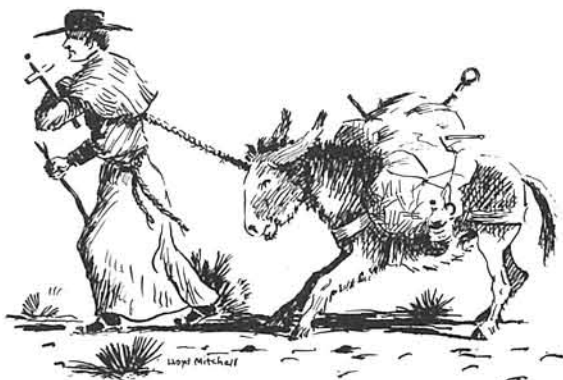




MARCH 1975

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 117



## THE SOLDIER AND THE PADRE

By ARDIS M. WALKER

The primitive horizon of Indian culture in the land that was to become Southern California was fated to be penetrated two hundred years ago by two Spaniards uniquely qualified to illustrate the best of the dual objectives of the leaders of New Spain in their spiritual and military conquest of the great Southwest. One of these was a Franciscan missionary primarily impelled by a passionate compulsion to save the souls of heathendom and a secondary desire to expand the boundaries of New Spain so that as many as possible of "the pearls which are souls" could be gathered into his dual kingdom of God and man. The other was a hard-bitten soldier of Spain whose major objective was conquest and settlement in the name of his terrestrial king.

These two, Fra Francisco Garces, a deeply dedicated missionary, and Don Pedro Fages, a soldier of the king, moved contemporaneously across the scene of conquest and exploration in New Spain. Each made contributions of major historical significance to an era of fabulous hemispheric development. Both were Spaniards when the Kingdom of Spain in the New World was still in its ascendancy.

Fra Francisco Garces, a native of the Villa del Morota del Conde in the Province of Aragon, joined the Franciscan order in 1753 and took up his duties at the frontier mission of San Xavier del Bac near the present town of Tucson, Arizona, on April 12, 1768.

*(Continued on Page Five)*

# The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS  
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in  
March, June, September, December

## OFFICERS 1975

RAY A. BILLINGTON.....*Sheriff*  
Huntington Library, San Marino, Ca. 91108

EVERETT G. HAGER.....*Deputy Sheriff*  
P.O. Box 2745, Fort MacArthur, Ca. 90731

ELWOOD W. HOLLAND.....*Registrar of Marks  
and Brands*  
1340 Beaudry Blvd., Glendale, Ca. 91208

HENRY G. WELCOME.....*Assistant Registrar of  
Marks and Brands*  
1506 Linda Rosa Ave., Los Angeles, Ca. 90041

DONALD DUKE.....*Roundup Foreman*  
P.O. Box 8136, San Marino, Ca. 91108

ANTHONY L. LEHMAN.....*Asst. Roundup Foreman*  
P.O. Box 923, Claremont, Ca. 91711

BERT H. OLSON.....*Keeper of the Chips*  
619 N. Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210

JOHN H. URABEC, M.D.....*Past Sheriff Trail Boss*

DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.....*Past Sheriff Trail Boss*

THOMAS S. MCNEILL.....*Librarian*  
207 Avenue G, Redondo Beach, Ca. 91206

JOHN H. KEMBLE.....*Historian*  
452 W. 6th Street, Claremont, Ca. 91711

DWIGHT S. CUSHMAN.....*Representative*  
8009 Lena Ave., Canoga Park, Ca. 91304

IRON EYES CODY.....*Daguerreotype Wrangler  
and Chief of Smoke Signals*  
2013 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca.  
90026

EARL ADAMS.....*Membership Committee  
Chairman*

EDWARD PARKER.....*Wrangler Boss*

WADE KITTELL, STANLEY MALORA, ROBERT  
ZAMBONI.....*Wranglers*

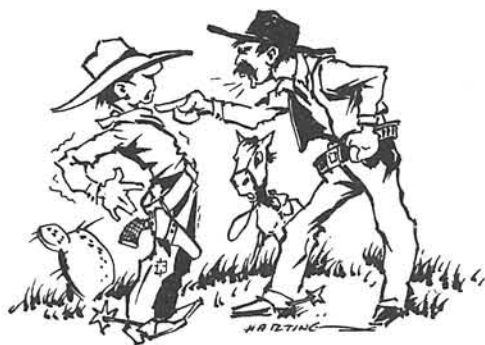
ANDY DAGOSTA, PHIL KOVINICK, TONY KROLL  
.....*Exhibits Wranglers*

Address for Exchanges  
and Material Submitted for Publication:  
The Roundup Foreman

DONALD DUKE  
P.O. Box 8136, San Marino, Ca. 91108

THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words  
or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.  
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

Copyright © 1975 by The Westerners,  
Los Angeles Corral



## The Foreman Sez . . .

As many of you will recall, we re-published W. I. "Bob" Robertson's classic story "Cow Boy—Cow-Boys—Cowboys" in the last issue of the *Branding Iron*. This first appeared in March 1958 and so many members told how much they enjoyed the do-over of this feature. Our good C.M. Michael Harrison of Fair Oaks, California, writes that Robertson passed away on the 19th of November from an attack of cardiac asthma. We trust he had a chance to see the new revision of his effort.

For the past two years C.M. Russell A. Curtiss has used his remarkable photographic talents to record the people and events at the annual Rendezvous. The 40 color prints that he has donated to the Los Angeles Corral show Iron Eyes Cody at his best in his tepee-raising, catch something of the excitement of the auction, and record the faces of dozens of the members—every one of them startlingly handsome. The pictures have been donated by Curtiss to be preserved in the Corral's records at the Arthur H. Clark Company. All members are grateful, particularly those whose countenances have been endowed with unaccustomed charm by the magic camera of Russ Curtiss.

Iron Eyes reports that Colonel Tim McCoy is not dead. He is alive and well, at least one might say 83 years young. At the present time he is in England visiting a daughter. Iron Eyes plans to tape a few more of his experiences when he gets back.

McCoy was called back from the Carson & Barnes Wild West Show last December when his wife Inga passed away. He still does a roping act as well as sharp-shooting.

McCoy's son Terry has produced a film on the Indian sign language with artist

Paul Dyke. He also did a one hour film on Wovoka. Terry has a store in Nogales, Arizona, and it is called the Clay Hut. So if you are ever down that way drop in. His other son Ron is a western artist, and is painting in Carmel presently.



## THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

I just can't believe it! Our new Deputy Sheriff Everett Gordon Hager has every program for the year lined up in advance. That guy must eat spinach three times daily in order to accomplish a feat like that.

### JANUARY

Our fellow member Dan L. Thrapp favored the Corral with a rundown on Thomas W. Cover, an individual who was an Indian fighter, vigilante, founder of Riverside, one of the first to plant orange trees in Southern California, and a prospector to boot. During August 1884 Cover dropped down into the desert searching for gold and was never heard from again. Thrapp's research into the life of this pioneer was fantastic, but not surprising. He is an accomplished author with several books under his belt, producer of numerous articles on the Southwest, and especially the Apache Indians. At one time Thrapp was City Editor of the *Los Angeles Times*.

### FEBRUARY

"Women Artists of the American West" was the topic of an informative evening with C. M. Phil Kovicnik. He has compiled all kinds of information on more than 4,000 artists and illustrators who have portrayed the American West. In his research he found a vast amount of data on women artists of the Western scene. He decided to devote an entire book on the subject of

women artists and his slide lecture is just a taste of good things to come in book form.

### MARCH

A fiery-tempered, pioneer surgeon was the subject of the March Corral gathering presented by C.M. Edward E. Harnagel, M.D. In word and slide Dr. Harnagel told how Dr. John S. Griffin came to California with General Stephen Kearney in 1846 and stayed to become a business associate of B. D. Wilson. Griffin has been a pet research project of Dr. Harnagel who is well known for his research in the field of medical history.



## Corral Chips

Presiding as master of ceremonies for the spectacular 20th annual Massing of the Colors in San Diego's Balboa Park is John "Cactus Jack" Jeffrey.

How he was able to afford the gasoline is a minor miracle, but C.M. Ace Wagner has returned to his home in Orange after a two-month camper trip through 28 states and Canada, including Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland.

C.M. Ed Carpenter addresses the Zamorano Club at its monthly dinner in the U.S.C. Faculty Club on the subject "Bancrofts Pursuits of Manuscripts and Missions."

Also on the talking tour is Wade Kittell, who appears before the Downey Women's Club, the Little Landers Historical Society, the Historical Society of Long Beach, and the district meeting of the Sorooptimist's Clubs on board the Queen Mary. Wade has added distinction in being elected to the Board of Directors of the Rancho Cer-

(Continued on Page Twelve)

## The Soldier . . .

Don Pedro Fages, born in the Villa de Guisona, in the Bishopric of Vogel, Principality of Catalonia, enlisted as a second lieutenant in a company of the first battalion, second regiment of the Catalan Volunteer Light Infantry on June 29, 1762. On May 15, 1767, he was made a full lieutenant and in the same month left Spain with his battalion for Mexico. Soon after his arrival he joined Colonel Domingo Elizondo in an expedition against the Seris and Apaches in the state of Sonora.

Thus two significant careers were launched almost simultaneously and in the same general area, careers which were to parallel each other in the course of history in the Southwest. It is of special interest to students of Southern California history that these careers were to thread themselves into its design, creating major patterns. Fages was to discover the great reaches of the southern San Joaquin Valley and give it its first place name Buena Vista; Garcés was to be the first white man to gaze on the Kern River and designate it in his diary as Rio de San Felipe.

To understand how the careers of men of unlike callings and temperaments could parallel so closely and compliment each other so well, it is only necessary to review basic techniques of expansion exercised by Spain in America at the time. These were exemplified on the one hand by conquistadores and on the other by missionaries. The first were present to extend the limits of the kingdom of New Spain by force of the King's arms if necessary; the second worked to extend the spiritual kingdom of His Catholic Majesty. In either case, exploration and settlement were prime factors in success. For this reason, almost without exception, soldiers and padres moved together across the land.

### FAGES

The involvement of Spain in extending its provinces northward along the coast of Alta California and northward, too, into the state of Sonora provided historical backdrops for the careers of both of these men. Fages soon found himself involved in the coastal activities.

In the autumn of 1768, he was sent from Guaymas to La Paz to join the California

expedition projected by Visitador General Don Jose de Galvez. With him were 25 members of his "Compania Franca."

Governor Don Caspar de Portola was commander in chief of this expedition. It was a massive project involving a sea expedition of two vessels, the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*. Two contingents were to move up the peninsula by land to join the sea expedition at San Diego.

On January 10, 1769 the *San Carlos* sailed from La Paz. On board was Don Pedro Fages as chief of the military expedition at sea. The *San Carlos* dropped anchor in San Diego harbor on April 29, after 110 days of tortuous seafaring during which all were sick with scurvy; some had died and only four sailors remained on their feet. The *San Antonio* which had arrived on April 11th had fared little better.

On the 14th of May, the first land division, under Captain Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncado of the Presidio of Loreto, arrived. Then, to the joy of all, Portola arrived with a pack train of mules laden with provisions. Governor Portola then proceeded to organize his force for the march to Monterey, 159 leagues up the coast.

Portola began his march on the 14th of July. With him went Fages with six of his Catalan volunteers—all that were well enough to travel. Two days later Fra Junipero Serra, who had remained behind, founded San Diego de Alcalá, the first mission to be established in Alta California. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo had discovered it by sea on September 29, 1542, calling it San Miguel. On November 10, 1602 Sebastian Vizcaino had sailed into it, changing its name to San Diego. Thus it had remained, for all intents and purposes, undiscovered and unknown for more than a century until the arrival of the Portola expedition.

In addition to Fages, Portola was accompanied by Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gómez, engineer Miguel Costanso, 27 soldiers, muleteers, and Christian Indians. On October 3, 1769, he reached the Point of Pines on the rim of Monterey Bay without recognizing it. The description Vizcaino had included in a letter to King Charles V dated May 23, 1603, depicted a different scene. He had said "It is all that can be desired for commodiousness. . . . this part is sheltered from all winds. . . .



and is thickly settled with people. . . .” What Portola and Fages saw was an open roadstead or, as the Spaniards would say, a great *ensenada*, edged with sand dunes and deserted by humanity at this time.

A meeting was held, and it was decided to move on north in search of the Monterey described by Vizcaino. The way was rough, and the going was slow. Sixteen of the men had lost the use of their legs and had to be transported in hammocks swung between the mules. Others still suffered from scurvy. Then an epidemic of diarrhea attacked all of them. Just as they were despairing, the diarrhea seemed to relieve those who suffered from scurvy. The cripples, too, were relieved by having their swollen limbs rubbed with oil.

On the morning of October 31st, the party struggled to the summit of the promontory of Point San Pedro where a fabulous sight met their eyes. Before them curved a wing of the sea which sparkled in the sunlight. Beyond and to the west a peninsula reached out above the sea. Further to the left they saw white Farallones and before them, in the distance, white cliffs above what appeared to be the mouth of an inlet. They were looking at the Gulf of the Farallones. They called it the *Bahia o Puerto de San Francisco*.

Then there were debates as to whether they had traveled beyond the Bay of Monterey. To clarify the matter, Sargent José Francisco Ortega and his men were dispatched to explore the region to the north and report back within three days. On November 2nd, the morning after the departure of Ortega, soldiers climbed the mountain east of camp to hunt deer. They returned to report what they had viewed from the mountain top. They said that they had seen an immense estero or arm of the sea stretching toward the southeast as far as the eye could see. Ortega, on returning to camp the next night, reported that an immense body of water had obstructed his explorations to the north. Thus was discovered the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay.

Turning south, the company encamped again at the Point of Pines. This time they searched southward for the bay which they still not recognize and which should have sheltered a badly needed supply ship by now. The exploring party returned with

a report that shoreline travel was blocked by the bluffs of the Sierra de Santa Lucia.

With supplies depleted and no relief ship in sight, they decided to return to San Diego. Marching across the Point of Pines they camped for the first night of their return journey on the shore of the very bay they sought. Here they erected a cross inscribed to announce their departure.

Arriving in San Diego on January 24, 1770, Portola immediately began organizing a second expedition to search out the Bay of Monterey and establish a mission and presidio at that location. Fages again accompanied the expedition of soldiers, muleteers and padres. This time they arrived at the point where they had erected their cross with the assurance of Captain Vila of the San Carlos, after listening to the report of their first expedition, that this place was, in fact, Monterey. The date was May 24, 1770. Portola, Fages and Father Crespi formally recognized the port of Monterey, the one they had failed to recognize in 1769; a mistake that led to the discovery of San Francisco Bay.

The *San Antonio*, bearing Captain Juan Perez and Father Junipero Serra, arrived at Monterey on April 16, bringing supplies and personnel for the founding of Mission San Carlos de Monterey and the presidio at Monterey. This was accomplished on June 3 when the members of the joint expedition took formal possession of the land in the name of Charles III, King of Spain.

On July 9, 1770 Portola sailed on the *San Antonio* for Mexico, leaving Fages in command. Thus, Don Pedro Fages, an important participant in the expeditions which brought about establishment of the new mission and presidio in keeping with the plans of empire, took over his duties as governor of the new state of Alta California.

San Diego and Monterey, now under the administrative wing of Don Pedro Fages, represented but two steps designed to meet the national urge to extend the boundaries of New Spain northward along the Pacific and northward from such wavering outposts of Sonora as Garces then served at the mission of San Xavier del Bac.

Fages, whose energy and drive had been a key factor in the sea voyage to San Diego and the land voyages north to Monterey, enjoyed no time for relaxation. On Novem-

21, 1770 he, with six soldiers and a muleteer, left Monterey and explored the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, returning to Monterey from near the present site of Alameda on December 4th. His urge for exploration had led to this first sighting of the Golden Gate from the land side.

As of November 12, 1770, Viceroy De Croix had dispatched instructions to Fages as commandant. These included all the administrative and exploratory duties necessary to the founding of a string of missions between San Diego and San Francisco Bay. These duties, relative to this gigantic project, he shared with Father Presidente Junipero Serra.

Throughout his career in California, Fages had proven dedicated and dynamic. The Father Presidente also was dynamic and dedicated. Since their respective areas of responsibility had not been clearly designated, they were thrown into unavoidable conflict which led to a break in personal relations. At this point Father Serra made the long journey to Mexico to lay the problem before the Viceroy and ask for the replacement of Fages as governor. In this Serra was successful, although in the light of subsequent experiences with Fages' successors, Rivera and Neve, he openly regretted his action.

Major cause of friction between Fages and Serra had been their common anxiety for the success of the projected mission chain, an anxiety caused largely by a critical supply problem. It looked as though these pioneers would be starved out before they could accomplish their purpose.

Fages had been instructed to establish a colony in the San Francisco Bay region as a deterrent to incursions into the area by Russia, England or other powers. In line with these orders, he left Monterey on March 20, 1772, at the head of an expedition to explore around the bay to Point Reyes if possible. With him went Father Crespi, twelve soldiers and a muleteer. They moved through the Salinas Valley, over Gavilan Mountains, through Santa Clara Valley and on to the head of the bay a few miles north of Milpitas. They then moved along the eastern shore of the bay in an attempt to reach the mountains seen north of it. They found that the Straits of Carquinez blocked their path, so they turned eastward along the south shore of

Suisun Bay. Breaking over a point in the hills north of Mount Diablo, they suddenly beheld the great interior valley of California. Before them lay two great rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, emptying into Suisun Bay "... communicating with each other near their mouths by numerous channels." Truly, Fages had made important discoveries even though he was unable to reach Point Reyes.

On his return to Monterey, Fages found the larder empty. To correct this condition, he took some of his soldiers on a massive bear hunt to the Canada de los Osos. For a time, at least, the soldiers and colonists were thus kept alive. Meantime, overdue supply ships had reached San Diego, but storms had pinned them down. Fages, therefore, hurried south so that he might bring back critically needed provisions by pack train.

On his return from San Diego, Fages took a most significant course with respect to the history of Kern County. He swung easterly into the Imperial Valley, thence across the mountains to San Bernardino Valley, through Cajon Pass, along the western edge of the Mojave Desert, across Antelope Valley and through a pass into the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. He crossed this valley north and west to Buena Vista Lake and Hills and on through the mountains to San Luis Obispo.

Thus, Fages saw the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley four years before it was to be visited by Garces. In his diary and notes he described the region giving it its first place-name, Buena Vista.

Fages account of this visit has been translated by Herbert Ingram Priestley and published by the University of California under the title "A Historical, Political, and Natural Description of California by Pedro Fages." It has taken a place of ever-increasing importance in the eyes of ethnologists, geographers, naturalists and historians. Fages was careful to give a clear and succinct picture of the region as it was when the first white men gazed on it.

In 1774, orders came through which installed Diego de Revere as governor, and Fages returned to Mexico. In spite of the friction experienced between himself and Serra, the logical result of two dynamic and dedicated men working in the same field with ill-defined division of responsi-

bility, Fages returned with the sure knowledge that he had contributed much to the herculean task of founding the missions of California. There remained an equally important task of assuring their survival.

### GARCES

Meantime, from his mission of San Xavier del Bac, Fra Francisco Garces had engaged in three of the historic entradas that would establish him as an incomparable trail breaker of the Southwest. In August of 1768, he had set out on the first of his entradas. It took him as far as the Pima village of Pitiaque on the Gila River a short distance below Casa Grande. Then, on October 8, 1770, he entered on his second entrada, equipped as has been said, ". . . only with charity and zeal . . ." and intending to be gone but five days. That October was a month of ". . . epidemic of measles, fever and diarrhea throughout the province, of which diseases many died." Among people in sickness and distress, the good padre's journey of five days became one of thirty. And his brief visit became a jornada of ninety leagues to the western elbow of the great bend of the Gila River. When he made report of this journey he praised the fidelity of the one Indian who accompanied him the whole way. Also, this report, on reaching his superiors, inspired deliberations and plans for founding missions on the Gila. The waivering frontiers of Sonora must be extended and strengthened.

Also, the mission frontier along the Pacific coast where Fages and Serra toiled, must be given the additional support that could be achieved by establishing land communications between Sonora and the presidio recently established at Monterey by Fages. With such thoughts in mind, Garces started on his third entrada on August 8, 1771. With a Papago Indian as his sole escort, he carried on horseback the necessities for saying mass. It was his hope that he would find the Rio Colorado during this exploration. He traveled alone much of the time, through the lands of warlike tribes, each of which despaired of his life at the hands of the others. Where his Indian friends feared to go, he went alone. Without recognizing it because he had missed its junction with the Gila, he crossed the Colorado River. After his In-

dian guides deserted in fear of heat and drought on the hot, waterless desert, he crossed that desert alone and penetrated to where, from the foot of the San Jacintos, he could see the pass of San Felipe.

Dr. Herbert E. Bolton has said of the entrada, "The significance of this arduous journey, made by a lone man with a single horse, is greater than would appear from a glance at the map. . . . He had crossed the Yuma Desert in two places, a feat never before recorded. He had opened a new trail from the head of tide water to upper California; on his return he had crossed the terrible Colorado Desert for a distance of nearly a hundred miles."

Garces' report of this entrada made possible the official support needed to authorize the first Anza expedition. It is an important matter of history that this expedition, which got under way January 6, 1774, opened a land route from Sonora to the San Gabriel Mission, thence along Portola's trail to Monterey. Garces served with Anza as guide. Dr. Bolton has pointed out that, ". . . it is significant that from the foot of the Gila range to the foot of the San Jacintos — all the way across the two terrible deserts — Anza followed approximately the trail which had been made known to white men by the intrepid missionary of San Xavier del Bac."

The expedition had proceeded by devious stages through Lower Pass in the Cocopah Range, past Laguna Salada and Santo Tomas where they found fresh water. They then skirted the Sierra Madre and arrived on March 8th at the Wells of Santa Rosa de las Lajas. This put Garces near the spot from which he turned back to the Colorado during his lonely third entrada. After refreshing their jaded animals, they moved on to Arroya del Coyote, then crossed killing sand dunes between Fish Creek Mountain and Superstition Mountain to camp at San Sebastian where there was an abundance of good water.

Here many of the Indians remembered Garces as having been among them three years before. Here, too, the paths of Fra Francisco Garces and Don Pedro Fages probably crossed for the first time, as the Indians told of soldiers who passed that way two years before. Over the Royal Pass of San Carlos in the San Jacintos, through Cahuilla Valley, past Mt. Rubi-



doux and across the San Gabriel River, Anza and Garces completed their historic march to San Gabriel.

From those who celebrated this event in that Franciscan outpost, Garces must have gathered hints of what might be searched out beyond his new horizons. Had not Don Pedro Fages penetrated into a great region of Tulares far to the North? Was there not talk of "... the San Francisco River [San Joaquin] which I believe is connected with the Colorado, and both with some very large lakes, or water which is still, and is very large as the Gilenos have told me."

It had been planned that the expedition would attempt a more northerly route back from Monterey to the Colorado. The padre had been happy with these plans. They had promised him sight of that region of the Tulares to the north and of that San Francisco River which might serve to open up great vistas. But Anza pushed on up the Portola trail to Monterey while Garces was instructed to set out for the Colorado with most of the Anza train.

Garces felt that his chance to visit the Tulares was within reach, however, when, on October 21, 1775, he journeyed to Tubac with Fathers Exiarch and Font to join the second Anza expedition which was to deliver the first settlers to a town later to be known as San Francisco.

On this occasion, Garces accompanied the expedition to the Colorado. There he aided in building a hut as headquarters for himself and his companion, Father Tomas Exiarch. For more than a month he remained with Fra Tomas, during which time he explored to the mouth of the Colorado with the Indian, Sebastian, who had become his constant companion.

But his prime urge was to seek out a more northerly, more direct route by land between Sonora and Monterey. Therefore, it was a satisfying occasion when he set out from Yuma on February 14, 1776, with Sebastian on the long journey which was to take him to the land of Tulares.

Father Garces moved northward along the Colorado River to Needles, then turned westward. He discovered and traversed the Mojave River. He crossed the barren Mojave Desert with Sebastian and three Mojave Indians, one of whom deserted. On March 12, he killed a horse for food saving even the blood of it. He crossed the San

Bernardino Mountains, to reach San Gabriel on March 24. Here Fages' successor, Captain Rivera, refused him the animals and supplies he requested for his journey into the Tulares.

Leaving without them on April 9, Fra Garces crossed the San Fernando and Santa Clara River valleys and the mountains east of the present Ridge Route. Here again his trail crossed that of Capt. Pedro Fages who had passed that way on the trip which led to his discovery of the south San Joaquin Valley in 1772. The padre crossed Antelope Valley and the Tehachapi Mountains and entered the San Joaquin Valley by way of Cottonwood Creek and Tejon Canyon on April 26, 1776.

On May 1, 1776, traveling alone again where his companions feared to follow, Garces discovered the Kern River. He said in his diary, "... I came upon a large river which made much noise, at the outlet waters, crystalline, bountiful, and palatable flowed on a course from the east." Indians helped him to cross this river which he named Rio de San Felipe.

In his zeal to discover a more northerly and more direct route between Monterey and Sonora, Garces followed the foothills of the Sierra Nevada northward to the vicinity of White River. By this time, he became convinced through his own observations and through questioning Indians, that there were no passes farther north that could meet the needs of his countrymen. The Indians did tell him of a route up the Kern River which continued through a pass into the region east of the Sierra Nevada range. On his return to the Indian village where he had left Sebastian and his Mojave Indian companions, Garces had this to say in his diary, "... I urged upon the Jamajobs (Mojaves) that they should return with me to (Rio de) San Felipe in order to follow up river to the Chemebet Quajala (a region east of the Sierra), but this they refused to do. Although this project was unsuccessful, I accomplished the return journey by a different route." Thus the discovery of Walker Pass was delayed until Joseph Walker led his expedition over in 1834.

One could well say that the trails of Garces and Fages merged again in the southern San Joaquin Valley. As was the case with Fages, Garces devoted much



time and space to the region in his diary. He used care to record, in comparatively great detail for one of his limited inclination for writing, the things he saw and heard in the raw wilderness which was to become a commonwealth. Present members of that commonwealth, and ethnologists, biologists and geographers, are fortunate, indeed, to have available the records of exploring left by the soldier and the padre.

Garces left the valley by a pass between the Tehachapis and the Sierra Nevada. He crossed the Mojave Desert to the Mojave River and followed it before striking out on a more northerly course than the one he used previously. On his return journey, he blazed a trail across Grand Canyon and into New Mexico before turning back to his mission at San Xavier del Bac. From here he traveled back along the trail over which he had led the Anza Expedition. Garces wrote as a finale to his greatest entrada, "Finally I arrived at my mission San Xavier del Bac the 17th day of September of the year 1776; for which did I give and still do I give infinite thanks to God and to all my celestial patrons by whose favor and intercession I succeeded in escaping every ill."

During all of his visitations among tribes of the Southwest, Garces had succeeded in building friendships and trusts in nearly every instance. This was especially true of his relationships with Chief Palma of the Yuma tribe which controlled the vital access corridor across the Colorado to Monterey. Promises for the establishment of missions on the Colorado had been offered in good faith by Garces with the official sanction of his Viceroy. These were hailed with joy by Chief Palma.

But when Fathers Garces and Baraneche at Mission Purisima Conception and Father Diaz and Moreno at Mission San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer were trying vainly to fulfill such promises, Spanish abuses over which they had no control sparked the Yuma rebellion. In the course of it the four padres were clubbed to death by riotous Indians to whom they were devoting their service.

The martyrdom of Fra Francisco Garces at the early age of 43 serves to point out his incredible achievements in the short time he served on the frontiers of New

Spain. His last entrada, which took him to the land of the Tulares, made him the discoverer of Mojave and Kern rivers, the first white man to approach Grand Canyon from the west and the first to break trail from California to New Mexico. Dr. Bolton has called this one of the epic journeys of all North American history. In his third entrada, he broke trail across the Yuma and Colorado deserts from Sonora to the Pacific. On his fourth entrada, he served as guide to the first Anza expedition which made possible the founding of San Francisco and then saved California from the possibility of Russian or British seizure. Above all, he was the gentle missionary who carried his heart and his hands to the Indians of the Southwest. He not only blazed paths of empire to match the exploits of Fages and his military confederates; simultaneously, he sought out the avenues of service to mankind.

## EPILOGUE

Although in life their trails had crossed and recrossed without bringing the two blazers face to face along any of their highroads of empire, death was to arrange their rendezvous. After his retirement from California, Fages entered upon a hitch of military service along the frontiers of New Spain. Some of his assignments had taken him along the wavering borders of Sonora. Meantime, for his outstanding service, Don Pedro Fages had been promoted to Colonel. It was natural then that Colonel Fages should be called upon to lead a punitive expedition to the Colorado in an effort to rescue the women and children taken captive by the Yumas and retrieve some of the material losses incurred in the revolt which had taken the life of his compatriot, Fra Garces.

Fages took off from the presidio of Pitic on September 16, 1781. After convincing the Yumas that they should turn their captives over to him, he took up the sad chores of searching out and retrieving the tragic relics of the two missions. Most precious of these were the remains of the four Padres who had achieved martyrdom at the hands of the Indians.

In his diary of the expedition Fages wrote their final chapter. As of December 7, 1781, he recorded "Arriving at dawn at the foot of the town (San Pedro y San

Pablo de Bicuner) we found the body of the Reverend Father Juan Diaz, which was still recognizable by the tonsure. . . . I had his bones gathered up in my presence and put into a sack made of leather along with the body of the Reverend Father Joseph Moreno, which we found behind the church." Then on December 10, Fages recalled, "But I especially decided and ordered that the environs of the village of La Concepcion should be well searched until the bodies of the Reverend Fathers Garces and Barreneche should be found. Captain Dan Pedro Tuera had the satisfaction of finding them; they were buried very closed together, as if they had been interred side by side exactly in line, and laid out with their under garments on, and they were not much decayed, especially the body of Father Garces."

He added, "On the bank where they were buried, a quantity of very fragrant camomile had grown."

Don Pedro Fages and his entourage paid their respects to the four martyrs. The commander described the services as follows. "We halted at the town of San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuner, and deposited the bodies and the bones of the four reverend fathers on the altar of the church, which, although burned, still had its walls almost intact, especially those of the high altar.

Upon this altar candles were lighted, and, the troop and the rest of the people being gathered together, except the guard, we recited the holy rosary in concert with the Reverend Father Cenizo."




Later, Fages served again as governor of California from 1782 to 1790. His duties during this period were largely concerned with consolidating and extending the string of missions in Alta California. After serving with distinction he retired with his family to Mexico where he died a few years later after outliving most of his contemporaries in California's earliest pioneering adventures.

Many changes have occurred during nearly two centuries that have passed since the meandering trails of Fages and Garces converged in Southern California and the southern plains of the San Joaquin. Gone are the murmur and splash of the millions of waterfowl that animated the mae of lakes and sloughs. In fact, gone are the lakes and sloughs in the wake of the agriculture empire and the metropolitan civilizations that have emerged in their wake. Even the Kingdom of New Spain, where in the bones of the two guides of empire were laid to rest, has disappeared from the continent. Now their old trails thread modern frontiers of two nations whose new horizons verge on interstellar space.

## READIN' RAWHIDE

By RALPH MIRACLE

Old-time cowboys were never very strong for reading and writing or book-learnin' of any description. Many didn't have the savvy and those who did avoided it as an unnecessary chore. But this lack in one direction resulted in considerable skill in others. Those who rely almost entirely on their memories develop it far beyond the average. The cowboy not only knew how to apply a hot iron to the hide of a straining critter so the brand would peel and leave an indelible mark that could be plainly seen, but he could read brands and remember to whom they belonged. This was cow country language that any hand worth his salt could read and understand.

The oral reading of brands followed a set pattern so that the tallyman or iron tender could know the exact sequence and position of each letter or figure of each brand. A letter on its side was "lazy." If tilted, it was "tumbling." The character or pictograph brands had to be clearly described. Many had pet names that were known locally and often throughout the range country. For example a circle with a bar or "rail" through it, , was a "pole punkin"; an inverted U L monogram , was a "muleshoe ell," and an L box, , a "stovepipe box."

In the South where the hair was short by breed and climate, brands could be more easily distinguished on the live animal. In

the North, particularly into the fall when cattle were gathered for shipment and sale, the hair grew longer for protection against the coming winter months and the good brand reader could practically "see through the hair." When there was any doubt, ropes came down and the long hair was clipped so the brand was plain. Ear-marks helped some, but when the chips were down, it was the brand burned irrevocably into the hide that provided unmistakable and legal proof of ownership.

Top hands developed a phenomenal ability not only to decipher the brands as cattle were sorted, but to count those in each brand simultaneously. Each hundred was tallied by a knot in a saddle string or by small stones moved from one pocket to another. They used the knack that few have today of counting in groups and adding in their heads rather than counting one at a time. Using this method and with a skilful helper crowding from the opposite side, counts were made with astonishing accuracy; so accurate that often sales were made on the running count alone. Often two men counted at once and came out with the same figure as they called the hundreds in each brand.

In the days when herds were gathered and trailed great distances, the trail boss or foreman usually kept a laboriously scribbled tally book so he could report details to the owner when he returned to the home ranch headquarters. Under other circumstances a near-perfect memory provided an accurate record at any time. Where crews were worked, a rough time book was kept and used for extra notes of charges and payments to the men. Some of these old pocket-worn books remain in museums and private collections. They provide a priceless background of the days when cattle were handled on the open range and skilled manpower meant the difference between profit and loss.

The most adept brand men were those who worked as brand inspectors either at loading and shipping points or at the terminal markets where at one time all western cattle were eventually sold. A crew of inspectors was maintained by the different range states at each of the main stockyards. As the cattle poured into the yards by the trainloads, they were penned and awaited inspection and identification of ownership before they could be sold.

Everyone was in a hurry, for cattle shrink as they stand and nothing could be weighed until the inspector had done his job. They worked on horseback, cutting the cattle into the alleys and back into the pens ready for the commission men to offer them for sale. One man, or sometimes two, checked the brands on each animal and called them out with the sex so the tallyman could mark in his tally book. Often there were several brands in a shipment—different members of families or an assortment of neighbors shipping together. Even more mixed up were shipments bought in the country by traders and consigned for resale still carrying the original owners' brands. Inevitably a few strays would show up. These would be animals shipped by mistake and it was up to the inspector to see that the owner of the brand received payment rather than the shipper. Often arguments ensued, but the brand inspector had to be right and stand his ground.

Accurate records were essential in order to provide this service. All brands were officially recorded at first in the counties and later in each state. Brand books were published at first by stock associations and finally by departments of state governments. These books had to be kept up-to-date by supplements. To facilitate work at the markets the inspectors devised a uniform system of filing brands on oversize file cards; oversize so that rope-calloused hands would have room to draw the brands and print the owners' names and addresses. These were kept current and provided a quick and sure means of writing up reports showing the legal owners of the cattle inspected in the yards. These men worked thousands of cattle every day and became true experts in reading brands and even in getting the hated office work done.

In more recent years the terminal markets moved west into the range states and local auction markets developed everywhere. Cattle moved not only into market and East into the feedlots, but also back on the ranges, so brand inspection had to expand to provide listings of the brands on cattle purchased as well as sold. Here again, skill developed by practice.

There is serious talk these days of modernizing all of this. The records have been reproduced by photography and computerized. Experiments are under way to find a

method to replace the hot iron. There is even work being done with a tiny radio transmitter that can be placed in an animal and read by electrical equipment. Maybe someday the cowboy will ride with earphones and some gadget in place of his rope, but for the immediate future the man who can handle a hot iron and read rawhide letters remains an integral part of the cattle industry. There is nothing as permanent or as foolproof as a hot iron brand. Any alteration will show on the inside if not on the outside of the hide. No matter how far a cow may stray from home, a good clear brand will bring her home or at least provide a check to take her place.

## Corral Chips...

ritos Associates, and to the Historic Committee of the Long Beach Bicentennial Committee.

The American Association for State and Local History announces that *Doyce Nunis* is the recipient of an Award of Merit for Excellence of Achievement. The coveted award cites our Past-Sheriff "for his diverse contributions to California history, including his monumental bibliography *Los Angeles and Its Environs in the Twentieth Century*."

C.M. Rosario Curletti gives the keynote address at the Fiesta Luncheon of the Santa Barbara Women's Club and then delivers the first of The Little Town Club's lecture series on "Santa Barbara's Literary Heritage." Mrs. Curletti also receives the Merit Award from California's South Coast Section of the Soil Conservation Society of America for her active promotion of soil and water conservation in the community and the example she has set in applying conservation programs on her ranch.

The Sherbourne Press of Los Angeles has published *The Films of Robert Redford* by C.M. Donald Reed. Mr. Redford starred as the Sundance Kid in the biggest money-maker in the history of western films, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

C.M. Marie Harrington (Mrs. M. R.) has an article in the December quarterly of the Gregor Mendel Botanic Foundation, Inc. It deals with the gardens and plants of San Fernando Mission from its founding in 1797 to the present time.

Television viewers and stalwart bystanders are treated to the sight of *Iron Eyes Cody* ensconced on a float for this year's Tournament of Roses Parade. Iron Eyes is also featured in a fine article in the recent "Buckskin Bulletin."

Four Los Angeles Westerners are presented with the San Bernardino Corral's Golden Spike award for excellence in western historical writing: *Eddie Edwards*, *George Koenig*, C.M. Burr Belden, and C.M. Ardis Walker. George Koenig, incidentally, is the new president of the Death Valley '49ers, and his latest book (*The Lost Death Valley '49er Journal of Louis Nussbaumer*) makes its debut at the Death Valley Encampment.

Congratulations are in order for C.M. Robert Hoshide, a high school senior, who attains the rank of Eagle Scout in the Boy Scouts of America. Associate Member *Dwight Cushman* has the honor of being the one to present Robert with his Eagle Scout badge.

The first center for the study of the impact and history of missionaries in Western America has been established at Azusa Pacific College and is named after *Clifford M. Drury*, whose donations to the college's library form the nucleus of a major collection in this field.

*Loring Campbell* rates a front page spread in the *Valley News* for a feature article on his career as a magician and sleight-of-hand artist.

The Santa Barbara Corral certainly plundered the talent of its southern compadres when no less than seven L.A. Westerners appear as speakers during the past year: *Hugh Tolford*, *Iron Eyes Cody*, *Doyce Nunis*, *Henry Clifford*, *Clifford Drury*, C.M. *David Lavender*, and C.M. *Hal Davidson*. Associate Member *Byron Bailey*, by the way, is Sheriff of the Santa Barbara Corral.

Everyone will be interested in *Paul Galleher's* 20 page volume titled *The Westerners: A Mini-Bibliography and a Cataloguing of Publications 1944-1974*. The booklet lists the Corrals which have a publishing program, and then it names and prices some of the currently available publications. Collectors might note that the first 13 of the L. A. Corral's *Brand Books* have a going price of \$1,000!

Harvey Starr wrote the editorial for the January 1975 Los Angeles County Medical



Association Bulletin entitled "Why Keep Running Scared?" which talks about liability insurance and costs of malpractice. He suggests doctors look at the problem realistically and rationally.

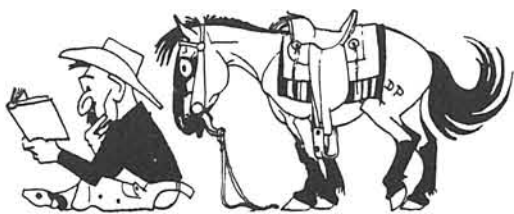
Assistant Roundup Foreman *Tony Lehman* is a new Deputy Sheriff, for real, in the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Mounted Posse.

Lastly, *Earl Adams* is honored by the San Marino Masonic Lodge for his 50 years of membership in the Masonic fraternity.

## Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners extends the big paw of friendship to the following new Corresponding Members.

They are: Jack Crawford, San Diego; Russell A. Curtiss, Fullerton; C. A. Ennis, La Habra; Nelson J. Gilman, Santa Monica; Leslie L. Heiser, Woodland Hills; Fred N. Iverson, San Diego; Arnold Jacobs, West Hollywood; Clifton B. Kroeber, Los Angeles; L. R. Marks, Los Angeles; Richard Martin, San Diego; Richard Meyers, Canton, New York; Van Kirke Nelson, Kilispell, Tennessee; Arthur P. Pacheco, San Francisco; Homer S. Rhode, Coral Gables, Florida; Betty Anne Rutz, Sonoita, Arizona; and Jerome R. Selmer of Arcadia.



## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

*Pasó Por Aquí*, by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, with an introduction by W. H. Hutchinson and illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner. University of Oklahoma Press, 128 pp., 1973. \$2.95.

No wonder this work is Rhodes' most frequently anthologized piece of writing, for in it he combines a real gift for narrative with a tremendously evocative feel for

the landscape of southwestern New Mexico that left such an indelible impress on his fiction. When you close the covers of this book, you need to swat the alkali dust from off your hat, and spit the grit of the White Sands from between your teeth.

The main plot is as simple as it is effective: Ross McEwen robs a bank in the town of Belen and is pursued by a posse, which he momentarily manages to elude. He then comes upon an out-of-the-way ranch house whose occupants are all dangerously ill with diphtheria. Casting aside all thoughts for his personal safety, McEwen self-sacrificingly stands by to tenderly nurse the entire family, even lighting a signal fire to summon additional help, but thereby inviting his own capture as well.

Sure enough it is the sheriff, Pat Garrett himself, who spots the distress call and who answers it. However, Garrett is so impressed with the outlaw's noble concern for others and indifference to his own fate, that he hides his true identity, declines to arrest McEwen, and even escorts him to the train at Tularosa, freedom and—we are led to believe—a new and more upright life for this good Samaritan.

The hard-bitten sheriff with an underlying heart of gold, and the social outcast who has a soul purer than most, are reminiscent of Bret Harte's classic stories, but Rhodes can handle these paradoxes without the trite and cloying sentimentality that mars so much of Harte's Victorian fiction.

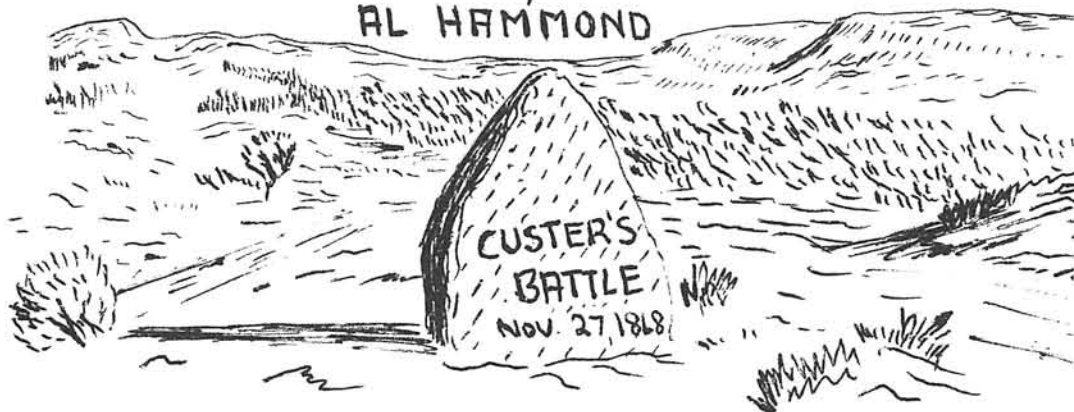
Details of plot are equally free from banality. Consider, for instance, the clever ruse McEwen employs to throw his trackers off his trail: discarding his horse and saddling up a wild and recalcitrant steer on which to make his rodeo-like escape. There is also the wonderfully cavalier gesture of evading the posse at the last moment by emptying his sack of loot to the winds, an act which sends the practical-minded lawmen scurrying after more tangible rewards.

Above all else, however, *Pasó Por Aquí* is a testament to those values of the American West that gave it its identity and its enduring worth: loyalty, tenacity, courage, humor, and compassion. They are all embodied here in a lasting work of literature.

—TONY LEHMAN.

# BATTLE OF THE WASHITA AFTERMATH

by  
AL HAMMOND



The Battle of the Washita occurred a short distance northwest of the present-day town of Cheyenne, Oklahoma. At the break of dawn on a cold freezing morning on November 27, 1868, Lt. Colonel George A. Custer struck the Southern Cheyenne camp of Black Kettle and Little Rock. There were eleven companies of the 7th Cavalry amounting to some eight hundred men and a detachment of scouts.

The Washita had long been used by Indians as a winter hunting and camping place. It was ideal because of an abundance of game animals and birds. There was also good forage for the Indian horses, plus the Washita River had good clear water most of the year. Finally there was plentiful wood and it was a protected area from the cold freezing winds that would blast across so many of the plains states.

Chief Black Kettle had proven to himself to be a good and able leader. He was one of the principal chiefs of the Southern Cheyenne and was present at the Sand Creek Massacre of 1874 when Colonel Chivington carried on the brutal massacre of Indians which went down in frontier history as a dark, unforgettable day for those involved. Black Kettle was wise and recognized the strength of the whiteman. He was present at all peace talks and treaties, and spoke out for peace not only for his own tribe but other neighboring tribes. Black Kettle would ask for permis-

sion for all tribal moves and had been granted the right to use the Washita as a winter camp.

Following Custer's orders Major Joel H. Elliott and his men struck the sleeping camp from a northeastern direction. The Major was to lose his life along with nineteen enlisted men. General Philip H. Sheridan, inspecting the battlefield at a later date, was to find their bodies stripped and filled with so many arrows that they resembled pin cushions. This loss was to prove troublesome for Custer inasmuch as he was unable to clearly explain and to account for it later on. The action of Elliott and his men involved fighting and chasing down small groups of Indians. Two young Indians, Hawk and Blind Bear, were overtaken and killed by them.

A relative of Blind Bear, subsequent to the battle, buried him in a shallow grave where he had fallen. In 1914, workmen doing some digging along the railroad right-of-way unearthed an Indian skeleton. Judson Cunningham noticed the skeleton as he was going to Cheyenne from his father's farm. Judson returned with John C. Casady, the editor and publisher of the *Cheyenne Star*. The bones were recovered and kept on display in the window of the *Star* until 1930.

Cheyenne Indians made the claim that the skeleton was the remains of Hawk. Chief Magpie and Long Wolf of the South-

ern Cheyenne requested a reburial on the battlefield. This reburial took place November 27, 1930, sixty-two years after the battle. Before a large crowd, Hawk was given a burial with full military honors. As a token of further respect, a granite marker was placed on the site.

Chief Black Kettle was an early riser and was warned by a woman who first saw the approaching cavalry. He told her to warn others and fired his rifle into the air to alert the entire village. The chief then leaped on his horse, pulling his wife behind him. They raced toward the river and upon reaching it the first volley fired caught Black Kettle with a slug in the stomach. He rode to mid-stream and fell from his horse with another bullet in his back. His wife fell dead, in the cold water, beside him.

Workmen again appeared, this time on July 11, 1934. They were preparing to rebuild a bridge across the Washita River and, while digging the foundation, discovered the remains of what was thought to be Black Kettle as the find was near the spot where he had been killed on his horse. Identification was easy. The shot in the backbone was present and his teeth showed his age. His personal ornaments of conchos, rings, and beads had been placed with him at the time of burial by his Cheyenne relations. Black Kettle's bones were brought into the *Cheyenne Star* and placed on display in the window of the

Oklahoma newspaper. The newspaper continued to be a morgue for Indians. Incidentally, upon my visiting the newspaper I overheard several white tourists speaking out that they felt it lacked good taste.

When the announcement was made in the newspaper about the discovery of the remains, it quickly brought Chief Long Wolf (Stacy Riggs) the grandson of Black Kettle. He had been three years old at the time of burial and, along with others, helped to identify the remains. His mother had returned ten days after the battle and with another relation buried the chief. Wolves had eaten part of his flesh so he was buried in the ground instead of in a tree as was the custom of the Southern Cheyenne at that time.

Reburial of Chief Black Kettle, after a long wait, was finally accomplished. The burial site was in the flag circle just north of the Black Kettle Museum building. Because there were some who disagreed and did not believe it was the remains of the chief, there was a controversy. Because of these few outspoken ones the marker in the flag circle reads, "The Unknown Who Lies Here is in Commemoration of Chief Black Kettle and the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Tribal Members Who Lost Their Lives in the Battle of the Washita, Dedicated November 27, 1968."

Trotter, a young Osage member of the Indian scouts, claimed to have scalped Black Kettle. He was outspoken and al-



The fact that the only prisoners were women and children didn't aid Custer's Battle of the Washita Case.

*Al Hammond Collection.*

ways spoke with bravado. This has never been substantiated by him or by others who were there. The relatives of Black Kettle who buried him say he was not scalped. For several years there was a scalp on display in the Pawnee Bill Museum at Pawnee, Oklahoma, which supposedly was that of Chief Black Kettle. This is very unlikely; at least it has never been proven true. Having not been to the museum for several years, I don't know if it is still on display.

At the last stage of the Battle of Washita, the 7th Cavalry now found itself in a bad predicament. Custer had charged the Black Kettle camp without properly scouting the surrounding area. As it turned out, other Indian camps in the vicinity were gathered and appeared in force. Two other Cheyenne camps, those of Medicine Arrow and Little Robe, were nearby, as were camps of Comanche and Arapahoe warriors. Ammunition and food were lacking among the cavalry, and the men were tired after the long day's fight and the previous night's forced march with no rest. With Indians appearing in great numbers, the decision was made to fake another attack into the gathering Indians, making them believe that it was the intention to charge farther into the other camp sites. The sur-

prised Indians withdrew and were caught unaware when the cavalry pulled an about-face and left under the cover of darkness.

After the battle, Custer's official report attempted to impress most of the nation's citizens with the fact that it had been an honorable victory. There were discrepancies, however. The reported death-rate of the Indians and the fact that the only prisoners were fifty-three women and children didn't aid his case, as a result, there were many who spoke out against Custer. Three of the most noteworthy individuals who did this were Captain Frederick Benteen of the 7th Cavalry, U. S. Indian Agent F. W. Wynkoop, and General William Hazen. The destruction of over seven hundred Indian horses nettled some. In general, bad feelings prevailed, and the so-called triumph at the Washita was considered by many as nothing but a massacre and slaughter of Indians.

The Cheyenne were no longer a severe threat to the southern plains. There were a few small battles fought, but no powerful leaders arose to unite the people. In 1874, with a lack of strength and morale, the loss of the buffalo herds and the constant harassment by the military, the Southern Cheyenne were, unhappily, forced into reservation life.



Don Perceval (Center) presents outgoing Sheriff John Urabec (Right) with a choice watercolor. Surprised Sid Platford (Left) shows his Perceval classic.

*Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.*