masked cowboys poking their six-shooters between those bars to demand the “loot”.

But, it wasn't nearly so common as Hollywood wants us to believe.

Most banks were safe and secure, and those who needed to borrow to buy grain or land or some piece of new-fangled farm machinery could usually get a loan and a helping hand even without collateral if their reputation for honesty and trustworthiness was good.

Try borrowing money today without something to back up the loan! The days of doing business on a handshake are all but gone these days.

Ladies' Shops

A shop for the ladies.



Dresses, yarn, thread, shoes, ribbons.

Thimbles, darning needles, embroidery hoops.

Gloves, patterns for those who made their own clothing.

And, of course, a few unmentionables.

Men's Stores

Men's clothing at the beginning amounted to little more than boots, bib overalls, and a good hat.

Later, as pioneers settled in communities, it became necessary for those wishing to "rise" in the local society to attire themselves appropriately, so men's stores popped up as the demand increased.



Hats, gloves, fancy shoes and socks, even neckties and watch fobs.

Accoutrements to show others that a man was up to the fashions back east. Most pioneer men, however, remained adorned with bib overalls, boots, and straw hat.

Earlier soldiers dressed more like this young man.



Printing and News

One of the businesses that cropped up in the early pioneer towns was the print shop where news, such as they could access, was provided publicly. From here locals learned what was happening back east or, at least, what the print shop editor wanted people to know (much like today's media).



Here they printed what they called the “Gazette” (typical name for pioneer newspapers) *one sheet at a time!*

Type was set by hand one letter at-a-time, i.e., each word was “spelled” by the typesetter who carefully placed molded metal letters into an iron frame (*in reverse*), then locked them in place, inked them by hand, placed a large sheet of paper beneath the wheel-operated press, and “pressed” the inked letters onto the paper before reversing the wheel and removing the printed sheet.

One sheet at-a-time.

One newspaper at-a-time!

That was the way it was done.

This press operated by pulling the lever you see to push the inked letters against the paper placed on the padded table below.



Mills

Those who settled near a small river or stream took advantage of the power of flowing water and built mills like this.

Some of these, like this one in the Mohawk Valley of Ohio, are still in operation.



There are not so many now, of course, since they are difficult to maintain and not nearly so efficient as those driven by steam or electricity.

However, some say the flour or meal produced from these old mills is so superior to what can be found in the stores these days, that the owners manage to stay in business doing things the pioneer way.

This is the working part of a small mill that still grinds corn for sale to those who prefer it done this way.



Dried corn is fed into the hopper from a room above then between the stones that crush it into meal.

You can see the meal coming out lower-left in the photograph.

We bought some of this and made some excellent cornbread with it.

Far tastier than what you can get in a plastic bag at your grocer today!

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Here's another grist mill.

These were businesses no pioneer town could do without.



Bread is, was, and always will be the staff of life.

An essential to pioneer life, even if the grain had to be ground at home by hand!

Train Stations

Wherever the trains stopped, there were train stations to handle the mail and any goods being shipped east or west.



Many western towns were cut off from the railroad, but those lucky enough to be near the tracks required an office for the train company to keep track of passengers, cargo, and the all-important mail.

Trains

Trains moved goods and people and, in large measure, were the most important factor in the pioneers' expansion west.

One of the great achievements in our nation and one of the monumental tasks of pioneers who settled our vast territory was the Transcontinental Railway linking East with West, New England with California.

Steel rails from coast-to-coast.

A highway where no highway existed before.



This locomotive, the Union Pacific's Engine 119, is a national treasure.

This is the train that travelled eastward from the West Coast to meet its counterpart heading westward on new tracks.

They met at Promontory, near Salt Lake City, Utah where you can visit today and see this very same engine at work on the very same tracks.

This engine is the Central Pacific's "Jupiter", the train that travelled westward to meet 119 at Promontory, Utah on that celebrated day when the ceremonial "golden spike" was driven to mark the occasion.

East met West.



[In reality, neither of these engines pictured are originals. The old engines were scrapped years ago. These two are operating replicas that make a short trip from a few miles apart to meet each day for sightseers, cowcatcher to cowcatcher, coming together at that same famous spot where our nation took a giant step toward unity of east and west.]

All under steam power. Diesels were not yet known.

Over time, steam gradually displaced horses and oxen that for years afterward continued to haul people and possessions from place to place as they can, in some places, still be seen today at work on farms where engine powered tractors and other farm implements simply cannot do the job a wise old horse or recalcitrant ox can.

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And here the two trains meet face to face each day for sightseers, just as their forebears met that famous day at Promontory the 10th of May 1869, covering nearly 2,000 miles of what had been extremely difficult territory.



Promontory, Just Outside Salt Lake City

This small plaque commemorates the exact spot where the two trains met on that famous, coast-to-coast uniting day.

See that center railroad tie?



That's where East met West.

That's where our two oceans were tied together with thousands of miles of steel rails hundreds of thousands of ties, and millions of spikes!

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Just Outside Falstaff, Arizona

This more modern workhorse pulled lumber across mountains and rivers long after the 119 and “Jupiter” quenched the fires in their boilers forever.

Trains

Steam iron horses lasted into the 1940's pulling freight and passenger cars like these relics on a siding in Michigan today ... never to be used again.



Churches and Worship

No civilized pioneer town could be without at least one church, at least one denomination, at least one congregation of church-goers to set a standard for morality and promote law and order by political pressure on the powers that were, the sheriff or U.S. Marshal.



This little Dodge, Kansas church building is typical of pioneer churches.

Here both young and old heard Bible stories to learn the consequences that befell those men and women of biblical times who ignored God's Law, the unpleasant consequences that sooner or later befall all men and women who ignorantly choose to ignore the Truth that *is* God.

It was in buildings like this they were warned from pulpits that those same consequences still apply whenever any of us wander away from Truth that was and is and always shall be.

Church was about marriage and children, death and the afterlife.

Most importantly church was about right and wrong, encouraging men and women to work together to bring peace and safety to the towns they wished to settle as home and raise their families in peace and safety.

A house without peace and safety can never truly be “home” for any of us!

Here men and women contemplated what is right and wrong but also how to ensure that right wins out over wrong and that good-minded people are protected from those whose minds are twisted by greed, anger, and a need or unjust desire to lord over the weak and defenseless.



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Here law and order in America found its starting place, bringing along the proven truths taught in their Bibles but also the methods and wisdom they found in a book of commentaries written by one William Blackstone who said such things as:

“It is better ten guilty escape than one innocent suffers unjustly.”

“The public good is secured by nothing greater than protection of every individual’s private rights.”

This is no longer guiding law in our nation, where individual rights are trampled almost daily for the sake of what some call the “collective” and others foolishly call “public policy”.

Back then pioneers settled the land with a Bible, Blackstone, a good horse, and a Colt .45 revolver or Winchester Model 94 repeating rifle ... sticking to principles Blackstone wrote in his commentaries many years before our Constitution was compiled and guided by the truths forever fixed in our Bibles.

Not everything was as perfect as the pioneers might wish, but life was pretty good and getting better day-by-day.



Here you see a church building in the midst of a wild west wilderness, the only civilizing influence in an countryside where everything else was just squalor and depression, poverty and the product of rampant drunkenness.

No modern conveniences, but tiny towns were popping up across the Midwest and beyond the Mississippi, and commerce was beginning to grow in what was beginning to become a prosperous nation built not by the extreme wealthy and their money but by the impoverished pioneers and their back-breaking labor and courage to forge our nation determined to stamp out corruption and crime to bring peace and safety by law and order.

There were no TVs, no movie houses, no internet, no entertainment but the saloons and taverns, so individual families were often impoverished by the head of household's proclivity for booze and the entertainment of the dance hall girls who promoted the use of alcohol, which was never in short supply ... there being no tax on its production or sale in those days.

Still the churches offered hope and inspiration for a few who were blessed to escape the temptations that destroyed the lives of others.

The contrast here is remarkable, yet it was commonplace in pioneer days.



Sadly, saloons were something of another kind of “church” where the bottle, gambling, and seduction of ill-reputed ladies had their ill effect.

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Wretched poverty resulted from lazy indolence, and yet the churches did rescue many with their civilizing influence.



Law and Order

The push westward, indeed our nation's separation from England's rule, could not have progressed very far without the early establishment of a set of laws and rules to preserve the peace and protect the innocent.

But it was an uphill battle with little to sustain its progress.

Laws among the states and territories were far from uniform.

There were no "lawbooks" to guide pioneers in determining how to manage trials much less how to gather or allow evidence to be presented or how to rule once evidence was before the court.

Many innocent people suffered ... even as they do today (but with no real excuse, since today we have not only voluminous books of the law but also the internet and instantaneous electronic means of finding the laws and rules that should apply in various fact circumstances).

Back then the law and rules were often determined by guesswork and too often by politics or public pressure, rather than the principles of justice we should be working harder today to enforce upon our often wayward judges and appellate justices, not to mention the vast number of lawyers who are willing to twist the law and rules to their own advantage, right or wrong.



Here is a typical sheriff's office from the pioneer days of our nation.

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Here's another view.

This is what the typical pioneer town looked like in those early days.

The streets were dusty when the weather was dry.

The streets were mud when it rained.

The sidewalks were wood as you see here.



Cell walls were brick or other stone, and doors were barred with steel.

America the Just – The Pioneers

Reward posters arrived by pony express, alerting the locals to who was unwelcome and could be captured for a reward, or brought in dead slung over a horse for the same reward.



This sheriff's office is typical of the pioneer period.

As were gallows such as this one just outside the sheriff's office.



Justice was swift ... without appeal.

Execution by hanging was the ultimate means for restraining individuals from further bothering the busy inhabitants of early American villages.

One young cowboy was asked by the mayor of a pioneer town if he had any last words to say before they released the trap door beneath his feet to snap his neck and stop his life.

The young man replied, "Yessir. Please tell the judge this is gonna be a good lesson to me!"

Jails being small, hanging was an economical, public, and permanent way of controlling those who rebelled at pioneer authority.

There were no costly appeals in the early Pioneer days.

Justice was *final*.

Economical, too.

America the Just – The Pioneers

And a disgusting source of entertainment for some.



The law was frequently unjust.

The application of law was often cruel.

And in the case of capital punishment it was always *final!*

There were no DNA tests.

Fingerprinting was not used in American until the early 1900's, well beyond the "pioneer years".

Ballistic testing and other forensic sciences were unknown, so many *alleged* criminals were tried and convicted (and many executed) with no more evidence than the testimony of individuals who frequently lacked credibility or had their own personal motives for putting the blame on someone else.

The publishing of lawbooks was in its infancy, and a library of lawbooks sufficient to keep up with recent controlling appellate court decisions and legislative enactments was expensive.

Few lawyers had more than a handful of books containing legal authority, and those few books they had were commonly outdated.

The same applied to courthouses where judges had only limited access to legal resources to justify their life-altering decisions on the bench.

Law enforcement offices generally had none.

American Justice in those days was a haphazard affair, frequently missing the mark of the high calling and putting lives and livelihoods in jeopardy for no more defensible reason than lack of legal knowledge.

Then there were “hanging judges” who sentenced men and women to have their necks stretched at no extra charge just because the judge didn’t like their looks or some influential member of the local community wished the unfortunates to be dispatched on a rope’s end.

Or, as the harsh hangman in Charles Dickens’ novel Barnaby Rudge was wont to frequently but politely put it, “worked off”.

Cherokee

Among the “earliest pioneers” was a people who were *already here*.

A civilized people, the Cherokee nation inhabited what is now Georgia and North Carolina (with a few in neighboring states but the majority in the two fertile and climate-friendly states mentioned).

The Cherokee are included here as pioneers because, though their lives were primitive before the Europeans came, they quickly learned the European methods of farming, trade, dress, and social interaction.

They are also included because of the in-justice they received at the hands of men who ignored the very principles upon which our nation was built, as explained in brief detail below.

Cherokee adapted to the European way of living to a greater extent than, perhaps, any of the other Indian nations and tribal peoples that were here before the great invasion.

They chose to wear European clothes, use European tools for farming, and the more affluent Cherokee mingled socially with “white”¹ neighbors.

Indeed, some Cherokee amassed vast wealth and held large tracts of land, a fact that would in due course cause them great troubles and heartache.

The land in northern Georgia and southwest North Carolina, in particular, is riddled with streams and fertile valleys, land of great value to whomever was blessed with the right of ownership.

The only “legal right” the Cherokee had to the lands they occupied stems solely from their having been here first (a principle of law that does hold water in today’s courts but one irksome to European settlers who wished

¹ Contrary to popular racist views of the day, in fact there are no truly “white” people on our planet. I met a truly “black” man while on a mission trip to Haiti nearly 50 years ago. His skin was so black it had a bluish sheen. Black as coal. Yet in my three-quarters of a century, I have never seen a “white” person. There was a young albino man in my home town, but he was not so white as the paper on which this book is written. The paper here is “white”, unlike the skin of any human being who thinks of himself as “white” but is not. And to be fair, most who call themselves “black” are not black but, rather, some shade from light tan to dark chocolate, all a shade of brown. This is mentioned only as my attempt to debunk the hateful use of words that serve only to keep the racist unrest going, words that separate us into racial camps who are all one family, *the human race*.

to ignore the ancient maxim).

That “right” was honored for many years.

In 1799 gold was discovered near what is now Charlotte, North Carolina (somewhat east of the majority of Cherokee settlements) when a 12-year-old boy came across a 17 pound nugget that he used as a doorstep for 3 years when his father, not realizing the value, sold it to an unscrupulous jeweler for \$3.50!



The Carolina Gold Belt

Once the discovery of gold was widely known, the North Carolina gold rush was on.

America the Just – The Pioneers

It began in a fevered pitch but was disappointingly short-lived, as many gold rush fevers are.

By the early 1820's getting a commercially viable quantity of gold from the ground became increasingly difficult and soon became the exclusive province of rich men who could afford special equipment and immigrant labor to do the tedious work in mine tunnels.

Unfortunately for Cherokee, the gold glowed more brightly in greedy hearts of Europeans than it did with native Indians who preferred a rural life, caring little or not at all for the trappings and trimmings of city life that gold alone could buy.

Unfortunately for the Cherokee people, gold was discovered in Georgia in 1828, and by 1830 an intense gold rush was on in parts of that state where the Cherokee claimed to own the land and, of course, the gold thereon.



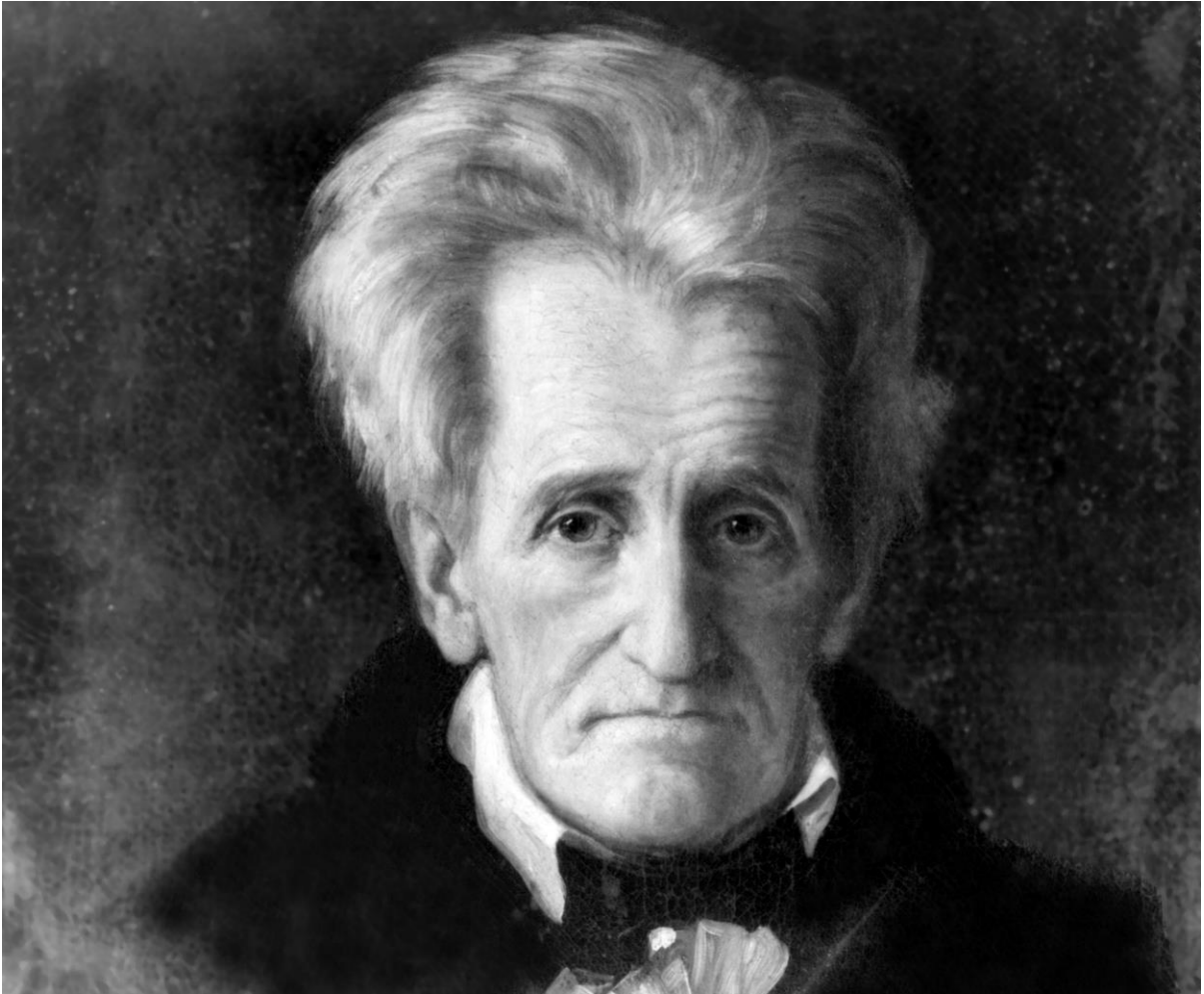
At New Echota, Georgia

European prospectors invaded what had previously been respected as land belonging to the Cherokee, and at the behest of these European interlopers the Georgia government disavowed all treaties and agreements favoring the Cherokee and declared all Cherokee claims to the land they occupied long before the Europeans came *null and void!*

Up until gold fever destroyed the honor of Georgia's respect for the Rule of Law, the peaceful Cherokee traded with their European neighbors and, for the most part, got along well with everyone, intermingling peacefully.

In 1832 Georgia claimed ownership of all Cherokee land and sold it off to Georgia residents. Some sources report this was done by lottery, with no consideration for the true Americans who occupied the land before.

So, sadly for the history of our nation fraught with many abominable and indefensible acts toward our native forefathers, the Cherokee were driven out of their homes and in the dead of winter ... the worst possible season.



President Andrew Jackson sided with the people of Georgia (boldly and illegally defying a direct order of the U.S. Supreme Court to leave the Cherokee alone) and presented Congress with the “Indian Removal Act” that he, himself, drafted in early 1830.

In May of 1830 the House of Representatives passed the act by a narrow vote of 101-97.

The senate concurred.

Jackson signed the act into law, boldly ignoring the Supreme Court order, and the removal now known as the “Trail of Tears” began.

Some 16,000 Cherokee were mercilessly driven from their homes, forced at gunpoint to walk more than 1,000 frozen miles to Tahlequah, Oklahoma where they were given new land and where descendants of those who

survived the merciless winter march still reside.

In Tahlequah they have their own government, their own police, and their own courts, judges, and laws.

At least 4,000 peaceful, innocent human beings died along that walk now known as the Trail of Tears, their long and arduous trek to Oklahoma.

They died from starvation, disease, and exposure to freezing temperatures.

Those who could not keep the pace were left alone by the wayside, left to die as soldiers obeying orders from on high pressed the multitude ahead by force of arms contrary to everything decent our nation should stand for.

Men, women, children, and the elderly barely able to hobble along were forced to keep moving, some with newborn babies in their arms and many without water, food, clothing, or covering for their bleeding feet.

They were whipped, kicked, and spat upon by American soldiers, leaving a dark blot on our nation's history that can never be erased and should never be forgotten.

There was no America the Just in this unthinkable detestable rejection of the Rule of Law.

Justice was ignored for the sake of land and gold.

There was no remorse nor humanity!

Those early American pioneers moved in and took over the fertile land and golden opportunities left behind when the Cherokee were *illegally* driven out.

Pioneers with no regard to what our founders intended this nation to be, a Holy Experiment where *every* man and woman would enjoy equal rights under the laws of our land, secure from the in-justice, bigotry, bias, and monarchical tyranny they left behind the across the great wide pond.

America ... where *every* man and woman would be secured by Justice!

Why were they not?

Birthing a New World

The point of this multi-volume series of America the Just books is to teach you (and those you refer to our books) that America is not just *another* of the many nations populating our planet.

America was intended to be something altogether *NEW!*

New and wonderful, unlike any nation that had existed before. Unlike the Greek, the Roman, the German, the English, the French especially, and all the tribal nations of the Middle East as well as the empire dynasties of the Far East.

Pioneers came here not only to “get away” from the tyrannical privations and limitations of their liberties, they came to give birth to something new.

A nation dedicated to the proposition that every soul is entitled to equal protections from government’s powers.

More than any other motive, it was *this* that drew them here, purposed to make a new world where every man, woman, and child – no matter what their social station or place of origin – would be equally treated and given a part in preserving that government for which every soul has aspired from the beginning of history.

They failed.

The ideas were grandiose and truly worthy of praise and support from the people, but ideas too frequently fall short of becoming realities.

From the outset, women were denied the very rights our founding fathers had so proudly proclaimed in the fundamental documents upon which the nation was predicated.

Indians, as explained above, were shamefully abused as if they were some form of non-human animal, enslaved, robbed, murdered, and driven from their ancestral homes without mercy in the coldest winter months.

Those with darker skin were actually *sold* as chattel, as one would sell a wagon, plow, or other thing that has no heart nor blood nor brain nor any

hope of happiness and peace.

Money ruled then, as it does now, and only people like YOU can make the difference we need, to bring our government under control of the people.

That was the dream those pioneers sacrificed so very much to achieve.

As Charles Dickens and the Man from Nazareth remind us, the poor we will have always with us, yet we *can* dispense with the class-oriented society and the unjust power of government abuse by learning how to use our courts, paying attention to what the courts are doing, and teaching our children that the power of the people is not in emails, social media, newspapers, the voting booth, or any other aspect of our society.

The power of the people rests unused because the people have been denied the very simple knowledge one needs to force judges to do what's right!

And, so long as the people continue to believe our nation should be run by members of the legal profession and the politicians they prop up with the case winning knowledge they continue to hide from the people, the dream of those pioneers will remain unrealized.

Our nation *today* needs a re-birth of justice.

Legal education for our people!

That begins with YOU and those you tell about our work.

America the Beautiful

Our nation is such a beautiful place.

Plenty of room for everyone ... regardless of color, gender, or religion.

Room to share.

Just as diverse colors of autumn foliage glisten from trees without fighting or competing with each other for preeminence, without crowding for more space than they need, so we may similarly live together in harmony.



Each of us ... with our unique skin colors, creeds, genders, individuality, and God-given right to be heard in court demanding that our government secure our liberty and freedom to enjoy life to the fullest, every one of us.

But!

There must first be justice for everyone.

Equal, fair, and *blind!*

Peace cannot exist without it.

Nations cannot forever exist without it, for as Albert Pike said in his tome, Morals and Dogma, “The people will not long suffer to be whipped.”

Warfare and hardship spring up where individuals or groups of individuals believe they aren't being fairly treated.

It is inevitable.

It may be postponed for a season, but sooner or later blood will be spilled if we do not secure justice for everyone ... *today!*

When any of us believe our laws are being used to protect others, to make others rich, to keep poor people down and lift powerful people up, we are facing the threshold where war and rebellion begin.



It has been so throughout the ages.

It is no different today.

Beauty never shines so brightly as it does where Justice prevails.

Nor darkness so shamefully bleak where Justice is delayed or denied.

After all is counted, what else is there to fight for, to work for, to pray for?

America the Just – The Pioneers

If justice fails, all else fails with it.

Governments cannot be sustained for long without the consent and support of the people, and the people will not long suffer under unjust rule where they are kept in darkness and denied knowledge of the laws that control in our courts to protect the innocent!

There is no liberty without justice.

Justice above all else must be *just!*

America must become *more* just.

Are we just today?

Can we be *more* just tomorrow?

Is there a part for *you* to play?

Will you do your part to promote legal education to teach our children what justice is and what it takes to get it in our courts?

If you want peace, as the bumper sticker says, work for justice!

Keep God in government, for our rights are ours by the Grace of God and not by permissions granted by those who sit on judges' benches or write laws in our legislatures and enforce them through our executive branches.

Peace without Justice is an empty dream.

The dream of the pioneers.



The beauty of vast open spaces in our nation can take your breath away.
The majesty of soaring mountains call us to a higher walk together.

America the Just – The Pioneers



Land of the free.

Home of the brave.

But, first we must be just.

Our laws must treat each person equally ... without regard to wealth or the financial ability to hire a competent lawyer.

At this hour as I write these thoughts to you, America is not yet just.

Politics has never been and never can be an answer to our justice problem, for in politics battles are between conflicting opinions and rhetorical skill.

Justice must be protected in courts, where politics should have no place.

Yet, today, politics plays a part in what our judges do, contrary to the rules of justice judges are supposed to follow.

My favorite bumper sticker: “Want Peace? Work for Justice!”

Peace, precious peace.



We are called by God to be peacemakers.

The most famous man who ever lived said, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

What does peace require?

Some foolishly believe peace can be won by threat of war or war itself.

What then?

What must follow the wars that fools wage to win peace?

What would peace look like if all dissent were quashed by force?

What would peace look like if all who disagree with the views prevailing in the minds of leadership were mercilessly slaughtered to silence them?

America the Just – The Pioneers

Is the peace we seek a world in which all peoples are constrained to be and act the same, to share the same beliefs, to pledge allegiance to Big Brother or be summarily blindfolded at a wall and shot for disagreeing?

War won our independence from England, but war cannot make peace!



Justice alone can win the peace we all desire.

Justice must come first ... not war nor senseless violence in our streets.

Justice toward each other.

Justice in our courts.

Justice in our streets.

Justice in business.

Justice in our families, ruling our homes with an even hand.

Justice guaranteed in every nation.

Justice among the varied religions and religious people of the world.

So many use the word “freedom”, want “freedom”, fight and die to win “freedom” for others – yet Liberty is what our pioneer forefathers sought by their struggle to overcome the English soldiers on our soil.

Former governor of Virginia, Nathan Hale, famously said, “Give me Liberty or give me death.”

Yet Liberty *without* Justice is impossible.

Justice does not punish the innocent.



Justice obeys strict rules, instead of making judgments entered by judges moved by personal whim, influenced by biased minority views of what is the current kaleidoscopically changing political correctness of the day, or judgments that defy Constitutional prerogatives to appease public interest (whatever that forever-changing idea might be at any passing moment).

We must remember where we came from. We must remember those who were here before “we” arrived with our guns, steel swords, superior forces, and a brave and wonderful ideal that we have yet to fulfill.

We have denied justice to tens of thousands of human, perhaps hundreds of thousands, indeed, perhaps millions!

This was their land.

America the Just – The Pioneers

Now it is ours.

Majestic mountains and canyons staggering the imagination.

The Hand of God was seen through the eyes of our native ancestors, and the Hand of God needs to be seen more clearly through the eyes of modern man with his present God-denying philosophies that cannot but wound us all if we refuse to judge ourselves more closely and change the status quo while there yet is time for us to do so.

These mountains change very little over time. They are much the same as they were tens of thousands of years ago.

We, however, cannot remain like these stony mountains.

We must change!

Arable land galore!

Anyone who's traveled through the United States and Canadian provinces, knows there's land enough for all of us!



No need to kill for it.

No need to hoard it.

No need to drive indigenous people from the better parts of it nor to deny human beings with darker pigmented skin any of the benefits us lighter pigmented people enjoy as a matter of course.

We should take a cue from our true American ancestors.

They knew how to share their land.

They knew how to live together peaceably.

They knew justice of a different kind.

Nearly every one of the various tribes and Indian nations knew in their hearts there is a One who made us all, who made the earth and stars, who judges every action and rewards or punishes accordingly.

Their Great Spirit is the God of Abraham, Mohammed, Christ, the Sikhs, and all other major religions imported here from Europe and Asia.

They had different views of their Great Spirit, just as the rest of us have different views of that which we call God.

But, each day of their lives they lived in intimacy with their Great Spirit.



America the Just – The Pioneers

The wind, the flowers, the birds, the mountains, everything around them spoke of the Great Spirit's presence and humbled them to pray for mercy, strength, and good harvest.

We are not alone, no matter what foolish atheists believe to the contrary.

The Great Spirit is alive and well, ruling the heavens as well as this planet.

The Great Spirit *is* Justice, absolute and inescapable.

Either we work for justice in our society today, or that greater Justice will impose its irreversible will upon us all.

Without justice every man and nation is doomed to a savage end.

America!

From sea to shining sea.



Amazingly beautiful when one ignores the ghettos, squalid public housing, street shootings, and intense hatred other nations increasingly hold toward us for the immoral lifestyle we teach our children to accept as normal.

Not everyone agrees with our American way of life as it is today.

They once did.

No longer.

Not that we have failed to do great things.

Not that we have hesitated to lend a hand to other nations in trouble.

But, that we have abandoned our moral compass and are losing our way.

The Unseen Hand is everywhere, whether we deny it or not!

Each passing day we are becoming blinder to the compass that should guide and inspire us to be a people worthy of the world's admiration.

This nation, because of its geological and agricultural riches has not yet begun to appreciate the tremendous value we can offer by being just.

We once had a plan. A just plan.

As Abraham Lincoln remarked, "A nation dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal."

Liberty!



It was not brown-skinned men alone of which he spoke.

America the Just – The Pioneers

It was native Indian, Asian, and the little Mexican boy born in poverty on the wrong side of town where too often the only way out is crime.

We spend trillions on mechanical and technological weaponry.

What do we spend on ideas and ideals to bind us as a people under God?

How much is taught to our people about justice. Indeed, how much of the principles of law and the practices of justice in our courts is known to any of us average Americans.

Not much!

As the bumper sticker said, “If you want Peace, work for Justice.”



To work for justice, however, one must be taught the principles on which justice is built.

Principles of due process and The Rule of Law too long hidden from us by the legal profession!

Our planet is too beautiful not to share it in peace and prosperity.

Too beautiful for warfare's ugly scars.

Too beautiful for streams of hungry refugees in search of food and shelter.

Too beautiful for bombs that level buildings and burn babies to death.

Too beautiful for children dying in their mothers' arms because we are too stupid to publish those ideas and ideals that make justice a way of life.

One for all.

All for one.

Humanity at peace!

To say, "Peace is impossible," is the greatest wrong.

Rivers and hillsides sing to us of the beautiful promise peace can bring.

There is no warfare here where water flows eternally to the sea.

There are no burnt-out buildings, no shell craters, no bloodshed.

As we draw near the end of this second book in our series, ask what is it that *prevents* war in the first place.

When wars come to an end at last, what will bring cessation of hostilities and establish the peace that follows every war?

Blood or ink?



These cannon are silent sentinels, reminding us of days they belched death brother-to-brother.

Was it bombs and bullets that brought peace at the end of any past war?

No!

It was words!

Not just any words, but words promising justice for ALL.

Words promising *everyone* a better life.

America the Just – The Pioneers

Ideas and ideals inspiring souls to work for peace by seeing that peace is possible for those who agree on the ideas and ideals that promise a better life for *everyone*.

We must remember those words and teach our children.

We must make America just.

We and we alone can do it.

We *must* do it.

We *can* do it!

And it starts with our children's legal education!

The Need for Change

In the preface of Charles Dickens' novel Hard Times he, who grew up in an overcrowded poorhouse, tells the sad truth about life for the masses in mid-Nineteenth Century England.

He writes, "The poor you will have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives so much in need of ornament; or, in the day of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls, when they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn, and make an end of you!"



Typical London Street in Dickens' Day

Dickens' prediction remains as true today as it was nearly 200 years ago. "Huddled masses yearning to breathe free," in Dickens' day and our own! Poor, wretched, homeless, and *still* unable to get Justice in our courts.

America the Just – The Pioneers

If we do not do all we can to cultivate in *all* people the “utmost graces” to adorn their lives, then when our too selfish, politically correct, so-called modern way (being so rapidly adopted by this new millennium generation) then the wealthy few, who can afford to capture the voters’ applause with expensive rallies and media presentations, will the right to use the power of government to favor their private self-interested policies.

When that insanity finally erodes all that was once held moral and correct, honorable and courageous, and hope is driven at last from the people’s souls (as was the case in Dickens’ time and is increasingly making itself seen in our own time), then “when they and a bare existence stand face to face”, we today may see Reality take that “wolfish turn” of which Charles Dickens warned the leaders of his time *and make an end of us!*

Albert Pike wrote nearly 200 years ago that men and women will not long suffer themselves to be whipped, beaten down, and trodden underfoot.



The underworld, where want and ignorance rule the lives of so very many from whom hope has been entirely driven out, will forever be danger to us who turn a blind eye and deaf ear to the weeping and resulting violence by which they fight for a better life without the benefit of political power only money buys in these troubled times!

Public legal education must temper our American Justice and calm the tide of public violence by insuring that henceforth in this great land there truly

is Liberty and Justice for ALL and not for just the moneyed few who can afford to hire a lawyer.

Reliable sources tell us four out of five cannot afford a lawyer.

That means four out of five who must go to court to get redress of their grievances must go alone and, with few exceptions, having virtually no idea how to use the procedural and evidence rules that control in court.

Too many good people lose to the power of money.

Too many good causes are overthrown by the power of money.



Too Many Live in Poverty

And all because too many people are purposely left in the dark about that which is required to get Justice in this nation.

The people are purposely left in the dark by the legal profession and its Bar organizations that do nothing to promote legal education beyond the simplicity of visiting schools on rare occasions to talk for a few minutes about the Constitution and the rights it promises.

However, the rights they tell our children are promised by the Constitution continue to be denied to those who live in poverty or refuse to abide by the kaleidoscopically changing views of the modern majority, a majority so hypnotically spellbound by political correctness that it ignores the erosion of what were once moral bulwarks, not only of American government but governments of every God-fearing nation on our planet.

America the Just – The Pioneers

We of American Justice Foundation® pray *you* will work in any way you can to make our nation just, promoting greater understanding of the Rule of Law and the principles and practices of due process in our courts.

As it has never been before.

As it must be if we are to survive the coming age when there is not enough food, not enough water, not enough shelter from the elements of nature to protect *everyone!*

Lest Reality take a wolfish turn and make an end of us!

Epilogue

Work for public legal education any way you can to make justice available to everyone, not just the rich and powerful few who presently run the show in our houses of legislature, our executive branches state and federal, and our courts where each new decision from the bench moves us closer and closer to that hour when Reality will take a wolfish turn!

We are American Justice Foundation[®], a common law non-profit trust.

Our mission statement is, “Promoting the People’s peace and prosperity through greater understanding of the Rule of Law and the principles and practices of due process.”

Public legal education is a moral imperative.

I was born in 1943. I grew up in the post-war era. In those days we were kinder to each other, sharing a sense of union born out of the necessity of struggling as a united people against several foreign foes and what could have been, but for our unity and shared moral values, a global catastrophe.

Today we are drifting away from what is just.

America the Beautiful.



America the Just – The Pioneers

Yes, still beautiful.

But is she just?

America the just?

Not yet. Not for “all”. Not at all.

The errors of our past, all of them, resulted from public ignorance of the principles of justice and the benefits of justice that are stolen from us all when justice is perverted.

Please help us. We need workers. We need prayers.

We need funding to expand our operations.

Our website is www.AmericanJusticeFoundation.com.

Our shorter URL is www.AmJustFound.com.

Justice should not be only for the rich who can hire competent lawyers.

Justice should be readily available to *all* of us, rich and poor alike.

That is *not* what we have today, and, we are a very long way from having it any time soon if work does not begin now and continue enthusiastically for years to come.



Homeless Man on the Streets of San Francisco

Our courts must be more just.

Our people must learn how to force our courts to be just.

America's leaders must be more just.

America herself must be more just.



Until she is, she can never be as beautiful as she should and could be if we work together to repair our broken system and give the huddled masses an equal place in our society, their God-given right to equal justice.

Help us hire talented people to fill the many jobs this mission requires.

Email us at funding@americanjusticefoundation.com

Or call toll free at 866-529-3279 the number we use for Jurisdictionary[®] and our www.HowToWinInCourt.com online court procedure self-help course for the millions of Americans who cannot afford a lawyer.

This is *your* nation.

Help us make it a nation of “justice for ALL”, not just for *some!*

America the Just – The Pioneers

Preserve justice for you and your children.

Without your help we can do very little and certainly not nearly enough.

Promote the People's peace and prosperity through greater understanding of the Rule of Law and the principles and practices of due process.

You and all the people of this nation have a God-given right to know what members of the legal profession have hidden from you far too long!

We provide that knowledge, explaining the Rule of Law for which far too many young people have died and continue to perish on the field of honor, while leaders at home (judges, lawyers, law school professors) ignore the landmarks of reason and good faith as they lead us down a path that takes away those landmarks to replace them with what they believe is public opinion.



It was public opinion that hypnotized the entire German nation under the tyrant maniac house painter Adolf Hitler and permitted the murder of millions, not only on battlefields but in brutal concentration camps far from the front.

It was public opinion that used the guillotine to rid France of monarchy by murdering innocent men, women, and children.

It was public opinion that believed the promises made by Lenin, who led the Bolshevik revolution in which, again, innocent men, women, and even tiny children were murdered and their bodies burned in an open field lest the crimes be known to the people held in ignorance by their leaders.



In every age public opinion has drawn the masses to act in ways contrary to the best interests of the public itself.

The power of the people is in the courts ... not the voting polls, internet, newspapers, or television networks.

The people have great power to force changes that will benefit us all, but that power must be wielded in the courts and by us, the people ... not in the streets with signs, nor in email blasts to friends, nor on websites, nor in social media.

For change to be effective it must result in better laws, and laws can only be controlled by decisions of our courts ... decisions that must needs be determined upon the process of pleadings, proof, and procedure about which four-fifths of our population knows *nothing!*

America the Just – The Pioneers

We at American Justice Foundation® teach the tactics of courtroom due process using every medium we can afford, so the poor can have their day in court, know how to make their record clear, and get this nation’s promised redress for their grievances by obtaining court orders without having to mortgage their homes to hire a lawyer who may or may not fight effectively for them.

We need our work in public and private schools at all grade levels. We need to publish magazines, periodicals, newsletters. We need to erect billboards from one end of this land to the other! We need people like you to write press releases. We need people like you to do public appearances. We need people like you to promote our mission. We need people like you to get the word out using social media.

People who care about our children and the future of America.

People anxious to help us.

People to support us with prayers and financial necessity.

People who want our nation to be “America the Just” for *everyone!*

People who will *work for justice.*

Dr. Frederick David Graves, Trustee

American Justice Foundation®

www.AmericanJusticeFoundation.com

lawbook@jurisdiction.com

“People perish from lack of knowledge.” *Hosea 4:6 K.J.V.*

Public Legal Education is a Moral Imperative

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