

Passing of Margie Monroy



Marjorie Monroy was several times President of the Carlsbad Historical Society. She was a Carlsbad Citizen of the year in 2000. She was a Board Member, Friends of la Posada, for 19 years.

Margie had been a volunteer with the League of Women Voters, Friends of the Library, Carlsbad Historical Society, Barrio Carlsbad Association and Caring Residents of Carlsbad. She also volunteered at schools attended by her children and grandchildren.

Margie was 87 years old. She leaves behind her husband Mario, five children and many grand children and great grand children.

Annual meeting and elections

October 15, 2017, from 2 to 4 pm

Our 2017 Membership meeting was held at Rancho Carrillo (the old Mathew Kelly ranch). We were first given a tour by Kevin Bender, former archivist at Leo Carrillo Ranch Historic Park and currently researching and writing the first full-length biography of Leo.

After a call to order, the last year’s minutes were approved, and President Ginny Unanue gave a presentation. We have a new board member: Ken Langen, a long time resident of Carlsbad, who will be serving as Vice President. Connie Trejo will now serve as CHS Barrio Ambassador. The CHS By-Law’s change to allow board members to serve up to four consecutive two year terms was approved. Our membership has increased significantly as a result of the

efforts of our board member Marvin Sipple. Finances are in good shape.

A big, Thank You Kevin Bender!, for our Annual Meeting Program. Kevin a CHS member, and former Carrillo Ranch employee was involved in the creation of the newest Interpretive Carrillo Ranch display. Kevin suggested this site as our Annual Meeting event, and lead our Carlsbad Historical Society Annual Meeting program, and tour Of Carrillo Ranch.

The Board of Directors welcome all suggestions for future events and programs, please let us know your ideas.



Kevin Bender giving a tour of Carrillo Ranch

Life on a San Diego County Ranch – by John Kelly (excerpt from Chapter One)

"Some of my earliest memories are of Mother’s shouting to us children to come into the house from where we were playing, as, "Uncle Robert and some of his vaqueros were coming with a big steer," The vaqueros would have the steer lassoed – usually with two riatas on him, and he would be fairly frothing at the mouth with anger. He would charge first one horseman and then the other in a mad endeavor to gore the horse, but by having two riatas on him, one man would hold him as he charged the other, and they would try to have every mad lunge he made bring him a little nearer the house.

Sometimes Uncle Robert would put his horse right in front of the steer, and have the vaqueros ride well apart and a little to the rear of him. The steer would charge Uncle’s

horse, and by his allowing him to keep almost near enough to comb the horse's tail with his horns and the two riatas as tight as fiddle strings, they would come into the yard on the run. Of course, there was considerable danger connected with this kind of work, for if one of the horses should stumble, or one of the riatas break, an angry steer would make short work of either man or horse. But cattlemen were used to handling stock in that way, and while they fully realized the danger, they had the most utter confidence both in their horses, their riatas, and in each other.



Vaqueros at Kelly Ranch

They always butchered the steer as near the house as possible – not over fifty or sixty feet from the door, so it would be convenient to hang the beef on the line – for it would all be made into “jerky,” except what could be eaten fresh.

We children were, of course, ordered to stay in the house until the steer was dead, and we usually got upstairs and watched things through the upstairs windows.

When they got the steer as near the house as they thought necessary, they would throw him and one of the men would dismount and “stick” him. In those days there was no such thing as hanging a beef up while skinning him. They skinned him just as he lay – as you would a buffalo that had been shot down on the plains. The skin was spread out and the meat was cut into strips about an inch in diameter and from one to three feet long. These strips were then dipped into brine and then hung over a rope line. Every ranch, in those days, had these lines strung across the yard just as clothes-lines are in this day and age. After the “jerky” had hung over the rope for about twenty-four hours in dry weather, it was turned over so that the side that had been next to the rope or line was turned up to the sun so that it would dry thoroughly. After hanging in the sun for four or five days, it would be taken down and placed in sacks and kept in a cool, dry place until it was used. If the nights are foggy and damp, the “jerky” must be taken in in the evening and hung out again in the morning after the fog clears away. Good beef cured in this way is, in my opinion, perfectly delicious. And I would rather have a good string of it right now than a Porterhouse Steak.

Carlsbad Time Lines

It was always the rule to allow the vaqueros to eat as much meat as they wished while doing the butchering, so the first thing they did after killing the steer was to start a fire on the ground near where they were skinning the beef. As soon as they had enough of the skin removed to do so, they would have some strips of meat roasting over the fire. Uncle would tell Mother to “give the boys some salt,” and if there were one, two, or half a dozen on the job, bread and salt was all that Mother had to furnish them when meal time came. We children soon learned to join the men in roasting meat over the fire, and there is no better way of cooking it, in my opinion. Simply stick the meat on the point of a green stick, (a dry stick will burn) and hold it over the fire, after salting it, and turn it over and over until it is done. Take some steak with you the next time you go for a picnic and try this way, and if you don't think it is good you can say that I am no judge of what is good!



A leather riata

There were lots of splendid vaqueros in this part of the country in those days. In my opinion, the native Spanish Californian was the best in that line that the world has ever produced. I have seen and worked with lots of different men, from different parts of the world, but for work with cattle and horses in their wild state, I have never seen any other men who could equal some of the old time “Spanish Californians.” They seemed to know by instinct just what either wild cattle or wild horses were going to do before they did it. I have seen “Americans” that were considered very hard to beat, and they were good; but I have never seen one that I thought was the equal of some of the native Spanish Californians that I have known. As far as riding wild horses or mules, I have seen Americans that were as good at it as anyone could be, it seemed to me. But when it comes to both rough riding and being experts in the use of the riata, too, I have never seen the equal of some of the old Californians. (Of course, I am not saying there never were any Americans who were the equal of any of these old-timers that I have in mind, but I am saying that in forty years in the cattle business, I never

had the luck to meet one of them.) Among Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona "cowboys" it is a common practice when roping on horseback, to have the rope or riata fast to the saddle. They simply use a rather short rope or riata, and have the end fastened to the horn of the saddle. Then, when they rope an animal, they let him take the whole length of it. There is no letting the riata run on the horn of the saddle in "setting a horse or steer up," as we say – that is, in bringing him to a stop when he is running. When the riata is made fast to the saddle, the animal that is roped hits the end of it with an awful jerk, which is very hard on the back of the rider's horse.

I never saw an old-time Californian use a riata fast to his saddle. When he lassoed an animal he took three or four turns of the riata around the horn of the saddle as close to the fleeing animal as possible. Then, when he wanted to stop him, or set him up, he threw his weight in the stirrup on the opposite side from which the animal was running and as the weight came he let the turns run a few feet on the horn of his saddle and the horse he was riding got no such a jerk as he would have if the riata had been fast. And besides being easier on the ridden horse, it is much easier on the animal that is lassoed. I have seen many horses, and also some cattle, hurt badly by being set up with a jerk. And I have always said that I would not allow any man working for me to lasso with his rope fast to the saddle. In fact, I think if a man cannot handle his horse and rope without fastening it to the saddle, he had better start in and learn the business.

I have described the bringing in of a beef steer by two or more men, but a good vaquero was expected to be able to do it alone whenever it was necessary. I remember quite well, once when I was a small boy, Uncle Robert coming over to our place and Father telling him that we were nearly out of beef. Uncle said, "My vaqueros are all busy, so you had better get Juan Ortega to bring in a beef steer for you." Juan Ortega was a Spanish Californian who was foreman on the Encinitas Rancho, which ranch was about four miles south of where we lived. The next morning Father saddled his horse and started, telling the family that he was going to get Juan to bring in a steer. There were no wire fences in those days, and a man on horseback could ride across the country in any direction. The road to the Encinitas Ranch that was usually traveled led off east for a mile or so and then turned south. Father started away from the house by that road, and we children naturally supposed they would come back that way with the steer, for there were a great many of Uncle's cattle running at large all over the country, and we supposed they would bring one from over near the Encinitas Ranch."

New Photograph Donations

A wonderful donation from Paul Joba, some original photos of Carlsbad during the 1900-1920s.

Carlsbad Time Lines



Carlsbad Grammar School – 1908



High Quality picture of the "Carl" train station – 1920



Avocado Day – 1927



State Street Fire – 1927

New Members

Bill and Bonnie Dominguez – Life Membership
Jim and Jo Geary

Annual Dues

Our annual dues are collected **by the end of each year.** Individual membership is \$25, family memberships are \$35, and business memberships are \$50. Please consider upgrading to a Life Membership for \$250.

Carlsbad Historical Society
P.O. Box 252 Carlsbad CA 92018-0252
(760) 434-9189
cbadhistory@yahoo.com

Shipley-Magee House
258 Beech Avenue Carlsbad CA 92008

Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday 11 to 3 pm.
Private Tours with Tea are given
Monday through Thursday
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

www.carlsbadhistoricalsociety.com