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Theodore Roosevelt and Conservation

By DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.

In the fall of 1973 when the Arab nations declared an oil embargo, Americans were jolted by the fact that their source of petroleum was inadequate to support domestic consumption. In the face of falling supply and increasing public demand, oil prices zoomed. Although prices subsequently plateaued, there were recurring hints that gasoline would cost more. Higher costs could result from the rise of crude oil costs or from increased federal fuel taxes. The objective seemed clear: to limit

consumption as a step toward conserving the world's diminishing supply of petroleum.

One man understood the potential of this problem early in this century—Theodore Roosevelt. At the very beginning of his first term of service as President, after the death of McKinley, TR “took up the cause of conservation.” He minced few words why he embraced conservation: “. . . from the outset we had in view, not

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The Branding Iron

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

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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

APRIL

Corresponding Member Todd I. Berens favored the Corral with a most inspiring rundown on how a teacher in the school system turns young adults to history. His slide lecture entitled "Innovation in the Training of Future Western Historians" explained his imaginative approach to the pursuit of places and things Western in his teaching and excursions with students to historical areas. It was nice to see such discipline and conduct among high school students.



Todd Berens addressing the Corral prior to the showing of slides.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.

MAY

In one of the largest meetings ever hosted by the Corral, the ancient Order of E Clampus Vitus swarmed in for the roundup wearing hats, red shirts, and enormous badges. The target, of course, was the speaker—Past Sublime Noble Grand Humbug of ECV, Dr. Albert Shumate of San Francisco. To the members of the Corral, to the Clampers who claim dual affiliation, to those seeking the light,

and to that half dozen or so ex-Noble Grand Humbugs of Platrix Chapter ECV who milled around in equal perplexity, the subject of Dr. Shumate's sprightly talk was most dubiously explanatory: "Who Are and What Are the Clampers?" Except for the red-shirted Knights, one had to rely on Dr. Shumate's eloquent address for answers.



Scene at the May meeting (L-R) Deputy Sheriff Hager, Sid Platford, Francis Wheat, Al Shumate, and Sheriff Ray Billington.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.

One may scoff at the idea that the mysteries of ECV came out of the Garden of Eden, but one can be sure, it was an active and healthy semi-historical fun group in the gold camps of early-day California. It was active down almost to the turn-of-the-century and then, except for a few oldtimers, faded out of the California historical picture. It remained for Dr. Carl Wheat and a few fellow historians to revive the order, directly linking it back to the gold rush days through the few living members, and reactivate it, complete with its ancient precepts and ritual. Today, odd and interesting epochs of California history are honored by ECV plaques, and remembered by the brethren for the "Clampout" that was an essential part of the marking.

The illustrious Dr. Shumate was jointly introduced by Past Sublime Noble Grand Humbug Sid Platford and Past Noble Grand Humbug Francis Wheat, the son of the most Sublime Humbug of them all—Dr. Carl Wheat. It was a most interesting and, at times, hilarious humbug evening.

JUNE

"Rancho Cerritos" was the scene of this year's annual *Fandango*. During the social hour a wandering Mexican singer plucked his guitar and gave out with folk songs.

A barbecue catered by Stern's Barbecue added to the feast while tasty wine tickled the tongues of guests. A short program was presented by Mrs. Frances Henselman, Librarian of the City of Long Beach, who told about the plans of the new city library under construction. Mrs. Roberta Nichols, Curator of Rancho Cerritos told the story of the Rancho which is now the property of the City of Long Beach.



The Rancho was carved out of the original grant to Manuel Nieto in 1784 and he moved on to the land the following year. Manuel died in 1804 and the land was divided into five ranchos by 1834. John Temple, who had married Rafela Cota, a cousin of the husband of Manuella, Nieto's daughter, purchased the 27,000 acre rancho from the heirs in 1843. The present structure was built in 1844 of adobe from the grounds, including redwood from the northern California coast and a tar roof from the La Brea tar pits. The rancho house was used mostly as a summer home. In 1866 Temple sold the ranch and house to Flint, Bixby & Co. who were sheep ranchers at San Juan Bautista for \$20,000 in gold. The Bixby's lived in the house from 1866 to 1881 after which it was unused as a home until 1930. The residence, during those years, was used as a stable, pig pen, rooming house for ranch retainers and then left to the elements. In 1930, Llewellyn Bixby, a descendant of the family, bought out the heirs and remodeled the inside into a house once again, leaving the outside with its original lines. The Bixby's lived there until 1955. That year the property was purchased as a historical park by the City of Long Beach for \$80,000 and dedicated as a museum. Our faithful member Don Meadows was the speaker at the ceremonies. Today the museum is operated by the Long Beach City Library and the grounds cared for by the Long Beach Park Department.

Roosevelt...

only the preservation of natural resources, but the prevention of monopoly in natural resources, so that they should inhere in the people as a whole."

A conservation visionary, Roosevelt believed that "the one characteristic more essential than any other is foresight." Well he knew that "foresight is not usually characteristic of a young and vigorous people, and it is obviously not a marked characteristic of us in the United States." But he pleaded, "it should be the growing nation with a future which takes the long look ahead; and no other nation is growing so rapidly as ours or has a future so full of promise." Prophetically, he warned that "as a Nation we have tended to live with an eye single to the present, and have permitted the reckless waste and destruction of much of our natural wealth." How timely that sounds in 1975, almost seventy years after these remarks were made in a speech at Jamestown, Virginia, before the National Editorial Association!

In that same address, Roosevelt uttered a truth that should be reconsidered by every contemporary American citizen:

The conservation of our natural resources and their proper use constitute the fundamental problem which underlies almost every other problem of our national life. Unless we maintain an adequate material basis for our civilization, we cannot maintain the institutions in which we take so great and so just a pride; and to waste and destroy our natural resources means to undermine the material basis.

Aware that the Americans were an optimistic people, a "good characteristic," he believed that "if carried to excess it becomes foolishness." Thus to speak of the nation's resources as inexhaustible was simply untrue. "The mineral wealth of the country," he pointed out, "the coal, iron, oil, gas, and the like, does not reproduce itself, and therefore is certain to be exhausted ultimately; and wastefulness in dealing with it to-day means that our descendants will feel the exhaustion a generation or two before they otherwise would."

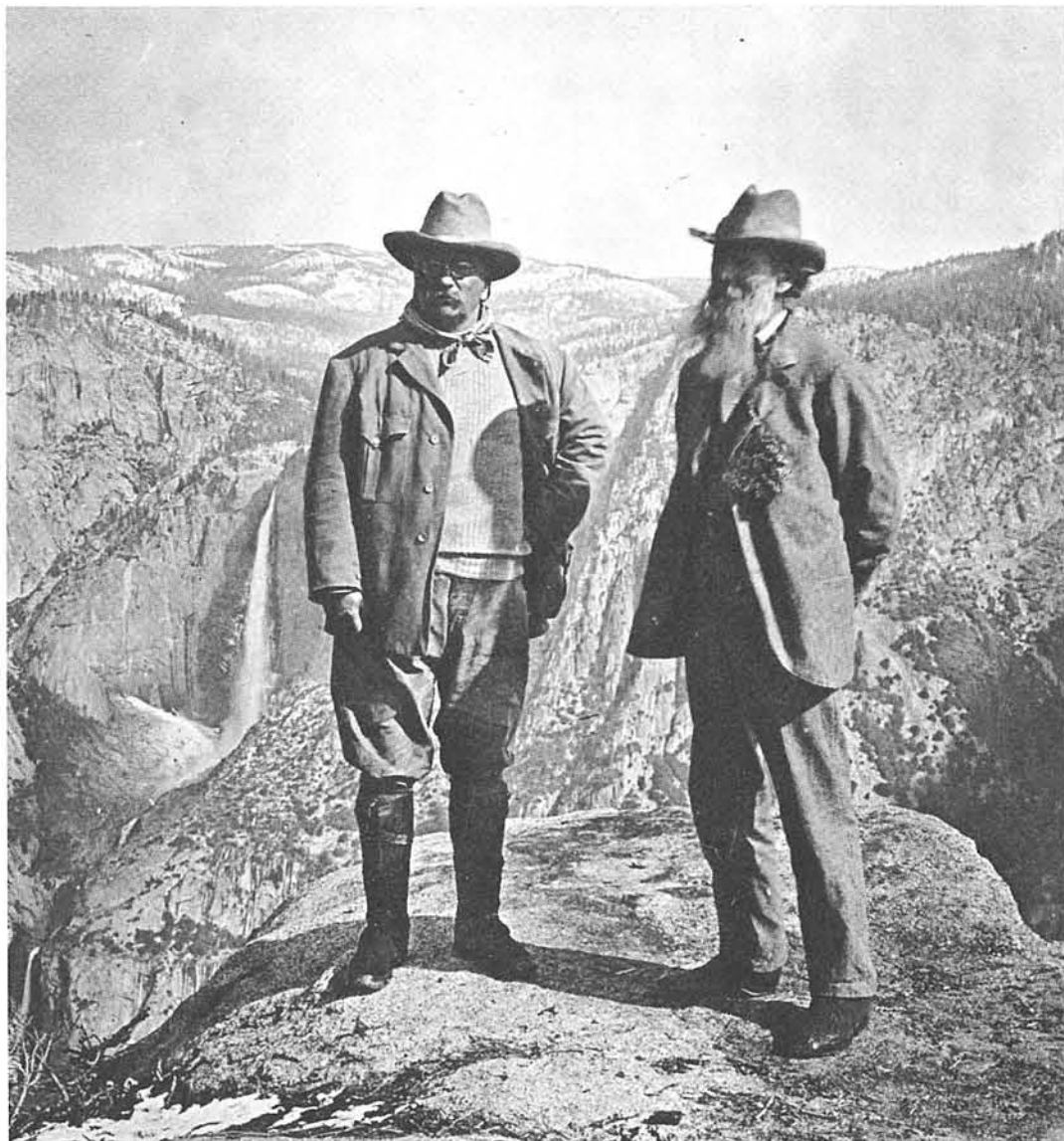
To safeguard national resources, Roosevelt took a bold stand, a stand so bold that it is conveniently forgotten today, even in the face of the nation's energy crisis, one

we are told that will be with us for decades to come. He felt that there should "be a sound moral standard on public matters." "Our public men," he wrote, "must represent and respond to the aroused conscience of the people." He urged a singular solution to the conservation of natural resources, both for the present and the future: "All the great natural resources which are vital to the welfare of the whole people should be kept either in the hands or under the full control of the whole people. This applies to coal, oil, timber, water power, natural gas." In his view natural resources "should be kept in the hands of the people and their development and use allowed under leasing arrangement (or otherwise); or where this is not possible, there should be strict governmental control over their use."

Well aware that his position was alien to the prevailing business community's attitudes, TR felt that the exploiters, and he meant conglomerate business interests, "should be driven out of politics." Only in that way could the principle that natural resources "must be used for the benefit of all our people, and not monopolized for the benefit of the few," prevail. TR was also aware that he would be accused "of taking a revolutionary attitude," but take it he did.

Knowing that America had become great because of its lavish use of its natural resources, he firmly believed that it was time "to inquire seriously what will happen when our forests are gone, when the coal, the iron, the oil, and the gas are exhausted, when the soils have been still further impoverished and washed into the streams, polluting the rivers, denuding the fields . . ." TR cautioned that such "questions do not relate only to the next century or to the next generation," but to the here and now.

Yet, in America seven decades later, confronted with widespread pollution of our waterways, our land, our air; confronted with retrenchment of environmental conservation—a retrenchment partially blamed on inflation, partially blamed on the energy crisis—technological innovation continues to consume and consume those ingredients of nature that man can never reproduce—coal, iron, oil, gas. Man has mastered reforestation, soil conservation,



Teddy Roosevelt and John Muir stand atop Half Dome with the majesty of Yosemite in the background. TR took bold steps to save America's natural life. — *Donald Duke Photograph.*

flood control, but he has yet to produce in a test tube a sliver of coal, an ounce of iron, or a spoon of oil—three ingredients so essential to the bases of the nation's industry—and its civilization.

To satisfy the outcry for energy, environmental standards are being quietly shelved. To rectify a precarious economy, one geared to massive energy consumption, greater exploitation of the nation's oil resources will be indulged; the land will be raped of its minerals—strip mining for coal, for phosphorous, for any industrial mineral.

The point to be reaffirmed today is one Roosevelt made sixty years ago:

Conservation means development as well as it does protection. I recognize the right and duty of this generation to develop and use the natural resources of our land; but I do not recognize the right to waste them, or to rob, by wasteful use, the generations that come after us . . . short of the actual preservation of its existence in a great war, there is none which compares in importance with the great central task of leaving this land even a better land for our descendants than it is for us, and training them into a better race to inhabit the land and pass it on. Conservation is a great moral issue, for it involves the patriotic duty of insuring the safety and continuance of the nation.

That was the heart of Roosevelt's entire conservation philosophy—develop our resources, but protect them as well; preserve our national resources, but desist from wastefulness. There must be a careful balance between use and abuse. If not, the price would be borne by generations to come, as ours is bearing the price of our fathers. In the end, the nation would pay the ultimate penalty—its very safety and continuance would be jeopardized. Who amongst us would wish that? Certainly not Theodore Roosevelt.

The essential issue today is precisely the same: utilization of resources, but also preservation. A balance must be struck. Yet public apathy is widespread. Selfishness continues to blind many citizens and businesses to the genuine crisis at hand. The crisis is more than a shortage of energy—it is a philosophical crisis; it is elemental. Chief Sealth of the Duwamish Tribe of Washington state wrote eloquently in 1855 of the American's great "blind spot":

One thing we know which the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may think now that you own him as you wish to own our land. But you cannot. He is the Body of man. And his compassion is equal for the redman and the white. *This earth is precious to him. And to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator.* The whites, too, shall pass—perhaps sooner than other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own waste. When the buffalo are slaughtered, the wild horses all tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires, where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift and the hunt, the end of living and the beginning of survival.

What is the crisis at hand—man does not own his earth, his environment. The earth is not man's creation. He must learn to respect and love it. Theodore Roosevelt did. His views on conservation of natural resources are timeless.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners extends the big paw of friendship to two new Corresponding Members. They are: John W. Robinson, Costa Mesa; and Edward A. Talbot of La Mirada.

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CHICAGO CORRAL

The Chicago Corral began its distinguished career on February 25, 1944, during the last year of World War II, with Leland D. Case and Elmo Scott Watson as the "founding fathers." Watson passed away in 1951, however, Case continues his inspiring leadership of Westerners International from Tucson, Arizona. Bruce L. McKinstry is currently Sheriff of the Chicago Corral.

The genealogy of The Westerners can be traced further back to the "Friends of the Middle Border" incorporated at Mitchell, South Dakota, in 1939 by Hamlin Garland and others.

The Chicago Corral began early with a publication program. Chicago's first bulletin was a mimeographed affair dated March 18, 1944, which described the meeting of February 25 and called for a monthly roundup of "local men interested in Western History." One of the finest Westerner publications available is their *Brand Book* which appears monthly under the guidance of its distinguished, long-time editor Don Russell. Each issue contains feature articles, news from other Corrals, book reviews, and other historical data of interest to members. Members of any other Corral may subscribe to this outstanding publication by becoming a Corresponding Member of the Chicago Corral. Send \$8.00 to Editor Don Russell, 191 Clinton Ave., Elmhurst, Illinois 60126.

The Los Angeles Corral salutes the Chicago Corral on their excellence and great contribution to Western History they have made over the years!

—DWIGHT S. CUSHMAN,
Representative.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in a series of articles prepared by our "Representative," Dwight S. Cushman, featuring the story of a Corral of The Westerners.)

ANTONIO F. CORONEL AND THE SERRA CENTENARY

By REV. MSGR. FRANCIS J. WEBER

In the annals of the history of Los Angeles, few if any individuals have occupied as many positions of public trust as Antonio F. Coronel. Born at Mexico City, on October 21, 1817, into a family long associated with and accomplished in jurisprudence, Antonio came to California in 1834, in the trifold role of merchant, rancher and educator.

During his sixty years in the southland, Coronel had the good fortune of participating in the transitional phase of the area's history. "He witnessed the gradual development of its resources and the remarkable expansion of its interests, contributing much thereto by his sagacity, enterprise and thorough familiarity with local conditions."¹

His training in medicine, which Coronel seems never to have utilized in California, admirably qualified him for the various positions of trust to which he was called. The "popular, clever and sprightly" pioneer served as justice of the peace, member of the city council and county assessor.²

In 1873, Antonio married Mariana Williamson, the daughter of a prominent New England family. A highly intelligent and affable lady, Mariana was of invaluable assistance to her husband in the many public roles he occupied in succeeding years.

Coronel's name was well known throughout California. He was state Treasurer for several years as well as a member of the California Legislature. He established the first Department of Public Works at Los Angeles, and was the city's Mayor from 1851 to 1853. During his tenure in the latter office, "it was the practice of the citizenry to gather in the Plaza at the sound of a gong and vote on general matters by raising of hands."³

Through his association with the old Franciscan friars, Coronel, a devout Catholic, became a staunch champion of the defenseless Mission Indians of Southern

California, addressing countless interventions on their behalf to federal, state and local officialdom. He gave most generously of his time when the *padres* sought his assistance in business matters.

Coronel exhibited a deep appreciation of the need for preserving the evidences of the Golden State's early heritage. He was an organizer of the Historical Society of Southern California and the one most responsible for the celebration marking the centennial of Fray Junípero Serra's death. Antonio's close friendship with Helen Hunt Jackson was acknowledged by that versatile writer in her historical works.⁴

During the course of many years, Coronel gathered "the largest and most valuable collection of historical materials relating to this section and to this coast, in the country."⁵ After his death, Mariana Coronel presented the extensive holdings to the City of Los Angeles. They were displayed in the Chamber of Commerce Building until 1922, when they were transferred to the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art. The Coronel Collection can still be viewed by appointment. Catalogued as No. A.110.58, the vast assortment of documents, paintings, photographs, costuming and other memorabilia forms a vital link with the transitional years of California's heritage.⁶

The kind-hearted Coronel was essentially "a man of the people and for the people, and, having for so many years generously aided in public and private enterprises, Los Angeles owes him much indeed!"⁷

In 1884, Coronel journeyed to Carmel, where he participated in the celebrations marking the hundredth anniversary of Fray Junípero Serra's demise. The essay he wrote for that occasion, published in several of the state's newspapers,⁸ indicates a close familiarity with Fray Francisco Palóu's *Relación Histórica*.⁹

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. James Miller Guinn, *Historical and Biographical Record of Los Angeles and Vicinity* (Chicago, 1901), p. 509.
2. "Benjamin David Wilson's Observations on Early Days in California and New Mexico," *Historical Society of Southern California* XVI (Annual, 1934), p. 148.
3. *Mayors of Los Angeles* (Los Angeles, 1965), p. 12.
4. For Coronel's part as the "villain" who launched the "pomp and ceremony" tale about the beginnings of Los Angeles, see Francis J. Weber, *The Founding of the Pueblo de Nuestra Senora de los Angeles. A Study in Historiography* (Los Angeles, 1970), pp. 3ff.
5. Henry Dwight Barrows, "Antonio F. Coronel," *Historical Society of Southern California* V (Annual, 1900), p. 82.
6. See *The Antonio F. Coronel Collection* (Los Angeles, 1906).
7. James Miller Guinn, *op. cit.*, p. 510.
8. This particular version is taken from an unidentified newspaper clipping mounted in the first of the four scrapbooks acquired by the Huntington Library from the Episcopal Church Home of Los Angeles. The volumes in question contain miscellaneous Californiana clippings gathered by Georgie Truman. The writer wishes to thank Mr. Carey Bliss, Curator of Rare Books, for permission to publish this excerpt.
9. For the background of that famous work, see Francis J. Weber, "Cornerstone of Western Americana," *Quarterly Newsletter of the Book Club of California* XXXIV (Spring, 1969), pp. 36-39.

Father Junipero Serra

The Centennial Anniversary of His Death — The History of His Career — Hardships and Sickness — Walk from Vera Cruz to San Blas — Nearly Starved — Went to the City of Mexico for Supplies for the Indians — His Death in 1774 — Father Junípero Sings His Own Requiem.

A great sentiment, one more elevated than that of honoring the virtue which even on this fragile earthly mantle cannot be shaken off, is that of remembering the dead, of placing a flower where lie those who have passed into eternity. That sentiment moves me to-day 28th of August, 1884, at the hundredth year of the death of Rev. Father Junípero, a man who by his services and sacrifices, gave days of glory to his country, honor to religion, and to his descendants a rich inheritance. At the present time, when illustration is producing such advantageous and healthy fruits, leaving aside all prejudice that originates passions, one can duly qualify properly the merits of those worthy of praise and acknowledgment. The voices from all the towns of this State should be raised to-day to repeat the praises of the first founder of morality and civilization. But this being a proper occasion, I shall relate some of them, which by their nature possess an estimable worth.

He was born¹ one of those beings endowed with intelligence. His earliest desire was to become a priest. At the age of sixteen he entered the Franciscan Order,² and before he was eighteen he had taken the final vows.³ In this vocation his most

ardent desires were to labor among the Indians of the western shores of the New World, but to his disappointment these desires were not realized, until nineteen years after having become a priest, when he was sent to Mexico.⁴ There he was kept at work founding Missions, preaching, taking care of the sick in the jails and hospitals, exposing his own life.⁵ This country⁶ being threatened by the English and Russians.

The Spanish Government sent an expedition to secure their just rights. Father Junípero Serra joined it as President of all the California Missions, which important position he performed with ability and great patience. The voyage from the port of Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico,⁷ and from there to the port of San Blas, he made on foot.⁸ The same he did from La Paz (Lower California) to San Diego (Upper California). These voyages caused an ulcer to form on his leg, from which he suffered all the rest of his life.⁹ Those who know how rough and unhealthy these places are, can imagine what he must have endured. At the founding of the first Mission,¹⁰ which they called San Diego,¹¹ the arduous fatigues, the scarcity of provisions, and exposure, caused a pestilent disease¹²

through all that colony, the majority of them dying, and those who survived were left so weak that they could not even make the graves for their unfortunate friends. Father Junípero and the engineer,¹³ although sick, had to perform this operation with their own hands, besides taking care of the sick and feeding them seeds and herbs, which they obtained from the Indians.

In this critical situation, the few remaining who had not caught the disease and the convalescent ones, afraid of yielding to this crisis, urged Governor [Gaspar de] Portalá [*sic*] to abandon such a rash undertaking and put them on safer land. Portalá [*sic*]¹⁴ not being able to refuse such just complaints and taking into consideration his own life, fixed the 20th of March, 1770, for their departure.

Father Junípero, on learning of this determination, looked low-spirited, for he considered that all the efforts and expense would be buried forever, and above all California would be lost to Spain.¹⁵ The 19th was St. Joseph's Day. On the morning of it, Father Junípero, who had been praying night and day for weeks, celebrated to St. Joseph a High Mass, with special invocations for relief. Before noon, a sail was seen on the horizon. There were some who scoffed at it as a mere apparition, but Portalá [*sic*] believed and waited, and four days later, in came the ship *San Antonio*, bringing bountiful stores of all that was needed.¹⁶ No time was lost in organizing expeditions to go in search of Monterey,¹⁷ and possession was taken of the place, and the peaceful and perfect occupation of the new country was accomplished; which had been of so much expense to the court of Spain and the great conqueror [Fernando] Cortéz.

Portalá [*sic*] and his people, ashamed of their weakness, had to pay greater homage to that heroic man.

It is seen that through that effort, this garden of gardens, was won by Spain, or now we would not be enjoying its great advantages nor our institutions. In 1772, when perplexities seemed inextricably thickened, and supplies had fallen so short that starvation threatened the Missions, Father Junípero, not wishing to trust any one with such an important affair, took ship to San Blas, with no other companion

except an Indian boy.¹⁸ He toiled on foot from

SAN BLAS TO GUADALAJARA,

Two hundred and forty miles. Here they both fell ill of fever, and sank so low that they were supposed to be dying, and the Holy Viaticum was administered to them. But they recovered, and while partly convalescent pushed on again, reaching the City of Mexico in February, 1773. The Viceroy of Mexico¹⁹ at first manifested some difficulty, but who could refuse the prayers of an aged man who had given such proofs as this of his earnestness and devotion. The difficulties were cleared up, money and supplies obtained,²⁰ and Father Junípero returned to his post with a joyful heart. Before leaving he kissed the feet of the Friars in the College²¹ and asked their blessing, saying that they would never behold him more. Father Junípero's insatiable passion was baptizing Indians, thus saving souls from death, filling him with unspeakable joy. The transports into which Father Junípero was thrown by the beginning of a new mission are graphically written by the man²² who went with him to establish the mission, with his little train of soldiers and mules. Laden with a few weeks' supplies, he wandered off into the unexplored wilderness. As soon as he would see a beautiful oak-shaded plain he ordered a halt, would seize the bell, tie it to a tree and ring on till the echo was heard by some of the Indians, who, moved by curiosity, would appear at the place. As soon as Father Junípero saw them he would call them. They had for guard and help a few soldiers, and sometimes a few already partly civilized Indians; several head of cattle, some tools and seeds and holy vessels for the church service, which completed their store of weapons, spiritual and secular, offensive and defensive, with which to conquer the wilderness and its savages. There needs no work of the imagination to help this picture. Taken in its sternest realism, it is vivid and thrilling, contrasting the wretched poverty of these single-handed beginnings with the final splendor and riches attained. The result seems well-nigh miraculous. From the rough booths of boughs and reeds of 1770 to the pillars, arched corridors and domes of the stately stone churches of a half century later, is a change only a degree

less wonderful than the change in the Indian from the naked savage with his one-stone tool, grinding acorn meal in a rock bowl, to the industrious tiller of the soil, weaver of cloth, worker in metals and singer of sacred hymns. Alexander Humboldt, after having visited this country in 1802,²³ speaking of it in his historical essay, says, "That of all the missions of New Spain, those of California represented the most rapid progress and notable civilization, and that all this was owing to the good management of the missionaries."

Father Junípero possessed the wonderful instinct of going in search of the unfortunate. He distinguished himself in everything for the sake of charity. It was wonderful to see this man animated by motives so different from those that distinguish actions that are purely human. He left his country, his parents, and his friends forever, to dedicate himself for life to sow the seed of faith and moral principles in the hearts of a people of a country who had never known it, exposing himself to all danger and suffering. In this saintly priest,²⁴ interest toward humanity was identified by the most grave religious and political questions. He was a practical agriculturist, a great moralist and good director. Witnesses of all this were the beautiful and productive towns²⁵ which he established in such a short time and with such small resources, the thousands of savages he converted into useful men, the communications he sent to

THE KING OF SPAIN

And to the superior authorities of Mexico and the Superiors of his Convent, which show the tedious examination he made of this country, and of its great elements and resources, prognosticating what is now being realized. The history of his last hours and of his death written by his faithful friend and partner, Palon [*sic*], is a quaint and touching narrative.²⁶ Up to the day before his death, his indomitable will upholding the failing strength of his dying body, Father Junípero had read in the church of San Carlos, Monterey,²⁷ the canonical offices of each day, a service requiring an hour and a half of time. The evening before his death he walked alone to the church to receive the last sacraments. The church was crowded to overflowing with Indians and whites, many

crying aloud in uncontrollable grief. Father Junípero knelt before the altar with great fervor of manner, while Father Palon [*sic*] with tears rolling down his cheeks, read the services for the dying, gave him absolution and administered the Holy Viaticum. Then rose from choked and tremulous voices the strains of the grand hymn, "*Tantum Ergo*." A startled thrill ran through the church as Father Junípero's own voice, high and strong as ever, joined in the hymn. One by one the voices of his people broke down, stifled by sobs, until at last the dying man's voice almost alone finished the hymn. After this he gave thanks and returning to his cell-like room, spent the whole of the night in listening to penitential psalms and litanies, and giving thanks to God, all the time kneeling or sitting on the ground, supported by the loving, faithful Palon [*sic*].

In the morning early he asked for plenary indulgence, for which he again knelt, and confessed again. At noon he was visited by the principal persons and authorities of the place.²⁸ He welcomed them, and after making a few remarks, bid them good-bye. After they took their leave, he asked Palon [*sic*] to read to him again the recommendations of the soul. At its conclusion he responded earnestly, in as clear a voice as in health, "Thank God I am now without fear." Then with a firm step he walked to the kitchen, saying that he would like a cup of broth. As soon as he had taken the broth he exclaimed, "I feel better now. I will rest," and lying down he closed his eyes, and without another word or sign of struggle or pain, ceased to breathe, entering indeed into a rest of which his last words had been solemnly prophetic.

Behold here a rapid tribute to the merits and virtues of that illustrious man and venerable patriarch. Let the descendants remember when the town meets in some place to bless the memory of that great apostle, as long as we cannot place upon his brow the unfading wreath to which his deeds make him worthy. But Father Junípero is not dead. He still lives immortal in the just pages of history, and in the memory of those who know of his important services in California that he so much loved.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

In Remembrance



ANDY KIRK

William Andrew Kirk, better known to his many friends as Andy, died on December 12, 1974, at the age of 78. Since the early 1930s, Andy had lived on the bayfront at Balboa. But he and his wife, Dorothy (his second wife, his first having died some years back), also had a small ranch a few miles inland up in Santiago Canyon. There, as some of you may recall, in June 1965, he hosted the Los Angeles Westerners at the annual Rendezvous. And there, too, on the day after last Thanksgiving, he suffered a severe stroke that left him almost totally—and apparently permanently—paralyzed. As anyone familiar with him knows, Andy always had been, and still was, even at his advanced age, an incredibly active man. Under the circumstances, then, his death can hardly be viewed as other than merciful.

Born in Sioux City, Iowa, February 13, 1896, Andy first came to Southern California in 1908. During the early years, he lived "out in the country," as he liked to say, where Westwood now stands. He attended Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles and afterwards took post-graduate, junior college-level studies. He married, in Riverside, in 1916, and a year or two later moved with his wife to Idaho Falls where he worked as a chemist for what is now the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. It was in Idaho, too, that his son, William, Jr., and his daughter, Katherine,

were born. Returning to Southern California with his family about 1923, Andy took a job for a year or so as a chemist with a gypsum company out in the desert. He followed that up with work for several petroleum companies, remaining for many years, connected with the production department of General Petroleum Corporation (now Mobil). Meanwhile, stepping out more or less on his own about 1927 or 1928, Andy began acquiring and drilling oil wells and processing gasoline. From that beginning, he eventually went on to form and become president of the California Southern Oil Company and the Pacific Coast Gasoline Company, both headquartered in Harbor City. A founder, past president, and "Mr. Old Timer" of the Western Gas Processors and Oil Refiners Association, he was sometimes referred to as the last of the independent oil producers.

Andy had two great passions: boats and horses—which is also to say, the sea and the outdoor West. He entered the L. A. Corral of the Westerners as a corresponding member early in 1965 and became an active member in September 1966 (at the same time as Bill Newbro and Tom McNeill). He belonged to several horsemen's organizations, such as the Rancheros Visitadores and the Desert Caballeros, and he loved few things better than to ride over the hills and deserts of Southern California and Arizona.

An avid yachtsman, Andy joined the Newport Harbor Yacht Club in 1937 and later became a member of the St. Francis Yacht Club of San Francisco. Though he started out sailing small boats, he soon became involved in offshore racing as a crewman on some of the best-known yachts on the Pacific Coast. He sailed on three Transpac races on the famed *Morning Star* when it was owned by one of his oil man friends, Richard Rheem, and he crewed on the 67-foot yawl *Chubasco* when it was owned by another of his friends, William Stewart, of the Union Oil Company. He also crewed with Humphrey Bogart on the *Santana* and he once sailed the rugged Fastnet race off England with Henry DuPont. Andy was widely known in yachting circles throughout the world

and was a charter member of the western contingent of the prestigious Cruising Club of America. His own boat, which he campaigned locally for many years, was an Island Clipper named *Frolic*. In recent years, however, he devoted his yachting activity to his powerboat, *Buccaneer*. Aboard it, on different occasions, a number of his fellow Westerners were Andy's guests on one of the three-day cruises to Catalina Island that he enjoyed so much. Thus it seems appropriate that his burial was at sea off the Southern California coast.

But in the end, and in the sadness of the loss, what can one really say when a friend and a good soul departs? . . . except that we'll miss him, all of us who had the pleasure and good fortune of knowing Andy.

—WILLIAM O. HENDRICKS.



WALLACE I. (BOB) ROBERTSON

Bob, as his friends called him, was born in the little village of Sage, which lies south of Hemet, attending the local grammar and high school there. Leaving high school at the conclusion of his junior year, he worked on stock ranches in Southern California and later on in law enforcement work, construction projects in Alaska during the 1940's, and as a guard in the Nevada State Prison from which he retired as Sergeant of Guards in 1967. During all this time, he was studying and learning all he could of western history, making a specialty of the livestock industry. He spoke Spanish, as if he was born to it, and

could hold his own in the field of botany, ornithology and biology. And to top it off, he was an English scholar. No mean accomplishment for a man whose formal education took him through the third year in high school.

But Bob didn't keep these accomplishments and his knowledge to himself, for over the years he contributed authoritative articles on the subject he loved to the publications of the Los Angeles and New York Corrals, as well as to the publication of the Department of Highways, State of Nevada. A list of his contributions is an imposing one as can be seen from the following bibliography:

"Broomtails"

The Westerners, *Branding Iron*
Los Angeles Corral—September 1956

"Buckaroo Bits"

Nevada Highways and Parks
Department of Highways—Spring 1975

"Buckaroo Spurs"

Nevada Highways and Parks
Department of Highways—Winter 1973

"Cowboys, Cow-Boys, Cowboys"

The Westerners, *Branding Iron*
Los Angeles Corral—March 1958

"Cow Tracks—a Western View"

The Westerners, *Brand Book*, Vol. 2, No. 4
New York Posse—1955

"El Jarano—Granddaddy of Western Headgear: The Evolution of a Hat"

The Westerners, *Branding Iron*
Los Angeles Corral—June 1954

"Heads and Tails"

The Westerners, *Branding Iron*
Los Angeles Corral—March 1959

"Luis Ortega—Rawhide Artist"

The Westerners, *Branding Iron*
Los Angeles Corral—June 1969

"Outlaw Words"

The Westerners, *Branding Iron*
Los Angeles Corral—June 1955

"Saddle Trees"

The Westerners, *Brand Book* No. 7
Los Angeles Corral—1957

"The Stetson Story"

Nevada Highways and Parks
Department of Highways—Spring 1973

An imposing list, indeed, his last article being posthumously by his home Corral, Los Angeles. Bob was never too busy to give of his knowledge to writers, artists, and others interested as can be attested by Tony Amaral, Randy Steffen and the

writer. His knowledge was deep and wide and he shall be missed by all who knew him, either personally or through his writings.

Bob leaves a devoted wife and companion, Robbie. What a pair they made. He is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. Anita Fay Schenck, three grand-children and a great grandson.

Remington once said he would like his epitaph to read "He Knew the Horse." A fitting epitaph for Bob would be "He knew what the horse and the man who rode him wore." Hasta la vista, Bob—Vaya Con Dios.

—MICHAEL HARRISON.



AL HAMMOND

Al Hammond was my friend, as he was to all who knew him. Having the same common interests, I think I knew him almost as well as anyone in these past eighteen years. He was not one to dwell upon his own personal problems, and consequently no one knew of his unfortunate bout with what was probably diabetes, and which he did little to combat. His friends were legion, both in the white community from all stratas of society and in the Indian community where he was loved by all. He was known to the Indians from the Dakotas to the Pacific, and on his many treks to the various reservations he was welcomed and respected by all.

The many tons of foodstuffs and clothing which he sent or took to the Navajo Reservation will be sorely missed, and his interest and friendship will be long re-

membered. His knowledge of Indian history and culture was phenomenal, and most of his knowledge of the Custer battle was gained from the old ones of the Pine Ridge Reservation. His interests encompassed all phases of Western Americana, particularly the early frontier forts, and it was unusual to drive with him over a hundred miles before turning off to investigate another fort or monument to early historical events.

He was born in the town of Beaver Falls, Wisconsin, the son of a physician, and his mother and brother survive him in that area.

—RICHARD W. (DICK) BUNNELL.

Western Booksellers Issue Catalogs

Charles Marion Russell *The Cowboy Artist* is the subject of a vast catalog published by Dick Mohr of International Bookfinders, and available to serious collectors of Russelliana. The R. D. Warden library is now being offered for sale and this catalog includes several thousand items from more than a quarter century of collecting. Tasty tidbits include over 900 color prints and more than 142 black-and-white drawing reproductions. There are also many first edition books, over 1,500 exhibition catalogs, invitations, programs, periodicals with Russell art, seven scrapbooks, and even an 18-minute color film entitled *The Montanan* about Russell.

The Russell Collection is fully catalogued and cross-catalogued in this 125-page checklist. While the catalog is free, please respect that this is for serious collectors only.

A fine catalogue that belongs in the hands of every Westerner has been issued by Dawson's Book Shop. Titled "The Cattle Business in Art, History, and Literature," this priced and illustrated catalogue features selections from the library of Corral member George Fullerton, as well as an impressive array of Ed Borein etchings.

George's motives in disposing of this portion of his large and enviable collection will gladden the heart of every book collector. As he says in a preface to the catalogue: "I have reached the time in life when it seems practical to consider

the advisability of disposing of some of my rather large collection of Western Americana. I have considered giving it to one of the several worthy college libraries where I feel it would be somewhat static. However, after considerable thought about the great pleasure I have had over the many years in collecting these books, and considering the scarceness of some of the titles, I have concluded to dispose of this segment, at least, by sale, so that others may also have the enjoyment of finding some long-sought item in this catalogue."

All of us understand and appreciate George's sentiments in providing other bibliophiles with a special opportunity to snare many a long elusive title.



Corral Chips

At their annual meeting the Board of Trustees for the Mission Santa Barbara Archive Library elected *Doyce Nunis* to a third term as president of the board. He has also been elected vice-chairman of the History Team, Los Angeles City Bicentennial Commission. Associate Member *John Caughey*, too, has been appointed to the Bicentennial Commission by Mayor Bradley and will work with Doyce as a member of the History Team.

The Los Angeles Ebell Club viewed a slide lecture by *Tony Lehman* which examined the historic architecture of Southern California.

C.M. *Abraham Hoffman* presented a paper on "Paul S. Taylor and His *Mexican Labor in the United States* Monograph Series" at the first annual Southwest Labor History Conference, held at the University of the Pacific.

Another of our scholarly members, *Ray Billington*, delivered the Norman Waite Harris Lectures at Northwestern Univer-

sity on "Cowboys, Indians, and the Land of Promise: The European Image of the American Frontier." This will also be the topic of the opening plenary address that Ray has been invited to present at the XIV International Congress of Historical Sciences when it convenes in San Francisco for its very first meeting in the United States.

Dan Thrapp, a Director of CAMP (Council on Abandoned Military Posts) will take over the editorship of their Quarterly *Periodical* upon his retirement from the Los Angeles Times.

Westerners were abundantly in evidence at the Baja California Symposium XIII held recently at the University of California, Riverside. Among those attending were *Walt Wheelock*, *Bill Hendricks*, *Everett Hager*, *Tony Lehman*, *Don Meadows*, *George Fullerton*, *Tony Kroll*, *Glen Dawson*, and *Henry Welcome*, along with a host of Corresponding Members: *Burr Belden*, *Helen Raitt*, *Mary Gormly*, *Bob Scheerer*, *Horace Dodd*, *Merrill Miller*, and *Anna Marie Hager*.

"Profiles of the Pilgrims" was the topic of Associate Member *Dwight Cushman's* talk for the Inland Empire Colony of the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

The Saddleback Western Art Gallery in Santa Ana displayed the art work of Associate Member *Ken Mansker* during its recent All Indian Artists Show.

Two new and interesting books authored by C. M. *John M. Carroll* will soon be released, *Papers of the Order of Indian Wars* (from the Old Army Press, Fort Collins, Colorado), and *Custer in Texas* (W. W. Norton, Publishers).

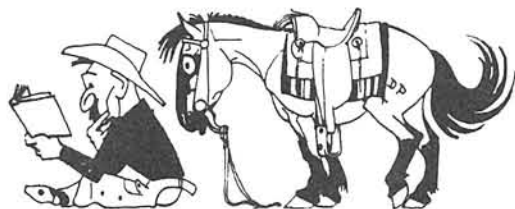
The "Camel Corps of the United States Army" was the subject of *Henry Welcome's* talk before the members of the Altadena Historical Society annual dinner held June 2. Henry is fast becoming a fervent after dinner speaker as well as faithful contributor to *The Branding Iron*.

John Kemble, doyen of maritime historians, was a speaker at the national convention of the Steamship Historical Society of America held in Long Beach on June 21-22, aboard SS *Princess Louise*. The highlight of the gathering of steamship buffs included *Donald Duke*, *Carl Dentzel and Son*, *Bill Hendricks*, to name but a few. The second day of the gathering

included a trip to Catalina aboard SS *Catalina* with a tour of the engine room and bridge during the crossing. This was the first time this noble historical organization had journeyed to the West for their Annual Meeting.

"So You Want to Write About the Saints?" was the subject of an eloquent talk by *Paul Bailey* before the membership of the Historical Society of Southern California for their May 21 meeting. Bailey, a Mormon by birth, has produced more than 25 books over the years, some with Mormon background. Bailey told of his interest in Mormon history, his association with the Saints, etc.

Lastly, it is with deep regret that we note the passing away of *George Fronval*, our only French Corresponding Member and a devoted student and author in the field of the American West.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THE DAWNSEEKERS, by Robert West Howard. Foreword by Gilbert F. Stucker, American Museum of Natural History. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 314 pp., 16 pp. of illustrations, map. \$8.95.

It has remained for a corresponding member of Los Angeles Corral, Robert West Howard, to write the first history of American paleontology. And what a remarkable book it is! Affectionately known as "Bob" to the writing members of The Westerners, this author was formerly editor of the *Brand Book*, publication of New York Corral, and father to a score of books dealing with western history. Now Bob is singularly honored by having produced the first book-length history of the American Dawnseekers—that heroic band of intellectual adventurers who, in their obsessive search of the fossilized remains of life and creatures in America's wilderness, pushed back the day of the earth's creation

from the accepted Biblical 6,000 years (Bishop Ussher's canonical pronouncement of creation's date is 4,004 B.C.) to the real dawn time—over four billion years ago.

Today it seems almost unbelievable that these early fossil hunters, who established the now recognized science of paleontology and in doing so ran head-on into established Christian and Judaic concepts as to the earth's age and populace, should be so pilloried and punished for their dangerous search and beliefs. Prison sentences and public ridicule were theirs when they dared assemble in their tiny museums the actual proof of an earth-life tenure that made the Biblical story but one tiny heartbeat in the eons of time. The names of these heroic dawnseekers are many, including Thomas Jefferson, Charles Wilson Peale, Benjamin Silliman, Amos Eaton, Joseph Leidy, Ferdinand V. Hayden, Othniel Marsh, Edward D. Cope, down to Roy Chapman Andrews and Paul McGrew. The story of their search and accomplishment is unforgettably and masterfully told by Robert West Howard. Here indeed is a new world of Western Americana.

Bob Howard unfolds the story of these lonely adventurers who braved America's "badlands" from east to west, armed only with hammer and chisel, harassed by Indians, irate miners, homesteaders, scoffing Christians, thirst, hunger and four-legged varmints, to gather the fossilized bones that eventually pushed back man's knowledge of the world by billions of years. Today the bones and replicas of hundreds of species of dinosaurs, giant birds with teeth, tiny three-toed horses, ancient camels, mastodons, incredibly sized reptiles, and ancient man, are assembled in numerous museums as result of their toil.

A partial listing of the chapters of *The Dawnseekers* will indicate the treat in store for readers of this remarkable book: "Reverend Annan's Ominous Molars," "The Heretics," "The Incident of Morgan's Bones," "A Museum of Natural Curiosities," "Ninth Wonder of the World," "The Science of Early Beings," "The Dragon Hunters," "Darwin's War," "Bone Barons," "The Resurrectionists," "Declare, if Thou Hast Understanding," and the final chapter, "Pilgrimage," in which Bob Howard reveals the background of his own quest into the story of paleontology, his back-

ground search in this "other world" science and those unsung masters of it, and his own participation as a laborer in the bone quarries of Utah and Wyoming.

It is all the more incredible that the author gives our fellow Westerner, our beloved Horace Albright, credit for saving the still viable dinosaur quarries of the American west from utter vandalism by rockhounds and pot hunters by his efforts at turning these ancient and sacred cemeteries into protected public shrines, such as the Dinosaur National Monument near Vernal, Utah. With the publishing of *The Dawnseekers*, the world will be made increasingly aware of the almost unbelievable treasure-trove of knowledge which God Himself has saved for this nation out of the earth's true dawn.

Robert West Howard, who presently resides in Athens, Greece, has long held the respect of fellow Westerners for his many books—such as *The Great Iron Trail*, *This Is the West*, *Thundergate: the Forts of Niagara*, and *The Horse in America*.

—PAUL BAILEY.

Father Junipero Serra . . .

(Continued from Page Ten)

What has occurred in this country in the hundred years past is astonishing to the eye of the keen observer. It has absorbed all elements that comprise modern civilization in its most elevated scale, considering its geographical situation, its vast elements and resources, which contain a population of several millions of inhabitants, being now in its infancy. It is easily foreseen that our fortunate descendants, protected by the Divine hand in the hundred years to come, will reach the perfect step of moral and physical intellect, which the rapid progress of the age affords. Hoping they may continue paying the debt which is due to the man to whom I yield this small tribute, since it seems so ordained by human events.

NOTES TO THE TEXT

1. Miguel José Serra was born at Petra, Mallorca, Spain, on November 24, 1713.
2. Serra was admitted as a novice at the Convento de Jesús, outside the walls of Palma, on September 14, 1730.
3. It was on the occasion of his profession as a Franciscan, on September 15, 1731, that Serra chose the name Junipero, in memory of the brother companion of Saint Francis.
4. It was on April 13, 1749 that Fray Junipero

- Serra and his former pupil, Fray Francisco Palóu, sailed from Palma for America by way of Málaga and Cádiz.
5. Serra's earliest years in New Spain were spent in the missions of the Sierra Gorda region of northern Mexico.
6. The reference here is to Alta California.
7. The writer back-tracks here to Serra's pre-California days. Fray Junipero and an unnamed companion walked the distance of 250 miles from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.
8. There were seventeen years between these two journeys.
9. Though he appears to have a fundamentally robust constitution, Fray Junipero suffered greatly from mosquito bites sustained on his trek from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. Scratching caused such varicose ulcers as to occasionally impede his walking.
10. Serra had previously established the Mission of San Fernando de Velicatá, on May 14, 1769, in Peninsular California.
11. The mission named for San Diego de Alcalá was formally established on July 16, 1769.
12. The illness was scurvy.
13. Possibly a reference to Captain Juan Pérez.
14. Gaspar de Portolá served as Military Commander or Governor in 1769-1770.
15. Serra and his companion, Fray Juan Crespi, had decided to stay behind in the event that the governor decided to abandon the establishment.
16. Apparently weather conditions delayed the "bringing in" of the ship, until March 24th.
17. The *San Antonio* set sail for Monterey on April 16th. Actually Monterey had already been "discovered" the previous year by Portolá. Perhaps the author is inadvertently thinking about the Bay of Monterey.
18. The Indian's name was Juan Evangelista whom Serra had baptized on March 19, 1771. Juan received Confirmation in Mexico City, the first Indian of Alta California to receive that sacrament. He died at Carmel in 1778.
19. Viceroy Antonio María Bucareli y Ursua was an honest, self-sacrificing and qualified public official.
20. After the meeting, the Franciscan *Presidente* had no more loyal and consistent friend than Bucareli.
21. Serra was attached to the Apostolica College of San Fernando, in Mexico City.
22. Viz., Fray Francisco Palóu (1773-1789), the biographer of Serra and his *pro-tempore* successor as *Presidente* of the California missions.
23. The reference is to the four volume work, *Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain*, published at London, in 1811.
24. Fray Junipero Serra's cause for beatification was opened in 1934.
25. A better term is "mission" for Serra felt that it was premature to establish *pueblos* in California during his lifetime.
26. See Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M. (trans.), *Palóu's Life of Fray Junipero Serra* (Washington, 1955), pp. 243ff.
27. Not so. Serra resided at Carmel's Mission San Carlos Borromeo.
28. Among the visitors were José Cañizares and the royal chaplain, Cristóbal Díaz.