WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Sir Francis Drake, the African Slave Trade, and Welcome to a Brave New World of Political Correctness in Modern California

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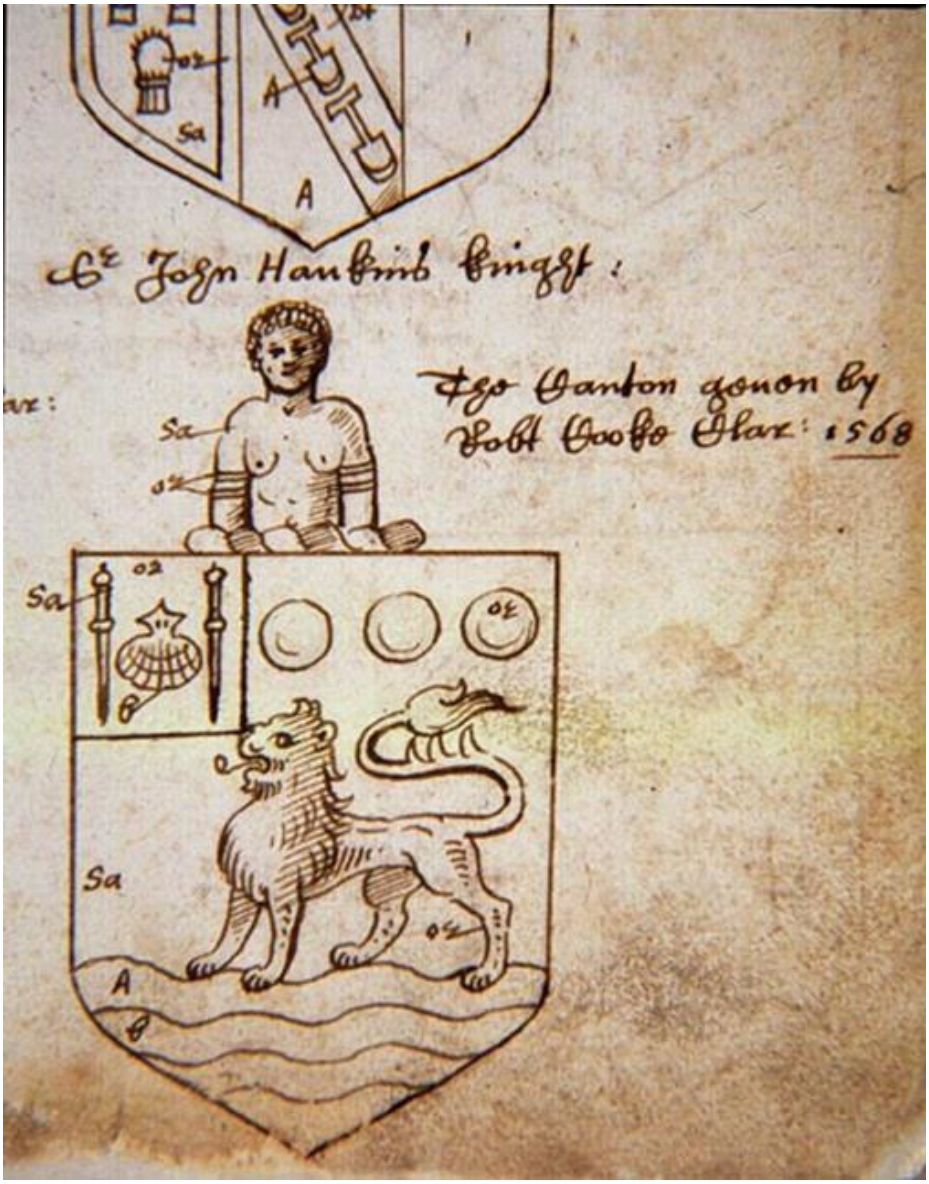
Presented to the Chit Chat Club
San Francisco, California
September 8, 2020



Design for a coat of arms for “Sir John Hawkins, Knight” in 1568, while he was still involved in the slave trade. This was premature. Hawkins was eventually knighted at sea in 1588, for leadership in the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Since moving to California at age 64, I have become curious about the life stories of certain other transients. I am particularly interested in an obscure relative, my first cousin once removed, whose name was Zollicoffer Sargent, Jr. He came overland from Massachusetts during the 1930s or early 40s, alone apparently, and never went back. So why did he make this journey on his own? For the usual reasons, I suppose—to get away from something old, to find something new, or maybe both. The documentary evidence is meager. Sargent rode or walked as far as Oroville, Butte County, but didn't take advantage of the sequence of rivers that flow from there down to the coast, so he may never have seen the Pacific Ocean or San Francisco Bay, one of my chief delights. He stopped moving. I wonder why.

An earlier transient of interest to me, no relation but much more fully documented at this point was Francis Drake, a wide-ranging English explorer and privateer, who is said to have paused somewhere along this coast in 1579, near San Francisco or perhaps further north, during a famous voyage of circumnavigation. I'm not much of a sailor (I wasn't born with a compass or a gyroscope in my head) but I recognized Drake's name on nearby roads and structures of various kinds, and I was eager to walk where he might have walked in more remote places called "Drake's Estuary" and "Drake's Beach" if I could find them. [1]

Sargent gave his occupation as "itinerant" and his address as "General Delivery, Sacramento" in 1942, when he briefly appeared to sign up for the U.S. armed forces draft at age 51—considerably older than most other registrants, but seemingly ready and willing to serve his country. Then he dropped out of sight.

Drake rested and refitted for a month, possibly at Point Reyes, Marin County, before sailing home to England in the *Golden Hind* with a full cargo of jewels, gold, and silver bars, taken from weakly-defended Spanish galleons and colonies in the Americas. Still in his 30s, he was branded as a pirate by some, hailed as a national hero by others, and knighted while Queen Elizabeth looked on, shortly after he had delivered the bulk of this treasure to her agents. Yet given the geopolitics of the 16th century, with Spain and its allies fully capable of punishing England when provoked, Drake was not authorized to tell the world about his easy victories. Nor was he permitted to publish his report of having claimed for the Queen in 1580 a vaguely defined territory to which he gave the name "Nova Albion." This would have been the original New England, but situated out west, conceivably part of what is now Northern California, Oregon, or possibly British Columbia.

Sargent had no treasure, no ship, no home to return to, back east. He was related to people named Sargent or Sullivan in the Boston area, but he lacked any immediate family, both of his parents having died young in the 1890s, when he was about 5 years old. He had been raised by his Aunt "Minnie," Mary Evelyn Sullivan Post, who changed his name for some reason to Horace Kenneth Sargent. It really didn't suit him. At age 18 he found his way to the Essex County courthouse and petitioned successfully to have his name legally changed back to Zollicoffer Sargent, Jr. This was his chosen identity, to be defined as he saw fit. Later, after encountering the less formal culture of the Sierra foothills, he would sometimes write his name simply as "Zol."

For me, long gone from Massachusetts, it has been difficult to dig up much more about Cousin "Zol." He seems to have avoided marriage, property ownership, the national census, voting, getting arrested, and most other matters of public record. Maybe he avoided work and taxes as well. It's possible that he ended up homeless, or living by himself. However, I have found records indicating that Zol Sargent died in Sacramento in 1969, but was buried in Oroville, about 70 miles distant—which suggests that his later life may not have been entirely solitary. Did he have California friends, neighbors, a new family? What were their names? My computer searches have disclosed a few other Sargents living in or near Oroville in recent times; I will try to connect with them after I finish working on this essay.

And what about Zollicoffers? I'm sure I didn't hear that unfamiliar name mentioned by any of my Boston Irish relatives, as I was growing up, but now there appear to be numerous people with the first or last name Zollicoffer, scattered around the United States. My initial web searches also produced suggestions of aristocratic family roots in Switzerland, an Alpine castle, a Confederate general in our Civil War, and intriguing hints that some of the other 19th or 20th century Zollicoffers were Native Americans or African Americans. For a while I didn't look into these possibilities very deeply. But now I want to know more. Suddenly I'm wondering who my cousin Zol really was, and what he might have looked like. I have yet to see a picture or read a description.

Pictures of Sir Francis Drake don't look much like a ferocious privateer or a heroic explorer. Often portrayed by artists who hadn't observed him in action, Drake usually appears to have been short, stocky, ill at ease. Slightly awkward or embarrassed about wearing the fancy male outfits of the day, such as doublets and long silk stockings. Or looking downright ridiculous in a bright red jumpsuit that he might have been talked into wearing by the mischievous young blades who

frequented the royal court. But let us not be deceived by costumes. Among Drake's contemporaries was a Spanish poet, Juan de Castellanos, who wrote this first-hand appraisal in 1586: "He is ruddy, gracious in his gestures, of less than average height, but well-proportioned, a polite courtier in his conversation, of lively answers and quick wit. In anything he deals with, particularly in matters of war, he seldom if ever makes mistakes." [2] Just the sort of person that a beleaguered Queen Elizabeth might make use of, when the going got tough, as in the Armada year of 1588.

How Drake could have become so articulate, polished and sure-footed is unknown. The eldest of a dozen or more children in a poor, struggling English family, he had no social or financial assets to start with, and only two potentially helpful connections: an unlikely godfather, Francis Russell the 2nd Earl of Bedford, who was somehow prevailed upon to lend his name for Drake's baptism in 1540, and a nameless grandmother belonging to the seagoing Hawkins clan, through which young Francis became an apprentice sailor at age 10. Learning quickly, working very hard and presumably not sending home much of his wages, Drake managed to acquire his own small merchant ship in 1560. Two years later he sailed to Africa with his older cousin, the controversial John Hawkins, on the first of three voyages to transport enslaved Blacks to Spanish colonies in the Caribbean, where they were used to replace the decimated population of indigenous people working on plantations. This deplorable business was known as the slave trade. Queen Elizabeth tried it, making at least one small investment, but modern historians seem to have overlooked the evidence, or excused "Her Majestie" for some reason. Perhaps she was quick to condemn this practice. Hawkins and Drake have been severely criticized for taking part, though both got out of it and redeemed themselves in other ways. Drake went back to the Caribbean soon afterwards and joined forces with free Blacks (escaped slaves) against their common enemies the Spanish conquerors. He never had a plantation there or anywhere else. He never owned slaves, as far as I know, and he paid decent wages to anyone who worked for him, Black or white, abroad or at home.

Today the subject of slavery is intertwined with the subject of racism. But recent historical research suggests that racism did not exist in 16th century England or did not prevail at any rate. This startling possibility requires some further elucidation. If racism was not the order of the day, what did prevail?

"Social class governed society. Everyone from the King [or Queen] (who ruled by divine right), through the aristocracy, to the gentry, yeomen and husbandmen, down to the lowest vagrant, occupied a particular place in the 'Great Chain of

Being.' When Africans arrived in England as ambassadors, they were treated as such, but when they arrived aboard a captured ship, they found themselves at the bottom of the pile." [3]

And when we look further, it appears that belief in the so-called "Chain of Being" was strong enough to do away with the physical chains of slavery, in Elizabeth's kingdom at least. "In the same year [1569] that Hawkins's final slaving venture returned, it had been pronounced that 'England was too pure an air for a slave to breathe in'." In other words, a slave became free simply by arriving in England. Imagine that! But different doctrines must have applied to African slaves in other places where Englishmen held sway, such as North America, for they were not set free on arrival. Slaves were considered essential to the economic survival and success of white plantation owners, despite any legal or philosophical objections. After a very long struggle, slavery was finally abolished in most British colonies in 1834, yet it persisted after the American Revolution in some of the United States until 1865, when Georgia ratified the 13th Amendment to the Constitution: *"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."*

The end of slavery was celebrated in Massachusetts and other states by Blacks and whites, military veterans and abolitionist civilians, as the culmination of the Civil War (1860-1865) and the many lesser conflicts leading up to it. As early as 1833, an organization known as the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society had been founded; its leading members included at least two Sargents and a Sullivan. These women and other patriotic citizens were agents of change. They supported the creation of the Augustus Saint-Gaudens memorial (installed in Boston in 1897) as a tribute to the courageous 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, Black troops led by a white officer, who died with them in battle at Fort Wagner, South Carolina in 1863. Black recruits had been offered $100 upon enlistment, and $7 per month as pay, but the story goes that they insisted on holding out for $13, the amount usually given to whites. Equal pay for equal work.

I'm wondering how my Cousin Zol could have supported himself, after he got his name back at age 18 or thereabouts. Inheritance from one or both parents? Gifts or loans from Aunt Minnie? Other family help? Or some form of work? Perhaps. He did have a Social Security number, issued by the time he was 60 (in 1951) "or earlier" the record says, but it's not permissible to see the amounts of money doled out to him, if any.

I'm also wondering if (when) "Zol" eventually discovered the truth about his Zollicoffer heritage. It was only a name, nothing more substantial than that, but it was handed down to him deliberately by his father, who had been named Zollicoffer by his parents for some mysterious reason other than family connections. There were no ancestors of that name, anywhere in the family tree. Zol's father's parents were Elbridge Sargent and Feroline Huse. Elbridge's parents were Trueworthy Sargent and Fanny Moore; and so on, back to Richard Sargent and Katherine Stevens in Elizabethan England. It must have been Trueworthy and Fanny Sargent who decided to name their only son Zollicoffer rather than Trueworthy, Jr. or whatever, when he was born in 1860. So why did they prefer this? What's in a name?

Having done more digging in the past few weeks, I suspect that the reason was political correctness as they understood it. The origins and meaning of the name "Trueworthy" are not clear. Unlike most (but not all) of their Massachusetts contemporaries, Trueworthy and/or Fanny may have had complicated sympathies for the Southern cause in the Civil War which was then about to commence. Sympathies more specifically for the idea of states' rights, the economic importance of slavery, the Confederacy in preference to the Union, or the doctrine of white supremacy in a black vs. white world.

As it happened, one of the embodiments of those values in the United States, circa 1860, was a rather prominent Southern politician and soldier named Felix K. Zollicoffer (1812-1862), descended from pre-Revolutionary Swiss immigrants. Born on a family-owned plantation near Nashville, Felix (as I will call him) chose to pursue a career in journalism and became politically active, later serving as a three-term Congressman from Tennessee, an officer in the United States Army, and a Confederate brigadier general during the Civil War. He may have come to the attention of Trueworthy and Fanny Sargent through newspaper reports or public appearances, as he campaigned in the North for one of Abraham Lincoln's opponents in the election of 1860, representing the "American" or "Know Nothing" party whose slogan was "America for the Americans." This seems to have meant that White makes right.

Two years later Felix was killed in Kentucky, losing an estimated 500 men in a one-sided battle against Union forces. His body was taken away for burial in Nashville, but a 1-acre Zollicoffer Park was created near the battleground in Kentucky; it contained the mass grave of more than 100 unknown soldiers of the Confederacy, as well as a huge, locally famous oak, known as the "Zollie Tree." This symbolic giant of the forest was later destroyed in a thunder and lightning

storm. However, it got a new lease on life when one of its seedlings was planted near the stump in 1996. Presumably the spirit of Felix Zollicoffer lived on.

America can be a fertile landscape of coincidences, opportunities, chance meetings and second tries, for some of us. I've just learned that I crossed Felix's path in Paris, Tennessee, a small town where I lived briefly as a child in wartime (1941) and he had worked as a printer's apprentice during his youth (1828-30). My Cousin Zol might also have passed through this community, on his journey to California during the Great Depression, or he may have heard about the legendary "Zollie Tree," over in Kentucky, and made a detour to see it. Perhaps. But instead of those scenarios, I like to imagine Zol traversing the United States north of there, by way of Chicago or St. Louis, Missouri, eventually getting through or over the western mountains with difficulty, coming to earth near Sacramento, after a long rough ride in a freight train or a wagon—then accidentally meeting some friendly stranger whose first name (or last name) was the same as his—Zollicoffer. This could have happened in Sacramento itself or in Oroville, his final stop. Will I ever know the true itinerary of Zol the self-described itinerant?

Drake's seagoing itineraries have been described and mapped in great detail, though variations can be found in different sources, and some of the specifics are still debated. He had to land occasionally—for fresh water, food, firewood, exercise, repairs—but where? During his circumnavigation he may have missed San Francisco Bay entirely by sailing offshore, going as far north as Vancouver Island, Canada.[4] Or coming up the Pacific coast from Central America, he might not have reached California at all, before heading west into the Pacific for a long journey home.[5] Between these two extremes are dozens of other possibilities. Nobody knows his stops for sure. But in any case, Drake's name has been attached to a variety of beaches and bays and other natural features, as well as several man-made structures, on the Pacific coast of North America and elsewhere.

Drake himself was not in the habit of attaching his name to persons, places, or things. Did he have no children? His principal English residence in later life, a handsome fortified mansion called Buckland Abbey, was originally a church property seized by Henry VIII (Elizabeth's father) and converted to secular use. When Drake purchased it in 1581, he did not change the name. And in all his travels around the globe, he personally named only two places that I can think of: "Elizabeth Island" near the tip of South America and "Nova Albion" already mentioned. "Elizabeth Island" is now considered a phantom by geographers (possibly a volcanic upthrust that later subsided). "Nova Albion" is also a

phantom of sorts, which I have discussed in an earlier Chit Chat essay, subtitled "The Lasting Value of a British Colony That Never Actually Existed." [6]

Apart from these two nebulous examples, Drake named little or nothing in honor of his sovereign the Queen, perhaps because it had been made clear to him that she liked hard currency or the equivalent, much better than faraway real estate, imaginary or not. And we've already noted that Drake named nothing for himself. Well then, who did all the "Sir Francis Drake" naming that has caused so much debate among Americans recently? In this part of California, except for the two places traditionally known as Drake's Bay and Drake's Estuary near Point Reyes, it is clearly a 20th century phenomenon. In San Francisco, the Sir Francis Drake Hotel opened for business during the 1920s. In Marin County the Drake-naming campaign was energized during the Depression by a booster organization known as "Marvelous Marin." Their most ambitious effort, the Sir Francis Drake Boulevard (formally named in 1933) overlays a linkage of pre-existing state and local arteries dating back to the 19th century or earlier. Near the eastern end of this 43-mile roadway, the Sir Francis Drake High School accepted its first students in 1951. Near the other end, close to the sea, developers have used Drake's name on scenic byways to enhance the value of lots and houses for sale. Nearby businesses have benefited from increased tourism.

It's hard for me to believe that any of the 20th-century Drake-naming in the Bay Area was done with awareness of, or intention to glorify, Francis Drake's youthful involvement in the slave trade. Until very recently, he was known to the general public mainly because of his outstanding reputation as a navigator: the first person of any race or nation to sail completely around the world. But this year some people in Marin County and others not so local have begun to debate the possibility of name changes for the Drake Boulevard, the High School, etc., on account of alleged offenses against humanity. Based on "revisionist" versions of history by several authors, Drake has been accused of racism, slaving, murder, rape, and other crimes. He had been defended to some extent. Reports can be found in the *Marin Independent Journal* for June 26, 2020 and subsequent numbers, also available online. More later about this California dispute.

Brigadier General Felix Zollicoffer was so highly regarded in the Confederacy that, following his death in 1862, some of his admirers were not content to honor him with the little Zollicoffer Park that I've described. Following is an excerpt from a book about notable Southern families, published by Octavia Zollicoffer Bond in 1928:

"The young men of his day felt the influence of Felix K. Zollicoffer, and were impressed by the example of his way of life. Succeeding generations have treasured his name, and generations yet to come will remember it as long as Stone Mountain overlooks Atlanta. . . . [he] was selected as one of the five Tennessee Confederate Generals whose figures will be carved as part of the long train of colossally depicted Confederate leaders following the imposing figure of their great chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, in the heroic-sized sculpture that is being chiseled . . . on the largest solid mountain of stone in the world, as a memorial to those 'Custodians of Imperishable Glory.' Forever will they stand 'On Guard' against detractors of their Sacred Cause." [7]

This massive bas-relief project, carved on a Georgia mountainside, including some prominent figures as large as 9-story buildings, was intended to be far more impressive than Mount Rushmore. Starting in the 1920s, money was contributed by the Ku Klux Klan and other groups. But they did not attract enough additional support to complete the grandiose design, which would have honored no fewer than 65 generals and other leaders from the various Confederate states. When Stone Mountain Park finally opened on April 14, 1965 (exactly 100 years after Abraham Lincoln's assassination) only three of the many larger-than-life figures had been finished: Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, each mounted on his favorite horse. Only three. Even so, the president of the NAACP at that time was not exaggerating when he called this "the largest shrine to white supremacy in the history of the world."

In recent years, the 3,200-acre state park at Stone Mountain (which features a scenic railroad, miniature golf and other tourist attractions, in addition to this Confederate memorial) has been called the most-visited site in Georgia. Visitors obviously have a wide range of motives, positive or negative. Repeated demands to remove the heroic images of Davis, Lee, and Jackson have been thwarted by state law, which provides that "the memorial to the heroes of the Confederate States of America graven upon the face of Stone Mountain shall never be altered, removed, concealed, or obscured in any fashion." However, a nationwide movement to protest the existence of all such monuments is gaining momentum, accentuated by violent confrontations in several southern cities. Charlottesville, Virginia has been a focal point since 2017, when white supremacists gathered to demonstrate against the city's removal of a statue of Robert E. Lee, in response to organized protests. In June of this year, protestors in Richmond dislodged statues of several Confederate leaders and for good measure, one of Christopher Columbus, but not without a fight. On August 28, 2020, to forestall further bloodshed, Virginia's

Supreme Court gave Richmond permission to remove any remaining Confederate statues that are city-owned. And back at Stone Mountain, Georgia, on July 5, 2020, a protest group called the NFAC ("Not F***ing Around Coalition") fought a pitched battle against white supremacists. As I write these words, other groups may be preparing for action, whether favoring the "sacred cause" that the Confederacy stood for, or opposed to it.

How far is this cultural conflict going to spread? If the monument-removers have their way at Stone Mountain, Charlottesville, Richmond, and other major sites, will they continue trying to remove statues and emblems and other traces of the Confederacy from colleges and courthouses and public cemeteries and the countless smaller sites all over the South, such as the 1-acre Zollicoffer Park in Kentucky? Will they ultimately argue that the very names of Davis, Lee, and Jackson (as well as Zollicoffer and many others) are insufferable—that all of these names should be removed not only from everything and every place, but also from families and individual persons—including the descendants of slave owners, including even the descendants of slaves? Where will it stop? If there are going to be any limits to this accelerating trend, who will set them, enforce them, change them, on what grounds?

In retrospect, it might have been better to abandon the idea of heroes (and heroines) long ago. Sooner or later, feet of clay are likely to be exposed, with people demanding that the statues, paintings, buildings, etc. come down, or be renamed or repurposed if possible. I trust that some of you will recall my 2017 Chit Chat essay, "Let Us Not Praise Famous Men." [8]

My cousin Zol was probably never confronted by anybody who knew the full story of General Felix Zollicoffer, his presumptive namesake, so he would not have been aware of any negative associations with this name. But there's a slim chance that I am mistaken. Around the time he died in 1969, Zol or someone else told the authorities that his name was "Zol Saunders." That's how it sounded to the person who wrote it down. The error was later corrected, however, and "Zol Sargent" is the name we find in the government files at Sacramento. So that's the end of the story about this cousin, who was (as far as I know) the first member of my extended family "back East" who decided to take his chances out West—arriving much too late for the Gold Rush, yet a little early for the Tech Rush, to which he might not have been temperamentally suited in any case.

But Zol's story, linked to Felix's story, helps me to understand some aspects of Francis Drake's story and its current status. Zol went out of his way to do the right

thing, by my standards, when he voluntarily registered for the military draft at age 51. Drake did the right thing in 1586, sailing far out of his way from the Caribbean to pick up dozens of would-be colonists abandoned by Sir Walter Raleigh on "Roanoke Island" in the Carolinas, then transporting them all the way home to England. This episode doesn't fit the current narratives about these two diverse characters, so it is seldom mentioned any more, except in a few obsolete publications of the U.S. National Park Service.

History is largely a matter of context, after all. As I have come to understand him, Drake was not unique in most respects; he did not invent himself. He was essentially a man of his times, his upbringing, and his culture: Eurocentric yet Anglophilic; Protestant and therefore somewhat anti-Catholic, but not a fanatic, not a crusader; of unquestioning loyalty to his anointed, hereditary, demanding Queen; eager to fight her battles and do her honor; even more enthusiastic when it came to fighting the Spanish, against whom he also maintained a strong personal grudge. Compared to Raleigh and some other get-rich-quick contemporaries, Drake who started with nothing was acquisitive but not greedy; unsophisticated at first, but quick to learn some of the ways of people considered his social superiors; fundamentally democratic for practical (rather than philosophical) reasons, but fully aware of the need for strong leadership at times. He was physically aggressive, perhaps ferocious on some occasions, but never bloodthirsty, unlike Raleigh and other gentlemen who sometimes took no prisoners. Drake did not kill or torture his captives. In fact there are credible accounts in 16th century records of Drake cordially entertaining Spanish officers whose vessels he captured, providing music and dinner with wine, in the crowded quarters of the *Golden Hind*, which was only about 80 feet long from stem to stern. [10]

Unlike some other Elizabethans who became mariners, including several of his Drake relatives, Sir Francis was seemingly born with an extraordinary capacity that has been described as having a compass in his head—at sea, that is, perhaps not so much on land. One of the details of Drake's California story that puzzles me most is why, during his month-long sojourn among indigenous people now identified as the Coast Miwok tribe, he doesn't seem to have asked their help in finding a better anchorage than the unsheltered beach (hardly a "bay") where he had landed near Point Reyes. As it happens, San Francisco Bay, one of the biggest and best natural harbors in the world, is just a few miles down the coast—easily seen from Mount Tamalpais, if you happen to be looking towards it, unless the "stinkin fogges" are exceptionally thick. But Drake must not have been looking in the direction where his Miwok guides pointed, or he didn't ask the right question; or maybe he was in two other places at three other times. Chances are we'll never know, unless an

alternative version of Drake's story emerges from the unwritten Miwok history that is now gaining attention after so many years of neglect.

Thanks to one of our guests this evening, I have been keeping up to date with news about Drake-renaming activities ("Marin historians, tribes members examine Drake history," *Marin Independent Journal* website, August 22, 2020). And I learned a lot from the video recording of a 2-hour panel discussion on which that article was based. Drake was accused by some participants of having a "colonialist mindset," or even worse, "launching a trend that racialized history." Easy to say, hard to prove. Unlikely, in fact, if English society was essentially hierarchical rather than racist, as I have noted earlier in this essay. Other participants talked about indications of Drake's innocence, not in absolute terms but compared to the deeds and misdeeds of some other 16th century figures, especially those Hispanic authorities who regarded African captives as "natural slaves." There's one mindset that Drake probably didn't try on for size. But all this and much more was said by people of different persuasions calmly talking to one another, and to an audience of a thousand or more. No confrontation, no violence, no destruction of statues, buildings, and so on. A better way to bring about understanding and change, in my opinion. Change is coming. Change is late, but not too late to make a difference.

If you asked me what do about the names of living people named Drake, I would say, let them decide what to call themselves. That's similar to my Cousin Zol's solution, and it makes good sense. If you asked me what to do about Drake's name on all the places and things around here, I would say, go ahead and remove it, with the consent of the current owners or custodians. Planting his name was not Drake's own idea. And bear in mind: after all this time, it's still not firmly established that he ever set foot on any beaches or hillsides in California, Oregon, Washington, Canada. Some of the stories are compelling, but they can't all be true, and it's possible that none of them are. As to the few Drake statues and other physical monuments in or near San Francisco, they are already gone or seem to be long forgotten. [8] So remove Drake's name if it displeases you, but peacefully if you please. Pay some of the costs of name-removal (and replacement signage) by publishing new books and teaching new courses, less about Drake, more about the culture of those modest, undemanding people who actually lived on this coast before, during, and after Drake's celebrated arrival—if he ever did arrive here in fact. Who can say for sure? History for me is unfinished business. History is mystery, solved time after time, only to be dissolved again by those who find something new or figure out something different. Histories are stories. I'll stop telling my story at this point and try to answer some of your questions.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

[1] Warren L. Hanna*, Lost Harbor: The Controversy over Drake's California Anchorage*. University of California Press, Berkeley, 1979. A fair-minded analysis of claims made for various Drake landing sites on the Pacific coast, but unfortunately omitting some to the north or south of San Francisco.

[2] David Beers Quinn, *Sir Francis Drake as Seen by His Contemporaries*. The John Carter Brown Library, Providence, RI, 1996. A surprisingly favorable essay from the historian whose career was largely devoted to Sir Walter Raleigh, one of Drake's greatest rivals.

[3] Miranda Kaufman, *Black Tudors: The Untold Story*. Oneworld Publications, London, 2017. Vivid, detailed accounts of ten different Africans in Tudor England; their stories generally do not support some of the familiar historical assumptions about race and slavery.

[4] Samuel Bawlf, *Sir Francis Drake's Secret Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America, AD 1579*. Sir Francis Drake Publications, Salt Spring Island, British Columbia, 2001. A plausible story that has Drake landing much further north than San Francisco, this first edition (hard to find) is less detailed but more convincing than the U.S. version published in 2003.

[5] Harry Kelsey, *Sir Francis Drake: The Queen's Pirate.* Yale University Press, New Haven, 1998. A largely negative view of Drake, casting doubt on his motives and achievements while giving credence to questionable sources, such as the so-called "Anonymous Narrative" (c. 1583) for accusations of murder, rape, abandonment, etc.

[6] Charles Sullivan, Sir Francis Drake's "Nova Albion": The Lasting Value of a British Colony That Never Actually Existed. Essay presented to the Chit Chat Club, San Francisco, 2013.

[7] Octavia Zollicoffer Bond, *The Family Chronicle and Kinship Book of Maclin, Clark, Cocke, Taylor, Cross, Gordon and Other Related American Lineages,* 1928. Available online from Google Books.

[8] Charles Sullivan, Let Us Not Praise Famous Men. Essay presented to the Chit Chat Club, San Francisco, 2017.

[9] Richard White, with photographs by Jesse Amble White, *California Exposures: Envisioning Myth and History.* W.W. Norton, New York, 2020. Fresh impressions (in words and photos) of many aspects of the state's history and culture, with fascinating details about Francis Drake, the Spanish missions, the Miwok people, and other features.

[10] Zelia Nuttall, *New Light on Drake.* The Hakluyt Society, London, 1914. Nuttall, a San Francisco scholar, presents a generally favorable view of Drake, persuasive because it is based on 16th century Spanish documents she found and translated in Mexico City and Seville. This book is sometimes cited by other authors who don't seem to have read it.