Preserve a San Diego Treasure

Your contribution will help to create an endowment for

The Journal of San Diego History

Please make your check payable to The San Diego Foundation. Indicate on the bottom of your check that your donation is for The Journal of San Diego History Fund. The San Diego Foundation accepts contributions of $100 and up. Your contribution is tax-deductible.

The San Diego Foundation
2508 Historic Decatur Road, Suite 200
San Diego, CA 92106

(619) 235-2300 or (858) 385-1595
info@sdfoundation.org
The Journal of
San Diego
History

Volume 59  Fall 2013  Number 4

Editorial Consultants

MATTHEW BOKOVOY
University of Nebraska Press

DONALD C. CUTTER
Albuquerque, New Mexico

WILLIAM DEVERELL
University of Southern California; Director, Huntington-USC Institute of California and the West

VICTOR GERACI
University of California, Berkeley

DONALD H. HARRISON
Publisher, San Diego Jewish World

J. MICHAEL KELLY
Committee of 100 Balboa Park

ROGER W. LOTCHIN
University of North Carolina Chapel Hill

NEIL MORGAN
Journalist

JOHN PUTMAN
San Diego State University

ANDREW ROLLE
The Huntington Library

ROGER SHOWLEY
The San Diego Union-Tribune

ABE SHRAGGE
Independent Historian

RAYMOND STARR
San Diego State University, emeritus

PHOEBE S. K. YOUNG
University of Colorado at Boulder

Published quarterly by the San Diego History Center at 1649 El Prado, Balboa Park, San Diego, California 92101.

A $60.00 annual membership in the San Diego History Center includes subscription to The Journal of San Diego History and the SDHC Times. All back issues are accessible at www.sandiegohistory.org.

Articles and book reviews for publication consideration, as well as editorial correspondence, should be addressed to Editors, The Journal of San Diego History, Department of History, University of San Diego, 5998 Alcalá Park, San Diego, CA 92110

All article submissions should be computer generated, double-spaced with endnotes, and follow the Chicago Manual of Style. Authors should submit an electronic copy in Microsoft Word.

The San Diego History Center assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions of the authors or reviewers.

©2013 by the San Diego History Center
ISSN 0022-4383
Periodicals postage paid at San Diego, CA
Publication No. 331-870
(619) 232-6203
www.sandiegohistory.org

Note: For a change of address, please call (619) 232-6203 ext. 102 or email membership@sandiegohistory.org
CONTENTS

VOLUME 59  FALL 2013  NUMBER 4

ARTICLES

On the Road to San Diego: Junípero Serra’s Baja California Diary
Translated and Edited by Rose Marie Beebe and Robert Senkewicz
189

The Vanished Tribes of Lower California
Edward H. Davis
241

San Diego Presidio Nomination Form
National Register of Historic Places
United States Department of the Interior
261

Illustrating the Life of Father Serra
Iris Engstrand
267

EXHIBIT REVIEW
Bottled and Kegged
Ernie B. Liwag
287

BOOK REVIEWS
291
From Editors Iris Engstrand and Molly McClain

This issue of The Journal of San Diego History is designed to commemorate the 300th birthday of Father Junípero Serra. Born Miguel José in Petra, Mallorca, on November 24, 1713, Serra joined the Order of Friars Minor (Franciscans) in Palma in 1730.

The first article, an excerpt from the newly translated diary of Serra’s journey to San Diego, is a faithful representation of what the missionaries found during their arduous trek. The Franciscan order had replaced the Jesuit missionaries in Baja California in 1768 after their expulsion from Spain by royal decree of King Carlos III. José de Gálvez, the minister responsible for carrying out the order in Mexico, recruited Father Serra and thirteen other Franciscans not only to restaff the Jesuit missions in Baja California, but to open up new missions in Alta California (our present state).

The photographs and drawings accompanying Serra’s diary are taken from a variety of sources—some contemporary—such as those by Father Ignacio Tirsch, a Jesuit priest/artist of the late 18th century; some by local artist Ted DeGrazia known to many San Diegans for his stylized portraits of Indians, soldiers and missionaries of the Spanish Southwest; and others by photographers from the 1960s to the present. In some respects, little has changed in present-day Baja California in many areas traversed by Father Serra and his companions in 1769.

The second article is a never-before-published diary of Edward H. Davis, well known as an Indian photographer and collector residing in Mesa Grande at the turn of the twentieth century. The San Diego History Center, repository of some 5,000 photographs taken by Davis during his travels in San Diego County and throughout the Southwest, has mounted an exhibit of these photos at the History Center in Balboa Park to illustrate local landscapes and the variety of his Indian subjects. Those illustrating this article were taken on Davis’s 1926 journey by pack mule train from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas.

The third article is the document outlining the procedure for nominating Presidio Park for historic landmark status, which is particularly relevant at this time. The San Diego History Center is presently revitalizing the Serra Museum and turning it into one of the most important historical sites in San Diego. The Park commemorates the place where Father Serra first planted the cross for Mission...
San Diego de Alcalá on July 16, 1769, and in so doing marked the birthplace of the State of California. The mission remained on the site until 1774 when it was moved to its present location six miles inland in Mission Valley. The presidio, first as a royal encampment in 1769 and elevated to presidio status in 1772, served as the southern headquarters for the Spanish soldiers and their families, which set it apart from a fort manned only by soldiers. The descriptions of life at the presidio come from sources relying on the first-hand accounts of Captain George Vancouver, Richard Henry Dana, James Ohio Pattie, and others who visited the presidio during the Spanish and Mexican periods.

A pictorial essay concluding this issue illustrates the life of Father Serra and his birthplace in Mallorca, Spain, making it possible for the reader to understand the contrast of Serra's birthplace to the rough and primitive surroundings of both Californias during the Spanish period. The division between Baja and Alta California came in 1772 when Dominican missionaries took over the former Jesuit missions and one Franciscan mission in what was then known as Antigua California. The Franciscans were given the mission territory from San Diego to north of San Francisco leading to the foundation of California’s 21 missions.
On the Road to San Diego: 
Junípero Serra’s Baja California Diary

Translated and Edited by
Rose Marie Beebe and Robert Senkewicz

Introduction

San Diego was the occasion of the longest extant document Junípero Serra composed—the diary of his overland trip north from Baja California in 1769. Serra left Loreto on March 28 and arrived at what he called “the famous and desired port of San Diego” on July 1. That ninety-five day journey was arguably one of the most significant periods in Serra’s entire life. It was the first time the missionary identity he had adopted when he left his home island of Mallorca in 1749 was placed in an environment in which that identity could blossom. For between Loreto and San Diego, Serra entered unfamiliar territory as he encountered large numbers of non-baptized Indians for the first time in his life. The conversion of such people was the major reason he left Spain, but

---

Rose Marie Beebe is Professor of Spanish and Robert M. Senkewicz is Professor of History at Santa Clara University. They have previously collaborated on Testimonios: Early California Through the Eyes of Women (2006) and Lands of Promise and Despair: Chronicles of Early California, 1535-1846 (2001). The original manuscript of Serra’s diary is in the Archivo General de la Nación, Mexico, DF. A photocopy is at the Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library. This article is part of their forthcoming book, Junípero Serra: from Mallorca to Indigenous California, to be published in 2014 by the Arthur Clark Co./University of Oklahoma Press.
circumstances had conspired to prevent him from engaging in what he regarded as genuine missionary activity. The native peoples to whom he ministered in the Sierra Gorda (1750-1758) and Baja California (1768-1769) had been evangelized before he arrived, and the years he spent preaching domestic missions (1758-1767) involved trying to renew the faith and fervor of various parishes and towns whose population was already Catholic. But on May 15, 1769, at Velicatá in Baja California, Serra met a group of unbaptized Cochimí. He was emotionally overwhelmed by that experience because he felt he was at last beginning his real missionary life.

The enthusiasm and intensity Serra brought to San Diego and Alta California was kindled by his interactions with the Cochimí, Kiliwa, Pai-Pai, and Kumeyaay people he met as he journeyed north. His assessment of these peoples was generally positive, since he judged them anxious to receive the gospel he was offering. When he wrote in his first letter from San Diego on July 3 that “this land is a beautiful land,” he was referring to more than the landscape. He was also referring to the Kumeyaay people, in whose territory he had been since June 19 and whom he hoped to entice into the church. Immediately after meeting them, he characterized them in this way: “Their beautiful physique, comportment, friendliness, and happiness have won all our hearts.” Similarly, when he wrote enthusiastically of the Rumsen at Monterey “they have come to see us a number of times [and] very humbly and generously have given us some of their food,” he was thinking of the Cochimí at San Juan de Dios and the Kumeyaay at Rosarito, both of whom had offered the expedition food.

Junípero Serra formed his basic ideas of California Indians on his way to San Diego, and the best way to understand those ideas is to read his own words in the diary he composed. This diary probably contains Serra’s genuine thoughts, for when he wrote it he did not intend for the diary to be published. He wanted the diary of Juan Crespí, who was on the first leg of the land expedition, to become the major published account of the journey, and he became frustrated in later years by Crespí’s delays in completing a polished version of this document. Serra’s original intended audience was more limited. He was writing for himself and his Franciscan brethren at the Colegio de San Fernando in Mexico City.

Visitador General José de Gálvez. Portrait courtesy the Gálvez family, Buenos Aires.
He probably expected that the diary might also be read by José de Gálvez, the Visitador General who had organized the colonization expedition. In this essay, we present a new translation of those parts of Serra’s diary that dealt with the two aspects of Serra’s life which would define his activity in Alta California from 1769 until his death fifteen years later: his newly-energized missionary identity and his encounters with the native peoples of the Californias. We also provide a commentary in order to place Serra’s words into context.

Diary of the expedition of Padre Junípero Serra from Loreto to San Diego from March 28 to July 1, 1769

Hail Jesus, Mary, Joseph

Diary of the expedition to the ports of San Diego and Monterey for the greater glory of God and the conversion of the infidels to our Holy Catholic faith. After visiting the missions of the south where I met with the Ilustrísimo Señor Don José de Gálvez of His Majesty’s Chamber Council, Visitador General of New Spain and principal director of these conquests, with whom I conversed at length about this expedition, I set out from my mission and the Royal Presidio of Loreto in California on March 28, 1769, the third day after the Feast of the Resurrection.

Note 1

On January 6 of this same year, finding myself at the port of La Paz with His Excellency Señor Visitador General, I blessed the packet boat named San Carlos. Aboard ship I sang the Mass and blessed the royal standards. The litany and other prayers to Our Lady were sung. Su Ilustrísima [Gálvez] gave a passionate speech that invigorated the spirits of all who would be sailing on that vessel to the ports of San Diego and Monterey. They boarded the night of [January] 9 and set sail on the 10th. Don Vicente Vila, a celebrated pilot in European waters, was selected commander of the sea expedition. Don Miguel Costansó was the engineer. The leader of the troop was Don Pedro Fages, lieutenant of the company of volunteers. I appointed Padre Predicador Fray Fernando Parrón missionary of the expedition and later missionary to the infidels. He had been my companion in Loreto from the time we had arrived in California. Everyone was exceedingly happy when they left on January 10.

Note 2

On February 15, when I had already returned to Loreto, the same blessing of the vessel and of the royal standards was performed at Cabo San Lucas on the second packet boat, the San Antonio, also known as El Príncipe, which immediately set out for the same ports. On board were Padres Predicadores Fray Juan González Vizcaíno and Fray Francisco
Gómez whose goal was the same as that of the other missionaries. Vizcaíno had recently arrived from Mexico and Gómez had been a minister at the Misión de la Pasión,³ which had been suppressed by order of Su Ilustrísima. The Indians from that mission were moved to Mission Todos Santos. And with this the maritime or naval expedition was set in motion.

Note 3

Su Ilustrísima decided that for the land expedition, Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada, the captain of the company of this peninsula, should begin to arrange everything that the horses and pack mules would need for the journey, as well as all the food and provisions. He is the same person who was here during the time of the Jesuit Padres. Rivera y Moncada was to travel to all of the missions and deliver the order from Su Ilustrísima to the missionary Padres who already had control over the mission temporalities. For the successful completion of these endeavors and so that Rivera y Moncada could then begin the land journey, at the request of His Majesty, on September 28, 1768, I sang a Mass of intercession at Loreto in honor of San José, who was chosen as the patron saint of both the land and the sea expeditions. Two days later, Rivera y Moncada left Loreto and headed to Mission San Javier to begin his process of removing whatever pleased his fancy from what was available at that mission and at the others.

That is exactly what he did. And even though it was done with a rather heavy hand, they suffered through it for God and for the king. Rivera y Moncada spent three days at this place called Velicatá, which is now a new mission, so his animals could have enough time to rest. He then left with twenty-five soldiers, three mule drivers, a sufficient number of Indians on foot, and all the provisions he deemed necessary. He also took Padre Predicador Fray Juan Crespí with him to serve as priest and missionary for that portion of the expedition. Until then, Crespí had been the minister of Mission La Purísima Concepción de Cadegomó. May God protect them along the way so that their journey will end happily.

Note 4

In order to complete the land expedition, at the beginning of the month of March, Su Ilustrísima [Gálvez] ordered that the governor and commander of this peninsula, Don Gaspar de Portolá, set out with the rest of the missionaries who had been appointed, the rest of the soldiers, and the provisions and other necessary items for such an arduous and large-scale expedition. Portolá would be the commander-in-chief of both portions of
the land expedition. The governor obeyed the order and left his Royal Presidio of Loreto on March 9 with his retinue. Even though I was always eager to join this expedition, I was not able to leave so quickly. I was determined and promised to do so as soon as possible (as I later did). In the meantime, I gave Padre Predicador Fray Miguel de la Campa the assignment of accompanying the travelers. He was the minister at Mission San Ignacio. As soon as the travelers arrived at his mission, he joined them. He traveled with the expedition until they reached Mission Santa María de los Angeles at the edge of the frontier. They had to stay there for quite some time waiting for the provisions that were supposed to arrive by ship at the Bay of San Luis Gonzaga, which was close to that last mission. They then spent time getting the pack train ready and making other preparations until I arrived there to join up with their group, as I shall recount later.

*****

Serra chose to leave Loreto on the Tuesday after Easter. As was so often the case with him, the date was not accidental. In 1749 he left his ancestral village of Petra on the exact same day in the Catholic liturgical calendar. At that time he thought he was journeying to become a missionary among the unbaptized. But events had disappointed him, as he had spent two decades working among people who had already received that sacrament. Now, exactly twenty years later, he believed he was finally undertaking the journey upon which he thought he had been embarking in 1749– a journey that would enable him to work among those who had not been baptized.

Serra’s first stop was Mission San Javier, staffed by Francisco Palóu, who would soon be moving to Loreto as chief administrator of the Baja California missions. There was one item of business that had to be taken care of immediately. When Portolá passed through San Javier on his way to Velicatá a few weeks earlier, he told Palóu that he was concerned about the poor condition of Serra’s leg (it had grown worse during a trip Serra made to the southern missions after his first meeting with Gálvez in 1768). Portolá believed that Serra’s condition might slow the progress of the expedition. He asked Palóu to try to convince Serra not to make the journey and allow Palóu to go in his place. Palóu agreed, although he
undoubtedly knew that Serra would vigorously refuse such a request. Palóu made the request and Serra of course refused to consider it. After that, the two of them got down to business.

Serra spent three days at San Javier, mainly briefing Palóu on the issues he would be facing after Serra left. Palóu offered Serra some additional provisions for his journey, provisions that he sorely needed. Serra’s departure was very emotional. He and Palóu had known each other for almost thirty years and they had no idea if they would ever see one another again. Serra certainly hoped they would. According to Palóu, Serra’s words of farewell were, “Goodbye until we meet in Monterey, where I hope we shall see each other in order to labor in that vineyard of the Lord.” Palóu was less certain. His farewell was simply, “Until we meet in eternity.”

****

March 28, [traveling].
Nothing happened along the way worth mentioning.

March 29, 30, and 31. I lingered at the mission [San Francisco Javier de Biaundó] for a variety of reasons. The most important reason for stopping was to see the mission’s minister, Padre Lector Fray Francisco Palóu, Comisario of the Holy Office, with whom I share a special and long-time friendship. He was elected by our colegio to succeed me as president of these missions if I were to die or be away for a prolonged period of time. This last circumstance was the second important reason for stopping here. We needed to discuss and agree upon the measures he would have to undertake to maintain the stability
of these missions during my absence. And the measures would have to be clearly defined and put into place by the time Su Ilustrísimo Señor Visitador General [Gálvez] arrived in Loreto, which was expected at any time. The third, and for me the most important reason for stopping, was to express my gratitude. The fact is that the only provisions I took from my mission in Loreto for such a long journey were a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese.
During the year I was there I had no say with regard to temporal matters. I was treated as a mere guest of the Señor Real Comisario who lavished me with crumbs. When I left, his generosity toward me did not exceed what I have described. However, Reverendo Padre Palóu more than made up for this insult. He generously provided me with food, clothing for my own use, and other amenities for my journey. I could not bring myself to reflect upon whether I should take all that he had given me or consider leaving any of it behind, for being the sinner that I am, I am still attached to my creature comforts. May God reward such charity.

*****

Serra spent the next week heading north. He stopped for a few days each at Missions San José de Comondú and La Purísima. On his way to the next mission, Guadalupe, Serra met about ten Indian families. They communicated to him that they were from Mission Guadalupe, but since food was scarce at the mission the resident priest there, Juan Sancho, had told them that they had to go out to the hills and find food for themselves. Serra’s encounter with them left a deep impression on him, for the devotional song they chanted for him convinced him that Christianity had taken root among these people. This filled him with hope for the project he was undertaking farther north. On the other hand, his perception that the Indians were unable to feed themselves after close to half a century of mission life increased his sense that the missionaries’ responsibility

Sketch of Native Indians near San José del Cabo c. 1760 from Doyce Nunis, ed., The Drawings of Ignacio Tirsch, Los Angeles: Dawson’s Book Shop, 1972, p. 89.
for the welfare of their flock was going to be a very deep and profound one. Serra
did not record who else was with him during this encounter. He only remarked
that the pack train was not there because it had been delayed. Therefore, it is not
entirely clear what the quality of communication between him and the native
people actually was on this occasion, and what they actually told or tried to tell
him. But whatever did happen, Serra chose to interpret it as a sign of hope for the
future and in a way that increased the importance of the role of the missionary
in providing for the livelihood of converted Indians.

*****

April 7. I set out very early in the morning for the next mission, Guadalupe. I walked
all day, only stopping briefly at noon to have a bite to eat and rest for awhile. As night
was falling, I arrived at the spot called El Cardón, where I slept under the stars. There
I met about ten Indian families—men, women, boys, and girls. When I asked them why
they were there, they told me with great sadness that they were from Mission Guadalupe.
They were not from any of the rancherías but rather from the mission village. Because
there was not enough food, the Padre had been forced to send them back to the mountains
to look for food. Since they were not accustomed to doing this, they were not having much
success. It was very hard on them, especially seeing their children suffer and hearing
them cry. I felt very sorry for them. It was most unfortunate that the pack train had
been delayed and would not arrive there that night, but the Indians were not left without
aid. A pot of good atole was made for the women and children from some corn that was
in a pouch. The process was repeated and the second pot of atole was given to the men,
which was of some consolation to them. They were even happier when I told them to go
back to their mission because the Padre would be receiving corn by sea on the canoe from
Mulegé, by order of Su Ilustrísimo Señor Visitador General. I went to lie down and rest
and the Indians went off to pray together. They ended by singing a tender hymn about
the love of God. The Indians from that mission are reputed to have a talent for singing
sweetly. Their reputation is well deserved, for the time I spent listening to them was of
great consolation to me.

April 8. I left that place and after a laborious trek through those hills I arrived at around
noon at the pueblo of San Miguel, which is a visita of that mission. I encountered
the same or greater number of Indians from that mission village. They related the same thing
that the other Indians had told me. They were given the same remedy and left alone. A
few of them followed me that afternoon when I left for Mission Guadalupe. It was already
night when I arrived at the mission and I was extremely tired. I had arrived again at the
farthest point of a journey that I had ever made before in California.
Serra arrived at Mission Guadalupe late on Saturday night, April 8. He remained there until April 14, spending most of his time catching up on correspondence. The priest of the mission, Juan Sancho, who had been a student and later a faculty colleague of Serra’s in Mallorca, gave him a fifteen-year-old boy to be his servant for the rest of the journey. The boy was a ladino who was able to read and assist at mass. His name was Juan Evangelista Benno. He was named after Benno Ducrue, the Jesuit who had baptized him. Father Juan Ignacio Gastón, the minister of Mission Santa Rosalía de Mulegé, came to bid Serra farewell. Gastón came to the New World with Serra in 1749 and they worked together in the Sierra Gorda. Serra, Sancho, and Gastón spent a considerable amount of time together, not knowing if they would ever see each other again.8

April 10. The Padre Ministro of Mission Santa Rosalía de Mulegé came here today to bid me farewell. His mission is situated near the beach along the coast of the Gulf of California and is the only mission not along the route of my journey. This Padre, Fray Juan Ignacio Gastón, was one of the missionary recruits who came with me from Spain. Later, he was my fellow missionary in the Sierra Gorda. I have always been especially fond
of him and I am indebted to him. The three of us spent today and the days that followed consoling one another, knowing that we most likely will not see one another again until we meet in Heaven, and that our efforts are for the greater glory of God. Each of us, wherever we may be, will work to win many souls for His Most Holy Majesty. May it be so. Amen.

*****

After leaving Mission Guadalupe, Serra spent a few days at the next mission, San Ignacio. He left there on April 18 and traveled for two days to Mission Santa Gertrudis. At that mission he met a very lonely and depressed missionary, Dionisio Basterra. The two of them had preached domestic missions together for a number of months in 1763 and 1764 in Puebla and Oaxaca and this was their first meeting in a year. It was an emotional encounter and Serra stayed at Santa Gertrudis for six days.

While there he became personally involved in Gálvez’s plan to shift Indian populations among various missions. As a minister of Carlos III, Gálvez had brought a vision of enlightened despotism to Baja California. When he arrived in 1768 he promulgated a sweeping and unrealistic series of plans for the peninsula, involving trade fairs, improved mining, Indian towns, and other measures that he thought would bring prosperity to Baja California. He quickly judged that the traditional life ways of the Baja California Indians were inimical to the progress he
envisioned. Therefore, in his judgment, those life ways had to change. He saw that the missions at the southern end of the peninsula had good agricultural prospects and was disappointed that they had become depopulated. Therefore, he decided to consolidate the remaining Pericú at Mission Santiago, which entailed moving a number of them from Todos Santos to that mission. That would free Todos Santos to receive a large number of Guaycura neophytes from two missions farther north, Dolores and San Luis Gonzaga. The Jesuits had never attempted to congregate large numbers of Guaycura people at those two missions given the arid nature of the landscape. Instead, the vast majority of indigenous peoples generally remained after baptism in their traditional villages in the hills at some distance from the mission. Moving to Todos Santos would have entailed a double move— to a new territory and into a different social unit, the mission village.

Gálvez realized there could be problems with this move and envisioned a larger than normal contingent of soldiers for Todos Santos. Palóu reported that the Guaycura who were forced to relocate engaged in various forms of resistance at their new mission and that the move was not a success. Of the 800 people who were relocated, only 170 remained at the mission three years later. While some undoubtedly fled, many died from diseases they contracted at the new location. According to Palóu, who remained in Baja California until 1773, all of Gálvez’s edicts about Indian relocation were resisted in one fashion or another by the native peoples and the ill feelings created by these moves caused the missionaries great problems. But the closure of Missions Dolores and San Luis Gonzaga did have the effect of freeing up missionary personnel for the voyage to San Diego.9

As part of these population shifts, some of the people at Santa Gertrudis were slated to
be removed south to the missions of La Purísima and San José de Comondú. The people resisted that move and indicated that they would end their affiliation with the mission rather than move south. Four months earlier the priest at the nearby mission of San Borja, Fermín Francisco de Lasuén, had reported similar resistance among the people of that mission to Gálvez and the visitor general had rescinded the order relating to San Borja.10

Serra undoubtedly knew of this situation, yet he and Basterra spent a good amount of time going around and urging the Indians to accept the move. Serra stated in his diary that Gálvez’s plan was “very much to my liking.” He clearly implied that the Indians were persuaded to move. But he never precisely said that. Rather, he merely stated that things were “in good order.”

It is hard to imagine Serra going against what he knew was the opinion of his resident missionaries on this score. In fact, the Santa Gertrudis Indians continued to refuse to move and Serra had to know that this would be the most likely outcome. The important thing was that any colonial official in Mexico City who read the diary would learn that Serra had supported the policies of the visitor general.

Basterra’s loneliness points to an important aspect of mission life which persisted beyond Serra’s own death. Much of the historiography of Alta California has emphasized the tension between the missionaries and the soldiers. That tension was present. But there was another side to the story which is indicated by Basterra’s anguish at not having anybody else with whom he could converse. Although missionaries and the lower ranking corporals and soldiers who constituted the mission escolta had different roles at the missions, their shared language created a unique bond. Their relationships were most often recorded in the documentary sources when they were in conflict, such as at San Diego in 1773 or Santa Inés in 1824. But in the normal day-to-day workings of any mission their relationships were undoubtedly more cooperative than confrontational, for they provided each other with a kind of companionship that no one else at the mission complex could provide. The frequent presence of soldiers in the mission registers as witnesses to various sacraments is an important indication of how closely these two groups relied upon each other.

*****

April 20. I started out very early in the morning and passed by El Rosario shortly after the break of day. When I arrived that morning at Mission Santa Gertrudis, the Indians came out to greet me at the entrance with dancing and joyous gestures. Waiting for me at the door of the church was the Padre Ministro of the mission, Padre Predicador Fray
Dionisio Basterra. He was donned with his cope and accompanied by acolytes, carrying a cross, candles, a censer, and holy water. I venerated the holy cross in his hands and incensed it. I sprinkled the people with holy water and we entered the church to give thanks to God, as we should, for all that He has given us.

As soon as the Padre had removed the sacred vestments, we hugged one another for the first time and our eyes filled with tears (my eyes still fill with tears as I write this). We were so overcome that we were unable to speak until we had paid due tribute to this natural human emotion.

The Padre had been deeply depressed for many days because he felt so isolated. Even though there were many Indians in the mission, there were no soldiers or servants (the captain had taken them from him for the expedition), not even an interpreter to help him. He had expressed his frustration to me in numerous letters, asking me for help, which I was not able to do, no matter how much I wanted to do so. I tried by every means possible, not just with conciliatory letters but also by speaking to Su Ilustrísimo Señor Visitador General, writing to the captain, and speaking with the governor, but it was all to no avail. . . .

Heeding his pleas [for company], I remained there for the next five days to give him as much encouragement as possible. The time was not spent idly. We were busy bringing the rancherías together to propose Su Ilustrísimo Señor Visitador General’s plan. The plan, which was very much to my liking, was that a good number of families, even if it were two hundred, would move to Mission La Purísima de Cadegomó and take up residence there. There are few people at that mission and more than enough food, water, and land upon which they can plant crops for themselves and for the community. And above all, they would be guaranteed three meals a day and appropriate clothing, all of which they always lacked at their mission. Or, perhaps it would be better to say that the lack of food was due to the rugged terrain and the lack or scarcity of land for planting. Those days were spent explaining the plan, answering questions, proposing solutions, and waiting for others who could not arrive as quickly because their rancherías were situated farther away in the mountains. When I left, everything was in good order and the Padre felt consoled.

*****

Serra spent the next two weeks traveling to Missions San Borja and Santa María, where he rendezvoused with Gaspár de Portolá. On the morning of May 11 they set out for Velicatá, the final staging area for the expedition. Since Santa María was the most northerly mission that the Jesuits had established they were now entering the territory of the Indians who had never been missionized. Serra’s excitement at being in “gentile” territory began to mount. Serra used the term
“gentile” fairly consistently when he referred to unbaptized Indians. This term derived from the Christian scriptures, especially the writings of Saint Paul, who referred to himself as an apostle to the gentiles (Romans 11:13). At that time the
term immediately referred to non-Jewish people. Paul’s use of it related to debates in primitive Christianity about whether the fledgling Jesus movement ought to be a movement within Judaism or apart from it. Over time the term came to apply to those who were the object of evangelical activity, as non-Jews were for Paul. This term, and to a lesser extent another religiously-derived term “infidels” (literally, those without the faith) were Serra’s terms of choice when referring to the non-Christian native peoples of the Californias. He usually avoided another set of words that were common in eighteenth-century Spanish discourse when referring to Indians outside the orbit of empire. These terms included “bárbaros” (barbarians), “salvajes” (savages), and “indios bravos” (wild Indians). In his choice of words, as in so much else, Serra’s primary frame of reference was religious.  

****

May 12. We arrived at the place called Pozo de Agua Dulce. Along the way we saw some small rancherías of gentiles and fresh footprints, but nobody, young or old, allowed themselves to be seen by us. Their reticence thwarted the hopes I had of seeing them, of speaking to them, and of cherishing them.

May 13. We also saw a number of small huts and gentile footprints, but no one appeared. This entire stretch of land is much poorer than the other areas of the Californias in terms of providing for the meager sustenance of its inhabitants. From Santa María up to this point, I did not see even one pitahaya tree, neither sweet nor sour, only a cardón cactus every so often, and an occasional garambullo. Most are cirios, trees that are totally useless, even for burning.

May 14. Sunday. Pentecost. Early in the morning, one of the small huts that had been erected by members in the first group of the expedition was cleaned and prepared for celebrating Mass. We were told that this very hut had served as a chapel on February 22, the feast day of Santa Margarita de Cortona. This is when Padre Predicador Fray Fermín Lasuén said the first Mass in Velicatá. He came from Santa María to give communion to the captain and the soldiers and to hear their confessions so that they could fulfill their Easter duty and prepare for the expedition. It is said that this was the first Mass celebrated in this place. Even though the Jesuit Padre Linck had been there, as stated in his diary, the soldiers who accompanied him said he did not celebrate Mass there.

An altar was prepared in that hut. The soldiers put on their leather jackets and carried their weapons and shields. And with all of the purity of holy poverty I celebrated Mass on that great day. I was comforted knowing that this was the first of many Masses that
would continue to be celebrated regularly at the new Mission San Fernando, founded on that day. The soldiers fired their arms repeatedly, which added to the solemnity of the celebration. This time, the smoke of gunpowder took the place of burning incense since we did not have any with us. Since there were no other candles than the one that was burning, which was a small end of a candle I had found, and the candle that belonged to the Padre, only one Mass was said that day. The Padre and the soldiers assisted at Mass in fulfillment of their obligation. We then sang the third version of the Veni Creator Spiritus. The gathering was made up of ourselves, the soldiers, and the Indian neophytes who were accompanying us. Not a single gentile appeared. Perhaps they were frightened by the loud noise from the firearms.

*****

Serra and Fray Miguel de la Campa spent the rest of the days scouting the terrain and noting the location of sources of water. The following day was quite emotional because Serra encountered, for the first time in his life, a group of unbaptized and unmissionized Indians. Serra reported that he was overcome by intense feeling. In his diary he employed images of the Garden of Eden in the book of Genesis, indicating his belief that the missionary activity of which he was about to embark involved turning the clock back and re-creating the world anew.

*****

Sketch of “how a wild Indian shoots three Indian women with arrows because they took away some of his bad fruit.” c. 1760, from Doyce Nunis, ed., The Drawings of Ignacio Tirsch, Dawson’s Book Shop, 1972, p. 93.
May 15. Since candles had already arrived on the pack train, the two priests and I celebrated Mass in succession. For me, it was a day of great consolation. Soon after the Masses were said, while I was quiet with my thoughts in the small hut that was my dwelling place, they alerted me that the gentiles were approaching and that they were close. I praised God, kissed the ground, and gave thanks to Our Lord for granting me this opportunity to be among the gentiles in their land, after longing for this for so many years. I quickly went out and there I saw twelve gentiles, all of them grown men, with the exception of one boy who was about ten years old and the other who was about sixteen years old. I saw what I could hardly believe when I would read about it or when I would be told about it, which was that the gentiles were totally naked, like Adam in paradise before the fall. That is how they went about and that is how they presented themselves to us. We interacted with them for quite some time and not once did they show any sign of embarrassment seeing that we were clothed and they were not. I placed my hands on the head of each gentile, one at a time, as a sign of affection. I filled both of their hands with overripe figs, which they immediately began to eat. We received a gift from them and with signs we showed them how much we appreciated it. The gift was a net full of roasted mescal and four beautiful fish, which were more than medium size. Unfortunately, the poor people had not thought to clean the fish beforehand or even to salt them, so the cook said the fish were not any good. Padre Campa also gave them his raisins, the Señor Gobernador gave them tobacco leaves, and all the soldiers received them warmly and gave them food to eat.

With the help of the interpreter, I let them know that a Padre was already there, in that very spot, and his name was Padre Miguel. I told them that they and other people they know should come and visit him. They also should let it be known that there is no reason for fear or mistrust. The Padre would be their friend and those men, the soldiers who were standing next to the Padre, would be very good to them and would cause them no harm. I told them that if they were in need, they should not steal the cattle that were grazing in the fields but rather come and ask the Padre and he would always give them what he could. It seems that they understood very well what I had explained and they made signs to that effect, all of which led me to believe that it would not be long before they allowed themselves to be gathered together in the apostolic and evangelical net. And, this is what happened, as I shall explain later. According to the Señor Gobernador, the person who came with them as their chief, held that position by acclaim or will of his people, but from this day forward, he was officially appointing him chief in the name of the king.

That same afternoon, although I was sad to have to leave the Indians and their new minister who would be staying there, I set out with the Señor Gobernador and his retinue. After traveling for three hours or so, we stopped at a spot halfway between the mission and our next stop. There was some grass for the animals, but no water.
**Serra’s Baja California Diary**

**May 16.** After three more hours of travel we arrived at the place called San Juan de Dios. It is a pleasant spot with plenty of water and pasture, willows, tule, and a bright sky. Sergeant Don [José] Francisco Ortega and some soldiers were here for a number of days with many of the animals that would be following us along the road. This was a perfect spot for the animals to rest and recover. It was a day of joy because all of us who were going to travel together on the expedition were finally together, except for a few Indians from San Borja who did not arrive until two days later. In order to reach this creek and this spot, it is necessary to travel down a very steep hill. But since the path is well trodden, it does not pose any real difficulties.

*****

As Portolá had feared, Serra’s leg now began to cause him great pain. Serra began to worry that he would have to be carried on a stretcher and he was not sure that the governor would let him continue. But on the next day he received word from Velicatá that cheered him up greatly. The Indians there were seeking baptism. He interpreted this news in the context of the story attributed to a seventeenth-century Spanish Franciscan nun, Sor María de Jesús de Ágreda, that God had revealed to Saint Francis that pagans would be converted to Christianity at the mere sight of Franciscans. The possibility that Serra himself might now be participating in the fulfillment of Sor María’s words thrilled him. A few months shy of his fifty-sixth birthday, he felt that he had finally encountered his life’s true purpose.

Yet there was another level to all of this activity which Serra only dimly understood. The Jesuits had established a presence in the territory of the northern Cochimí by 1762, when they founded Mission San Francisco de Borja. They solidified that presence five years later, with the establishment of Mission Santa María de los Angeles de Cabujakaamung. As Serra noted in his diary, Jesuit explorer Wenceslaus Linck had visited Velicatá itself in 1766. Linck stated that the indigenous people there, after some hesitation, welcomed them and shared some seeds with them. Linck baptized an infant girl, who soon died. A day later he baptized an old man and placed a cross around his neck. According to Linck, the man promised that he would never

remove it. It appears that this group of people had already decided on their own, three years before Serra met them, that they would seek to accommodate themselves in some fashion to the newcomers.¹⁵
May 17. I said Mass there even though I was already having a hard time standing because my left foot was very inflamed. I have been suffering for over a year now. Now the wounds are inflamed and the swelling has gone halfway up my leg. This is why I was laying in bed during the time we stayed here. I feared that before long I would have to follow behind the expedition on a stretcher. In the meantime, the Señor Gobernador and his people went about arranging the loads and determining the short cuts. They also allowed the animals that had arrived last, time to rest and recover in this place, which provided what was needed.

May 18. We continued to stay here. I was not able to celebrate Mass due to what I have already described. However, I took great comfort from the letter I received from Velicatá in which the Padre from that mission informed me that the same gentile chief whom I had seen and warmly received, along with eleven of his people, had already gone to the mission with a larger number of men, women, boys, and girls—a total of forty-four people. They all asked to be baptized. On that very same day they began to receive instruction. I was overjoyed and wrote back to the Padre, congratulating him a thousand times over. Because the chief was such an important person, I begged the Padre to baptize him first and to give him the name Francisco in honor of Nuestro Padre Seráfico. I piously believe that such a happy event has come to pass as fulfillment of the promise that the Lord Our God made to him during these last days which, according to what the Venerable Madre María de Jesús de Ágreda affirms, at the mere sight of his sons, the gentiles will convert to our Holy Catholic Faith. And I believe that it is worth mentioning that once this chief from Velicatá becomes a Christian, he, his family, and his ranchería deserve to always be treated well, because from the moment the Spaniards set foot on his land, he began to visit them, give them gifts, and serve them. He was able to interact with them and gained their trust. This is what he did with the first group of our expedition. Sergeant Ortega and some soldiers arrived after the first group had left and before we had arrived. Some Indians immediately came to welcome them and the chief arrived three days later. He explained that he would have come sooner but he was very far away on the opposite coast. When his people informed him of the arrival of the Spaniards he immediately headed back, traveling as fast as he could for two days and one night to arrive as quickly as possible. The chief gave Ortega two tercios of mezcal. He also offered to send some of his people out to fish and to help out in any way they could. He treated us in the same way that I have described. And above all, he asked to be the first person of such a large group to receive Holy Baptism. And he promised to bring more people. May God make him a saint. Amen.
May 19. I awoke feeling much better and celebrated Mass. The rest of the day was spent arranging things for our departure so we could head out the next day. The Indians from Mission San Borja arrived. They were to follow behind us, together with the Indians from Missions Santa Gertrudis and Santa María who were already here.

*****

Because of rain and threatening clouds, the expedition did not travel on May 20.

*****

May 21. Sunday and feast of the Holy Trinity. After I celebrated Mass, for which everyone was present, I spoke briefly about the need for all of us to conduct ourselves properly during the journey. I emphasized that the main objective was the greater honor and glory of God. I blessed them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, whose trinity of persons in unity of divine nature we were celebrating on that day. . . .

*****

Serra spent the early morning of May 22 writing letters that were carried back by a courier. He set out at 8:00 am and spent an uneventful day on the trail. He ended his diary account that day by writing, “We saw footprints made by gentiles, but did not see the actual people.”

Former Jesuit trail followed by Serra’s party to San Diego. Photo by Harry W. Crosby.
May 23. We continued our journey. We left the river and headed toward the mountains that would take us to the opposite coast. According to my calculations, we traveled four and one-half hours today. We spent more than half the time going up and down a rocky and difficult road. The rest of the time was spent traveling through some flat plains. There were clear indications that the first group of the expedition had stopped here, so we did the same thing. Seeing that there was no water, we dug a hole in the ground and the animals drank from it. A short while later we learned that we could have avoided all that work because a league or so away we found running water and good pasture. We named this large area “Santiago” since this was the feast day celebrating when Santiago appeared to the Spaniards and offered to help them.

The next day and a half was spent traveling. By this time the group was about fifty miles distant from Velicatá. On the afternoon of May 25 they spotted some Indians and tried to make contact.

May 25. Shortly after, our attention was drawn to a very tall and leafy tree, something we had not seen outside the missions. As I got closer to the tree, I saw that it was a poplar. I was quite struck by this so we decided to call this place “El Alamo Solo.” From this point on, the terrain began to be more pleasing, with a number of tall and leafy trees (but not as leafy as the poplar.) The branches and leaves of these trees are similar to a cypress. There were other trees of the same height and different types of flowers. It seemed as if we were in a different land. This afternoon, three gentiles appeared on a small hill that we could see from where we had stopped. We sent two Indians from our group to go and invite the gentiles to come down because we were their friends. But as soon as the gentiles saw them approach, they fled and nothing else happened.

May 26. We stayed here because it was an excellent place for the animals to rest and recover their strength. Over the last few days they had been overworked. Two gentiles appeared at the same hill and they were watching us closely. Our Indians were better prepared today than yesterday and went after the gentiles with caution so they would not escape. However, one gentile did slip through their hands, but they were able to tie up the other one tightly with a rope halter. It was necessary to do this because he continued to fight to keep them from bringing him to us. He put up such a hard fight that they had
to drag him along the ground, which tore up his thighs and knees very badly. But they were finally able to bring him back. They brought him before me and after making him kneel, I placed my hands on his head and prayed the gospel of San Juan. I made the sign of the cross and untied him. He was extremely frightened and very upset. We took him to the Señor Gobernador’s tent to try and raise his spirits. He was a robust young man, probably about twenty years old. When he was asked what his name was, he said “Axajui.” The men wanted to know what that word meant in his language, but it was too much to ask to try and find a linguist among these people, so they decided that “Axajui” was his name and that was the end of it.

We placed overly ripe figs, meat, and tortillas in front of our Axajui so that he would eat. He ate some, but only a little at a time, since he was so upset. He grabbed a fistful of dirt and brought it up to his mouth saying “pinole.” We wondered how he knew about pinole. We gave him a jug of powdered pinole and he ate some of it. He did not seem to like it. Another jug of pinole was prepared for him but this time it was mixed with water. He ate it all up. All his talking seemed to be his way of trying to apologize for having spied on us from the top of the small hill both yesterday and today. By admitting this venial sin
he committed a mortal one. He said that his chief had sent him to spy on us. The chief and his ranchería, along with four other rancherías that would join his, were all in agreement that they would hide behind some rocks and wait for us to head back out on our journey. Then they would come out and kill the Padre and his group, even if it was a large number of people. We forgave him his murderous intentions and gave him many gifts so he could go back and tell his people how kindly we had treated him and also say what we had asked him to do, which was for all of them to come and meet us. Nobody came, even though we did see a few of them on that same hill. He was naked like the rest of them. All he had were his bow and arrows, which we returned to him. His long hair was tied back with a small cord made of blue wool. It was nicely made. We could not imagine where it came from.

*****

On May 27 the expedition traveled to a place called La Cieneguilla. Here they left Linck’s path, for from this spot the Jesuit had headed east towards the San Felipe desert. The Portolá expedition, following the path of Rivera y Moncada, headed north. After they departed La Cieneguilla the expedition left the territory of the Cochimí and entered the land of the Kiliwa people. The expedition noted that the clothing worn by the people they were now encountering differed from that of the Indians they had previously met. As the expedition continued north, Serra’s enthusiasm, which had burst forth at Velicatá, persisted. On May 28, they had two encounters with different groups of Indians. The first one, at La Cieneguilla, was very difficult and involved gunfire. However, the second encounter, about seven miles past La Cieneguilla, was viewed by Serra as a much more friendly encounter. This group produced a staged battle in front of the Spaniards and then insisted that they would accompany the expedition out of their territory. Serra interpreted these actions simply as entertainment and friendliness, although they were likely fraught with much greater meaning than he realized. But Serra persisted in his growing enthusiasm. Indeed, he believed that God had sent him the second group of Indians so that his spirits would not lag. And on the very next day, when a large group of native people tried to obstruct the progress of the expedition, Serra similarly interpreted their actions as motivated by happiness and their shouts as enthusiastic greetings. He believed the people were saying how much they would welcome a mission among them. Portolá and the soldiers saw things differently and had to fire a warning shot to get the group to disperse. And for the rest of the time the expedition was in Kiliwa territory, it encountered very few Indians.

*****
May 28. Sunday. Before we left, some gentiles approached us. These were the same gentiles that the soldiers, who were keeping watch over the animals, had seen. Nearby they had about twelve small huts, which were placed close together. Our neophytes immediately set out to bring them back to us. A huge shouting match erupted between the gentiles and the neophytes. Several times the gentiles threatened to attack the neophytes no matter how much our Indians spoke about peace. In the end, they brought them back, but the gentiles were so angry that there was no way to calm them down. It was time to say Mass. The soldiers formed a circle to hear Mass and placed the gentiles in the middle of the circle for the duration of the Mass. After Mass had ended, another large number of gentiles arrived and the shouting continued. The first group, which consisted of four gentiles, was given food before and after Mass. They all took out their pipes and began to smoke. After we told them they could leave on good terms, they joined the others and soon there were more than forty of them. There was no way to quiet them down or separate them. According to our interpreters, the gentiles were saying that we should not go on ahead but rather go back and that they wanted to fight. We spent a long and difficult time trying to get them to leave peacefully, but it was to no avail. We feared that there would be blood shed. The Señor Gobernador ordered four soldiers, armed and mounted on horseback to
line up as a means of forcing the Indians to retreat. They refused to leave, even with this tactic. One soldier then fired a shot into the air and shortly after, another soldier did the same. The Indians then began to flee and our men loaded up the pack train so we could continue on our journey.

We left at ten o’clock in the morning. We traveled for four hours during the hottest time of the day and the trip was unbearable. A half an hour or less after leaving, we went down to a river where there was much vegetation but no water. It was situated in a beautiful plain about a quarter of a league wide and more than two leagues long. The soil was good. The first portion of the plain has good soil but the second portion is composed of rather fine sand. In the area with good soil, one can see much vegetation that starts from the base of the hills and heads toward the opposite coast. One of our neophytes told us that there was plenty of water there. If that is the case, we all deemed this beautiful place the site for a mission, Santa Humiliana. After that, the mountains get closer together. We followed a dry river bed between the mountains and arrived at a place with running water and good pasture, which the animals were able to enjoy.

It seems that the gentiles from that morning wanted to prove that what Axajui had said on May 26 was true, not only what was said but also what was done. For when we left the place where we had stopped today, the gentiles were following us through the hills of the opposite coast. During the whole day’s journey we saw a large throng of them following us continuously through the hills. But for them to catch up with us meant that they had to go down to the plain, which I have already described. Since this plain was wide, we were in no apparent danger. But the situation changed when the mountains were closer together and we had to travel through a narrow pass. That is when all the soldiers put on their leather jackets. They and the mule drivers were armed and ready to fight. Everyone kept their eyes peeled but the enemy never appeared. We suspected that these Indians might be from the Bay of San Quintín. Admiral Cabrera Bueno describes these Indians in his Navegación especulativa y práctica, part 5, chapter 4, as being war-like and daring.\textsuperscript{18} The Bay of San Quintín is located at 32 degrees on the opposite coast. But in the end, we did not see these Indians again.

In order to temper the distress we had experienced with the Indians, God quickly sent us other Indians who behaved very differently. About a league away from our stopping place, twelve new gentiles joined our group. They were very pleasant. They said they would show us how to get to the place where we were going to stop. And that is what they did. Their behavior was quite discreet, for as soon as we arrived, they retired to a hillside nearby and sat there motionless. It seems they did not want to hamper the process of unloading the pack train. As soon as we were finished, I had my page and an interpreter take them a gift of figs and meat along with a message inviting them to come and greet us without fear, for we were their friends. They responded with gestures of appreciation but
indicated that they would not be able to come and see us until they had received the gift they wanted to give to us. They had already requested it from their ranchería, which was nearby. It so happened that after we had eaten and rested, the Indians came down to where we were with their nets filled with cooked mescalés and with their weapons, which they placed on the ground. They began to explain to us how they used each of the weapons in battle. They acted out the parts of attacker and victim so cleverly and vividly, which kept us quite entertained for a good while. We did not need the interpreters to explain what the Indians wanted to tell us in this regard. Up to this point, there were no women at all among the gentiles. I had not seen any gentile women, and for the moment, I did not wish to see any. But two women appeared during these festivities. They were chattering away inanely as women are known to do. When I saw that they were modestly covered up, which was comparable to the modesty displayed by the Christian women at the missions, I was not bothered by their arrival. They said that the youngest woman was the wife of the chief who was there. She was carrying the gift on her head, which was something I had never seen before. It was a large torte made of dough that was filled with thick fibers. When I started to place my hands on her head, she put the torte in my hands. Then she and her husband began to explain to me how to eat it. The older woman also shouted when she spoke, even more so than the others. The chief and his companions continued with the explanation. We were all so engrossed in what was being said that we did not notice that the women had left. It was not until a short while later, when we inquired where they were so we could return the favor, that we realized they had already left. May God bless them. We gave the chief a gift for his wife. Everyone else also received a gift. We said they could now leave and they obediently and happily did so. But they said they wanted to continue traveling with us and follow us as friends.

May 29. We left this place and traveled for three full hours. It was a hard journey up and down steep grades. The hillsides, all composed of soil, were steep and difficult. We finally were able to get down to the plain. It was well worth the effort because it was an excellent spot, unlike any other we had seen until now.

At the beginning of today’s journey, we found in a small plain the huts belonging to our gentile friends from yesterday afternoon. The huts were very well constructed, just like those we have frequently seen during these last few days of traveling. And from the hillside that paralleled the plain, our Indian friends from yesterday, accompanied by even more Indians, carrewned down upon us, fulfilling the promise they had made to accompany us. Their actions were similar to those of yesterday. They were running, shouting, and gleefully crossing in front of our path. Since the road was in poor condition and narrow, the Indians were creating an uproar and doing more harm than good. The animals were frightened and were in danger of falling off a cliff. The Indians were told to quiet down...
and that we were pleased with their gestures of friendship, which they reinforced by bringing more mescals for the neophytes who were on foot. But with all the ruckus, they paid no attention and understood nothing of what we were saying, so nothing changed. The situation went from bad to worse, especially the condition of the road. We summoned their chief and explained the situation to him. He tried to quiet them down and bring them all together, but he was only partially successful. Finally, the Señor Gobernador, who had gone on ahead, turned back. He exerted his influence. But seeing that it was to no avail, he found it necessary to fire his shot gun into the air in the direction of the Indians, who became frightened and stopped. That put an end to the racket. I feared, however, that this radical action would leave the Indians doubting the sincerity of our love for them. Their love for us was confirmed when three gentiles appeared before us shortly after we had arrived at this place. They came unarmed, with only a pipe in their hands. They told us that a messenger from the last place where we had stopped had come to tell them that we came in peace and for them to welcome us because we were good people. And that is what they did. May God make these Indians, and the others we met, Christians as quickly as possible. I firmly believe this would be the case if a mission were to be established here right away because this place is ripe for it.

*****

May 30 was the feast of San Fernando and Serra said Mass that morning “with much consolation.”

*****

May 30. ...There are more poplars and trees of all sorts here than in any mission. The land is flat. There is green pasture and water running on the surface of the land. Some plots of land are soaked in water; some look like wheat fields amidst tall green grass; others look like some type of bean field. And if one did not know any better, one would think this was a mission that has developed as the result of many years of work. The lush foliage of this place forms a semi-circle and there is a rock-ribbed hill in the middle upon which the mission or pueblo could be built. There it would be protected from the dampness and it would have a panoramic view of that beautiful area. If it is possible for the mission at Velicatá to keep the name San Fernando, separate from Santa María, then I would be happy for this place to be called San Pedro Regalado. But for now, I will only name this place San Fernando, whose feast day is today. May it be God’s will that we see this place populated soon. When it is time to move the cattle currently kept at Velicatá and intended for the new missions, if they arrive at this place alive, they could stay here and take time to regain their strength before moving on.
The march on May 31 traversed a series of hills. Serra recounted meeting a group of Indians, the first they had seen in a couple of days. But this encounter was exceptional, for they met no more Indians while they went through Kiliwa territory. Most likely, the two consecutive days (May 28 and 29) of Spanish gunfire suppressed the willingness of these people to meet the expedition.

May 31. ...We stopped at a small, high plain that offered us at its edge an abundance of water and grass where the animals were able to wander and feed. In the middle of the afternoon some gentiles appeared. Two arrived first and then up to eleven. They were very gentle and humble. We welcomed them warmly and gave them food to eat. And when they took out their roughly-made pipes, we gave them tobacco. After a good while they left, very happy. And I praised God for allowing me to encounter such humble creatures for whom there appear to be no obstacles that would prevent them from receiving the light of the Holy Gospel.

The expedition marched steadily during the first five days of June without encountering any native peoples. On June 2 they came across the grave of Manuel Valladares, an Indian from Mission San Ignacio who had died during the Rivera y Moncada expedition. The grave had been disturbed, so they gathered what bones they could and performed a reburial. Towards the end of this series of marches, they entered Pai-Pai territory. On June 6 an Indian came into their camp and told them that the first group of the expedition had come this way and that the expedition was camped farther north at a spot close to the ocean. The news energized Serra, although its major significance, underappreciated at the time, was in indicating how effective were the communication networks among the native peoples of northern Baja California.

June 6. ...Shortly after we arrived, we noticed that a few gentiles were on a small hill nearby keeping an eye on us. Then one of them started to come toward us, leaving the rest behind to keep watch. We received him with much affection and gave him a gift. He stayed with us all afternoon and night. He told us that the first group of the expedition had
come this way and that some of the Indians from here had accompanied the expedition as it continued on. He said that the group was now camped at a spot close to the ocean. At that place the Padre was handing out rosaries and clothing to the Indians and was pouring water on their heads. The Indians from that place had sent messengers to the Indians here, to see if they wanted to take part in any of this. This news was of great consolation to me and to the others as well. We asked him how far that place was from here and he said it was still far away. May God allow us to arrive there. Amen.

Even though today I am praying on the eighth day after the feast of San Fernando, who seems to have wanted to spread out his blessings over these eight days, we have named this place “Los Santos Gorgomienses” among whom San Norberto has two sons and Our Padre San Francisco has eleven.

*****

On June 7 the expedition remained where it was to give the animals some rest.

*****

June 8. ...Today three gentiles came to see us without being invited. They were unarmed, which was a great sign that they have confidence in our friendship. But we have not been able to persuade them to eat any of the food we have put before them. Nor were we able to get any information we wanted from them regarding the route ahead and how to proceed.

*****

They left on the morning of June 9 and marched for four hours. On June 10 they encountered a man they called “The Dancer.” Serra told the story in a whimsical, almost bemused fashion: the man said that he had to dance around the food he was offered before he could eat it, and then, after they had placed some food in the center, he widened his circle of dancing and even began to dance around their provisions and animals. Was he planning to eat everything the expedition had? And then, after having done all of this, he inexplicably left. Maybe someone had inadvertently said something untoward to him, Serra thought.

But on April 16, in this same territory, the first leg of the expedition had captured an old man who said he was some sort of shaman. José Cañizares, who was on that first leg of the expedition and kept his own diary, described him as “arrogant,” and said that his actions disgusted the members of the expedition. Another man with him became so angry that “he yanked out bits of his hair.” Juan
Crespi stated that he did not know “how this [old] man might be distinguished from the ugliest demon ever depicted... For a single glance at his face with its bands of white, yellow, and red paint was enough to horrify one.” Since the Baja California Indians accompanying the expedition did not understand the man, communication proved impossible. Rivera y Moncada sent him away with some beads and ribbons, and he and those with him “left well pleased.” The Spanish thought that the gifts of beads were establishing a generalized reciprocity with the Indians. It is not clear that the native people shared this understanding. 22

Such sketchy descriptions make it difficult to ascertain what actually occurred, let alone its significance to the native peoples involved. It seems reasonably clear, however, that the Spanish had captured and insulted one of the group’s leading figures and it is doubtful that they actually “left well pleased.” There is no reason to assume that the old man who visited Serra was the same person who had been captured by Rivera y Moncada but it seems that, whoever he was, the object of his dancing was perhaps to purify the land that had been contaminated by this new group of interlopers, to engage in a ritual that would protect the people from them, or to effect some kind of damage upon them. In common with many other indigenous groups in the Californias, for the Pai-Pai, song and dance were an integral part of the way in which the core identity of the group was expressed. Whatever the man was doing, he was hardly dancing for food. 23

*****

June 9. In terms of water, I only know that it can be found in a few places. What we have drunk in this area is very good. Of the two days that we spent in the last place, if we had spent one of those days here, we would have had the opportunity to see what type of irrigation these watering places could offer. But since there is no time to examine this, those who come to found the mission will see this copious field of gentiles. It seems that the only thing needed is workers, since all signs indicate they are ready for reaping. Rogate ergo Dömium mesis, etc. 24 In the language of the gentiles this place is called Matiropi. We named it Santa Margarita.

June 10. During the morning, while preparations were underway for our departure, one of the gentiles who allowed themselves to be seen from a small hill nearby, approached us with a club in one hand and a rattle in the other. After welcoming him with much affection, we tried to get him to eat without being afraid. It is a long story how we tried everything imaginable to get him to eat. First we would eat some of what we had given him so he would not be afraid, but it was to no avail. He did swallow a few gulps of pinole as if forced to do so and then vomited it all up. He finally explained his behavior,
saying that he was the dancer of that region and that he could not eat anything until he had performed a ceremonial dance around the food. He said that if we wanted to give him something, we should put it on the ground and allow him to do his dance. Then he would eat. We gave him permission and freedom to proceed. He then began to dance and sing around the offerings. While this was going on, a soldier would come with a piece of tortilla, sugar, or meat and try to put it in the Indian’s mouth, but he always resisted,
making signs that they should put the food on the pile so he could dance around it. The pile of food seemed small to the Indian, so after asking us for permission he danced around all of our provisions and animals. It seemed he was preparing himself to eat everything we had brought. After that he was very happy and said he was no longer afraid. He ate and began to answer very frankly the questions from our interpreters. He told us we were four and one-half days away from arriving in San Diego. There we would find the other Padre and his people who days previously had passed through this area whose name I mentioned above [Matiropi]. He told us that if we wanted, he could accompany us up to that place [San Diego]. And, if it suited him, he would stay there, and if not, he would return to this area, but under the condition that we allow him to dance along the entire route. We were very pleased to agree to his terms and I had high hopes of baptizing him there [San Diego]. From that point on we referred to him only as Baylón, saving the name Pascual for the day of his holy baptism. But all was lost. When we were ready to leave this place, someone from our group said something to him, which he misunderstood. He ran off to the hill as if he were a deer, leaving everything we had given him behind, except for the club and rattle he had brought....

*****

The expedition continued north for the next five days without encountering any other local inhabitants. But a number of the Baja California Indians on the expedition decided to leave on June 14. Serra’s response was a generous assessment of their unsung contributions to the expedition.

*****

June 14. We got up early because we really needed to find water. After traveling for two hours we arrived at the first watering place where the animals were able to quench their intense thirst to their heart’s delight. The road wound through continuous canyons and hillsides of pure soil, like all the hills we have seen, not only today but everywhere we have been. There are so many that we have lost count. Shortly before arriving at our stopping place, one of our mule drivers happened upon a silver mine that everyone says is very rich. May it bring them good fortune. In addition to water, this place abounds with beautiful pasture and plentiful shade from the abundance of trees—enough for a fine ranch. We called this place San Basilio.

We talked about heading on to our next stopping place today since it was supposed to be close by, but we thought it over carefully and decided to stay here all day so the animals could rest. After midday and after everyone had eaten, nine of the Indians who
Serra’s Baja California Diary

had accompanied us up to this point abruptly deserted us. Six of them were from Mission San Borja and the other three were from Santa María de los Ángeles. We realized they were missing in the middle of the afternoon and sent men out to find them. But no trace of them was to be found. We questioned the Indians who had remained as to what would have prompted such unexpected behavior from the others, considering that we gave them food, treated them well, and they had always appeared to be happy. The Indians responded that they did not know. They could only surmise that since we were getting close to San Diego, the others may have feared that they would be forced to stay there without the possibility of returning to their missions. May God bless them, not only for how well they have served us but also for how much we will miss them in the future. We only have five Indians left from Santa Gertrudis, three from San Borja, two from Santa María, and two boys who ride their mules and act as mule drivers of the pack. May God keep them safe and free from all harm. Amen.

*****

On June 15 the expedition marched for only an hour or so and stopped to inspect various sources of water.

*****

June 15. ...On our way to inspect the third source of water, we saw some gentile women. We pretended that we had not even seen them and went on ahead without speaking to them. As we got closer to the end of the plain that ends at a hill, a group of armed gentiles appeared on top of the hill. One of the gentiles started screeching at the top of his lungs. His actions seemed to be telling us to turn back. We gestured and shouted for them to come down to us but it was to no avail. If we had proceeded forward, we would have found ourselves under their feet. The sergeant who accompanied me had already put on his leather jacket and was ready to fight. He asked me if we should continue on or turn back. I feared this was not the time to break off relations with these poor people and cause any sort of trouble. I believed, although with great difficulty, that it would be best to allow them to be victorious on this battlefield. That is why we did not have a good look at the source of the water supply, which is the only thing we were looking for. The mere sight of the soldiers, who later went there on horseback, scared off any gentiles in those hills who might start shrieking. The soldiers tell me they saw many bushes of the Rose of Castilla, an abundance of water, and thousands of other lovely things. Thanks be to God.

*****
The expedition rested on June 16, but a scout party brought back some Indian artifacts, which Serra judged to be well constructed and comparable to the workmanship of central Mexico. As had previously been the case, Serra’s enthusiasm for the native peoples he was encountering was mirrored in his enthusiasm for their material culture.

*****

June 16. ...They have found piles of delicious seeds that the gentiles eat, which I have tried and find very tasty; a large and very strong tray made of clay and woven grass, and other small pieces of fine broken earthenware that were very smooth and delicate, similar to what is found in Guadalajara. But the gentiles have not allowed themselves to be seen.

*****

After a day of marching on June 17, two more Baja California Mission Indians left. Serra made a point of emphasizing how dependent the expedition was upon the consistent and unpaid labor of these Indians.

*****

June 18. We left after eating. As we were leaving, two of the three Indians from San Borja who, as I said on June 14, had remained with us, ran away without our knowing why. Little by little, companions who are more necessary to us than what some people may think, are drifting away from us. Only someone who sees the situation firsthand can attest to how hard they work and how little they are fed without receiving a salary....

*****

The expedition was now entering the land of the southern Kumeyaay people. On June 19 a series of hills and creeks made progress difficult.
June 19. On today’s journey, one of the Señor Gobernador’s servants, a Genoese cook, showed the strength of his sword by thrusting it through the hindquarters of a she-ass because the animal had the audacity of cutting in front of the cook when he was riding, thus
slowing him down. The she-ass died at the cook’s feet. The Señor Gobernador was convinced a crime had been committed based on the statements of eyewitnesses and the confession of the man who committed the “burricide.” The governor fired the cook and ordered that he be stripped of his weapons. He sentenced him to following the expedition on foot and fined him forty pesos, which is four times the value of the animal. A mare gave birth to a pretty little mule here. Since the young animal would not be able to keep up with the pack train, it was given to the Indians who quickly slaughtered it. They cooked the pieces over an open fire and then began to feast on the fresh and tender meat. May they benefit from it.

*****

The expedition was now at Ensenada de Todos Santos, site of the modern Mexican city of Ensenada. They were now among the Kumeyaay, whose territory stretched from slightly south of where the expedition was, to north of San Diego. The Kumeyaay had developed a sophisticated and effective communication system. It is extremely likely that every Indian group they encountered for the rest of the journey knew some days in advance that they were approaching.  

Serra’s enthusiasm for the native peoples he encountered between here and San Diego was generally quite high, for he interpreted their behavior as indicating that they were friendly and anxious for the gospel. But the situation was not so simple. These people had behaved very differently when the first leg of the expedition passed through their territory seven weeks before the second leg did. For instance, Serra was rhapsodic about the native peoples he encountered on June 23 around Punta de San Miguel just outside of Ensenada. But when the first expedition had been in that vicinity on May 4, the native peoples were hostile. Cañizares reported:

While we were in the mountains during the afternoon, we saw nineteen natives who were shouting at us from a hill. They were armed with bows and arrows, and this put us on our guard. The captain deployed the men, in case anything should happen, but the natives went away, and we made camp and erected a barricade. The watch was doubled in case of danger.”

On the next day he added, “in the afternoon some Indians appeared on the same hill. They were armed as on the day before and they indicated a desire to fight and then withdrew.”

*****
June 23. We left this place and turned toward a row of hills that form this side of the cove. After less than an hour of traveling we found ourselves back at the edge of the ocean. We followed the shore for the rest of our journey, which lasted about three and one-half hours. The road is good, flat, and firm until it meets up with a hill that ends in the ocean itself. At the foot of the hill there is a very green area with a number of pools of good, sweet water. We spent the night here.

A large ranchería of gentiles lives right here. The time we have spent with them has been most pleasurable. Their beautiful physique, comportment, friendliness, and happiness have won all our hearts. They presented us with fish and clams. They went out in their small canoes to fish just for us. They danced in their own way for us and told us to sleep here for two nights. When we would say things to them in Spanish, they would repeat what we said very clearly. In short, all of the gentiles have pleased me, but these gentiles in particular have captured my heart. The only thing that has caused them great fear and amazement are the mules. When the gentiles are in our midst, they feel very secure. But if they see the mules approaching, they all tremble and shout “mula, mula” (since they had heard us call the animals by that name) and want to run off until somebody gets up to shoo the animals away. This spot does not appear to have any other use than that of serving as a ranchería, therefore, for the record we shall call it the Ranchería de San Juan. The women cover themselves up discreetly but the men are naked, like all the other men. They carry their quivers, which are usually painted, on their shoulders. Most of them wear on their head a type of crown made of otter skin or some other fine fur. Their hair is cut in the shape of a short wig and is covered with white mud—all done very cleanly. May God grant them such cleanliness of the soul. Amen.

*****

June 24 offered another example of the different ways in which the local people reacted to the two expeditions. Serra found the people so friendly that he thought they wanted him to stay with them. But the first expedition, passing through the same area on May 7, had reported hostility and a distinct lack of friendliness. Crespí wrote about a “good sized throng” of people who approached the expedition and “shouted at us a great deal:”

All of them naked, heavily armed, with their large quivers on their backs and bows and arrows in their hands, and all went running along the crests of the hill in view alongside of us; and they kept following us in this way nearly the whole day’s march with loud shouting and hubbub.
Cañizares added that the native peoples shot at least one arrow towards the expedition’s animals, “so we kept our weapons handy until they went away.”

*****
**June 24.** Feast day of the Holy Precursor, San Juan. After Mass, the soldiers and the gentiles began to banter and swap small pieces of white cloth, which the gentiles really want, for a few baskets of fresh fish. The gentiles were quite astute when it came to exchanging goods. If the piece of cloth was small, then the fish they gave in return would be equally small. There was no use arguing the point or trying to barter. If the piece of cloth was double the size, they would double the amount of fish. After we bid farewell to these good people, we continued on our way.... We slept under the protection of a sprawling oak tree. Here we did not have the California advantage of being free from fleas. We were covered with them and also with some ticks. We met many gentiles along the way. When we would pass by a ranchería, they would all come out to greet us, without being asked to do so. After arriving, gentiles from another ranchería near where we stopped, would come to see us. These gentiles and the ones we met along the route were as friendly as those we had met previously. When I asked them, among other questions, if they wanted me to stay with them there, they said they did. It pained me terribly to have to leave so many gentle souls.

**June 25.** After Mass and other matters that needed attention, we continued our journey along a very difficult road. Most of the time we could see the ocean. Today’s trek lasted three and one-half hours. We found the valley where we would be stopping, but the path down to it was very long and extremely steep. It seemed as if we were sliding down the hill instead of walking. The soil was not tamped down— it was basically dust and all the animals would get stuck. We finally made it down the hill and stopped at the lower part of a verdant plain. It looks like a mission that has already been established, not only for the beauty of the place but also because of the many gentile huts that are scattered around the area. There is a great deal of vegetation on the land, much water, and many trees. In the middle of this place there is a very large pool from which an estuary flows to the ocean. The ocean can be seen through a pass formed by the hills in front. The beach appears to be about two leagues away. Much of the ground is filled with sedge and tule. There are many climbing vines among the willows. From the north side a canyon begins to form. It then branches off in various directions according to the location of the hills. The canyon is filled with large trees. Everyone felt this was an excellent site for another mission. I named it San Juan de Capistrano.

Along the way we saw hares, rabbits, and herds of antelope. But we saw even greater numbers of poor, lost sheep, that is, so many gentiles of both sexes and of every age. They do not run away from us as did the gentiles whom we met at the beginning. Instead, they stay close to us along the road, as well as when we arrive at a stopping place. They act as if they had known us and interacted with us their entire lives. This is why I do not have the heart to leave them like that, so I invited them all to go with us to San Diego. May God help bring them there. Or may He send ministers who can guide them to Heaven in their own fertile and blessed land, which they have already been given.
June 26. We pressed on and the first thing we were faced with was a very steep hill. This was followed by long stretches of flat lands, but they were so high that it seemed as if all of the very high hills we could see in every direction were beneath our feet. We saw low ridges, steep slopes, and ravines. After five hours, the length of today’s trek, we saw that we had to go down an incline that was so steep, practically a sheer drop, that just looking at it set our teeth on edge. Everyone dismounted. Half walking, half crawling, falling and getting up, we made it down to the valley, which was no less verdant than the previous one. And it is close to the ocean along a rugged coast. A bit further up, there is a cove where the waves come in and break gently.

This is also a beautiful spot. However, because the land is so untamed, it would take an enormous amount of work to make the land suitable for agriculture. The tules and sedge alone cover large areas of land, not to mention the large groves of trees. A large part of the land is filled with green reeds, willows, and many other plants I do not recognize. The vegetation is so tall that one would not be able to see a man on horseback, even if he were to raise his arms high in the air. Because there was so much vegetation, we were not able to examine this place well. We did, however, find a good watering hole for the animals and some water for the men.

Aside from that, we only examined the area near the ocean where there are a number of large pools of water. Some of the pools are salty, others are brackish, and some have sweet, good water. If this place is going to be settled, bringing water down to the area from up above is going to be very costly. There is no doubt that water can be found there. Everything in this place is so green because of the pools of fresh water and the tule swamps higher up. This place has a small flat hill that is quite large and very well suited for the establishment of the pueblo. It is away from the dampness and there is plenty of water close by for irrigation.

We named this beautiful place San Francisco Solano trusting that with the support of this Holy Apostle of the Spanish Indies, the many gentle Indians who have gathered here with us will be led to the pale of the Church. It seems to me that even though we have seen many Indians, we have not seen so many gathered together in one place as we have here. And as to their friendly nature, I cannot find the appropriate words to describe it. In addition to the countless number of men, a large group of women and children sat around me in a circle. One of the women wanted me to hold the infant she was nursing. I held him in my arms for a while, so wishing that I could baptize him, but I then returned the child to his mother. I make the sign of the cross and bless each of them. I have them say “Jesus and Mary.” I give them what I am able to give and cherish them in the best way I can. We manage to get by like this since there is no other work we can do at the present time. A person must use some caution when with these poor souls because they cannot be trusted. They have an intense longing or craving for articles of
The mountainous terrain leading to San Diego. Photo by Harry W. Crosby.
clothing or any sort of bauble they imagine they could use to adorn themselves. Food is not that appealing to them. They are fat, so it seems they have enough. The majority of them are tall and would be useful to the Señor Gobernador as grenadiers. But they are capable of flying off the handle, as they say, over a small piece of cloth or some rag, and not give a damn about anybody. When I give them something to eat, they usually tell me with very clear gestures that they do not want that. Instead, they want me to give them my holy habit and grab me by the sleeve. If I had given the habit to all who requested it, I already would have a large community of gentile friars. What I would like to instill firmly in their hearts is the Induimini Dominum Jesum Christum.29 May the most generous Lord and Padre who clothes the little birds with feathers, the mountains with grass, etc. Amen.

On June 27 the expedition was just south of Rosarito. Serra reported that the people offered him and Portolá some very fine tasting fish and some spices in a basket. They had a meeting with a number of people who were quite friendly and who dealt with the Spanish with an air of familiarity. Serra gave a man his glasses, which were passed around from hand to hand and returned to him only with difficulty.

Six weeks earlier Crespí had reported a much more aggressive approach by the indigenous people. The Indians refused to share their fish unless the Spanish bartered for it. The leader of the group was “rummaging through our entire camp” and spurs and blankets were stolen. In all, Crespí summarized, the Indians were “great thieves.”30

On the whole, the Kumeyaay demonstrated considerably more public friendliness to the second leg of the expedition than they did to the first. Because of their communication system, every leader who interacted with Portolá and Serra knew that the first expedition had arrived at San Diego and that it had demonstrated no sign of leaving. This new expedition was most likely destined to reinforce that first outpost. The Kumeyaay had no reason to believe that this second expedition would be the last incursion into their territory. The situation therefore called for caution and an appearance of friendliness while the indigenous people tried to decide how most effectively to deal with the newcomers whose numbers were increasing. But, carried away by his own enthusiasm for the missionary task upon which he was embarking, Serra interpreted their behavior much as he had interpreted the behavior of the northern Cochimí he had met at Velicatá at the beginning of the expedition. He was absolutely convinced that they were eager to receive the gospel.
June 27. We set out very early because our sergeant had already warned us that today’s trek would be a long one. All of the gentiles were present when we left and they followed us along the road, both men and women. We traveled along the seashore. Even though the ground was level there were just as many ravines or gullies as on dry land. These were probably formed by the water that runs off from the nearby hills and ends up in the ocean. For me, this was one of the hardest journeys we have had. It lasted more than six hours. Along the road I have described, besides the place I mentioned that has an estuary, we saw that the land was covered with many fine mescals, which we had not seen for a long time. I do not think the mescals are of much interest to these gentiles because there is an abundance of fish and other food. At this place and also at the previous three, there is an abundance of good nopales and tunas, which we saw very little of before. We also saw far out in the ocean two and sometimes four or five tule balsas, which are small Indian canoes used by the gentile fishermen. The first time we saw one was on June 21 at the place called Visitación de Nuestra Señora, but it was beached on shore.

Along the route today the gentiles gave us reason to fear they might be plotting something. They followed us in great numbers and acted in a friendly manner toward us, but they would engage in skirmishes after which they would divide up into two groups, one on each side of the road. And since they were always armed with bow and arrow, it was possible for them to attack in some fashion. But at the same time, they would leave their women with us. The women would wander in and out among the mules, soldiers, and mule drivers. There was no way of keeping them away or containing them because they would respond with cackling laughter and just continue running around like deer. During all of this there would not be a single gentile man in sight, but then all of a sudden a throng of them would appear shrieking as they do. In the end, the men and women would tire and then we would continue on our journey. These gentiles and those from the last two stopping places were either not afraid of the mules or quickly lost their fear of the animals.

We finally arrived at the stopping place which is a valley that is neither very large nor very small. A good-sized creek runs through it among the tules. The entire valley and its surrounding hillsides are richly covered with good grass. The valley is close to the ocean and it is a beautiful place. We named it San Benvenuto.

We had barely arrived when two gentiles from a large ranchería nearby came to greet us, after which one of them ran off and quickly returned with a large piece of grilled fish artfully arranged on some greens. The Señor Gobernador and I tasted the fish. It was very good. We continued eating. At the same time the man presented us with a cup-shaped basket they made from grasses. In these parts they call them coras. It was filled with a large amount of a powdery substance, which at first glance looked like dark soil to me.
Seeing that we did not seem to appreciate the powder, the gentile put the basket up to our noses so we could smell it. The fragrance was so pleasing and it tasted like a mixture of ground spices. We then sprinkled some of the powder on the fish, which gave it the flavor of cloves and pepper.

After awhile, more and more gentiles—men, women, and children—gathered together with us. There were so many that I could not count them. Their friendliness transformed into a comfortable form of familiarity. If we placed our hand on their head or back as a gesture of affection, they would do the same to us. If they saw that we were seated, they would sit down and cozy up next to us with the hope that we would give them anything they asked for. They were not pleased with mere trifles. They would ask me for my habit and the governor for his leather jacket, waistcoat, breeches, and anything else he was wearing. They would do this to everybody. They pestered me quite a bit to give them my spectacles. The actions of one of the gentiles led me to believe that he just wanted to borrow the spectacles so he could see what they were. So I handed them to him. God knows how hard it was for me to get them back because he ran away with them. Finally, after much difficulty, I got them back, but only after the women, and anybody else who wanted to, had handled them. The only thing they refused was food.

In the afternoon we could see in the distance that the two gentiles were returning. One of them was wearing a blue shirt, which was something new. Up to this point we had not seen any gentiles wearing a stitch of clothing. We anxiously awaited his arrival because all signs indicated to us that he was bringing good news. And that is what happened. He told us he had come from San Diego where they had given him that outfit. The reason it took him two days to get here was because he had stopped to do some fishing. He explained everything to us, but much of what he told us seemed implausible, for example, that the two boats and many Padres were there. What pleased us most was when he said he had met the sergeant and his companion on the road. As I mentioned before, the sergeant had gone on ahead to scout out stopping places with ample water so we could plan our daily treks. The gentile said that the sergeant probably had been in San Diego since yesterday, which was the case.

June 28. We remained here so the animals could rest. Around mid-morning we were told that many people on horseback had been spotted heading our way. Sergeant Ortega arrived soon after with ten more soldiers from the first group of the expedition. Señor Capitán Rivera had ordered them to come from the port of San Diego to meet the Señor Gobernador and his retinue. They brought fresh animals and letters for me from the two Padres, Fray Juan Crespi and Fray Fernando Parrón. We were very happy. We found out what had happened to the boats and how and why both of the boats were there, as well as news about the four Padres, and everything else that had transpired. This news invigorated us and made us that much more anxious to arrive at our destination.
June 29. Early in the morning, the Señor Gobernador, his servant, and eight soldiers quickly started out ahead of us to reach the port of San Diego on that same day. I said Mass on this day of celebration for those who stayed behind. Quite a few gentiles paid close attention to the Mass. In the afternoon we traveled for two and one-half hours with the assistance of two guides who had come from San Diego. We traveled along the edge of the shore. The only trouble we had was with a number of ravines, similar to what we had experienced the day before, but there were not as many. We stopped near a gentle ranchería located on a beautiful plateau that looks like an island. It is surrounded by a ravine except for the area where the ocean washes up.

As soon as the gentiles saw us they came over and begged us to go and stay at the plateau near their huts. But it seemed to us that it would be better to set up camp on the other side of the ravine where there is another flat area large enough to accommodate us. Later they all came to visit us there. They were very happy and did not bother us at all. Among these gentiles was the man with the shirt from the last stopping place. He told us that his home was there and that he had only left in order to give us the news. But now he was as naked as the rest. This place within the ravine and next to the ranchería has a medium-sized spring of good, sweet water from which the gentiles drink. Even though our animals could have drunk from there, we did not allow it since they had already had enough to drink that day, and also because we did not want to contaminate in any way the watering place of these poor gentiles. High mountains rise on each side of this place, on the side where we are camped as well as where the Indians live. The manner in which we are enclosed is why I named this place “La cárcel de San Pedro”, whose feast day we celebrated today.32

June 30. We left in the morning and the first thing we had to do was cross the ravine and climb up the opposite hill. After going up and down several times, a very long stretch of flat land appeared before us, upon which we would travel with the hills to the right of us. . . . After traveling for a little over three hours, we arrived at a ranchería populated by many gentiles. We were inclined to stop there because we were so tired, but the sergeant informed us that these gentiles were insolent. They liked the clothing the sergeant was wearing and tried to obtain it by tempting the sergeant, and his companion Cota, with women and encouraging them to sleep there. When the sergeant and Cota resisted, they found themselves in grave danger and were forced to give the gentiles any loose articles of cloth they had, such as napkins, handkerchiefs, etc. Because of that situation, as well as wanting to arrive in San Diego as rested as possible, we forged ahead the following day, with the intention of stopping at another ranchería a few leagues away. They said there was enough water at that place. However, it was very inferior in quantity and quality to the water supply that belonged to those troublesome gentiles we had left behind. But since
the road was flat and the guides already knew how to get to the port by the way the wind was blowing, we headed straight for it, leaving the beaten track behind and to our right. After traveling for about an hour we found a beautiful creek of good water flowing through the verdant pasture land. We stopped there instead of going on to the next ranchería. This was the third time the sergeant had traveled this route. But neither he nor the others
who, counting this trip had passed by here five times, had ever seen this spot. We felt this would be a wonderful place for a good-sized mission that we would call San Pablo. It is a very large plain. It seems to me that it is about one league, more or less, from the ocean. The animals were able to travel easily through the area. And we had no other care in the world than our strong desires to arrive at the port of San Diego and embrace everyone who was waiting there for us with open arms. All that was left was this last day’s journey.

**July 1.** Saturday, the eve of the eighth day after the feast day of San Juan Bautista. In our order it is the feast of the Visitation of Nuestra Señora María Santísima. We began our last day’s journey very early in the morning. We can already see where the port we were looking for begins. Because our guides had already informed us about the entrance to the port and its boundaries, our journey along this road, which was totally flat, was much easier than what we were accustomed to. Along the way we came upon three gentile rancherías but we only interacted with those from the first one, which is where we had intended on stopping yesterday. The second ranchería is a bit out of the way and the third one, (although it was well developed and surrounded by a wall of thorny chollas, which we had not seen for quite some time) was now uninhabited. The last half of the road twists and turns to avoid the many estuaries that more or less go into the land from the sea. This is why our journey lasted more than five hours when it should have been no more than three. At the end of the road we found ourselves at the edge of the shore of the port, not far from its mouth, where the two packet boats, the San Carlos and the San Antonio, were anchored. People came over on a skiff from the first boat, which was closer, to welcome us. We did not stay long because we had been informed that we were still about a league away from where the members of the land expedition were camped, along with the four Padres and almost everyone from the boats. We therefore continued on. Shortly before noon we finally arrived at the camp site that they already were beginning to call a mission. This was how we arrived at the famous and desired port of San Diego with everyone in good health, happy, and content. Thanks be to God.
NOTES

1. Serra usually referred to Gálvez as Ilustrísimo, literally “Most Illustrious” and as “Su Ilustrísima,” literally “His Most Illustrious-ness.” These were normal, polite, and deferential phrases of the day. But in contemporary American English these sorts of translations inevitably connote an air of aristocratic stuffiness which was not part of their eighteenth-century meaning. Therefore, we have left them in Spanish. We have generally done the same with titles for the same reason.

2. The four notes at the beginning of the diary refer to the four successful stages of the expedition, two by sea and two by land.

3. La Pasión was the shorthand method of referring to Mission Nuestra Señora de los Dolores.


5. An Indian village or settlement. The Spanish usually used the term to refer to non-Christian Indians. It is now a common term in English for small communities of Alta California Indians.

6. Atole is a cooked mixture of water and ground, dried grains; a staple mission food.

7. A station attached to a mission that a priest would occasionally visit to administer the Sacraments.


9. Harry Crosby, Doomed to Fail: Gaspar de Portolá’s First California Appointees (San Diego: Institute for Regional Studies of the Californias, San Diego State University, 1989), 8–9; Francisco Palóu, Historical Memoirs of New California, ed. Herbert Eugene Bolton, 4 vols. (Berkeley, C.:


12. Technically speaking, the pitaya and the círio are not trees but types of cactus. Garambullo is called the “Old Man Cactus” or *myrtillocactus geometrizans*.

13. Catholics were required to go to confession and receive communion at least once during the Easter season.

14. The Spanish we have translated as “third version” is “de tercera.” According to Professor Craig Russell, this may well refer to a unique musical arrangement of this hymn that was reserved for special occasions. Since this was the first mission Serra had ever founded, this day was a deeply extraordinary one for him. We thank Professor Russell for his generous assistance in helping us understand this part of Serra’s diary.

15. Ernest J. Burrus, ed. and trans., Wenceslaus Linck’s Diary of His 1766 Expedition to Northern Baja California (Los Angeles: Dawson’s Book Shop, 1966), 58-59; Carlos Lazcano Sahagún, La primera
16. The Lone Poplar.

17. Carlos Lazcano Sahagún, ed., Diario de fray Junípero Serra en su viaje de Loreto a San Diego. (Ensenada: Provincia Franciscana de San Pedro y San Pablo de Michoacán; Gobierno del Estado de Baja California; Fundación Barca; Museo de Historia de Ensenada, 2002), 71-72, note 60; Harry Crosby, Gateway to Alta California: The Expedition to San Diego, 1769 (San Diego: Sunbelt Publications, 2003), 69. Serra, Diario, 71-72, note 60; Crosby, Gateway, 69.

18. José González Cabrera Bueno, Navegación especulativa y práctica was published in Manila in 1734. The descriptions of California in this volume were generally taken from the accounts of Vizcaíno’s chief pilot, Francisco de Bolaños.

19. A Náhuatl word that means “cooked agave.”

20. The Rivera y Moncada expedition arrived at San Diego on May 14.

21. “The Holy Martyrs of Gorkum.” This was a group of nineteen Dutch Catholic clergy who were executed on July 9, 1572 in the town of Gorkum in Holland.


24. The Latin text means, “Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest.” It is found in Matthew 9:38 and Luke 10:2. In both cases Jesus says, “The harvest is plentiful but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out workers into the harvest.”

25. Saint Pascual Baylón was a sixteenth-century Franciscan mystic. Baylón (bailón) means “dancer,” and Serra was making a play on words here.

26. Rodríguez Tomp, Cautivos de Dios, 193; Carlos Lazcano Sahagún, Pa-tai: la historia olvidada de Ensenada (Ensenada: Museo de Historia de Ensenada; Seminario de Historia de Ensenada, 2000), 96.

27. Cañizares, “Putting a Lid on California,” 349.


30. Crespí, A Description of Distant Roads, 245.

31. Nopal, tuna: commonly referred to as “Prickly Pear” or “Indian Fig.”

32. “The Jail of St. Peter” refers to Peter’s imprisonment by King Herod and his miraculous release that is recounted in Acts 12.

33. Chollas are a genus of cylindrically-stemmed cacti.
The Vanished Tribes of Lower California

By Edward H. Davis

Of the thousands of native Indians known to have been living South of the 29th degree latitude in Baja California at the time of the first establishment of the Missions by the Jesuit priests at Loreto in 1700,1 after a diligent search and much inquiry and following conscientiously every tangible clue, Mr. Roberto Thompson and myself can say that we only saw possibly two pure blooded native Indians in our 1400 miles of travel and search. The Indians and most of their culture have absolutely disappeared. This search should have been made 100 or at the most 50 years ago, when a few of the older Indians might have been living and who might have been handed down some of the language and customs of their tribes. No living soul knows the languages or customs or even the names of the tribes or the latter, except through the old priest historian Juan María Clavigero.2

Anastasia Velásquez, we can positively assert, has all the characteristics of a pure blooded Indian woman.3 She is stout, 54 years of age, rather large size, intensely black hair and eyes, dark chocolate brown in color, rather thick sensuous

Edward H. Davis (1862-1951) traveled west from New York for health reasons in 1885. He was a surveyor in San Diego County and eventually settled in Mesa Grande, becoming a rancher, lodge owner, skilled illustrator, and photographer. He became good friends with his Indian neighbors and promoted their pottery making and basket weaving. Concerned about the declining Indian population, Davis began documenting their culture. He wrote the diary published herein in March to May 1926 and illustrated it with photographs, all of which are in the Davis collection at the San Diego History Center.
lips, nose with rather wide nostrils and low forehead. In addition she stated that her father and mother and grandparents were native Indians who always lived at Comondú, which is an Indian word meaning “Carrizos in Cañón.” Carrizo is
a native bamboo of small size which is or has been universally used for arrow shafts throughout the South West. It is also used for construction of huts by native Mexicans, for sleeping rugs called *petates*, and it has many other uses. It grows luxuriantly in Comondú. Anastasia did not know what tribe she sprang from and knew not one word of her native language. Undoubtedly she was Guaycura, as this tribe inherited that region. Spanish was the only language she knew.

One other, an old man at Santa Gertrudis, at the extreme northern boundary of the Southern District, about 30 miles north of parallel 28, said he was of pure Indian blood. His name was José Jerardo Iberri, about 80 or more years old, totally blind and one arm missing from a blast. He went by the title of General, and was known far and wide by that title. He was light in color, much lighter than most Mexicans and his features were fine and regular much more than those of a Spaniard than an Indian, although he said his parents were Indian and that some Indians were much lighter than others. He did not know the name of his tribe and, excepting a few words, his native language. He belonged to the Cochimí Indians. The old man...
is thin and wasted, rather fine features, very gray hair and quite bald, scattering hair on lip and chin, eye sockets deeply sunk covered by leather pads, small well formed nose, cheeks wrinkled and sunken and all teeth lacking. He was not married, but he says the people tell him he has several children scattered around. He was blinded by an explosion while employed by the French Co. at Santa Rosalía. All his relatives lived and died in this region, Santa Gertrudis. From him the following information was gleaned: The old Indians wore long hair and breech clouts, lived in caves, [and] wore sandals of mescal fibre. The caves contained paintings of deer, mountain sheep, coyotes, antelopes etc: some Indians were light and some were dark; his family were light; game of all kinds, deer, rabbits, rats etc. were just laid on the coals and roasted. The old folks learned olla [clay jar] making from the padres. Many, many years ago, according to a story handed down to the old people, a very large Indian with long hair, swimming in the gulf from the north, told them that a new disease would come and kill them and then he left. This was in the time of the Missions and smallpox came in with the Spaniards, spread among the Indians like wildfire, killing hundreds, so many the bodies had to be burned. So far as he knows the Indians buried their dead and his people were known as Aztecas. He never heard the name Cochimí or Guayacura. By 1824, when General José María Changía told the people they were free from Spain and free from the Missions, they had already lost their language.

The following words he remembered:

- A-man’ - Mescal with a green heart.
- A-man’ bare - when the stem is cut one year to make it better next. (Sp. Capon)
- Ki you hee’ - Ripe fruit of the wild date ready to roast (Spanish dagger or yucca)
To toy’ - Dove
Hoo-hoo a way’ - Large tuna (prickly pear)
Be you me fa’ - Mountain pregnant (near Calmallí (cal ma yee’))
Be you hoot a hooe - Mountain pointed. Picachos in Santa Isabel.

At San Ignacio, 60 miles north of Santa Rosalía, we were made acquainted with a woman of heavy build named Mónica Murillo. She claimed her mother was of pure native Indian blood and her father a Mexican. She was between 60 and 70 years old and unmarried. Her features, very dark chocolate color, coarse gray hair denoted Indian blood. Asked as to her tribe, she suggested Azteca. Cochimí meant nothing to her and she knew not one word of the language. From her we secured a coarsely woven basket made by her from fibre of the Torote tree or matacora (as it is known here). It was well and tightly woven, coil weave stitch, and would hold water. Her grandmother taught her how to make baskets. The following information was secured from her: The People (Cochimí) were nomadic and followed the ripening of different kinds of fruit and seeds in the desert. They lived in circular walls of loose stones or boulders with no roofs. They used to place their few belongings in small rock corrals and personal property was respected. A man who stole was killed. The men
wore breech clouts of deer or fox or bark of tree and the women wore kilts of twisted strands of inner bark of mesquite or other trees. The men wore their hair long in braids behind and cut short about the eyes.

Fire was made by twisting the dry sticks of Cardon Cactus between the palms and fire was always kept alive in caves as they were safe from rain. The terote-coal when old and dry was used as candles and it burns as if it had oil. When ripe, the seeds of the pitahalla or organ Cactus were put in olla bowls, coals placed on them and manipulated so as to toast or parch them. They were then ground into a meal on the metates and eaten out of shells from the sea. Fruit was carried in nets woven of native fibre, made like a bag with narrow mouth. Arrows and spears were made from Bara prieta (of sage family) with points of obsidian. Bows were made of

Roberto Thomson and guide in front of a giant cardon near Santa Gertrudis, March 18, 1926. ©SDHC #OP 14961-117.

Specimen of Copalquin or Elephant Tree in Inferno Canyon near San Ignacio, March 18, 1926. ©SDHC #OP 14961-143.
The Vanished Tribes of Lower California

She thought water was carried in stomach of some animal and the mouth kept open by a circular stick. She saw no painting on faces and does not know if old people wore nose or earrings and does not know what they wore on their feet. In her time was rawhide sandals. The dead were wrapped in tules and tied up with tules or palm fibre. They were buried face up, heads to the East with all their belongings. Does not know if things were broken or burned at death and does know of cave burials. Does not know if hats or feathers were used or about their marriage ceremonies. Does not know about covering at night and does not know about cave paintings except hearsay.

From Salvador Salorio, an elderly Mexican and Justice of Peace in Santa Rosalía, the following description was secured of the last wild Indian running free in the mountains in this whole Southern district. On a trip to the Pacific Coast in 1882 he saw this wild Indian at a tinaja or natural tank or basin of water called Tinaja Tecolote or Owl Tank in the Santa Clara Mts. to West of San Ignacio. The Indian’s camp was at this place and evidences showed he had been living in this secluded retreat for several years as there were lots of shells about. He was only a few miles from the beach and an examination of his camp disclosed dried turtle meat, an olla with dried mussels, no seeds, no skins, an arrow with stone point, 2 ½ ft. long, a nest or bed of dried grass and weeds. He lived under a brush roof or primitive ramada, supported by posts and retreated under a leaning rock when it rained. He had a very crude, so called, violin made of Carrizo and a Carrizo flute. Turtle shells near his shelter had no harpoon holes, so he must have turned the turtle on its back by swimming and diving in the bay. He had a well-worn trail leading to the beach, which here formed a kind of Estuary where he used to fish and get turtles. By diving, a turtle can be turned on its back and then it will rise to the surface and can be secured.

He [Salorio] had two or three earthen vessels to cook in. When seen he was perfectly nude and wore neither breech or sandals and his hair hung down half

Maria Jesus at Guadalupe, 1926. ©SDHC #OP 14961-17.
way to his waist. He immediately ran and climbed a cliff with great agility. He was tall, straight and well formed and seemed between 40 and 50 years old. Three days later he was seen at a water seepage and he ran and disappeared over a sand ridge near the Coast but just before he got out of sight he turned and let out a yell like an Apache Indian. Ten or twelve years later he was shot in the leg by Vaqueros who were curious about him, gangrene set in and he died. It was thought he ran away from the Missions when quite young and reverted to savagery. His case is somewhat similar to Ishi, the last wild Indian in Alta California who died a few years ago.14

We interviewed many people whose families have lived here for several generations but they could give us no information regarding native Indians, except possibly to say there were none and they had never known any.

We visited 44 caves mostly north of Comondú, nearly all of which had been occupied. Some of these were large and many small and all occurred in sandstone,
limestone, or conglomerate and of these six or seven had pictographs and also some incised figures. One mass of talus contained hundreds of petroglyphs that extended for two hundred yards. These occurred several miles west of Mulegé and consisted of pictures of fish, turtles, mantas, whale, a deer etc. These were well drawn and picked out through the weathering to the lighter rock beneath. Some of these had grown dim with weathering of years, probably centuries.
Pictographs or paintings in the caves occurred mostly on the ceilings and represented deer, mountain sheep, men, rabbits, hand prints and designs impossible to decipher. All the pictures were life size—deer and all.\(^{15}\)

One cave to which we were directed requires a special description. Our guide took us for 35 or 40 miles, far back into the mountains from Mulegé. We took a pack mule and enough food to last for 2 or 3 days. The scenery was beautiful in the cliffs and terraces on all sides. At the last we wound up in a rocky gorge, on a trail all but impassable, with great rocks that had dropped from the cliffs above and the dense tree growth which we had to dodge at every step. About a mile up this wild gorge, up a very steep slope we came to a large sandstone cave, with one exception the largest we had seen. On the ceiling, from 15 to 20 ft. above us, was one of the greatest aboriginal mural paintings possibly in America, unless the Mainland of México can produce their equal. An area of about 40 or 60 ft. was filled with life size or giant size human figures, so thick as to confuse the eyes of a beholder. We counted 89 figures painted in black and red, the men figures mostly \(\frac{1}{2}\) black and \(\frac{1}{2}\) red, the dividing line running vertical. Most of the men have the left half red and the right half black and some the reverse. A number of figures all red, especially what I took for children, some pierced with arrows. There were some women. Most of the men were standing, with arms extended, some with several arrows through them and some were prone. Two of the figures were all black and one figure was white, with a few black bars on breast and face and pierced by an arrow. Many figures were outlined in white as if the aboriginal artist had outlined his figure before filling in the solid colors. Most of the heads are solid black but those figures in solid red also have a red head. All heads are featureless, all arms are extended and no bows are in the picture.
All standing figures have the heads toward the cave opening and the feet which appear to be bare, point inward toward the rear of the cave. Some of the colors seem as brilliant as when first applied and some dimmer and some figures appear to be superimposed on others. Chipped into the rock is a life size deer and fish 6 ft. long. One giant figure of a man is 8 or 9 ft. long. All the figures are well proportioned. These paintings [pictures] are at least 15 ft. from the floor and no visible support for the painter. There are great masses of rocks at the mouth and we came to the conclusion that these must have been piled high enough inside to make a working platform and later removed. The drawing is careful and painstaking and the work must have occupied months, possibly years and must represent a great historic battle as this is near the dividing line. The cave is 100 ft. wide at the mouth and extends into the mountain for 90 ft., the ceiling sloping gradually to a height of 6 ft. at the extreme rear. The floor is level and sandy. Evidently the cave was used for ceremonies as there were no metates to show occupancy, although parts of the ceiling were smoked.16

One other cave deserves special mention. This lies East of Comondú about 15 miles over a trail that is nearly all rock. We took a pack mule and food, rope, wire, ax. Our party numbered 8 as the school professor and 3 of his pupils desired to come with us. Juan Pépuli, the young man who told us of the cave and our guide said that he had extracted a wooden arrow from a crevice high up in the ceiling of a cave 8 years before. There were several left but very difficult to reach as they were 20 feet above the floor and no ladder. On account of minor delays which caused a late start, we did not reach our destination until 3 P.M.

Everybody got busy immediately and some long poles from a nearby corral were carried up a steep hill to the cave 300 ft. above. The cave was even larger than the painted cave and measured 110 ft. wide at the mouth and ran back over 100

*The beach at Loreto, April 9, 1926. ©SDHC #OP 14961-214.*
ft. in places and ended in some bat roosts running deeper into the mountain. The formation was conglomerate and ends of arrows could be detected projecting from a cleft high up in the ceiling. We lashed three poles together, totaling 25 ft. long, nailed a few cleats across for steps and everybody helping, we raised the clumsy “ladder” so it rested against the ceiling next to the arrows. With 4 braces on the sides and a guy rope to keep the spliced poles solid and steady, Mr. Thomson mounted this precarious ladder and laboriously extracted several fragments of arrows with wooden points and one whole arrow. The sinew was still wound around the Carrizo sockets which held the wood points and in two cases, the stub quills of what had once been feathers and the sinew which bound them, were still in place. One or two black sticks, sharpened at the ends, had at one time been spears or javelins. Who had placed these arrows here, when, how he had reached the hiding place will never be known. The arrows were dry and brittle and brown with age, warped and twisted by the heat and may have lain in their place of concealment for 200 or maybe 400 years. They were hunting arrows and were over 3 ft. long before being broken and well and carefully made. The last perishable tokens of a vanished race and probably belonged to the Guaycura Indians.
At Santa Anita, a few miles north of San José del Cabo, Sr. José María Casillas told us of a remarkable formation on his ranch in the mountains, containing Indian pictographs and of a place near there where there was a small pile of Indian arrow and spear points, known only to a certain Mexican who lived next to the ranch and he offered to guide us. It was nearly a day’s ride into the mountains from Santa Anita and I thought it was worthwhile to take the chance of securing material once belonging to the Pericues. Don José kindly secured mules and equipment and with one pack mule and the party of four started for the mountain ranch known as La Comunidad. This we reached at dusk after travel for miles over a very steep and rugged trail. The entire formation here was of hard gray granite worn as smooth as glass in the cañons by attrition of sand and boulders during periods of flood.

The next day, a mile or two below the ranch and near the bed of the cañon, stood an immense boulder, shaped irregularly like an egg standing on end and approximately 30 ft. in height and 20 to 25 ft. in diameter. This stood entirely detached on a smooth granite floor 100 ft. long. Throughout its length, ran straight parallel painted lines about 2 ft. apart. On the smooth side of this great rock painted in red, were hand prints reaching from base to 18 ft. in height, a great number of them and at other places many fine parallel lines without any design or reason that we could discern. There were no man, animal or fish figures that we could distinguish. About 30 to 40 ft. distance and somewhat below the great rock, a large and very perfect pothole had been ground out of the hard granite that was 4 ft. in diameter and 6 ft. deep. This was hollowing on the inside worn as smooth as glass and the perfection of symmetry. It was nearly full of water.
from storms perhaps a month or two before. These two natural freaks or unusual formations, no doubt excited the wonder and superstition of the Pericu Indians who may have used this place for certain tribal ceremonies. There were no artifacts here and the Mexican who knew where the pile of stone arrow points were, was at work many miles distant. We later excavated a circle of rocks and examined a cave without results.

The following short extracts are taken from the History of Baja California by Juan María Clavigero one of the Missionary priests.17 Things in common used among the Indians—each family provided with:

- 1 batallo or bowl basket 18 inches in diameter, coil weave and used to carry water, probably made of Torote or Matacora (which is very plentiful)
- Other baskets made of palm fibre
- 1 wooden spoon or ladle
- 1 Bone awl for sewing or basket making
- 1 pair sticks for men to make fire with
- 1 net for men to carry wild fruit
- 1 net for women to carry babies

The nets were made from fibre of the wild datil or Spanish dagger called Sapoo’pee [Yucca].

The women wove the nets. The men fished, hunted, and fought. The men stalked deer wearing deer horns and stationed themselves near water. The bows were 5 to 6 ft. long. The arrows [were] 2 ½ ft. long and made in two pieces. The shaft was of Carrizo, a light native bamboo. A point of wood hardened in fire was inserted at one end of the Carrizo, which was bound with sinew to keep from splitting and 3 hawk feathers, split down the quill, were fastened at the other end of the shaft by fine deer sinew. This was used for small game such as rabbits, etc., while for big game and war, stone points were used, so the wounds would be bigger and the arrows would not drop from the body.

These Indians were the best trackers in America. They would tell individual tracks in the same tribe and could identify individual arrows.

The Cochimí used the throwing stick which
would break the legs or back of rabbits. They fished with nets and forks of wood and made balsas from 3 to 7 logs lashed together, the centre log being longest. The logs were from the Chilicote tree which is almost as light as cork and two and three men would go as far as 6 miles from the Coast without fear of the waves. They also used short lances of sharp sticks hardened in fire.

From the 31st parallel north other kinds of wood weapons were used. In battle the Indians yelled a great deal and reinforced the tired archers at the front from the rear. The warriors were painted vertically half red and half black. There were thirty different kinds of ceremonial dances – for hunting, fishing, war, gathering fruit and seeds, luck in hunting and fishing, before and after battles, etc. They were happiest when the pitahalla [pitahaya] (cactus) fruit was ripe and invited other tribes to feast and ran races. At the deer feast once a year, the chief distributed the hides. Sandals were made of deer hide. Wild tobacco was smoked in Carrizo reeds.

At a marriage, the young man sent a basket to the girl and if it was mutually agreeable, she sent him a fish next in return. Children were also carried in baskets.

At funerals there was much crying and women sometimes beat themselves on the head. The dead were sometimes cremated but were disposed of the easiest way. A figure of the dead would be made of brush and kept near for some time.

Cochimí Indians—Physical characteristics.

They had thick straight black hair, rarely hair on face, no hair on legs or arms; narrow forehead; straight nose with nostrils; white
teeth; ordinary lips; rings in ears and nose. Those living in interior were lighter than those on the Coast. Those living in forests were very strong but lazy with poor brains. They never got drunk, (this is contrary to human nature) and did not fight among themselves. They made no pottery and had no metals. Children at a certain age (puberty?) were given a feast and had their noses and ears pierced.

Pericues were considered to be the most intelligent and developed a higher culture than the other two tribes.

Their God Ne par ra’ha was all powerful and made earth, water, and heaven. He had a wife which he never used as she had no body but he had 3 children by her.

Near the Virgües Mts., north of Santa Rosalía, the early padres found in a cave pictures of Indians well dressed. The early Indians said there was a race of giants before they came and the priest excavated a skeleton that would indicate a height of 11 ft.

At Mulegé, in building the dam, an old cemetery was dug up, the bones of which would indicate a very large race.

Cochimí—The men were tall. All diseases were brought in by the Spaniards—consumption, measles, smallpox were unknown previously.

The year was divided into six seasons:

- Second: A ma de a pee’ = Part of August, September, and part of October. The season of rains.
The Vanished Tribes of Lower California

• Third: A ma da’a pig a lá = Part of October, November, and part of December. The time of flowers or when the flowers ripen.
• Fourth: Ma he val’ = Part of December, January, and part of February.
• Fifth: Ma he ven’ = Part of February, March, and part of April.
• Sixth: Ma He ven’ (Ma ah he’) = Part of April, May, and up to June. This was the bad season, short on food.

There was no cultivation of the earth. They counted by fingers, hands and feet:

• A whole hand was five.
• A hand and one finger, six.
• Two hands, ten.
• Hands and one foot, fifteen.
• Two hands and two feet, twenty.

Sun and day: E voh’ – the same.

The foregoing notes on the early Indians quoted from Clavigero were secured through the kindness and courtesy of Dr. Severo Garduño of San José del Cabo. César Castaldi, Padre at the Mission Mulegé, who permitted me to photograph his excellent collection of stone arrow points and stone tubes, thinks there was a prehistoric race of greater intelligence and culture than the Indians and early
Jesuits found and according to Clavigero, the Indians made the same statement. Padre Castaldi also thinks the great cave paintings were made by a former race as the last race was not intelligent enough to create such a remarkable painting.

As to artifacts, we secured one basket of matacora which undoubtedly came down from the Cochimí Indians and this would hold water. We secured quite a number of arrow points small and large, many shaped different from any I have ever seen, being pointed at both ends. We heard of obsidian spear points 6 to 8 inches long and of two stone axes but these had been lost or stolen. One ax was shaped similar to those in Southern Arizona.

We acquired a few stone tubes the use of which we could not understand. At Purísima, we secured two remarkable plates or metates made of tesontle, a light [reddish] volcanic rock. These were about 16 inches long and 8 inches wide and one inch thick, hollowing inside and ground very smooth. One was shaped exactly like the back shell of a sea turtle. A stick of ironwood evidently used for weaving.
Pericues Indians:

Our personal findings were as follows: We saw many metates and hand stones, probably over 100, a number broken. These metates seemed to have been flat stones taken from creek beds and hand stones the same. We saw many circular piles of rocks, where the Indians evidently lived but these only served as windbreaks. We were told of a cave in a cliff, which had been walled up and contained the skeletons of Indians, a day out from San Ignacio. We heard of this after we had left. I think they usually buried. We found no fragments of pottery, but large shells evidently used to eat with. Water must have been carried in tightly woven baskets shaped like ollas with small mouths, something like the present Painted water jars. There is no doubt the people belonged to a big race who lived entirely out of doors except in stormy weather, when they lived in caves and these caves, when the walls offered a smooth surface, provided the talented aboriginal artists with a means for handing down some of their hunting and war history in almost imperishable color. They were nomadic in their habits and followed the ripening of wild fruits and seeds, but evidently fish and deer formed the bulk of their food. They went about nude and at night curled up in their corralitos or circular stone enclosures around a small fire in the centre. They were most expert hunters, trackers, and swimmers.

Many of their trails remain today—the same as when they used them centuries ago and are as straight between water holes or permanent water as the topography of the land will permit. Some of these trails are as true as if laid out with a transit with rocks piled up on each side and the centre free for many miles. They did not transport heavy metates but secured flat stones wherever they happened to be that answers their purposes.

Very few things have come down to us as most of their household articles were perishable and were destroyed in the course of time, to be replaced by more durable things furnished by the Padres. There were no stone or clay idols and no clay utensils that we could find. Stone arrow and spear points are only picked up haphazard and tubes or articles of rock are very rare.

The cause of the disappearance of this strong primitive race is not hard to seek. The clothing and diseases brought in by the early Spaniards and the inability of a primitive race running free and naked in their native country to adapt themselves to white civilization and its restrictions.

Thus have passed forever into oblivion—the culture and the history of three great tribes of the Southern half of Lower California.

May 14th, 1926
NOTES

1. The first permanent Jesuit mission—Nuestra Señora de Loreto—was founded by Father Juan Maria Salvatierra on October 19, 1697. It was the first in a string of missions stretching both north and south of Loreto and lasting until the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767. For a complete history of the period see Harry W. Crosby, Antigua California: Mission and Colony on the Peninsular Frontier, 1697-1768 (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994).


3. Velázquez is a common family name on the peninsula since the earliest days of settlement. See Pablo L. Martínez, Guía familiar de Baja California, 1700-1900 (Mexico, D.F.: Editorial Baja California, 1965). Most families living in Baja California after the initial settlement appear in this guide, which is divided into locations.

4. Comondú is an area west of Loreto midway to the Pacific Ocean. It was the site of Mission San José de Comondú founded in 1708.

5. The Guaycura natives inhabited the southern portion of the peninsula beginning approximately at Loreto and continuing almost to the tip of the peninsula at Santiago where the Pericu began. The Pericu also inhabited some of the islands offshore of the area of La Paz.

6. Mission Santa Gertrudis de Cadacamán, north of San Ignacio, was founded in 1751.

7. The Cochimí Indians inhabited the northern two-thirds of the peninsula to the area just south of the Kumeyaay.

8. The French mining company El Boleo founded the town of Santa Rosalía on the gulf coast north of Mulege in Baja California in 1884 and worked the copper mines there until they closed in 1954.

9. A serious and lethal smallpox epidemic reached the peninsula in 1709. About half of the Indian converts died. Some Spaniards also died of smallpox, but not to the same extent.

10. By 1926 this term could refer to the Aztecs of Central Mexico or possibly to people speaking a Ute-Aztecan dialect from the Spanish southwest.

11. For a complete guide to the native plants, see Jon P. Redman and Norman C. Roberts, Baja California Plant Field Guide (San Diego Natural History Museum Publication, 2012). The torote or Elephant Tree is common in Baja California.


15. For a complete study of the cave paintings, see Harry W. Crosby, The Cave Paintings of Baja California: Discovering the great murals of an unknown people; additional photographs by Enrique Hambleton; illustrations by Harry Crosby and Joanne Haskell Crosby (San Diego: Sunbelt Publications, 1997).

16. According to Crosby, his group found at the Rancho of Jauja “a huge deer over 10 feet long engraved deeply into the soft rock of the cave wall. . . . About four miles south of the place [was] a small cave containing a painted deer in excellent condition.” Ibid., 158.


**San Diego Presidio Nomination Form**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>NATIONAL PARK SERVICE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORIC PLACES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INVENTORY – NOMINATION FORM</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Note: This is a reproduction of the original application for the San Diego Presidio to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places dated October 9, 1960. The interior pages are included in a computerize form from the original typed application. The original numbers and categories have been maintained.*

### 1 NAME

**HISTORIC:**
San Diego Presidio

**AND/OR COMMON:**
San Diego Presidio

### 2 LOCATION

**STREET & NUMBER:**
Presidio

**CITY, TOWN:**
San Diego

**STATE:**
California

**ZIP:**
06

**COUNTY CODE:**
San Diego

**COUNTY:**
073

### 3 CLASSIFICATION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CATEGORY</th>
<th>OWNERSHIP</th>
<th>STATUS</th>
<th>PRESENT USE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DISTRICT</td>
<td>PUBLIC</td>
<td>OCCUPIED</td>
<td>AGRICULTURE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUILDING(S)</td>
<td>PRIVATE</td>
<td>UNOCCUPIED</td>
<td>COMMERCIAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STRUCTURE</td>
<td>BOTH</td>
<td>WORK IN PROGRESS</td>
<td>EDUCATIONAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SITE</td>
<td>PUBLIC ACQUISITION</td>
<td>ACCESSIBLE</td>
<td>ENTERTAINMENT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OBJECT</td>
<td>IN PROCESS</td>
<td>YES RESTRICTED</td>
<td>GOVERNMENT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BEING CONSIDERED</td>
<td>YES UNRESTRICTED</td>
<td>SCIENTIFIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>INDUSTRIAL</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 4 OWNER OF PROPERTY

**NAME:**
Department of Parks and Recreation for the City of San Diego

**STREET & NUMBER:**
202 C Street

**CITY, TOWN:**
San Diego

**STATE:**
California

### 5 LOCATION OF LEGAL DESCRIPTION

**COURTHOUSE:**
San Diego County Registry of Deeds

**STREET & NUMBER:**
San Diego

**STATE:**
California

### 6 REPRESENTATION IN EXISTING SURVEYS

**TITLE:**

**DATE:**

**DEPOSITORY FOR SURVEY RECORDS:**

**CITY, TOWN:**

**STATE:**
DESCRIPTION

By 1817 the Presidio buildings were reported in a “ruinous” condition and in need of repair. In 1826 it was noted again that the Presidio was still in need of repair. By 1834, most of the people had abandoned the Presidio and established their homes below it in Old Town. At the turn of the century, weeds and ice plant covered the Presidio which had fallen into ruin. Broken red tiles were scattered there, and the foundations of adobe walls were still visible.

The Presidio site was saved from complete oblivion by George W. Marston, who donated about 37 acres to the City of San Diego for park purposes in 1929. His gift was officially accepted by the city in 1937.

It was clear that reconstructing the Presidio would be very expensive. Therefore, the ruins were indicated by an adobe wall and protected by mounds of earth placed over the ruins and planted with grass. A cross was made at the site from broken tiles from the Presidio.

Although accurate information of the appearance of the Presidio is difficult to find, recent excavations have located on the west side the church within the old ruins.

The Presidio park has been formally landscaped, and its principal architectural feature is the Serra Museum, built in 1929, which houses a large collection of archeological and historical objects related to early California and Spanish history. The museum library also contains both original and published records of the history of the city and region.

The former site of the San Diego Presidio is now located in front of the Serra Museum. Removal of a portion of the hill for fill in the construction of the San Diego River dyke and for the Mission Valley road, destroyed the remains of one row of quarters and wall. Park roads were also constructed over another section of the fort. However, some vestiges of the structures that once formed the presidio still remain in the form of grass-covered mounds, which suggest a part of the ground plan and outline of former walls and buildings. Excavations by San Diego State University are now underway.
San Diego Presidio in San Diego, California, established in 1769, is the site of the first permanent European settlement on the Pacific coast of the United States. Here the Portolá-Serra land and sea expedition united and Fray Junípero Serra founded the mission of San Diego de Alcalá.

The town served as a base of operations for exploring new routes into the interior and as the military headquarters for southern California. For a time it was the residence of the governor under Mexican rule. It is now largely unexposed and covered with park roads and landscaping.

History

The Presidio of San Diego commemorates two important events: the founding of the first permanent European settlement on the Pacific Coast of the United States, and the establishment of the first mission in California.

Here, on July 1, 1769, Father Junípero Serra said mass, the assemblage of 126 people, survivors of the 300 who had set out originally for Upper California, sang the Te Deum, and Governor Don Gaspar de Portolá then ceremoniously took formal possession of California for Spain. Here again, on July 16, 1769, Father Serra founded the first mission in Upper California, Mission San Diego de Alcalá. From 1769 to 1776 the San Diego Presidio was the base of operations from which expeditions put out to explore new routes and found new missions and presidios; from 1776 until 1837 it continued to be the seat of military jurisdiction in Southern California, and under Mexican rule it was also the residence of the governor from 1825 to 1829.

In August, 1769, following the Indian attack on the 40 settlers, a crude stockade was erected on Presidio Hill to protect the mission and colony. By January, 1770, the settlement was on the point of starvation, but on March 19, just when all hope seemed lost, a supply ship from Mexico sailed into the bay and saved the California venture from total ruin. By the end of March 1770, the stockade was finished, two bronze cannon were mounted, and houses of wood, with tule roofs, were erected. The commandant’s residence was situated in the center of the Presidio. On the east side of the square were a chapel, cemetery, and storehouses; on the south were the gate and guardhouse; and the officers’ and soldiers’ quarters were arranged around the other two sides. In 1774 Father Serra removed his mission to a new site, located six miles to the northeast.
In 1778 work started on the task of replacing the original wooden presidio walls and buildings with adobe. Its garrison by 1790 comprised 51 men, of whom 28 garrisoned the fort, six men guarded each of the three missions in the presidio district, and four more were stationed at the pueblo of Los Angeles. Including the soldiers, about 100 people lived within the presidio walls.

Captain George Vancouver visited San Diego in November 1793, and reported: “The Presidio of St. Diego seemed to be the least of the Spanish establishments. It is irregularly built, on very uneven ground, which makes it liable to some inconveniences, without the obvious appearance of any object for selecting a spot. With little difficulty it might be rendered a place of considerable strength, by establishing a small force at the entrance of the port, where at this time there were neither works, guns, houses, or other habitations, nearer than the Presidio, five miles from the port, and where they have only three small pieces of brass cannon.” His was the first foreign ship to visit San Diego, and this event, together with the Nootka incident, led to a further strengthening of the fort. In 1795-96 an esplanade, powder magazine, flagpole, and several houses for the soldiers, were added to the presidio. The first harbor defenses were also erected in 1797, when Fort Guijarros, with which included an adobe magazine, barracks, and battery designed to mount 10 cannon, was built on Point Loma.

In 1799, to help men the additional post, 31 men were added to the garrison raising the total to about 90 soldiers. In 1810 the force numbered about 100 men, of whom 25 were detached to protect the four missions in the district, and 20 were stationed at the Los Angeles pueblo. Spain maintained the garrison at this level until 1819, when some 50 cavalrmen joined the force. The total white population of the San Diego District that year was about 450, and the Indian neophytes numbered about 5,200.

Under the Mexican Government, some 120 men comprised the San Diego Presidio force in 1830, of whom 100 lived at the presidio; the total district population then included 520 Mexicans and 5,200 Christian Indians.

After 1830, however, the San Diego Presidio military force soon declined rapidly. By 1835 only 27 soldiers were on duty, 12 at the presidio and 13 at two missions. Visiting in 1836, Richard Henry Dana noted: “The first place we went to was the old ruinous presidio, which stands on a rising ground near the village [Old Town], which it overlooks. It is built in the form of an open square, like all the other presidios, and was in a most ruinous state, with the exception of one side,
in which the commandant lived, with his family. There were only two guns, one of which was spiked, and the other had no carriage. Twelve, half clothed, and half-starved looking fellows, composed the garrison; and they, it was said, had not a musket apiece.”

Fort Guijarros was also in ruins by 1835, and of its seven cannon, only two were serviceable. The last of the presidio troops were sent north in 1837, and the San Diego Presidio was completely abandoned as a military post. By 1839 the Presidio was reduced completely to ruins, and not a structure was standing. Much stone and adobe had been removed from the Presidio to erect houses in the new pueblo of San Diego that had been founded in 1835.

**MAJOR BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES:**


**GEOGRAPHICAL DATA**

The Presidio is located within Presidio Park. The boundary has been drawn to include any potential archeological remains which may still exist, beginning where the center line of Palm Canyon could intersect Taylor Street, then proceeding southwest along the south curb of Taylor Street, continuing as it turns south to Chestnut Street then east along the north curb of Chestnut Street continuing in a straight line across Jackson Street to Presidio Drive at the point where Cosoy Way joins it above “The Bowl,” then northeast along the north edge of Cosoy Way to a point in line with the beginning point, then northwest to the point of beginning as shown on Sketch Map A-Plan of Presidio Park. Only the archeological remains constitute the landmark. Any other features of the park do not contribute to the national significance of the landmark.
MAJOR BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES

GEOGRAPHICAL DATA
ADDRESS OF NOMINATED PROPERTY:
A 1.1 18 20 0 0 10 0 7.0
D 2.1 20 1.0 6.3.0 5.0 8.0 4.0 1.0
EASTING NORTHING EASTING NORTHING

VERBAL BOUNDARY DESCRIPTION
The Presidio is located within Presidio Park. The boundary has been drawn to include any potential archeological remains which may still exist, beginning where the center line of Palm Canyon could intersect Taylor Street, then proceeding southwest along the south curb of Taylor Street, continuing as it turns south to Chestnut Street then east along the north curb of Chestnut Street continuing in a straight line across Jackson Street to Presidio Drive at the point where Coso

LIST ALL STATES AND COUNTIES FOR PROPERTIES OVERLAPPING STATE OR COUNTY BOUNDARIES

FORM PREPARED BY

STATE:
CODE:
COUNTY:
CODE:

STATE:
CODE:
COUNTY:
CODE:

STATE HISTORIC PRESERVATION OFFICER CERTIFICATION
THE EVALUATED SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS PROPERTY WITHIN THE STATE IS
NATIONAL
STATE
LOCAL

As the designated State Historic Preservation Officer for the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966 (Public Law 89-665), hereby certifies that property for inclusion in the National Register and certify that it has been evaluated according to the criteria and procedures set forth by the National Park Service.

FEDERAL REPRESENTATIVE SIGNATURES

TITLE

DATE

UPON CERTIFICATION

HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THIS PROPERTY IS INCLUDED IN THE NATIONAL REGISTER

DATE

DIRECTOR, OFFICE OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND HISTORIC PRESERVATION

DATE

KEEPER OF THE NATIONAL REGISTER

DATE
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Map of Spain showing the birthplace of Father Serra in 1713. Editors’ collection.

Plaque in Petra, Mallorca, showing Franciscan missionaries serving in California from 1769 to 1836: Gerónimo Boscana, Juan Cabot, Pedro Cabot, Juan Crespi, Francisco Dumetz, Bartolomé Gilí, Antonio Jaume, Luis Jaume, Francisco Palou, Mariano Payeras, Miguel Piers, Antonio Ripoli, Mariano Rubi, Juan Bautista Sancho, Junípero Serra, and Buenaventura Sitjar. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Street in Petra, Mallorca, showing the house (No. 6) where Father Serra was born. Photo by Amy Brandt.

Tile plaque commemorating the renaming of Serra’s street in his honor on the 250th anniversary of his death in 1963. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Doorway to Serra’s house in Petra. Photo by Susan Brandt.
Sitting room in Serra’s house in Petra. Photo by Peggy Dunn.

Upstairs area of Serra’s house. Photo by Peggy Dunn.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Serra’s bedroom. Photo by Peggy Dunn.

Coal delivery box in front of Serra’s house. Photo by Susan Brandt.

Interior of the Museo showing a painting of the first mass said in Alta California. Photo by Amy Brandt.
Church of San Pedro where Serra was baptized as Miguel José in November 1713, Petra, Mallorca. Photo by Iris Engstrånd.
Interior of Convent of San Bernardino in Petra. Photo by Janet Malek.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Convent of San Francisco in Palma de Mallorca. Photo by Susan Brandt.

Cloister in the Convent of San Francisco in Palma de Mallorca. Photo by Amy Brandt.
Statue of Father Serra with a Juaneño Indian in front of the Convent of San Francisco in Palma de Mallorca. Photo by Janet Malek.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Cathedral of Santa María in Palma de Mallorca. Photo by Amy Brandt.

Ayuntamiento building (City Hall) in Palma de Mallorca that served as the inspiration for the Casa de Balboa in Balboa Park. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Plaque showing the missions in Sierra Gorda, Querétaro, México, where Father Serra worked prior to traveling to California. Photo by Amy Brandt.

Mission Santiago de Jalpan in Sierra Gorda, Querétaro, México. Editors’ collection.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Plaque in Petra illustrating Mission San Diego de Alcalá. Photo by Amy Brandt.

Photos and diagram in Petra showing Mission San Diego progress. Photo by Amy Brandt.
Burial sepulcher of Father Serra in Mission San Carlos Borromeo (Carmel). Photo by Iris Engstrand.

Statue of Father Serra in the United States Capitol Hall of Fame in Washington, DC. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Statue of Father Serra at the Colegio de Fray Junípero Serra in Barcelona, Spain. Editors’ collection.
Statue at Presidio Park, San Diego, called “The Padre” representing Franciscan missionaries in California. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Statue of Father Serra at Mission San Juan Capistrano. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Statue of Father Serra in Petra, Mallorca. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
Illustrating the Life of Father Junípero Serra

Statue of Father Serra at Mission San Diego de Alcalá. Photo by Iris Engstrand.
JUNÍPERO SERRA MUSEUM
Honors the first site of Mission San Diego de Alcalá and the Presidio of San Diego

Help celebrate the 300th birthday of Father Junípero Serra
November 24, 2013

A party for the whole family at the Museum with refreshments, games hiking, and prizes.

For more information visit www.sandiegohistory.org
2727 Presidio Drive San Diego, CA 92103
Serra main: (619) 297-3258 · SD History Center main: (619) 232-6203
EXHIBIT REVIEW


Reviewed by Ernie B. Liwag, independent scholar.

San Diego County is best known for sun, sand, surf, and now suds. In 2009, Men’s Journal labeled San Diego the Beer Capital of the United States, a title seconded by Time magazine in 2012. Boasting an impressive twenty medals in 2011 and fifteen in 2012 at the Great American Beer Festival (GABF), the Olympics of Beer, San Diego County won more medals than most states. In fact, at the 2012 GABF, Oregon and Colorado were the only states that won more medals than San Diego County. San Diego’s beer industry is so important to the region that on June 1, 2012, then City of San Diego Mayor Jerry Sanders declared June “Craft Beer Month” in San Diego. For all the accolades county brewers have earned over the years, it isn’t just the art or science of brewing that has elevated the region to brewing prominence, but the development of a truly unique brewing culture that enabled San Diego County to become the Beer Capital of the United States. The exhibition Bottled & Kegged: San Diego’s Craft Brew Culture at the San Diego History Center seeks to educate visitors on just how San Diego became America’s top brewing region. It features hands-on and interactive displays, detailed timelines, video documentaries, and regularly scheduled events highlighting all facets of the craft brewing culture from brewing education to beer tastings.

Beer is essentially made up of four basic ingredients: barley, hops, water, and yeast. Depending on several varied factors within those basic ingredients, in combination with the brewer’s attention to time and temperatures in both the cooking and fermentation phases, several styles of beer are created. A segment of the exhibit is dedicated to the science of brewing and educates visitors on the basic brewing process. An example of the basic equipment needed to begin home brewing allows visitors the opportunity to touch and use equipment. Along with visual aids, the exhibit allows visitors to smell, touch, and feel common brewing ingredients. As part of the ingredients section of the exhibit, yeast is
displayed under a microscope and its importance in brewing is discussed in depth through video tutorials. Interested visitors may attend special educational events held within the exhibit. One event focuses on how to begin home brewing while another offers a tasting presentation about the effects of yeast on flavor. Of the four basic ingredients, water is the one most often regarded as having little impact in the brewing process, but this cannot be further from the truth. Most San Diego County municipalities contain high levels of sulphates as compared to other regions throughout the state. As the exhibit points out, sulphates are a contributing factor in brewing “hoppier” beers. The hoppy character of many local beers, as well as the push for continued innovation by all brewers in San Diego County, is an essential part of brewing culture.

San Diego County’s earliest inhabitants, the Kumeyaay, fermented beverages made from cactus, manzanita, elder berries, and other botanicals. But beer, as we know it today, was first brewed by Conrad Doblier, an Austrian immigrant who in 1868 became San Diego’s first commercial brewer. He opened the San Diego Brewery, producing beers replicating traditional European recipes. The exhibit’s detailed timeline begins with Doblier’s arrival in San Diego and proceeds to significant events such as Prohibition and technological advances like refrigeration that shaped San Diego’s brewing industry.

One particular period that the timeline showcases begins in 1949, when the American brewing industry went through a period of consolidation. This ultimately led to the closing of the last commercial beer producer in San Diego, Altes Brewing Company, in 1953. Not until 1987 would another commercial brewer operate in San Diego. The end of the timeline displays San Diego craft breweries from 1987 to 2013, highlighting the resurgence of the brewing industry beginning with Paul Holburn and Craig Stromberg’s 1987 opening of Bolt Brewery. While short-lived, Bolt Brewery marked a successful return to commercial brewing in San Diego, which could not have been possible without two important pieces of legislation. In 1978 under President Jimmy Carter, the federal government legalized home brewing nationwide. In 1982, California passed legislation allowing licensed beer manufacturers to “sell beer and wine, regardless of source, to consumers.” This, combined with local entrepreneurial spirit, led to a culture of brewing in San Diego that is unique.

Although brewing in San Diego ceased until the opening of Bolt Brewery in 1987, the development of a recognizable San Diego beer culture continued among consumers. During the era of nationwide brewing consolidation, San Diegans continued to have a taste for beers that differed from mass-marketed beers across the country. They turned their attention to imports from Mexico, and when packaging technology improved, European beer expanded San Diegans’ choice of beer.
The exhibit showcases a section on Mexico’s impact on San Diego’s craft beer culture. Visitors can examine recovered artifacts like an impressive mural, dining table, and chairs from the Aztec Brewing Company’s original San Diego tap room. The exhibit also includes a detailed timeline of Mexico’s Prohibition-era breweries as one of the many roots of San Diego’s brewing culture. While the ratification of the eighteenth Amendment may have sunk the brewing industry from about fifteen hundred breweries to thirty-three across the United States, San Diegans’ taste for local, independent, and frankly different beers than those produced by national brewers never ceased. During Prohibition, San Diegans flocked to the Mexican border town of Tijuana to fill their need for beer. Over 180 cantinas and La Ballena, “the longest bar in the world,” were established during this time. Aztec Brewing Company and Mexicali Brewery, both based in Mexicali, emerged to meet the San Diego region’s demand for beer during Prohibition. After repeal of the amendment, tourism to Tijuana slowed sharply, forcing Aztec Brewing Company to follow their market and establish operations across the border in San Diego in what is now known as Barrio Logan. They joined the surviving San Diego Brewing Company and upstart Balboa Brewing Company as the local brewers.

The exhibit displays typical home brewing equipment and details the influence of home brewers and the Quality Ale and Fermentation Fraternity (QUAFF), a homebrewer club, on the San Diego Brewing Culture. Homebrewers in San Diego pushed the limits on styles of beers, innovating and blending styles to create classes of beer all their own. Although not officially a beer category as recognized by beer festivals like the GABF, India Pale Ales brewed in San Diego County are viewed by industry brewers across the nation as a distinct class of their own. While home brewing was legalized nationwide in 1978, it was community organizing by QUAFF that truly infused home brewing characteristics in the commercial scene. When QUAFF homebrewers took that next step to professional brewing, they were supported and promoted by their fraternal organization. As other brewers moved into the professional arena, QUAFF and any newly established brewery supported them. While historically the national brewers’ prominence is built on cutthroat business tactics to capture market share, San Diego industry’s prominence is built on camaraderie and partnership between breweries. In fact, the exhibit dedicates a wall describing the collaborative nature of brewers in the San Diego brewing industry. This community to business collaboration is unique and is an essential part of not only San Diego’s brewing culture but the local industry’s success as a whole.

Bottled and Kegged presents an engaging array of displays that shed light on both the history of brewing in San Diego County and the nature of the region’s current craft beer industry. The curators have done an admirable job bringing
together scientific explication, artifacts, and multimedia presentations that capture the attention and satisfy the curiosity of visitors. The exhibit’s all-senses approach delivers an impressive view into San Diego’s culture of craft brewing.

Bottled & Kegged features Home Brew Mart’s old 15-barrel brewing system. Photo by Matt Schiff.

The exhibit showcases the expansive brewer list as well as the sheer variety of styles produced in San Diego County. Photo by Matt Schiff.
BOOK REVIEWS


Reviewed by Carlton Floyd, Associate Professor, Department of English, University of San Diego.

_Becoming Mexipino: Multiethnic Identities and Communities in San Diego_ by Rudy P. Guevarra Jr. deftly explores his Filipino and Mexican familial history from its origins in Spanish colonialism to its current Mexipino configurations in San Diego. Addressing a subject that has received little extended critical attention, Guevarra argues that Spain’s sixteenth-century colonial enterprises brought Mexicans and Filipinos together in ways that facilitated their intimate interaction. First, they shared or, more aptly, endured enslavement and indentured servitude as well as the interest in surviving these perilous conditions. Second, Mexicans and Filipinos took on a common language and religion: Spanish and Catholicism. Third, they discovered themselves in possession of a similar sense of familial arrangements – in the notions of godparents and in the practice of coming-of-age ceremonies for young women, to cite two examples. These various conditions facilitated intimate interethnic relationships then, and foreshadowed similar intimate interactions centuries later, particularly in the western parts of the United States.

Following a brief history of the impact of Spanish colonization on Mexico and the Philippines, Guevarra details in Chapter One the movement of Mexicans and Filipinos to San Diego in the early years of the twentieth century to work in the defense, agricultural, fishing, and service industries. Chapter Two turns to the racial and largely racist dynamics of the region and the country that grouped Mexicans and Filipinos together and relegated them to living with other non-white identified groups, outside of whites-only designated areas. In Chapters Three and Four, Guevarra discusses the multiethnic civic, political, and social organizations that came together in these areas to fight against discrimination, promote solidarity, and provide opportunities for social and cultural interaction. The heart of Guevarra’s work becomes clear in Chapter Five, however, where he focuses on the Mexican and Filipino, or Mexipino, families that emerged in San Diego out of the aforementioned trajectory. Here, Guevarra suggests that intimate Mexican and Filipino alliances were less constrained by the legal and social prohibitions against interracial intimacies that held sway in the United States, legally until 1967 and, socially, even today.
I find myself very drawn to Guevarra’s work, not only because of his visible personal investment in tracing the multiethnic associations that led to his birth, community, and sense of identity, but because his study offers a helpful model for thinking about race, ethnicity, and identity more broadly. Guevarra recognizes the fullness of his various ethnic affiliations, which is to say that he identifies as fully Mexican and Filipino, not half and half, but whole and whole. His use of the term Mexipino is shaped by a desire to identify with (and as) all aspects of his ethnic heritage. In so doing, Guevarra joins others that are reshaping language to embrace this way of thinking about identity. Other similarly shaped terms in current use, Guevarra notes, include Blaxican (Black and Mexican), Mexichino (Mexican and Chinese), Blasian (Black and Asian), and Filirican (Filipino and Puerto Rican), to name a few.

Two questions remained with me after I finished this book. First, I wondered about the dualistic shape of the identities – Mexipino, Blaxican, etc. – most prominently presented in the book. Given the century’s long trajectory the book covers, I wondered at the possibility of other ethnicities and races also being present in these intimate multiethnic and racial relationships. Closely linked to this question is another. What, if anything, happened between Mexicans, Filipinos, Mexipinos, and other racial and ethnic groups with whom they shared space? For example, African Americans are mentioned on several occasions in the book as cohabitants and participants in the various organizations (social and political) that took shape. They do not seem to become eligible intimate partners, however. This question may be addressed to some extent by Guevarra’s claim that Mexicans and Filipinos shared a language, religion, and familial customs that others might not have had. Still, I wonder if these differences might not have been transcended, and even if in some cases they actually existed. Perhaps if Guevarra continues this important work he will take up these inquiries. It is my sincere hope that someone will do so, as his book adds an important dimension to San Diego’s history particularly and to multiethnic studies more generally.

Reviewed by Paul J. P. Sandul, Assistant Professor, Department of History, Stephen F. Austin State University.

In a collection of twelve essays about the twentieth century, the authors of this volume collectively explore the complex interactions between technology and place, focusing on California and, to a lesser extent, the West. The organizing thrust is the duality of technological change whereby “technological change has not only taken place in California and the West. It also shaped the place” (p. 3, emphasis original). Underscoring technology’s relation to place are essays that look at technology as an agent in the creation of space, i.e., what spatial theorists, though the volume does not explicitly use such terminology, call second or material space. We also learn about so-called first space in which technology is essential in telling stories about California and the West, shaping the very representations and vocabularies about these places that many people later use to fashion an understanding of them. Finally, in the process, we learn about technology’s continual shaping of the material and mental (minds and matters) landscapes Californians and Westerners negotiate, i.e., third or lived space. The implications of these lines of analyses are intense, moving from understanding how technology shaped California as much as California shaped technology. Not content with a provincial view, however, many of the essays connect the proverbial dots to extend beyond state or regional boundaries to look at the effect of, and affect upon, globalization. This is made clear throughout the volume, but especially in Carlene Stephens’s essay on clocks, which makes certain technologies seem placeless.

While I do not want to slight any of the contributions made in this volume, three chapters are worth special consideration. First, for readers of this journal, L. Chase Smith’s essay about the Panama Exposition in San Diego in 1915 will surely please. While the exposition is not a lost story in the annals of San Diego or even California history, Smith masterfully places the theme of narrative story-telling about place within the gross prisms of race, imperialism, and the saga of social progressivism, while anchoring it all, deftly, to local boosterism in service to capital. Second, two essays by Matthew W. Roth and Linda Nash, I think, capture the essence of the volume itself. (So does the well-done introduction by Janssen, which, I cannot emphasize enough, is not an easy task to perform for a collection of essays).
In “Los Angeles’s Major Traffic Street Plan of 1924,” Roth traces the creation of storied space, of Los Angeles as an automobile metropolis via a cohort of local elites and professionals who essentially lied about the consensus of local enthusiasm and support, thereby establishing it as popular fact. With Nash, yet again, we get a powerful piece of scholarship. She tackles the twin themes of technological change and place and places it all squarely within a spatial context, reminding us that the environment, i.e., the non-human world, is a relevant actor in shaping the human world and our approach to, and success with, technology. She looks at the place-based experiences of the builders of the Grand Coulee Dam in Washington in the 1930s and their and others’ subsequent attempts to build in Afghanistan. In short, place mattered, such that any project has “to be renegotiated in each place over time” (p. 153), taking into account local conditions before “transferring” or “diffusing” technological change. Therefore, with these chapters in mind, the volume’s focus on the interaction between place and technology, of first and second space as well, shine through, and on a global scale to boot.

That this volume is the result of a conference held at the Huntington Library under the auspices of the Huntington-USC Institute on California and the West (ICW) is no surprise. Certainly, any student of California and the West already knows to expect a certain amount of quality from the ICW’s Western History Series, guided by editor William Deverell’s expert hand. While I do not want to slip into unseemly hagiography here, this recent contribution is a welcomed addition not just to California and the West, but also to the history of science and technology, nicely marrying the fields so that those with any bias toward one will find comfort in familiar territory and excitement wading through new waters. Obviously, Janssen’s role as editor is impressive in this regard. Worth mentioning in closing is the ability of all these authors to place names and faces on real historical actors. Too often, as scholars of the history of science and technology know, when discussing technology, paradigms, scientific methods, and jargon, the people behind it often get lost, or become caricatures. This is not the case with this volume. The people, and the places in which they operate, take center stage.


Land of Smoke and Mirrors: A Cultural History of Los Angeles. By Vincent Brook. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 2013. Photographs, notes, and index. 288 pp. $27.95 paper. This monograph examines the various images of Los Angeles that have defined the city. Brook suggests that these images have been written and revised repeatedly over Los Angeles’s history, as both natives and outsiders have attributed ever-changing meanings to the region. Drawing on literature, film, architecture, and other cultural forms, the book explores such tropes as the Spanish fantasy past, noir in fiction and cinema, and Los Angeles as a multicultural metropolis.

The Only One Living to Tell: The Autobiography of a Yavapai Indian. By Mike Burns. Edited by Gregory McNamee. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2012. Photographs, map, notes, and references. xii + 175 pp. $17.95 paper. United States military forces murdered the family of eight-year-old Mike Burns in 1872 in the Skeleton Cave Massacre, a brutal attack that resulted in the deaths of up to seventy-six Yavapai Indians. Gregory McNamee has edited Burns’s memoir, which spans the orphaned Yavapai’s childhood, adolescence, and early adulthood and recounts the massacre, his adoption by an American army captain, and his journeys in the American West.

Planning Los Angeles. Edited by David C. Sloane. Chicago: American Planning Association, 2012. Notes and references. x + 325 pp. $34.95 paper. The American Planning Association has begun publication of a series of volumes on American cities. This collection on Los Angeles brings together dozens of scholars whose essays are collected in six thematic chapters (plus one introductory chapter) focused on the history of planning, demographics, land use and environmental politics, infrastructure, parks and public space, and economic development.
HISTORIC WEDDINGS HAPPEN IN HISTORIC VENUES...

The Junípero Serra Museum is an ideal setting for a stunning and upscale wedding. The striking mission-style building located in Presidio Park above San Diego’s historic Old Town, boasts spectacular views overlooking the City and the Pacific Ocean. Offering beautiful upper and lower terraces and an indoor gallery, the museum is perfect for both an outdoor or indoor event.

MUSEUM INFO
Junípero Serra Museum
2727 Presidio Drive
San Diego, CA 92103

CONTACT
619-232-6203 x109
events@sandiegohistory.org
sandiegohistory.org/rentals
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Charlotte Cagan

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
OFFICERS
Thompson Fetter, President
Hal Sadler, Past President
Robert F. Adelizzi, Vice President
Frank J. Alessi, Treasurer
Helen Kinnaird, Secretary

BOARD MEMBERS
Diane Canedo
Ray Carpenter
Jeff Cavignac
Bill Evans
Ann Hill
Gayle Hom
Lucy C. Jackson
William Lawrence
Woody Ledford
John Morrell
Ann Navarra
Susan Peinado
Sandra Perlatti
Kay Porter
Marc Tarasuck
Margie Warner
Allan Wasserman
Bob Watkins
Roger Zucchet

ADVISORY BOARD
Malin Burnham
Iris Engstrand, Ph.D.
Kim Fletcher
Steve Francis
Yvonne W. Larsen
David Malcolm
Jack Monger
Lynn Schenk
Mary L. Walshok, Ph.D.
Stephen Williams
Hon. Pete Wilson
Karin E. Winner

STAFF
Emily Aust
Alexandria Bender
Tammie Bennett
Elizabeth Burress
Keith Busby
Emily Caddick
Kristen Cairns
Coralle Cowan
Lisa Duclo
Natalie Fiocre
Nicole George
Nyabthok Goldet
Mark Henderson
Maria Howard
Diana Inocencio
Jane Kenealy
Jessica LaFave
Sarah Matteson
Sara Morrison
Carol Myers
Gary Neiger
Naomi Ostwald Kawamura
Marianne Peterson
Heather Poirier
Joan Priddy
Lauren Rasmussen
Terri Rochon
Matthew Schiff
Gabor Selak
Kenneth Thelen
Christine Travers
Oscar Urrutia

San Diego History Center gratefully acknowledges the generous support of the Director’s Circle and above.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adelizzi
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alessi
Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Alessio
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Amtower
Mr. and Mrs. David Canedo
Mr. Ray Carpenter
Mr. and Mrs. Bram Dijkstra
Mr. William Evans
Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Fetter
Mr. Nicholas M. Fintzelberg
Mrs. Jacqueline M. Gillman
Dr. and Mrs. John D. Hill
Ms. Gayle Hom
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jackson
Mr. and Mrs. Webster Kinnaird
Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence
The Corky McMillin Companies
Mr. and Mrs. James Milch
Mr. and Mrs. John Morrell
Mrs. Susan Peinado
Ms. Sandra Perlatti
Mrs. Kay Porter
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price
Mr. and Mrs. Hal Sadler
Mr. and Mrs. William Waite
Mrs. Nell Waltz
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Warner
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wasserman
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Watkins
Mr. and Mrs. Roger Zucchet
Preserve a San Diego Treasure

Your contribution will help to create an endowment for

The Journal of San Diego History

Please make your check payable to The San Diego Foundation. Indicate on the bottom of your check that your donation is for The Journal of San Diego History Fund. The San Diego Foundation accepts contributions of $100 and up. Your contribution is tax-deductible.

The San Diego Foundation
2508 Historic Decatur Road, Suite 200
San Diego, CA 92106

(619) 235-2300 or (858) 385-1595
info@sdfoundation.org

Publication of The Journal of San Diego History is underwritten by a major grant from the Quest for Truth Foundation, established by the late James G. Scripps. Additional support is provided by “The Journal of San Diego History Fund” of the San Diego Foundation and private donors.

The San Diego History Center is a museum, education center, and research library founded as the San Diego Historical Society in 1928. Its activities are supported by: the City of San Diego’s Commission for Arts and Culture; the County of San Diego; individuals; foundations; corporations; fund raising events; membership dues; admissions; shop sales; and rights and reproduction fees.

Articles appearing in The Journal of San Diego History are abstracted and indexed in Historical Abstracts and America: History and Life.


Front Cover: Statue of Father Serra with a Juaneño Indian boy in front of the Convent of San Francisco, Palma de Mallorca, Spain.

Back Cover: Detail from the altar in the Convent of San Bernardino, Petra, Mallorca, Spain.

Design and Layout: Allen Wynar

Printing: Crest Offset Printing

Editorial Assistants:
Travis Degheri
Cynthia van Stralen
Joey Seymour