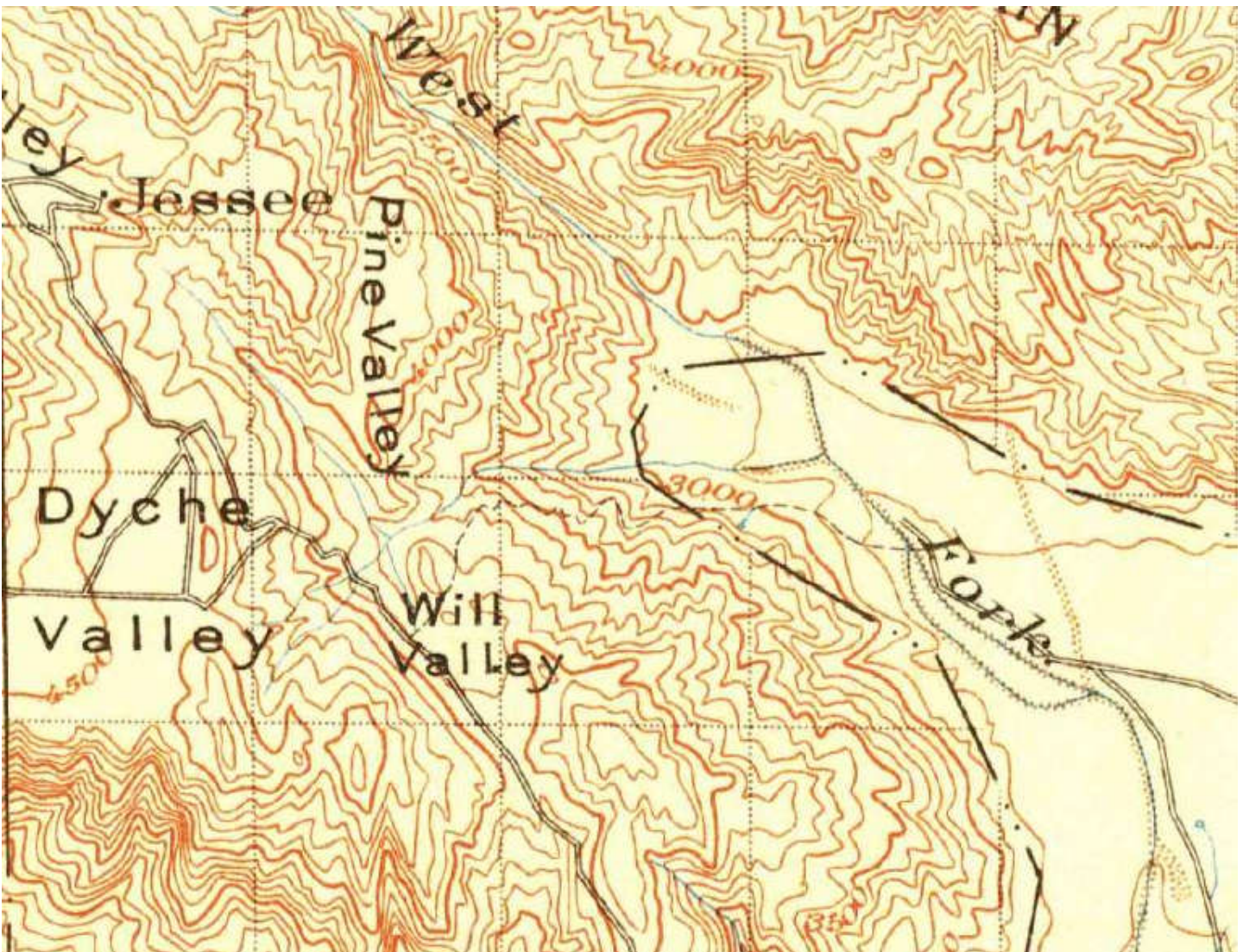


Winbert Fink of Palomar Mountain

Peter Brueggeman
Mount Helix, California. 2023

Winbert Clarence Fink lived in the Will Valley area on the east side of Palomar Mountain for thirty-seven years ... a long stretch compared to other early residents of Palomar Mountain. In his 'My Palomar' memoir, Robert Asher wrote about the road that Fink built to his land in Will Valley [4]:

Then, too, he built a fairly good road all the way up from Warner's Ranch all by himself. Anyone having knowledge of the cost of the county-built road up from Henshaw Dam would know that this one thing would mark Fink as a remarkable man.



Winbert Fink's road from the West Fork of the San Luis Rey River up to Will Valley. Fink's road is marked by dashes, starting at the "F" in "Fork" and running up to the "W" in "Will Valley." [taken from the 1903 U.S.G.S Ramona quadrangle map]

In a 1937 oral history, Winbert Clarence Fink said [2,3]”

I came from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, to Pasadena, (Calif.) forty-three years ago. The next year I came down to San Diego and went directly to Smith Mountain. I was on Palomar for thirty-seven years [PB: the oral history misspelled it Bellefounte].

Palomar Mountain was known as Smith Mountain for about twenty-three years after the 1868 murder of Joseph Smith at his ranch on Palomar Mountain. Winbert Fink dates his arrival in Pasadena to 1894, and then his arrival on Palomar Mountain to 1895.

Winbert Clarence Fink was born in Kansas on March 17, 1870 [1]. In a Kansas state census dated March 1875, five year old W. Fink was living with his maternal uncle, the family of William and L. Lucas in Rock Creek, Wabaunsee County, Kansas [1]. The 1880 U.S. Census lists ten year old Bertie Finck as a nephew living with his maternal uncle, the family of William and Simi Lucas at same location [1]. William Lucas’ wife is Malinda on her gravestone (1841-1932; maiden name Malinda Askey) and listed as Melinda or Lynn in other records [1].

Stepping back a generation, the father of Winbert Fink’s maternal uncle William Lucas was David O. Lucas [1804-1876; married to Elizabeth Green Lucas (1806-1858)] and he had several sons and daughters, including William Lucas (1839-1915), daughter **Elizabeth Lucas Fink** (born 1845), and Robert A. Lucas (1847-1907) [1].

In the 1870 U.S. Census, enumerated July 11, 1870, **William Fink** (age 28, farmer, born about 1842 in Pennsylvania) was living with his inferred spouse **Elizabeth Fink** (age 24, born about 1846 in Pennsylvania) and daughter Florence (age 3/12, born in Kansas) at Wilmington Post Office, Wilmington Township, Wabaunsee County, Kansas [1].

Given that Winbert Fink next shows up in 1875 living with his maternal uncle’s family, his father William Fink probably died between 1870 and 1875, and Winbert went to live with his mother’s brother. An Elizabeth Fink is listed as a widow of William Fink in the 1885 Allentown, Pennsylvania City Directory, though it’s possible this is not Winbert Fink’s mother [1]. An Elizabeth Lucas (widow, age 65, born in Pennsylvania) is listed as a boarder with Ann Harris in Youngstown, Ohio in the 1910 U.S. Census [1].

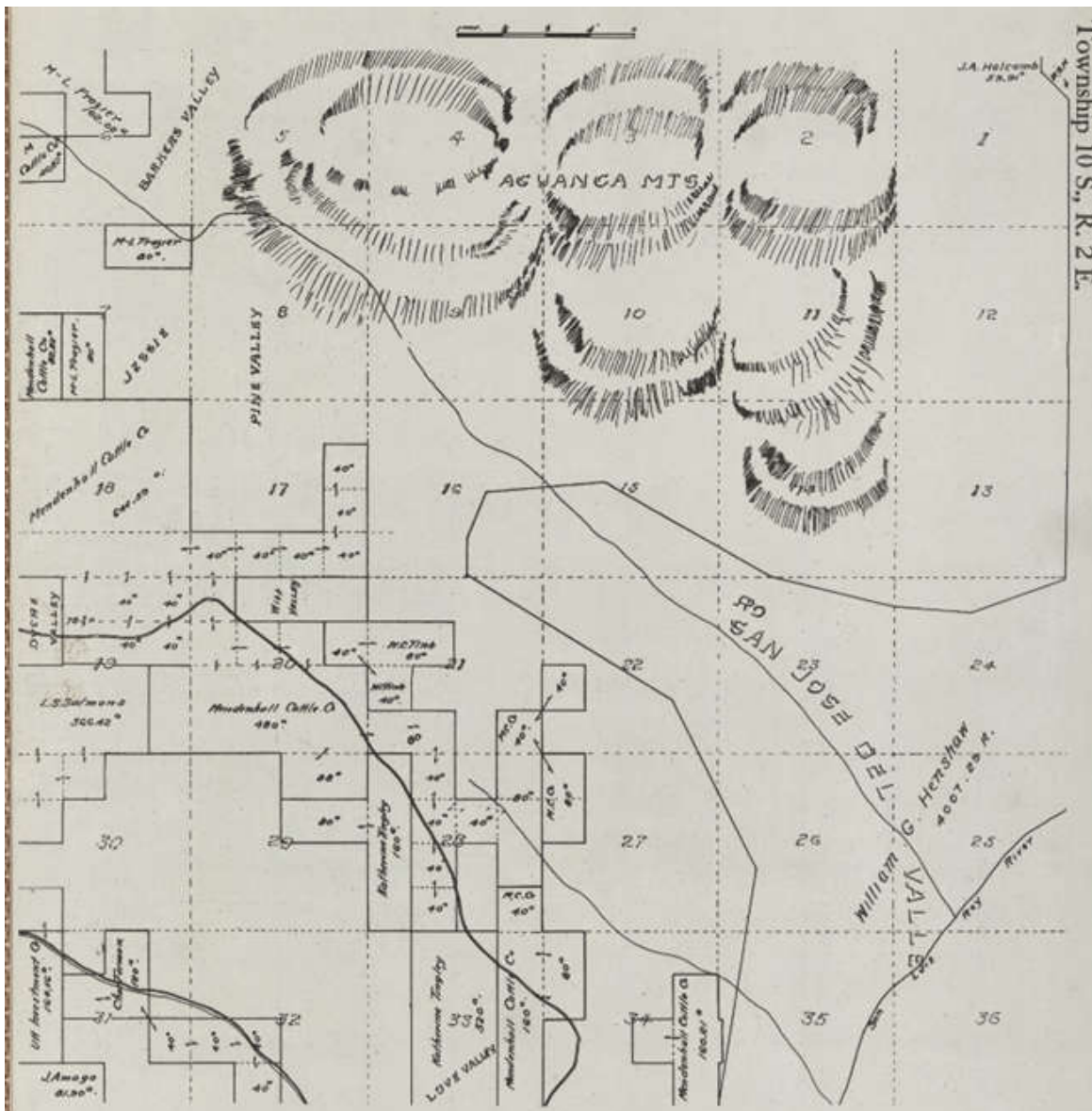
In 1870, the year Elizabeth Lucas Fink’s son Winbert Fink was born, a family tree on ancestry.com states that his twenty-five year old mother Elizabeth was living in the area of the White Ash Post Office, Penn, Allegheny, Pennsylvania, with no references to support that [1]. That same tree says Elizabeth Lucas Fink lived in Allentown, Pennsylvania in 1864 and 1885, lived in Scranton, Pennsylvania in 1893, 1908 and 1931, and lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1920 [1].

In the 1892 New York State Census, enumerated February 16th, there's a W.C. Fink, age 22 listed as a laborer, in the town of Chili, Monroe County, New York [1]. Since Winbert Fink dated his arrival in Pasadena to 1894, perhaps this was him.

After Winbert Fink's death in 1938, his cousin Gertrude Matilda Lucas Keister handled his burial, and she was the daughter of one of Fink's maternal uncles, Robert A. Lucas [1,37]. Fink evidently kept in touch with some of his mother's family throughout his life.

WINBERT FINK ARRIVES ON PALOMAR MOUNTAIN

After Winbert Fink's arrival on Palomar Mountain in 1895, he settled on the east slope of Will Valley on the east side of Palomar Mountain and proved up on 160 acres homestead land on October 1, 1903 [10]. Fink would have entered that land at minimum five years earlier in 1898, and probably earlier.



Location of Fink's property in the middle of a 1912 map

page 92 of: Plat book of San Diego County, California. William E. Alexander. Los Angeles: Pacific Plat Book Co., [1912?]



The United States of America,

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 7089

Application 780

Whereas, There has been deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Los Angeles, California, whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads to actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Winbert C. Fink

has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the South East quarter of the North East quarter of Section twenty and the South half of the North West quarter and the North West quarter of the South West quarter of Section twenty-one in Township ten South of Range Two East of San Bernardino Meridian in California, containing one hundred and sixty acres

according to the Official Plat of the survey of said Land, returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General.

Now know ye that there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said Winbert C. Fink

the tract of Land above described: To have and to hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Winbert C. Fink and to his heirs and assigns forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agriculture, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts, and also subject to the right of the proprietor of a vein or lode to extract and remove his ore therefrom, should the same be found to penetrate or intersect the premises hereby granted, as provided by law and here is recorded for the lands hereby granted a right of way across to ditches a canal for the purpose of the United States

In testimony whereof, J. Theodore Roosevelt, 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 first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-ninth.

By the President:

J. Roosevelt

By

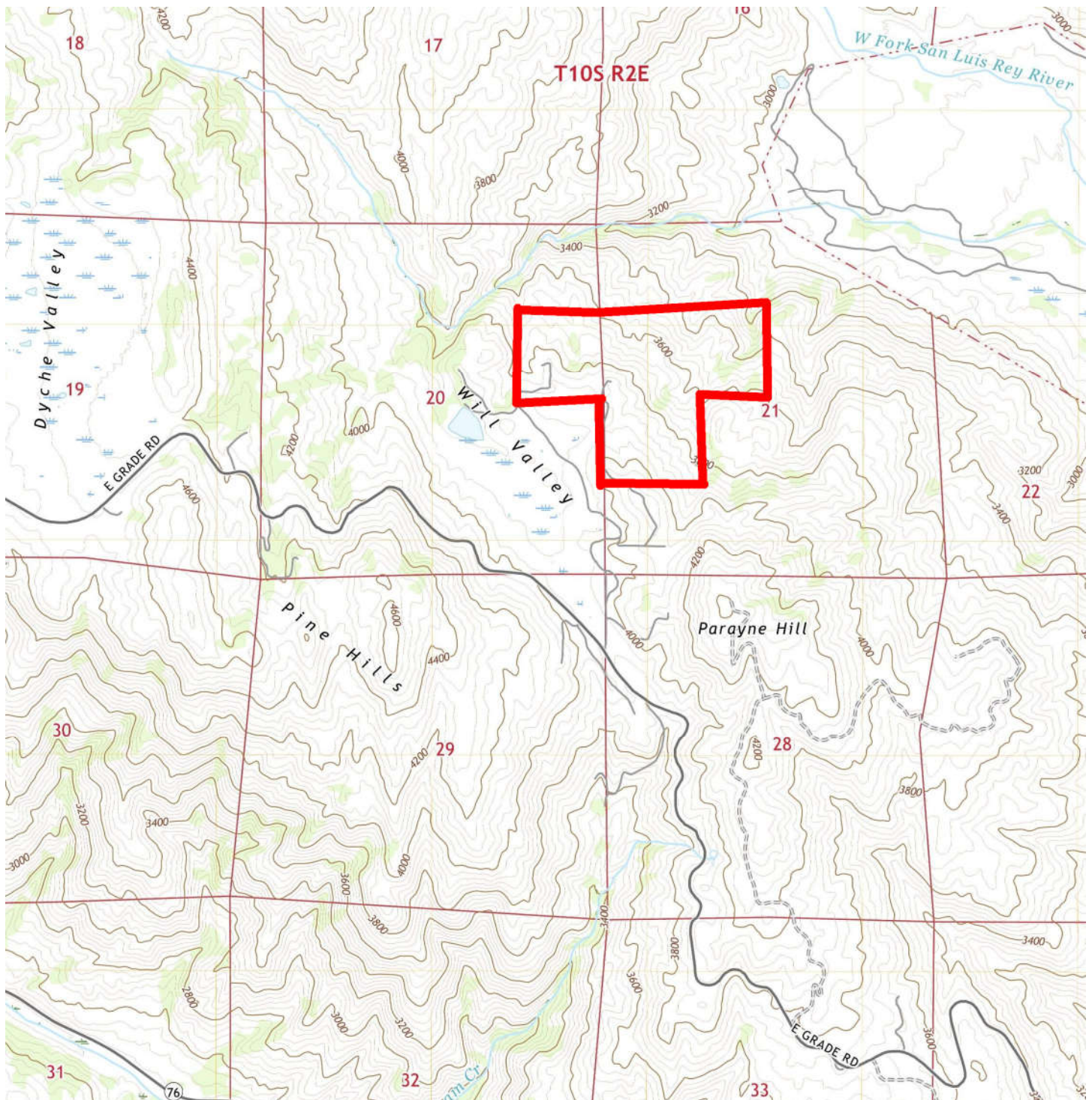
J. M. McVean

Secretary.

C. H. Brush

Recorder of the General Land Office.





Winbert Fink's land on a 2021 map of Palomar Mountain

Voter registers list Winbert Fink from 1896 to 1930, in the Smith Mountain or Palomar precinct as a farmer [1].

San Diego City and County directories for 1897 to 1929 list Winbert Fink at Nellie or Palomar with occupations of rancher or orchardist, and as a school trustee in 1905 [9].

About the mail service to the east side of Palomar Mountain, Fink said [3]:

When the Nellie postoffice moved over to Bailey's place, settlers on the east side of Smith mountain found that the distance was too great for them to travel for their mail. They petitioned for a new postoffice at the William W. Jessee place. This was established Jan. 2, 1897, and discontinued about 10 years later. Mrs. Jessee was appointed postmaster, W.C. Fink assistant postmaster, and James Frazier mail carrier. The cause of its discontinuance was removal of the patrons. William W. Jessee was the pioneer at this place. His wife's name was Harriet L. Jessee. They had one son, Willie, who is dead. Some of the patrons were the George Cook family, Hiram Cook family, William Whitlock family, James Frazier family, and the Misses Lizzie and Maria Frazier. For the first 18 months the mail was carried at their expense. This was until the contract was let for a star route. The mail came up by way of Santa Ysabel at first, but later came by way of Nellie postoffice. It came from San Diego by way of Escondido, Valley Center, Rincon de Diablo, and then the horseback rider climbed the mountain through the Trujillo trail to Nellie. I was the mail carrier for that first 18 months. I would ride down to Santa Ysabel and back – 34 miles – in one day. I had to get up pretty early in the morning. This was my job twice a week. Frequently we would get our groceries at the Santa Ysabel store and carry them back in the sack with the mail. The store keeper there was D.L. Hoover and he was also the postmaster and it was convenient to slip the packages into the mail sack to accommodate the folks at Jessee. There was never any complaint about this arrangement. Some parts of the trail down the mountain were so steep that it was much more convenient to walk and lead the horse. Coming back, you just held on and let him dig his way up.

W.C. Fink lost a 1902 election for Justice of the Peace of Palomar Township, receiving two of the twenty votes cast; James Frazier won (spelled Fraser in newspaper) [11].

In his 'My Palomar' memoir, Robert Asher wrote about Winbert Fink [4]:

"Little Fink" was a fixture on the mountain when I first arrived [PB: Asher settled on Palomar Mountain in June 1903]. His place was on the extreme easterly end of the mountain, a short distance from Will Cook Valley. He had a several-roomed cabin and a good sized barn. Winbert Fink was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, but he had lost his health and reports had it that he was just about on his last legs when he landed on Palomar and took up his homestead. However that may be, Fink was with us for many years and was able to accomplish much more than most of the men who took up lands on Palomar about that time. He had a fair-sized apple orchard and raised a few berry plants and some garden sass. [PB: Garden sass are garden vegetables, especially greens.]

In August 1904, W.C. Fink was appointed constable at Palomar [12].

In April 1906, W.C. Fink won election as a Palomar school trustee [13].

In October 1906, W.C. Fink and Milton Bailey were appointed as election clerks for the Palomar voting precinct, with polling place to be the Palomar school house; election inspectors were B.F. Scott and Robert Asher, election judges were George W. Cook and Theodore O. Bailey, and ballot clerks were Marion Smith, and Sylvester J. Mendenhall [14].

In November 1906, W.C. Fink was elected as Justice of the Peace for Palomar Township [15].

The Escondido Times ran this note on Palomar apples in November 1906 (P.J. Fink is probably Winbert Fink since he lived near Frazier) [6]:

James Frazier and P. J. Fink of Palomar, returned from San Diego Thursday, where they had been with a load of apples.

For the Palomar voting precinct in the Fall of 1908, 1910, and 1911, Winbert Fink was appointed as an election clerk [16,17,18].

The Escondido Weekly Times-Advocate ran this note on Winbert Fink in December 1909 [7]:

W. Fink, of Palomar, brought an exceptionally fine load of apples to the city Wednesday.

MARRIAGE

Fink was married for several years. In his “Palomar and the Stars” memoir, Edward Davis wrote about Winbert Fink, referring to him as Mr. Fink in his text [5]:

[Winbert] Fink came to Palomar in the early 1890’s with tuberculosis and took up a claim adjoining the Will Valley (Bill Cook) and built himself a cabin and set out an orchard of apple trees. He could only speak in a hoarse whisper and it was thought his time limited but he stayed on for many years and outlived most of the old timers. When he saw that George Doane had such good luck securing a young wife through a matrimonial agency, he concluded to give it a trial also. In time a very nice woman of about thirty-five years came on the mountain and stayed with neighbors for a week or two to look the situation over and size up the prospective bridegroom. In the end they were married but Fink had been a bachelor too long, and so after a year or two they separated.

The 1910 U.S. census in the Palomar Judicial Township says Winbert Fink had been married for two years to Marie L. Fink, who was 33 years old and born in Germany [1]. Fink is single in the 1900 and 1920 U.S. censuses, and the 1930 voter register says he is widowed [1].

The Escondido Times-Advocate ran this note on January 21, 1910 [44]:

Winburn (sic) Fink and wife, of Palomar, were shopping in the city Tuesday.

The Escondido Times-Advocate ran this note on February 18, 1910 [45]:

Winfred (sic) Fink of Palomar brought a fine load of apples to the city Thursday which he disposed of on the local market.

The Escondido Times-Advocate ran this note on April 15, 1910; there are similar notes in August and September 1910, and January 1911 [46]:

Mrs. Winbert Fink of Palomar spent Friday and Saturday in Escondido.

The Escondido Times-Advocate ran this note on August 18, 1911 [47]:

Miss Marie Fink, who has been visiting in Escondido, left for a trip through the East last Saturday morning.

That August 1911 newspaper item may date when Fink's wife left him after three years of marriage (according to the 1910 Census, he was married in 1908).

In 1919, Elsie Hayes Roberts wrote in her diary [48]:

[Dated towards end of March 1919] Poor Winbert Fink. He lives in a cabin back beyond Mendenhall Valley in a very isolated area. He advertised for a mail order bride and when the woman arrived, she brought a formal wedding gown, a number of sheer blouses and other fashionable attire. I guess she thought if she was going to live in Southern California, she should be dressed for resort living. I do not think she liked living on the back of beyond with her nearest neighbors about two miles away. Anyway, she did not stay long. We have tried to befriend him.

For the Palomar voting precinct in Spring and Fall 1912, Winbert Fink was appointed as an election judge and election clerk, respectively [19,20].

In June 1914, the San Diego Evening Tribune ran a story about the impact of jury service on those living in the San Diego back country [21]:

CALLED FROM LONG DISTANCE

Many Men Summoned for Jury Duty From Remote Parts of San Diego County

A term of the criminal court will open in Superior Judge T.L. Lewis' department tomorrow. The cases set to be called for trial tomorrow are E.F. Morillo, burglary, and Antonio Silva, robbery. Deputy sheriffs have been engaged recently in summoning jurors to appear in court tomorrow when a jury venire for the term of court will be secured. Under Sheriff Frank Jennings and Deputy William Landis made an automobile trip yesterday of 180 miles to serve summons upon two ranchers who reside at the most distant point in the Palomar mountain range.

As the jurors are drawn from the list of taxpayers of the county, many of them reside at great distances from San Diego. W.C. Fink stated that he had no one to leave to care for his little cattle ranch, but he stated that he would be on hand in court at the time designated in the summons. He stated that he had once before come to court on a similar call and had been excused from service. The same condition of affairs existed in regard to Sylvester Mendenhall, who resides about eighty-five miles from San Diego in the same portion of the county.

In his 'My Palomar' memoir, Robert Asher wrote about Winbert Fink [4]:

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

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

So that's what I did. Fink cooked his meals whenever he got ready, and I cooked my meals when I got ready. Sometimes we ate together. I took my lunches with me to work and in the evenings we read and talked.

One day I ran across some rocks piled up like a wall on top of a little rocky hill just east of the site of the old Long Smith house in Dyche Valley [PB:

Joseph Smith lived in Dyche Valley before George Dyche]. Fink had been telling me stories of the old horse rustler days and I wondered whether the little fort-like enclosure had been thrown up by Smith or some other early settler. Fink knew nothing of any fort, but he did have something new about the small fortune reputedly hidden somewhere in that locality by Smith, just before his murder by the sailor.

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

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

It seems that two men had come into Fink's place afoot a short time before my arrival. They had come up from below, and after staying overnight, they headed northwest. Fink had given them supper and breakfast as well as providing them with a bed for the night. They returned late in the day, apparently in a great hurry, but not in too great a hurry to tell Fink their little

story. They had been told by an Indian who had been a friend of the murdered man Smith that he, the Indian, had been with Smith when the latter buried the money. The old Indian had told the two men just where to dig for the money. The two, after leaving Fink that morning, had gone up to a point northeast of the Dyche house out of sight of the house. They had dug a hole about two feet deep and had just uncovered the top of a box or chest when they saw two horsemen at a distance, coming their way. Hastily decamping, they had hidden for several hours. Then they returned to the scene of their excavating operations only to find a gaping square hole below the level of their own diggings. The hole was, of course, quite empty. The two men, Fink told me, seemed to be feeling very much chagrined over the loss of the supposed fortune so nearly within their grasp. However, knowing of Fink's interest in such things, they had come Fink's way to tell him all they knew, as a mark of appreciation of what he had done for them. I asked Fink if he had any idea as to the identity of the two riders. He shook his head, and that seemed to be the end of the story as far as he was concerned.

While at Fink's, I made very good progress in gathering the bark, having found some very ancient and almost dying bushes (or almost trees) with very thick bark. I have always made a practice of drying the bark in an airy place in the shade, and the thicker the bark, the slower it dries. So, after having taken off more than enough bark to fill my order, I had quite a little time left on my hands, off and on, during the last week or two. I hunted treasure as I have already intimated until that petered out, then hunted arrowpoints until I could find no more.



a horse drawn slush scraper

Fink was working his road, so I went down with him one morning. He had an enormous horse and was working him single that morning with a slush or shovel scraper. The sight of little man, big horse and cantankerous scraper caused me to offer my help. This offer was refused at first, but after a second misdumping of the scraper, Fink admitted that I might be of assistance if I would lead the horse where he should go at the outer edge of the fill. I held the bridle firmly, close up to the creature's mouth. Fink said, "Giddap," and we were off. But

ole hoss had his own ideas about where to go, and in spite of all my tugging and pulling at his jaws, he went that way and not anywhere near the edge of the dump. Fink threw over the scraper with its load and we tried again, with the same results.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the Palomar voting precinct, Winbert Fink was appointed an election clerk in August and October 1914, and in 1920, 1922, 1924, and 1925; an election judge in 1916, 1926, 1928, and 1930; and an election inspector in 1919 [22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,31,41,42,43].

In April 1916, the Oceanside Blade reported [38]:

Mr. Wimbert (sic) C. Fink, who lives on the east end of Palomar, visited friends in this vicinity on Saturday. Mr. Fink reports losing his entire fruit crop in the recent cold storm. The trees were in full bloom.

In September 1916, the Oceanside Blade reported [39]:

Apples are ripening early this year. Mr. Fink began picking several weeks ago; B.H. Elmore was picking last week, and W.F. Hewlett will gather his Jonathans this week. The apples are highly colored and owing to the light crop, of good size.

On Fink's WW1 draft registration record, he is described as short and stout, with blue eyes and brown hair [1].

REGISTRATION CARD A-2860									
SERIAL NUMBER		1 Wimbert Clarence Fink							
2 Wimbert Clarence Fink		3 Warner Springs San Diego Cal.							
Age in Years		Date of Birth		4 March 17 1873					
5 White		6 Negro		7 Oriental		8 Indian			
9 U. S. CITIZEN		10 Native Born		11 Naturalized		12 Citizen by Father's Naturalization		13 Alien	
14 Farmer		15 Employer's Name		16 Wimbert		17 Wimbert			
18 Palomar Mt. San Diego Cal.		19 Samuel B. Harnock		20 Ranoma, Cal.		21 Palomar Mt. San Diego Cal.			
22 I AFFIRM THAT I HAVE VERIFIED ABOVE ANSWERS AND THAT THEY ARE TRUE		23 P. M. G. O. Wimbert Clarence Fink		24 Form No. 1 (Rev. 1-17)		25 (OVER)			

REGISTRAR'S REPORT 4-4-33. C									
DESCRIPTION OF REGISTRANT									
HEIGHT			BUILD			COLOR OF EYES		COLOR OF HAIR	
Tall	Medium	Short	Slender	Medium	Stout	26 Blue		27 Brown	
28	29	30 ✓	31	32	33 ✓	34 Blue		35 Brown	
36 No									
37 I certify that my answers are true; that the person registered has read or has had read to him his own answers; that I have witnessed his signature or mark, and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true, except as follows:									
38 C. D. Dought									
39 Sept. 12 1918									
40 Local Board for the County of San Diego, State of California, (STAMP OF LOCAL BOARD)									
41 (The stamp of the Local Board having jurisdiction of the area in which the registrant has his permanent home shall be placed in this box.)									
42 43-471 (OVER)									

The Escondido Daily Times Advocate ran a story on Jack Roberts' Palomar apples in September 1920, noting that Fink was one of the apple growers on Palomar [8]:

...Other apple growers on the mountain include Dr. Milton Bailey and Messrs. W.F. Fink, Louis Salmons and Ray McClard. ...

In the San Diego Union newspaper on April 8, 1922, this news story appeared [40]:

FARMER PROVES HE IS NOT DEAD

Search Party About to Be Organized When Missing Man Appears at Warner's

(Special to The Union)

RAMONA, April 7. — W.C. Fink, a farmer living on the east slope of Palomar mountain, today ended the reports that he had lost his life while attempting to drive a team through the north fork of the San Luis Rey river, by appearing at Warner Hot Springs. In making the rounds of the ranch a few days ago, George Sawday, lessee of the grazing acreage, discovered the wagon which Fink was driving when he left the springs with a load of hay, reposing in the middle of the stream. The hay had disappeared and there was no sign of the horses, either dead or alive. When Sawday made his report, many persons thought Fink had been drowned and they were on the point of organizing a party to search for him when he showed up at the springs, after having ridden across the mountain on horseback.

In September 1926, the San Diego Evening Tribune ran a story about hunting on Palomar Mountain [30]:

HUNTERS TABOO ON PALOMAR

A concerted effort to stop deer hunting on Palomar mountain has been undertaken by residents of that locality and nimrods are warned that a trip to the mountain this year will be time wasted, as the entire acreage of private land will be posted tomorrow.

“Deer have been slaughtered on Palomar for so many years that their existence is seriously menaced,” declared Dr. Milton Bailey, who brought the message to San Diego this morning. “We do not wish to work a hardship on San Diego hunters and so issue this statement so they will not plan a deer expedition to Palomar and lose their opportunity to get a buck.”

Hunting on Indian land has always been prohibited and tomorrow's posting will include about 30,000 acres of privately owned land. The only spots remaining open for shooting are a few scattered acres of government land and Uncle Sam discourages hunting there on account of forest fire danger and the danger to livestock.

Fifty bucks were reported killed on Palomar last year and many doe were found dead on the mountain where they were left by careless huntsmen. Those signing the pact to post the mountain include: Carl Mendenhall, Pedley, Milton Bailey, Theo. Bailey, M. Oliver, Louis Salmons, W.C. Colville, W.C. Fink, Frank Salmons, Canfield estate, Kenneth Beach, William Beach, Stanley Davis and Jack Roberts.

In August 1928, the San Diego Evening Tribune published the names of those managing the Palomar voting precinct for the upcoming election; the polling place was Bailey's Store, the voting inspector was Robert H. Asher, the voting judge was Winbert C. Fink, and the voting clerks were Hodgie E. Salmons and Agnes E. Mendenhall [32]. In his 'My Palomar' memoir, Robert Asher wrote about this Palomar vote [4]:

For a long, long time Fink was always a member of the election board in the Palomar voting precinct. At first, I think he rather deferred to Clark Cleaver and Theo. Bailey, since they were older and more experienced men than he. But after awhile one, and then the other, dropped out and Fink became the Dean of the Board and whatever he said went with the new members. I had been a member of the Board from almost my first voting on the mountain, but after a couple of decades I dropped out myself for awhile. Then I was again appointed as Inspector. The voting place was at Bailey's, and although it was such a long ways from my cabin, I was there on time, but there was no one else. After awhile two other members turned up. They were new to the job. Knowing that I had been on the Board before, they seemed to depend upon my knowledge of the proper way to proceed. I, for my part, had been out for so long that I had forgotten much, so I suggested that since there were no voters impatient to vote and get away present, that we wait for Brother Fink. Time passed and no Fink. Then came Ralph Tillinghast [PB: Ralph W. Tillinghast]. Tilly declared that he was in an awful hurry, -- had a job he had to get back to. "Against the law not to open the polls at sunrise. Sun high up already. Board better get busy or take the consequences."

I admitted the correctness of some of his allegations and suggested that we wait for Fink no longer and I offered to go see if Mrs. Milton Bailey would serve in Fink's place. She would, and we swore her in. Tilly got his ballots (primary election and road bond), marked them in the booth, we voted him into the ballot box -- the ballots, not the man, -- and Tilly was off, triumphant and happy. As for the Board, we came near to shaking hands all around. But our compliance soon changed to dismay when Fink came along and found that he was no longer a member of the Board. He demanded his rightful place on the Board; Mrs. Bailey hadn't been properly appointed, etc. I had to dig up a bit of law and read it to him before he would admit anything at all. Then suddenly he changed face and meekly enough asked for

a ballot. The Clerk handed him a road bond ballot and a non-partisan ballot. Fink promptly blew straight up into the air again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Telling the others of the Board to hold the fort, I hunted up Milton Bailey and told him that Fink had run off with one of the ballots. Milton immediately offered to give chase in his machine. We both piled in and caught up with Fink about a mile away. Fink shame-facedly pulled the ballot from his pocket and handed it to me. So far as I know, Winbert Fink never again voted in the Palomar Precinct. I don't think he continued to harbor any ill feelings toward me, personally, for he afterward wrote me a very cordial letter from Pacific Beach, inviting me to call on him and adding that there were so few people with our outlook on life and things in general. Those were not his exact words, but that was. The 1930 U.S. Census lists Winbert Fink in "part of Oceanside township," which is Palomar Mountain, judging from names adjacent to him in that census [1].

Fink dates his departure from Palomar Mountain to 1932, in his 1937 oral history [2,3]:

I came from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, to Pasadena, (Calif.) forty-three years ago. The next year I came down to San Diego and went directly to Smith Mountain. I was on Palomar for thirty-seven years [PB: the oral history misspelled it Bellefonte].

The San Diego Union published a list of delinquent taxpayers in June 1935 and 1936, and W.C. Fink was delinquent for several lots in Ramona [33,34].

In a San Diego Evening Tribune article of May 7, 1937, about the Nellie post office of Palomar Mountain, Fink was quoted and it was noted that he was living in Alpine [35]. One week later in a San Diego Evening Tribune article on May 14, 1937, about the Jesse post office of Palomar Mountain, Fink was living in San Diego at 4031 Georgia Street, which is in the North Park area of the city of San Diego [3]. In a San Diego Evening Tribune article of November 12, 1937, about Nate Harrison, Fink was living in San Diego at 856 20th Avenue, which is in the Golden Hill area of the city of San Diego [35]. This was his address at the time of his death [37].

Winbert Fink died January 23, 1938, and is buried in San Diego at the Mount Hope Cemetery in the Masonic section [1,37].



Winbert Fink's death notice stated he was the cousin of Mrs. Gertrude Keister of San Francisco and had been living in the city of San Diego for four years [1,37]. Fink's cousin was Gertrude

Matilda Lucas Keister, the daughter of Robert A. Lucas and Elmira Eunice McCartney Lucas [1]. Robert A. Lucas was the brother of William Lucas, with whom Winbert Fink was living in the Kansas state census of 1875, and the 1880 U.S. Census [1].

References

1= ancestry.com and www.familysearch.org

2= Palomar Memories. W.C. Fink. 12 May 1937. San Diego History Center. Collection #TMS FINW

3= San Diego Evening Tribune, May 14, 1937, page 3, column 1

4= Robert Asher. My Palomar. 2023 <http://peterbrueggeman.com/palomarhistory/AsherMyPalomar.pdf>

5= Edward Davis. Palomar and the Stars. 1947. http://peterbrueggeman.com/palomarhistory/Davis_PalomarStars.pdf

6= Escondido Times, November 23, 1906, page 5, column 1

7= Escondido Weekly Times-Advocate, December 3, 1909, page 9, column 1

8= Escondido Daily Times Advocate, September 24, 1920, page 1, column 2

9= San Diego City and County directories, 1897-1929 <https://archive.org/search?query=collection%3A%22sandiegopubliclibrary%22>

10= U.S. Department the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, General Land Office Records <https://glorerecords.blm.gov/search/default.aspx>

Winbert C. Fink, 160 acres, Issue date October 1, 1903

Township 10S Range 2E Section 20 SE 1/4 NE 1/4

Township 10S Range 2E Section 21 S 1/2 NW 1/4

Township 10S Range 2E Section 21 NW 1/4 SW 1/4

The General Land Office Records have a second erroneous entry for Winbert C. Fink mapping the exact same coordinates and issue date above to Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties, in the hills west of Gilroy and Morgan Hill

11= San Diego Union, November 16, 1902, page 6, column 7

12= San Diego Evening Tribune, August 4, 1904, page 5, column 4

13= San Diego Weekly Union, August 4, 1904, page 5, column 4

14= San Diego Union, October 16, 1906, page 9, column 6

15= San Diego Evening Tribune, November 19, 1906, page 3, column 2

16= San Diego Union, October 12, 1908, page 13, column 7

17= San Diego Union, October 18, 1910, page 17, column 4

18= San Diego Union, September 25, 1911, page 11, column 6

19= San Diego Union, April 22, 1912, page 17, column 6

20= San Diego Union, October 22, 1912, page 23, column 6

21= San Diego Evening Tribune, June 15, 1914, page 8, column 1

22= San Diego Union, August 8, 1914, page 11, column 7

23= San Diego Union, October 31, 1914, page 13, column 8

24= San Diego Union, April 10, 1916, page 13, column 3

25= San Diego Union, October 12, 1919, page 30, column 6

26= San Diego Evening Tribune, October 13, 1920, page 17, column 8

27= San Diego Evening Tribune, October 19, 1922, page 21, column 8

28= San Diego Union, August 13, 1924, page 22, column 3

29= San Diego Union, August 8, 1925, page 19, column 5

30= San Diego Evening Tribune, September 3, 1926, page 23, column 3

31= San Diego Evening Tribune, October 18, 1926, page 27, column 8

32= San Diego Evening Tribune, August 3, 1928, page 25, column 8

33= San Diego Union, June 14, 1935, page 114, column 6

34= San Diego Evening Tribune, June 8, 1936, page 102, column 6

35= San Diego Evening Tribune, May 7, 1937, page 27, column 1

36= San Diego Evening Tribune, November 12, 1937, page 14, column 2

37= San Diego Union, January 27, 1938, page 7, column 1

38= Oceanside Blade, April 8, 1916, page 4, column 1

39= Oceanside Blade, September 30, 1916, page 4, column 4

40= San Diego Union, April 8, 1922, page 5, column 2

41= Daily Times-Advocate (Escondido), August 26, 1926, page 1, column 5

42= Daily Times-Advocate (Escondido), April 18, 1928, page 3, column 3

43= Times-Advocate (Escondido), October 24, 1930, page 2, column 4

44= Times-Advocate (Escondido), January 21, 1910, page 7, column 2

45= Times-Advocate (Escondido), February 18, 1910, page 7, column 3

46= Times-Advocate (Escondido), April 15, 1910, page 3, column 3

47= Times-Advocate (Escondido), August 18, 1911, page 5, column 2

48= Elsie's Mountain, Memories of Palomar and Southern California, 1897 – 1987. Elsie Roberts, compiled by Barbara Anne Waite. Vista, California: Palomar Mountain Bookworks (barbaraannewaite.com), 2015