



# A Kelly History



Robert Kelly  
1825 - 1890

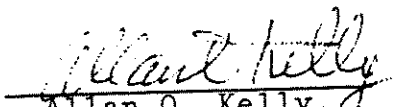
THE  
KELLYS.

1919-----1944.

A REVISED EDITION OF MARTHA KELLY PILLSBURY'S WORK OF 1944, THE ADDITIONS BEING SOME PHOTOS AND SIGNATURES FROM THE 1945 KELLY PICNIC HELD IN HONOR OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANIVERSITY OF WILLIAM SHERMAN KELLY AND WIFE LAVINIA JANE KELLY. ALSO, PICTURES AND OTHER MEMORABILIA OF THE SEPTEMBER 1969 KELLY PICNIC HELD AT THE IRWIN KELLY HOME ON EL CAMINO REAL.

OTHER ADDITIONS: SAN DIEGO COUNTY HORSE AND CATTLE BRANDS FROM 1852 TO 1890 AS COMPILED BY JOHN L. KELLY FROM COUNTY RECORDS IN 1927.

A CHAIN OF TITLE TO THE RANCHO AGUA HEDIONDA AS COMPILED FROM COUNTY RECORDS BY HELEN KELLY HULL. ALSO A MAP OF RANCHO AGUA HEDIONDA AS SURVEYED BY JOHN L. KELLY INTO LOTS FOR THE PARTITION OF THE RANCHO AND DISTRIBUTION TO THE KELLY HEIRS....IN THE YEAR 1896.

  
Allan O Kelly.  
October 30, 1978.

Charles W. ...

Mary B. ...  
Carle Switzer

Ethel Hewlin

Lawrence E. Hewlin

Chester D. Gumm

Clara Gumm

Elizabeth Connor

James Kelly

Mrs Robert Warren

Mrs. Richard Warren <sup>THE</sup> and daughter -  
Janice

Mr & Mrs W. L. ~~Trimmer~~ **KELLY**

Mr Robert O Jones

Mr & Mrs J. W. Ishell  
1819 - 1944

Miss Hamilton

Martha Hamilton

Shirley Hamilton

Wm. D. Hamilton

Alice K. Fumess

Clara Sumner

Robert J. Hall

Lois Dunham

Eddie Connor

Genealogy compiled by:

Martha Anna Pillsbury  
4429 Ohio Street  
San Diego, California

James Kelly

Mrs. Julia ...

Eliza N. Kelly

Harold Borden

Lela "

Carl Lou "

Heraldine Luile Borden

Ellen H. Hall

Caroline Hunt

Carroll R Kelly

A.C. Kelly  
On 3/1/64  
Kelly, Pismo

Carle Switzer  
Elmer W. ...

Shanna Kelly  
James Kelly  
Pine Valley Calif.

Lawrence W. Borden  
Marian Conway  
Glen Conway

William Anderson  
Nathan Anderson  
Sharon Anderson

Jessie B. Priske  
Edward Priskell  
Nellie Cilly  
Emmitt Cilly  
Dianne Cilly

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Clara E. Board  
4130 - 39th Street  
San Diego, California

Ida Dawson  
" " " Dawson

COPIED FROM LIFE STORY OF ELIZABETH KELLY GUNN

Written from 1925 to 1930

The grandparents on both Kelly and Porter sides came to America from the old country about the same time.

John Kelly and his wife, Elizabeth, (grandfather and grandmother of Mrs. Chester Gunn) settled at Nauvoa, Ill. in 1842 or 1844. The original house is still standing and is occupied by a granddaughter, Mima Kelly.

Grandfather, John Kelly, came from the Isle of Man. He lived on a farm near the town of Ramsey and it was here that my father was born. Grandfather John Kelly and his wife, Elizabeth, with their seven children came to America when my father (Matthew Kelly) was about 19 years old. The children were: John, Matthew, Robert, William, Thomas, James and Elizabeth. They stayed only a short time at Nauvoa, Ill. and moved to Wisconsin.

Grandfather died very suddenly of cholera. He had intended to leave all of his property to his eldest son, according to the English law, and so gave each of the others a trade. (My father was a blacksmith). But at his death, his papers were in disorder, and his wife knew nothing of his business and they could not prove title to some of his property so although he had been a money-lender and supposed to be well off, his children received only a few hundred dollars a piece and all shared alike.

Grandfather Kelly died in 1851 and his wife in 1854. Both are buried at Nauvoa, Ill.

Grandfather Porter and his family came from near Birmingham, Eng. when my mother was about 17 years old.

Grandmother Porter had worked for a glove factory in England and used to bring home bundles of gloves to sew. Gloves were then sewed by hand, with seams on the outside, and if the gloves were white or light colored, it was hard not to soil them. Mother told me that when grandmother went to the factory for more work, the children were locked out of the house, thinking they would be in less mischief out of doors than in.

Another story mother used to tell was about the "Rag Man". He would come with a little hand-cart to buy old rags, a few pounds of rags were worth a few cents and if one had only one rag, he would pay them with a piece of toffee or taffy. Sometimes the children would sell their mother's dish rag for the bite of toffee!!

The Porters settled on Mill Creek Valley, near Dodgeville, Wis. Mill Creek is a stream of 75 to 100 inches of water and empties into the Wisconsin River.

The Porters came to America as Colonists along with several other families. The promoter or colonizer built several log houses of one and two rooms each and cleared and plowed five or ten acres off around each house. Then he went to England and found families to buy these farms. Each farm consisted of 160 acres with this

tiny house and the few acres cleared. He received from \$400 to \$500 for each farm. The land was not surveyed at the time but later when it was surveyed they fitted their claims to the survey.

The Porters had a flour mill on Mill Creek and also "kept" folks passing through the country. No doubt the house had grown some by this time.

My mother, Emily Porter, worked for a family named Ruggles and was married in their house Dec. 26, 1848. The house is still standing and occupied by descendants of the Ruggles family.

Grandmother Porter died about 1855 at the age of 44. The date of Grandfather's death is unknown. Both are buried in Mill Creek Valley graveyard, a graveyard that is no longer used.

My mother and father began their married life in a little house in Dodgeville, Wis. Dodgeville is now about the size of Esccondido and is on the head waters of Mill Creek.

Father and mother's house was built partly of logs and partly of stone and the blacksmith shop and house joined. The house had two small rooms and the shop was about 12 by 12. It is now rather tumbled down but still enough left to show the outlines.

Dodgeville is fifteen miles from Arena, Wisconsin. A child, Mellissa, was born but died at three months. In Feb. 1851, my father left Wisconsin to go to the mines in California. Mother decided to stay with her parents the short time he would be gone. It was thought that gold was lying around loose in California and that father could get rich in a few months and return to Wisconsin. But after waiting three years, mother decided to go to California too and see why it took father so long to get rich.

I was born June 4, 1851. Mother's brother, Charley Porter, was anxious to go to California too, so they sent word to my father that we were coming. He was in a little mining town named Deadwood, in Placer County. The mail did not reach there very often so he received three letters in one day. The first, said, "She was thinking of coming", the last, said, "She had started and would be in San Francisco when the steamer John L. Stevens reached there." He had barely time to reach San Francisco before the steamer arrived but started in haste.

In the meantime mother had had a hard trip. She and her brother and I went to New York and there took a steamer to Panama. As they were young and not used to traveling, they were cheated. They were made to pay more than they should for their tickets and had to pay half fare for me, not yet three years old.

When they got to the Isthmus of Panama they had to hire a mule from a Mexican to ride across. Mother tried to carry me in front of her, but the Mexican drove his mule along by stabbing it in the side with a butcher knife. The poor mule jumped so and mother was unused to riding and was in danger of falling off, so a man riding a big red mule took pity on her and carried me in front of his saddle. My Uncle Charley walked.

We got as far as Panama and discovered that while two steamers

were in from the East, there was only one bound for San Francisco.

People had no time to waste in those days so 1300 passengers were herded onto the John L. Stevens for the trip. Mother had a second cabin ticket but there were so many first cabin tickets they were given the cabin places and second cabin ticket holders had to take steerage passage. However; no money was refunded and no better accommodations were allowed, so mother had a very hard trip.

The ship rolled badly and both she and her brother were very sea sick. I seemed to be a better sailor, although only three years old, and cried loudly for food, until my mother made some people in the cabin hear her, and they took me to the table and looked after me and also helped mother. Mother had been so over charged that she had only ten cents left when she reached San Francisco. She was worried for fear my father would not be there to meet her but some people who expected to open a hotel told her they would pay her \$100 a month to help them and she felt she could support herself until father could come. However when the boat docked the first man on board was my father and we were all very happy to be together again.

The food given to the steerage people who had paid second cabin fare was very poor until the day before we were to dock, then a fine dinner was served to put the passengers in good humor. There were a lot of men on board who were going to the mines. They were so incensed by this that they refused to eat any of the fine dinner or to let any one else. They met the waiters, took the dishes and threw everything overboard, including plates and service of all kinds that was on the tables. They said they had been starved all the way from Panama and that they could get all the food they wanted when they reached San Francisco. They threatened to bring suit against the ship owners and make them return the money paid for cabin places but after the ship was in the harbor they were in such a hurry to get to the mines they forgot all about suing.

Father took us to the stage which was just leaving for Placer County. While on the trip to Placer County I broke out with the measles. I had it very light but suppose I gave it to others.

The mines where my father had been working soon worked out, so we moved to a place on the American River called Euchre Bar.

#### M O T H E R (Lizzie)

I being the only child big enough, mother used to tell me things that had happened during her pioneer life. She was only twenty-three when she came to California, and had always had some company. So the first year she spent in this new country she saw only one woman and she was a rough, frontier woman who made her home in saloons. The miners told mother she should not talk with her but mother said the woman was only just going from one mining camp to another so she followed her around and talked to her most of the day. She felt so hungry for a woman's company.

Once, the first year in California, she was cooking for her husband and brother and three men who boarded with her. This was

on a bar in the American River. There was a little ferry boat to take people back and forth across the river. A trail ran up the hill on the one side of the Bar and then up another hill on the other side. One morning they saw a man coming down the hill. He seemed to have a lot of bundles. He would carry one as far as he could see ahead of him, then go back and get another one and carry that up to the first. He had three bundles, so it took him some time to get down the hill. The man had the boat ready to bring him over, but he said he could not afford to pay so much so swam the river three times until all his stuff was across.

He came up to the house, dripping wet, and asked mother how much she charged for a meal. She said seventy-five cents, but if he was very poor she could give him breakfast. He said he was a very small eater and thought fifty cents ought to be enough to pay for what he would eat. So she said, "All right." She had a big meal of ham, beans and potatoes, besides bread and coffee. He said he wanted tea but would drink a cup of coffee while she was making tea. The rest of the men had finished eating before he came. He drank four cups of coffee before the tea came and a whole pot of that also. He ate everything in sight and all the time he kept saying he was just trying to force a little down as he had a long trip ahead of him, but was not at all hungry. When he had eaten at least a dollars worth of food, he took out a big bag well filled with money and paid her the fifty cents agreed upon. She used to say it would have been hard on her if he had been hungry.

Another time, there were a lot of Chinese miners working on claims that white men had abandoned. They were not allowed to take up claims that were not considered as worked out. There was a Chinese tax collector who went around and called on them for taxes whenever he needed a few dollars. He would go to the camp and make each one pay the miner's tax. He would then give one man a receipt so the only money he had to turn in was the amount called for on the receipt. As a consequence, they were made to pay over and over again. One day mother saw a man coming down the hill, who seemed to be dressed up, and had on a white shirt not usually worn by the working men. She told the Chinamen that the tax collector was coming, and they hid in all directions. When the man got there he turned out to be the Chinese boss from Auburn coming to see how the Chinamen were getting along. She told him what she had thought and he went out and began to talk Chinese. In a few minutes the men began to come out of their hiding places and all had a very hilarious time over the mistake she had made.

The Chinese were good friends to any white man that helped them in any way. They could not hold mining claims themselves so my father and Uncle took up some abandoned claims and gave them to the Chinamen to work. They seemed very grateful and used to come to see us sometimes and always brought some little thing for us children.

Soon after moving back to Deadwood, a Dutch blacksmith came to the camp and started a shop. Of course, that was in opposition to father's shop. But the children used to visit his shop quite often. One day I saw some large bottles on a shelf with something red in them so I asked what it was. He said they were sour beets. I told mother and she said, "Oh, they are pickled beets. I would like some." So she gave me a dollar and sent me to see if he would sell

her a bottle. He said, "No, if the lady wants a bottle, I will be pleased to let her have one." So I rushed home with the bottle but when she opened it the contents were so badly spoiled she could not eat any. It was a great disappointment to us all as I had never seen beets and thought they would be something fine. Vegetables of any kind were very hard to get in those early days, as the men coming to California were on the lookout for gold and had no time for planting. A few years later, however, we were able to buy very nice fruit, that was raised about twenty miles away, and of course was high priced. The first peaches were sold for twenty-five cents a piece and were small. A man bought two and gave them to me because I had never tasted a peach before.

People say now that children cannot be raised without milk, but I was six or seven years old when a man brought some cattle up there to pasture and would milk the cows and sell the milk. He told me if I would get some bottles for him he would give me some milk. I did so, but did not like the milk when I got it so told mother she could have it if she wanted it. The other children did not have milk either until they were quite large. So it really is not necessary to have milk.

Mother used to be called upon to cook a meal for a crowd at very short notice. One winter, the miners living seven miles higher in the hills had not been able to get fresh beef for some time on account of the deep snows, so they got a butcher on the other side of our place about seven miles, to drive a beef to Deadwood, and the men would come that far and carry the meat home. A man came ahead of the crowd of about twenty-five men to tell mother that they would like to have dinner when they got that far. She had a very poor prospect ahead as there were no canned goods or bread to be had. She had set a big pan of bread to raise that morning, put on a large kettle of beans and also a pot of corned beef, but had not expected to use any of the things before night. She studied the matter over, let the bread rise as long as she could, made it all into biscuits and let it rise again. The beans and meat boiled as long as she could let them, then she fried the beans in hot bacon fat, and the corned beef the same. The things were pretty bad, but the men were hungry and ate every scrap and told her it was fine.

One would get excited if a crowd like that came in on them now when one can buy all kinds of things to use. In those days we had beef, pork and mutton, besides ham and bacon, all very high priced of course. We also had beans, rice, corn meal, onions and potatoes. That made up the whole bill of fare. For fruit we had dried apples that must have been windfalls, part of the skin peeled off but quartered with the cores in. They had to be cooked the whole day to make them soft, then seasoned with sugar and spice. They were made into pies. Dried currants were available but they had been dried on the bare ground so that there was a quantity of dirt and rocks to be washed out. Later we had nice layer raisins that sold for \$3.00 for a ten pound box. Naturally, we did not put many in a cake. There were a few kinds of wild fruit; a wild plum that grew on a low bush, rather small, bright red and with a bitter taste, but they were fine for sauce or to make pies. Wild gooseberries that were covered with thorns made a good jelly when the thorns were taken out. This was done by sifting the fruit through a sieve.



Early in the spring we used to gather the manzanita berries before the seeds got hard. They made pies or sauce and tasted a little like currants. There were a few other berries but not plentiful enough to be of much use in cooking. We had fine hazel nuts growing wild in Placer Co. too. Later we had other fruit brought in for sale; seedling peaches and plums and nice large apples. I thought Los Angeles must be like heaven because we got raisins and oranges there.

We had no wagons nor wagon roads at this time, but everything was brought to Deadwood on pack mules. Men would have what was called a pack train, of perhaps six mules all heavily loaded, and the man would ride one mule and bring his trainload of supplies to camp. Naturally this makes everything high. Supplies came from Auburn, Sacramento and San Francisco.

The last year we were in Deadwood a road was built so that freight wagons could be used. (1868)

Saloons were plentiful in those days but in Deadwood we had a Good Templers Society which was a great help.

About a year before my folks left Deadwood, my father took me to Vallejo to stay with my Aunt and go to school. The school in Deadwood was small and the terms were short. I stayed with my Uncle John Kelly and his wife in Vallejo. That part of the state was strongly Republican and I remember the torch light processions in honor of Grant who was then running for President.

In 1868 my parents decided to move to San Diego County. Uncle John and Uncle Robert Kelly were living there, having come with the army in 1851. Uncle John soon returned to San Francisco where he died in 1865.

Father went to San Diego, first and was greatly pleased with the country. He returned to Deadwood with a glowing description of San Diego County being a fine cattle country. He visited it in the spring of a wet year when grass was high. But after we came we had four dry years in succession and it did not seem so much like a good cattle country. I disliked it very much and begged to be allowed to return to Vallejo.

San Diego County was unfenced and the cattle roamed from Los Angeles to Lower California. Fruit and vegetables were almost unknown.

My folks left Deadwood in Placer County, California, in 1866. They came in a large, four horse, freight wagon with all of their belongings to Auburn where they took the train. At Auburn they got the news that San Francisco had just been destroyed by an earthquake but the next morning they learned it was just a shake and not much damage done. So they went to Vallejo where I joined them. They were a week in San Francisco visiting Andrew Holliday and family, who had formerly lived in Deadwood. They bought furniture and other supplies in San Francisco and boarded the old sidewheeler, the steamer Crizabe and started for San Diego.

When we arrived in San Diego Bay, of course there was no town to see on the present sight. There was a wharf, but our ship did

not use it. We climbed over the side of the steamer to a boat and were rowed ashore to a point where the boat grounded. There we stepped onto some long planks laid temporarily on saw horses to the edge of the water.

Then, we took a stage coach to Old Town where we stayed at the Franklin House situated on the south side of the Plaza between the site of the old school house and Ramona's Home. Later father rented rooms in Ramona's Home from a Spanish Priest, Father Uback. We stayed there for a month. Father Uback is the priest whom Helen Hunt Jackson described so well as Father Gasparo in the novel "Ramona".

San Diego was just a little Mexican town with only a few white people living there and nearly everyone talking Spanish.

We reached San Diego November 3, 1868, which was election day. President Grant was elected for his first term. San Diego was a Democratic town and that did not suit me as I have always been a staunch Republican and I longed to go back to Vallejo or to Placer.

Father got three four-horse teams from a Mr. Searless, loaded them with lumber, and he and my brother Matthew started out to build a house for us on a piece of government land about 35 miles from San Diego which he had already selected on his previous trip. (Kiotes) It was near my Uncle's ranch.

My Uncle John and Uncle Robert had come to San Diego in 1851 with the army. Uncle John did clerical work and Uncle Robert was a Quarter-master. After leaving the army, Uncle Robert farmed for a time at Jamacha and then bought a half interest in Rancho Agua Hedionda from Frances Hinton. They owned it in partnership for some years. Uncle took care of the cattle and Hinton ran a store at Yuma. Later Hinton came to the ranch to live and died there, leaving his half to Uncle Robert.

#### FIRST TRIP IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY

When father returned, we all started out for the ranch. Uncle Robert had sent his only conveyance, an ox cart with two-yoke of oxen. This was called a carreta. We loaded in with provisions, baggage and furniture. The following day the rest of our luggage and ourselves were loaded on a four-horse wagon and we proceeded on our way, through Rose Canyon, Soledad, San Dieguito, San Elejo and Encinitas Rancho to Los Kiotes in the vicinity of the southwest of San Marcos. Father was riding little Chocolate, one of Uncle's horses.

In Rose Canyon we saw the wild cattle, of which there were many along the road, apparently enjoying the seemingly impossible feat of eating cacti.

Just north of Soledad, we caught up with the ox cart that had started a day ahead of us stuck in a ditch. The Indian driver had lashed the oxen shamefully as was evidenced by many stripes a foot long where he had cut the hair clean off of them with his long heavy braided raw hide whip. Father scolded him and asked why he did not unload part of the stuff. All we could make out was he

12/25/1825

LIFE STORY OF UNCLE ROBERT KELLY

11/29/1890

One of the pioneer residents of San Diego County is Robert Kelly. The ground where thirty-five years ago his cattle grazed at will, is now the site of a thriving city, and the bay on the shores of which he assisted in building the first wharf, is now thronged with shipping from all parts of the world. Mr. Kelly was born on the Isle of Man, Christmas Day, 1825. His boyhood days were spent on a farm, though when he was about fourteen he began to learn the carpenter's trade. When he was sixteen years old he left with his parents for the United States. They landed at New Orleans. Soon afterward his parents moved to Illinois, but Robert decided to earn his own livelihood and remained for a time in Louisiana working at the carpenter trade. He went from there to St. Louis, where he continued at carpentering and cabinet making, and in the evening after his days labor was finished he attended school. Thus he acquired the rudiments of a fair education that was a great advantage to him in later years. From St. Louis he went to Galena, Illinois, and then to Wisconsin pineries, where for about a year he was engaged, most of the time, in rafting timber on the Wisconsin River. At the end of this time, he went to Hancock County, Illinois, where he worked at his trade. In the summer of 1850 he started across the plains for California. The party came by the southern route and their objective point was Yuma on the Colorado River. Here Kelly went to work for the Government and built a ferry-boat to cross the river. This craft was made out of cottonwood, the only timber growing there, which was sawed with a whipsaw.

After a few months he crossed the State to San Diego. Here he assisted in building the first wharf that was ever made in San Diego harbor. It was near where the Santa Fe wharf now stands. In the later part of 1851 he went to work for the Government driving a six-mule team, hauling freight across the country to Fort Yuma. After several trips as a driver he was appointed wagon master, a position of greater responsibility, but more agreeable. In September, 1852, he went into partnership with Colonel Eddy on the Jamacha Ranch, where he engaged in farming and cattle raising. He planted rye, wheat, oats, barley and potatoes on three hundred acres and made a success of it. The ranch contained eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-six acres and was situated about twelve miles east of the present city of San Diego. At the time he sold out his interest in 1857, they had between two hundred and three hundred head of horses and one thousand cattle. Their stock often grazed at the edge of the bay, where is now the city of San Diego. Having sold out his interest in Jamacha he went into the mercantile business in Old San Diego with Frank Ames. He continued this business for about a year. In 1860 he began raising cattle on the Agua Hedionda Ranch in partnership with F. Hinton. This ranch, which consisted of thirteen thousand three hundred and fourteen acres, is situated on the coast thirty-five miles north of the city. He now owns the whole of it, with the exception of three hundred and sixty-four acres, which he sold and now makes his home on the ranch. The ranch is enclosed with twenty-five miles of fence. The California Southern Railroad Company has a station on the ranch.

Mr. Kelly has had quite an adventurous life. In early days he was one of the Judges of the Plains. These were men appointed by the Supervisors of the county to settle disputes over the ownership of cattle. They naturally provoked enmity, especially from the

lawless portion of the community. About dark one evening, July 16, 1856, after a hard day's ride looking after some cattle, he was attacked on the Cajon Ranch by a gang of Mexican desperadoes who attempted to kill him. They succeeded in wounding him severely, three bullets taking effect; one grazed the top of his head, one struck him in the back of the neck, sideways, coming out about two inches above, and the other went through the muscles of his left arm. He carries the marks of these wounds to this day. He had the satisfaction in knowing that all of his assailants were killed a short time after in a revolution in Lower California, Mexico.

Mr. Kelly owns a good deal of real estate in the city and considerable outside property. He is one of the public-spirited men of the county and has contributed liberally to every movement tending to advance the public interest. He gave forty acres of land in the city and a money consideration, besides the right of way through his ranch, as his share towards bringing the railroad here.

Although over sixty years of age, Mr. Kelly is as alert and active as most men twenty years younger. The many days spent in the saddle and nights passed beneath the canopy of heaven have stood him well, and served to insure a state of health that many might envy. He is firmly of the opinion that there is no place like San Diego, and as a climate for prolonging life has no equal. Mr. Kelly is a bachelor.

Copied from the book "CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN DIEGO" --  
Published March 1, 1888.

In his manuscript "Life on a San Diego County Ranch", John Kelly speaks of his Uncle Robert as "one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He used to devote hours to lecturing us boys. At the time I thought him a very cranky old uncle, but, we all knew perfectly well that if we had done anything which we should not have done or failed to do something that we should have done, and Uncle Robert found it out, we were sure to get a lecture the first time we met him -- he would get his voice up to a pitch that could be heard a distance of a city block --- I know now that I am a better man than I might have been if it had not been for Uncle Robert's lectures."

John Kelly thought the reason for his Uncle's remaining unmarried was due perhaps to his brief romance with Olive Oatman, the young white girl who with her sister Mary Ann was kidnapped from the Oatman encampment on the Gila River, in February, 1851. Robert Kelly and one other man, his nephew writes, went back after the massacre and buried "three or four members of the Oatman family. Traveling through hostile Indian country in those days, with ox teams, was no pleasure excursion. But for two lone men to go back six or eight miles from the wagon train certainly would take some grit. And yet I have never heard my Uncle Robert so much as mention he having had that experience." It will be remembered that Mary Ann Oatman died in captivity. Olive was rescued in 1857 and was taken east where she remained until her death.

Copied from an article in the Tribune written by John Davidson, Junipero Serra Museum.

## SAN DIEGO COUNTY

Copied in brief from "City and County of San Diego"  
published in 1888.

### GRANTS

Nearly all old settlers received large grants of land from the Mexican Government. These grants of land were simply Mexican Homesteads. Instead of selling land at \$1.25 an acre for homesteading as the United States had done. The grants were made large as an inducement for settlers to go into the new country, as cattle raising was the chief industry.

Under the effect of these grants the county remained virtually an open stock range for twenty years after the admission of California to the Union.

In 1870 the "squatters" put through a law in the Legislature, which broke up the free range system, making it a law that every man keep his cattle on his own land. This law reduced the raising of cattle and horses to a minimum, because it was too expensive at the time to fence the large ranchos.

The large ranchos remained closed to settlement, for many years El Cajon and San Dieguito were the only ranchos open to settlement. San Jacinto was opened to general settlement in 1882, Escondido 1886, Ex-Mission 1885, Santa Maria 1886, San Marcos 1887, Temecula 1883.

### FARMING

"Tickle the earth with a plow and it will laugh with a harvest." Someone wrote of California in days gone by. No county needed good plowing more, and got less.

The new farmers scratched in the grain with a harrow or even a brush-drag and defended this style of farming with the reasoning that appeared sound. "If it is a good year, I will get a good crop anyhow, no matter how carelessly put in. If it is a bad year I won't get a crop no matter how well it is put in. The chances of a good season is always six out of ten."

In the long run this style of farming has been a failure. It soon made the soil foul with weeds, and reduced the quality of the grain.

In many respects, San Diego County farming was about the worst in the world. Men who, in Illinois, planted corn forty inches apart in rows straight both ways and cultivated it constantly until it was too high to drive through, planted it here in rows twenty inches apart, crooked both ways, and never afterward touched it. These styles of farming continued up to about 1890, when slight changes for the better were noticed, and from that time to the present, new-comers and new ideas have brought about a decided revolution, which is fast spreading.

For several years, beginning about 1869, bee-keeping was immensely profitable; about 1878 the price of honey began to decline, with a decided falling off in the certainty of production. The use of glucose for adulteration, in the East, has probably broken the price.

### BEGINNING OF FRUIT AND VINE CULTURE

For a long time it was supposed that fruit and grapes could not be grown in California without irrigation, and there was no encouragement to raise anything. A wagon load of any kind of fruit would drug the San Diego market. To raise fruit or vegetables for one's own use was not only expensive but vexatious, because of rabbits and squirrels, which concentrate on anything green.

A few back as far as 1878 had orchards, at Fallbrook, one place was a perfect oasis of green, apricots, oranges, lemons, peaches, apples, and quince of the finest kind. At Julian others were raising deciduous fruits and berries. National City in 1876 had orchards that answered the sneers of those that said this land was fit only for stock.

By 1882 the idea of plowing the slopes or hills became widespread and from this time dates the rise of fruit culture in San Diego County. In 1882 the first raisins in the county were cured in El Cajon. About the same time oranges and lemons from the National Ranch began to attract attention at the Riverside and Los Angeles Fairs. With the exception of the fruits raised by people who could afford to play with them, little was done until 1886. The local market was too small and shipping long distances was cut of the question.

It will be but a short time before the railroad will run refrigerator cars and then the great markets of the world will call forth pent-up energy that is little dreamed of now. The capacity of this county is immense; but until there are transportation facilities, people will not plant to any extent.

### RISE OF SAN DIEGO CITY

The first settlement in California was on San Diego Bay. In July, 1769, the first mission was built in California at Old San Diego. In January, 1855, the city government was organized. Ten years afterward the city lands, to the extent of forty-seven thousand acres, were surveyed and mapped and granted to it by the Mexican Government, hence the magnificent proportions of the present city limits.

For many years the only business done at Old Town was the shipping of hides and tallow. The population was almost entirely Mexican. For many years Old Town contained all the life upon San Diego Bay. Until after the establishment of New San Diego, it remained substantially a Mexican town. The country was then full of cattle, which, after the in-flow of gold-seekers in the north, brought for years a good price.

As early as 1850, an attempt was made to colonize the present site of San Diego. Several houses were built and the first wharf

on San Diego Bay was built at this point. This first settlement was made without any railroad expectations and solely on the strength of the harbor and climate. The excitement soon died out, most of the houses were moved to Old Town and the wharf left to ruin. San Diego was then the base of supplies for Fort Tejon, Fort Yuma, and other points to which wagon trains were run from San Diego. In the year 1867, foresight again appeared upon the scene in the more substantial person of A. E. Horton. For twenty-six cents an acre he bought one hundred and sixty acres where the central part of San Diego now stands, and laid out the city. Soon after the founding of the new city the projected railroad Memphis and El Paso, began to look like a certainty and the first "boom" in San Diego began. The new city grew rapidly to a town of twelve to fifteen hundred people, when suddenly the shining bubble burst.

In 1871 the Texas Pacific Railroad was organized and the luxuriant mushroom of brief hope again sprang up. Strangers poured in, and the population rapidly grew to nearly four thousand. The county seat was moved from Old Town to "New Town" and the present Court House built. Most of the settlers moved to the new city and Old Town was more of a curiosity than a town.

### THE LONG SLEEP

What the Texas Pacific might have done for San Diego it is useless now to inquire. With the financial crash of 1873, the population of both San Diego and National City rapidly declined to a few dozen at National and about twenty-five hundred at San Diego.

More than one representative of the great "progressive, enterprising citizen whose undying faith in San Diego has made him rich" (as we occasionally read in the papers of the day), has become so on town lots that he tried in vain to sell for years for money enough to get out of town with.

San Diego slept on until 1882 when the California Southern was organized and finished to Colton in San Bernardino County. During the building of this railroad San Diego increased by some fifteen hundred people. Bright hopes were doomed to blight as severe as ever before. The railroad had no Eastern connection. Almost every one in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties made a specialty of abusing San Diego and warning travel away from it. For over a year after the line was completed the through travel from Colton scarcely averaged five passengers a day. If any game was shot from the car, the train was stopped as a matter of course, to give the hunter a chance to pick up his game.

On the 16th of February, 1884, the greater part of the railroad in Temecula Canyon was washed out by a flood. Nearly nine months were required to place the track on better ground and get the trains running again.

There was little increase in travel until it became known that the railroad would be extended to a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad at Barstow, on the Mojave Desert.

## THE AWAKENING

During this time the interior of the county was steadily settling. But the stores in the country kept such even pace with the growth that there were few if any more wagons in town in 1884 than in 1875. Considerable trade was of course done, but mainly with eight or ten-mule teams and two or three wagons that loaded quietly and departed, making little stir upon the streets of San Diego. The population outside of the city increased from a few hundred in 1868 to some twelve thousand or nearly five times that of the city in 1884.

All these years that San Diego was waiting and watching, Los Angeles was increasing at a far greater rate, the early development of water there and its surprising results, were the turning point for the northern county.

With the extension of the Santa Fe railway system to Barstow, the rich refugee determined to come down and see whether a great railroad was foolish enough to cross hundreds of miles of desert for the sake of making a terminus in another desert. He found the only harbor on the coast south of San Francisco; a harbor to which the proud Los Angeles herself would soon look for most of her supplies by sea; a harbor which the largest merchant vessels can enter in the heaviest storm and lie at rest without dragging anchor or chafing paint on a wharf.

The growth of San Diego now began in earnest, and by the end of 1885 its future was plainly assured. At the close of 1885 it had probably about five thousand people; at the close of 1887, the time of writing this sketch, it has fully thirty thousand, with a more rapid increase than ever.

It may well be doubted if any city has ever had such a growth of the same character. Mushroom towns there have been, of course. Mines have built up some towns with great speed. But the buildings, the improvements and the people have all shown that it was but a temporary gathering liable to dissolve at any time. Not so with San Diego. The shipping in the harbor and the millions of feet of lumber landed every week have no temporary look about them.

Some forty miles of steam-dummy road now runs in various directions. An electric road is now running to the farthest end of University Heights and will have miles of branches.

## BAY REGION

San Diego Bay has 23 feet of water at low tide. During the great storm of February, 1878, - The coast steamer Orizaba had to pass every place between San Francisco and San Diego, - where the bay is always smooth.

Within two years, nearly one million and a half dollars have been expended across the bay from San Diego, in preparing Coronado for residence. This peninsula contains some eleven hundred acres. A million dollar hotel first class in every respect, and lighted by electricity, has just been built. Coronado Beach will soon be known as the most remarkable watering-place in America.



## WATER.

The following is the rain fall for San Diego City for fifteen years:

1871-72..... 7.18	1876-77..... 3.65	1881-82..... 9.44
1872-73..... 7.41	1877-78.....16.10	1882-83..... 4.92
1873-74.....14.95	1878-79..... 7.81	1883-84.....25.97
1874-75..... 5.48	1879-80.....14.48	1884-85..... 8.60
1875-76..... 9.46	1880-81..... 5.20	1885-86.....16.62

There are many places in the mountains where large reservoirs may be made to catch the flood waters. Several large schemes of this sort are already projected.

The Hemmet Valley Reservoir Company will build a dam one hundred and ten feet high in the San Jacinto Mountains. The San Marcos Water Company will irrigate the fine country around Encinitas. In time, the San Luis River will be brought upon San Marcos, Escondido, and Oceanside. The San Luis Flume Company is already at work upon this great project. The Otay Valley Water Company has been incorporated to irrigate by means of a large reservoir, with a dam of one hundred feet in height, the Otay Valley and adjoining mesas. The Fallbrook Water Company is now at work to bring water from the Temecula River.

The Sweetwater Company is incorporated to build a twenty-five foot dam in the river on the Jamacha Rancho. The Land and Town Company have about finished a large dam in the Sweetwater, which is ninety feet high. The San Diego Flume Company is bringing water from the river 35 miles away, the two principal dams are done, and 16 miles of flume is built, it will be finished to San Diego by June 1, 1888.

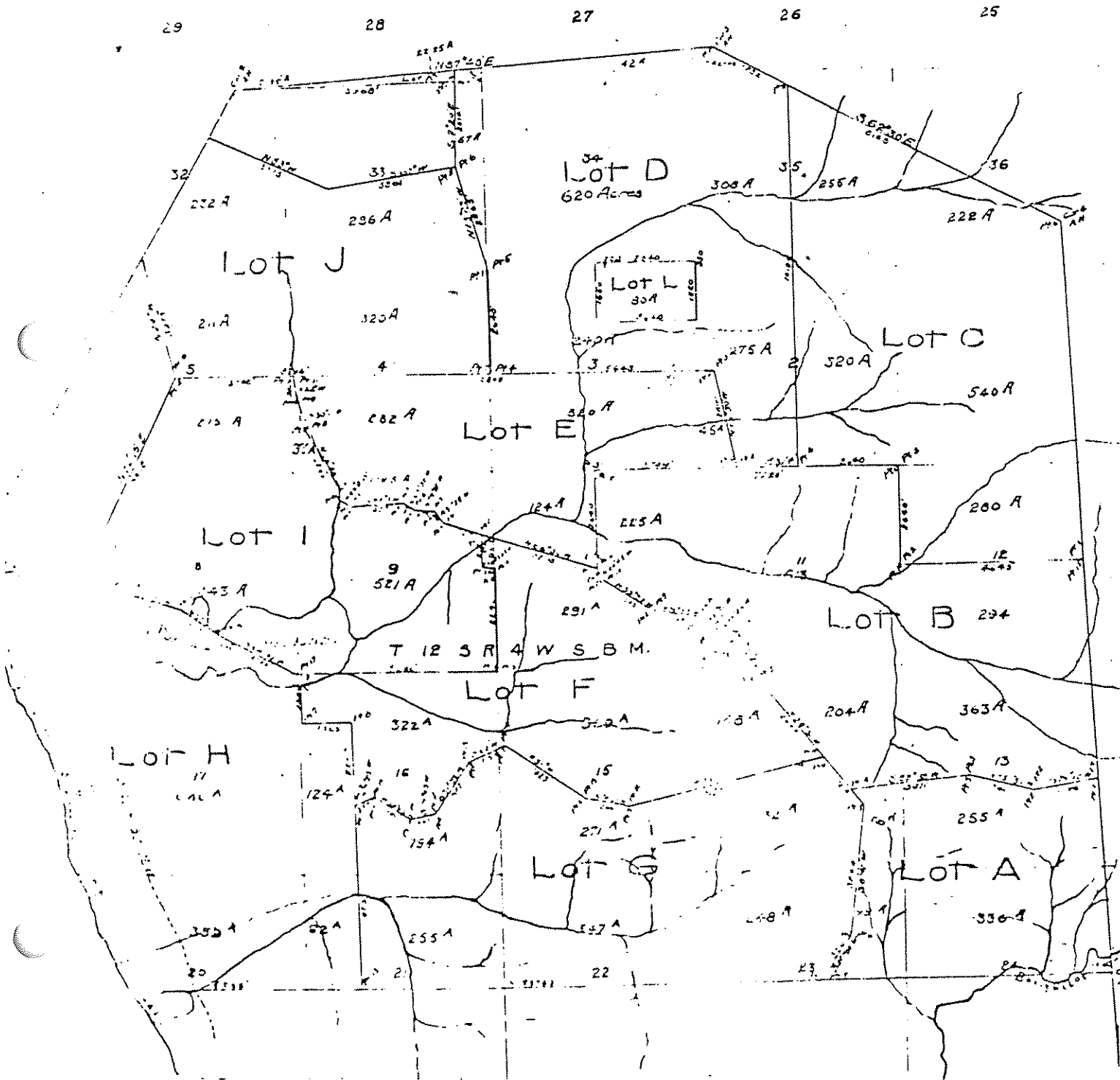
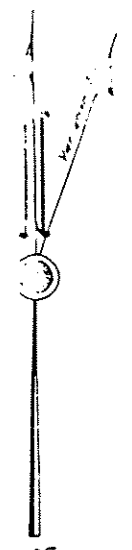
San Diego County has 300,000 acres of land that can be irrigated. The first cost to be not greater than \$50 an acre, with an annual cost of about \$4.00. Generally it will not exceed \$30 for the first cost.

# MAP OF PARTITION OF A PORTION OF THE LAND OWNED BY THE UNDERSIGNED IN THE RANCHO AGUA FREDIONDA

And of the Parcels of Land of said Rancho still  
owned in common by us all of which portions  
and parcels are represented Hereon by  
Lots "A" to "L" both inclusive.

Surveyed by John L. Kelly. Scale 1" = 2112 ft.

T. 11 S., R. 4 W S. B. M.



could "no sabe English", but we thought the real reason was that he was too lazy. Father said for us to go on and he would stay and help the Indian. They had to unload nearly everything before they could induce the poor discouraged oxen even to try and get out. Late in the afternoon, as father did not overtake us, we discovered that our driver had never been over this road but once and was not sure of the way.

### THE NEW HOME

Just at dusk he reached a point where he must leave the old road and try to find the new house in a valley three-quarters of a mile away. The man driving the wagon we were in had been on the place cutting wild oat hay so he thought he could find it all right. He succeeded in getting into the valley all right, but the first object he thought was the house proved to be a group of sycamores. In December the days are short and darkness came on before we drove into the valley. However, in a few minutes, after longing for father to be with us, we caught sight of the house and hurried up to it, only to find that although we were provided with a lantern, our matches were packed up in a trunk on the ox cart. My father always carried a pocket full, but he was not there and the driver said he did not smoke and had forgotten to take any with him.

Did you ever try to enter a place you had never been in or an unfinished house in the-dark? By groping around we found the floor strewn with shavings and a big work bench, saw-horses and scrap lumber scattered about.

We untied the rolls of bedding in the dark and tried to sleep. The smaller children cried for supper. We had had a big lunch with us and all had been eating that, so they were obliged to wait until morning for their next meal. My father and the Indian with the ox-cart got in about midnight. We set up the cook stove in the yard and ate breakfast on the big bench the carpenters had left in the house.

That was a good year, plenty of rain and lots of fine grass for the stock. The cattle were little Spanish creatures that did not give much milk and were wild as deer. We had fourteen cows for a while and only got an ordinary milk bucket full of milk from all of them; and such blue milk, no cream, making it hard to make butter. But no one had butter. They said they got some when the steamer came from San Francisco. It had only been coming once a month but had changed to every two weeks, as people were coming in looking for land on which to settle.

The whole county was used as a stock range and cattle ran from Los Angeles to Lower California, only rounded up once a year, the calves branded and ear marked and then turned out till next year. The cattle did not understand people walking and were very apt to chase one, as everyone traveled on horseback. We had several bad frights when we tried to walk around the hills.

This was soon after the Civil War and lots of people from Texas came overland in their covered wagons and took up land. Soon they were raising nice gardens in every little valley. The "No

fence" law was in force, so none of them fenced their land, and the cattlemen had a hard time. There were four dry years after the first good one and the green, cultivated patches were very attractive to the hungry cattle. Each farmer built a large corral and drove in whatever animals they could find and charged damages. So the cattlemen had to be on the move all the time, keeping the cattle away from the corn patches. After a while my Uncle Robert built a fence around his grant of over 13,000 acres of land and sold cattle and horses until they could keep what was left on the grant.

People discovered that any place that one could get water things would grow fine. After the first year we had four dry seasons and the cattle died for want of food. The water dried up everywhere and everyone felt discouraged. I think it was about the third dry year that things looked very bad. My mother saw what looked like water in a place where we had watered the cattle. She told the rest of us, but we could not understand where the water came from but it was there, a good lot of it. We finally heard there had been an earthquake, altho we did not feel it, and it had turned a stream that used to be there back into the old channel again. That was many years ago but the water is still running in the old place, now unoccupied since mother moved to San Diego to live. That was one earthquake that was a great help instead of a disaster. It was a wonderful help to us and many of the neighbors told us they would be willing to stand a great shock to get water.

The family grew up. Two more were added after we came to San Diego County, Jane and Robert, making nine children. We got some better cattle and horses, fenced the land, planted fruit trees and finally had a good home started. But the dry years were hard and great economy was needed to get along. One by one the children married and started homes of their own near by. Finally Uncle Robert died. He never married, so left the big ranch to nine nieces and nephews. My father had died a few years earlier. We divided the ranch into nine portions and all settled on their own piece except myself. I had married some years before and was living at Julian on a fruit and cattle ranch. After a while we got tired of hard work, sold the place and moved to town. Uncle owned some land there, now known as Mission Hills and that belonged to the children at his death. We built a home at 1810 Montecito Way and are still living there.

My brother John moved to Mission Hills too, as did Robert and Jane. Will and Emma went into another part of town, 28th and 30th Streets, respectively. So only Matthew, the oldest son, and a sister, Minnie Borden, were left on the ranch. Later Minnie and her husband died, leaving a family of ten children who are living on their mother's share of the Agua Hedionda Rancho. My mother came to Mission Hills with her youngest daughter, Jane, and lived there until her death eleven years ago. She left a very large family of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. She used to say that her family was like that of Queen Victoria, in size at least.

ELIZABETH KELLY GUNN

I went to Banner in July 1873 to teach a small school. It was a very lively mining town. The largest mine, The Golden Chariot, had about 300 men at work at the mill and mine. They were taking out \$10,000 work a week and everyone seemed to have plenty of money. There was a law suit between the miners on the San Isabel grant and the Cuyamaca grant. The miners were trying to get all the land covering the mines and making their grants join. There were dances every week to raise money to fight the grants and finally the miners won the case.

I married Chester Gunn, head engineer at the Golden Chariot Mill. We lived near the mill. The owner, Mr. Whitney, was buying heavily in stocks over in Virginia City and Gold Hill, Nevada. He finally got caught and had to sell the Chariot Mine to pay his other debts. The mine was not paying very much and was abandoned for a long time. We moved away and finally went to San Diego where Mr. Gunn went to work for Dr. Burroughs as deputy assessor. He was working for four months when a man named Count Wasakowsky, who had been keeping a store in Julian and also owned the mill and mine of the Helvetia County, failed in business. Mr. Gunn was sent up to take charge of the mine and mill. Mr. Duffy took charge of the store.

We lived near the mill for some time then found there was a section of school land that could be taken up so Mr. Duffy took half and Mr. Gunn the other half of the section and we started farming and raising cattle and horses. Then we put in sixty acres of apple trees and other kinds of fruit trees. Ours was the first apple ranch in San Diego County.

We lived on the ranch about thirty years and finally sold it to Rex Clark and moved into town and built our present home in Mission Hills.

Mr. Gunn died over two years ago. Mr. Duffy died nearly 20 years ago. Mrs. Duffy is still living on India Street and I have the home in Mission Hills. Mr. Gunn helped divide the County into Imperial and Riverside Counties, making three counties out of San Diego County. He was a supervisor for some time. He then went into the real estate business. About three years before his death he sold the real estate office on 2nd. Street to the Union Title Company and retired. He died at the age of 85.

We had a family of nine children, all living but one. The remaining eight are all married and living in San Diego County except one daughter, Mable, who is living in Los Angeles.

We have seen the place grow from almost nothing to a fine city.

FIRST MEMORIES AT LOS KIOTAS

Mother often tells how she longed for a cup before she finally tried to get some rest, and when she attempted to close the door, to find it hinged. Groping about she found the door prone and succeeded in getting it propped up so that closed the aperture left for it, just as a lone his unearthly yell, bringing to mind all the wail she had ever heard. I am afraid the ensuing hours, until appeared about midnight with the ox-cart - and the matches - not very cheering ones to mother the first night in her new home.

The following morning, Uncle Robert came over to bid us come. He was a very strange and eccentric man about forty-three years of age. He and father set out to plan the location of corral, and of course I followed to see what I could learn of thing so interesting. Imagine my surprise to hear him tell me to, "send the child back, as he will be sure to tell all he knows from that day, I learned never to tag after Uncle, unless he invited me, and his admonition in later life, - "To see everything and tell nothing," has influenced me to this day.

Our first house at Los Kiotas was sixteen by twenty feet square, two stories high. Upstairs, there were two bed rooms, one-half window sash in each for light, with plenty of cracks in the walls for ventilation - and in the roof also, as we found the first rain came, for mother had all the spare milk pans around over the floor and beds to catch the largest drops.

The downstairs room occupied the entire lower floor except what was taken up with the stairway; the space under this was converted a pantry and general catch-all. The main room had a window and a door and served as a kitchen, dining room, sitting room and parlor. The walls of the house were twelve-inch boards with battens on the outside over the cracks, and were devoid of paint, whitewash, house lining or wall paper.

Later, we endeavored to improve the walls by covering them with newspapers - mostly the New York Ledger, - without house lining, and a window was cut in the east side of the room in order to admit the morning light without having to leave the door open, our only window was on the west before. Some three years later a kitchen was added on the south, and in another two years, two rooms were put up at the north, giving us boys an upstairs room and a spare room below for visitors, who had been difficult to accommodate previously - although we had always managed some way.

Indian BUTCHERING

A peculiar scene was butchering a beef. I remember the first one I saw: Uncle and his vaqueros, about a dozen in all, drove a band of cattle up near the house one day, lassoed a few by the horns and chased him nearer the house, then another

his hind legs and threw him. (Mother had driven all us children upstairs where we would be safe).

As soon as they had killed the steer, one fellow built a fire. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon and they had had no dinner yet, and before the animal was hardly dead, his tail was severed and in the fire, and as soon as the others had the hide open, they began cutting off pieces of meat and roasting it on the coals.

Instead of lifting the whole animal up on a windlass to dress it and cutting the steer into quarters, white man fashion, they just sliced off the meat in any size chunks they could, cut the ribs from the back bone, which was divided into two pieces, and then hung up the various pieces of meat, ribs and other bones, until there were only the entrails left lying on the hide, which they had used as a floor to keep the meat out of the dirt.

### CUTTING FENCE RAILS

Our main work now was cutting the poles for fencing, and I remember how I long for an ax to swing like a man and assist in the cutting. Father gave me a hatchet, and after showing me a nice little tree about three inches in diameter, I started in with a will to cut it down. I cut all around it, expecting every moment to see it fall with a crash. But it refused to fall, so when I thought no one was looking, I tried to push it over, only to hear a derisive shout from Matt, who had always been a good wood chopper, calling everyone's attention to my futile efforts.

Not daunted, I picked up my hatchet and resumed my chopping, laboring for another hour and directing my blows at every point they could possibly do any good, until I had sharpened the butt end of the tree like a picket fence pin, before it finally fell. I even tried to smooth up the stump before anyone could see it. I often returned stealthily, to gaze upon my handiwork, and there stood the stump, with its nicks and shavings erect until it finally rotted away.

### GENTLE COWS

Uncle brought us some "gentle cows." The reason they were called "gentle" was because, after they were in the corral and lassoed and tied to the fence and then their hind legs tied together at the hocks, it was possible to milk them. It required two Indians to milk a cow, - one squatting on her left side, holding the pail - or sometimes a tin cup, - and the other squatting on the right side, milking into the pail. This finished, he took the pail and the other fellow then proceeded to milk the left half of the udder.

Each of the older members of the family selected one cow that he claimed for himself, until there was only an old white cow with red ears, with a fine yellow calf left for me. However, this forced choice would have been satisfactory to me had it not been that, when they opened the bars to let the cows out to pasture, my white cow spied me standing alone in a fence corner and she stuck out her tongue about a foot, bellowed and came for me.

Father hurried to my rescue, and assured me she was only being playful and would not fight anyone. However, I was convinced I did not care for that kind of play, and I quitclaimed all my rights, title, and interest in her then and there. Later, she played with all the other members of the family, except father; and in his case she bided her time until he had rheumatism and was scarcely able to hobble around. He went out one morning to drive her in, when she stuck out that same long tongue, bellowed and "played" with him. With her breath blowing on the back of his neck, you could have played marbles on his coattails as he ran painfully toward a set of bars, wondering how he would ever get through them even if she did not catch him before he could reach them. But, luckily in his flight his old slouch hat fell off and attracted the cow's attention long enough to permit him to slip through the bars. However, it is an ill wind that blows no one good, for this experience cured him of his rheumatism.

The evidence being ample in this case, he reversed his opinion and decided that, after all, he and the cow had different ideas of play, and he drove her away and I never saw her again.

#### A MANADA

The mares ran in herds of about fifty, with a stallion for leader. Let a mare take it into her head to leave that band, and she soon changed her mind, for the stallion would immediately start in pursuit, with his ears laid back and his nose near the ground, evincing his displeasure; and unless she turned back at once, he would chase, bite and kick her until she was glad to return. If one of these bands is approaching their drinking place, for water, and the stallion sees there before him another stallion of whom he is afraid, he will not allow any of his herd to go near the water until the other band has left; or if the weaker one is at the water when the other is approaching, he simply drives his mares away, whether they have had sufficient water or not; for he knows the consequences and must wait until the boss horse has departed.

As far as I could observe, no other grown, male horse was ever permitted in these bands with the stallion. In 1872, Uncle gathered all his various bands of mares, about 500 head, preparatory to driving them to Nevada to sell them, and it was necessary to take out all the stallions but one before he could drive them in one drove.

Father took this drove of 500 horses and mules to Salt Lake City; by way of Elizabeth Lake and Owens Valley; wintering between Eureka and Austin, Nevada; going on the following year to Salt Lake City, where he sold the horses at \$12.50 per head, to a man who took them to Omaha. Father was gone from April 22, 1872 to September 7, 1873.

#### WHILE FATHER WAS GONE

Being mother's "only man" was not all fun. (ten-years-old) It was my duty to get the wood and chop it. Minnie was the sister just older than I; and together we would mount the old mule and ride out, from a quarter to a half mile, to some place where wood



was to be found, and having tied a rope around some sticks, would drag them home with our mule and cut mother was very much in need of wood, she would t family, and we would pull an ancient buggy, by r ley, where we broke up a pile of sticks and loa it looked like a rats' nest. Then I would hit buggy pole and with a long rope tied to my sa of the others would hold up the pole to keep the ground, while the rest would push, and av house.

I almost forgot our farming! With a plows, about fifty feet long, for planting beans. and drove, while sister Emma held the plow and mot. beans.

Mother often told us stories of how great men had risen from abject poverty to affluence. The only one I remember is Ben Franklin's, and she finally succeeded in firing my commercial spirit until I agreed to start in by selling bundles of hay at a point on the main road about a mile distant. I think we decided we could sell fifteen pounds for twenty-five cents, so we tied up bundles and carried them on our backs, together with some bottles of water, a lunch, an umbrella and other accessories which it took Emma most of the day to fetch up to us. Minnie was to remain with me to help keep up my courage and prevent my being robbed if I got too rich.

The first team that came along had never beheld such a sight before as our array and it was all the driver could do to manure them, and I timidly went out and asked whether he would like a feed of hay, he gruffly answered "no" and drove on, muttering about things put by the road to frighten horses. The next team passed with like result, and when the third came I could hardly muster up sufficient courage to tell him my business. However, he looked around, asked a few questions, sized up the situation and benevolently consented to take the bundle, giving me a quarter dollar payment. When I placed the hay in his wagon, I saw that he had both hay and grain already with him.

I felt like a merchant prince now, and could face anybody when the fourth and last man came along, toward late afternoon he stepped boldly out and announced, "Hay - hay; twenty-five cents a bundle." But I had to take a negative answer.

Taking stock that night, I found we still had three bundles of hay and twenty-five cents to carry home. Emma came up again and helped us home with our wares, where we heard the joyful news that father was coming home and wanted us to save all the hay for the horses. So that finished that deal.

#### OUR SCHOOL (HOPE DISTRICT)

In the fall of 1871, it was decided we should have a public school, and the third school district in our county was formed, embracing the territory from Carlsbad to Cardiff along the coast then along the San Elijo Creed and to Escondido. There were many other families that sent their children to the school, - the

the Feelers, living in Green Valley five miles from us, and the Adams's who lived between our place and Feelers. These three families were the good, healthy kind that, in numbers, would have pleased President Theodore Roosevelt, for they sent twenty-four children to school, besides two or three smaller ones, held in reserve until they were old enough to walk the two and a half miles to school. I helped build the school house, - that is, I went with father and carried nails to the men or helped eat the lunch or whatever I could do like that.

The building was sixteen feet square, with eight-foot sides made of wide boards without battens, no floor but, Mother Earth, a shake roof, one door and two small windows. That dirt floor was a bonanza, for if you spilled crumbs or ink, the marks were easily obliterated; it never creaked, and required little attention beyond sprinkling it occasionally to lay the dust. Yes, and I remember another thing it was good for; around the edge were clods of dirt that had not been broken up by the tramping of our feet, and one day a big girl, who had been punished for something by being kept in, reached down, picked up a clod when the teacher was not looking, and threw it with all her might at him. But, girl like, instead of hitting the teacher she missed her mark and hit a small boy in the mouth, who was sitting in the corner opposite from where her intended victim stood, with his mouth open gazing around as boys will do instead of studying their lessons.

Another thing that kept the floor from being noisy was that the benches were so high no boy under fifteen could reach the floor while sitting on them. The desks were like large boxes, about three and a half feet high, two feet across and four feet wide, to provide room for two scholars at each one, - and sometimes three, when we were crowded for space. The top of my desk reached to my chin, and in order to write, I had to kneel down on the seat.

It was a dandy place to play; with a book stood before you, on edge, you were invisible from the eyes of the teacher; - at least that is what I thought. But one day, with my big geography opened and stood up in front of me, I was trying to have a funny time with the boy across the adjoining seat, whose face seemed to grow graver as I was doing my funniest to make him catch on - when, all at once, the teacher caught on to my collar and dragged me out over the desk onto the floor. Too late I realized the cause of the other boy's grave expression.

Mornings before the teacher arrived, we would stand on the desks and punch the roof with a broom handle until a disturbed bat emerged from the cracks under the shakes. Then you would think pandemonium had broken loose in there, as we yelled and shouted and threw our caps and hats at him till we captured him.

Near the school house were some steep, smooth adobe hills, where, when the wild oats were dry, we could give a fair imitation of sliding down hill on ice. Seated on a foot-square board, with his heels planted firmly on the edge of it, a boy could slide down those hills I believe equally as fast as on ice itself.

I will not relate how much "book-larnin" I acquired, but as that was the only school that I ever attended, you can guess. I know I finally got through my fractions.

In my earlier years, I found the walk of two and a half miles coming home from school just all I could stand. It always seemed as though, if I had to walk a quarter of a mile farther, or if mother did not have supper all ready when we reached home, I would certainly collapse. I have never been so hungry since.

### FOOD AND CLOTHING

Our meals, those first years, consisted of a plate of porridge, made of flour and water, like paste, for breakfast, with a spoonful of brown sugar sprinkled over it, father and mother had an imitation coffee made of parched corn. For dinner, there were beans, sometimes potatoes, with bread, often no butter, and jerky - being beef cut into strings a yard long and a half inch thick and dried in the sun until it frequently reached the consistency of harness leather and equally as difficult to chew - by the unsophisticated but really the nicest and best way meat ever was cured, to those who have learned to eat it. Oh! You don't know how I love it!

I have often smiled at writers who describe the awful privations of the Indians and early Mission fathers "who had nothing to eat but flour and strings of dried beef and a few beans." The three best things a Californian ever ate, if cooked properly.

For supper we had corn-meal mush and milk. No wonder we all grew strong and hearty, with no pampering, sweets, cakes or desserts, but with stomachs that can almost digest nails, if necessary. The only varieties of fruit we had were figs, grapes and (Mission) pears - in very limited quantities - from Uncle's orchard; but that was four miles distant, and we did not visit it often.

I do not believe our groceries and clothing, combined, cost over \$100 a year for the entire family, exclusive of the beef, milk, and wild game that were the only products of the ranch.

The flour sacks were made into shirts and waists for us boys and often displayed the brand in some conspicuous place in large letters. When sacks gave out, mother bought white canvas and made it into suits and dresses, for either the boys or the girls, as the occasion might require, and dyed with logwood - a streaked black - or with copperas - a light yellow, the latter we considered stylish enough for Sundays.

Once mother went so far as to remove the canvas from the canvas-covered dashboard of a buddy, to make Will a pair of pants. The material was so heavy that the bants would stand alone; and Will too found it almost necessary to stand up when wearing them, as it was extremely uncomfortable to try to sit with them on. They lasted well, and were a gratifying protection on spanking days.

### FIRST PICNIC

After we had lived in our first house about two and a half years, something grand and beyond my highest expectations occurred, in the shape of a picnic at the beach some six miles distant and fully a mile beyond the utmost limits of my little world. The Feelers and Adams's joined us, and such a day as we had no one but

a child who can remember his first picnic can appreciate.

From the hills near home, I had often gazed at the ocean and wondered what held the water back; for it seemed to me that the shore was on a level with my position and the surface of the ocean apparently sloped up from the shore to the horizon until it was many feet higher there. Surely, only some great, supernatural influence could restrain it from overflowing everything. The water had always seemed so smooth from a distance, I was amazed, when I approached the shore, to see wave after wave rolling in. I certainly felt that now my fears were going to be realized. But my preconceived notions vanished at the sight of the others wading and playing in the water.

We reached there about nine o'clock in the morning, and waded, played games, gathered shells, ran along the smooth, hard, wet beach, rolled in the warm, dry sand further back, or strolled along the wall of smooth, round cobble stones, of varying colors and sizes, that had been tossed up by the ocean to help confine its ceaseless waves. We also gathered the little "Spanish Strawberry", covered with salt and sand, squeezed the contents of hundreds of their little red sacks into our mouths and pronouncing it good. Even yet I eat them, in memory of those days, but refrain from commenting on their good qualities.

Lunch was spread out on the rocks and every one ate until he could eat no more, arose satisfied and resumed his playing. Presently the grown folks removed their shoes, too, and paddled in the water. We children, of course, became reckless and accidentally got caught by the playful waves until we were pretty thoroughly soaked, and thereby bringing about our own punishment; for our mothers decided that running about in our wet clothing would result in croup or catching our death of cold, and declared everything off. So there was nothing for it but to pile into the wagons and head for home, - the wet ones all sloppy, and sulky because they thought they had brought such a glorious day to such an abrupt and ignominious close, by accidentally getting wet intentionally.

By the time we reached home our clothes were dry, but we discovered there were more uncomfortable things than wet clothes, for we were all awfully sunburned; but the wet ones were greatly relieved to find that the good members of the party were in this general punishment. After this I think that we found that we could afford a picnic about once a year.

#### PASTIMES

While father was gone to Nevada, we occasionally spent Sunday at Uncle's where we visited Matt, who was staying there to take care of the cattle. We would take the old saddle mule - our only conveyance - and the tired ones could ride as many as three at a time, if their size would permit. Once while little sister Jane, who was three or four years old, had been riding quite a while, mother asked for her "turn", but Jane replied, very promptly, "I'm not tired yet."

When we arrived at Matt's, we would play or run down under the sycamores; or, sometimes Matt would let us peep into the various

rooms that were always kept locked, which we considered a rare treat. Another feature of the entertainment was blacking our Sunday shoes, which of course we had to wear when we went visiting on Sunday, although after we got there we were allowed to take them off, if we could not stand the pressure. We always succeeded in getting them off before we started home; for that was a four-mile tramp; and whoever saw a barefoot boy that would wear shoes all day if it could be avoided.

The only blacking our little, old stogy, shoes had at home, when they got too reddish, was compounded of tallow and soot, which mother would apply on state occasions, - such as when the Feelers and the Adams's were coming to spend Sunday with us, or we to visit them.

I have often thought of the regular Sunday morning scrubbings and hair-combings we received as love's labor lost, and think one of the Adams boys expressed it about right when he said, "What's the use, anyway, of washing your face and combing your hair when in three or four days it will be just as dirty and snarled as ever."

Uncle's blacking bos bore the picture of a man with boots so highly polished a misguided rooster was endeavoring to pick a fight with its own reflection on the boots; but though I tried ever so hard, my shoes would never attain a sufficient degree of polish to attract the notice of our rooster.

Wearing our shoes only about once a week, our feet sometimes outgrew them; but mother was equal to the occasion and would simply transfer them to the next member of the family in descending scale. Thus we managed to get full value out of the investment in our apparel. As I had been spaced just after two girls in the family line of succession, sometimes their old shoes fell to my lot, and that always seemed pretty hard luck for a boy to have to wear girls' shoes.

#### DIPPING CATTLE IN THE OCEAN

One summer about 1904, the fever ticks were very bad on the cattle, (Texas Ticks) and we decided to drive the herd into the ocean to try the effect of salt water on the ticks. We had good luck getting about 150 head down on the beach and found a first-class high tide that came right up to the high banks, so we had no difficulty in wetting the cattle pretty well, but to do a good job we thought we would drive them by a projecting point, where the waves were beating high.

Brother Robert rode through, around the point before the cattle while I followed in the rear, having sent Herbert, my son, then 13 years of age, back up the beach to look out for our superfluous clothes, and instructed him to come around on top of the bluffs to the point where we would come out.

The water at the base of the bluffs was about three feet on the average. I found some cattle up on the ledge afraid to play "follow the leader," but I soon drove them off, except a little calf that refused to go. I quickly made a loop in the end of my tie rope and dropped it over his head, when a great big wave came

along and lifted me and my horse away up on the ledge against the bank with terrific force, and then the rebound of the waves, which had climbed the bank fifteen feet or more, chucked me, horse and calf back about ten feet from the bluff, with the water level a foot deep over my saddle.

It is needless to say that I was scared, having a horse that knew nothing about swimming. My hat was carried away by the waves, but I was not mourning about it. I just thought I would throw away my rope and let the calf sink or swim, when, lo and behold, I found to my sorrow that my end of the rope was tied to my bridle reins, anchoring my horse by the bridle to a stubborn calf; so you can imagine I had to think quick.

I just took a turn of the rope around the horn of my saddle and, driving the spurs to my horse, made him swim and wade until we reached dry land, about a hundred yards away, where I dismounted and took the rope off the calf's neck, supposing he would be choked by this time, but found to my surprise that he was all right, and got up running as delighted to be rescued as I was.

I felt very thankful for my escape, and slowly rode along wondering if anyone saw me, and so glad that Herbert had been sent around on top of the bluff. I scanned the bluff for sight of him and then looked back to see what I had come through - when, horror of horrors! here came Herbert on his small horse, drenched from head to foot, out of those fearful waves, unhurt, telling how near he came to being washed off his horse by those mighty waves. I believe my hair would have turned white, yes, my heart would have stood still if I had even suspected he was not on top of the bluff, but in those terrible waves.

## HORSES

When nine years old I started out to become a horseman. My father took me for a ride on an 18 year old mule, named Kate; as I look back over 67 years to that day, I think I was prouder of my accomplishment than Lindbergh was when he crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the Spirit of St. Louis. I had ridden bareback and you can guess I was sore. The skin wore off in a few places, but what of that? I hadn't fallen off!

The next experience I recall father had a blue-roan horse named Frank. He was quite skittish and we children were supposed to keep away from him. One day father was away and I was to give Frank a bucket of water. Will helped me carry it and gave it to him in the cow corral, where he was loose with just a short rope on him. He seemed very lonesome and while he was drinking we patted him and later led him around, finally playing tag by running around him, pulling his tail, and often darting across under him in our efforts to tag the other fellow. Frank seemed to enjoy having company and stood perfectly still watching our nonsense. We were just having a great time, when all at once father looked over the fence, not ten feet from us, and shouted, "Come out of there!" We came knowing pretty well what we were in for, and we got it with a fine oak switch.

While father was away on his long trip to Salt Lake, I was

given a creature to ride that was twenty-four years old, blind in one eye. She was called "Old Mule". She had been "some horse" in her time. Uncle Robert had ridden her from Yuma to San Diego in two days; some going for anyone's horse. About 200 miles over a trail not a road. Yet I have heard him say, nearing the journey's end, he fired his pistol, to turn back some loose horses and she ran away from him; forcing him to throw away the pistol till he succeeded in controlling her, later returning to pick up the weapon.

With Kate I had learned to hang on after being put on her back. Not going faster than a walk, I had not even fallen off. Now I had to ride alone with a potato sack girted on him with a piece of bale-rope for a saddle. I fell off twice the first afternoon. I wasn't hurt a bit but how to get back on my mule was a problem. I tried to jump up but could only get half way. I tried to swing up feet first, but had no better luck. I tried to grasp her short mane and climb up the joints of her front leg. That was worse. It looked as if I would have to walk home. However, I found a bank and after a few trials I got her up to it and jumped on. I was determined not to fall off again, but as I reached "Sycamore Gutter", a calf ran out of some wild rose bushes. My mule shied and down I went again, this time there was a good bank to climb on by. I had learned by this day's lesson that if there was a bank handy I could get on again.

Another time while riding up a long steep hill to get the cows, my potato sack saddle slipped back little by little. Though I could see it going, I was powerless to prevent its falling, without endangering my own safety. I was forced to see it drop and ride away, because there was no place where I could get on again.

The "Old Mule" needed a great deal of persuasion, and after awhile I learned to use the spurs rather vigorously. One day, Uncle saw where I had cut the fur off the mule's flanks about the size of a hand's breadth. He called me to look at it, innocently asked if the rats had done this? When I confessed what I thought had done it, he gave me quite a lecture and some sulphur and grease to rub on the sore places of the mule, and forbade the use of spurs till these spots healed, then I must learn to use spurs correctly. The lecture developed several sore spots on me, too, but I was not given any medicine for them. Probably he thought time and doctoring the mule would cure me. I often think how well he drove home the lesson. It never happened again.

From riding the old mule, I was promoted to the honor of riding San Bernardino, a dark bay horse with a large white face and a white hind foot, heavy black mane and tail, and a pacer. Mother thought old "Santie" would be of greater assistance if he would only consent to work in harness, so we could go driving as well as haul wood and plow.

I managed to harness him and lead him a short distance to hitch him to the harrow, the last thing on earth I would hitch him to now, but at that time we thought it was something he could damage least. He had been afraid of the chains dangling on him, and as I had to hold him, Emma was to be chief assistant, so she took down his chain traces - and away he ran. I had a long hair rope and could easily hold him as he ran and bucked around me in a



circle, the whole family screaming at me to "turn him loose --- you'll be killed." So I reluctantly obeyed and let him go. He ran off to the farthest corner of the field, where he jumped down into a creek. Mother gathered all her brood and ran upstairs to await developments.

After all sorts of speculations for three hours, Lizzie and Minnie were delegated to go down and see if they could get the harness off him. I was said to be too venturesome and Emma was too scared by the morning performance to be allowed in the rescue party. When they reached him, he had only the collar left on, so he was easily rescued, but we never tried our prowess again to break him to harness.

Next came Fanny, a three year old brown mare with white face and feet and several blotches of white on her body. Matt had broken her and rode her almost a year. She was a cranky thing and would shy. She threw me off one morning early, as we passed a big bush, where some hogs were sleeping and one sat up in bed and said, "Bush-h" at us. Down I fell I thought I would break in pieces I was so cold. Fanny ran off and I followed her. She was afraid to cross Sycamore Gutter, so there I caught her, and went on my way.

I cannot describe my other horses so minutely. Suffice to say from my lifelong experience, I believe any horse can teach any man something, provided the man has ordinary horse sense.

These are some I rode: A young bay mare someone left at our ranch. We kept her many years, never knew who left her. She lay down in a pond of water with me on her back. The water was three feet deep. So I learned about horses from her.

Little Sorrel, I rode from San Diego, to Los Kiotas in four and a half hours, without hurting him in the least.

The Watson horse, was next, I broke him to ride. One day my chum proposed a race, we were riding at full speed, when we came to a place where the road had been changed. The old road had a board, one by six, across it, nearly four feet above the ground, nailed to a post at each side of the closed road. My horse was going right for it at top speed when I first glimpsed it. I pulled on the reins to stop him, and broke both reins off at the bit. This checked him a little, but he tucked his head under the board and went through. One end of the board was unfastened from the post and slid up along his neck, giving me quite a blow on my chest, almost knocking me off the horse. With me trying to stop him by pulling on the rope around his neck, he ran into a corn field and up a row with me breaking down a row on each side with my stirrups, all at once I tried pulling on the head-stall and this stopped him.

This recalls another unbridled story four or five years later. I was riding Sorrel Top, a very gentle horse. While I repaired some fence I tied him by the bridle reins, something not customary then. He broke the bridle beyond repair, as he was gentle I started home, riding without a bridle. On the way home a quail flew out of a tree, just a few feet from us. Sorrel Top whirled so quickly I fell off on my hands and knees on a lot of little sharp rocks that punctured all fours, so I remember the sensation



yet.

Running Phoebe down hill one day, she stepped into a small ditch, turning a complete somersault, throwing me ten feet or more down the hill, and then came rolling down herself and rolled over me. I fully knew what had happened, feeling her heavy weight crushing me as she went over me. I got up all bruised and shaken up, vomiting like a buzzard in a trap, I caught hold of the bridle reins, feeling I would surely die in a few minutes. A human body could not stand to be crushed by a thousand pound weight and still expect to live. So, holding my horse for a mark to find me by, I sat there expecting every minute to be my last. Finding I did not die, I rode home and was put to bed, where I stayed for three weeks before I was able to be up and at it again.

Lucy, a nice looking black horse, was just plain balky. One day I drove her to Encinitas hitched to a cart. We started up a long hill, as we neared the top, Lucy said she would not pull up there and started to run backwards, the cart gaining velocity assisting in jerking her backwards down the hill faster than she expected to go. At last in grim determination she stopped, leaning forward so as to brace all four feet to hold the cart from pulling her down the hill. I let her hold it a minute then spoke to her and she went forward, and was no further trouble after that.

Dexter was the next interesting one. Hitched to a two-horse farm wagon, with old Chepa alongside of him, Jack Ellis holding him with a long halter rope to help steer, I was up on the high seat with a good grip on the lines, a foot on the brake, ready for what might come. As soon as he was untied he was off at full speed for a gate a hundred feet away. Luckily we went through the gate instead of the wire fence. He pulled away from Jack. With Chepa's help, we managed to steer him for a high hill, up which we went to the top, scattering crowbars, shovels, a bale of barbed wire, a pan of nails, our lunch, an ax, hammer and a few other trifles, which we had put in the wagon before we had hitched him. We had intended to drive down to the Pritchard place to repair some fence. As he reached the hilltop he was out of breath and had to slack up to a trot, thinking he was subdued, I gradually turned him back down the hill. Half way down he recovered enough breath to run again, I was forced to turn him up hill again, so over the top we went once more. The next time down I met Jack with his arms full of spilled out plunder, after gathering the rest of the lost tools, we were off with only a few trifling runs.

Another time I was taking three horses to San Diego from the ranch, with the gentlest one leading behind a top buggy. We reached the south side of False Bay without any trouble. When all at once the little steam train that ran to La Jolla whizzed by. The pair in front had seen it coming and were not frightened but the one behind the top buggy had no inkling of it till it dashed by a few feet away. With a great spring she tried to get on the other side of the buggy from the train, and in doing so stepped over her halter rope, that was tied to the middle of the rear axle, causing her to turn a somersault, leaving her on her back with her feet up against the side of the buggy, her front legs pawing the wheels and her hind feet fanning the horse on that

than they intended, and out of the goodness of their hearts, decided to water him at a trough at 12th and Market. One of them got out and took the bridle off, and as he moved up to get a drink he saw the buckboard with the other woman in it coming after him. Away he went, a policeman thought to save the woman by killing the horse. Instead of shooting him through the heart where he aimed, he shot him in the leg, which only made him run the faster. The first we knew the horse came in the stable door with the woman hanging over the back of the seat ready to faint. Two of the men grabbed the horse and I rescued the lady. The bullet that went through Friday's leg went through a door across the street into a butcher shop, hit the butcher in the knee, causing blood poison and he died a few weeks later.

Princess and Dutchess -- these were two very fine black mares, I bought from Elmore Squires. One day I was going west at 10th and Univ. when without any reason they were running away at full speed. There were hardly any buildings then along that street. At Fifth they turned south to Upas, where I turned them into a hedge, around Miss Session's nursery, not knowing whether it would stop them or not, it did.

One rainy morning, I was driving this same team down Fifth, when they got to cutting up, their feet slipped from under them and they both fell in the street, with their backs together, lying on their sides with their feet wildly striking out each side, until one mare got against the curb and immediately got up, a man helped me get the other one up, and the little incident was over, with nothing broken.

Darkness and Midnight -- these you can guess were black. They were of the same breeding as Princess and Dutchess, likewise without any warning could run just as fast. I had driven out to Point Loma Homestead and was on the way back coming down Chatsworth Blvd. just a trail then. They lit out for dear life in the darkness, I knew there was a gully on one side and a wire mesh chicken fence on the other. I turned them toward the fence hoping we would miss it. (I have never been able to guess what would have happened if we had run into it. Probably two or three somersaults, winding up like a railroad wreck.) They ran by one corner of this fence so close I could have touched it. A little farther they stopped and we finished our trip to San Diego.

Tom and Midnight -- I drove these to Point Loma Homestead to a two seated surrey, picked up a man and his wife as passengers, and was again on Chatsworth. The rains had washed a gulch across the road and some one had thrown some fan-palm leaves into it to make it passable. As I drove into it Midnight stepped on a stem of a leaf and the other end flew up and hit him in the flank. Before you could say "Scat" he jumped, split out the eyelet in each of his traces, pulled the lines out of my hands, and the neckyoke off the end of the pole, ran around ahead of Tom, and both of them fell over the wire fence. Before they could pick themselves up I was on their side of the fence and caught them. After the horses had so hurriedly gotten free from the surrey followed and struck the pole through the fence up to the double-trees, and there sat my passengers almost on top of the fence, very much surprised at so much agility. The passengers and surrey on one side of the fence, the driver and horses on the other. We

were soon on our way as merrily as anyone could wish.

When I was city council man I often took the council out to inspect various projects. One day they ordered a three seated carriage and two horses, I thought to give them good measure by putting on four horses, two of them half-broke colts on the wheel, with two good gentle horses for leaders. As I drove out of the stable door, one colt's bridle slipped back on his neck, exposing his eyes, he saw everything coming after him, way he went, bradding the leaders with the pole, so they had to run too, to get away from the punches. From Third to 4th on F we sped, getting faster at every jump, then down 4th. As I passed 4th and G the council were all on the sidewalk, at the door of the City Hall, and rather impatiently waiting till they saw the hurry I was in, but I could not stop. We were still going lippety, clippety, direct for the bay where I thought we might land. However I succeeded in turning them on J Street without any of them falling down, at 7th a young man on the sidewalk saw my plight -- that my strength was gone -- and he jumped into the back of the rig and reached over my shoulders, grasped the reins and stopped them. I then drove back to the stable and left the leaders, thinking two colts were power enough. I drove to the City Hall and picked up the "Bunch" and finished our job of inspection in an hour and returned to the City Hall, making one more good story.

There were many more similar experiences, but these few show what life was made up from, and what and how a good horseman is made, if not killed. I have had hundreds of accidents and I do not recall two alike. "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

#### TRIP TO LOUISIANA

In 1908 I sold Midnight and Darkness, two black horses, full brothers, well broken to single and double harness, also well gaited saddlers, to Mr. Doolittle, later he sold them to his father-in-law, Edward Gay, who had been here and fell in love with them, provided they could be delivered to Mr. Gay's home in Plaquemine, Louisiana.

Mr. Doolittle engaged me to have them delivered. First I had about eighteen inches of saw-dust put in the big furniture car, at one end for the horses to stand on. Some hay and grain and a barrel of water at the other end; also a little emergency food for myself, amongst other things a box of Salsway peaches. Then with a hammock swung lengthwise of the car, at the center between two big doors, one on either side of the car, with my blankets spread I was off on a freight train.

Every time the train stopped or started the first day, it jerked the horses off their feet and threw them in the saw-dust. Later when they got used to it and heard the cars ahead having their couplings jerked one after another along the train, the horses learned how to brace themselves so as not to be thrown off their feet, when the jerk came in our car. We spent 12 hours in the freight yard of Los Angeles, being shunted hither and yon at the pleasure of the switch engines making up the trains. My poor horses were scared stiff by such treatment. Finally we started

across the continent on the tail end of forty-four freight cars of all descriptions.

I was entitled to ride in the caboose with the conductor and trainmen, but after spending the first day in my hammock, so as to be near the horses, if they got into trouble, I decided I had something much better than the caboose afforded, so stayed in my own car all the way.

In Los Angeles I went to an old bookstore, trying to get an old copy of Shakespeare or of the Bible, in large print, to read on the way, something cheap that I could throw away at my journey's end. The only thing approaching what I wanted was an old octave Bible, in small Pica, 316 pages, printed in 1859. It had been someone's treasure, who had pasted a red rose with two unopened buds on the inside of the front cover.

A day or two later in passing through Arizona my attention was called to a mountain range called Chief Chochis' Head. I could see no resemblance to a human head to my eyes, until I drew an outline of the range in the inside cover of my Bible, then by turning the book upside down, the picture made a very good chief. The date written under this drawing is 9/25/1908.

This old book gave me so much true pleasure, that instead of throwing it away, I carefully packed it up and brought it home with me, a treasured memento of the best trip I ever made across the United States.

After my horses were taken care of, all I had to do was to lie there in my hammock, and look out the doors to see the scenery which was all new to me. Many whirlwinds, throwing dust high in the air out of an apparent lake. Once I saw three separate whirlwinds in one lake of mirage. Along this country these beautiful whirlwinds sometimes ascend to the very heavens and are called Dust-Devils.

For four days and three nights I did not close my windows, but later I got to where the nights got cold and the wind blew in the day time and it was pleasanter to have them closed. One night I had the doors shut and tied with bailing wire, to keep the "foul night air out". When the train-crew changed, the new man came along examining the cars and found mine fastened on the inside, and asked who was in there. I told him I was traveling with horses and had gone to bed, just let me alone till morning. He cut the wires and was soon in my car with his lantern, saw I was as repressed and not a bunch of tramps, as he had suspected. Then he began sniffing and asked if I had oranges. I told him no, that I had a few peaches left and for him to help himself, which he did, praising them very highly, although I thought they were very passe. Next morning he made my car headquarters, eating peaches and telling stories about the country we were traveling through.

At Fort Worth, the end of his division, he asked if he could have the remains of the peaches to take to his wife? A request I gladly granted. I had to lay over here for some time, and he came again to bring his wife's thanks for the peaches and to tell me to try and get transferred to the fast meat train that would put me at my destination in the morning instead of the following night.

This I succeeded in doing and arrived at 9:00 A. M., instead of at midnight. The train crew always knew where they would stop for meals and would run along the top of the cars so as to be at their places at the front when the engineer stopped opposite the eating place. My first announcement be when the train stopped and I saw everyone scooting to the eating place, then I jumped out of the rear car and ran a quarter mile to eat, too, getting there when they were well started so I had to work on the double-quick and get out after they were on the front of the train and try and catch my car as she came past. Luckily I never happened to miss my grip.

One evening we were standing on a sidetrack, waiting for a passenger train to pass. I had no idea where the next eating place would be. A construction train was alongside, where some Mexican families were cooking. I asked a small boy if he could get me something to eat from his mother. He soon came back with a plateful of nicely cooked pink beans and some tortillas, both of which I am very fond. I asked him how much it would be and he said 15 cents. I gave him a quarter and told him to keep the change, but he brought the 10 cents back. I finally got him to understand that that was for him, he then ran back and brought me a cup of tea and a turnover pie. Luckily I ate as there was not another chance until the next day at noon. I suppose the trainmen must have carried their lunches with them here.

After arriving at my destination and delivering the horses to Mr. Gay I thought all I had to do was start home. Senator Gay insisted that I should spend a few days at his home. After a fine bath, a good rest and a change of clothes, he suggested after dinner of driving out to see one of his farms. I suggested that we take the new team to give them some exercise. He did not think this possible, because he said shipping horses from Kentucky two days away, they always had to have the best of care before they were able to be used, and my team had been in the car eleven days without change. I told him they were in fine shape, not hurt in the least. Plenty of room and the saw-dust had saved them from injury, they had gotten so they would lie down and rest so had not a joint swelled. We drove them that afternoon and inspected a farm of 4,000 acres in sugar cane, worked by a little darky town full of about 250 negroes and about as many mules.

Next I went down to New Orleans, this city is situated on the Mississippi river, on land several feet lower than the surface of the mighty river. In the cemetery the bodies are buried above ground, in cement of stone structures, to keep them out of the water.

I bought a railroad ticket for \$32.00, by way of Dallas, Salt Lake, Caliente and Los Angeles, and then \$5.00 the rest of the way home. Some special tourist rate to the coast, about half the usual price.

At Ft. Worth I stopped off six hours, visited a slaughter house, where they were killing a lot of thin cattle. As soon as killed, a man inserted an air hose under the skin near the hock and inflated each animal until each leg stood out two feet apart, like it had been dead and bloated a week. I was told that no one would buy them if they looked thin, but by this method they looked round and firm and were readily sold.

I found I was nearly out of money, I thought of Herbert, my banker son, and wired him to send \$25.00, in care of a hotel in Salt Lake. I arrived the next night and the money was there.

Next went to Caliente, Nev., where I stayed a day or two visiting Herbert and Mr. Dranga, the banker. Herbert took me up on a high mountain to see what we could see, descending I fell and slid most of the way to the bottom, taking most of the bottom out of my pants. He and Mr. Dranga doctored them up so by sitting down most of the time while in company, I got home without any further mishap.

#### VISIT TO DEADWOOD IN MAY, 11, 1916

We arrived at Auburn at 6 P.M. Stayed at the Freeman House. Mr. Moustache gave us directions to Deadwood. Left at 7:10 A.M. Went down to the American River, then up a long mountain grade to Forest Hill and Michigan Bluff, where we got saddle horses and rode seven miles to Deadwood, going down 1500 feet in three miles to the north fork, then climbed 2000 feet in the next four miles along a trail where at times it seems a man could jump and land 1000 feet below.

At first I did not recognize Deadwood. It had been forty-seven and a half years since I left there, a boy six years old. The first thing I recognized was the water ditch, and next the old house where I was born. As we tied our horses, a dog barked and an old, heavy-set man emerged from the house. He gave us lunch of bread and sardines and drew a bucket of water from the well, 112 feet deep, - the same as the first I drank. The old man introduced himself as Deadwood Dick, when he learned who I was he grew very reminiscent and recalled all the people I could remember that lived here in my day.

He complained of taxes, said the rate was \$2.15. I wondered how much his taxes could be, he could not possibly be assessed as high as \$100.00 for all I could see. I asked how much his taxes were but he refused to tell me.

Irwin took several kodak pictures. The old man was very anxious for me to send him one, for of course he was the leading man, oldest inhabitant, and so forth. In fact, he was the only inhabitant of a once thriving mining camp.

It surprised me what I could remember of the old place. I could point out every change in the building since my day and the directions where the various neighbors lived. I was pained to see how everything had shrunk from the size it was in my boyish imagination. The distances were so insignificant! The big hill at the east had been reduced from a mountain to a very slight incline! The big Kellogg oak tree at the front door was the only thing that had grown larger. In that surrounding thicket, I used to search for wild cherry, gooseberry and hazelnuts.

We consumed five hours until we got back to Michigan Bluff. Two hours riding each way and one hour in Deadwood.

SOMETHING THAT WILL LAST A HUNDRED YEARS.

In 1903 I had a Sunday-school class of boys in the Central Christian Church, averaging about 10 years of age. My business, then quite common, but now almost forgotten, was the Livery Stable Business, - located on the north-east corner of Third and F Streets, where I kept as many as one hundred horses, and suitable rigs to go with them from one-seated buggy to the Tally-Ho that seated twenty grown people.

To get better acquainted, and help hold the interest of my class, I offered to give them an all day trip somewhere, on which I would furnish a suitable carriage and go with them all day, taking our lunches and having the best kind of a time - riding, swimming or hiking.

The boys liked this so well we increased our trips from annually to semi-annually, instead of just one day we sometimes stayed and camped over-night. They hinted they could unmistakably stand even more. I was a very busy man, and did not see how I could afford them more. With my Sunday-school work, church work, anti-saloon work, and a Director of the Chamber of Commerce, also City Councilman, serving on committees, and my own business required a little time (twelve hours a day would not be too much). What should I do?

One day, we had gone up to the San Diego river to the Old Mission dam and had seen it and the aqueduct that brought the water down to irrigate the Mission lands, the boys learned these things had been built more than one hundred years ago. They asked, "What can we build that can last one hundred years?"

I was a member of the Committee on Streets and Roads, (there were no good roads then and I do not think there were over five miles of paving in our city) both of the Chamber of Commerce and the City Council. The street force was a little over a dozen men, something altogether inadequate for the hundreds of miles of streets. The next time the class suggested a trip I asked them would they work two hours for me, if I would give as many hours to them? They shouted with joy at the prospect. So I told them to come to my place of business next Saturday at 1 P.M. and be sure to wear their old clothes, and that I wanted them to work. Further would they do any kind of work I told them to do? To which they all shouted, YES.

A half hour before the appointed time the boys were on hand, but I was not there. They inquired of my men what I wanted them to do. The men knew nothing of my plans and told the boys there must be some mistake. As I had ordered a certain big carriage hitched up at 1 P.M. and I was going to drive it myself. When I came in at the appointed hour the boys came running toward me and asked if I had forgotten them? What was their work to be?

I ordered my men to bring the two boxes of grapes and oranges from the office and put them in the carriage, then the boys to climb in too.

We drove out India Street to near the edge of town, about Elm Street. The boys had been trying every way they could to find



out what I was going to have them do, when all at once I told one of them to jump down and throw that stone out of the road.

You ought to see the look come over his face! The idea of him working on the public road. I asked, "Didn't you say you would work any where or do whatever I asked you to do?" "Yes." "Then this is what I want you to do." He got down and threw it away and started back to the carriage, but I showed him another and told him to throw that and any others he might see, too. As we came to where the stones are more plentiful, I ordered others out, finally getting out myself to help, leaving the smallest boy to drive the carriage, along behind us.

We were surely a dandy crew to throw stones, - a great deal better than the same number of men. We actually got lots of fun out of it, hitting all the good targets along the way. In an hour's time we had done the allotted task. Throwing out all the loose stones to Tide Street.

A short time before we had finished, Mr. A. G. Spaulding, the millionaire sporting goods dealer, but, better than that one of Nature's Noblemen, came past us in his carriage, with a fine team, driving out to his home on Point Loma. He stopped and said, "Hello, Kelly. What's the meaning of this?" I told him I had a dandy crew and we were doing a little road work to make the roads better. He said, "God knows they need it bad enough," and drove on.

Right here I wish to explain, I was furnishing all the livery work for the Point Loma Homestead and much of my other regular custom was over this same route. There were no street cars, or anything that could be called more than a trail out there then. Where Tide Street is now we serpented through sand and mud. The high tides crossed it in three places, then the trail took a diagonal cut across through where the Naval Training Station now is, to Roseville School, then on in the same general direction, straight up the hill to the south side of the present canyon road.

As soon as our work was done we all got into our carriage and drove to the beach, eating our fruit as we drove along. Here we played until evening, returning home all satisfied with our afternoon.

Next morning I was at the Point Loma Homestead on business. Mr. Spaulding saw me and came over to ask more about what I was doing down on the road yesterday. We had quite a talk in which he evinced great interest in the state of our roads. Finally, I said, "Mr. Spaulding, you are a rich man. Will you furnish the necessary tools to work the road from San Diego to here if I will put a man and a team on the road to use them for a year?" He said, "Find out how much it will cost." A few days later I told him they would cost \$830. He said, "When will you begin work?" I told him as soon as I could get the tools. He handed me his check for the amount right there, and that's all the agreement we ever had about the work.

My man did the work for a year, as agreed, and my boys helped. Mr. E. W. Scripps had been making automobile trails, radiating from Miramar in all directions, for a year or two. Mr. G. W. Marston had been trying to make roads in our City Park. Mr. Spaulding had



improved the roads around the Homestead, all of which had been noted by the Chamber of Commerce and others.

One night after the work of the day was over, I was sitting in my office, when Rufus Choate, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, came in, and said there would soon be a city election and he thought it would be a good thing to ask for a bond issue to build all our new roads out to the city limits and to Point Loma and La Jolla, our main tourist trips. I agreed with him. Then he said, "I want you to be chairman and get Messrs. Scripps, Spaulding, Marston and Clayton (the last to represent the Spreckels' interest) as your committee, to recommend what should be spent on various roads." I said that was a grand committee, with whom I would gladly do my best, but not as chairman, as any one of these men was far my superior. Then he said, "Scripps will work in the northern part of the city; Spaulding towards Point Loma; Marston in the Park; and we hope Clayton towards the south east; but I doubt if they will work in the other sections, but you are interested in having good roads in all of these places. Now, will you try to get them together to serve on this committee and recommend what should be done?" After this statement, I realized he had grasped the situation, and I agreed to attempt the work.

Next morning, I called Mr. Spaulding and laid the matter before him and asked if he would serve on the committee. Mr. Spaulding's tone indicated he felt like the boys, when I asked them to throw rocks out of the road; it was something he should not be asked to do - something beneath his level. However, he said if any one of the others would serve he would. Then I called Mr. Scripps, stating what I wanted. He was quite surprised that he should even be asked to do this. After making several objections, he said if any one of the others would do it he would. Then I told him Mr. Spaulding had been called and what his answer was. "All right, if Mr. Spaulding will serve, I will." This assured me of enough for a good working committee, for I was certain that Mr. Marston would serve; I never knew him to shirk a public duty. When I called him a few minutes later, he said he would cheerfully do all he could to assist.

Then I called Clayton. He was way too big for the job. I really had to labor with him and tell him all the others had agreed to serve, before I could do anything with him. If my recollection serves me correctly, he only attended one meeting, when he agreed to supervise some of the southeastern roads, but actually fell down on that. Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Scripps had to do that, too.

I called my committee to meet, the first day they could all attend, at the Chamber of Commerce rooms, upstairs, in the building at the southeast corner of Sixth and D (now Broadway) and after stating the object of the meeting, I sat still and observed what four millionaires would do, or recommend the city to do. While listening to a lot of desultory conversation, I began to realize their ideas of our city and her ability to do things did not amount to much. They thought \$25,000 would be about right to recommend for the bond issue, and then asked me if that agreed with my ideas. I threw a thunderbolt in to them when I said that amount would not make a scratch in the roads we wanted to build, \$100,000 would not do the work that ought to be done.

They intimated I was wild and the council would never pass it.

Then they said they would raise the amount to \$50,000. I suggested we compromise on \$75,000 as there was over forty miles of roadway to improve, and less would not be worth starting out with, and I asked, in their judgment, would the people vote that much if the council accepted our recommendation? They unanimously said yes; the people would vote the bonds, if I could get the council to put it on the ballot, I might report the amount at \$75,000.

The Council passed it and it was carried at the bond election, with provision that this money be expended as directed by the Road Committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

We ran across many snags, legal, financial, rights of way, but worst of all were the grading contractors that had fed at the public crib. The Committee hired men and teams that suited them, and under the direction of George Cook, as engineer, supervised this work so well that we got over \$100,000 worth of roads for the money.

Our attorney, Mr. Doolittle, a fine man as well as a good lawyer, told us sometimes our proceedings were not legal; for we cut as much of the Red Tape as we could, or we never could have accomplished half as much; but we persevered until the job was done. I have often thought some of our committee contributed towards this work with their own funds, as well as giving their time.

The results of this bond issue were so good that the Chamber of Commerce proposed to have this Committee submit an estimate of what it would cost, under their supervision, to continue our main roads to our County lines. This estimate was prepared with the recommendation the County vote a bond issue for \$1,250,000 which was carried by a big majority.

Mr. Spaulding used to say, "Build roads till they make you poor, for they will eventually make you rich."

I have always felt our City and County, and our State, too, owe these wealthy men a great deal for giving their time and prestige and other considerations, free, to start our great road system. But, instead, Misunderstanding, free, to start our great road system. But, instead, Misunderstanding, Misinterpretation of Motives, Jealousy, Envy, and that Hydra-headed Monster Politics, drove every one from their well earned and well deserved place and put someone else in, that would serve the Political Boss making our roads cost much more under these influences. I believe my friend Spaulding gave the most and was hit the hardest. Los Angeles and San Joaquin Counties followed in the wake of San Diego County, but they had no such volunteers to start their work, nor has any other county, to my knowledge.

Our road system is still progressing and quite rapidly, but at terrific cost.

Thus California's great road system, now world famous, was started by volunteers. I believe that class of boys started something that will last more than a hundred years.

# CAMPING ON THE COLORADO DESERT

By John L. Kelly

Written in 1918

It was in the year 1894 that I spent several months on the Desert, and it is a description of my experience at that time that I am going to write.

There was very little rain that spring and consequently very poor feed or pasture for our stock. In fact, we were somewhat overstocked with cattle and horses, and a dry year was a very serious matter with us. I, in company with a friend, had taken a trip to San Francisco that spring. I think it was in April that I returned to the ranch and found that my brothers had taken all the horse stock, amounting to about two hundred and thirty head, out on the western end of the desert, to try to carry them through the dry year that was upon us. Two of my brothers, Matt. and Charley, and an Indian called Frank, returned from helping take the horses out there. I think they got home the day after I returned from San Francisco. (Before I go further I must explain that I am writing this account twenty-four years after the events that I am writing about took place, so I am not quite sure as to some of the dates.) Neither my brothers nor myself had ever been on the desert previous to this trip, and they had quite an interesting story to tell of their experience.

They had left my brother Will and a man named Gene Healey out there in charge of the horses. Their camp was at "Palm Creek." I was busy for a couple of weeks riding over the ranch attending to the cattle, when one evening my brother Will came home. He said a couple of the horses had gotten away from them and he had followed their trail clear back to the ranch. These horses arrived at about the same time Will did and we knew nothing of their coming until he told us of it. Will said he had left Healey out at camp alone, and it was a pretty lonesome place to be alone, for it was at least twenty-five miles from any white man's habitation. Will said he did not like the life out there, as he and Healey did not get along very well together. I told him I would go out and take charge of things, and seemed very glad to have me do so. He said they needed quite a lot of supplies out at camp, so my brother Charley said he would go out with me and take a load of supplies with us.

Accordingly, Will took me over to Charley's place the next morning, where we found him all ready to start. I had my saddle, bridle and riata with me, also a double-barrelled shot gun, and a Smith & Wesson six shooter, with a box of ammunition. I had intended to take my Winchester rifle in place of the shot gun, but Will declared I would have no use for a rifle, but might find some doves and quail near the camp, and advised me very strongly to take the shot gun. However, I will say here, that I regretted very much afterwards that I did not have my rifle, for I never saw anything in the way of small game, but I found there were both deer and mountain sheep in the mountains along the western edge of the desert, and I have always been a most enthusiastic hunter with the rifle.

Charley had a span of very young horses hitched to a small spring wagon, and when I took a look over the load that he had on that little rig, I held up my hands in astonishment. I said, "Charley, this rig will break down before we go five miles, even

without my saddle and outfit added to the load." He said, "Oh, tie your outfit on top of the load, John; I guess the wagon will carry it." I thought it was madness to start with such a load. But he said he believed we would get along without any trouble.

We had a load of eight hundred pounds on a little rig that was made to carry four people. Most of our load was rolled barley, which we would need very badly if we could get it out to camp, to feed our saddle horses. Besides the rolled barley we had a lot of provisions and bedding.

Well, when I found he was bound to start with such a load, I tied my outfit on top of all the other things, but held my shot gun across my lap, and we started out. I certainly would not have been surprised if the little rig would have gone down with a crash before we were out of sight of the house. I sat there expecting every little rut we came to would end the career of our creaking little wagon. I said, "If you drive over a chew of tobacco, she will break down." I imagined I could hear something crack every once in awhile, and I suggested several times that we stop and take a look to see if everything was alright, but Charley kept the team going at a steady jog. He wouldn't even take the ruts carefully, for he said, "If she is going to break down, we might as well find it out while we are in civilization, for we have some road that is awfully bad after we get out on the desert where there is no means of getting repairs."

Well, we went through San Marcos Valley and through the town of Escondido, and stopped to water and feed the team, and to eat our lunch under the big eucalyptus trees at the Rockwood place in the San Pasqual Valley. After a stop of about an hour, we hitched up the team and started on. We climbed the long grade out of the valley and up through the pretty "Clevenger Canyon," under the large oak and sycamore trees - across the north end of Santa Maria Valley and on up, ever climbing, to the Ballena Valley, which we crossed, and after climbing another heavy grade, we came to Witch Creek just at sun set. Here, at that time, we were met by Mr. Fred Fisher, proprietor of the Witch Creek Hotel, where we put up for the night. At least Mr. Fisher assured us he could feed both man and beast, but his rooms were all filled. However, we could sleep on the hay in the barn, which we gladly did. We retired early, as the long ride had made us tired, but we left orders for breakfast at daybreak.

We were up early and in the dining room on time. Mr. Fisher prepared our breakfast himself, as the women of the household were not in the habit of waiting on such early customers. We were soon on the road again, climbing the grade under the pretty trees, and then down again into the Santa Ysabel Valley.

After crossing this valley, we made the long climb up the Santa Ysabel grade. At the top of this grade, the scenery takes on a change that shows that we are really getting up into the mountains proper. Here we begin to see the large-leaved Kellogg Oak, and everything shows the effect of a much heavier rainfall than the country below.

We climb up the grade, through beautiful scenery, to the Wynola Valley. This is one of the beauty spots of San Diego County's mountain country. Here we first begin to see the pine timber at hand. The hills along the eastern side of the valley are covered with beautiful pine and oak, and, scattered over the valley, we see

a beautiful prospect in the shape of pretty homes with thrifty orchards and growing crops.

At this altitude, dry seasons are almost unknown. Charley and I remarked on what a difference there is this season between the short grass and crops on the Coast and the thrifty appearance of everything at this elevation, which is about thirty-six hundred feet above the sea level.

After leaving this beautiful valley, we climb up another grade, and at the top of this the heavy-timbered peaks of the Cuyamaca mountains loom up on our right. I have driven over this road many, many times, but these beautiful mountains are always a joy to me.

Well, we have still another grade to climb before we reach Julian, but we are now in the pine timber and the hills are green, so we let the team take the hill slowly and enjoy every minute, with the delightful odor of the pines in our nostrils, when suddenly coming around a turn in the grade, the little mining town of Julian comes into view as if it jumped out of the brush at us.

We put our team in a stable at Julian and gave them a good rest and feed. This little town is in a sort of saddle, right in the top of the mountain range between the coast and the desert. Right in the town, the water drains toward the coast, but within a half mile of the town, you are on the other side of the water shed and the water drains off toward the desert.

As we would have to camp out that night on the desert, we bought four flakes off of a bale of hay from the stable man before we started on. We put into two gunny sacks and tried to find a place to stow it on our load, but our little wagon was so heaped up with stuff we already had that there was absolutely no room for the hay, so finally we tied it out in front of the dash-board, by means of our halter ropes. I also bought a couple of pounds of tallow from the butcher, as I knew we would need it out at our camp, to grease riates.

Well, it was afternoon when we left Julian, and we were soon over the divide and on the down-grade towards the little mining camp called Banner, which lies at the foot of the mountain on the desert side of the range. We descended the mountain by what is known as the Banner grade, which is about four miles long and very crooked and narrow.

As we drove down this grade, we could look out on the miles and miles of desert, and it sure looked like a picture of desolation. The grade is very rocky and I was worrying more and more for fear the wagon would break down, but still everything held. When we got down into the little settlement in the Banner Canyon, we had to drive down the dry bed of the creek for a short ways, over a perfect mass of boulders. When we came to this, I was so sure the wagon would break down that I begged Charley to let me unload part of the rolled barley and carry it across the bad place, but he assured me that we would have lots worse places than this to get over, and if the wagon would not stand this, we would surely break down farther out.

Well, I jumped off, and Charley started down that creek bed,

over those boulders, and I held my breath as the little rig rattled and creaked over those terrible stones, but he got through without breaking anything, and I muttered a few things about a fool for luck, etc., etc., as I climbed back into the seat and we drove on down through the San Felipe Ranch.

This San Felipe Ranch is quite a nice valley, with several hundred acres of cienega or sod land in the middle of it. With a reservoir built in the mouth of Banner Canyon, a large part of this valley could be irrigated. This ranch is surrounded on the north, east and south by barren rocky mountains, and on the west by big Volcan mountain, on which there is nice timber and many springs of cold water.

The creek that runs through the San Felipe leaves the valley through a very rocky gorge, and near where the creek enters this gorge stands the cabin of a Frenchman named Paul Sentenac, who at that time was raising goats. Here the road leaves the valley and climbs a very rugged, rocky mountain, east of the new Sentenac canyon road, on reaching the summit of which the road jumps off into the head of a narrow, rocky ravine. Once in this ravine there is no turning back until you are down to the San Felipe creek again, near where it emerges from the narrow, rocky gorge of which I spoke.

This ravine that we are descending is just wide enough for a wagon to squeeze through, and awfully steep and rocky. The brake on the little rig was not so good, so the team had to hold the load back as best they could by means of pole straps. I got out and walked down the gulch ahead of them. I had not gone far when I came to a sheer drop of at least two feet over a rocky ledge.

I shouted for Charley to stop, and told him here was where we would have to unload the barley and take the wagon down over this ledge empty. He said, "Oh, let's try it; maybe we will get over without breaking down." In vain, I protested; he was bound to try driving over it with the wagon loaded. In vain I tried to impress upon him how utterly helpless we would be with a broken-down wagon and no help nearer than Julian.

He was bound to try it, as after telling him that anyone attempting such a thing was entirely too looney to be loose, I got ahead of the team and threatened them with the clubbed shotgun if they did not hold the wagon back and let it down slowly over the rocky ledge. Charley held back with all his might on the lines, and I threatened that team with all sorts of dreadful things if they didn't hold the wagon back and let it down easy.

Well, when I saw that we were safely down over that place, and nothing broken, I simply couldn't do the subject justice. I was speechless for a while, and tramped on down the gulch ahead of the team, with the wagon crashing and creaking over the rocks behind me.

Suddenly we came to the brink of another place far worse than the one we had just come over. Charley stopped and looked at this place, evidently with some misgivings, but it was now my turn to be brave, and I said, "Jump them off; let her come down. You can't break that old rig if you should load it with a ton of rocks and shove it over a bluff backwards." And down they came, and nothing busted!

Well, we went over a couple more such places before we were down, but the road seemed like a boulevard now, for I had no fear of the wagon breaking after what we had been through. After getting out of this gorge, our road led down the wide, dry wash of the San Felipe creek for several miles - simply a track winding around among the rocks and cactus, through the heaviest of coarse dry sand. The bed of the canyon is quite wide - a mile at least in places - and big, dry, rocky mountains on each side towering up for several thousand feet, and on their sides absolutely no soil of any kind to be seen; simply big, barren, brown rocks, piled on top of other rocks, with not a vestige of anything green growing on them. True, we could see big "nigger head" cactus and dry stocks of the yucca sticking up out of the rocks on the sides of these mountains, but what supported their growth was a mystery to me then and is to this day.

Charley, as I have said, had been over this road before, and he said there was a spring down the canyon a ways; so after a grind of several miles through sand and cactus, we arrived at a small water hole called the "Yaqui Well" at about four o'clock in the afternoon, where we stopped and prepared to camp for the night.

The "Yaqui Well" consisted of a round hole in the ground, near the north foothill, probably five feet in diameter and six or seven feet deep. It was caved in and partly filled with earth on one side, but at the deepest side there was a little water. We, of course, had a pail with us, and there was an old, leaky well bucket with a short piece of rope attached to it at the well. We drew water to fill a five-gallon oil can, which we had with us. This we kept for camp use, and then drew water for our team.

The water was quite brackish, and the well, at that time was in a very filthy condition. It looked as if very little water could be developed there, but I visited the place and camped there some fifteen years later, and found that the old Frenchman, Paul Sentenac, had dug out the well and put in a long string of watering troughs, where several hundred head of cattle were watered.

There were several small "Iron Wood" trees near the water hole, and we tied our horses to these and gave them their feed. We had just gotten our camp fire going, when we heard horses coming down the canyon at a brisk trot, and it turned out to be an old cattle man named John McCain of Julian. He was riding one little mustang, and driving another before him with a pack on. He said he planned to stop long enough to eat a bite and rest his horses, then push on into the camp he had at Borego Springs, in the cool of the evening, some twelve or fifteen miles out on the desert, where he kept his cattle.

We asked him to camp with us for the night, and he readily agreed to do so. He removed his saddle from one horse and the pack from the other. Then, after giving them water, he took a small cup of barley from a bag on his saddle and gave each horse his supper - not over a quart of grain for each horse. By the time this was done, we had supper ready, and you may be sure we all did justice to it.

After supper was over, McCain hobbled his horses and turned them loose down the canyon on the opposite side of the camp from Julian. I told him I would be afraid to turn horses loose out there for fear they would go back home in the night, and we offered to



divide our hay with him if he would tie them up and feed them, but he wouldn't hear of such a thing. It didn't look to me as though there were enough grass or bushes to eat for the night, but he declared his horses were used to such fare and would do fine.

McCain was one of the genuine, old-fashioned cow boys of the West - not one of the made-up kind that we see among the moving picture outfits of today. He was uneducated and rough, and could get a larger percent of profanity into a sentence than any man I have ever seen, either before or since. But he was good hearted, and helped us that summer in many ways, and I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for him.

We sat by the camp fire until quite late, and Old John entertained us with experiences of his life on both this and the Mojave Desert, where he and his son had been raising cattle for many years. He assured us he had "rode more wild horses than could stand on a hundred acres." But he'd be "!" "!" "!" if he wasn't going to quit the "!" "!" business, for which he was getting too old never "hurt much from riding wild horses, but he would be "!" if a "!" "!" old gentle horse didn't stumble over "!" "!" old dry yucca stalk with him while he was trying to head off a "!" "!" old cow up on the other desert a few years past, and he would be plum "!" if he believed there was a man in this "!" "!" country who could take a span of hosses and a scraper and scrape out as big a hole in the hillside in an hour as that "!" "!" hoss dug with him where he stove him into the ground."

The west wind blows almost every night in the desert, but this was one of the nights it didn't. The stars shone bright and clear, and when we turned into our blankets, I lay awake for quite awhile, studying the stars and admiring the rugged outline of the big mountains that loomed up on both sides of us. Both Charley and McCain were asleep in less than five minutes after they hit the hay, and such snoring as Old John was giving us I never heard before. It fairly echoed from the hillsides.

In the course of half an hour after we had gone to bed, I heard a hobbled horse thumping the ground with his hooves as he came up the canyon, and as it came near the camp I could hear another horse walking along, without hobbles. I thought I should never get Old John waked up, but finally he awakened with a start and wanted to know what the "!" "!" was the matter?

I said, "John, your horses are trying to go back to Julian." He heard them himself then, and with a longer string of blasphemy than ever, he reached out and got his boots and drew them on (and that was almost all he did have on) and went out through the chollas and cactus muttering all sorts of maledictions on those horses, one of which had gotten its hobbles off.

He caught them and led them back to camp, where he tied them both up to an old iron wood tree, all the while telling them, with many imprecations, what he thought of a pair of "!" "!" hosses that would sneak home in the night and leave a feller afoot out on this "!" "!" desert. I tried to get him to give them some of our rolled barley, but "No sircree!" They could "live on scenery" for the rest of the night just for trying to sneak off



and leave him. And scenery was certainly all they had to live on that night.

Well, we were up at daylight in the morning, and soon had a campfire going. Charley fed the horses and watered them, while I fried bacon and eggs and made the coffee. I could write for hours of the lights and the shadows on the wonderful mountains around us, as the sun rose, but no pen could give an idea of the beauty and grandeur of it.

After we had finished our breakfast and I was washing up the camp dishes, I was just going to pour out a lot of bacon grease that was in the frying pan, when Old John, who was putting the pack on his pack-horse near the campfire, shouted: "Hold on thar! Don't throw away any grease." I asked what he wanted to do with it? He said, "Let me have that frying pan if you don't want that 'ere grease." And he took it and simply poured it into his saddle, remarking as he did so, that you couldn't get too much grease into leather down on this ! ! desert. And then he put the saddle on his horse and got on and rubbed it in with his overalls!

Well, we were soon under way, grinding along through the sand down the canyon, with John riding ahead and driving his pack horse before him.

Several miles below where we camped, the mountains close in until the perpendicular walls on each side are not more than four hundred feet apart, which place is called the narrows. Passing through this narrow passage, we came out on the great valley of the desert. A short distance farther, the road forks; one branch leading northward along the foothills to Palm Creek and thence on up to Coyote Creek, and the other fork leads out into the sandy waste of Borega Springs, where John McCain had his camp.

He urged us to come out with him and see what a fine place Borega Springs was, and as we knew our horses might stray out there sometime, and a knowledge of that watering place be of use to us, we decided to go out with him, though it was quite a number of miles out of our way.

We reached the camp at about ten o'clock in the morning. The springs are among a series of sand hills, with mesquite bushes, and I might say, mesquite trees, scattered about, for that which is only a bush or shrub in most places, grows to quite a tree here, where water is near the surface.

The water comes to the surface in a number of places and McCain had some troughs with the water led out to them by means of wooden sluices. The ground was damp from the water so near the surface, and there was quite a little salt grass sod, and other grasses, that grow in damp places.

McCain had built a little cabin, about eight by ten feet, and someone had started to build another cabin nearby, setting four posts in the sand and nailing boards around from post to post. But they had evidently run out of lumber before getting the sides more than half way up the posts which were about five or six feet high.

McCain has especially cautioned us to be careful at all times while on the desert and not sit or lie down without being sure there were no "side winders" or "rattle bugs" as he called them, about. We assured him we had lived all our lives where rattle snakes were very common, and had seen and killed hundreds of them. "But, these little side winders are mighty hard to see, they are so near the color of the sand." He said.

Well, after he had showed us about the camp and the various springs, we walked over to this old, unfinished cabin and stood leaning over the low wall looking into it. After standing there for about fifteen minutes Old John pointed with his finger at something lying in the sand of the floor, and said, "Look thar, boys; thar he is!" We could see nothing at first, but we finally saw what he was looking at. Charles said, "What do you see?" "Don't you see that thar side winder?" asked McCain. Charles said, "Pshaw! That's no snake," and walked around to the opening that had been left for a door, and picked up a strip off a board. He walked in and poked the little grey spot on the sand, and immediately there was the greatest buzzing, striking and biting at that stick that you could imagine. He had, indeed, stirred up a "side winder."

These little demons are true to their name; they do not crawl like a snake, but sort of wriggle off sideways. Charley killed this little fellow but not until he had struck at the strip of board several times, and every time he struck at the strip of board little streams of venom onto the dry board. I have since seen quite a number of these and they are always ready for a fight. They are ordinarily about twelve inches long, and when they coil themselves in a little hollow in the sand and the wind sifts a little sand over them, one might easily spread his blankets down over him and not know he was there.

We left Borega Springs at about noon and drove across the desert in the direction of Palm Creek. I have heretofore failed to state that our camp had been moved, before Will came in, from Palm Creek to a place on Coyote Creek, which is five or six miles further north. We had to travel slowly, as the sand was very heavy.

When we got to the mouth of Palm Creek, we found that the water, which a month before had been running well down out of the mouth of the canyon to where the road crossed it, had dried up, so that we had to lead our team quite a ways up the creek to water them. After giving the team a drink, we drove on and turned up into the mouth of the Coyote Creek, which comes in from the northwest. There is quite a nice, big stream of water running in this creek, but it sinks in the sand where the canyon opens out into the desert proper.

We neither of us knew just where the camp was located, but we knew it would be close to the stream. The canyon is quite wide at the mouth, and the road was quite a ways from the creek. So to make sure we did not miss the camp, I got out of the wagon and walked over to the creek and followed up the water course until I came to the camp.

Healey was sure glad to see us, for he had been pretty lonesome there by himself. He reported everything in good shape, and started in to prepare supper for us, while we unhitched the team,

and gave them water and feed.

The camp was under a couple of mesquite trees that grew right at the edge of the water. We had no tent or other shelter, other than what the small mesquites furnished. The camp was built right on the east side of a large stone, to keep the wind, which blows so hard from the west so much of the time, from blowing the fire away. Part of our provisions were kept in large boxes which sat near the fire, and some things were in the trees. There was an enormous pile of drift-wood right near the camp that had been brought down at some time during high water on this creek; so fuel was close at hand.

I looked at this pile of drift-wood and many other signs of high water all about us, with a good deal of concern, for I knew that these desert canyons bring down terrible floods on extremely short notice, sometimes during the summer rains. And I made up my mind, that first evening in camp, that I would look for some safer place for our camp the first thing I did. This creek flows something like one hundred inches of water the year around, but the water sinks only a short distance from our camp. The water is somewhat brackish, but is pretty good for this part of the world.

There is absolutely no vegetation growing along the banks of this stream; I mean, no grass of any kind. A few scrub willows and mesquites grow along the banks, and these are most all piled about with trash and drift-wood, brought down in time of floods.

These masses of drift-wood are the abiding places of snakes and lizards of various kinds, colors, and lengths; so, as scarce as shade is, one never could enjoy resting in the shade of one of these shrubs. Every shrub and tree that there is about here looks as if it were traveling east, for they all lean in that direction from the most constant pressure of the west winds.

We spread our bedding down on the sand only a few yards from the camp fire, and after a hearty supper, which Healey had prepared, we were soon ready to roll in for the night. The wind was blowing strong and a good deal of sand was flying, so we had to place our coats over our heads to prevent the sand from falling in our ears. In the morning, we had to remove these coats carefully, as they and all our bed clothes had every wrinkle filled with drifted sand.

In the morning, we were up early; the wind had ceased, and it was calm and delightful. Our hay was all gone, so we took sacks and each of us arming himself with a butcher knife, we set out to cut "galleta" grass for the horses that were tied at camp. This grass, which grows in large bunches or tussocks in the sandy washes along the foot hills, is very good feed, especially when it is green. It grows one to three feet high and, when green is pale, bluish-gray color and looks very much like the foliage of the carnations that grow in our yards here in San Diego. When dry, it is yellow like broom straw and quite coarse and hard. It is so brittle when dry that a horse eating it sounds as if he might be munching soda crackers. This is probably why the Spanish give it the name of "galleta" which is Spanish for crackers.

It did not take long for us each to fill a large sack with grass, for the bunches are so large that it only takes a few minutes to cut an armful. The greatest trouble was the danger of

getting a "side winder" in your arms, for you have to put your left hand around the big bunch of "galleta" and, drawing it towards you, cut it off with the knife and then crowd it into the gunny sack. And if there should be a snake hiding in the bunch you were cutting, you would sure have him at close quarters.

All the time we camped out here, which was several months, we cut galleta morning and night, for our horses, in this manner. Several times we saw, and killed, side winders while cutting our grass, but never happened to get one in the grass we cut. We did, however, frequently cut a bunch of galleta that had a "cholla" (which is a round, tree-shaped cactus that is so common on the desert), growing up amongst it, and when you feel the prick of its sharp thorns it makes you think something has bitten you.

Well, we carried our loads back to camp, and the horses having finished their feed of barley that we had given them before going out, we gave them the galleta, and they went to eating it as though it was the best of hay. In fact, they wasted quite a little of the hay we brought from Julian, but they ate the galleta up perfectly clean.

By the time we had finished our breakfast, the horses were coming in from the range to water, and by taking some barley in a pan and going down the creek where they were watering, we managed to catch a couple of saddle horses. Healey, of course, had a saddle horse at camp, so we all saddled our horses and rode out to look at the stock.

Both Charley and I had been raised on a stock ranch and had ridden after stock all our lives, but we soon found that this desert country was something entirely different from anything we were used to. In the first place, the ground was different. One had to ride slower here, for the sand was very soft, and a horse sank in over his hoofs at every step. Of course, a horse could not hurry much through this. But we found there was another difficulty. There are thousands of little desert chipmunks that burrow in the sand in many places, so that when you are riding along over the sandy waste, your horses will suddenly break through and sink down almost, if not quite, up to his body, flounder around as if he were mired in a bog.

At first, we thought there was no way of knowing where these sink holes were until you were into them; but we found later that by riding slowly and keeping a close watch on the ground before you, one could usually avoid them. The sand over these places had a sort of wrinkled or wavy appearance, and if there was the least sign as of a little rat hole, it was a safe bet that it meant a sink hole. We soon noticed the loose horses avoiding these places. If one was driving a band of horses across the sandy valley, you might suddenly see the old mare in the lead turn from her course as if she were shying from something, and the rest of the drove would do likewise. If, on coming up to this place where the drove had made a detour, you tried to go straight across, your horse would be sure to break through; and a few such experiences taught us to be careful.

Having seen most of the horses and finding them doing fairly well, we returned to camp about two P.M., hungry as wolves, for we had eaten nothing since breakfast. Healey soon had a meal ready, and I want to say right here he was a good cook.

Charley was planning to start home the next morning, and we got everything ready that evening as far as we could. We decided that Healey and I had better confine ourselves to one saddle horse each, and these two horses must be shod, as this gravelly country soon caused a horse to become very tender footed. The question was, how were we to get them shod without taking them clear back forty or fifty miles to a blacksmith.

We talked the matter over, and decided that if we had the shoes fitted to the horses' feet, we could nail them on out at the camp. As it was too much of an undertaking to send the horses to the smith, we decided to try another plan, and which worked fairly well in the end: We picked out the two horses that we thought best suited to our purpose, and then breaking up some old boxes, we placed each one of the horses feet on the board and marked around it with pencil. We managed to get the two front feet of one horse marked out on one side of the piece of the box, and his two hind feet on the opposite side of the same board. We marked each of these drawings - "Right fore foot" and "Left fore foot." "Right hind foot" and "Left hind foot", and wrote the horses name on the board.

The next morning, Charley started back to civilization, taking these board with him and agreeing to try to get the shoes fitted and send them out to the store at Warner's Ranch, which was about twenty-five miles, by trail, over the mountains west of our camp. I had agreed to cross over the mountains in about ten days from the time Charley left and get the shoes at the store, if they were there by that time.

For the next week or two, Healey and I kept pretty steady routine. We always turned out of our bunks early so that we would have breakfast over before the sun was very hot. While Healey prepared breakfast, I attended to the saddle horses. And then when breakfast was cooked, we built up a good fire and set a pot of beans on to cook. Then, after eating and washing up the dishes, we would saddle our horses preparatory to going out on the range to see to the horses. But the last thing before leaving camp Healey would put a lot of fresh fuel on the fire, so that the beans would be cooked when we returned. We seldom got back before two P.M., and you may be sure we had good appetites by that time.

The horses ranged out on the desert for a distance of six or eight miles from water, and we made no attempt to see all of them in one day's ride, but by riding over a different part of the range on one day from what we had previous, and paying strict attention as to which particular horses we had seen each day, we managed to keep pretty good track of where they all were. Most of them came to water at Coyote Creek, but a few still watered at Palm Creek. There, as the days were getting longer, and also hotter, the water was sinking in the sand a little farther up the canyon each succeeding day, and the horses were following it up, and it soon got to a place where it required some very rough climbing to get to where they could drink.

This canyon is a very narrow and rugged gorge; in fact, it looks almost as if the mountains were split open by some great convulsion of nature, and that, if there were some means of closing or bringing the walls of the canyon together, the projecting points of the rock on one side would fit into cavities or depressions on the

other side.

There are no palm trees at the mouth of the canyon, but farther up in the mountains there is a very pretty grove of them. A fire had swept through them some years before and had burned all the old, dry branches or leaves that ordinarily hang down around the trunks. They looked very pretty with their clean, smooth stems as straight as arrows, and, I should judge, from forty to sixty feet up to where their beautiful leaves began.

A short distance below the palms, the canyon is jammed with great rocks as big as small houses, rolled one on top of the other, so that the horses could not get above that point. The water in the creek comes down through this jam of rocks and forms a little pool just below. It was my misfortune to have to spend a night here at this pool, at a later date, of which I will speak at another time.

When a large herd of horses or cattle is turned loose on a free range (that is, one not fenced and cross-fenced to keep them in on any particular part of it), it is surprising how soon each little band selects its own part of the range, and how persistently they keep to their selected locality. After these horses had been out here a month or so, the different bands had chosen their feeding grounds, so, if we wanted to find any certain horse, all we had to do was to know what certain band he ran with - then, what part of the range does that band feed over. It does not take a stockman long to know where each band runs, and so we would say, "That horse runs out at the mesquites with old Lightfoot's band," or "out in the sand hills with Nettie's band." Thus, each band headed by an old mare, selected a certain part of the range and stayed on that part with almost as much certainty as if her part of the range were enclosed by a fence.

Cattle on a range choose their feeding grounds in just the same way. And if for any reason all the stock on a large range are rounded up, as for branding the calves or colts, when turned loose, after the round-up, they go back to their respective parts of the range just as fast as they can walk there.

One evening after Charley had been gone ten or twelve days, I said to Healey, "I think I had better go to Warner's tomorrow, Gene, and get the mail and those horse shoes." So the next morning I started right after breakfast. I had never been over the trail, nor had Gene, but Will had come in over it to the ranch, and before I left home he told me how to go up the Coyote Creek until I came to a little cabin. Just above that, I would see a canyon coming in from the left. I was to follow that up until I came to some deserted Indian "Jacales" or huts made of palm leaves. There take the left-hand fork and there would be a trail I could follow from there on.

Will had been taken over this trail by a guide when he first went out to look at this desert range, but I want to tell you I paid strict attention to his directions as to how to find the trail, and three weeks later I found it without any trouble. Will told me there was a trail, but he did not tell me what kind of a trail it would be.

Well, after getting well up into the canyon, the mountains

close in until it is a perfect gorge, and the trail winds along the side of this gorge in narrow shelves just wide enough for a horse to walk on, and whenever a gully comes down the side of the mountain, the trail is cut into by it so your horse must jump across. This is real interesting, when a false step will land you in the bottom of the canyon many yards below.

But after following this canyon up for quite a ways, through cottonwoods, willow and sycamores, twined with wild grapevines, the trail leaves the canyon and climbs the side of a big mountain. And it is so steep you must lead your horse up or down it. I don't know how high this mountain is, but I should judge that you ascend about two thousand feet on a trail that is just as steep as a horse can climb. Willhad told me there was a big mountain to climb before I got up to the Indian Reservation, called San Ygnacio, and I climbed and climbed, with my horse puffing and climbing after me. Every little ways, I would stop a minute or two to rest, and then at it again. I kept saying to myself, when I get on top of this I will surely have good going the rest of the way, but imagine my feelings when, on reaching the summit, I saw the trail leading off down into a canyon almost as steep as the one I had just come out of, and as I went down into this (which by the way, was not so steep but that I could ride), I could see the trail climbing out on the other side, and I knew I had to do over again what I had hoped was finished.

At the bottom of this canyon, there is a beautiful stream of water running off to the northwards, and it must come out into Coyote Creek farther up, though I never knew for sure where it did go. The banks of this stream are lined with willows and alders and all entwined with wild grapevines, which make it perfectly beautiful. I lay down and took a good drink from the stream, and slacking the saddle and taking the bridle from my horse, gave him a good drink, which he needed very badly after the hard climb.

After resting a while here by this pretty stream, I started on and, after another good climb, struck better going. After following the trail for several miles, I came to the top of a small ridge, and there in a pretty little valley which drains off to the east, into Palm Creek, was the Indian village.

The little settlement consists of twenty or thirty Indian families. The government had recently given these Indians barbed wire to fence their respective tracts of land, and some of them were busy doing this fencing. The land had been divided amongst them by a United States Surveyor - that is, the part lying in the little valley where the rancheria is. I do not know how much rough land they hold in common. But the valley was divided up into plots of from three to five acres, as I remember it, and each Indian fenced his tract clear around instead of joining his neighbor's fence. Thus they had a double fence around most of the tracts, thereby wasting much of the little good land they had, for the two fences were from two to three feet apart.

From San Ygnacio, there is a road that may be traveled by wagons, though by no means a good road. After traveling some distance along the summit of the ridge, from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country, the road descends into a small valley. But, from the ridge of which I spoke, I could see the green cienegas of Warner's Ranch, and I do not think I ever enjoyed



a view more than looking down on those green valleys after coming from the barren desert.

I was soon down in a beautiful little valley, then known as the "Talley Place" where there are fine pine and cedar trees and lots of real grass. Not far below was the "Chat Helm's" place, and I could see old "Chat" as he was called by everyone in those parts, hoeing in his garden. He saw me coming, and came over and leaned on the rail fence, that ran along the road at the upper side of his garden, and waited my approach. As he was the only white man I had seen for some time, except Healey, my camp mate, I was glad to stop and make his acquaintance.

He certainly was a character - not exactly what might be called a liar, but a person who was very careless with the truth. He asked me who I was and where I came from, where I was going and when I was coming back. I answered all his questions very frankly, and we grew to be fast friends right there and then. He said he reckoned he knew the desert better than any other man in the world, and he ought to, for he had been over every foot of it a thousand times! I asked him if he knew any good places on it where we could take our horses when the feed gave out where we were. He scratched his head a few minutes as if he were thinking (though I have no doubt it needed scratching) and then said, "Yes, I do, I was coming across the desert once years ago, and I discovered a big valley where there was feed enough for thousands of stock, and that would be just the place for you to take your horses."

I said, "Do you think, Mr. Helms, I could get anyone to guide me out to that valley, as I would like to have a look at it?" "There isn't another person in the world but me that knows it," said he. "Well, then, what would you charge to guide me out there?" I asked. "Why, I wouldn't make that trip for a thousand dollars," he said. "We would have to start from your camp on Coyote Creek in the evening and ride all night. In the morning, we would have to cut brush with a hatchet we would have taken with us and make a shade, under which we would lie all day. In the evening we could start out again, and by riding hard all night, I think we could reach the place by sun rise."

"Is there water out there as well as feed?" I asked. "Yes, there are about thirty springs there, but the water is pizen in all except one, I saw skeletons of hundreds of animals, and also those of several human beings lying about those springs, and of course, I knew the water was pizen. Finally, I saw the track of a horse leading up to one spring, and going away again, so I knew the spring was good water, and I got down off my horse and drank and then watered my animals, and that spring is alright, but every other one in that valley is sure pizen."

I said, "Well, Mr. Helms, perhaps some day I can hire you to take me out there"; and bidding him good day, I jogged on down the road, thinking what a time I would have fencing those twenty-nine "pizen" springs, and making the horses drink only at the one good one while we were doing it. And all this to be done after driving the herd across a desert that would necessitate two hard nights riding to get to it.

Just below the Helms ranch, I came to the San Ysidro Indian



Reservation and then down into Warner's Ranch, and was soon at Wilson's store, which was my destination.

Upon telling Mr. Wilson who I was, he showed me where to turn my horse loose in a small pasture where there was plenty of feed and water. Then he took me across the road to his house and Mrs. Wilson gave me a splendid lunch. After lunch, I went back to the store and asked if the horse shoes were there yet? My heart sank when Mr. Wilson told me they were not. But he said he was expecting his freight team from San Diego that evening, and the shoes might come by that. He gave me several letters from home that I read with great interest, and put in the rest of the afternoon answering them.

Just before dark, the freight team arrived and, to my joy, brought the horse shoes. I had given Mr. Wilson a list of the groceries I would need to take back with me, and instead of putting the coffee and sugar up in paper sacks as merchants usually do, he got down a roll of heavy muslin and, cutting some of it off, sent it over to the house and had his wife sew it into bags on the machine, and put the sugar and coffee in these. When I tried to thank him for this, he said, "Oh, I never put anything up in paper bags for men who have to carry it out to the desert on horse back, for the paper would break and they would lose every bit of it." I came over to his store a good many times afterwards, and he always put things up in this way for me, and there will always be a warm spot in my heart for old Henry Wilson.

The next morning, I started back with my groceries and the horse shoes, and upon coming to my old friend Helms' place, there he was, leaning on the fence, as I came up. We passed the time of day, and he asked if I had killed many deer and mountain sheep since I had been out on the desert. I told him I had not, but had seen many tracks of deer down on the upper Coyote Creek. He said he was once coming across the desert and came to a small lake, and he thought at first the lake was all covered with drift wood, but on coming closer he discovered that what he had taken for drift wood was the antlers of a great herd of deer that had been standing in the water to keep cool and were all under water but their horns.

He changed his pipe to the other side of his mouth and was on the point of starting a new story, but I said, "I must be going, Mr. Helms," and, bidding him good day, rode on.

When I got up on top of the ridge, I had to turn again and again to look back on the green meadows of Warner's Ranch and the countless mountains and hills between me and the coast. Then, from a point farther on, the great Colorado desert lies before you, and such a view! It is worth walking there to look upon it. Such coloring! And the beautiful lines of Robert W. Service come to me as I write: "River and plain and the mighty peak - And who could stand unawed? As their summits blazed, he could stand undazed at the foot of the throne of God."

When I came to the top of the hill where the trail leads down to the Coyote, I dismounted, and after gazing over the millions and millions of acres of rocky mountains and valleys for a little while, I started down the steep trail, leading my horse. The trail was so covered with loose gravel, and so steep, that when you start down you go slipping and sliding, and if it were not for the many turns

in the trail, you would get going so fast it would be next to impossible to stop until you got to the bottom.

When about half-way down on this trip, and right on one of the straightest parts of the trail, where it was hardest to stop, I suddenly heard a great buzzing in the trail ahead of me, and there about a rod before me, was a large "diamond rattle snake" coiled like a great spiral spring, and with his head raised eighteen or twenty inches above the ground. My horse coming sliding after me at such a rate that, before I could stop, I was almost on top of the hissing rattler. In stopping so suddenly on the steep gravelly trail, my feet had slid from under me and I was sitting in the trail, with the big snake right in front of me and my horse almost on top of me. Drawing my revolver, I fired and, luckily, got him the first shot. I say luckily, for I never could boast of my ability as a pistol shot. However, though the first shot would have ended his career, I put two more through him just as a warning to his friends not to try to scare me to death. When I took him by the tail and held him up so that his head touched the ground, his tail was at my shoulders, so he must have been about five feet long, and almost as thick as my arm.

After it was all over, and I was reloading my revolver, I found myself shaking like a leaf, and I don't think, at that time, I could have hit a barn if I had been inside of it - unless the door was closed. Throwing the snake out of the trail, I started on, and every time the dry brush rattled as I brushed past it, I imagined it was another snake.

On reaching the bottom of the steep trail, I mounted my horse and rode on down the canyon. At the little cabin, known as the Fain place, on the Coyote Creek, the trail comes through the mesquites and willows, and you cannot see the cabin until you are right on it. It was quite a surprise to me to see four saddles lying on the ground and four Winchester rifles leaning against the cabin. But before I had time to do any thinking, four big fellows, each with a belt of cartridges on him, stepped out of the shack and one of them asked me where I was headed for? I stopped and told them who I was and how I happened to be out there. One of them claimed acquaintance with me and said his name was Earley. I knew his father, who at one time ran a Livery Stable in Oceanside, but I had never met this fellow that I remembered of. One of the party was the most villainous looking Indian that I had ever seen.

Earley said that they had been down near the Mexican line to look for some quartz ledges that this Indian wanted to show them. The three white men of the party left the next day, but this Indian stayed there several days as he said to rest his horse. But I shall always think he had other motives.

I arrived at our camp about 2:00 P.M. and Healey soon had a good lunch ready for me. The next morning, we shod our two saddle horses, and it surely was some job. All the tools we had was a hammer and an old hatchet, besides our jack knives. My father was a blacksmith, but not under these conditions. It was a rough job, of course, but our horses could now get over the rocky ground without suffering.

That afternoon, I went out to look at the horses. When I

returned, it was near sunset and the Indian of whom I spoke was at the camp talking to Healey. They were talking about mines and prospecting, and the Indian was telling him about some ledges he would like to show us. Healey turned to me and asked if I would like to go see them. I said "No", very shortly. The Indian got up and left the camp, looking very surly, and after he had gone, Healey said I should have asked him to stay to supper with us. But I told him I did not want anything to do with that fellow as I did not like his looks. He hung around several days, and I frequently heard him talking to Healey, always about mines he knew about on the mountains of the desert.

The next season, he induced a friend of mine, named Munn Davis, to go into the mountains near Yuma to look at some ledges, and as they did not return to Yuma for several days after Davis said they would, a searching party went out and found Davis murdered. He had evidently been following the Indian up a rocky canyon, and when they came to a rocky ledge that they had to climb up over, the Indian climbed up first and, as poor Davis was climbing up, the villain shot him, without the slightest provocation.

Mr. Beermaker, a well known resident of San Diego, who went out to bring in the body of Mr. Davis, told me that the Indian evidently killed the poor man for his boots as that was the only thing missing from the body.

The Indian fled up into Nevada, and was afterward killed by a posse who were attempting to arrest him.

So I have always thought it was fortunate for us that we did not go with him to look at any of his prospects, as he was evidently a blood-thirsty wretch and would have murdered anyone that he could induce to go into the mountains with him.

I think it was the next afternoon after the Indian left, that John McCain rode suddenly into camp. I was busy at the camp fire, melting some tallow that I had bought from the butcher at Julian when we were on our way out here. I asked him to take his saddle off and stay over night with us, and he did.

It was always good to have anyone you knew come along when we were camped out there in the sand. McCain only came down to see how his cattle were doing about once in two weeks. He would stay two or three days and then go back to Julian. When Charley and I were at his camp on our way out here he took us out in the brush and showed us where he left a box of provisions hidden whenever he left camp. He told us if we ever happened along there and found him gone, just to help ourselves. We assured him we would and gave him permission to help himself at our camp. McCain said he never left much at his cabin, as he had found it broken into on several occasions and everything stolen, so that, when he came back, there was nothing there to eat. He said he once left a hundred pounds of salt in his cabin, as he sometimes butchered an animal and needed the salt to cure the beef. When he came back, he found everything, flour, sugar, meal, coffee and tea - that he had left in the camp, salted to such an extent that he could use none of them. Since that he had always left something hidden out in the brush, in a box with the lid tight, so if anyone stole or destroyed what was in the cabin, he would have some left and not have to go

to Julian hungry. It is pretty hard to believe that anyone would do a thing like that, but it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

McCain left the next morning, after breakfast, and Healey and I had everything to ourselves for some days. There had been a road that wagons could travel up and down Coyote Creek, and it led out over the mountains at the head of the creek through Cahuilla and on to Riverside. This road, which had always been very bad at best, had been washed out badly and there had been no wagons over it for a year or so. We were therefore surprised one morning to hear a wagon coming down the creek. It was a light farm wagon, loaded heavily with horse-feed and camping outfit. There were two men and a boy of about fifteen in the party, and the wagon was drawn by only one small horse.

They stopped at our camp to inquire about the road, and we asked them to camp with us for the night, which they did. There was an elderly man, whose name was James, his son, and son-in-law. Mr. James said he was a blacksmith at San Bernardino, and they were on a prospecting trip. I asked him how they had gotten down through Coyote Creek, and he said they had fixed the road as they came along, so that it was passable. They had a heavy load even for two horses, so when I expressed surprise that they only had one horse, Mr. James said that was why so many parties had trouble on the desert - they took so much stock along they did not have feed enough for them. He said they had rolled barley enough with them to feed one horse a month, which was about the time they expected to be down here, but if they had brought two horses, they would have needed twice as much. I told him he would find the roads very heavy because of the deep sand around here, but he said he had no fear of that because he was an old hand at desert travel.

When he asked me what I knew of gold prospects in this neighborhood, I told him I had never seen anything that would indicate gold around here. He said, "Well, there is a place right around here that is very, very rich." When I asked him what reasons he had for thinking so? He said he once met a man named Brady, who had kept a station on the old road running through Warner's Ranch from Ft. Yuma. And this man Brady had told him the Indians used to bring in lots of coarse gold from out here and sell it to him.

I did not pretend to know much about placer mining, but if there was any place around here that looked like placer ground, I had not seen it. However, Mr. James was very confident, and that evening, as we sat around the camp fire, he told us that he believed the lost "Pegleg Mine" was located very near to where we were then camped. And I have no doubt that that was what he and his party had really come down there to look for.

As someone might read this that does not know the legend of the "Pegleg Mine", I will give a brief account of it: The story goes something like this: Many years ago in the early fifties, a man was found by some teamsters near the western edge of the Colorado desert. He was in a famished condition, and as they were going to Los Angeles they took him with them.

He had a wooden or peg leg; he told them his name was Smith; that he had attempted to cross the desert from Arizona to California

on a mule, and that he had lost his way and wandered without water until he was almost dead.

After they got him to Los Angeles, someone found in his saddle bags, which he had brought with him, some exceedingly rich gold ore; in fact, it is said there was more gold than quartz in it; when they asked him where he got it, he said he had forgotten about having it, but finally told them that while he was wandering, crazed by thirst, near the western edge of the desert, he saw three small knolls or butts, and rode up on one of them to get a better look at the surrounding country to see if he could see any signs of water; that he dismounted from his mule on this small butte, and while there, noticed that the entire butte was composed of a peculiar quartz. He put some of the rock into his saddle bags and wandered on until found by the teamsters.

After he recovered sufficiently, he led party after party out on the desert in a vain attempt to find the place again, but never could do so. Everyone called him "Pegleg Smith," and the much-sought-for mine became known as the "Pegleg Mine."

This legend has caused the death, by thirst, of a great many men, who believed that there might be some truth in Smith's story, and who wandered out on the burning sands of the desert in search of it until they lost their lives.

My camp mate, Healey, knew all about the story of the "Pegleg Mine" and that it was supposed to be located somewhere in the part of the desert where our horses ranged, and he often said to me that perhaps we might find it while we were riding the range. I had always been taught to believe the whole story was a myth, but still I could not help looking around me, as I rode over the range, to see if I could find three small buttes that would fill the description.

The next morning I asked Mr. James which way they were going to go first. He said they would follow down Coyote Creek a mile or two, then bear off to the left around the foothills toward Toros mountains. I told him it would be impossible to go out that way with a wagon, as there were deep gulches coming down from the mountain that he could not pass. But he said it did not matter, they had tools and would fix the road.

In vain I tried to tell him how impossible it would be for them to carry water enough along to last them while they did so much road work. They were bound to go that way, and they started early that morning.

They had a "dry washer" with them that Mr. James had made himself, (that is a machine something like a fanning mill that was supposed to be able to separate gold from sand or dust without the use of water). They said they would be out towards Toros mountain for a couple of weeks perhaps.

The second morning after they left our camp, Healey went down to Palm Creek to see about the horses that watered there, and when he returned about noon, he said the James party were down there. They told him they had been unable to get out around the mountain the way they started on account of the deep gulches and heavy sand,

which was more than their small horse could pull. They talked as if they were very much discouraged, he said.

The next morning, Mr. James came up to our camp and wanted me to buy their rolled barley and about fifty pounds of bacon. He said they could not pull the load they had and if I did not buy it they would have to leave it. He offered to sell everything for just what it cost him in San Bernardino. I told him I could use the barley but did not need the bacon, as we had more than we could use.

They drove up to our camp and unloaded four sacks of barley, for which I paid him, what it had cost him. He then took four big sides of bacon from his wagon and hung it in a tree by our camp. There must have been fully fifty pounds of it.

We never used any of his bacon and finally gave it to an old Indian as we were moving away. That bacon would be worth twenty-five dollars now.

James and his party went out by way of Warner's Ranch. I later learned he was a cousin of Jesse James, the outlaw from Missouri.

This was only another of the many families and parties that had hunted for, and failed to find, the "Pegleg Mine." But fortunately, this party did not lose their lives in searching for it, as many others did.

Only a year or two before we were out there, a wealthy man from Riverside lost his life on the sandy desert, just below the sink of Palm Creek. He and another man were coming across the desert and expected to camp at Palm Creek. The wagon road had to make a big horse shoe bend to avoid the sand hills, and this man started to walk across this bend, while the man driving the wagon went around. When the man got around the bend he failed to find his partner waiting for him, as he had expected to. After waiting awhile, he drove up to Palm Creek, thinking his friend had gone on to water, but not finding him there, he went back and hunted through the sand hills but could not find any trace of him. After a long search, he came into Julian and notified his wife. She offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the finding of her husband's body. Searching parties went out and made every effort to solve the mystery, but no one knows to this day what became of him.

I have ridden all over that part of the desert, and this is what I think happened to the poor fellow: On that part of the desert there are hundreds of large mesquite bushes that are entirely covered over by the drifting sand. They form great mounds that look like ordinary sand hills, but the great thick clumps of brush under these mounds of sand finally rot away, leaving the mound of sand almost hollow. Anyone attempting to climb up on these hollow mounds might break through; and if he did, the sand would immediately fall in and cover him, so there would be no trace left.

I saw some of the horses on several occasions, attempt to climb over these mounds and break through, and it was all they could do to get out at times.

One morning, I suggested to Healey that we go out and explore a valley that opened out into the mouth of the desert several miles

east of Coyote Creek. The feed was getting rather scarce where the horses were ranging, and I thought there might be lots of feed out in that part of the country. We had been told there was no water there, but I thought perhaps water might be developed by sinking a well, provided the feed was abundant. Healey objected to our going, as he did not think it safe to go so far away from water. I told him we could take a canteen of water with us, and it was not more than twenty miles there and back.

We started early, and rode down the Coyote Creek and then kept around the foot of the mountains to the left until we came to the mouth of this valley, where we turned into it and followed it up to the north.

There was the dry bed of a small lake near the mouth of this valley, and all the mesas and foothills were covered with galleta grass from one to three feet high. If there was only water here what a herd of stock it would keep. There was no chance of getting water here that we could see, though a year or two afterwards some cattlemen got abundance of water at the bed of the dry lake by sinking only about eight feet.

As I have said before, Healey was very much against coming out here and so was very cross and cranky as we rode along. He began drinking water from our canteen before we had gotten any distance at all from water, and kept taking a big drink about every half hour. I do not think he was thirsty that often, but simply was trying to impress on me the dangers of getting out of water. I let him carry the canteen, and told him he might drink all the water there was in it if he cared to, as I knew I could make the trip out and back without water if necessary.

We followed up the valley, after riding several miles we bore to the left and ascended the hills, which were not steep, and finally came to the top of the ridge, where we found ourselves looking down on our camp.

To go back the way we came, would be probably twelve or fifteen miles, but if we could get down the mountain side, which was very steep and rocky, we would soon be in camp. We followed along the top of the mountain for some distance and finally came to a place where it looked as if we could get down. So we dismounted and leading our horses, began the descent.

Before we had gone far the whole mountain became a mass of sharp, broken granite. I wondered at the time what broke the stone up in the way that it was. Not broken into small bits, but into pieces that would weigh from ten to fifty pounds.

You can imagine what a place this was to lead horses through, but after starting down there was no turning back. I was afraid their hoofs and ankles would be badly injured with the sharp corners of the rocks, but we finally got down through it, on to ground where we could mount and ride again. We examined our horses carefully and found they had suffered no serious injury.

I had been carrying my spurs in my hand as I came down, and found I had lost one of them up in the rocks. There was nothing to be done except to leave the horses with Healey and climb back up



through that mass of rocks to find it. It was hard to follow our tracks but I managed to find the spur almost to the top of the mountain, but it did not take long to come down, and mounting we were soon at camp.

We were hungry as wolves as it was now the middle of the afternoon. We had left a pot of beans on the camp fire when we left that morning, and with bread and tea, we ate with relish, (though I thought they tasted a little peculiar.)

Healey asked if there was anything wrong with them. I said they tasted like more, and took another helping. By that time the sharp edge was off my appetite, and they did taste funny. I said, "They taste like ants! And I believe there are ants in them!" Sure enough, there were hundreds of little red ants that you could hardly see with the naked eye. They had found their way in after the fire had gone out. What beans were left we threw out, but those we had eaten were put away to the good, ants and all!

As the summer wore on the days became longer - and also hotter. The horses had to come to water oftener, and their feet were getting worn enough so that some of them were showing signs of lameness. Most of the feed was up along the foothills where the ground was rocky, and I noticed that the old mares that lead the various bands were avoiding the rough ground and trying to find enough feed out on the sandy part of the range. I decided that the only remedy would be to shoe the old mares, and then they would lead the young stock to where the best feed was, even though the ground was rocky.

I made a trip over to Warner's Ranch and wrote a letter home to my brothers, telling them of the conditions and advising them to bring out a portable blacksmith outfit and a lot of shoes; that I would be over to the Post Office again in a couple of weeks, and would expect an answer, letting me know what they intended to do.

As I was going back to camp I noticed a wagon track in the creek and we wondered who they could have been.

I had not been back long before we saw a two-horse wagon, with several men in it, coming up the creek. We knew their animals would be thirsty, so we walked down to where the water sank in the sands and waited for them to come up. One of the men came ahead of the wagon, riding a burro. The poor beast seemed famished for want of water, and the man, who had a shovel with him, dismounted before he got to where the last of the water sank in the sand and dug a hole like a post hole, in the sand. The hole was about eighteen inches deep and perhaps a foot in diameter, and as soon as he quit digging the donkey dropped on his knees beside it, and sucked out the little water there was in the bottom. While the poor beast was draining this, the man dug another hole, and the donkey came quickly to this and drained it also. The man brought the horses that had been hitched to the wagon up to the water, where it was running on top of the sand, and allowed them to drink, little by little, for an hour or so until their thirst was finally quenched.

I never had seen an animal in such an exhausted condition as those horses were when they arrived at the water. The flanks of



the poor things were drawn in until it looked as if their sides would touch, and every bone in their bodies seemed to show as if they were poor as skeletons. I couldn't help wondering why anyone would come on the desert with such poor stock. But the next morning, the team looked round and fat. They had simply been so near gone that they looked poor as crows.

There were three men in the party, they were cattlemen and they had come down here looking for range. The oldest of the brothers said he had come across the desert many years before with an Indian. This Indian had taken him on a trail that led up the valley past the dry lake, where Healey and I had been a week before.

Up in this canyon there had been a small spring, where they got water for themselves and their horses. It was to try and find this spring that they had gone out there. They had watered their stock at the Coyote and filled their canteens. They had no doubt that they would find the spring, but they could find no trace of water any place. They searched until dark, then made camp, with no water for their animals, but not doubting they would find the spring in the morning. After another long search and the forenoon almost gone, they realized that they must get back to Coyote Creek in a hurry if they were to save their team - and they barely made it.

They camped on the creek for several days and rested their stock. They were very nice and we enjoyed their company.

The first of the next week I planned to go back to Warner's Ranch again to see if I had a letter from my brothers at the ranch telling me what they had decided to do with the tender-footed horses. As Healey had not been out to civilization since coming here, I asked him to accompany me on this trip over to the Post Office.

He seemed glad of the chance to go with me, so we started out. When we were about half way up the steep mountain trail of which I have spoken before, we met an old Indian and his Squaw coming down the hill. They were leading one horse and driving another before them. I asked the old man where they were going, speaking Spanish. He did not understand but the Squaw did. She answered, "Lejo por alla," pointing out across the desert. I asked her the name of the place. "La Rancheria de Santa Rosa, Senor."

There was an Indian settlement, called "Santa Rosa" out east of the mountains, lying beyond Coyote Creek.

She asked where we were going and I told her, but added we would only be gone a little while, as I remembered that our camp was left without anyone to guard it.

The old Squaw was not as old as her husband, though she was wrinkled and gray. The poor old man was very feeble, and his hair was white. The Squaw led one horse, and the old man brought up the rear driving the other ahead of him.

After we had passed them and gotten quite a ways up the trail, we heard shouting; looking back we could see the horse the old man was driving had gotten past him and was coming up the trail after us as fast as he could climb.

I loosened my riata from the saddle and lassoed the horse as he came up near us, and led him back down to meet the old Indian. I told him to lead the horse with his rope so that he could not get down past him again. But he started the horse down the trail ahead of him, and I started back up to where Healey was waiting for me.

We had not gone much farther up the hill when we heard the horse coming behind. He was evidently objecting to a trip on the desert, and was trying his best to get back to San Ygnacio. I again lassoed him and led him back down, where the old man took possession of him, calling him a "Caballo sin verquenza" and several other things. This time, I untied the rope from the saddle and told the old Squaw to have him hold the rope in his hand, and I have no doubt they had no further trouble.

There was no letter for me at the store, much to my disappointment, as I had thought there surely would be one.

The next morning we started back and Healey had one of his cranky spells. He rode along behind me and tried to start a quarrel. When I would not argue with him, he abused his horse. The farther we went the more abusive he got. Finally, I turned and said, "Gene, I don't want to hear another word out of you." I then rode on.

I did not look around for sometime, but he was riding close to my horse. Finally, I heard a clicking sound, and looked around. He had his pistol out of his holster and was cocking and revolving it. I rode on without looking back again, but I had my own revolver where I could get it quick if necessary, though.

We had not much farther to go before we came to Coyote Creek, and I noticed a wagon had gone up the Creek and back down again, since we had been away.

When we got to the camp, my brother Matt. and his son Ed were there. They had come out to bring up supplies, and had missed our camp as they came up the creek, and had to turn around and come back.

Healey got over his cranky spell as soon as he saw Matt. and was very pleasant all evening. Later, he asked, "Did you see me have my gun out up in the canyon this afternoon? I was tightening some screws with my knife." I replied that was a good thing to do, and neither of us ever mentioned the matter again.

Just as we were finishing our supper, my two brothers, Charley and Will, rode into camp. They had rented a pasture at "Moosa Canyon" and had come out to help move the horses over there. They did not think my plan of shoeing some of the horses would answer.

We all went to bed early that night as everyone was tired. We were up the next morning at the first sign of day. As soon as we had our breakfast, we set out in various directions to round up the horses. As there were six of us, we could cover a great deal of country in a short time, and as most of the horses came in to water at Coyote Creek, by simply holding them there when they came in and not allowing them to go out on the range again, we soon had a large band rounded up. That evening, we drove them up the creek above Fain cabin, and by a couple of us standing guard to see that they

did not get back down out of the canyon again, we had that many fairly safe.

We had decided to take them up Coyote Creek and around through Cahuilla, then back by way of Oak Grove and Santa Ysabel, as to go in the way we came out they would have no water until they got to San Felipe, which would be near fifty miles. That would never do with poor stock when the weather was as hot as it was now. It would be twice as far the way we planned to go but they would have water.

The next morning, we counted the horses and found we were lacking about ten head. By the middle of the afternoon, we had found all but an old black mare and four colts that ran with her. We knew they had been watering at Palm Creek and would come into water that night, so Charley and I decided to go down there and camp all night in hopes of getting them when they came in.

Accordingly, we tied up a few things for our supper and breakfast and started for Palm Creek at about 4:00 P.M. When we got down there, we rode up the creek as far as we could conveniently, and then led our horses on up over the big rocks until we came to the big jam of rocks of which I have spoken before. Just below this jam there was a nice little pool of water, and here we prepared to camp. There was not more than half a square rod of clear ground there, counting the part where the pool of water was and all, so we were in pretty cramped quarters.

We unsaddled our horses and tied them to some Alders that grew at one side of the pool. We then went up on the hillside and pulled them some bunch grass, and we had brought some rolled barley for them in a sack.

Our horses were tied at the north side of the water, and the only place left for us to spread our blankets was a spot about five by seven feet, between two great ledges of loose rock, with a perfect thicket of dry brush and weeds right at our heads.

Matt. and Will had been up here during the day and had killed a very large rattlesnake right beside the water pool. The dead snake was lying right where they had left him, and the mere sight of him gave me the creeps. The loose ledges of rock on each side of our bed looked as if they might be perfect snake dens; and the dry weeds and brush gave me a great deal of concern.

It did not seem to me that I could possibly sleep a wink in such a place, and Charley declared he could not either. But I knew we were both very tired from riding hard all day, and might doze off before morning, so I told Charley that we had best tie our riatas across the canyon, just below the camp, to keep the horses from getting to the water, and then they would be waiting there in the morning, as they would not go away without a drink. Charley said, "Oh, we will not sleep a wink and will surely hear them as they come up over the rocks."

But I took our riatas and tied them across the canyon just the same. They were tied to a green tree on one side and to a dry Alder on the other. We then crawled into our blankets and lay there, gazing up between the mighty walls of the canyon at the stars overhead. It was a bright moonlight night, and from where I

was I could see the dead rattler lying in the sand near the water. I could hear, what I suppose now were rats and mice moving about the rocks within a foot of our heads, but at the time I could imagine I was hearing snakes crawling on both sides of us, and at our heads. Every time anything stirred, one of us would sit up and look at the place from where the sound came, and listen. Then, if all was quiet, we would lie down again.

I know we both felt that the chances were a hundred to one that we would have a rattler in bed with us before morning. I had looked at the dead snake so much I could see him with my eyes shut, and finally, towards midnight, I got up and threw him down among the rocks where he would be entirely out of sight. Then I crawled back into bed thinking perhaps I could sleep, but the image of the snake was before my eyes just the same. Charley was asleep and snoring, but it seemed there was no sleep for me, as I kept starting up at every little noise.

It seemed to me as if morning would never come, and I would have taken an oath I had not been asleep, when all of a sudden we were both startled by the sound of dry trees being broken, and we sat up in bed and there was the old black mare and the four yearlings, drinking at the pool right at the foot of our bed. We both jumped up and got below them, so that they could not get back down the trail. Then we managed to catch the old mare, and of course, the colts stayed with her until morning.

They had come up to where the riatas were tied across the trail and had pushed so hard that they had broken the old tree off, and the cracking had wakened us. I have always thought that, if it had not been for the tree cracking and waking us, they might have come in and drank and gone out again, and we would have thought in the morning that we had not slept a wink all night.

As soon as it was light enough, we got up and started a fire, and had a little breakfast. After eating, we started back to camp, with Charley leading the black mare and I driving the colts behind.

We found that some of the horses had gotten down past the fellows who were on guard during the night, so we put in the entire next day trying to find them, instead of starting for the coast as we had planned. When night came we had not found all of them, but decided to start the herd out in the morning as feed was too scarce to hold them over.

We held a council of war that evening by the camp fire and agreed it would be next to impossible to keep the horses the rest of the season at Moosa Canyon. So we decided to get other pasture to help out, if possible.

We had heard that the San Diego Flume Company had some pasture at Cuyamaca that was not in use, so it was thought best that Charley start for San Diego in the morning to see if he could rent this pasture, while the rest would take the horses out by way of Cahuilla Valley, Oak Grove to Santa Ysabel, which would be at least four days travel; and Charley thought he could make the trip to San Diego and back to meet us at Santa Ysabel, by the time we reached there.

We had our camp that night on a small piece of sod grass, or

cieneega, near the old Fair Cabin. I stood guard until midnight, and it sure was hard to keep from going to sleep in the saddle, as I had slept so little at Palm Creek. When one of the others came out to take my place, I crawled into my blankets without taking anything off but my boots. I was so sleepy and tired I was simply dead to the world until the cook called us for breakfast. I woke up with a stiff neck and could not turn my head around, without turning my whole body.

I tried to ride but as the ground was rough, the jolting seemed as if it would kill me. After going a short distance, I went to the wagon and told Healey to take my horse and I would drive the wagon. This was a little better at first, then the road led up a creek over such stones as I had never traveled over before. The jerking on my poor neck was terrible, but I lived through it, and was well in the morning.

We camped that night at the extreme head of Coyote Creek, there was a strip of sod grass and a small stream running through it. The sides of the Canyon were so steep that the horses would not try to climb them, so we put our camp in the road at the upper end, and a couple of the men slept in the road at the lower end and we had them safe.

Shortly after noon the next day we came by a small store, and I stopped to buy a few things we needed. I remember, among other things, buying a lead pencil, and when I came to settle the bill, he charged me twenty-five cents for that pencil. Perhaps it was the freight on pencils that made them so high out there.

Late in the afternoon, we arrived at the Cahuilla Indian Reservation and got permission to camp right in the middle of the settlement and to stand the horses in a lane that had a good fence on either side, and where there was good feed.

There was quite a pond of very strong sulphur water that was slightly warm, right in the middle of the village. I asked an Indian that stood near where they got their drinking water. He pointed to the pond of sulphur water, and said, "Ahi no mas."

This pond looked anything but clean, and it smelled like rotten eggs, but as there was no other water in sight, the cook filled the coffee pot with it, and used it in the cooking. The coffee made with that water was the worst dose I ever got out of a coffee pot. Some of the fellows declared that coffee undrinkable, but after they had tried to quench their thirst with some of the water from the pail, they went back to the coffee, which had at least been boiled. We asked several other Indians about water and they all pointed to the same pond.

After breakfast, the Indian Police rode up to our camp, and I had quite a talk with him. Finally I asked, "Do you people use the water of that pond for drinking and cooking?" He said no, that he would show me, and he led the way right around the pond and, on the opposite side and a little down the slope, was a sort of cut in the hillside, and at the end of this cut was a clear, cold spring of as nice water as I have ever tasted. The pond where we had been getting water from was where the Indians bathed!

As it was a very dry season, every time we came to a ranch we were sure to be met by the owner and told, "Keep the herd moving", as there was not a mouthful of feed to spare. We had got so we expected it, and yet we could not blame the poor ranchers, as they had very little feed for their own stock.

When we got to the Henry Bergman ranch about noon, the horses were suffering for both feed and water. There was a nice stream of running water through a field by the road, and there was very fine feed in that pasture, too. Mr. Bergman came out and told us to drive them into the pasture and let them rest an hour or two and he opened the gate.

Those poor, weary horses did enjoy that hour that we let them stay in that field. It was certainly a kind act on the part of this old man, and one which we will never forget. When we tried to pay him for the feed he would not hear of such a thing.

After resting for an hour at this pleasant place, we started on and in the late afternoon we met brother Charley who had been to San Diego and come back to meet us here. He told us he had made arrangements whereby we would have a small pasture to put the horses in that night at Oak Grove. That was good news, as we were all tired from standing guard at night. Renting this pasture that was enclosed by a fence would give us all a chance to get a good night's sleep.

But he had better news still: He had succeeded in getting a large pasture at Cuyamaca, where we could keep the stock several months, and then take them down to Moosa Canyon in the fall.

We got to Oak Grove quite early in the evening, and turned the horses into the pasture. We then made camp and as soon as supper was over with, we were all ready for bed. To get a whole night's sleep surely seemed good.

The next morning, we drove the herd very slowly and let them graze along the road across Warner's Ranch. We had to leave one old mare behind as that day she gave out and could not keep up, even though we traveled so slowly. My brother Matt. traded another old mare to an Indian at Santa Ysabel the next day for a quirt or riding whip that he could have purchased for a dollar.

We camped the next night at the "Carrisita", which is just at the south side of the valley. Here the feed was very good and the horses got well filled up during the night. We had to stand guard that night, but the feed was so good and the horses so worn out and hungry, that they were not hard to hold.

The next morning we started early and crossed over the divide into the Santa Ysabel Valley. After crossing this pretty valley, we turned the herd up the long narrow grade towards Wynola. In driving a big band of either horses or cattle on a dusty country road, on long mountain grades, we have to use a great deal of care for fear of meeting people where it is hard to pass them. One man must always ride ahead of the drove to warn any travelers we may meet to stop where there is room for the band to pass them. Once in awhile we would meet some cranky person who would refuse to wait by the roadside until the band was past, and would attempt to drive

right along through the drove. Before they had gone far, however, they were always ready to stop, for a big drove of horses completely fills the road and make such a dust that a traveler can see absolutely nothing. And if it is on a mountain grade, it is not only disagreeable but very dangerous, for he is in danger of being crowded off the road.

The men driving bands of stock suffer a great deal from the dust. When we would reach camp after a day's drive, every man would be so completely covered with dust and grime that a stranger would be unable to tell whether they were white men or not. In traveling along the mountain roads, the drove must be strung out, so the men do not ride behind them as they might in an open country, but one or two men will cut out a small bunch and start them up the grade. Of course, there must always be one man ahead of everything to stop them if necessary, as in meeting teams or people traveling. Then the main herd will start to follow the small bunch that is being driven ahead, and by another man riding along in the middle of the drove, and a couple more men bringing up the rear, they can be kept moving at an even pace. You can imagine the dust the men have to put up with.

We got them through Julian, and through the gate leading into the Cuyamaca Rancho, just before sundown, where we left them to sleep for themselves for the night. We all enjoyed a good night's sleep, but were up at the first sign of day. After breakfast Matt and Ed started for home on horseback, and the rest of us put the horses in the pasture surrounding the lake. The lake was very low that summer and the land all around it was covered with splendid grass. The water from the lake was used only for irrigating down around the Cajon Valley, so no one objected to the stock in the head waters. I don't think we could have found any other place in all southern California better suited to the needs of this tired, sore-footed band of horses.

After putting the band into the field, we went down to the dam and met the keeper, whose name was Dan Wilkins. We spent the rest of the day out in boats, fishing, and caught quite a number of fish.

The next morning, Charley and I started for home with the wagon and left Will and Realey at the lake where they were going to make some repairs to the pasture fence and then go back to the desert and try to find a few horses that we had failed to get when we left. They made the trip out and found the few we had missed at Borego Springs, and brought them in the short way by Yaqui Well and San Felipe.

Charley and I left Cuyamaca Lake that morning about seven and were home at the ranch that evening about seven-thirty. It sure seemed good to be home and eat from a table and sleep all night in a good bed. Camping out is very nice when you do it for pleasure, but when you do it because you have to, it is quite different.

A couple of weeks later, I went back to Cuyamaca and spent a couple of months there looking after the horses, and that beautiful country has been dear to me ever since. Later in the season, we moved the horses down to the pasture I have spoken of, at Moosa Canyon, and we kept them there until the rains brought on feed at the ranch, when we took them home.

And thus ended our experience for one dry season. When it was all over and we looked back over our experiences, there were many hardships and unpleasant things connected with it, but, mixed with these, there were very pleasant memories.

I have written this account with absolutely no notes to refer to, simply trusting to memory. But what I have written is true, every word, and without any attempt at coloring. I think every man should leave some account of something he has done, and this is my attempt at that something.

J. L. Kelly  
July 17, 1918.