

# When San Jose Was Young

A Series of Interesting Articles of An Historical Nature  
Prepared Especially for The News by a Well Known  
Author and Journalist.

NO. 51 INYGO OF INYGO RANCH

One of the best known Indians of the early days was Inygo. He died about forty years ago, many said more than a hundred years old. He was one of the earliest converts of the fathers at Santa Clara. He was a foreman at the Mission. He directed the Indians in their out of doors work. Inygo was nearly seven feet tall. He had a swelling on one side of his head. He was not pleasing to look at, but Secundino Robles' daughter, Mrs Espinosa, who knew him, tells me that he was fairer than most Indians. The impression was common that he had Spanish blood, or was got in exchange for the California nuts and native fruits which were bartered by the Indians at their great annual fairs near Lake Tahoe when the redmen came far from the east to trade with the redmen of the west.

However that may be, Inygo was the strong man of his tribe. He was called the chief, but the Indian line of succession was uncertain. For many years he served the fathers. He made no disturbance. He was devout, a good Indian.

Inygo had a beautiful voice, and he was one of Santa Clara's famous Indian orchestra, which sometimes appeared in French uniforms, doubtless obtained from a whaler at Monterey or Yerba Buena. The music given by this orchestra occasionally astonished visitors. De Mofras writes that he attended mass during his visit at the Santa Clara Mission, and he was amazed, at the moment of the elevation of the Host, to hear the orchestra break out with a "Marseillaise," and later to give the old French air, "Vive Henri Quatre." The French influence at the Mission came from an organ sent from Paris. The Indians were so much attracted by the airs that they played them in church.

When Inygo was an old man the fathers obtained for him a grant called "Posolomi," adjoining the Murphy ranch, near Sunnyvale. It consisted of several hundred acres and had long been the home of Indians in the valley. For years Inygo lived in a little house on his ranch. He was protected in his property by Robert Walkinshaw of Tepe, Mexico. Walkinshaw was a Scotchman who had married a Spanish woman. He was one of the first owners of the Almaden mine. The Walkinshaws often drove with Inygo in their great carriage. They had a large rambling one-story house on the Inygo ranch, where they entertained the entertained the fashionable people of

San Francisco and the important families of the Santa Clara valley.

When Inygo died he was buried on his ranch near many of his race. The Walkinshaws became the owners of the Inygo ranch. MrMs. Bergin, Mr. Walkinshaw's daughter, had a cross erected over Inygo's grave. A paling was built around it. Time and the wind blew down the cross. The cattle of Miller and Lux razed the paling. Only the memory of man marks where Inygo rested. There is reason to believe that one zealous collector of rarities in California, many years ago dug up Inygo's skeleton and carried it away.

Recently I went to the Inygo ranch. I drove between the two rows of bare, brown poplar trees to the old, low, grey, double-winged Walkinshaw house. The windows were missing. The walls had been defaced, the marble mantles broken and the rooms deserted. In the rear of the house I heard a noise. In that direction I made my way.

In a large bleak room I found a handsome, strong American woman, the wife of the tenant of the property, cleaning the bedrooms of the workmen. I asked her to show me where in the adobe field on the right had been the Indian mound.

She pointed towards a great field, level as a billiard table, lying between the ranch house and the main highway. "There is the mound," she said. "My son scraped it off a week ago for alfalfa. The ground must be level. Last week my son, Mark Holt-house, dug up some of the Indian skulls and bones."

She led me to the veranda on the north side of the house. There lying under the porch floor were some skulls. She shrank from touching them. When I took them up I found that two were very small and had evidently been a woman. The large one had plainly been a man. The teeth were in excellent condition.

"May I have one of these skulls?" I ventured timidly.

With the touch of amusement she granted my request. "There are a lot more bones in the field," she said. "My son dug a hole in the ground and buried them deep. He didn't want to be bothered at his work by scraping up bones."

"Who owns Inygo's ranch now?" I asked.

"Since the Walkinshaws went away it has often changed hands. Now it belongs to a stock company. One of the principal owners is Mr. Hirsch." Holding the grey skull in my hand, I

drove back past the alfalfa field which has become a new grave, the grave of California history.