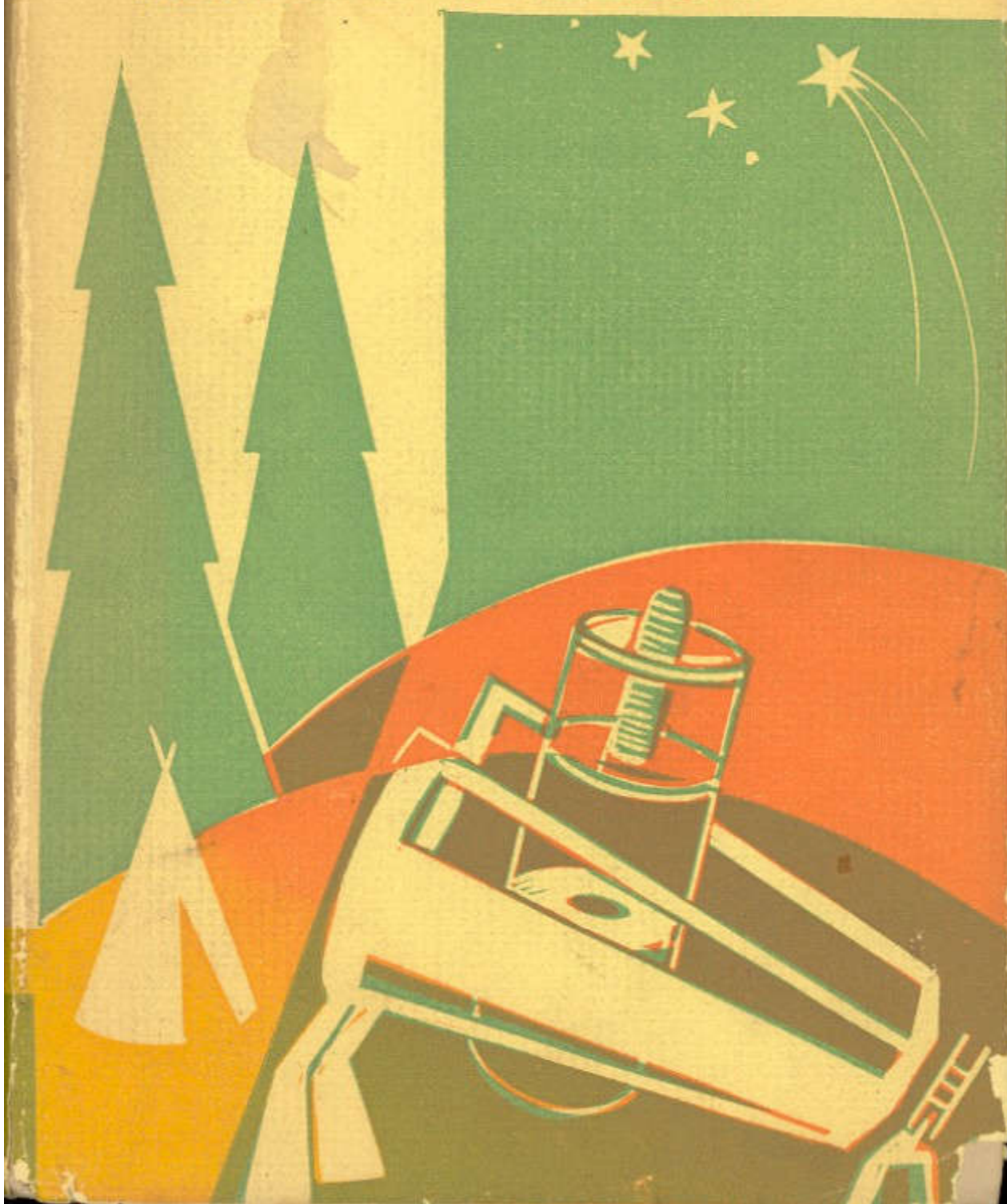


PALOMAR

FROM TEPEE TO TELESCOPE



Palomar from tepee to telescope



Catharine M. Wood



Catharine M. Wood

Artwork by May H. Negley
Original 1937 edition, by Catharine M. Wood
Frye & Smith. San Diego, California
2024 edited, revised, expanded edition
by Peter Brueggeman

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword

A Mystery Mountain

A Hanging Garden Above Arid Lands

Paauw, the Indians' Mountain

Palomar and the Missions

Sierra del Palomar

A Refuge for Outlaws

The First White Man on the Mountain

Palomar and the Butterfield Stages

Palomar was Smith Mountain to Early Settlers

Dyche, Will and Love Valleys

Doane Valley

Malava Valley is now Mendenhall Valley

French Valley and Sheep Raising

Morgan Hill

Birch Hill, by the Lord Harry!

Bailey's Palomar Mountain Resort

The Pickwick Stage Idea

The Frazier Sisters

Clark Cleaver

Nellie and Jessee

The Salmons Ranch

The Three Schools of Palomar

Lumbering on Palomar

A Butterfly Farm

Mountain Roads

A Narrow Escape

Later Developments

Forest Service

Palomar Mountain State Park

Wild Life:

..... Band-tailed Pigeons

..... Tree Squirrels

..... Bear Tales

..... Mountain Lions

MAP: Top of Palomar Mountain

FOREWORD BY CATHARINE M. WOOD

The purpose of this booklet is to preserve certain facts, stories and pictures of the days when Palomar was different, and to introduce to those interested, some of the natural charms of the region. It is the outgrowth of a special line of investigation begun in a course in California history in 1928.

Information from the following residents or former residents of Palomar is gratefully acknowledged: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mendenhall, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Salmons, Mrs. Frank Knox, Charles Mendenhall, Dr. and Mrs. Milton Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tillinghast, Bill Place, A. A. Bishop, Mrs. L. Desperier, Jose Albanas, J. P. Roberts, Esther Parnell Hewlett and Robert Asher. Thanks are due Frank F. Gander of the Natural History Museum staff, San Diego, for aid in identification of plants and animals, and to the following for points of information or aid in various ways: Mrs. M. J. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Reece, Charles Kelly, Daniel Martinez, F. B. Naylor, Senator Ed Fletcher, Guy L. Fleming, Mrs. Sam Norcross, Ed Davis (Lecture), Mrs. Eugene Vacher [PB: sister of Robert Asher], H. R. Peckham, May H. Negley, Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson and S. A. Marlette. Courteous assistance in securing data was received from the following organizations: California Institute of Technology, Automobile Club of Southern California, San Diego Chamber of Commerce, Natural History Museum, San Diego, Mission Indians Agency, U. S. Forest Service, City Library, and the following County offices: Supervisors, Surveyor, Recorder, Agriculture Commissioner, Superintendent of Schools.

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FOREWORD TO THIS REVISED EDITION BY PETER BRUEGGEMAN:

Catharine Wood's first name is misspelled Catherine in the original book. She was born April 19, 1886, and died August 23, 1973. Republication of Catharine Wood's book is intended to honor Catharine Wood by furthering the readership of her book which is long out of print and largely unavailable. A free electronic publication attracts the greatest readership of her work.

This edition is abridged to focus on Palomar Mountain history; it is expanded in places with text and photos by the author, and is considerably revised from the author's original work. Errors have been corrected, and proper names completed or corrected. Text and photos new to the original work have been added along with better scans of photos appearing in the original work. Explanatory annotations have been added in square brackets noted with PB.

The copyright of Wood's book was not renewed at the end of its first term of copyright protection, so her original book is in the public domain. This edition is not the original book.

Peter Brueggeman
Mount Helix, California

A MYSTERY MOUNTAIN

Palomar Mountain in Southern California, once famous as the home of the world's largest telescope, was noted in the days of the Spanish-speaking people as the home of the band-tailed pigeons, hence the name Palomar, meaning "pigeon roost" or "dovecote."

The mountain has a historic past as well as a scientific future. Newspapers have called it a "mystery mountain" because few people were living there at the time the observatory was begun, yet there were evidences in rocks, ruins, names and apple trees of days when Palomar had numerous residents.

Grinding holes, or mortars (morteros), in granite rocks throughout the region indicate generations of Indian life. Wagon roads have become mere fern-bordered trails leading to crumbling cabins. A huge boiler rusts in Pedley Valley among tall weeds that cannot hide it. Doane Valley contains its old ruins, while Love Valley has only a lone weeping-willow to record man's former contact. At Frazier Point, overlooking the south grade, two sturdy, deserted farm buildings of hewn cedar still defy the ravages of vagrants and the weather from behind a barricade of poison oak.

Near the summit of the west grade there is a monument to a negro, standing sentinel as did the man, over the steep road named for him "Nigger Grade" [PB: now named Nate Harrison Grade]. On early maps, Palomar Mountain appears as Smith Mountain. There are no birch trees in the region, yet there is a Birch Hill, and Nellie and Jessee were the names of two little post offices.

Uncared-for apple orchards in the most unexpected places still bear good fruit, some with names lost in the past, for apple trees often survive their planters. A vineyard, gone wild, hangs its grapes in summer from the boughs of tall wild lilac bushes.

During the 1890s, Palomar had enough families to support three public schools; since it was a popular summer resort for many people of Southern California, it had three hotels in operation part of the time, and a small tent city in Doane Valley each summer. It took the better part of a day for a team to pull the Nate Harrison Grade, so travelers often camped overnight at Tin Can Flat near the foot in order to provide for an early morning start up the steep climb, and when they reached the top, they were usually ready to stay a while.

With the coming of automobiles and improved roads, the lure of more distant places attracted summer vacationers away from Palomar. Many of the homesteaders had by this time proved up on their claims, sold their property and moved to regions where the children could finish their education and life would be a little easier. Pioneering days were over.

Palomar then reverted into a state of semi-wilderness, broken only by the activities of the few remaining residents, occasional summer visitors, and the grazing of cattle. After World War I, a number of summer cabins were built in wooded spots along the south rim by nature-lovers not afraid of the grades. However, signs of "No Trespassing" blocked all but the Crest Line area, consequently it remained for the opening of the State Park and the building of the observatory to introduce to the world the charm of Palomar's hills and valleys.

These topographical features, with other characteristics of the mountain which have always been important factors in its socio-economic development will be considered first. Then some of the "mysteries" will be unraveled as chronologically as possible, by turning back the clock of Time a hundred years or more to Indian days, following on through the Spanish occupation, early state history and the era of homesteaders to that of the telescope, probably the greatest mystery of all.

A HANGING GARDEN ABOVE THE ARID LANDS

Palomar is one of the few higher mountains of Southern California that does not border the desert. It forms a huge humpy ridge, with an elevation of 6,140 at High Point, extending for about twenty-five miles along the northern boundary of San Diego County. Geologic evidence indicates that it is of block formation, with fault lines on both north and south sides, thus accounting for the precipitous north and south slopes and the several hot springs near the base to the east and west. It is sometimes designated as Palomar Range because the western extension bears the name Agua Tibia Mountain, and the rocky ridge east of High Point is called Aguanga Mountain [PB: There is no peak named Palomar Mountain].

Lacking the conventional cone shape expected of a mountain, Palomar rises abruptly from the San Luis Rey River valley on the south for about three thousand feet, only to spread out on top in an area of something like eight square miles, including wooded hills, grassy spring-fed valleys, and trickling canyons.

Professor William Joseph Hussey of Lick Observatory investigated the mountain in 1903 when a site for the telescope now located at Mount Wilson was being sought. He ascended the unimproved east road in a buckboard, and in spite of the rough, hard trip, wrote as follows:

"Nothing prepares one for the surprise of Palomar. There it stands, a hanging garden above the arid lands. Springs of water burst out of the hillsides and cross the road in rivulets. The road is through forests that a king might covet -- oak and cedar and stately fir. A valley where cattle stand knee deep in grass has on one side a line of hills as desolate as Nevada; on the other side majestic slopes of pine."

[PB: William J. Hussey writes about a bench on Cook's ranch as a possible observatory site, situated at the southern edge of Dyche valley. Hussey notes that it is seemingly sheltered from winds by neighboring hills on the northwest and east, and a decided chill is noticeable when the sun goes down, noting that Cook builds a fire as a matter of course at sundown even though the days had been warm. Hussey notes that Palomar Mountain doesn't have the stillness, steady temperature, and evergreen forest compared to Mount Wilson, and notes that Palomar is better than Cuyamaca for an observatory. Hussey notes that Palomar is further disadvantaged compared to Mount Wilson by being extremely isolated, noting that "Escondido is the nearest town of any pretensions, and that is 35 miles away. There is a road down the western side of the mountain, laid out to be a 10 per cent grade, but constructed steeper in places. A road is contemplated down the southeast end of the mountain, from Mendenhall valley into Valle de San Jose. This has been surveyed and, I was informed, the construction ordered. Whether railroads will soon come nearer the mountain's base than they are at present is entirely uncertain." Appendix A to Report of Committee on Observatories. Report by W. J. Hussey on Certain Possible Sites for Astronomical Work in California and Nevada. Pages 71-104. IN: Report of Committee on Southern and Solar Observatories. Washington DC: Carnegie Institution, 1903.]

Palomar commands an outlook over much of Southern California. To the north stretch miles of mountainous territory, bounded in the distance by the San Bernardino peaks, snow-capped in winter. To the south, from east to west, unfolds one of the most inspiring panoramas in the world. The sun rises briskly over desert mountains, darting from among the glorified peaks silver shafts of light which seem gently but firmly to prod into life the purple valleys below. Southward, from pointed Cuyamaca, over lower peaks and patchwork valleys may be seen mountains of Lower California, and on clear days, the Coronado Islands beyond the city of San Diego. From there the coast line leads to the ocean of sunset, where, at the day's end the distorted sun may assume the shape of a Japanese lantern of orange hue as it slowly slips from the painted sky to be extinguished in the misty waters behind the islands of San Clemente and Santa Catalina.

With the disappearance of the sun, the sky tints grow stronger, spread eastward, then gradually fade. The huge stalking tigers, pictured by the rocky ledge across the valley, lose the glamour loaned by the sunset rays, and continue their everlasting hunt in darkness. Soon the lights below twinkle into prominence, the far-off skies above San Diego glow, and Fairyland becomes a reality.

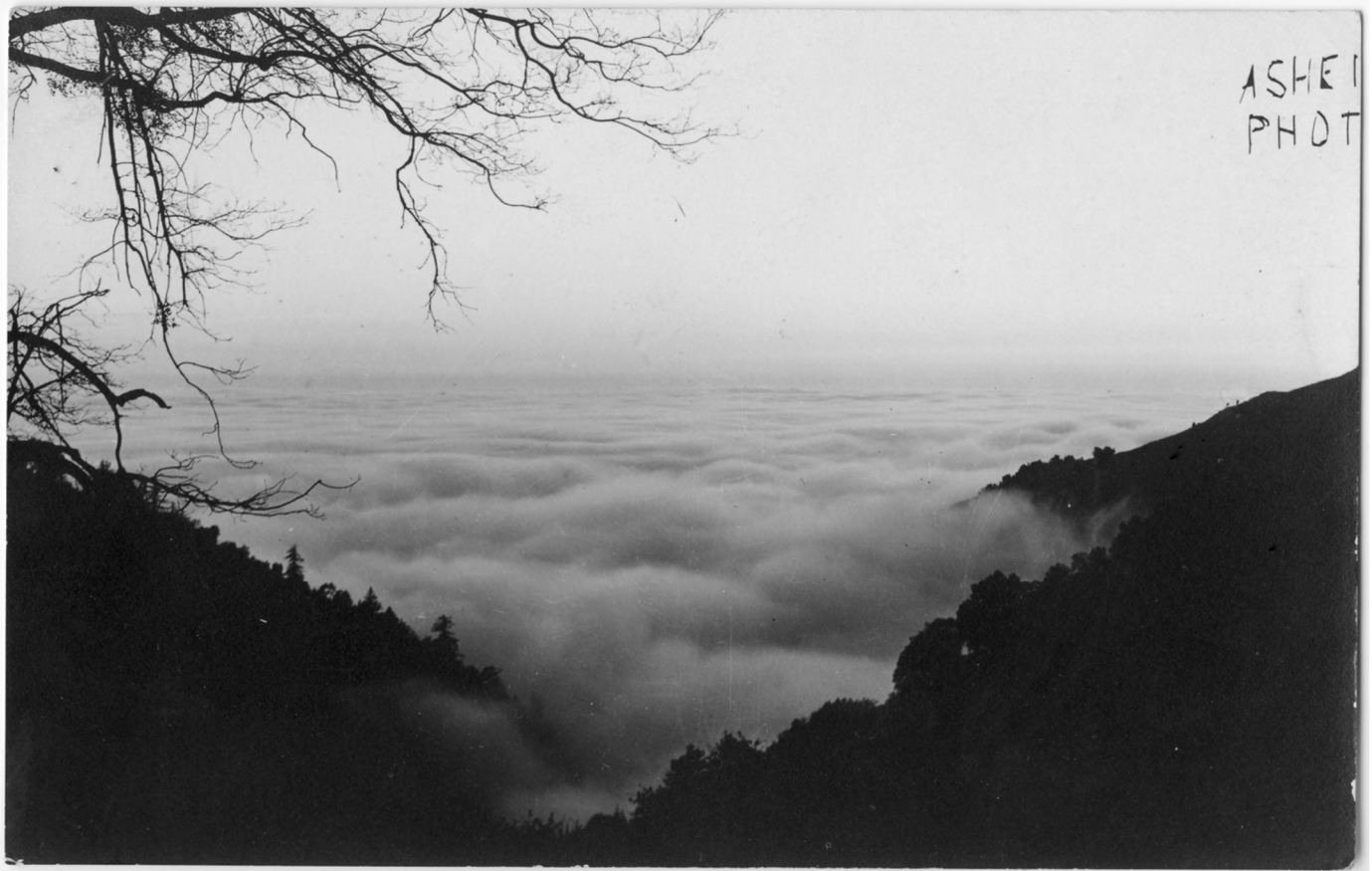


A view over San Luis Rey Valley Walter E. Averett photo



Snow scene taken above Clark Cleaver's apple orchard, looking towards the ocean, November 1906 Robert Asher photo

Nature drapes the pictures variously and tantalizingly with moisture in the form of half-revealing haze, wispy fog, or bumptious clouds billowing inland from the sea. Sometimes in early morning, before the sun has had time to dispel a night's cloud blanket with his heat, a turbulent sea of white stretches as far as the eye can see, broken only by a sprinkling of little purple islands to the east, companion mountain tops isolated in sunshine. At other times the clouds, pushing on over the crest, blot out all views and envelop the heights in gently swirling fog, wafting here and there among dripping trees delicate ragged tongues of mist.



A turbulent sea of white stretches as far as the eye can see Robert Asher photo

While San Diego, approximately 46 miles distant by straight line, has about 10 inches of annual rainfall, Palomar can have in the neighborhood of six times that much, depending on what part of the mountain the measurement is taken. Much of it is in the form of snow, about 10 inches of which is counted as an inch of rainfall. In fact, it is commonly stated that the precipitation averages over 60 inches in the higher parts of the wooded Crest, though there is no official record to prove it. An unofficial record kept for about 20 years at the post office, elevation about 5,000 feet, gives approximately 48 inches as the average. A six-year record kept by the Institute of Technology at the telescope site, "averaged about 28 inches, ranging from 18 to nearly 60 inches." That area, on account of its more interior situation probably receives less moisture than does the Crest. It is not so heavily wooded as are other parts of the mountain.

[PB: The U.S. National Weather Service maintains weather records for the Observatory. From 7/1/1948 to 9/30/2005, annual average rainfall was 28.62 inches, and annual average snowfall was 35 inches. The maximum annual rainfall was 64.94 inches in 1978, and the minimum annual rainfall was 11.54 inches in 1999. From July 1948 to February 2006, the maximum monthly snowfall was 82 inches for January 1949.]

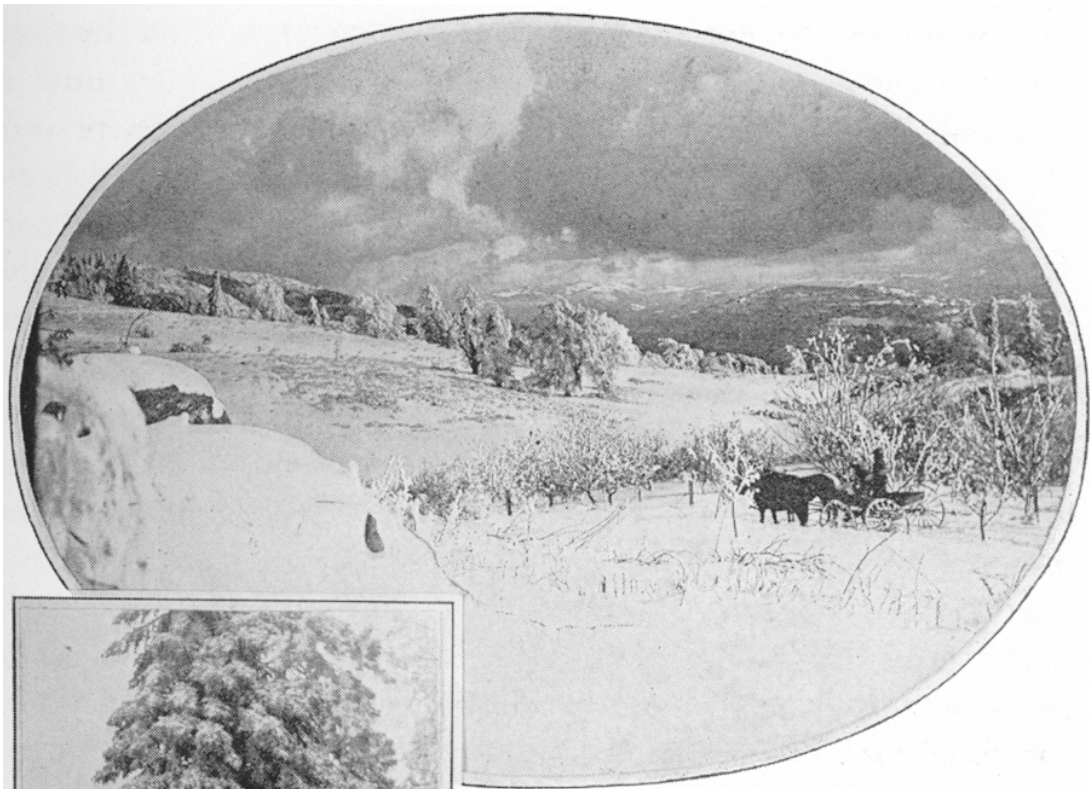
The reason for this large amount of rainfall in a semi-arid region is that the mountain lies in the path of moisture bearing winds from ocean areas to the south and west. These winds cross the lowlands, then are forced to rise abruptly to clear the heights, and in so doing, their water vapor is condensed by the coolness of the upper air, resulting in fog, mist, rain, sleet, or snow according to moisture and temperature conditions. Occasionally when it is sunny on Palomar, and clouds are drifting northward over the Crest, they thin and disappear, changed to invisible vapor by the heated area of the somewhat flattened top.



Palomar snow Scene Mrs. Sam Norcross photo

Some winters are open with few storms. Others bring snow to a depth of four or five feet on the level, isolating the mountain in times past for weeks. Most of the large trees show damage due to heavy accumulations of frozen moisture, but snow is desirable, because, as it melts, it allows the water to soak into the ground slowly, thus preventing floods. It gives the native Californians a thrill and refreshes the memory of the Easterner.

With improved roads and modern snowplows, Palomar is now accessible at practically all times of the year, though for several weeks early in 1937, when it was necessary for cars to come or go, they had to be pulled over snow-blocked roads by tractors.



SNOW 'ON PALOMAR

Robert Asher photos

Lying as it does, largely in the Transition life zone, because of abundant moisture and coolness afforded by the altitude, the mountain has plant and animal life peculiar to regions further north as well as species characteristic of the Southland. In summer brake ferns waist-high cover open spaces on top while cattle tread on buttercups in the meadows.



Ferns Robert Asher photo

Fragrant azaleas perfume damp canyons. Long-stemmed blue lupines bloom on sun-drenched slopes, and gorgeous tiger lilies thrive among the shadows. The ridges on the abrupt south slope are treeless and windswept, but they shelter luxuriant trees in their canyons. Gray tree squirrels with fluffy tails scold intruders from their branchy hiding places in wooded sections throughout the mountain, and deer are not uncommon.



***Rhododendron occidentale*, the western azalea or California azalea** Robert Asher photo



Tiger lilies and Ferns, Palomar Robert Asher hand-colored photo postcard

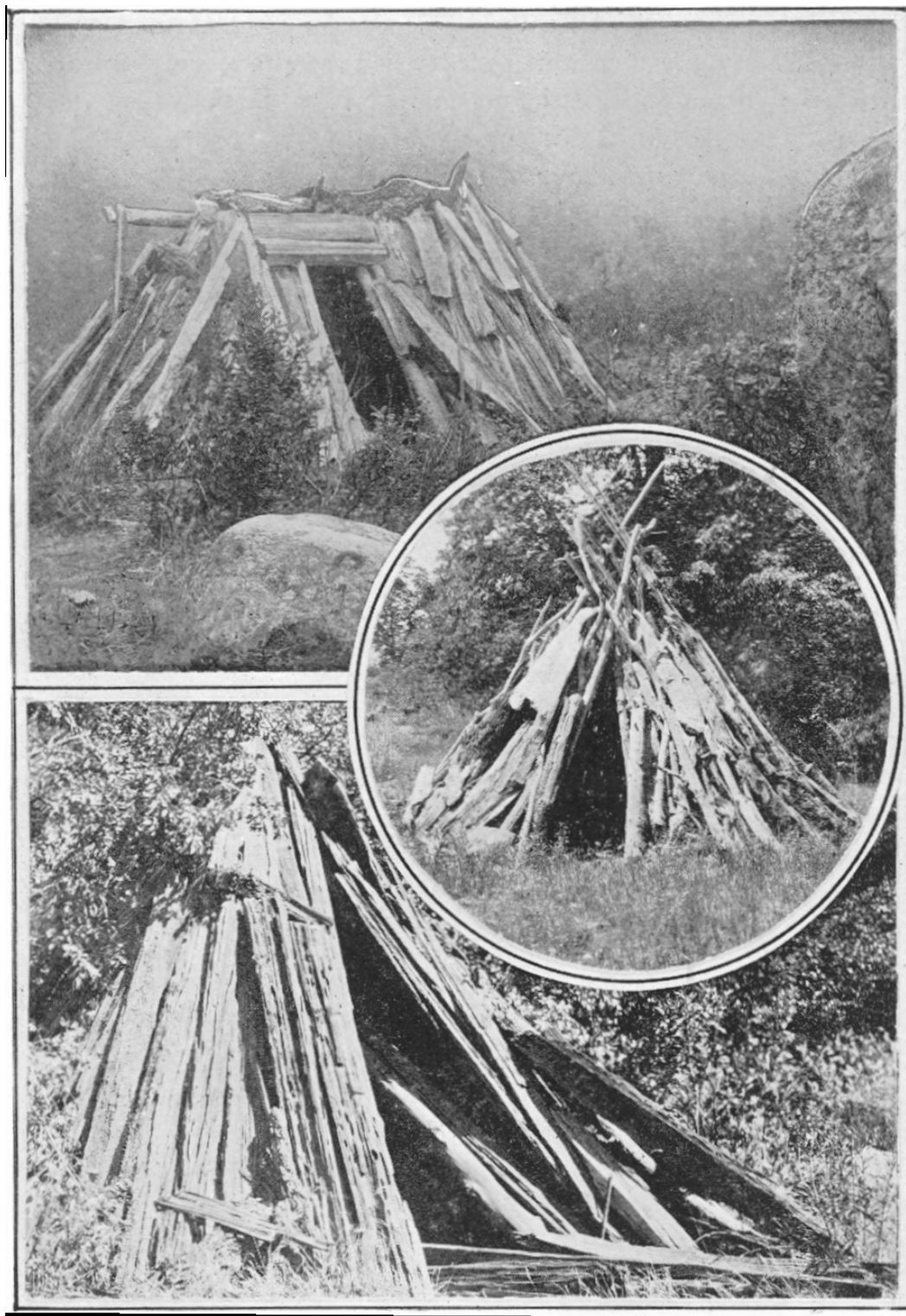
PAAUW, THE INDIANS' MOUNTAIN

The Indian name for Palomar was "Paauw," which means simply "mountain," for it was the custom to designate specific sections by name rather than refer to the region as a whole. For instance, an Indian would say, "I am going to Malava" or some other part, instead of, "I am going to the mountain." High Point was called Wikyo. The Mission Fathers, in their explorations of San Luis Rey Valley shortly before and after 1800, spoke of the various Indian villages by name, but they too referred to the long mountain merely as "the Sierra" in their diaries.

Long before the coming of the white man, the mountain was a favorite hunting and camping ground, especially during the summer. It was believed to be one of the "First People," which, according to the story of creation, were the first things to be created and included both animate and inanimate objects. Such objects as man, coyotes, mountains and certain plants were all "First People."

One legend says that the Earth, whose parents were Day and Night, was the Mother. Another tells of a great flood during which the Indians appealed to a certain Mountain for help, and it rose above the Waters and saved them.

There were ten or more village sites or rancherias on the top of Palomar. One was at Malava (Sulphur) Springs in what is now known as Mendenhall Valley, while another was located at Iron Springs (Paisvi) about half a mile above the point where the observatory road crosses the creek. Others were scattered over the mountain -- three or four along the Crest, one above La Jolla creek, and several in the State Park area. Two dilapidated tepees of poles and cedar bark, used by the later Indians in their yearly trips after acorns, were still standing in 1936, one above La Jolla creek and the other on the Crest near Bailey's Resort.



Luiseno Indian structures On Palomar. Top Photo about 1905. Robert Asher photos

The term tepee, strictly speaking, was applied to the skin-covered lodges of the Plains Indians, but in common usage it means a conical Indian structure covered with skin, bark, or brush. The Indian name for those of the Palomar region probably was "kecha kachumat" (pointed house), but mountain residents call them tepees. These tepees were sometimes twelve or more feet in diameter, with the floor excavated a foot or so. Those in the valley were partially covered with dirt for warmth.



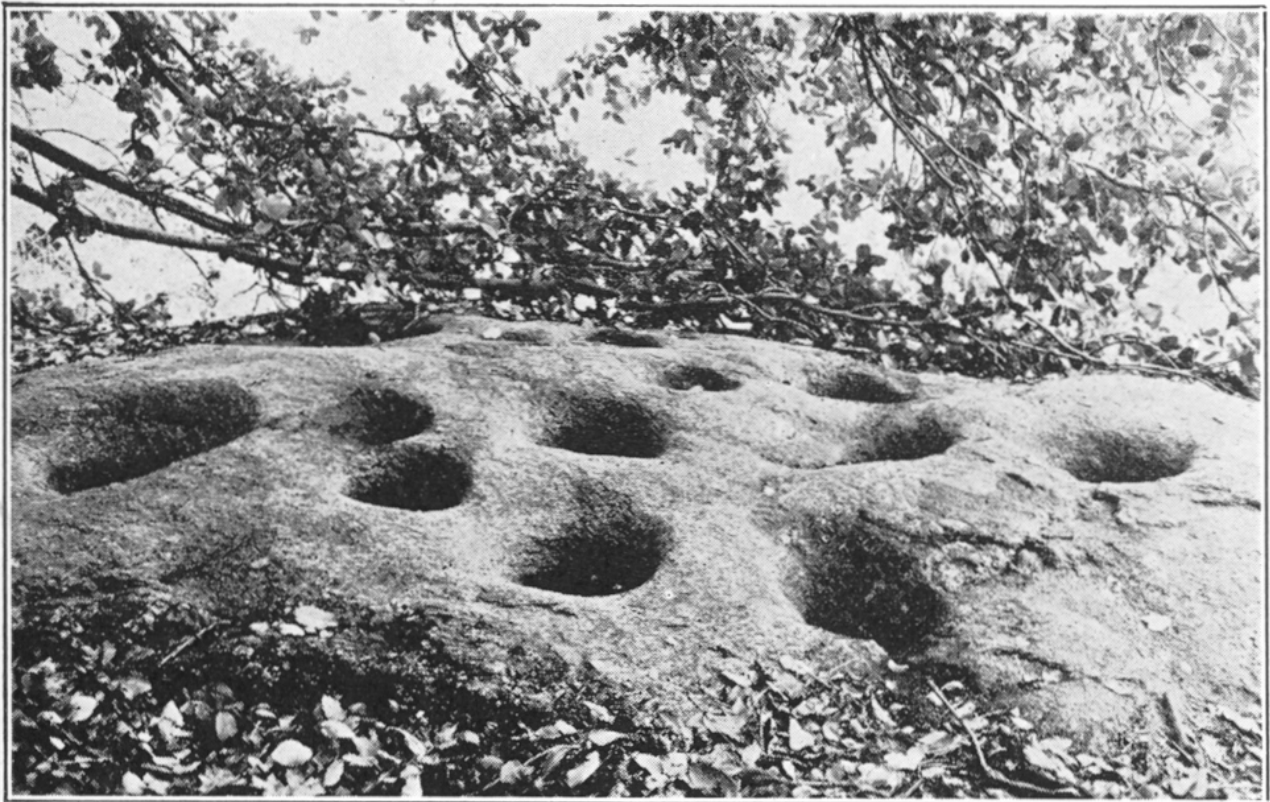
Philip Stedman Sparkman, undated

Philip Stedman Sparkman, who was murdered at his Rincon store in 1907 by an unknown assassin, for reasons unknown, had made an intensive study of the Indians of the San Luis Rey region, even learning their language. Soon after his death the University of California learned of his work and secured his notes, publishing them in 1908 [The Culture of the Luiseno Indians. Philip Stedman Sparkman. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1908. University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology volume 8, number 4].

Sparkman said of the Indians on Palomar Mountain:

"It must not be supposed that they wandered at will over this territory; on the contrary, each band had its allotted district in which it alone had the right to gather food and hunt. Thus each band had its tract in the San Luis Rey valley, and another on Palomar, to which it moved during the acorn gathering time."

Mortars or morteros, grinding holes for acorns and seeds, are found in granite rocks practically all over the mountaintop, usually under the shade of oak trees. It is not unusual to find twenty or more holes in one boulder. At Silver Crest in the State Park, one out-cropping ridge probably fifteen feet long is pitted with twenty-four holes, from four to twelve inches deep, not counting two little ones. When a mortar became so deep it could not be used efficiently without bruising the hands of the worker as she grasped the pestle, it was abandoned and a new one started.



Indian mortars at Silver Crest

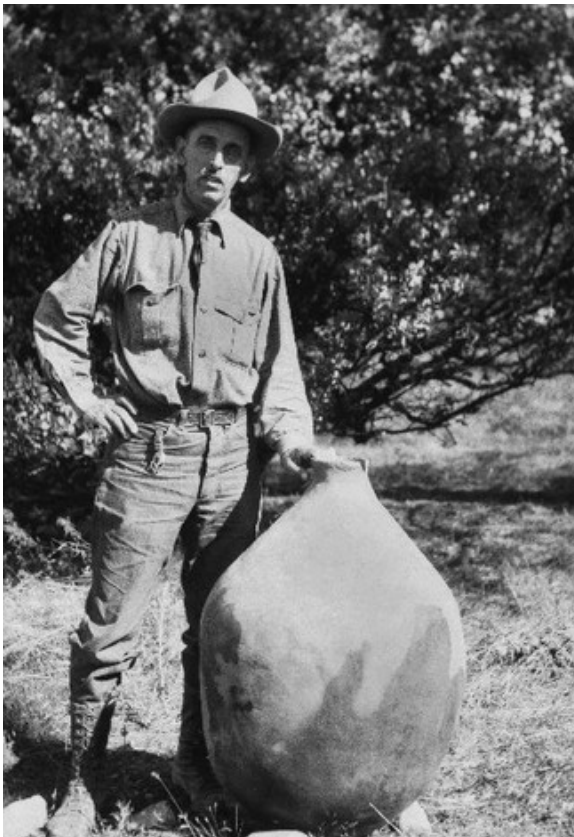
Regarding these mortars, Sparkman wrote:

"In beginning to make a new mortar (arusut) the hole was not hollowed out at once to the required depth. A slight cavity was chipped in the rock and a basin shaped basket placed over it and glued in place with asphaltum or pitch, the sides of the basket keeping the acorns or other seeds from flying out when struck with the pestle. But with constant use the slight cavity made in the rock became deeper and deeper until the basket is no longer necessary, when it is removed."

In order to start a mortar, it is said that a fire, restricted to the desired size by a ring of clay, was first built on the chosen spot, and the heat affected the granite so it could then be chipped by a small hard rock. Different sized holes were used for different purposes, one for grinding acorns, which were a dietary staple, and others for smaller seeds. In addition to the mills in large boulders, the Indians made portable ones in smaller rocks, which could be moved under shelter or to a spot having seeds or acorns, but no rocks. These portable mortars were evidently cached in earth-covered piles when their owners left a region, for several such piles have been unearthed on the mountain in recent years by natural weathering or during construction work.

The rather flat grinding stones called metates by the Spaniards were also used by the Indians, but whether or not they used them before the Spaniards came is a question. The Indian name for them was "ngohilish" and so they called the hand-piece or rub-stones 'ngohilish po-ma" which means literally "metate its-hand."

Seeds were parched, ground, mixed with water and eaten cold, or sometimes mixed with other food. Meal from ground grains such as wild oats was "poyish," the Spanish "pinole." Acorns were cracked, dried in the sun so the contents could be picked out with a bone tool called "maavish," and ground. The meal, called "mahish" by the Luisenos, "bellota" by the Spaniards, was leached with hot water to remove the bitterness, sometimes in woven baskets, sometimes in holes in the sand where the water could drain away, then cooked in an earthen vessel.



Edward Davis standing with olla pottery, undated

Acorns for future use were stored in a bin made of coiled branches such as those of willow. It held eight to twelve bushels. These were placed on rocks or raised above the ground on pole structures. During the summer, besides gathering acorns, the Indians killed deer, jerked (dried) the meat as the Californians said, and stored it, ground and mixed with dried fruit, in deer-skin bags for winter use.

Many bits of broken pottery are to be found about the old rancheria sites on Palomar. The Luisenos made pottery of red clay, which they fired in pits filled with cow dung, in order to maintain a slow, even heat, but they did not glaze nor decorate the articles. They also made baskets, but as a rule, neither the baskets nor pottery had handles.

Broken arrow heads are numerous. A different type was used for each kind of game. Robert Asher has found many perfect ones, some very rare. He also found a hunting knife about five inches long, made of a kind of rock not of the Palomar region, evidence that the Indians were in the habit of trading with those of other sections.

The early Indians did not eat tree squirrels, but they did eat wood or brush rats, which were considered a delicacy. The flesh is said to resemble that of rabbit. Wood rats live in mounds about three feet high built of small sticks, to which the hunters would set fire, killing the rats as they tried to escape. Milton Bailey tells how he, as a boy, used to watch the dark-skinned occupants of near-by rancherias burn out the little creatures and cook them.

Indians believed in water spirits, one of which, a malevolent apparition known as Yuyungviwut, could be either male or female. Another called Pavawut inhabited springs. Louis Salmons says an Indian who once worked for him shot a deer which rolled down into the steep canyon of Pauma creek on the west end of the mountain but would not go down to get it.



On Pauma Creek near lower cabin Robert Asher photo

Sparkman wrote this story, told him by an Indian:

"A being known as Koyul is said to have its abode at the main falls of Pauma creek, not the falls that visitors to Palomar sometimes go to see, but others much lower down the canyon. It is thought to object to having people visit its abode, which is exceedingly difficult of access, and many are afraid to do so."

"There is a tale to the effect that some twenty years ago a man who had been told of the existence of this animal, and warned not to go where it lived, declared that he was not afraid of it, that he would go where it was said to live, and shoot it if he should see it. So one day he entered the canyon and managed to get within a short distance of the falls when he saw the animal sitting on a large rock directly above the falls. It looked like a very large toad and was about the size of a man. He shot at it with a rifle he had taken

along with him, when it at once jumped from the rock into a deep water hole at the foot of the falls. As it struck the water a dense mist rose from it and filled the canyon so that it was impossible to see in any direction. At this the man was badly frightened and would have left the canyon at once, but as he could not see anything, thought it best to wait until the mist cleared off. But though he waited and waited it did not do so, and at last he was obliged to grope his way back out of the canyon as best he could. Strange to say he did not die at once as everyone prophesied he would, but is still alive, or was, a few years ago."

The falls he mentions as the one "that visitors to Palomar sometimes go to see" probably were the Rainbow Falls, a beauty spot of former days which has since been destroyed by floods.



Rainbow Falls, Pauma Creek Robert Asher photo

Young Indian girls liked to visit a certain spring in Malava valley, so runs a legend, which guarded in its depths beautiful, slender stones. They would reach down under the water in search of these stones, for the number found by a maiden indicated the number of children she would have.

Because their fathers belonged to the San Luis Rey Mission the descendants of the Indians who once spent their summers on Palomar are now included under the name of Luisenos. They live on reservations in the San Luis Rey River valley, at the foot of Palomar. The reservations are known as La Jolla, Rincon and Pauma. La Jolla includes the three settlements of La Jolla, Yapicha (La Picha) and Potrero, while Rincon lies directly below Nate Harrison Grade. Pauma, probably the only reservation in California dating back to a Mexican grant patent, in which Indian planting lands were reserved for the Indians, is a small reservation in the center of the Pauma ranch, and with it is grouped tiny Yuimai, containing only about two or three families. The reservation of Pechanga lies at the west end of the mountain beyond the Agua Tibia section.

Pala reservation, also in the San Luis Rey valley, is occupied, not by Luisenos, but by the Indians who were evicted from Warner's Hot Springs (Agua Caliente) in 1903. [PB: They were Cupeño.] They spoke a different language from that of the Luisenos and were grouped linguistically with those of the San Diego mission under the name of Dieguenos, though they were of Yuman origin.

While at Warner's in December 1846, Lieutenant William Hemsley Emory, Chief of the Topographical Engineers of the Army of the West wrote that,

"the Indians have made pools for bathing. They huddle around the basin of the spring to catch the genial warmth of its vapors, and in cold nights immerse themselves in the pools to keep warm." [The History of Warner's Ranch and its Environs. Joseph J. Hill. Los Angeles: Private printing, 1927]

Sergeant Daniel Tyler, a member of the Mormon Battalion which entered California via Warner's Hot Springs in 1847 records:

"Strange as it may appear, it was asserted, not only by Warner but by eyewitnesses of our own men that during cold nights, the Indians (who were nearly nude) slept with their bodies in the warm stream while their heads lay on the soddy banks. This seems another of those facts which are 'stranger than fiction'." [The History of Warner's Ranch and its Environs. Joseph J. Hill. Los Angeles: Private printing, 1927]

It is thought that the Indians may have slept in the sulphur water of the Hot Springs for its curative effect rather than for warmth. Indians of Southern California have always believed in the effects of hot water and steam baths. Two sweat houses were still in use on the mountainside above the La Jolla reservation as late as 1936.

In his Field Notes, Robert C. Matthewson, a surveyor of 1855, mentioned the three rancherias now included in the La Jolla reservations. He said about five hundred Indians lived there, the friendliest he met on any of his surveys. Their governor, Manuel Cota, compelled them to be honest and industrious, for he had erected a gallows and used to hang those guilty of actual or sometimes imaginary offenses, such as witchcraft. These occasions were celebrated with "fiestas" [Robert C. Matthewson's Survey, 1855].

Further information regarding his rule is given in an article written three years later, in which Manuel is spoken of as Manuelito, "Great Chief of the San Luis Indians." At that time, he planned to hang three Indians at Rancho de Pala for the crime of being "Chisaras" or witches, and Sheriff George Lyons with his men was sent out to prevent the deed. Manuelito heard the posse was on the way, and, much insulted at the news of interference, left the scene with orders to a subordinate to either hang the three or deliver them to the rescuers. [PB: It is spelled 'hichiceras' in a contemporary account of this event in: California Farmer and Journal of Useful Sciences March 1, 1861, page 2, column 2].

The subordinate chose to hang them, and a crowd was on hand to witness the execution when the rescuers arrived. They found three emaciated prisoners who had been held in jail for several weeks -- a decrepit old woman, her crippled son, and her daughter about twenty-five years of age. The three had been suspected of witchcraft for some time, and when the Chief became ill, that decided the matter; the suspected ones were given a trial, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged! [San Diego Herald, Sept. 25, 1858]

Manuelito's feelings were so hurt over the outcome of the affair that he threatened to abdicate his office. It seems that his was a political position and that he was not a full-blooded Indian. Present day Indians say they have been told he was cruel and oppressive and hanged a number of people. As to Fiestas after executions, possibly they were only ceremonials of mourning. Ordinarily Fiestas were held on Anniversary days, and the custom is still followed, but how different they are from the one in 1857, described as follows:

"The Anniversary of San Luis Rey comes off at the Mission of that name, next week, and as they are to have a Bull and Bear fight among the other refined amusements, we presume there will be an unusually large attendance of Americans on the occasion. The grand religious ceremonies in the old Mission church will commence on Tuesday morning, and the other sports will begin in the afternoon and continue till all the whiskey is drunk up, or till the end of the week." [San Diego Herald, Aug. 22, 1857]

(One week later)

"The Fiesta of San Luis winds up today, probably in a grand drunk by the Indians, who managed to stowaway enough whiskey during the week to imitate their white brethren on the last day of the Fiesta -- only 'a little more so'. The Bull fight which was to have been such a grand affair, consisted of a few drunken horsemen chasing tame bulls, with the ends of their horns sawed off, around the plaza until the horses or their riders were tired out."

Today's Fiestas, colorful but commercialized, take place in brush-covered ramadas near churches where services are held, and whole families from neighboring reservations pack up and attend for the duration of the events, which include sports such as ball games and horse racing. In willow-covered booths, usually surrounding a square for entertainment purposes, are sold food and drinks of various kinds which, on hot days, attract more flies than purchasers, and the fragrance of drying willow mingles with the pungent odors of tamales and coffee. Age-old Indian ceremonials take place occasionally, but are not public affairs as are the Fiestas, though white friends are sometimes invited. Pagan in origin though they are, they show plainly the influence of rituals and prayers of Mission days, handed down by word of mouth from father to son.

"Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail."
[Translation of "Tantum Ergo"]

PALOMAR AND THE MISSIONS

Palomar's first connection with California history was of a rather religious nature. There is a tradition to the effect that the timbers for the San Diego Mission came from there, borne by relays of Indians without being allowed to touch the ground. The story was printed in a San Diego paper [San Diego Weekly Union, Sept. 24, 1878] in 1878 as told by an Indian woman thought to be about 124 years old at the time. However, Zephyrin Engelhardt, recognized authority on Mission history, calls the story an old woman's dream, saying that the timbers evidently came from a distance, as there were none close at hand, but that they were no doubt hauled by oxen, not borne by Indians.

Cuyamaca and Volcan mountains have also been credited with furnishing the timbers, but Father Antonio D. Ubach, pioneer priest of San Diego, told Senator Leroy A. Wright that the timbers for the San Diego Mission were cut at Corte Madera, 55 miles east, and brought by the Indians to San Diego by way of the Tia Juana Valley. Corte Madera means a place where timbers were cut.

It looks as though Palomar must waive the honor of providing the beams for the San Diego Mission, but there is no doubt that those for the San Luis Rey Mission and its subsidiary at Pala came from there, for it is so recorded in the notes of Father Antonio Peyri under date of 1827. In answer to the request of the Governor for an

accounting of the Mission properties, he wrote: "Two leagues east of the station of San Antonio de Pala, and nine leagues from the Mission, in the sierra, there is a forest of pines and firs (pinabete) and larches (alerce) where the timber was cut for buildings of the Mission and of the other stations." [San Luis Rey Mission. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt. San Francisco: The James H. Barry Company, 1921]



San Luis Rey Mission, founded in 1798

There are deep ridges on the west shoulder of the mountain where logs were dragged down the steep slope. The Indians tell how one log became unbalanced, and left the trail, dragging its oxen over the precipitous slope which banks the Pauma creek at that point.



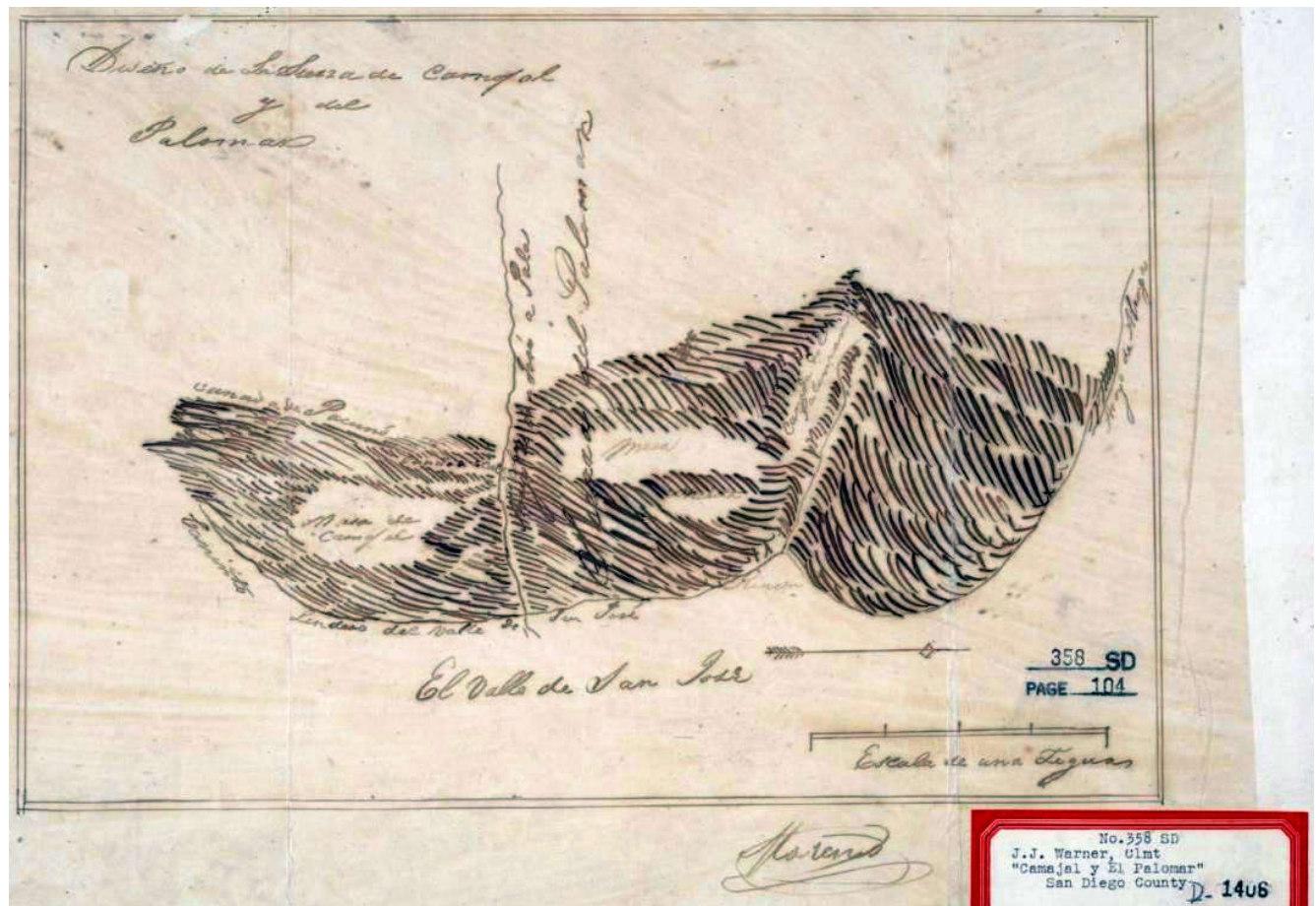
Asistencia of San Antonio De Pala, founded in 1816

SIERRA DEL PALOMAR

The earliest available record of the name Palomar as applied to the mountain dates back to 1840, when "Sierra del Palomar" was mentioned as the boundary line of a grant. Spanish-Mexican grants, large tracts of land ceded practically without cost to various Missions, Pueblos and individuals under Spanish and Mexican rule to encourage settlement of the country were an important factor in early California history. Grants by the Mexican government consisted largely of land previously owned by the Missions, and were given to naturalized citizens and those who married into Spanish families as well as to the native born. The east end of Palomar was held for a few years previous to the time California became a state (1850) as a part of Warner's Ranch, a grant located in the "Valle de San Jose" which included the Agua Caliente region and the site of Lake Henshaw.

In order to secure the Palomar section, Juan Jose Warner (born Jonathan Trumbull Warner), in 1846, petitioned the Mexican authorities:

"...I am, in the name of my family proprietor of the place known as Valle de San Jose which is on the frontier, without protection from the enemy barbarians and thieves, to which, because of its distance from the settlement and its proximity to the barbarians, it is greatly exposed; and not having the means to put a sufficient force for the guarding of my horses, and having on the west side of the valley a mountain range which has some pastures and mesas suitable to keep my horses well guarded from the enemy, I beg your Excellency to be pleased to issue a report permitting me to petition for the ownership of the indicated land. (directions omitted) ...a little more westerly to a place known by the name of Palomar, in the Sierra of the same name." [The History of Warner's Ranch and its Environs. Joseph J. Hill. Los Angeles: Private printing, 1927]



Camajal and Palomar map drawn by Juan Jose Warner in 1846

In the same year, Pio Pico, "constitutional governor of the Department of the Californias,

" granted to Warner "the place of Camajal and Palomar, consisting of four square leagues (sitios de ganado mayor) bounded on the east by the Valle de San Jose, on the south by Santa Ysabel, and by the mountain range on the west and north." [The History of Warner's Ranch and its Environs. Joseph J. Hill. Los Angeles: Private printing, 1927]

Soon after California was admitted to the Union, a Board of Commissioners was appointed to pass on the validity of the various Mexican grants over whose boundary lines and titles there was great confusion. On July 17, 1855, this board decided that the grant including the Palomar section would not hold, because the Mexican Governor had signed the deed in August 1846, and his power had ceased in July with the raising of the American flag at Monterey.

Warner appealed his case to the higher courts, which five years later confirmed the decision of the Board of Commissioners. In the meantime he had deeded his rights in the Palomar property to Henry Hancock, who apparently did not carry the matter further. [Book I, P. 3 S, Deed Records, Recorder's Office, San Diego, California]

Juan Warner left his ranch about 1855. It has since passed through several hands but continues to be known as Warner's Ranch.

A REFUGE FOR OUTLAWS

In the early 1850s the young state of California had a hard struggle to maintain peace and order in a land overrun by adventurers, for it had formerly been used to some extent by Mexico as a penal colony, and the gold rush attracted many undesirables from foreign countries. Stealing of horses and cattle was going on all over the state. According to one historian,

"The year 1854 was one of the worst in the criminal annals of the south. Los Angeles city alone, it is said, averaged one homicide a day for every day in the year." [A History of California: the American Period. Robert Glass Cleland. New York: Macmillan Company, 1922]

Conditions below the Mexican border were also in a chaotic condition.

Surrounded by lawlessness, Palomar, lying along the route to the border below which criminals were safe, became notorious as a retreat for cattle and horse thieves. Cattle raising was the chief industry of the southern counties, which became known as "cow counties." The status of California horses is graphically portrayed in this excerpt from "A Tour of Duty in California," published in 1849 by Joseph Warren Revere, Lieutenant in the United States Navy, who was in California previous to the gold rush.

"After his wife and children, the darling objects of a Californian's heart, are his horses. In this respect he is not surpassed by the Arab. His whole ambition centers in his horses; his livelihood depends on them; and they are the chief ministers of his pleasures. Dismount a Californian, and he is at once reduced to a perfectly helpless state, and is of no use in the world. He can neither take care of his farm, nor hunt, nor move from place to place; and is, to all intents and purposes, a wretched cripple. Even his work is done on horseback, when ingenuity can make that possible; and an American carpenter, residing in the country, assured me that an apprentice left him because he could not 'shove the jack-plane' on horseback. If the Californian wishes to visit his next-door neighbor, even in town, he mounts his horse; ... "

"The lineage of the California horse is undoubtedly of the purest and highest. The domestic horses of the country, as well as those immense herds of wild horses which range the vast plains of the Tulares in their primitive freedom, all derive their descent from the Andalusian horses, which so materially aided the redoubtable 'Conquistadores' to subvert the Aztec empire and the throne of the Montezumas. This stock of course gives them a pure Arabian descent. How far they have retained the excellence of their blood, it is not to be supposed that a sailor can judge; and yet I should know something of the Arabian horse, having seen and mounted the noblest of the race in the stables of Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt,... ." [A Tour of Duty in California; including a Description of the Gold Region: and an Account of the Voyage around Cape Horn; with Notices of Lower California, the Gulf and Pacific Coasts, and the Principal Events Attending the Conquest of the Californias. Joseph Warren Revere. Edited by Joseph N. Balestier. New York: C.S. Francis & Co.; Boston, J.H. Francis, 1849]

Bunches of stolen animals could be hidden and fed on Palomar until their brands could be changed, or until they could be safely disposed of, probably across the border. If searchers came near, the rustlers, notified by lookouts, quietly slipped their stock over familiar trails to safely hidden valleys, dragging the trails with brush to obliterate the tracks.

In 1857, nearly a hundred men were sent to San Luis Rey, which at that time ranked next to San Diego in civic importance; of that number the U.S. Dragoons furnished 35, the Sheriff, 12, and Manuelito Cota, 34. "This party was dispatched directly across the mountains towards Temecula and San Juan with directions to scour all the mountain trails and passes and to bring intelligence of every suspicious person they might find." They were hunting Juan Flores and three escaped convicts, robbers and murderers, who were finally caught. The report came back that they got away, but "We think it much more likely that they escaped to another world, through a little cold lead" in order to save expense of court action. [San Diego Herald, Feb. 7, 1857]
[PB: Juan Flores was caught and then hanged on February 7, 1857. Daily Alta California, March 2, 1857, page 2, column 3]

As late as 1870, according to old accounts, a man by the name of Castro was killed in the vicinity of the mountain by a horse thief who was returning to his home in Sonora with eight horses stolen in Los Angeles.

[PB: "A man named Castro was killed at his residence in the vicinity of Smith's Mountain, in San Diego County, recently, by a horse thief who was returning to his home in Sonora with eight fine American horses he had stolen in Los Angeles county. After committing the murder, he fitted himself out with such traveling apparatus as he required for his journey and went on his way untouched, notwithstanding the affair occurred in the presence of several of Castro's friends." Grass Valley Daily Union, August 26, 1879, page 2, column 2]



Procopio Bustamante, undated

In 1878 the horse thief and murderer, Procopio Bustamante, was on Palomar trying to get through to Lower California. In those days, to call a man a Sonoranian was to insult him.

[PB: "The San Luis Rey correspondent of the San Diego Union says that Procopio, or "Bustamente," the horse thief, is now somewhere in Los Angeles county. He passed through from Smith's mountain by way of Digger Canon." Los Angeles Herald, September 19, 1878, page 3, column 2]



Tiburcio Vasquez, undated

Tiburcio Vasquez, noted outlaw of early days, also spent some time with his followers in the neighborhood of Palomar.

[PB: Tiburcio Vasquez was executed in 1875.]

Other law-breakers than horse thieves no doubt sought refuge in the wilderness of the mountain. Near the old apple orchard in the State Park, locally called "Adam's Apples" because a family by the name of Adams [PB: Williams F. Adams] once owned it, are the remains of a fireplace, all that is left of a cabin reputed to have been built by four or five men, apparently well supplied with money, who came to the mountain on horseback, lived there for a time, then disappeared when their cabin burned.

Near the old saw mill, the crumbling walls of "Hidden Cabin" remained until recently, enclosing good-sized trees in the floor space. It has been in the past the objective of many hikes as well as the inspiration of numerous romantic stories and poems, e.g. **The Hidden Cabin, a Pathetic Story in Condensed Form**. By David W. Edwards. Los Angeles: Commercial Printing House, 1909. An unromantic account is that it was the cabin of a very early settler who undertook to grow potatoes in the fern-covered open spaces nearby, but the ferns persisted in crowding out the potatoes, and after two or three years the man grew discouraged and left.

A legend tells of the ghost who hunts his horse. It seems that a well outfitted stranger, a stock-buyer with a large sum of money, was seen making his way up Malava Valley to a certain house then in existence. He unsaddled his horse and turned it into the pasture, but was never seen again after that night. His tracks were traced as far as the house, but there the trail ended. Some accounts say the evidence of crime lies buried under the old house. Others say the body lies up on the hillside in a room-like space made by three large rocks. The ghost merely hunts his horse and does not tell.

THE FIRST WHITE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN



Mary Mendenhall Knox photo

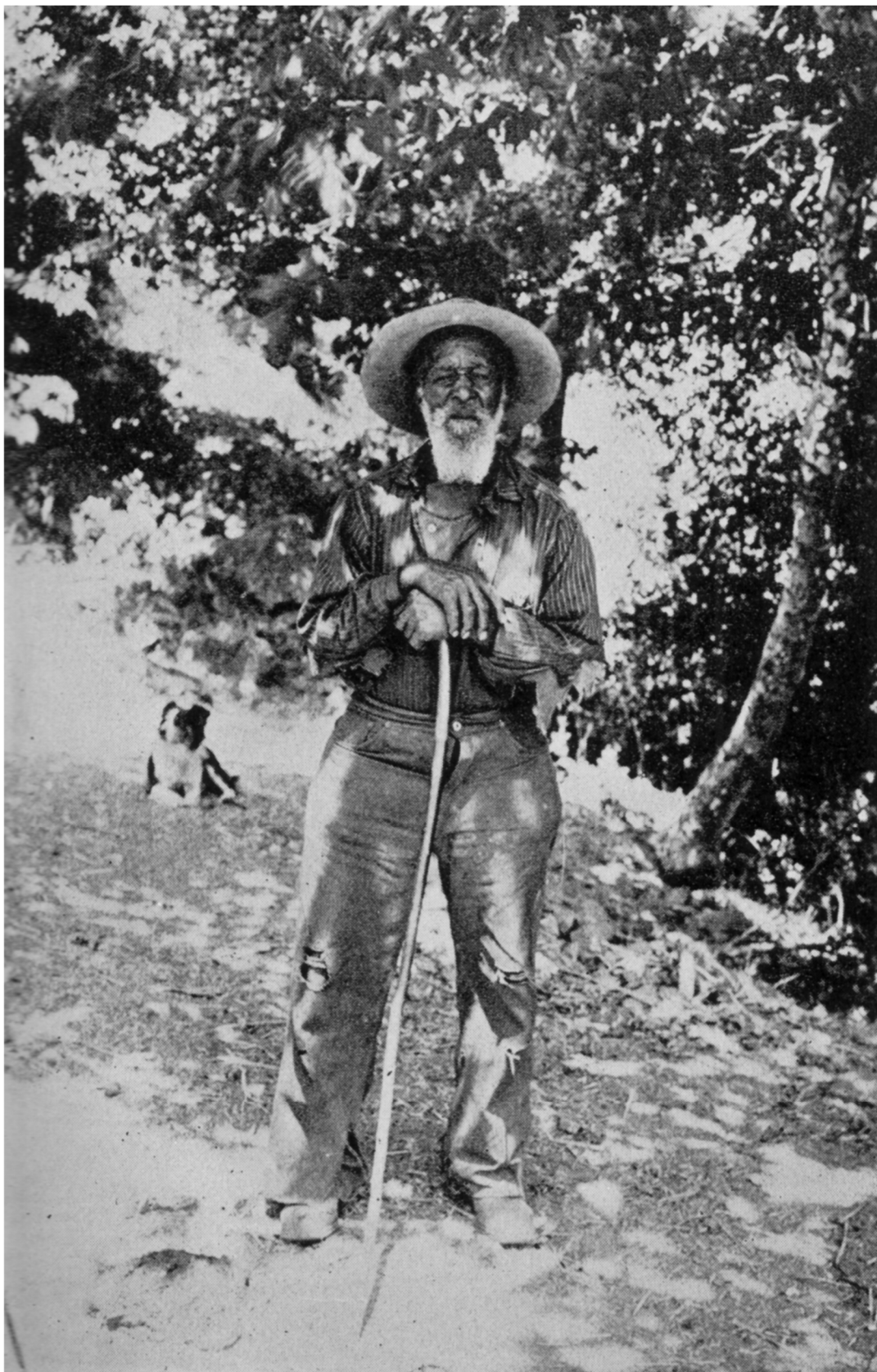
Nathan Harrison, a negro, who always called himself "the first white man on the mountain" was a noted character, enjoyed by all who knew him. He was familiarly called Nate, or Uncle Nate, and because he lived so many years at a turn in the road on the west grade, that series of hairpin turns has been officially named "Nigger Grade." He was a fluent talker, but not about himself, unless encouraged by a little whiskey.

As nearly as can be ascertained, he and his master came from Kentucky by ox team, stopping three or four months at Sedalia,

Missouri, waiting to join a wagon train west. About the time they reached California, a movement was on foot in Los Angeles to break a road over the Tejon Pass to the north. Money was subscribed and bullocks furnished, and Nate drove an ox team with the first wagon train over the Pass. Cleland's "History of California" says: "In September, 1854, people of Los Angeles raised \$6,000 for the construction of a wagon road between their city and Ft. Tejon." That seems to check with Nate's story. He and his master went up to the mining district near Merced, where his master died. Uncle Nate went down to the San Gabriel Mission for a time and later found his way to the foot of Palomar, where he took up a claim at Rincon.

He spent his summers in Doane valley, but did not take up a claim there, so the valley was not named for him. He lived with the Indians at times, and occasionally helped the early settlers with their sheep. Finally he sold his Rincon property and proved up on a claim on the west end of the mountain, past which the west grade was built

about thirty years later. It was his custom to bring a bucket of water from his flowing spring for the horses when he heard a team laboring up the steep grade. He was usually rewarded with a bit of money or some food. Later the county dug a well and put in a pump at the roadside where Nate awaited the travelers.



Nate Harrison Robert Asher photo

Nate could neither read nor write, but he had a good memory for faces and events. He could not understand much about sums of money, it seems, for when a young Indian wanted to buy one of his horses, Nate asked \$150 for it. The horse was not worth it, but it made no difference. The price was \$150. The Indian said, "I wish Nate had never heard of \$150. He wants \$150 for every nag he has on the place."

Nate was "seventy-six years old next New Years" for about twenty years. It is said that a couple of Palomar youths were responsible for his changing his age and birthday. They made him happy with whiskey, which he liked very much, told him he was a hundred and seven years old, and that his birthday was on the Fourth of July. And so it was thereafter! At that it may have been as correct as his previous recollection of his age. It is certain, however, that he was a grown man at the time of the Civil War.



Nate's cabin, about 1912 Walter E. Averett photo

One prominent man of Palomar always gave Nate a bottle of whiskey at Christmas time, and the annual event was awaited eagerly by Nate. During the fall he would ask this man every time he saw him, "When is Christmas day?" One day after giving him his annual present, the donor happened to return to Nate's cabin. There sat Nate on the floor, one hand clutching the bottle by the neck, and he explained, "I'se a'go'in' to sit and sip this here whiskey till it's a-l-l gone."

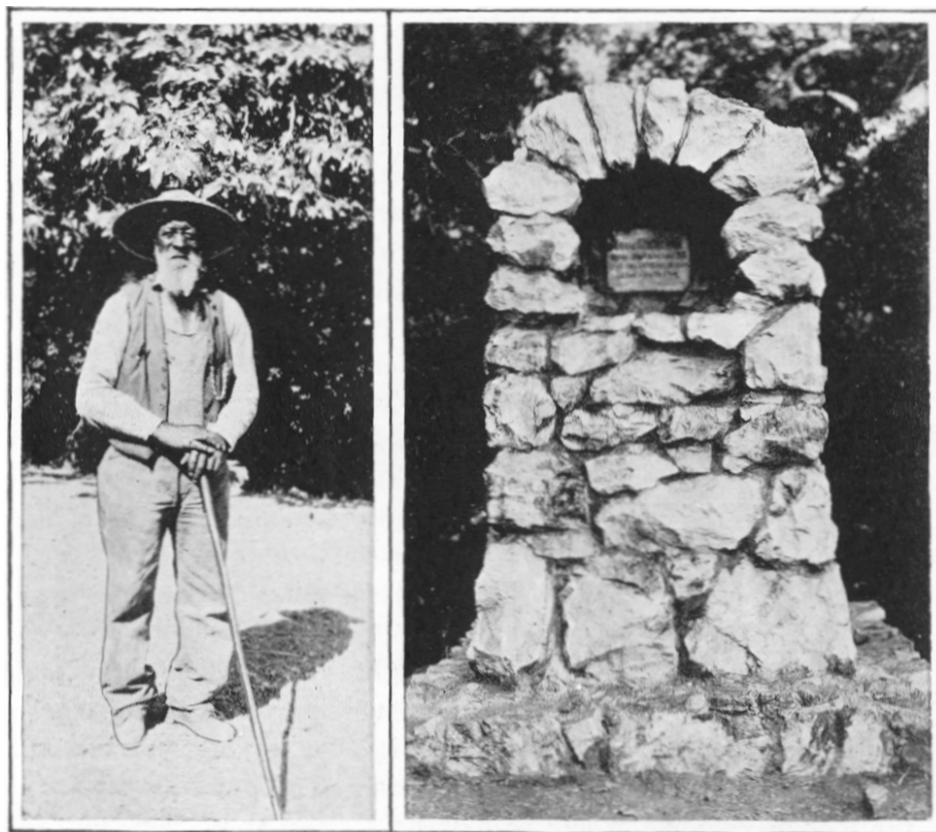
Nearly everyone who knew Nate remembers one or more interesting incidents about him. One was amused because Nate always pronounced the name of the town Escondido as "Skundido." To a San Diegan trying out his car on the steep grade in the days when motoring was an adventure, Nate said, "Awful hot mornin', Mr. Jackson. Keeps you in the collar all the way up the hill, don't it?" Someone else remarked that he would like to put old Nate in a tank of water to see how many pairs of overalls he could soak off.

One of the men at a road construction camp near Nate's, picked a paper one evening and pretended to read a tale of how a fleeing murderer was headed towards the west end of the mountain until he had Nate sitting around with a shot gun in his hand. Though people who knew him joked with Nate and often teased him, they were good to him. One family sent him fresh meat whenever they butchered. He seemed to enjoy the attention people gave him.

The story was always current that Nate "had money," but while it added to people's interest in him it was apparently unfounded. He lived alone in his squalid little hut, which his scrawny chickens sometimes shared with him until some kind hearted people thought he was no longer able to care for himself. He was invited for a ride by his well-meaning friends, which ended at the County Hospital in San Diego; he was not given a chance to take his pipe or any of his other personal belongings, and always wanted to return to Palomar. It has been said that when the nurses peeled off the accumulated layers of overalls it was the beginning of the end, and when they bathed him, that was the end. Friends who visited him at the hospital, said he seemed happy and told them the nurses were good to him. He died there in 1920.

Largely through the efforts of Theodore Bailey of Palomar, funds were subscribed for a monument of native granite which stands at the turn in the road where Nate usually greeted travelers. The inscription on the plaque which was made at Jessop's Jewelry Store in San Diego, reads:

Nathan Harrison's Spring
Brought here a slave about 1848
Died Oct. 10, 1920
Aged 101 years.
"A man's a man for a' that."



Nathan Harrison and his monument Mrs. J. B. Reece photo

PALOMAR AND THE BUTTERFIELD STAGES

The settlement of Palomar is closely linked with the operation of the famous Butterfield Stages and those which followed, over the desolate southern route from the Middle West to California -- the southern Emigrant Trail.

Along with those who went to the mountain to avoid contact with their fellowmen came settlers who were attracted by the opportunities the region offered -- food, water, firewood, and a chance to make a living. They were classed as squatters. No one objected to their settling on Palomar, but in the county below there was much trouble over squatters as the land was practically all held in privately-owned Mexican grants over which cattle roamed. The top of the mountain was not open to homesteading until the years 1876 and 1881 because it was not fully surveyed until then, but earlier settlers had certain squatter's (pre-emption) rights which enabled them to hold their claims.

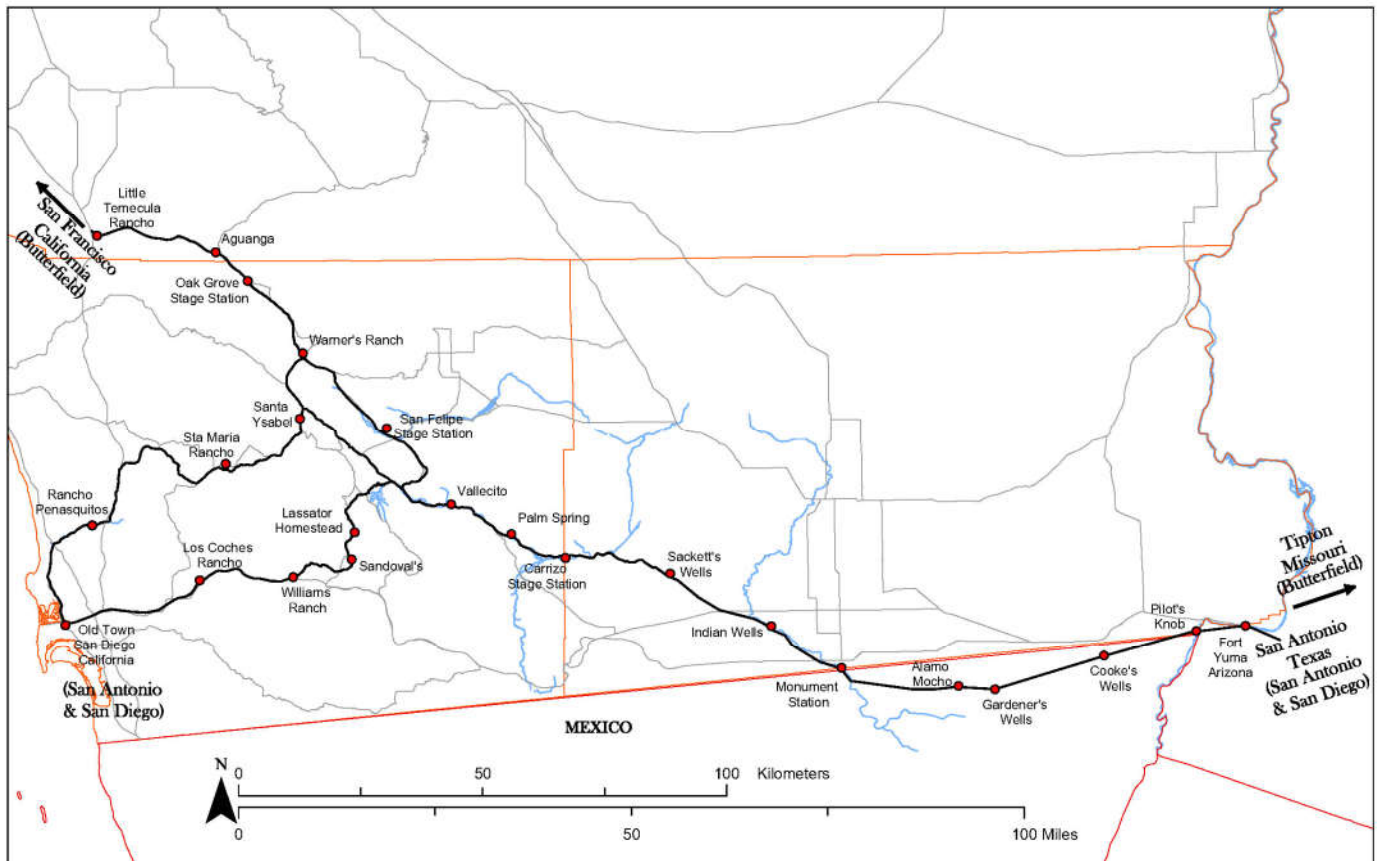


Jacob Bergman, 1832-1894, undated

The "Jackass Mail" from San Antonio direct to San Diego via Yuma and Vallecitos, so-called because pack animals had to be used across the desert, started in 1857, running, according to some, from no place to nowhere. The next year the government-subsidized Butterfield Stage Line began over the southern route, running through Yuma to Warner's Ranch, thence around the north base of Palomar through Oak Grove and Aguanga to Los Angeles and San Francisco, with branch lines to other parts of the State. Jake Bergman of Aguanga piloted the first stage through from Yuma.



Old stage station, Warner's Ranch Marion Beckler photo



Stage stations were about ten miles apart, and the Government allowed 320 acres for each station. Something like 100 Concord stages were used, with about 1000 horses and 500 mules to draw them, and 800 men were employed. Because of terrible roads, desert conditions, bandits and wild Indians, the line provided its passengers "with a 24-day passage through purgatory." The quickest trip from St. Louis to Los Angeles took 17 days, 6 hours and 10 minutes. The service continued until stopped by the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1866, stages were again put into operation over the route, to run until the completion of the Transcontinental railroad in 1869.

During the time of the stages, it was a problem to provide food for men and horses since the route lay largely through desert regions. Here Palomar played its part. During the summer the settlers raised vegetables and killed deer at so much per head for the stage stations. They also sold bacon, ham and lard, and even sent sauerkraut as far as Yuma. Some vegetables were marketed in Julian and San Diego. Grass from the green meadows supplied hay for the stage line horses.

A number of stage drivers spent their summers on Palomar, having earned enough during the winter to supply them with the necessities of life. They were fearless men, accustomed to facing highway robbers and warlike Indians, consequently were quick on the trigger. Several of these ex-stage drivers later took up squatter's claims in Malava Valley.

One of them acquired an Indian wife and two children. One day a man came from below with word for him that a red-headed woman was on his trail with the result that the Indian woman and their two children were hurried off to the reservation below before the white wife arrived. Before long there was trouble between the husband and another former stage driver whose name was William Woolf, over the red-headed woman. Woolf was shot and killed. The guilty man, so the story continues, went to a third neighbor saying, "Well, I've shot Woolf."



The Woolf Place. The Woolf Cabin no longer exists, and the later buildings shown here are in ruins

Escondido History Center, Mary Mendenhall Knox photo

"Why, you shouldn't uv done that," was the reply. Woolf was buried in his garden, in a coffin made of split cedar. The red-headed lady and her husband left Palomar soon afterwards, riding down the mountain on horseback. At the foot they stopped and ate dinner at the home of the Indian woman and two children; the white wife presumably knew nothing of her husband's "interlude."

[PB: Wood spells him Wolfe. In the 1850 U.S. Census, dated September 6th, William Woolf is an 18-year-old farmer, born in Tennessee, and living with family in McMinn County, Tennessee. In the 1860 U.S. Census, dated June 22nd, William S. Woolf is a 29-year-old farmer, born in Tennessee, and living in Llano, Texas with a wife Louisa and three children, along with four other adolescents named Arnet. In the Entries in the Great Register, San Diego County, California, July 1867, William Woolf is a 34-year-old registered voter on August 7, 1866, living at Parloma [sic]. He appears in voter registers through 1873. So William Woolf was likely born in 1832, and died in 1873 or later.]

In recent years, at a Fiesta on one of the Indian reservations at the foot of the mountain, so it is said, there appeared a white man in the garb of a sailor who spoke the Indian language and seemed familiar with Indian customs. One Indian said to another, "Who is this white man who talks like an Indian?" It turned out that he was the son of one of the two children who had been sent many years ago, back to the reservation with their Indian mother. He was the only living descendant and had enlisted in the United States Navy; while on leave he had decided to renew childhood associations by attending the Fiesta.

About fifty years after Woolf's murder, a horseback party of three took a ride over to the old Woolf place to see his coffin. It had been partially uncovered by the floods of 1916, which cut a large gulch through Mendenhall Valley. The foot end of the coffin had disappeared, leaving the skeleton exposed, and some toe bones lay at the foot of the bank in which the coffin was embedded. One of the ladies, feeling sympathetic, gingerly picked up a toe bone, and saying she was preparing Woolf against Judgment Day, dropped it into the coffin. At that moment a terrifying, blood-curdling noise came from within, and without waiting to investigate, the three jumped on their horses and fled. What caused the noise? One guess is as good as another. The coffin washed entirely away in the next flood.

PALOMAR WAS SMITH MOUNTAIN TO EARLY SETTLERS

Until the turn of the century, the accepted name for Palomar was Smith Mountain. That is the name which occurs on all county maps of previous date. The name was applied especially to the east end, where, on a spring-watered slope with a magnificent view over what is now Dyche Valley in the foreground, Warner's Ranch below, and desert mountains in the distance, Joseph Smith of San Diego settled. He was a very tall man, so was commonly called "Long Joe" or "Largo" Smith.

Old records indicate that he was in San Diego as early as 1853, and the 1860 Census lists him at 40 years of age, born in South Carolina. Joseph Smith served on the County Board of Supervisors in 1856, 1857, 1865, and 1866. It may be assumed that Smith was a carpenter by profession, or at least proficient with his tools, for he at one time received ten dollars for making a coffin. A year or so later he was paid twelve dollars each for two coffins, one for an Indian and one for a Cholo (half-breed). He was also paid sixty-six dollars for benches for the Court House at Old Town.

In 1856 Joseph Smith was one of a committee appointed to consider a route to Vallecitos, the first Overland Mail Route, and the ensuing year was "Superintendent of the work on the new road to the desert." He was said to have been a little "hard-headed" in Board meetings sometimes, but "we vote for Smith because he is 'sound' on the road question." [Minutes of the Board of Supervisors, San Diego County-Book 1.]



Ephraim W. Morse

In 1859 Smith and Ephraim W. Morse, later known as "San Diego's Ideal Citizen" and who was running a general merchandise store in Old Town at the time, located a cattle and sheep ranch on Palomar Mountain, where, according to the San Diego paper "they will not only raise grain enough for their own use but have plenty for sale." [San Diego Herald, April 2, 1859] Another note in the same paper mentions that hay and grain were getting scarce on the Overland Mail Route between Fort Yuma and El Paso.

In 1861 Morse returned to San Diego to resume his former occupation of storekeeper, probably when the opening of the Civil War stopped the Butterfield Stages, but Joseph Smith remained on the mountain.

That Smith was a Palomar booster is indicated by the following incident:

"A good story is out on our friend Largo Smith, which is worth preserving, in a climatic point of view. His ranch is situated upon a mesa about 3000 feet high. Some of his friends were joking him on selecting such a spot, and, thought it must be very cold up there. 'Why Smith,' said one 'you must have perpetual snow on your place!'

" 'Well, no' replied he, 'we have some snow, to be sure; but then, you see, it is not like the snow we have in the States; ours is a warm snow!' " [San Diego Herald, April 9, 1859]

Smith was appointed Road Overseer in the Agua Caliente township in 1861-1862, and Judge of the Plains in 1862 and 1863. This office in the San Diego district dates back as far as 1835. In that year Juan Bandini and others prayed for appointment of Judges of the Plains because of "repeated and scandalous robberies of cattle." [Index to Spanish Archives sent to San Francisco-Office of County Recorder, San Diego, Calif.]

The duties of the office as defined in 1857 by the County Board of Supervisors throw a bright light on economic and social conditions of the time. There were three Judges of the Plains for the county at large and one or more for each township. Some of the duties were as follows:

"...to make and attend once a year a gathering of the Horses together and give notice of the time and place."

"It shall be the duty of all persons killing a beef to advise a Judge of the Plains, not a relative, before so doing, to keep the hide at least two days, so that any of the Judges of the Plains, or one authorized by anyone of them, may examine the same, and it is hereby made their duty to make such examination and keep a record of the same open at all times to the inspection of any citizen of the county under penalty of a \$10 fine for the first offense or one month's imprisonment or both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Court...

"It shall be the duty of the Judges of the Plains to examine all calf pens and see that calves and cows correspond.

"It shall be the duty of each owner of a ranch to keep a copy of these rules posted upon his premises."

One hundred copies of these rules were ordered printed.

Joseph Smith built a four-room adobe house on his Palomar ranch, a barn, and smoke house, and raised sheep, hogs and cattle. He supplied bacon, ham and other commodities to the stage lines and to San Diego, using Indian and other labor, and ox-carts for hauling supplies up and down the steep east slope of the mountain over which he had broken a road. [PB: the 1860 Census lists a shepherd and eight monthly laborers living with Joseph Smith, with five being Native Americans,]

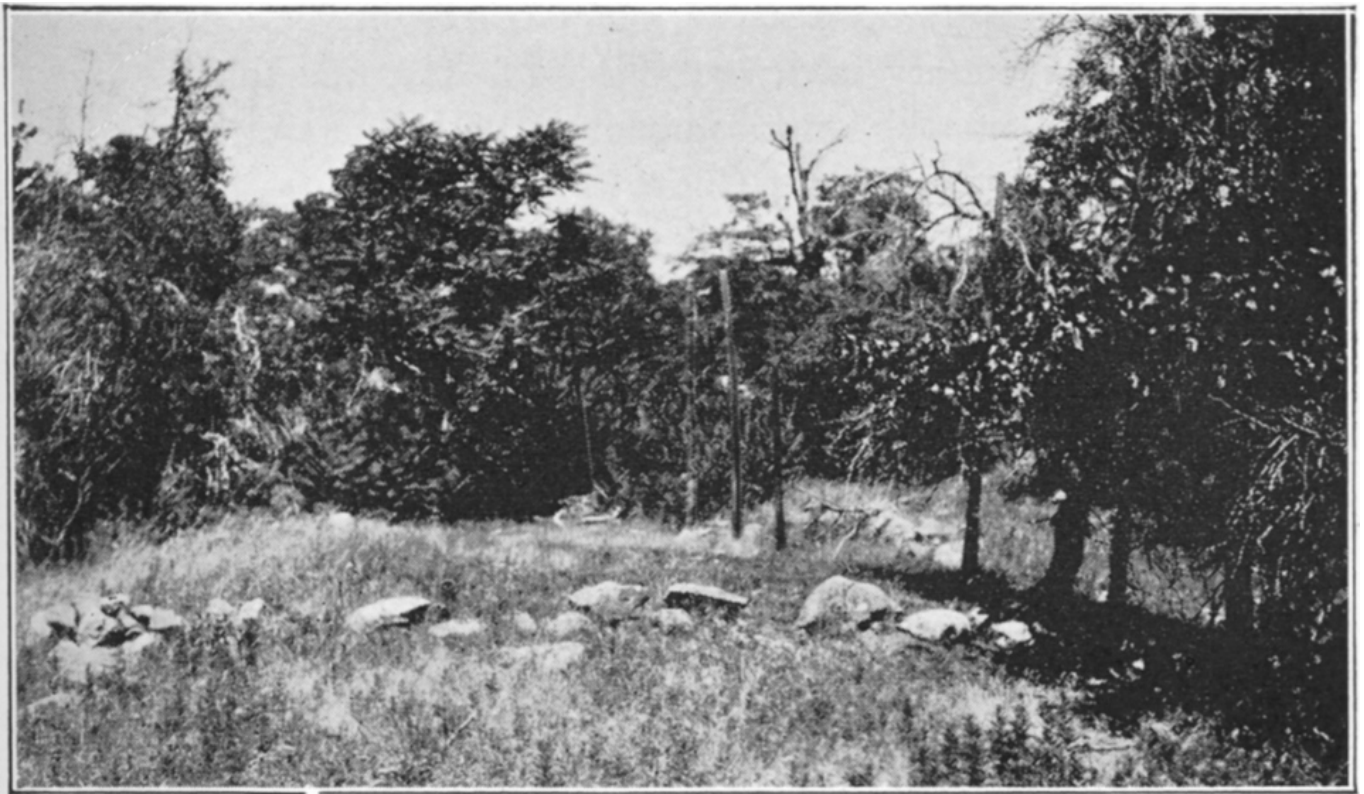


The home of Joseph Smith

Escondido History Center, Mary Mendenhall Knox photo

On one of his trips below, Smith brought back to Palomar a man supposedly a deserter from a British ship, to act as foreman for the laborers. This man murdered Smith, legend says, because of his infatuation for Smith's Indian housekeeper, but here is the account of the affair which was sent by the San Diego correspondent to the San Francisco Bulletin in the spring of 1868 [PB: San Diego correspondence dated May 28, 1868, published in Evening Bulletin (San Francisco), July 6, 1868, page 1, column 4], for the Smith estate was administered by Ephraim W. Morse in the fall of that year.

"The citizens here were very much excited last week by learning that Joseph Smith, known everywhere as 'Long Joe Smith' has been assassinated at his ranch 'Palomar.' It seems an Englishman whose name I did not learn, for some reason unknown, shot Smith dead while working at a bench. The Englishman then started for another place to bring some wine Smith had contracted for, leaving the latter as he fell. On his return he found a number of neighbors at the house and being asked what had become of Joe, he gave no satisfactory answer, but finally, on being accused of murdering Smith whose body had been found before the murderer had returned, he confessed the deed. Quite a sum of money was found in the house untouched, so it is not known whether poor Joe was killed for money or not. Next morning the murderer was found hung to a tree in the neighborhood."



Site of Joseph Smith's home, in 1928

There was no San Diego paper to record the event, as The Herald was no longer in existence, and The Union began later that year, but rumor has it that in order to get the man to confess the murder it was necessary to let him feel the noose tightening around his neck several times, and that he was taken to Warner's Ranch, chained to a wagon wheel all night and hanged the next morning with about twenty-five men on the other end of the rope, one of them being Nate Harrison. A variation of the tale is that, as they stopped at Warner's, someone called the attention of the constable inside the store, and when he looked out to see how his prisoner was getting along, the man was hanging from a tree. Nearly every tree in the neighborhood of the old store has had its turn

in being pointed out as the one on which the murderer was hanged. One story said it was customary to cut down a tree to which a person had been hanged and that it was done in this case.

[PB: A newspaper account appeared in the Stockton Daily Evening Herald, June 1, 1868, page 1, column 4:

MURDERD – THE MURDERER HUNG BY A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE –

A correspondent of the S.F. Times, writing from San Diego, Cal., May 22nd, says:

On Thursday morning last, May 14th, Mr. Joseph Smith, one of the oldest residents of this county, was found murdered by being shot twice – once through the head and once through the body – with a large sized Colt's revolver, by Robert Mitchell O'Brien, a deserter of the 14th United States Infantry, who has been to work for him some two or three months. O'Brien was arrested the following day, examined by the people of the neighborhood, who formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee, tried him, and found him guilty, and hung him on the nearest suitable tree. O'Brien confessed that he killed Smith, and said repeatedly before he was executed, that he would do the same to any one that talked to him as Smith did before he shot him. Smith was one of our best citizens, a truly good man, and his loss will be universally regretted by every one in the county. He was about fifty years of age, and unmarried; leaves a fine property, and has no heirs or relations in this part of the State.]

[PB: Edward Davis wrote this account of the hanging of Joseph Smith's killer, in his 1947 history entitled "Palomar and the Stars," published in Palomar Mountain Views. Volume 1 (Palomar Mountain, California: Palomar Mountain Views, September 1982):

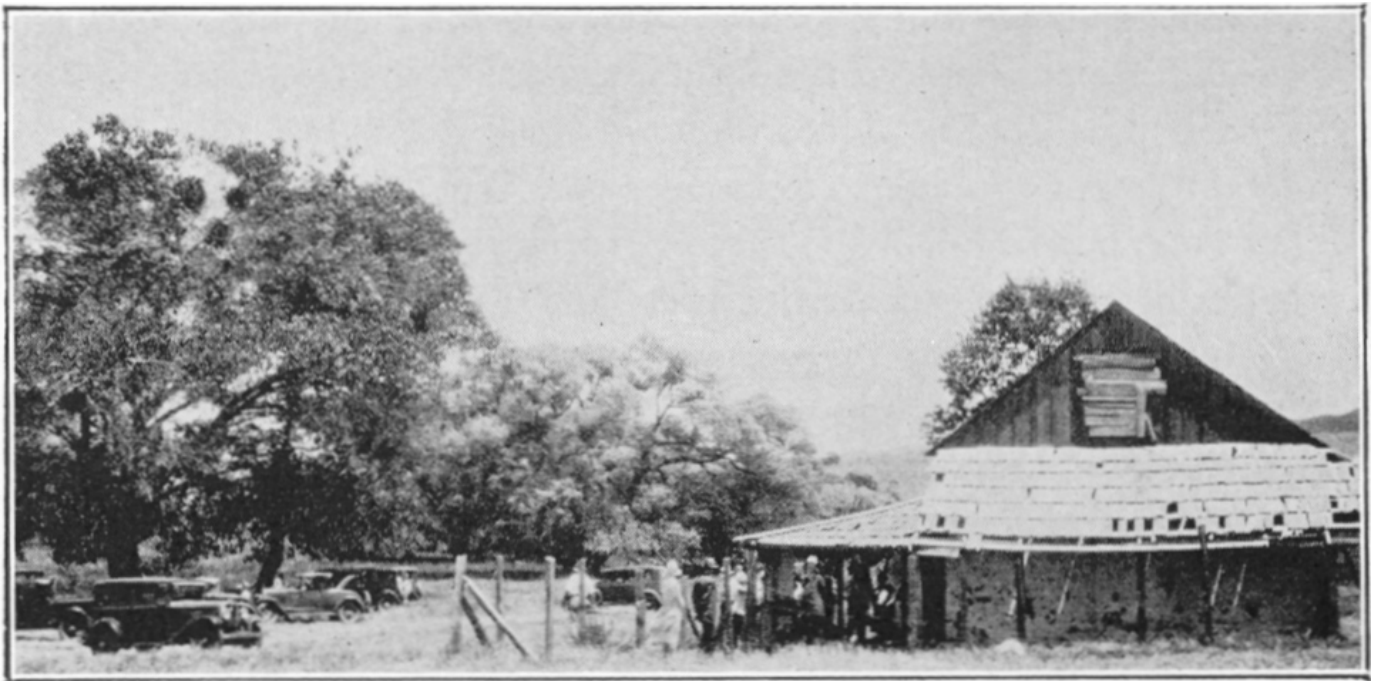
On one of his trips to Kimble's store for supplies, he [PB: Joseph Smith] met a young man whose name cannot be recalled. This adobe store was located on Warner Ranch, one and a half miles east of the old ranch house and was later operated by Henry Wilson, whose home nearby is fast going to ruin. [PB: Kimble store was built by Cyrus Kimble in 1862. Kimble was murdered in 1865, and Henry Wilson took over the store in 1866.] The young man was poor, bare-footed, and in rags, and was looking for work, so Smith befriended him and took him to Palomar and made him feel at home. He was said to be a deserter from the army. He performed odd jobs and became familiar with Smith's habits; particularly, he managed to be near when Smith paid off his Indian laborers, hoping to see where his benefactor had secreted his money. One day, after the young fellow had been there a month or two, while Smith was busy repairing a bee hive on the porch with his back to the house, the young man he had befriended shot and killed him with Smith's own gun, shooting through the open window from the room inside. After making a hasty and fruitless search for Smith's hidden money, he made his escape on one of the mules, going down the old Indian trail to La Joya. He led a horse packed with two empty kegs. Francesca Maxey, an Indian woman who was Smith's cook, had left that morning to visit her folks at La Joya. On the way down the trail, he passed Francesca and she asked him where he was going. He said Smith sent him to get some wine. Mateo Subish, an Indian from La Joya, rode up to the Smith house that morning and saw the body lying on the porch under a tarpaulin, with feet protruding. Mateo was prevented from making a closer examination by Smith's dogs who stood guard over the body and permitted no one to approach. Mateo immediately rode off the east end of the mountain to the Rincon of Warner Ranch and notified George Dyche, who immediately notified the store. Word even in that early day spread like wild fire, and that night forty determined men gathered at the Smith house -- from Julian, Mesa Grande, Ballena, Warner's and all settlers' homes. They sent for Francesca, and she told about seeing the man and gave all the information she knew. These men immediately organized a searching party. Smith was a well-known man throughout the mountains and these men were a grim, determined crowd composed of miners, cattlemen, cowboys, freighters and ranchers. Two men were chosen to track the murderer down and bring him back. He left a plain trail and several Indians who had seen him pass told his pursuers. They, without loss of time, went to the Maxey place, at the far end of the Guejito ranch, and there captured their man. They tied him to his mule and brought him back to the Smith house. Of course, all this took time, as all travel was on horseback. They pulled the canvas from the body and asked if he knew him. He said "yes," but said he did not know who killed him. They said they would soon find out, so they looped a reata around his neck, threw the end over a limb near the house and pulled him up, then lowered him, but he still declared his innocence. [PB: a reata is a long-noosed rope to catch animals, a lariat or lasso.] A second time he was pulled up and lowered. Three times he was pulled up, and then he made a full confession. They put chains on him, placed him on a horse and rode him down to Kimble's store. By that time seventy-five men had collected, and they immediately organized a vigilante court and had a trial. The fellow made a full confession and he was condemned to death. He was taken to a live oak tree at the foot of the hills

convenient to the store, a noose was fitted around his neck, the other end was cast over a limb, and twenty -five men pulled him up, tied the end of the reata and left him. Old Fred Scholder of Mesa Grande [PB: Karl Friedrich Scholder, 1833-1917], Nate Harrison, George Dyche and many well-known old timers bore a hand. When the crowd returned to the store, they held a big celebration, whiskey flowed freely all night with whooping, yelling, and shooting. A general good time was enjoyed by all.]

Articles have been printed claiming that the name Smith Mountain came from the fact that Thomas Long “Peg-leg” Smith of Lost Gold Mine fame, once stopped at the foot of the mountain to secure water from a spring there, and later used the mountain as a starting point in his unsuccessful attempt to re-discover the fabulously rich mine. That would have made the name date back to 1827, but there is no available record of the application of the name Smith Mountain until the time of Joseph Smith, for whom old settlers agree the mountain was named.

The Division of Geographic Names, Washington, D. C., says:

"In response to a petition from local citizens for a change in name from Smith Mountain, the name Palomar was officially adopted by this organization on December 4, 1901. Palomar was the original Spanish name for the mountain, meaning 'dovecot,' and occurred on early maps. The petition of the local residents stated that Smith Mountain was so designated 'some twenty years ago' by residents in the vicinity, because a man named Smith met a violent death there." (George C. Martin, Executive Secretary.)



Old stage station, Warner's Ranch, in the vicinity of which Smith's murderer was hanged

Soon after the selection of Palomar as the site for the large telescope, possibly in an attempt to move the mountain closer to San Diego, a movement was started to change the name of Palomar to San Diego Mountain. To this the California Institute of Technology objected, saying that the name Palomar appears on the Government Topographical maps and to change it would result in confusion. "For these and other important reasons we sincerely hope that Palomar Mountain will always retain its present beautiful name." (J. A. Anderson, Executive Officer.) That was all that was necessary. Nothing further was heard about changing the name.

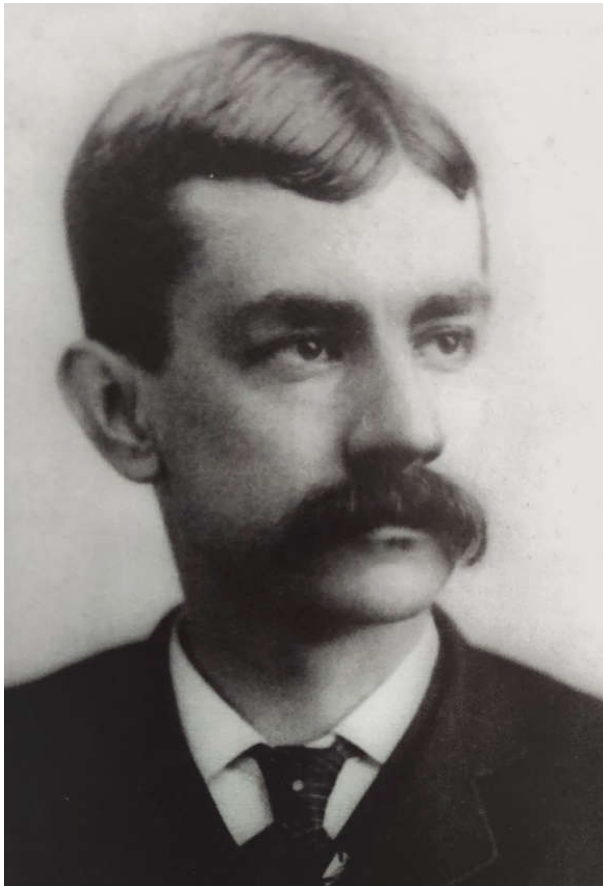
Many years ago, when the change of name was being agitated, the following poem by a Mr. Young appeared in an Oceanside paper. Young is said to have enjoyed yearly camping trips to Palomar.

A PLEA FOR PALOMAR

Fell my oak and fell my pine tree, send my cedar to the mill,
Strip the tangled vine from off me, roll my boulders down the hill,
Grade my summit, fill my valleys, tear away my woodland pride,
Parcel me in City lots and run a railroad up my side.
Rule my streets with dull precision, block by block in order true,
Here a church and there a steeple, where the tiger lilies grew.
Mar God's handiwork about me, let my beauty be a myth,
Then, defaced and desecrated, call me after Mr. Smith!

But while yet the stately cedar sentinels the sylvan lawn,
While at times from yonder thicket peeps the nimble-footed fawn;
While the glory of the morning breaks on precipice and peak
And the winter sees my waters leaping down to Pauma Creek;
While the valley smiles beneath me, stretching westward to the main --
Mile on mile of rolling pasture, green alfalfa, golden grain;
While I look on Catalina far beyond the ocean shore
And the gleam of sunny waters on the lake of Elsinore,
While I dominate the lowland, hill, and valley, near and far,
In my majesty and beauty, let my name be Palomar!

DYCHE, WILL AND LOVE VALLEYS



George V. Dyche, undated

After Joseph Smith was murdered, a sale of his Palomar property was held at the ranch. Judge Oliver S. Witherby, a prominent San Diegan, had charge of it, and Nate Harrison cooked for the visitors, who came from far and wide. George V. Dyche, a Virginian of good family who had charge of John Rains' stock on Warner's Ranch during the 1860s and who had been active in apprehending Smith's murderer, bought the Smith place, securing title to it in later years when the land was surveyed.

George V. Dyche is said to have stocked the Palomar ranch with a hundred head of heifers, which he purchased from the large Chino ranch to the north, where he had formerly been employed as bookkeeper or "mayordomo." Records show that both he and Joseph Smith served as Judges of the Plains in Agua Caliente district in 1862-1863. Charles Kelly, San Diego County pioneer, says he once saw George Dyche and remembers him well because of his picturesque garb, for on that occasion he was dressed in deer skin, even to the fringe on his trousers.

Dyche had fallen in love with and married an Indian maiden. They had four children, and the two boys, William and Emanuel W., eventually took up claims in the valley, which has received the name of Dyche Valley. The adobe house built by Joseph Smith, in which the Dyche family lived, had a large living-room about eighteen by thirty feet, and in it the people of the mountain enjoyed many dancing parties.

The settlement of Palomar seems to indicate a surprising amount of family unity during pioneer days. The four Cooks, Jefferson "Jeff" the father, and three sons, Hiram M., George W., and William, settled near the Dyches. The Cook family had driven from Texas to California in a covered wagon. The house of George W. Cook, part of it consisting of the old Malava schoolhouse, is still in use and stands surrounded by huge poplar, mulberry and chestnut trees, plainly marked by two silos near a large barn.

The place where Will Cook settled is known as Will Valley. It lies below the road where one enters the pines on ascending the east grade.

Lower down, above Lake Henshaw, is Love Valley with its lone weeping willow in a green meadow, named after John A. Love, a former owner.

DOANE VALLEY



George Edwin Doane Escondido History Center

George Edwin Doane was a prominent character on Palomar Mountain, and seemingly enjoyed the role. He once owned the property known as Upper and Lower Doane Valley, which is now included in the State Park. His chief distinction was a flowing beard, which covered most of his face and reached to his waist. He was a

well-educated man from the San Francisco Bay region and was a hotel clerk in San Diego in early days before he went to Palomar. He was once voted the handsomest man in San Diego, so it is said, in some sort of contest. George E. Doane was one of the earliest white settlers on Palomar; his mother Nancy Doane, a frail little lady, had a claim nearby. She lived in a little cabin adjoining her son's, but each cabin was on a different parcel of land, with a covered passageway connecting the two. Nancy Doane would cook good meals for her son and his helpers, but did not eat with them. Nancy Doane died on the mountain; Doane bore her body in a buckboard down the steep mountain "slide" not far from where the present south grade now runs, and she was buried in Valley Center.

Two brothers of George Doane were also on the mountain for a time. George's younger brother was a deaf mute, so it is said. One time George Doane was returning from a trip below after supplies; about the time he reached the Mendenhall home in Malava Valley, night was falling and a snowstorm had started. The Mendenhalls tried to get him to stay all night, but, determined to proceed, George Doane started on, over the rough, narrow road. Before he had gone far, the wagon overturned in a snow-covered ditch. He unhitched the horses and drove them on home, and in the morning George Doane came on horseback and rescued the supplies, but the wagon had to remain there the rest of the winter.



George E. Doane, 1904. This picture was taken shortly before Doane's marriage. Robert Asher photo

It was a standing joke throughout the county that Doane liked school teachers, and did not care who knew it. He was quite a poet, and amused his friends with this rhyme:

"Though I like doughnuts and clams,
Still better I like the school ma'ams."



Someone told him he had better cut his beard if he expected to win one, -- he replied that if she took him she would have to take his beard too. He liked to visit schools, and he used to go to Teachers' Institutes in San Diego, where on one occasion at least he came to the hotel dinner table attired in a dress suit. He often wore a small derby hat even when on Palomar.

Doane was supposed to have proposed to every unmarried woman who came to the mountain, all to no avail, for after living on Palomar over twenty years, he advertised for a wife. He received a number of letters and pictures, which were talked over with his mountain friends. On one occasion he asked a friend what he thought of "that bunch of heifers," referring to a group of pictures.

Doane finally selected two as promising, a mother and her daughter, both open to marriage. By that time he had paid for Upper Doane Valley, which he had bought from August Kitching, so, one year after he sold his cattle, he went to Louisiana to look over the situation. He married the daughter Irene W. Hayes, about sixteen years of age, and brought her and a young negro maid Amy back to Doane's crude log cabin on Palomar. Later Mrs.

Doane's mother Susan M. Hayes, and sister Ida M. Hayes came west and homesteaded on what is known as the Hayes' place.



George Doane with his wife Irene and her companion Amy, 1905

Escondido Public Library Pioneer Room

The romance caused a thrill of interest throughout the whole country. As Doane, his wife Irene, and Amy went up the mountain, they stopped at Nate Harrison's a minute, and Doane, so the story goes, told Nate he had brought him a wife. Nate's reply was, "Which one?"

Amy, about sixteen years old and very large, wore no shoes and was designated by some of the mountain people as "Amy Nigger with the big feet," but Nate named her "Cubby" because she had feet as big as a bear's. Amy worked hard. She even pitched meadow hay with Doane, one on each side of the wagon. Being young and strong she could work faster than he could, and when she finished on her side, she would go around back of the wagon, lean on her fork and "cuss him out" because he could not keep up with her. Some of the boys of the vicinity used to go over to Doane Valley during haying time to enjoy the fun.

One day the Doane group came to Bailey's store from which they bought groceries, complaining of the quality of the food they had purchased the day before, but they were assured that the groceries were all right when they left the store. They went on home and learned later that Amy had tried to poison the family by putting lye in the lard, because they made her work so hard.

Mrs. Doane had her seventeenth birthday on the mountain. One day Doane came to the store with his flowing beard very black, and his shirt front also, where the beard had rubbed against it. His young wife, in an attempt to rejuvenate her elderly husband had dyed his grey beard with shoe blacking!

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Doane sold their property in 1905 and moved away, divorcing later. Amy went back to her home in Louisiana when the family left the mountain.

MALAVA VALLEY IS NOW MENDENHALL VALLEY



The long, grassy valley between the telescope area and the south Crest, through which a deep creek with steep, black banks writhes eastward, is Mendenhall Valley. In it have lived four generations of the Mendenhall family.

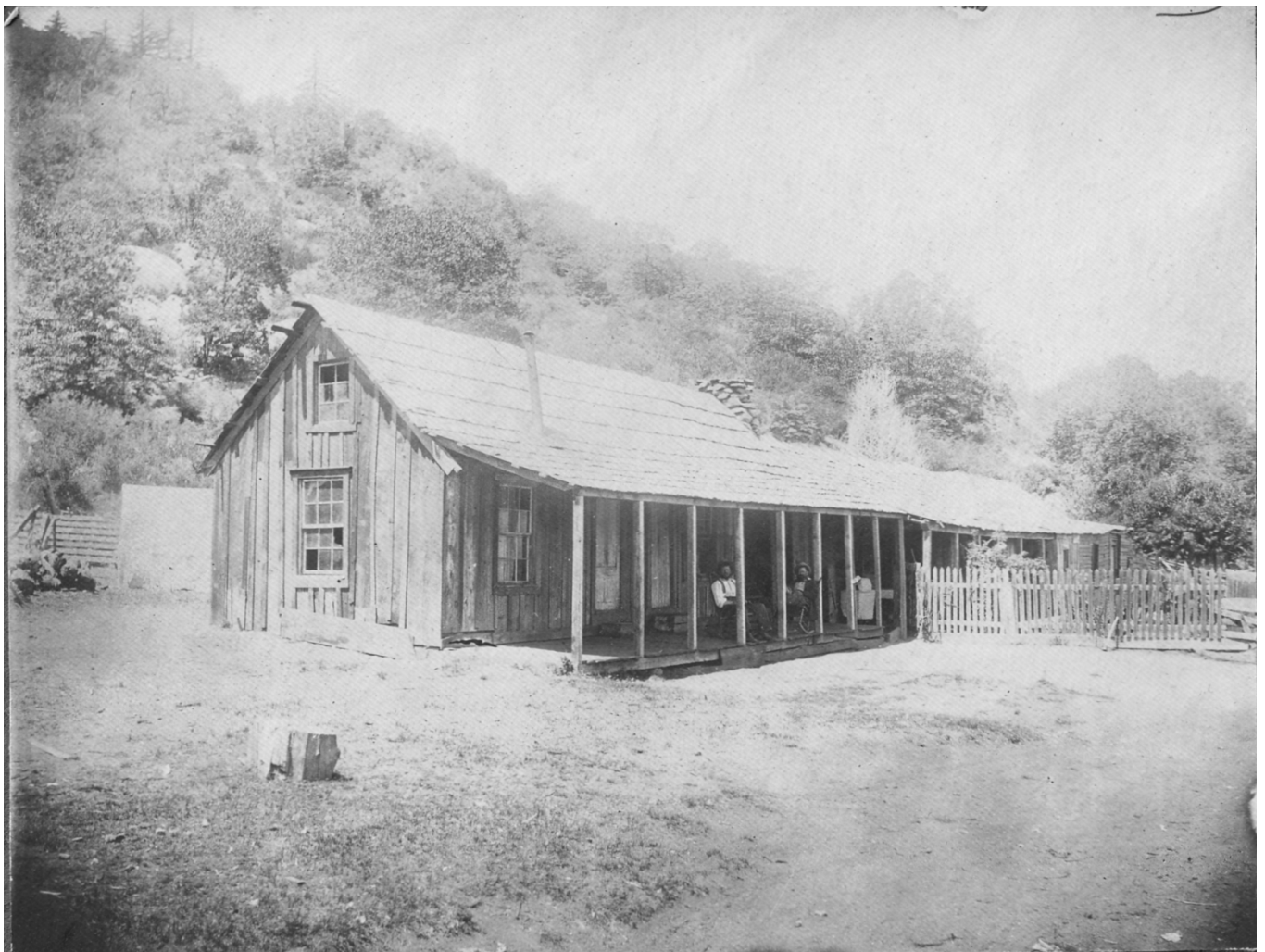
Previous to the murder of Joseph Smith, according to Carl Mendenhall, born and raised in the valley, there had been several violent deaths among the outlaws on the mountain, but outlaws leave no records. Rumors of the situation began to reach the ears of government officials. Enos T. Mendenhall (left), a "Hoosier Schoolmaster" had come west with his wife by ox-team in Henderson Luelling's wagon train from Salem, Iowa, which brought the first apple trees to the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Mendenhall had located in what is now Colfax, California, in 1849, and in Valley Center, known then as Bear Valley and not far from Palomar. In the 1860s, he was asked to make a survey of conditions on the mountain. He had formerly done some work for the federal government in the Vigilante situation.

Enos T. Mendenhall went to Malava Valley shortly after the death of Joseph Smith, starting a hog ranch as a "blind." He reported that the foot of the mountain should be watched to prevent outlaws coming up, but that the situation on top probably would take care of itself, as the law-breakers there were having trouble among themselves.

Seeing the possibilities of the mountain, Enos T. Mendenhall sent north for his three sons, George Washington, Thomas Dick, and Sylvester Jacob. All took up claims when the land was thrown open for homesteading.

Several of the former stage drivers were living in or near Malava Valley at the time Enos T. Mendenhall went there. Bill Place, son of one of them, said he once worked for Mendenhall for "six-bits a day and eats." They marketed hogs "on the hoof" in Riverside. One man would go ahead with a wagon and toll the hogs along with grain. On one occasion they met two Indian women near the foot of the mountain, and the hogs bolted and scattered. All but four of the animals were rounded up after much effort, and two of these finally found their way back up the mountain to the ranch.

[PB: one of the stage drivers living in or near Malava Valley was John Place. In the 1860 U.S. Census, John Place, stage driver, age 37, born in Ohio about 1823, is listed in the Agua Caliente Township. John Place, age 51, born in Ohio about 1815, and a farmer in Green Valley was sworn as a voter on June 23, 1866. In the 1870 U.S. Census, John Place, farmer, age 55, born in Ohio about 1815, is listed as a farmer living in Warners Rancho with Mary Place, age 7; he's recorded with 80 improved acres, 80 unimproved acres, 16 horses, 1 mule, 10 working oxen, 30 cattle. 1870s San Diego Union news items situate John Place on Palomar Mountain, called Smith Mountain at the time. John Place is dead by the time of the 1880 U.S. Census. In the 1880 U.S. Census, Macillum Place, female, Indian race, age 42, birth about 1838 in California, is listed as widowed and living in the Agua Caliente Township alongside various Palomar residents; she is recorded with occupation of keeping house and living with William Place, Indian race, age 17 and John P. Kolb, Indian race, adopted, age 5. In land patent records, Macala Place is recorded homesteading 160 acres in Mendenhall Valley with the land granted in 1883. In the Census Roll of the Indians of California under the Act of May 18, 1928, William H. Place is listed as widowed, age 66 in 1928, born October 1862, ½ Indian, with Mission Los Coyotes tribe or band. William Henry Place is buried in San Diego's Mount Hope Cemetery with his gravestone stating 1862 to 1953.]



Old Mendenhall family home (no longer standing), partly built with Palomar (Striplin) sawmill lumber

Escondido History Center, Mary Mendenhall Knox photo

The Mendenhalls, who bought up various parcels of land as the owners wished to leave the mountain, became known as "Cattle Kings of Palomar." The group now operates under the name of Mendenhall Cattle Company, and owns a major part of the mountain, and formerly a large ranch in the Cuca valley below.

California cattle of mixed breed were first raised, then Herefords were introduced, but now practically all cattle on Palomar are of the Polled (hornless) Aberdeen Angus breed, ready for market about eight months earlier than the "white faces" of former days. The herd bulls, with aristocratic names, were imported from Scotland. In winter, when their hair is long, the fat, black calves resemble woolly bears.

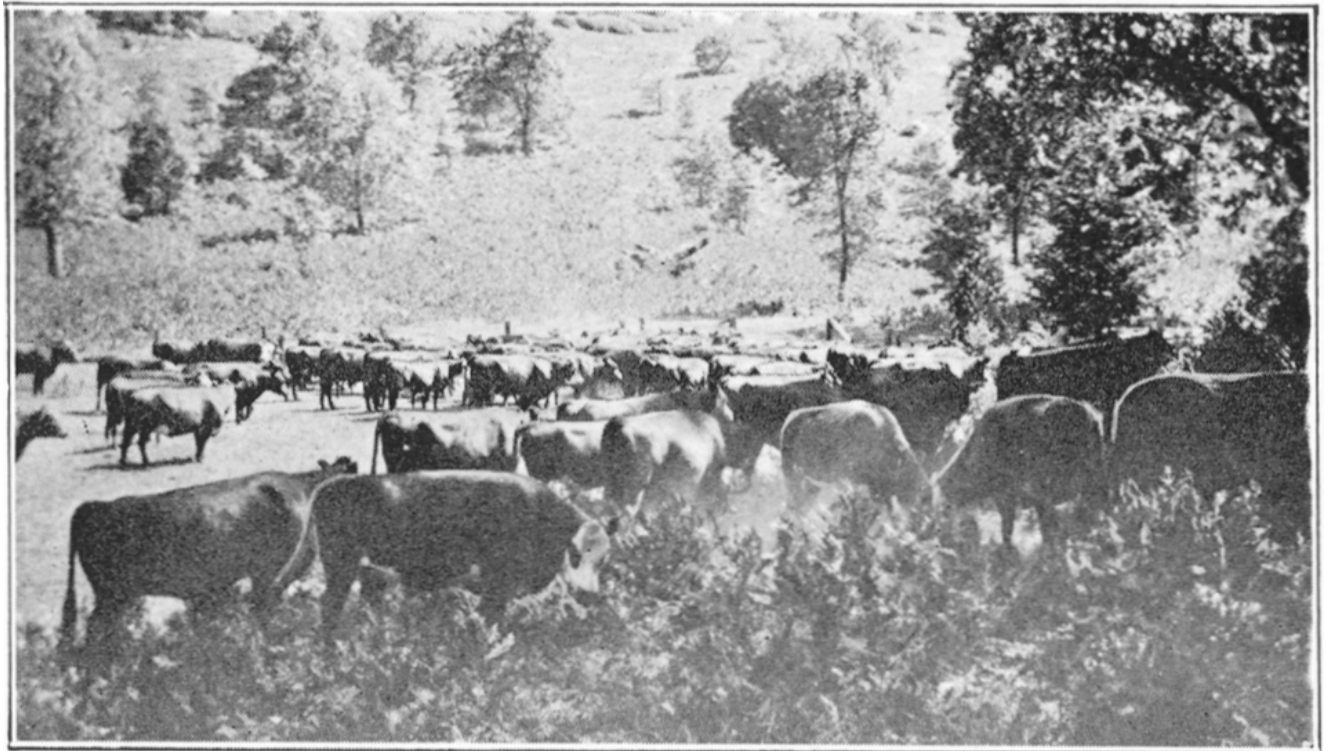


A Mountain family Mary Mendenhall Knox photo



"White faces" of early days Robert Asher photo

Cattlemen do not want hikers passing through their fields. In the first place, they are apt to be careless about shutting gates. In the second place, while steers pay little attention to horseback riders, they will stampede at the approach of a person on foot. It is estimated that a half-hour's run will take something like twenty pounds off a fat steer, and pounds mean money in the cattle business.



Polled Aberdeen Angus Cattle Mary Mendenhall Knox photo

FRENCH VALLEY AND SHEEP RAISING

French Valley lies to the west of and below the telescope. The name commemorates an almost forgotten phase of Southern California life, that of sheep raising. Two Frenchmen by the name of Foussat, selected the valley for a sheep ranch, erecting a dwelling, a barn and sheds for the sheep, but the venture was later given up. Some say the loco weed which grows on the mountain, poisoned the sheep. Probably the real reason was because the breaking up of the range due to the influx of new-comers during the "boom" of the 1880s caused the decline of sheep raising as the major animal industry of the county. [PB: Hubert Foussat 1845-1933, and Jean B. Foussat 1847-1896]

The sheep industry followed the colorful cattle-raising period of earlier days. The dry season of 1863-1864 is estimated to have caused the death from starvation of over half the cattle of Southern California. It is said that others were driven over the cliffs into the sea to prevent their starvation, and 5,000 were reported sold in Santa Barbara for 37 1/2 cents each. Many cattle barons went broke. In the next decade came the "No Fence Law" which decreed that cattle owners were liable for damage done by their stock to unfenced crops. Barbed wire had not yet been invented, so the law gave the finishing blow to the picturesque regime of the vaqueros (cowboys) except in more isolated sections such as Palomar. Sheep were not affected by the law, as they had to be herded anyway and could be kept away from unfenced crops.

Joseph Smith and Ephraim W. Morse were said to have had 3,000 sheep on Palomar. Warner's Ranch when owned by ex-governor John G. Downey, ran about 30,000 sheep. The coast region between San Diego and Palomar had many, one section being locally known as the "Sheep Camp." Several sheep men drove their flocks to Palomar during the summer for pasture, and Mariano Galdos, a sheep herder, had a claim in Doane Valley. Joseph Beresford, the hermit of Smith's Mountain and an Englishman who became a sheep herder in the 1870s "because there was nothing else to do," says, "Sheep made this country." The sheep-raising period came to no spectacular end, but slowly declined. [PB: the newspaper "Our Paper" from Barham, California (later San Marcos) notes that Mariano Galdos passed through with 700 head of sheep on his way to Palomar Mountain pasture on July 24, 1884. From: San Marcos: A Brief History, by William Carroll, Coda Publications, 1977. page 10]



William Beach, October 1933

The Beach brothers, Kenneth and William, eventually came into possession of approximately 320 acres in the upper part of French Valley. They sold their property, including the telescope site to the California Institute of Technology, in 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. William Beach had resided on the Palomar property where William Beach kept meteorological records for the Institute of Technology previous to the selection of Palomar as the site for the telescope. [PB: William's wife was Marion B. Ambler.]

MORGAN HILL

Morgan was a former preacher who lived with his family on the west end of the mountain across the Pauma creek from Nate Harrison Grade, on a wooded hill, which has ever since been known as Morgan Hill. He was an eloquent preacher, so say those who heard him, especially when he was in the right mood and speaking on his favorite topic, "Temperance." He was also a good horse-trader.

Many people have been "snowed in" on Palomar, but he was once "snowed out." He had gone down the mountain for supplies, and did not get back for some time on account of heavy snows. The neighbors did not know of the situation so did not look after the family as they would otherwise have done, with the result that one or two of the little ones died before Morgan's return. The family left the mountain after that. Morgan Hill is now included in the Indian grazing lands.

[PB: Robert Asher in his memoir "My Palomar" tells this 'snowed out' story differently (see archive.org/details/asher-my-palomar_202402):

"A man named Morgan settled there with his family before 1901. One winter he went out to get supplies but was prevented from returning promptly by a heavy snow storm. It is said that the family came near dying of starvation before he got back. The experience was too trying to risk a repetition, and they shortly moved away from the mountain. Mr. Morgan was back a time or two, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him."]

BIRCH HILL, BY THE LORD HARRY!

A young Englishman, Harry C. Birch, homesteaded with his younger brother, Arthur C., on Birch Hill, now commonly known as Camp Sites. It seems the elder brother had been a second mate on a British vessel, and the life of a pioneer settler was new and strange to him. Before going to Palomar he stayed for a time at the Sawday ranch not far from the mountain. While there, he was given a can of axle grease and told to grease the wagon. After awhile he came in saying he wanted more grease. When asked what had become of that which had been given him, he replied that he had greased all the wagon but the "handle" (tongue) and he didn't have enough grease for that.

At the time the Birch boys were struggling to build their cabin, the east road ran over the hill instead of along the side as it did later. The young men cut the trees high above the ground to secure logs for their cabin, leaving tall stumps. One day a passerby viewed the growing structure and asked how it came that there were no doors or windows. The reply was that doors and windows would be cut out when the cabin was completed, but they never were. The boys always entered and left through an opening under the gable end by means of a ladder.

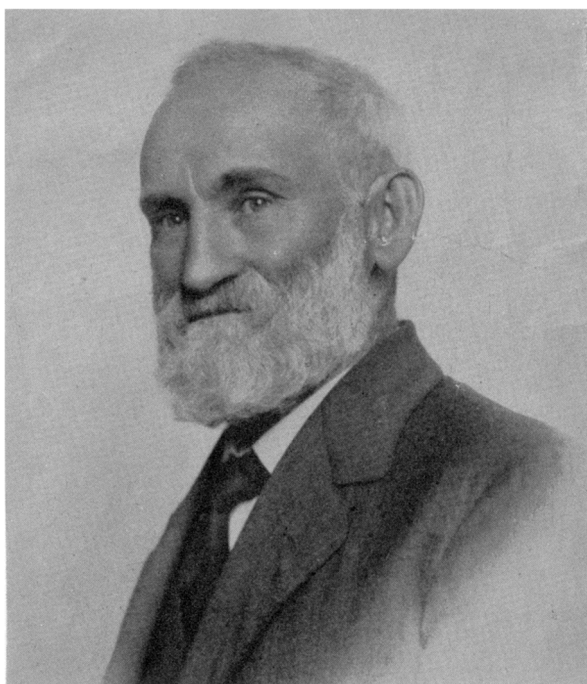
The mountain residents evidently enjoyed the sometimes laughable efforts of the two young men to adjust themselves to totally unfamiliar situations, especially the time when the younger brother shot a squirrel with a white stripe down its back and brought it in with the remark that it didn't smell good.

The two eventually sold their claim and returned to England. The eldest son of the family was killed during the Boer War and Harry, next in line, inheriting the title, became Lord Harry Birch. Later he wrote a letter to George Cook. In it he mentioned other mountain friends and said that he wished they could come to England -- that he would show them a good time, and they might be as green there as he was on Palomar.



[PB: Ancestry.com records illuminate several errors above. The Birch brothers were named Henry Clarkson Birch and Arthur Clarkson Birch; perhaps Harry was a nickname for Henry. Catharine Wood said Harry/Henry was at the George Sawday ranch, but it was George's father's ranch at that time, the F.R. Sawday ranch, located at Ballena/Witch Creek, between Ramona and Julian. Harry/Henry and his brother Arthur left Palomar Mountain and returned to England some time after Harry/Henry's U.S. citizenship was granted in 1893, and before Arthur's marriage in England in 1896. The Boer War was 1899 to 1902, and their oldest brother William Clarkson Birch died much later on June 1, 1920. So there was death of eldest son nor title inheritance influencing Harry/Henry Birch's return to England. Their father William Cooper Birch died on April 26, 1901, which was well after Harry/Henry and Arthur returned to England. William Cooper Birch left an estate valued at \$3.6 million dollars in 2022 purchasing power but it was left to his oldest son William Clarkson Birch and a son-in-law.]

BAILEY'S PALOMAR MOUNTAIN RESORT



Theodore O. Bailey (left), a native of Kentucky, settled on Palomar Mountain in the 1880s, and assisted by neighboring Indians, built an adobe house on the site of the present Palomar Lodge. Installing his family in their mountain home, he brought the first piano up the old east grade, was a primary force in opening the Palomar Public School and established the first church and Sunday school. Sunday School Flat, a sunny spot among the trees near the resort, was often a happy meeting place for the worshipers in pleasant weather.

Theodore O. Bailey proved that numerous staple crops could be raised on Palomar, and through his influence, many families settled there. Chestnut, black walnut and butternut trees planted by him still bear good crops. Largely through his efforts, the misnomer Smith Mountain was discarded and the original name of Palomar was restored.



Bailey's Palomar Lodge Milton Bailey photo

Resorts were in operation at different times on what is known as The Roberts Place, and at Silver Crest. However, Palomar Lodge is the only one that has remained in operation each summer throughout the years, under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Milton Bailey of San Diego.



Bailey's Robert Asher photo

THE PICKWICK STAGE IDEA

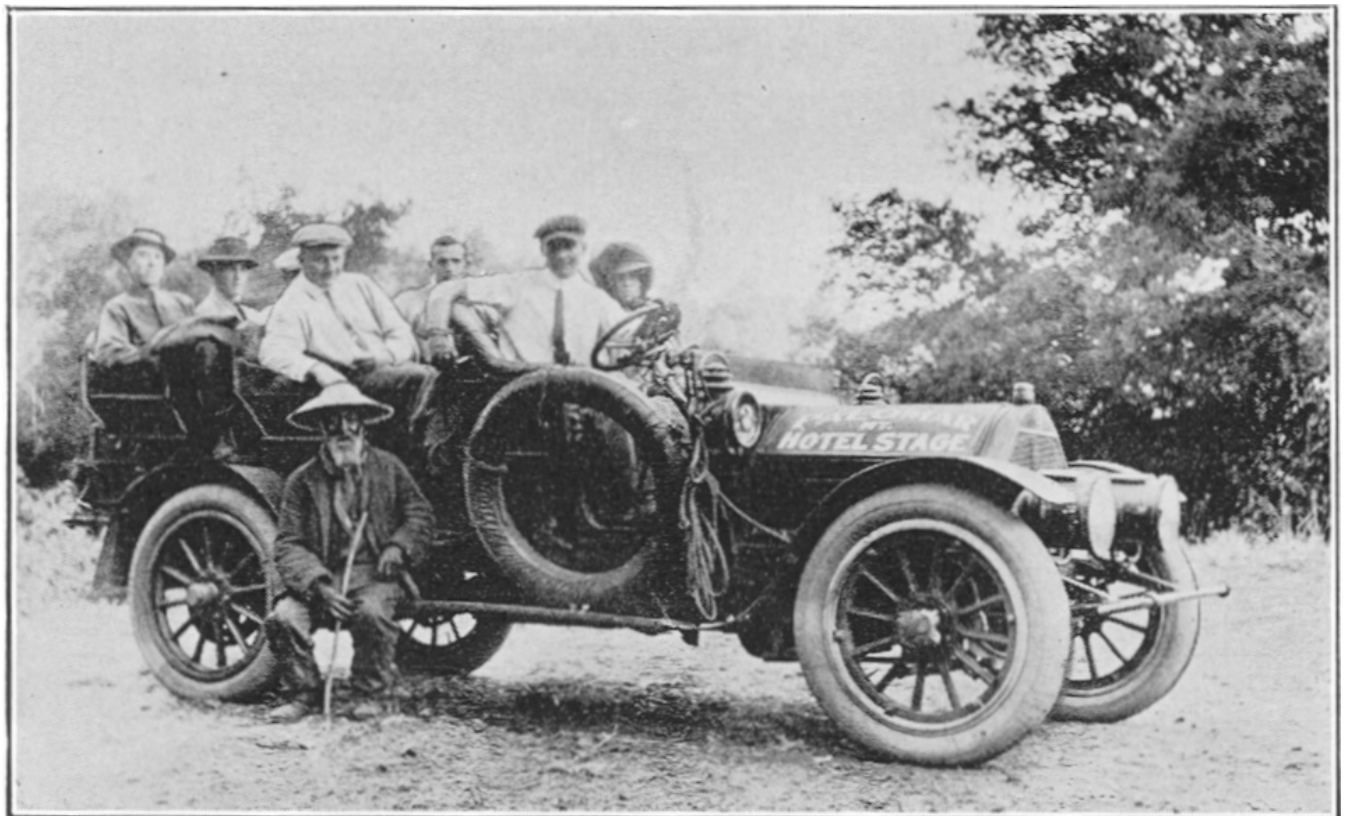
The first horseless carriage to ascend Palomar Mountain was that of L. O. Johnston of San Pasqual Valley, who in June 1904, made a trip up the Nate Harrison grade, thus proving the feasibility of an auto stage.

[PB: "L.O. Johnston made a successful trip to Palomar mountain last week with his big automobile. This is the first time that a horseless carriage ever went up the mountain grade and the passenger line between San Diego and the mountain camp grounds is assured. The trip was made from San Diego in six and a half hours, the usual time by team occupied about two days. Chas. Kleinhen acted as driver." San Diego Evening Tribune, June 7, 1904. Page 6, column 1. Wood spelled his name Johnson.]

Before long, summer passenger service to Palomar was started consisting of three laps, first by train to Oceanside, thence to the mountain by auto stage, where a horse-drawn stage carried visitors to the top. The fare from San Diego was ten dollars each way.

[PB: In June 1911, "...Mr. Bailey has arranged for an automobile stage from San Diego via Oceanside and the San Luis Rey valley, through Pala, and also for a horse stage from Escondido leaving on Tuesdays and returning Wednesdays, the route being through Valley Center and the Rincon Indian reservation." Escondido Weekly Times Advocate, June 23, 1911, page 2, column 1]

In the summer of 1912, Milton Bailey, then a student in dental college, started a two-car stage line between San Diego and the resort, fare six dollars and a half each way. He furnished one automobile and when he had more passengers than he could accommodate, he hired Abraham L. Clayburg to take the extra passengers up in his car. The new stage line proved popular at once. The trip was really an adventure, for one never knew just when the stages would break down. One day there were twenty-six passengers eager to take the trip. When the season closed with the approach of winter, Clayburg, realizing the future of the auto stage, started a stage line to Imperial Valley, using Milton Bailey's car and his own. A round trip took two days. His office was in the Pickwick Theatre building, Fourth Street between C and D (now Broadway) in San Diego. Thus began the well-known Pickwick Stages, which in 1930 were purchased by the Greyhound Lines.



First Palomar Stage. Nate Harrison sits on the running board

Milton Bailey photo

THE FRAZIER SISTERS

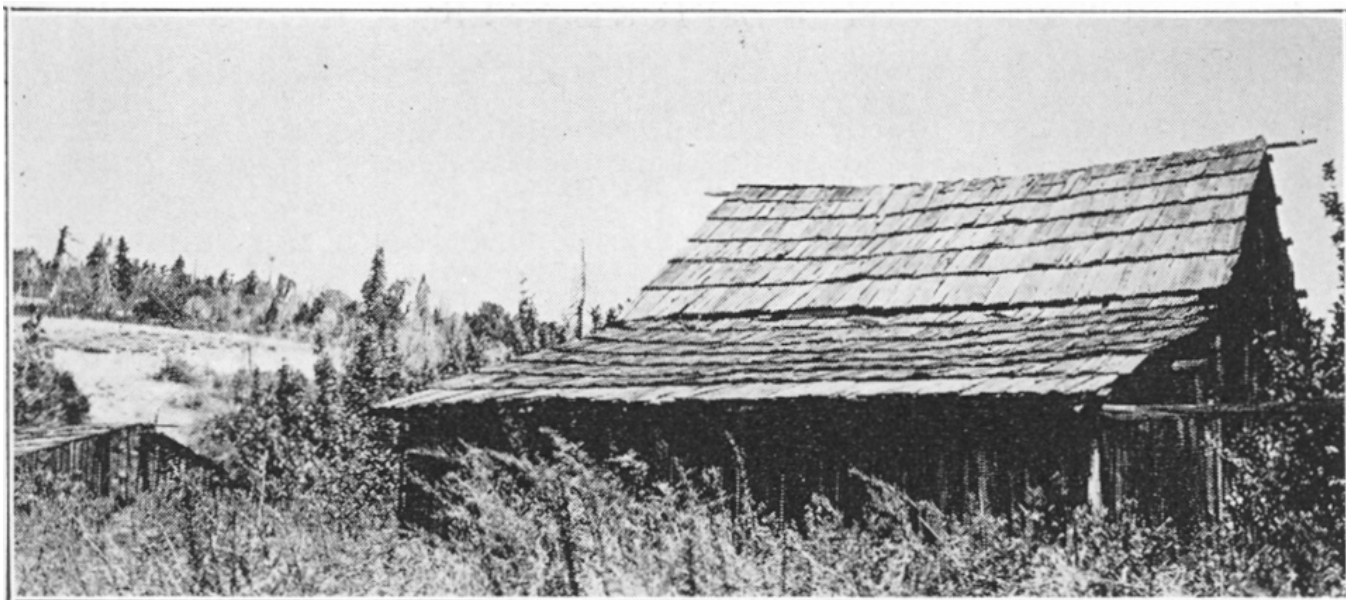
The Frazier family gave their name to scenic Frazier Point, around which the south grade winds, and to a canyon-like valley included in Barker Valley.



James Frazier, July 14, 1906, at Hotel Palomar Robert Asher photo

James Frazier, commonly called Jim Frazier, had settled on the Point with his invalid wife, purchasing the property already improved from a man named Morrison [PB: Likely around 1892 from William J. Morrison]. When his wife died, his sisters [PB: U.S. General Land Office records have their names recorded as Lizzie and Mariah Frazer] came out from Illinois, expecting to keep house for him. Their mother insisted on coming too. Before they reached California, Jim had married a widow with two children, so when his mother and sisters arrived they decided to take up a homestead, renting a house until they could build. They erected a small cabin in Barker Valley with their own hands, and constructed a road to it. The girls were hard workers and sold eggs and butter to the hotels then in operation, and in neighboring towns. They also raised some cattle for beef, and eventually acquired something like a section of land. At first they sometimes joined their neighbors in picnics. Miss Maria had a Kodak, the first one on Palomar, with which she took some good pictures. She is said to have had a couple of chances to marry, but her sister objected. Meantime the mother passed away. Jim Frazier's wife left him before long, and brother and sisters were once more together. They lived on the Point in winter, and in the valley during the summer. One of the sisters, Miss Lizzie, had become very badly crippled, so much so that in order to move about, she had to hitch herself along in a chair. One day Jim was preparing to drive Miss Lizzie across the mountain. She was in the wagon. Fortunately they had not started, for the brother dropped dead.

After that the two sisters, who were well thought of by all their neighbors, carried on alone. They seemed to become afraid of people, especially men, and when Miss Maria, the able-bodied sister was away working, the blinds were drawn and the doors locked, as she was afraid someone might harm the crippled sister. Modern conveniences were lacking, and water had to be carried from a spring some distance away. One day when both were in the house, the ceiling caught fire from the over-heated stove pipe. Miss Maria grabbed a pan of milk and extinguished the blaze. When the excitement subsided, Miss Lizzie, who had not been able to walk for months, was found outside the house. No one, even Miss Lizzie herself, could explain how she was able to accomplish the feat.



Old farm building of hand-hewn cedar at Frazier Point (lost in fire)

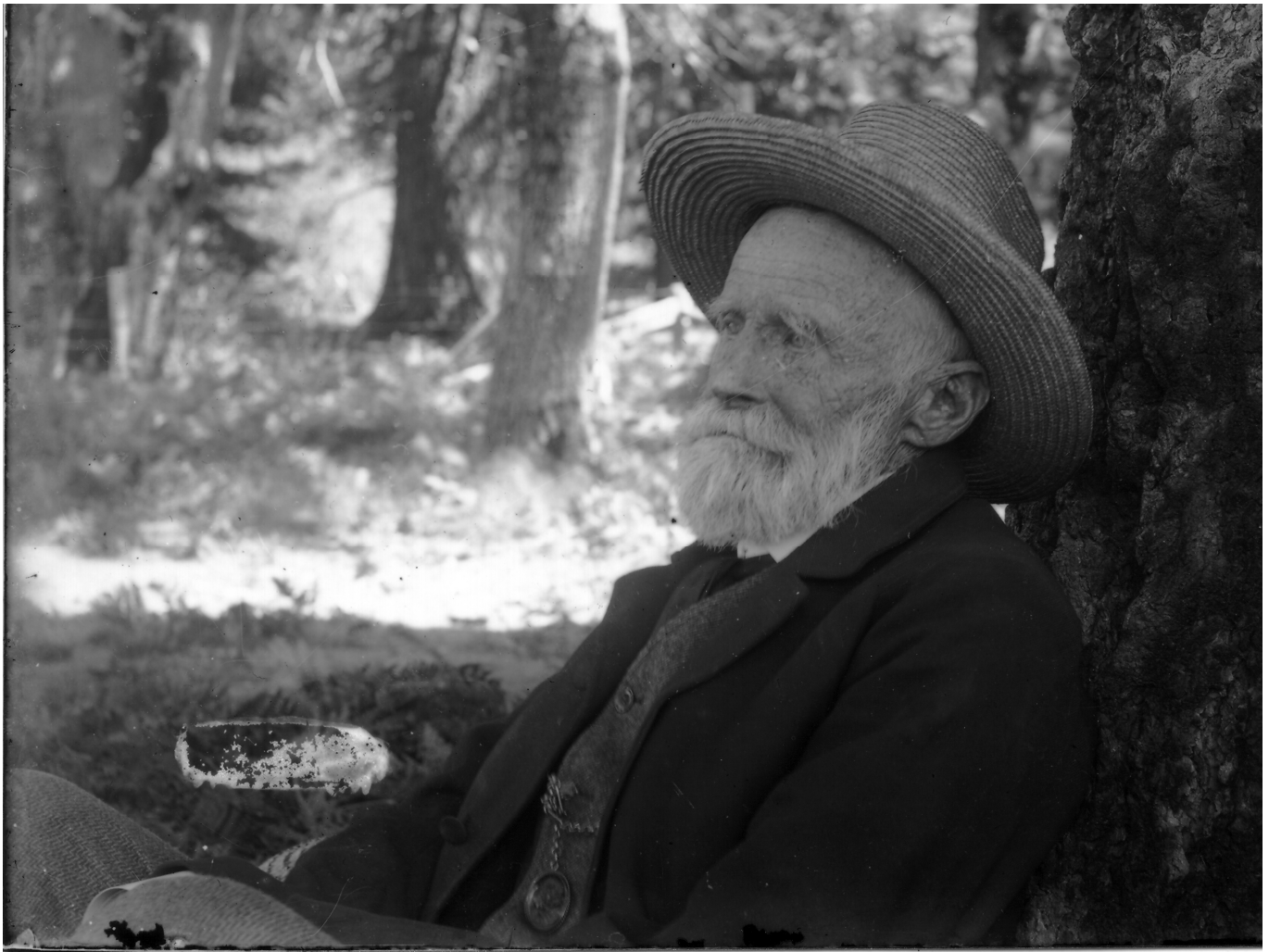
One Sunday, during a hot summer, not long after the brother's death, Miss Maria came into the house, lay across the bed to rest and never woke up. Miss Lizzie, after arranging her dead sister for burial as best she could, hitched her chair outside and began ringing a cowbell for help in case someone might be passing through the valley, but no help came. She laboriously hitched her chair along to the barn and managed to set the stock free so they could get water, ringing her bell at intervals. As the days passed, the odor from the body became unbearable and after obtaining a little water she slowly hitched her chair up into the orchard back of the house and continued ringing the bell. Later she said that Tuesday night a light shone from the window of the room where the body lay, illuminating a spot under the tree where the sister used to work. The sight encouraged her, for she thought it was her sister's spirit come to comfort her. Some people claim that decomposition may have resulted in a phosphorescent glow.

Finally on the fourth day help came. Mrs. Carl Mendenhall, who for some reason had the Frazier sisters on her mind, rode horseback with a friend over to the Frazier ranch. It was not hard to tell what had happened, so she followed the sound of the bell to the crippled sister in the orchard, who was more composed than either of the other women. The friend mounted her horse and rode across the valley for help at such speed that the men who saw her coming were prepared for bad news. Respecting Miss Lizzie's wishes, the neighbors made a coffin, but she never knew they could not use it. The coroner and an undertaker came up but did not go within about a hundred yards of the house, saying there was nothing they could do, and so kind neighbors managed to bury Miss Maria in her yard, with the mattress for a coffin.

Miss Lizzie stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Salmons until her brother came from Illinois, disposed of the property and took her home with him. Miss Lizzie did not want to go but there seemed nothing else to do. She died shortly afterwards.

CLARK CLEAVER

Clark Cleaver came to California during the gold rush, first settling in Cathey's Valley in Mariposa County, and ran sheep and went gold prospecting. Cleaver then moved to Nevada, and finally to Palomar Mountain, where he homesteaded land along with his brother Kimber Cleaver. The apple orchard on the south Crest near Bailey's was planted by him. His niece Jessie Lillian Cleaver, daughter of Kimber, taught the Palomar school at one time.



Clark Cleaver, 1905 Robert Asher photo

NELLIE AND JESSEE

Nellie and Jessee were two little post offices of Palomar. Nellie, established in April 1883, was named after the postmaster, Nellie McQueen, much to her chagrin. The name requested in the application for the post office was Fern Glen, but the officials in Washington named it Nellie. They said they did not want a double name, and besides the name Fern Glen was somewhat similar to the name of another post office. Miss McQueen was unsuccessful in her efforts to have the name changed.

The Nellie office was first located on the edge of Dyche Valley, west of the George Cook residence, and survived several changes in location. It was at Bailey's for many years, then at the Roberts place, where, after much petitioning, the name was changed in October 1920, to Palomar Mountain. For a short time after that the post office was located at the site of the Ocean View store [PB: where the Fire Station is located], but the building burned and the office was returned to Bailey's store, where it had existed so long under the name of Nellie.



Old Nellie Post Office, on the edge of Dyche Valley

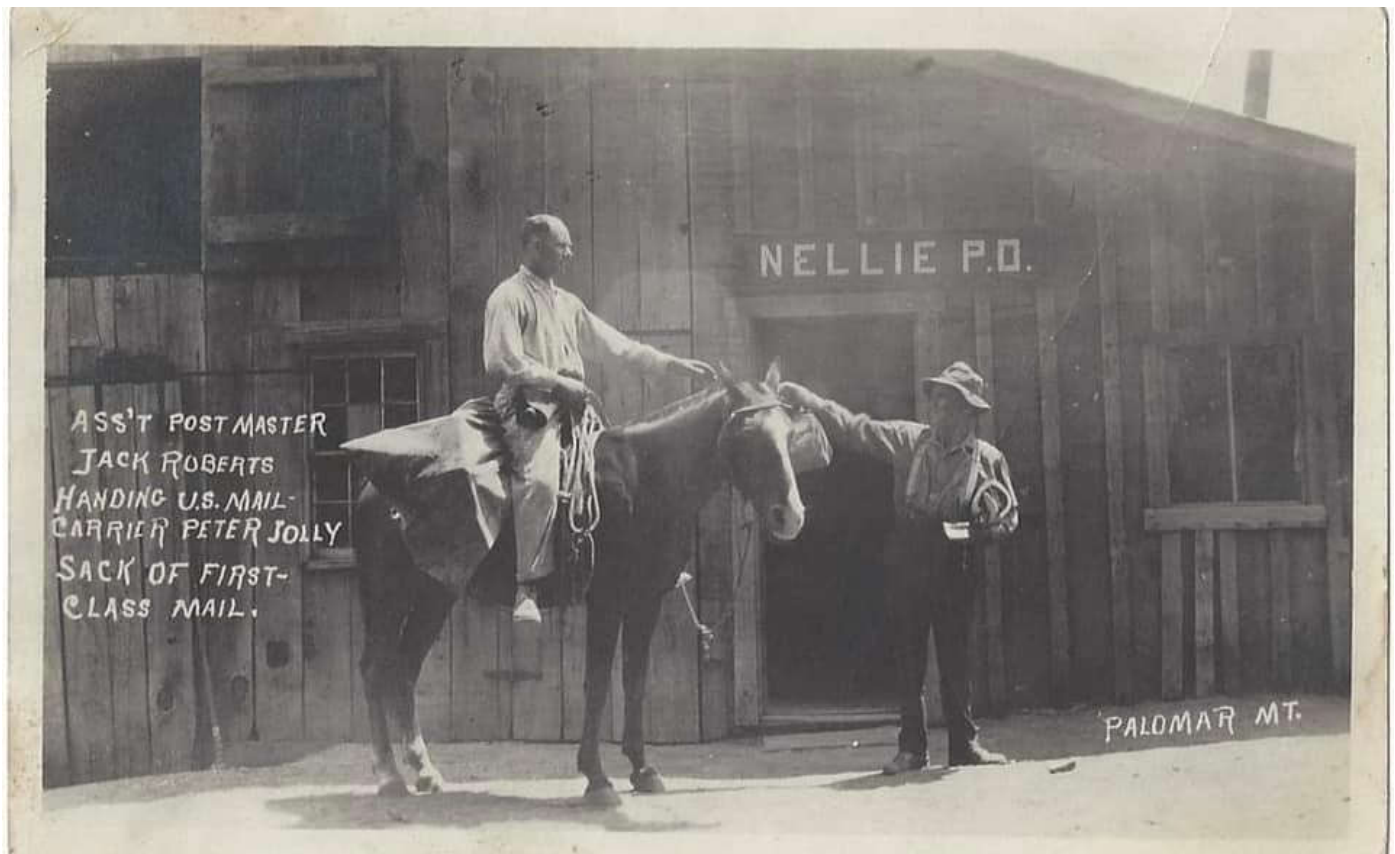
The mail was delivered via Valley Center three times a week, and was carried on horseback over the old Mail Trail up the south side of the mountain [PB: Trujillo Road or South Grade of 1891, predating Highway S6]. Needless to say mail days were important events in the life of the community.

[PB: An Escondido Times Advocate newspaper item of April 20, 1921 (page 4, column 3), described mail delivery to Mrs. Elsie Reed Roberts, the new postmistress at the Palomar Mountain postoffice.

“... Postmistress Roberts received and dispatched the mail of the office Tuesday, this being one of the three days of the week when it is taken up and down the trail of the south side of the mountain from the little community along the north bank of the San Luis Rey, known as Potrero, by Peter B. Jolley, on horseback. On these three days Jolley, who receives the mail there, leaves Valley Center in his flivver at 8:30 in the morning. He reaches Potrero an hour and a half later, where the transfer of the mail is made to pack horse for the two hour jaunt up the grade to the Palomar mountain post office. There he eats his lunch and starts for the return trip at 1 p.m. “]



Peter B. Jolley, the mail carrier who travelled up the steep South Grade to Palomar Mountain. Jolley held onto the horse's tail for assistance walking up the steeper sections of the grade. Robert Asher photo



c1918-1920

The Jessee office was located at the east end of Mendenhall Valley. It was established in 1896, and took its name from that of the postmaster, Harriet L. Jessee. It died a natural death with the later slump in population, being officially discontinued in July 1904.

The Jessee post office was started by a preacher William W. Jessee who was a good talker and held Camp Meetings during the summer on the mountain, under the auspices of a religious group in Los Angeles. These Camp Meetings evidently had more than local fame, as at least one person is known to have come from the Mid West to attend. The mountain residents enjoyed them too, as they still tell how the small preacher had difficulty in baptizing a large woman, and how the organ was once nearly lost from the back of the wagon when the horses started backing down the hill.

William W. Jessee began soliciting funds for an Orphans' Home, which he started on Palomar, but his followers lost interest in contributing when they found that the only orphans he had were several elderly men and women.

Later it seems he was found selling too many veal calves in Los Angeles of the Hereford breed when he didn't raise Herefords on his ranch, so he was offered a price for his place [PB: Land patents issued in 1898] with so many hours to get off the mountain, and the opportunity was not wasted.

THE SALMONS RANCH



Louis S. Salmons at his ranch, with Valparaiso oak tree.
7 July 1893. Ed Davis photo

Louis S. Salmons [1872-1959], born in Georgia but closely associated with the Palomar region for many years, now owns the Cook place and the Sawday ranch, on which the home is located. The whole area is generally spoken of as the Salmons Ranch.



Woodwardia, home of Mr. & Mrs. Louis Salmons

Mrs. Hodgie Bailey Salmons laughs frequently over the fact that she named their ranch "Woodwardia" because of the lovely Woodwardia fern growing on the slope below, and has since learned that the Indian name for the location is "Shakishla", meaning stinging nettles, referring to the tall plants of that type that grow abundantly at the head of the canyon.

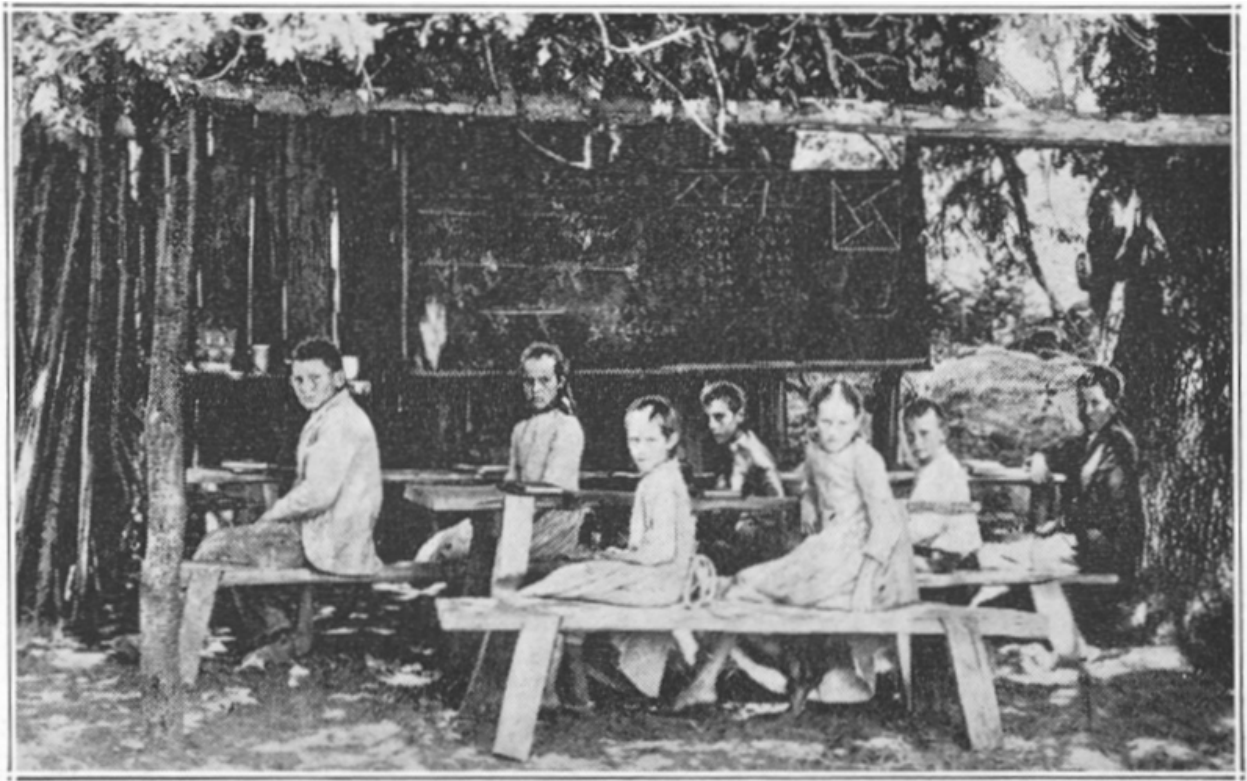
The old apple orchard on the Salmons Ranch, through which the road passes, bore abundantly in former years. From it and other orchards on the mountain, Louis Salmons in days gone by, hauled twelve to fifteen thousand boxes of apples a season down Nate Harrison Grade. Apple raising was then a profitable industry, but crops are uncertain on account of late cold spells, so no new orchards have been planted in recent years. Cattle raising is surer and more profitable.

THE THREE SCHOOLS OF PALOMAR

Before there were any public schools on the mountain, the residents banded together and hired a teacher who boarded around. By 1877 there were enough pupils to warrant the establishment of a public school, so the Malava district was formed. School opened in a little log building near Dyche Valley, with split logs serving as desks and seats. The remains of the chimney were still standing in 1936. The district was an immense one, including even a part of Mesa Grande, the region south of the Henshaw Dam, but of course no students came from that region, as it was merely a political division.

The little log schoolhouse was later replaced by a board one. There is nothing to mark the site now except the remains of some of the old double desks. When the district lapsed, the building was moved to the Cook ranch, where it became a part of the dwelling, which is still standing.

The Palomar district, formed from Agua Tibia and Malava in 1891, was located near Bailey's resort. Schools on the mountain ran during the spring and summer rather than in the winter so as to avoid the snows, and that first summer the Palomar School had an open-air session in a tent-like structure roofed with brush, with Miss Breedlove of Valley Center as teacher. School was next held in an adobe building, an old dwelling house near Iron Springs, until the wooden schoolhouse was erected. When the district lapsed in later years, the building became private property, and was transformed into a summer camp. Miss Nellie Gaskill of the pioneer Gaskill family of Campo, San Diego County, was the last teacher.

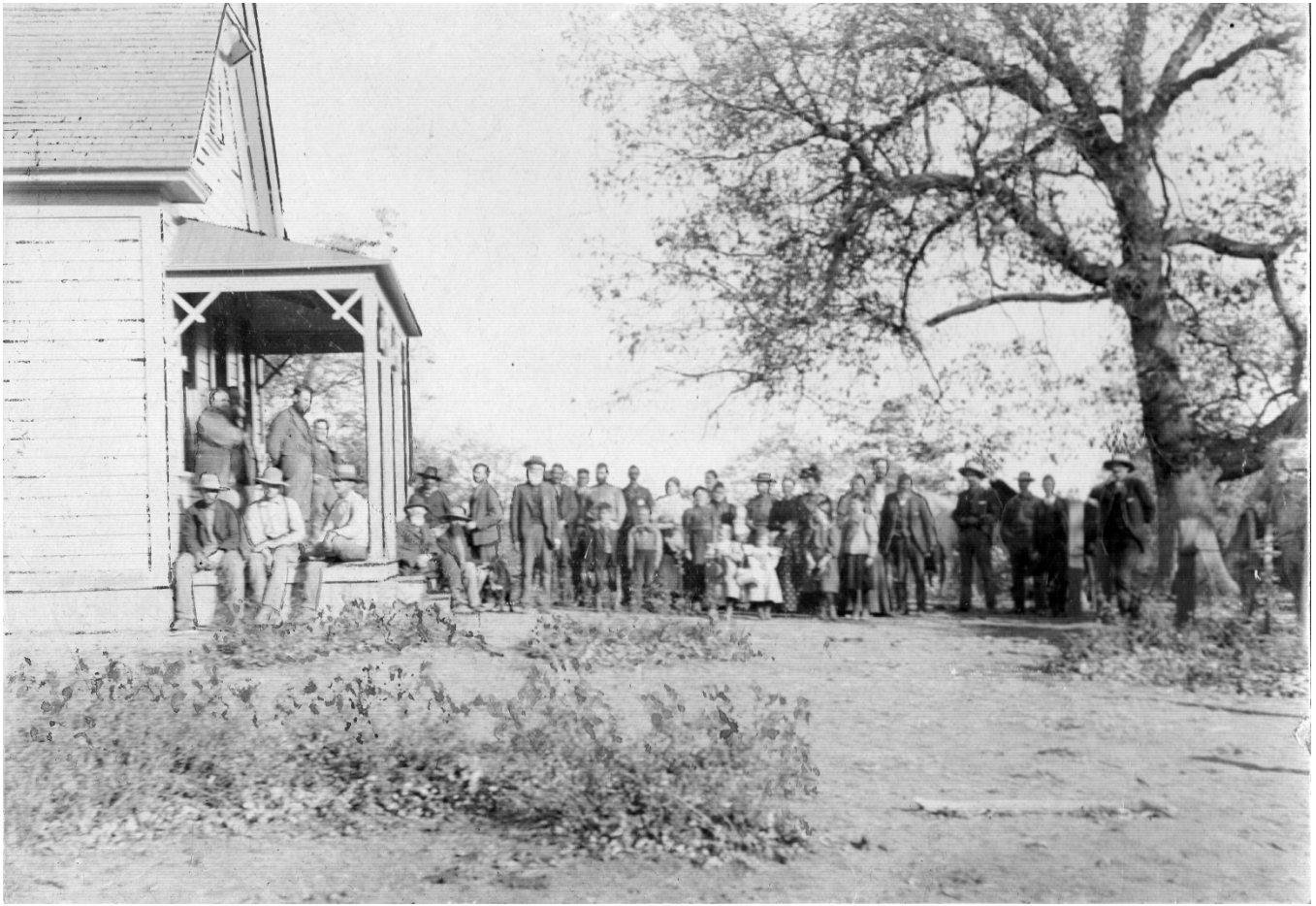


First school, Palomar District, 1891 Mrs. Louis Salmons photo

The third school, that of Cedar Grove, located near Doane Valley in what is now the State Park, was formed from the Palomar district. Malava and Palomar districts consolidated in 1903 under the name of Palomar. Then Cedar Grove and Palomar consolidated in 1906, still under the name of Palomar, and the Cedar Grove building was torn down. Later the territory became a part of the Pauma district, which lies at the west foot of the mountain, to which it still belongs. [PB: Catharine Wood wrote 1907.]

For about twenty-six years previous to the building of the telescope there was no school on the mountain except for one or two short sessions during the time of the Camp Site activities.

In the fall of 1936, a public school was again started with nine pupils, a cabin at Bailey's resort serving as a schoolhouse. Several pupils from the observatory area were enrolled.



Election Day at the Malava Schoolhouse, about 1900 Escondido History Center, Mary Mendenhall Knox photo



Palomar Schoolhouse at Iron Springs, circa 1905. It was later transformed into a summer home Robert Asher photo

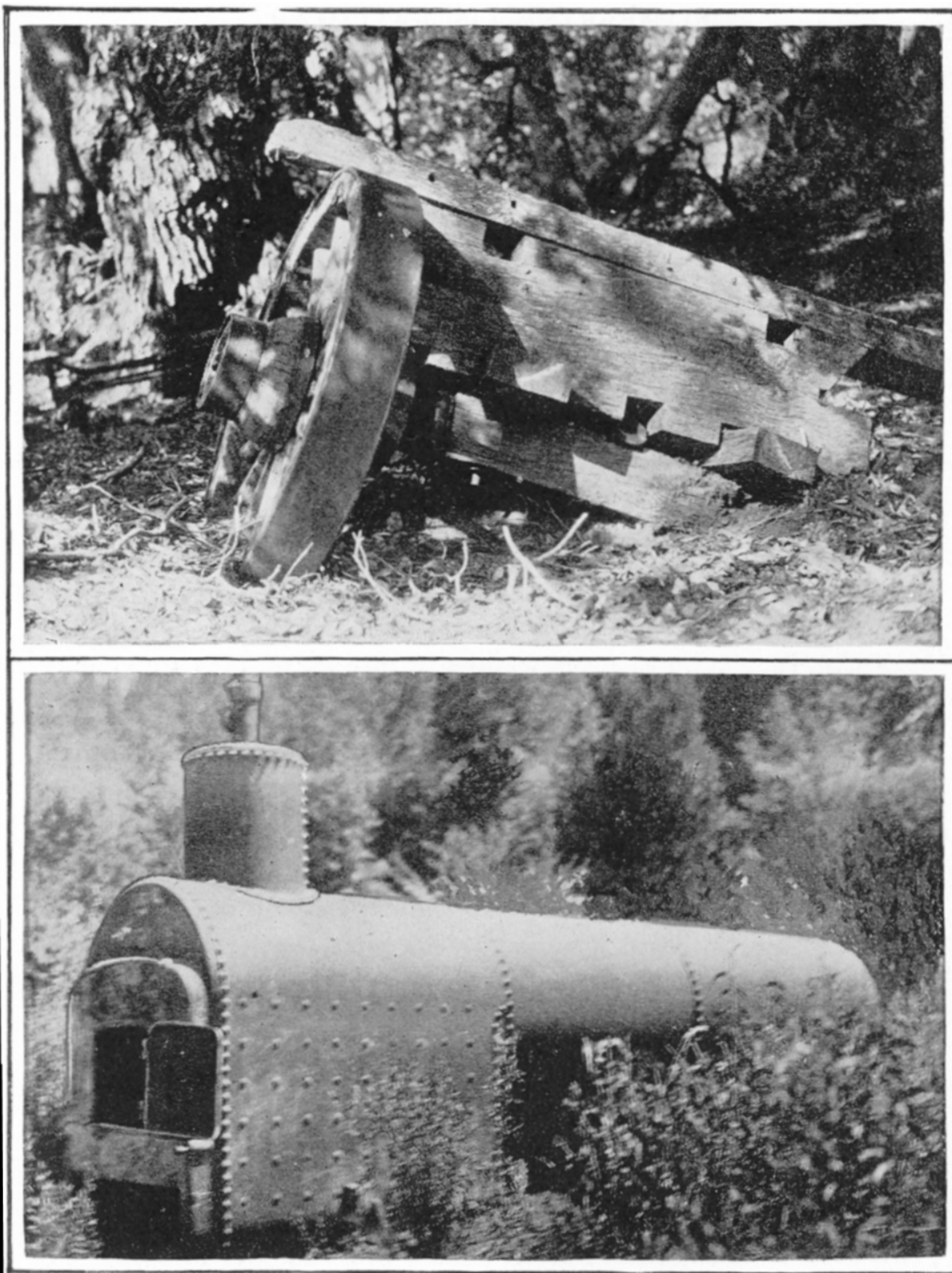
LUMBERING ON PALOMAR

In the 1890s, Samuel Striplin and William L. Wilhite bought an old saw mill in Julian and hauled the heavy machinery up the east end of the mountain, locating in Powers Valley, now called Pedley Valley. The old boiler still remains, as metals rust slowly on Palomar because of the dryness of the air, but the old buildings have disappeared. Lumber was sold in Julian, Santa Ysabel and Murrieta. Logs were "snaked" down the hillsides, piled three, four, and five on big log carts, two-wheeled affairs with "bunks" over the wheels to hold the logs, which served as brakes as they dragged on the ground. These lumber carts were drawn by mule teams or by eight yoke of oxen.

A contract was secured for lumber for the Escondido flume ditch line. The equipment was moved temporarily to Doane Valley where George Doane had given the lumbermen permission to cut "red fir" (big-cone spruce) timber on condition that he receive in payment sufficient lumber for a house. He instructed the men to pile this lumber in a certain spot where it was to stay until he had a wife to tell him how to build the house. The lumber was piled improperly, and being green, rotted before George Doane secured his wife. Palomar lumber was good, but the expense of operation was excessive. William L. Wilhite left, while his wife, with the children, remained to cook for the men, but soon afterwards the venture was given up as a losing proposition.

[PB: Wood said it was Power's Valley, but it was homesteaded by Thomas J. Powers. Robert Asher disagreed with Woods' rotted wood statement, saying "In addition to the lumber used in the barn, Doane had quite a pile of sawmill stuff piled up. But he did not lose it from rot, as had been stated. After his marriage, he "located" his mother-in-law, Mrs. Susan Hayes, on a tract of land cornering in Lower Doane Valley, using his reserve of lumber for the construction of several buildings" (see archive.org/details/asher-my-palomar_202402). The Escondido Irrigation District built a 15-mile-long canal and flume to bring water from the San Luis Rey River

to a reservoir in Bear Valley (Lake Wohlford in Valley Center), which was finished by 1894, long before Doane married his wife. Los Angeles Times, April 26, 1990 www.latimes.com/archives/la-xpm-1990-04-26-nc-650-story.html]



Ox-cart and boiler used in lumbering operations during the 1890s

Since then power saws have occasionally been used to cut rough lumber for construction of cabins, but dead trees left standing on fire-swept hillsides have been used to a large extent rather than living trees.

A BUTTERFLY FARM

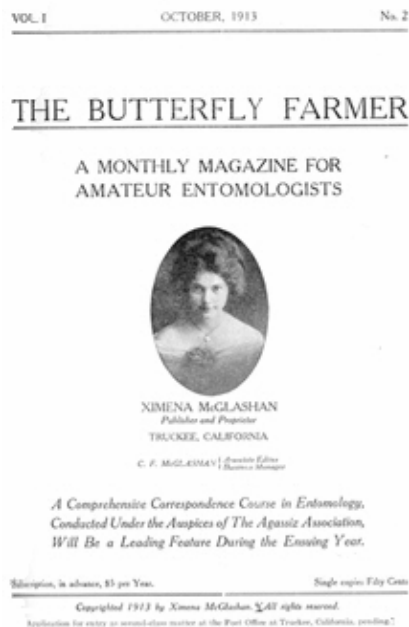
By the side of the road across from the southeast corner of the State Park stands a faded, neglected house, an old apple orchard on one hand and several shingled cottages on the other. It has passed through numerous hands. In early days it was known as the Mack place [PB: named after John Mack and homesteaded by William H. Graves].

Later, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Hewlett came into possession of the property. At that time the mountain was undergoing its own private depression, and Esther, the teenage daughter of the family, had few companions of her own age and few amusements of the usual sort, but she won the admiration of the mountain neighbors by the energy and resourcefulness with which she developed other interests. She began to crochet various articles using as patterns such natural objects as oak blossoms, snowflakes, and butterflies.

Before long, probably much to the puzzlement of the mountaineers, the trees and shrubs in the neighborhood began to bear strange blossoms, which, on close inspection turned out to be paper bags. The old Mack place had become a butterfly farm!

Esther Parnell Hewlett, when asked about her work on Palomar, gave this information:

"My parents, small brother and I moved down on old Palomar in the spring of 1913, to the old Mack place, 80 acres of which we had traded for. It had a six-room house and large barn on it and about 13 acres in bearing apples. That summer we noticed so many beautiful butterflies."



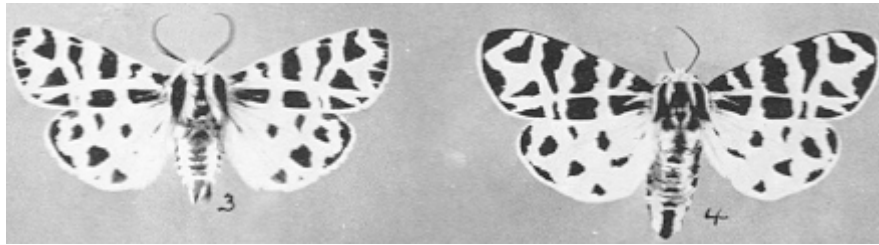
"Later that year an article came out in The American Magazine describing the work of a Miss Ximena McGlashan of Truckee who had paid her way through college by collecting and breeding butterflies and moths. I wrote her and she answered that she was putting out a correspondence course which she called "Butterfly Farmer," price \$5.00. I subscribed and received a little booklet each month for a year. It was the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen. At the end of the year she bought five dollars' worth of common butterflies of me."

"For the next five summers my brother and I collected and raised butterflies and moths, working out quite a number of life histories, food plants, etc., had a new variety of moth named "hewletti," and sold to collectors all over the country. One man in the east wanted grasshoppers, cicadas, crickets and such, and we gathered those in too. We found a cricket one day drowned in the top of a rain barrel. It looked pretty good, so we shipped it off; it was a good

variety and the collector sent me five dollars for it."

"We tied the female butterflies in net or paper bags on the particular food plant of their larvae, fed them on slices of dried apple soaked in sugar water, and left the eggs right there until the little larvae were hatched. Then we brought them into the house, put them under glass and fed them by hand. We sugared for moths at night, dug up chrysalids early in spring, gathered eggs and hibernating caterpillars, and made all of three hundred dollars one year."

[PB: Now known as *Grammia hewletti* or *Apantesis hewletti*, Esther's moth was originally described as a new variety of ornate tiger moth, *Apantesis ornata hewletti* var. nov.



Original illustration in Barnes, William and McDunnough, James Halliday. Contributions to the Natural History of the Lepidoptera of North America. Decatur, Ill., The Review press, 1918. Volume 4, Number 2, page 88 and plate xiii, figures 3 and 4.



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The scientific description includes Esther's observation that the color variation between wild caught moths and her cage-bred moths is probably due to moisture differences. The common name for Esther's moth, if such a name would be used, would be Hewlett's tiger moth, and its range is now known to extend as far north as Sonoma County.]

About 1916 the Nellie post office was transferred to the Hewlett place with Miss Esther as postmaster. The family left the mountain several years later, after late cold spells had ruined the apple crop three years in succession, and the young people continued their collecting elsewhere. One summer they shipped 30,000 perfect specimens of tiny "Blues" in four months' time besides many "seconds." The collecting led to an art business, located near Upland, California, demanding the talents of the entire family, and featuring such articles as pictures, trays and lamp shades, for which winged beauties have been

ordered from all over the world. Miss Hewlett and her mother have furnished many needlecraft departments throughout the United States with original patterns and directions for various types of crocheted articles. Pages of their designs also appear in different magazines.

The "Butterfly Farm" on Palomar was operated as a summer hotel for a few years after the Hewletts left, by Mr. and Mrs. Jack P. Roberts, under the name of Planwydd, a family name of traditional Welsh origin. Except during apple harvesting, it has stood unoccupied much of the time since then, and the butterflies pass unnoticed.



[PB: Esther Hewlett was born January 1895 and passed away in February 1975 in Upland California. One example of her crochet writing is a book of patterns for crocheted spreads, tablecloths, centerpieces and doily sets: Crochet For Today, Tomorrow and Always, Lily Direction Book 1700. Lily Mills Company, 1947. Photography by Frank Hewlett. 27 pages. She also wrote: Designs for Crazy Daisy Winder. Ralph C. Springer Co., 1948. Photography by Frank Hewlett. 32 pages.]

MOUNTAIN ROADS

The first road on Palomar was over the east end, the one broken through by Joseph Smith. It was noted for its steep "slides" of something like 30 per cent grade. Heavy flat-bottomed shoes of iron were tied to wheels of the clumsy ox carts then in use, when descending these steep pitches. The shoes acted as brakes by causing the wheels to slide instead of turn.

In 1891, a county road was constructed on the south slope near the route of the current "Highway to the Stars" grade. When no longer used as a road, the 1891 south slide became the "mail trail" up which the mail was brought several times a week on horseback, but the carrier walked up the steep parts.



Nate Harrison Grade

Robert Asher photo

In 1900, as better transportation facilities were demanded by an increasing population, the nine-mile Nate Harrison Grade was built over the treeless west shoulder. It was considered at the time a good road, but is now noted for its steep pitches and hairpin turns.

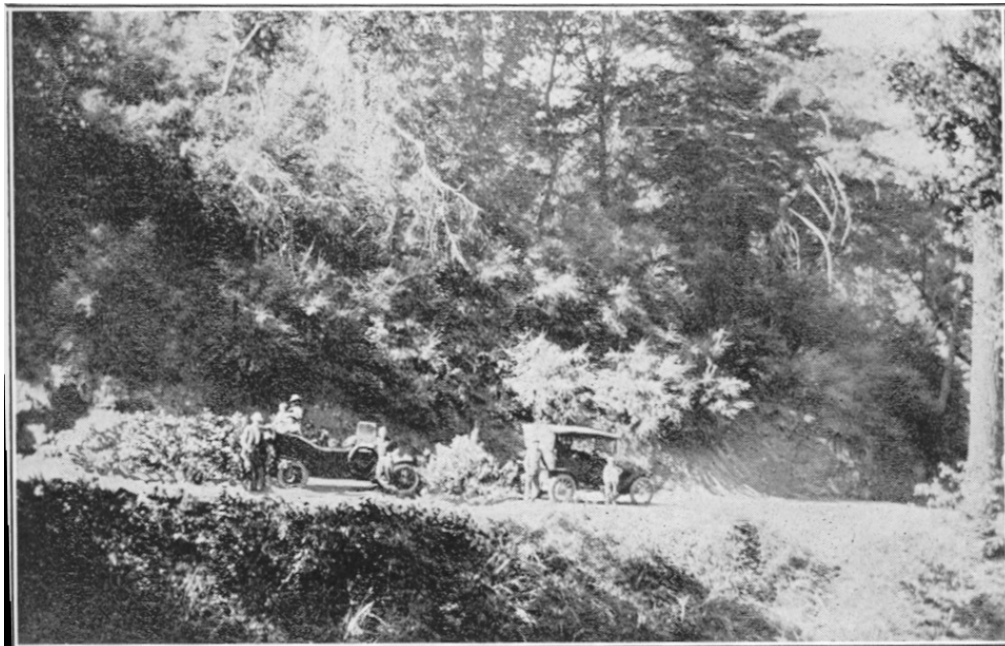
Nate Harrison Grade offered a favorite climb in early days of motoring for testing speed and endurance of various makes of cars, and

became widely known in automobile circles. Senator Ed Fletcher of San Diego, in his bicycling days in the early 1890s, pushed his bicycle to the top of the mountain over the south slide, and rode down on an apple wagon with a tree tied behind it. In 1908 he ascended the original east grade in his two-cylinder Maxwell, which had to back up the steep pitches in order that the engine might receive enough gas. If the exhausted car had to use a little mule power in addition to its own horsepower in order to make the entire grade, what of it? Fletcher has been working for a good road up the east end ever since.



Ed Fletcher in his two-cylinder Maxwell, 1908 Ed Fletcher photo

It was formerly the custom when descending the mountain to tie a tree to the back of the wagon to act as a brake. The first cars also followed this practice, but it was stopped by the Forest Service. Discarded trees at the foot of Nate Harrison Grade supplied firewood for the Indians of the region for many years.



Trees tied behind cars served as brakes, 1912 Mrs. J. B. Reece

The east grade, about fifteen miles long, not so steep as Nate Harrison Grade, was not fully improved until about 1925. A few years before that, one resourceful young woman coaxed a gasping Ford over a renowned steep pitch with a sharp turn at the end by blowing in the gas tank to increase the pressure while the driver worked feverishly with feet and hands to pilot the car.

The new "Highway to the Stars" south grade was built especially for the telescope's trip up the mountain. Downward from the crest, drooling, loose-lipped steam shovels gouged and spewed, eating out their own road as they carelessly thrust aside trees and boulders. Upward from the base of the mountain, men of the County Prison camp, paying their debt to society for minor offenses, worked their way to freedom. Because of its south exposure, this "Highway to the Stars" will afford access to the mountain when the other two roads are snow-blocked on their north slopes.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Henry Edwards Huntington, the railroad magnate, about 1905, planned extensive developments in Southern California, including an electric line between Los Angeles and San Diego, with water projects in the Palomar region. To investigate the possibilities of the area, he and his party took a trip up Nate Harrison Grade, across the top of the mountain and down the east slide. Their conveyance was a three-seated rig drawn by four horses; their driver was Louis S. Salmons.

To ascend Nate Harrison Grade as it used to be, behind four lively horses, must have been exciting to say the least, but all went well until the party reached the east "slide" and there the brakes gave way. The driver managed to hold back the horses until the members of the party could scramble out and grab the wheels. These they managed to tie in such a way that the remainder of the descent was made in safety.

Meals for the three days' outing had been put up separately by H. Jevne & Company of Los Angeles, so at lunch time, following the eventful trip, Huntington built a fire, made coffee, and all enjoyed an excellent picnic lunch.

Water rights at the site of Lake Henshaw were secured and Doane Valley purchased, but the electric line was never built, as there were difficulties over franchises. It has been claimed that Harriman interests blocked developments. After Huntington died, Charles Adalbert Canfield [PB: Edward Doheny's first and most successful partner in mining and oil development] took the Doane Valley property and was planning extensive improvements, which were cut short by his death in 1913. His daughter, Daisy Canfield Danziger, married to Antonio Moreno, a well-known Hollywood actor, inherited the property and held it until it was purchased for the State Park.

LATER DEVELOPMENTS

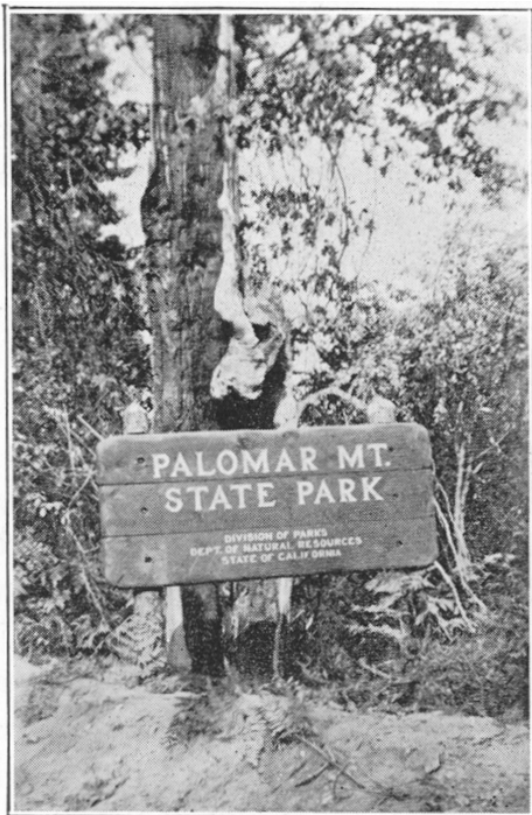
In 1920 a movement was begun to subdivide Birch Hill into camp sites [PB: by Reid Wallace and S. S. Purkey of San Diego]. Two stores were put into operation, one at the top of the hill, and Ocean View store at the junction [PB: junction of East Grade and Crestline, where the fire station is now located]. As a starter a few acre lots were sold at one hundred dollars each, but the larger section on top was divided into smaller lots without regard to contour, and to this day some people who bought lots without careful investigation are hunting their camp sites in the depth of some canyon wilderness.



Former Ocean View Store. This building was replaced by a new one in 1936.

Located on Crestline where the Fire Station is now located

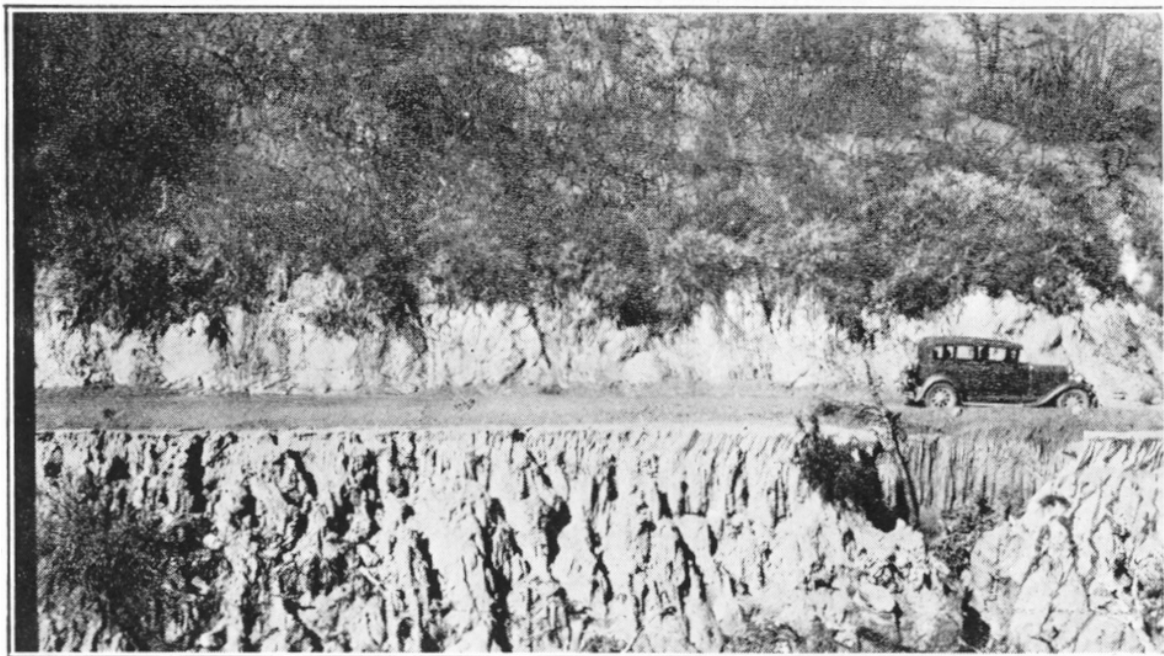
Water development was slow and expensive. Matters came practically to a standstill, but mainly through the efforts of Carl Mendenhall, who opened an adjoining tract, and Reid Wallace, the project was put on its feet again. A mutual water company was formed and a good water system developed. The clubhouse, "Edgewood Tavern," was completed and before long the little community included about sixty-five cabins, which still offer their owners occasional refuge from too much civilization. During 1935-1937, while roads for the telescope area were being rushed to completion, the clubhouse was leased to the County for a road construction camp.



In July 1934, a fire swept up the southeast end of the mountain, laying waste many wooded sections. Fires usually travel along the ground, fed by brush and leaf mold, but this one jumped the road near the Ocean View store, leaping from tree tops below the road to the tops of trees on the other side, and swept on up the hill. Six or seven cabins were destroyed before the wind switched and the fire fighters could control the flames.

FOREST SERVICE

Palomar Mountain is included in the Cleveland National Forest, the southernmost one of the eighteen National Forest areas of California. Even though a large part of the mountain is privately owned it comes under the general protection of the Forest Service, and camping permits are necessary in all sections. About 1931, approximately forty square miles (26,350 acres) of National Forest land, including the Agua Tibia region to the west, was set aside as a Primitive or Wilderness Area. Through it no public roads are allowed, only trails and roads necessary for fire protection.



**Erosion after
the forest fire
of 1934**

Approximately 8,408 acres of this Wilderness Area, however, consists of Indian grazing lands on which Mission Indians may hunt, graze cattle and cut wood. This right was given them April 8,

1903, the year the Agua Caliente Indians were moved to Pala, but the land is not part of a reservation. "Because of the fire hazard, the Indians have been discouraged from hunting and cutting wood." [John W. Dady, Superintendent Mission Indian Agency, Riverside, California, Jan. 9, 1937] This is in direct contrast to the suggestion of one pioneer resident that there are more disastrous fires now than in Indian days, when the underbrush was kept cleared by smoldering fires caused by burning out wood rats.

PALOMAR MOUNTAIN STATE PARK

A park of about 1680 acres, including probably the most attractive part of the mountain, was deeded to the state in 1933 after several years of negotiation, as a unit of the California System of State Parks. The necessary funds were contributed jointly by the state, county, and the Palomar Park Association.

The sites of several Indian rancherias of historic times are included in the State Park area, notably in upper and lower Doane Valleys and at Silver Crest where, in a huge rock pile sheltered by Golden or Valparaiso oaks with huge acorns, may be found over one hundred Indian mortars.

A hotel was built nearby [PB: Hotel Palomar], which later became a ranger station, but the huge branching cedar which stood beside the building now shelters a well-equipped public camp ground.



Public camp ground at Silver Crest, Palomar Mountain State Park

The area around Silver Crest was, about 1920, included in a subdivision under the pleasing title of Azalea Park, but though it was platted, with roads and lots surveyed, and a few lots sold, no cabins were ever built.

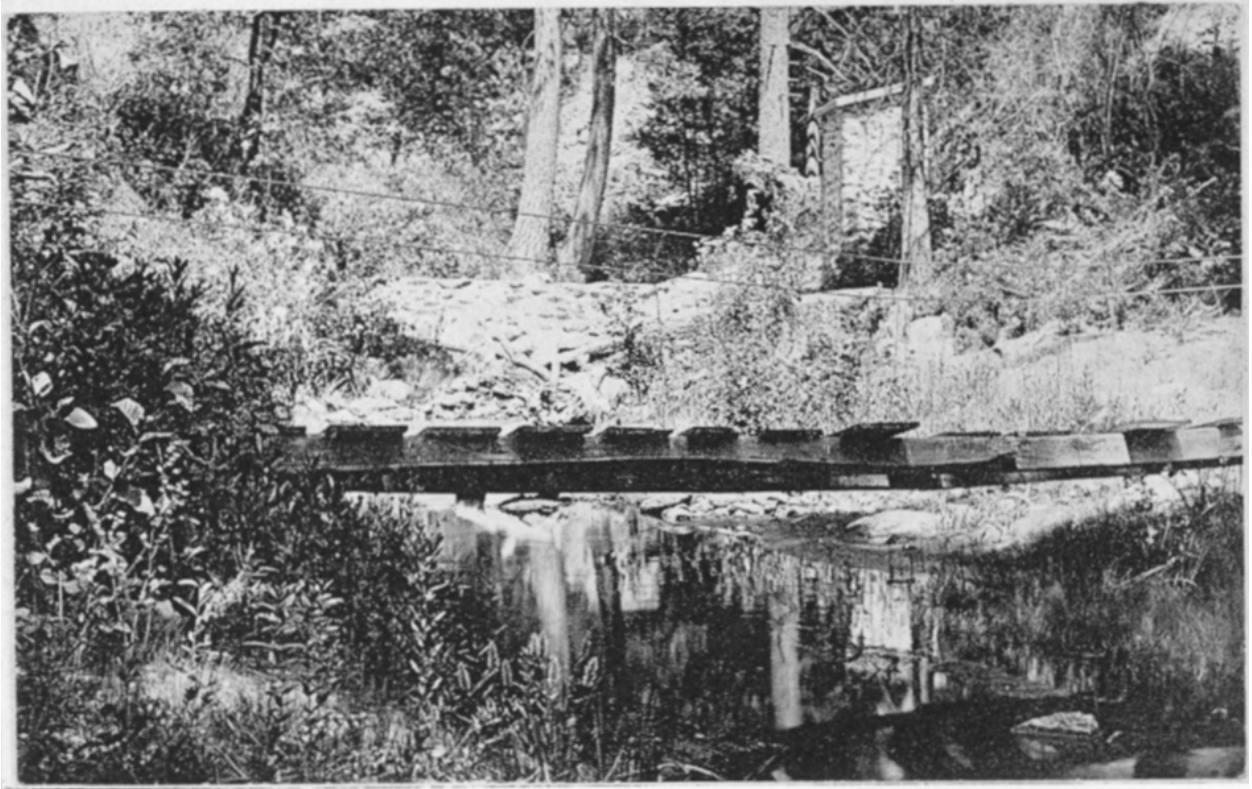
When the time came for the Attorney-General to sign the papers for the purchase of the Park lands, he refused to affix his signature because the never-used streets in the subdivision of Azalea Park had not been legally abandoned. Delay was not to be thought of, and even though there were three or four feet of snow on the ground at the time, Louis Salmons was asked to go to Azalea Park and put up the required notices of street abandonment. He started out on horseback, rode as far as he could, then struggled on foot through the deep snow the remaining distance, several miles, sinking through the crust every few steps. On his return, almost exhausted, he remarked that he did not care if he never saw Azalea Park again. But the necessary notices had been posted and the Attorney-General signed.

In the spring of 1934, a Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) unit was established in Doane Valley. The chief duties of the CCC unit was to clear land, build roads and fight forest fires.



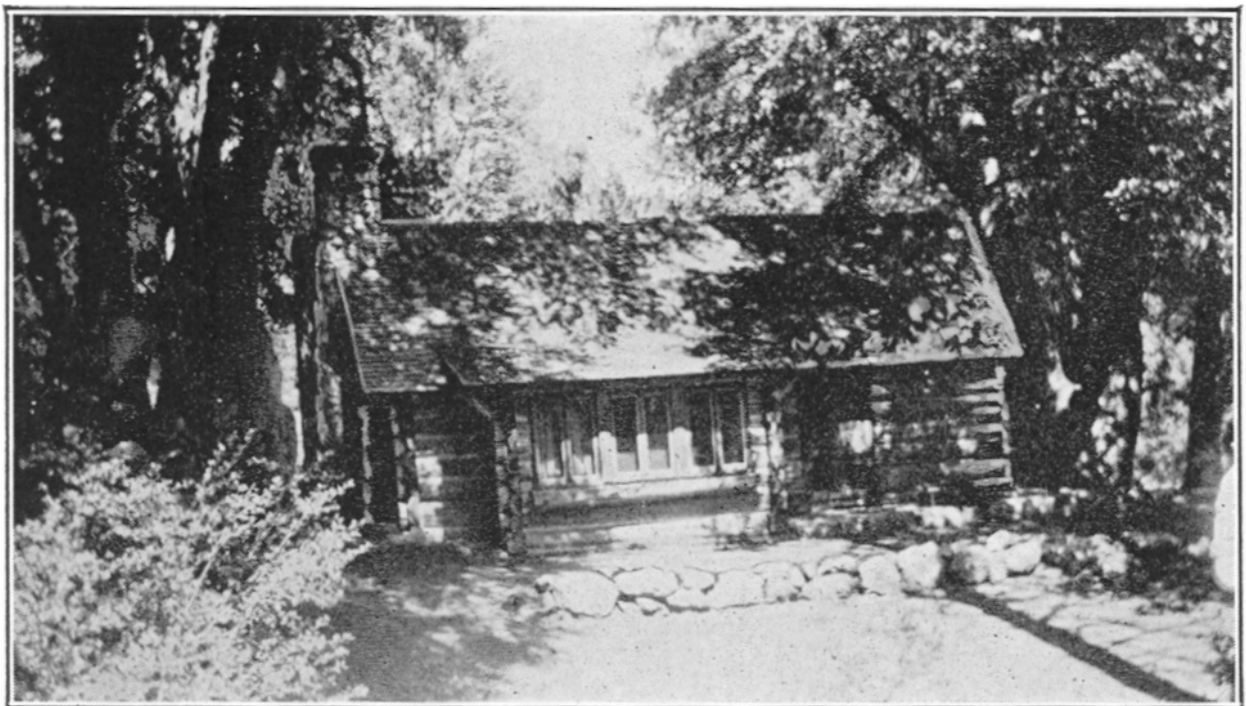
Bougher Cabin, cistern in flat area to left of cabin

The Lookout station for the Forest Service is situated on Bougher (Boucher) Point, which lies above Nate Harrison Grade. The old Bougher house and orchard lie below and to the west of the Lookout. The house is unique in that part of it consists of hand-hewn squared logs, covered inside and out with sawed lumber. There is no spring at the house. Water had to be carried from some distance, but a large cement cistern stored rainwater from the roof. It is said that one spring when the water was low, the cistern was packed with snow to insure a sufficient supply for the summer, and the family had ice water throughout the hot season.



Foot bridge and weir on Pauma Creek

This weir was the upper one of two weirs constructed on Pauma Creek by the San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Company during their investigation of hydro-electric power development in about 1921. A third weir was located in Barker Valley. No further developments were made.



The Stanley Davis Lodge -- "Iron Springs Camp" Charles Price photo

WILD LIFE: BAND-TAILED PIGEONS

Band-tailed Pigeons (*Patagioenas fasciata monilis*), which gave Palomar its name, are still found there both winter and summer, but the numbers have been greatly diminished. For superstitious reasons, the early Indians did not kill these birds, but they were slaughtered greedily by Californians until protected in 1913 by the Federal Migratory Bird Law, and in 1915 by the State. The hunting season is nine days in December, with a bag limit of two.

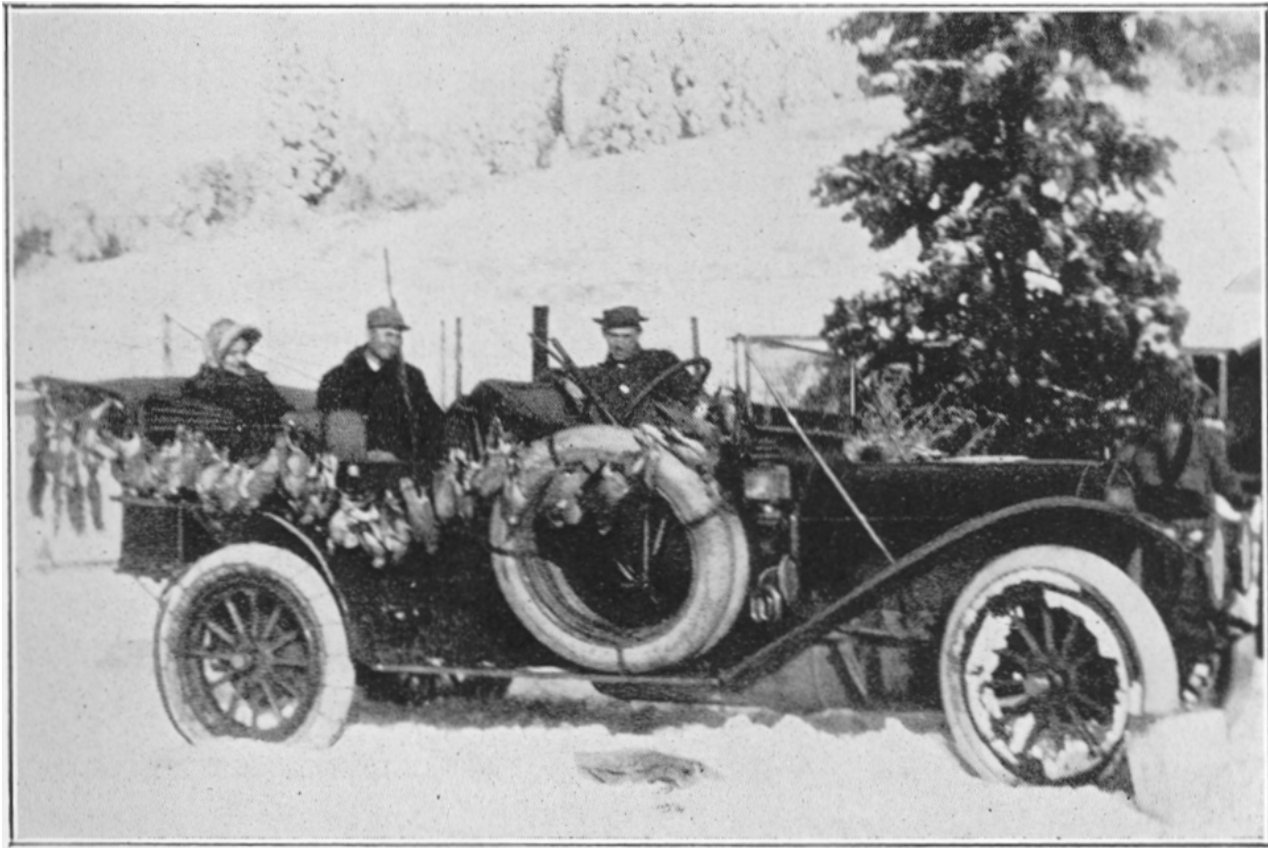


Band-tailed pigeon, *Patagioenas fasciata*

By aroid from San Luis Obispo, CA, USA. Uploaded by snowmanradio, CC BY 2.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=20042901>

The range of the Band-tailed Pigeon, so called because of the dark blue band across its square-ended tail, extends from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, and from Canada to Nicaragua, but the birds are migratory north of California. For that reason they are more numerous on Palomar in winter than in summer. They do not live in valley regions, but range the higher altitudes where oak and pine trees mingle. However, they are frequently forced to the foothills for food by heavy snows in the mountains. They are gregarious in winter, sometimes foraging in flocks of hundreds; in summer they nest in widely separated places, and to this

fact they probably owe their continued existence. They are the slowest in increase of any of the game birds, and had they nested in colonies as did their now exterminated relatives of the East, the unfortunate Passenger Pigeons, they too by this time might have been reduced to a few stuffed specimens in museums.



Before pigeons & tree squirrels were protected Mrs. Milton Bailey photo

The band-tails are sometimes called "blue pigeons" because of their color, and sometimes "white-collared pigeons" because of the white band on the back of the neck, especially prominent in the males. They are larger than the Mourning Dove, found also on Palomar, being nearly the size of the domesticated bird. Their call is a hoarse, throaty coo, somewhat resembling the hoot of an owl. The chief food is acorns, which are swallowed, shell and all. Acorns of the black oak seem to be the favorites. They also eat berries, grains, and sometimes in spring, the buds of trees.

The flight habits are distinctive. They "take off" with a loud, startling flapping of wings, and seem to hurl themselves through the air with great effort and speed. Their arrow-like downward flight is accompanied by a faint rushing sound. Mountain residents say the birds have a "lookout" who warns the flock of approaching danger.

Nests are usually built in isolated spots, and the birds seem to be careful not to linger near the nest in such a way as to reveal its presence. However, that is not always the case. In the spring of 1936, a pair nested in a black oak at the camp of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tillinghast. Pigeon nests are crude arrangements of small sticks in which one or two eggs are laid. There was probably one in this case for the single squab either fell or was pushed from the nest, and was rescued and raised by Mrs. Tillinghast. She writes as follows of this most unusual experience:

"Within the circle of our spacious outdoor camp there is a group of three oak trees which concentrate their growth upward without branches, except at their very tops, to a great height, seeking their share of the sunlight among the many tall cedars and firs."

"Sometime in May 1936, the activities of a pair of wild Band-tailed Pigeons in the top of one of these oaks indicated a home was being established. We heard the noisy flapping of wings daily for awhile, and then the time came when we heard them no more."

"We found their baby, a weak little fledging, on the ground under the oaks about the first week in July. How she could have descended from her high birthplace without being hurt seems incredible. She had no tail or wing feathers, and held her head drawn in close to her body, which seemed nothing but a bony frame covered with short, soft feathers. I have been told that the parents refrain from feeding their one, (sometimes two) offspring for a little time before pushing them out of the nest at a tender age, to shift for themselves, so that they will be light in weight for their descent to the ground. [This has not been accepted by scientists as a fact.] Night came, and as no parents appeared to care for the little one, we put her in a safe place. We had scattered crumbs and some oatmeal near her, but she paid no attention to us or our food."

"The next day we brought a dish of water to her, and she drank long and deep as a horse drinks, but she would not eat. We took her into camp and forced bread soaked in milk into her bill, which she swallowed. The third day we cut up some walnut meats for her and were gratified to see her pick them up and swallow them with a relish. Then we knew she was in good health. We fixed a box for her in camp, with a nest of soft cloths and a perch. She received much attention, and was kept supplied with nuts and a dish of milk. We put her on the ground several times a day so she could pick up dirt and bits of gravel for her gizzard, to help digest her food. She stayed close to us, not venturing to roam away. Each night she was taken, box and all, into the shop for safety from prowling cats or foxes."

"One night we forgot to put her to bed. We hunted all over the camp with flashlights and could not find her. The next morning we spied her perched on the pergola. Then we knew she could fly if she so desired. Her tail and wing feathers had grown out considerably. She spent her days under the work table, perched on the edge of a board about a foot from the ground. She would run out several times a day and call in a soft, baby chirp to be fed. Anyone could pick her up and carry her around. She knew no fear and seemed to crave petting and attention as much as food."

"When she had been with us about ten days, she was stepped on, as we feared she might be, and her little leg was broken just above the ankle. We splinted it the best we could and left it bound for a week until it healed somewhat, but she will always be crippled, not having the normal use of her toes. It would have been better for her had she been a little more wary and fearful."

"After the accident we put her in the shop again at night in a soft nest. The third night she protested and tried to get out, so we let her out and watched her take her first flight into an oak tree to roost. The splinted leg caused her some difficulty in getting her balance on the limb, but she finally managed to get settled, comfortable, we hoped. After that she was given complete freedom to do as she pleased. She stayed close by us all day, under the work table, on the card table, perched on the camp beds, and when any of us were lying down, she would fly to us, walking up and down on us or perching on our arms or feet. She liked to pick at our teeth or glasses, and tried to pry loose from a certain brown dress, the orange spots. One day she cuddled on Grandpa's chest as he lay asleep. She liked to feed out of our hands as we talked to her and gently tweaked her

bill. She never winced when we touched her, although after her leg was broken we refrained from handling her for fear we would cause her discomfort. She could not keep her balance so well, having to favor her poor little leg."

"She liked to eat nuts, cracked fried beans and sweet corn. She would not eat any kind of fruit or green stuff, such as lettuce or peas. She refused any kind of cooked food, worms and bugs. She picked up dirt and gravel but never made any pretense of trying to find food for herself as other birds did."

"Each morning she came down from the trees for her breakfast. She spent more and more time in the trees nearby during the day. She usually came down when we called her, even though there were numerous strangers in camp. She would flash down into our midst where she was sure of plenty of attention, and her nuts and milk. She liked to play around for a while and then go back to her perch in the trees. One day she flew down unexpectedly and alighted on the arm of a caller, much to the lady's astonishment. Several times she lit on our shoulders, and once on my head. Sometimes she followed me around camp. If I did not feed her at her accustomed place, she would light on the work table and watch me. We took her to the bird bath several times so that she would know where to find water. Twice she walked into the water and had a thorough bath. She looked bedraggled enough. Then she sat in the sun a long time to dry and preen herself."

"There was always someone to feed her and talk to her several times a day. She grew trim and plump, and the band appeared across her tail feathers. Each day she was with us a little less. About the middle of August she stayed away two days. We called her many times but there was no answering flap of wings. Then she came back once more and drank some milk and ate the nuts we so eagerly offered her. She perched on the foot of the bed while we petted and talked to her, but she did not stay long. There was a faraway look in her bright eyes, and she flew back into the tall fir and we haven't seen her since."

"Several weeks later we heard a great flapping of wings. Two pigeons appeared in the trees at one side of the camp. One flew straight across out of sight, while the other alighted high up in the big fir. We started calling, but our pet did not show herself."

"We enjoyed her company and cute, trusting ways for about six weeks, and we live in hopes she will not forget us, and will come back someday. She took plenty of time to develop. Though she could fly and travel around, she preferred to stay quietly with us most of the time."

"We feel sure that some of her kind came to her and told her things. Maybe they warned her to look out for those big wingless creatures -- that we would make a pigeon pie of her when we got her fat enough! But more likely, in the long hours of the night, and in her long vigils by day on her high perch in the fir trees, she dreamed of long, strong flights, and of the big world beyond. When the appointed day came, she left all her supports behind and flew to a greater freedom to find companionship with her kind."

["The Pet Pigeon of Palomar," Mrs. Ralph Tillinghast]

WILD LIFE: TREE SQUIRRELS

Gray tree squirrels, (*Sciurus griseus anthonyi*), called western gray squirrels or Anthony gray squirrels, are rather common on Palomar, and are protected by law at all seasons. The young, one litter a season, are reared in nests high up in the branches of tall trees, and average one to four to a litter. The food of tree squirrels consists largely of seeds of wild lilac (*Ceanothus*), fir cones, and acorns. They will cut off good-sized cones from the tops of fir trees, letting them fall to the ground, then descend and beginning at the stem end, pull off the cone scales one by one to secure the hidden seeds, leaving a neat little pile of scales on the ground. They frequently carry parts of cones up to a convenient limb, where the meal is finished, or bury some for future use.

The Anthony Gray Squirrels are not included in the squirrel poisoning campaign carried on by the state, probably because they do not come in contact with ground squirrels suspected of carrying the Bubonic Plague.

Theodore Bailey's family had two pet tree squirrels at different times. One they named Bunnie Cook, the "Cook" part being suggested by the soft conversational notes which the tree squirrel makes with the mouth seemingly closed. The defiant or challenging note is much like the rapid staccato bark of a small dog. When a tree squirrel wants to be particularly insulting, he scratches the limb on which he sits in a very impudent manner and chatters his teeth.

Mrs. Louis Salmons, formerly Miss Hodgie Bailey, says:

"My father found at the foot of a tall silver fir a very young baby tree squirrel. It had fallen from the nest, no one knows how far up, but it was apparently uninjured. It was given to Topsy, the family cat, a wonderful mother who raised one litter after another of fine kittens, bringing in gophers and ground squirrels for them when they grew large enough to eat meat. Topsy at the time had three kittens, and she raised the squirrel with them. I can see even now that comfortable picture, -- baby squirrel lying along in a row with the three kittens, about the same size, enjoying the warm breakfast and Topsy accepting it all as though there were nothing unusual about the matter."

"Bunnie seemed quite at home, and from then on warm meals were had at all hours, and the four little bundles of fur grew and tumbled over each other in play. As time went on they spent much energy chasing each other up and down and all over a small weeping willow tree that grew in the backyard. It was fun to watch them tearing up and down that tree, but Bunnie Cook was quicker in descending, as the kittens were compelled to back down while Bunnie Cook could descend head first."

"I have never seen an animal display more affection than did this little tree squirrel. His demonstrations were more like those of a dog than of a cat. He loved to be stroked and have his head rubbed. He went darting here and there, and when you weren't thinking a thing about him, all at once he would be clinging to your clothes, rubbing his head under your chin."

"He gave us many a good laugh. One habit he had was to sleep in the pockets of coats that were hanging up, and the boys, pulling on their coats, never suspected anything until all of a sudden, here sat a squirrel on their shoulder."

"He loved coffee and drank it from the saucer, old-timer that he was. Perhaps he drank it for the cream and sugar, but he always drank it eagerly. He did not lap it as a dog or cat would, but drank it."

"The tree squirrel was full of pranks. One time just as the family were seated to eat, something happened which called them out of doors, and when they returned, there sat Bunnie Cook in the middle of a large plate of lettuce which had been arranged in a rosette. He held a leaf in his paws, and was having his lettuce first.

"He was full of surprises. It was a surprise to find the narcissus bulbs all carefully and completely peeled, and the little girl of the family had to give up trying to keep her box of animal crackers shut. It was a wooden box with a slide top, and was quite hard to open, but not for Bunnie Cook. The yard was full of cookies and nuts just underneath the surface, and the boys loved to tease him, pretending to dig them up, but teasing lasted only so long, for he would land on their bare feet with all fours."

"His habit of eating corn was curious. When we gave him an ear, soon he would be sitting in the middle of a wide circle of kernels. He could take out the heart of a grain and throwaway the rest in a second."

"I wonder how long we would have winked at Bunnie Cook's tricks, for he became rather destructive. For instance, we discovered that he had smoothed off with his teeth the scroll work on a bedstead, not a valuable one, so we had another good laugh, but who could say what he might have done next?"

"Bunnie Cook had never known the need of fear. The dogs about him were always his friends, but one day a strange dog came along, and because Bunnie Cook did not try to escape, he lost his life."

"The story of the other pet squirrel had a happier ending. One day at the end of summer I was resting in a hammock and trying to read, but the squirrel wanted attention, darting here and there, and when I pulled my sunbonnet together to be rid of her, she would edge herself in against my face, and I just had to pet her. That same day I noticed her pick up a long piece of cloth and stuff it into her mouth till her cheeks bulged out, and she carried it up into a tree. It looked as though she were contemplating a nest in the woods, and it was even so. Before long she left us for her own people." [Courtesy of Mrs. Louis Salmons]

WILD LIFE: BEAR TALES

"Early in the 1850s, grizzly bears were more common in Southern California than pigs." There were once bears on Palomar Mountain. That point is not disputed. Scientists claim they must have been grizzlies because grizzlies were killed not far from the mountain and their bones preserved, while no bones from brown bears of that region exist. Pioneers of the mountain claim some of the creatures were brown bears, because people who saw them said so.

The bears wallowed in choke cherry thickets during the heat of the day. People sometimes heard them grunting and growling, and some of the wallows can still be found though there have been no bears on Palomar for many years.

Two or three bear traps, something like log houses without windows, with heavy doors that hooked up when the trap was baited, were built, two in the upper end of Malava Valley and one in French Valley, but as far as can be learned only one bear was caught.

Grizzlies are said to kill cattle by breaking their necks. One big grizzly, called "Old Club-foot" because one part of a foot was missing, used to go through the mountain "once a year," doing a great deal of damage, but the mountaineers could never catch him.

It is reported that a certain large oak tree near Mendenhall Valley shows notches in its trunk by which an early settler and an Indian climbed the tree one night to watch for bears which were bothering the livestock. The only result of the night's ambush was that the Indian went to sleep and fell out of the tree when the other shot at a bear. The story may have started from the fact that George Mendenhall, the early settler, once climbed a leaning Valparaiso oak in that region when he came upon a bear.

Bull and bear fights were a popular form of amusement in Southern California during the days of the Mexican regime. In the book "On the Old West Coast" by Bell, is repeated a story of the last bull and bear fight at Pala, near the foot of the mountain. The grizzly, "about as big as a horse" was an ugly one that had roamed the heights of the Palomar for years, and had been captured by means of lasso. [On the old west coast, being further reminiscences of a ranger, Major Horace Bell. Edited by Lanier Bartlett. Published New York, Grosset & Dunlap, 1930]

He was fastened in the center of an adobe-walled quadrangle; he broke the necks of two bulls in succession, hampered though he was by his tethers, but in so doing received a bad wound in his shoulder. Over the owner's protests, the crowd called for a third bull, which was also killed by the bear. Then the vaqueros loosened the riata to give him more play and a fourth bull was turned in, which was able to kill the tired bear.

Mrs. L. Desperuerto, a soft-voiced educated woman, proud of her pure Indian descent, who was raised at the foot of Palomar and whose family still owns property on the mountainside, remembers a true story of a deer hunt which almost resulted fatally for the hunter.

As was the custom when going on a deer hunt, the hunter rose before sunrise and ascended the mountain, armed with bow and arrows. About dawn he stopped to imitate the sound of a deer calling its mate. Suddenly there emerged from a nearby thicket, not the deer he hoped to kill, but an enraged mother bear with her cubs. She grabbed the man, bit him around his shoulders, clawed his scalp back from his forehead, and tore the flesh loose from the calves of his legs. When she dropped him, the man played dead, and she did not try to eat him.

After sniffing at him a while, the bear finally scratched a hollow beside the hunter, half covered him with dirt and leaves, then left with her cubs. The man, who still lived because he was very strong ("Indians of that day made themselves strong by bathing every morning in cold water to harden themselves so arrows could not puncture the skin or sickness enter the body") lay still for awhile, then cautiously rose.

He bound up the torn flesh on his legs with bow string, and walking backwards until there was no danger of another surprise attack from the bears, stopping once in a while to rebind his torn flesh, he slowly descended the mountain until, covered with blood and dirt, he reached his home. His wife and sisters nursed him back to health, but he bore the scars to the end of his life. The Indians formed a hunting party and killed the bear.

Mrs. Desperuerto says there is a certain place on the mountain, marked with rocks, called "niamish," where the Indians buried the bears which they killed. Bears were killed for their skins; the meat was not eaten. She says that some day the white people will find the bones and wonder about them.

Sparkman states that whenever a bear or mountain lion was killed, a stone was erected to mark the spot.

Many bear stories were current in early days. John Kelly records one with the warning that there is probably not a word of truth in it. It was told by a vaquero, called "Panzo Leche" (Milk Belly), so named because he once drank so much milk it nearly killed him. Panzo Leche had been a cook who went to Palomar in the dry season

of 1864 with the vaqueros who took cattle up for pasture. The bears were bothering Smith's cattle. He had built a corral into which he ran the cattle at night, but that did not improve the situation.

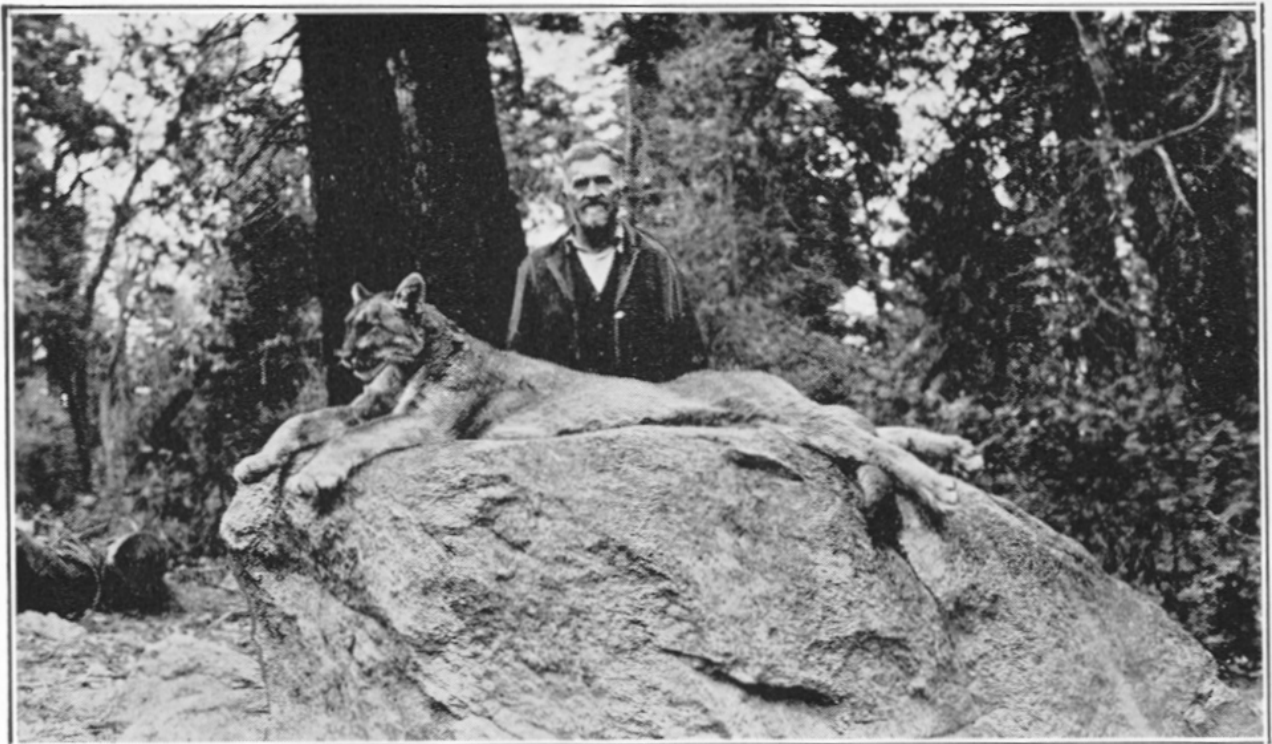
"In fact it made matters worse, for the bears made a regular circus ring of it. Two or three of them would climb over the fence into the corral, and each would seize a cow by the tail, wrap it around his hand, and standing up on his hind feet, chase the cows around and around the enclosure like boys playing horse with one another. And all the time they would be thus chasing the poor cows, the bears would be making a clucking noise with their mouths, like men driving horses. When the cow became tired and refused to play, the bear lost his patience and with one blow of his big paw on the side of her head, scattered her brains all over the ground."

It goes on to say that Smith offered a prize for the capture of the Captain of the bears, -- four of the fattest steers, and the vaqueros found and lassoed the bear, choking him to death in fifteen minutes.

The latest bear story tells how a hunter returned to camp a few years ago all excited, claiming he had shot a black bear, but could not locate the body. The next day when a cattleman appeared trying to find out who had killed one of his black heifers, the hunter paid for the animal without question.

WILD LIFE: MOUNTAIN LIONS

A few mountain lions inhabit the region, several of which are killed each year as both state and county offer bounties for them, totaling \$105 for females and \$95 for males, chiefly because they kill so many deer. They are designated simply as "cats" by the mountaineers, and a "cat hunt" means a lion hunt, usually carried on with dogs to "tree" the lion. The big cats avoid contact with mankind, and only one instance has been reported on Palomar in which a human being was in danger of an attack by a mountain lion. That was many years ago, in the vicinity of Doane Valley, when the mother of a pioneer family caught sight of one creeping up on her baby, outside in the sunshine. The animal fled as she rushed out.



Young mountain lion, or brown cougar. Trapped by John A. Leach, November 1936.

Cats seem to have been the bane of George Doane's existence. He once composed a poem of about twenty verses beginning:

"An old wildcat possessed of the Dickens
Gobbled up my old hen and her chickens."

One night, so a story goes, he heard a rumpus out in the pig pen and got out in time to see a mountain lion starting off with a young pig. As the lion went over the fence, Doane grabbed it by the tail, yelling to his friend inside to turn the dogs loose, but the friend slept on; the frightened lion dropped the pig, struggled loose from George Doane's clutches and made its escape. The friend is said to have remarked later that he did not know which was more frightened, Doane or the lion.

In November 1936, a mountain lion made its Thanksgiving dinner on a trapped fox down in Pedley Valley. Traps were set that evening around the remains of the fox and the next morning a half-grown female lion was found in a No.4 double-spring coyote trap, and was shot.



George Doane and a mountain lion, in the 1890s Maude E. Mayes photo



The End of the Road [Catharine Wood's cabin on Birch Hill] B.L.W.

