

**Figure 1 (Left):** John Clum, the San Carlos Apache Reservation Manager, at center. To Clum's left and right are Diablo and Eskiminzin, Indian Police, from two different Western Apache tribes. 1875 Photo courtesy of Library of Congress. **Figure 2 (Right):** President Ulysses Grant. The San Carlos Reservation was created during his term of office in 1872. That same year, the Chiricahua Reservation was established in Southeast Arizona. Photo courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration.

## Gerónimo's Surrender in Cañón de Los Embudos

By Frank J. Brito

Late in 1872, the U.S. government made an inhumane decision that was to affect thousands of lives. The San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation was established in the hot Arizona desert, in an area inhospitable to Eastern Chiricahua tribes accustomed to their mountain homeland. Four years later,

in 1876, the forced relocation of Chokonon Chiricahua Apaches to the San Carlos Reservation was made in accordance with the ill-advised "Indian Concentration Policy." Not only were the Chiricahuas moved there, but several different bands of Western

*(Continued on Page 3)*

# The Branding Iron

Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners  
*Published Quarterly*  
 Winter – Spring – Summer – Fall

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*The Branding Iron* is always seeking articles of up to around 20 pages dealing with every phase of the history of the Old West and California. Contributions from both members and friends are always welcome.  
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### Editor's Corner . . .

Welcome loyal readers to the Spring 2024 edition of *The Branding Iron*! For the lead article of this 314th issue, Frank Brito shares a tale of resistance and betrayal about Apache Chief Gerónimo, and literally retraces the steps to his 1886 surrender in Cañón de Los Embudos, Sonora, Mexico. Abe Hoffman offers a retrospective on the writing of his *Mono Lake* book, and Tracy Johnston treats us to some railroad dining history.

Miss any meetings this season? You're in luck! They have been preserved for posterity in Roundup summaries written by fellows Alan Griffin and Darran Davis. Wondering

what books to read? We also have two book reviews for your consideration by Joe Cavallo and Brian Dervin Dillon.

Of course, many thanks to all of the fantastic contributors who help to make *The Branding Iron* a journal we can all be proud of and enjoy reading. All of this is possible, thanks to you!

If you have any ideas for articles that you would like to contribute, please feel free to get in touch with my contact information below. Thanks, and Happy Trails!

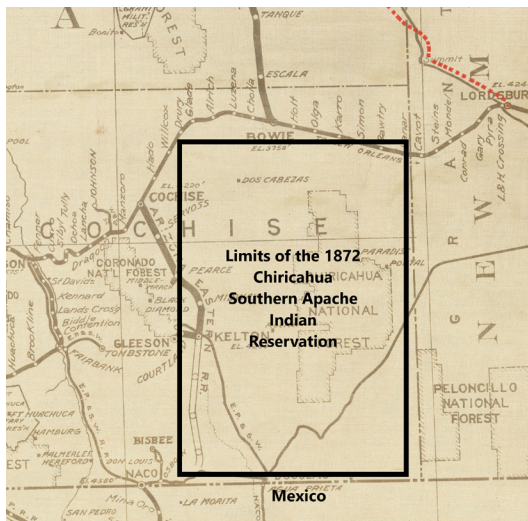
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Apaches from central Arizona were already present on that reservation with an estimated overall population of 5,000 at its maximum, though this number seems too high.<sup>1</sup> The Dutch Reformed Church was placed in charge of the Apaches and John Clum (Figure 1), a church member, became a supporter of concentration. In 1874 he was appointed the San Carlos Agent and sent there to manage these highly disparate bands of Apaches, dissimilar linguistically and often antagonistic to one another. Some Apachean inter-tribal hostility could be characterized as that between “traditional enemies.”

The San Carlos concentration policy in 1872 began a fourteen year period of unrest. Violence and escapes included bolting bands periodically raiding ranchers, miners, and travelers north and south of the Mexican border. Hundreds were killed, women and children were kidnapped, and losses occurred in livestock, personal property, firearms and ammunition. The economic consequences in Arizona and New Mexico were widespread mine closures, and the abandonment of ranches and farms. With accompanying military expenses, these losses surely exceeded any economic benefit of concentration. The Northern Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua were also heavily plundered with many lives lost and property destroyed.

Concurrent with the establishment of the San Carlos Reservation, Cochise, as the respected chief of the Chokonon Band of Chiricahua Apaches, wanted to end hostilities with the Americans. This was a long-sought goal desired by both Cochise and the U.S. government. General Oliver Otis Howard secured a treaty with Cochise in 1872 ending the eleven-year war.

By President Grant’s executive order, based on the recommendation of General Howard, a new reservation was established for Cochise’s Chokenens in the Southeast corner of Arizona (Figure 3). It included his homeland of the Chiricahua and Dragoon Mountain Ranges. With a few exceptions by individual hostiles, the other three Chiricahua bands likewise remained somewhat peaceful. Thus, depredations were minimal in Arizona for a while. This was not the case in



*Figure 3: An approximate representation of the Chiricahua Reservation in Arizona’s southeast corner. It was negotiated by General Oliver Otis Howard and granted to Cochise and his Chokonon band through executive order by President Ulysses Grant in 1872. The eastern (right hand) border ends at the New Mexico Territory line, the southern limit is the border with Mexico. This reservation included the traditional “Cochise Stronghold,” the Dragoon and Chiricahua Mountains. This reservation lasted less than four years. Map courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration, with additions by Brito, 2024.*

Mexico, as the southern border of this new Chiricahua reservation was contiguous with the northern Mexican border and Apache raids into Mexico continued. Mexico was not a party to this treaty with Cochise because its people were hated by the Apaches and considered a fair source of plunder.<sup>2</sup> Creating a substantial and embarrassing problem was Section XI of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. This Treaty, signed by Mexico on February 2, 1848, ended the Mexican War. It was ratified by the United States on July 4, 1848. A portion of Section XI states:

**Suppression of Savage Indian Raids Into Mexico – Purchase of Captives or Stolen Property Prohibited – Return of Captives to Mexico**

Considering that a great part of the territories which, by the present treaty, are to



*Figure 4: San Carlos Reservation Guard House, San Carlos, Arizona. Gerónimo was incarcerated here until released. 1880 photo by C. S. Fly in public domain.*

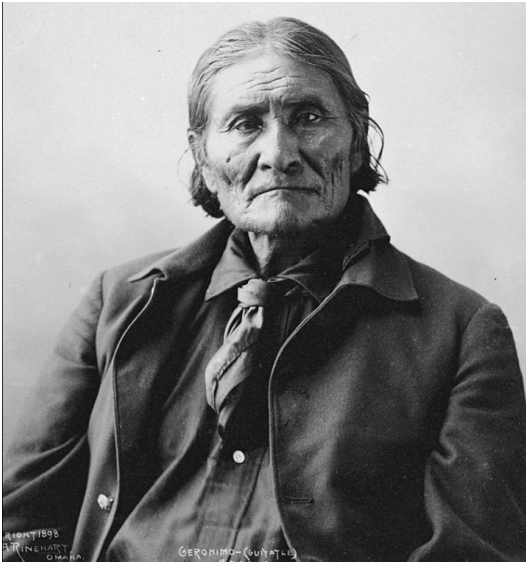
be comprehended for the future within the limits of the United States, is now occupied by savage tribes, who will hereafter be under the exclusive control of the government of the United States, and whose incursions within the territory of Mexico would be prejudicial in the extreme, it is solemnly agreed that all such incursions shall be forcibly restrained by the government of the United States whensoever this may be necessary; and that when they cannot be prevented, they shall be punished by the said government, and satisfaction for the same shall be exacted – all in the same way, and with equal diligence and energy, as if the same incursions were meditated or committed within its own territory, against its own citizens.<sup>3</sup>

The terms of the Treaty's Section XI placed full responsibility on the U.S. government for incursions into Mexico by Apaches from the U.S. and for compensation for resulting damages. This included seizing and repatriating Mexican civilian captives. Unfortunately, the San Carlos agency was unable to restrain the Apaches, with the Chiricahua Reservation resting on the Mexican border. Further, it was nearly impossible to comply when the Chiricahuas bolted from the reservation. These problems were placed squarely on the

shoulders of the U.S. military.

Cochise died of natural causes in 1874 and hereditary leadership of the Chokonens passed to his oldest son, Taza, a worthy successor who also desired peace. Unfortunately, during an 1876 visit to Washington D.C., Taza contracted and then succumbed to pneumonia. Inheriting the vacant chief's position was Naiche (Figure 6), the 20-year-old younger brother of Taza. Also in 1876, President Grant (Figure 2) surrendered to mining interests and the political pressures of Section XI and ordered the closure of the Chiricahua Reservation in Southeast Arizona.

The Chokonens were then moved to San Carlos under The Apache Concentration Policy. It can be argued that Cochise's death, the vacuum in Chokonon leadership upon Taza's death, and Naiche's youth diminished the young man's abilities to lead, control, and advocate for the band. Raiding into Mexico was also a principal factor for the move. Reservation closure, the Chokonon Band's removal and internment on San Carlos further weakened Naiche's governance. The broken promise to Cochise for his own reservation by the U.S. was a common example of treaties to our nation's First Peoples that were not honored. Government pledges of land supposedly in perpetuity were always



*Figure 5 (Left): Gerónimo, in an 1898 photo by A. Rinehart, taken either at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma or the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha, Nebraska. Public Domain. Figure 6 (Right): Naiche, wearing a U.S. Army Indian Scout uniform. 1913 photo by Adolph Ruhr, taken at Fort Sill. Courtesy of the U.S. Library of Congress.*

self-serving to the politicians or business interests, expediently revocable and outright deceitful. Further bewildering to the Apaches were the unfamiliar concepts of “land ownership” and geographic “borders.” They were a nomadic people, moving with the seasons for centuries to pursue game, locate water and edible vegetation, raid pueblos, and evade enemies. Permanent confinement within a specific terrestrial area was an alien concept.

### Enter Gerónimo

Weary of his escape and depredations, in early 1877 an order was received by San Carlos Agent John Clum to detain and transport Gerónimo (Figure 5), and his band to San Carlos. In April, Gerónimo and his band arrived at the Ojo Caliente ranchería of Victorio, a Warm Springs (Chihenne) Apache Chief. John Clum was waiting with his contingent of Apache Police and arrested Gerónimo in a tense confrontation with rifles ready on both sides. Seeing this was a trap with no chance of escape and with a look of hatred on his face, Gerónimo submitted to arrest and was shackled by a blacksmith.<sup>4</sup> This was perceived by him as a great insult to his pride. In the 1850s, Gerónimo’s wife, mother

and children had been killed by Mexicans and his desire for revenge against that country remained unabated. Now, his mistrust of the Americans also deepened.

Adding to Gerónimo’s loathing of captivity, he was deprived of his horse and transported in irons to San Carlos for confinement (Figure 4). Once there, his shackles were eventually removed and he was released from custody, free to roam among his fellow Chiricahuas, but no doubt carefully watched.

As a boy, Naiche was surely familiar with Gerónimo as a famed medicine man and war leader of the small Bedonkohe band. Never a chief, Gerónimo’s escapades on both sides of the border had brought trouble to both belligerent and peaceful Apaches. He was not liked by all Chiricahuas. After his capture, Gerónimo was now inside San Carlos with Naiche’s Chokonen band. More warlike than his brother Taza and now mingling with his fellow Apaches, Naiche became allied with Gerónimo’s group. The young Chokonen chief was guided by the older warrior. Samuel E. Kenoi was an Apache youth during the Gerónimo Wars and his father was a Chiricahua warrior contemporary with Gerónimo. Morris Opler, the eminent Apache anthropologist, interviewed Kenoi, who said,



**Figure 7 (Left):** The white buildings in the upper left background are York's Ranch, and are still occupied. The bare area at the base of the fencepost is a remnant of the wagon road. The site is in York, Arizona. **Figure 8 (Right):** Frank Brito standing at the monument placed by the Arizona Highway Department honoring Felix Knox's heroism in protecting his family. Both photos by Brito, 2014.

"Naiche was a good man in some ways, but you couldn't civilize him. He liked his Indian dancing, and he liked his fighting, and he liked his drinking. You could make a good soldier out of him, and that was all. He was always influenced by Gerónimo."<sup>5</sup> These two small bands joined to increase their numbers, and Naiche appreciated Gerónimo's skills as a warrior, advisor, and powerful medicine man. The two leaders and their many followers united for several U.S. and Mexican raids.

My conjecture is that Naiche considered his father's treaty broken through the closure of the southern Chiricahua reservation and thus justified his moral detour. The removal of his band to the inhospitable San Carlos Reservation by the *Bi'ndah-Li'ghi'* or "White Eyes" was another broken government promise in which his father naively placed faith. Historian Dan Thrapp believes that Naiche and Gerónimo first became allies in September 1880, making a break from San Carlos. Centered on rumors and always suspicious, they erroneously believed U.S. troops were being sent to arrest them over the Cibecue Affair.<sup>6</sup> This conflict had been a gun battle at Cibecue Creek where several soldiers were killed as the result of the Western Apache prophet Nakaidoklini's visionary predictions of ultimate Apache victory over the White Eyes.

## The Breakout

The Chiricahuas were not involved, but may have been present at the Cibecue religious ceremony. Increasingly skittish, rumors of approaching rifle-bearing soldiers sent the Chiricahuas escaping into Mexico. In October 1881, Naiche and Gerónimo re-crossed the border into Southern Arizona and their band attacked a freighter in the Sulphur Springs Valley. That same month, they also engaged in a sharp fight in the Dragoon Mountains with U.S. soldiers.<sup>7</sup>

In April 1882, Gerónimo and Naiche again combined to attack civilians in Southeastern Arizona. One of their raids occurred near the Gila River close to York's Ranch. Felix Knox, a gambler traveling with his wife and family, were attacked by Naiche's band. The family escaped to the ranch house in their wagon, but Knox, leaping from the wagon to defend them, was killed while returning fire. He prevented the Apaches from killing everyone. (Figures 7 and 8). Apaches often mutilated their victims, believing they would be doomed to disfigurement in the afterlife. They chose not to mutilate Knox, possibly honoring him for his bravery. Late in April, Naiche and Gerónimo's band had increased to nearly 400 and was extremely active in Southern Arizona, fighting with the Army



**Figure 9 (Left):** George Crook, as a Civil War captain. Later, as a brigadier general, he commanded the Department of Arizona. Crook led failed negotiations with Gerónimo at Cañón de Los Embudos in Sonora, Mexico, and was subsequently replaced. Photo courtesy of the Library of Congress. **Figure 10 (Right):** Chato, Bedonkohe Chiricahua chief and U.S. Army scout under General Crook. He helped track Gerónimo and Naiche's band into the Sierra Madre. 1886 photo by John K. Hillers, courtesy of the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas.

and raiding ranches for livestock and arms.

From May 1883 through February 1884, the Chiricahuas were also active in Sonora, Mexico with bands led by Gerónimo, Naiche and Ulzana (Chokonen band). Pursued by the U.S. Army high into the Sierra Madre, Naiche and Gerónimo's band were located by scouts. A gathering of Apache bands under several chiefs assembled on May 23, 1884 to confer with General George Crook (Figure 9), commander of the Department of Arizona.<sup>8</sup> The bands promised to return to San Carlos, all except the Nednhi Chiricahuas. They slowly filtered into the San Carlos Reservation, were relieved of their arms, and confined. This was an uneasy time with much dissatisfaction by the Chiricahuas. They were prevented from drinking *tizwin*, a mildly alcoholic corn liquor and beating their wives.

In May 1885, as a constantly troublesome presence in San Carlos, Gerónimo plotted and then failed to assassinate a despised Army lieutenant. Fearing retribution and

learning of a planned attempt on his life by the more peaceful Chiricahuas, Gerónimo and Naiche's group fled the reservation into Mexico. Turning his back on the war-path, Chato,<sup>9</sup> a former hostile, Bedonkohe Chiricahua Chief and feared Apache leader, now enlisted as an Army scout, and agreed to lead his men into the Sierra Madre to help locate the fleeing Apaches.

After their escape, attacks by Chiricahuas commenced again in Arizona and New Mexico at frequent intervals under Gerónimo, Naiche, Mangas (Chihenne band, the son of Mangas Coloradas) and Chihuahua (Chokonen band). Breaking into smaller groups, they frequently returned to Mexico for more raiding until their eventual surrender and exile. The present study is limited to Naiche and Gerónimo's group, for it was the most wanted of the Chiricahua Apaches that eventually met with General Crook in the Cañón de Los Embudos. Other Chiricahuas, primarily the Nednhi band,



**Figure 11:** Sierra de Embudos, Sonora, Mexico. March 26, 1886 photo by Camillus Fly, the Tombstone, Arizona photographer. Note the Chiricahua Apaches on the rim of the Cañón at center. **Figure 12:** Sierra de Embudos, September 30, 2004 image by Frank Brito.

disavowed surrender and sought refuge in Mexico's remote Sierra Madre. Mexico was the homeland of the Nednhi and they continued sporadic raiding on both sides of the border at a reduced scale due to their smaller numbers. Historian Bernt Kühn's research provides a precise chronology of these depredations before and after the larger group of Chiricahuas were exiled to Florida.

### **The Apaches are Tracked into Mexico's Sierra Madre**

No doubt exasperated, General Crook assembled a large group of soldiers and Apache scouts and spent nearly three months in Mexico tracking Gerónimo. The wily Apaches slipped back into the U.S. with new depredations resulting. They returned to Mexico in November 1885 with fresh supplies and horses carelessly left unguarded by ranchers. The year ended with Gerónimo and Naiche still on the loose with General Crook and the Army struggling to make a new plan while fending off stiff public criticism. A new pursuit into the Sierra Madre was made early in 1886. Deep in these mountains, the Apache Scouts located Gerónimo and Naiche's camp. Shots were exchanged and the Apaches retreated without casualties. Unfortunately, the Apache band's horse herd and provisions had been captured in this skirmish resulting in a woman messenger from Gerónimo requesting a conference.<sup>10</sup> Seeing that his

mountain camps and hiding places were no longer beyond reach thanks to the Apache Scouts, Gerónimo agreed to a parley.

Gerónimo asked Crook to meet him to negotiate a surrender in a ravine called *Cañón de Los Embudos* (Funnel Canyon) (Figures 11 & 12) at the base of the Sierra de Embudos in Sonora, Mexico, about 20 miles south of the U.S. border. The soldiers returned to Arizona based on Gerónimo's promise to assemble there to discuss terms. It took nearly two months for the Apaches to arrive at Cañón de Los Embudos from their Mexican mountain camps, but their promise was kept.<sup>11</sup>

### **Our Search**

Bill Cavaliere, former Sheriff of Hidalgo County, New Mexico, and that county's historian, organized a visit to Cañón de Los Embudos. His friend, Ramón Nieblas, has an uncle who owns the ranch incorporating Gerónimo's 1886 camp and surrender site. Ramón's brother-in-law, Juan Díaz, is a cowboy familiar with the areas we hoped to visit. The excursion included dirt road driving and hiking to the historic spots themselves. On September 30, 2004, we gathered in the border town of Douglas, Arizona and crossed into Agua Prieta in Sonora, Mexico. Our group included Dan Aranda, Bill Cavaliere, Juan Díaz, George Hackler, Berndt Kühn, Ramón Nieblas and the author. Taking two vehicles, we picked up Díaz in Agua Prieta





**Figure 13:** Photo by Camillus Fly at the rim of Cañón de Los Embudos with the caption: “Scene in Gerónimo’s camp before surrender to General Crook, March 25, 1886 – group in Natches’ [Naiche] camp, boys with rifles.” The linguistically challenged Americans were unable to pronounce or spell “Naiche” and referred to him by misspellings like “Natchez,” “Nachez,” or “Natches.”

and he guided us on Sonora Highway 2 about 30 miles east to an unmarked dirt road leading southeast. Several miles later at a slightly elevated spot, our vehicles were parked and a long hike commenced, first to the area of the Apache camp (Figures 13 & 14), then into the deep Cañón itself.

The 1886 Apache camp was a defensible area near the Cañón rim with many large red volcanic boulders (Figure 13). Naiche and Gerónimo also ordered the construction of barricades for protection. The warriors placed the women and children away from their encampment and the U.S. soldiers wisely established theirs in a different area.

On March 25, 1886:

“The *ranchería* (temporary camp) of the hostiles was in a lava bed, atop a conical hill surrounded by steep ravines, some five hundred yards from [Lieutenant] Maus’s camp and separated from it by a difficult arroyo. After Crook had lunch, Gerónimo and some of the Chiricahuas warily approached.”<sup>12</sup>

Remarkable here is that although not a chief, at this important conference Gerónimo assumed the mantle of spokesman rather than Naiche. A meeting was arranged below in the Cañón de Los Embudos, a steep hike

down from the lava rim camp of the Apaches. Our 2004 research group spent about an hour examining the Apache camp locations on the rim and found the place where Camillus Fly’s famous 1886 photo (Figure 14) was taken. Except for vegetation growth this location was little changed over the 118 years between Fly’s photo and our visit in September 2004. We assembled to recreate Fly’s photo using *quiotes* (mescal stalks) as sham rifles (Figure 15). Compare the two photos to view our re-enactment standing in the footsteps of Gerónimo and his family.

### The Conference in Cañón de Los Embudos

The Cañón de Los Embudos was the dry channel of the Río Embudo. During our visit, we found it to be a deep and narrow arroyo with steep rock-lined walls with sycamore and *alamo* (cottonwood) trees growing in its riverbed. These trees appear in the background of the 1886 conference site (Figure 16). There were shallow pools of clear water on the riverbed’s smooth rock bottom and evidence of bent and deposited brush higher up in the rocks indicating strong waterflows during monsoon seasons.

Historian Angie Debo, in her biography of Gerónimo, described the meeting



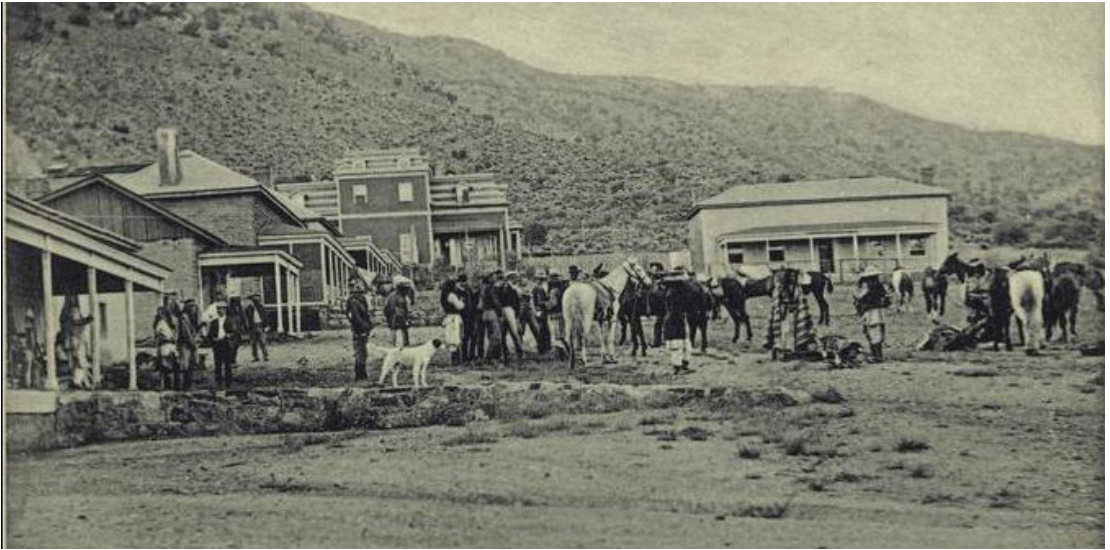
*Figure 14 (Above): The famous and much-circulated Camillus Fly photo of Gerónimo and his family. L – R, Yanozha, Gerónimo’s brother-in-law; Chappo, a son from his second wife; Fun, his half-brother; and Gerónimo. Carefully note the terrain on the Cañón rim. Photo taken March 25, 1886. Figure 15 (Below): Our research group standing at the exact location of Gerónimo’s family in Figure 14, 118 years later. L – R: George Hackler, Dan Aranda, Juan Díaz, Berndt Kühn, Frank Brito, Bill Cavaliere, Ramón Nieblas. George, Berndt, and Bill re-enact the Apache poses with mescal quiotes rather than rifles. Note the spindly ocotillo plants on the right that still grow at this site. Brito photo, September 30, 2004.*





**Figure 16 (Above):** Apache conference with General Crook in Cañón de Los Embudos. Gerónimo is seated at left center. General Crook is seated on the right wearing a pith helmet and gloves. Note the Apache warriors standing on the steep slope of the Cañón on the right. Also note the trees in the background. Camillus Fly photo, March 25, 1886. **Figure 17 (Below):** September 30, 2004 in the Cañón de Los Embudos. Our group is sitting in the same approximate location where General Crook conducted his negotiations with Gerónimo. Compare this photo to Figure 16. Sitting L – R: Ramón Nieblas, George Hackler, Frank Brito, Bill Cavaliere, Juan Díaz, Dan Aranda, and Berndt Kühn. Brito photo.





*Figure 18: In early September 1886, after their surrender, Geronimo, Naiche, and their Apache Band assembled at Fort Bowie, Arizona, where they were readied for transportation to Fort Marion, Florida. Camillus Fly photo.*

and location in detail based on Captain John Gregory Bourke's diaries. Debo states that the talks began with Gerónimo delivering a long harangue about why he had broken out and was on the run. Though Naiche was a legitimate Chiricahua chief, he allowed the other medicine man to speak for him and the others. Twenty-four armed warriors watched over the meeting ready to act in case they were to be seized.<sup>13</sup> Crook responded bluntly that Geronimo's words were all lies. Crook rebutted all of Gerónimo's statements and was closely watched by the vigilant Apache warriors positioned along the perimeter to defend against capture. No effort was made to surround the band. Crook asked Gerónimo to think over their situation and discuss their intentions in the morning. This was unnecessary as Gerónimo agreed to surrender.

Hearing the news that Gerónimo's band was near and ready to parley with General Crook, a reprobate moonshiner, Robert Tribolett, perhaps part of the Indian Ring, set up a *jacal* (brush lean-to) a few hundred yards into Mexico. The Indian Ring was a cabal of dishonest reservation supply contractors, politicians, beef ranchers, rustlers, and whiskey merchants. Apache unrest was profitable to the unethical reservation agents,

their vendors, and the Indian Ring. Ranchers sold rustled commissary beef to the soldiers, with inferior cattle and goods going to the Indians. The U.S. government was then billed for healthy cattle and quality goods. One debased vendor was the illegal whiskey seller, the morally bankrupt Tribolett.<sup>14</sup>

After the negotiations ended, Tribolett began selling rotgut to the Apaches, both hostiles and scouts. Organized whiskey merchants wanted the Apaches to stay footloose in the area. Apaches confined and guarded in reservations or exiled to distant states were unprofitable. Whiskey-selling was a rewarding enterprise in exchange for stolen goods, livestock, and silver coin from Apache raids in the U.S. and Mexico. These were bartered for Indian Ring liquor and ammunition.

Noisy chaos ensued that night with drunken Apaches firing rifles in their camp. Adding to the turmoil produced by the alcohol, Tribolett circulated a rumor among the Apaches that they would be killed once they entered the United States:

"The next morning before daylight [scouts] Alchise<sup>15</sup> and Kaathenay (Chihenne), apparently sent by [Chief] Chihuahua, awakened Crook with the news that Naiche was



*Figure 19: Apache prisoners of war on their way by the Southern Pacific Railroad to Fort Marion, Florida. Here at the Nueces River, Texas on September 10, 1886, they stopped for a rest. At center front, the tall figure in high boots sitting alone is Naiche, the Chokonen Chiricahua Chief. On his left (right in the photo) is Gerónimo. Photographer unknown, image in public domain.*

lying on the ground unable to stand and that others were in the same state."<sup>16</sup>

Chief Chihuahua agreed to surrender with his band and led them across the border into the U.S. the next day.

Unsuspecting that alcohol-fueled treachery was brewing in the Apache camp, General Crook believed that his emissaries, Alchise, Kaathenay, and Chief Chihuahua held enough sway to bring Gerónimo across the border into the U.S. Arriving at Fort Bowie, Crook telegraphed General Sheridan that the Apaches had surrendered. Unfortunately, this misplaced trust resulted in both disaster for the Apaches and the end of Crook's assignment. Upon surrendering, the Apaches were sent east to Fort Marion, Florida for two years punishment, not back to Arizona.

Believing Tribolett's lie that they would be killed, Gerónimo and his band fled deeper into Mexico and the Sierra Madre. Not all the Apaches did so; the more sober ones crossed the border into the U.S., fulfilling their promise to surrender. Another telegram was sent to Sheridan advising him of the breakout. General Crook, frustrated at his failure, offered to be transferred to another command.

The last two sentences in his long April 1, 1886 telegram to General Sheridan are blunt:

"I believe that the plan upon which I have conducted operations is the one most likely to prove successful in the end. It may be, however, that I am too much wedded to my own views in this matter, and as I have spent nearly eight years of the hardest work of my life in this department, I respectfully request that I may now be relieved of its command. [Signed] George Crook, Brigadier General."<sup>17</sup>

Crook's request was accepted and General Nelson Miles was appointed to replace him. Miles then attempted to find Gerónimo to force his surrender. Initially disdaining the use of Apache Scouts, he relented as this was the most effective form of tracking and negotiation. Lieutenant Charles Gatewood was placed in charge of the Scouts and both Gerónimo and Naiche were trailed to the Sierra Madre six months later and induced to return to the U.S. in September 1886. Assembled at Fort Bowie (Figure 18), they learned that their families and other Fort Apache Chiricahua band members had been



*Figure 20: Gerónimo and Naiche at Fort Sill, Oklahoma in a posed early 1900s photo. Naiche by then called himself "Christian Naiche." Courtesy of National Archives and Records Administration.*

sent in April to Fort Marion, Florida, via the Santa Fe Railroad from Holbrook, Arizona. With their families gone, Gerónimo, Naiche and the remaining Chiricahuas finally surrendered. Apart from the Nednhis and a few escapees who remained in Mexico, Naiche's group was placed aboard a Southern Pacific train (Figure 19) at Bowie Station and sent to Fort Pickens, Florida, an island across from Ft. Marion. Sheer treachery by our military and government placed the loyal Apache Scouts on this same train. Succumbing to local pressure, all Chiricahua Apaches, trustworthy or not, were removed from Arizona. The Apache Scouts, as U.S. Army personnel, were now labeled prisoners of war and relieved of their weapons and ammunition.

### A Tragic Outcome

Florida exile was a great tragedy for the bands not associated with Gerónimo and the loyal Apache Scouts. Rather than confinement in Florida for two years as promised by General Crook, the Chiricahuas began an indefinite internment in unhealthy Florida prisons such as Forts Pickens and

Marion, and later Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama. Also tragic was the forced removal of Apache children to Indian Schools such as Carlisle where these youths were stripped of their culture, language, long hair, and traditional clothing. Many died of diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia for which they had no immunity. They were also "loaned out" to area farmers and tradesmen as apprentices or laborers to study their methods. Moreover, many adult Apaches were taken ill and perished from the alien and humid climate at the Florida and Alabama facilities.

As a result of Gerónimo's reneged surrender at Cañón de Los Embudos, the U.S. government had no intention of keeping its promise of only two years' confinement. General Crook made unsuccessful efforts to move the Apaches to a healthier climate, but he died in 1890, just four years after leaving the Southwest. Eventually the Apaches obtained better conditions at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. They adjusted there and were given plots of land, farming tools and livestock. Several warriors were enlisted as scouts, though all were still considered prisoners of war.

After 27 years of confinement, the Chiricahuas were given the choice of relocating to the Sacramento Mountains of Southern New Mexico on the Mescalero Apache Reservation, or to remain at Fort Sill. Most accepted, moving to an area apart from their Mescalero cousins. Gerónimo died in 1909 before the Chiricahuas were given the choice of returning to New Mexico in 1913. Naiche accompanied the larger group to Mescalero. It is stated by Apache historian Lynda Sánchez, "I believe Gerónimo, if he had been alive, would NOT have stayed in Fort Sill because he hated the entire idea of being a POW and the confinement. He would have gone with Naiche and the majority to Mescalero, just to be back on his home turf."<sup>18</sup> The best source of information for the entire confinement period is Alicia Delgadillo's book, which is highly recommended.<sup>19</sup> She has provided exhaustively researched vital statistics, a brief biography and genealogy of every known confined Apache. Today, descendants of the Chiricahua Tribe still live in both Mescalero, New Mexico and Apache, Oklahoma.

(3-II-11)  
6-2271

**INDIAN WARS**

NAME OF SOLDIER: *Alchesay, William*

NAME AND CLASS OF DEPENDENT: *Chazgan (or) Jazim, (or) Alchesay or Nonplay, Nana (Widow)*

SERVICE: RANK *Indian Scouts* ENLISTED <sup>1872</sup> ~~1871~~ DISCHARGED <sup>1873</sup> ~~1871~~

ADDITIONAL SERVICE:

DATE OF FILING.	CLASS.	APPLICATION NO.	CERTIFICATE NO.	FILE NO.	ACT.	STATE.
<i>1925 Mar. 25</i>	<i>Ind. Scr.</i>	<i>20440</i>	<i>12815</i>		<i>Mar. 4, 1917</i>	<i>Ariz.</i>
<i>1928 Oct. 24</i>	<i>Wid.</i>	<i>1626322</i>			<i>Mar. 3, 1927</i>	<i>Ariz.</i>

BOUNTY LAND:

REMARKS: *Died Aug. 6, 1928, Northfork, Ariz.*

Figure 21: Indian Wars Pension Application 1626322. An example of the U.S. Government's callous treatment to families of its loyal Apache Scouts. Alchise (Alchesay), a Western Apache, gave over a decade of perilous service to his country. Upon his death, his aged widow, Nana Alchesay, was denied a small survivor's pension. Typically, Indian War veterans received \$20 - \$30 monthly, about \$350 in today's money. Though his discharge date is shown as 1873, Alchise served again in 1886 and perhaps intermittently between those years. Courtesy of National Archives and Records Administration.

### End Notes

1. Thrapp, 1988: 303. Other sources estimate the number at 4,000.
2. Brito, 2023: 8.
3. *Guadalupe Hidalgo*, 1967: 18.
4. Aranda, 2023: 32-34.
5. Opler, 1938: 369.
6. Thrapp, 1988: 228-229.
7. Kühn, 2014: 249-250.
8. Thrapp, 1988: 290.
9. Chato was a Bedonkohe chief called by that nickname for his pug-nosed face. In Spanish, Chato means "flat." His name was often misspelled "Chatto" by non-Spanish speakers in the military and by most authors.
10. Debo, 1986: 250.
11. Thrapp, 1988: 342.
12. Thrapp, 1988: 343.
13. Debo, 1986: 255.
14. Also spelled "Tribolet" in various publications, or the diminutive "Bob" for Robert.
15. Alchise, pronounced Al-chee-say, was a scout under General Crook and the Chief of the White Mountain Band of Western Apaches.
16. Debo, 1986: 264.
17. Davis, 1978: 217.
18. Sánchez, 2024.
19. Delgadillo, 2013.

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## Next Special Issue: *Cowboy Couture!*

For those Westerners who can't get enough of our annual Hat Night, our next special edition of *The Branding Iron* for Fall 2024 will be dedicated to Western fashion history. Everything from ten-gallon hats, to *china poblanas*, Navajo belt buckles, and decorated saddles is welcome!

Please submit *cowboy couture*-related articles by November 15th, 2024, to be considered for this special issue.

For submissions and inquiries, please contact *Branding Iron* editor John Dillon at [John.Dervin.Dillon@gmail.com](mailto:John.Dervin.Dillon@gmail.com). Thank you!



# The Story Behind My Mono Lake Book

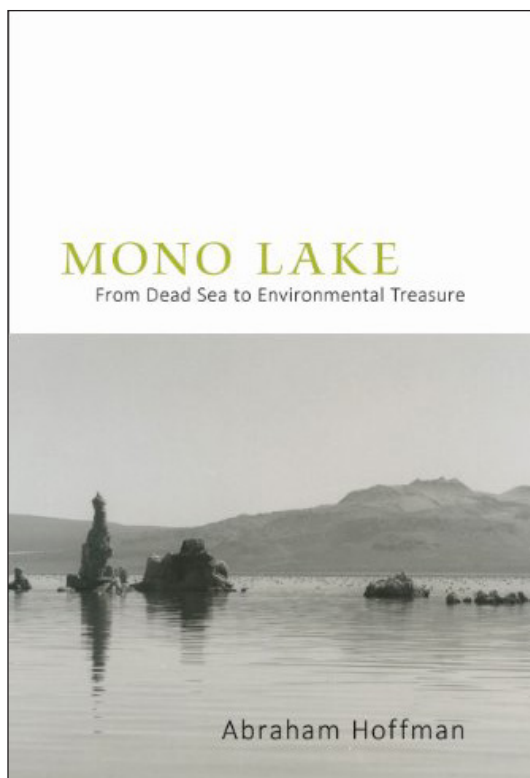
By Abraham Hoffman

Shortly before Ken Downey, city attorney for the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, retired in the 1990s, he authorized the release of the report I had done for the DWP on the history of Mono Lake. I re-typed the manuscript and put it into my computer's hard drive. Over the next few years, I sent queries to several publishers, but they all gave excuses for turning it down—too regional, not within their range of interests, etc. So, I let it sit for a while.

"A while" became almost ten years. Then, in spring 2012, several events came together. Fellow Westerner John Robinson had been after me for some time to send an article to the *California Territorial Quarterly*, to which he was a regular contributor. I excerpted the chapter on the mining era from the Mono Lake manuscript and sent it to him. He said it would fit right in with *CTQ*, so I submitted it to Bill Anderson, the magazine's editor. He immediately accepted it and welcomed me as a new contributor. The article appeared in the December 2012 *CTQ*, the first of several that the magazine published until the fateful end when Anderson's home town, Paradise, was destroyed in a major 2018 fire, taking the *CTQ* with it.

2012 was the year that the Western Writers of America held its annual convention, in June at Albuquerque, New Mexico. I had not attended a WWA meeting since the one in Mesquite, Nevada, some years before, because they were usually held in places such as Rapid City, South Dakota, or Branson, Missouri, towns not easy to travel to by plane. I had learned that Los Angeles Valley College had a faculty travel grant fund that would provide \$500 for expenses, about half of the estimated cost for the Albuquerque meeting.

Johnny Boggs had replaced Candy Moulton as the editor of WWA's *Roundup* magazine. We had a lot of email correspondence going on as he sent me a number of non-fiction Western history books for review. He also asked me to submit a report on one of



the sessions if I attended the meeting, which I agreed to do. There would also be a chance to see some editors regarding prospective books or magazine articles, a mode of communication far superior to sending queries to people I didn't know.

However, the biggest reason for going to the convention was the opportunity to meet John Byram. When I taught at Franklin High School in the mid-1980s, John was a student in my AP U.S. History class. He was an excellent student, and I was happy to write a strong letter of recommendation for him. John became an editor at W.W. Norton.

Over the years we had occasionally exchanged emails. In 2010 John was offered the position of director of the University of New Mexico Press (UNMP). I contacted him, and we agreed on doing lunch during the convention; he said he was willing to discuss the Mono Lake manuscript. When I left for Albuquerque, I took the manuscript with me.

During the convention we met and had a nice long lunch. John may have been in his early forties, but to me he looked about the same as when he was in my class 27 years earlier. I said I didn't want any favors; I just wanted to get a fair evaluation of the manuscript, and if it wasn't something UNMP wasn't interested in, I was OK with that.

I didn't expect John to make any promises, but he said he would take the manuscript and turn it over to the editor-in-chief, Clark Whitehorn. About a week after I returned home, I received an email from Whitehorn. He said he had looked at the manuscript and would send it to a couple of independent readers who might be willing to referee it. I mentioned Steve Erie and Gary Libecap, and possibly Don Pisani, as knowledgeable referees. About a month later Whitehorn emailed me with an attachment of the report from the first referee. It was an extremely positive report, recommending publication with virtually no substantive changes apart from a few minor spelling errors.

This cheered me up quite a bit and helped strengthen my feeling that I indeed had written a good book. As per the usual procedure, the referee was anonymous. It took some time longer to get the second referee report, but Whitehorn sent it to me at the end of August. It was almost equally as enthusiastic as the first one, and the referee had no problem putting his name to it: Steve Erie.

Whitehorn then said the reports would go to a faculty publications committee and that he was fairly confident the committee would accept the manuscript for publication. The committee's next meeting was in October. Pins and needles waiting time. If and when the manuscript was accepted, I'd be digging out photographs to illustrate the book, and I was already thinking about the holdings at the DWP and possibly the Honnold Library in Claremont.

It may have also helped my case that UNMP had published William deBuy's book, *Salt Dreams*, on the Salton Sea, so there was some precedent for UNMP to have an interest in California's salty lakes.

On September 12 I attended the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners meeting and

confided in John Robinson about the status of the Mono Lake manuscript. John had always supported the publication of the book and was pleased to hear about it, as he had been about the article forthcoming in *CTQ*. A few minutes later I bumped into Gordon Bakken, and he said to me, "I liked your Mono Lake book."

I stood there nonplussed. "How do you know about it?" I asked.

He said, "I refereed it for UNMP. Clark asked me why I sent the report in after only about a week. I told him I didn't need to delay letting him know that it would make a good book."

I spent the rest of the evening three feet above the floor. Sadly, Gordon passed away from cancer just a few years later, one of the best members the Corral ever had.

Good things come to those who wait, and when October came, I waited every day for news about the committee meeting. Clark Whitehorn had not mentioned a specific date when the committee would meet. As it happened, the committee didn't meet until the last week of the month. On Friday, October 26, Clark emailed me with the news that the committee had accepted the manuscript for publication and that a contract would shortly be sent to me.

Ironically, earlier in the same day, Sue and I had met with Dr. Andrew Shpall, urologist at Kaiser, to discuss the results of the biopsy that had been done on my prostate a month earlier. The test results said I had prostate cancer. Fortunately, it was the one cancer that can be dealt with relatively easily (*easily* being a very relative term). For me, chemotherapy and radiation treatment were not viable options. That left surgery, and Dr. Shpall said that was the best way to go. We set a date for January 7, 2013, for the surgery, and pre-op appointments were made for December 17. I chose January 7 because it immediately followed Emperor Norton Day, and I wanted to see my son Greg at the event which E Clampus Vitus celebrated every year.

The contract for the book arrived, and with it came the challenge of doing the minor revisions and corrections, plus writing a brief

epilog. And the hunt was on to locate 35 or so photographs to illustrate the book.

It took a month to recuperate from the immediate effects of the surgery, and eight months before I could say that I was fully recovered, with my wife Sue playing a starring role as Clara Barton in nursing me during the worst of it. During that time, I was busy hunting down photographs through the internet and email. The best sources proved to be the Eastern California Museum and its curator, Roberta Harlan, the DWP, and the Mono Lake Committee.

The UNMP provided a copy editor, and we spent many hours going over the manuscript, all through emails, with her indicating suggestions and recommendations with a red color in the margins of the manuscript. I learned to dread her marginal comment “Explain” that sent me to my resource ma-

terials to clarify the sentence or phrase. After this was done a proofreader went through a second reading of the manuscript that helped polish it for publication. I did the index myself, something I’d done with my earlier book *Vision or Villainy*.

The official publication date was April 1, 2014 (how ironic—April Fool’s Day!), *Mono Lake: From Dead Sea to Environmental Treasure* was a beautiful hardback edition that ran 168 pages, 154 text, the rest bibliography and index. The photographs appeared at appropriate places in the narrative instead of being bunched together, something I had asked for and was happy to see done. Reviews were mainly positive, but I don’t think it made much money (my royalties were very small). Nevertheless, I felt I had written a good book and happy that the referees, both long-time friends, had appreciated my effort.



## Places at the Table

Bites of Food History from California & the West

### Orange Pancakes and Fred Harvey, an Inaugural Essay

By Tracy L. Johnston

Welcome to the first installment of “Places at the Table: Bites of Food History from California & the West,” a column intending to explore food history of interest to Westerners. I am a food history buff with years of experience. My longest-running food blog, *Goode Eates* ([historicalrecipes.blogspot.com](http://historicalrecipes.blogspot.com)), is in its 13<sup>th</sup> year with over 300 posts and 150,000 page views; it contains food history covering many cultures and time periods. I have designed and conducted historical cooking demonstrations for the public and school groups. I translated Encarnación Pinedo’s 1898 cookbook *El cocinero español*, which captured the *Californio* culture from a woman’s point-of-view. You might have noticed the two articles I wrote for the recent *Cookin’ Irons* issue of the *Branding Iron*. I ap-

preciate the opportunity to learn more and to share it with you.

Let’s start our journey together with a look at Fred Harvey, restaurateur extraordinaire. His history and accomplishments are well documented in Stephen Fried’s *Appetite for America, How Visionary Businessman Fred Harvey Built a Railroad Hospitality Empire That Civilized the Wild West*<sup>1</sup> and Donald Duke’s *Fred Harvey, Civilizer of the American Southwest*.<sup>2</sup> You can supplement these with Lesley Poling-Kempes’ *The Harvey Girls, Women Who Opened the West*.<sup>3</sup> There are many other books and articles to explore.

Fred Harvey developed a hospitality chain in association with the Santa Fe Railroad that brought high-quality food service to the West. During its tenure, the Harvey empire

Santa Fe dining car service by Fred Harvey.  
LUNCHEON, April 8

Puree of tomato, velour		
Radishes	Olives	Young onions
Soft shell crabs, remoulade		
Cucumbers		
Filet mignon a la Stanley		
Special fried chicken, farci		
Mashed potatoes	Spinach with egg	
New asparagus, hollandaise		
Cold ham	Cold ox tongue	
Cold boned turkey, en gelee		
Watercress salad		
Strawberry short cake, whipped cream		
Swiss cheese	Toasted crackers	
Coffee	Tea	

A dollar dinner on The California Limited, A.  
T. & S. F. R. R., by Fred Harvey:

Blue Points, mignonette	
Celery	Salted almonds California ripe olives.
Chicken okra	Consomme, en tasse
Turban of halibut, chambord cucumbers	
Sweetbread croquette, French peas	
Pears, a la conde	
Prime roast beef, naturel	
Mashed potatoes	Hubbard squash
Roast squab, sur canape	
Chicory salad	
Apple pie	
Nesselrode pudding	Assorted cakes
Neufchatel	Roquefort
Toasted crackers	
Fruit	
Coffee	

[After dinner coffee served in Composite Car  
if desired.]

Figure 22 (Left): Santa Fe dining car luncheon menu. Figure 23 (Right): The California Limited \$1 dinner menu. From *Fellows, The Menu Maker, 1910, pages 87 and 150.*

consisted of “over sixty-five restaurants and lunch counters, a dozen large hotels, [and] all the restaurants and retail shops in five of the nation’s largest railroad stations.”<sup>4</sup> It is not surprising, then, that menus and recipes are part of that documentation (Figures 22 and 23).<sup>5</sup>

Having traveled on Amtrack trains and eaten in the dining car, I can attest that, while the meals I had were tasty, they did not even come close to the level of class offered by the Fred Harvey Company in the first half of the twentieth century.

Another book that is worthwhile reading is James David Henderson’s *Meals by Fred Harvey: A Phenomenon of the American West*.<sup>6</sup> Originally published in 1969, its 1985 reprint has more illustrations, including a sampling of Fred Harvey custom china patterns and silver sets, an “A la Carte Luncheon” menu from 1950 (still classy!), and six recipes from various Harvey establishments. The one I tried was from the restaurant in the St. Louis Union Station, credited to Henry Stovall:<sup>7</sup>

Harvey Girls Special Little  
Thin Orange Pancakes

- ¼ cup diced orange sections and juice (½ orange)
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel (½ orange)
- 1 cup pancake mix

1 cup orange juice

Combine all ingredients. Bake small pancakes on hot griddle, using 1 tablespoon batter for each pancake. Serve with maple syrup, honey, or jelly. Yield: 12 servings, 3 (2 ¾ -inch diameter) pancakes per serving.

It is important to consider how a restaurant kitchen operates when you read this recipe. The detail of “1/2 orange” helps the chef to assess whether the kitchen supplies are sufficient to complete the recipe. Knowing to use “1 tablespoon batter for each pancake” supports consistency of portion size, and “Yield: 12 servings, 3 ... pancakes per serving” assists planning for the number of orders (actual or anticipated) each batch will produce. A chef experienced with dicing and zesting (peel-flaking) oranges and making small pancakes might already know this, but having the information in print means a chef can achieve the correct result with the first attempt.

Notice that there are no instructions for making the pancake mix. It is assumed that there is a container of premixed pancake batter powder that can be readily hydrated. “Ready-mix” pancake mix was available starting in 1898, but the Davis Milling Company improved the recipe after 1890 and began marketing it under the Aunt Jemima brand around 1914.<sup>8</sup> The Fred Harvey res-

taurant at the St. Louis Union Station existed from 1896 to 1930.<sup>9</sup>

What made these pancakes “special”? In 1908, Sunkist, a successful orange growers cooperative, began an advertising campaign promoting the health benefits of eating oranges. It was so successful that after 1915, orange consumption “increased six times as fast as the population.”<sup>10</sup>

When I first tried this recipe,<sup>11</sup> I inadvertently used pancake *batter*. The result was very tasty with a wonderful level of orange flavor. It had not occurred to me then that I needed to use the dry mix and rehydrate it with orange juice; I thought I was to take batter and flavor it with orange juice. I wondered what it would be like to follow the recipe and use *mix*.

So, I tried it again, this time using a Krusteaz brand complete pancake mix. The recipe went together easily, and I got 31 pancakes from the batch using a 1 Tablespoon scoop to put the batter on the griddle.

They were thin but had a lot of bubbles, making them astonishingly fluffy for such a tiny pancake. The orange flavor was strong, making the pancakes more of a dessert or fun snack than a breakfast, although they would still work for breakfast. I felt that butter was not needed, but when I put some on, it was an excellent addition. It was gilding the lily! Just eating tiny orange pancakes unadorned was fine; I would not want to alter their lovely flavor with maple syrup, honey, or jelly.

Whether you use mix or batter, this is good eating. Give these little beauties a try while you imagine yourself eating in a Fred Harvey diner on the AT&SF or visiting a Harvey House. For additional reading, you can find this and more recipes in George Foster’s *The Harvey House Cookbook: memories of dining along the Santa Fe Railroad*.<sup>12</sup>

### End Notes

1. Fried, 2010.
2. Duke, 1995.
3. Poling-Kempes, 1989.
4. Fried, 2010: xviii.
5. Fellows, 1910: 87, 150.
6. Henderson, 1985.

7. Henderson, 1985: n.
8. Wikipedia, 2021.
9. Henderson, 1985: 41.
10. Boulé, 2013: 56-58.
11. Johnston, 2022.
12. Foster, 1992.

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# Monthly Roundup . . .



**March 13, 2024**

Paul Spitzzeri

As Angelenos and Angel-leaners (as I like to call my transplanted, Midwestern self), we Westerners are familiar with names like Griffith, Huntington, Doheny, and Mulholland. March Roundup speaker and Corral Member Paul Spitzzeri, however, ably reminded us that aside from those dandies whose names appear on seemingly every major building and street in these parts, there were other, less-remembered individuals who were instrumental in L.A.'s evolution from cow-town to megacity. In his presentation, "Few Have Fallen From So Great a Height," Mr. Spitzzeri regaled us with the tragic biography of one such founding father, Mr. F.P.F. Temple Esq.

Born twenty-six years after his eldest sibling, Pliny F. Temple, as he is better known, found himself in Los Angeles, working at his brother Jonathan's store (the first in the pueblo) around 1828. Pliny remained in L.A., much to the chagrin of his very large family, who preferred that he take care of them back home in Massachusetts. But, freedom from familial obligations and the prospect of wealth kept him planted in the West. Thankfully for Pliny, the prospect of wealth soon bore fruit... golden fruit.

The Gold Rush of 1848 was not the first in California. Los Angeles experienced a

smaller boom in 1842, and Pliny found success selling gold dust back East for supplies through his brother's store. After a hiatus for the Mexican-American War, the 1848 rush spurred Pliny and Jonathan to action, and they prospered by way of a cattle business in the foothill boomtown of Columbia.

1850 saw Temple elected as L.A. City Treasurer, before he sat on the first County Board of Supervisors in 1852. In these days, the Temples were ranching on La Merced, the property having been leased by Pliny's father-in-law. The end of the Gold Rush reduced the demand for cattle, at which time Temple began to diversify, planting wheat, grapes, and even cotton during the Civil War.

A rebuilding America desperately needed developed land. Speculators in California were making a killing, and Temple wanted on board. A series of largely successful ventures followed: land platting, public transit, waterworks, wool mills, commercial buildings, a harbor, a refinery, and finally, a bank.

The Hellman, Temple & Co. bank was formed in 1868 by F.P.F. Temple, his father-in-law, and Isaias W. Hellman. According to Hellman, Temple's only requirement for borrowers was that they be poor. Hellman split in 1871, later founding Wells Fargo. Temple and his father-in-law continued the bank under the name Temple and Workman. But by then the Gold Rush was over and the silver bubble had burst, leading to the collapse of the Bank of California in San Francisco and numerous others throughout the state. The Temple and Workman Bank was among these unfortunates, and went belly up in 1875. His father-in-law took his own life a year later while Pliny fell into poor health. On April 27, 1880, after years of ill health and a series of strokes, F.P.F. Temple passed away.

It is interesting that Mr. Temple's story reads so similarly to those of so many others whose names are better known today. Most of what Temple built in our city has been paved over and forgotten. All the better for us that Paul Spitzzeri happens to run a little place by the name of Workman and Temple Family Homestead Museum. It seems, then, that Mr. Temple's legacy may be safe after all.

— Alan Griffin



April 10, 2024

Jim Shneer

ALL ABOARD! In April, the Corral took a tour of California's rail history, conducted by retired engineer manager Jim Shneer. Mr. Shneer gave us the short and long on wide and narrow rail gauges, and spoke of all the port expansions, mergers, spurs and sidings that shaped the rails that criss-cross the West today. Let's see what the Chief had to say.

Our first stop was Context City, where we learned the technical ins and outs of rail-roading. For example: sixty percent of the world's railroads, and most of those in the U.S., are laid in the "standard gauge" of 4' 8½". That matters for the handling characteristics of the trains on those rails. "Narrow gauge" rails are narrower than standard, and are great for tight maneuvers, while those of "broad gauge" provide more stability due to their wider stance. Grades also matter when you're hauling so much and relying on steel wheels for traction. The conventional maximum grade of two percent has led to some innovative solutions to allow locomotives to achieve elevation.

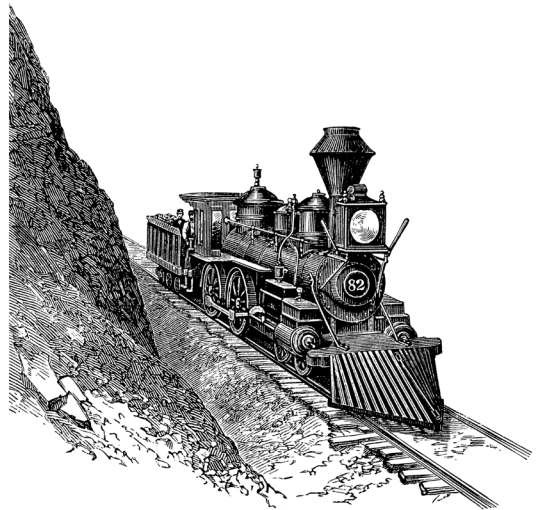
One such innovation came in the form of the famous Tehachapi Loop, a section of the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad upon which an eighty-car train crosses over itself. Such was the lack of buildable area along the

route, that to connect the Central Valley to L.A., the company built a ¾ mile loop which raised freight just 77 feet. Thus connected, however, the line saw success, and has remained to the present.

Embedded in the histories of the myriad small rail lines which merged into larger ones, are the tales of the trains which ran those lines. Today, named trains are relics of the past, with only a few still running, but time was when names like the Super Chief, El Capitan, and the California Ltd. inspired wonder and wanderlust in the hearts of Americans of all stripes. Angelenos of the oldest vintage may recall the year 1948 when El Capitan, a Santa Fe-run all-coach service from L.A. to Chicago, tried her best to find the open road, plowing through a barrier at Union Station only to come up short, hanging precariously over Aliso Street.

Sadly for the locos among us, these venerable iron steeds have all been put out to pasture. A far cry from the rolling cathedrals of yesteryear, the remaining named trains are part-timers, mostly running Amtrak lines for a dwindling number of adventure-seekers. So, let's all say a big "thank you" to Jim Shneer for keeping their history alive, and that of our amazing rail network, and sharing the stories of them all with the likes of us. END OF THE LINE! (Look out for the bulldoggers, folks.)

— Alan Griffin





**May 8, 2024**

Ana Dragin

The presentation for the Los Angeles Corral's May Roundup was delivered by Ana Dragin, the Senior Project Coordinator of Cargo Marketing for the Port of Los Angeles. Ana gave remarkable insights into the operations and the great importance of The Port of Los Angeles.

The Port of Los Angeles, originally founded in 1907, is the busiest port in the United States; when combined with its sister port in Long Beach, it is the ninth-busiest in the world. In 2023, the Port of Los Angeles imported 157,066 vehicles, 76,627 tons of fruit, 55,820,620 barrels of liquid bulk (chiefly oil), and 8,634,497 TEU (twenty-foot equivalent unit) containers. Its top exports are animal feed, waste paper, soybeans, fabrics, and scrap metal. Thanks to the United States' trade deficit, the Port of Los Angeles is also one of the world's largest exporters of air—i.e., empty containers. One hundred trains and thousands of trucks visit the port every day, and distribute its cargoes across the United States. The Port of Los Angeles employs about 15,000 dock workers directly, and about 181,000 indirectly in shipping logistics, representing approximately 1 in 12 jobs in Los Angeles.

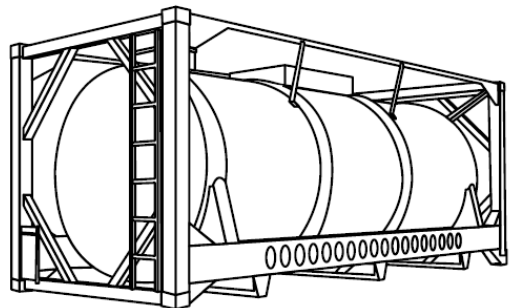
In addition to shipping goods, the Port of Los Angeles is also a destination for people. In 2023, the port received 1,323,313 passen-

gers on cruise ships, and 1.8 million visitors to its attractions, like the WWII battleship USS *Iowa*. The Port of Los Angeles works with the local city councils and chambers of commerce to develop its waterfront, under its Public Access Investment Plan launched in 2015. The P.A.I.P. has pledged ten percent of the port's annual operating income will be reinvested into projects like the Avalon Promenade and Gateway park complex in Wilmington, and the West Harbor Promenade in San Pedro. The latter attraction will be built around the famous San Pedro Fish Market, already one of the ten most visited restaurants in California.

The environmental responsibility of the Port of Los Angeles is assisted by AltaSea, a nonprofit center that focuses on ocean science, business, and education. It plans to build a campus in the port to engage the public on sustainable "blue economy" research and work opportunities, such as in aquaculture. The port also plans to transition to zero-carbon emission trucks and container ships to improve the air quality in the Port of Los Angeles area.

After the presentation, Corral members were eager to ask Ana questions to clarify their curiosity of the operations in the Port of Los Angeles, which she enthusiastically answered. Questions included the challenges facing the electrification of the truck fleet and rail lines, public transit connecting waterfront developments to population centers, and cargo ship turnaround times. This was a fun and informative presentation, and the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners thanks Ana Dragin heartily for the great talk.

— Darran Davis





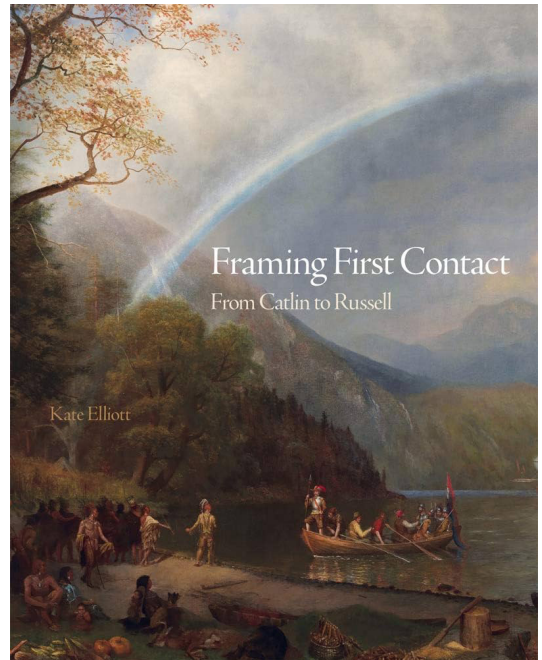
# Down the Western Book Trail . . .

*Framing First Contact from Catlin to Russell*, by Kate Elliott. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman: 2020. Hardcover + dust jacket with two color paintings by Albert Bierstadt and Benjamin West. Volume 28 of The Charles M. Russell Center series on art and photography of the American West. 162 pages. Illustrated with over 30 images mostly in color. Introduction, brief acknowledgments. Extensive Notes by chapter. Selected Bibliography. Indexed. \$39.95.

The title *First Contact* of this interesting work by Kate Elliott refers to when Europeans from the Old World came to the New World and by their definition "discovered" it. It is a book of contact imagery art in America from the 1840s to the 1910s that highlights the inequality between explorers and Native peoples. It evaluates graphic references to the cultural, moral, and racial superiority attitudes of the Europeans. It reviews national myths and shows how those myths acquired different meanings at different times in our history.

Contact imagery is defined as paintings commissioned to adorn government buildings at various levels, national, state and local. There are several nice but small illustrations in the book and a well-organized section of over 20 color plates of important and significant paintings that show different moments in history from Columbus and the earliest arrival of Europeans, the pilgrims, Henry Hudson, LaSalle, Ponce de León, settlement of California, Montana, and Minnesota. All the artists are well known, and include Benjamin West, John Vanderlyn, Robert Walter Weir, George Catlin, Thomas Moran, Albert Bierstadt, Charles M. Russell, Edwin Blashfield, Edgar Paxson, and others.

The works of art generally represent the dominant Anglo-American ideology without a contrasting Native viewpoint. Elliott posits that first contact images reflect Anglo-American attempts to culturally differentiate themselves from the "Other" (Native people), and without trying to understand them.



Many case studies carefully analyze paintings in their historical context. I will use one of them as an example.

The 1771 painting by Benjamin West entitled, "Penn's Treaty with the Indians When He Founded the Province of Pennsylvania in North America," reflects the thinking of that time. Elliott explains that a history painting should tell a story, draw a conclusion, and pronounce a judgement. William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, is believed to have equitably treated the Lenapes Natives and that has made him the benevolent model of all colonists. The painting depicts the 1682 event and treaty. Elliott gives much detail about the painting and explains details of those pictured: Penn with outstretched hands, the Lenape men with welcoming gestures of the Lenape chief, the Lenape women and children, the Quaker colonists, the trade goods, the spirit of friendship and mutual regard, all abstracted into a symbol of peace. That is the conclusion and judgement we should have.

Elliott, however, tells us it shows "one significant but historically questionable event." Much more is explained with many

details, but the conclusion is that this painting and others picturing related events are "largely fiction designed to accentuate the moral character of the explorer, colonist, and patron at the expense of Native perspectives."

Other case studies of first contact imagery explain the nascent spirit of Manifest Destiny, the concept that Americans had a duty to create a new Eden in the West, where wilderness must become cultivated land, "savagery" must give way to "civilization," and Indians must become God's children. American attitudes changed over time. Later artists like Geroge Catlin and Charles M. Russell did make efforts to change views towards Native peoples and even politically champion them. Elliott describes in consistently excellent readable detail many paintings and reviews them in the time they were painted.

Elliott ends with a somewhat brief but poignant Conclusion. She reviews a 2016 controversy in the Minnesota State Capitol about a decorative program, of once significant historical murals made in 1905, that are now viewed as racially charged and historically inaccurate. Should they be taken down? Minnesota lawmakers must decide. Elliott concludes that she hopes this book will consider historical images as such, that say something about who we were, and who we wanted to be. But these historical images do not define who we might become. For that, we should work toward standing with a

stranger, see them for who they are and not to what we fear in ourselves.

For artists, *Framing First Contact* is a book about historical descriptions and interpretations of paintings that is quite informative and helps the enjoyment and knowledge of how artists turn concepts and events into imagery and reflect feeling, emotion and beauty. For historians, paintings reflect what people thought at the time, and the way the U.S. shaped itself. These works of art reveal the mindset of past thinking and how the artists wanted it portrayed to posterity.

I recommend Elliot's book for its readability and for its detailed view of art, it's explanation of the historical context of the paintings examined, and for the author's positive conclusions for change today. I do not detect in its clear and balanced descriptions of paintings the small-minded notions of certain historical revisionists who are quick to condemn the past as purely racist and unfair without understanding it, only using today as a yardstick. Historical art should be looked at as a reflection of its time for good or for bad and then learn lessons for the future. Finally, I am reminded of the adage that those who do not remember their past and learn lessons of history are condemned to repeat their mistakes. Hopefully reading and studying books like this we will learn and not repeat the mistakes of the past.

— Joseph Cavallo

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*Collecting and Studying Ship Portraits*, by James Shuttleworth. Friesen Press, Altona, Canada. 245 + XIV pages, Preface, Acknowledgments, Bibliography, Appendix, Index, Color Illustrations, 2023. Hardcover \$53.57; Soft Cover: \$39.89.

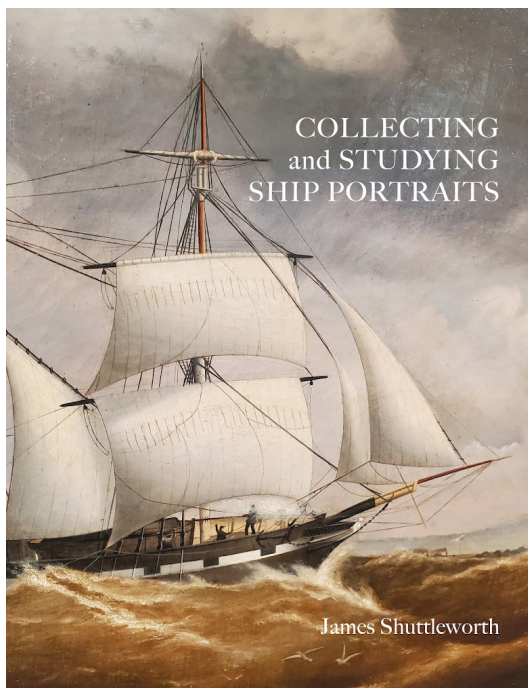
Western American History never stopped at the waterline, as my good friend and fellow Los Angeles Corral member Jim Shuttleworth so ably reminds us with his wonderful new book *Collecting and Studying Ship Portraits*. Encyclopedic in scope, yet very readable, Shuttleworth's beautifully-illustrated volume will be of interest to a wide

range of readers, from the specialist to the casual. Jim's intellectual debt to the very few pioneers that preceded him as ship portrait experts comes through loud and clear early in his volume, and with the passing of these scholars there is little doubt that now, after more than a half-century of collecting and study, Shuttleworth can be considered the foremost American authority on the subject that he holds so dear.

*Ship Portraits* is a very detailed ready-reference tool aiding the museum curator or private collector in their evaluations of maritime paintings, but it also serves as a superb introduction for neophytes venturing for the

first time into the complicated yet compelling art genre devoted to maritime technology. Anyone with a ship portrait hanging on their wall will want this volume in their bookshelf, for it serves as a Rosetta Stone unlocking graphic messages from bygone times unfamiliar to most modern viewers. There is another reason why even the most land-locked American landlubber should find Jim's new book of more than just passing interest. Today, only around 3% of the U.S. population can claim descent from AmerIndians, while the other 97%, be they White, Black, Asian or any combination of the three, are descended from ancestors who, long before air travel became common, *all* came to America by *ship*.

I grew up on San Francisco Bay, as did my father and grandmother before me, yet none of us could claim to be maritime experts, nor were we knowledgeable about ship portraits. But for the past 140 years square-rigged ships at anchor were familiar sights at no great distance from our family home, and like many residents of the American West Coast I can claim a fair number of other maritime connections. My great-great-grandfather sailed from Europe to China and back on opium clippers during the 1840s and '50s; my great-grandfather came around the horn to California on the *Clan Buchanan*, a four-masted windjammer and even helped quell a mutiny aboard her (and her ship portrait, in fact, hangs on my wall); my great-granduncle, the lone Navy man in my all-Army family, learned seamanship aboard the *USS Constitution* before the Civil War and later captained every kind of 19th century naval vessel from sail to steam, and as the Admiral of Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet led it into San Francisco Bay in 1908; my grandfather sailed and steamed all the way from San Francisco Bay to the Philippines via Hawaii on the *City of Peking* with the 1st California Volunteer Infantry; my Chinese father-in-law was a seagoing stevedore and rigger on the sugar ships making the endless circuit from Hawaii to California during the 1930s; sixty-two years ago I crossed the Pacific from Oahu to San Francisco on the Matson Liner *Lurline*, and forty-one years ago I helped



man a two-masted Ketch sailing along the coast of Venezuela and Colombia to Panama, "pirate waters" in no uncertain terms at that time. So, because of my own and my family's long-time proximity to salt water, I read Shuttleworth's magnum opus with eagerness and a great deal of enthusiasm.

Jim painstakingly guides the reader through the ins and outs of different ship types, both sailers and steamers, and opens our eyes to the incredible amount of information presented by even the simplest ship portrait from 120, 140, or 160 years ago. Detailed paintings of seagoing vessels were created for different reasons. These included pride of ownership, insurance coverage, or simply, and perhaps most commonly, to serve as keepsakes held dear by captains, crews, or passengers who sailed or steamed in the ships portrayed. Worth the very reasonable purchase price by itself is the book's Appendix of definitions and abbreviations explaining maritime art and technology. Before you can understand what you are seeing when looking at a painting, etching, or photograph of a 150-year-old vessel charging through the waves, you must first master the lingo. If you peruse its Appendix before reading the book from beginning to end, you are not left

scratching your head when confronted with terms like *Jackass Barque*, and you should be able to distinguish between a *Schooner* and a *Brigantine*.

A revelation to most readers will be Shuttleworth's chapters on how to "read" maritime signal flags, the "hidden language" appearing in so many ship portraits. Unexpected is how many competing signaling systems existed within English-language maritime usage. He also offers many valuable clues as to how one can assign dates to undated artworks, based upon the style of presentation and the inclusion of time-sensitive maritime technological innovations, and

how, by similarly employing such graphic elements, unsigned works can sometimes be credited to specific artists, or to "schools" of painting. Jim concludes his book with an even dozen case studies, each one an example of inspired detective work.

Every image of a sailing ship or steamer is truly a "portrait" from a bygone world. Each is an almost biographical statement frozen in time, reduced from three dimensions down to only two. Jim Shuttleworth's remarkable new book makes every one of these vessels in every such portrait come alive. Highly recommended.

— Brian Dervin Dillon



**INDIANS, LATINOS, AND CONFEDERATES,  
A WESTERN FAMILY: 1598-1973**

**Frank J. Brito**

**Brand Book 26, Los Angeles Corral,**

**Westerners International**

Los Angeles Corral Brand Book 26, *Indians, Latinos, and Confederates, A Western Family: 1598-1973* has recently been published. By Frank J. Brito, it is the story of what must be the most remarkable and unique Western American family any present member of any of the 70+ Westerners International Corrals around the world is descended from.

Within the old Spanish Colonial borderlands of New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, Chihuahua, Sonora and both Californias, Brito's diverse family incorporated Native Americans from three different Pueblo Tribes and Apaches as well as Spanish, Irish, Polish, Dutch, and other Europeans. At a single time one of Brito's great-grandfathers was a bugler in the Mexican Army, while another great-grandfather was a bugler in the Confederate States Army. Brito antecedents were on a first-name basis with historical figures as different as Teddy Roosevelt, Pat Garrett, and Pancho Villa.

Price: \$30.00 (includes tax and postage). Make your check out to: **Westerners, Los Angeles Corral**, and send your order, with your return address clearly printed to:

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