

Clark Cleaver

Apple King of Palomar Mountain



Clark Cleaver at his foggy apple orchard, undated
Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

Clark Cleaver

Peter Brueggeman
Mount Helix, California, 2023 version 12

Preface

This work aims to present almost everything that I could find on Clark Cleaver, from a variety of primary and secondary resources, while preserving original voices: written accounts, oral histories, newspaper items, letters, diaries, photographs, etc.

First published in 2015, this biography is updated as new content is sourced; the edition is noted in the version number on the title page. Please contact me if you are aware of any materials on Clark Cleaver; I am particularly interested in photographs and first-person narratives of him by people that knew or interacted with him.

Thank you to Bonnie Phelps, Brad Bailey, George Lavas and Jennifer Wassel, Barbara Ann Waite, Jim Lynch, San Diego History Center Library, Escondido Public Library Pioneer Room, Escondido History Center, and my spouse Kathy Creely, who listened and encouraged my explorations in Palomar Mountain history over many years.

Peter Brueggeman



Foggy view from Palomar Mountain, undated

Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

Clark Cleaver, Apple King of Palomar Mountain

Clark Cleaver and his apple orchards on Palomar Mountain were well known in San Diego County in his time. Newspapers at the time of Clark Cleaver's death in 1912, called him the "apple king" of the Escondido country which encompassed Palomar Mountain ^{1,12,13}.

About Clark Cleaver, newspaper obituaries said "his beautiful mountain home was his delight. Mr. Cleaver was a man of very considerable culture and refinement, and above all he was a man of honor. In his life there was no stooping to that which was low and vile. The nobler sentiments of life he cherished and upheld. Though enfeebled by age and affliction he retained his mental faculties to the end" and that "his optimism at all times was cheering" ^{1,12,113}.



Clark Cleaver, 4 July 1904

Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

Clark Cleaver was born on 28 April 1825, in Pennsylvania, the son of Jesse H. Cleaver and Sarah Evans Jackson Cleaver ^{1,2,113}. A middle name for Clark Cleaver is uncertain. 1905-1911 directories for San Diego county list him as Clark C. Cleaver, and he's listed as J.C. Cleaver in the California Death Index 1905-1939 ^{8,28}. The Great Register of San Diego County voter registers for 1892 and 1894 record Clark Cleaver as five feet eight inches tall, with sandy complexion, and gray eyes and hair ³.

Father Jesse (Josiah) H. Cleaver was born 23 April 1802, in Columbia, Pennsylvania, and died 11 May 1869, in Marshalltown, Iowa, being buried in Riverside Cemetery there ^{6,10}. Mother Sarah Evans Jackson Cleaver was born 14 May 1804, in Caernervon, Pennsylvania, and died 26 April 1879, in Iowa City, Iowa, being buried in Riverside Cemetery, Marshalltown, Iowa ^{6,10}.

Jesse H. Cleaver and his wife Sarah emigrated from Pennsylvania to Canada in the mid-1830s ^{11,113}. Jesse Cleaver got involved in the Canadian Rebellions of 1837-1838 [armed uprisings seeking the right of citizens to participate in the political process through election of representatives]; he was a prisoner of war and had to leave Canada and their property ^{11,66}. The Cleaver family moved to Ohio, Indiana, and then to Iowa in 1853 ^{3,11}.

Clark Cleaver had an extensive family: sister Rebecca B. Cleaver (born 12 June 1824, in Pennsylvania; died 21 March 1902, in Portage, Ohio) , brother Josiah J. Cleaver (born 25 June 1831, in Pennsylvania; died 15 August 1911, in Marshalltown, Iowa), brother Kimber Cleaver, who figures prominently in the later life of Clark Cleaver (Kimber was born 10 July 1837, near Toronto, Canada; died 7 January 1908, in Santa Ana, California; buried in Pomona Cemetery, Pomona, California), sister Sarah Ann Cleaver (born 8 February 1840, in Ohio; died 16 September 1902, in Santa Ana, California), sister Mary Ann Cleaver Evans (born 9 February 1840, in Ohio; died 22 February 1922 in Marshalltown, Iowa), sister Amanda (born 1848), sister Louise (born 1842, died 1860) and brother Earl (born 1845) ^{3,5,6,10,11}.

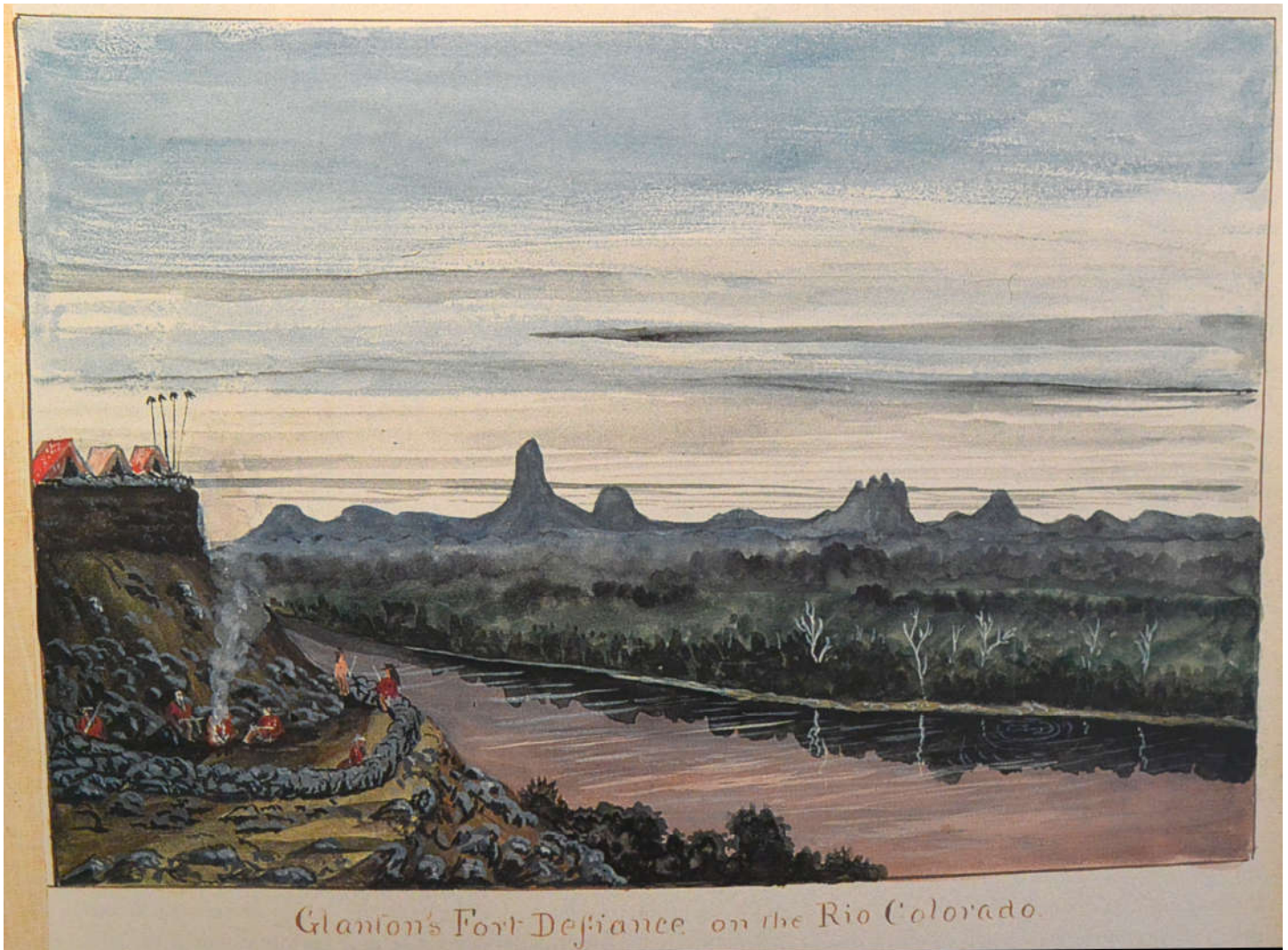
Clark Cleaver left home before he turned 25 in 1850. The 1850 U.S. Census records the Cleaver family without Clark Cleaver, living in Scipio, La Porte County, Indiana, with household members being: father Jesse, occupation carpenter; mother Sarah; brother Josiah, occupation farmer; brother Kimber Cleaver; and sisters Sarah Ann, Mary Ann, and Amanda ³.

Before 1850, when Clark Cleaver was still living in the Midwest, probably Ohio or Indiana, he inherited \$800 from the distribution of money to heirs from the sale of a relative's land ¹¹⁶. This was a considerable sum of money for Clark's future undertakings; \$800 in 1850 dollars calculates to \$25,250 in 2020 dollars.

CLARK CLEAVER ARRIVES IN CALIFORNIA DURING THE GOLD RUSH

Clark Cleaver's obituaries state he was living in Texas and headed for California with a party of one hundred people and mule teams, leaving Dallas on 28 April 1850^{1,12,29,51,57,58,113}. Cleaver's newspaper obituary states that twenty-six of the party of one hundred arrived in Yuma, Arizona on 3 August, after 103 days on the southern trail^{1,12}. At that time, Apache and other Indian attacks could be a significant problem for travelers on the southern trail. In addition, Cleaver's wagon train arrived in Yuma, Arizona in the aftermath of a conflict with the Yuma Indians there.

The Yuma Indian conflict began in April 1850, instigated by the disreputable John Joel Glanton, his second-in-command Judge Holden, and their men^{45,55,119}. Glanton's gang had been free rangers in the US-Mexico war, after which they were Apache scalp-hunters for the Sonora, Mexico government bounties^{45,55,119}. Glanton's gang seized a profitable Colorado River ferry operation run by Yuma Indians, who were authorized to do so by the U.S. Army^{45,55,119}. Later testimony to authorities stated that Glanton's men were running a competing ferry, destroyed the Indians' ferry boat, and beat up their chief; the Indians responded to this indignity by attacking and killing Glanton and all but three of his men^{45,55}. This was a cover-up version for the authorities, and Glanton's gang did far worse^{86,119}.



Glanton's Fort Defiance on the Rio Colorado¹¹⁹

An account from someone in Glanton's gang, written years later, said Glanton and his men started their ferry operation by seizing two Indian ferry boats from the unarmed Indians, and abducting nine young Indian women for their pleasure, after which the Indians fled^{86,119}. Glanton's gang started fortifying their camp, and Indian warriors approached the Glanton camp the next day, demanding the return of their boats, the women, and the departure of Glanton¹¹⁹. Glanton responded that they would keep everything and that they wanted beans and bunch grass delivered, or they would destroy the Indian village and kill all the Indians¹¹⁹. A fight commenced, with four Indians killed and then scalped, and the Indians retreated.

¹¹⁹. With Glanton's camp now fortified and the Indians at a distance, Glanton and his men proceeded with the ferry operation, charging four dollars per head for crossing, and one dollar a head for all animals ¹¹⁹.

About two weeks later, the Yuma Indians attacked Glanton and his men, who were all drunk at the time, in their camp, and killed them, with only a few escaping due to their presence outside camp ¹¹⁹.

To counter this action by Yuma Indians, California Governor Peter H. Burnett directed there be a state-financed militia campaign, which was led by Joseph C. Morehead who was the Quartermaster of the State of California Militia; the campaign became known as the Gila Expedition ^{45,55,85}. Initially forty members were recruited from Los Angeles and San Diego, and General Morehead's Gila Expedition set off from Los Angeles on 15 April 1850, heading for Yuma; more members were recruited en route to Arizona from incoming immigrants, so that the Gila Expedition comprised 125 members in Yuma ^{45,55,85}. An author notes that "the liquid supplies taken along doubtless stimulated recruiting ⁸⁵."

General Joseph C. Morehead's Gila Expedition arrived at the Colorado River ferry crossing at Yuma in summer, by which time the Indians directly involved in the Glanton killings had already fled ^{45,85}. Upon arrival in Yuma, Morehead's Gila Expedition had to do something for all their effort undertaking their expedition, so they engaged the Indians they found there, who had been friendly with subsequent ferry operators and whites, and killed several of them ^{45,61,85}. The Gila Expedition set up camp in Yuma, spending script payable on State of California funds to purchase provisions at a high rate of consumption ^{45,61,85}.



Yuma and the ferry crossing, c1852. Fort Yuma, on the opposite shore hilltop, was built in 1851 shortly after the Gila Expedition. From: Bartlett's Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua,... 1856 ⁵⁶

Clark Cleaver's wagon train arrived in Yuma on 3 August 1850, in the midst of that Yuma Indian conflict, with General Morehead's Gila Expedition already encamped there. Clark Cleaver went on to Los Angeles, where he enlisted as a private (for pay) in Captain William B. Reynold's company, in Morehead's Battalion of Mounted Volunteers, and went back to Yuma ^{29,44,51,113}.

Clark Cleaver served in Morehead's Gila Expedition from his Los Angeles enlistment on 23 August 1850, until his discharge in Los Angeles on 17 November 1850, when the Gila Expedition had returned there ^{29,51,60}.

A writer noted, “Morehead and his Indian fighters encamped at the ferry crossing and vigorously attacked their rations. After a three months’ campaign against their rations, liquid and solid, Governor Burnett ... issued a peremptory order ... to disband .. ”⁴⁵. The Gila Expedition’s only loss was one man wounded accidentally⁸⁵.

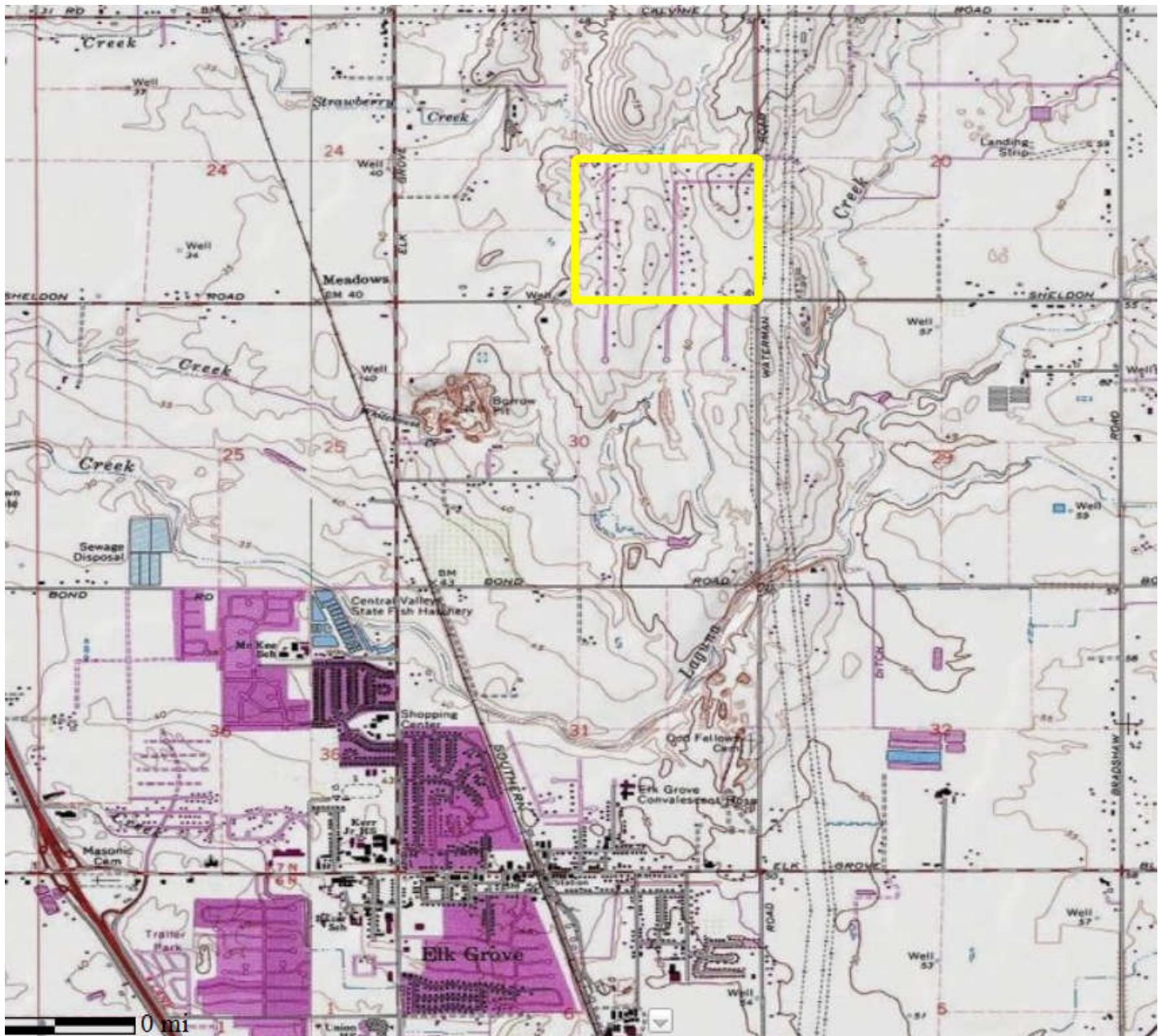
The total expenses of Morehead’s Gila Expedition were \$76,588.26, with equipment and provision expenses being \$14,329.76 and the balance being for medical staff, officers and men for Company A and B⁸⁴.

\$76,588 in 1850 dollars is worth \$2,926,153 in 2023 dollars, so this was a huge sum for the recently formed State of California and contributed to early financial difficulties for the State.

CLARK CLEAVER FILES FOR A BOUNTY-LAND WARRANT IN CALIFORNIA

Sixteen years after his California militia service in 1850, Clark Cleaver (also known as Clarkson Cleaver on military rolls) was granted a “bounty-land warrant” for 160 acres north of Elk Grove and southeast of Sacramento, California, on 20 February 1866^{29,51}. Bounty-land warrants were granted to those with military service (including Indian wars) before 1855; soldiers were allowed to submit a land application at a local courthouse with affidavits, commissions, discharges, or written declarations.

Later laws in effect at the time Clark Cleaver applied for his military bounty land allowed for the sale or exchange of warrants; many veterans never received title or settled on their bounty land. Upon receiving title to the land, Clark Cleaver assigned his bounty land to William H. Lyons, and who then assigned it to Alfred Dixon as noted on the bounty land patent²⁹. William H. Lyons is listed on a large number of California land patents with other people, so Lyons probably sought military veterans such as Cleaver to make land claims under Lyons’ guidance, paying them for the land gained. From records available, it doesn’t appear that Clark Cleaver lived where his bounty land was located.



Clark Cleaver’s 160 acres southeast of Sacramento, granted by military bounty-land warrant in 1866^{29,51}

State of California }
County of Stanislaus } ss.

On this 2^d day of July 1855 per-
sonally appeared before me a Justice of Peace duly
authorized to administer oaths within and for the
County and State aforesaid Clarkson Cleaver aged 28
a resident of Coluumbi County in the State of Cal-
ifornia who being duly sworn according to law declares
that he is the identical Clarkson Cleaver who was a
private in the company commanded by Captain
Reynolds in the Battalion of Mounted Volunteers
commanded by Joseph Morehead in the expedition
against the Umas Indians at the mouth of the Gila
River in 1850, that he volunteered at Los Angeles on
or about the 28th of August A. D. 1850 for the term of the
war and continued in actual service for fourteen days
and was honorably discharged at Los Angeles on
or about the 28th November on account of the return of the
expedition, as will appear by the muster rolls of said
company, and that he never received any other discharge
than a draft on the Treasurer of the State of California
for his services.

He makes this declaration for the purpose of obtaining
the bounty land to which he may be entitled under
the act approved March 3^d 1855. He also declares
that he has not received a warrant for bounty land

under this or any other act of Congress, nor made any other application there for.

Clarkson Cleaver.

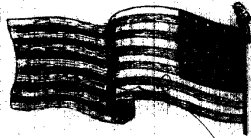
We Lafayette Shelby and Richard Miller, residents of Stanislaus County in the State of California, upon our oaths declare, that the foregoing declaration was signed and acknowledged by Clarkson Cleaver in our presence and that we know of our own knowledge that the applicant is the identical person he represents himself to be.

Lafayette Shelby
~~L.D. Morley~~ Justice of the Peace
Richard Miller

The foregoing declaration and affidavit were sworn to and subscribed before me on the day and year above written, and I certify that I know the affiants to be credible persons, that the claimant is the person he represents himself to be and that I have no interest in this claim.

L.D. Morley Justice of the Peace

184,



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, In pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1855, entitled "An Act in addition to certain Acts granting Bounty Land to certain Officers and Soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States," there has been deposited in the **GENERAL LAND OFFICE**, Warrant No. *92642*, for *180* acres in favor of *Clarkson Cleaver*, Private served as *Clarke Cleaver*, Captain *Reynolds* Company, *California Volunteers*, *California Indian War*.

with evidence that the same has been duly located upon *the South East quarter of Section nineteen, in Township seven, North, of Range Six East in the District of Lands subject to sale at Stockton California containing one Hundred and Sixty Acres.*

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of said Lands returned to the **GENERAL LAND OFFICE** by the **SURVEYOR GENERAL** *the said warrant having been assigned by Clarkson Cleaver to William D. Lyon, in whose farm said tract has been located and the certificate of said location having been assigned by him to Alfred Dixon.*

NOW KNOW YE, That there is therefore granted by the **UNITED STATES** unto the said

Alfred Dixon, as assignee as aforesaid and to his heirs.

the tract of Land above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said *Alfred Dixon, as assignee, as aforesaid and to his*

heirs and assigns forever.

In testimony whereof, I, *Andrew Johnson*, **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**, have caused these Letters to be made Patent, and the SEAL OF THE **GENERAL LAND OFFICE** to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the *twentieth* day of *February* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *ninety six*, and of the INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES the *twentieth*

BY THE PRESIDENT: *Andrew Johnson*

By *Edw. D. Mills* Sec'y.

J. M. Greninger, Recorder of the General Land Office.

CLARK CLEAVER SETTLES IN MARIPOSA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

After his militia discharge in Los Angeles on 17 November 1850, Clark Cleaver came to Mariposa County in late November 1850 or thereafter.

Cleaver's newspaper obituary notes that he lived for twenty-five years in Mariposa County, which is too long by five years, since he arrived in Mariposa County in 1850 or 1851, and left by 1871^{1,11,12,15}. Clark Cleaver came to California and then Mariposa County in 1850 as part of the California gold rush. After Sutter's discovery of gold, the California gold rush began in 1848. Those journeying to California via transcontinental trails started arriving in California in 1849, and Cleaver arrived in the gold rush migration a year later. Mariposa County was well suited as a gold prospecting destination, with Mariposa being 130 miles south of the Sutter's Mill gold discovery in Coloma, California.

There are newspaper accounts from Clark Cleaver from December 1858 to January 1859, while he was prospecting for gold with James Curns along the Walker River in western Nevada; Cleaver reported on gold mining endeavors there²⁷. The 29 January 1859 Daily Alta California newspaper reprinted a Mariposa Star newspaper item, which prints that "Mr. Cleaver, one of the party who left Mariposa for the Walker river diggings in September last, returned a few days since" reported on news of the gold diggings there and that "Mr. C. left the diggings the last of December, and came through by way of Placerville⁴³."

A 6 July 1859 article in the San Francisco Bulletin reports on activities at the Walker River mines⁷⁰:

The claim of Cleaver & Bereton prospects finely – at least ten cents to the pan. Their claim is about seven feet deep, with but three feet of pay-dirt. It is their opinion that their claim, when properly opened, will pay from \$6 to \$8 per day to the hand. It is one of the best on the river.

A 26 November 1859 Sacramento newspaper reprinted a Mariposa Star newspaper item, which reports from "Cleaver" on news of the gold diggings at Mono gulch⁴².

Clark Cleaver's newspaper obituary notes that he lived for twenty-five years in Mariposa County, California, engaged in farming and mining, with twelve years of those years spent mining^{1,12}. Cleaver's residence in Mariposa County was actually twenty years, and he was a part-time resident; spending twelve of those years on mining in various locations showed the direction of his interests. Of that time in Mariposa County, Cleaver later said¹:

I farmed a few years until I got some money ahead, and then I would go to mining and spend it.

On 3 November 1860, the Mariposa Gazette reported mining news as follows¹²²:

Quite a number have arrived from the Mono region within the past week. They report the mining season closed, the cold being severe. Many parties were preparing to leave. Monoville will be nearly deserted during the winter. A number have also arrived from the Esmeralda silver mines. Mr. CLARK CLEAVER, a gentleman well known here, assures us that it is no exaggeration [sic] to say that these mines are rich, and as good as any in Washoe, save, perhaps, the Comstock lead. These mines have not been prospected sufficiently as yet to determine fully their value, but their holders are full of hope, and very sanguine. \$50 per foot has been offered for a portion of the original discovery.

The Esmeralda mining district has gold and silver bearing quartz, and is in Nevada east of Bridgeport, California. "Cleaver, C." is listed as a resident of Aurora, Nevada in that Esmeralda mining district in the "Second Directory of Nevada Territory" published in 1863¹³². Aurora, Nevada was founded in 1860 with fewer than 100 people in the area; then mining boomed, and its population was 1,400 in April 1861, and by 1864, its population was 6,000¹³³.

Public notice on Clark Cleaver's unclaimed mail may coincide with some of those mining journeys away from Mariposa County. The Visalia Weekly Delta published a notice of an unclaimed letter for Clark Cleaver in the Visalia Post Office on 1 January 1861²¹. The Weekly Mariposa Gazette published notices of unclaimed letters for Clark Cleaver in the Mariposa Post Office on 5 March 1861, 16 April 1861, 7 January 1862, and 4 November 1865^{23,37,38,39}.

In June and July 1867 and in June 1869, Clark Cleaver was listed as a delegate for the Cathey's Valley precinct for the Mariposa County Union party convention ^{18,19,24}. Cathey's Valley is 22 miles northeast of Merced, and eight miles southwest of Mariposa, along Highway 140 to Yosemite National Park. In April 1869, Clark Cleaver was appointed to the Mariposa County Grand Jury, convening in early May ³⁶.

A news report of 10 June 1870, on a grasshopper plague in Mariposa County notes that ³¹:

Grasshoppers are destroying everything in the shape of green vegetation along the foothills of this county. The accounts of their destruction as given by some of the sufferers is almost incredible. Clark Cleaver, who resides at the lower end of Cathay's valley, informs us that they completely stripped two thousand grapevines, eat up about ten tons of hay and were attacking the fruit trees on his place...

The 1870 U.S. Census records Clark Cleaver living in Township 1 in Mariposa County, California, along with James Ryan in the same household, who was many years younger, with both having an occupation of stock raiser ³. James Ryan was born in New York in 1839, came west in 1859, pursued mining in Mariposa and Mono counties, and then settled in Cathey's Valley in 1870, purchasing a ranch ⁷⁷.

The Sacramento Daily Union published a notice of an unclaimed letter for Clark Cleaver in the Sacramento Post Office on 29 September 1871 ⁴¹. Clark Cleaver had likely left Mariposa County by then.

Clark Cleaver is registered as a farmer living in Cathey's Valley in The Great Register of Mariposa County voter register for 1872, though his entry and others as well as the Great Register itself are undated ⁹. It is evident in examining many old California voter registers that they oftentimes listed registered voters from an earlier date of registration, and the voter could well have moved away by the year of the voter register.

CLARK CLEAVER MOVES TO NEVADA & IS JOINED BY HIS BROTHER KIMBER

Clark Cleaver left Mariposa County, and moved to Mason Valley, Nevada, along the Walker River, in fall of 1871 ^{1,11,15,80}. This corroborates with the Sacramento Daily Union's notice of an unclaimed letter for Clark Cleaver in the Sacramento Post Office on 29 September 1871 ⁴¹.

Clark Cleaver's younger brother Kimber Cleaver came to Mason Valley, Nevada, to join Clark Cleaver, moving from Vienna Post Office, Vienna Township, Iowa, where Kimber was farming with the Cleaver parents according to the 1860 U.S. Census ³. Older brother Clark likely urged Kimber to come west to find their mutual fortune. A biography of Kimber Clark notes his arrival at Mason Valley, Nevada in 1873, which was two years after Clark Cleaver's arrival ¹¹. Kimber Cleaver's homestead land filing in San Diego County states that Kimber started a homestead in Lyon County, Nevada about April 1874 or in the latter part of 1873, and abandoned it two years later since the land was desert and he could not make a living on it ⁵⁷.



Kimber Cleaver

from *History of Nevada*, 1881 ¹¹

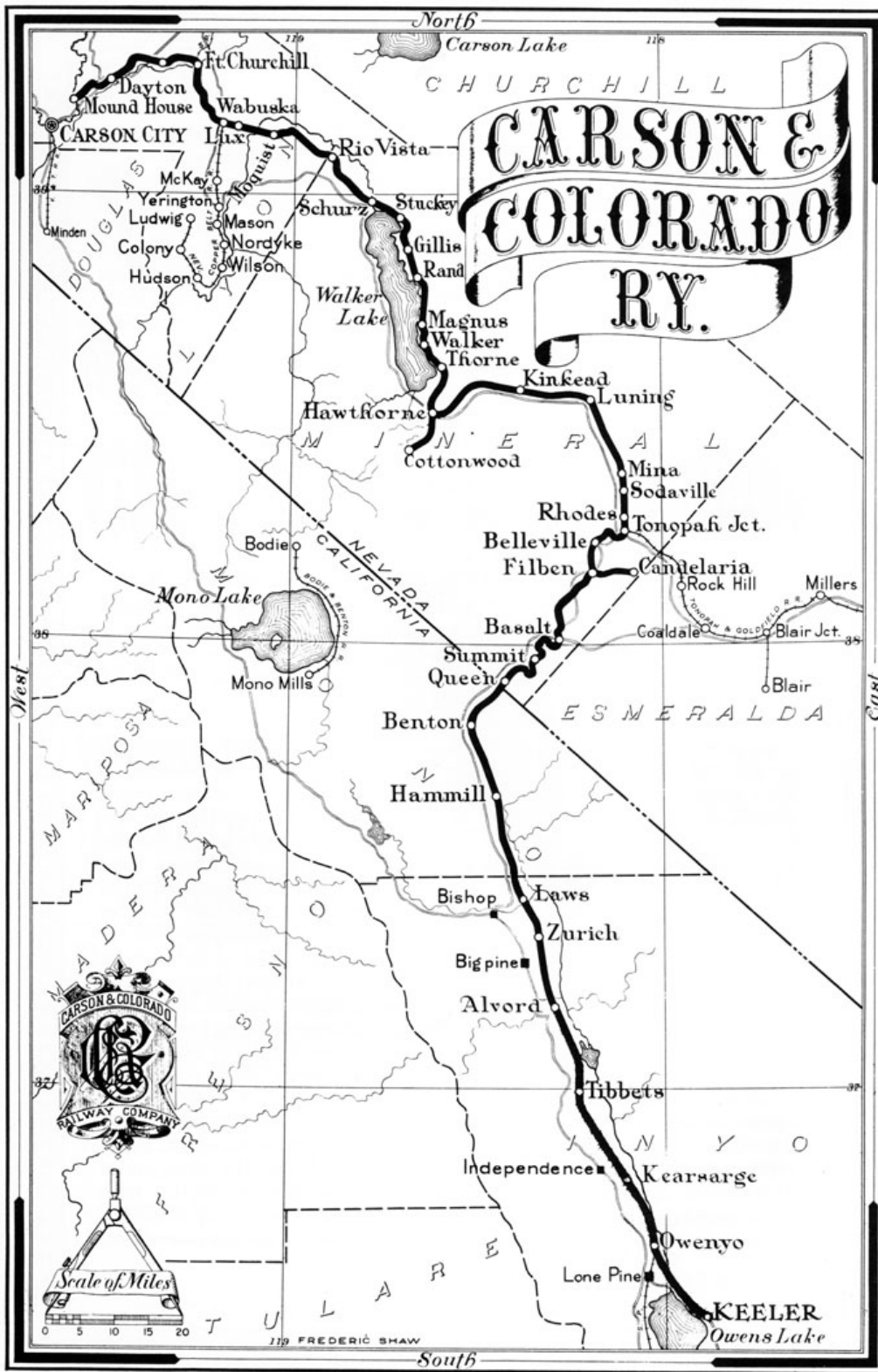
The 1880 U.S. Census records Clark Cleaver living in Mason's Valley, Lyon County, Nevada, with occupation being farmer, and living with his younger brother Kimber Cleaver, who was noted as married in the 1880 U.S. Census, but did not have his family listed and living with him at that time ^{3,10,11}.



At left, Kimber Cleaver's wife Rozina Amelia Randall Cleaver, c1870, Iowa ¹²¹

Kimber Cleaver's wife Rozina Amelia Randall Cleaver (born 1 December 1848; died 12 December 1921), his son Herbert Randall Cleaver (born 20 December 1875; died 11 February 1941), and his two daughters Jessie Lillian Cleaver (born 16 January 1871; died 22 September 1945) and Myra R. Cleaver (born November 1877; died 3 January 1931), were living in Vienna, Iowa, according to that 1880 U.S. Census ^{3,10}.

However Kimber Cleaver's family lived with him in preceding years in Nevada; "Mrs. R. A. Cleaver" was noted as a Ceres degree of the Merritt Grange of Lyon Valley, Nevada in 1874, and Kimber's daughter Myra was born in Nevada in 1877 ^{3,10,11,40}.



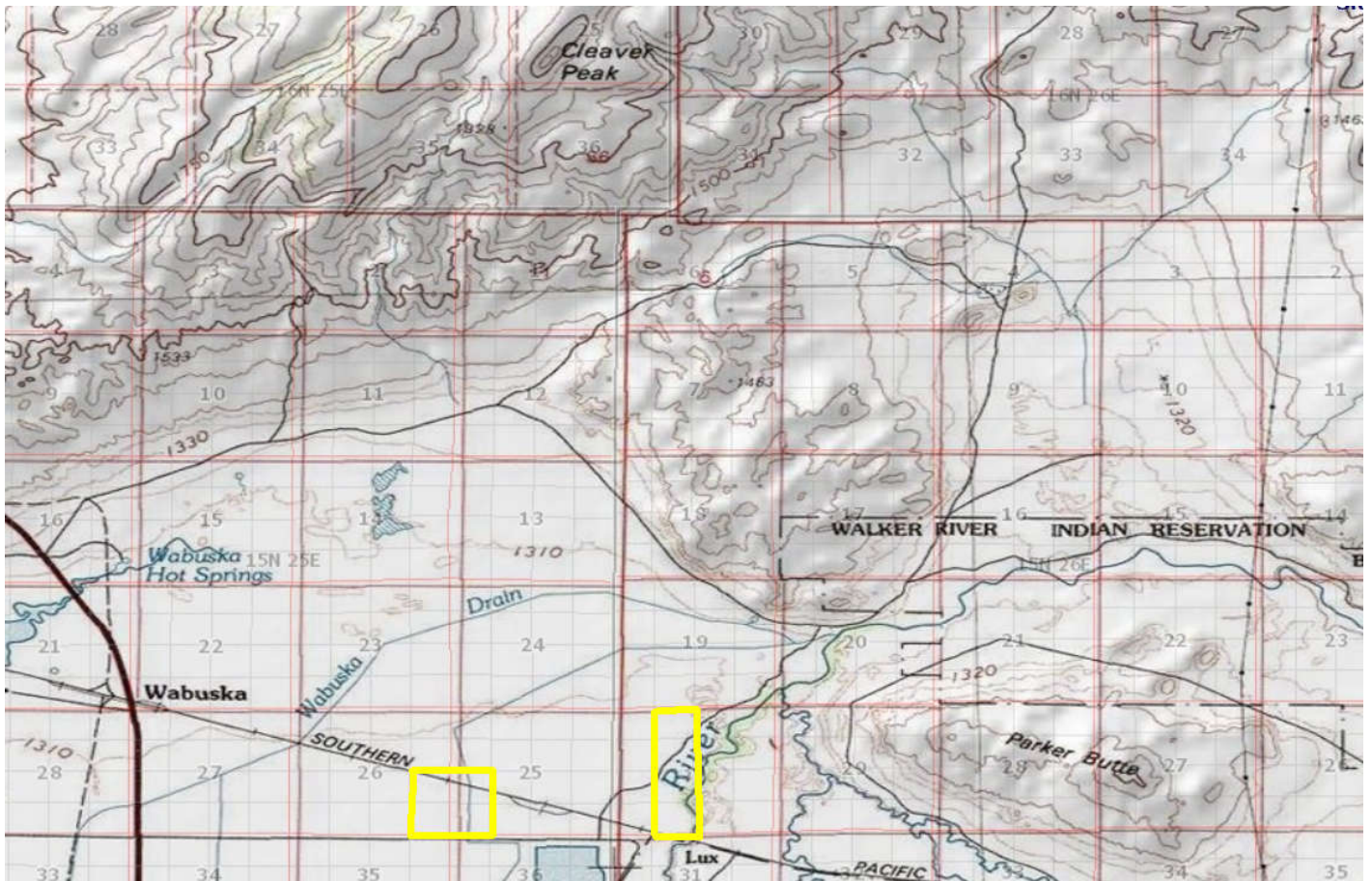
At left, a Carson and Colorado Railroad map, with Wabuska near the Cleavers.

The Cleaver brothers' land was located along the Walker River valley (a northern extension of Mason Valley) near Cleaver, a station on a spur line of the Carson and Colorado Railroad below Wabuska ^{10,11,25}. The Carson and Colorado Railroad was a narrow gauge railroad that ran from Mound House, Nevada, near Carson City, down to Walker Lake and on into Owens Valley, to Keeler, California below the Cerro Gordo Mines ²⁶.

Clark Cleaver's homestead land patent states that he settled on 160 acres of Mason Valley land in the fall of 1871, and established residence in July 1872 ⁸⁰. Clark Cleaver's homestead land patent lists his land improvements as a large irrigation ditch about 3.5 miles long with numerous side ditches, fifteen cultivated acres, a house about 15 x 24 feet square one story high, corrals, stable, outhouses, fencing, and five acres of garden ⁸⁰. Cleaver improved his first house in 1874 which was built before his arrival, and he then built a new house ⁸⁰.

Later in 1880, Kimber Cleaver settled on 160 acres of government land nearby ^{3,25,80,115}.

The Cleavers' Nevada lands were located just north of the contemporary Fort Churchill Power Station and ponds.



Cleaver land in Lyon County, Nevada: Kimber (left) & Clark (right) along train line, with Cleaver Peak due north

Cornelius Osborn, a testifying witness on Clark Cleaver's homestead land patent, stated that Cleaver had moved onto the land in 1871, had no family, and built a house in 1871, and since had built another, and had made land improvements including ditches, cultivated lands of five or more acres for vegetables and up to fifteen plowed acres in cultivation, corrals, outhouses, barn, and stable ⁸⁰.

Another testifying witness, William Carrie (sp?) stated that he thought Clark Cleaver moved onto his homestead land in 1871, that part of the current house was already built upon the land before Cleaver arrived, and that Cleaver used the land for grazing and gardening, and had a stable, irrigating ditches, 10-12 acres plow land, corrals, and fencing ⁸⁰.

HOMESTEAD PROOF.

TESTIMONY OF CLAIMANT.

Clark Cleaver being called as a witness
in his own behalf in support for his homestead entry for E² of NW⁴
W² E² of SW² of Section 30, Township 40
N North Range to 26 East mer., testifies as follows:

Ques. 1. What is your name? (Be careful to give it in full, correctly spelled, in order that it may be here written exactly as you wish it written in the patent which you desire to obtain.)

Ans. Clark Cleaver

Ques. 2. What is your age?

Ans. Fifty One years.

Ques. 3. Are you the head of a family, or a single person; and, if the head of a family, of whom does your family consist?

Ans. I am a single man, and have no family.

Ques. 4. Are you a native-born citizen of the United States? If not, have you declared your intention to become a citizen, and have you obtained a certificate of naturalization?*

Ans. I am native born a citizen of the United States.

Ques. 5. Are there any indications of coal, salines, or minerals of any kind on the land embraced in your homestead entry above described? (If so, state what they are, and whether the springs or mineral deposits are valuable.)

Ans. There are no such indications

Ques. 6. Is the land more valuable for agricultural than mineral purposes?

Ans. Yes

NOTE.—At the time of making proof the party should be required to surrender his original homestead duplicate receipt, or file an affidavit accounting for the same.

*In case the party has been naturalized, a certified copy of his certificate of naturalization must be furnished. In cases of commuted homesteads it is sufficient if the party has declared his intention to become a citizen, in which case a certified copy of his declaration of intention must be furnished.

Ques. 7. What is your post-office address?

Ans.

Trabusta Lyon County Nevada

Ques. 8. Have you ever made a homestead entry except for this land, No. 148. ? (If

you have, give, as nearly as you can, the date thereof and description of the land, and state whether the entry still subsists, or, if it has been canceled, state the cause of its cancellation.)

Ans.

I have never made any other homestead filing

Ques. 9. Have you sold the land or conveyed to any one your right and interest in the same; and, if so, to whom and for what purpose?

Ans.

I have not.

Ques. 10. Does any one except yourself claim the land under the homestead or pre-emption laws?

Ans.

No one makes any character of claim thereto except myself.

Ques. 11. When did you first make settlement on the said land?

Ans.

during the summer 1872 or fall of 1871 rather.

Ques. 12. When did you first establish a residence upon the land?

Ans.

In July 1872.

Ques. 13. At the date you have given as being the date that you first established your residence upon the land, did you move thereon in person?

Ans.

I did.

Ques. 14. Up to what time have you resided on the land?

Ans.

up to the present time.

Ques. 15. Was your residence upon the land continuous during the period named?

Ans.

It was.

Ques. 16. If you had a family during said period of residence on the homestead, did your family reside thereon?

Ans.

I have no family.

Ques. 17. What improvements have you made or do you possess on the land? (Describe them.)

Ans.

I have a ditch for irrigating, large, about 3 1/2 miles long, and numerous side ditches, a house about 15x24 feet square on stone high. Corral, stable, out houses, fencing, five acres of garden, &c.

Ques. 18. When was your house built?

Ans.

Dec 1874. First house which improved (and then built new house) was built before I went there.

Ques. 19. What is the total value of said improvements?

Ans.

About \$1000.

Ques. 20. For what purpose have you used the land?

Ans.

grazing. Vegetables &c. - Agricultural generally.

Ques. 21. How much of the land have you broken and cultivated, and what crops, if any, have you raised?

Ans.

About 15 acres all told.

Clark Cleaver

I HEREBY CERTIFY that each question and answer in the foregoing testimony was read to the claimant before *he* signed *his* name thereto, and that the same was subscribed and sworn to before me this *21st* day of *January*, 1879.

G. T. Harris

Register

NOTE.—The officer before whom the testimony is taken should call the attention of the witness to the following section of the Revised Statutes, and state to him that it is the purpose of the Government, if it be ascertained that he testifies falsely, to prosecute him to the full extent of the law.

TITLE LXX.—CRIMES.—CH. 4.

SEC. 5392. Every person who, having taken an oath before a competent tribunal, officer, or person, in any case in which a law of the United States authorizes an oath to be administered, that he will testify, declare, depose, or certify truly, or that any written testimony, declaration, deposition, or certificate by him subscribed is true, willfully and contrary to such oath states or subscribes any material matter which he does not believe to be true, is guilty of perjury, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than two thousand dollars, and by imprisonment, at hard labor, not more than five years, and shall, moreover, thereafter be incapable of giving testimony in any court of the United States until such time as the judgment against him is reversed. [See § 1750.]

Third page of Clark Cleaver's statement in his 1879 homestead land patent 80

The 1875 Nevada State Census lists C. Cleaver, a rancher in Lyon County 3. Clark Cleaver with his brother Kimber were noted as officers in the Merritt Grange of Mason Valley, Nevada, in 1874, 1875 and 1876 15,16,17,35,40.

On 30 September 1876 at the convention of the Republicans of Lyon County Nevada, Clark Cleaver was appointed to three committees (Committee on Credentials; Committee on Organization and Order of Business; Committee on Platform and Resolutions) and nominated by acclamation for the State Assembly 72.

On 7 November 1876, Clark Cleaver was elected a member of the Nevada state assembly in Carson, Nevada, representing Lyon County for a two year term beginning in January 1877, and was registered as a Democrat 1,11,33.

A Nevada newspaper reported on 6 January 1877, that Clark Cleaver was a member of the Counties and County Boundaries standing committee of the Nevada State Assembly 32.

On 31 January 1877, Clark Cleaver introduced a bill to the Nevada House on the punishing of those changing brands on livestock, which was referred to the Committee on Agriculture ³⁴.

On 3 February 1877, Clark Cleaver introduced a bill to the Nevada House declaring toll roads to be public highways after expiration of the franchise ⁶².

On 8 February 1877, Clark Cleaver introduced a joint resolution asking Congress that the Walker River Indian Reservation be opened to pre-emption and settlement, which was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs ⁶³.

On 26 February 1877, Clark Cleaver introduced a bill to the Nevada House on the formation of corporations ²⁰.

In September 1876, the Territorial Enterprise newspaper of Virginia City, Nevada reported that the “Cleaver brothers on Walker river have offered a big bonus to have the contemplated bridge built at their place ⁷¹.”

A land patent application by Kimber Cleaver stated that he settled on 160 acres of bare sagebrush land in February 1880, and since then had raised grain, hay, and vegetables on the land ¹¹⁵. This land was near Clark Cleaver’s land. Kimber Cleaver stated that he had raised 60 acres of alfalfa annually in 1880-1882, an additional 35 acres of grain in 1881, and in 1882 an additional 40 acres of grain and 10 acres of other crops, producing 550 tons of hay, 1200 bushels of grain, and 500 bushels of vegetables ¹¹⁵. Cleaver’s land patent stated he was 6/20th owner of an eleven foot wide and two foot deep water irrigation ditch running from the Walker River for 3-4 miles towards his land, and water was then conveyed directly onto his land via a mile long lateral ditch ¹¹⁵.

Clark and Kimber Cleaver were listed in Lyon County, Nevada in the 1880 U.S. Census ³.

Kimber Cleaver was appointed the postmaster of Wabuska in Lyon County in 1881 ¹⁴.

Cleaver Peak in Lyon County, Nevada is named after Kimber Cleaver ⁵.

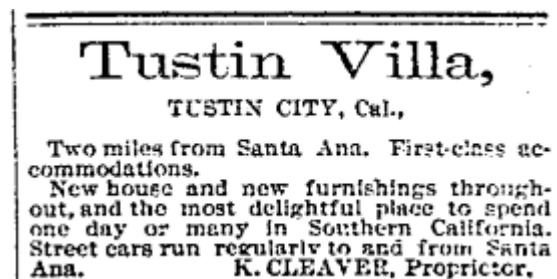
CLARK CLEAVER & KIMBER CLEAVER MOVE TO CALIFORNIA

Clark Cleaver left Mason Valley, Nevada in 1883. The Mariposa Gazette reported in August 1883 ⁶⁴:

Clarke Cleaver, an old timer of Cathey's Valley, and former partner of James Ryan is visiting the latter. Cleaver lives in Nevada.

After his Mariposa visit, Clark Cleaver moved to Arroyo Grande in San Luis Obispo County, California, where he was registered to vote on 11 September 1884, and recorded as being a farmer ^{3,4}.

Kimber Cleaver and his family left Nevada by 1887 at latest, and moved to Tustin California, where in June 1887, Kimber Cleaver was recorded in the newspaper as buying land in M.J. Bundy's addition to Tustin in Orange County, California, and in September 1887, was recorded in the newspaper as buying lots in the Gabriel Allen tract (aka Allen tract, Gabe Allen tract), and also buying and selling land in the Potts, Borden, and Sidwell tract, both in Santa Ana, Orange County, California ⁶⁸. In later August 1887, in an application to purchase timber land on Palomar Mountain, Kimber Cleaver stated he was a hotel keeper in Tustin, California ¹¹⁴. In September to October 1887, advertisements were run in the Los Angeles Times for Kimber Cleaver's Tustin Villa hotel ¹⁰¹.



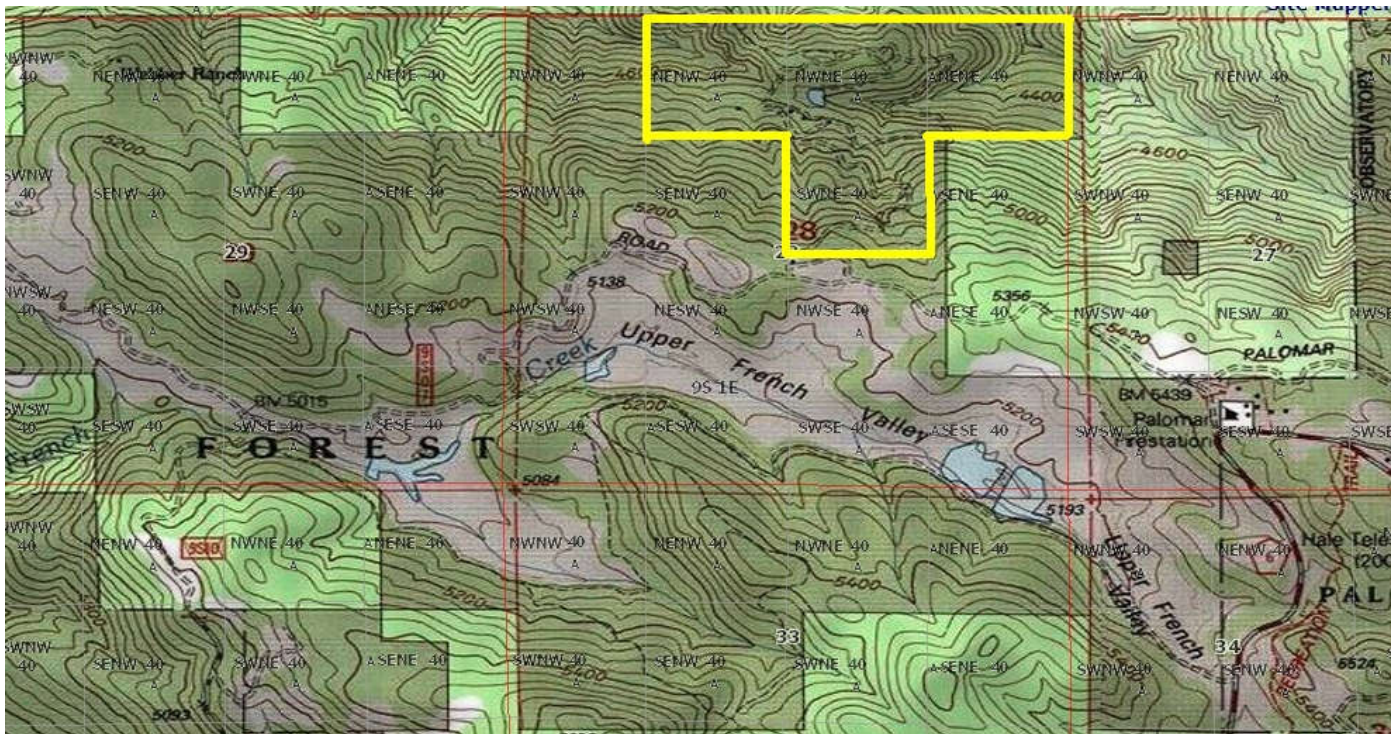
Ad from 1887 Los Angeles Times ¹⁰¹

Clark Cleaver applied to purchase 160 acres in Upper French Valley on Palomar Mountain for its timber on 23 August 1887 ^{49,102}. In his application, Clark Cleaver testified to living in Santa Ana, California, with an occupation of farmer, and that he had inspected the Upper French Valley land on 18-19 August 1887 and again on 12 November 1887 ¹⁰². Cleaver stated the land is steep and rocky, dry and unfit for cultivation, with its value being the timber depending on developments and roads ¹⁰². Clark Cleaver had two witnesses from Tustin and Santa Ana testifying for his application to purchase the land, both of whom stated they visited the land on or about 18 August 1887 ¹⁰².

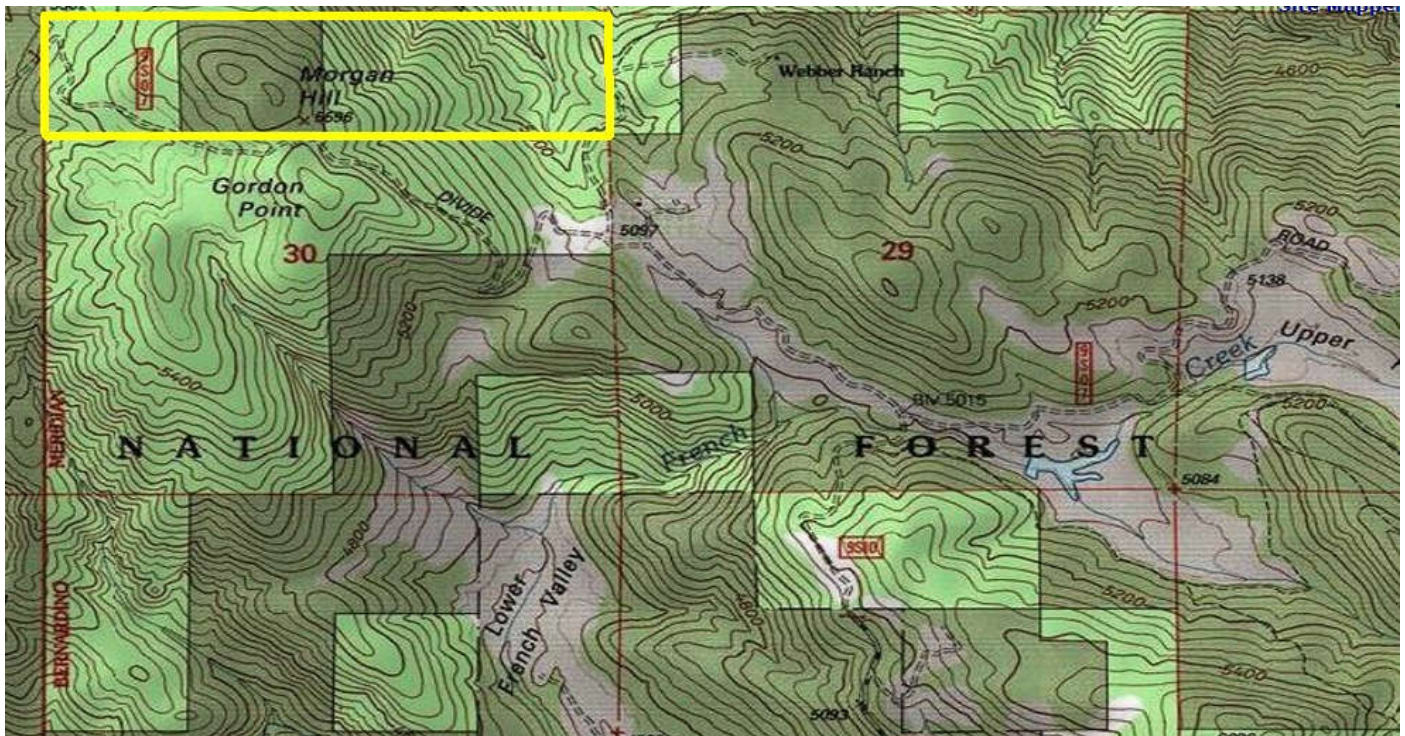
Kimber Cleaver also applied to purchase 160 acres of land on Morgan Hill on Palomar Mountain for its timber on 22 August 1887 ^{49,114}. Kimber Cleaver testified that he was a hotel keeper living in Tustin, California, and that the land was rocky and rough, on the sides of mountain and canyon unfit for cultivation, and was being purchased for its timber ¹¹⁴. Kimber Cleaver had inspected the Morgan Hill land on 18-19 August 1887, the same dates as Clark Cleaver's land inspection, and Kimber had two witnesses from Tustin and Santa Ana, same as Clark ¹¹⁴.

In 1887, Clark Cleaver was living in the Santa Ana area with or near his brother Kimber, and had not yet moved to Palomar Mountain. Robert Asher, who knew Clark Cleaver, wrote that Clark Cleaver came to Palomar Mountain in 1886, which is too early ⁵². Newspaper stories state Clark Cleaver arrived in San Diego County in 1888, which is the year following his application to purchase timber land in Upper French Valley ^{1,12}. Edward H. Davis knew Clark Cleaver, and wrote that Cleaver came to Palomar Mountain in 1889 ³⁰. So it was either 1888 or 1889 that Clark Cleaver moved onto Palomar Mountain. The Great Register of San Diego County voter register for 1890 records Clark Cleaver as a Smith Mountain farmer ³.

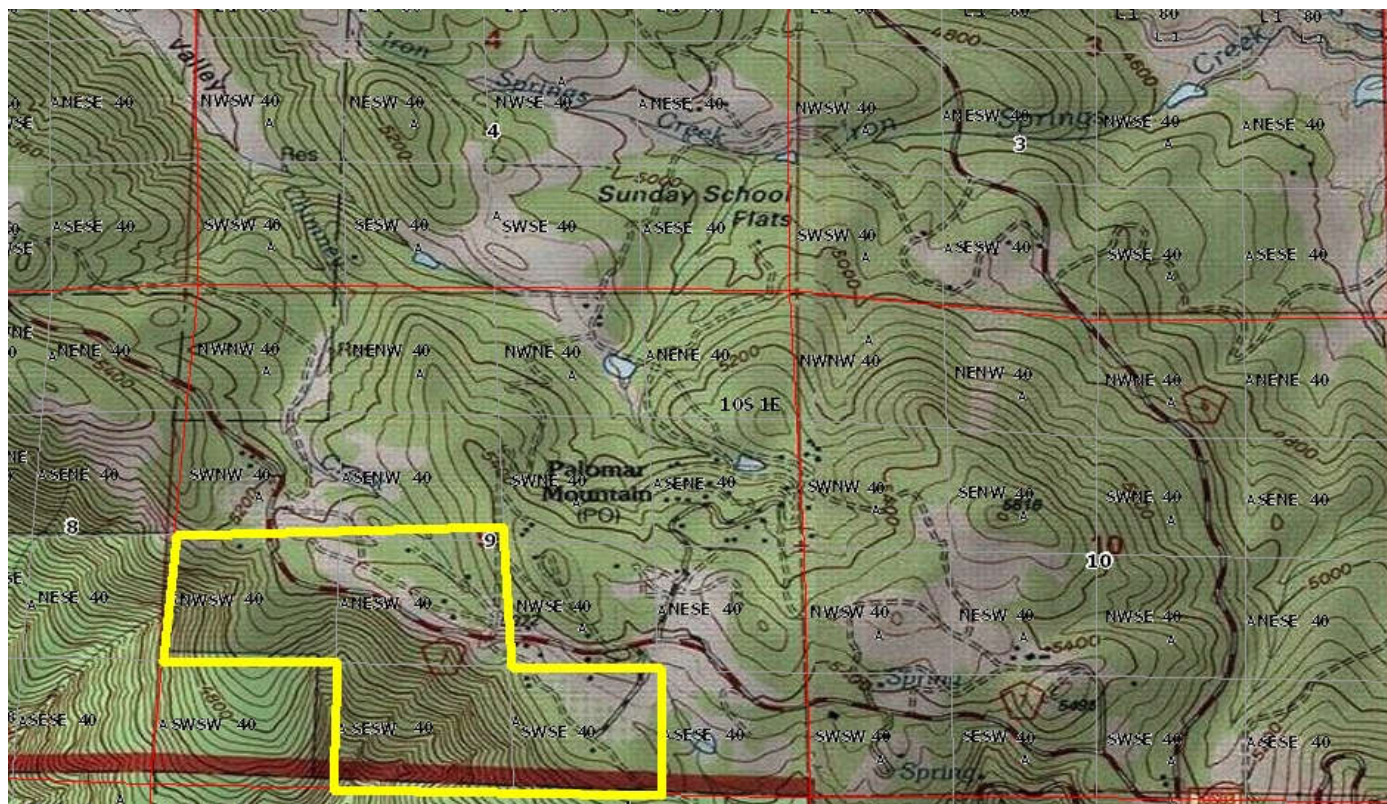
On 20 March 1891, Kimber Cleaver filed a homestead claim for Palomar Mountain land along what is now known as State Park Road ^{49,57}. In his homestead claim, Kimber Cleaver stated he moved to Palomar Mountain on 20 April 1891 ⁵⁷. Clark Cleaver was already living on Palomar Mountain by this time, so it appears that brother Kimber, who was living in Santa Ana, California, was securing Palomar Mountain land via his homestead that Clark had scouted for his own interest as well as Kimber's. In Kimber Cleaver's homestead claim, he states that the Palomar Mountain land on which he lived had a house, barn, 1 ¼ acres fencing, 25 acres cultivated, 5 acres of fruit trees, and that his wife and two children lived with him ⁵⁷. This was land on which Clark Cleaver lived, so Kimber is describing Clark's enterprise.



Clark Cleaver's 1887 purchase of 160 acres in Upper French Valley for timber ⁴⁹



Kimber Cleaver's 1887 purchase of 160 acres on Morgan Hill for timber ⁴⁹



Kimber Cleaver 1891 homestead entry of 160 acres on Palomar Mountain along State Park Road ⁴⁹

Homestead land files included testimony of two witnesses, who were selected by and favorable to the applicant, and the facts presented by the homesteader and witnesses were not verified by agents of the land office. Kimber Cleaver's claim that he moved to Palomar Mountain on 20 April 1891, is not corroborated by newspaper items on Kimber and his family published in the Los Angeles Times in 1892. It's apparent that Clark Cleaver was living on Kimber Cleaver's homestead land, rather than Kimber Cleaver and family. Kimber Cleaver's homestead application testimony stated he was absent from Palomar Mountain on business, from 10 December 1891 to 20 or 22 March 1892, which does correlate with his absence on the 1892 Great Register of San Diego County voter register ^{3,57}. However it appears that Kimber Cleaver was still living in Santa Ana by March 1892. The Los Angeles Times notes that Kimber Cleaver's oldest daughter Jessie was a participant in Santa Ana social activities on 26 February and 11 March 1892 ¹⁰³. The Los Angeles Times notes that Kimber Cleaver represented the Orange County exhibit at a Los Angeles Citrus Fair in a series of activities taking him out of town starting in late February 1892, and ending with his return home to Santa Ana on 12 March 1892 ^{103,104}. The Los Angeles Times next notes that Kimber Cleaver left Santa Ana on 26 April 1892, to go to Reno on business ¹⁰⁵.

Catherine Wood wrote that Clark Cleaver's niece taught in the Palomar Mountain school at one time ⁴⁸. Kimber Cleaver's daughter (and Clark's niece) Jessie Lillian Cleaver was that teacher; Jessie Cleaver was 21 years old in 1892, and the 1900 U.S. Census records her occupation as public school teacher ¹⁰. The Los Angeles Times notes that Miss Jessie Cleaver left Santa Ana for San Diego County to teach on 14 March 1892, and it's likely she lived on Palomar Mountain on her father's homestead land with her uncle Clark Cleaver ¹⁰⁶. Jessie Cleaver is mentioned as the teacher at the Palomar Mountain Iron Springs school in an August 1892 travelogue published in the Escondido Times ¹²⁰. Items in the 6 November 1892 and 5 January 1893 Los Angeles Times noted Jessie Cleaver (of San Diego county) being back in town in Santa Ana, probably coinciding with a winter school break on Palomar Mountain ¹⁰⁸.

Kimber Cleaver and family probably moved to Palomar Mountain at some point after the conclusion of that late April 1892 business trip, in order to secure his homestead claim. On 21 October 1892, the Los Angeles Times noted that "K. Cleaver of San Diego county, formerly of this county, is in Santa Ana ¹⁰⁷." Kimber Cleaver and family were living on Palomar on the 19 November 1892 date of his homestead claim testimony ⁵⁷. The "Los Angeles City Directory and Gazetteer of Southern California for 1892" lists "K & C Cleaver, farmers" – Kimber and Clark -- at Nellie, which was the post office name for Palomar Mountain ⁵⁸. In his homestead claim, Kimber Cleaver stated two children lived with him on Palomar Mountain ⁵⁷. His other two children were Herbert Randall Cleaver (born 20 December 1875), and Myra R. Cleaver (born November 1877); in 1892, Herbert was 17 years old and Myra was 15 years old.

By summer of 1893, items published in the Los Angeles Times indicate that Kimber Cleaver and family, including Palomar Mountain school teacher Jessie Cleaver, had left Palomar Mountain and moved back to Santa Ana. The 2 July 1893 Los Angeles Times noted Jessie Cleaver was hired as a Santa Ana fifth grade school teacher ¹⁰⁹. Summer social activities in Santa Ana starting in late June 1893, were noted for Herbert and Jessie Cleaver ¹¹⁰. The Los Angeles Times continues to note Santa Ana social activities for Jessie, Myra, Herbert, and Kimber Cleaver from November 1893 through following years ¹¹¹. The 1894 Great Register of San Diego County voter register does not list Kimber Cleaver, and he is registered as a Santa Ana voter in 1894 and 1896, and noted as a journalist in that 1896 Santa Ana voter register ³. For the Los Angeles Herald newspaper, Kimber Cleaver managed newspaper circulation in his area, and was a correspondent ²².

On occasion, Kimber Cleaver visited his Palomar Mountain land on which Clark Cleaver lived; the Los Angeles Times noted on 7 April 1894, that Kimber had left Santa Ana “for San Diego county to be absent several weeks making some improvements on his landed interests ¹¹².” Similarly the Los Angeles Herald noted on 8 April 1894, that “Mr. K. Cleaver started Friday for San Diego county to make some improvements on his land. He will be absent a month or so ⁹¹.”

On 22 November 1899, Kimber Cleaver and wife transferred to their daughter Jessie Lillian Cleaver the two lower quarters (80 acres) of their homestead land along what is now State Park Road ⁵⁰. Within that easternmost quarter, Kimber Cleaver had earlier granted Clark Cleaver on 15 September 1898, a ‘life interest only’ on five acres situated southwest of the current junction to Bailey’s ¹⁰⁰. The 1900 U.S. Census records Clark Cleaver as renting the land on which he lived and farmed (which was Kimber Cleaver’s homestead land), whereas the 1910 U.S. Census records Clark Cleaver as owning the land on which he lived ³.

CLARK CLEAVER'S PALOMAR MOUNTAIN APPLES

Newspaper obituaries said about Clark Cleaver that he “was well known in horticultural circles,” his apples frequently won prizes at San Diego County fairs, and he was one of San Diego County’s best boosters ^{1,12}. In the ‘Agricultural Notes’ section of the Pacific Rural Press issue of 2 November 1889, an item on Palomar Mountain agriculture incorporates correspondence from Clark Cleaver ⁵⁹:

ON PALOMAR MOUNTAIN. – The folks of Palomar mountain, 35 miles northward from Escondido, managed to get down a trail and place some fine pears, apples, butter and cheese at the late fair of the 22d district; and the *Times* publishes a letter from Clark Cleaver, of which the following is an extract: Our mountain has been heretofore pretty much devoted to stock-raising. There are now about 1200 head of cattle, a band of sheep, horses, mules, etc. The dairy business is being conducted here to some extent. The grass is of the best. There are large valleys – several hundred acres in each – with grass knee high, and with a sward so matted that it almost bids defiance to the plow. But once it is turned up, planted and cultivated, the yield is equal to the best anywhere. The soil does not bake nor get hard, but remains mellow and friable, and retains its moisture through the entire summer. Mr. Dyche has the oldest fruit trees on the mountain, planted about 28 years ago, and I am told they never fail to bear. Mr. Jefferson Cook has a little orchard just beginning to bear. Mr. Seaborn has quite a nice orchard of about 1800 trees, from two to three years old. The majority, I believe, are apple and pear, but he has a general variety, cherry, peach, plum, etc. This mountain is surrounded on all sides by warm valleys. Escondido should be our trading town, but we have no road to get up or down the hill with a wagon on the south. The roads are so bad that the assessor failed to assess 3000 acres of land and 500 head of stock here. In regard to trees, such as fir, cedar and pine, millions of feet of lumber could be got here. And of the everlasting oak we have an everlasting quantity.

**New Holland
Herring**
First of the season—
2 for 15c, 4 for 25c
**Smith Mountain
Maiden Blush Apples**
Choice cooking or eating—
Box \$2.00; 4 lbs 25c
Wine Peaches
A small shipment just received. “Ramona’s” favorite peach—3 lbs 25c
Concord Grapes
Eastern Variety Concord Grapes; delicious eating—
3 lbs 25c
Hamilton’s
6th and C.

1910 newspaper advertisement for Palomar Mountain (Smith Mountain) apples

In 1906, Clark Cleaver was reported as one of the largest Palomar Mountain apple growers, along with Henry Meyer and Marion Smith ⁷. Cleaver had twelve acres of apple orchard on Palomar Mountain ¹. Cleaver and his help would drive two horseloads of apples down the steep Palomar Mountain roads, and then over the hard country roads to Escondido, the nearest railroad station ¹². Robert Asher wrote that a freight trip of Cleaver apples took four days round trip ⁵⁴.

In 1907, the Escondido Times reported: “Clark Cleaver of Palomar Mountain, stopped Saturday night at Shady Nook. He was on his way home from Escondido, where he had been with a load of apples. Mr. Cleaver has some fine apples. He was loaded this trip with the good old Winesap. These apples are not as large as some apples, but yum, yum, how good. ¹²³”

Clark Cleaver produced a lot of apples. The Escondido Times-Advocate reported regularly on Cleaver’s apple deliveries to town; for example, the newspaper reported that Cleaver was in town three times during the month of November 1905 with a load of apples ¹²⁷. In December 1910, the Escondido Times-Advocate reported that Clark Cleaver had sold 600 boxes of apples from his ranch that season ¹²⁶.

Clark Cleaver wrote about apple farming on Palomar Mountain in February 1906 ¹²⁸:

Growing Apples on Palomar
Palomar, Feb. 20, 1906

ED. ADVOCATE -- : The following is just a small part of what I don't know about apple growing.

"I would like to learn something about the raising of apples: The best time to plant; the best kind to plant; the proper kind of soil -- its constituent elements necessary; its slope to the morning or evening sun; to the north or to the south, and at how great an altitude would it be possible to make apple growing, financially, a success?" Several of these questions were put in the question box when the Institute met in Escondido a dozen or more years ago, but no answer came out, to my knowledge. Since then I have been trying to dig the proper answers from the soil, the sky, the sun, the clouds, and the weather divinities in general. The answers have not always been satisfactory. The trees bought of nurserymen have not always been true to name, and some that were so, were not adapted to this locality. The best, so far as I have tried them are first: the Smith Cider; the Wagner, or Wine Sap; the Newton Pippin; the Pearmain -- when the season is long enough; the Lawver is also a good apple, when grown at this elevation (5400 ft) but when grown at a much less altitude, it is a spongy and juiceless affair. Another apple I have found a great favorite in the market, is the Baltimore Red, a dark red, large, and all nearly of the same size, of good flavor, and a good bearer. The Alexanders -- early fall, is also very fine here, an excellent cooker. -- The Jonathan also, I think, does well here -- in my neighbors orchards -- those I bought for Jonathan proved to be something not worth a name. The Ben Davis grown on this mountain, is also a fair apple, especially for cooking, being large, juicy and sound; the Gano, a similar apple, is also a good apple, grown to perfection here. The Northern Spy -- though not bearing early -- is one of the very best, and is at home here.

A few words about pruning. Nine or ten years ago, I learned, by expensive experience, that by having the limbs grow out alternately, instead of opposite to each other, that the trees were not so liable to break or split when loaded down with sleet or snow, or with fruit, as when the trees are trained to branch out three or four branches opposite to each other, thus forming finger divisions instead of thumb-like divisions. Almost any apple points with unerring finger to the exact spot where it should be clipped, but the Winesap, or Wagner, offers no indication. The limbs grow sixteen feet long, the same size all the way; and if you cut one of them off, the shoots fly out from it like a swarm of yellow jackets from their nest. Will some one tell how to prune it? The apple is admitted to be the king of the fruit family, and among the oldest. It was probably a fragrant Smith Cider, a luscious Winesap, or possibly a Pearmain; or it may have been a Maiden's Blush, but I rather incline to the belief that it was a Duchess, that Eve succeeded with in tempting Adam to his fall. However, whichever variety it may have been, Adam succumbed to the temptation, and where's the man that wouldn't?

CLARK CLEAVER

The Escondido Times-Advocate reported on Clark Cleaver's apples in local stores in October 1910 ¹³¹:

HOME GROWN APPLES
Superior Quality of Fruit From Smith Mountain

If anyone doubts the quality of San Diego County apples, they should try some of the fruit on display in local stores this week from the orchard of Clark Cleaver of Smith Mountain.

Some of the largest, most beautiful and well flavored apples to be found anywhere was among the lot, which included Bellefleurs, Tompkins County and Baltimore Reds. A number were taken at random from the boxes and weighed and the average was about ten ounces each, and the fruit was without blemish, richly colored and excellent in all respects.

Clark Cleaver produced more than apples. At Escondido's 1910 Grape Day celebration, Clark Cleaver won cash prizes for first best displays of apples and prunes ¹³⁰. In December 1905, the Escondido Times reported Cleaver was in Escondido with a load of honey and produce ¹²⁹.



Clark Cleaver and his apple orchard, undated

Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

**FOR SALE—Apples—Good seconds at
CLARK CLEAVER'S house, Nellie
Postoffice, at ½ cent a pound. 45-46x**

From: Escondido Times-Advocate, 17 November 1911, page 4,
column 1

CLARK CLEAVER & THE CONSTRUCTION OF TRUJILLO ROAD / SOUTH GRADE UP PALOMAR MOUNTAIN

In her book "Palomar from teepee to telescope," Catherine Wood describes the early history of roads up Palomar Mountain ⁴⁸.

The first road on Palomar was over the east end, the one broken through by Joseph Smith. It was noted for its steep "slides" of something like 30 per cent grade. Heavy flat-bottomed shoes of iron were tied to wheels of the clumsy ox carts then in use, when descending these steep pitches. The shoes acted as brakes by causing the wheels to slide instead of turn. Later a county road was constructed on the south slope near the route of the new grade [the new grade being County Road S6, the Highway to the Stars, which was built in 1934-1935]. When no longer used as a road, the south slide became the "mail trail" up which the mail was brought several times a week on horseback, but the carrier walked up the steep parts. About 1900, as better transportation facilities were demanded by an increasing population, the nine-mile Nigger Grade [now known as Nate Harrison Grade] was built over the treeless west shoulder. It was considered at the time a good road, but is now noted for its steep pitches and hairpin turns. The east grade, about fifteen miles long, not so steep as Nate Harrison Grade, was not fully improved until about 1925. The new south grade was built especially [in 1934-1935] for the telescope's trip up the mountain.

Winbert C. Fink, who lived on Palomar Mountain, said this about early Palomar Mountain road history ⁸²:

(Joseph Smith) ... broke a trail through the brush up the east end of the mountain from Warner Ranch; as he followed the backbone of the ridge to avoid turns and to pull four horses to the wagon to get any amount of the supplies he needed at all times. This trail was called the slide ... Many years later the county made a road up the south side. This was called Trujillo Road and was very steep.

On 18 September 1890, the Escondido Times editors announced that a five mile long road grade had been surveyed and staked out on Palomar Mountain; this road would become known as the Trujillo Road or South Slide, and later was known as the Mail Trail ¹¹⁷. The Escondido Times editors proposed that the local settlers build the first two miles down from the summit since they were easy, that the next two miles down needed grading and some heavy rock work, and that the final mile didn't need much work since it was a gently sloping plain ¹¹⁷. The Escondido Times noted that this road would open for settlement and improvement the land on Palomar Mountain with some of the very best fruit land in San Diego County including apples, pears, cherries, plums, berries as well as corn, potatoes, and cabbage ¹¹⁷.

At a 10 September 1891 meeting, the president of the San Diego County Board of Supervisors signed a road contract with Clark Cleaver to construct a road up the south side of Palomar Mountain ⁷⁴. The San Diego Union newspaper reported on this Trujillo Road contract with Clark Cleaver the next day ⁷⁴:

In the matter of a contract with C. Cleaver of Smith mountain for the construction of a road on Smith mountain, the following contract was signed by the president of the board:

Whereas the board of supervisors of said county have recently declared the road hereinafter mentioned to be a public highway, and have ordered that the same be opened to the public as a highway, and whereas it is necessary that for the more convenient use of said highway the same should be constructed and graded, as hereinafter mentioned, now, for the mutual consideration herein appearing, it is agreed as follows:

The contractor shall, with all reasonable expedition, and in any case by the 30th day of November, 1891, construct, level and grade a good and convenient road at least eight feet wide along the line of said highway, in the county of San Diego, state of California, commencing at the end of the county road at or near the residence of Jose Trujillo, on section 21, township south, range 1 east, S.B.M., and running thence in a northeasterly direction over the lands of Jose Trujillo, being the northeast quarter of section 21 aforesaid, thence running over the Indian reservation to government land on section 15, in said township, thence through land of W.J. Morrison, being the

south half of the northwest quarter and the north half of the southwest quarter of said section 15; thence through land of Thomas D. Mendenhall to the summit of Smith mountain in said county.

The road shall be constructed in accordance with the survey made in August 1890, by the county surveyor.

The contractor shall furnish at his own proper cost and expense all tools, labor and materials necessary and required in the construction of said road.

The contractor shall in the construction of the road comply with all the requirements and directions of J.P.M. Rainbow, supervisor of said county, and road commissioner of the district in which the highway lies.

The county shall pay for the work hereinbefore contracted to be done provided the same shall be well and faithfully done by November 30, 1891. The sum of \$1,000 to be paid upon completion of the work and upon presentation of a claim therefore to the board of supervisors in the manner provided by law.

Signed by J.S. Buck, chairman, and C. Cleaver, contractor.

Work on the Trujillo Road was already underway by the September 1891 date of the County contract with Clark Cleaver. In the preceding June, the San Diego Union newspaper published this item ⁷³:

When the road now being graded on Palomar mountain shall be completed, Mr. Cleaver proposes to erect a sawmill on his 500 acres of pine, cedar, hemlock, oak and beech trees. The Escondido Times says that then will follow new houses and a hotel.

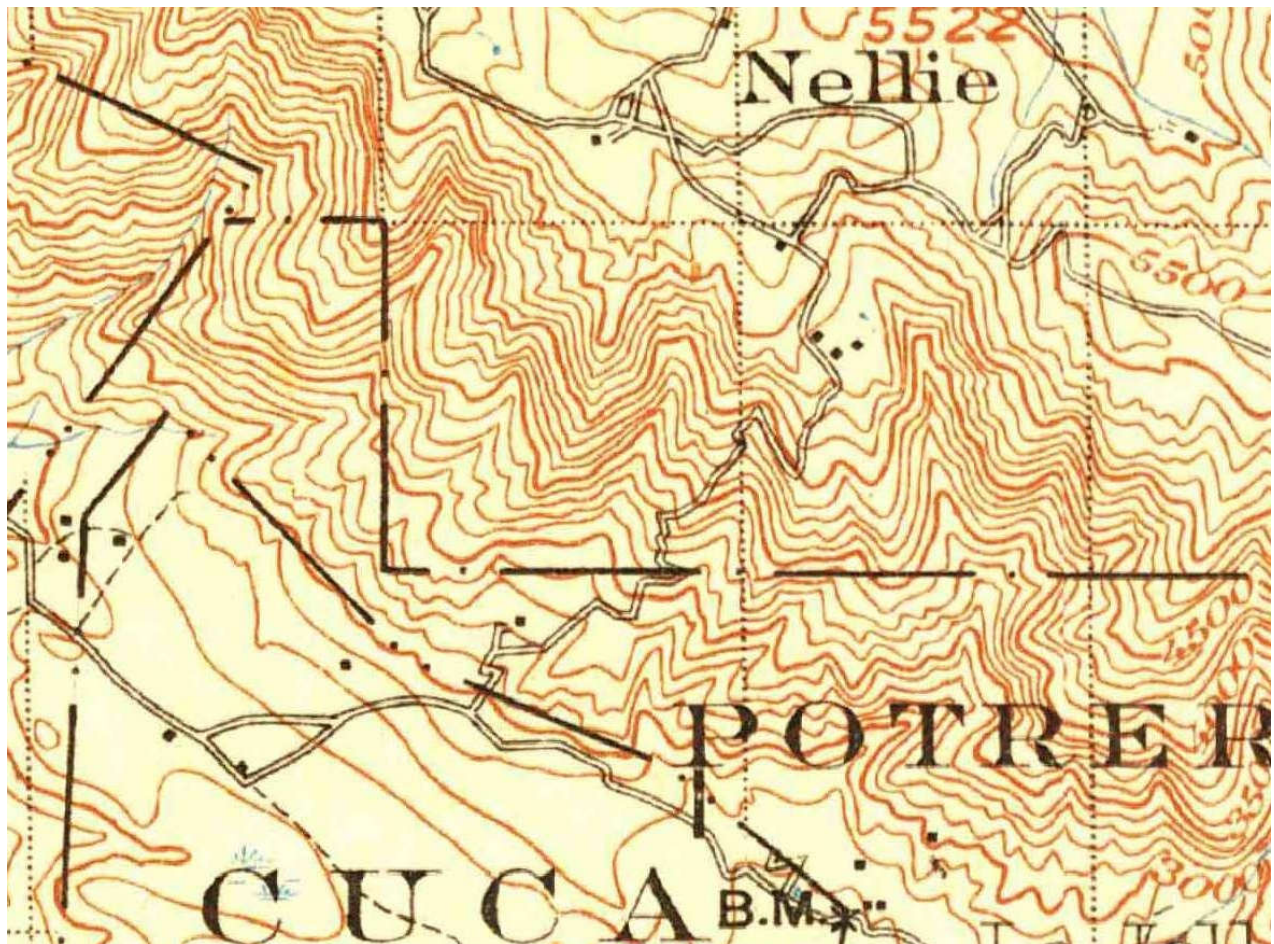
Clark Cleaver was aiming to develop his Palomar Mountain timber lands along with those owned by his brother Kimber.

On 30 July 1891, which was five weeks before the San Diego County contract signing in September, the Escondido Times reported that Clark Cleaver was in Escondido purchasing supplies for the South Grade road under construction ¹¹⁸. At that time, Cleaver said that about one and a half miles of the South Grade road was nearly completed, there remained a similar amount of heavy work, and a large volunteer force was being organized with assistance promised from San Diego County ¹¹⁸. In August 1891, the San Diego Union newspaper published this item ⁷⁵:

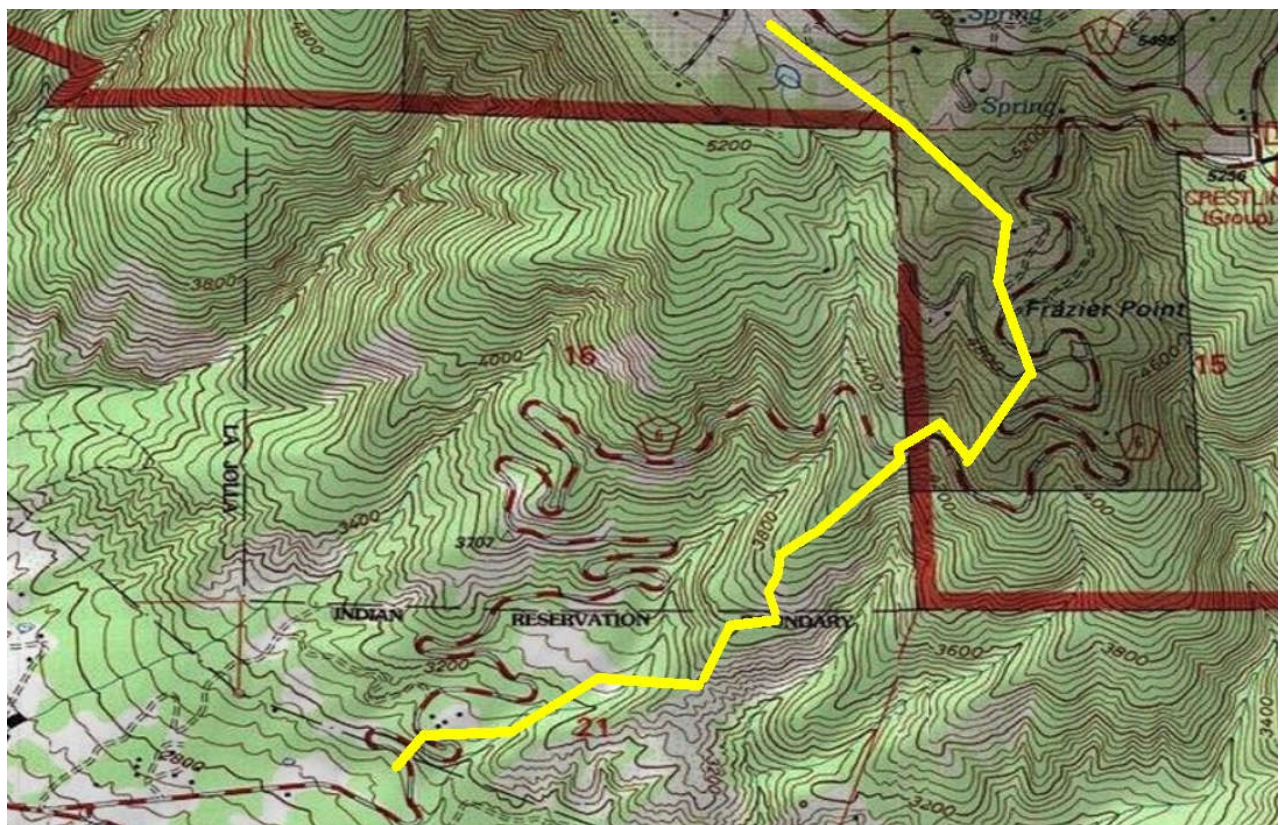
A fine, well-graded road is being built up the slopes of Smith mountain, to take the place of the old winding cattle trail which was positively dangerous and nearly impassable. It will prove a boon to the farmers of Smith mountain.

On 5 January 1892, the San Diego County Board of Supervisors approved Clark Cleaver's claim of \$1,000 for construction of the Trujillo Road up Smith Mountain according to their September 1891 contract ⁸⁷.

The route of the 1891 Trujillo Road up the south side of Palomar Mountain was not the same as the contemporary route of County Road S6, which was specially constructed in 1934-1935 to have a consistent grade and turn radius to truck the telescope glass up Palomar Mountain. The Trujillo Road had grades in some places as high as 24 percent ⁹³.



The 1891 Trujillo Road or South Grade route on the U.S.G.S. 1903 Ramona quadrangle map



Approx route of 1891 Trujillo Road to Nellie (from above map), overlaid on modern map with County Highway S6

The Escondido Times published a travelogue of an August 1892 trip to Palomar Mountain, which described travelling on the Trujillo Road ¹²⁰:

... we begin to climb the grade, which is three miles in length. The engineering has been very skillfully done. The road winds round the spurs of the mountain in loupes, backward and forward, creeping at places along the sides of almost perpendicular precipices, at times an easy grade, then a sharp climb that tries the mettle of the team. In no place is the road wider than is absolutely necessary for safety, except a few places widened for turnouts. One of our party went ahead to look for teams and give warning of their approach, a very necessary precaution, as to meet on the narrow passages might prove a serious matter. The road is well shaded by oak trees, and we made frequent stops to rest the team and enjoy the beautiful landscape that, like the kaleidoscope, was ever changing, and with each change growing more beautiful. From one point near the top of the grade the view commanded a hundred miles of coast line, with the Coronado and Catalina Islands in plain view. The surf could be seen breaking on the shores 30 miles away, and the wide heaving expanse of ocean as it lay like a mirror before us was lost in the hazy mists of the horizon, which hides from view the land of romance, mystery and song. Within a few rods of the top of the grade a small stream crosses the road. Here we watered the team and rested in the shade. ... A sharp pull from this place and we are on top of the mountain, so to speak. ... Here there is an opening with luxuriant grass and in places heavily covered with brakes or ferns. Following the trail we leave the summit and descend into a valley where we find the post-office in charge of Mr. T. O. Bailey. ... We had heard a great deal of talk about the difficulty of getting down the mountain, about the trees and logs teamsters have to attach to their wagons to act as drags, and such talk is calculated to excite apprehension in the mind of a nervous person, but it need not do so. We managed to secure a large straggling tree top and chained it to the hind axle, it was just heavy enough so that on the easy grades the horses had to pull lightly on it, then on the steep grades by setting the lock we went down easily and with perfect safety. As we said in the commencement of this article, there is nothing to fear on the grades with a properly equipped team. We found the ride down the mountain one of the most delightful experiences we had on the trip. ...



Wagon nearing the bottom of Trujillo Road or South Grade, August 1896

Photographer Percy Smith Cox. Collection of Peter Brueggeman



Trujillo Road or South Grade, August 1896

Caption: Palomar Grade, Camping Is Not What It Is Cracked Up To Be – It's Better

Photographer Percy Smith Cox, #136. Collection of Peter Brueggeman

Constance Restarick Withington reminisced on travel to Palomar Mountain via the Trujillo Road in 1895-1896 ⁸³:

... When I was ten or eleven years old, my mother was threatened with tuberculosis and the doctor ... ordered my father to take her in the back country where the dry air... was held to be ... beneficial to those with lung and bronchial ailments. Thus began our summers camping on Mt. Palomar. ... In 1896 it was a two or three days journey by 'stage' as the wagon, drawn by four or six horses was called, ... How well I remember the day Mr. Bleven drove up ... in his wagon drawn by four horses. There were two wide seats which accommodated the five of us, the driver and the cook. ... We made thirty miles the first day and spent the night in Escondido... The next day we drove through Valley Center and spent the night at the Indian Reservation of Rin Con ... We had now driven 55 miles. The roads were only dirt roads, of course, and we had made good time with our heavy load, but now the hardest part of the trek was yet to come for the climb to the top of the mountain, was up a steep grade of, dare I say 25 percent? Mr. Bleven procured another pair of horses and we all got out and walked. Even so it was all the horses could do to pull up the almost precipitous ascent. Late the afternoon of the third day, we pulled up to the adobe cottage at a place called Iron Springs, which my father had rented for the summer. ...



Trujillo Road or South Grade, August 1896

Photographer Percy Smith Cox, #384. Frances Bevan Ryan Papers, Escondido Public Library Pioneer Room



Trujillo Road or South Grade, August 1896

Photographer Percy Smith Cox, #416. Frances Bevan Ryan Papers, Escondido Public Library Pioneer Room

Richmond Goodwin said this about the Trujillo Road in 1895 ⁷⁶:

About 1895 when I was about 15 or 16 years old I worked for George Doane on his big ranch on Palomar Mountain. ... There was a pretty good road called the Slide Road from the upper end of the Indian Reservation. It went down the east end of the reservation. When you started down you would cut a tree and hitch it on behind the wagon to brake you down the hill. They called it the Slide Road because there were lots of slides. ...



Wagons going downhill on Trujillo Road or South Grade using cut trees as a drag brake, August 1896

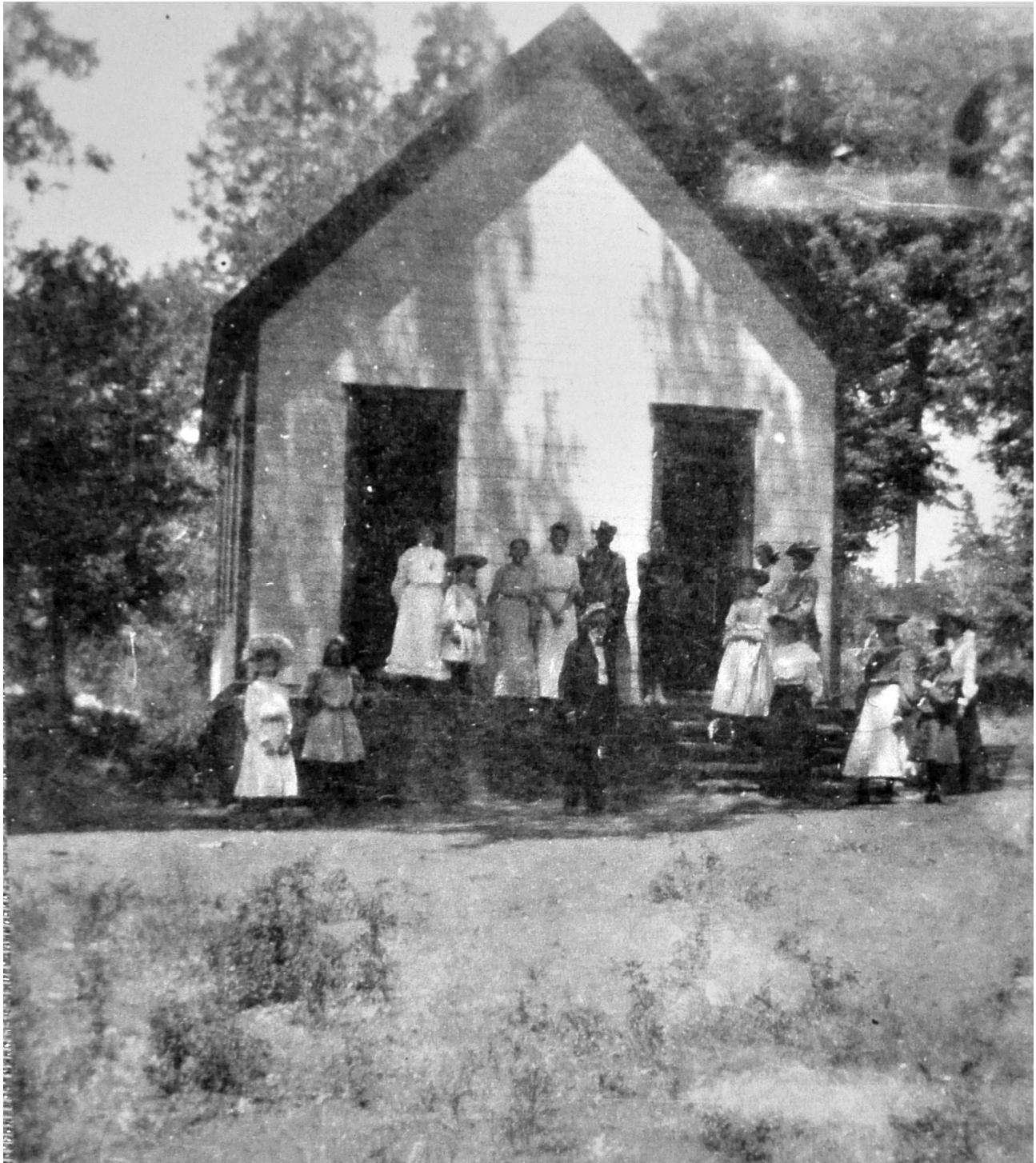
Photographer Percy Smith Cox, #409. Frances Bevan Ryan Papers, Escondido Public Library Pioneer Room

Kimber Cleaver aided the construction of the western road up Palomar Mountain, the Nate Harrison Grade, granting San Diego County a road easement across his land (along State Park Road) on 6 August 1897 ⁹². The western Nate Harrison Grade was surveyed in 1896 and was a significant improvement over the southern Trujillo Road for which Clark Cleaver had been the contractor ⁹³. The Nate Harrison Grade road had a maximum grade of ten per cent and an average of about six per cent, whereas the Trujillo Road had grades in some places as high as 24 percent ⁹³. Construction on the Nate Harrison Grade began in March 1897, and finished in June 1900 ^{94,95}.

In June 1908, Clark Cleaver along with other prominent Palomar Mountain residents petitioned the San Diego County Board of Supervisors to build a road from Warner Springs up the eastern side of Palomar Mountain, for which rights of way had been granted ⁹⁶.

CLARK CLEAVER AS PALOMAR MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TRUSTEE

Clark Cleaver was a Nellie school trustee, which was noted in newspapers and San Diego County directories for 1900 to 1905 (at minimum); Nellie was the name of the Palomar Mountain post office for many years 8,88,89.

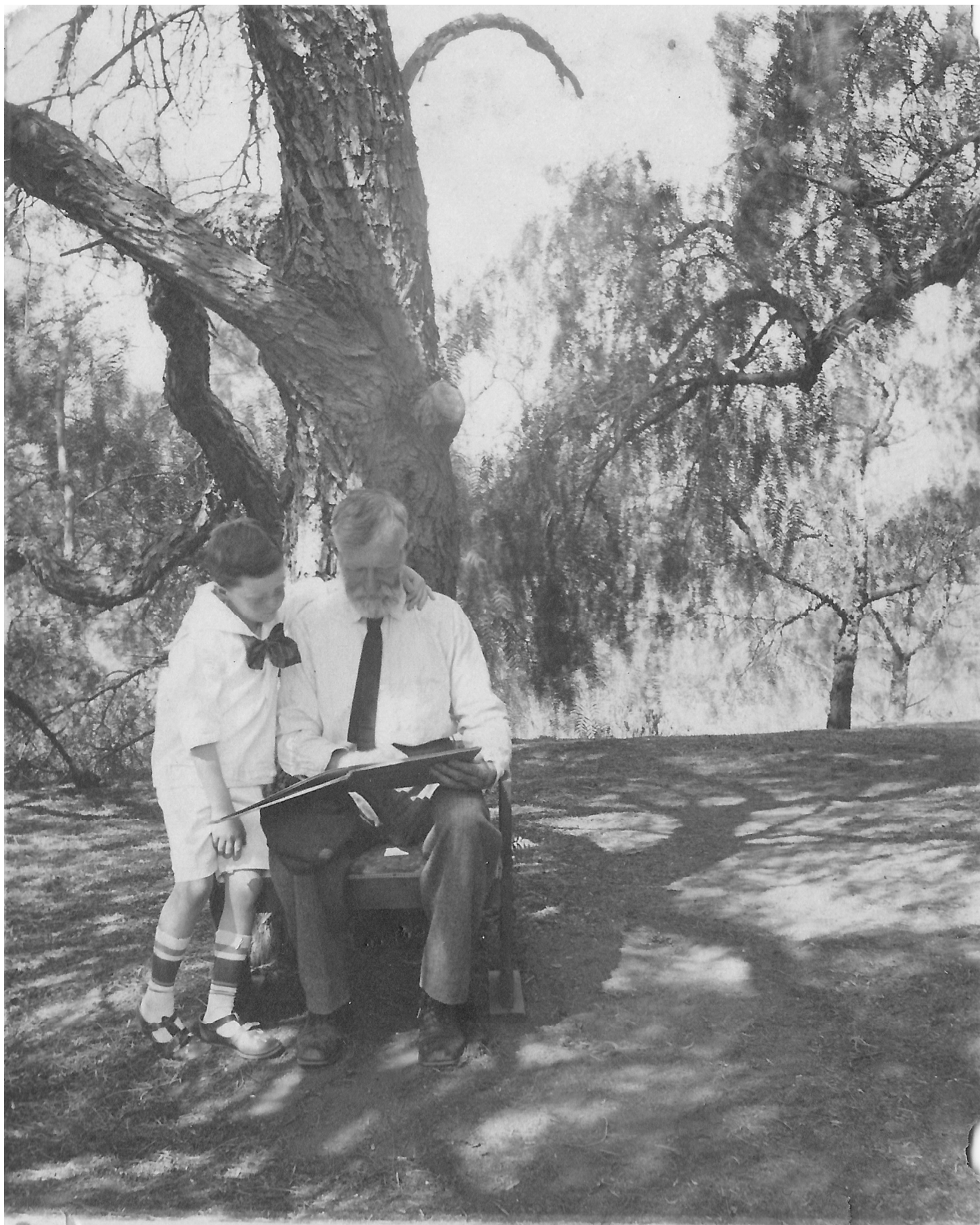


Clark Cleaver in front of a group at the Nellie School, Palomar Mountain, undated
Roberts Family papers, Barbara Waite



Clark Cleaver inside the Nellie School, Palomar Mountain, c1904

Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰



Unidentified boy with Clark Cleaver, perhaps at the Nellie School, Palomar Mountain, undated

Robert Asher photograph 90

OTHER NEWSPAPER ITEMS ON CLARK CLEAVER

In September 1906, the Escondido Times reported on a dance at the George Cook ranch on Palomar Mountain ¹²⁵:

The young folks of the region had no monopoly on the gayety of the occasion by any means, the staid and sober settlers of the country laying aside the cares of age and losing themselves in the mazy whirl. Even Clark Cleaver revived his youth, and the nimble manner and mirthful mood in which he capered to the pleasings of the violin belied his seventy years.

In July 1908, the Escondido Times published a humorous essay on Palomar Mountain from Clark Cleaver ¹²⁴:

Mountain Brow Ranch
Palomar, July 17, '08

Editor TIMES: As this mountain seems to be the center of the world and of attraction for the best people at the present time, I think it possible that you may relish a line from here.

The autos are circulating at the rate of four or five a day and except that occasionally one of them shies at a rock or black stump, they get along fairly well. The hotels are filling with guests and the woods are dotted with campers and all seem to be having a good time. There are probably seventy-five resorters, migrators, or whatever we may call them. This is merely a guess -- they dodge around in such a lively manner that it is too much work to count them. It is all kinds of fun to camp if you just know how, and as I have been camping for the biggest half of a hundred years, I can tell the precise program with the tenderfooted reader will do well to pursue.

First: You take your gun -- and your game carrier, or pard, and you tramp through brush until you are nearly blinded, but at last get a pigeon -- which proves to be a bluejay. Then you build a fire and proceed to cook your game; your stew pan, frying pan, coffee pot are all doing finely. You and your pard are tired and take to your elbow for a rest -- and you sleep the sleep of the just worried out. The stew pan and coffee pot have turned turtle, and your pigeon jay is done rather too brown for good eating, and now you're as hungry for a dinner as a Los Angeles editor is for a he, so you throw your cooking utensils as far down the mountain as you can at three throws, and then hunt up Milt Bailey, of the Palomar, and tell him to tell Mrs. Penney to tell her girls to put you out anything convenient and quick that you're hungry enough to eat a wildcat, and then -- well let's not hunt trouble.

There's a presidential campaign on, and that's enough. The orators will be after you, each one will convince you that he is It, and that you must stand up solid for Herrin, Walter Parker, the G.O.P., and the Lincoln-Roosevelt League -- the party, etc., -- Hearst in that too? But it doesn't matter, you'll vote for your party anyway.

And for the nominees: Taft, the Republican, and Bryan, the Democrat. These men are presumed to be the Chevalier Bayards of American statesmen -- "above fears and above reproach." What shall be the method of warfare? Must the envious and vicious minded set the note for the canvass, and each party run the other through Mrs. Gunness' -- or rather through each other's -- "sausage factory?" How's this for a starter?

All the voter has to do.
Is just to vote for William or for Will,
And which ever gets there,
Is sure to fill the bill.

Who's he that comes with eagle eye,
And takes his fences flying?
The foremost He of all his day!
-- William Jennings Bryan!

CLARK CLEAVER

REMEMBRANCES OF CLARK CLEAVER

Robert Asher knew Clark Cleaver, and wrote in his "My Palomar" memoir ⁵²:

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.



Clark Cleaver and his barn, Summer 1904

Robert Asher photograph 90

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. ...

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. ... I remained with the Bryan Camp Old Glory for seven weeks. ...

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 tastier 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. [PB: U.S. General Land Office records have their names recorded as Lizzie and Mariah Frazer]

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 whipsawing, 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. ... 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. ...

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.

... Clark Cleaver planted another apple orchard on forty acres lying catercornered 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. ...

... [About apple varieties] Cleaver had planted too many Baltimore Reds and Ben Davis. ...



Clark Cleaver (reclining at lower far right) with a group at Slide Falls on Pauma Creek, undated
Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

... 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. ...

... 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. ...



Clark Cleaver's Apple Orchard and Corn Plantation, Summer 1904

Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

Robert Asher writes about Clark Cleaver in his personal papers ⁵⁴:

[1901] ... The [Palomar Mountain] evening campfires were a great feature in those days. There were four 'boys' in our camp, and it was our job to rustle up wood for the camp fire almost every day. This was an Iron Spring community affair. Sometimes we would have the fire in our camp. Sometimes across the creek near the Dickson Camp. Sometimes we would go clear off the reservation to Bailey's or Cleaver's. As a general thing Bailey and Cleaver were the "life" of the party. We would sit around the fire and spin yarns, or recite or sing – solo or en masse – or work off some original verse. There were several versifiers on the mountain. Either Cleaver or George Doane could turn a handy rhyme on short notice. Then there were the simple little old fashioned games – "drop the handkerchief" and the like. One day Mr. Cleaver invited us all to a very special party on his place. The Cleaver Ranch was quite a distance from the Iron Spring Camp. Mrs. Bryan could not go. Neither Mrs. Ingle nor Mrs. Ross nor Mrs. Jackson cared to walk it. So Cleaver offered the use of his teams and farm wagon to take care of Mrs. Ross [Mrs. Jackson crossed out] and the youngsters while Mrs. Ingle and Mrs. Ross could go in the Ingle outfit, a two-horse buggy. Well, things went according to schedule. Mr. Cleaver did his prettiest as host and the affair was voted a complete success. He and a young man who was staying with him at the time had provided an ample supply of sticks and logs for the camp fire. And so we had plenty of light to see by until we prepared to start and had hitched up the teams for home. Then, for the first time that evening, we realized that it was a dark night – a terribly dark night according to the older ladies – so dark in fact that Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ingle had demurred on driving home unaided. They were sure that it was so dark that they would lose the road, or themselves, or something. Offers of assistance from the younger generation did not meet with approval. The two ladies were just dead sure that anyone of us boys (we had hastened to volunteer) would land the buggy in some convenient ditch at the first opportunity. Mr. Cleaver gallantly offered to drive the Ingle team – his young friend could drive the Cleaver outfit safely if he, Cleaver, went on ahead in the buggy to show the way. The offer was accepted with acclaim. It was all very fine. Cleaver was the hero of the hour. His young man was another hero. Us boys – well, we were plainly out of it. We were nothing, just tenderfeet. So we hit the road afoot, taking the shortest way home by way of the Bailey's rhubarb patch and the trail. It was late, of course, so I went at once over to my [campsite] and crawled into the blankets – and peaceful slumbers. In the morning, when I went

over to the main camp, everybody wanted to tell me about it. It seems that the night before had been so very, very dark, that even Mr. Cleaver had been unable to keep the Ingle buggy in the road. Team and buggy and its three occupants had in fact gone over the bank in a steep place. No one injured. No special harm done, except a broken buggy pole. Cleaver and his young man had wired it up again with baling wire – of which he always kept a supply in the jockey box of his wagon – and the folks had arrived home in safety. ...

[1905, Oct. 13. Friday] ... Smith, Hayes, Burns, Mack, and I helped Mr. Cleaver move his house down hill a bit. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Mack were the star performers. Mr. Cleaver treated us to a bang up chicken dinner...

[1905, Nov. 26. Sunday] ... stopped in to see Mr. Cleaver and Mr. Burns. Mr. Cleaver had just started for Escondido with a load of apples. Burns set out a lunch for me, and then I decided to stay at his invitation to pick apples beginning Monday morning.

[1905. Nov. 29. Wednesday] ... Helped Burns pick apples during the afternoon. Cleaver got back from Escondido late – having left his wagon below Smith & Douglasses.

Elsie Roberts writes about Clark Cleaver at the Palomar Mountain evening campfires ¹³⁴:

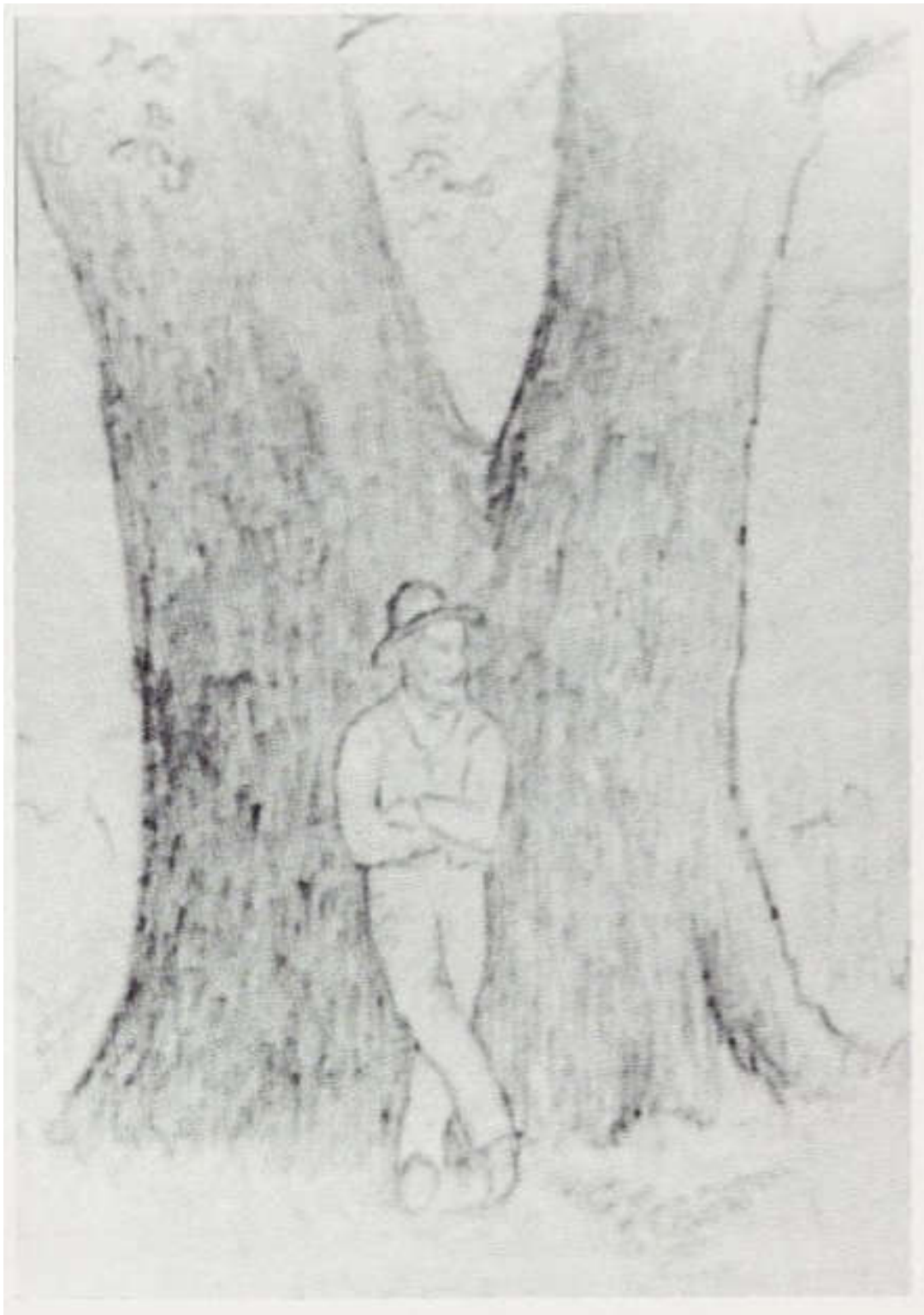
Sometimes there were mountain picnics for everybody up on the mountain, or evening campfires for residents and campers and hotel guests (if a resort was open.) Everyone sat around blazing logs. Dear old Mr. Cleaver and George Doane had their special performances. Mr. Cleaver enacted a story about a flipped pancake that landed on his head and left him hunting it.

Edward H. Davis knew Clark Cleaver, and wrote of Cleaver in his memoir ³⁰:

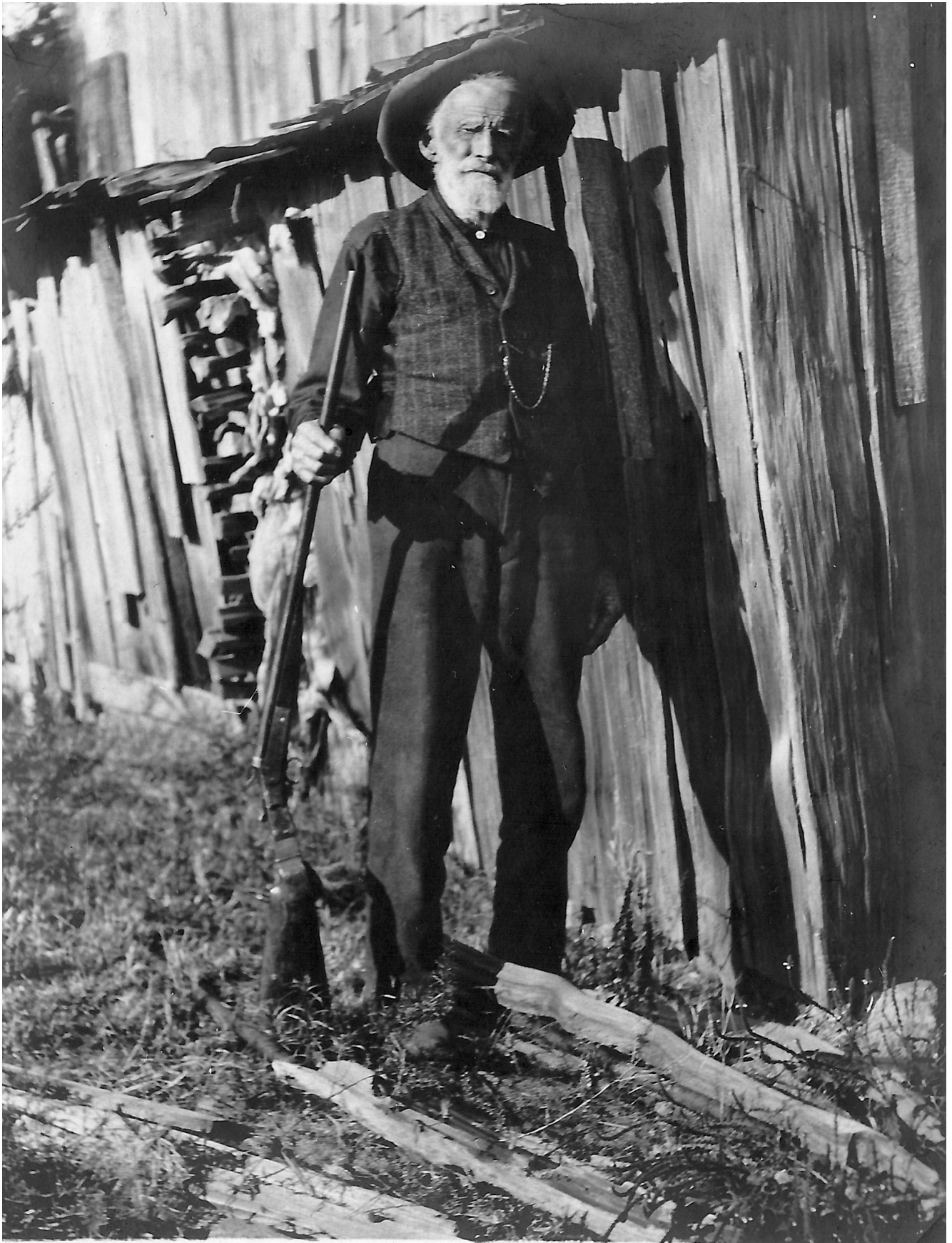
In 1889 Clark Cleaver took up a claim on the rim of the mountain above Bailey's. He was well along in years, slight, wiry, tough, active and industrious. He broke up several acres and set out an apple orchard, which he lived to see yield several thousand boxes of fine delicious winter apples. He was well-read and quite an intellectual man, who in early life had spent some years in the Comstock Lode as a newspaperman in Virginia City, Nevada.

Edward H. Davis wrote about Clark Cleaver in his personal notebook ⁵³:

He was an old newspaper man in the early days in Nevada. He helped me build my barn. When Mr. Bailey went to Palomar, Mr. Cleaver took up a homestead on the crest of the mountain with a marvelous outlook in 1889, planted a fine apple orchard and lived there over 25 years. He was small, wiry, active and very nervy. He used to attend all the community camp fires on Palomar and tell stories of the mines in early days and people he used to know.



Edward H. Davis sketch of Clark Cleaver and black oak tree in 1890 ³⁵



Clark Cleaver, 1909
Edward H. Davis photograph

Gordon Stuart knew Clark Cleaver, and wrote in his “San Diego Back Country 1901” memoir ⁴⁷:

Clark Cleaver had come to California in Gold Rush Days, and he said that several members of the party he came out with died with their boots on. Clark, like most of the old timers, did not put out any information on earlier days. He sat in an easy chair under a shade in front of his small house, and he let the rest of the world take care of itself. I did not ask Clark or anyone else about his income; or how much land he owned. Residents on the mountain did not appear to give much thought to incomes; they were more interested in living. Clark was small in stature and wore gray chin whiskers that were more than a goatee.



Clark Cleaver at right, Elsie Roberts in foreground, undated
Roberts Family Papers, Barbara Waite

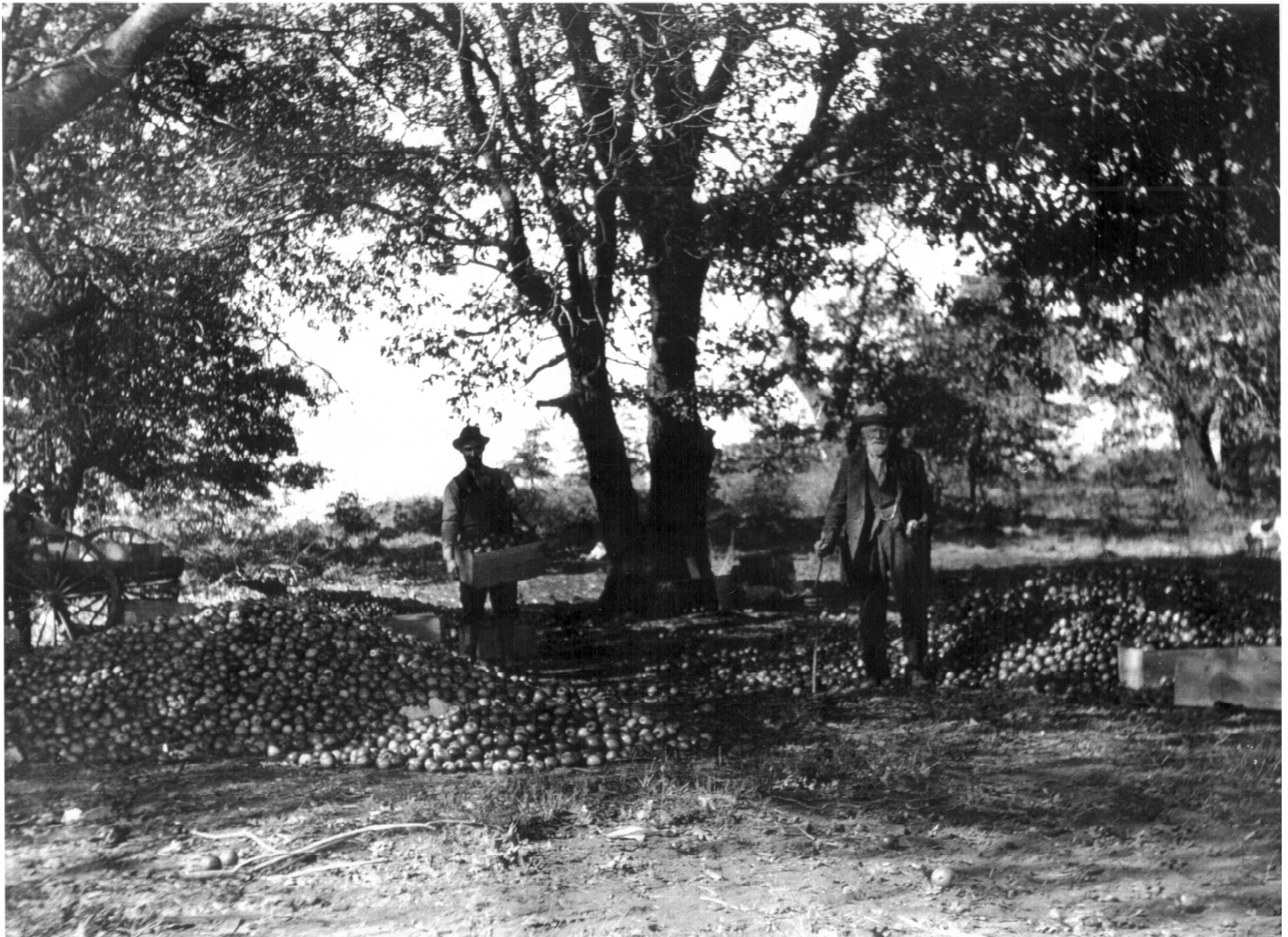
Catherine Wood writes of Clark Cleaver in her 1937 Palomar Mountain history book ⁴⁸:

Clark Cleaver came to California during the gold rush, first settled near Merced, and ran sheep in Yosemite Valley before it became famous. The apple orchard on the south Crest near Bailey's was planted by him. His niece taught the Palomar school at one time.

Steve Bailey writes of Clark Cleaver in 2008 ⁴⁶:

Mr. Cleaver owned the plot of land with the large apple orchard located just southwest of the intersection of State Park Road and Bailey Meadow Road. When Clark Cleaver died in about 1913 the property went through many owners. My grandfather Milton Bailey owned this property around 1920 to the mid to late 1950s. At this point it was sold to Wayne Thompson who owned the store and gas station at the "Summit" (now called Mother's Kitchen) who later sold it to Bob and Valerie Price. This used to be a great apple orchard. On the North side of the property where Cleaver's cabin was built was also one of the best blackberry patches on the mountain. Also a few plum trees and a spring. On the ridge on the North side of the Cleaver property there was a small log cabin. Going east along this ridge from this cabin about 200 yards was an old wood teepee. It slowly fell apart by the mid 1950s.

CLARK CLEAVER PASSES AWAY



Clark Cleaver at age 86, and some of his Palomar Mountain apple crop, August-October 1911.

Clark Cleaver passed away the following spring. Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

Clark Cleaver was living on Palomar Mountain up through late 1911 or early 1912 ^{78,79}. At some point, Cleaver left Palomar Mountain due to illness and went to live with William Cook in Escondido, who also owned land on Palomar Mountain in Cook Valley ^{1,2,12,113}.

Clark Cleaver passed away in Escondido on 12 April 1912, at the age of 86, a few weeks before his 87th birthday ^{1,2,12,113}. His obituary in the Escondido Times-Advocate said ¹¹³:

A NOTED and NOTE WORTHY PIONEER HAS PASSED OVER THE DIVIDE

Clark Cleaver died at the home of Wm. Cook in Escondido, on the 12th instant. Mr. Cleaver, at the time of his death was 85 years, 11 months and 14 days of age. He was born in Pennsylvania on the 28th day of April 1826. His career was one of varied and extensive experience. He was taken when young with his father's family to Canada, where they resided for a number of years. Returning to the United States he went to Texas, from where he came to California in 1850. Went to Nevada, was elected to the assembly and served with honor to himself and his constituents. From Nevada he came again to California; was with General Morehead in the expedition against the Yuma Indians, after which he finally settled, about 25 years ago, on Palomar Mountain and engaged in apple culture. His beautiful mountain home was his delight. Mr. Cleaver was a man of very considerable culture and refinement, and above all he was a man of humor. In his life there was no stooping to that which was low and vile. The nobler sentiments of life he cherished and upheld. Though enfeebled by age and affliction he retained his mental faculties to the end. He is survived by one sister and a sister-in-law, also a nephew, C.E. Rice, of Pomona, who is heir to the Palomar Mountain ranch. Mr. Cleaver's remains were buried by loving hands in Oak Hill cemetery, April 14, 1912."

A newspaper obituary noted that Cleaver was never married ¹. Newspapers reported that Clark Cleaver's burial service at Escondido's Oak Hill cemetery on April 14th, was conducted by an old friend J.N. Turrentine (the postmaster of Escondido and owner of the Escondido Times-Advocate newspaper), and was attended by old friends and a nephew, to whom Cleaver's Palomar Mountain property was bequeathed ^{13,97,113}.



Oak Hill Memorial Park, Escondido findagrave.com

In his memoir “My Palomar,” Robert Asher writes ⁵²:

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.

A few years before Clark Cleaver’s 1912 death, his brother Kimber Cleaver had passed away in Santa Ana, California on 7 January 1908, survived by his wife Rozina A. Cleaver, son Herbert Randall Cleaver, and daughters Jessie Lillian Cleaver, and Myra R. Cleaver ^{3,81}. Asher is referring to Kimber Cleaver’s daughter Jessie Lillian as Clark Cleaver’s schoolmarm niece, who was living in Pomona at the time of Clark’s death ^{3,10}. Jessie Lillian Cleaver had married Charles Earl Rice around 1903-1904 ^{3,10}. Jessie Lillian Cleaver Rice lived in Pomona, California in 1910 and 1920, and her mother Rozina A. Cleaver was living with her at the time of Clark Cleaver’s death ¹⁰. Myra R. Cleaver doesn’t appear to have married, and passed away in 1931 ¹⁰. A newspaper obituary notes that Clark Cleaver’s nephew Charles Earl Rice, of Pomona, was heir to the Palomar Mountain land ¹¹³.

As mentioned previously, on 22 November 1899, Kimber Cleaver and wife transferred to their daughter Jessie Lillian Cleaver the two lower quarters (80 acres) of their homestead land along what is now State Park Road, on which Clark Cleaver had apple orchards and lived ⁵⁰. Within that easternmost quarter, Kimber Cleaver had earlier granted Clark Cleaver on 15 September 1898, a ‘life interest only’ on five acres situated southwest of the current junction to Bailey’s ¹⁰⁰. Clark Cleaver owned other land as well, so his land passed to Charles Earl Rice and his wife Jessie Lillian, and Kimber Cleaver’s land including the ‘life interest only’ five acres accorded to Clark Cleaver, was either owned by or passed on to Jessie Lillian Rice.

At the time of Clark Cleaver’s death, Kimber Cleaver’s son Herbert Randall Cleaver was residing in Caldwell, Idaho ^{3,10,69}. Herbert Randall Cleaver and family were in California on a long visit at the time of Clark Cleaver’s final illness, perhaps in Pomona with his mother and sister, but conceivably nearby in Santa Ana ⁹⁸. Just before Clark Cleaver’s death, Herbert Randall Cleaver sent his wife and son home to Idaho, where they arrived on 6 April 1912, a few days before Clark Cleaver died ⁹⁸. Herbert Randall Cleaver evidently stayed on for Clark Cleaver’s passing and funeral, and family matters.



Snow scene overlooking Clark Cleaver’s apple orchard, with the ocean beyond, November 1906

Robert Asher photograph ⁹⁰

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