

# Hotel Palomar on Palomar Mountain

Peter Brueggeman, 2023, version 14

In 1902, Bertrand R. Douglass (25 Apr 1868 - 19 Jun 1943) and his wife Lillie May Johnston Douglass (25 May 1874 - 24 Aug 1951) purchased 160 acres from Newton A. Clark for \$1,000 at what is now the Silvercrest picnic area in Palomar Mountain State Park [2,3]. Palomar Mountain was known as Smith Mountain at the time (after Joseph Smith), and the Douglass' ran a summer resort, staying there during the summer, and off mountain during the winter. Known as Hotel Palomar, Bert and Lillie Douglass ran the resort along with Marion Smith (1863-1939), who ran a four horse stage two trips a week to Escondido, which would bring customers to the resort.



**Marion Smith family in front of Hotel Palomar, with colt Romeo, 14 July 1906.**

Marion Smith was 43 years old. Daughter Margaret Laverna "Madge" Smith was 27 years old. Son Herbert M. Smith was 16 years old. Son Clarence M. Smith was 14 years old. Daughter Clara Smith was 12 years old. Robert Asher photo

Taking the stage to Hotel Palomar on Palomar Mountain was quite a journey, since Palomar Mountain was rather distant from San Diego, given the means of travel at that time.

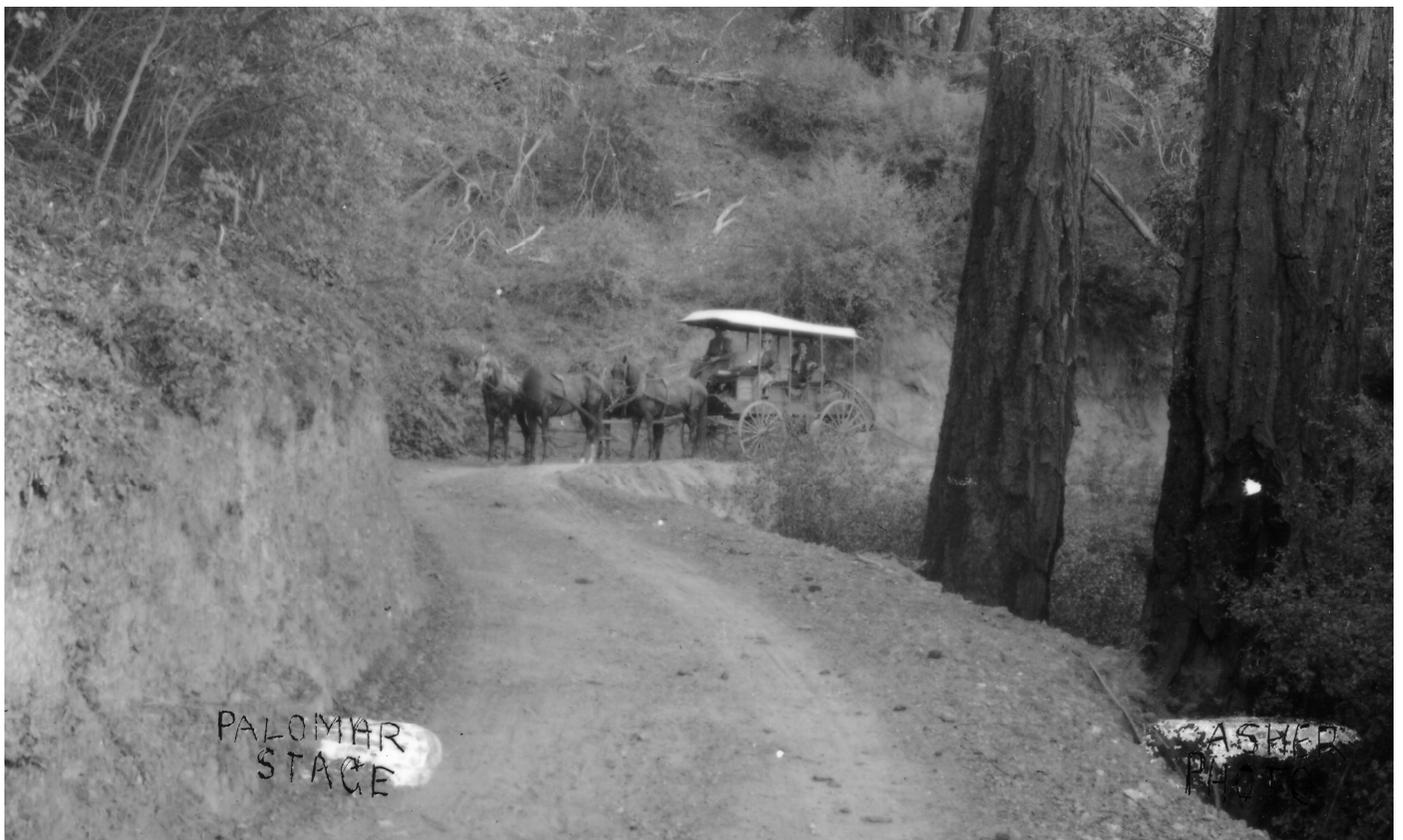
Frances Ryan interviewed Fred Blum who drove the stage from San Diego to the Smith Douglass Hotel in the summers of 1905 and 1906. Ryan's notes say [52]:

... Drove stage from M San Diego to Smith Douglass Hotel summers 1905-06. Hotel built at Inspiration Point – where State picnic park is now. (2-3 miles west of Bailey's) Drove 6 team stage coach – black body –yellow wheels. 12 passengers. Two trips per week. Drove only during summers may – Oct. Leave SD 8AM – changed horses at Poway and ate lunch – Change horses at Escondido – Overnite in Valley Center at Jack Maxey's Hotel (in oaks where old store used to be). 8 hour trip to Escondido – 12 hours on up to Palomar. Nate (Harrison) was waiting on Billy Goat Point, watching for stage on stage days. Leave SD every Monday; arrive Palomar Tuesdays; returned to SD Wednesday. Second trip Thursday and Fridays; Return Saturday. Rest in SD Sundays. Water troughs along the way for horses to drink. Smith & Douglass Hotel built at place where big cedar tree is now fenced in. Many oaks...

Later, visitors travelled from San Diego to Escondido by train, leaving at 3pm and staying overnight [4]. Then visitors took a stage at 6:00 am to Rincon, rested an hour at Rincon, changed stages, and the stage went up Nate Harrison Grade, arriving on Palomar Mountain in the evening [4] .



**Palomar Stage at Asher's Lone Fir Trail. c1907** Robert Asher photo



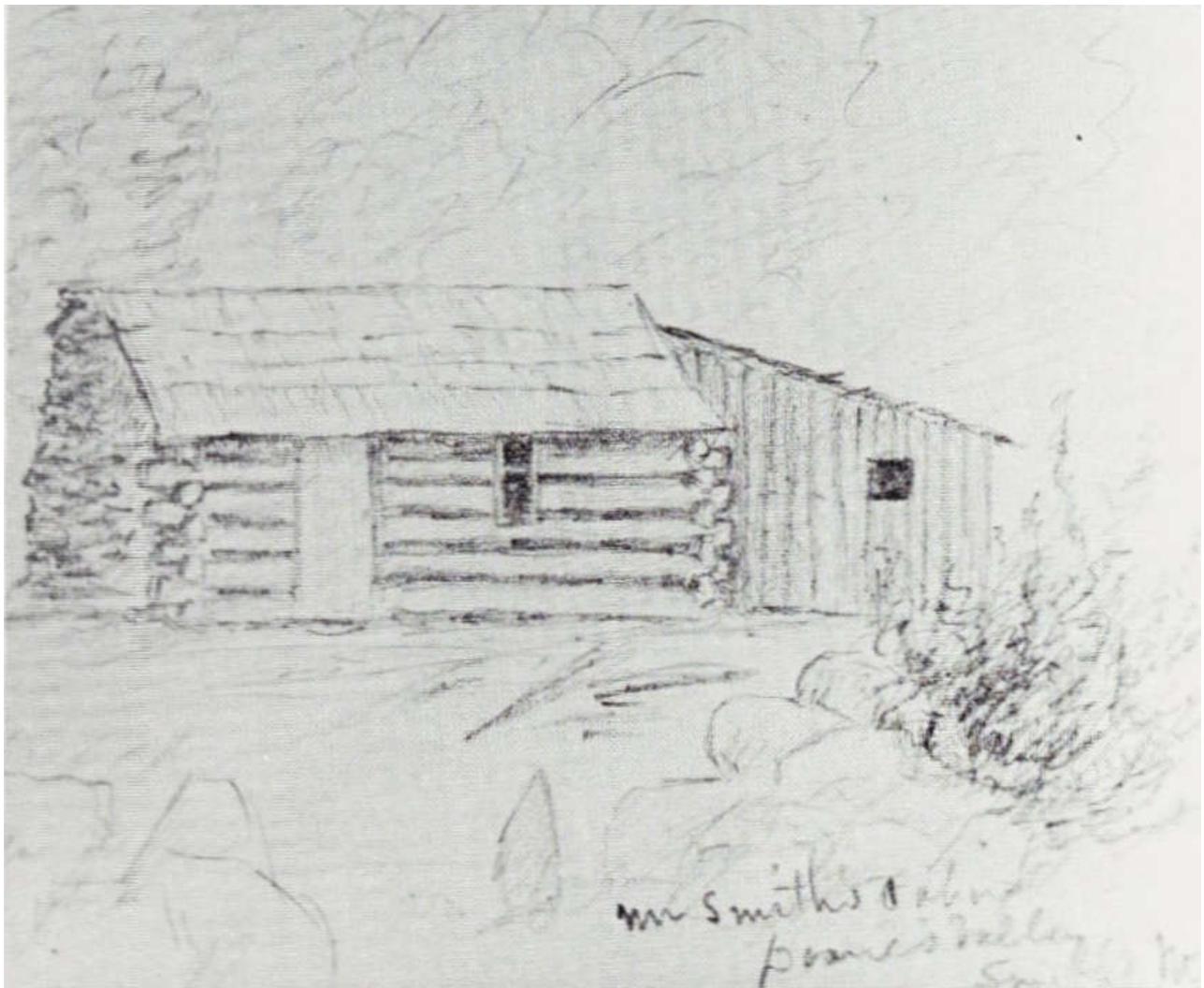
**Palomar stage, 1907** Robert Asher photo

Marion Smith was born in Indiana in 1863, and his family moved to Iowa [1]. In his 'My Palomar' memoir, Robert Asher referred to Hotel Palomar as the Smith and Douglass hotel and said that Marion Smith had first come to Palomar Mountain as a boy and had grown up there [5]; this is hard to establish, but certainly he was at least a visitor there by his mid 20s, given whom he then married.

In 1888, Marion Smith married Melinda Janetta "Minnie" Johnston (21 March 1870 - 16 March 1898) in Santa Ana, California, when Marion Smith was 25 years old [2].

Asher said that Marion Smith's wife, Melinda 'Minnie' Johnston was a sister to Palomar Mountain homesteader Roderick Henry 'Roy' Johnston (1863-1945), as was Lillie May Douglass, the wife of Bert Douglass [5].

Voter registers list Marion Smith as a laborer in Long Beach, California in 1888, and a farmer on Smith (Palomar) Mountain in 1890 [1].



**Edward H. Davis sketch of Marion Smith's cabin in Doane Valley in 1890** [53]

The Los Angeles Herald reported on 18 March 1898 [6], that Mrs. M. Smith, aged 28 years, died at Palomar Mountain.

The 1900 U.S. Census lists Marion Smith as age 36, born in Indiana in July 1863, living on Palomar Mountain widowed with two sons but missed listing his two daughters [1]. Robert Asher mentions four Smith children, saying that the oldest Smith girl was trying to take her mother's place, keeping her father and brothers and younger sister Clara in order [5]. Marion Smith had four children with Melinda Johnston Smith: Margaret LaVerna Smith (1889–1961 or 1963; Margaret Nail on her gravestone), Herbert Marion Smith (1890–1907), Clarence Milo Smith (1892–1968), Clara Elma Smith (1894–1978; Claire Kinney on her gravestone) [1,13].

**HOTEL PALOMAR.**  
**Try the High Mountains for Your Summer Outing.**  
Hotel Palomar is admirably situated on top of Palomar Mts. Altitude about 6000 feet. An ideal place for rest, quiet, pure water, pure air, and fine scenery. Bath in connection. Your pleasure is our motto.  
For rates and accommodations write to  
**DOUGLASS & SMITH, Props.,**  
**Nelle P. O., California.**

<= San Diego Union, 20 July 1902, page 8, column 7

The Hotel Palomar put up its guests in canvas tent houses, and the Douglass family lived in a wooden house, a two story building, with bedrooms upstairs for the family. Robert Asher said that “Mrs. Douglass, with help from Mr. Douglass and Mr. Smith, was running the Hotel. She was a fine cook and a pleasant and obliging

hostess -- the resort attracted many summer visitors and I fancy was a paying proposition.” [5]

Abridged from a San Diego Union article published August 10, 1903 [55]:

### SOME DELIGHTS OF PALOMAR MT.

Some Incidents of a Two Weeks' Visit There – Benefits to be Derived From a Rest Almost Within Sight of Home

Over two weeks ago we betook ourselves to the woods and such woods as even a New Englander might well be proud of. ... Forests of mighty trees, air freighted with the fragrance of blooming shrubbery and flowers, and the healing balsam from the Fir, cold springs and gurgling brooks, shady driveways and singing

birds, form a happy combination that crowns old Palomar, the captain of our county mountains. ... There is always something to entertain and interest one, riding, driving and hunting by day, and the camp-fires with their musical, humorous and literary entertainments, by night. Such a gathering was had last week at the Douglass and Smith Hotel, and the forest echoed with melody and laughter late into the night. ... At the place recently owned by Mr. Clark at the head of the grade, Messrs. Douglas and Smith are also conducting a hospitable mountain home. The familiar faces upon the mountain are too numerous to mention by name, they are continuously coming and going and signing praises of the delights and of the benefits gained. ... Respectfully, E. J. Swayne

**HOTEL PALOMAR**  
Hotel rates:—\$2.00 per day; \$10.00 per week in room; \$5.00 per week in tent.  
Round trip fare from San Diego, Ca.,  
**DOUGLASS & SMITH, Props.**  
Nelle P. O., San Diego Co.  
Positively no consumptives taken.

San Diego Union, 1 July 1905, page 4, column 7

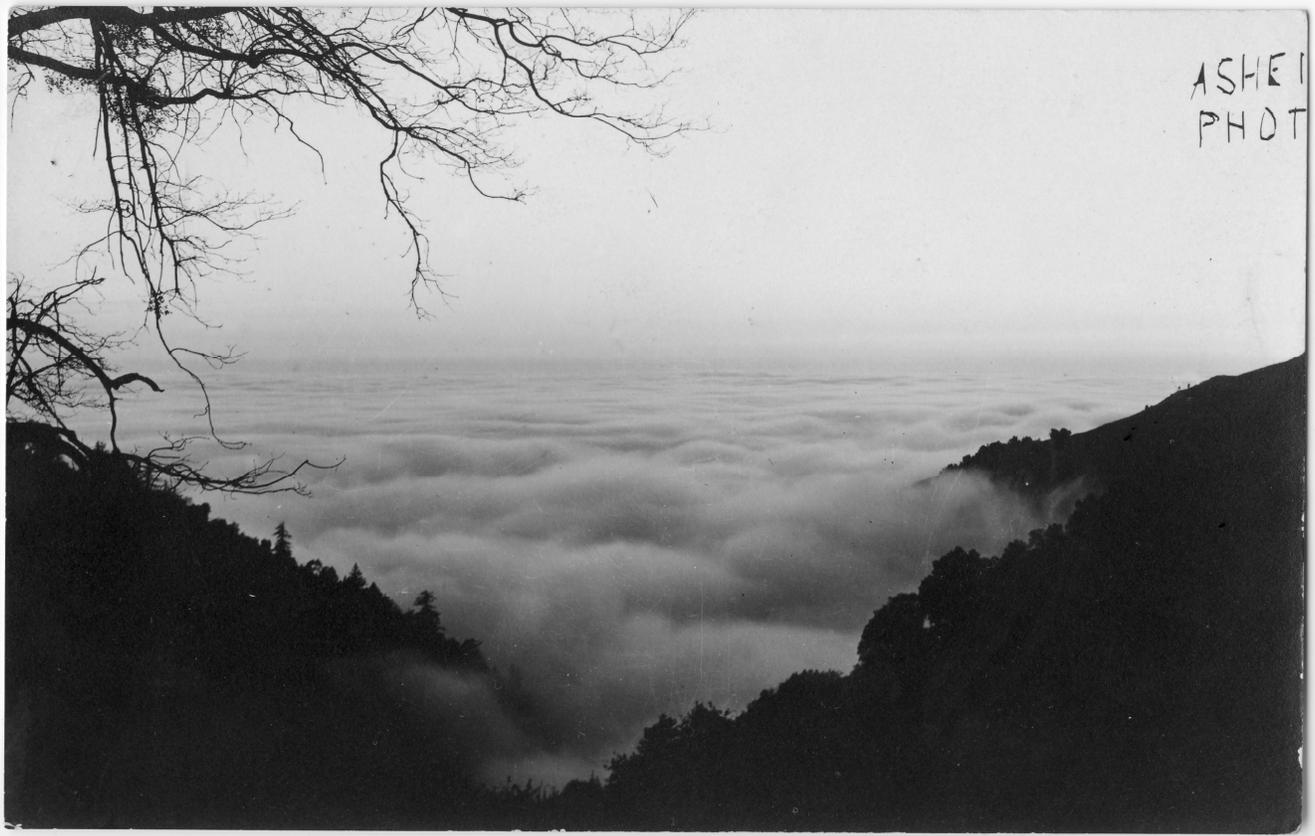
The Escondido Times ran this item on September 22, 1905 [54]:

Marion Smith of Palomar, was down from the mountain resort on Friday of last week, and brought a large party of tourists, who have been staying up there for some time past. ... Mr. Smith, who is of the firm of Douglass & Smith, proprietors of the Hotel Palomar, says that their hostelry has been full of people all summer.

Excerpt from a San Diego Union article on May 26, 1906, entitled “Rhapsodizes over mountain scenery” [56]:

(Cassius Carter) “I shall not soon forget the impressive scene that I witnessed from Smith’s hotel on Monday night. The hotel is built about 50 feet from a cliff, whose precipitous sides run down about 2000 feet, so that a fall would be almost in a straight line. A fog came in, a heavy, gray, impenetrable cloak. One stood on the edge

of the cliff and could not see across the grey gulf. I thought what a picture of life it was. We cannot discern our paths save a few feet in advance of us, while below us yawns the gulf of the unknowable...”



Robert Asher photo

Bert Douglass brought his family including his children Leo F .Douglass (26 October 1892 – 30 April 1981) and Daisy D. Douglass (1896-1954), to Palomar Mountain in early spring to open the hotel. Since this was before school was out, the children attended school on the Mountain, and then spent the summer there including searching for Indian arrowheads. In the fall, the hotel would close and the Douglass family would go back to Orange County, with the children then attending school in El Modena.

Leo and Daisy Douglass gave up their beds when Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., visited the Hotel Palomar; Leo remembered that the men wore white dusters.



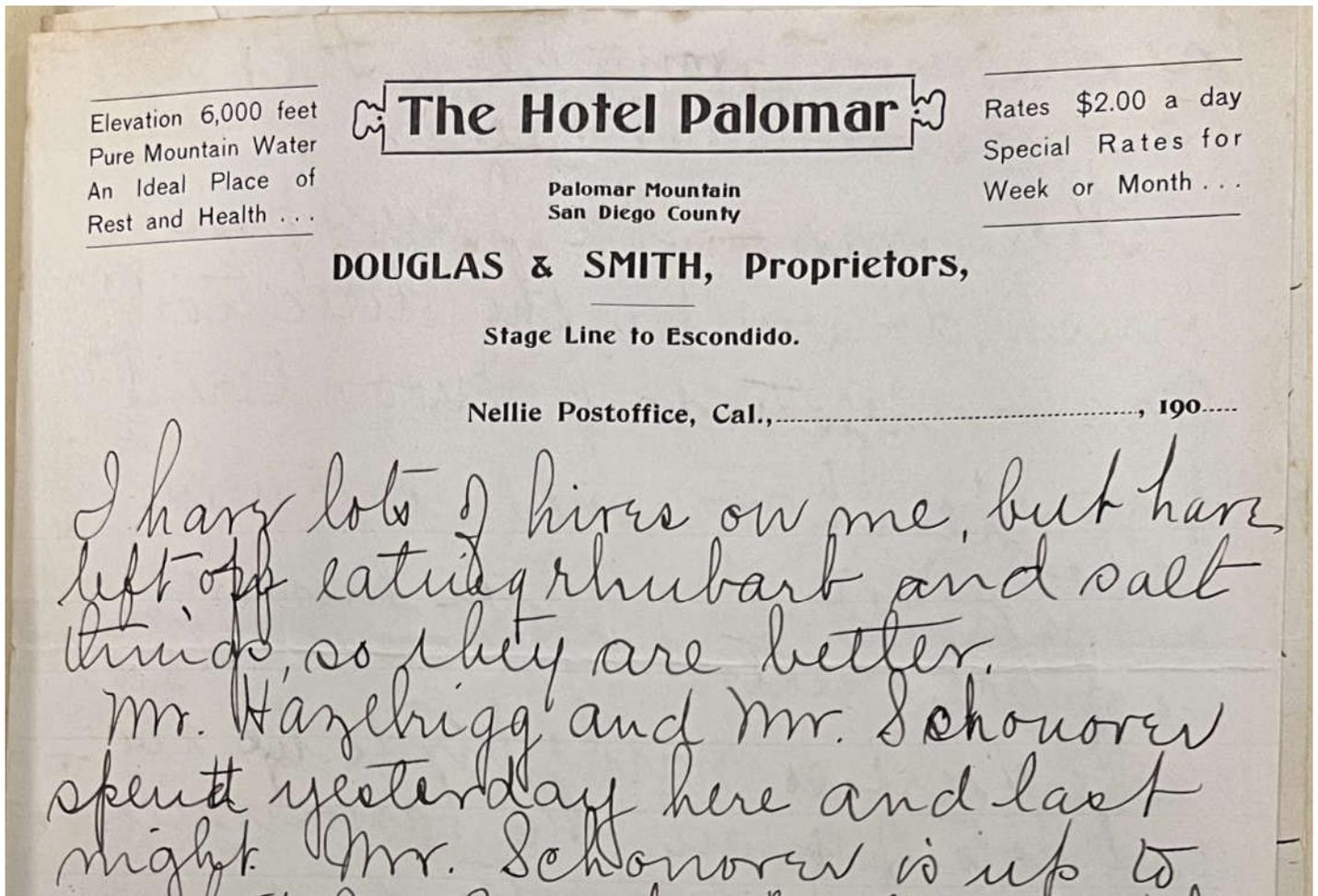
**HOTEL PALOMAR** Robert Asher photo

Bert Douglass hunted deer for hotel meals. When venison was insufficient, Bert purchased goat meat for the hotel, from the Fraziers at the east end of Palomar. Robert Asher said that many hunters made their headquarters at the Hotel Palomar during the hunting seasons while seeking gray squirrels, fantail pigeons and deer, and that mountain lions were also hunted with dogs [5].

E. S. Swan wrote about a visit to Palomar Mountain in May 1906, staying at the Hotel Palomar [7]:

... I found a comfortable hotel with tents overlooking the country for fifty or more miles around. The genial proprietors, Smith & Douglas [sic], make everything comfortable and pleasant for their patrons. Plenty to eat and very nice, and one can sleep in a tent or the hotel. ...

In June 1906, Annie Forward Packard (1880-1907) wrote two letters, first to her mother and then to her father, from The Hotel Palomar using the hotel's stationery (upper portion of one page from her letters shown below) [57]. Note that Douglas is misspelled without its second 's' on the hotel's stationery.



In a letter to her mother, Annie Forward Packard wrote about Hotel Palomar [57]:

[letter has June 1906 written on it] Dearly beloved, You see I am still alive tho' kicking. Kicking about the board – but privately. I have been thankful the last three days that you are not here – The monotony of boiled ham, boiled beans, canned tomatoes, canned salmon + etc. is not making us extra fat. We are staking our hopes now on the stage that is to arrive today. Hoping it will bring up something to eat. We have to take care of our own tents, even to emptying “slops,” and have to ask for clean towels every time we need them. This family don't know anything about the business, this is their first summer. We are living high on beautiful scenery. There are three people coming up on today's stage. I hope they like

scenery, too. I have lots of hives on me, but have left off eating rhubarb and salt things, so they are better. ... We play cards in the evening. We walked twice yesterday to a point about a mile beyond this where you could see Lake Elsinore, and San Jacinto peak, too, covered with lots of snow. One of the men killed a rattler on the road quite a distance from here. That is the only one we have seen. ... There are so many birds up here and lots of quail. The barn swallows have such sweet notes. ...

In a letter to her father, Annie Forward Packard wrote about Hotel Palomar [57]:

[letter dated Saturday, June 16, with 1906 written in] Dearly beloved Poppy, Yesterday afternoon we took a walk thru the woods that would have enchanted you. It was an old unused road sometimes almost closed by over-hanging licac [sic] bushes in full bloom, and once we had to walk about ten feet along a huge pine tree trunk to continue our walk, for the tree had fallen directly across the road and down into the slope beyond. Fern brakes are everywhere, and wild berry bushes. The trees look so huge and green to our unaccustomed eyes and are growing so close together. I do wish you and mother could come up if only for a week. We have pretty good board now, and the tents are fine to sleep in. Ours is in the shade of a very large cedar tree, -- it is about fifty feet high and pretty nearly as widespreading at the base. It has such a fine shape -- like this [drawing of a tree profile]. Then there are pines and oaks and firs and so on -- right here, too. There are six tents up now (three occupied) and platforms for about four more. I guess the season opened pretty early, for they did not seem to be prepared for us coming so soon. Three campers from La Jolla took dinner here yesterday. The mail does down three times a week. Comes up on Tuesdays, Thursdays + Saturdays, from Escondido.

...



**Jim Frazier and his mules Jack and Jinny, at Hotel Palomar, 14 July 1906**

Robert Asher photo

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## **HOTEL PALOMAR,**

**Smith & Sen, Proprietors.**

For your summer vacation there is no place like the high mountains, and we have an ideal place for rest and health. Hotel Palomar is situated on Mount Palomar, 6500 feet above sea and fog; beautiful shade; big pine and fir trees; plenty of pure, cold water. There are also mineral springs close to the hotel, whose waters are very helpful to your general health. Stage leaves D. C. Hazelrigg's drug store, corner 5th and F streets, Mondays and Wednesdays. For further information inquire at D. C. Hazelrigg's drug store, corner 5th and F.

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San Diego Union, July 6, 1906, page 5, column 7



**Nate Harrison Grade from Boughers Point,  
overlooking Pauma Creek and San Luis Rey River**

Robert Asher photo

## HOTEL PALOMAR.

Decide in favor of the mountains for your vacation this summer. We have the ideal place for rest and health. The bracing fog-free air will renew your vigor, the aroma of the cedars and the cool, quiet nights will bring refreshing sleep, while delightful tramps, drives and horseback rides over shady mountain trails and grades make you ready for the wholesome, palatable dishes with which the tables at Hotel Palomar are always plentifully filled.

The view is a magnificent panorama of wooded hills and fertile valleys, with the silver line of surf and the stretch of blue ocean in the distance. The rock-walled canyons, wide-spreading oaks, stately pines, grassy valleys, myriads of wild flowers, sparkling streams and springs of pure, cold water cannot be surpassed, for beauty, in Southern California.

We have a few comfortable rooms and plenty of floored, neatly furnished and well-kept tents, with hot and cold baths at your disposal. "Your pleasure" is our motto, and you cannot fail to enjoy your vacation at Hotel Palomar. We shall expect you!

## HOTEL RATES:

For room or tent and board, per week,  
\$12.00.

No reduced rate for children over six years  
of age.

Neither rooms nor tents furnished without  
board.

Positively no consumptives taken.

Horses boarded and cared for at barn.

Write us for further information, which we  
will gladly give. Address,

SMITH & SON,

Proprietors.

Hotel Palomar, Nellie P .O., Calif.

Louis Salmons said [8]:

Mrs. Douglass run the hotel there right where the Silvercrest Camp is now. The Silvercrest Camp, it's a State Park now.... Fourth of July we would set out on a rock point there. ... where that rock point is there at Silvercrest at the camp. They'd sit out there and shoot Roman candles and skyrockets and firecrackers for hours on Fourth of July. Was up there on the side of the mountain,... We used to have big campfires once a week – And all the neighbors... have music and everybody'd come in. Oh, there was a lot of people on Palomar then. Sometimes there'd be 50 or a 100 camped down in the Doane Valley....

Marion Smith met his second wife, Mrs. Susan B. Peters Wellman, while she was staying at Hotel Palomar while proving up on a homestead, and married her in 1907

[9].

The Douglass' and Smith sold the hotel in April 1907 to the Ed Fletcher and Frank A. Salmons syndicate, who plotted out much of the property into building sites for summer homes, known as Azalea Park [10].



**Above the clouds – View from Smith’s Hotel, Palomar**  
from Fletcher Family San Diego County Photograph Album, Ed Fletcher Papers MSS81, UCSD Library

Azalea Park subdivision lot owners included Kate Sessions, Mary W. Kramer, Alice Lee, and Morse Construction Company; their lots were deeded to the State of California in 1932 for the State Park.

After selling, Marion Smith lived in Valley Center and later in Escondido [1,11]. In the Escondido Times-Advocate on June 23, 1939, this notice appeared [12]:

Valley Center Resident Dies. Marian (sic) Smith, a well known resident of the Escondido country for a number of years, passed away Tuesday evening at a San Diego hospital. .... The deceased

had lived in Valley Center for several years. At one time he operated a hotel on Palomar mountain. He was 75 years old. Mr. Smith is survived by his widow Susan, and by three daughters and two sons who are: Margaret Nail, Clara Hardin and Ora Blum, all of Escondido, Clarence and Harold Smith, also of this vicinity. Also surviving are three sisters; Verna Purdy, Aletha Seckler and Nellie Burruss. ...

Marion Smith's gravestone at Oak Hill Memorial Park in Escondido, has his death year of 1939, with an incorrect birth year of 1861; his grave there is alongside his daughter Clara/Claire [13].



The ashes of Susan B. Smith (1870 - 1945) are interred at Greenwood Memorial Park in San Diego [13].



### HOW TO GET TO PALOMAR.

Special automobile parties will leave San Diego for top of Palomar mountain direct via Escondido—two or three times each week. Special rates \$6 each way from San Diego; \$4 each way between Escondido and Palomar.

Four days of starting communicate with Ed Fletcher, 1548 D street, San Diego Cal.

At Oceanside an automobile will meet the morning trains from San Diego on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and transport passengers to the foot of Palomar, where they are met by a stage and taken up the grade. Round trip from San Diego to Palomar by Santa Fe to Oceanside, auto and stage to Palomar, \$15. This includes stops at famous San Luis Rey and Pala Missions.

From San Diego the direct route to Palomar is by way of Escondido and Valley Center, and from Los Angeles by the way of Temecula and Pala.

Thirty autos climbed the grade last season, one of which was a baby Reo, carrying 3 passengers. Make it a point to have plenty of water before autos start up grade.

### ACCOMMODATION AND RATES.

Camp Contento will open June 1st, and Hotel Palomar July 1st.

We have erected a new dining-room and kitchen at Camp Contento.

Room or bed-room tent and board \$10 to \$12 per week, at either place.

Table board \$7.50 per week.

Free baths to all guests.

### OUTFITS FOR CAMPERS.

Tents furnished with bed, springs, tables, chairs, stove and cooking utensils, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per week. (No dishes or bedding with these outfits.)

Special rates by month or season.

Store, fresh groceries, milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit, hay and grain.

Saddle horses and rigs for rent.

Horses fed and cared for, also good pasturage at 20c per day.

No consumptives.

Plenty of good camp grounds for those bringing their own outfits.

Address,

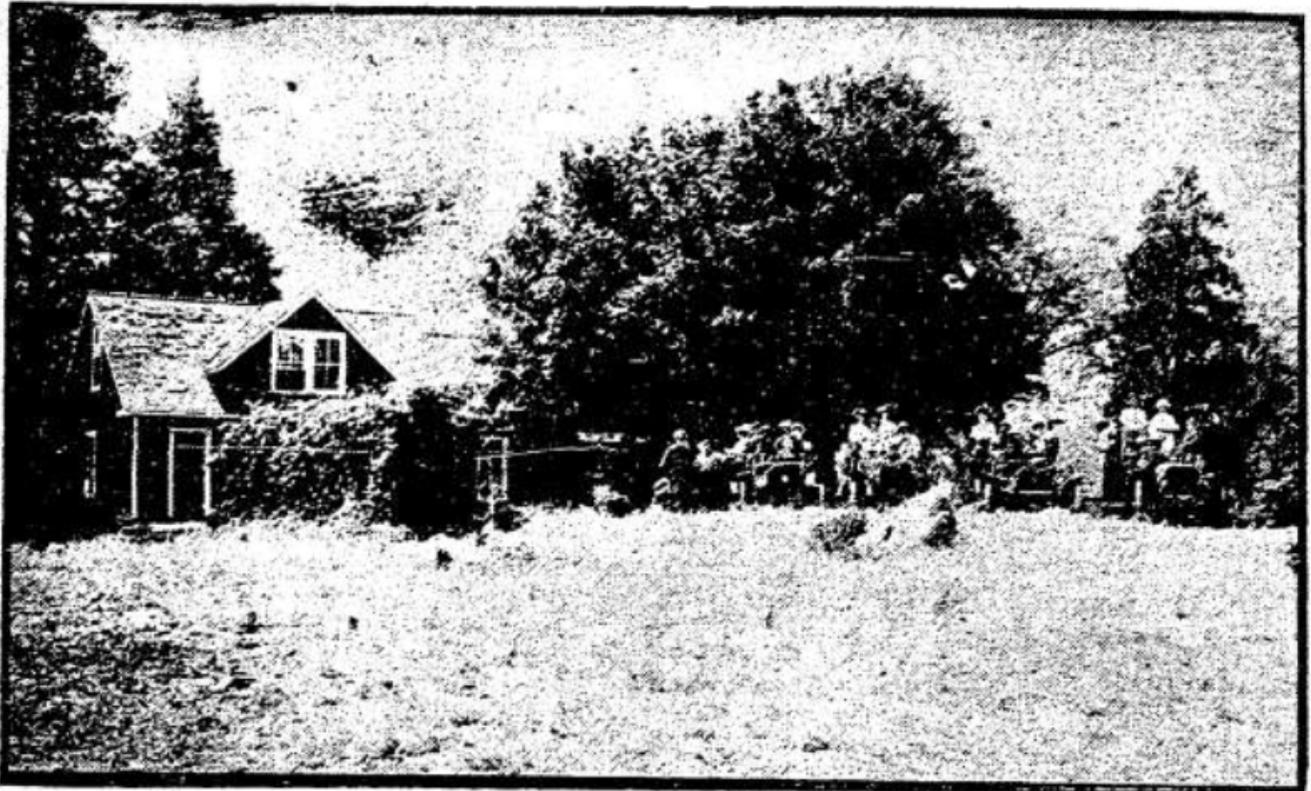
BAILEY BROS, Props.,  
Nellie P. O., Cal.

The San Diego Union reported on 29 May 1908, that "the Bailey brothers are also renovating and remodeling Hotel Palomar, which, together with Campo Contento, opens for the summer season the middle of June. [14]"

Campo or Camp Contento was a name for several years for the Bailey hotel on Bailey Meadow Road. Correspondence from Milton Bailey to J. P. Smith, dated 28 May 1910, included a "Palomar Mountain" brochure covering both Camp Contento and the Hotel Palomar [15].

The San Diego Union has several notes on visitors to Hotel Palomar in the summer months of 1908 and 1909, and it could be referenced as Hotel Palomar, Azalea Park [16].

## Members of San Diego Automobile Party Assembled at Summit of Palomar Mountain on Two Hundred Mile Trip



**Hotel Palomar at Azalea Park, with Ed Fletcher party in July 1908**

San Diego Union, 12 July 1908, page 16, column 2

A visit to Hotel Palomar was described in a longer draft of a subsequent San Diego Union newspaper article [48]:

San Diego, Cal. July 11, 1908

A delightful automobile trip, covering a distance of nearly two hundred miles has just been completed by a party of prominent San Diegans including Mr. and Mrs. C. Aubrey Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. C.J. Kendall, Miss Kate Sessions, Mr. George Cook, Dr. Adolph Kramer, Colonel and Mrs. Ed Fletcher, Mrs. F. T. Nason, Mrs. J. Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle, Mr. A. C. Riorden, Miss Riorden, Dr. and Mrs. H.C. Oatman and Harold E. Marshall, who left the city the early part of the week in five automobiles.

The destination was Palomar Mountain and the trip from San Diego included a visit to Escondido, Valley Center, San Luis Rey Valley and Palomar Mountain. Leaving San Diego at 9:30 Monday morning the party spent a few moments at Escondido and then continued on to the foot of Palomar Mountain, where on the bank of the San Luis Rey River, under beautiful oak trees, a delightful lunch was served.

After a rest of an hour and a half, the entire party climbed the grade to Hotel Palomar, at Azalea Park, arriving there at about 7:00 P.M. The climb up the grade will long be remembered by the entire party. The timber line was reached at about sunset and one and all felt that the magnificent panorama secured at that time, alone repaid one for the trip.

After a delightful dinner at the hotel, served by Mrs. Penny, it was certainly a change from San Diego conditions to be able to wander around by moonlight through the heavy timber, a mile above the sea or gaze westward from the promontory and see the search-lights of the cruisers off San Diego. The atmospheric conditions were perfect on Tuesday and one could sit on the porch of the hotel and see the entire country from the Table Mountains of Mexico to the San Clemente and Catalina Islands, as well as the intervening valleys and coast line.

Numerous trails have been made by the Fletcher-Salmons Investment Company through Azalea Park and all the party enjoyed a tramp down Tiger Lily Creek through the timber and among the acres of Azaleas. It was a rare treat to the ladies to be able to pick wild strawberries, wild roses and tiger lilies.

There were three, Mr. George Cook, Miss Kate Sessions and Dr. Adolph Kramer who absented themselves from the party most of the time while on Palomar. This is easily explained owing to the fact that they are noted for their interest in botany and horticulture and as lovers of nature, have done much to beautify San Diego. About noon, they appeared at the hotel, each with a collection of interesting specimens of flowers and shrubs from the woods, while Miss Sessions had a sack of leaf-mold on her back. One incident

happened while on Palomar that caused considerable worry and excitement. Mr. G. Aubrey Davidson, our genial President of the Southern Trust & Savings Bank, while wandering through the woods, lost his way and a searching party with considerable difficulty located him in a dense clump of fir trees a mile from the hotel, picking and consuming wild straw-berries and thimble-berries.

The entire party took an automobile to the East end of the mountain. This was the most beautiful ride on the trip as a gorgeous view of practically the entire San Diego County was secured at different points, while ever now and then the road leads through the most beautiful section of heavy timber that Palomar can boast of.

Late Tuesday afternoon, Miss Kate Sessions, Messrs. George Cook, H.E. Marshall and Colonel Ed Fletcher made the run to Julian, coming down the next day, via Eagle Peak road to San Diego, while the rest of the party came back via the San Luis Rey Valley and the coast. One and all agreed that Palomar mountain furnishes a resort in Summer that is unexcelled in any section of Southern California.

Robert Asher said that Clinton and Milton Bailey ran Hotel Palomar for a summer along with their principal Bailey hotel, and gave up on it [5]. Asher's narrative dates the Bailey tenure too short and much later in time, conflicting with the above. The Escondido Weekly Times-Advocate reported on 23 June 1911, that the Hotel Palomar was opened to the public by Milton Bailey, with most supplies purchased in Escondido; Bailey arranged for an automobile stage and a horse stage for travel to and from the hotel [18]. It's not clear if this was the original Bailey hotel on Bailey Meadow Road or the Silvercrest-located Hotel Palomar.



**Louis Shannon Salmons**, undated Ancestry.com

Louis Salmons, who owned the former Cook ranches on the east side of Palomar, occupied Hotel Palomar for some time along with his children and a housekeeper; in 1911, it was referenced informally as Hotel Salmons [17].

Louis Salmons' wife Emma Lucinda Littlefield had died January 30, 1910, leaving him with their five children, the youngest being eighteen months old (daughter Emma Louise, born August 10, 1908) and the oldest being twelve years of age [1,51].

Elsie Hayes Roberts wrote [47]:

Then there was the mountain dance that Louis Salmons gave at Silvercrest when he was a widower, and a housekeeper was caring for his five little girls in that big old hotel. I think the event was in honor of his daughter Louise's first birthday. Earlier Papa had agreed hesitantly that at least once he would take us to a dance at the schoolhouse. He and mother would chaperone us, and we were positively not to stay late. I rather think it was our very first summer as mountain residents, and our parents were not quite sure what a mountain dance would be like. It was indeed very different from anything we had ever attended before. Young men slipped outside now and then. We came to understand later they went to get "refreshment" from a barrel containing "spirits!"

The Oceanside Blade reported on June 15, 1912 [36]:

Louis Salmons, who will spend the summer at the old Palomar Hotel, will have it full of friends and relatives from Oceanside, San Diego and Pala.

## **CAMP SILVERCREST / HOTEL SILVERCREST**

In 1913, A. M. Squire and Mr. Burke of Los Angeles rented and refurbished it, installing a cook and a table license, and opened for business as Camp Silvercrest or Hotel Silvercrest [19].

The Oceanside Blade ran this story on May 10, 1913 [46]:

### **LEASE MOUNTAIN HOTEL**

Whitney & Goss, operating the Pala auto truck line, have leased the Azalea Park Hotel on Palomar mountain and have placed an experienced hotel man in charge. Twenty tent houses are being erected and the place will be conducted as a first class mountain resort. A Stanley steamer passenger truck is expected daily which will be run this summer between Oceanside and Palomar mountain.

The Oceanside Blade ran this story on May 24, 1913 [33]:

### **Silvercrest Resort Opens June 1**

The hotel on Palomar mountain which has been leased by Whitney & Goss of the Pala stage line and sublet to A.M. Squire, a well known and experienced hotel man, will open about June 1<sup>st</sup>. The rejuvenated and enlarged resort has been christened "Silvercrest," and is aptly named. The view which may be had from the brow of the mountain is an extended and inspiring one. In fact there is spread out before the beholder most of San Diego and portions of Riverside counties. As Hermit Doane expressed it some years ago "You can look around the world and see your own back." The

hotel building is being enlarged and added facilities of tents will make the resort an ideal one in which to while away the summer weeks. The Whitney & Goss Stanley steamer makes the trip to the top from Oceanside in about three hours. It is said to be an exceptionally easy riding car and has a capacity of twelve passengers so that it will take care of the business nicely. If the run is enlarged to include Warner's Springs and the business increases as it has Messrs. Whitney & Goss plan to keep up with the procession by the purchase of another car.

Robert Asher said that after Marion Smith, an unnamed Englishman [PB: A. M. Squire] leased the hotel property, and reopened it as Silvercrest, putting up a lot of tents and a stock of groceries and other goods in the little building northwest of the main hotel, which had been used as a storeroom by Smith and the Douglass' [5]..

# "Camp Silvercrest"

PALOMAR MOUNTAIN

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<p style="margin: 0;">Opens for the Summer . . . . June 18th</p>	<p style="margin: 0;">Take Whitney &amp; Goss' 12-Passenger Stanley Steamer from Oceanside 12:30 a.m. daily</p>
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Oceanside Blade, June 28, 1913, page 3, column 1

## Camp Silvercrest

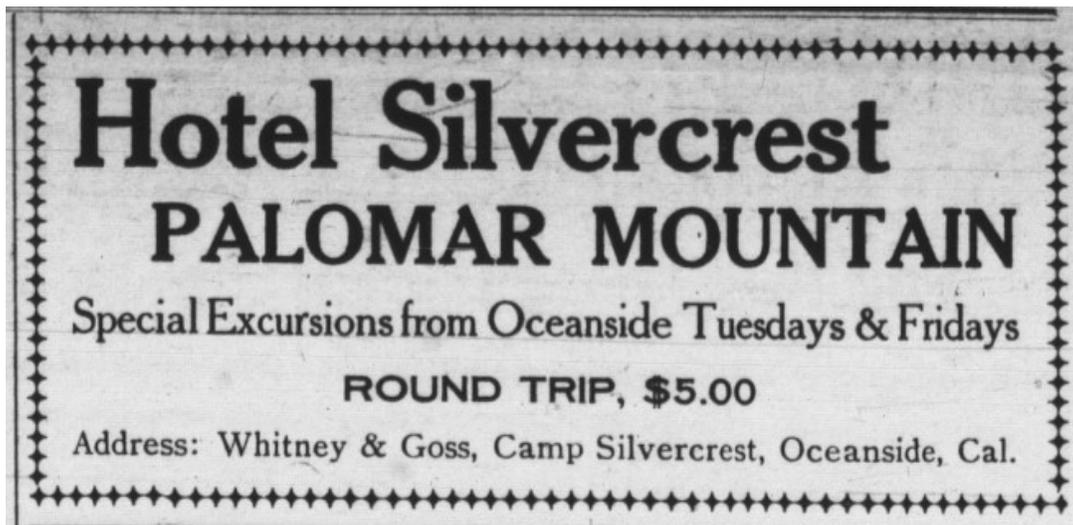
The scenic resort of the Palomar Mountain is now open for the summer. Everything new—table license. Address, CAMP SILVERCREST, care Whitney & Goss Stage Line, Oceanside, Cal. Write for folder.

San Diego Union, July 11, 1913, page 11, column 4

## PALOMAR MOUNTAIN

The new Hotel Silvercrest. First-class table license. Special rates by the week. Special excursions from Oceanside Tuesdays and Saturdays. Beginning July 15, round trip \$5. Address Whitney & Goss, Camp Silvercrest, Oceanside, Cal. Stanley Steamer will take parties of eight or more from your home to camp for \$5 each way.

San Diego Union, July 15, 1913, page 10, column 3



Oceanside Blade, July 19, 1913, page 4, column 3

In an Oceanside Blade story in August 1913, largely on the drive up Nate Harrison Grade to Palomar Mountain, it was said [40]:

...The two hotels on the mountain are most comfortable. Milton Bailey now a D.D.S., whatever that may mean, has enlarged his plant and accommodate about 60 hotel guests, and as many campers, and Squire and Birk at the Hotel Silvercrest have room for about fifty. Both hotels are beautifully located, both set a good table, and both are as clean and nice as anyone can desire at a "back to nature" mountain resort. ...

An Oceanside Blade item in October 1913, said [41]:

Arthur Spees, who spent Sunday on Palomar, says that Hotel Silvercrest is full. What with hotel guests, apple pickers, and surrounding campers, the place is very gay. The mountain is most lovely, and the air splendidly invigorating.

An Oceanside Blade item on December 6, 1913, reported [42]:

A.M Squire, proprietor of Camp Silvercrest on Palomar Mountain, died in Los Angeles on Sunday night. Mr. Squire has been poorly for several years, and hoped a residence on Palomar might be beneficial to his health.



San Diego Evening Tribune, January 3, 1914, page 11, column 4

Silvercrest newspaper advertisements ended in January 1914, with the closure of the Hotel Silvercrest operation [20].

An Oceanside Blade item on January 24, 1914, reported [43]:

Mrs. A.M. Squire and Mrs. Fred Whitney went up to Palomar one day last week and found everything at Silvercrest in a deplorable state. Quite a number of things had been stolen including two tents, all the bed linen, towels, napkins, &c, cutlery; a valuable shot gun, field glasses and a kodac. Last spring the late Mr. Squire had entirely renovated the camp and put in a new outfit.

An Oceanside Blade item on May 23, 1914, reported [44]:

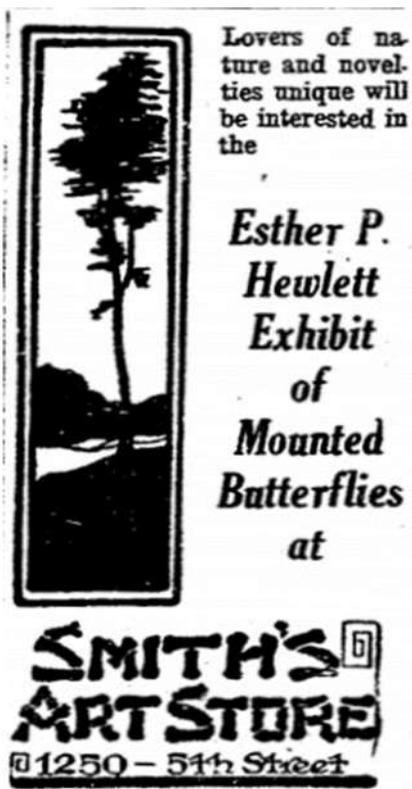
There is an unconfirmed rumor that Mrs. A.M. Squire has sold Camp Silvercrest, and that it may shortly be opened up again for the coming season.

In February 1916, it was reported that the Silvercrest hotel was used as a temporary residence for Palomar road workers and their spouses [21]. In April 1916, the Oceanside Blade reported [35]:

Mr. and Mrs. N.H. Hargrave, who have been staying at Silvercrest until the road into their own ranch would be made passable, moved home on Wednesday.

There are several Hotel Palomar or Palomar Hotel notes in newspapers around this time, which refer to Bailey's and not to Silvercrest, including this note in the Oceanside Blade on September 30, 1916 [22,33,34,37]:

The departure on Sunday of Dr. and Mrs. Bailey... marked the close of the "season" for 1916. The hotel will, however, be open for the entertainment of guests, all fall and winter. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carroll arrived Thursday morning and have assumed charge of Palomar Hotel, Nellie store and the care in general of Dr. Bailey's interests on the mountain, until next summer season.



Lovers of nature and novelties unique will be interested in the

**Esther P. Hewlett Exhibit of Mounted Butterflies at**

**SMITH'S ART STORE**  
@1250 - 54th Street

<= San Diego Evening Tribune, 13 August 1918, page 7, column 8

In May 1918, William and Alice Hewlett and their two children, one being Esther Parnell Hewlett, the "Butterfly Woman of Palomar Mountain," sold their Palomar ranch of 80 acres to Alonzo G. Hayes, and then rented and moved into the Silvercrest hotel, where "Miss Esther Hewlett will continue her butterfly and moth farming" [5,39,45].

At the end of 1918, the Hewletts left Palomar Mountain [5,39].

Various campers are noted at Silvercrest in 1918 and 1919, including this Escondido Weekly Times Advocate note on August 1, 1918 [38]:

Mrs. Richard Erickson, of Escondido, with her little son, Carl, and her grandson, Quentin, are encamped at Silvercrest. They expect to spend two months of the summer on Palomar. Mr. Erickson will join them for a week or ten days at a time, as often as possible.

The Escondido Weekly Times Advocate on October 4, 1918, noted [23]:

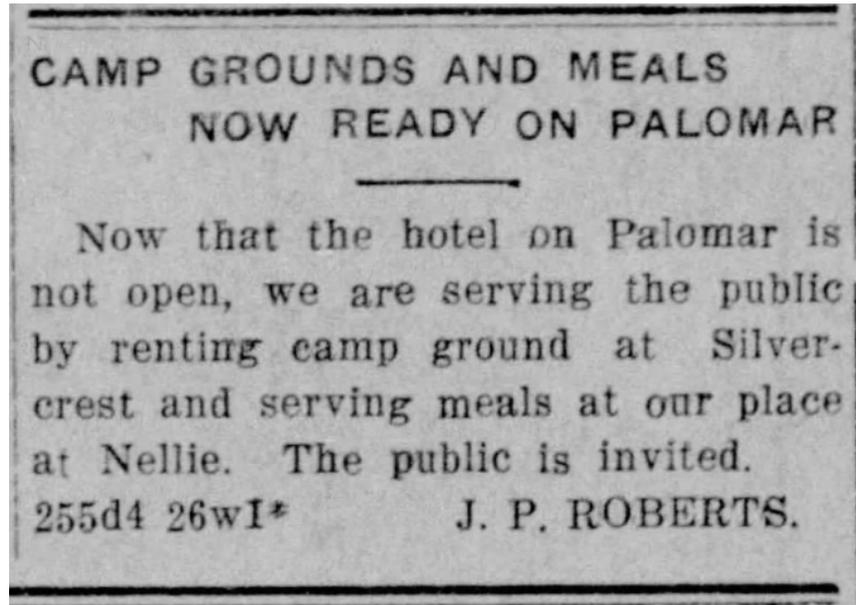
Leroy Meeker, of San Diego, candidate for supervisor in the first district, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith, of Capistrano, were overnight guests at Silvercrest on Wednesday.

The Escondido Weekly Times Advocate on October 4, 1918, also noted [23]:

Chas. Schnack, of Escondido, who has contracted with Ben. F. Thorpe to pick and pack the apples on the Canfield orchards, is a busy man securing help and materials and getting them on the ground ready for the campaign. The camp will be at Silvercrest. ...

# JACK ROBERTS & PLANWYDD

In the Escondido Times-Advocate on June 24, 1920, Jack Roberts announced the start of his Palomar resort business, with campers staying at Silvercrest, and dining at the Jack and Elsie Roberts home on the Alonzo Hayes land a bit further down the road in Nellie [24].



Escondido Times-Advocate, June 24, 1920, page 2, column 3

About the year 1920, Elsie Hayes Roberts wrote [47]:

When we decided to turn the apple ranch into a resort, we built six rustic one-room bedroom guest cabins scattered over the property. We also had a number of tents for the same purpose. The many guests, mostly professional people coming up from the cities, greatly added to my work.



John Planwydd Roberts—that's his full name, but it's been whittled down to Jack Roberts, and he's a real sportsman of wide experience. Jack was born in Wales, and while Wales isn't as big as Texas, it's been on the map a little longer. He left Wales and landed in Minneapolis. In Minnesota he learned how to get the best of a ruffed grouse and tell the number of feet of lumber in a tall tree. For several years he was a lumber cruiser in Minnesota. The lumber game has produced some good sportsmen—Stewart Edward White is another one.

By 1921, the Hotel Palomar building at Silvercrest was opened and managed by Jack and Elsie Hayes Roberts, with the combined hotel and camping enterprise being named Planwydd, which was Jack Roberts' middle name [25]. Camping was on the Roberts land down the road from the Hotel Palomar.

A Palomar Mountain article in the San Diego Weekly Union, on May 5, 1921, said that "Planwydd is being remodeled by Mr. Roberts and a dozen tent cottages installed. [26]"

# PLANWYDD

Home cooked meals. Elevation 5625 feet. Camping grounds, tents, etc. 70 miles from San Diego. In the heart of the great forest. With ocean view. Phone through Pala, J. P. Roberts. Palomar Mountain

Home Cooked Meals,  
Tents, Cabins, Saddle Horses  
Elevation 5625 feet  
Phone 1-F-13

**Weekly Rate:**  
Single Cabin ..... \$22.50  
Double Cabin ..... 20.00  
Single Tent ..... 20.00  
Double Tent ..... 18.50  
Housekeeping Cabins, \$18 week

# “PLANWYDD”

## PALOMAR MOUNTAIN

San Diego County, California.

J. P. ROBERTS, Proprietor

R. G. MORSETTE, Manager

Sunday Chicken Dinner a Specialty

70 Miles from San Diego

In the Heart of the Great Forest  
with Ocean Views



**Jack and Elsie Roberts with their daughter Catherine at Planwydd,**  
undated Barbara Waite photo

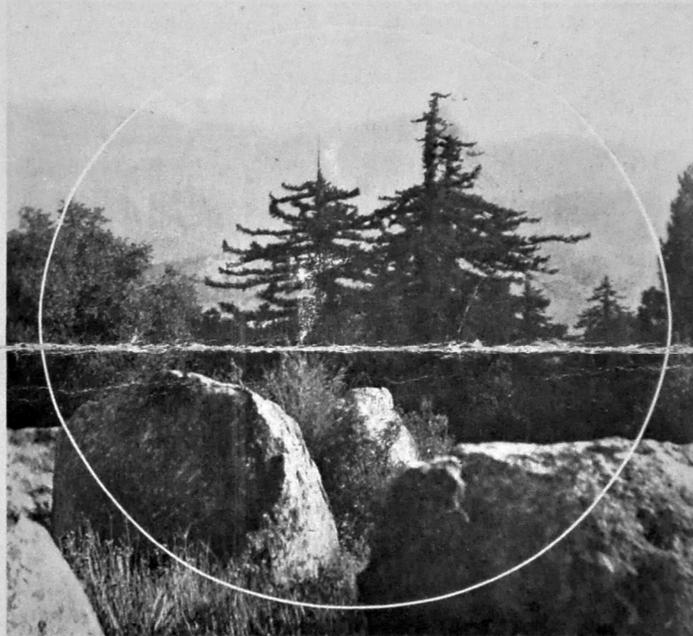
A report on 1921's Fourth of July visitors to Palomar Mountain noted that the Palomar Mountain hotel and Camp Planwydd were taxed to capacity [27].

# “PLANWYDD”

PALOMAR MOUNTAIN, SAN DIEGO COUNTY

Most Scenic Week-end Mountain Trip in Southern California

ELEVATION 5625 FEET. 70 MILES FROM SAN DIEGO



*"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."*

—JOHN MUIR

Address: J. P. ROBERTS  
"Planwydd" Palomar Mountain  
California

PHONE VIA PALA



WHO does not feel the lure of the mountain trail that winds through great forests and along the edge of the world? In vacation-time the cool green woods call one to their beauty and peace and silence. Come to Palomar Mountain and look down from the forests of oak and fir to the ocean beyond the lower ranges.

Visit San Louis Rey and Pala Missions en route, spend Sunday on Palomar, and cross over the mountain, going down to Warner's.

Spend your vacation at "PLANWYDD"

Home-cooked meals. Saddle horses. Trips arranged.

One can explore a new peak or canyon every day for a month. A profusion of ferns and wild flowers. Look from Los Angeles to Mexico.

*"Nothing to mar beautiful Palomar"*

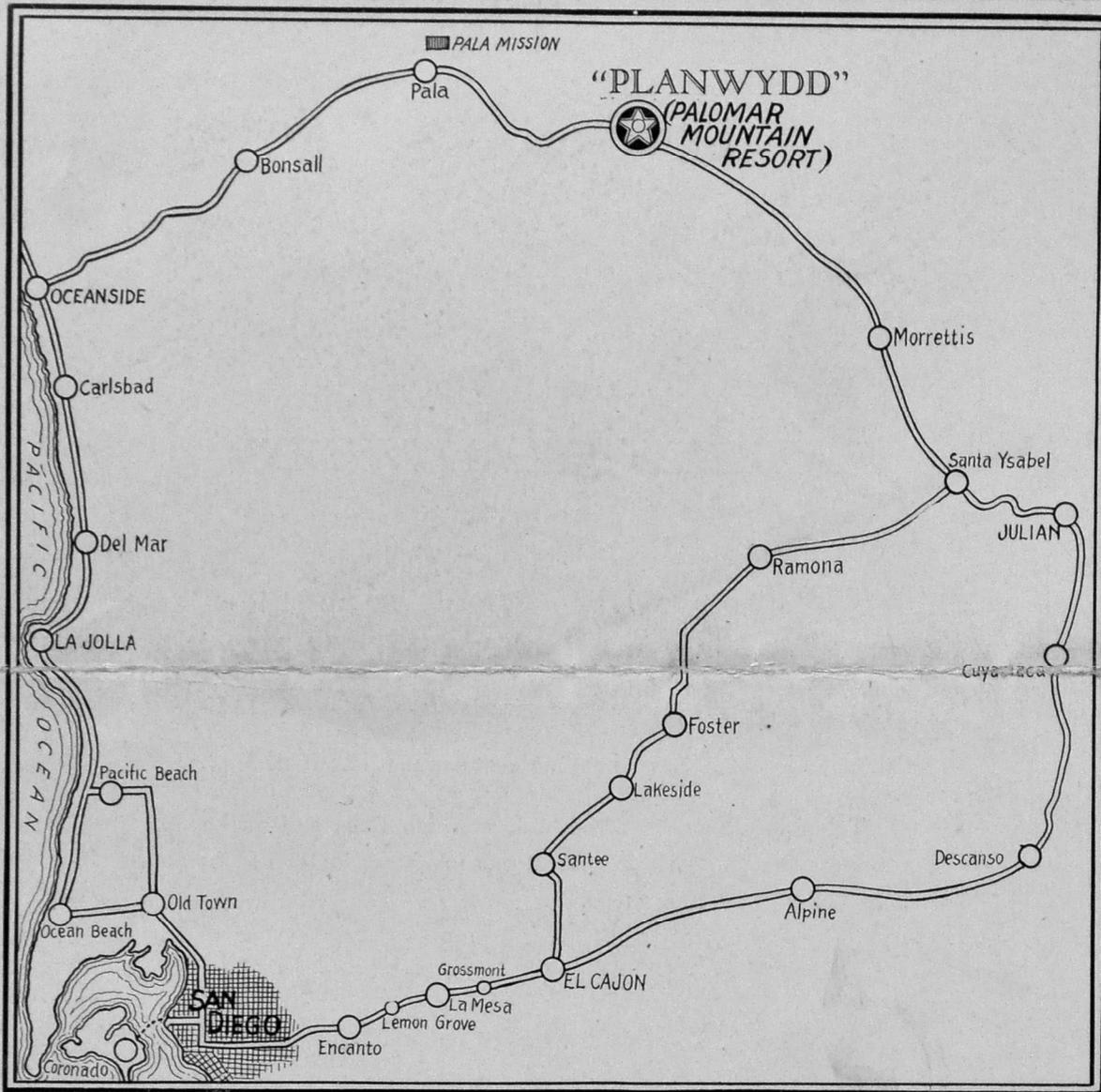
## RATES AT "PLANWYDD"



Board and Room (single) by the day	-	-	\$3.25
" " " " " " week	-	-	20.00
" " " (double) " " day	-	-	3.00
" " " " " " week	-	-	18.50

Cabins and tents. Housekeeping accommodations if desired.

Telephone Palomar Mountain, through Pala, and make arrangements to go up in one of our machines, or call Main 7020 Tioga Hotel, San Diego.



This map shows the three best ways to reach

## “PLANWYDD”

A delightful trip is obtained by going the coast route  
and returning by either of the inland routes.

Elsie Hayes Roberts wrote about Planwydd for the year 1923 [47]:

My diary entries for 1923 were totally neglected. It was a year filled with guests at the resort and the hiring and firing of resort workers. It was an eclectic bunch of apple pickers and household help necessary for the operation of both the ranch and the resort. Their extremes of background, expectations, and former positions created endless possibilities for disasters or delight. Jack preferred British cooks that he hired through a San Diego employment agency. The British were accustomed to large households with a hierarchy of staff. Mountain hired help often became more like family friends and there was little attention paid to social order.

Some of our problems with hired help at our informal little summer resort and apple ranch seem amusing now nearly a half-century later. Back then, when the forests were greener and the distant views clearer, the mountain was wilder and more isolated. Not everyone who came to the mountain embraced it as we did. One cook was with us only a few days.

"I'd stay if there was only a movie up here," she explained, "or sidewalks, so I could go for a walk."

The old Indian woman who came up from a reservation at the foot of the mountain as my first assistant stayed for even less time. Santos, the Spaniard or Mexican who was building the simple one-room cottages we were preparing as bedrooms for our first opening, suggested that she would be good help. But she spoke no English, and I no Spanish! And I certainly spoke no Indian dialect. The only night she was there, I heard her in the kitchen in the wee small hours and went to investigate. By signs, she made me understand that she had a terrible pain and was making a fire in the wood range to get a hot griddle. That was the type of therapy later outmoded by electric heating pads.

Once we had her back in bed, I feared she was dying. Jack hastily summoned Santos from his bedroom in the part of the barn, which at one time had been the only dwelling-house on the ranch. Santos told us she was really the mother of one of his wives! He talked

with her gently, said she'd had such attacks before, but drove her home in his buggy the next day.

We later tried a young Indian girl from below, lovely and bright. She had attended the Riverside Sherman Institute for Indians. This school taught agriculture and domestic science to Native American children with a goal to assimilate them into mainstream society. The girl, of course, knew English. That was ostensibly the cause of her early departure. On a weekend busy with many guests, when I particularly needed her, she abruptly announced that she had to go home immediately for a day or so, as she had remembered that she had to write a letter for her father. We knew that there was an Indian fiesta in progress near the foot of the mountain, and we surmised she had thought up an alibi for attending it. Without fail, whenever there was a fiesta nearby, she would want to leave. Of course, it was always on a weekend, our rush times! Exit Victoria. Also, exit with her, a little sister, only a child, who had come up with her and was really very useful in the kitchen, young as she was. "I've washed dishes all my life," she explained. ...

Usually Jack hired all help through a San Diego employment agency -- apple pickers as well as a summer cook and waitresses who also served as chambermaids. My cousin Sadie, who was companionable and a joy, did come up again to be a help and assist me in whatever need. And sometimes I had friends working in the kitchen.

Altogether during those five years on the ranch, we had a variety of kitchen helpers. One fall apple season, we had two cooks and two dishwashers. One spring, I wrote to my old friend the Dean of Women at Pomona College to ask if she knew of two college girls there who would like to work for me the coming summer. The two who came were Bethel, whose father was a very well-to-do farmer in the Midwest; and Lois, educated in Switzerland, whose father was Minister Plenipotentiary to Albania. They were charming girls, willing workers though they knew practically nothing about housework. They were waitresses, dishwashers, and chamber maids. The guests were delighted with them. But the current cook, Mrs. Miller, very English, could not appreciate them. She was

accustomed to work in an English household where there were seventeen servants. In those days when servants were servants with their own ranks of butler, housekeeper, cook, etc. and much above the mere maids, she could not endure our casual democratic way of life.

The guests were charmed by Bethel and Lois and, of course, treated them as equals. But Mrs. M. felt that as maids, they were far beneath her. She knew her own place, way down below the guests. How could the guests treat those girls as equals? She was pathetically jealous of them. We had explained that we didn't want tips given at our little 'all in the family' resort. But Mrs. M, accustomed to being one of a line of servants waiting expectantly, almost held her hand out ready whenever a guest was departing.

Mrs. M. never forgot her place. When we had dinner served picnic style on Inspiration Point, I told her she was to sit on the ground with the rest of us and only to help pass things around. It was almost more than she could bear.

At one meal, when luncheon guests had left the room and only the family table was still occupied, she came in from the kitchen, and as always stood quietly waiting to speak until she was noticed. I can still see her subservient attitude and hear her low differential voice.

"Excuse me Mrs. Roberts, your house is on fire."

As nothing about her suggested that this was a fact, I couldn't take it in at first. "What did you say?" I asked.

She repeated it, quiet, unemotional, as befitted a servant. To her obvious horror, I did not act as the dignified lady of the house should. I yelped and sprang up and raced for the kitchen. It was true. The kitchen roof was blazing, though already Jack and Gus had it under control. ...

Miss Kendall was another cook we had one summer. She was a bewildering character, very proud of the fact that in World War I

she had been a clerk. She had a magnificent cloak of navy blue. She was a tall, large, stately woman, who of her own desire, always wore at her work crisp white uniforms. She sent them down the mountain to be laundered.

Our informality and lack of a caste system shocked her. She could not tolerate Ruth and Frenchy, a young married couple who, in what she considered an inferior position, worked for us at the same time. Unfortunately, they had the bedroom next to hers, and Miss K. complained to me that she heard undesirable things she should not be expected to hear. Suddenly this situation came to a head. She fairly demanded that the couple be discharged. Jack refused to fire them. They were good workers in the orchards and as waitresses. The cook became so difficult that we asked her to leave. Instead she became violent. I am not sure whether we had asked her to leave or she announced ahead of us that she was going. I have often wondered if she might not have been an addict who ran out of dope. Whatever the cause, her final fury was terrifying. She demanded arrogantly that she be driven down the mountain. Jack knew he needed to go to San Diego for another cook. Though Jack was usually ready to go to any trouble to help anyone stranded up there, he told her coldly she could go down with the Bailey stage that would be leaving Sunday morning.

At her request, Jack had earlier taken her trunk down for repairs, which required that it be left there. Now she insisted that she could not leave without it. It must be brought up for her. We suggested emergency cartons. She met with supreme scorn our suggestions for the emergency cartons, which she eventually used. She shut herself into her room and refused to come out for meals. Even when it was little Catherine who tapped on her door to say that a meal was ready she ignored the invitation.

Once when I, in a determinedly friendly tone, suggested through the closed door that she join us for dinner, her choked and her violent tone was terrifying.

"It would choke me. It would kill me to eat your food!"

However, there were indications that she had slipped out to the kitchen for some nourishment those two nights before Sunday. At night, I heard her pacing the floor in her room. I shouldn't have been at all surprised if she had crept into our bedroom bent on murder. It was a strenuous weekend with guests, including Judge and Mrs. Cary who came repeatedly and became our real friends. With Ruth and Jack to help me, and Aunt Mamie looking after Catherine, I managed meals and all.

Sunday morning before the stage was due, I saw through the window stately Miss K. in her handsome uniform cloak, head high, face cold and white. Judge Cary happened to overhear her raving against us to some of these people.

He stepped into sight and said, "Young woman, I don't know who you are. But do you know that you could be arrested for these lies you are telling about these people?"

Afterwards the stage driver said she kept saying such things to the other passengers that he finally told her that if she didn't stop those lies, he'd stop this stage and leave her alone on the mountain grade many miles from anywhere.

After the weekend guests had left, we went down ourselves to a San Diego hotel for overnight. At the employment agency early the next morning, the manager said she had already been there maligning us. He said he told her that he had for a long time sent us many employees, apple pickers, resort workers, and had never before heard a word against us, and that he was going to blackball her so that she could never get another job in Southern California.

Mildred was another cook who had pride in her status. She was indeed a character. She was red haired, temperamental, and superstitious. She had worked as a barmaid in a Nevada mining town, and later as manager of a hotel there. Mildred looked down upon Mrs. J., a brilliant and highly educated female guest who who stayed on helping with various chores and became a friend. When Mrs. J., in our rush of work, helped with the laundry, Mildred condescendingly called her "the wash lady." Mildred raved to me

about an elderly guest who came late to dinner one evening and asked her to clean and cook the quail he had just shot. She was outraged, muttering about “the pest.” But in cleaning the bird, she found he had tucked a one-dollar bill inside its cavity, and her anger changed to delight.

Poor Mildred! Sometimes her superstitions really troubled her. There was the gorgeous moonlight evening when she, Mrs. J., and I went up to our Inspiration Point above the orchard to enjoy more fully the full moon over the forest. As we sat on the boulders overlooking what seemed like the whole world below, Mrs. J. told us fascinating tales of some of her own experiences that dealt with incredible and inexplicable facets of the unknown universe. Mildred was so frightened by those stories that she begged Mrs. J. to stop and finally left us rather than hear more. She went alone by the wooded trail back to the house.

Somehow, Mildred felt virtuous and superior because she had not smoked, unlike some of the women in the mining town. She must have had a bad inferiority complex for she seemed to feel it essential to express her superiority. She addressed me as her employer as “Lady.” She was a great talker. She talked scornfully of her British husband. The last straw was when he, a Britisher, left his boots outside the bedroom door for her to clean.

Mildred boasted often of a gentleman from Alaska, her “hero,” as she called him. He had written her that he would come up to see her on July 4. She fumed, fretted, and finally raged when the day wore on and passed without him. Then around noon the next day, he came to the gate almost staggering, and she ran into his arms. He said he had taken a bus to bring him as near to our unfamiliar mountain as possible, then thought he'd hike up by what he thought would be a short cut through a canyon. He spent the night in the depths, ate the chocolate he'd been bringing her, and finally managed to climb out in the morning. An arrangement was made as Jack needed an extra hired man just then, so the “hero” stayed awhile, telling almost incredible tales of the frontier.

When I offered to help Mildred clean chickens, she tossed her head and said in her anger, "It would be a favor for you not to help."

Mildred was with us for at least a part of two seasons. The morning she was leaving, she was in such a temper that when a breakfast guest asked for more coffee she said there was none -- a really ridiculous lie. And yet, I was rather fond of Mildred. At least, life was never dull in her vicinity.

Once we had in the kitchen an inexperienced girl who assured me she wanted to learn, but curiously was too often not in sight when most needed. She flirted with the first guest of the season, a young man, a boarder, who stayed in one of the half-dozen scattered tents that had been added as bedroom cottages. We found her walking in the woods with him while at a particular rush-hour, and I had to fire her with regret.

Robert Asher writes [5]:

Elsie was a good cook and withal a good-looking and pleasant-mannered hostess, and the young couple seemed to be making a go of the resort venture. Aunt Mamie was with them a good part of the time and there was also little Catherine, Catherine Roberts. ...

There is always plenty to do about any ranch and when one adds the cares of running a resort such as Planwydd, well, Jack needed help and he employed outside help from time to time. His first helper was a slightly-built but muscular ex-sailor named Ray McClard. Ray proved to be a very good worker -- willing, intelligent, ambitious -- possibly a bit too ambitious for Jack's continued satisfaction with Ray as his first choice. It was not many months before we heard that Ray's folks were coming up to the mountain, supposedly for a short visit. Then one day, as I was on my way to the post office, I noticed that the Smith-Douglass Hotel building seemed to be occupied. At Planwydd I saw Ray. He invited me to call on his folks. They were his father, mother, Olin (Ray's brother) and sister, Goldie. Then it was rumored that the supposedly penniless ex-sailor had bought the Hargrave place on the north side of the mountain, and such proved to be the case. The

family moved over to their new home and after awhile Ray was not a helper on the Roberts place. The next helper to come to Jack's rescue was Charlie Stoessel [PB: Charles E. Stoessel], a relative of the famous German General of that name [PB: Anatoly M. Stessel or Anatole M. Stoessel]. I think Charlie lasted longer than Ray as Planwydd man-of-all-work, but he finally dropped out of sight and clear off the mountain.

The next helper was a native son of old Helvetia, named Gustav Weber (only one "b") -- Gus, for short. Gus stuck. He outlasted Jack and Elsie. ...

Robert Asher writes [5]:

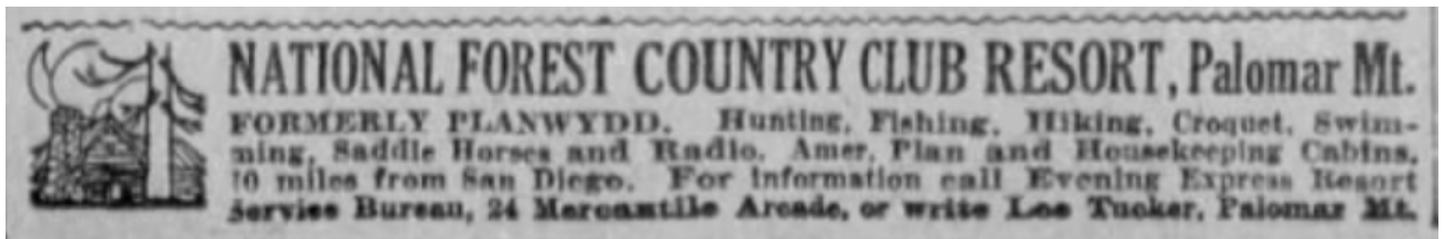
But all is not gold that glitters. Sad to relate, the combined apple orchard and resort proposition went into the hole and into hock to the bank. Jack made desperate efforts to bring in fresh capital, and he eventually interested a country club promoter named Allen. Allen had architects draw up plans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

In 1924, Jack Roberts moved off Palomar Mountain and his Planwydd enterprise was leased; its name was changed to the National Forest Country Club, opening in June 1924, managed by Lee Tucker of Los Angeles [28,47].

The membership-based National Forest Country Club business was headquartered in Los Angeles, and its owners included J. W. MacClatchie and H. B. MacWilliams [29]. The Long Beach Press-Telegram ran a story on an auto trip by them [50]:

A party composed of J.W. MacClatchie and H.B. MacWilliams in an Oakland six made an interesting trip through that romantic section [PB: Palomar] and discovered many new points. These two men and their associates have acquired large holdings on the crest of Palomar and they propose to develop the property as a sportsman's paradise under the name of the National Forest Country Club.

“Palomar first came to our attention on a recent hunting trip,” says MacClatchie, “and we were so favorably impressed with its beauty and the opportunities that it offers for a mountain club that we acquired some of the very choice land on the mountain top and are now at work on the plans for its development. This will be good news to the thousands of motorists who seek the less frequented parts in their search for new places to visit.”



Los Angeles Evening Express, July 22, 1924, page 13, column 4

The National Forest Country Club enterprise on Palomar Mountain intended to build a clubhouse and sleeping lodges for members, as well as lease sites for building cabins.



Here where the air reverberates with the thrill of enthusiasm, youth returns to chase away the encroaching streaks of gray—defies the years to leave their marks. With clouds for neighbors and flowers and trees and birds and game to make the hours all too short, this is indeed a Paradise.



Wild flowers in mature profusion mingle their varied colors in patterns rare, and the 101 years that Nate Harrison lived are recorded in this comely monument—residence of Palomar's fountain of youth.



# National Forest Country Club



# National Forest Country Club



Nature in her most beautiful mood has showered her fondest treasures upon the crest of romantic Palomar, the rendezvous of circling doves—from which the lofty aerie derives its loved name—Palomar—Dove's Roost.

From Inspiration Point a mile high (at top) is a vista of valley and (at left) is a glimpse of the region of King Winter. (Below) is the hut of Old Nate, escaped slave who claimed to be the first "white man" to scale Palomar.



TUESDAY MORNING. Los Angeles Daily Times APRIL 22, 1924—(PART 1) 9

# Announcing EL ENCANTO APARTMENTS in Hollywood

*The Ultimate Development of the "Individual Apartment Ownership Plan"*

**D**OES the kind of the creature that you want, run and? Have your contacts with life shown you across the paths of the Old World's present choices . . . and, perhaps, New York's smartest apartment colonies . . . ? What a variable feast awaits you, then, at El Encanto. An embracing complex of every idea from refinement that America and European master building craftsmen have dreamed of and finally perfected . . . . .

. . . a 205-foot, beautifully-finished and furnished lobby . . . a large, expertly-operated combination Roof-Garden Restaurant and Ballroom, with a Grand Staircase of royal proportions at one end and a finished and completely-appointed stage at the other . . . two streaming French Albers, as smart and swaggy as the touch of Paris, penciling both sides of the Roof-Garden Restaurant and unfolding themselves through a charming atmosphere of salons and galleries, thus bringing the over-adventurous wanderer to El Encanto's exotic Oriental Cafe . . . and then on to the luminous Japanese Gardens, with its lily ponds and its quaint, romantic bridges . . . . .

Individual dining rooms; an enticing grill; luxurious lounges, smoking rooms, writing rooms, radio rooms, billiard rooms, bowling alleys; a fully-equipped gymnasium and athletic club; a big, open-air, multi-tiered swimming pool and smoking club new to California; an Ice-Skating Rink!

With each El Encanto apartment is included a membership in the very exclusive National Forest Country Club, a wonderful playground on famous Palomar Mountain, located about half way between Los Angeles and San Diego, and destined to be the most exclusive Club of its kind in the country.

. . . a divergence of imperable social standing has, even now, enthusiastically elected to El Encanto as "the Riviera of California." Does this not entice your curiosity?

**D**OU purchase stock in El Encanto Apartments, a California corporation, in the sum of the actual purchase price of the apartment selected by you. Each purchaser of stock will receive a thirty-nine-year lease on the apartment selected, subject to renewal at the option of the lessee, executor, administrator, assignee and successors in interest. You will enjoy, and have free use and occupancy during the term of said lease of your apartment with all the appurtenances thereto belonging and appertaining.

The legal title of the building and property and all income and other assets will be vested in El Encanto Apartments, of which you are a stockholder.

Interest will be allowed at the rate of four per cent (4%) per annum on all payments made prior to and until the commencement of the construction of the building and in the same manner and subject to the identical terms of Texas Bank Deposits.

**Benefits to Stockholders**

1. Capital stock subject to sale and transfer.
2. Stockholders allowed to sell, assign, transfer, or allow their apartments with no restrictions other than the desirable ones only may receive El Encanto Apartments.
3. Stock will confer upon each stockholder of record issued by the Commission of Corporations and Securities of California, a Certificate of Title and various other rights and benefits, dependent on El Encanto laws, hereinafter mentioned as **Assets**.
4. The amount and date for balance will be ascertained as full account for stock, and Certificate will be issued forthwith, so that interest may immediately accrue on all unpaid and divided profits and all other articles specified by certificate of said stock. Credit notes will, however, be held in trust as security for such stock, until all notes are actually paid, at which time all notes will be void. In the event, California Revenue evidence ownership of stock will be issued to purchasers.
5. The amount of stock issued to service.

**Income-Paying Features**

The following are a few of the income-producing features of El Encanto Apartments for the benefit of its stockholders:

- 18 Shows and Shows
- Stage Shows
- Community Luncheons
- Garden and TV Shows
- Private Dining Rooms
- Roof Garden Restaurant and Ballroom
- Auto Repair and Accessory Shop
- Billiard Room
- Onion and Drink Room
- Lounges and Cabins
- Room Service

and various other features.

It is recommended that the amount to be derived from these features will not only defray all overhead and operating costs, but will result in handsome dividends to stockholders.



**The \$7,500,000.00 Social Rendezvous  
of All the Southland**

**VOILA!** the *supreme* achievement of the apartment colony idea has been conceived . . . and *consummated*. Surpassing anything of its kind in all America—other than on fashionable Park Avenue, New York City—El Encanto, with its host of wonder features delightfully new to Californians, is to represent the *final* step . . . the goal, until *now* unattainable and idealistic.

Now the dream is coming true. El Encanto, the "Enchantment" *really is to be*. Compare-up *this* picture in your mind's eye: A magnificent, superbly-beautiful 14-story building; proudly placed on an enviable plot of Hollywood's choicest, most exclusive residential property; fairly scintillating with home-entertainment-and-recreational embellishments never before offered Pacific Coast people; yet to entail very little greater financial effort, on the part of the tenant-investor, than that required in decidedly less attractive apartment homes . . . So *impelling* is El Encanto that it merits *action* immediately . . . *your* action. Fill in and forward the Coupon *now!*

**EL ENCANTO APARTMENTS**  
Executive Offices: Suite 507 Citizens' National Bank Building  
Cor. 9th and Spring—Trinity 6001—Los Angeles

**Locations:** Corner of Highland and Encanto—Three Blocks North of Hollywood Boulevard.

Fill in this coupon and return to:  
**EL ENCANTO APARTMENTS**  
Suite 507 Citizens' National Bank Building  
Los Angeles

Signature: I am greatly interested in El Encanto and its unique attractions. Please let me have full and complete information.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**Locations: Studio (Duplex)**  
Apartments as well as Handicapped Apartments.  
Now! Make Selection

Purchasers of an apartment in the planned El Encanto Apartments at the corner of Highland and Sycamore in the Hollywood area of Los Angeles, received a membership in the National Forest Country Club [30].

With each El Encanto apartment is included a membership in the very exclusive National Forest Country Club, a wonderful playground on famous Palomar Mountain, located about half way between Los Angeles and San Diego, and destined to be the most exclusive Club of its kind in the country.

The National Forest Country Club enterprise failed, and its last newspaper ad was published on September 30, 1924 [31].

Robert Asher writes [5]:

About this time the foot and mouth disease hit Los Angeles County and Mr. Allen's two country club properties were quarantined, causing heavy losses to Mr. Allen and the abandonment of the proposed improvements on Palomar.

Thereafter the National Forest Country Club name was associated with a golf course, country club, and cabin site development in Tuna Canyon / Sun Valley in San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles County [32,49 ad below].

# Call of the Great Outdoors

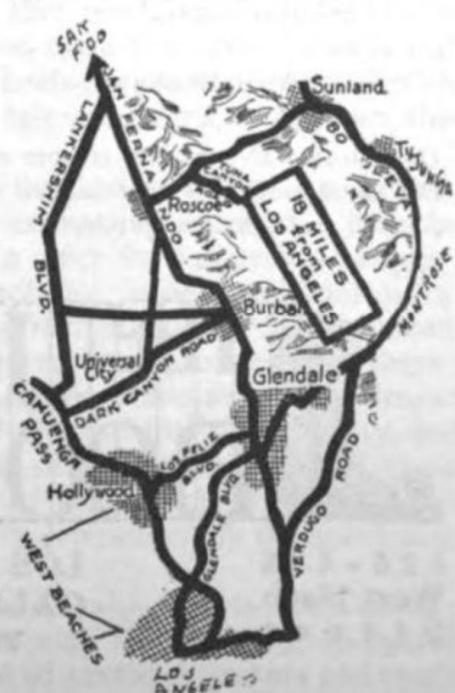
**FOLLOW THE MAP**  
*Recreation, Health and Happiness  
for Yourself, Family and Friends*  
**NATIONAL FOREST  
COUNTRY CLUB**  
Only 18 miles from center of Los Angeles.

Golf, swimming, canoeing, tennis, hiking, picnicking, children's playgrounds, burro camps, barbecue ovens, dining, dancing, parties, entertainments, music. Purest mountain spring water. Scenic cabin sites.

Drive out San Fernando Boulevard. Follow signs at Roscoe into mountains, 2 miles to Tuna Canyon. Bring along your lunch, golf sticks and sport things.

**BE OUR GUEST**  
*For information call on or address*  
**Chairman, Membership Committee**  
37-38 Spring Arcade, Los Angeles.  
TU. 9715

**45 Minutes From Broadway**



# Bring Your Golf Clubs

YOU CAN NOW PLAY—the beautiful clubhouse, now practically finished, is an ideal spot for picnicking.

## A FEW MEMBERSHIPS OPEN IN THE NATIONAL FOREST COUNTRY CLUB

A picturesque community—out from the heart of Los Angeles only a short eighteen miles lies an enchanted spot. Truly enchanted, for it is rapidly being metamorphosed into a wonderland full of the charm and glamour of OLD SPAIN, beautiful with the ruggedness and scenery surrounding. In fact, it is a miniature Spanish retreat. Shady canyons, huge Live Oaks and curving Sycamores add to the natural beauty and scenic charm of this natural wonderland. Only the hand of man is required to convert this into the most unique and attractive recreation spot in Southern California.

The hand of man is at work. Here a beautiful old club is being built, modeled, more or less, along the lines of Spanish architecture, a type necessitated by the surrounding country and blending the charm and graceful majesty of the mountains and the rugged beauties of nature. To be included in the improvements are a Swimming Pool, Tennis Court, Golf Course, a beautiful lake for canoeing, a wonderful children's playground and burro camp.

### MEMBERSHIP FEE VERY REASONABLE

Why drive for hours in crowded Sunday traffic to reach a picnic spot? National Forest Country Club and its adjacent canyons are within a half hour's drive from Los Angeles. Spring water available for picnickers. When it is hot in the city come to the club grounds where it is cool. Indications are that this quaint and picturesque club, with the quaint old Spanish clubhouse, will be one of the beauty spots of Southern California. Canyon and Lodge sites may be had at prices to fit every pocketbook.

A year-round vacation. Rest from the cares and toils of the week is obtained in no better way than through contact with nature. Quiet glades and cool retreats or more strenuous recreation such as hiking, riding or swimming, banish the cares and renew the vigor of youth. Here under the shady Live Oak or graceful Sycamore, where Yuccas bloom and wild flowers make a profusion of colors, you may build your own cabin away from the noisy confusion of the city, either near the clubhouse or farther away in some secluded spot.

### CABIN AND HOME SITES

For the city resident who has longed for a home in the mountains, where he might spend a week or month of restful vacationing, National Forest Country Club has no equal. Many are securing these sites with the intention of making the Club their permanent home, and not a few are planning to spend a portion of each week at this unique retreat. Building costs at the grounds can be made very low and a beautiful and substantial lodge may be obtained at a surprisingly low cost. Each member taking a Lodge Site will be allowed all the rock and sand he needs to build his lodge free. A little lime and work and you have a beautiful stone lodge, cool and fireproof.

### UNUSUAL PRICES AND TERMS

Lodge sites may be secured on an unusual plan, with terms and conditions such that for a small monthly payment you may secure a lodge site either near or far from the Clubhouse as you desire. Those who take immediate advantage of this offer, of course, can make a desirable selection and will be able to reap the benefits of the improvements of this wonderful Club.

## NATIONAL FOREST COUNTRY CLUB

37 and 38 Ground Floor, Arcade Building  
Los Angeles

TUCKER 9715

How to reach the National Forest Country Club: From Los Angeles drive through Glendale and Burbank on the San Fernando Blvd. to Roscoe. Turn right at Roscoe and follow the road toward Sunland one mile, then turn right into Tuna Canyon to the Club. Or go over Cahuega Pass, through Universal City and Lankershim to San Fernando Road, turn right to Roscoe, left to Tuna Canyon and the Club. From Pasadena, Tujunga or Sunland drive from Sunland toward Roscoe to Tuna Canyon, turn left thence to the Club.

Robert Asher writes [5]:

The property here was leased to a man and his wife and they attempted to make a go of it on their own, but they, too, also ran into the red and had to let go. All this time, during the three regimes -- Roberts, Allen and the cook -- Gus had continued faithfully carrying on his duties as man-of-all-work. When the final blow-up came, somebody (one or two or all three) was owing him a little matter of some \$1500.00 as unpaid wages.

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

Ernest A. Oliver and his wife lived in the Hayes log cabin for awhile, but Oliver built himself a house of his own on the Todd place and moved down. Planwydd was then unoccupied save by apple pickers for some time. Fred Wyss, who had built a summer cottage on a part of the old Cleaver Place, became interested and was thinking seriously of taking the Planwydd property off the bank's hands. But Fred did not care to bother with the apple

orchard part, so he suggested that I go in with him on the deal. I had had previous dealing with apples and was afraid of burning my fingers again, so the matter was dropped.

Since then there has been no permanent occupants. The bank, however, long ago sold out to a little company or syndicate of officers or employees of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company.

The Douglass property was incorporated into Palomar Mountain State Park in the early 1930s, and is now the Silvercrest picnic area, with some of the hotel's foundation visible there.

## APPENDIX: SOURCE INFORMATION FROM DOUGLASS FAMILY

Excerpt of Palomar Mountain content from handwritten memoir of Leo Douglass, entitled **LEO DOUGLASS REMEMBERS, April 20, 1979** [held by the Douglass family]



The Douglass family, Orange, California, 1928. Left to right, back row are Leo Douglass, Don Douglass and Herb Douglass; front row Ted Douglass, Bill Douglass and Gertrude Perry Douglass.

I was born in Dudley, Iowa Oct. 26, 1892. My parents Bert and Lillie and my sister Daisy Douglass and I came to California in 1900; landed in West Orange on S[outhem] P[acific] Railroad. My Father rented a house on Cambridge Street in Orange, and got a job as harness maker for W. F. Lutz Co. in Santa Ana. We lived there a short while and my parents bought the El Modena store, it was a two-story building, and we lived upstairs over the store. My Mother was the postmaster. My Father sold the store and bought some lots and a house one block north of the store.

We lived there for a time until my Father and my uncle Marion Smith bought 160 acres with a house on it about 1902, on the West

end of Palomar Mountain. The men ran a summer resort there. We would stay on the mountain in the summer and move to El Modena in the winter. Daisy and I would go to a little school house on the mountain in summer and El Modena School in winter. The school house on the mountain had only six scholars. The trips back and forth were made by horse and wagon; it took 2 1/2 days each way.

We had some important people as guests on the mountain. U.S. Grant the 2nd and party came in a tourist automobile at 2 a.m. It was the first car to come up the mountain. That was 1904. We found the resort business meant too much work for my Father and Mother, as they did all the work while my Uncle Marion drove the stage. He made two trips a week to Escondido with a four horse stage. ... [A mountain] lion I caught was a 65 lb female on Palomar Mountain. My Uncle Roy, while deer hunting, got a shot at the lion early in a.m., but missed her. He called me at noon. I took one dog, "Brandy", and drove 120 miles. Got there at 3 p.m. I found a drag mark where the lion had made a kill and soon found the kill, a black calf. I turned Brandy loose. He treed her 3 times, but she jumped each time. The 4th tree I was able to get a shot at her with a Luger pistol. I shot her in the heart and she was able to run 50 yards before dying. ...

### **Herbert Douglass, son of Leo Douglass: interview notes by Peter Brueggeman, 2006**

The Douglass and Smith Hotel put up its guests in canvas tent houses, and the Douglass family lived in the wooden house, a two story building, with bedrooms upstairs for the family. Herbert Douglass' understanding is that the house was standing when his grandparents purchased the property. Bert Douglass, his grandfather, hunted deer for meals at the hotel. When venison was insufficient, Bert purchased goat meat for the hotel, from Fraziers at the east end of Palomar. Bert brought his family including his children Leo and Daisy Douglass to Palomar Mountain in early spring to open the hotel. Since this was before school was out, the children attended school on the Mountain, and then spent the summer there including searching for Indian arrowheads. In the fall, the hotel would close and the Douglass family would go back to Orange County, with the children then attending school in El Modena [Leo graduated from eighth grade in 1907]. Leo and Daisy Douglass gave up their beds when Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., [second] visited the hotel; Leo remembered that the men wore white dusters. Marion Smith was referred to as an uncle by Leo Douglass.

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