MY PALOMAR

Robert H. Asher

Version 5, 2015
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La Jolla, California
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Robert Haley Asher, born in 1868, first visited Palomar Mountain in 1901, later settling in 1903. Asher lived in the Pauma Creek / State Park area on Palomar Mountain until 1946, moving then to his sister's house in El Cajon, where he slept in a tent in her backyard. He continued to visit Palomar Mountain until 1951, and passed away in 1953 at age 85. In his immediate family, he was survived by his sister Mrs. Josephine A. Vacher of El Cajon, a sister Mrs. Dorcas Drown of Spring Valley, and a brother Josephus Asher of Mission Beach. The Bailey family was responsible for his interest in Palomar Mountain as he met Olie Bailey while in school in San Diego, and later in 1901, Theo Bailey brought him up on his first visit. Asher stayed with the Bailey’s, and then camped at Iron Springs. Earlier Asher's father, Josephus, the County Assessor, had appointed Theo a deputy assessor. Asher homesteaded, and ultimately had 160 acres. He donated land to the Baptist Church in 1933, more land came along later from Asher, and this was the beginning of the present day Palomar Christian Conference Center.

Asher’s typescript about Palomar Mountain history and his experiences are entitled, "My Palomar" or "My Palomar Days," and copies have been around Palomar Mountain for some years, along with some of his photos. Asher dates his writing in very few places, notably January 1938 (Mack Place) and July 1939 (Iron Springs); he mentions a fact in the Mendenhall chapter which dates its writing before 1935. Other photos by Asher have appeared in print in the locally published "Palomar Mountain Views" as well as Catherine M. Wood’s book "Palomar, from Tepee to Telescope". A few of Asher's chapters have two versions in the typescript I received. One version has only the chapter titles and may be longer in places. The other version has the chapter titles and his address "Robert H. Asher, Route 1, Box 710, El Cajon, California" captioned in the upper left-hand corner. This addressed version is more heavily edited by comparison; it is probably Asher's later version for those few chapters with alternate versions, and is the basis for this publication.

I edited Asher’s writing in various places, incorporated some interesting material from his earlier version in a few places, made corrections, and inserted editorial explanations noted by PB. Corrections and additions are added as needed, and the version number of this work is noted on the title page.

History is a tapestry of experiences, memories, and voices, not all in harmony. One can assume that Asher has some facts askew due to the vagaries of his memory or memories of others, relying on hearsay, etc. In that respect, his history would be no different than other Palomar Mountain histories. Please let me know about corrections needed, as well as details in Asher’s text that would be better understood by the modern reader with additional explanation. The reader will see that I added comments to increase modern understanding. My favorite explains George Doane telling the Hay Hanthem story. Asher assumed the reader knew this old funny story well, enjoying a mental picture of George Doane telling it and singing it. Times have passed, and modern readers would not. With the explanation added, George Doane’s colorful character comes alive.

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Acknowledgements
by Bonnie Phelps

In the late 1990's I met the most charming man, Walt Fleisher. He gave a historical presentation at the Christian Conference Center telling about Robert Asher, who was the benefactor of their land. Mr. Asher homesteaded the property in the early 1900's. During that time, Mr. Fleisher's father, Bob Fleisher, was a Scout Master and would camp with his troops at Iron Springs on Palomar. The scouts would hike on an overnight trip to Asher's place through what is now the State Park. That is how Robert Asher and Bob Fleisher met. They became very close friends and corresponded back and forth. Twice a year, Mr. Fleisher would make the trip in his Studebaker to Palomar from his home in San Diego to pick up Mr. Asher. He would take him to and from Santa Ysabel where he spent the winters in a warmer climate.

After Walt's presentation that evening, I told him that I had been collecting historical information on the mountain with the hopes of having another book published. He said he had something for me and asked for my address. A few weeks later he stopped by with an old, musty, cardboard box. He explained that Mr. Asher had interviewed and written about different families that lived on Palomar during the 1920's and 1930's. After Mr. Asher died, this box of his typed and hand-edited manuscripts, and glass plates of his photography, came into his father’s possession. I was thrilled and asked if I could copy them and return them to him. Instead he responded, "This is for you."

That night I was up until two o'clock in the morning reading through the chapters. I had been given copies of a few chapters, but others were new to me. Then I came to the bottom of the box and found the "Table on Contents" and an "Introduction." Robert Asher had intended this to be a book nearly eighty years ago! My heart raced as I cross-checked and confirmed that it was complete with all seventeen chapters.

We owe a debt of gratitude to weekender Frank Spencer for scanning Asher's typescript. A big thanks to Brad Bailey for having the slides printed and made available to use for the book, and for sharing his keen enthusiasm for Palomar Mountain history with Peter Brueggeman, a former cabin owner on Palomar. Thank you to Peter for donating his expertise and taking this project to the next level to prepare for publishing. Thanks also to former resident Susan Humason for arranging printing through her company.

We dedicate this book to Mr. Walt Fleisher. I appreciate so much him keeping this "treasure" of Robert Asher's these many decades, and giving it to the people of Palomar to bring Asher's work to a wider audience.

To all the folks now, and for generations to come, intrigued by history of our favorite Mountain, "This is for you."

~Bonnie Phelps

Palomar resident, editor of the Palomar Mountain News, palomarmountainnews.wordpress.com/
Robert Asher’s homestead outlined on a contemporary topographic map

Theodore Bailey and his Rhubarb Patch, Summer 1904
Palomar Mountain is located in the extreme northern part of San Diego County, California. It is a long mountain, extending from Warner's Ranch to the southeast, to Fallbrook to the northwest. From a distance of forty miles or more to the south, its general appearance resembles that of an upturned rowboat. Actually the rounded top is broken up into a number of rolling hills and little valleys. "Hi Point", the highest point, reaches to an elevation of about 6100 feet above sea level. Palomar has long been the mecca of summer campers, but now the greatest telescope in the world with its 200-inch lens is the big attraction. Many thousands of sight-seers visit the Observatory every month. The 1000-acre Palomar State Park has several camps with all the conveniences needed for those who desire to stay over for a night or a week. Then there is the Palomar Baptist Camp which is a very ambitious project. It has proven to be a very costly enterprise even though much of the labor has been donated free of charge. A large dining room has been recently constructed with equipment designed to accommodate 150 people at a time. The main purpose of the camp is to provide Bible School instruction with recreational attractions in addition.

Many visitors of Palomar are keenly interested in the mountain's early history, and the present writer has often been importuned to do something about it. The book "My Palomar" has been written up over the years in response to this insistent and continuing interest.
THE DOANE VALLEYS

For a number of years after my first arrival on Palomar Mountain, campers were welcome in Lower Doane Valley. Mr. Doane had a mailbox nailed to a post at the junction of the Doane Valley Road with the West-End Grade. Nearby, tacked to a convenient oak tree were two or three signs. Campers were invited to make themselves at home in the Valley free of charge. Other inducements offered were "scads of grass and scoots of water." The road down was fairly good except for an excessively steep stretch just below the Oliver place. Here you had to hold on by your eyebrows going down. And coming back -- well, if you were wise you would come back the other and much longer way. I think that most of the road from Lower Doane up to the Oliver place was built by Mr. Doane himself. From the Oliver (Todd) place up to the county road, other people were interested. I remember seeing half a dozen or more men working the road on the Oliver flat. That was about 1902. I was not acquainted with any of them. The whole of the then road from Doane Valley to the county grade has now been abandoned.


Before coming to Palomar, it is said that George Doane was a clerk in the office of the old Horton House in San Diego City. The Horton House was built by Alonzo E. Horton, founder of the city, and was for many years the leading hotel. Mr. Doane wore a long beard which he sometimes tucked into his shirt for convenience sake. Although always neat, I do not think the beard got more than ordinary care until after he got married; then his beard was given a wave like the beard of an Egyptian Pharaoh. But it must be
remembered that beards, flowing or otherwise, were quite in the fashion for some years after the beginning of the century.

As for the story that George Doane had proposed marriage to every unattached schoolmarm who ever visited the mountain -- well, just help yourself to several grains of salt. In the first place, I myself have heard him declare more than once that he would never marry until he got out of debt. And I know that he considered the getting out of debt an uncertain proposition. However, he did often speak of a mythical "son" who was to come upon the scene at some future date. He did plant a lot of young cedar trees about the place "for my son." Perhaps he was more or less attentive to any personable young schoolmarm who happened to wander onto the range, but it is more than probably that most of the romance originated in the head or heads of the p.y.s. Certain it is that Mr. Doane, when he was ready to marry, ruled out certain types of femininity as possible matrimonial candidates. Certainly he liked "to chin" with folks. He had a pleasant manner and was generally polite to all comers, including schoolmarms. Before he ever put his matrimonial ad in the paper, he told me that "she" must be young and fairly good-looking. He most decidedly did not want a red-haired beauty, nor one who was overly fat, nor a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The girl he did marry was young -- age 14 years, I think, slender and pretty. She was from Louisiana. Neither her younger sister or her mother were what could be denominated as slender person. That Mr. Doane had ever dreamed of marry the mother is to be doubted on this account if for nothing else, say her age. Also, she was a widdie, and widdies were barred.

Mr. Doane had been pesterling me about building a trail from my "Dugout Camp" up the canyon to Doane Valley.

So one day I asked him if he would show me exactly where the trail should be placed. He agreed to do so, and invited me to go up to his cabin early the next morning.
I was on hand early. He was still eating his breakfast, which consisted of bread and milk. He told me that bread and milk were his mainstays. He invited me to have bread and milk with him, but I had already had breakfast and asked to be excused. Then I proposed taking his picture just as he was.

"All right, go ahead!" he said, so I set up the camera and touched off a magnesium sheet. And there he was, as you can see.

He then tossed over a cheap-looking matrimonial magazine. I glanced at it, said I was not at all interested.

"Oh!" exclaimed Doane, "I wasn't hinting that you get yourself a wife. I have an ad in there myself. So I hunted up the Doane ad. I can remember only a highlight or two: "Rancher cattle-raiser, age 52 years. White. Protestant. Worth ten thousand dollars" and so on. I handed the magazine back to Mr. Doane. Then he inquired if I would like to run over some of the replies to the ad. I said, "Yes." So he pointed to a macaroni box nailed to one side of the fireplace.

"Twenty-eight letters there," he said, "just help yourself." So I read the letters until Friend Doane was ready to leave the house.

Not long after that he failed to turn up at the post-office on his regular day to get his mail, I inquired about him and was told that George Doane, the old rascal, had gone East to get married. I was at the post-office again shortly after his return with his bride, when Doane showed up all smiles, and with a black beard save only for about an inch of grey hair next to his chin!

The Doanes had one child, and it was a boy! The "son" Doane had been planning for, lo, these many years -- but George Doane had sold the Palomar property and moved to Imperial Valley before the son's arrival in
this vale of tears, or rather desert heat. Mr. Doane sold his 660 acres on Palomar for $10,000 to the Huntington interests. [PB: Henry Edwards Huntington]

The cattle brought $5,000, Frank and Louis Salmons having bought them. Salmons kept the cattle in Doane Valley for quite awhile, Walter McClurg helping Louis in looking after them. So George Doane made good the statement "worth $10,000."

Mr. Doane transplanted hundreds of young cedar trees in the upper valley. He told me he was planting for the benefit of his son, this a year or two before he married. At that time the old rail fences were still standing. One line of fence extended the whole length of the valley, beside the road up to Sunday School Flat. Trees planted in the shade of the rails or of the brush just above the upper end of the valley, survived for a number of years. Those planted in the full sun promptly died. As the rail fence disappeared, so did the cedars that had survived up to that time as they were soon destroyed by the cattle. One short row of cedars planted by Doane are still standing just north of the bridge near the CCC Camp. Mr. Doane also trimmed off the lower branches of cedar trees east of the cabins. Some time after I came to the mountain, he put in a lot of ditches to carry water from the creeks out onto the grassy meadows.

A year or two after Doane sold out, the property was leased by the Black Mountain Cattle Company. The stock of this company was mostly owned by people who were in the movie making business. Stanley Crookes was placed in charge of the cattle. Crookes was a bachelor at the time, and he lived in the Susan Hayes cabin in Lower Doane Valley. The ditches put in by Doane were mostly out of commission when Crookes took charge, but he soon cleaned out the old ditches, filled up the gopher holes and put in new dams, pipes and flumes. Mr. Crookes had several accidents, ending up with a badly broken leg, and the end of his riding career. After recovering from the broken leg, he started a service station in Escondido, which he continued for a number of years.

To some of us, the Doane property, consisting of the Upper and Lower Doane Valleys and extending up to Chimney Flat adjoining the Mack-Hayes-Roberts Place would seem to be a fairly extensive empire. But the time came, quite awhile before he sold out, when George Edwin Doane felt that his talents more being wasted on such a tiny bit of land as his 660 acres. He began dreaming about becoming a cattle king somewhere in the republic below us. He was talking about it for months. He told me that one needed at least ten or twenty thousand acres of good grazing land in order to really do anything worthwhile in the cattle business. The Mendenhalls had over ten thousand acres on the mountain, but that was not enough, and there was no more land to be had on Palomar.

Mexico was the place to go. There one could still pick up large tracts suitable for grazing purposes for only a few cents per acre. Finally, George Edwin could stand it no longer, so be packed his grips and hit the trail for Baja California. He had heard about grazing lands on top of San Pedro del Martir -- a big mountain back of Ensenada. I saw him soon after his return to Palomar. All the glory had faded from his dream of a Doane cattle empire. He told me that down there he, with his measly little ten or fifteen thousand dollars, was neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. He might be a little higher in the social scale than a peon but would be nowhere at all as a landed proprietor or cattle magnate. That he, Doane, had decided to stay with the good old U.S.A.

"But," he added, "a young fellow like you should be able to make a go of it, especially on San Pedro del Martir. It's a wonderful country there, much like Palomar. Big trees. Scads of water! Scoots of grass! You could start with a few cows and work up a good herd in a few years."

Mr. Doane had a little repertoire of favorite stories. One sailor asked another: "Oh, I say, Bill, what's hayanthem?" Doane demonstrated the five points of the answer by singing it. This always brought down the house. He would sometimes end up a lion story with: "If you don't believe what I am saying, you can go see
for yourself. There's a cave a bit below the falls filled with the bones of schoolmarms -- maybe thirty of them."

[PB: Hay hanthem is a reference to an old joke about two British sailors who were talking over their shore leave experiences. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was commenting on an anthem which had given him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while and then said, “I say, Bill, what’s a hanthem?” “What,” replied Bill, “do you mean to say you don’t know what a hanthem is?” “Not me.” “Well, then, I’ll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, ‘Ere Bill, giv me that ‘andspike,’” that wouldn’t be a hanthem; but was I to say, ‘Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me, give me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, giv me that hand, handspike, spike, spike, Bill, giv, giv me that, that hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, ah-men, ah-men. Billgivmethathandspike, spike, ah-men!’ why that would be a hanthem.”]

But one of the best Doane stories did not come from Doane's lips. It was some years after Doane's departure and I was camping in one of the Doane cabins. A man had driven in and had made camp between the cabins and the present CCC Camp. I went over to get acquainted. The man proved to be an old friend of Doane's come back to look over his old stamping grounds. He told me that his name was Reid and that at one time he was visiting with Doane in the cabins. He said that he was especially interested in the rail-fence pigpen and asked me if it were standing. Upon being assured that it was still there, he told me his story about the lion and the pigs and George Doane.

Doane had bought a litter of small pigs and had put them into the pigpen. That night a lion got away with one of the porkers. Doane was all worked up about any lion doing a thing like that to him. So the next night, when a squealing came from the direction of the pigpen, Reid awoke just in time to see Doane bouncing out of the doorway in his nightie. Doane was also yelling, "Get your gun, Reid! That lion is after the pigs again!"

Reid said that he hustled out with his loaded gun just as quickly as he could. It was the full of the moon, and the space between the cabin and the oak trees was brilliantly illuminated. But the pigpen was under the trees and dark. Reid was only halfway when he heard Doane yelling, "Shoot him, Reid! Shoot him, Reid! I've got him!"

Reid said that he was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting Doane. He was still hopping around trying to get a better vantage point, when Doane yelled again, "Shoot him, Reid! Shoot him, Reid. He's clawing me!"

But before Reid could tell which was lion and which was Doane, the lion sprang up into the branches of the oak, and was off before he could draw a bead on him. Doane had climbed over the rails and had jumped into the pen right on top of the lion. He had grabbed the lion's tail at the same time yelling for Reid to shoot. The lion tried to get away, but only got part way over the top rail, Doane having braced himself by placing one of his feet up against the underside of the rail. The lion tugged and tugged, but Doane's hold held. Then the lion stuck one of his paws through the rails and clawed at Doane's leg. Doane stood it for the first time or two, and then he let go. Poor Doane! What a peach of a story if he could only have held on until Reid had shot the beast!

There were three Doane log cabins. One, with a rather low roof, faced east with a stone fireplace and chimney at the far end. The larger cabin was directly west and lay north and south, with a large fireplace at the north end. The interior of this cabin is shown in the photograph with Mr. Doane seated at the table. The third cabin stood south of the large cabin with a connecting roof between the two. I think this was the Nancy Doane cabin, with the fireplace in the south end. Nancy Doane was George E. Doane's mother. I never saw Mrs. Nancy Doane, and her cabin was used as a storeroom for saddles and harnesses, when I first saw it.
The roofed-over space between the two cabins was a great convenience in rainy weather since horses could be saddled or unsaddled out of the rain.

I find a note in my papers to the effect that Nancy Doane lived here with her son for only six months before her death. Her estate was probated some time after I had settled in the canyon. As I remember it, she had eighty acres of land, much of it in Lower Doane Valley. Sylvester Mendenhall, Marion Smith and Robert H. Asher were appointed by the court to appraise the value of this property. I remember that Doane was anxious that we should not set too high a valuation on his mother's claim, that a very small proportion of the eighty acres was good grass land. As a matter of fact, there really was a good deal of grass land at that time. Erosion of later years has cut deep ravines through much of what was formerly nearly level meadow.

Doane had a big barn just south of the present CCC camp buildings. The barn was constructed entirely of sawed lumber -- Silver Fir and Incense Cedar -- all of which was gotten out on the place. The sawmill was temporarily located beside the creek a short distance up the valley from the site of the barn. It had been installed there for the purpose of sawing up logs, taken from the Doane land, into dimension stuff to be used in the building of the Escondido Flume Line. For this purpose the wood of the Big-Cone Spruce (*Pseudotsuga macrocarpa*) was entirely satisfactory; it did not rot quickly and so lasted long where exposed to dripping water. The tree is more generally known to local lumbermen as the "red fir", but it is closely related to the Douglas Spruce of the more northerly Pacific Coast states. Mr. Doane told me that he had agreed to take his pay for "stumpage" of trees cut for a part of the finished lumber, but that he had stipulated that his share was to be Silver Fir or Incense Cedar because inch boards of red fir were "no good" on account of "windcracks" in the original log, and also because the planks split badly when nailed. Judging from the nails used in those days, most any board would split; they were the old style iron nails -- tapering from head to squared-off point, cut iron or wrought. The barn had a hay loft. The center, from west to east, on the ground floor, was open, with stalls on either side. This open center was large enough for a loaded hay wagon to drive through. There were lean-to sheds along the north and south sides.

Years after Mr. Doane's departure, a heavy fall of snow caused the middle of the hip roof to cave in, smashing a lot of 2 x 4, 4 x 4 and 3 x 8 dimension red fir timbers to splinters. I was passing by one day in the following spring, when it occurred to me that the new owner might have no further use of the wrecked building, so when I got up to the post-office, I wrote a note to W. G. Kerckhoff in Los Angeles offering five dollars for the broken-backed critter. Mr. Kerckhoff referred my letter to Mr. Danziger of the Canfield interests, and Mr. Danziger very promptly accepted my offer and told me to send along the fiver. [PB: Jay Morris "Jake" Danziger, an attorney for a development company headed by Charles Adalbert Canfield and Edward Doheny. Jake married Charles' daughter Daisy, and after Jake's death, she married Antonio Moreno, a well-known actor.]

I wrecked the building and arranged with Nathan Hargrave to haul the lumber over to my Spruce Hill Camp, he to take his pay in like. He did haul several two-horse loads over my new road to a short distance above my camp. I don't know how much of the stuff he hauled up to his own place in pay. I do know there was quite a lot left on the ground, and for years I would go up there and pack back a load of whatever I needed in the way of shakes or other light material. I may mention that the only saw lumber in my buildings at Spruce Hill Camp came from Doane's old barn. All other stuff I got out of my own trees. In addition to the lumber used in the barn, Doane had quite a pile of sawmill stuff piled up. But he did not lose it from rot, as had been stated. After his marriage, he "located" his mother-in-law, Mrs. Susan Hayes, on a tract of land cornering in Lower Doane Valley, using his reserve of lumber for the construction of several buildings.

There was a good deal of Jersey blood in Doane's stock of "beef" cattle. He had picked up the foundation stock a few at a time here and there as opportunity offered. I think his largest purchase of outside stock was made in one of a series of very dry years when, he told me, he had bought the bunch for six dollars per head. They were not much more than skin and bones when he bought them, but they soon fleshed up after their
arrival in Doane Valley. There was good grass there even in the dry years. During some winters Doane's cattle worked down the canyon some distance below Lion Creek. There was a trail of sorts along the north side of the creek from Lower Doane almost to the Pauma Grant line. Sometimes the spring count of cattle did not tally with the fall count. Doane remarked that he reckoned some of the cows got too near the "reservation."

For a year or two after I first settled in the canyon in 1903, I had reason to believe that Mr. Doane kept pretty close tab on my doings. And I did on his! One time I had started cutting a trail along a high and very steep slope above the creek on the north side. One day, when I was up to the post-office, he happened along riding his pony on the old trail higher up the mountainside. He noted my new homestead cabin, spotted the new trail, and decided to investigate. He passed the cabin and rode along the new trail until he came to the steep bank just referred to. He told me afterwards that there was no room there to turn around, so he just kept agoin', still riding the pony. Next thing he knew he and the hoss were rolling over and over down the bank and landed among the big rocks in the bed of the creek. Neither horse nor man were injured, but the saddle horn was badly bent! Doane declared that the accident was all his own fault, "I should have known better than to ride into such a place."

Doane planted a small orchard of apple and other fruit trees south and southeast of the cabin, and had several rows of currants and gooseberries. Also he had a sizable garden in Lower Doane Valley -- southeast corner. He also planted several acres of potatoes at the eastern end of the Upper Doane. A peculiar black thread-like fungus growth inside the potatoes appeared the second season, so he dropped the potato growing idea, as did others on the mountain who had dreamed of immense profits to be gained in growing spuds and selling at the high prices then prevailing. The beautiful, gently sloping, rich garden plots in the two valleys are gone now, cut to pieces and washed down to the ocean by subsequent floods.

George E. Doane did not own all the land in and around the two valleys carrying his name. About midway along the north side of the Upper Doane Valley, Marion Smith had a claim. Smith must have had some sort of a building on this place, for, according to Clarence Smith, Herbert was born here. Clarence said that Doane wouldn't buy his father's claim, so he sold to Mendenhall. Marion Smith had another place between Striplin's Mill and Mendenhall Valley. This place was also sold to Mendenhall. Just above the pine trees in Lower Doane, and toward the Hill Ranch, is the remains of an old log cabin. I am under the impression that a brother of George Doane once lived there. There are vestiges of an old road to the cabin, but there are no fruit trees or other signs of cultivation.

A bit farther to the north, and cornering in the grassy meadow lands of the valley, is the Susan Hayes place. When I came up to Palomar in May, 1903, I had an idea of taking up a homestead. Amongst others I asked Mr. Doane if he knew of anything open to entry. He said that he did not know of any such land that was at all desirable. Yet all the time he had known about the tract later settled upon by Mrs. Hayes! Such is life in the blooming, booming West! Mrs. Hayes came some time after her daughter had married Doane, and Doane very promptly fixed her up on a claim of her own. He supplied the lumber needed for buildings, and helped put them up.

**SUSAN HAYES HOMESTEAD**

Mrs. Hayes' son was here for awhile, and I think he helped also with the building. He was at home in a timbered country having worked in logging camps in the Southern forests. Marion Smith sold his hotel property while young Hayes was here. I bought the big cast-iron kitchen stove from Smith, and Hayes helped me sled it down the road to the Lone Fir, and thence down my Lone Fir Trail to the rocky point a few hundred feet above "The Dugout."
We left the stove there because I did not then know whether my brother J. M. Asher, Jr. would prefer to visit me at the Dugout or at the Teepee. I knew Jay and I could get the stove down to either the Teepee or the Dugout, but not from the Dugout up canyon to the Teepee. When Jay did come, he brought quite a party with him, and they didn't care for either place. So the stove -- or what remains of it -- is still where young Hayes and yours truly left it so many years ago.

Mrs. Susan Hayes "proved up" under the three years of residence homestead act, and very shortly returned to her Louisiana home taking her younger daughter with her. Milton Bailey finally came into possession of the property. I think he paid Mrs. Hayes $1,000 for the 160 acres. Mrs. Harry Hill says that she and several others wrote to Mrs. Hayes offering to buy her place, all about the same time, but that Milton Bailey beat them to it by telegraphing his offer.

Marion Smith lived on the Susan Hayes place for some time after he sold his own place (Smith and Douglass Hotel). Stanley Crookes later occupied the cabin. Then came the San Diego Gas & Electric Company and their hired men made their headquarters in the cabin. Others have camped there from time to time, including one Bob Asher.

Milton Bailey and a partner hired a surveyor and had him stake out a number of campsite lots, but the development here went no further. Milton finally traded off the buildings to Harry Hill. Harry wrecked the buildings and he and Mrs. Hill pulled out most of the nails. He hauled several loads of planks, etc. up to his place. Then came a flood and washed out the bridge just below the Doane cabins. When I got up Palomar in the spring, the bridge was still out. Harry declared that it was none of his business to repair the damaged road. Time passed -- no road repairing done. No repair of road -- no can haul lumber from Susan Hayes.
place. So Harry finally willed what remained of the Hayes lumber to me, if I would clear the ground, that being part of the bargain with Milton.

**UNCLE NATE**

Nathan Harrison, a Negro, born a slave in Kentucky, came to California while still a very young man with a party of which his master was a member. His age? In the Great Register of San Diego County, State of California, for the year 1908, we find the following entry:

Voting Number 10; Name: Harrison, Nathan; Age: 77; Occupation: Grazier; P. O. Address: Nellie.

Uncle Nate died on October 10, 1920; thus it would seem that he was about 89 years of age at the time of his death. He would have been 18 years old in 1849, a grown man, and 30 years old in 1861. These calculations fit in with known facts. He registered in 1890. That he could have been anywhere near 101 years old at the time of his death, as stated on his monument, is extremely doubtful.

Nate lived for a time near Temecula, northwest of Palomar Mountain. I think he said that he had seen Juan Murrieta, the famous bandit. At any rate, he knew a good deal about Murrieta and had several Murrieta stories on tap. He once told me about a "Big Snow" which had come about Thanksgiving time. As near as I could figure, it was probably the big snow year of 1882-83. The late Warren Hackett of San Diego was driving the stage between Temecula and San Diego that winter and I have heard him refer to his troubles in getting through the snowdrifts at that time. Nate said that the snow piled up higher than the bottom of the window at Wolfe's store at Temecula, and that they had to shovel the snow away before they could get out of the door.

Nate had a horse story, or rather a wild-horse story. Nate had been called to San Diego on important business, but he had no horse, and did not want to walk. So he went out into the hills back of Elsinore Lake and located a band of wild mustangs. He rounded up the mustangs, and kept them running until they got good and thirsty, when they made a break for the lake and a good drink. However, Nate managed to head them off before they could quench their thirst, and kept them going for a long while. Then he allowed them to go down to the lake and fill up. After drinking they just stood around, which Nate said was a bad thing for either horse or man. Then he started them up again and kept them on the go for another long while. Then another drink, and some more standing around. Then Nate got really busy and soon ran down the nag he wanted. He had to let the animal rest for a few hours, but it was young and strong and quickly got over its cold-water jag. So Nate rode the sixty miles to San Diego and back.
August Nicolas of Riverside pastured sheep in the Temecula country for many years while Nate lived there. Later he ran both sheep and cattle on Palomar Mountain west of Bougher's Hill. I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Nicolas, but his nephew, Joe Nicolas, had cattle in Lower Doane Valley for several seasons. Joe told me that Nate used to make bread for his uncle's herders, and sometimes helped in moving camp, but that Nate had never herded the sheep. From 1901, and perhaps before, Nate used to keep an eye on the Nicolas cattle to see that nothing went wrong with them; I think Nicolas kept Nate supplied with provisions, in part at least.

One of Nate's view spots was "Billygoat Point" which was about a mile below Nate's well and some hundred feet south of the road. This point commanded an extensive view of the whole mountainside, stretching from Pauma Canyon on the northwest to Nate's own canyon to the southeast. I have seen him perched there for an hour or two at a time while he was waiting for me to get abreast of the point as I toiled up the grade afoot. I have often stopped at the well for lunch, always making a little fire to heat water for tea. Sometimes I made camp there for the night, and Nate would come out from his house, which was back a bit from the road, and chat with me for a half-hour or so. It was always a pleasure to meet him, and he seemed glad to see me.

One evening when I reached Nate's Well, on the way up from Escondido, everything was damp from a thick mist which had begun about the time I was passing Billygoat Point. I had found a dry place for my blankets and was trying to start a fire when Uncle Nate hove in sight. He watched me for a moment and then said:

"Having trouble getting the fire started?"

"Yes," I answered, "everything is so damp."
"And you don't know how to start a fire when things are wet?"

"That's right," I said.

"Well, you see those white sage bushes over there with some dead flower stalks sticking up? You get some of those and you can start your fire easy."

That was good news, so I stood up and took a step or two toward the sage bush when Nate spoke again:

"Not now, you can try it some other time. Better come into the house where it is dry."

"Thank you," I said, "but I don't want to impose on you."

"You won't be a bit of trouble. You can make your tea on my fire, and I have an extra bed. You can spread out your blankets on top of mine."

Nate did not talk much that evening. I apologized for being so tired and sleepy so soon after supper and he told me that I had better unroll my blankets and go to bed. In the morning, I was off at daylight, not waiting for breakfast.

Once again I was Nate's guest overnight. It had been raining heavily a few hours before I reached Nate's well on the upgrade and was threatening to rain again at any moment. I had not intended stopping, but Nate was there and he insisted that I be his guest overnight. He said he would like to have me eat with him; he had plenty for us both.

Arrived in the house, he told me to unroll my blankets and take it easy while he was getting supper. And such a supper! Beef stew, with the beef done just right. Flaky white potatoes with gravy that couldn't be beat. And perfect home-baked bread. The loaves were very thick but thoroughly baked all the way through with a rich, brown crust. After supper Nate coaxed me into his easy chair beside the fire, and, after putting away the supper dishes, seated himself on a stool near-by and commenced telling stories of his experiences on and around the mountain. After awhile he suggested I might be more comfortable lying down. So I went back to the bed while he continued sitting on the stool.

It had commenced to rain by this time, and with the drip from the roof outside the window, together with the roar of the wind in the treetops overhead, and the monotonous sound of Nate's quiet voice, well, I nearly went to sleep on him several times. Each time as I was about to doze off, he would bring me back with a "Maybe you are tired of listening?" Of course I always answered in the negative. His language was such as I had been accustomed to all my life, and I was reminded of many evenings in the Asher home in San Diego where I had lived as a boy. Father Asher used to talk us kids to sleep with stories of pioneer days in Kentucky. Tales of Indians; of bears, and of Daniel Boone; and of a great, great-aunt, named Rachel Spilman, who had come to Kentucky with one of Daniel Boone's own parties. It is a great pity that I cannot recall to mind very much of those stories.

At the dedication ceremonies of Nate's monument, Ed Davis stated that Nate had never married. But Nate had told me he had a daughter living in New York, that she was a trained nurse.

At one time in Nathan Harrison's life, he was in the employ of Louis Rose. Mr. Rose was one of the earliest settlers in the San Diego region and he had a store near the north shore of San Diego Bay in a locality now called Roseville, so named in his honor. Nate helped in the store. There was no railroad in those days, and the steamers from San Francisco did not come very often. There came a time when Mr. Rose had to go north on a business trip, to be absent from his store for two or three weeks. He left Nate in full charge of the store
and the "turkle." [PB: Turkle is 1800s African American dialect for turtle.] The turkle was an immense Gulf of California creature, and the apple of the storekeeper's eye. The turkle was somewhat given to wandering away from the Rose premises if given the least opportunity to get away. His boss' last instructions to Nate were warnings not to allow the turkle to get away.

One morning, a few days after Mr. Rose's departure, the turkle was missing from its usual haunts. Nate hunted around for hours whenever he could leave the store. But he dared not leave the front of the store out of his sight on account of possible customers. Rose was gone two weeks. Nate said that he kept worrying about what Mr. Rose would say.

"But Mr. Rose never said a word. He just organized a posse and the posse found the turkle where La Presa is now. La Presa is between Sweetwater Lake and Spring Valley. They said that the turkle was headed straight for the Gulf when they found it." Nate later declared that "Louis Rose was the finest white man I ever knew."

Nate also worked for a Mr. McCoy. It is likely that he first met McCoy at the Rose store. Rose once owned some property on the "Plaza" in San Diego, south of where the U. S. Grant Hotel now stands. This Plaza property was sold to Mr. McCoy for three hundred dollars, according to a source of information other than Nate Harrison.

One morning, while I was still living at "The Dugout," I started out bright and early with some scratch paper in my pocket and the strap of my camera over my shoulder, bound for a very special interview with Mr. Nathan Harrison. Nate was standing near the well and had a little dog with him. But the dog ran off quite a distance when I hove in sight, and, although Nate coaxed and coaxed, doggie just wouldn't come all the way back.
So I took a picture of them as they were, with the pup some distance behind Nate.

Then Nate and I sat down on a convenient bank beside the road all set for the impending interview. He had arranged for the interview some time before, and there is a suspicion in the back of my mind that Nate had not only brushed up his memory, but also his apparel and put on dilapidated overalls and all. He had probably dug up the most ragged pair of overalls he could find in the scrap heap.

"When I first came to the mountain," said Nate, "bear were thick. You could just hear them poppin' their teeth.

"French Valley was a bad place for lions. Once there were thirty-five or forty head of Dyche's horses there, led by old Capanelle bell horse, and six mules. One moonlight night the lions got after the horses, and if it hadn't been for the mules some of the horses might have been killed. Mules go at lions both ends to. I was doctoring the horses for a month. None of the horses died."
"I met a bear near where Bailey's barn is now. I was riding the pinto horse. The bear was coming up the trail and looked at us good. Then he went down the trail. I was glad he went."

"We got two bear in French Valley. Andy Blethen was with me. I got one in a trap above the barn in Doane Valley. He nearly got away. Had chewed the logs nearly to pieces. At the mill was a great place for bear. You could go almost any time in morning or evening, and see them walking through the valley. I could show old bear beds back of the cabin yet. They lie down just like a dog."

"When I came to the country, no Indian was allowed to speak to the priest without taking off his hat. Mexicans about the same. The Indians were treated like slaves. The Indians were gathered in front of the missions. They were given rations like soldiers; so many beeves to each bunch, so much beans, et cetera, every Saturday or Sunday."

"About ten years ago when Father Williams came, the Indians thought he was Christ, even though he told them that he, Father Williams, was just like them, only he had education."

"A fellow from San Francisco came here from Julian hunting a railroad. He wanted a place to sleep. Scott had fed him and had given him a paper of crackers. He had one extra coat, and that was all he had to sleep on. I gave him two blankets. He snored like sixty. In the morning, I told him I would show him how to find a railroad and I gave him some coffee. I sent him to Pala. He was well educated. He said, 'do you believe in dreams?' I said no. He had dreamed of a fortune coming from the ground. He had letters and papers. I was glad to get shed of him. I didn't want that sort of a fellow around. Didn't want my throat cut."

"Lions jump from thirty to thirty-five feet, tail and body straight out on the level as they jump. I got one on the ridge east of my cabin. He was 14 feet 7 inches from tip to tip."

"I made rounds of several camps of Indians, shepherders for the Frenchman, baking bread. A lion went through a flock killing the sheep, but with a dog biting his rear. Then the dog treed the lion. An Indian saw a tail. He got to the upper side and shot the whole side of the lion's head off. But the lion still lived. It was alive the next morning. I shot him then. That fixed him. The boss gave the Indian ten dollars, and he got six dollars more for the skin. He gave the scalp to me, and I got five dollars for it at the Court House in San Diego. With a good dog, you can get lions below the falls at the fork of Lion Creek. I have seen them as close as thirty feet; but they are cowardly."

"A day or two ago, I counted fifty ground squirrels near the pump. One day I put out poison for squirrels. The Indian boy picked up seventy-five the first day. He missed one squirrel. A rattlesnake got the squirrel. The snake died. A skunk got the snake. The skunk died."

"I have never found a wildcat poisoned. You can get lions that way, though. But you must never touch the bait with your hands. You kill a sheep. Take a knife. Jab the sheep full of holes. Then drop poison in the holes."

"I had hounds. I killed twenty-seven cats in one month. The skins are in Sparkman's robe. I got tired of counting fox skins. I took a whole load of skins to Sparkman's, but he couldn't sell any." [PB: Philip Stedman Sparkman’s store in Rincon]

"Striplin's boy saw a cat. He ran at it and hollered. The cat ran up a tree. The boy stayed with it until the stage came along. Harold Smith shot it." [PB: Samuel Striplin ran the sawmill in Pedley Valley]

"The surveyors of the Meridian (San Bernardino Meridian) were McIntosh, Hancock, and Wheeler. About twenty-five or thirty years ago, sixteen government surveyors came through on the Meridian. It was winter
with snow on the ground, but they paid no attention to the weather. Below Oliver's on the line between nine and ten South, there is a cluster of white oaks. They are cut and marked, 'Section Corner.' (Concerning survey of Township 9 South, Range 1 East.)"

"The Frenchman put up fifteen-hundred dollars for the survey, Doane and Mendenhall wouldn't dig up. Charlie Fox was the surveyor and I was cook."

"I helped build thirty-two miles of two-wire fence on Pine Mountain. Mr. McCoy had the contract. He lost a hundred dollars on the job."

"I told Todd about rattlesnakes below Oliver's. Todd's son went down the next day and killed six. Todd went down the next day after that and killed seven. There is a den there."

"Three boys came up the mountain, shooting at everything. Mr. Doane and Mr. Gage had just been up to the mail box and had started for home. Doane heard the shooting and came back and caught the boys in the act. They were shooting holes in the mail box. One shot had gone through a letter of Gage's. Doane pretended that he was real mad. He said: 'Now, you boys pay five dollars, or I'll take you to San Diego.'" (Note: the penciled notes came to an abrupt end right here, but it is my recollection that Nate said Doane threw a good scare into the boys and let them go on a promise to do no more shooting while on the mountain.)

Nate had hogs in Doane Valley at an early date, and made his camp near the spring below the Mack Place (north). Hence, he was the "first white man on the mountain." The government lands in this section were not open to homestead entry at that time. It is probably a fact that Nate was not notified when they were opened to entry until too late for him to take advantage of any settler's rights he may have acquired before the opening.

I have seen the old "arrástra" on the flat south of Nate's cabin; an arrastra is an animal-motivated contrivance for reducing mineral ores to powder. It is the supposition that the mill was erected to treat gold ores presumably found in the vicinity, but the hillsides and canyons around Nate's cabin have been thoroughly prospected, and the mystery still remains unsolved. At one time, Olie Bailey put in a good many hours trying to locate the source of the supposed gold-bearing ore, and even got around into my canyon below Rainbow Falls. He found no gold rock, but did discover vestiges of an old road some distance below the falls on the south side of the creek. He also ran across a strange tree which he was sure must be an entirely new species.

On a later trip into the canyon, he cut off a small branch and brought it up to the Bailey place, where I was staying at the time. I told Olie that it must be a madrone, but Olie was positive that his tree was not a madrone; who ever heard of a madrone growing in this part of the country? I told Olie that we could settle the matter very quickly if he would hand over the twig to me. I sent it up to my friend, Willis L. Jepson, at Berkeley. Jepson wrote back that it was a madrone tree indeed, and that he was very much interested because it was the first he had known of any madrone trees growing naturally so far south.

However, Olie Bailey was not the first white man to see those madrone trees. Uncle Nate had told me about a strange tree on the south side of Pauma Canyon between Rainbow Falls and the fork of Lion Creek. He said that the tree had smooth bark like the manzanita but that he didn't think that it was a manzanita because it grew tall like a black oak. This information came from Nate about the first time I ever talked with him at any length, probably in the early summer of 1901. I did not investigate at the time, but, after receiving the letter from Doctor Jepson, I went down into the canyon by way of Oak Flat and an old, very steep cattle trail. I found two of the madrone trees, each about forty-five or fifty feet high.
Years later, John Wesley Cotton, a famous artist, was visiting me at my Spruce Hill Camp. I told him about the madrones, but he was incredulous. So I dared him to the trip down the canyon. He took up my dare, and we started down the canyon early the next morning. When we reached the first one of the trees, he promptly admitted that it was indeed a madrone. Then I led him out of the canyon by way of the old, steep trail and Oak Flat to the grade at the Saddle above Nate's, and so on up the grade to the Doane Valley road and to my camp.

Now it so happened that same day, but later in the morning, friend Ed Davis of the Iron Springs and Mesa Grande squired a party of guests down the canyon to the falls. Arrived there, they decided they had plenty of time to do further exploring of the creek's beauty. And, would you believe it, they actually "discovered" a magnificent specimen of a tree hitherto unknown in this section -- the madrone! There was something in print about Edward H. Davis's amazing discovery. And, to cap the climax, not very long ago, some folks were down to my Spruce Hill Camp hunting for "the madrone tree that had been discovered by John Wesley Cotton!"

It has been stated that Nate once had a claim at Rincon just outside the east boundary line of the Pauma Grant. He sold this property, and Philip Sparkman started his first little store there. Sparkman later built a larger store farther up the valley. Jack Ripley came into possession of the Nate Harrison tract and planted a walnut orchard.

One day when Harry and Mrs. Hill drove by Nate's well, he was not there. They drove on up the mountain, but when they reached the Mack place, they stopped to see Mr. Hayes. Mr. Hayes had seen nothing of Nate for some time and was worried about him. So, according to Mrs. Hill's version of the case, Mr. Hayes investigated and found Nate so crippled by rheumatism that he was unable to get about, and there was no one with him. Mrs. Hill was of the opinion that Mr. Hayes thereupon loaded Nate into his wagon and took him down to the hospital.

There is, however, another version of the story: It seems that Harry Hill and Ed Quinlan had informed the County Supervisors of Nate's plight, and that the Board had ordered Constable Harry Hubble to go and get Nate and bring him down to the County Hospital. A Mr. Butler, who was in charge of the County Garage, accompanied Hubble on the trip. Mr. Butler told me about the trip himself. He said that Nate objected most strenuously against being taken away and had only consented after the two county men had succeeded in convincing him that a continued residence on his place would not be fair to his friends on the mountain.

Butler told me that Nate begged to be allowed to get a new pair of overalls at the Pala store. The old Negro said that his old pair of overalls was not good enough to go visiting in. There is not much left of Nate's cabin now. Only a part of one corner of the fireplace is still standing, but the weeds are high over everything. Nearby are the charred remains of bits of lumber, probably piled there and burned by the present owner of the place. Around the site of the house, a number of grape vines and fruit trees are still alive and vigorous. On the flat south of the cabin, where there had been a row or two of currant and gooseberry bushes, there is nothing left, even the wild bushes have been grazed short by sheep. I faintly remember having seen, at an early date, several rows of corn as high as a man, and I think Nate used to grow a row or two of potatoes and other vegetables each summer until the weight of years forbade.

A man named Smith stayed with Nate the greater part of one winter shortly before Nate was taken down to San Diego. I never saw Mr. Smith, but was informed that he was Nate's son-in-law. I think that Nate died without leaving a will. Certainly I never again heard a word about the daughter. The Public Administrator of San Diego County probated the estate and the land passed into the possession of Mr. Nicolas.

Theodore Bailey raised funds for building a monument to Nathan Harrison's memory and had expected to deliver the address at the unveiling of the monument after it had been built. There was quite a little crowd at
the unveiling, but, at the last moment, Mr. Bailey was so overcome by emotion that he could not proceed. So Edward Davis spoke in his place. Davis spoke very highly of the friend we all had known for so long. Among other things, Davis declared that Nate might have married and settled down as a "squaw man," but that Nate had walked his own way, and had never married.

THE BEACH RANCH

The greatest telescope in all of the world is located on Palomar Mountain in San Diego County, California. The Observatory and all the buildings are on what was known as the Beach Brothers’ Ranch. There were two of the brothers; William (Bill) Beach, who was the older and owned the north portion of the 240 acres, and Kenneth, who owned the south part. The original small cabin is on the Kenneth Beach property where both brothers, and Dr. Beach, their father, lived before the 240 acre property was divided and Bill built the residence where he and Mrs. Beach kept the records for the Mt. Wilson people. I think Dr. Beach bought the land from the Charnock brothers originally.

When Bill first made residence on the property it was reported that he was going into hog raising. I don't think, however, that he ever did much with hogs, and he was certainly not a cattle man. As a matter of fact, I think he was something of a mining expert but I doubt that he ever found anything worth-while in the way of gold-bearing ledges. He did some farming and planted a sizable apple orchard. The gophers and deer finished most of the apple trees in the part of the orchard away from the house and he finally hit on the growing of ginseng and goldenseal as a means of making a living. At one time, he and Mrs. Beach were away for many months, Bill having found a job as expert pruner.

When the officials connected with the Mt. Wilson Observatory were looking around for a favorable possible site for the proposed new observatory to house the projected great 200-inch reflector, they finally got around to the Beach Ranch. Bill and his wife undertook to make and record certain daily observations of the North Star to determine "seeing" conditions. These two people faithfully performed their modestly paid duties for six long years.

One spring I received a quite sizable order for the bark of our native *Rhamnus californica* -- a close relative of the so-called Cascara Sagrada of Oregon and Washington. [PB: *Rhamnus californica* is the California coffeeberry, its bark being used for rheumatism. Cascara Sagrada is a name for the dried bark of *Rhamnus purshiana*, used as a mild cathartic.] I had recently planted a lot of lily and other seed in my plant house at Spruce Hill Camp, and Bill Beach had been coming over to help me develop a water supply.
There was little good bark left in my vicinity and much near the Beach Ranch, so I arranged with Bill for the use of the Old Beach Cabin while I was gathering the bark, Bill to continue work on my place and the care of the little seedlings. I did pretty well with the bark but paid out all I made to Bill. I was at home one day when Bill showed up boiling over with indignation. "That bunch up at my house are the worst lot of fanatics I ever saw," he declared hotly. Inquiry developed the fact that the bunch were a number of Mt. Wilson astronomers who were boarding with the Beaches for a few days. It seems that the astronomers had tangled with Bill over one of his pet theories.

One day I went up to inspect the cut and shaft where Bill had just let off a blast of dynamite. Bill was back in the hole and was holding up a little penknife, rusty, and with one side battered in. He seemed to be profoundly disturbed.

"How could it have gotten there?" he demanded.

"Gotten where?"

"Why here, where I have just blasted it out ten feet deep in the granite."

I glanced more closely at the knife. It seemed to be strangely familiar. "Bill," I said, "that's no mystery. That's my old penknife -- I lost it years ago."

" Couldn't be," growled Bill. "Didn't I tell you I've just blasted it out of the granite?"

"Maybe you tamped it in with the loose gravel when you were preparing the charge."
"Tamped it in, nothing," exploded Bill. "I tell you it came out of the granite."

"But, Bill," I protested, "how could it possibly have gotten ten feet deep in the solid granite, decomposed as it may be?"

Bill scratched his head. "Search me, but it certainly came out of the granite."

I wanted Bill to make some posts out of a fallen giant on my place. Bill balked absolutely. The bole of the tree had fallen across a little draw and a great part of its length was high above the ground. I told him that I had cut up a log in a similar position without having met with disaster, but Bill was obdurate so I led him to a live tree. The live tree didn't suit him any better, nor the next. Finally he decided that a broken-top two-foot tree would do, and so started an undercut on the upper side. After a while, I came back to look things over. I then noticed that an oak limb alongside of the upper part of the tree would surely throw the tree some other way than the way Bill had figured, so I called off further work on that particular tree and suggested that Bill might find some trees more to his liking on the north side of the creek in Cedar Canyon. So we went over there and Bill soon located a nice big tree quite to his liking, but this time it was Bob who balked. It seemed to me that there were too many protruding branches too low down. Bill couldn't see it that way, he was positive it was a good tree. I was still just as certain that it was a bad tree. Bill had been working by the day, $4 for eight hours. Bill was a good worker but I was sure that if I had to pay him fifty cents an hour for work on that tree, the posts would cost me a whole lot more than I felt like paying. It looked like a stalemate, but just then I had a brilliant thought.

"Say, William," I said, "how about you taking a contract to get out a hundred or two posts at so much per post?"

Bill paused a moment. "Make it 200 -- wouldn't pay me to bother with 100. What do you figure it's worth per post?"

"Ten cents each," I said, "and eight feet long."

"Done," said Bill. "That's a bargain. But I can't start right away on account of helping the surveyors survey the McClard Ranch."

So that was that! I wanted the posts right away, but there was nothing to do but wait.

A day or two later I was called upon to keep tab on the same bunch of surveyors as observer for the Weber Ranch. When Bill finally got around to the post making, he had Olin McClard as a helper. I don't know what he paid Olin, but the two of them certainly didn't make wages. After cutting up the first tree Bill selected another that was just as bad. Funny, because in all my years in the canyon I had never felled a cedar tree that didn't split nicely. Perhaps Bill's method of slabbing off the posts from the eight-foot logs added materially to the natural difficulties. I had always split the log in half, the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths, and so on.

I had visited with Bill at the Old Beach Cabin. Once I helped for two days repairing the roof of the barn which stood a short distance south of the cabin. Later, after he had built his new home, I occupied the cabin two or three times while gathering bark. Early one May I had been working out of the Weber Ranch getting farther and farther east until I realized that I was spending too much time going and coming. It had been a very hot day and a thunder cloud had come over about noon and let loose a flood of water. Gus was working in the government pasture a short distance to the west and had been wet through. I had been more lucky for I had found shelter under a huge over-hanging rock.
That evening I told the Webers that I proposed to move, bag and baggage, the next morning and make camp at my newly-found rock shelter. "Don't you do it," warned Gus. "Winter isn't over yet." He argued back and forth for a bit and I finally decided to ask Bill Beach for permission to use the old cabin. Bill agreed readily enough, but warned me that there was no stove or stovepipe in the cabin. I told him that I had some stovepipe at Bailey's I could get, and that if he had no objection I could spread some flat tin where the stove had been and cover the tin with a few inches of dirt with rocks around the edges. Bill had no objection to that, so I got my stuff from Weber's and the pipe from Bailey and rigged up the stovepipe. I cleared a place for my bed, with ferns for a mattress, boxes all around with filled medicine bottles, then laid out my blankets and rolled in.

After a while came a wind, then rain. I kept close in bed until nearly nine o'clock in the morning. Then I got up and tried to start a fire, but the wind blew the smoke every which way and my eyes were engaged furiously in an endeavor to weep themselves out. However, I managed to stay with it until I had heated the coffee and made the mush. Then I threw a few cupfuls of the water on the fire, ate my breakfast, and crawled back into bed. Twice again during the day I struggled with adverse conditions in order to eat, and when darkness came, I felt much as a smoked herring may be supposed to feel. At daylight the next morning, the rain let up, but it was still threatening. I got a hasty breakfast, rolled up my blankets, and hit the trail for home. By the time I got to Lower French Valley, it was raining again and when I turned into the Hill Ranch, I was pretty well soaked.

Harry was at home alone and he had me dry out and fill up. After the fill-up, I continued on toward home. The rain changed to sleet, then hail. It continued to hail after I reached home, and started the fire, until there was about four inches of frozen pellets on the ground. Then came a clap of near-by thunder and the hail immediately turned to snow, great big flakes that floated lazily downward until, at dark, there was fully eight or nine inches of frozen loveliness. The hail stopped with the coming of the snow. Then it cleared off for a few hours and morning found every living thing frozen stiff. Wild roses, brake ferns, many bushes, even the young growth on the oak trees. As if this was not enough, the storm came on again and added another eight inches of snow, all in the middle of the sunny month of May.

We have mentioned a certain Christmas dinner at the Roberts' Ranch where Bill Beach was spoken of as one of the two bachelors present there. Well, Bill continued to jog along keeping house for himself, seemingly at peace with himself and the world, happy and undisturbed, until a certain person or persons took it into his, or her, or their head or heads, that poor old Bill needed and certainly deserved a wife. I have faint recollections of having heard something of the kind that summer when the to-be Mrs. Bill arrived as a guest at the Hill Ranch. It was my impression that Harry and Mrs. Hill were equally deep in the conspiracy, but a later interview developed a more or less indignant disclaimer on Mrs. Hill's part. According to Mrs. Hill's story, Harry and Bill had been picking apples at Planwydd for Jack Roberts the fall before, and that Maryann, secretary to a Coronado bank official, had been spending her two-week vacation at Planwydd as Elsie Roberts' guest, and it was more than likely that Bill had made a hit with Maryann, and Maryann with Bill at that time.

Well, that may serve as a very nice alibi for Alice Lunnon Perkins Hill, but what about Harry E. Hill? It is admitted that Harry, who was always a great ladies' man, coaxed Maryann to go over and call on Mrs. Hill at the Hill's home. Maryann made a hit with Mrs. Hill and received a cordial invitation to spend her next year's two-week vacation at the Hill Ranch. So in due time the weeks and the months swing around and we find Maryann again at the Hill Ranch. Now it seems that Maryann was very fond of horseback riding. The Hills had two riding horses and two saddles, so Harry soon had her mounted on one of the horses, riding around the countryside with Harry as gallant cavalier and guide. However, Harry's horse developed an unaccountable lameness so Harry coaxed Bill to take his place as escort to the lady, Bill having horses of his own, neither of which were lame. Bill later accused Harry of having engineered a put-up job; that the story
about Harry's horse going lame was the bunk, it was just a part of a deep-laid scheme to deprive a happy honest bachelor of his life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

As the years passed, Bill seems to have been very well satisfied with Maryann and Maryann with Bill. Also, Harry was quite satisfied with the match as well as Mrs. Hill and young brother Kenneth. If a widow was the kind of a wife good for Bill, why, as nice a widow as the now Mrs. Bill should be a good kind of a wife for Kennie to tie to. I will admit that I am doing a bit of romancing here, but the fact remains that some time after Bill had set sail on the troubled (or not) sea of matrimony, young Kenneth picked himself a young widow as the object of his affection, seemingly very much in earnest. When Bill heard of this, he was not so sure a widow would do for Kenneth. By and by, Kenneth came up for a visit with Bill. Bill couldn't very well warn Kenneth against widows in Maryann's presence, but he bided his time until he and Ken were up on the barn repairing the roof. It is possible that Bill gave Ken quite a brotherly little talk before he got to the point, however, he at last blurted out, "Ken, you watch out for the widows." Just at that instant, Maryann appeared in sight around the corner of the barn. Whether or not Maryann had heard his warning about widows, Bill didn't know. He couldn't very well ask her for fear of giving himself away, and, of course, Ken kept mum. If Maryann had heard, she kept it to herself also. Poor Bill! No wonder his hair turned gray before his time.

Mrs. Beach was a good cook, I can testify to that from my own experience. One time I was a guest when her daughter by her first husband was there with her two small children. Robert Pickett was an animated question mark. Bill had quite a time keeping them from swarming all over me asking questions -- not that I cared especially on my own account, but you see I had recently received a bunch of foreign stamps and I was trying to sort them out in the Beach parlor. Another time, I spent one night and a part of two days as their guest and, believe me, I was loaded for "bar" that time. Pestered Bill nearly to death with my questions. Also I helped observe Arcturus and took various snapshots about the place. I had inquired about the night observation of Polaris. Variation of Polaris 1/4 to 1 good, 1-3/16 horizontal jumps bad. Can jump all it wants to vertically as long as it doesn't get off the line.

Inside the house was a self-registering contraption to keep tab on direction and velocity of wind. On top of the house was an anemometer, a vane and velocity whirligig. The contraption in the house was run by an eight-day clock. The clock was run by an eight-cell Edison wet battery. The contraption was called an anemograph, according to Bill, and was a United States Weather Bureau machine. The frame was on four posts driven in the ground. Said Bill, "Frame exposed to wind. Too much vibration. Then tried a tent. That was no better. Then I set up a roar to Anderson. After that, I took four 4x4 posts and set them three feet deep in cement concrete." At the beginning, the Beaches took three readings each evening. At the present time, they take four winter readings, not as good as summer or spring. Readings vary according to wind, heat, moisture, and dust. Am not certain about electrical disturbances, but think they vary, too. Smoke also. Best readings when wind southeast.

During the summer of 1930, the astronomers were taking separation binary readings. Bill had been making stray remarks while we were carrying the four-inch telescope out of the house and setting it up in the little four-sided shed. "You try to keep the vertical wire between the two stars o/o, movement of 3/8 of arc very steady for Polaris."

The Mt. Wilson astronomers arrived in 1928. Dr. Ellerman was here two days, then Dr. Hale came with Dr. Anderson and stayed over one night and looked over the place. Dr. Ellerman took a week or two teaching myself and wife how to take the required observations. Had a 12-inch reflector (telescope) here in August, 1930, and had it for two months. Humason and Ellerman took two-week spells alternating as observers. St. John was up but just for the fun of it and at his own expense. [PB: Ferdinand Ellerman, George Hale, John Anderson, Milton Humason, Charles St. John.]
In answer to a query about the attitude of the Mt. Wilson astronomers toward Mr. Einstein, said Bill, "Dr. Adams and Dr. St. John claim to follow Einstein." Bill seemed amused over St. John betting with Humason "they would make a circle on the ground, each would drop an ant in the center of the circle and then bet which ant would get out of the circle first." [PB: Walter Adams]

One day Bill had gotten into some sort of an argument with Adams, Humason, and St. John. I am afraid they ganged up on Bill. "I never saw such a bunch of fanatics," he again declared. I knew that there had been some sort of verbal battle before that evening, but I had not before learned the exact identity of his opponents.

As has been said before, Bill was a mining expert of sorts, and he had some rather original ideas about getting metals out of ores. And he had much to show me of his own collecting as well as some items left by his father, the late Dr. Beach. Dr. Beach lived for quite a while at one time or the other on the ranch, and in addition to his regular practice, had a line of bottled medicines which he put up himself. Coming back to Bill, his pet wish was that he could make a "gold magnet." A gold magnet that would attract particles of gold like an ordinary magnet attracts iron filings. "But someone would get it before I could patent it," sighed the pessimistic Bill.

The folks at Caltech Observatory are not above playing practical jokes. Gus Weber recently bought a brand new runabout truck and uses it going back and forth between the Weber Ranch and Caltech. One day he parked it as usual near the observatory and then went about his work. In the evening, work for the day done and ready to go home, he went to the parking place. No brand new Weber truck there, or anywhere else so far as he could see. Naturally, he came to the conclusion that the truck had been stolen so he went to the Big Dome to report to Byron Hill, engineer in charge. He found Hill in the building under the Big Dome. Hill was sympathetic, of course, maybe too sympathetic, for Gus suddenly got a hunch and looking upward, there was his precious truck hanging from the end of the big crane high up close under the top of the Dome.

I was at Weber's two or three Sundays ago. I do not get around there oftener than once in four weeks so there is always quite a little for Mrs. Weber to tell me in the way of neighborhood gossip, after the morning chores are done. This time her first story was about Anderson and Einstein as related by Anderson, who had been a recent guest at the Weber home. It seems that Anderson had been showing Einstein all over the building which is to house the 200-inch lens and that they had arrived on the top floor directly under the Big Dome. Now the Big Dome can be rotated at the will of the powers that be. Attached to the Big Dome, and of course rotating with it, is what is called the "catwalk," a railed-in narrow shelf a few feet above the unmoving top floor. Dr. Anderson had maneuvered Dr. Einstein up to the catwalk while he, Anderson, remained on the floor. At this moment the dome began to rotate with Einstein on the catwalk moving away from Anderson. "Why, where are you going?" gasped Einstein. "It's not me that's going, it's you," countered Anderson. A few days later in the same week, Sky-Boy Aubrey Horn was down to see me and with him was his wife. They had been down last in 1932, together with Aubrey's mother.

"Dr. Anderson is telling a good story on Einstein," confided Aubrey. "Einstein was on the catwalk and Anderson was below when the dome began to rotate. Seeing Anderson drawing away from him though neither of them were taking a step, Einstein called, "Why, where are you going?" to Anderson. "It isn't me, it's you that's going," called back Anderson. "It's just an illustration of your theory of relativity."

The following Sunday I was at Hill's. As I sat down to the breakfast table to enjoy a tumbler-full of fruit juice, Phil took his seat beside me. "Anderson has a good one on Einstein," he began, "Hold on a minute," I interrupted, "were they at the Big Dome?" "Yes," Phil sheepishly admitted. "They were, you've heard the story then?"

"Yes."
At that moment Mrs. Hill came into the room with the first waffle, "Dr. Anderson has a perfectly lovely joke on Mr. Einstein." "Hold on there," barked Phil, "Bob's heard the story." And Bob certainly had.

**CLARK’S TO MORGAN HILL**

Morgan Hill lies along the north ridge of Palomar just west of the San Bernardino Meridian. A man named Morgan settled there with his family before 1901. One winter he went out to get supplies but was prevented from returning promptly by a heavy snow storm. It is said that the family came near dying of starvation before he got back. The experience was too trying to risk a repetition, and they shortly moved away from the mountain. Mr. Morgan was back a time or two, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him.

About the end of the last century, great forest fires swept over much of the mountain and for a number of years, one could get around most anywhere with comparative ease. The rock formation from Lower Doane to the northeast carries gold in places, so after the big fire the Morgan Hill country was pretty well prospected over and several claims opened up. Mr. T. F. Carter had one claim and did a lot of work there. He got some gold but not enough to pay, so he transferred his energies to the quartz leads in the Grape Vine Mining district east of Warner’s Ranch where he had better luck. Mr. Carter's oldest daughter Corinne took up a homestead claim where the Forest Service now has a public camp ground southwest from the Linthicum-Bolden Service Station and store on Rainbow Drive.

Along about 1904 two men named Peters and Ferguson settled on Morgan Hill. Mr. Ferguson took a claim at the old spring near where the Morgans had had their home. Peters settled to the southwest about one-half mile from Ferguson’s. The two men brushed out the route for a roadway from the Ferguson cabin to be around the north side of the mountain to the flat just west of the Clark apple orchard near Lower French Valley. We had visited back and forth a bit and were expecting to be witnesses for each other when the time came for proving up. I had just taken up a claim to an unsurveyed school section and had heard that the section had been set apart for use of the Pala Indians. So I wrote to the Indian agent at Pala in regard to the matter. He replied that I need not worry about the school section -- the Indian Service had no claim to that -- but they did have 280 acres set aside for their use in the section next north and he gave me the numbers. It seemed to me that the lands Peters and Ferguson had settled on might be involved, so I immediately went up to Morgan Hill with the letter. Both men were working on the Ferguson log cabin about eight feet from the ground. I handed the letter to Ferguson. He read it over slowly and then handed it over to Peters saying, "I reckon that finishes us." It did. They had settled on the identical acres set aside for the Indians. We went over to the Peters' claim. There they had got up the logs for the walls nearly as high as at Ferguson’s. Not another lick was done by the men at either place. The Peters cabin so far has fallen down, and big gullies have changed the looks of things so that I had difficulty last fall in finding the place. The logs of the Ferguson cabin still stand about as they were that day over a third of a century ago.

The Forest Service started building fire protection trails and installed a telephone line from Oak Grove to various points on the mountain, including Morgan Hill. Later they made roads for service use only and extending from some distance west of Morgan Hill. They put up some buildings for use while working the roads.
A short distance west of the (San Bernardino) Meridian and near the T. F. Carter prospect, several Indian teepees once stood -- one or two for some time after I first got up that way. A dense fog was enshrouding the landscape when I took the photos last fall. Gone now.

Many thousands of acres of U. S. Government land west of the Meridian were set aside as a "U. S. Wilderness" in which no improvements of the ordinary type will ever be permitted or words to that effect. The Forest Service had been permitted to build roads through the Wilderness, to be sure, but they are for use only by the Forest Fire Protection service and access points are barred by gates under lock and keys.
LITTLE MORGAN OR GORDON HILL

Just east of the (San Bernardino) Meridian there is quite a tract of nearly level and well-timbered land, and also a small peak. Most of this land is in the Richey place so named from the former owners. Don Gordon of El Cajon Valley bought this place some years ago. The view from Gordon Hill is very good, and I think Don plans to build a cabin one of these days. There have been no buildings on this tract that I know of. Don has been coming up to the mountain new and then for years, generally on his motorcycle. He is one of aviation's earliest pioneers and a boyhood friend of this writer, and of late years, a great friend of the Webers, and we will see more about him when we come to the story of the Weber Ranch. [PB: Donald Gordon built early gliders and airplanes, finally succeeding at motorized flight in 1909 in Valley Center; this was perhaps the first motorized flight west of the Mississippi. Gordon passed away in 1968].

CLARK’S

On top of the hill, northwesterly from Lower French Valley, we find another old apple orchard. The original owner, so far as I know, was a family by the name of Clark. I think they planted the older part of the orchard and built the small cabin and the considerably larger sized barn. After leaving Palomar Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Clark lived for a number of years on a ranch between Cole Grade and the Valley Center post-office. Mrs. Clark had been terribly burned in the explosion of a gasoline stove, whether on Palomar or in Valley Center I do not know. Mr. Clark and their son Lemuel were around the Palomar place now and then for a year or two after I settled here.

I had been camping with Lemuel Clark and his chum, Clyde West, getting out a pine seed order. While there, someone came along with the news that the party who had recently been buying up so much mountain
land was none other than Henry E. Huntington, the Los Angeles streetcar magnate. Lemuel threw up his cap and exclaimed exultantly, "Now the ol' mountain will go snortin' with tail up in the air!" However, Huntington dropped the project and the mountain calmed down for another long sleep.

For a number of years the house stood practically vacant. Old Jim Frazier kept an eye on the place for two of these years, I think, and harvested and sold the apple crops. Then Nathan Hargrave and his wife came along and bought the place. Hargrave was a hustler and he put out many more apple trees to the east from the original Clark orchard. This was about January, 1913. He also built the two-story house. He had a four horse team and heavy lumber wagon and hauled many loads of apples down the mountain, and lumber, supplies, etc., back. They seemed to be getting along nicely for several years; then Mrs. Hargrave’s health gave out and they moved to a little chicken ranch on a little hill north of the little town of Escondido where they still hold forth, I believe.

The Palomar ranch houses were vacant again except for occasional visits by Mr. Hargrave until a young ex-sailor from the U.S. Navy came along and obligingly took the ranch off Hargrave’s hands. Ray McClard, for that was his name, had been working for Jack Roberts as a man of all work and none of us had suspected that Ray was a man of capital. The McClard family, consisting of Ray's father, mother, brother Olin and sister Goldie, lived for awhile at the Smith and Douglass place but as soon as the deal for the Clark-Hargrave place was completed they moved over there. Ray left Jack Roberts' employ and after awhile, blossomed out as a Forest Ranger with headquarters at Oak Grove Forest Ranger Station. After awhile the Webers came along and started a home on the Mason tract adjoining McClard to the north. I think that Ray and the other members of the family were glad to have neighbors so near, but I fancy that the old man felt very much put out on account of losing the very good hunting grounds just across the line. Anyhow, there was some friction toward the last, just before a new owner came along.

The new owner was known as Charles F. Braun [PB: Charles A. Brawn appears in Palomar-related documents from 1934 in Ed Fletcher’s personal papers, collection MSS0081, University of California San Diego Library]. Mr. Braun made an instant hit with all of his newly-acquired neighbors on the west end of the mountain and it was soon Braun this and Braun that and Braun the tother. Also Braun was reported to be a millionaire with a millionaire’s big ideas for improvements on the Palomar Mountain ranch. The Brauns
had a place with a large house at Vista west of Escondido where they had been living. After acquiring the
mountain place, Braun figured on having his family there. I think Mrs. Braun had no objection, but the two
children were not impressed with Braun's arguments for a change. But Braun persisted and the children
finally agreed to go to the mountain, provided they could have Eddie Lyon there, too. The three had been
playmates and chums back East, so Braun agreed to let his boy and his girl have Eddie but that they must go
get him. So they jumped into a car and drove East to the old family home in Pennsylvania. Eddie was
willing so the three of them with one other started back for California and Palomar Mountain. They were
four days on the road taking turns driving, eating in the ear, but sleeping in hotels along the way. They
averaged 700 miles each of the four days, and when Eddie got here Herr Braun put him on the Braun diet
along with most everybody else on the west end of the mountain, except Bob Asher and Bill Beach, and I
think Bill's wife finally wore Bill's resistance down until he too was on the diet.

As I remember it, the high points in the Braun diet was abstinence from manufactured sugars, from salt,
from all forms of starchy foods, and from alcoholic liquors, tea and coffee. Braun had studied up on
Iridiagnosis and so could tell all about you from an inspection of your eyes. He gave me the works and
decided that I was of the calcium type -- also that I had too much sulphur in my system. But neither of us
could figure out where the sulphur had come from. He suggested that I might have got it from using too
much bread made from bleached white flour. But I countered by saying that I used very little white flour in
the kind of bread I made. He tested my heart pressure but that seemed to be normal. After getting home I
looked over my store of eatables and it did seem as though every last item was in the banned list he had
given me. Braun's idea was that I should go on the diet to avert attacks of hay fever. But I concluded that I
would take the hay fever if hay fever I must have, rather than starve to death by inches. In place of cane or
beet sugar he advised me to use honey; but honey makes me deathly sick and I told him so. "So much more
the reason for dieting -- if honey makes you so sick, that's an evidence that your system is full of poison.
The honey sickness is just the poison working its way out of your system."

We had an argument over salt. I asked how about the cattle over in French Valley. Nature tells them that
they need salt and they don't do so well if they don't have plenty of salt handy to lick. "Just so", commented
Braun, "but cattle are on a different plane from mankind." I threw up my hands. "What can you do with a
man like that?"

THE CLEAVER PLACE

Clark Cleaver settled on Palomar Mountain the same year that Theodore O. Bailey went on his homestead
claim, 1886. When Mr. Cleaver registered as a voter on July 28, 1894, he gave 67 years as his age; his
height, 5 feet 8 inches; complexion sandy; eyes grey; hair grey; native of Pennsylvania. This would indicate
that he was about fifty-nine years old when he settled on the homestead, and around sixty when he planted
his first apple orchard.

When I first went up on the mountain in 1901, Mr. Cleaver was occupying a good-sized one-room cabin
which was located in the northern part of the orchard, a short distance below the road. He carried water for
house use from a spring about a hundred feet to the northwest, just inside the fence. In later years I helped
him clean out this spring several times. Later he piped the water down to and inside the house. The cabin in
1901 was an airy affair. He must have built it with freshly cut boards from the Striplin sawmill [PB: in
Pedley Valley]. The planks had shrunk most shamefully, leaving cracks up to three-fourths of an inch wide.
Not so bad in the summer time; the all-around ventilation was perhaps a very good thing, in fact, plenty of
air without undue drafts from any direction. But with the coming of winter's chilling blasts -- whew! Yet
Cleaver put up with those cracks for years, and seemed to thrive on it. However, the day of reckoning came
at last, and from the tongue of a much younger man.
It came about this way: One late fall day after I had settled in my canyon I had been up to Bailey's by way of Doane Valley. Cleaver had not been at the post office as usual for his mail, so I decided to return home the longer way. A young man named Burns was working for Mr. Cleaver, and I found him alone, Cleaver having gone down to Escondido with a load of apples. Burns invited me to have lunch with him, which invitation I was quite glad to accept. After lunch had been properly stowed away, Burns told me they were behind on the apple-picking and that I had better stay overnight and help out. I agreed readily enough, and, taking picking sacks along, we were soon busily at work in the orchard. After awhile the fog came up from below, but we kept the apples moving merrily. Finally, however, a wind sprung up and it suddenly turned cold. We stood it for a half-hour or so; then Burns declared that he had stood all the freezing he was going to, and started for the cabin. We had barely gained shelter when it began to rain. Soon it turned still colder and Burns started the fire. But even the fire failed to temper the cold for us poor lambs and we decided to go to bed, Burns in his own cot on one side of the room, and I in Cleaver's more luxurious bedstead on the other.

I think the sound of the rain pattering on the roof must have put me to sleep, but not for long; it was still daylight when I was awakened by Burns' growling about the cracks, and the wind, and the cold. Now that I was awake, I soon realized that I too had grounds for complaint on the same score. Remembering a comforter which had been lying at the foot of the bed, I reached for it. Nothing there! Burns had beat me to it! I doubled back what blankets I had, but they were too narrow, and the cold came in from the sides. I then asked Burns if there was anything in the way of a canvas wagon-cover in the house or in the barn.

"No," grunted Burns, "the boss has them both," and, believe it or not, he turned his face to the wall and pulled the comforter -- my comforter -- over his head, and that was that!
It continued to get colder and colder, and I hotter and hotter at my companion's hard-heartedness, until I could stand it no longer. I got up, dressed, and tried to stir up what fire was left in the stove. By the time I had a good blaze going Burns was awake and chaffing me about my alleged susceptibility. But soon he joined me with all of his bedclothes draped over his back. This struck me as a sensible idea -- so I went over to my bed and soon returned clad likewise. And there the two of us sat out the balance of the night, shivering, huddled over the store, with the icy blasts zooming through every crack. When morning came at last, we found a white world out of doors.

"No picking today -- but you had better stay to keep me company," offered Burns, "no telling when Mr. Cleaver will turn up."

But I had had enough of super-ventilated cabins, and so struck out for home with Burns' words ringing in my ears: "Believe you me -- I'm going to give him a piece of my mind when he gets back!"

That my friend did give his boss a piece of his mind seems likely, for at a subsequent visit to the Cleaver ranch, I discovered that all of the cracks had been battened from the outside. But that was not all. There was a partition from the north end to the south center, and the whole room was papered inside. All of which certainly made the interior cozier, if not healthier.

Although I had never laid claim to being an expert apple packer, Mr. Cleaver seemed to like my packing and had me help get out a good many loads. He stored the apples over winter in a picturesque old barn which seemed to be on the verge of collapsing utterly for many a year before it finally succumbed to the wrecking bar. The walls were fashioned of upright poles, stockade style. The barn had a dirt floor, fairly dry in one end, but generally quite moist on the other. There was enough moisture to keep the apples fairly plump all winter, and, while there was some decay, many apples would be found to be perfectly sound far into the spring. We sorted and packed the apples right in the barn, often with the snow inches deep outside.

Mr. Cleaver was, at times, rather critical of the then younger generation. Two of his pet peeves were the older Bailey boys Clinton and Orlando. Clinton's sayings and doings often riled the old man quite out of proportion to their importance. Orlando, on the other hand, had a pleasant way with him, a friendly sort of chap even to strangers. But for some reason or other, Olie seemed to draw sarcastic remarks even oftener than Clinton. Milton, the youngest of the Bailey boys, was Cleaver's fair-haired darling. Milton was possessed with an ever-ready spirit of helpfulness which had won the old man's regard. Of this high regard there can be no doubt. On two separate occasions, I have been present when offending insects had invaded a Cleaver eye. Would he accept assistance from anyone present? No, siree!

"I'll wait and have Milton get it out when I go over there." And sure enough, Milton would get "it out in a jiffy. And, in each instance, Milton seemed tickled to death at being chosen to perform such a delicate operation.

After Cleaver's death, according to my information, the place passed to his niece and she in turn sold to Bentley Elmore. Elmore sold to an Oceanside man named Smith, and Smith sold to Harry and Mrs. Hill. The Hills sold to Milton Bailey. Bailey must have had his eyes on the place for a long time, for he told Mrs. Hill that he would have bought the place direct from Mr. Smith if he had known that Smith would sell.

I met Clark Cleaver for the first time in the summer of 1901, while I was camping near the Bryan-Ingle outfit at the Iron Spring. I was at the Iron Spring for about a month, and then returned to La Mesa Springs, where I was trying to run a lemon orchard which I had bought on tick. [PB: Bought on tick means pay later, in cash or barter.] Things did not go very well that winter and along about the middle of April, I was beginning to wish that I could get up to the mountain again for a good long stay. But I was practically broke
and getting more broke every day. Lemons were in the dumps -- I couldn't sell them for even a half-cent a pound. So, no catchum money, no can go! And then, when prospects were the darkest, Mrs. Bryan sent word that she would like to see me at their Lemon Grove home. I had done a good deal of budding over the citrus trees for Colonel Bryan in past years, and I naturally supposed that a new budding job was in the offing. But it was not that at all, it was a trip to Palomar with all expenses paid, including board, and nothing much to do as man-of-all-work around "Camp Old Glory."

Knowing Mrs. Bryan as well as I did, I of course jumped at the offer. We were three days making the trip to the Cleaver Ranch. Mr. Ross, who was a near neighbor of mine at La Mesa Springs, drove the team with the big wagon. Mrs. Bryan, with one of the ladies of the party, took the horse and buggy. We made camp the first night in Sycamore Canyon north of El Cajon Valley. The second night we were at the bottom of Palomar Mountain near the foot of the West End Grade. I well remember that the ground was covered with the stickiest kind of stickers and, when we rolled up the tents in the morning, many of the stickers remained with the canvas. We arrived at Cleaver's fairly early in the afternoon, and my first job was to help Mr. Ross get up Mrs. Bryan's tent. We had it up, and I was driving down pegs for the stay ropes, when Mrs. Ross appeared from around the end of the tent with her fingers to her lips:

"It won't do for Mrs. Bryan to hear, but there's a snake over yonder!"

I grabbed a shovel and followed "over yonder" fully nerved for the execution of a probably gigantic rattler.

"There he is!" whispered the lady.

"Where is it? I can't see anything," I whispered back, all the while feeling that I was one of a pair of conspirators.

"Right there, just under that fern leaf. Can't you see it? It's plain enough."

"Oh, that!" I exclaimed. "Why, it's only a gopher snake -- perfectly harmless."

"Oh, but you must kill it, even if it is only a gopher snake and harmless. It would never do for Mrs. Bryan to see it. She is afraid of all snakes."

"Well, all right," I conceded, "but just the same we don't kill gopher snakes. I'll take it away off somewhere and turn it loose."

"No, you don't turn it loose. It will come back. We hope to stay here all summer if Mrs. Bryan doesn't have a set-back. If she gets one glimpse of that snake, it will spoil everything."

"All rightee, you win! Here goes!" And off went the snake's poor innocent head.

"That's better!" said Mrs. Ross approvingly, "And now take it down below the brow of the hill and bury it good and deep."

I remained with the Bryan Camp Old Glory for seven weeks. During that time, there was fog below every night and some whole days. First thing after getting up every morning, some of us would stroll out to Inspiration Point to take in the view. Sometimes the fog would be away down, packed along the lowest valleys. Again, it would cover the whole lower country. Then halfway up the sides of Old Palomar itself with only the higher peaks in view. Then at last, on the morning of July Fourth, it came clear up over our heads.
A big crowd gathered for the Fourth of July celebration somewhere near where the present Highway to the Stars crosses Rainbow Drive. But there was no Rainbow Drive then, just a narrow mountain wagon trail running up hill and down dale with no regard to grades and contours. There were speeches and recitations and other doings while folks were waiting for the call to dinner. Yours truly was called upon for a speech. The year before, T. O. Bailey had introduced me as the poet laureate of Palomar, and informed the crowd that he had put me down for an original "poem." I had had trouble with the old nag, Pegasus, and so there was no poem forthcoming. But I did get off a little spiel about the future development of the mountain. In 1902, I had become more ambitious for the mountain's future, and while I did not foresee the coming to Palomar Mountain of the greatest telescope in the world, I did envision thousands of summer homes and hundreds of little craft and work shops, to say nothing of electric roads.

And the fog kept getting thicker and thicker, and cold, too. Finally the call came for dinner. And such a dinner! And topped off by Mother Bailey's rhubarb pie. But long before we got as far as the pie, folks had begun to wonder out loud how soon it would snow! Actually they did. However, it may be stated that no snow fell on Palomar Mountain on that especial Fourth of July, or any other Fourth of July, insofar as the writer's knowledge goes. This in spite of a very firm declaration by one of the later comers to the mountain that there must have been a Fourth of July snowfall because she had been told there had really been such a snowfall. The snowfall story must have had its beginning in that snowless, but awfully near it, afternoon in 1902.

Camp Old Glory was located on the flat near the edge of the mountain directly south of Mr. Cleaver's cabin, within a few feet of the place where Bentley Elmore put up a cabin years later. While at Camp Old Glory, I saw much of Mr. Cleaver and we became fast friends. When I came up onto the mountain for good, I spent the first night or two with Cleaver before I moved into the old log cabin at Bailey's. And, as I was going, he told me I was always welcome, and that if I finally did decide to locate on the mountain, I was to remember that the Cleaver place was my "number two home."

After I located in the Canyon, I often dropped in at Cleaver's, and, if it were anywhere near meal time, he would insist upon my staying for "a bite." He never went in for "fancy fixings such as angel cake and such truck," but he did set a good wholesome table. And, always, in the middle of the table stood a two-quart jar of "Marier's" prune jam. And that prune jam was a heap taster than any other jam you ever ate unless it was blackberry jam put up by the same lady. Those big two-quart jars made it possible for one to spread the jam on Cleaver's top-notch soda biscuits without feeling like a greedy pig. One lone person would have to be a very greedy pig indeed to make much of an impression on the contents of a two-quart jar. Maria Frazier used to come up to Cleaver's from her Frazier Point home each fall when the Hungarian prunes were ripe, provided there was a crop, and make dozens of jars of prune jam, which Cleaver would stow away out of sight against the day of need. Then he would bring them out one at a time just before the old jar became entirely empty. [U.S. General Land Office records have their names recorded as Lizzie and Mariah Frazer.... PB]

About the only thing that would keep the old man off the road to market was the San Luis River too high to ford, or badly washed and impassable roads. One day when I dropped in on Cleaver, he asked me how soon I would be going down.

"Pretty soon," I said.

"Well," said Cleaver, "you come up next week with your blankets and things and I'll take you down as far as Escondido. Better come up a day or two before starting time and help me get a load of apples ready."

I cannot now recall exact details, but I do remember that after we had the apples packed and loaded into the wagon for an early start the next morning, it began to snow. And it snowed, and it snowed, and it snowed.
Then it cleared off with over a foot of snow on the ground. The sun shone brightly and the snow began to melt. Night came with a good stiff breeze. Cleaver was stirring at daylight.

"We'll try to make it," he said, as he started the fire. "I don't think the snow is deep enough to stop us."

We started early and, although there was a stiff crust on the snow, the team pulled the loaded wagon easily enough until we came to a little rise just before the main road. Here the horses started whip-sawing, first one would pull ahead, and then the other, not pulling together as they should. My memory fails me as to the names of those two particular nags, but for the sake of the story, we will call them Pete and Sally. Pete was considerably larger than Sally and a good puller. Sally didn't seem to want to pull at all. Cleaver handed me the whip and told me to give her a good whack when he gave the word to Pete. I took the whip, fully determined to give her a good one when the time came. But the word came a bit quicker than I expected and Pete had surged to the front and had the full weight of the pull on his collar before I could get into action, the mare having hung back. The whip started her, but by this time Pete had become discouraged and he had simply quit pulling. Then the mare stalled, too, and there we were! And there I was listening to a little curtain lecture -- which ended with the words:

"Now, we will try again. I'll give you the high sign to whack just as I'm about to speak to Pete."

This time we succeeded in getting the two animals pulling together. Once on the main road we got along nicely. The sun had begun to soften the crust, the snow was not over a foot deep, and we were going downgrade. But after a while we reached the shady side of the hill near the Mack-Hayes Place, The pulling seemed to be harder and the team began seesawing again. Cleaver hastily handed me the whip and then gave the high sign. Both horses jumped ahead together as he gave the word to Pete.

Creack! Bang! from beneath our feet. "Whoa!" yelled Cleaver, "Whoa! Whoa!" As the horses settled down, Cleaver handed me the lines.

"Something's broke," he said, as he scrambled down. "Doubletree's busted," he reported a moment later. "I'm going up to the house to see if Hayes has one he can spare."

It seemed to me that Cleaver had been gone a long, long time, but finally he turned up with a piece of pine scantling in his hands. "Wish it was oak," he complained, "but maybe it will hold. Hayes wasn't home. You better get some wire out of the jockey box."

I climbed down from the high seat and opened up the jockey box. It was jammed full of odds and ends, mostly neatly folded hanks of baling wire. Cleaver removed the broken oak piece and substituted the pine, tying everything in place with strands of the baling wire. We hitched up the team. Then Cleaver happened to glance under the wagon:

"Snow up to the axles," he snapped, "look there! That's what stalled 'em. We'll pull the wagon to the side of the road and go home until the snow has a chance to melt a bit."

I looked and, sure enough, there was the heavy crust of snow buckled up in front of the forward axle.

"No use trying to buck that crust," continued the old man. "If it were a couple of inches lower, we might make it but not as it is."

Now there was a pretty kettle of fish. If there is anything I hate more than anything else, it is to be held up when I get all set to go somewhere. I don't like it now, and I didn't like it then. So I suggested that we might get the horses started again if we shoveled the snow away from in front of the wagon a few feet.
"And who is going to do the shoveling?" queried Cleaver. "Not I by several shakes of a lamb's tail. If you want to do the shoveling -- why, go right ahead."

"All right," I said, "just watch my dust!"

I had shoveled ahead of the wheels for about twenty feet when Cleaver called out, "That will do. I think the team can make it now. Climb on!"

I stuck the shovel into the wagon and climbed up to the seat. Cleaver switched Sally's rump as he spoke to Pete, and away we went, for about a hundred feet, then the horses stalled again. I took off my coat and laid it on the seat.

"Kinda warm shoveling!" remarked Cleaver.

"Sure is," I assented, "Makes a fellow sweat." And that shoveling certainly kept me sweating. I would clear off a space in front of the wheels, and stand aside to let the wagon go by. The outfit would go along nicely for about so far. Then the horses would make up their minds they had done their full duty for the time being and stop dead in their tracks. More shoveling. Another spurt. And so it went, with the exception of two or three breathing spells for me, all the way to the Saddle, just above Nate's. And just in time, for somebody was well-nigh completely tuckered out. And that somebody was me!

Mr. E. J. Swayne used to camp on the Cleaver Place a short distance west of the orchard, but on the home forty. Mr. Swayne was in the real estate and insurance business in the city of San Diego, and, after a year or two of camping on other people's property, came to the conclusion that it would be a good plan to buy a few acres outright, with the idea of later building a summer home. The spot where he was then camping suited him better than anything else he had seen, so he tackled Cleaver. Cleaver declared that he would never sell even an acre. The next summer Swayne again brought his eloquence to bear upon the old man, and this time Cleaver capitulated, selling Swayne one acre. But only one single acre. Swayne wanted more, say five or ten. Cleaver was adamant, wouldn't sell another solitary foot. So Swayne tackled the Mendenhalls, and bought from them five acres adjoining the Cleaver acre. Swayne and his young son, Harold, cleared off quite a patch of ground on the site of their proposed soon-to-be summer cottage, and were in camp there quite a bit of the time. But after a while E. J. Swayne passed away, and the place stood still for a number of years.

Then Fred Wyss and his wife appeared on the mountain. I saw quite a bit of them off and on, at the post office and on my own place. Finally, they too fell in love with the mountain. One day I happened across them in Lower Doane Valley. They told me they had secured some acreage "over there on the ridge where there had been a Boy Scout camp." For a moment I was too astonished to speak. That Boy Scout campsite was on my land! My two friends were very enthusiastic indeed. I couldn't have done better myself, and I had at times lived on the spot, or near it, for years. After awhile I succeeded in gathering my wits together and was about to say something very much to the point, but changed my mind and decided to say nothing about my interest in the property. I had a plan!

The Wysses bade me a cordial goodbye and strolled back up the road. I waited until they were safely out of sight, and then went over to the Susan Hayes place, picked up a plank and packed it over to the ridge and dropped it beside the Boy Scout lean-to. I may say that the plank was mine -- willed to me by Harry Hill, who had made a trade with Milton Bailey, who had bought the property from Susan Hayes herself! After the first plank, I fetched over another and another until nearly dark. Next day I started a building as a "notice on the ground" to a certain pair that someone had beaten them to it. Some time later, I heard that the Wysses had bought the Swayne property and were going to build right away. And that's what they did. And we were
good friends ever after. Nor was there ever another word said regarding the Boy Scout tract near Lower Doane Valley.

One day long after the Wysses had built their cabin, the acting postmaster asked me if I intended to go home the upper way. I told him I hadn't planned to but could do it just as well.

"Fred Wyss is sick," said he, "perhaps you wouldn't mind taking his mail over to him."

Of course I was glad to have the opportunity to help. When I knocked at the front door, the big police dog came bouncing up to me as though he fully intended to make short work of the intruder. Mrs. Wyss must have been right at the door, for she opened it and called to the dog. As she took the mail, she asked me if I would come in, that Fred would be glad to see me, "But," she added, "he has the flu. Maybe you'd better not risk catching it."

I assured her that I wasn't afraid of any old bogey flu -- for her to lead on. Wyss was evidently very much pleased to see me. And the flu never touched me. Both Fred and his wife referred to that little visit several times in later years. Then I was sick abed myself for over a week, and was just getting around a little bit at a time, when who should come along down the trail but Fred Wyss.

"The wife and I were worrying about you so I thought I would come down and see if there is anything we can do."

"Nothing," I assured him, "unless you would like to see my new Doane Valley Trail." I had just cut the new trail through before I was taken sick. So I told him that he would have the honor of being the first traveler over the trail. That seemed to tickle him, and he proved to be very appreciative of the work I had done.

Both the Wysses have passed away, and the Wyss house is now unoccupied. The building I put up near Doane Valley is occupied only occasionally by the owner; that's me.

We will return now to the Cleaver Place and the fall of 1913. Cleaver was gone. I had heard that he had a niece, a schoolmarm, and that she lived near Los Angeles. That she had helped her uncle at various times in a financial way. Cleaver himself had never said anything about any relatives in my presence. Earlier in the year, I had been told that the property had been left to this niece. However that may be, she did not hold it very long. Bentley Elmore bought the place in 1913.

Mr. Elmore had charge of the county road on the mountain for a number of years. It had been the practice, ever since the West End Grade was built, to put in "run-offs" each fall as a final preparation for the winter's rains. Each spring, after danger of heavy winter rains had passed, the County Road Boss put on teams and road machinery at the foot of the grade and they worked up over the mountain and down the East End as far as the north line of Supervisor Joe Foster's district. Then back west and to the foot of the grade where they had started. Following this rough work would come a gang of Indians to take out the rocks left by the graders. When Elmore took over, he followed precedent insofar as the machine work was concerned, but he decided that he could save the County money by raking out the rocks himself with perhaps one helper. I happened to be the helper. There was some scraper work west of the Nellie McQueen Place and we put in the first few days over there. Wednesday was hot and Thursday still hotter. That afternoon the big canteen which had been filled from the good Cleaver Spring went dry and we refilled it from a wayside stream.

By Friday night, we were both complaining of stomach aches. Saturday morning found us too sick to take any interest in breakfast, but there was still over a half-day's work near the McQueen Place, and Elmore had planned to begin raking out the rocks on the West End Grade early Monday morning. So we drove east once again that morning and by the middle of the afternoon the job was done, also Bentley Elmore and Bob
Asher. On the way back to the ranch, I told Elmore that I was too far done to even think of attempting any
more road work for at least a week, or maybe even a month. Elmore admitted that he felt much the same but
was sure we would both be feeling better by Monday. He declared that our illness was brought on by
drinking water from the creek. That all we needed was a good day's rest.

But breakfast time Monday morning found us still feeling pretty shaky and far from fit. However, Elmore
decided that we could at least stand the wagon ride down the West End Grade to the place he had selected
for a camp at the Little Tin Can Flat. And if we felt too weak to attempt to put up the tent for the first night,
we need put up no tent. However, by the time we reached Little Tin Can Flat, we were beginning to feel our
oats -- beg pardon -- pancakes, and, after a short rest, put up the tent and made everything shipshape, and
would you believe it, actually raked rocks for an hour or two before hitting the hay at dark. Elmore had
appointed me to be chief cook and bottle-washer and himself as stable boy and hostler. He told me to get
breakfast started real early each morning. We had been getting to work at the regulation time of 8 a. m., but
now we were to knock off from our morning's work around ten o'clock, just about the time for old Sol to get
really busy putting the heat on our West End Grade. We were to stay in camp until about 2 p. m., when,
with a stiff west wind blowing, the heat would become more endurable. But the best-laid plans of mice and
men....

Elmore's plan for getting an extra early morning start worked out fine -- but, well, the stiff west wind failed
to materialize to any noticeable extent during the whole of the two weeks we were whacking the rocks off
that grade. Each afternoon it simply became hotter and hotter until nearly knocking-off time. The first
afternoon came near proving too much for me, and Elmore was growling like a bear with a sore toe. Really,
the heat was so trying that I don't know what would have happened to us if it hadn't been for neighbor
William F. Hewlett.

Hewlett came along downgrade bound for Escondido for supplies quite early in the morning and stopped for
a few minutes' chat with Elmore. Coming back up the grade the following afternoon, he again stopped.

"Hullo, boys," he called, "how'd you like a lemon or two? I picked up some in Escondido."

"Fine!" beamed Elmore. "Same here,' said I. "All right!" said Hewlett, jumping out of the buggy.

"Come and get 'em." There was a sack full of lemons lying in the back of the buggy. "There they are,"
smiled Hewlett, "half of them are yours."

I can't say that we actually took off our hats and hurrahed for Hewlett but I, for one, certainly felt that way.
And the feeling persisted for the two hot weeks we were chivvying rocks off that twelve miles of grade. In
the middle of each morning and middle of each afternoon, the two road workers sat themselves down in the
shade of the wagon bed and treated themselves to a cool cup or two of sparkling lemonade. I am sure that it
was due solely to those lemonades that we were able to stay with our job to the very end.

One day a lumber wagon came grinding down the road followed by billows of dust.

"That bird's got something more than brush hitched on behind," declared Elmore as the outfit drew near.
"We'll have to put a stop to this sort of thing. They'll have the grade filled with rocks faster than we can rake
'em out."

As the rig came alongside Elmore held up his hand and ordered the driver to stop. As the team came to a
halt, Elmore glanced behind the wagon.
"Just as I thought," he muttered in an aside to me. Turning to the driver, an old grey-haired chap, "Hey, you!" he stormed, "what do you mean by smashing down the banks and digging up the roadbed like that? You get right down and hustle that pesky snag out of the highway!"

The old man seemed to cringe under Elmore's very evident wrath. Two small children hove into sight above the sideboards behind the driver's seat.

"Hey, you!" again shouted Elmore, "can't you hear me? I say for you to get down and shove that snaggy old log over the bank clear off the grade!"

The old man seemed to be worried. "Please, mister," he pleaded, "Please let me go for just this one time. The brake's no good an' I just gotta have a tree hitched on behind. An' you see the grandchildren are with me."

"Oh, all right," capitulated Elmore. "You can have brush drag that won't hurt the road so much." Then he turned to me, "Lend me a hand, Mr. Asher, and we'll have the gentleman all fixed up in a jiffy!"

"But brush ain't no good!" protested the old man. "I told you my brakes ain't no good an' it takes something heavy to hold back a wagon as heavy as mine here. You let me go on with the tree an' I'll never come back to your old mountain again!"

"Fine! That's all right with me," countered Elmore, "but just the same that snag's got to come off! You just stay where you are, my friend, and we'll attend to it for you!"

"But I tell you ---" started the old man.

"Lend me a hand here, Mr. Asher!" interrupted my boss, repeating his previous order as he untied the rope from the tree. "Heave ho! Here she goes!" And over the bank went the snag.

Some months later, Mr. Elmore became interested in a two-horse grading machine he had been reading about. I was getting my mail at the post office two or three times a week and generally stopped in at Elmore's for a few minutes' chat. For weeks, pretty nearly the sole subject of Elmore's part in these chitchats was the new grading machine. He finally sent in a request to the supervisor of our district for a machine to be used on the Palomar Mountain road work. The supervisor couldn't see the need for new equipment at first, but Bentley Elmore kept right after Mr. Supervisor, and at long last got his machine. I happened by the Elmore house the day after he had given the new machine a tryout. Elmore was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"I tell you, it's dandy," he exulted. "I'll be driving down the hill pretty soon; you can go along and see for yourself."

And I did, and it looked good. The ferns had been encroaching on the roadway some distance west of the Hayes place and Elmore had run the grader over them nearly to the fence line. As we came out of the woods, Elmore remarked on the smooth work of the grader on the fern patch. At the same time, he pulled the horses clear out to the edge of the newly graded portion to show me how smooth it really was, and started them going at a pretty good pace for any dirt road.

I happened to remember an oak tree stump that had been standing somewhere around in the ferns beside the road, and was on the point of inquiring about its fate when suddenly there came a tremendous jolt -- and -- before I could realize what was happening, I was flying through the super-ambient atmosphere high over the left front wheel. I landed on all fours, and went sliding and scraping half over the older part of the roadway.
Elmore had stopped the team, and was about to climb down as I reached the wagon.

"Hurt?" he inquired.

"Nope, only scraped my hands a bit."

"Gosh!" he exclaimed as he gathered up the reins. "I clean forgot the stump in that clump of ferns."

The Elmores traded off the Palomar place for some Oceanside property. The new owner, a Mr. Smith, held it for a while and then sold to Harry and Mrs. Hill. The Hills had been in charge of Bailey's Lodge through the previous winter, and had been very anxious to obtain a permanent footing on the mountain. But the apple orchard did not prove to be just what they wanted, and Harry discovered that part of the Quigley Place was open for homestead entry. So the two of them decided to sell the Cleaver Place, if possible, and take up the homestead.

After having made the decision to sell, Mrs. Hill suggested that Harry see Doctor Bailey; she had an idea that Bailey might be interested. But Harry happened to be at outs with Bailey at the moment and so refused to go and see the gentleman. So Mrs. Hill hiked over to the post office herself and put the matter up to Bailey. Milton was agreeable, and so the deal was closed. Mrs. Hill recently declared that Harry had had "a peeve on" at one time or another on most every person on the mountain except one Bob Asher.

Oh, yes -- what about those planks I took from the Susan Hayes Place? Milton Bailey had bought the property from Mrs. Hayes but had no use for the buildings, so he traded them off to Harry Hill for a horse or something. Harry wrecked the buildings. Mrs. Hill had pulled the nails out of a lot of the planks and they had hauled several loads of the stuff up to their new home when a big rainstorm hit the mountain and the water washed out the road across the little creek just below the old Doane cabins. When I arrived on the mountain after a trip below, the washed-out part of the road was still unrepaired, with Harry Hill vowing vehemently that it was none of his job putting in the bridge which would now be necessary.

Later, when I said something about needing lumber for my Yellow Pine Camp, he told me that I was welcome to the remaining material if I would clear up the ground -- the clearing up of the ground being part of his bargain with Bailey. So it was really my own lumber I took that day when I met Fred and Mrs. Wyss in Lower Doane Valley.

**CHIMNEY FLATS TO ADAMS' PLACE**

Clark Cleaver planted another apple orchard on forty acres lying catcornered northwest of the home forty. This orchard lies in a little draw which ultimately drains into upper Doane Valley. The new county road of 1900 was cut around the side of the mountain south of the draw, but at one time all travel to the west went by way of the draw and remains of the road bed may still be seen. Below the Cleaver forty comes a corner of the Mendenhall land and a very good spring. Just below the Mendenhall corner is a bit of the Mack place. Water had been developed here and a ram put in and water forced up to the house. Jack Roberts put in a cement tank just above the old Hayes Barn. Below Mack's comes Chimney Flat, a Doane property, now State Park. A lone, partly-fallen chimney was still standing on the south edge of the Flat in the early 1900's, but I never learned who built the chimney. The Indians once had camps in and around Chimney Flat, and I have found some good arrow-head points in that locality.

Along the little creek on the east part of the Flat is a cienaga -- a springy, swamp-like place. At one time there was quite a colony of the lemon lily *Lilium parryi* growing in the cienaga. The cattle couldn't get at the...
plants on account of the miry ground, but tourists could, and did, reach them and now few lilies are left here or anywhere on the mountain.

There is a road from the Mack place down through the edge of Chimney Flat to Sunday School Flat. Midway there is a level place on top of the ridge. At one time there was a schoolhouse here, but when I first passed that way the building was gone, but some benches, etc., were still left. If I remember rightly, one of the school benches still remaining had been made from cedar nicely smoothed and hand-carved.

When the CCC camp was first established in Doane Valley, water was obtained nearby, but the supply ran short and there also a question of quality -- so a new supply was developed in Chimney Flat, a 10,000-gallon cement tank erected and a two-inch pipe installed to carry the water to the camp -- a matter of something like a mile and a half. Charlie Guest, a cousin of the poet Eddie Guest, was the foreman in charge of this particular project [PB: Edgar Albert Guest].

Back again up the hill and along the county highway west of the Mack Ranch, we come to another little valley or draw. Most of this was a part of the Bougher holdings and is now State Park. Just south of the road about 150 feet in brush is the Palomar Mountain Graveyard with its lone grave. A granite headstone now marks the spot. Mr. Pearson was felling a big oak tree at the edge of the meadow just north of the present day road, and as the tree fell a big branch caught and crushed him. The grave is not entirely forgotten, for the Spanish War Veterans have at times seen to it that a little U. S. flag be placed there on Decoration Day. Harry Hill, a Spanish War Vet himself, was once, if not oftener, deputed to perform this service and he once passed the duty along to me.

The apple trees north of the road near here belong to two places, Bougher, and Smith and Douglass Hotel. The Hotel got water from here. This also now is state park property, and the CCC camp boys renovated the water system for use in connection with the public camp grounds now located on the site of the old Smith and Douglass buildings.

Cornering in near here is also the B. F. Scott [Benjamin F. Scott] property, now also State Park. The Scotts had cleared a place in the oak and cedar trees down the hill about a hundred yards or so west of the house for the benefit of visiting friends who desired to camp out. One summer a couple of ladies were camping here, a schoolmarm and her not-so-well friend. At night time they occupied cots placed side by side but about four or five feet apart. One evening there was a campfire at Smith and Douglass', and the young ladies took it in. This was the time Doane got off the story about the cave near Rainbow Falls full of schoolmarm's bones. The way Doane told it, it was quite enough to scare any schoolmarm, let alone a slight little thing like our schoolmarm. Doane was dead sure that he was not mistaken about it being schoolmarm's bones. So the two girls went home to their camp and two cots all in a dither.

Right here we will have to tell about "Midnight" and "Old Ben". Midnight was an all-black cat belonging to the Douglass', Ben a big lion-dog belonging to Smith. Old Ben did so love to chase Midnight day or night, and sometimes Midnight would go over to the Scotts, Ben ditto. Well, after the campfire was all over and everybody home and in bed, Ben went cruising over to Scotts', hunting for tidbits back of the house. But Midnight had beaten him to it, so Ben proceeded to make life interesting for Midnight. Midnight cut for home via the girls' camp and ran under the first girl's cot with Ben close behind. The girl woke up to see a frightfully big animal and shrieked. Ben sailed on over that cot and over the next where girl number two, the schoolmarm, awoke to see him going over, and she added her shrieks to those of her friend. Smith was telling me all about it a day or two later. "They heard them gals yellin' clear down to Pala," he declared.

The Scotts sold out to the Fletcher-[Frank A.] Salmons Huntington outfit. Then the property was taken over by Charlie Canfield, one of the Huntington "Big Five", together with other properties on the mountain.
Louis Salmons took the building down and carted the material to his homestead entry south of Dyche Valley. There is hardly a thing left to show that a several-room house once was here.

There is an old road running from the county road through the Scott Place to a connection with the present CCC Doane Valley Road at the Todd-Oliver Place. This road passes an ancient log cabin still in a fair state of preservation. When I first came up, this was called the "Grandma Clark Cabin", after Lemuel Clark's grandmother, who took up the place and once lived in the cabin. Her real name was Johnson and she was the mother of Mrs. Clark, Lemuel's mother.

More lately it has been denominated as the "Johnny Cabin", due probably to the fact that a man named Johnny once lived there. But Johnny came to the mountain long after I did. His name was Limonby, and he simply occupied the cabin for awhile as a camper.

Continuing down the old road, we come to the Oliver Place. A family named Todd once lived here. There was the log dwelling house and a good-sized barn partly built of logs. The barn has gone but the log house is partly standing. There is an old Indian camp ground a short distance northeast of the cabin, and many good arrow points have been found there.

The newer road from the west end grade connects with the old road near here and both, with the still newer CCC Doane Valley Road, and the Asher Camp-Doane Valley Roads. At this point was once located the Cedar Grove schoolhouse. The school had been discontinued by 1903 and the schoolhouse moved away by Mr. Bougher to Rincon.

Uncle Nate repeatedly warned me to be on the lookout for rattlesnakes in this locality, there being a den somewhere around well-stocked with rattlers. Before cutting out the road down to my Spruce Hill Camp, I spent nearly two weeks crawling around in the tall brush scouting for a feasible route. It was plenty hot at the time, but I neither saw nor heard a single rattler, nor afterward when I had Mr. Parkinson help me cut out the brush.

The U. S. Government made a topographical survey of the quadrangle, taking in the Palomar Mountain in the years 1900 to 1901. Triangulation by A. P. Davis and A. H. Sylvester; Topography by E. T. Perkins, Jr., A. B. Searle and A. I. Oliver.

Mr. Oliver bought the Todd Place but remained in the service of the government for some years after. At the time of my acquaintance with him, he was engaged in surveying in Alaska in the summer time and working up the topographical survey maps in the winter. There was a small orchard of old apple trees near the house, but he planted many more both on the nearby hillside and on the slopes higher up. After his death the trees were neglected and the gophers cleaned most of them out. I had helped him both in the planting and in working the old road above the spring. A. I. was athletic and prided himself on being able to walk to Bailey’s in an hour.

One fall I engaged him to run the east line of my place on a certain Saturday afternoon. We were to meet at Susan Hayes' cabin where he was doing his map work during the days while he slept at home nights. I was on hand at 1:00 P.M. sharp -- but no Oliver, nor at two o'clock, nor three. He finally turned up saying that he had had to do some work on the brush burning after having let his Indian helpers go at noon. We hustled over to the corner of Si Frazier’s place and started a stake which Mr. Bailey had once assured me marked the corner [PB: Cyrus N. Frazier]. Then we ran one-fourth mile south and set for my northeast corner, then down the hill creekward. While still some distance from the creek, Mr. Oliver set up his plane table and told me to go across the creek with the pole and so calculate the distance without using the chains. We used the chain again to the corner and set a small stake there; then we ran the line for a chain or two to the west in
order to give me a line on my south boundary. Then we parted with his final admonition, "You had better set a pretty substantial stake here, Asher. This corner is liable to stay for a long time."

Years afterward a squad of CCC boys were running the same line, but from the section line farther north. They surveyed down as far as my northwest corner, but they missed the corner by about six feet too far west. I objected to their survey and tried to show them that they were away off, but the boy in charge declared that he knew how to survey and that he couldn't be more than an inch or two off.

I said, "All right, but I must positively refuse to accept your survey." That seemed to stump him.

"How can I be mistaken?" he asked.

"I don't know just where you went off, but I can tell you how to check up."

"How?"

"Well, do you remember a corner over near where the Susan Hayes' house used to be?"

"Didn't see any house," he declared, "but we did set a corner over there."

"All right," I said, "you go over there and run your line one-fourth mile west and you will have a check on your corner here."

They ran the line and it came to several feet east of the corner I had set at the time of the Oliver survey. They wouldn't accept the Oliver survey line even then but set up their transition at the new north and south line and ran their survey to the creek. There they balked. Too hard going, so they came back and went
across to Doane Valley and set up at a corner one-fourth mile south of the Susan Hayes' corner referred to; then they ran their line one-fourth mile west again. This time there was no old survey stake in sight, so they scattered out hunting the stake and finally found it about 150 feet west of where it should have been according to their survey. It was a very old-looking stake as big as a fence post. They were dead sure it must be the bona fide corner they were after. So they made their own marks of identification and then carved the words "Discovered by", and then carved their names, four in all. They were over to my Yellow Pine Camp later, quite worked up over their wonderful discovery.

"It must be fifty years old," said one of the boys.

"Sorry," I said, "but I planted that post there myself as the corner stake of my east forty."

That got me nowhere at all. The boys had made a big discovery and were not to be so easily robbed of the credit. The more I tried to convince them of the truth of my statement, the less they were inclined to accept it. Very likely they thought that the old codger was a bit daffy or romancing -- probably jealous of their good luck.

Returning now to the Sunday morning following Mr. Oliver's surveying, I had been taking it easy as usual of a Sunday morning and was taking a stroll up to my newly established northwest corner when I noticed a heavy cloud of smoke billowing up from the woods in the direction of Oliver's. I knew that he had been burning off the brush in small lots, having previously run fire guards around each lot and pulled dead stuff away from tree trunks. So I jumped to the conclusion that he had decided to burn off one of the lots by himself. However, as I stood watching, the fire gained more headway than seemed possible in any small section. I could hear the crack and roar of the flames, so I decided to get across as quickly as possible to his aid. As I was passing the Susan Hayes' cabin, I noticed that the door was open. I knew that it shouldn't be open, so I went over to shut it but didn't. Oliver was calmly sketching on a map. He was a bit gruff when I asked if the fire hadn't gotten away. "It couldn't get away," he declared. But he did go out to take a look. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to look into that." I tagged along after him. "Where are you going?" he inquired sharply. "To help you fight the fire," I said. "You will not -- that's my job. You go back home. I mean it!" And he was off. I saw him the next day. The fire had gotten away but he was feeling very cocky about having corralled it all by his lonely. He had had to do some tall hustling for an hour or two. I wasn't very far away, but I had taken good care to keep out of his sight.

A. I. Oliver finally was stricken with a stomach ulcer. I heard that the trouble had been pronounced incurable, then followed news of his death. For a long while nothing was done with the property. A friend of mine had fallen in love with the little meadow and wanted to buy it, so he requested me to look up the owners. I learned that it had gone to A. I. Oliver's heirs, of which his brother Ernest of Long Beach was one. I wrote to Ernest Oliver, but his letter in reply was rather non committal; in fact, he seemed to be more interested in learning just where the new electric line up the mountain would run than in any possible sale of the place. So the matter was dropped.

Although the heirs did not live on the place, the house was occupied from time to time. I especially remember a very pleasant English family, Doctor and Mrs. J. H. Williamson of San Diego, and their boy who were in camp here for several summers. The boy was born in this country but his talk was even more English than that of either of his parents. The Williamsons were great on four o'clock tea and scones. As long as the Williamsons were in camp at Oliver's, it was the understanding that I should drop in on the return trip from the post office with their mail, and, of course, if it were anywhere near tea time, I was expected to share the scones and tea. It was a new custom to me, but it was certainly mighty convenient; the scones were tip-top and the company ditto.
Another camper was Lowe, a Long Beach florist. Mr. Lowe was a shell collector, and I made several dollars gathering a land snail peculiar to Palomar Mountain for him. He eventually branched out to two flower stores, but he kept up the shell collecting with unabated ardor. Then his mother died and he sold the two stores and devoted his entire time to his beloved shells until the time of his death. It has been said that the Lowe collection was one of the greatest in the country. [PB: Herbert N. Lowe discovered 125 new species of shells, and the Palomar land snail named after him is *Helminthoglypta* (Rothelix) *lowei* (Bartsch, 1918), first described as *Epiphragmophora cuyamacensis lowei*. Lowe owned a five acre nursery near Bixby Park in Long Beach. His shell collection went to the San Diego Museum of Natural History, with portions going to natural history museums in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.]

Mr. Kirby, father-in-law of Walter McClure, ran a sort of camps-for-hire proposition on the Oliver Place one summer. At another time he ran the same sort of a camp on the Adams' place west of Oliver’s. Charley Canfield died and the electric road up the mountain scheme with him, but there were still possibilities and rumors of projected improvements, so E. A. Oliver decided to come up and try living on the place himself. However, the old cabin was in bad shape for occupancy. At any rate in Mrs. Oliver's opinion it was in bad shape, so they rented a cabin over at the Wallace campsites on the north side of the then recently erected club house. People were building summer homes right and left. It was a pleasant place to live, plenty of social activities right at hand. The Olivers, being socially inclined people, stayed on and on and on. Mr. Oliver was a carpenter and had plenty of work in that line for a couple of years. The home building project was revived, and he moved over to the log cabin on the Hayes place in order to be nearer the work on the Oliver place. They stayed in the Hayes cabin over one winter, and at this same time, the Webers were living in one of the Roberts’ Planwydd cabins nearby. The two couples were very friendly then, and I fancy that they passed a very enjoyable winter visiting together and visiting the Harry Hills.

It was a very lovely three-cornered arrangement. Mr. Oliver was getting along with his house building. Harry was busy at home and visiting around; Gus and his Missus had been looking for a place and had finally bought a 320-acre tract north of the Clark-McClard place on the edge of the mountain overlooking
much of Riverside County in particular and Southern California in general. Everybody busy and everybody happy. I well remember a little picnic the summer before the winter spoken of. It was held on the Oliver place. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Oliver, Robert Oliver (E. A.’s son) and his wife, the Webers, the Hills and Bob Asher. Robert Oliver and Gus Weber staged a tug of war. Honors about even. Then came a most scrumptious dinner, then a rest. Gus began to snore. I really don't remember who tickled his ear unless it was me; then the menfolks all started out to locate a fabled spring. We found it after tramping over a good portion of the Oliver lands. It was a dandy, too, but too low for a gravity supply to the house. Oh yes indeedy, we of the west end were about the most mutually friendly bunch you could well imagine and were until well into the spring following the winter spoken of, then something happened. Don't ask me what, and it kept getting worse until neither the Hills nor the Webers would speak to the Olivers. Harry once offered Oliver the olive branch through me, but Oliver indignantly spurned the offer, and another would-be peacemaker sorrowfully retired, vowing never again.

The Olivers moved into their new home as soon as it was far enough along to set up housekeeping, and I used to see them every once in awhile. But I am sure that they were very lonely. Of course they missed the lively time they had while living near the clubhouse, but they had been looking forward to continued pleasant relations with their now closest neighbors, the Webers and the Hills, and now, nothing! They kept a goat for its milk and both seemed to keep fairly well. Then one day in the late summer a wild fire which had started in lower Doane Valley came raging toward them in front of a northeasterly wind. Panic-stricken, they loaded what goods they could into their automobile, Mr. Oliver killed the goat and let it lay, and the pair of them fled the scene never to return as residents. A heavy winter snow crushed in the main part of the house, and so it stood until the property was purchased by the California State Park Commission. The building was torn down and the material carted away. The Olivers lived near Rincon for awhile after leaving, and then in Escondido.

West of the Oliver place is the Adams apple orchard. A house once stood near the east edge of the orchard and not far from a very pleasing group of Valparaiso Oak trees. [PB: Canyon live oak, Quercus chrysolepis.] At the time I located in the canyon, "Old Man" Adams was living there alone except for occasional visits by his son Harold. The house was about forty feet square with the roof coming to a point like a four-sided pyramid. There was a porch extending the full breadth of the eastern side, and the floor of the porch, as well as of the house, was several feet above the ground. I never heard the story about the four or five men apparently well-supplied with money, who came on horseback and then disappeared when their cabin burned. I have a photo snapshot taken in the early day of a certain four or five men, but they were on foot and variously disposed around the porch referred to. Their names? Marion Smith, Old Man Adams (seated in the chair), one-armed Jeff Frye and young Harold Smith.

Harold Adams came into the place after his father's death, and in time sold to the Fletcher-Salmons outfit for account of the Big Five. When Huntington dropped his project of an electric road from Los Angeles to San Diego, the various properties purchased through Fletcher and Salmons were divided up. The coast lands from Del Mar north went to Keller and Kerckhoff. The Bonsall and Palomar Mountain lands went to Charlie Canfield. Canfield died before his plans could be carried out and his land went to his estate. One child being very young, the partition of the estate among the heirs was delayed for a long time. I bought the old Doane barn and Louis Salmons got the buildings that were still standing on the Adams and B. F. Scott properties.

Nathan Harrison had hogs in Doane Valley at one time, but in 1901 no one had gone in for hogs fattened on range acorns, but soon after that the hog-raising craze struck the mountain and Old Man Adams went into hogs with the rest. It looked like a good thing. He had plenty of mast (acorns) on the place, also cull apples. He bought a bunch of young hogs and turned them loose. For a time all went well; then the hogs began to stray and they went farther and farther. Poor Adams pretty near ran himself to death rounding them up and driving them home after each break for the more liberal life. Finally the hogs got clear away. For days and days he searched in vain; then he located them on Morgan Hill. It was late in the day when he found them so
he let them be and struck out across lots and through my place to his home. He was about tuckered out, so I coaxed him to rest a bit. After telling me about his experiences with the "fool porkers", we got onto the subject of Indian camps and arrow-heads and Indian pottery. I had remarked that while I had found many bits of broken ollas on the Oliver and Adams places, I had never been able to locate an unbroken vessel. Adams admitted that he had never found an olla on his place either, but that he knew where there was a big one hidden in the brush and absolutely perfect. Of course that aroused my curiosity, which I figured was just what the old man had intended. But he didn't stop at that. No, he went on and said that if I were willing, the two of us would go down some day and that he would show me exactly where the olla was cached and that if I could pack it out, it was mine. Well, Barkes was willing, and Adams told me more about it. [PB: “Barkes was willing” appears to be an expression by Asher referring to himself. Perhaps it was a local nickname, since Asher collected bark on Palomar for money.] According to his story, George Doane had run across the olla while hunting some cattle that had strayed down the canyon. It was above the creek some hundred yards on the north side and a short distance west of Rainbow Falls. Doane had hidden the olla carefully in a thick clump of bushes and Adams had accidentally discovered the cache while hunting his runaway hogs. Time passed and we never got around to making the trip. Then Adams died.

Years later I heard various rumors about the wonderful olla down my canyon. It was reported that Max Calac had found the olla where Adams had hidden it and had taken it and hidden it in a new place. That was something and the next time I met Max I tried to find out just what he knew or didn't know. Yes, he had found the olla. It was in a sort of a cave under a big rock overlooking my canyon and he could see my house while he was sitting in the saddle. Now that was something else again, another olla, and not more than a mile and a half from the Doane-Adams olla. For the next month I was spying out big rocks from the south side of the canyon and then crawling through scrub oak and manzanita trying to get to them but nary an olla did I find.

Before we dismiss the hog proposition, perhaps it would be well to say something about erosion. When I came to Palomar, the beauty of all the big valley and the little valleys and the little grassy flats and dales was unmarred by the deep washes and broken banks of the present day. The water ways were but little below the general level of the adjacent banks and the banks were on a gentle slope and covered with verdure. The hog craze did not last long, but when the next flood came the serious erosion began and it continued as flood after flood came. In Mendenhall Valley they tried planting willows. That worked for awhile; then a flood came and washed out a deep gully around the willows. At great expense the Mendenhalls put in a concrete dam across the stream way. Another flood came and washed a still deeper gulley around the end of the dam and out into the flat grass-covered meadow.

Today, from one point on the new Highway to the Stars, you can look down on Mendenhall Valley. The view reminds one of the "bad" lands of the desert region near Borrego. In lower Doane Valley the Civilian Corps boys made three distinct tries at erosion control in different years with different ideas carried out under direction of different bosses. Each winter the wild waters refused to stay put and went under or around, doing more washing out than if nothing had been done at all by the hand of man. It is my opinion that nothing can be done that will effectually stop erosion before nature herself is ready to call quittance. The stream levels are now far below what they were in 1901, and the banks will keep eroding until they attain a slope so gentle that no further erosion can occur. Nature herself is covering the gentler slopes with the grasses of meadows, the tough-rooted grasses that come down the banks creeping, creeping, creeping, until there are no more bare ground exposures and all at no cost to the private owner or the state or the nation.
THE HILL RANCH

The Quigley place lies along the top of the ridge between upper Doane and Lower French Valley. The site of the Quigley house is about 5600 feet above sea level. There is a well near the top of the ridge about 300 yards southerly from where the house was located. This well is sometimes full to running over, at other times quite dry.

James W. Quigley registered August 9, 1898 as follows: Age 49 years, height 5 feet 11 inches, complexion dark, eyes brown, hair brown, occupation farmer, nativity New York, residence Smith Mountain, P. O. Nellie, California. His name does not appear in the great register of 1906 for Palomar Precinct.

I never met Dr. Quigley although I was at the cabin a time or two before he relinquished his claim. There was a substantial log cabin as well as two or three smaller constructions near the house. I settled on my homestead in the spring of 1904 and it was about that time that Ferguson and Peters located on Morgan Hill. Mr. Peters' sister, Mrs. Susan Hellman, a widow, bought Doc Quigley's improvements and relinquishment for the reputed sum of $200. This lady made homestead entry on her own account and lived on the place for some time. I think she put up the barbed wire fences for pasturing her stock, getting out the cedar posts required from trees on the homestead claim.

In the meantime Marion Smith, a widower, with a growing family of girls and boys, decided that his youngsters needed a new mother, or words to that effect. At any rate, he ups and marries the Quigley Hill widow. The question of which place to reside came up -- Smith and Douglass or Quigley Hill. It was certain the children must continue to go to school. School was fairly convenient to the Smith and Douglass Hotel, not so convenient to the Quigley Hill cabin. So the new Mrs. Smith made her home with her husband and new family at the hotel. So far, so good. She probably had a right to do so and still keep the Quigley Hill homestead entry, and, in time, could legally prove up without living there all of the time.

Came a new forest ranger, name of Ed Bish. About that time the Forest Service was establishing forest tree nurseries in the Cleveland National Forest to provide stock for reforestation purposes. It was reported that Bish had told Mrs. Smith that the Quigley place would be an ideal spot for the establishment of one of these proposed nurseries. She must have incautiously agreed to grant the government the use of a part of her land for nursery purposes. However that may be, Bish used this agreement, or whatever it was, as a cudgel to scare her into signing a relinquishment to the whole of the homestead entry. He was afterward boasting that he had no real evidence of bad faith on her part, that she never needed to sign that relinquishment. In signing the relinquishment Mrs. Smith naturally supposed that she would be allowed to remove the removable improvements; those she had put in herself, and those she had bought from Quigley, but no, all she could take was the barbed wire. The posts and the logs of the cabin could not be removed, and that was that. At a later date, A. G. Hayes hauled the logs over to the Hayes-Mack place and put up a good-sized log cabin there. An old sewing machine was left behind. I don't know whether it was Mrs. Smith's or Doc Quigley's. The remains of the machine are still there where the house once stood. I suppose it is my property because the Hills once said I could have it, but I never did get around to bringing it over to my place.

Oscar and Mrs. Williams came to the Mountain in the fall of 1913. They were friends of the Elmores and lived on the Elmore place for quite a while. There was a big crop of acorns that year and Oscar figured that he could make a fortune from pigs making pork from acorns. The next thing was to secure a tract of land with a large growth of the oak trees which were to supply the acorns. He hit on Quigley Hill, which then was supposed to be open to homestead entry. He applied for 160 acres, partly on the more or less open southern slope, but mostly the heavily timbered lands facing Lower French Valley. The Government Land Office at Los Angeles made a ruling that the timbered lands were not open to entry, but allowed Williams to
enter 55 acres of the untimbered part of the lands included in his application. With Williams, it was the "whole hog or nothing" so he threw up the proposition, homestead entry, hog raising, and all.

Later a crew of Government men looked over all of the government lands on the mountain for classification purposes. They passed by the 55 acres allowed Williams, but classified everything else on this part of the mountain as non-enterable. Along about January, 1920, Harry and Mrs. Hill decided that trying to make an apple orchard pay for itself was too much of an uphill sort of business for a retired couple, so Harry began looking around for a bit of government land but with no luck until he learned that the 55 acres on Quigley Hill was still open to homestead entry. The Hills thereupon promptly disposed of their interest in the Cleaver place to Milton Bailey and settled on the 55-acre claim under the three-year Residence Act.

Their first residence was a small tent with enough room for two cots but not much else. They cooked on a stove out in the open which was sometimes in the shade of a big black oak. I remember going up to the post office one foggy morning, or it was more like a light drizzle. After the mail had been distributed, someone inquired about Harry Hill. Harry had expected to be there that day. Several folks expressed a fear that something had gone wrong at the Hill's, so I offered to go up there on my way home. It was uphill, all right, and quite a bit out of my way but I had plenty of time. I found them both still in bed, and the water dripping down from the oak leaves above just like rain. The tent leaked in several places and they had frying and stew pans, etc., placed to catch the drip. They actually thought it was still raining, so it was no use to get up because the stove was out in the storm.

They had a good team of horses, and they traded the use of the horses by the sawmill folks for lumber to build a house, which the two of them put up with little outside assistance.

Harry Elwood Hill was a Montana boy, his father a big cattle raiser until the time of his death. Harry was 19 years old at the time. His mother and two sisters moved to New Jersey. As the only son on a big cattle ranch, he must have been in a position comparable to that of a crown prince of a little kingdom. The ranch was in the Blackfoot Indian country and the Indians used to migrate north and south each year. Each spring as they came through, they would bring Harry an Indian pony, small ones at first, then progressively larger ones as the boy grew up. Once a year they measured him when going one way, and on the return trip they would have a skin suit ready for him, just his size.

After the breakup of the home, Harry enlisted in the United States Cavalry. When the Spanish War came, he was sent to the Philippines. He saw active duty there and was wounded more than once. When William Howard Taft made the famous trip to the Philippines with Alice Roosevelt in his party, Harry was in charge of the pack train on the trip away from Manila. He was so horribly seasick on the way going from this country that he didn't want to come back when his regiment was ordered home. It took quite a bit of persuasion on the part of his superior officer to get him on board ship. But return he did, and none the worse from wear from mal de mer.

For two years after leaving the army he worked in an Oregon glove factory. One of his jobs was to split hides and skins, and he became quite an expert — so expert in fact that he could cut a slice of bread pretty nearly as thin as a sheet of wrapping paper. I know because he liked to tease me by giving me a real thin slice. I am not ashamed to admit that I am hard on bread, but then you know the old saying that "bread is the staff of life" and what is a staff good for if you cannot lean on it good and heavy once in a while?

One time, before he married Mrs. Hill, there came an insurrection in Mexico and the then Mexican Government had emissaries in the country enlisting prospective fighters. Harry was in Escondido at the time and was offered $200 per month to serve as a major in the Mexican Army. He was with his command when the enemy appeared. He gave orders to his men not to start shooting until he, as major, gave the signal. As the enemy approached, one young Mexican beside Harry let fly without waiting for the signal. What
immediately followed can only be surmised. I think Harry gave the boy a light kick with his booted toe. That didn't go so well, coming from a gringo, even if the gringo was his commanding officer. Major Harry Hill got across the border just in time to save his life but without the mazuma coming to him [PB: Mazuma is slang for money.].

Back in this country he obtained a job as road boss under Supervisor Joseph Foster and was on duty near Mesa Grande where he first met the lady he afterward married. After the wedding they were in a county road camp for awhile, with Harry acting in the role of chief cook and bottle-washer for the outfit. Then they moved up to the Fink Ranch on the east end of Palomar, from there to the Cleaver place and then to Quigley Hill.

Harry had seen something of the world, but Mrs. Hill had been about still more. She was a native of San Francisco, a daughter of Joseph and Charlotte Perkins. They named her Alice, no middle name. Later her father told her she could take any middle name she liked. Lunnon was her grandmother's moniker so she chose that and blossomed out as Alice Lunnon Perkins. Still later when she entered the theatre she dropped the Perkins, retaining Lunnon for her stage name -- Alice Lunnon.

After passing through grammar grades in the San Francisco schools, Alice Perkins entered as a student in the Cogswell Polytechnic which ranked with the high schools of California. She was a member of the first class, and took trades, drawing, clay modeling, and sewing, also chemistry and pharmacy, graduating in 1891. She had expected to get a job as a pharmacist but her father put his foot down on her working for anybody but himself or her brother, Phil.

She then took elocution lessons every day for six months, paying for her tuition by helping in other classes. She then got a job with a San Francisco troupe of players; was with Frederick Ward and Rose Ward in a production of Shakespearean plays. Madam (Helena) Modjeska gave her a small part on January 25, 1897. She was then still Alice Perkins. Joseph Haworth as leading man succeeded Modjeska one week with a good part given to Alice Perkins, then came an engagement with the Frank Bacon Company and they were several months on tour. Went East February, 1898 in a company, and played in New England with Haworth as leading man. They were out on the road with a Charles Frohman's Company. Alice then went into a stock company in Chicago and married the English actor, H. Gittes Lousdale, all in 1898; both of them playing on the Pacific Coast with Stockwell and Clay Clement. They both went back to Boston in 1900 and joined the Edward F. Willard Company. Willard was an English actor also.

Alice left the Willard Company after going to England about 1903-4, visited with relatives in Europe, and came back to get a job which she didn't keep. Willard came back to New York and both of the Lousdales joined his company again. Lousdale was in the company for only one year this time, and something must have happened for Alice Lunnon got a divorce from him. She stayed with the Willard Company until 1908, then no job for two years. Then with Klaw and Elanger in "The Right Way." Theodore Robert and Guy Standing were the two stars. Then "Aunty Joe" Pilkington came East from California and took Alice Lunnon Perkins on a trip to Europe. Aunty Joe returned to the United States but Alice stayed on. Maude Allen, a schoolmate and childhood friend, was there, so she toured with Maude for four years. They were in England, Scotland, Ireland, South Africa, India, and then Australia. Leaving Maude in Australia, Alice Lunnon jumped back to London, arriving just four days after England and Germany went to war, August 8. She joined a company playing "Bluff King Hal" by Louis N. Parker. Arthur Boucher was star. The company closed shop and she stayed until December when she returned to America. Fell ill in New York but managed to get to California where she was ill for two years. Started for Florida but took in the San Diego Exposition. The January floods of 1916 kept her in San Diego until February when she went on to Florida. She came home five months later for an operation, and went to Mesa Grande, back of San Diego, to recuperate. She met Harry Hill there. Went home to San Francisco, and came back later and married Harry. They honeymooned eight miles east of Ramona in a county road camp.
Harry had been a road boss under Joe Foster, but old Joe told Harry if he wanted the missus in camp he, Harry, would have to be cook under another road boss. Harry was a fine cook according to Mrs. Hill, but the war came along so they threw up the works and came up to Fink's. They stayed at Fink's from July to September but, finding that they couldn't buy the Nellie McQueen place as they had hoped, they went over to Bailey's and ran the place for Milton through the following winter. They contracted to buy the Cleaver Place in 1919 and lived there for some time, then decided to take in the homestead and sell if they could. Harry happened to be at outs with Milton at the time, but Mrs. Hill tackled Bailey and he agreed to take the place and pay the Hills what they had already paid on the place.

Harry was busy and interested in the new home for several years, then began to get restless after a hard winter or two and suggested getting a place somewhere below. He dug up one prospect near the south foot of the mountain and took Mrs. Hill down to look it over, but I think they both decided against it. At any rate, Mrs. Hill's health was a consideration; she was afraid life at a lower altitude would bring on the asthma attacks again so they stayed with the homestead -- that is, she did.

Harry went up to the hills of Fresno and fell in love with a 40-acre tract there which he contracted to buy, then he came home and tried to persuade Mrs. Hill to go there, but nothing doing. So Harry stepped out, taking his pet prize rooster, pedigreed hens, and the hot-cake griddle. He landed at the Happy Mendenhall home near his 40 acres and lived there for a number of years, returning to Palomar and the Hill ranch for one winter while he held down the job of custodian of the Palomar State Park. When the CCC boys came back, he was let out.

In the meantime, Mrs. Hill had arranged for her brother, Philip, to come and make his home on the Hill ranch. Harry drove down to Oceanside and brought Phil back, then immediately hit the trail for Fresno County. But before that Mrs. Hill's uncle, Tom Pilkington, and his two daughters, Josephine and Gladys, were with her for a year. Uncle Tom was getting pretty well along in years but not in spirit. One Sunday morning when I went up there, Mrs. Hill was worried to death over Uncle Tom. It seems that Uncle Tom had concluded that some damaged and hanging limbs on the big oak tree below the house should be amputated, so he had climbed the tree and was busy sawing away at a limb before Mrs. Hill knew what he was up to. Afterwards he did a great deal of rock work, handling some rocks that would have stalled many a younger man. The girls and his niece would warn him against overdoing himself but he kept on taking chances and meeting with minor mishaps, then he tackled the biggest ever; a big boulder sticking out from the edge of a bank. The boulder slipped down quicker than he calculated and caught his foot. That put uncle out of circulation for quite a time but he came back just as keen for punishment as ever. However, when the year's time was up, he seemed to be glad to get back to his San Anselmo home.

Philip Perkins had been in a hospital for many months preceding his coming to Palomar and was in pretty bad shape physically, but he too was a natural-born worker and it was not long until he began emulating Uncle Tom's example, but within reason of course. At this writing, February, 1939, Phil is still staying with old Palomar and so deserves more than a passing word in this chronicle. Phil's mother was an admirer of King Philip of France. Phil's father's name was Joseph, hence Phil's whole name, Philip Joseph Perkins. At one time Joseph Perkins had charge of a mine in the Owens River country (California). Henry G. Hanks had charge of another mine in the mountains across the river. The Indians were sometimes on the warpath those days, so Perkins and Hanks had a system of signaling back and forth in case of attack on either side. An attack came on Hanks' side, but Perkins was already on his way over so the system was not put to the great test.

As may be surmised, Joseph Perkins and Henry Hanks were great chums. Charlotte Pilkington and Ella Barker were also chums. Perkins had been going with Charlotte and the time came when he wanted his friend Henry to meet the sweetest girl in the world -- Miss Pilkington. So he asked the sweetest girl's
permission to bring along his friend on the next visit. Charlotte granted the desired permission, but, overcome by the prospect of two men visitors at once, she invited her friend, Ella Barker, to be on hand on the evening arranged. Henry fell in love with Ella at first sight and they were married before Joseph got around to leading his Charlotte to the altar.

Now for a coincidence. I had never heard this little story until after I had run across a letter by small Alice Hanks to her schoolteacher, Mrs. Dorcas Clark. I had been sorting over old letters and I was so struck with the contents of the charming little schoolgirl letter that I took it up to Hill’s the following Sunday. Had Mrs. Hill ever heard of one Alice Hanks who must have been about her own age? Yes, indeedy -- so I got the little story.

But to come back to Phil. Philip was born in San Francisco, June 22, 1869. At one time he was a surveyor. He was apprenticed to a watchmaker in New York City. This watchmaker had something like seventy inventions to his credit. Mrs. Hill once remarked, "So Philip came honestly by his handling of dainty dentist's tools," but we are coming to that. He went through high school, studied pharmacy, was first in a drug store, then went to Dental College and was practicing dentistry when the Spanish War broke out. He had been in the United States Signal Corps for nine years. Was a telegrapher, and was a member of Signal Corps National Guard, captain of his company, the regiment had 10 commissioned officers and 30 sergeants. The second call found 18 companies of 50 men each in the Signal Corps. He had enlisted in the 1st company first, then in the last the 19th, commissioned as lieutenant, then advanced to captain. He saw 16 months of service in the Philippines, got seasick going over but not on the return voyage.

As for life on Palomar Mountain, I can best give you Philip's own words, " Came to recuperate from serious illness, like it, so stay trying to make self useful as well as ornamental."

Many people have expressed wonderment that a woman of Mrs. Hill's antecedents could be content to live as she does in such a lonely spot so far removed from all the advantages of civilization, to which for so many years she had been accustomed. In the first place, the mountain has a way of getting hold of people -- certain people. They love it. They prefer to endure the hardships for the sake of the pleasure of just living in such a place. In the second place, if she went to live at a lower altitude, the asthma would get her. In the third place -- well, I am sure Mrs. Hill will not object to my quoting from a recent letter:

"We have wished several times you were here to see the remarkable sunsets and strange colorings and light effects that we’re having this winter. Then the ice storms have made the trees and brush whiter than I have seen them before. We are and have been snowed in for some time. Even when the snow was all melted here, the French Valley hill was impassable. The Webers have been coming as far as the crossroads in the auto and walking the rest of the way. Of course the Park Road is non est."

"We've had very little wind so Phil has had to drag the battery down to the pump on a sled and charge it a bit so we could run the radio. Have heard some very good programs. The cow still hangs on but does not improve. Have heard of a new vet who thinks he can cure her but he can't get in to see her until the road is open."

"Phil sends his regards and says he will write to you shortly himself. He finds the exertion of doing chores in the snow pretty exhausting, so hasn't had much pep for letter writing."

"The pipes all froze up one day, but a day of sunshine and a dose of hot water cleared everything up. That lovely spell of weather we had brought the pussy willows out and I have a couple of bunches in the cabin, but I expect they are all frozen now."
"Next day noon: Stormed all night and so far all day. The windcharger is frozen up so it won't run fast enough to charge the battery and so we have to renig on most of our pet programs. Have had some most interesting commentaries on world and political matters. Again I thank the kind fates that I'm tucked away in a reasonably peaceful corner of this old U. S. A."

"Have not seen Mrs. Weber for over a week as she was ill with a bad cold, so didn't come over to dinner last week. Eddie and Gus came and brought the mail and some milk, as our bossy is still out of the running...."

Due to increasing difficulty in carrying on, Mrs. Hill sold the ranch to Ralph Meyers and she moved to Escondido.

**DOUGLASS, SMITH**

The place now known as Silvercrest and a part of Palomar State Park was owned when I first came up to Palomar Mountain by Marion Smith and Bert Douglass. Mrs. Douglass was Roy Johnston's sister as was also Marion Smith's first wife [PB: Bertrand R. Douglass was married to Lillie May Johnston, one of whose brother’s was Roderick Henry Johnston. U.S. General Land Office patents record property deed to a Roy Johnston]. Smith had first come to the mountain as a boy and had grown up here. Roy Johnston took up a place in the southeast corner of Lower French Valley and at about the same time Smith took up a piece of government down the draw between the Striplin-Wilhite sawmill and Mendenhall Valley. Mrs. Si Frazier was Johnston's aunt [PB: Maiden name of Johnston’s aunt was Lucinda Malinda Way, who married Cyrus N. Frazier]. At the time I first knew them, the Smith children had lost their mother and the oldest girl was trying to take her place, endeavoring to keep her father and brothers and younger sister Clara in order. Mrs. Douglass, with help from Mr. Douglass and Mr. Smith, was running the Hotel. She was a fine cook and a pleasant and obliging hostess -- the resort attracted many summer visitors and I fancy was a paying proposition.

Many hunters made their headquarters there during the hunting seasons while seeking gray squirrels, fantail pigeons and deer. The whole west end of the mountain had been burned off a year or two before and hunters could go almost anywhere. Bert Douglass often took them across my canyon to Morgan Hill where there were many deer. The sunny slopes below the Hotel to the south were also good deer ground, and the tree squirrels were everywhere. The pigeons generally came in with the ripening of the pigeon berries (cascara or bearberry) and remained for the acorns. I well remember one flock of a thousand or more of the birds roosting in the tops of the tall yellow pine trees in Lower Doane Valley. Another sport was lion hunting with dogs. The dogs would trail a varmint until it took to a tree. There they would stand baying until the arrival of the hunters. Sometimes a rifle shot would miss or only wound a lion, and it would leap to the ground among the dogs. According to Uncle Nate, there were many lions around French Valley most of the time, but when Marion Smith's gray mare was due to foal a colt, they would come over to the south side and wait for the colt, always getting it. Finally, according to Nate, Smith got wise and arranged for the white mare to be down the mountain when her time came again.
At the time of the Huntington boom, when Fletcher and [Frank A.] Salmons were buying most everything in sight, Smith and Douglass remained calm, or perhaps obdurate, and did not sell. Possibly they held the property at too high a value. Both Ed Fletcher and Frank Salmons stayed at the Smith and Douglass Hotel when on the mountain, and Fletcher did finally put over a deal on account of a subdivision syndicate quite apart from the Huntington scheme [PB: Fletcher’s Azalea Park subdivision]. But in the meantime, Smith got the idea into his head that he would like to run the resort alone. Douglass seemed willing to sell his interest for a price, but the price was more than Smith cared to pay; however, they came to terms at last, and Smith took over the property and ran it for awhile, and then sold out to the Fletcher Syndicate.

I was up to get my mail one afternoon about that time. Smith was alone, and seemingly lonesome, for he invited me to stay over until the next day for a little visit. It was snowing by that time and a strong wind had come up from the south, so I was quite glad to accept and did accept in spite of a shrewd suspicion that Smith had something more on his mind than mere hospitality. He had been after me hammer and tongs trying to convince me that I should sell out to Fletcher and Salmons, either one or both. So we sat and talked and listened to the howling of the wind. Suddenly Smith jumped to his feet. "I clean forgot about the mare and colt. They are out in the storm on Bougher Hill. You can come along if you want to or stay here by the fire." I couldn't very well let him go out alone, so out we went up the ridge to Bougher Hill. The wind kept blowing stronger and stronger, driving the finely divided snow particles across or into our faces regular blizzard fashion. By the time we got to the top of the hill, the visibility was down to practically nothing, and my nose and ears and toes were freezing to death. "We can't find them in this," finally said Smith. "Let's get down to the Bougher House and thaw out."

We found the Bougher family sitting around the warm room as cozy as could be. I had never met Mr. Bougher or any of the family before, and we had a very enjoyable little visit. But Smith broke it short, "Gotta go, be dark soon." So into the blizzard we went, the ice fog driving full in our faces. We got home,
thanks to Smith's knowledge of the terrain. I am sure that his visitor would have become lost very soon after leaving the Bougher House.

The Fletcher Syndicate laid out a good part of the property into building sites for summer homes [PB: Fletcher’s Azalea Park subdivision]. Fletcher had engaged the then County Surveyor George Butler to do the surveying. Butler had trouble locating section corners, so he came down to my place to ask for any information I might have that would help him. I knew of several corners, but only one, the section corner down the hill north of the Oliver Place, seemed to interest him, so we went there. He thanked me and offered to return the courtesy if there was anything I needed to know about my own lines. He said that he needed at least three more good corners in order to make a satisfactory survey of the Syndicate property. Afterward I heard that Butler had found no other satisfactory nearby corners and that his employers did not care to go to the expense needed for a further search for corners farther away. Butler had insisted on good corners -- "good corners or no survey". So they dropped him and employed another engineer who was not quite so finicky about having everything just so.

The water supply was insufficient for more than needed at the Hotel, so Fletcher promised to put in an adequate water plant as soon as sixty lots were sold. If my memory serves, the sale of lots slowed down and finally gave up the ghost with the forty-seventh lot sold.

Miss Kate Sessions and a teacher friend had bought one lot straddling the little creek bed below the Hotel north [PB: Azalea Park lot owners included Sessions, Mary W. Kramer, Alice Lee, and Morse Construction Company; their lots were deeded to the State of California in 1932 for the State Park]. She asked me to make some shakes for her but that was out of my line. I recommended Mr. Kirby, Walter McClung's father-in-law. She got in touch with Kirby, and he and his son John got out quite a stack of shakes, which never went into any building on that lot.

Miss Sessions also engaged me to plant a half hundred or so tiger lily bulbs which I did in several little groups along the creek. She had another lot on the upper site of the county road to the west which she told me she had bought because of the leaf mold on it. She had been getting leaf mold from the Julian country for her greenhouses, but she thought that she could do better with a supply of her own on Palomar. The two women had a small boy along to help about the camp, and she hired me to sack a lot of the leaf mold on her lot with the boy's help.
In the late 90's, I had leased a block of land on Golden Hill in San Diego from Erastus Bartlett for growing flowers. After the day I signed the papers, I never saw Mr. Bartlett again. There was an immense 60-room house on the place which was occupied part of the time by a Mrs. Webster, who was Bartlett's daughter. She was a widow with several grown up children. Of the two daughters, I don't think Margaret ever married, but Mary hied herself off to Europe one summer and brought back a heavily-whiskered husband -- Swiss, I think, and a famous eye or ear specialist.

Years afterward they got up to Palomar and to the Smith and Douglass Hotel. It was the fashion in those days to take a trip down to Rainbow Falls and incidentally Asher's camp. The couple went down the old Lone Fir trail to my dugout and thence to the Falls. On the way back, they continued on back up the creek to my tepee and then took the trail up to my Spruce Hill Camp where I was then staying. I happened to be at home and invited them to sit down and rest for awhile under the big Valparaiso Oak I called my kitchen. [PB: Valparaiso oak is another name for the Canyon Live Oak.]

They were very enthusiastic about the mountain and the creek and Rainbow Falls, but were even more enchanted with the spot in which they were sitting. "Why, it's just like a little island in the tree tops," said the Doctor. "It is," said his wife, "just a beautiful little island with the foliage all around." Well, was I tickled to death, I having been thinking the same thing ever since I had first set eyes on the place. The doctor and his wife told me that they had bought five lots on the top of the hill back of the Hotel and that they expected to build and make their home there during the summers. The doctor would continue his practice in San Diego flying down and back each office day. Inquiry brought out the information that the doctor preferred the lighter than air type of flying machine.
I was up at Baileys' a few days later and heard that "Doc Whiskers" was going to build him a cabin in a tree top near the hotel. Later someone, I think Milton Bailey, put up a floor in a tree overlooking the lower country, but that is as far as the tree top cabin ever got. The doctor died and his widow put up a little shack, but it was built on terra firma.

An Englishman leased the Hotel property and reopened the resort with a great flourish of words in advertisements, etc. He put up a lot of tents and put in a stock of groceries and other goods in the little building northwest of the main hotel, which had been used as a storeroom by the Smiths and Douglass’, and in keeping with his grand plans, he named the place "Silvercrest". He lasted a year or two and then died or went bankrupt. The resort was closed and the personal goods sold for what they would bring. I bought a 10 x 12 tent for $5.00, a good grindstone for a dollar or two, and an all-metal wheelbarrow for about the same.

I find that my memory is a bit hazy along about this time as to the chronological sequence of the changes on this place. The Bailey Brothers, Clinton and Milton, ran the resort for one summer. Milton was county road boss for awhile. The brush along the grade below Silvercrest had been allowed to encroach too much on the right of way, so Milton gave me the job of cutting out a strip fifteen feet wide on the upper bank. I kept my own account of work hours, and worked as I pleased, having my camp above the road a short distance below the Lone Fir. One striking fact remains in my mind that not more than one person in ten or perhaps twenty of those passing by ever looked up my way and so did not see me at work never more than fifteen or twenty feet away from their noses. The Bailey Brothers found that the division of interests in running the two resorts did not work out to their profit, so they withdrew from the Silvercrest location and concentrated on the home place.
At one time Andrew Schoonover, the San Diego attorney, and Hazelrigg, the druggist, with their families were in camp there. Several of the party had been out with little twenty-two rifles shooting at squirrels. A thunderstorm came up suddenly from the southwest, and they hustled for camp, but the rain came too quickly and they sought shelter under a 60-foot cedar tree near the Hotel. "Crack!" came a bolt of lightning that hit the top of the tree and jumped to the ground, leaving a very much scared but uninjured man still holding the rifle. But about fifteen feet of the top of the tree had been knocked off and that came crashing down to make things more interesting. The tree grew a new top and is still standing with State Park benches and tables underneath its more or less spreading branches. That same thunder came down my way and made several more hits along the ridge as it came. That's where I got the name "Thunderridge Road and Trail". The road from Silvercrest, the Scott and Grandma Clark places to Olivers and so on down to my Spruce Hill Camp.

When the Hewletts left the Mack place, they moved over to Silvercrest. Here they went into butterfly farming on a more extensive scale. They also found a very rare moth and attempted to raise more of the same from eggs laid by the original moth and butterflies the same way. The big dining room of resort days began to look more like a greenhouse or conservatory but with verdure under inverted jelly glasses or in empty fruit jars. There are two kinds of the tiny so-called "Meadow Blue" butterflies on Palomar. One species is quite common, the other rare. Prices on the common sort made their culture hardly worthwhile, but the rare sort was worth real money, not so very much but still worth going after. But as may be imagined, the rare sort was really rare, even around Silvercrest on Palomar Mountain. The situation called for a little strategy, the strategy in this instance being the coaxing the little critters to lay their eggs on same kind of leaf or other and so start the ball rolling. The eggs would hatch out in the course of time into little wee caterpillars, and these wee caterpillars would go about eating their breakfasts right where they were on the leaves, the leaves being right good fodder for little wee caterpillars.
So much for theory and very good theory, too, except that the little butterflies just wouldn't lay their eggs. The butterfly farmers tried them with every kind of tree or shrub, leaf, grass, or weed they could find but still the dinky little creatures just sat there and looked pretty. The Hewletts argued that there must surely be a "host plant" growing somewhere thereabout, else there wouldn't be any little butterflies flying around wild. To be sure, they may have come a long way from their original breeding grounds; butterflies have been known to fly long distances. However, the Hewletts being fairly persistent people couldn't give up, so they went over their butterfly literature and located an item about the very particular Meadow Blue. The item went on to state that the host plant of this particular Meadow Blue was the cotyledon. "Cotyledon?" Sure! Any school child knows what a cotyledon is. It is the first seed leaves of plants like beans and squashes. Simple enough. But those little butterflies were not that simple. They still forbore laying eggs even on cotyledons. "What to do?" "Ask Bob," Bob being something of an authority on plants.

So the next time I was up, they plumped the question "What is a cotyledon?"

"Uh, hum," I ventured, trying to look very wise. "Uh, hum, yes, yes, a cotyledon is a cotyledon."

"Now, now, we're not joking. What is a cotyledon?"

"A cotyledon is -- is -- the seed leaf of a cotyledonous herb. Also it is a new-fangled name for the old genus *Echevaria*. One variety is called 'Hens and Chickens'."

"Oh, I know what an *Echevaria* is. It's the botanical name for hens and chickens. Maybe that's what the book meant by saying that cotyledon is the host plant for our Meadow Blue. But are there any Echevarias around here?" I couldn't answer that, but I had seen two kinds on my place on southern exposures. So it was agreed that we would go out to the rocky Lookout Point after dinner. We found the Echevarias. It proved to be the proper host plant for the butterflies, and they soon went to laying eggs after the leaves had been put into their jars.

After their disastrous experience on the Mack Place, it might be imagined that the Hewletts had had enough of Palomar Mountain. Not so, they were just as much in love with it as ever. They planted quite an extensive garden in the little valley northeast of the hotel and everything got away to a good start and the venture looked most promising. Then came a very late spring frost and blackened every tender plant, and that was a blow that staggered them a bit. But they recovered from the first discouragement and put in a new garden near a spring on the south slope below the hotel.

It had been years since Peters and Ferguson had given up their idea of homesteading on Morgan Hill. They had not given up until I showed them a letter from the Indian Agent at Pala. I had been anxious about the status of the unsurveyed school section I had first settled on. The agent wrote me that none of the school section had been set apart for Indian use but that certain lands on Morgan Hill adjoining the school section had been so set apart and he gave me the numbers, etc. The Hewletts knew about the Ferguson and Peters' episode, for I had told them all about it. That the land was Indian land and not open to homestead entry and settlement; however, the Hewletts still wanted to homestead there and tried pulling various political strings in an endeavor to get the U. S. Congress to set aside the grant to the Indians and open the land to homestead entry, the preferred entrants, of course, being the Hewletts. No such action was taken by Congress and the Hewletts finally gave up in despair and went down to the foothill country and their present home in San Antonio Canyon near Upland, California.

As time passed, the little storeroom disappeared, then the barn, then parts of the big house. None of the mountain people seemed to know who was responsible for the outrage. I needed lumber and was willing to pay something for the privilege of wrecking the building for the lumber in it, so I wrote to Ed Fletcher. He
wrote back that he had given the building to the Forest Service and that I had better see the Forest Ranger for permission to take away the lumber. I straightway hunted up the Forest Ranger. "Sorry," he said, "but we're going to wreck it ourselves. We need the lumber for a building on top of Bougher Hill for use by our lookout man." So that was that or something of the sort.

BOUGHER HILL

Bougher Hill [PB: now known as Boucher Hill] is the highest elevation on the south ridge of Palomar Mountain. A Forest Service lookout station is now located on top of the hill. There is a tower with enclosed bottom for storage purposes and an additional cabin for use of the lookout officer.

The Bougher house lies on the edge of a flat spur some distance below the tower to the west. The house is somewhat unique in construction, the main living room having double plank walls with a ten-inch space
between. There is a ceiling overhead with an attic above. The inside walls were covered with cheesecloth and wallpaper. The house being located in a very exposed position, some such protection against the cold winds was imperative.

Mr. Bougher must have been an enterprising gentleman, there being two Bougher orchards with live trees still thriving and one orchard destroyed by gophers. An orchard had been planted on the ferny flat below and to the north and northeast of the old Lone Fir, but being soft ground, the gophers had destroyed the trees before 1903 when I built the Lone Fir trail through the flat down to the Dugout Camp and Rainbow Falls. Mr. Bougher did have many hives of bees, but they did not do very well, so he took them down to a location just south of the present Rincon Store at the foot of the mountain. He also moved the Cedar Grove Schoolhouse from the Oliver Place to the same location where he utilized the building as a honey house. Later this building was renovated and used for school purposes once again. Still later, after Phillip Sparkman's murder, Mr. T. O. Bailey lived there while selling off the Sparkman Store goods for the estate.

The Boughers sold out their Palomar holdings to the Huntington people and for awhile made their home on Pepper Drive in El Cajon Valley.

**DAD QUINLAN**

For many years, Dad and Ma Quinlan were almost fixtures on Palomar. Mr. Quinlan was a locomotive engineer on the run between Oceanside and Escondido Santa Fe Railroad, and he and Ma spent most of their vacations on the mountain. Dad's chief joy seemed to consist of little sorties into the woods hunting the wily gray squirrels. He was not one of your rip-roaring hunters charging all over the mountain in a wild hurry to get the game limit. No sir, if you saw a squirrel run up a tree and hide himself, Pa just picked him a nice soft place to sit down and there he would sit and sit and sit enjoying the air and the scenery and birds; he had plenty of time; just as well sit here as up to the hotel. So after awhile Mr. Squirrel would come out of hiding and maybe come out on a limb and bark at the intruder. Having got him a squirrel (one was plenty for himself and Ma), Pa would stroll back home well satisfied with the day's sport. It was probably a solar plexus blow to poor old Dad when the state game authorities put a ban on the shooting of gray squirrels at any time of the year. The Quinlans often invited me to call and stay over night at their Escondido home, and once I did that very thing and enjoyed their hospitality to the utmost.

**BARKER VALLEY**

**THE LOST RIVER**

One day in the late spring along about 1910 or 1911, I picked up a bit of pegmatite (feldspar) about one-fourth mile west of the present Observatory. As I turned it over, my eyes caught a glint of green light. It came from a perfectly formed crystal of greenish beryl. The crystal was "frozen in the formation", was about an inch long and half an inch thick, but was not clear and so was not of gem quality. However, it indicated to my inquiring mind the possibility of a nearby gem-bearing pegmatite ledge such as I had seen at the Mack-Calac mines near Rincon at the south foot of the mountain. Don't ask me how I happened to be cruising around so far from my homestead. Maybe I was trying to locate more arrowheads between Indian camp grounds. Orlando Bailey had been very successful in finding arrow points. I had been with him several times when he was looking for the points. I had found that his eyes were sharper than mine; still I had been doing fairly well -- due mostly to locating smaller camp grounds which had been passed by other arrow-head hunters. However that may be, the finding of that green beryl changed me from a point hunter to a gem hunter on the spot. I looked about for the supposed to be pegmatite ledge, but failed to find any other than stringers and veins of barren quartz. Then I went home and worked on the homestead like a good boy for the balance of the week, but I could not get that green beryl out of my mind. John Mack had told me that
the aquamarine beryl he was getting was of the same chemically as the immensely valuable emerald, and he had been very sanguine of locating an emerald-bearing lead near the aquamarine. He never did, but I had that possibility in my mind as I decided to make another try. So on an early Monday morning I left home with grub, tools and blankets, and made camp on the little creek south of the Observatory. Three days' search failed to reward me with a single encouraging sign. So in the third afternoon, I made tracks for home and worked on trails, etc., until Saturday.

Monday morning again found me on the trail headed toward Hi-Point. Wednesday night I was back again. Next Monday again on the way, and so it went -- three days prospecting, ever working farther eastward, and three days working at home. Finally I got as far as the Frazier sisters' cabin and claim north of Barker Valley. The sisters were then living on the south side of the mountain and there was not much left in the way of furniture in the cabin. However, I made myself at home there for several weeks, having split my supply of blankets, and at home half of each week. It has been said that Maria and Elizabeth got out the cedar shakes and timbers for their cabin on the north side of the mountain, carrying this material up and then down to the south side on their backs. This was before Elizabeth had become such an invalid. [U.S. General Land Office records have their names recorded as Lizzie and Mariah Frazer…. PB]

The rock formation to the east and south of the Frazier sisters' cabin was very interesting. The slope was not very great, and for about half a mile square, "blanket" ledges of pegmatite struck across country in parallel lines. Fire had swept over this district at some time in the near past, and the bushes rarely were over two feet high. From a small elevation, one could see many of the white ledges at a single glance. Shallow arroyos alternated with flat-topped ridges, one after another like waves on the ocean. I had been slowly working over this formation, carefully examining the exposed portions of each ledge and finding nothing more valuable than myriads of tiny precious garnets frozen in the formation -- a red streak an inch thick (more or less) between the feldspar rock on either side -- a sort of sandwich effect. I had put in a good part of two weeks here and was feeling very much discouraged. The indications to my untrained eye were so good, and -- as yet -- nothing worth even two minutes of my time. It was while I was in this mood and in about the middle of the field of pegmatite-garnet ledges that my ears caught a peculiar "tap, tap, tap". I stopped in my tracks. It didn't sound like the peck of a woodpecker, and not a tree trunk anywhere near for a woodpecker to peck at. Up I went and to the outstanding outcrop of another pegmatite ledge. And there I almost stumbled over my woodpecker -- only it wasn't a woodpecker, it was my old friend Orlando Bailey -- and he didn't seem a bit glad to see me -- in fact, he had his opinion of one who would go around spying on folk. I had some difficulty in convincing him that I was just as much surprised at seeing him away out there in the wilderness as he was surprised at seeing me, and that it was quite possible that he was trespassing on my territory instead of vice versa. However, he finally climbed down off his high horse and was the friendly old Olie again. He had a blacksmith forge and tent in the next little arroyo and had been at work for something like two weeks and was getting plenty sick and tired of it. The tiny garnets were so hard on the tempered steel of the drills that a drill would only stand up for about ten minutes -- then it would have to be re-sharpened. He finally told me that I was welcome to the whole country thereabout -- he was going to get out next morning -- that if I wanted to help to carry some of the lighter stuff over to the Bailey home, he could pack the balance and wouldn't have to come back. That suited me -- not that I wouldn't have been delighted to have Olie stay -- both of us prospecting on our own -- but camping together -- but since he was bound to go I was glad to be able to help him out, and myself at the same time.

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I was on hand early the next morning. Olie had a pretty sizable pack ready for me to carry, but after he had fitted the fastening over my shoulder, I found that it wasn't quite as outrageously heavy as it looked. Then Olie climbed into the harness of his own enormous sack and we were off. At the Barker Valley Creek crossing, Olie laid down his pack and disappeared in the brush to the left. In a minute he was back with a
good-sized piece of peculiar-looking rock in his hand. "I am willing this to you," he declared as he handed the rock to me. "It's lepidolite float, but I've looked and looked and looked and couldn't find hide nor hair of the ledge it came from. If you can find and locate the ledge, you are welcome to it -- I'm done!"

Well, now, that was something! Lepidolite float east slope of Palomar, and the nearest lepidolite in position so far as I knew on Palomar was in Frank Salmons' Pala Chief mine near Pala west of Palomar! And Salmons had been getting scads of kunzite and tourmalines of gem quality out of the Pala Chief! Here was a problem worth solving, and I felt like getting right after it, but of course that wouldn't do at all -- at all. I couldn't leave Olie to go on home alone after he had been so nice to me. As we topped the ridge north of Mendenhall Valley, we could see a fringe of fog-clouds along the top of the mountain south. We were barely out of the valley when they came overhead. As we reached the road in front of the Bailey home, misty drops were falling, but I had gotten out my Brownie and someone snapped me and Olie and our respective packs. So that's Olie and that's me.

THE LEPIDOLITE FLOAT

The storm kept me at Bailey's for a day or two and then I went home to wait for things to dry out a bit. When I finally got around to making the trip to Barker Valley, I went by way of Doane Valley, Sunday School Flat, the Lovell Place and Mendenhall Valley, instead of the other way, via French Valley, etc. On the Lovell Place were some old Indian camp grounds and it used to be a good locality for hunting arrow points. As I was passing through on the road, I kept my eyes open but did not care to take time out just then to hunt arrow-heads. I had something more important on hand.

Arriving at Barker Creek crossing, I retrieved the bit of lepidolite rock I had hidden, and examined it more carefully. It was a rounded, boulder-like piece, and there were a number of tiny tourmaline blue and red crystals scattered through the lepidolite formation. Lepidolite, I may say, is a peculiar kind of mica, lithia base, once seen never to be mistaken for any other. My problem was to find the ledge from which the rock came. That seemed simple enough. I was to work up the creek looking for other specimens -- and probably finding them. Then, after awhile, I would find no more pieces of float. That would be my cue to leave the creek and examine the hillsides above, looking for more float. Finding float away from the creek would lead me up the dry hillside directly to the ledge -- presumably of good size -- the original piece being something like six inches in diameter.

Well, sirs and siresses, I spent the whole day thereabouts and did not find one single other piece of anything at all resembling the piece of rock Friend Olie had willed to me. About dark I went up to the Frazier's cabin camp and returned next day, extending my search still further up the creek and well up both sides for good measure. The mystery was still as deep and dense as when Olie passed it up. It was too, too much even for me. I quit cold and took up my prospecting where I had left off near Olie's now deserted camp. I moved my blankets, etc., over to the Frazier cabin and made a new camp. I looked over pegmatite ledge after pegmatite ledge. Three days at home -- three days prospecting, passing through the Lovell Place going and coming. I spent an hour or so each time hunting for arrow points. Then, one Monday morning en route to the prospecting grounds beside the road, on the Lovell Place, I found it. It was a round, inch-thick rock -- a glint of blue -- tiny but unmistakable. I broke it open. It was a piece of lepidolite! And miles southwesterly from Olie's piece of float! I got down literally on my hands and knees, hunting for more specimens. I found something I had not seen before -- a fan-shaped piece of lepidolite, nice but not lithia nor gem-bearing.

Then I found a big crystal of nearly clear smoky quartz. The terminations and edges had been worn off nearly round, but enough was left of the shape to show the characteristic six-sided formation. Then I discovered another rock peculiar to the location and nowhere else, so far as I knew, on Palomar Mountain. That was the beginning of a new problem to solve, with the whole terrain between the Lovell Place and the Barker Valley crossing under suspicion. The rounded quartz crystals and weather-worn lepidolite cobble
stones suggested long travels along same stream bed, but what stream bed? The Lovell Place specimens were much more worn than the Bailey lepidolite.

While still puzzling my poor old head over the increasing complications, I came near stumbling over a foot-thick boulder near the top of the ridge across Mendenhall Valley almost due north of the Mendenhall Ranch houses. A closer look and my eyes bugged out! It was lepidolite, peppered with the blue and red tiny tourmaline crystals -- weather worn and rounded and lying on top of the east-west ridge almost in direct line with the resting places of the Barker Valley and the Lovell Place finds. I tried to knock off a piece of the rock -- but in vain. Then I began to look around and found several smaller specimens of lepidolite, and also of the smoky quartz crystals, and the other two distinctive rocks I had discovered on the Lovell place. The quartz crystals were only about 3/4-inch thick with edges less worn. That indicated to my mind that they had come from the contrary direction to the Lovell Ranch, i.e. from easterly to north. But there was a sizable drop in elevation in that direction. It did not seem reasonable that water would run up as steep a hill as all that, merrily rolling a flock of lepidolite and other cobble stones and boulders along in its wild flow. But still there were the facts!

What to do? What I did was to find a pegmatite outcropping right on the edge of the steep drop to Warner's Ranch Valley and about half a mile north of the Barker Valley Falls. Here I found a pocket of smoky quartz crystals, perfect terminations at one end only, the other end frozen in the formation. So far, so good. The smoky quartz crystals and the lepidolite rocks had been close neighbors in the location to the southwest -- why not here? I put up monuments and location notices and sent a copy of the last to the County Recorder. I had pick and shovel and I dug and dug and dug. No sign of anything more valuable than the quartz crystals.

Came a warm spell and the Fourth of July I started down the ridge toward the Falls. One-fourth mile down, and what did I see? An almost perfectly rounded 18-inch lepidolite boulder! I admitted, though reluctantly, that that boulder had come a long, long ways, meaning? Meaning what? I sat down on the boulder and tried to figure it out. At my feet there was the steep 1000-2000 foot drop to the Warner Ranch country. How could the boulder have rolled up that hill? It just plainly couldn't! What then? Fly? Hardly! A flume across Warner's from the Hot Springs Mountain beyond? Nonsense! An ancient river flowing from the northeast to southwest? How about that immense hole called Warner's Ranch? And yet -- and yet -- what else to think? I leveled across, as near as I could off-hand, to the mountains beyond. Yes, they might be considerably higher than the spot where I was sitting. I had recently read a statement that our present Southern California mountains were but the mere stubs of what they had once been. Maybe Palomar Mountain had been hoisted up, or Warner's Ranch dropped down!

"Oh, pshaw!" I finally exclaimed. "It's too hot to prospect anyhow. I'll take my blankets and camp outfit home and let the problem slide until the weather gets cooler -- or I have a chance to look over those Hot Springs Mountains."

That was a good many years ago, and I never went back, nor did I ever get over to the Hot Springs Mountain. A year or two later it was reported that Oscar Williams had found a pick in the brush north of the Barker Valley Falls and had taken it home with him quite mystified as to how it ever had gotten such a long way from any digging or sign of a mine or prospect hole. It was my pick all right, but I never summoned up enough nerve to ask him for it.

I think the Barker family was the first settlers in the Valley, the Frasiers coming afterward and taking up land not entered by Barker. Louis Salmons' first wife, and the mother of the four Salmons girls, was a young girl going to school at the Jessee schoolhouse in the middle eighties. The Salmons occupied the Adams' house for awhile around 1905 or 1906 and I saw quite a bit of them.
Mrs. Salmons vividly remembered the fall of an immense meteor while she was living in Barker Valley. It had seemingly fallen to the earth in a southerly direction from the Barker home and at no great distance. Next day at school, there was great excitement over the "falling star". Also diverse opinions as to which way it had fallen, or possibly several fallen stars, north, south, east, west -- it would seem that it was a very versatile falling star if it were a single solitary one. Finally the teacher and youngsters figured it out that it was one and the same meteor and had fallen on top of the ridge west of the schoolhouse and south of Mendenhall Valley.

So at the noon recess, a number of the children hiked up hill until they came to a great, freshly-excavated hole, maybe thirty feet across -- dirt and rocks scattered all about. I once endeavored to locate the big hole, but got into such a tangle of high brush that I had to forego further search. I had seen the same falling meteor from the Asher home in El Cajon Valley. It had settled to earth in the direction of the east middle Palomar Mountain (which was in plain sight daytime from our front porch) but seemed to have come down not farther than just over the hills north of the Cowles' Santee Ranch.

Jim Frazier's home was at the east end of Mendenhall Valley, and I think he had a direct trail down north toward the Barker Valley Falls. He was a keen mountain lion hunter, and he once told me that the country about the Falls was alive with lions. If I remember rightly, he had brought down between twenty or thirty of the varmints in that one locality.

Toward the lower end of the Valley once existed a sulphur spring -- some said soda. What I found smelled more like rotten eggs than either soda or sulphur. When the San Diego Gas and Electric Company were figuring on developing water power on Palomar Mountain around 1919 and later, Barker Valley was included in their plans. Measuring gauges were maintained near the Falls for several years, Gus Weber taking periodical observations here as well as in Lower Doane Valley. The Gas Company withdrew just before a final hearing before the state authorities.

Barker Valley figured in one of the most spectacular fires of Palomar’s recent history. It had started on Beauty Mountain in Riverside County, wandered around like an old cow for several days, then made a break for the Hot Springs Mountain east of Palomar. About this time the smoke was coming over my way and I was getting uneasy. Up to that time, I judged that the high stratum of smoke overhead was coming a long distance, but now it was getting thicker, so I went up to Baileys to get my mail and to get pointers about the fire. The latest news at Bailey’s was that the fire was threatening the Hot Springs Mountain lookout station and was working southeast but was not threatening Palomar Mountain.

I was up early the next morning as was usual. The smoke was coming over thickly from the direction of Weber’s and French Valley. I had pressing work on hand, but the moment breakfast was over, I hit the trail for Weber’s. Gus was on duty as lookout man on Bougher Hill. Mrs. Weber was on hand, however, and assured me that the fire was nowhere on Palomar Mountain. I went down to Observation Point. The clouds of smoke lifted for a moment and I could see the Bergman Place and county roads near Aguanga. No signs of fire thereabouts, but much smoke from the hillsides beyond. Reassured and ready to return home, I went up by the Weber tent. Mrs. Weber wanted to know why the hurry. "Work," I said. "Nonsense!" she said. "You just sit down on this log while I tell you all about it."

Before she had finished her story, the 'phone bell rang. She was back in a minute or two. "Fire has jumped road at Dead Man's Hole and is coming this way. Gus says for you to stay right here. You can go to work helping to dig a big hole to put our tent and furniture in."

And there I was, and for several days the fire raced up from Dead Man's Hole toward Hi-Point. Then down toward Aguanga, then back up hill toward Webers. Shifted toward Beach Ranch, burned through Beach Ranch to Barker Valley, Forest Service fighting with hundreds of men. Ol' Man Fire going just where he
Firefighters made a stand along creek in Barker Valley. The officer in charge put men to work clearing a fire guard through the brush some distance north of the broad brush freewash of the creek. Comes George Mendenhall, and George wanted to know "How come?" "Orders from higher up. George snorts, "Such doings! Why not make fire break at creek?" "Orders different." George then handed out an ultimatum. "Put all your men under my direction or get out!" He got the men.

They cleared a path clear to Warner's Ranch. A line fifteen miles long, and they then started the back fires. The fire wall went roaring up toward Hi-Point. From my point of observation on the Weber Ranch, the view was simply magnificent. I could see nothing of the blaze -- it was over the hill beyond the Beach Ranch, but there was a great wall of smoke from southwest of Beach's clear to Hi-Point. A sheer perpendicular wall thousands of feet high -- clear cut and sharply defined as a thundercloud. Then the smoke boiled up at the top and billowed away to the southwest like a one-sided mushroom. As I stood watching and admiring the mighty show, with its iridescent coloring around the sun and along the north side of the smoke wall, a solitary airplane came into view from the northeast, flying close to the smoke wall and about half way up. It skirted around the wall almost touching the smoke, then disappeared over the hills to the south. Later came two more planes, but they flew wide of the smoke cliffs and in which the pilots showed their wisdom. One touch of the tip of a wing against that solid wall -- goodbye, poor little airplane!

MENDENHALL

Enos T. Mendenhall was the father of Dick, George and Sylvester [PB: Thomas Dick, George Washington, Sylvester Jacob]. I met Enos Mendenhall but once. It was in the original Mendenhall home in the valley of the same name and I took a flashlight photograph of him sitting in his easy chair. He was getting along in years then and not able to get around much. After his death, the three sons came into the property but Sylvester soon bought out the other two, and it is Sylvester's family who now own all the stock in the Mendenhall Cattle Company. These are Carl, Charles, Edward and George Mendenhall, sons of Sylvester, and Mary Mendenhall Knox and Annie Mendenhall Bergman, daughters. Since Sylvester and his wife left the mountain to live in Escondido, the direction of the company's activities has been directed by either Charles, Edward, or George. [PB: Lucius “Carl” Carlisle, Sylvester Charles, Edmund “Happy” Thomas, George Frederick, Mary Elizabeth Rachel, Annie Edith Esther]

George has been the head of the company for the last few years, with Edward or "Happy" sometimes as second in command, living in Mendenhall Valley. Carl is running a dairy on the Monte Vista Ranch near San Diego; Charles lives in Escondido and is connected with the County Assessor's Office, and George lives in the ranch house near the foot of the mountain [PB: Potrero Ranch, now known as Cuca Ranch]. Mary is at Escondido and Annie at Aguanga, at the foot of the mountain on the north side.

There were a good many more people living on the mountain before I first arrived here, the Mendenhalls having "bought out" many of the earlier settlers before I came. The Mendenhalls did not encourage hunters or trappers to come on their lands. During the hunting season the cattle were still on the mountain and were easily scared by folks afoot. The cattle were off from the mountain during most of the trapping season, but the Mendenhalls rather favored the furry folks -- even mountain lions were not unwelcome. "The wild critters don't hurt the stock and they help the pasture by keeping down the grass-eating varmints."

Someone once inquired of Happy Mendenhall how it was that they allowed Bobbie Asher on their lands. "Oh, Bobbie Asher is different. He's almost like the wild critters himself. He just goes quietly around, picking up a living from barks and roots and such truck, where anyone else would starve. He's different!"

I once tackled Charlie Mendenhall for permission to gather cascara (Rhamnus) bark on the east end of the mountain, good bark having become scarce on my end. [PB: Rhamnus californica is the California
coffeeberry, its bark being used for rheumatism.] He gave me permission to go anywhere on the Mendenhall lands except in Jeff Cook Valley. "We have a bunch of wild steers in there," explained Charlie, "and would rather not have anyone on foot going in there."

While we're on this subject of wild steers, we will go back to the Weber and Beach ranches. One season, when I was working from Weber's and nearly to Beach's, I was going back and forth every day on the ridges just north of the two French Valleys. I always took every precaution to avoid meeting cattle, but once I came upon a steer or two in the brush unawares. The steers lit out like wild deer. Soon others joined them from here and there along their harum-scarum way into the valley below, where they were joined by very many more and the whole bunch stampeded up the valley toward the present Observatory. I had walked out on an elevated point overlooking the valley and was watching the steers with some wonderment when who should come riding into the upper end of the valley but George Mendenhall, himself. The cattle promptly came to a halt and pretty soon George rode by them and down to the valley directly below my invisible (from his point of view) perch. He drew rein and looked this way and that way and the tother, seemingly quite puzzled at not finding any pedestrian in sight. After a bit he shook his head slowly, and then rode on.

At another time, as I came up from the lower valley and came in sight of the full expanse of the upper, I noticed a cloud of dust beyond the far end. A moment later a big bunch of steers broke into sight and came charging down the valley towards me. They were well towards a mile away, so I had plenty of time to get away into the brush before they got near enough to incriminate me in case George should be about.

At another time, from a rocky point on the ridge above, I watched a pair of coyotes teasing a young steer. They would trot up nearly to the animal's nose and let off a few yelps. The animal at first would pay no attention. Then a coyote would approach still closer and let off more yelps. Finally the steer seemed to come to the conclusion that the nuisance needed abating and for a few moments my amazed eyes would be treated to the sight of a steer actually charging on a coyote while the other coyotes were dancing around and yelping on the side. Pretty soon the steer would tire of chasing such an elusive mark and would abruptly stop dead short and promptly and unconcernedly go to grazing. The coyotes then trotted over to another victim and the three of them would go through the same rigmarole. After the third play, I quit watching and
went about my business wondering if the coyotes hadn't been responsible for that stampede into the head of the valley a few days before. I've seen mocking birds tease cats and I once saw a mocker tease a gopher. That's a fact, believe it or not!

The Webers at one time had a vegetable garden in Mendenhall Valley, having leased a plot of ground there and peddling the products around the various camps and cabins on the mountain. Gus Weber was born on the first day of August, so a number of his neighbors put their heads together and decided to give Gus a birthday picnic party not too far away from his work in the garden. The spot chosen for the scene of the picnic was a pretty little cove on the edge of the valley below the Pelley place and out of sight of Gus and his garden. Harry and Mrs. Hill drove over in the old stage once owned by Joseph Foster on the stage run to Julian. They picked me up in Doane Valley.

Arriving at the rendezvous, we found about a dozen people there and more coming. When the time came for dinner, Mrs. Weber sent her son Gene Lawler to get Gus who was working in the garden. Time passed. No Gus -- no Gene. Still more time passed, plenty of time for Gene to have made the round trip twice over. Someone suggested sending out a rescue party, but Mrs. Weber vetoed the scheme. "Gus will come when he gets ready." Finally the two turned up. "Almost had to carry him here," grunted Gene. Gus was utterly surprised, even though he had had a hand in securing a supply of young chickens for picnic purposes the day before. "Better late than never," and we were soon stowing away fried chicken, salad, sandwiches and had just reached the dessert when a great big drop of water fell smack on the piece of pie in my hand. "Rain," I yelled, "and more a coming!" Sure enough, it came a coming like a house afire. Some of us crawled under the old stage and others sought refuge in the shelter of the big tree trunks -- lightning flashing and thunder rolling. Before it let up, things were soaking and most of us pretty well wet through. However, we made out to finish the dessert in the right manner. Most of the folks went home soon, but Mrs. Hill, Harry and yours truly were invited over to the Mendenhall ranch house to dry off and to stay for the night.
I was very much impressed with the huge fireplace. It was something like a little brick house within the house. One could sit inside the enclosure, one side or the other, and have no draught against his back. In fact, some heat from the fireplace proper was reflected back from the brick wall behind. Harry drove over home to attend to the stock and came back again. Then the bunch went up to the Club House to dance. I don't remember the dance, -- probably went to bed.

When I first saw Mendenhall Valley, it was a solid meadow of green grass. It was a year or two later before the creek began to cut down a little above the house. Willows were planted across to stop the erosion, but a flood cut around. I think they next tried a brush dam. Then they put up a large cement-concrete dam. Another big flood and the fine big new dam was left standing by itself, the waters having washed out around both ends. Each flood year added to the destruction.

Sylvester Mendenhall and his wife dreamed of a cattle empire passing in line from parents to children, generation after generation. This fact was brought out at one of the first big county road bond elections. I can still see, in memory's eye, the little single-seated desks ranged alongside the aisle in the old Palomar schoolhouse. Sylvester was seated on a desk on the right facing the rear. Mrs. Mendenhall was properly seated just across the aisle and facing front. Sylvester was on the election board, but a lull had come in the voting and the other officers were taking their ease nearby. Someone ventured a wish that the road bonds would carry. Sylvester promptly began an argument against the road bonds. I took him up, and we had it back and forth for a minute or two. Then Mrs. Mendenhall turned around in her seat. "We are cattle people," she said. "The new roads will not add to our income but will add to our taxes. Would that be fair?" At this point Mr. Hewlett suddenly stood up. "You might possibly have to pay more taxes, but your property would become more valuable. You could sell your lands at a big price and retire to live comfortably in your old age."

"No, we'll never sell," declared Mrs. Mendenhall. "As I said, we are cattle people and we want to hand on our business to our children and our children's children." With that she turned back facing front, and Hewlett resumed his seat without another word. A voter came in just then and we all went up to the ballot box, our little argument over with, never to be mentioned again. The road bonds carried.

As has been stated, Jim Frazier had a house and barn on the far east end of Mendenhall Valley. I do not know whether this was his homestead entry or another tract bordering on the south side of the valley, not so far from the Mendenhall ranch houses. It is certain that he had made a homestead entry about the same time I made mine, but when Ranger Ed Bish came down here from Ventura County, he very soon set himself the task of trying to prove that every homesteader had made fraudulent entry. He succeeded in knocking out some entries, but Jim stuck and he was put to considerable expense defending his rights. It was said that Sister Maria contributed much of the expense money from her slender savings.
Frazier had two mules -- Jack and Jinny -- and a buckboard. I have a photo showing Jim and the outfit in front of the Smith and Douglass Hotel, Jim with his trusty six-shooters upraised and pointing north.

I was often on the election board in the early days. After the votes had been counted and everything sealed up and shipshape and in the ballot box, the board was supposed to appoint one of their own members as a special messenger to carry the ballot box down to the County Clerk's Office in San Diego, the county paying the ballot-box toter so much per mile for toting it down. On a number of occasions I was the member of the board selected for this duty. I once carried the box nearly as far as Valley Center when T. O. Bailey caught up with me and gave me and the box a lift the balance of the way to Escondido. Of course, I got the San Diego stage there.

Another time Jim Frazier took me down to Escondido in his buckboard. We went down the old, old road, down the south side of the mountain. The present Highway to the Stars cuts through the old road in a place. The old road was pretty rough and in one place rather dangerous, but we made it all right. Jim said that we were the first to go down that way in a wagon for many years and we may have been the last. However, I had been over it afoot quite a number of times. Arriving at Escondido, Jim put up at a feed yard. There were two or three small cabins in the northeast corner of the yard and he told me that I had better get a bed in one of the cabins -- cost only two bits and just as good as at the hotel. I remember that Father La Pointe, a Catholic priest whose work lay mostly with the Indians, was also a guest. I found him a very interesting talker. When the time came for me to prove up on my homestead at San Diego, James Frazier and Milton Bailey were the only two of my four published witnesses who had taken the trouble to be on hand. When I came to pay him for his trouble, his charge was very reasonable considering the long trip from his home on Palomar.

Ed Mendenhall had invited me to visit him at Mendenhall Ranch home in Mendenhall Valley. He added, "If I'm not there, walk right in and make yourself at home. You'll find something to eat and you can pick any one of the beds to sleep in." Sure enough, when I got there, Ed was not at home. It was late, so I helped myself to beans, etc. The beans were especially tasty -- pink beans in pot with well-cooked ham. Canned beans are never anywhere as nice as home-cooked pink beans with ham or bacon. After supper I sat around for a bit, then I picked out a bed that did not seem to be in use by either Ed or his helper and was soon sound asleep, having been pretty well tired out by the long hike from my own diggins. After awhile, Ed and his
helper arrived, but they were very quiet and I was soon asleep again. In the morning, after breakfast, the two washed and wiped the dishes and put everything away in the closet or on shelves. Then came the bed making and sweeping out, -- all as neat as three pins. It was now eight o'clock and the sun was shining into the east door, so I sat me down on the doorstep while Eddie told me about the family.

Eddie's grandfather was Enos Mendenhall and his father was Sylvester. He had two uncles, George, who was a bachelor, and Thomas Dick Mendenhall, who had two daughters. Sylvester had six children: Charles, Carl, George, Edward, Annie and Mary. [PB: Asher referred to Richard Dick which is corrected to Thomas Dick, who had two daughters, Evelyn and Minerva. Asher says George was a bachelor which dates his writing of that sentence between 1932 and 1935, between George's two marriages, since Asher refers to George's 1935 marriage in subsequent text. Sylvester Jacob's six children were Sylvester Charles, Lucius "Carl" Carlisle, George Frederick, Edmund "Hap or Happy or Ed or Eddie" Thomas, Annie Edith Esther, and Mary Elizabeth Rachel].


Eddie is quite tolerant of wild animals. I made a remark about the number of crows around. "Yep," commented Eddie, "There is quite a bunch down in the willows. We haven't any garden now, so we don't bother them. I reckon they have just as good a right here as we have."

There were a number of Cooks. The father settled in Jeff Cook Valley. Bill Cook settled in Will Valley; George in Dyche Valley and Hiram at Big Orchard [PB: father Jefferson "Jeff" Cook and sons, William, George W., and Hiram M.].

At one time some of my neighbors had gone on an all-grape diet at the recommendation of Charles Braun. Only a registered physician should do that. "Setting broken bones is different," he explained, "but I'd draw the line at setting one's own broken bones. That's pretty tough!" I remarked that he seemed to speak from personal experience. He admitted that nearly every breakable bone in his body had been broken same time or other, -- both arms, both legs, ribs, bone of one heel missing. He added that if I weren't too squeamish, he would show me, which he did. The heel bone had been taken out and flesh sewed back in place. He has only a slight limp, but has to wear high-heeled cowboy boots.

Eddie showed me some of the old buildings and then took me over to see the famed "Malava" Sulphur Spring which is located about a hundred feet south of the big barn. There is always a strong flow from this spring, but, according to Eddie, after an earthquake, the flow is several times as strong and this increased flow lasts for as much as three or four months. He thinks it's in the same earth fault as San Jacinto. After the big quake in the San Jacinto country, it flowed like a young river. He had an idea that the spring was on the same artesian belt. He did not think that so much water could come from local rains and snows.
THE MACK PLACE

The Mack Place, variously called Hayes’ Place, Roberts’ Place or Planwydd, is located on the west end grade between Cleaver Place and the Smith and Douglass Resort (later called Silvercrest). When I first visited Palomar in 1901, the Macks were there. In Miss Wood’s book it is stated that "it was known as The Mack Place after the man who homesteaded it". I have some notes jotted down from an interview with T. O. Bailey in 1925 or thereabouts. "Will Graves homesteaded the Mack-Hayes Place." I have no other information regarding Will Graves. [PB: named after John Mack; homesteaded by William H. Graves].

I saw a good deal of John Mack during my first years on Palomar and he was always pleasant and interested in my work in the Canyon. His apple orchard consisted of a very good selection of varieties, much better than Cleaver's. Cleaver had planted too many Baltimore Reds and Ben Davis. In addition to his orchard, Mack was very much concerned with the development of a number of gem prospects at the foot of the mountain near Rincon and two or three of them looked very promising -- so promising, in fact, that he had gotten in touch with Tiffany of New York City and they had sent out a man to look over Mack's stuff. I happened by soon after the expert's arrival and Mr. Mack invited me in to dinner and to meet the gentleman. If I remember rightly, his name was Pollack. Although not a miner myself, I have always been interested in gems and the three of us had a long and interesting visit.

As I was starting for home, Mr. Mack suggested that I come up the next morning and go down with them to the mines. Of course I eagerly accepted the invitation, but upon further discussion, I learned that Mack had only two horses. Mr. Mack insisted that I ride one of the steeds, but the idea of Mack's walking down did not strike me favorably. So it was arranged that Mack and Pollack were to ride down direct from the Mack Place while I footed it down the west end grade. Mr. Mack was a partner with Mr. Calac of Rincon in a beryl prospect at the foot of the hill northeast of Rincon and we agreed to meet there. However, when I arrived, the other two had already examined the prospects and were waiting for me under the trees a hundred yards east of the Mack-Calac ledge. So I looked over the Mack-Calac on my own and I very promptly found something they had overlooked -- a gem of the first water! [PB: A gem of the first water means absolutely perfect, the highest value. Diamonds of the first water are colorless, transparent, and water-clear, free from any fault.]

"Hello," I yelled. "Haven't you fellows overlooked something?"

"No," said Pollack.

"No," repeated Mack in a vexed voice, "we have not overlooked anything."

"Is that so? Well, just come over here and look-see."

They hesitated a moment, then came over. At my feet was a crack in the rock about a foot wide.

"Right down there," I said, pointing downward. "There's the gem you overlooked and it's a whopper, too!"

"By George!" ejaculated Pollack. "It's a diamond, sure enough, -- a diamond back."

"Bah!" groused Mack. "It's only a rattler."

I was on my way down to El Cajon so I did not inspect any of the other Mack prospects at that time, but I later visited Mack when he was at work on the Kunzite-Tourmaline claim and took same pictures. Then we went over a number of other prospects, mostly differing from each other in the gem material occurring in
the pegmatite ledges. These gem-bearing ledges are also called "Blanket ledges" because they generally lie at an angle of less than forty degrees, while ordinary gold-bearing quartz ledges are more nearly vertical. There are seams or zones in the blanket ledges widening out in some instances into so-called pockets or cavities in the pegmatite formation. Sometimes the pockets are filled with soft clay; others may be empty save for the gems lying loose. Gems occur in some of the clay-filled pockets, but lying loose in the clay. Again the gems may be found "frozen" in the formation, that is, the gems are tightly enclosed in the solid pegmatite or other rock. The Mack Kunzite-Tourmaline Mine was in a "school section". This was the only prospect in the vicinity furnishing kunzite.

It was of common report that John Mack, with the help of one Mexican laborer, took out $12,000.00 worth of gems from this one location in a period of six months. The Mexican was with Mack when I took pictures. Mack sold the claim to a syndicate, but pay gem material soon petered out and they began "coyotering" all over the landscape in a futile endeavor to find another kunzite bonanza. Mack later remarked that they were very foolish to abandon the original location so quickly. He felt certain that there were more gem pockets nearby in the same ledge he had located. At the time I went over the various prospects with Mack, he was very sanguine about the possibility of striking genuine emeralds in a ledge a short distance north of the Kunzite-Tourmaline claim. He stated that there was no chemical difference between some of the aquamarine crystals he was getting and the true emerald. But I found others of the less valuable prospects of great interest, also.

I have already spoken of gems frozen in the formation. In one location the beryls were large and of perfect formation and clearness, but valueless because they could not be separated from the rook in which they were imbedded without shattering. Then there was a claim where the pockets were filled with beautiful large, perfect crystals but with every last crystal white as milk, and another with open pockets with clear, long needle-like crystals.

Mr. T. O. Bailey often spoke of his gem claims, but Mack made no mention of them. It may have been that they were in together on some of those he showed me.

ALONZO G. HAYES

The Macks sold their Palomar Mountain place to Alonzo G. Hayes of Long Beach, California and set up their household goods on a ranch near Fallbrook, California. Here Mr. Mack undertook the hybridizing of fruits and possibly other things, with same measure of success in a promising new peach of his origination having been named "The Mack Peach" in his honor.

The coming of the Hayes family made quite a change in the social life of West-end Palomar. A. G. Hayes and his wife were very charming people, to say nothing of the vivacious and no less charming daughters, three; also Aunt Mamie [PB: daughters Elsie R.H. Roberts, Hylinda, Alice]. Aunt Mamie was Mr. Hayes' maiden sister. Aunt Mamie was also a charming little body, always cheerful and, more to the point, one of the best (if not the very best) of my customers in those early days when I was making and trying to sell various photo views of the mountain folk and scenery.

One summer Mr. Hayes was greatly disturbed over the inroads of a veritable plague of gophers. He tried various expedients in an endeavor to get rid of them, but the gophers had proved too much for him until Aunt Mamie came to his rescue with an offer to trap them herself.

"Good!" said Hayes. "I'll give you ten cents apiece for all you can catch."
"Hurray! I'll take you up on that," and she did, and he did. Over 300 gophers were jotted down to Aunt Mamie's credit that one summer and that was the summer when Aunt Mamie was my one best customer. I tinted some 5x7 photos and she paid the advanced price without winking an eyelid. Then I made up some nifty little cedar-bark frames and mounted some of the black and white views in them. Aunt Mamie took to them instantly. All in all, I am afraid a very large proportion of the ten-cent pieces pulled out of gopher holes went into photo card and photo print gifts to friends living in less favored sections than Palomar Mountain.

The Hayes were hospitable people and I was often a dinner guest; also an overnight guest a time or two when Mr. Hayes was alone on the ranch. Once, in a heavy snow storm, I caught A. G. with a pair of snowshoes slung over his back.

One hot and very sultry day I was going up to the post office when I met Ed Bish, the Forest Service Ranger. It had been thundering for some time toward Morgan Hill. I had just noticed a suspicious-looking bit of smoke and I called his attention to it. He hadn't seen it before, but after a moment's study, he declared that there was a wild fire behind it and down the mountain south of the Smith and Douglass Hotel. I glanced at the smoke again and then affirmed that I did not think the fire was south of Smith and Douglass at all, but was south of Morgan Hill down my own canyon. Ed was stubborn and insisted that it was down south of the hotel. Finally he got a bit huffy and began giving orders. He said he would ride up to Bougher Hill to get the lay of the land, but I was to go direct to Hayes' Ranch, call Hayes out on fire duty and report with shovels and axes at Smith and Douglass.

Hayes was home when I got there, but he objected quite strenuously to being ordered around by any Forest Ranger. However, he finally subsided and we sallied forth, armed with axes and shovels, bound for Smith and Douglass straight up over the hill. In the meantime, a thundercloud had formed overhead and we were not yet halfway to our rendezvous when "Bang!" went a thunderclap and then the whole sky just about dropped itself about our devoted shoulders. We cut for the shelter of the nearest tree trunk, but it was no good.

"I'm wet through," shortly declared my partner in distress. "I'm going home, Bish or no Bish!" And off he started. "Better come along and dry off," he added. "I have some extra underclothes you can put on." And so we scuttled back to the ranch, Bish or no Bish. I never heard a word of complaint out of Bish, but I reckon he got a good soaking, too, -- that is, if he didn't get down to the Bougher House in time.

And was there a fire, and where? Certainly there was a fire at the foot of the mountain, right down my canyon and directly south of Gomez Flat. The lightning had struck ahead of the storm and the fire had raced up the mountainside almost to the flat when the oncoming rain hit and flattened it out right there.

As time passed, the girls grew up. No high school on the mountain, and there was some difficulty in making the place support itself and the family. At any rate, the Hayes family moved down. Mr. Hayes had secured a bit of farming land south of Elsinore Lake and there they made their home for a number of years. Shortly after the move, a young couple by the name of Beck occupied the place for two years. I think Beck had a lease, with option to buy, but the two years was enough for them and they, too, left the ranch for pastures new.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Hewlett were old timers in San Diego County. I never met them until the summer of 1913 after they had made the trade and moved onto the Mack Place. I never learned the particulars of the deal but I understood that the Hewletts had deeded some property they had owned near Antelope as first down payment on the purchase of the Hayes-Mack Place on Palomar. He had had some experience in farm and nursery work at the old home in Poway Valley north of San Diego and since both Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett
were intense nature-lovers, I suppose that they jumped at the opportunity to take over a place with a large apple orchard in full bearing and I know that for one I was very glad to have them for neighbors.

That summer and fall had been a very hard one for me. I had recently lost my father, mother and sister Mary and in addition on the mountain, my very good neighbor Clark Cleaver. Cleavers had been for years almost like a second home for me, and Cleaver like a father.

I had always and still do try to make my Sunday a day of rest. My life especially since coming to Palomar has been a lonely sort of life. But I always have so many interesting things from dawn to dark that I never have a chance to think about how lonely I am. After dark safe in bed, I promptly go to sleep, but Sundays are different. So a long walk or two disposes of the Sunday off duty hours, but not all. Plenty of time to get lonesome if one has no place to go. I had been going to Cleavers on a Sunday now and then to chat, to read and perhaps to eat. But with Cleaver gone, I generally found myself feeling very lonely long before sundown. Under these circumstances, you can believe me that the coming of the Hewletts at that particular time was a God-send.

I had not known them very long when an invitation came to attend a little Sunday School Service they had been holding at their house Sunday at 11:00 AM. I had been going to church and Sunday School all my life, and so I was very glad to accept the invitation; however I soon realized that apart from the Hewletts themselves, I was the only scholar. All four of the Hewletts could sing, and Miss Esther played the piano (or was it an organ?). I regret to say that I was a complete failure in as far as contributing to the musical part of the program. But not in the eating of my full share of the dinners which invariably followed the Sunday School sessions.

That fall of 1913 the apple crop was abundant and prices on the whole very good. I fancy that our friends felt very well pleased with their move from city to mountain life, and they continued to feel that way even in the face of the discouragement they later encountered. In fact when the end came they didn't want to leave the mountain one little bit. Palomar Mountain is subject to occasional late frosts which may destroy all apple blossoms that are out. If the freeze comes very late it gets everything. Some seasons, some varieties perversely refuse to bloom at all. I have heard it said that if an orchardist gets three good apple harvests out of five he is doing well, provided that he has a favorable market to go with the three good crops. The Hewlett’s apple crop failed dismally three times in a row.

The Hewletts did not die from starvation however; Miss Esther had become interested in the commercial possibilities of collecting butterflies and moths. This interest later bloomed out into a full-fledged butterfly farm and while the butterflies brought in enough to pay for ham and chicken feed and other things, the business did not bring in enough to make any substantial contributions toward clearing off the debt due Alonzo G. Hayes.

Mr. Hayes would get up once in awhile, but I saw nothing of the Hayes girls until one day the oldest daughter, Elsie, turned up with a husband Jack Roberts -- both chuck of big ideas for running a resort on the Mack Place. But the Mack-Hayes Place was still in the possession of William F. Hewlett, Mrs. Hewlett, Frank, and Esther. The Hewletts naturally refused to budge without a cash payment for their equity in the ranch. I do know that the Hewletts moved over to the Smith and Douglass Hotel building and that they had received something in the way of cash for giving up all claims to the place they had called home for so long.

Jack Roberts was a nephew of Lloyd George, later war-time Premier of England. Jack and Elsie named their new resort Planwydd, in honor of Lloyd George's country seat in Wales, if I am not mistaken. Jack Roberts was generally a likeable sort of a person, if he liked you, and also at times a bit impulsive. He early acquired an automobile, but he was a hard driver and after awhile the car began to give trouble and in the most inconvenient places. Finally, the car ran off the west end grade and rolled down into the bottom of a deep
canyon. Jack, unhurt except in his feelings, crawled out of the wreck and up to the road and so home, quite disgusted with automobiles in general and one automobile in particular. When asked if he wasn't going to try to get it out, he declared that he was through with it forever. It could rot there in the canyon for all he cared. So it lay for some time, then the young helper at Pala garage made a cash offer of a small amount. Jack took the cash and let the auto go. The young man who had bought the car managed to get it out of the canyon and down to Pala where he tinkered with it for awhile and then sold it for the reported sum of seventy-five dollars, which represented a very neat profit on the time and money invested.

Elsie was a good cook and withal a good-looking and pleasant-mannered hostess and the young couple seemed to be making a go of the resort venture. Aunt Mamie was with them a good part of the time and there was also little Katherine, Katherine Roberts. I remember one holiday -- I think it was Christmas -- when the Roberts invited some of the mountain forlornites to a Christmas celebration and dinner. I happened to be one of the "forlornites". Bill Beach was another. Bill's father, the late Dr. Beach, had bought the Charnock Place away over near the Peak Hipoint and Bill had come up to live there and raise hogs. Bill was quite a character and I was to see much of him in the years that were to come.

But to get back to that dinner, little Katherine was the whole show. That isn't saying that the dinner wasn't a bang-up affair, too. It was, and if the two bachelor forlornites were able to walk home, it was because they were naturally lean and always hungry and it would have taken more than one big dinner to hold them down.

There is always plenty to do about any ranch and when one adds the cares of running a resort such as Planwydd, well, Jack needed help and he employed outside help from time to time. His first helper was a slightly-built but muscular ex-sailor named Ray McClard. Ray proved to be a very good worker -- willing, intelligent, ambitious -- possibly a bit too ambitious for Jack's continued satisfaction with Ray as his first choice. It was not many months before we heard that Ray's folks were coming up to the mountain, supposedly for a short visit. Then one day, as I was on my way to the post office, I noticed that the Smith-Douglass Hotel building seemed to be occupied. At Planwydd I saw Ray. He invited me to call on his folks. They were his father, mother, Olin (Ray's brother) and sister, Goldie. Then it was rumored that the supposedly penniless ex-sailor had bought the Hargrave place on the north side of the mountain, and such proved to be the case. The family moved over to their new home and after awhile Ray was not a helper on the Roberts place. The next helper to come to Jack's rescue was Charlie Stoessel, a relative of the famous German General of that name. I think Charlie lasted longer than Ray as Planwydd man-of-all-work, but he finally dropped out of sight and clear off the mountain.

The next helper was a native son of old Helvetia, named Gustav Weber (only one "b") -- Gus, for short. Gus stuck. He outlasted Jack and Elsie. In fact, Gus and his missus, a lady of Welch descent, are still with us but on the north side of the mountain beyond and adjoining the Hargrave place. But more of that elsewhere.

But all is not gold that glitters. Sad to relate, the combined apple orchard and resort proposition went into the hole and into hock to the bank. Jack made desperate efforts to bring in fresh capital and he eventually interested a country club promoter named Allen. Allen had architects draw up plans for a country club for Palomar and had about half an acre of the old apple orchard above the house grubbed out. But he had started too late to get the building ready for use that summer, so he decided to open and run the resort for the one season as a public resort a good deal as the Roberts had been running it, but hiring all help. Gus was to stay and a man from Los Angeles, with his wife, was brought up to do the cooking.

About this time the foot and mouth disease hit Los Angeles County and Mr. Allen's two country club properties were quarantined, causing heavy losses to Mr. Allen and the abandonment of the proposed improvements on Palomar. The property here was leased to a man and his wife and they attempted to make a go of it on their own, but they, too, also ran into the red and had to let go. All this time, during the three
regimes -- Roberts, Allen and the cook -- Gus had continued faithfully carrying on his duties as man-of-all-work. When the final blow-up came, somebody (one or two or all three) was owing him a little matter of some $1500.00 as unpaid wages.

Gus had married Mrs. Jackson, or rather Lawler, and the two of them held down the ranch and possession of personal property for some time after the departure of Roberts, Allen and the cook. They tried to collect, but each debtor smoothly passed the "buck" to the other and nobody paid anything on the Weber Claim. The case was taken to the Labor Commissioner in San Diego. The property had gone back to the bank, but they were not responsible. Jack seemingly was not to be held. It was up to Allen and the cook. Allen made a cash payment of a hundred or two dollars and the cook turned over title to all the personal property. It now became a question of what was personal property. Allen had put in bath tubs and toilet fixtures. Were they personal properties or part of the buildings? The Webers removed them and took the chances, and, also, there was a cow. She was surely personal property. So they took the cow. And thereby hangs a tale, for it seems that, although a bargain had been made to buy the cow from Jack Adams' dad for $100.00, no money had ever been paid Adams on her account. But Jack Adams had patronized the resort at various times and had it charged to the account of the cow. The Webers bought a place on the north side of the mountain and moved over there, taking bath tubs, stoves, tents, etc.; also the cow and her calf.

Ernest A. Oliver and his wife lived in the Hayes log cabin for awhile, but Oliver built himself a house of his own on the Todd place and moved down. Planwydd was then unoccupied save by apple pickers for some time. Fred Wyss, who had built a summer cottage on a part of the old Cleaver Place, became interested and was thinking seriously of taking the Planwydd property off the bank's hands. But Fred did not care to bother with the apple orchard part, so he suggested that I go in with him on the deal. I had had previous dealing with apples and was afraid of burning my fingers again, so the matter was dropped.

Since then there has been no permanent occupants. The bank, however, long ago sold out to a little company or syndicate of officers or employees of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company. The 1938 apple crop was gathered and marketed by a Mrs. White of San Ysidro, and that brings us up to date of January 1st, 1938.

**THE BAILEY PLACE**

The Bailey Place is located in a beautiful little round valley just beneath the north side of the South Ridge, Palomar Mountain, and about the center of the length of the mountain as a whole, the Palomar Range running from Warner's Ranch (to the southeast) to Temecula (to the northwest), a distance of some thirty-five miles more or less. Uncle Nate, the "first white man" to settle on the mountain, once encountered a big grizzly bear in this very same little valley long before the coming of T. O. Bailey and the other early settlers. The story is told in Nate's own words, in another chapter of this book. Judging from the remains of various bear traps around the mountain, there must have been quite a number of the "varmints" around at even a later date. And as recently as the summer of 1939, tracks of a big old boy were seen at various points in the French Valley and Morgan hill country.

The first dwelling place on the Bailey homestead may have been the old log cabin on the east side of the flat. The sawed plank lean-to was a later addition. When I came up in May, 1903, to stay for good, I occupied the lean-to for several weeks prior to my settlement in the canyon below Doane Valley. Even at that time the log part of the cabin was showing signs of age. The big "dobe" house still standing near the post office and store building must have been put up some time after the original homestead settlement in 1886. Previous to the establishment of the Striplin & Wilhite sawmill on the mountain, much of the planking used for building cabins was "whip-sawed" in "sawpits". During the years while the Striplin sawmill was in operation, the sawpit idea was out of favor. But, in the course of time, the sawmill was abandoned and several more recently-constructed cabins were built with whip-sawed lumber. Mr. and Mrs.
Stanley Davis whip-sawed many of the planks used in the construction of their cabin on the Iron Spring property. The Bill Beach residence, now owned by Caltech, contains many planks whip-sawed by Bill and Maryann Beach.

The Bailey Place

Coming back to the Bailey Ranch and the "dobe" residence, the original dobe was reconstructed by Theodore Bailey himself some time after I came to the mountain. Milton Bailey added the building now used for kitchen and dining room purposes. He also built the dance hall annex to the store building. The heavy snows of one sorrowful winter came near wrecking the annex and Milton let it stand "as is" for a long while, but finally got up the courage to reconstruct the wreck.

Milton's professional work as a popular dentist in San Diego brought him a very good income, which could not be said of the Palomar Mountain Resort, and Doctor Milton was often worried about money matters. Once he confided to me that he had recently gone over the accounts of his dental business, and had found that his income from this source added up to over one hundred thousand dollars: "And now I am practically broke!"

Theodore Bailey was a native of Kentucky, attended a Theological Seminary, where he first met the lady he married. The family came to San Diego in 1881 and took up their residence at Mesa Grande. The year 1885 found the family in desperate straits, larder empty and no money on hand or in sight.

"Then," in Mr. Bailey's own words, "like a bolt out of the blue, came an appointment as a Deputy County Assessor under the then County Assessor Josephus M. Asher." Mr. Bailey said that the appointment came as
a complete surprise and that he had never been able to account for it. As a matter of fact, he first met my father when he went down to San Diego to be sworn in for active duty.

The field deputies of the County Assessor's begin assessing on the first Monday of March and are supposed to be through by the first of July each year. It is likely that T. O. Bailey first put foot on top of Palomar Mountain sometime in May or June in the year 1885. It was the time of the "Big Boom" and many, many people were looking for lands to take up under homestead or other land-entry acts. Mr. Bailey evidently had kept his eyes open for a possible location when on his first assessing trip to the mountain, for he did find the location and later filed on it, probably in December of that same year. He came over from Mesa Grande to establish residence on the place on the 5th day of June, 1886, at the age of about 42 years. This is calculated from data given in the Great Register of San Diego County for 1894. On September 10th he had put his age at 49 years. I was up to the post office on his 60th birthday. He was bubbling over with glee.

"Hullo, Robert," he called out as I was going up the steps of the store. "Guess what day this is? Give it up? It's my sixtieth birthday, and now they can't get me for military duty!" From which we may surmise that Brother Bailey was a confirmed pacifist long time prior to his sixtieth birthday.

Mr. Bailey had picked up a practical knowledge of land surveying, and after his settlement on the mountain, "located" a good many people on Government lands. His standard charge was $100.00 per entry, with all necessary surveying thrown in free gratis for nothing.

Upon my arrival for the first time in 1901, T. O. Bailey was Postmaster, Deputy County Clerk, Superintendent of the Sunday School, Village Blacksmith and Practical Joker Supreme. He was a great practical joker, but his jokes never took an ugly turn. Indeed, it was worthwhile being victimized just to hear his joyous chuckling-like laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

T. O. Bailey probably did more than any other man to have the name of the post office changed over from "Nellie" to Palomar Mountain. He was working for the change many years before it was finally made, and so, when the post office was moved to the Robert's Place and Jack Roberts attempted to have "Planwydd" substituted for Nellie, Palomar Mountain was the new name chosen by your Uncle Samuel.

Mr. Bailey was a loyal and ardent Baptist and had much to do with the building of the first church edifice on the mountain. This building was erected on a spot about a quarter of a mile west of the Striplín sawmill, under the auspices of the Baptist denomination. I was present at a picnic outing about 1901 near the site of the church, but the building was not then in evidence, having been burned to the ground some time previously.

There is a grassy little flat and cienaga below the Bailey Place on the divide between the Doane and Mendenhall Valleys. This location is known as Sunday School Flat and was so named because Sunday School meetings used to be held each Sunday under the spreading limbs of a large oak tree. This particular oak tree was still alive and apparently healthy in 1901, but it later sickened and died. The leafless skeleton stood erect for many years but is now prone and fast returning to the elements from which it came.
Mail carrier Peter Jolley shows how he holds onto the mail horse’s tail to walk up the steep South slide trail

During my early days on the mountain, during the summer months there were "camp fires", sometimes in one place and sometimes in another: Bailey’s, Cleaver’s, the Iron Spring camps, the Restarick Camp (between Iron Springs and Mendenhall Valley), the Smith and Douglass Hotel or Lower Doane Valley. Games like drop-the handkerchief, etc., charades and tall stories all were in order at these jolly campfires, and I am sure were greatly enjoyed by all, old and young alike. Chief among the story tellers were those old standbys, George Doane, Clark Cleaver and Theo. Bailey, and one or the other of them would be sure to come through with something startling.

T. O. was very proud of his one-acre "barb" patch. The Baileys used to pile up the barb stalks from that patch like cordwood, they were so large; also of superior quality, as the writer can testify from personal experience beginning in 1901, and Bailey's rhubarb was in fine favor with San Diego housewives.

There were a good many animals on the Bailey ranch in those days and practically all the manure from the corrals and barn was hauled out and dumped on that one small acre of naturally rich and subirrigated ground. The picking, hauling and most of the packing were done by members of the family. Once in awhile your writer helped in the packing for a pay of one dollar per day and board.

Mrs. Bailey was a very good cook, and I was always an appreciative boarder and quite ready by mealtime to stow away my share of the provender. In contrast with her husband, Mrs. Bailey was a very quiet and generally unsmiling sort of a person, not at all given to practical joking. One evening she passed me a platter piled high with tiny little nicely-browned muffins. I took one and was about to pass the platter along when she smilingly said, "Don't be so bashful, Robert. Better take some," Which same I did, three or four.
Soon the platter was around again. Again Mrs. Bailey begged me to have some more. Robert did have more. In the meantime, Mr. Bailey had become involved in a very lively argument with the boys and mere eating became with me a more or less involuntary process due to my interest in the discussion. Maybe the platter did come around several times. I was dead to mathematics, though not to muffins. Suddenly there came a silence. All eyes seemed to be focused toward the foot of the table -- Mrs. Bailey's end. I at once turned my head that way. She was shaking her finger at me.

"Robert," she began, "I am pleased and delighted that you like the muffins so much." At this moment a suppressed giggle ran around the table. "Yes, Robert," she continued solemnly, "I've been keeping count and with the two on your plate, the tally is exactly twenty-eight!"

Feeling somewhat sheepish, I glanced hastily down to my plate. Sure enough, there were the two muffins as big as life. "Oh, come on now, Mother," chirped one of the boys. "Twenty-eight ain't nothing. You know very well that it takes at least six to make a decent mouthful." However, I never could remember having taken more than sixteen. Mrs. Bailey had not intended any discourtesy. She was simply having her little joke and I had inadvertently played right into her hands. She had told me in the beginning that she was going to treat me just like one of her own boys.

While I was staying in the old log cabin in May 1903, I managed to acquire a bad case of poison oak, and although I tried out all suggested remedies, the eruption persisted. Finally Mrs. Bailey took notice of my condition, declaring that if I didn't do something about it right away, it would turn into blood poisoning. I told her that I already had been doing everything I could think or hear of. She wanted to know just what, I told her.

"Now Robert," she said, "you do exactly as I tell you and I think you will get well."

"All right," I said, "I'll agree to that."
"I thought you would," she nodded. "You know that elderberry tree done by the gate?"

"Yes."

"Well, you go get me some of the bark."

When she got the bark, she stewed it for some time in a pan of sour milk. When it was done to her liking, she made some poultices of the resulting mess and tied them on all over my face, back of my neck, hands and arms.

"Now you leave them on all night when you go to bed. I'll take them off for you in the morning and put on more, if necessary." She renewed the poultices a time or two and discharged her patient as cured.

In the course of time, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey retired from the actual management of the Bailey Resort and the ranch and the two boys, Milton and Clinton, took it over. In addition to running a second resort at the Smith & Douglass Place, the two went into a farming proposition at the foot of the mountain on the Pauma Grant. This partnership arrangement did not last very long, Clinton quitting the mountain entirely and leaving Milton to carry on alone.

Milton managed to take a course in dentistry and went into a sort of partnership with two other dentists, with offices in San Diego. He was successful from the start and later had dental parlors of his own. He and his family had a home residence in San Diego as well as on Palomar. His week-end trips to the mountain were a good thing for him in one way, as a chance to get needed exercise in the pure air of the higher elevation, but he rather overdid the exercise part. There was always so much work to be done. Too much like burning the candle at both ends. He was still comparatively young at the time of his passing in the late fall of 1938. Milton was the youngest son; Clinton the oldest.

Theodore Bailey's second son, Orlando, or Olie, as he was familiarly known, was attending High School in San Diego when I first became acquainted with him about 1900. We were quite chummy and he invited me to his rooms to look over his collection of Palomar Mountain arrow points. Ivan Thompson was Olie's roommate at the time and, between the two of them, both boosting Palomar, yours truly caught the Palomar fever, with temperature still running high forty years later.

Olie graduated from San Diego High, worked around for a year and then entered Stanford University, where I think he majored in Civil Engineering. After awhile, he came back to the mountain and went into a dairying project with Louis Salmons in Dyche Valley. The dairying proposition did not prove to be very profitable, so Olie withdrew and betook himself with his family to a place near Medford, Oregon. The last I heard, he was back in California near San Francisco.

The girls of the Theo. Bailey family all grew up on Palomar. Nannie had married Roy Johnston before my first arrival on the mountain. The Johnstons had a homestead entry and another place in Lower French Valley. They had one son that I know of, but the family did not stay very long on Palomar after my settlement here.

Hodgie Bailey was quite a big girl at the time the large dobe house was built, and thereby hangs a tale. As the story goes, it seems that a sockdolager of a snowstorm hit the mountain and the Bailey Ranch during one of Theo. Bailey's absences. [PB: Sockdolager, meaning exceptional in some respect, is 1800's American slang, along with other contemporary slang as hornswoggle and skedaddle.] It must have been the quiet sort of snowstorm we sometimes have, hardly a breath of air stirring, and the snowflakes slowly settled down and stayed put just where they fell on hill and dale and -- the recently-finished roof of the new Bailey home.
And the snowflakes kept coming and coming until the roof began to sag. And the snowflakes kept coming and coming until the underside of the roof looked like it couldn't give any more without breaking clean busted and letting in the snow on the piano and things which, of course, would never do. So big Sister Hodgie organized a shovel brigade, consisting of herself and younger brothers, climbed up to the roof in the snowstorm and shoveled and pushed snow overboard. But the snow kept coming and -- and pretty soon Hodgie and her little army of snow shovelfers had to do it all over again.

Hodgie was much in evidence around the Bailey diggings for a number of years, but she finally got herself a job as gem cutter with the San Diego jewelry firm of Joseph Jessop & Sons. She remained as a valued employee with the Jessops for a number of years, then married Louis Salmons and came back to the mountain and has remained here ever since.

Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, is a librarian and has lived away from the mountain for many years.

LOUIS SALMONS

Born in Georgia, Louis has been operating near Palomar longer than I, but his first coming to the top of the mountain as a resident occurred about the time of the Huntington boom in 1905. Louis’ brother Frank [PB: Frank A. Salmons, who established the Frank A. Salmons Store in Pala in 1895, selling general
merchandise; his wife was Hazel] and Colonel Ed Fletcher were the agents of the Los Angeles syndicate in the purchase of lands in San Diego County. The syndicate acquired large holdings along the coast from Del Mar north, some in the San Luis Rey Valley, including the large Pauma Grant at the foot of Palomar Mountain east of Pala, and well over a thousand acres on Palomar Mountain proper. One of the tracts purchased was the George Doane property of 640 acres; however, Doane had stipulated that the purchasers of the land must also take his cattle. Since the Huntington syndicate was not interested in cattle, didn't want 'em and wouldn't have 'em, Frank Salmons bought them from Doane in his own account. But Frank was quite too busy to look after the cattle himself, so he took brother Louis into the deal.

Louis thereupon moved up onto the mountain with his wife and four young daughters and for awhile lived in the house on the Adams place. I do not know how long he had the Doane Valley under lease, but he finally bought the Cook property in the south part of Dyche Valley and for a number of years he and his family lived in the old Cook residence. He farmed, raised hogs, then went into the dairy business on a fairly large scale erecting a silo, etc. His first wife having died, he married Miss Hodgie Bailey, daughter of T. O. Bailey, and they took a homestead on government land south of the Cook place. Here they built a house and barn, etc., which is still home for Louis and Hodgie. The four girls have grown up, -- one married George Mendenhall [PB: Emma Louise Salmons].

After Louis moved into the homestead, he took Olie Bailey into partnership in the dairy proposition and Olie and his wife moved into the Cook house. The dairy proposition, not panning out very well, Olie withdrew and I think Louis let the cream-producing part of the farm slide. He was always a great worker and at times had considerable acreage under cultivation, but he never seemed to take any interest in fruit raising and so the beautiful apple and pear trees which had been George Cook's pride were suffered to go back and finally die. The orchard was in a bad way even in the fall of 1913 when Louis and I were dickering over possible sale to me of the apple crop. Louis wanted $200.00 for the crop "as was" on the trees, but I couldn't see it that way.

**THE IRON SPRING AND ED DAVIS**

"Mesa G. July 21, '39
Dear Bob: I bot Iron Spgs. from Henry Ilderton, an Englishman, then living in S.F., in 1905. Before him a fellow named Sembler, I think, had it. Before him, I do not know. I was glad to see you.
(Signed) Ed H. Davis"

My first trip to the top of Palomar Mountain was in the summer of 1901. I had come from San Diego with T. O. Bailey and he had stopped at the butcher store in Escondido to get some fresh meat. Since I was figuring on camping out and doing my own cooking, Mr. Bailey had suggested that I go into the shop with him to get some meat. There we met Col. T. J. Bryan, whom I had known for a long time, and Samuel Gordon Ingle, of whom I had heard much but had never met. Col. Bryan was very cordial and introduced me to Mr. Ingle. Then the two of them extended a joint invitation for me to make my camp with their families at the Iron Spring, which invitation I was very glad to accept.

The Bryans and Ingles were camped on the Iron Spring property, while across the fence to the south Mr. John C. Dickson and his family was camping on Mendenhall land. I put up a little brush-covered hut a short distance from the Bryan tent and spent a very enjoyable four weeks thereabouts, living mostly on rolled wheat and rhubarb stew -- the rhubarb for the stew contributed by Friend Bailey. I make haste to add that I often ate at other tables than my own, where the menus were more extended. This to clear the record.
I do not know who owned the Iron Spring property at that time and there were no buildings of any sort in evidence. At the time of the so-called Huntington boom (about 1905), Mr. Edward Davis of Mesa Grande bought the place from the then owner who was in San Francisco. Later his son Stanley was running cattle in Doane Valley and also was in charge at the Bailey's Palomar Lodge for a winter or two. Then Stanley and his wife decided to build them a home of their own, and they picked out a forested, secluded spot some distance northwest from the Iron Spring for the site of their house. I think the two of them did all the carpentry and masonry as well as whip-sawing out much, if not all, of the planks used in construction of the building. They lived there for some years. Then Stanley took over the care of his father's place at Mesa Grande, and the Palomar house stood untenanted for awhile. Then Charlie Price, who had built and sold a house at Bailey's camp, rented the place and established a summer school for children there. Mr. Ed Davis still is owner of the place 18th July 1939.

Mr. Dickson, or Uncle John, as he was more familiarly called, leased the schoolhouse property from the Mendenhall Cattle Company after it had reverted to the Mendenhalls because of non-use for school purposes. After Uncle John's passing, the Dickson family has continued in the use of the old schoolhouse and grounds as a summer retreat.

Frye Flat is about one-half or three-quarters of a mile north of the Iron Spring. A Mr. and Mrs. Frye settled here at an early date and built a log cabin which is still standing. I never saw either of them but Jeff Frye, a son, was around for some years after I settled in the canyon. As I heard it, Jeff lost his arm in a gunshot accident. Erosion is taking its toll of Frye Flat, as of other once beautiful mountain valleys. An arm of a deep gulley is working around close to the west of the cabin, and it may fall almost any winter.

There is an old Indian Camp ground some distance up the valley to the west, and I have found dozens of perfect arrowheads there. Most of the points were about the same as those found elsewhere on Palomar, but there was one kind that I never found elsewhere. The rock was a milky semi-translucent quartz and the
points -- of which I have found perhaps a dozen in the course of years -- were of the shape of an equilateral triangle one-half or five-eighths of an inch wide, very thick, coarse, but perfectly spaced chippings from the sides, and points slightly blunt.

Frye Flat, even in 1901, belonged to the Mendenhalls. Some of the boys from the Iron Spring camps took a notion to build a dam across the creek at the lower end of the valley, hoping the water would back up for a swimming pool. I had heard about the enterprise, but didn't get around until just after the boys had had a visit from Sylvester Mendenhall himself. Mendenhall had ridden up quietly and caught them in the act. No one had thought to obtain permission beforehand to build the dam.

"What do you boys think you're doing?" Mendenhall demanded.

One of the boys -- it may have been Tommy Jackson -- came up, smiling, "Building a dam for a swimming pool."

"That's no way to build a dam," declared the horseman. "That thing you've got there will wash out overnight."

And then, wonder of wonders, Mendenhall slid off his pony and proceeded to demonstrate just how a dam should be built. The boys, working under his direction, built a dam that held. The younger generation pretty near lived there, lolling in the sandy flat or luxuriating in the warm water or roasting wieners over the evening bonfire. Swimming suits were not as abbreviated in those days as they are now, but most of the girls and boys acquired lovely sunburns.

**FINK’S**

"Little Fink" was a fixture on the mountain when I first arrived. His place was on the extreme easterly end of the mountain, a short distance from Will Cook Valley. He had a several-roomed cabin and a good sized barn. Winbert Fink was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, but he had lost his health and reports had it that he was just about on his last legs when he landed on Palomar and took up his homestead [PB: Winbert C. Fink]. However that may be, Fink was with us for many years and was able to accomplish much more than most of the men who took up lands on Palomar about that time. He had a fair-sized apple orchard and raised a few berry plants and some garden sass. [PB: Garden sass are garden vegetables, especially greens.] Then, too, he built a fairly good road all the way up from Warner’s Ranch all by himself. Anyone having knowledge of the cost of the county-built road up from Henshaw Dam would know that this one thing would mark Fink as a remarkable man.

For a long, long time Fink was always a member of the election board in the Palomar voting precinct. At first, I think he rather deferred to Clark Cleaver and Theo. Bailey, since they were older and more experienced men than he. But after awhile one, and then the other, dropped out and Fink became the Dean of the Board and whatever he said went with the new members. I had been a member of the Board from almost my first voting on the mountain, but after a couple of decades I dropped out myself for awhile. Then I was again appointed as Inspector. The voting place was at Bailey's, and although it was such a long ways from my cabin, I was there on time, but there was no one else. After awhile two other members turned up. They were new to the job. Knowing that I had been on the Board before, they seemed to depend upon my knowledge of the proper way to proceed. I, for my part, had been out for so long that I had forgotten much, so I suggested that since there were no voters impatient to vote and get away present, that we wait for Brother Fink. Time passed and no Fink. Then came Ralph Tillinghast [PB: Ralph W. Tillinghast]. Tilly declared that he was in an awful hurry, -- had a job he had to get back to. "Against the law not to open the polls at sunrise. Sun high up already. Board better get busy or take the consequences."
I admitted the correctness of some of his allegations and suggested that we wait for Fink no longer and I offered to go see if Mrs. Milton Bailey would serve in Fink’s place. She would, and we swore her in. Tilly got his ballots (primary election and road bond), marked them in the booth, we voted him into the ballot box -- the ballots, not the man, -- and Tilly was off, triumphant and happy. As for the Board, we came near to shaking hands all around. But our compliance soon changed to dismay when Fink came along and found that he was no longer a member of the Board. He demanded his rightful place on the Board; Mrs. Bailey hadn't been properly appointed, etc. I had to dig up a bit of law and read it to him before he would admit anything at all. Then suddenly he changed face and meekly enough asked for a ballot. The Clerk handed him a road bond ballot and a non-partisan ballot. Fink promptly blew straight up into the air again.

"What's this you've given me?" he demanded. "I want the Republican ballot."

"Oh, but I can't do that," remonstrated the Clerk. "You registered 'No party'."

Fink proceeded to argue the point and I again had to fall back on the law.

"Oh well, have your way," rasped Fink, and he grabbed off a Republican ballot and went back into a booth. When he came back, he proffered the marked ballot to the Clerk and she handed it to me.

"I am not going to put this ballot into the box, Mr. Fink. It's a spoiled ballot and we will put it with the spoiled ballots when we count up the votes tonight."

Fink attempted no further argument and very soon was riding up the road. You may be sure that the three ladies had plenty to talk about for awhile and they were not so sure that we had taken the right course. I told them that the law was plain enough and that I was sorry to have such a thing happen, but that we had to abide by the law. Just about then the Clerk who had handed the road bond ballot to Fink suddenly remembered that Fink hadn't handed it back to the Board. Since the Board had to turn back every ballot to the County Clerk, we were at once in something of a box.

Telling the others of the Board to hold the fort, I hunted up Milton Bailey and told him that Fink had run off with one of the ballots. Milton immediately offered to give chase in his machine. We both piled in and caught up with Fink about a mile away. Fink shame-facedly pulled the ballot from his pocket and handed it to me. So far as I know, Winbert Fink never again voted in the Palomar Precinct. I don't think he continued to harbor any ill feelings toward me, personally, for he afterward wrote me a very cordial letter from Pacific Beach, inviting me to call on him and adding that there were so few people with our outlook on life and things in general. Those were not his exact words, but that was the gist of it.

To go back a bit, after having obtained permission from Charlie Mendenhall to gather bark on their lands, I located supplies of bark in both Dyche Valley and on the slopes facing Warner’s Ranch southeast of Finks. At that time of the year there was still the possibility of coast storms to consider. So I asked Mr. Fink for permission to make camp near his barn, making my bed in the barn.

"No," said Fink, "you come into the house. There's a bed and mattress in the back room and you can cook on the stove in the front room."

So that's what I did. Fink cooked his meals whenever he got ready, and I cooked my meals when I got ready. Sometimes we ate together. I took my lunches with me to work and in the evenings we read and talked.
One day I ran across some rocks piled up like a wall on top of a little rocky hill just east of the site of the old Long Smith house in Dyche Valley. Fink had been telling me stories of the old horse rustler days and I wondered whether the little fort-like enclosure had been thrown up by Smith or some other early settler. Fink knew nothing of any fort, but he did have something new about the small fortune reputedly hidden somewhere in that locality by Smith, just before his murder by the sailor.

Smith had driven a large flock of sheep below and had returned with the money. He had befriended a sailor a short time before he had gone down with the sheep. Shortly after his return up the mountain, the major domo of the Warner Ranch property decided to ride up to see Smith. Part way up he met the sailor coming down with two horses. The major domo recognized the horses as belonging to Smith. Knowing that Smith was particular as to who should ride his horses, he asked the sailor a pertinent question or two. The fellow gave an evasive and unsatisfactory answer. The Warner Ranch man decided, after further questioning, that something was wrong. So he ordered the other man to head around and to return up back the way he had come. When they arrived at Smith's, the major domo found Smith dead. Apparently murdered, the evidence seemingly pointed straight to the ex-sailor as the murderer. Ordering the man to keep ahead of him again on the down trip, they arrived at the old ranch house near the south side of the valley. Summoning a posse, they took the sailor and strung him up to the limb of the sycamore tree a short distance northwest of the ranch house. A search had disclosed no sign of the reported fortune on the person of the sailor. Back at the Smith house on the mountain, further investigation disclosed not one clue as to the whereabouts of the sheep money. Then it was figured out that Smith had somehow become suspicious of the avowed good intentions of his new-made sailor friend and had carefully hidden the money somewhere just out of sight of his house before showing his face there. That was the story as per Fink.

When I asked if he, Fink, had ever hunted for the money, he suddenly shut up like a clam. "Ah Ha," I thought, "Seems like we're on a warm scent. I'll have to look around a bit myself," and I did look around, and much more than a bit. Each night I'd figure out some theory as to what I'd have done with the money if I had been in Smith's place, and each following day I'd explore the theory. After the third or four a day, I fancy that Fink got an inkling of what I'd been up to, and he sprung another story on me.

It seems that two men had come into Fink's place afoot a short time before my arrival. They had come up from below, and after staying overnight, they headed northwest. Fink had given them supper and breakfast as well as providing them with a bed for the night. They returned late in the day, apparently in a great hurry, but not in too great a hurry to tell Fink their little story. They had been told by an Indian who had been a friend of the murdered man Smith that he, the Indian, had been with Smith when the latter buried the money. The old Indian had told the two men just where to dig for the money. The two, after leaving Fink that morning, had gone up to a point northeast of the Dyche house out of sight of the house. They had dug a hole about two feet deep and had just uncovered the top of a box or chest when they saw two horsemen at a distance, coming their way. Hastily decamping, they had hidden for several hours. Then they returned to the scene of their excavating operations only to find a gaping square hole below the level of their own diggins. The hole was, of course, quite empty. The two men, Fink told me, seemed to be feeling very much chagrined over the loss of the supposed fortune so nearly within their grasp. However, knowing of Fink's interest in such things, they had come Fink's way to tell him all they knew, as a mark of appreciation of what he had done for them. I asked Fink if he had any idea as to the identity of the two riders. He shook his head, and that seemed to be the end of the story as far as he was concerned.

While at Fink's, I made very good progress in gathering the bark, having found some very ancient and almost dying bushes (or almost trees) with very thick bark. I have always made a practice of drying the bark in an airy place in the shade, and the thicker the bark, the slower it dries. So, after having taken off more than enough bark to fill my order, I had quite a little time left on my hands, off and on, during the last week or two. I hunted treasure as I have already intimated until that petered out, then hunted arrowpoints until I could find no more.
Fink was working his road, so I went down with him one morning. He had an enormous horse and was working him single that morning with a slush or shovel scraper. The sight of little man, big horse and cantankerous scraper caused me to offer my help. This offer was refused at first, but after a second misdumping of the scraper, Fink admitted that I might be of assistance if I would lead the horse where he should go at the outer edge of the fill. I held the bridle firmly, close up to the creature's mouth. Fink said, "Giddap," and we were off. But ole hoss had his own ideas about where to go, and in spite of all my tugging and pulling at his jaws, he went that way and not anywhere near the edge of the dump. Fink threw over the scraper with its load and we tried again, with the same results.

"Why don't you lead him nearer the edge?" rasped Fink.

"Can't," I said. "He's too much for me! I pulled just as hard as I could."

"Here," ordered Fink, "you take the scraper and I'll attend to guiding him." So, resigning as commander of cavalry, I went over to the scraper. "Hold up the handles a little until you get a load," ordered my friend. "Then press down and don't dump until I give the word."

We started off fine and dandy. I got the load on the scraper and pressed down. Just then the front edge of the scraper caught on a snag and the handles jerked upward, nearly throwing me off my feet. Regaining my equilibrium, I struggled desperately to hold down.

"Whoa! Whoa!" shouted Fink at the horse. "Don't dump it yet," he shouted at me.

But old horse kept on going. Over went the scraper, dumping itself, with me still struggling desperately to hold it back. At that moment my heart jumped, then went off on a fluttering spell. I managed to stagger to the bank and sank down, heart still aflutter. It kept on fluttering so long that I began to wonder if it ever would settle down again. Fink left the horse and rushed over to me. I guess he was more scared than I was, however, friend heart quit acting up and I was soon all right. But Fink said, "Never again! You go back up to the house and lie down."

Next morning he invited me to ride along with him in the wagon to Warner's Hot Springs, as he had finished the fill on the new road and thought we could make it down to the ranch. It was a pleasant drive and I was especially struck with the beauty of a number of big live oak trees at the foot of the mountain in a place Fink called "The Rincon". A day or so later, I returned on foot and made some pencil sketches. It was soon after this that I arranged with Maurice Braun to join his class in oil painting at Mesa Grande, the bark paying my way -- tuition and other expenses.

I hired Mr. Fink to haul my bark to a post office and we went to Witch Creek where I forwarded the whole lot by parcel post, much to the postmaster's amazement.

THE FRENCH VALLEYS

A short distance southeasterly from the Braun orchard may still be seen the remains of one of the three ancient bear traps which the writer happens to know about. It is on the slope north of the old road but just below the recently built Forest Ranger Road. However, I have been told that a Frenchman -- not a Foussat -- had had a claim near the spring at the fork of the Morgan-Hill and Hipoint Roads. If such were the case, this Frenchman may have been the would-be trapper.
Mr. Hubert Foussat and his brother settled near the upper, or east end, of Lower French Valley. Their log cabin was located a few feet south of the present road. The Foussats had left the mountain at the time I first reached the top of the Palomar Range, but Hubert Foussat and seven others once called on me at the Spruce Hill Camp. [PB: Asher’s manuscript refers to Albert Foussett, which is changed to Hubert Foussat. U.S. General Land Office records for Palomar Mountain homesteaders show Hubert Foussat 1845-1933, and Jean B. Foussat 1827 – 1896.]

The Foussats left a very well-done carved cedar wood bedstead in their log cabin. It has since fallen to pieces. Some of the parts are still there although nearly everything else is gone. Bill Beach took the cabin apart and used the logs and other timbers to build a bridge across the creek just above. But a big flood came shortly after and the logs went roaring down toward the Pacific Ocean. I found one of the hewed logs on my place -- miles and miles away from where poor Bill had so confidingly built a bridge that would last forever and ever -- or something to that effect. At that time the road crossed the creek to the south, turned east up over the hill after a quarter of a mile along the edge of the meadow, crossing the creek again and to the north, near the Ranger pasture in the Upper Valley. The present Ranger Road lies entirely on the north side of the creek, as did an older road antedating Bill Beach's road.

Roy Johnston (T. O. Bailey's son-in-law) had a claim south of Foussat’s and in the extreme southeast corner of Lower French Valley mountain [PB: Roy Johnston married Nanny Bailey]. Johnston had another claim between Mendenhall Valley and the Pedley or Striplin saw mill valley.

Getting a bit nearer to the Observatory, we find the so-called Ranger pasture. This was a forty-acre bit of Government land, with a spring and some grass, evidently overlooked by the early settlers whose claims completely surrounded this forty-acre island. When this part of San Diego County was put into the Cleveland National Forest, the forest officials soon discovered the forty, promptly had it withdrawn from homestead entry and set it aside for Forest Service uses -- mainly as a pasture for Forest Service pack animals -- horses and mules. Of late years, since the motorization of fire-fighting equipment and the building of fire-protection roads up the north side of the mountain, the grazing lot was no longer needed by the Service. So the grazing privilege has been granted to a private person.

Southeasterly from the Ranger forty, and at the extreme head of Upper French Valley, once stood the Cochran cabin [PB: Mitton A. Cochran]. The sides, as well as the roof of the cabin, were covered with split white fir shakes. It was said that Cochran had taken some 30,000 shakes from one tree. The side-wall shakes weathered to a very lovely silvery gray. It stood but a short distance west of the present Highway to the Stars and undoubtedly would have been of interest to many of our later-day Visitors. But alas and alack, the cabin is no longer there. Hunters and campers had found it too much of an attraction. Hunters and campers, if afoot, scare cattle, and a wildly-running steer loses weight -- say 15 pounds per scare. Fifteen pounds at 8 cents per, means quite a bit of any man's money, Multiply 120 by 200 -- two hundred and forty-four dollars!

Across the saddle from the Cochran cabin once stood another of the old log-constructed bear traps referred to a bit back. I hunted faithfully for its remains, but could find no sign whatever of its one-time existence. It may be that the new highway cuts through the precise spot. Mrs. Mason owned acreage both north and south of the French Valleys. Sadie Gum had a property westerly from the Ranger pasture. Frank Salmons just east of the pasture. Practically all of the valley land is owned by the Mendenhall Cattle Co. Travelers afoot may be warned very vigorously to "get out and keep out!"

THE WEBER RANCH

Gus Weber came from Switzerland while Mrs. Weber's folks came from Wales [PB: The first name of Mrs. Weber was Marian]. Gus was working at the Planwydd Resort for various people before he married and
they took up their abode on what is now known as the Weber Ranch. They bought 320 acres, lying mostly along the slope north of the Clark-Braun place. At first they lived in a big tent, but later built a cabin of their own design. The dimension timbers used in the cabin were peeled poles and logs of white fir and cedar. There was a good deal of very massive masonry construction -- that for the fireplace alone was quite a huge affair.

Edward Lyns was with them for a number of years, studying, writing and lending a hand on the regular ranch work and the building of the cabin. Later, Eddie became a captain in the U. S. Army, then a college professor, and still later the writer of two or more very distinctive novels.

For quite a number of years Gus Weber was working for the Federal Government as a worker on trail-building and as a boss fighting fires. During later years he has been with the Palomar Observatory, serving in various capacities. Mrs. Weber was a very well-educated person -- a college and post-college graduate; also a capable and energetic worker about the ranch, caring for the chickens and several cows. They did have in mind a cheese-making project -- Gus having had experience in that line in the old country -- but they never did get around to the cheese making. During the earlier years the Webers entertained a good many visitors, but with work piling up on them, they just couldn't have visitors. The Webers were very active in all West-End Palomar Mountain doings and Gus got the writer up and down the mountain for several seasons, sharing this chore with Milton Bailey, Bob Fleisher and others.

The Webers were still living in the big tent, before beginning work on the new house, when a fire broke out on Beauty Mountain in Riverside County northeast of the Weber Rauch. For some days and nights it pursued a very erratic course, with many fire fighters endeavoring to control it, but not threatening Palomar Mountain. My place below Doane Valley is a sort of a hole in the ground, but one morning the smoke clouds were boiling up in a most alarming fashion toward the east. I went up to the post office, but was told that the fire was not on the mountain. At daylight next morning, however, there were great bellows of
smoke going up toward French Valley and the Weber Ranch, so up to French Valley I went. Solid pall of smoke, so I went on down to the Weber's. Mrs. Weber reported "no fire on the mountain yet." But I was not satisfied, so I went on down to "The Lookout Point." Arrived there, I found that I could see out under the shifting smoke cloud to the road between Oak Grove and Aguanga. There was no evidence of fire on the Palomar side of the road, but the hills beyond were still sending up spirals of smoke here and there. The fire fighters had evidently backfired from the road. Satisfied that all was well for the time being, I started for home but Mrs. Weber stopped me just below the tent and we sat down on a log while she started to tell me all about it. But soon the phone bell rang up in the tent. Mrs. Weber returned in a minute or two. "It was Gus," she explained. "He says for me to keep you here until he phones again."

It was not long until he did phone again, this time with the news that the fire had jumped the road at Dead Man's Hole east end and was now on Palomar and driving toward the northwest where it would soon be threatening the Weber Ranch. Further, that the Missus and Bob were to begin immediately digging a pit ready to bury the tent, etc., if the fire should come our way. So we went to work. Sometime later, Judge W. P. Cary showed up, then Don Gordon. Don reported a fire-fighters' camp in French Valley; that he had offered his services, but that the boss hadn't been at all nice to him. So here he was -- and ready to help Bob with the digging. At supper time, the fire which had been burning down the mountainside below the Weber Ranch about a mile to the northwest suddenly changed its course and began burning toward the Beach Ranch. So we ate our suppers quite leisurely. I finished first and was busily digging when Mrs. Cary came down from the tent, and picking up Don's shovel, went to work. Then Don showed up, but Mrs. Cary refused to give up the shovel. Don called for Mrs. Weber to come help him get his shovel, but Mrs. Cary wasn't quitting. Mrs. Weber finally convinced the lady that she was really delaying the work; also that the immediate danger from the fire had passed. It was going the other way -- which it was, toward the Beach Ranch. Don got his shovel and we went on with our digging.

Some time later I heard a strange roar which seemed to be easing from the east. Straightening up, an amazing sight greeted my eyes. A tall, dead, big cone spruce tree just below the Beach Ranch was ablaze from bottom to top, with the flames reaching upward for a hundred or two feet. Above that went a column of smoke. The smoke went up and up for about two miles when it spread out and raced toward the southwest. That the up-draft must have been something tremendous may be judged from the fact that it carried along many fragments of charred bark for as much as eight or ten miles. I found numerous pieces in Lower Doane Valley and on my own place. Most of the fragments were only an inch or two long, but some of them were three or four inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick. The fire crossed the ridge east of the Beach Ranch and did not again come near the Weber's.

In the morning some fears were expressed as to the fate of the Beach buildings, but I did not need to go all the way to assure myself that the buildings were standing. However, beyond the Beach Ranch, great masses of thunderhead-like clouds were building up. But they were smoke clouds, not thunderheads. I had come quite a way back toward the Weber Ranch when I suddenly became aware that something new and strange was creeping over the landscape. Everything was turning to an ash grey -- a pearly grey I had never before seen except in some dream. There were no more greens or browns and the sun was a strange sun, surrounded by wide zones of faint rainbow colors. And beyond Barker Valley, the clouds had risen and mushroomed out with a sheer circular wall below, maybe five or six thousand feet in height and a half mile across. As I watched, a little plane came around from the south about halfway up the wall and so near to it that I began to shiver for fear a wing tip might touch the wall and so send the plane to earth. A few minutes later the same plane appeared, but flying higher and much farther from the wall.

I learned later that the fire fighters, under Mendenhall directions, had backfired from a fire guard along the north side of Barker Valley creek clear to Warner's Ranch at the foot of the mountain. The strange appearance of the sun and the other weird effects may have been due to polarized light. Anyhow, it was
something wonderful and, perhaps, indescribable, although I have made an honest attempt to give my readers some idea of the splendor of it all.

Cedar Shack near Asher’s Spruce Hill Camp
Asher’s Spruce Hill Camp (top photo in 1904)
Palomar Stage