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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 73

ALEXIS GODEY

by Walt Wheelock

It was on the 23rd of July, 1843, that Lt. John Charles Fremont rode into St. Vrain's Fort at the head of his Second Expedition. It was the beginning of the actual trek that was to make Fremont's name known among the top of those who brought the knowledge of the West to the world. He had left Westport on the 29th of May, and had sent various parties on ahead. There had been little trouble, except that the Cannon had just broken a carriage shaft, but it had been repaired, the first of many such repairs.

Gathering at Fort St. Vrain was the greatest group of mountain men that would ever assemble. Tom 'Broken-Hand' Fitzpatrick was already encamped. Fitzpatrick, who was not only an excellent scout and hunter, but who showed remarkable administrative ability, was to go on to the post of Indian superintendent. Kit Carson came up from the south with a string of mules, and Lucien Maxwell was soon to arrive from Taos, where he had detoured to take care of a couple of domestic matters. (Later, on the return trip, Joseph Walker was to join the group above Mountain Meadows.) Even Charles Preuss, probably the best of the early topographers, was in a good mood, and was not making notes in his diary about 'his foolish little Lieutenant.'

Truly, it was a high point in Fremont's life. The trip was to spread his fame, his Report is one of the best of the West, his map served the Forty-niners—if he had only dropped dead as he turned in his reports and maps, his name would have gone down in unblemished splendor.

But to this group, here at St. Vrain's, Fremont was to add a name that was quite possibly the greatest of his attaches. Unfortunately, he neither read nor wrote; did not enjoy spinning yarns of his activities, and has never drawn a biographer to spread his fame in a saga. Fremont

failed to name a river, mountain or valley for this man.

Two of his Delaware Indian hunters had left Fremont, and he here engaged a young French-Canadian, Alexis Godey, to replace them. Born in St. Louis, about 1815, Godey had been in the mountains for some seven or ten years, hunting and doing a little trading. He had kept to himself, but had learned to live and get along with the Indians, even if he did join in the native social activities by lifting a scalp now and then.

William Brandon spins a delightful picture of Alexis that we only can hope was true:

"Godey had voyageur blood in his veins. He could never be unhappy long, or solemn or anxious or troubled. He would render unto trouble its due but not an ounce more gravity than the law expressly required. Life was for living, and living was meant to be an enjoyable business. He could grin the bark off a tree."

"Godey was a joyful animal delighted with the good God's splendid world, especially delighted with the beautiful girls the good God had sprinkled liberally upon it. Vide Poche girls from St. Louis, graceful girls from Santa Fe and Taos, wearing low-necked blouses, rebozos in swirling folds draped from their glossy hair, brown shuck cigarets between laughing lips. California girls in scarlet petticoats embroidered with green silk stitching that flashed under satin skirts, Cheyenne girls in sleeveless knee-length dresses of fringed and quill-worked buckskin, worn Dianawise, and best of all, so they said, Arapaho girls, so ardent, kind and comely. Godey was charmed by the all."¹

Fremont split his party into two parts, one under the management of Fitzpatrick was to travel by way of Fort Laramie, the route taken by part of the First Expedition. With this group went Alexis Godey. Fremont, with Kit

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THE BRANDING IRON plans to publish more original articles, up to 3,000 words in length, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions are solicited from active members, CM's, and friends.

Iron Eyes Cody, his two sons and Chief Red Cloud entertained Los Fiesteros de Los Angeles, an organization dedicated to keeping alive the Fiesta spirit and traditions of Early California, to an evening of authentic Indian ceremonial songs and dances on April 4th.

C. M. Dr. Al. Shumate has been appointed a member of the California Heritage Preservation Commission, in addition to being appointed to the Board of Regents of the College of Notre Dame — Belmont.

C. M. Michael (ol' Sacramento) Harrison has been appointed the new Master of the Press of the Roxburge Club.

CORRAL MEETINGS ...

Feb. 10th meeting was held at Taix Cafe with Sheriff Erv. Strong in the saddle — Speaker of the evening was Ex Sheriff Henry Clifford whose subject was — "Mormon money 1836-1860 displaying two cases containing actual exhibits of Gold Coins in \$2½ - \$5.00 - \$10.00 - \$20.00 denominations - the \$20.00 Gold piece being the 1st of its denomination minted in the U.S. the Paper currency exhibited were . . . Deseret Bank Notes of \$1.00 - \$3.00 - \$5.00 - \$10.00 denominations . . . The Drovers Bank of \$1.00 - \$2.00 - \$3.00 . . . Deseret Currency Asso. \$2.00 - \$3.00 . . . The Kirtland Safety Society Bank \$1.00 - \$2.00 - \$3.00 - \$5.00 . . . The Kirtland Safety Society \$3.00 - \$10.00, which went broke in the panic of 1837 . . . one share Nauvoo House Assoc. for \$50.00 . . . G.S.L. printed notes for .50 - \$1.00 - \$2.00 - \$3.00 . . . winding up the evening with exhibiting a copy of "The Deseret Alphabet" printed in 1850 Muchas Gracias Señor for a discussion on a subject so interesting to us all "Dinero."

March 10th meeting was held at Taix Cafe—Erv. Strong in the saddle . . . speaker of the evening was Dock Marston, a recognized authority on the Grand Canyon, his subject was "The Points of Embarkation of James White" who rode a raft from some point above Lee's Ferry to Callville in 1867, two years prior to Powell's epochal voyage.

April 14th meeting was held at Taix Cafe with Sheriff Erv Strong in the saddle — Hober Boelter, one of the Los Angeles Corral "Founding Fathers," the Corral's third Sheriff, Editor of Brand Book No. 3, publisher of our first ten Brand Books, was given a standing ovation after his talk on the founding of the Los Angeles Corral.

CORRAL CHIPS...

C. M. Dr. Horace Parker has been elected President of the Desert Protective Council.

C. M. John Handchin has been elected Noble Grand Humbug of Platrix Chapter — E Clampus Vitus.

C. M. Lou Miller writes he would appreciate any back numbers of the Branding Iron not required by members — 1025 Strub Ave., Whittier, Calif.

C. M. Fred A. Rosenstock was presented with a special award by the Denver Chapter of the American Association for the study of History — for his publication of "Ashleys Diary" printed by Lawton Kennedy.

ALEXIS GODEY...

(Continued from page 1)

Carson, Preuss, and the Cannon crossed northwesterly to the Cache a la Poudre. Soon the party was to surge forward as Fremont again found a path, the famous Oregon Trail. And to give Fremont credit, he wrote, 'on the broad smooth highway, where the numerous wagons of the emigrants had entirely beaten and crushed the artemisia.'² From here, he swung over near the famous South Pass, already a well known road, and down to the Great Salt Lake, arriving there early in September.

After a cruise of the lake on a leaky rubber raft, the party left, heading for Fort Vancouver in the Oregon Territory. Again they were on the well beaten route of the emigrant wagons, and reached the Snake ford on October 3rd and on to The Dalles where an encampment was made. Fremont, Preuss and two others made a social call on Dr. McLoughlin, the Factor of Fort Vancouver, where Fremont and Preuss got into a hot argument because Preuss refused to shave for the reception.

Returning to The Dalles, the party turned south up the Deschutes River, arriving near Lake Klamath on December 10th. For the first time, it appeared that there would be serious trouble with the Indians, and at long last The Cannon was fired to impress the savages. Their path led past Pyramid Lake, the sink of the Carson and finally up one of the forks of the Walker River, near the present site of Bridgeport. At last, to everybody's but Fremont's joy, The Cannon was cached, to provide material for later-day historians' arguments.

Crossing the Sierra Nevada, with extreme difficulty, but with no loss other than that of mules, they descended to Sutter's Fort. Apparently, they had intended to cross the Sierra on the return trip by way of Walker's Pass, but instead entered Tehachapi Canyon, a much easier approach. The actual crossing was made southwest of the present town of that name, via Oak Creek Pass. Along here, Fremont met up with a local Indian, who was on a 'thirty-day pass' out of San Fernando Mission, and was returning to the Mission, so he rode along to point out the easiest path. South of the present site of Palmdale, the Indian pointed the way east, along the foot of the San Gabriel Range towards the Old Spanish Trail. Fremont picked this up, probably at the foot of Deep Creek, a few miles east of Cajon Pass. From here the route led down the Mojave and past Las Vegas to the Mountain Meadows of Utah.

It was on this route that Godey's name again appears in the Memoirs. Near the sink of the Mojave, two Mexicans rode into camp, telling that they had been attacked by a hundred Indians, their leader killed, their two women kid-

napped and their cattle stolen. Sensing a little excitement Godey and Carson hit the trail and the next day found and charged the camp of the Indians (now found to be but twenty in number.) Two Indians were killed and scalped, the horses rescued, and a return made to the Fremont camp. The next day the mutilated naked bodies of the women were found. Fremont refers to this as one of the greatest exploits in Western history.

After leaving Mountain Meadows, the party was overtaken by Capt. Joe Walker, who had seen their tracks and had hastened ahead with a small party of eight men to join Fremont.

Soon they were on familiar trapper's ground and crossed the Wasatch Mountains and arrived at Bent's Fort near the end of June. After the party left Bent's, they encountered a large band of Pawnees—Fremont said almost all of the tribe. He continues, "We were received by them with unfriendly rudeness and characteristic insolence, which they never fail to display whenever they find an occasion to do so with impunity . . . and after some delay, and considerable difficulty, we succeeded in extricating ourselves from the village."³

However, an unpublished report in the Bancroft Library explains it this way, "On the march once a large party of Pawnees & Comanches appeared in a threatening attitude. Godey palavered with them, and after some delay, persuaded them to come into Fremont's camp and they stayed several days."⁴

The remainder of the trip was made without incident.

Fremont's stock soared; he was promoted to a brevet-captaincy over regular army officers, his Report and maps were published by Congress and he and Jessie were entertained by Washington notables.

So, on this crest of success, fate decreed that Fremont would again set forth on a Third Expedition, where he was to have as little chance of determining his future as the ball on a roulette wheel. He could have dropped into a winning number and he could find himself setting on double-zero.

But apparently Godey had made good. Fremont had brought along Jessie's nephew, James McDowell, and Godey occupied the commander's tent and mess with these two. In even greater numbers, those young men who wanted to make a name in the West gathered at Bent's Fort: Kit Carson, Dick Owens, Joe Walker, Theodore Talbot, Basil Lajeunesse (Fremont's favorite) and Ned Kern, replacing Pruess as the topographer.

Fremont was determined to blaze a new path across the Great Basin, though since Walker had crossed this way in 1833 (and possibly Godey with him⁵), it seemed quite possible that they should be able to find this path anew.

The party split and joined again at Walker's Lake, Walker, Talbot, Godey and Kern went south down Owens Valley and over Walkers Pass, while Fremont with Kit Carson crossed the Sierra near the present Donner Lake. After a mixup as to the point of their rendezvous, the two parties again joined, and on being ordered to leave California by General Castro, headed north up the Sacramento Valley, past 'Mt. Shastl.' They worked their way up to near Klamath Lake. Here on May 9, 1845, into camp galloped Lt. Gillespie with written and/or oral messages of Manifest Destiny. Fremont's own destiny was never to be sure or stable again.

Apparently the excitement of Gillespie's arrival and news caused a relaxation of Fremont's usual careful camp guard, for about midnight, Carson was wakened by a dull squashy thud—the splitting of Basil Lajeunesse's head by an Indian axe. The men sprang away from the firelight and prepared to fight, when (in Fremont's Memoir,) "I heard Carson call out: '*Look at the fool. Look at him will you?*' This was to Godey, who had stepped out to the light of my fire to look at some little thing that had gone wrong with his gun; it was bright enough to show him distinctly, standing there—a fair mark for arrows—turning resentfully to Carson for the epithet bestowed on him, but in no wise hurrying himself. He was the most thoroughly insensible to danger of all the brave men I have known."⁶

From here, the 'Conquest of California' has been written and rewritten. Godey was appointed a lieutenant of Fremont's California Battalion, carried messages to Monterey, bought horses, and finally when Kearny was trapped and in danger of annihilation, Godey crawled through the weeds to deliver a message to the Navy commander at San Diego. Unfortunately assistance was refused. Lt. Edward Beale and Kit Carson then made the same journey and were able to summon aid, and were given the title of the heroes of San Pasqual.

This was followed by the other various 'Conquests of California', the slight problem of conflict between the Army and the Navy and ended with Fremont figuratively 'being taken back in chains at the wheel of Kearney's chariot.' Godey returned with Fremont and testified at the court martial, and was apparently still so little known that the clerk listed him as 'L. Gordey' in the transcript.

After Fremont's conviction and resignation, Col. Benton and Fremont organized an independent expedition to attempt to regain Fremont's luster, the ill-fated Fourth. Again leaving Bent's Fort, this time in winter, the party crossed the Sierra Mojada and into the San Juans under the guidance of Bill Williams, an old mountain man. The party was struck by storm storm, and Williams, now somewhat

elderly, did not have the strength and stamina to continue to lead the party. Godey took over and forced a way to the top of the range, but the party was forced to fall back, losing all of their mules and much of their supplies. A retreat was ordered toward the New Mexico settlements, and a party of four under Bill Williams was sent ahead to secure relief and supplies.

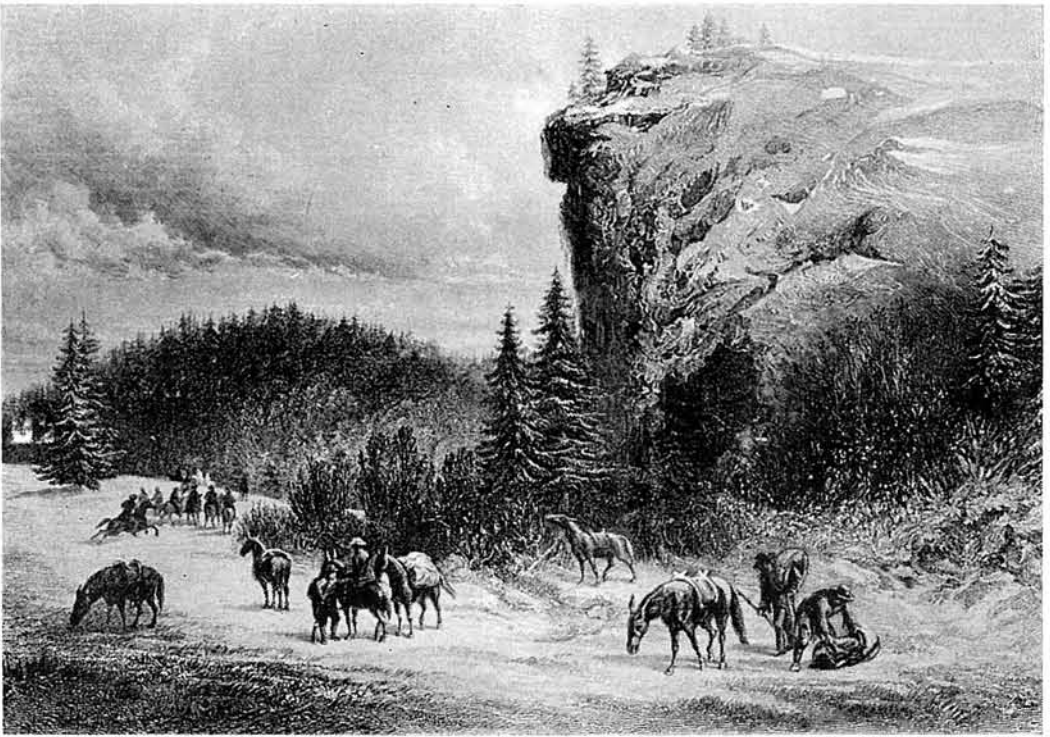
After twenty days, this party had made but seventy miles and had collapsed. Realizing that a new party had to be sent, Fremont with Godey, Pruess and two others started out. Catching up with Williams and the survivors of his party, they took them along, until Godey and Fremont pushed ahead to Taos. Here, Kit Carson put Fremont to bed, while Godey dashed off on the return trail with mules and supplies for the rescue. Within twenty days Godey had made the round trip and was spoonfeeding the almost dead men. There is a rumor that one of the men who had been almost at death's door remarked that it was an Act of Providence that Godey arrived when he did. Godey is said to have grinned and retorted, "Providence, Hell; it was just damn good management!" And so it was on Godey's part.

Fremont made one more attempt to cross the Great Basin in the winter of 1853-54. Of the trip, only a few letters and a self-serving journal by Solomon Carvahlo remain. Carvahlo fails to mention Godey, but in the unpublished Part II of the Memoirs, Jessie Fremont writes, "Among them were few who had accompanied him on his previous expeditions, but Godey was one of these."⁷ (Incidentally, the others were all Delaware Indians.)

Godey's later life was spent in the San Joaquin Valley. Ardis Walker reports that the first gold found on the Kern River was gold that the Indians had brought to Godey. Fremont claims that the first hard-rock gold discovered in California was found on the Mariposa Claim by Godey.

Around 1852, he operated a ferry near the present town of Firebaugh (not the Firebaugh Ferry). We know that in 1853 he was in Four Creeks (Visalia), and was engaged by Lt. Williamson of the Pacific Rail Road Survey to guide him to Walker Pass.⁸ He was employed for a while by the Indian Service, serving before the arrival of Beale, with Beale, and afterwards. It is said that there was no man in the valley who was closer to the Indians and better liked by them than Godey. He would strip down and paint up and dance with them throughout the night, even in his later years.⁹ It seems to be quite well established that he did what he could to hurry up the process of integration through his relationships with the squaws.¹⁰

After this time, Beale obtained possession



"COCHETUPA PASS" — Courtesy Huntington Library

and control of much of the four ranches of El Tejon, owning San Emigdio in an undivided partnership with Fremont, and later with Fremont's daughter. Godey ran this ranch for years and was often considered the owner, although the title was never in his name.

When the Land Grant Commission denied the Cuyama Rancho to the Lataillade heirs, Godey established a cattle ranch here. But, when in 1872 an act of Congress returned the land to the heirs, Godey moved off without comment.

Much has been made of Godey's wives and facsimiles. His third wife was Soledad Cota and she bore him a son, Antonio. However, she divorced him and married Manuel Coronel. To show there were no hard feelings, Godey married Coronel's sister, Maria Antonia. This ended in a famous divorce suit that was carried to the California Supreme Court. It seemed that Dona Maria could neither cook nor keep house, and strongly objected to Alexis spending too many nights in green pastures.

When the San Emigdio Ranch was sold to the predecessors of the Kern County Land Company, Godey moved to Bakersfield, where he passed the rest of his days.

On January 22, 1889, the day after Fremont's birthday, Jessie wrote from Los Angeles, "Dear Heart,

I would not send you this notice of Godey's death on your birthday.

I had a surprise in meeting his widow. Maybe you knew he was married again? This time to a really uncommonly pretty little thing, and a genuine Californian but of a delicate variety . . . Lil and I were glad he had a kittenish young life around his . . . Only twenty now but already six years wed."¹¹

Truly, the good God was kind to Alexis.

SOURCES

- ¹Brandon, William, *The Men and the Mountain*. New York 1955, pp. 41-42*
- ²Fremont, John C. *Memoirs of My Life*, Chicago & New York, 1887. p. 198
- ³*Memoirs*, p. 407
- ⁴Martin, Thomas S., *Narrative* (unpublished, Bancroft Library, 1878) p. 6
- ⁵Favour, Alpheus H., *Old Bill Williams*, Norman, Okla., 1862, p. 107
- ⁶*Memoirs*, p. 491
- ⁷Fremont, Jessie B., *Great Events* (unpublished, Bancroft Library, 1891), p. 181.
- ⁸Williamson, R. S., *Pacific Railroad Surveys*, Vol. V, Washington, 1854, p. 13-20.
- ⁹Latta, F. F., *Alexis Godey in Kern County*, Kern County Historical Society, Bakersfield, 1939, p. 35.
- ¹⁰(there are still an oldtimer or two in the Kern area that proudly claim Godey as an ancestor, even if the lineage is slightly confused.)
- ¹¹Fremont, Jessie, B., letter to John C. Fremont, in the Fremont Collection, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

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Notes on Don Cristobal Slover

by Dr. Arthur Woodward



Among the old time mountain men who found their way across the Shining Mountains and settled in obscure nooks in California was Don Cristobal Slover. Such at least was his Mexican name, meaning of course Christopher. He was also called Luis but according to Beattie his real name was Isaac.

Don Cristobal is justly entitled to the term "old". According to Judge Benjamin Hayes of Los Angeles who knew the aged trapper, Don Cristobal was 77 years of age in 1850, which if correct would indicate that he was born in 1773. In 1819 at the age of 46 he had a farm near Saline, in what is now Arkansas and even at that time he was a trapper and hunter and divided part of his time between the occupation as farmer and that of trapper.

When Major Jacob Fowler organized his exploring expedition into the Rocky Mountains in 1821, a man by the name of Slover (first name not known) was enrolled in a party of twenty men under the command of Col. Hugh Glenn that started on Sept. 21st from Glenn's trading post on the Verdigris river, to reach by devious routes the great mountains in the west.

It had always been presumed that Cristobal Slover was one of these men. Fowler's last entry in his diary concerning Slover is found under the date of March 13, 1822, when he parted company with the latter and "two Spaniards" in their camp in south Colorado, almost at the New Mexico border.

Apparently Slover remained in the west. He is reported to have been on the Gila with Ewing Young (Joaquin Joven) in 1824 and in 1827-28 he was with James Ohio Pattie and Party on their famous trip into California. Slover, and the elder Pattie nearly died of thirst on this trip.

With the Patties were two or three other trappers, one bearing the name Nathaniel Pryor, the latter man was either the same Sergeant Pryor who accompanied Lewis and Clark on their memorable exploring trip across the continent 1804-1806, or his double. Oddly enough in western history there have been a number of examples of men living in the same area at the same time engaged in the same pursuits, and bearing the same name.

Such may have been the case of Nathaniel Pryor. According to Walter B. Douglas who edited James "Three Years Among the Mexicans and Indians", the Nathaniel Pryor who ac-

companied Lewis and Clark died at his trading house on the Verdigris river in 1831. On the other hand, if there was another Nathaniel Pryor living at the same time and engaged in the same pursuits who accompanied Slover and Pattie to California, he settled in Los Angeles and died there, according to J. J. Warner. It is one of those little historical tid bits for some research worker to chew upon.

Pattie is non-committal as to the subsequent fate of the remainder of his party. Slover apparently went back into New Mexico where he married his life partner Dona Barbarita. In 1842 Don Cristobal returned to California with a group of New Mexican colonists who settled at Agua Mansa near the site of San Bernardino. Here the old mountain man settled down on a ranch at the southern base of the mountain which later bore his name, not far from Riverside. This peak is now owned by a cement company and is rapidly dwindling away. Slover's ranch became widely known for its hospitality dispensed by Doña Barbarita. Judge Benjamin Hayes who knew Slover in 1850 said: Doña Barbara, whose house one first comes to and never leaves without regret, who makes the lightest tortillas, wheat or corn, ever cheerful Doña Barbara, from year to year unchanged! How different from many I have known! I speak of her with kind emotions!

To her I owe one narrow escape I have ever made from danger; otherwise than to acknowledge her services, the particulars of the incident are now unimportant. She married in New Mexico and, with her husband, accompanied the original emigrants to this place.

The two old people lived very independently and were most happy, although he was often long absent in the Sierras, faithful to an inveterate taste for hunting. I fear life had of late become uneasy to him. As late as 1850, when he was at the age of 77, the wide valley of San Bernardino and its mountain ranges and streams were all his own, with the spoils of trout and deer and bear — the last his greatest pride to follow and to conquer.

The next year came the swarm of Mormons from the beehive of Utah, to replace the half-dozen herdsmen and their harmless herds; then soon, magistrates, taxes, mines, squatters — the restraint bore hard upon his patience. In the summer of 1850 riding with me, the heavy rifle upon his shoulder as usual, his still fault-

less eye detecting the lurking bear's track, not half a mile from his house. Even now I remember the light of the old man's cheek. He was the only American domiciled at Agua Mansa."

An old trapping companion, John Brown, who had also settled in San Bernardino has also left us a pen picture of Cristobal Slover. In a "History of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties" by John Brown, Jr. and James Boyd, Chicago, 1922 is a quotation purporting to be from John Brown Sr.'s book "John Brown the Medium of the Rockies" published in Des Moines, Ia., 1887, telling about Slover, but after a careful perusal of this volume in both the first and third editions I have been unable to find the passage. Hence I believe that John Brown, Sr., must have written about his friend Slover in one of several spiritualistic periodicals to which he was a regular contributor. I suspect that the following item relating to Slover appeared in either *The Watchman*, or *The Spiritual Offering*, two of the publications mentioned.

"A party of fur trappers of whom I was one, erected a fort on the Arkansas river, in Colorado, for protection, and as a headquarters during the winter season. We called it "Pueblo." The City of Pueblo now stands upon that ground. Into this fort Cristobal Slover came one day with two mules loaded with beaver skins. He was engaged to help me supply the camp with game, and during the winter we hunted together, killing buffalo, elk, antelope and deer, and found him a reliable and experienced hunter. He was a quiet peaceable man, very reserved. He would heed no warning, and accept no advice as to his methods of hunting. His great ambition was to kill grizzlies — he called them 'cabibs'. He would leave our camp and be gone for weeks at a time without anyone knowing his whereabouts and at last he did not return at all and I lost sight of him for several years.

When I came to San Bernardino in 1852, I heard of a man named Slover about six miles southwest from San Bernardino at the south base of the mountain that now bears his name, so I went down to satisfy my mind who this Slover was and to my great surprise here I again met my old Rocky Mountain hunter, Cristobal Slover and his faithful wife Doña Barbarita. — "We visited one another often, and talked about our experiences at Fort Pueblo, and of our other companions there, James W. Waters, V. J. Herring, Alex Godey, Kit Carson, Bill Williams, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Bill Bent, the Subletts and others, where they had gone and what had become of them.

Mr. Slover's head was now white, but his heart was full of affection. He took my family to his home and made us all welcome to what he had. His wife and mine became as intimate

as two sisters, and frequently came to visit us. He never forgot his chief enjoyment in pursuing the grizzly; when no one else would go hunting with him he would go alone into the mountains, although his friends warned him of the danger. One day he went with his companion Bill McMines, up the left fork of the Cajon Pass almost to the summit, where he came across a large grizzly and Slover fired at close range. The bear fell but soon rose and crawled away and laid down in some oak brush. Slover, after reloading his rifle, began approaching the monster in spite of the objections of McMines. As the old, experienced bear hunter reached the brush, the bear gave a sudden spring and fell on Mr. Slover, tearing him almost to pieces. That ended his bear hunting. Frequently the most experienced bear hunters take too many chances as was the case this time. McMines came down the mountain and told the tale and a party went back and cautiously approached the spot; found the bear dead, but Slover still breathing but insensible. He was brought down to Sycamore Grove on a rude litter, and there died. The scalp was torn from his head, his legs and one arm broken, the whole body bruised and torn.

He was taken to his home and buried between his adobe house and the mountain; the spot was not marked, or if so, has rotted away, so that I have been unable to locate the grave after searching for it so as to place a stone marking the resting place of my old Rocky Mountain associate, Cristobal Slover, as I have brought from the Cajon Pass a granite rock and placed it at the grave of my other companion, V. J. Herring, more familiarly known as "Uncle Rube". My other Rocky Mountain companion, James W. Waters, more familiarly known as "Uncle Jim", has also passed ahead of me and has a fine monument to mark his resting place adjoining my family plot, where I hope to be placed near him when I am called from earth, both of us near our kindred for whom we labored many years on earth."

Thus passed from the scene Don Cristobal Slover, an unreconstructed mountain man and hunter to the end. Where his bones lie, no man knows. There is some doubt as to whether he was allowed to sleep peacefully in his lonely grave. Beattie is the authority for saying "He was killed on the north slope of Mt. San Antonio, not far from the site of our present Wrightwood resort. Friends brought his body back to the Valley, held a funeral service and buried him on the mountain near his home. Babrara, staunch Romanist that she was, could not be content with a Protestant ceremony, and one week later a second service was held, this time in Agua Mansa Chapel, with Padre Amable officiating. Whether the remains were

(Conclusion on page 8)

then removed to the cemetery on the bluff above is a much debated point."

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Ed. note:—

"Old Slover" Mountain, famous landmark, a little to the southwest of Colton, once rose more than 700 feet above the plain, served as a beacon for travelers and explorers. Now being systematically removed to make cement, it will probably be gone by the end of the century, then subsurface deposits may be tapped. California Marble Company operated lime kilns in the late 1850's making use of outcroppings of limestone on the mountain. Some of the marble was used in Now Hill mansions in San Francisco and many public and private buildings in Los Angeles. (Limestone is not marble, though crystalline limestone is often sold for marble).

The village of Agua Mansa (Gentle Water) at the foot of the mountain was swept away by the flood waters from the overflowing Santa Ana River in 1862 . . . A few months ago Burr Belden and I visited the old Agua Mansa Cemetery which was started in the 1840's and it was a very sad sight to see the wanton vandalism which has invaded this sanctuary of the dead, in which such famous So. Calif. names can be seen on the headstones and crosses — Alvarado - Chavez - Camacho - Dominguez - De la Rosa - Garcia - Rubidoux - Ruiz - Trujillo . . . shame on these County politicians . . . S.P.

Famous Speech of The Hon. Temple Houston

(*Temple Houston was a son of the immortal Sam Houston. The following speech was delivered at Woodward, Okla, Friday, May 25, 1899*)

Last Friday ther was tried in the District Court at this place before Judge Burford, one of the most remarkable cases, in certain respects, ever disposed of in the territory.

Minnie Stacy, was the prosecuted for plying her vocation and running a body house. Something about the case aroused the indignation of Temple Houston, who instantly undertook her defense. Exposure had impaired his voice, and he only addressed the court and jury in a calm conversational tone. After referring to the legal question involved and discussing the evidence, he bent over toward the jury so he could have almost laid his hands on the shoulders of each, and in a clear low voice closed his address with these words:

"Gentlemen you heard with what cold cruelty the prosecution referred to the sins of this woman, as if her condition was of her own preference. The evidence has painted you a picture of her life and surroundings. Do you think that she willingly embraced a life so revolting and horrible? Ah, No! Gentlemen, one of our sex was the author of her ruin, more to blame than she; let us judge her gently. What could be more pathetic than the spectacle to bls he presents? An immoral soul in ruin, where the star of purity once glittered on her girlish brok, burning shame has set its seal forever; and only a momont ago they reproved her for the depths to which she had suik, the company she kept, the life she led, now, what else is left her? Where can she go and her sin not pursue her? Gentlemen, the very promises of God are denied her, He said; "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give thee rest." She has indeed labored and is heavy laden, but if at this instant she were to kneel down before us all and confess her redeemer and beseech his tender mercies where is the church that would receive her? And even if they accepted her when she passed the portals to worship and to chaim her rest, scorn and mockery would greet her and those she met would gather around them their skirts the more closely to vaoird the pollution of her touch. Could you tell me a single employment where she can relize a living.

"Give us this day our Daily Bread?" Our sex has wrecked her once pure life her. own

sex shrink from her as they would the pestilence. Society has reared its relentless walls against her, and only the friendly shelter of the grave can her betrayed and broken heart ever find the Redeemer's promised rest. They told you of her assumed names, fleeting as the shadows on the walls, of her sins, but they never told you of her sorrows, and who shall tell waht her heart, sinful though it may be, now feels.

"When the remembered voices of mother and sister, whom she must see no more on earth, fall like music on her erring soul and she prays God that she could only return, but must not, not in this life, for the seducer has destroyed the soul. You know the story of the prodigal son, but he was a son, he was one of us, like her destroyers; but for the prodigal daughter there is no return. Were she with her waster form and bleeding feet to drag herself back to home, she, the fallen and the lost, what would be her welcome? Oh, consider this when you come to decide her guilt, for she is before us and we must judge her. They sneer and scoff at her, one should respect her grief, and I tell you there reigns over her penitent and chastened spirit a desolation now that none, no none but the searcher of all hearts can ever know.

"None of us are utterly evil, and I remember that when the Saffron Scrouge swept over the city of Memphis in 1878, a courtesan there opened wide the doors of her gilded palace of sin to admit the sufferers; and when the scythe of the reaper swung fast and pitiless she was angelic in her ministering. Death called her in the midst of her mercies and she went to join those she tried to save. She, like those the Lord forgave, was a sinner, and yet I believe in the day of reckoning her judgment will be

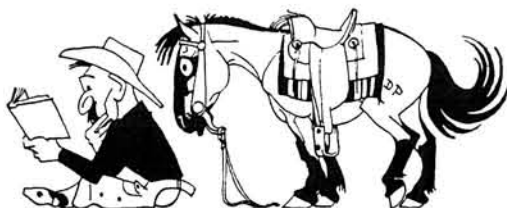
lighter than those who prosecute and seek to drive off the earth such poor unfortunates as the woman whom you are to judge. They wish to wring from her the wages of shame, the price of this meditated injustice; to take from her the little money she might have; and God knows, Gentlemen, it came hard enough. The old Jewish law told you that the price of a dog nor the hire of such as she should not come within the house of the Lord, and I say unto you that our justice fitly symbolized by woman's form does not ask that you add aught to the woes of this unhappy one, who only asks at your hands the pitiful privilege of being left alone.

"The Master, while on earth, while he spoke in wrath and rebuke to the kings and rulers never reproached one of these. One he forgave, another he acquitted, you remember both, and now looking upon this friendless outcast, if any of us can say unto her "I am holier than thou" in the respect with which she is charged with sinning, who is he? The Jews who brought the woman before the Saviour have been held up to the execration of the world for 2,000 years. I always respected them. A man who will yield to the reproaches of his conscience as they did has the elements of good in him, but the hypocrite has no such compunctions. If the prosecutors of this woman whom you are trying had but brought her before the Saviour they would have accepted his challenge and each one gathered a rock and "Let him what is without sin cast the first stone."

"Gentlemen, do as your Master did twice under the very circumstances that surround you. Tell her to go in peace."

The Jury acquitted her as soon as they could reach their room.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .



HUTCHINSON TELLS THE BARD STORY *Oil, Land and Politics. The California Career of Thomas Robert Bard.* By W. H. Hutchinson. Vol. I, 349 pp. Vol. II, 394 pp. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$11.95) Reviewed by W. W. Robinson.

Myopic reviewers will probably use the term "monumental" in describing this two-volume biography of one of Southern California's most distinguished citizens. That unfortunate word might drive readers away. The label "exhaustive" better describes the coverage of the three phases — oil, land, and politics —

of the fifty-year career of Thomas R. Bard of Ventura County, California.

Young Bard was sent to the Ventura County area early in 1865 as the representative of Thomas A. Scott (Pennsylvania railroad king) to develop reported oil resources. He stayed, played a substantial role in the local oil story, ultimately built a small land empire of his own, got into politics and served a term as United States Senator from California —thus leading a full and important life that ended in 1915.

The Bard family is fortunate in having

chosen W. H. Hutchison to do this job. Had they selected an academician, the results would have been forbidding indeed. Hutchinson—"Old Hutch" he likes to call himself—a member of the Westerners, is a superb craftsman, as well as being a capable hand at research and organization. As usual, in this new production he shows himself a master of lean, wiry, picturesque prose. This fact brings the two-volume presentation to life, plus the additional fact that he could draw heavily upon Bard's vivid, life-long correspondence—business and personal—that came to fill forty legal-size, steel-file drawers.

At the outset Old Hutch says he forswore "the artifice of invented dialogue because of feelings bordering upon the apoplectic about placing words in the mouths of those who cannot defend themselves." For this, praise the Lord! Furthermore, he apologizes for the technicality of the chapter dealing with the early story of Union Oil Company. His apology might well have extended to the *two* oil chapters opening the second volume, for in this area I found my interest lagging, my eyes blinking, and my head drooping.

Where possible, Hutchinson emphasizes the dramatic, as in the near-violent squatter incident that begins the book and in the record-breaking drive Bard gave William H. Seward on the latter's trip to Southern California. The squatter story of Ventura County, as later developed, is an important contribution to one phase of California's history. Bard brought in California's first oil gusher, in 1867, and he became Union Oil's first president. Unhappily, he sold the area that finally developed into the fabulous Ventura Avenue Field.

The land phase was the one in which Bard probably took the most satisfaction. As owner of portions of several former Spanish-Mexican ranchos, his contribution to their development and to that of Ventura County cannot be overestimated. One of his last acts was to create a family corporation, Berylwood Investment Company, to insure continuity of management of family assets.

The political phase began locally and carried Bard finally to the Senate of the United States, though he was defeated for re-election. Bard was a Republican, an anti-Southern Pacific machine man, an anti-saloon-Leaguer, but he could not stomach Theodore Roosevelt nor the Bull Moose Party. His participation in the California movement that resulted in the election of Hiram Johnson as governor and the kicking of the Southern Pacific out of the political life of the state was moderate though his strong feelings were expressed over the years. In telling the background story Hutchinson delves deeply but, in my mind, gives too little credit to the man, Edward A. Dickson, who

was the architect of that movement and the behind-the-scenes worker and wire-puller. Possibly Dickson's contacts with Bard were limited. Hutchinson does not find Bard's name attached to any legislation emerging from the Senate, but Bard was a most effective worker on various committees, revealing him to be a man of integrity and broad sympathies.

Lovers of Ventura County and state history will find this biography of great interest and full nutriment. It is my belief, however, that the Bard family would have been served equally well or better if compression had been insisted upon and the Senator given the one-volume treatment. Nevertheless, Old Hutch's performance throughout the two volumes is outstanding.

GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS. The Story of the Old Cow Paths of the East and the Longhorn Highways of the Plains. By Harry Sinclair Drago. New York; Dodd Mead & Co. 1965. \$5.00.

Here is a book any oldtimer will cherish, as an old surveyor I will remember the advance of the homesteader following on the heels of Railroad construction. Not being acquainted with east of the Mississippi it was an eye-opener to find Cattle Trails were not restricted to the west, this book is well illustrated and well documented with reference notes appended in the rear. You will appreciate the amount of preparation, hard digging and fact checking that has gone into this book. S.P.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND THE FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST, biographical sketches of the participants by scholars of the subject and with introductions by the editor, under editorial supervision of LeRoy R. Hafen. Volume I. Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Co.: 1965: 8vo.: 399 p.: 12 pl.: brown cloth.

Dr. Hafen (CM) has again brought us a remarkable series of great books about the West. His previous 15-volume "Far West and Rockies" has much about traveling to the West. The new set (6 or 7 volumes) will furnish a great deal of information about the many men whose fur-hunting efforts have really created our well known West.

"Volume I" contains a 150 page introduction, "A Brief History of the Fur Trade of the Far West," by Dr. Hafen, followed by twenty biographical sketches of men, each of three to twenty pages. The "Brief History" is a compact and very readable review of the many longer works on individual men and phases of the Fur Trade. Dr. Hafen sketches the history of fur trading from 1608 and the

French *couveurs de bois* to the end of the buffalo and muskrat skins of the 1850's, with, of course, the beaver all the way. The great story of fur trading deals, first, with troubles with Indians, and then with the troublous competition between English and Americans traders and hunters, and finally among the American competing companies.

The larger part of the book includes the "sketches" of twenty fur hunters. I cannot here review all of the lives included, but among the sketches I can find personally useful such as *Charbonneau* by Ann W. Hafen, *James Clyman* by Charles L. Camp, *Job Francis Dye* by Gloria G. Cline, *Franchere* by Carl P. Russell (CM), *Joseph Meek* by Harvey E. Tobie, *George Nidever* by Margaret Beckman and W. H. Ellison, *Isaac Slover* by Andrew Rolle, and the two *Sublettes* by John E. Sunder. But the others must be noted just as excellent, as follows: *Manuel Alvarez* by H. H. Dunham, *Abel Baker* and *Charles Town* by Janet Leconte, *Francis A. Chardon* and *Alexander Culbertson* by Ray H. Mattison, *Henry Chatillon* by W. R. Jacobs, *Jimmy Daugherty* and *Mark Head* by Harvey L. Carter, *Thomas Eddie* by F. E. Voelker, *Charles Lapenteur* by Louis Pfaller, O. S. B., and *Hiram Scott* by Merrill J. Mattes. But whether brief or longer, each short biography can tell us interestingly and authentically about each hunter or trader. Each article furnishes in foot-notes the most useful references to original or to good biographical sources. The especial reference book will become one of the best sources to be found.

The Arthur H. Clark publication is beautiful, as usual. Especially I find for the first time (so far as I know) that his book is now "opened" but not cropped, as used to be done by book-makers. Cheers!!

C. N. Rudkin

KAIBAH, RECOLLECTION OF A NAVAJO GIRLHOOD, by Kay Bennett, with chapter illustrations by the author. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press: 1964 (Jan. 1965): 12mo.: 253 p.: cl.: dust jacket: \$7.50.

This is one of the few authentic books written by an Indian about herself. Mrs. Kay Bennett (Kaibah, KAY-ba) has given an excellent and truthful account of her childhood from an age of about eight years (1928) until about fifteen years (1935). She lived in a hogan and had there to learn to care for a younger sister and to attend sheep and to weave and card their wool. From her mother's stories such as that of "The Changing Woman" and the chants and dances such as the squaw dance (Enemyway Chant) for a sick brother and the Yei-Be-Chai dance (Nightway Chant) she had

learned Navajo religion as a child should. She had learned the ways of weddings and marriage of child birth and death. By the time, at about ten years old, she had gone to school (at Toadlena). There she saw the ways of white people, and also those of young Indian girls. She had learned the way of dipping sheeps, and later, the bureaucratic ways of the whites who learned of the drought and the loss of the sheep.

For adults, for whom this was written, this book should be taken as a reliable and accurate monograph on Navajo life, as well as the interesting narrative which it will be for the general reader. But to my surprise my nine year old boy has become so absorbed in the tale that he reads it and re-reads it again and again. For any reader of any age, who is an anthropologist or just a lover of good books, will find *Kaibah* a truly enchanting narrative. May Mrs. Bennett give us more.

THE AZTECS, THE HISTORY OF THE INDIES OF NEW SPAIN, by Fray Diego Duran, translated, with notes, by Doris Heyden and Fernando Horcasitas, introduction by Ignacio Bernal. New York: Orion Press; c. 1964. xxxll, 382, b & w. illus., 7 color plates, 7½ x 9 in., green cl. dust jacket. \$12.50.

The "Historia de las Indias de Nueva España y Islas de Tierra Firme," by Fr. Diego Duran, was finished in 1581.

The English Westerner's Tenth Anniversary Publication, 1964

Edited by Barry C. Johnson. Published by The English Westerners' Society, London: 1964. 68 pp. ills., stiff paper cover.

* * *

As described on the title page this is a collection of original papers on American frontier history, contributed by members of the English Westerners' Society. It would be hard to find a similar publication of this size with all of the papers as well and interestingly written. To pick out the best is impossible, for they are all of equal merit. Of the nine contributors two are Westerners of American corrals.

"Baldwin's Ride and The Battle of Lyman's Wagon Train," by G. Derek West, is an interesting description of the campaign of 1874

against the Comanches, Kiowas, and Southern Cheyennes. For gallantry during the siege of Captain Lyman's wagon train, loaded with much needed supplies for the army, 13 Medals of Honor were awarded to enlisted men. Col. Nelson A. Miles recommended brevets for Capt. Lyman and Lieutenants Lewis and West; but for some unknown reason this recommendation was shelved.

Our own Philip J. Rasch, a former member of the Los Angeles Corral, but now a corresponding member, having moved from California to Sneads Ferry, North Carolina, contributed an article on his favorite subject, Billy the Kid; but in this he gives considerable detail to the life of Tom Pickett, who rode with the Kid. Tom Pickett's life from boyhood to old age was one of wild adventure. He was one of the few men of that wild era to die with his boots off. I doubt if any person had gathered as much information on Billy the Kid as Phil Rasch, and why he has never written a book on the subject has always been a mystery to me.

Don Russell of the Chicago Corral, described all too briefly "The 103 Scrimmages of General Bernard." Reuben Frank Bernard got his start at Indian fighting in the 1850s against the Navajos and Apaches. In the Civil War he was with the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Shenandoah. At the close of the war he had fought in 80 skirmishes, as Russell calls them, but in all probability most were full battle actions. After the war he fought Apaches in Arizona; then the Modocs and Bannocks, after which he was back in Arizona fighting Apaches.

Joseph Balmer of Zurich, Switzerland, a recognized authority on the Sioux Indians, gives a detailed account of "The Leadership of The Brule Sioux." Beginning with the year by year record of Brown Hat, dating from 1700, he comes down through the years, and describes 17 chiefs of the Brule Sioux.

Joseph G. Rosa, author of "They Called Him Wild Bill," the best biography of "Wild Bill" Hickok that has ever been published, tells the story of the assassination of Wild Bill, and the two trials and execution of Jack McCall for the murder. Rosa describes in detail the first trial by a miners' court in Deadwood, and McCall's later arrest and trial in the United States Court at Yankton, where he was convicted and hanged.

"Early Decorative Art of the Plains Indians," by Colin Taylor, illustrated by Edward H. Blackmore, is an interesting description of the fascinating bead and quill work on buckskin clothing of the plains tribes, buckskin gun cases, war bonnets, tobacco bags and buffalo robes.

In "The Christian General' Investigates the

Camp Grant Massacre," Colin Rickards tells the shocking story of how a party of 146 white men, Mexicans and Papago Indians swept down upon Eskiminzin's camp of Aravaipa Apaches near old Camp Grant, Arizona Territory, in the early morning hours of April 30, 1871, and murdered the entire band. It is only rivaled by the Sand Creek Massacre of an earlier day. Richards then tells of Gen. O. O. Howard's efforts to bring about peace and settle the Aravaipas on a reservation. It is one of the most detailed accounts of this crime that I have yet read.

"The Lame Deer Creek Incident: 1890," by Fraser Pakes, is the story of two young Cheyennes, aged about 18, Head Chief and Young Mule, who charged down a hill in a desperate attack on two troops of calvary. Head Chief was wanted for the murder of a young white man, and Young Mule was his friend. In reporting this affair, First Lieut. S. C. Robertson, commanding Troop G, First Cavalry, stated that the two young Cheyennes, "seemed perfectly devoid of fear and the audacity, was probably never surpassed in the records of Indian bravery."

"Whitman of Camp Grant," by Barry C. Johnson, is an interesting and detailed account of Lieut. Royal E. Whitman from the time of his enlistment in the 23rd Maine Infantry down through the years of the Civil War. While he gained a good reputation as a business man after he was mustered out he was enamoured with army life, and succeeded in securing an appointment to the Regular Army on July 15, 1867. His career from then on was rather varied. He was charged with irregularities while in command of old Camp Grant, which was finally abandoned because of the extremely unhealthy location. He was charged with crooked dealings at Camp Grant and with drunkenness, all of which Johnson describes in detail to show that he was probably not nearly as bad as painted.

The contents include: "Baldwin's Ride and the Battle of Lyman's Wagon Train," by G. Derek West; "He Rode With The Kid. The Life of Tom Pickett," by Philip J. Rasch; The 103 Scrimmages of General Bernard," by Don Russell; "The Leadership of the Brule Sioux," by Joseph Balmer; "The United States Vs. John McCall: Indictment For Murder," by Joseph G. Rosa; "Early Decorative Art of the Plains Indians," by Colin Taylor (Illustrated by Edward H. Blackmore); "The Christian General' Investigates the Camp Grant Massacre," by Colin Rickards; "The Lame Deer Creek Incident: 1890," by Fraser Pakes; "Whitman of Camp Grant," by Barry C. Johnson.

This is the English Westerners' Special Publication No. 1. First printing of 500 copies.

Earle R. Forrest