

The Harvey W. Moore Story

*The following dedication was written by one of Harvey Moore's nieces – probably Narcissa Moore Robertson, who also transcribed the text of **The Harvey W. Moore Story** from Harvey Moore's notes.*

DEDICATED TO LOUISE ELLEN MOORE

Our Aunt Louise, who in her nineties was so much fun to visit. Being with her was like being with your best friend. Once after seeing another ninety year old, she said, “You wouldn’t believe the fun we had with her years ago”. We would!

She loved being a Moore; she was interested in everyone, friends, relatives, TV contestants, store clerks, etc.

She was so giving of herself and her things. She was so alive, so thoroughly modern. “If I were young today, I’d be just like these kids are”.

She was always ready for fun. “I’d have been a wicked woman if I hadn’t married Harvey”.

Her early life in Kansas was hard. Her mother died, her father and brother were shot. Her sister was taken in by a banker and she was taken in by a poor farmer. Her “birth certificate” was made out at age 13 as a servant.

Our Aunt Louise led our Uncle Harvey a merry chase and he loved it, and we, them.

PART I

Now that I am the last of the "Moorehicans" I am filled with regrets that I did not attempt to continue and complete my father's life story until now. I have only recently discovered where and when my mother Caroline Emly Disher and my father Theodore Luis Moore were married. It was in Genoa, a town in Nevada on September 6, 1868, and my father's written life story ended there.

Genoa is the oldest town in Nevada, and it is about 3 or 4 miles north of the highway in Carson Valley. I have passed in sight of it a good many times on my way north to Washington and to Canada, but I never realized that it might hold some historical or other value for me, as I was always in a hurry.

I have heard my mother's story of crossing the plains from Kansas by wagon train and their meeting with the first band of Indians, and how the chief wanted to trade for her, and how angry he became when they would not trade. Needless to say after that, when Indians were sighted mother had to hide.

I have heard many times of the difficulty encountered in getting the caravan up and over the "Donner Pass" and their joyful arrival in Walnut Creek, California. For here they would be joining relatives and friends. Some came around the Horn by boat and others traveled via New Orleans and Corpus Christi to Mazatlán, Mexico and thence by sailing vessel to San Francisco and settled in Walnut Creek.

The newly-weds spent some time in that area with the Dishers and that is where their first child was born on September 7, 1870, named Phoebe Augusta after her grandmother Disher, who in later years married a man named Hatch. Her first husband, George Disher has died.

From Walnut Creek, they moved to a place called Teky believed to be near Willits, California, where according to my oldest brother, Donald Augustus, who was their second child, wrote in a story of events in his life. "I was born in a log cabin near Teky, Mendocino County, California on December 1, 1871. When 3 years old we moved to Humboldt County on the Mad River near Arcata, my father had 640 acres of land, much of it in fine redwood timber, in places there were meadows where we had cattle and sheep."

At this point, your narrator must tell of an event in his life that coincides with Donald's story.

Louise and I worked at Ridgewood Ranch near Willits, California from 1920 to 1924, it was during those years that the hoof and mouth scare was on among dairy and all cattle. I heard of cattle for sale and went to see them and found there were 40 head of registered 3 year old Durham heifers, all bred and due to calve soon, offered at \$40.00 per head. They were pastured on Muer Co. property, so I went to see Mr. Muer and

found he knew my father and then I remembered hearing my father speak of him many times. He said father rented a little ranch from them for a time before they went on to Humboldt County.

Mr. Muer offered to help me buy the heifers, but when I got home there was a letter from my brother Bert's wife, in San Francisco wanting to borrow money, and I found out that my Louise had written them boasting that we had saved our first \$1,000.

When the Moore family left Willits for Humboldt County, Mr. Muer asked that they call on his good friends Addison Moore and wife in Eureka, California. Addison proved to be no relation but they became very close friends, almost like brothers.

Before Louise and I left Ridgewood Ranch we drove up to Eureka and called on the Addison Moores. He recognized me immediately, as I was about the age my father was when he had seen him last.

He said I was the split image of my father and he called to his wife, "Look Ma! Theo all over again". It was he, who located my family on that 640 acres.

When they arrived at the Humboldt property, Phoebe was 5 years old and had been quite concerned about the trail to get there, up and down over ridges, etc. One day an old timer stopped to make their acquaintance and said to Phoebe, "well little girl, how do you like this country"? She replied after standing on one foot and then the other, "well if all the high was in the low I would like it better". At this time Donald was 3 years old and Lottie was born that same year, 1874. Joe Disher, mother's brother, came up to help build a log cabin. While the log cabin was under construction, mother did her cooking on an open fire. One day she was baking biscuits in a Dutch oven when some Indians came by and mother gave them a sample. The Indians called them "Biscuit La Poe". When the cabin was completed it had one heavy door which they left a peek hole about a foot square so they could look out. Many times when mother would be alone, Indian women would peek through this opening and call "Biscuit La Poo, Biscuit La Poo".

While Joe Disher was there he spotted an old dead tree with bees in it, so he carved out some boards and made a bee hive and transferred the bees to the hive.

This is mother's story which she told many times to father's great embarrassment. After Joe Disher had been gone a couple of months, father said to mother, "I believe I'll go out tonight while those bees are asleep and get some honey". Well this was a case of a grown up outdoor man never having had any experience with the habits of bees. Well, mother said when he lifted the lid to that hive, instantly most of the bees landed on him. He let out a yell that would have made a Comanche Indian ashamed of himself, and he ran straight for the Mad River yelling all the way. By the time he got there he didn't have any clothes on, and all the time mother was in hysterics laughing and said I would have had to laugh if it had killed him and of course I would have been sorry. Father never could see the funny side of the story.

Albert Theodore was born in 1876. They called him Old '76 and Joseph Luis was born in 1878. Donald stated in his story, "When I was about 8 years old we moved to San Diego County because my father did not like the northern climate".

Their homestead was named Pleasant Valley. There was no road in and when it came to leaving, it had to be by horseback. Father took the lead with Lottie up behind him and he was leading a heavily loaded pack horse followed by Phoebe and Donald mounted on another horse, and drawing up in the rear was mother with Albert up behind her and she had Joseph in her arms.

They arrived at Addison Moore's in Eureka, where if my memory serves me right, traded Pleasant Valley, which had not been proved upon, and today worth millions, for a team of horses and wagon and they were off for sunny southern California.

Next we hear of them, was their arrival at the John Stanley Harvey ranch at Janal, or Otay, California. John was married to father's sister, Charlotte Augusta Moore. The John Harveys had come to California by boat around the Horn in 1861. He planted the first orange orchard in San Diego County and which was in full bearing at the time the Moores' arrived.

Incidentally, I was named after John Harvey, and my brother George Henry was born at the Harvey ranch in 1880.

At this time the Santa Fe was building its railroad into San Diego and there were hundreds of hand laborers of every nationality with a majority of Chinese, and father made good use of his team and wagon peddling fruit to the laborers. He would take a load of oranges and sell them and reload with other fruit from some of the old Spanish ranches such as grapes, figs and any kind he could get.

About 1881 our family moved to Highland Valley where father filed on a homestead. I don't know how many acres, but he never proved up on it. My brother, Benjamin Franklin was born here in 1882, also sister Beula, in 1884 and brother Walter Finis in 1886.

They had planted fruit trees and a vineyard, but father heard of a place where he could take up more government land, so I presume sold his right to the Highland Valley ranch, and about 1887 moved to Pamo Valley where my brother Roger DeCoverly was born, August 20, 1888.

My sisters were a great help to their mother, traveling from one end of California to the other, getting a new baby every 2 years, you can understand that they were getting darn tired, and when Walter was born they made their parents promise, there would be no more babies and they were influential in naming him "Walter Finis Moore". To my sisters, that meant there would be no more, but when of all things Roger emerged they said, "well he's here, guess we will have to put up with him, but in the event of another we will just drown him".

But just like a bad penny, I, Harvey Willis Moore arrived and I was the last, and being the last I quite often think they run a little short of that gray material that is supposed to fill the cranium.

Years later when I heard about the above proposed drowning, I asked my sisters, why didn't you drown me, and the answer was, much as we wanted to drown you, it was a very dry year, and we just could not find water enough.

One of my early recollections when I was about 4 years old is of Musey Fenton. She was Henry Fenton's sister, a young school teacher, and I was much in love with her and I wanted to marry her when I got big. One evening as she was spending the night at our house and I was sitting on her lap, she was begging me to sleep with her that night and I was trying to get out of it. Just then my brother, Donald came into the room, giving me a bright idea, and I said, "Oh, Donald will sleep with you". From then on when Don was entertaining he would tell my mother to keep that d--- kid out.

My father was a horseman and a horse trader. When he went anywhere he seldom came home with the same horse or horses. I recall a trip he made to San Diego. He left with a pair of pretty little blacks hitched to a buggy and we waited up for him that night. We had lanterns hanging from the giant oak in our yard, when he got close he whipped them up into a fast trot, he had traded for a pair of well matched dapple grays which were about twice the size of the blacks.

One event at Pamo is clear in my mind. Father and mother were going somewhere for the day and as they had just turned the milk cows in around the barn and house, they left Walter, Roger and me to watch them, and keep them out of the garden which was not fenced. Well we were playing, digging holes in the river bank and forgot about the cows, until an old cow came to the edge of the bank with a cornstalk in her mouth. Well we drove them out, but the garden was ruined and we knew we were scheduled for a thrashing and we agreed to run away if that took place, and it did. Mother had a switch and was applying it to Walter and Roger and not me, and I said whip me too mama, and she said why, and I said I wanted to run away too.

When I think back on father's life story I am reminded of the saying, "a rolling stone gathers no moss". First, that homestead in Carson Valley, all meadow is the highest priced land in Nevada, and next the Humboldt redwoods, now worth millions, and last our home in Pamo Valley is now the property of the City of San Diego and is awaiting construction of a dam for water storage worth millions.

I doubt if this ever bothered father, as somewhere along the way he got religion and joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church, who advocated the second coming of Christ the Lord as imminent.

Father had done quite well peddling fruit, and cattle were not worth much, so he sold 40 head of heifers and put the money in apricot trees. He planted about 40 acres, and

when the trees came into full bearing the fruit was un-saleable because everybody had planted the same. He bought lumber to make drying trays and hired all available Indians from Mesa Grande to pick and dry the fruit, and then there was no market for dried fruit here. He shipped a carload to a commission house in New York and several months later he received a bill from them for storage and cartage to dump the dried fruit at sea.

So, when I was seven years old he traded the Pamo property for 600 head of horses and a free range for them for 3 years at White Sulphur Springs, Montana. He took his sons Joseph and Walter and went to Montana to take possession of them. He had plans to gather and sell some, but winter, a bad one, had set in and Walter and father both got pneumonia and spent the winter in a log cabin out on the range with no doctor and only Joe to wait on them.

When spring came at last they found 40 head up against a creek bank frozen, and 250 head was all they found alive, and they drove them down into South Dakota and shipped 2 carloads to his hometown, Sheboyan, Wisconsin. All sold at auction and brought \$10.00 a head or \$2,500.00 for a ranch worth millions today.

While father was in Montana the rest of us spent some time at Boulder Creek near Julian, California.

When father and Walter returned, he bought 10 acres in Mission Valley that had a two story house, a large well that had a Chinese pump operated by a horse that went around in a circle with a series of buckets that traveled on a circular track and dumped water into a trough. This had been a Chinese garden, but what we did not know was that, following the Chinese it had been a hog ranch and became infested with fleas, not only the sandy soil, but the house as well.

Roger and I slept on cots in the upstairs. We tried everything, soaked rags in coal-oil and tied around the legs of our cots, but even at that we fought fleas all night and when our feet hit the floor we could feel the fleas hit. My legs were almost raw. I remember one day at school, Joe Lopez said to me, boy have you got some kind of skin disease?

We went to school at Old Town in the old two-story school. I believe it burned later. I went downstairs to a lady teacher and Roger went upstairs to Professor Stetson. I have a very vivid recollection of Professor Stetson, as one day during the noon hour with two other little boys, all seven years old, we were playing bandits across the way in what was called Ramona's Home. We had kidnapped a little girl about our same age, had her tied to a ceiling beam that had caved in at one end and we were going to hold her for ransom. We were so engrossed with our work that we did not hear the first bell. The second bell rang and we heard it, that meant everybody were in their seats. Well, we untied the girl and ran, she with us. Our lady teacher scolded us and said, "You will have to report to Professor Stetson tomorrow morning," which gave us lots of time to worry. The older boys teased us about what the girl's father would do when he heard about it. Her father was named Peters. He was Majordomo of Rancho Santa Margarita. Well, next morning Professor Stetson tied us in a triangular circle in front of all his

students and walked around us several times and as he passed, each of us received a couple of lashes on our bare legs from a rawhide whip.

Father had a hard time getting rid of the flea place. We moved several times around San Diego. One place was at the end of National Avenue. Chollas Valley was at that time entirely vacant and we kids went there to play. Three doors from us lived a friend and several small children and expecting one more. Her mother, who was a doctor from the country, came to be with her and my mother who often acted as a midwife was there also. This friend gave birth to twin boys, but one was born dead, so the doctor asked my mother if she would have her boys take the dead baby down in the valley and bury it. So Roger and I found a box that some kind of product had come in. It had a slide on top and made an excellent casket, and with great solemnity we buried him.

That evening when the doctor reported the birth of the live baby, she was informed that it was illegal to bury the dead one within the city limits, and the undertaker would be after it in the morning. So Roger and I had to go at night and rescue the dead. It was kind of spooky for two little boys who were not too brave in the dark.

From National Avenue we moved to Dulzura, where father had traded for an old dry land ranch. It had 3 acres of fig trees, an acre of vineyard and 3 acres of miscellaneous garden melons, etc., which had to be cultivated and turned out to be my job all summer long. By the time I had gone over all of it, it was time to go over it again. In spite of getting awfully tired of following old Dolly mare, that pulled the cultivator, I'll say, that's the only way to raise good flavored fruit and vegetables, melons sweet as sugar and aroma that you never get any more. We also had corn and different grains, and there were whole summers that everything on our table except sugar and salt, we raised on the ranch. Father roasted barley and made wonderful coffee substitute.

Roger and I went to school at Dulzura, about 5 miles distance. Sometimes we walked and at other times on horseback or muleback.

When I was in the 8th grade and had about 3 months to go before graduation, father received a letter from a friend, Abel Stripling, about land adjoining him that was open for filing. This was bench land left by the Colorado River when it broke into Imperial Valley by way of the Alamo River channel. We left for Holtville immediately, father, mother, Roger, me and our niece, Dorothy, about 5 years old. She was my sister Beula's daughter. We arrived on the property and set up a tent just before night. Dorothy had brought a young kitten that kept busy all night, for the next morning there were 18 long-tail rats piled around her pillow.

I did not get back to Dulzura until several days after my class had graduated and my teacher, Mrs. Mary A. Dana talked the superintendent of San Diego Schools into giving me a special examination for the 8th grade, which I passed by the skin of my teeth and the kindness of their hearts.

Father sold his right to the desert land and came back to Dulzura and sold our home there to a Mr. Lightner, and bought another place at Bratton Valley.

This was a much better place, was at a higher elevation, had many oak trees and lots of good water. It was about 3 or 4 miles from cousin Luis Harvey's "Winetka Ranch". Luis Harvey was a son of John Harvey, and my father's sister, Charlotte. Louis had married Clara Hagenbuck of Dulzura, and they had quite a family, I believe; 8 boys and two girls.

On my fathers last day on this earth, he went out to the entrance to their place where he had been working every morning widening a sharp curve, so his children could get their cars in to attend his and mother's 49th wedding anniversary. He left the house after breakfast feeling extra good and cheerful, as he said he was about to finish what he had started out to do.

That's where Walter found him about a half-hour later where he had toppled over.

And that's the end of his story.

The original text shows here a family photograph, which could not be reproduced because of poor quality.

Back Row: Lottie, Joe, George, Don, Bert, Phoebe
Front Row: Walter, Mother, Roger, Buelah, Harvey, Father and Frank

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 1

Phoebe Augusta Moore - born 9/7/1870. Had a very artistic temperament, did some very good paintings, studied music and taught some. She had a very lovable character. At an early age she married, which did not last. In the early 1940's, she married Herman Feit, they had no children of their own, but adopted a little girl, named Geraldine. This marriage also did not last. We have lost track of Geraldine, but the last we heard she was happily married and had two little girls of her own.

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO.2

Donald Augustus Moore - born 12/1/1871. Donald, you might know inherited his fathers love of horses, and horses being the only means of transportation at that time was a paying business. Read his story which is attached to his father's previous story. Donald married Miss Florence Gunn of Julian, California, who was a teacher in San Diego County Schools.

They had two sons.

Donald Theodore Moore - born 12/5/1908

Chester Gunn Moore - born 5/9/1912

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 3

Charlotte Annette Moore - born 1874. Had a very lovable character and an artistic temperament, did many paintings. Married George Milne, a plumber, who's work took him from San Francisco to Seattle, Washington and finally to San Diego. They visited father and mother at Bratton Valley and fell in love with the valley and bought a little place to retire to. They only lived there a few years, when George died with a heart attack. Charlotte married a second time to Lieut. Goldsboro Sessions. There were no children.

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 4

Albert Theodore Moore - born 1/1/1876. At an early age he became foreman of the Jamul Ranch, which was owned by E. S. Babcock and managed by Arnold Babcock, his son. It was for running cattle and farming. About 1900 he married Miss Stella Tyson, who came to teach the Honey Springs School which was just inside the ranch. She was a very lovable girl and had an exceptionally wonderful personality. Every one that knew her loved her. Their married life was cut very short by Stella's death in childbirth.

Arnold Babcock also had a lease on the Ojos Negros ranch in Lower California, Mexico. This was strictly a cattle ranch, which was known as the Circle Bar Cattle Co, and that was the brand. Bruce Casebere had been foreman and wanted to leave, so Albert took his place. Albert was foreman of Circle Bar for about 10 years. He had worked for Babcock for 20 years when the sale of the Circle Bar took place.

He married a second time to Miss Phoebe Lillicrap, who had been Arnold Babcock's secretary. They were married in San Diego and settled in Imperial, California where Albert engaged in cattle pasturing.

There were no children.

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 5

Joseph Luis Moore - born 1878. After the auction of the Montana horses, Joseph did not come back to California with his father, but stayed to work on different ranches from South Dakota to Oregon. Finally settled on a homestead at Sandy, Oregon, which came under a new irrigation district. He leveled the land and planted alfalfa which raised the value and he sold the homestead for a good price. He came to Imperial and worked for Albert a while and finally went into cattle pasturing on his own.

He married Miss Edythe Nolan, November 19, 1935 in Yuma, Arizona. Edythe died very suddenly November 30, 1935.

Joseph married the second time to Mrs. Gladys Waters on March 27, 1937.

There were no children.

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO 6

George Henry Moore - born 1880. I recall mother's story, George as a little boy would very seldom ask for anything. He would go into a store with his mother and go right to the candy counter and stand with his hands behind him and say "I ain't got nothing, no not at all".

At Pamo, our house had a large attic with an outside stairway. This was the boys' room, each had a bed or cot. George had a natural talent for sculpturing and kept a tub of native clay by his bed and on rainy days he would model cattle and horses which he placed under his bed. He had a whole herd of cattle, bulls, cows and little calves. He had horses with cowboys mounted placed in position as if they were driving them. As I remember, they were in perfect conformation to the finest detail. I was allowed to admire but never to touch, under dire threat of persecution by the devil himself.

I remember that outside stairway when I was 4. One night they were having a party and I got sleepy and wanted to go to bed and wanted someone to go with me. Well, they got to bantering and daring me to go alone. Finally dressed in a night gown I rushed out and got about half way up the stairs, and what I didn't know then and took me years to figure out was that there two old tom cats growling and about to attack. I spooked the one on the stairway and he jumped towards the one at the head of the stairway who thought he was being attacked. Consequently two old tomcats and one small boy tumbled and rolled down half the stairway.

Well, memory got me off the track. I was mentioning George Henry Moore. George married Miss Ulva McQuarrie in 1912.

They had three children:

Violet Rose Moore - born 1/18/1914

George Henry Moore Jr. - born 3/23/1915

Marjorie L. Moore - born 5/10/1920

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 7

Benjamin Franklin Moore - born 12/19/1882. Spent his early years around San Diego County, mostly Mesa Grande and Julian areas. Worked on ranches and in the mines.

Spent several years in Baja California, Mexico working for the Circle Bar Cattle Company on the Ojos Negros Rancho with his brother Albert.

When the Circle Bar Cattle Company, owned by Arnold Babcock, was sold to "Bowker, Benton & Bragg", he went to Imperial, California and engaged in cattle pasturing.

Married at her home in San Diego to Miss Mable Louise Kelly on 11-11-1916.

They have three children.

Franklin Lewis Moore - born 4/11/1918

Narcissa Moore - born 10/15/1921

Frances Ellen Kelly Moore - born 5/17/1922

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 8

Beulah Clare Moore - born 9/13/1884. Beulah spent much of her early years when not in school, in the kitchen washing dishes or in the laundry washing her young brothers clothes. This seemed to her an endless unrewarding chore. Tired of it and at her grandmother's invitation went to live with her for a while at Walnut Creek. She spent some time with her Aunt Alice Dickenson.

She married George Eisenmenger. This marriage did not last after her baby daughter was born. Beula was working for friends in San Francisco, when the earthquake of 1906 left them homeless. This couple planned to go to Alaska and wanted Beula to go with them. They all went up to Bangor, Washington to her sister Charlotte's and arranged to leave the baby with the Milne's.

George and Charlotte later moved south and left the baby with my mother at our Dulzura ranch.

Beulah never returned and never married again. She corresponded regularly. She became interested in the mines and some real estate. She had named her daughter Dorothy Rose Eisenmenger - born 3/4/1905.

She was about four years old when she came to us at Dulzura. She was a beautiful baby and had a most lovable disposition. I think my mother loved her and enjoyed her as much or more than she did her own daughters.

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 9

Walter Finis Moore - born 9/17/1886. All through his early years, Walter was troubled with earaches. Especially at night he would moan and never seem to get a good night's rest. Finally when he was yet in his teens a doctor examined his ear and removed a grasshopper, some kernels of wheat and some gravel. He had no more earaches. At Pamo, we kids slept at night on top of a haystack all summer with all ears exposed.

Walter was a good horseman, broke his own colts to ride and drove six horse teams for different people he worked for. He worked for Lion Smith at Cottonwood for several years, and for Danel McAlmond near Kitchen Valley.

Married Miss Prudence Faddis, a school teacher in San Diego County schools.

They had two children.

Margaret Eileen Moore - born 6-24-1921

Walter Theodore Moore - born 1-10-1927

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 10

Roger Decoverly Moore - born 8/20/1888. After serving with Army Engineers for the duration of World War I, stayed at home in Bratton Valley for awhile. Later went to Imperial and worked for his brother Albert until about 1925, when he was employed by Mr. Ralph M. Dyar, owner of Rancho Cuyamaca. He was prospecting for gold in the area of the famous "Stonewall Jackson Mine" which had produced two million dollars before it was abandoned. Following this, he was employed by California State Highway Department at Guatay, California until his retirement about 1950.

Roger had a natural talent for modeling animals like his brother George. He also sculptured human faces. When he was in his early teens and yet in school, he took a correspondence course in the art of cartooning. He had the ability to draw an ugly picture and yet you knew who it was. He sat in or near the front of the one room school and entertained the students in back of him until finally the teacher caught him and the picture was of her.

Roger had more than his share of life's hardships, not only his own heart attack brought on by over-exertion during a storm and which caused him to retire, but the stroke suffered by his wife, Jean and which left her entirely helpless for many years. In spite of the handicap he continued his artwork as a hobby, with exhibits at the Home Federal Office and the Art Chatel in Alpine.

They had two daughters.

Betty Jean Moore - born 5/30/1928

Leata Louise Moore - born 7/1/1929

MOORE DESCENDANTS NO. 11

Harvey Willis Moore - born 11/7/1890. After passing the 8th grade exam I went to Kelsey Jenny Commercial College by an arrangement with Arnie Babcock. He would pay for my tuition and I would pay him by working in his office. But my work turned out to be mostly out of the office, running errands between Ojos Negros, Baja California, Mexico and the San Diego office. This was headquarters of his Circle Bar Cattle Co. twenty-eight miles east of Ensenada. Made several trips over the old road as well as several trips by boat to Ensenada. Had some interesting experiences, as this was at the time *insurrectos* took Mexicali and Tijuana. They raided the Circle Bar several times and took all their good horses. I will tell about this later by short stories of different events in my life. When the Circle Bar was sold to "Bowker, Benton & Bragg" the three B's, I went to work for George Beckly at the Granger Corral. This covered one whole city block with entrance at 8th and I Streets. It had a high board fence around it and most of the ranchers from the back country put their horses up here to be fed and cared for while in San Diego. It was very interesting, something going on all the time. Got to meet most of the mountain ranchers. I was there in 1913 when the big freeze came. I was night man and at 3 o'clock a.m. I started watering all the stabled horses. I was in the habit of turning the water on and leaving it run. This morning it turned hard and I didn't realize that it was frozen and broke the faucet. The last year I worked there was the year truck

lines were serving all the back country and ranchers were buying cars and the Granger Corral was being abandoned. From San Diego I went to Imperial to work for my brother Bert. It was there I met and married Louise Ellen Love. We had over 61 years together, not all easy years but happy years. Now that she is gone the bottom has fallen out of my world.

FAMILY

Father	Theodore Luis Moore	1836 - 1918	82
Mother	Caroline Emly	1850 - 1933	83
Children			
	Phoebe August	1870 - 1935	65
	Donald Augustus	1871 - 1951	80
	Charlotte Anette	1874 - 1945	71
	Albert Theodore	1876 - 1956	80
	Joseph Luis	1878 - 1945	67
	George Henry	1880 - 1935	55
	Benjamin Franklin	1882 - 1951	69
	Beula Clara	1884 - 1944	70
	Walter Finis	1886 - 1953	67
	Roger DeCoverly	1888 - 1976	88
	Harvey Willis	1890 - 1977	87

PART II

I am completing my father's life story, which he only related up to the time he met and married my mother in Genoa Town, Nevada on September 6, 1868.

I told of getting a thrashing by Prof. Stetson at the old two-story school house in Old Town, which reminds me that I received a more impressive thrashing that same year from my father. As I recall, I was seven years old and I went with another little boy, named Edmund Swisher, also seven years old, to the Railroad Express office in Old Town. He took his little wagon to get a box of Florida navel oranges that some friends had shipped to the Swisher family that lived next to us on the north side of Mission Valley, about a half mile east of Hardy's Slaughterhouse. Well, we got back as far as the bridge, over the San Diego River, with the box of oranges and we sure wanted to taste those oranges. We thought and decided that the only way would be was to have an accident. We got too close to the edge and that's where his two sisters and my sister Beula found us. We had devoured over half of the oranges. Well I guess you know I got the thrashing of my life. Dad tied me to my bed and whipped and whipped, I thought he would never stop and he left me there tied until bedtime. That was the first licking my Dad ever gave me.

The next and last happened at the Dulzura Ranch. I was driving the old Dolly mare, pulling a cultivator through the vineyard and turning under a row of trees. Dad kept telling me to turn the other way and I continued to turn opposite to what he told me. Finally in disgust he said you are as stubborn as a mule, and I said that makes you my father. Well I guess you know he let me know he wasn't about to let his son call him a "jackass". Dolly mare was turned loose and I spent the afternoon tied to a tree where he thoroughly convinced me that he believed that saying "spare the rod and spoil the child" was true. I was 7 the first time and 11 the next. I had always heard that gamblers thought 7 come 11 was lucky, it sure wasn't for me, or was it? Maybe, anyway, Dad never had to punish me again.

Events in my life really didn't start until we moved to Dulzura in late 1900. We had moved so many times that my schooling was interrupted time and time again.

One of my first jobs was for Dr. Robt. Gregg, one of the most brilliant educated men I have ever known. He gave up his practice and retired to live the simple life on the old Dunham Ranch which he had purchased. His hobby was raising purebred Nubian milk goats which he had advocated for years to his patients, especially for babies. This ranch was next to ours. He had built a fine barn and pens especially for goats with facilities for taking care of the milk and cheese, etc. I used to go that way occasionally on my way to and from school. He let me milk and I learned how he did all his chores with the goats so when Dr. Gregg had to go and be gone for a week I took care of the goats. I would get up early and tend the goats on the way to school and do the same on the way home.

I was always careful not to be after dark at the Gregg ranch because Jim Dunham, we called the wild man, had been seen around the area a good many times by different people. In fact, I saw him myself one early morning. The story of Jim Dunham is that his family were the original settlers on this property and Jim and his brothers grew up here and got married. They had moved away from here to the area of Fresno, California. The story I heard, was that when their first baby was born it was very black. Jim went berserk and murdered all of his family that was present and left with a .30-30 rifle and plenty of ammunition. He avoided the law, and it was said the law was not especially anxious to meet him. I've heard a half dozen stories of people running into him. Lupe Marron, looking for his milk cows after dark rode up to the old Lewis (deserted) house and saw a dim light inside. He called "hello" and a man dashed out into the night. Next day he went up and found a short candle and some old newspapers some camper had left.

A man named Dominic, caught in a heavy thundershower, rushed up to an old mine cabin and a man almost ran into him as he fled in the rain.

The time I saw him was quite early in the morning. I was riding a little mule to Dulzura as my father had sent me down to Hagenbuck's store to get some staples. We were doing some fencing and had run out of staples about half way going through the old Lewis place, which was entirely vacant but had a nice grove of oaks by the side of the

road. It made a good place for travelers to camp overnight. On this particular morning when I passed there were two freighters just eating their breakfast, Tom Fuguay of Potrero, was one of them. When I came back I took a shortcut by trail and came into the place where they had had breakfast and there he stood. We saw each other at the same time and he never moved, just stood staring with those big white eyes, out of bushels of yellow whiskers and long hair. The only thing moving was the little mule. I didn't make any noise as I slipped up on him. He had on a long ragged overcoat and had what appeared to be an old musket in one hand and a long stick in the other, which he probably was turning over the leaves in search of anything like food that the freighters might have thrown away. Now, if that little mule had not kept going, I would have passed out right there. When I got out of sight of Jim Dunham, I went down the canyon as fast as the mule could carry me to the Dunham ranch. Lupe Marron lived there at this time. My brother, Roger, was there on horseback and Lupe had his shilo mare saddled, so at my insistence, we all three went up with no idea or wish to see Jim but I thought we might find his tracks and prove that I really had seen Jim Dunham. We found his *huarache* tracks plain in the road and disappearing as if he had gone in the brush to the west, but he had crossed the dusty road and reached back with something and brushed out his track and gone east instead of west.

Finally, to end all new stories of having seen Jim Dunham, down at San Ysidro, just below the border in Baja California, Mexico, an old Mexican, I have forgotten his name, had a pair of quite large burros. He used to drive them to a light wagon to bring supplies from Tijuana. One morning he went after his burros and found only one which was standing where an old trail started up to a mine tunnel. He went up the trail just far enough to find burro tracks on top of *huarache* tracks. He lost no time in getting to the *rurales*. One of whom was Leno Gilbert, a son of a prominent Lower California family. I don't know by what means the *rurales* were summoned. I've heard that in the early days they had a sort of signaling device on a hill just outside of Tijuana which with the use of mirrors you could signal from over the back country. Anyway, the *rurales* came, and they knew or were quite sure they were looking for Jim Dunham. Leno told the rest of the *rurales* I knew Jim Dunham and could identify him by a big scar on his left shoulder. I went to school with him in Marron Valley. The Dunham kids came down to Marron Valley and with the Marron kids and several from across the line we had a school. The scar on his left shoulder he got when I was wrestling with him and he fell on a sharp rock and it made a nasty cut. The *rurales* completely surrounded the mine dump, across which were strings cut from the burro's hide and which were loaded with burro jerky drying.

Leno called out several times, come on out Jim, I'm your friend, Leno Gilbert. There were some big rocks on the edge of the dump and slowly he showed his head with the musket extended. All the *rurales* could see him and they all shot at once. Leno said you couldn't tell much about him with what was left of his head but he bared Jim's left shoulder, and there was the scar, so as far as they were concerned, Jim Dunham was very dead. Sometimes I would walk to school and occasionally would catch a ride home with a passing freighter. One was on the Thing Bros. of Tecate wagon, driven by Lerdo Gonzalez. It happened several times and Lerdo would let me drive while he would

smoke. Most of the time he was driving 4 horses, but one time he was driving six and he showed me how to hold the reins. Left hand reins start over the little finger and the right hand starts opposite over the forefinger. We didn't know much of each other's language but we made out and became very good friends.

One summer I went to work for Leon Smith at Cottonwood for 50 cents a day. The second day after working from daylight until dark, Leon said, "I have a nice easy job for you tonight". For some reason he had stored the last year's honey in a metal tank, about 2,000 gal tank inside a store room. I don't remember why, possibly he couldn't buy cans or the price wasn't right the year before, but now he had a shipment of cans, two 5-gal cans to a case. Honey was worth 50 cents per pound and my nice easy job was to put a funnel in the can and turn on the faucet and sit in a chair next to it and fill it, and then put another can under it, which I didn't do. Well, I was awakened from a sound sleep by Leon who came sometime later to see how I was getting along. The can was running over and the floor of the store room was covered with beautiful amber honey.

Claude was a great tease. I remember one time we got caught in a heavy thunderstorm with a wagon of iron tools and a box of dynamite and caps. I was really scared, and Claude kept telling me if it strikes you won't know it 'cause it will be over in just a second, just one big boom. I think Claude was kind of nervous too, but there wasn't anything we could do. Claude used to tell me of different jokes he played on people. One was on John Bratton who was easily spooked or surprised if you made some sudden move. Claude went up to visit Martha Stetson Bratton, his half sister who was married to John Bratton. John was working on a fence up the valley and it was about time for him to come to lunch, so Claude hid his horse so when he saw John coming by the hen house with three eggs in each hand, he knew he would put them in a box under the edge of the bed. Claude crawled under the bed and when John stooped down to put the eggs in the box he said, boo! John crushed all six eggs.

One other time John was dividing his bees and didn't get quite through the first day. In the meantime, an east wind came up and Mr. Bookprinter came up to see John. He walked up behind John and spoke to him and John jumped up and threw the smoker at Mr. Bookprinter. Of course that started a fire and with the dry east wind it went clear to the ocean.

One winter, a large boulder, big as a house slid in the road on the new Cottonwood grade, just across from the Moore ranch, so Claude told me to start drilling a hole right in the center. There was plenty of room for the traffic to pass. So I started drilling and as I was learning to sharpen the drills when they got dull, I was a long time getting a hole down to the center. People from the mountains would pass by going to San Diego and I would be drilling and on their way back there I'd be still drilling. When I got it down to center Claude had taught me to cut the dynamite sticks and tamp just the powder with a wooden stick and get already to shoot. Well it was hot as could be and I was sweating and I wiped my face with my powder hands and by the time I got it ready to shoot I had the most awful powder headache, I thought I was going to die. I called Claude, and next

morning we touched it off. It split it clear through and we had to have a county compressor and heavy equipment to move it.

Claude had a mining claim at Engineer Springs, right along side the road. Claude had sunk a shaft about 4' and needed to go 2 feet more to do his assessment work. Claude said he'd give me a cow if I would sink it 2 feet more. His blacksmith shop was only about 50 yards distant and he would furnish the coal and drills and powder. All I would have to do was to sharpen the drills when they got dull. Well, that was the hardest rock in the world and I learned all about sharpening steel drills. Sometimes they would be too soft and sometimes too hard and they would break. Well I hammered away after school and on weekends. I don't believe I went a bit over one foot, but Claude gave me the cow anyway.

One winter morning I woke up with a terrible toothache and I was to meet Claude at Cottonwood. We had a big storm and had been waiting for the river to go down to move cattle from the Troy place to the Cottonwood ranch and some to Engineer Springs. There was a cold north wind blowing. We made it across going, but crossing back my horse struck a quicksand and suddenly lay on his side, completely soaking me before he got out of it. Together with wind and wet clothes I had a miserable day to remember and a trip the next day to San Diego to visit the dentist.

Claude had told me all about Ralph Conklin and the Epifanio Gallego story. Ralph had arrested Epifanio and another young Mexican who were stealing cattle in Baja and selling them on this side. They were stealing anything they could on this side and selling or trading below the border. Ralph had let the Mexicans sit in the front seat of the wagon and drive and he sat in the back. When they got to the Cottonwood River and were watering the horses Epifanio grabbed Ralph and wrestled him down and in the commotion the team ran away and the other Mexican got Ralph's gun. They handcuffed him and beat his head repeatedly and left him for dead. They walked to Shecklers' and borrowed a horse and saddle supposedly to go catch the runaway team which they said was theirs. They left and turned east towards Campo, and Shecklers never got their horse and saddle back. Ralph came to later and walked to Shecklers and cut his handcuffs off. I was most interested to hear this story of Epifanio Gallego, never dreaming that I would hear more of him in years to come, which I will tell about later in my experience in Baja California.

About 1908 I was in the 8th grade and had about 3 months to go before graduation. Father heard of a tract of land open for filing, from a friend. This was bench land left by the Colorado River when it broke into Imperial Valley by way of the Alamo River channel, 7 miles south of Holtville.

We packed up and left immediately, father, mother, brother, Roger and our niece Dorothy, about 5 years old. She was my sister Beula's daughter. We arrived on the property and set up a tent just before night. Dorothy had brought her pet kitten that kept busy all night, for the next morning there were 18 long tail rats piled around her pillow. I did not get back to Dulzura until several days after my class had graduated. My teacher,

Mrs. Mary A. Dana, God bless her soul, she has passed away from this earth and I am sure she is an angel up in heaven, for she talked the Superintendent of San Diego County Schools into giving me a special examination for the 8th grade, which I passed by the skin of my teeth and the kindness of their hearts.

This gave me a chance to go to commercial college. I was lucky, as Arnold Babcock, who my brother, Bert had worked for as foreman of the Jamul Ranch for years and now foreman of the Circle Bar Cattle Co. at Ojos Negros, Baja California, offered to pay my tuition to Kelsey Jenny commercial college in San Diego. I agreed to repay him by working in his office in San Diego, but my work turned out to be mostly running errands between San Diego and Ojos Negros. I took shorthand lessons from a private teacher on Saturdays and found out later that I should have taken Spanish lessons as well. I had put in five months at college and had about a month to go and was able to take dictation, when Arnie said that's enough, you'll learn the rest in the office, I am going down to Ojos Negros tomorrow and I want you to go along. Arnie had a bookkeeper named Willard Roberts, who helped me a lot.

I will never forget that trip, my first auto ride in a Rambler. Tim Williams, a big husky black lad was our chauffeur. It was getting dark and before leaving Tijuana we put the lights on, I believe acetylene on each front fender had to be lighted. It was a moonlight night and I enjoyed hearing the clickety-clack of the motor as we climbed up and down the rough rocky road. We had breakfast in Ensenada. Along the way, after leaving Ensenada, we met a neighbor who had a ranch adjoining the Circle Bar. I was introduced to Newt House. He and five buckaroos and 3 pack mules were in-route to one of his coast ranches doing the spring branding. I shall have more to tell of Newt House, as thinking back today, he was just such a character as John Wayne, with that big sweat stained sombrero and all.

I was introduced to Bill Turner, the main bookkeeper, a big man in his 50's. I had heard about him, he was a quiet not very talkative person, a good accountant, but about once a year would take a vacation and stay drunk for the duration of the vacation and would come back sober, maybe a little shaky.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Here there is a small map of a portion of Baja California, showing the area from the border to Cabo San Quintín. Towns along the coast have indicated the types of seafood and fishing that are available there, such as lobster, clams, mussels, red snapper, etc. The quality of the image is too poor to reproduce here.

Arnie left after a few days, saying I want you to learn your way around the ranch. Bert was getting ready to start the spring roundup and branding and he turned me over to Manuel Taylor, who was a native of El Cajon, California. I went with him down to Reál del Castillo, which had been considered for the capitol of Baja California during gold rush days. On the way we passed Newt House's ranch headquarters, and going into Reál, we passed the jail. There was a young man, Mexican, but very fair or red-faced from the sun. Manuel knew him and he told us in Spanish, they put him out every day with a ball and chain and chained so he could not reach the shade. Manuel told me later why he was there, and I will tell you more of Antonio Damas.

Seems Manuel knew him intimately. He was raised across the border near Nejí and went to school at Campo, where he learned to speak English. He fell madly in love with a girl and because he was closely related to a Chinese smuggler and thief, her parents would not permit the marriage. So Antonio became a Chinese smuggler himself. He was a horseman taught by one of the best of the old timers. He had two beautiful horses, one bay and one sorrel, named appropriately, Sino and Alazán. Why he was in the jail at Reál del Castillo, he had just returned from escorting thirty Chinamen safely to the U. S., at twenty dollars per head. He had stopped by the winery and felt like celebrating. When he got to Reál he rode through the swinging doors of the salon and ordered beer for his horse and whiskey for himself. Well, the saloon keeper lost no time in having him arrested. Antonio told Manuel he would get revenge. As soon as he was released, Antonio arranged another large group of Chinamen, had them hid out up near the border near Boulevard, and again he rode Sino through the swinging doors of the Reál saloon. The saloon keeper started for his gun and Antonio shot him between the eyes, then gave him another through the heart.

This group of Chinese were captured by the immigration officers but the smuggler escaped riding a horse and leading another with a pack on his back.

I had bought a new saddle and rode with the buckaroos, my brothers, Bert and Frank. The cattle had spent the winter in the Valle de San Rafael and each day would work their way towards the mountains. There were no fences and really they were moving themselves. We had our camp at El Rayo and each day we would go down to the foothills and gather an area and move them up and brand their calves. Each time we went back there would be more cows working their way up.

One trip, by boat, I had been in San Diego for a few days and returned to the ranch with orders to help Bill Turner with the books. I had the feeling that I was an understudy and might be there to familiarize myself in case something happened to Bill. Well the first afternoon the phone rang and it was the telegraph operator at Ensenada. He read me a telegram from Arnie, telling me to go to El Rayo and get the two Strahman boys. They were sons of Strahman Drug and were down there on a hunting trip and had been given the ranch coach and team. I was to get them and their equipment and bring them down to Ojos Negros where I would hook up 2 old saddle horses to a buckboard, they had never been harnessed or driven before, and bring them to Tijuana. Arnie wanted to sell them as polo ponies.

Well, while I was talking to the telegraph operator a tooth suddenly began to ache, one molar that I had just had filled before I left San Diego. As it happened there were only three horses, the ones that I was to drive to Tijuana and another, which I had to catch, and none of them were easy to catch. I had bought a *mague* rope in Ensenada. They are made, I believe from cactus fibers. If you let them slip through your hands they are very rough. Well, I slipped around this old horse, who had his head down in the tules, and I threw a loop clear over him and it came up over his shoulders. When he jumped and ran I started to pull up the slack and that *mague* slipped through my hands. I couldn't let go and my hands couldn't open and the burn hurt almost as bad as the tooth. Well, I herded them up into a corner and got close enough to pick up the rope. I saddled up and got to El Rayo after dark. I bedded down but never slept a wink all night, I was up at the crack of dawn and had the coach team harnessed and hooked up ready to go when the boys had their breakfast. Made it back to Ojos Negros and corralled the horses. They were very gentle only they objected to putting the crooper under their tails. The boys loaded their camping equipment on the buckboard while I drove the team around the corral before I hooked them to the buckboard. We got started, must have been about 3 o'clock. Got to Ensenada about dark and found the dentist was in San Diego. The druggist gave me something hot to hold in my mouth that took all the skin off the inside of my mouth.

On the way up the hill leaving Ensenada, met the stamp collector, Señor Encinas, who I met when he came to Ojos Negros. I took him duck hunting in this same buckboard, only it was pulled by two mules, a bay one and a white one. Every time Señor Encinas raised his shotgun to shoot, that white mule would lay back his ears and stand on his hind feet. Result - no ducks.

Señor Encinas was very sorry for me, as my face was terribly swollen. He had a half gallon jug of tequila and insisted that I take a big drink, which I did and handed the jug back. He insisted, "Toma más", which I did. I think I drank fully a quart, which had absolutely no effect on me at all.

We were going up Cañón de Burro, a very rough narrow road, and it was pitch dark, when I heard a wagon coming down. There happened to be a wide place about where I was and I pulled out. There were 5 wagons all pulled by 4 horses on the trot. They were Russian colonists from Guadalupe coming back from San Diego. It was so dark, I don't believe they saw me, and if it hadn't been for that wide place in the road they surely would have run over us. I don't see yet how the drivers stayed on the seats, they were going at a fast trot and the horses must have been going home and stayed in the road.

We finally made it to Valle de las Palmas about midnight and the old horses were about to give out. There was no habitation here and I unharnessed the team and tied them up to trees. Valle de las Palmas was a barren flat with no grass and it turned very cool in the night. We were up at daylight and got to Tijuana about 4 o'clock p.m., too late to catch the train to San Diego. The Strahman brothers called somebody to come and pick

them up. Neither one had ever had a tooth ache and couldn't know how to sympathize with me.

I stayed that night at what was called Padillas Hotel, an old adobe. About midnight the swelling broke into another section and the aching quit, but oh, what a headache I had. About that time a loud snoring started in the attic above me, such as I never heard before. This was an old adobe room with just a bed and rough 1 x 12 boards for a ceiling.

I caught the train next day and got to the dentist office about 4 p.m.. He poured a glass of whiskey and attempted to lance with a two-edged knife but failed and I drank the whiskey which kept me from passing out. Then he drilled through the silver filling and I had to undergo a series of treatments before he dared to pull it.

Meantime, at the San Diego office, Willard Roberts, who was the regular bookkeeper and had been wonderful help to me coaching me in how to do typing and other work assigned to me, continued to coach me while I was taking these treatments.

Meantime at Ojos Negros the *insurrectos* under Mosby and Price came up from Mexicali, on their way to Tijuana and appropriated all the good horses and most of the saddles, leaving all their tired worn out horses. They did the same at Newt House's ranch. My brother, Bert called the Governor and offered to join up 25 men if they could be furnished .30-30 rifles and ammunition.

There had been negotiations going on to sell the lease on the Circle Bar and all of the cattle to three cattlemen who were forming a partnership, under the name of Bowker Benton & Bragg. They thought this was a good time to buy and Arnie Babcock thought it was a good time to sell.

They had a nighttime meeting at Arnie's office. All three of them came accompanied by their Los Angeles banker, named Moore. Arnie called me to come and all I did was fill out a bank draft in favor of A. E. Babcock for \$150,000. Willard Roberts continued with Bowker, Benton & Bragg. The deal was closed that night.

As the next event has to do with our neighbor, Newt House, I will tell what I know of him. He came to Baja California as a very young man and the rumor has it that he was involved in a range war just over the border in Texas, in which his side was ambushed and nearly annihilated. Newt arranged his own ambush and evened this up. He came west to Baja and became a Mexican citizen and that's all anyone knows, and even his best friends don't ask any questions.

I was in the San Diego office one afternoon when Newt came in for a conference with Arnie and I was called into the private office as Arnie said this concerns you.

I was told that Newt had been to Tijuana and obtained a permit from the *rebeltosos* to pass cattle to the U. S. made out to the bearer. The rebs were told it was made out to

the bearer because there were several passing as one. Of course they (the rebs) thought they would get some revenue out of it. It was really to be delivered to Robert Benton.

I was told to pack my bag and take the boat that night with Newt. I was also told that Newt had called on the Governor on his way up to Tijuana and told him what he was going to do, and that he would stop on his return and pick up a like permit from the government. The only reason for a permit from the rebels, was no telling when you would run into a bunch of them. There was a bunch that left Mosby and Price to go south to the Alamo reported to be about 80 men mostly negroes under a Mexican by the name of Guerro. They were expected to rejoin the main force at Tijuana.

Well on our way to the boat, the 60' steamer, St Denise, Newt stopped at a liquor store and bought a three gallon jug of gin. When we arrived at the boat there were about 20 young chicanos drinking and celebrating. They were volunteers going to join the *federales* at Ensenada. Newt and I got ourselves located in bunks. Newt said you take the top. Well it was dark and the boat pulled out and sometime later those 20 men ran out of drinks and began to look for a place to sleep. We could hear them. I couldn't understand much but Newt did. He told me to pretend to be asleep, just lay still and don't move. Their conversation was to the effect why should they, patriots, going to save their country have to sleep on the deck and those gringos have bunks, why don't we throw them overboard. That's when I understood the why of the jug of gin. Newt with his easy drawl in Spanish told them that he was a Mexican citizen working in the interest of the government. He told them how many years he had lived in Mexico and suggested that they have a drink and that I was working for the governor. About the second time around with that jug, and there were Mexicans laying all around us on the floor, happy as could be.

First thing on arrival at Ensenada, we called on the governor and got the permit. He was told that I would place a permit in each boot if held up by either side and that I would deliver them to Robert Benton who had purchased the Circle Bar and was preparing to pass a bunch of steers. The governor told us that there was an outbreak of smallpox and that we better get vaccinated. Newt did but I did not. I got his team and buckboard from the livery stable, while he went to the doctor. It was after dark when we arrived at Real and there was a Circle Bar horse ready for me to ride up to Ojos Negros. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I found a Benton man, Joe Fisher waiting for me. We talked a while and as we were both pretty tired decided to sleep awhile and leave real early. It was just getting light when we could see to the south a big dust. We had just left the ranch house and were out about 2 miles and there was a wash we could follow and keep out of sight. We watched, they were riding at a gallop, reportedly 80 men. They stopped at Ojos Negros, but there wasn't much there, no horse. But at Newt's, I heard later they cleaned house. I delivered the permits to Mr Benton at San Pedro.

I went back to El Rayo in time to go with the boys for the last of the branding. We gathered that day about 800 cows and calves and it was dark when we came over the mountain where we could look down and see El Rayo. There was what turned out to be

spread out over about ten acres of camp fires. We were not sure until we got down there whether they were Feds or Rebs. We had to go through a gate at one corner of their camp and Bert told two of his cowboys to spot a fat dry cow and keep their eye on her and catch her right by their camp, which they did. They called to the soldiers to come cut her through. With a Mexican army on the march there are women and children. The women are called "soladeras". With this group were all Maya Indians under Col Mayol. Well when the soldiers cut that cow's throat the children came running with their cups and filled them with blood and gulped it down until it quit bleeding.

These soladeras each carried a big basket on their arms with blankets and cooking utensils. Their arms would get blistered and they would just move the handle of the basket a little until it got sore again. Most of these women were from their elbow to their wrist.

Col. Mayol came over to the cabin that night and spent the whole evening telling of the wonderful deeds he had done and just how wonderful he was. Even Bert and Frank couldn't keep up with him.

Next morning we were visiting with a big fat Mexican, who had worked at Circle Bar and spoke perfect English. He was now a scout and guide for Col. Mayol's company. He was telling about the Mexicali battle. The *federales* were in a field of barley and the rebs were over a ditch bank. The feds were picking them off every time they raised their heads. Pretty soon a black boy, who was a crack shot with a pistol, got a fed every time he shot. This guide heard one of the rebs holler at the black boy, "get that big bellied one with the big hat, he's the one that's getting our men". "Boys, I tell you I flattened down until I'll bet I wasn't more than an inch thick!"

We were going towards the desert when we could see in the distance what appeared to be a person. This guide said, oh that's one of the women. She stopped last night to have a baby, she'll catch up. The guide went his way and we continued on and met the woman. She showed us the baby, of which she was very proud. Besides the baby, she had a basket on her arm, which I noticed was like the rest, just one big scar.

Well, when Mr. Benton got his steer drive headed for the U. S. he came back to Rayo and we rode together to Newt House's rancho. There we learned that the smallpox vaccination had stopped his bladder from functioning and they had taken him in the night to the doctor in Ensenada. He had him sent to a hospital in San Diego.

His nephew Lon Ragland took us to Ensenada in a buckboard, pulled by a matched pair of big palominos. We were going down a steep hill into Cañon de los Cruces, and the sun was in our eyes. Before we knew it we were in a Mexican army camp. To my surprise the captain said, hello Harvey, and then I realized it was my friend Lerdo Gonzales. He was now captain and the other officer was an acquaintance of Mr. Bentons, named Ortega, that used to play violin for the Campo dances. They were on

their way to the Alamo. Seems the Indians were outraged by the Guerro rebels and were giving trouble to the Mexican people in that area.

Newt's nephew, Lon Ragland, had told us the Guerro bunch had taken all of Newt's horses, but that he got them back. He didn't explain how.

Well the first thing I did when I got off the boat in San Diego was to call Newt at his home and arrange to visit him next morning.

Newt was quite a bit thinner, showing the effects of his hospitalization. He was glad to see me and hear how I got along. He had wondered if I missed the Guerro bunch, and he related his experience with them, as they came to his place about an hour after Joe Fisher and I had watched them go by. Newt said in his usual slow drawl, "You know, Harvey, those fellows went too far with me and they hurt my feelings. The first time was bad enough, they took all my good horses and my saddle and all my guns. I put up with it and I had bought a new saddle. If there's anything I hate is to break in is a new saddle and I had new guns now which I kept hidden. Well, they left me one old tired horse. Epifanio Gallego was with this bunch as a guide and before they left, Epifanio told Guerro that after a few miles he would put them on their way to Tijuana and he would take a switch towards the coast and would probably join them before they got to Tijuana. He told where he would stop at noontime for lunch. There was a nice little meadow where they could graze their horses and a spring where they could get water. He wanted 25 men to go with him. I heard all this planning and after they left I took that old horse they had left, put a blanket on his back and rode him. I had a new .30-30 carbine and 2 cartridge belts. Well I knew the location where they were going to camp like a book, as it was on my range. Well I rode up the back side of the hill where they were and crawled down where I could see. There was all their guns stacked and a guard sitting on a rock with his back to me. He was watching to the north, and all the rest were just out of my sight in the shade. Well I shot him in the back of his head and instantly the men started to rush for their guns. I got the first one and the next two fell across his body. The rest turned to run back and I got several more and one that I had noticed had a pistol. The rest took to the brush. I saw old Epifanio just making the brush and put a shot along side of him. I didn't want to hurt him as I knew him well, he had worked for me at one time. Well I gathered up my horses and my new saddle which Epifanio had appropriated and I had been in great pain from the smallpox vaccination which had stopped my bladder from functioning. As soon as I got home they loaded me in the buckboard and took me to the doctor in Ensenada. This was in the night and he gave me some relief, but the next night he loaded me aboard the old St Denise and went with me and put me in the Mercy hospital in San Diego."

I heard as the federal army under Col. Mayol approached Tijuana there were 70 men mounted on the best horses, and next to the border they charged through and headed south. They were said to be all wanted men on this side. When they came through Ojos Negros they were looking for John Adams and Bert Moore, some way they had heard that Bert Moore had asked for guns to use against them. Bert was not there - only Dick Ayres and Bill Turner. It happened that Dick Ayres and John Adams looked very much

alike and they were just about to shoot Dick. They searched him and found a letter in his coat pocket addressed to Dick Ayres from his wife. About that time one of these guys poked a gun in Bill Turner's belly and said what's your name. It scared poor Bill and he stuttered and looked at Dick and said what's my name and they all laughed. These men evidently planned this trip back, as they all had things tied on their saddles. They probably holed up in the mountains of Sonora with other banditos.

After leaving Arnold Babcock's employment, I went to work for George Beckley, who was running the Granger Corral. This was a full city block at the southeast corner of Eighth and I St. It was enclosed with a high board fence and the entrance on the corner of 8th and I Streets. It had a long hay barn with box stalls and single and double stalls around the inside of the fence and corral clear around the block. This had been established for many years, where most of the ranchers put their teams or saddle horses up while in San Diego. I was there when the big freeze came in 1913.

I got to meet many of the ranchers from different parts of the country, that I had previously only heard about. I was there all day most days and was night man as I slept next to the office with a peek hole so I could see who ever came in. I had an alarm that nobody knew about, the little gate which teamsters used to go back and forth squeaked every time it was opened or closed. Many of the ranchers slept in their wagons. The big gate I locked when I went to bed and sometimes would have to get up and open it for some late arrival.

This was the year of the I. W. W. Industrial Workers of the World, but a better name for them was "I won't work". They had been giving Geo Beckley a lot of trouble coming in late at night and sleeping in the hay and I had orders to run them off. Geo gave me a pistol, and ranchers would leave their guns with me while they were in town. Once I had about 9 or 10 six shooters under my mattress. One was a big nickel plated .45. I recall one night there were six men came through the little gate about midnight while I had gone out to stop some horses from fighting and I was still in the barn. They stopped at a box stall door and were passing a bottle around having a last drink before crawling in the hay. I poked that old nickel plated gun out just far enough for the moon to shine on it, and said get out of here and don't come back or I'm going start shooting. Well you never saw six men run so fast and I gave one shot into the ground.

One morning I was feeding the horses when I noticed George's buggy mare was standing in the back of her stall and didn't come to her manger. Then I heard a snore and held the lantern over the manger and there was one of the wabbllys with his head and his ear right up against a loose board. Well I hauled off and kicked that loose board as hard as I could. That man got up and out of there on the run holding his ear. I don't think he ever knew what hit him.

In melon season the ranchers from the south and other outlying areas would park their wagons as near as they could to the office and take them to the commission house early in the morning, cantaloupes so fragrant you could smell them a block away. One night I heard the little gate squeak and I saw a man go under my peek hole on his

hands and knees and go to the load of cantaloupes. I was too slow getting up and he grabbed as many as he could carry and came running past the peek hole. I stuck the pistol out and shot into the ground. Well his arms came up and all the cantaloupes fell to the ground.

It was a most interesting place for me as there was something going on all the time, horse trading, bronco riding and horse racing.

This was the year when trucks were gradually doing the hauling and ranchers were buying cars. The Granger Corral was being abandoned and soon would be just a memory for some old timers of days gone by.

My brother, Roger, and I went out to San Pasqual to pick apricots. Then we took a trip to Long Beach by train and then by the steam ship Rose City. As we didn't have much money and never traveled, we bought a one-way ticket to Portland, Oregon. On the boat were workers going to Washington to work in the wheat fields. They had worked there before and knew just where to go. They wanted us to go with them, but Roger was already getting homesick and did not want to go any farther away from home. We took an electric car to Oregon City and started walking and looking for work. After the first day each of us carrying a suitcase filled with things we sure didn't need, such as Uncle Donald's shaving set, a box and a mug with his name engraved on it. We left them under a grove of trees beside the railroad tracks. We were just about out of money, in fact, we rationed ourselves to deviled ham and crackers, cost us about 10 cents a day.

We walked down the railroad tracks for days and there was always in melon season ranchers from the south and other outlying areas, a lot of men ahead of us. Finally, near Halsey, Oregon, we saw two old men with a team working on the road and went down to talk to them and ask about work. Well when they found out we were just kids, they said you'll have to leave this railroad to find work. They said, did we know those men ahead of us were from Kansas. There had been a complete crop failure there this year and the railroad gave them free transportation to help them and they are all looking for work. They gave us information just how to go to where a wheat thrasher was working and to a ranch to inquire for Harry Leeper and they were sure one of us would get a job. Just tell him his dad and uncle sent you.

Well I took the job with Leeper and Roger went to the thrasher and they put him right to work. Mr. Leeper and I had 2 wagons and were hauling baled hay from the field and storing it in the barn. We had to bring it for a mile thru a lane with a row of big pie cherries on both sides. Well I ate pie cherries all the way and our loads of hay were cherry red.

Mrs. Leeper was one of the finest cooks I ever knew. Every Sunday morning those two old men would go out at daylight and shoot pheasant roosters for Sunday dinner. They wouldn't shoot anything but a young rooster. Those two old men, brothers, in their 80's were born on that farm in that same house. They had never been out of that county and had never seen the ocean. When Harry, their son and nephew, who was married and

his first child was born while I was there, was going with a group of young married couples to vacation on a beach, his dad and uncle both warned him. "Now Harry, look out for that old ocean, don't get too close, they say you will be standing there and all of a sudden it will come up and get you".

I had a touch of ptomaine poisoning before I left San Diego. Got down to 140 lbs. and I weighed 160 lbs. when I left Oregon.

In addition to all those fine meals there was a cherry tree in the front yard just loaded with the biggest black cherries I had ever seen. We had completed 6 weeks of work. The thrasher was through and the Leepers baled hay was put away. The Leepers wanted me to stay free room and board for all winter, not much to do, maybe sometimes do the chores, but we decided to go south.

We bought a one-way ticket to El Centro, left on the night train and there was 2 inches of hail on the ground. If my memory serves me right it took us 3 days and 3 nights as that train stopped at every station on the line.

One thing about Imperial Valley, if you want to work and I mean really work, you can always get work. I worked at different jobs. Finally went to work for Mike Yeorgin at Holtville, leveling land on his own place. Finally he decided to level a patch of big sand hummocks and put me and another bindle-stiff, named Jim, out in a camp. We had two 4-horse teams. Jim was a good cook and while he cooked I took care of feeding the horses and I washed the dishes. We spent 8 months with hardly a day off. Each one of those hummocks had sidewinder rattlesnakes in them. Had to watch each Fresno scraper as we dumped and spread the dirt. In the winter months they were more or less dormant. Some hummocks had as many as a dozen sidewinders, we killed every one. One small patch, maybe about 5 acres, the owner turned the water in one area at a time. He had a little white fox terrier that caught every long tailed rat the came out ahead of the water, and he told us he had counted 90.

While in Ensenada, one afternoon I went to the livery stable to get a team and was introduced to two gentlemen ranchers who I had heard of. One was one of the Johnson brothers from south of Ensenada, and the other was Tom Grove, an Englishman. He had settled north of Ensenada in a long canyon that ran from the Pacific back into the hills. You could see down into it from the old road from Tijuana to Ensenada. The sides of this canyon were steep giving its name "Sale sí puede" meaning, "get out if you can". He had a lot of good horses and my brother Frank went down there and bought a couple of young geldings. His main purpose was to try and buy cattle. When asked if he would sell some of his steers he would say, oh, no they look good on the ranch. Others had been trying for years and got the same answer. He had never sold any steers and he had some that were dying of old age. Then there came a dry year and he had to sell and that's when Bruce Casebere went down and got all of his steers. I believe there were about 800, and drove them up and crossed them at Campo. They had never been driven away from the ranch and they were spooky and nervous of strange noises and

strange sights, they would run at the drop of the hat. Bruce had bought Bob McCain's steers and threw the two herds together. Bruce had them sold to my brother Bert.

I was working for Bert at the time and had been riding looking after several herds up around Calipatria and Brawley. When I got back to Bert's ranch I found a note for me to go meet Bruce. Bert and all his men had gone down to Lee Little ranch below Mexicali to receive and dip a bunch of cattle he had bought from Newt House. I found out that the boys had moved all the extra horses to some pasture I didn't know about and the irrigator had turned the water on our pasture. So I went up to the livery stable and the only horse I would take was a good horse, good traveler, easy riding, but had a touchy mouth. If you put a bit in his mouth and pulled he'd throw his head up. I took him and just used a hackamore and nothing in his mouth. Well I got to Bruce's camp below Devil's Canyon, just at midnight. The guard had just been changed. There was a hard cold wind blowing and I tied up my horse. Bruce said, crawl in between those two fellows and he told them in Spanish to move over and let me crawl in between. I didn't really appreciate that too much but I knew I shouldn't go out on guard as I had experience in that same area which was infested with cholla cactus. If you didn't sort of locate it when it was light you might cause a stampede if your horse cut up. Well, imagine my surprise in the morning to find I had slept between a pox-marked Mexican, old Benito. I was really surprised when they addressed the other as Epifanio. Yes, it was Epifanio Gallego.

We made it that day to a feed out pasture west of Imperial and Bruce and his men were through. Next day I got Lester Derrick and Charlie Sunday to help me move them to better pasture about 3 miles further on. We were traveling along good, Charlie behind and I was in the lead and Lester working near the front, watching for open gates or gaps, when some steers got down where Charlie could not get to them. He saw an old rusty can and he reached down and picked it up and dropped it at their heels. Boy, just one big swish and they were at full speed. I was going back and forth in front of them, I guess I was forgetting about that horse throwing his head and did it come up right under my jaw. I was passing out and Lester saw it and got to me and shoved me back and held my arm to keep me in the saddle for only about a minute before I straightened up. If Lester hadn't caught me when he did it would have been curtains for me. We got them stopped about a quarter of a mile further. Found out I had another molar tooth cracked, had to have it pulled next morning.

It was while working for my brother, Bert at Imperial, California that I met the sweetest woman in the world. When I went to apply for a marriage license at El Centro to marry Louise Ellen Love, the lady at the desk said, oh, what a beautiful name, how do you have the heart to change it? I said, oh I am not changing it, I'm just adding Moore to it.

I had \$40.00 and Louise had \$50.00. We rented a cottage, not very fancy for \$10.00 a month. I could keep a couple of saddle horses on the back of the lot. At that time you could buy a round steak for 10 cents and other food in comparison. We moved around the Imperial Valley on different jobs. Built our first house in Calipatria, again not very fancy. We had been married about a year and a half when the WWI draft came and I

was called on the first number drawn in Washington along with one Mexican and two Hindus. By the time we were called there was one other American boy. We went to El Centro together to a big room full of tables with a doctor at each one. Well I got as far as the doctor who asked what branch of the service I wanted to go into, I said I don't care so long as I don't have to walk much. He said why, I told him that I had been in a riding accident several years before and had the ligaments pulled loose from my right hip. Every time I took a step you could hear my hip joint pop. He layed me on my back and worked my leg back and forth and it went pop-pop. He said go over to that last table and I did. He gave me the same test and marked it on my papers and said all right Moore, you'll get your discharge papers in a few days.

I took a job as watchman at the north end dam. I was called back in a few months to see how I was employed and again several months later as I was working for my brother, Frank on a farm he had rented.

Later I was chosen by Harry Jones, who was authorized by the First National Bank of Los Angeles, to send two men to go to Holbrook, Arizona to check on one of their customers, the Fuller Bros, who had reported on many cattle dying. The other man chosen was Guy Robinson. Well, I had 60 head of angus heifers on pasture and I left Louise to dispose of them, as they were ready to go to market, and Louise was going back to Kansas to visit her sister.

After inspecting the report of dying cattle around Holbrook, Arizona I was to go south to White River and Cibecue and go through the spring round up where Fuller Bros. had a lease on Apache Indian reservation. Guy Robinson went to the old flying V Ranch and I didn't see him any more after we parted at Cibecue.

At Holbrook, Fuller Bros had a well fenced pasture, 18 miles by 6 miles wide, in which they had turned 1800 steers for the winter. The following spring was a warm dry one in which nothing grew except loco weed. They had a young man looking after their cattle, who had never had any experience with loco weed. The weed came up in patches of ten to a hundred acres, it looked much like alfalfa and before this young man knew it, the steers were dying. No matter which direction we looked there were dead steers. They had corrals at one place where we counted eighty head which were alive but badly loco-ed. These corrals were close to a dry wash and they were feeding them corn silage which in previous good years had been stored in what had been dug for a well and was eighty feet deep. The corral fence was covered with a double thickness of hides, they would skin them as they died throw the hide on the fence and drag the carcass out and roll it down the bank of the wash. There were literally thousands of buzzards. We caught up with a bunch of steers, all that were able to travel, and counted 803 head. They were taking them to a pasture where there was no loco weed. Out of 1800, we counted 883 alive and the chances were that those in the corrals would die.

From Arizona I went to Bakersfield, where my friend, Henry Hoskins was buckaroo boss of the San Emelio Ranch, belonging to Kern County Cattle Co. They usually turned

5,000 steers on this ranch and kept them there until summer, then they were taken, about a thousand head at a drive to Bakersfield area and put on green pasture.

I had written Louise to come to Bakersfield as Henry had promised me one of their all year camps. When Louise bought her ticket to Bakersfield she found out just what train and what time it would arrive. It arrived in the evening and her pet dog had traveled on the same train but had become separated due to a storm in crossing Salt Lake and did not arrive until next morning. We spent the night in the swankiest hotel, I forgot the name, but such a let-down in comparison with her home for the next year.

Henry assigned me to Tecuya Camp and the morning we came to San Emelio headquarters in Henry's car. We transferred our few belongings to Bob Bowen's model-T Ford and we were off to what would be our home for a couple of seasons.

Tecuya is a canyon parallel to Tejon on the west and was used by the Pony Express prior to the Tejon Pass. The buildings, all adobe, consisted on one large building which was a saloon with a jail in the basement, iron bars on the windows. Next to it was what was called a hotel, one large room with huge fireplace and stairway to the rooms above which was sealed off. The kitchen had one large wood range and cupboards made of box material and one large table also made of box material, no chairs, boxes were a luxury. This was to be our home. Next to this were the corrals, a hay barn and our four horses which were for our transportation. There was a milk cow and her calf and a mule used for pulling a sled with a barrel on it to haul water from the creek about 100 yards. Well, I know there's not another woman in the world that wouldn't have started walking, but Louise, like the good sport she was made the best of it. We had all the food necessary that did not need refrigeration. They had all that at headquarters, 20 miles away, so meat carried on a pack mule would be smelling by the time it got to Tecuya. I was told to kill a deer for my meat as there were lots of deer.

While we were looking at the big room and standing in front of the fireplace which had a large hole in the back, Bob said I suppose you're wondering why. I have neglected to tell you this part of the ranch had been a sheep ranch for over 50 years and the herders were Vasco Español who always took their pay in cash. Well one morning as I was going out to the plains country, I met two dark complected men riding mules and leading a pack mule and they barely spoke. When I got in that night I found this old Dutch oven on the hearth, and he showed us, it had been full of coins and there was one 50 cent piece they had missed but the rusty prints of coins showed it had been full.

Bob stayed with me to show me the different watering troughs and he left the next night to a new job he was taking.

We got our mail at Lebec and we went through an adjoining ranch to get there. This ranch was owned by a cattleman from New Mexico and for the life of me I can't think of his name. That's been about 56 years ago. He had put his daughter and her husband in charge. Their name was Taylor and her first name Derella. Louise and she became good friends, they had a model-T Ford and came often to visit and take us places. They

had chickens and all kinds of farm animals. Once when we were there they had an old red hen that wanted to set. Louise bargained for her and a dozen eggs and they brought her and eggs over and Louise was in the chicken business. The eggs duly hatched and after a few days were following the mother hen.

One day when I returned I found Louise in the front doorway, chopping through a third floor. Some of the chicks had gotten under the house and she put a board down through the hole she had made and held the hen in front of it and she clucked and the little chicks came up the board to her.

Of course we were full of curiosity as to why three floors, and asked everyone. Seems after the pony express, this building was occupied by the Vasco Español sheep herders until one day a rider discovered the sheep and no herders, just the dogs watching them. He discovered the bodies of the herders in one corner of the room with their throats cut from ear to ear. This was in the time of Joaquin Murrieta and everyone believed it was he that attempted to rob them and they would not tell where their money was, so he cut their throats. The blood had run clear across the room and they thought the best way to cover was to put in a new floor. The third floor was put in after another attempted robbery, but the herders were shot this time.

Louise went with me on my rounds which took us to the area adjoining the Tejon Ranch and as far as Cudy Valley on the south and learned the different trails to the watering places. In times when we were gathering she would cook for 6 or 8 cowboys.

When we left Tecuya the Taylors came and took us to Bakersfield where we took the train for Modesto. We went as a couple to work on a ranch that bordered on the San Joaquin River. This ranch was owned by the Hogan Bros. Oscar Hogan owned a large hotel in Modesto and Grat Hogan, who operated the ranch had been sheriff of Stanislaus County. He was a most interesting man to visit with as he had many thrilling experiences as sheriff and proved to be a good boss. They had a lot of hogs which I helped with but my main job was leveling up a new patch of ground that had been a wooded pasture. San Joaquin River was flowing full and had lots of catfish and there were lots of fishing equipment so Louise and I spent most every evening fishing. About one month after we had been there my brother, Walter came to see us and Grat put him to work. Walter told us we had a cousin living in Modesto. Her name was Nellie Disher Miller. She was a daughter of my mothers brother, Joe Disher and married to Thomas Miller who was employed by a local creamery.

Nellie was a lovely person and we enjoyed getting acquainted and hearing about a side of our family we didn't know. Nellie was getting a new model-T Ford and suggested that we might like the one she was turning in. It was a 1914 and I believe this was in 1920. We made a deal. I had never driven a car and I think back what an idiot I was not to have learned as I had many chances to learn while riding with friends.

Well it was getting pretty hot in Modesto and we did not know where we wanted to go and Tom suggested we go to Mendocino County. He said that's the nicest cool part of

California. The dealer was supposed to teach me how to operate the vehicle and we loaded all our equipment in the Ford and drove around the back streets and back into the garage with him standing on the running board and headed it out the back door. He stepped off and we were on our way to Mendocino County. If I would tell all the hair raising experiences we had on that trip, it would fill a book. Nellie and Tom were waiting by the road side to tell us goodbye and I couldn't stop and Louise and Walter just waved goodbye. Next we came to a dip in the highway where a canal had broken and cars were waiting on each side for the water to be shut off and we sailed into about a foot and a half of water for about 50 yards. On, about another mile was a roadside gas station and I finally got the danged thing stopped. I said to the man, there's something wrong, this thing is getting hot. He just reached over and raised the gas throttle. Then there was the time in Stockton at an intersection a street car had stopped and I started to cross in front just as it started and I turned in front of it and he chased me a full block clanging his bell. In Sacramento at the river crossing they had the barrier down to let a boat go through. Luckily the barrier was raised just as I got to it.

Eventually we went through Ukiah, California and stopped at Calpella at an auto court where we met a family named Joslin and later became good friends. They told us of the Ridgewood Ranch. 10,000 acres had been purchased shortly before by Chas. Howard of the Howard Automobile Co. of San Francisco. A contractor was just starting to build a swimming tank so we went up there and he put Walter and me right to work. This was about half way between Ukiah and Willits. We camped in what had been sheep yards. We had no tents so camped in the scales. This had been a sheep ranch for many years but had not been occupied for several years. Walter and I stayed with the job until the swimming tank was finished and Walter left for home at Bratton Valley.

Meantime Louise had made friends with the younger Howard boys, Bobby 7 and Frank about 10 years and their governess Frances Withrow. They had come up to spend the summer, and before anyone knew it Louise had won their hearts and appetites with her fancy dishes. Louise had made a steady job for herself as housekeeper and cook and also for her husband as stableman and range rider, for they were stocking up with range cattle, and had a purebred Hereford herd coming from Colorado.

We spent four years at Ridgewood Ranch. Louise had the lovely home to herself much of the time, especially in the winter. I had charge of the fancy carriage barn where I took care of all the saddle horses and also had charge of a Gov. stallion from the remount station at Sacramento where Mr. Howard sent me to Sacramento and I rode with him on the train to Ridgewood station. Also while I was there, Mr. Howard had bought all the Indian cattle on the Indian reservation out of Round Valley, California. He sent me up to help them gather and bring them to the shipping point at Dos Rios, California. Some of them were pretty ornery and had to be roped and led into a holding pasture. There were 240 head.

At Ridgewood there were lots of deer. As this was in prohibition time, bootleggers would go from Willits area to Ukiah with a load of booze and coming back through the ranch there was an alfalfa field along side the road. They would shoot deer usually about

midnight and load them in to serve venison stew and booze at a joint in Willets. For this Mr. Howard had me deputized. I also had the care of about a dozen Shetland ponies, mares and their colts and a stallion that belonged to Frank and Bobby. I used to hook them up to a cute little buggy. In fact I had all the mares broke to drive, and the stallion, a pretty little black, was driven to a cart.

One year the herdsman was taking some Hereford show cattle to the state fair in San Francisco. The manager of the show talked Mr. Howard into sending some of the Shetland ponies on the promise that there would be no competition, as Howard's ponies were not groomed or trained for show. Of course, that meant that I would have to go along to tend the ponies.

Well, the day before the show started the fair board received word from a party from Wisconsin that had turned down the opportunity to show because they couldn't make it on time, but there had been a change and they were on their way. It was embarrassing to enter our ranch ponies along with these highly trained high steppers with their lead-weighted shoes. But the worst was our little mares. They were getting awful cranky in their stalls, kids poking and pulling their hair. The last night I was guarding as best I could, a little four-year-old girl came around the corner saw a pony mare eating with her head down. She ran up-and threw her arms around her hind legs. Well the mare drew her legs to kick taking the child with her and kicked throwing the little girl clear across the isle, but luckily she wasn't hurt.

Other animals I had were 2 short-haired French shepherd dogs. Mr. Howard bought three, two for me and one for the herdsman. He paid \$200.00 for them and the man that trained them came and worked with us one day to show us how they worked. They were trained especially for wild cattle. They were whistle broke. If cattle were running away from you all you had to say was, get ahead. They would get ahead and go from side to side jumping up and nipping them on the nose, which is the most sensitive part of a cow. After stopping them they would listen for the whistle. One whistle meant hold them. Two whistles meant bring them to me. I could put a bunch of cattle up in a corner of a field and start cutting out what I wanted to take. The one I cut first was held near but couldn't run away or get back in the herd and the other dog held the herd while I rode in to cut another out.

From here we went to San Francisco where my brother, Bert had interest in a shock absorber company. I was going to work in the shop and Louise was going to visit her sister again. We were in San Francisco about 6 months. Bert gave his interest up and went back to his home in Imperial to resume the cattle business.

When Louise returned we also headed south and landed in Imperial where I met Chas. Kelly. He was my brother, Frank's, wife's brother. He had a lease on all of Rancho Cuyamaca, except the east mesa. Joe Crouch had the east mesa leased. This was in 1925. Chas. said to me, you're just the man I'm looking for. Mr. Ralph M. Dyar, who bought the Rancho Cuyamaca in 1923 wants me to find a man to build an earth dam across Stonewall Creek and level some land for alfalfa. So we left for Rancho

Cuyamaca and arrived about April 1st, 1925. We met Mr. Dyar and he showed me what he wanted done. We set up a tent near the old barns and corrals and worked a couple of days, and then a snowstorm came giving about 8 inches snow cover. As the ground was too wet to work we went to Boulder Creek to my brother Frank's ranch just in time to go to Julian and help drive 150 cows that had arrived by truck. On account of snow and muddy roads they were unloaded just below Julian. They belonged to Robert Kelley and Frank was to pasture them until the next fall.

Then back to Dyars and work on the dam. Gene Davis, who had been caretaker at Stonewall Mine, announced he was leaving and Mr. Dyar wanted Louise and me to move into the Governor Waterman residence at the mine to act as caretakers. I would commute back and forth to work on the dam at Green Valley. We had very little furniture, but we enjoyed just being there. The lake was full and we had such a beautiful view.

The dam was completed before winter and Mr. Dyar had contracted the construction of the cottage just south of his home. He said it was just for Louise and me. We were very comfortable and had fun furnishing it.

This was the winter of December 1925 and January 1926 when it rained 9 days and nights without stopping for a minute. Charley Kelly had just received a shipment of old poor Arizona cows, many of them died and some we believed drowned standing up. Stonewall creek got up so high we were afraid the bridge would go out so we went down to the old ranch house and stayed so we could be near the barns and take care of the stock. Everything was a mess. Hard driving rain, strong wind kept the water on the roof. Had to wear a rain coat to milk the cows. About the sixth day about ten o'clock p.m., we heard a little louder rumble. It was the dam I had built going out. Green Valley Bridge was out and the road on the first curve south of it was closed by a landslide. We had to use an old wood road that went up and came out across the road from Green Valley entrance. There was no house there then.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyar came in one Cadillac and his brother and wife came in another Cadillac, we met them and guided them over and across the river. They stayed about a week. Meantime Louise and I moved the Hereford herd to the Flinn Ranch at Descanso. Wm. Flinn and his daughter, Josephine met us and helped us get through to Descanso.

When the Dyars were leaving we sent Bert and Lester Duboise ahead with team and wagon carrying a large block and tackle with 150' of inch rope. The hill leaving the valley was very steep. I came in my model-T Ford, which had a Ruxtell axle and the pine trees were just the right distance to hook to. We tied to their front and with the aid of their power I would pull them up by driving down along side of them. We finally got them up and out to the highway. When I shook hands goodbye with Mr. Dyar's brother he had a twenty-dollar gold piece in his palm.

At this time my brother, Bert bought Chas. Kelly's lease, which was arranged with Mr. Dyar and that was the start of the P.O.Cattle Co. Bert wanted Cuyamaca to fatten his

steers from his ranch in Baja California, Mexico, which he had bought from Peter Ortega. They were branded P. O. and Bert had that brand registered here so he didn't have to rebrand on this side of the border. Eventually he bought Joe Crouch's lease on East Mesa. Later Mr. Dyar bought from Amby Harper the tract east of the Cuyamaca Lake. By arrangement he made a down payment of \$10,000 with the interest on the balance going to Mrs. Dick Harper and her son. This interest amounted to what he charged Bert for pasture. Thus P. O. Cattle Co. had all of Mr. Dyar's part of Cuyamaca Grant leased.

When Mr. Dyar bought the Cuyamaca he left a \$200,000 mortgage on it at 6% interest because he was getting 10% on call money. When the panic came and the bank was pressing him to reduce his mortgage he sent Mr. Smythe, a former partner, with power of attorney to go to Harper's (Amby Harper had died) to see if they would accept the land back and relieve him of the mortgage. I took Mr. Smythe over to Harper's and they gladly signed all the papers.

When a friend told Newton Drury about Cuyamaca he came up and went with Guy Fleming up the highway. It was stormy weather and we couldn't get off the highway but in due time the deal went through, the appraised value and the donation by Mr. Dyar of half that value. I remember Newton Drury saying, I feel guilty about this deal as I think about what I just closed the deal for Palomar.

Anyway, Mr. Dyar came out with \$50,000 and you would think he would starve to death. By phone he gave me 40 head of horses and the next day a letter came, if I could get anything out of the horses they would appreciate it. He did give me the model-A Ford pickup, which Louise and I appreciated very much.

Then came the moment of great decision. The State Parks asked this old cowpoke to take over as custodian of the property. They also wanted Louise to take over the Dyar mansion and run it as a lodge, which we finally did. As far as the lodge was concerned, it was financially a loss, but this was offset by the wonderful people that we were in constant contact with. All the State Park commissioners, National Park officials and also dignitaries from Washington, D.C. came regularly in connection with the CCC camp at Cuyamaca and a second camp at Green Valley.

One morning before I realized the deal had gone through, and there was two feet of snow on the ground and the highway had been cleared, I began to hear voices. A State Forestry crew of 60 had begun shoveling snow opening the back roads to the new barn and tool shed. These men were bindle stiffs that only stayed long enough to get a full belly and every one that left had some of my small tools in his bed roll. They used the tool shed for a kitchen and the hay barn for sleeping. I had been feeding 40 head of mares and colts and some cows but had to discontinue feeding as they would not come near as there was so much commotion.

The CCC project was to construct two public camping and picnic areas, one at Green Valley and one at Paso Picacho. This of course included the construction of buildings

and developing water supply, reservoirs, pipe lines and roads. It also involved hiring an engineer to make a complete survey of Cuyamaca Grant. As they could only hire an engineer for six months, we had several before the survey was completed and recorded. The CCC was a wonderful program. It made men out of city boys who looked like they had been living on ice cream and pop. Just a day or two of exercising and breathing the mountain air gave them an appetite, and at the end of their stay they were men.

My first duty was to try to stop deer poaching at night or day or any shooting, as we were getting nearly an over-population of deer. This was brought on by the county adding to the Fish and Game bounty on mountain lions. They raised the bounty to \$100 for a male and \$105 for a female. This was in 1928. Before that date I thought the wildlife in Cuyamaca was very well balanced. This bounty raise caused many people to trap or get hounds. Even in 1933 the parks had a state lion hunter covering Cuyamaca. The P. O. Cattle Co., who held a grazing lease with Mr. Dyar, were continued on with the parks until 1950.

The 30 years spent at Cuyamaca will live in memory as happy years together with all the rangers and their lovely families. We operated the Park as just one big happy family. I am proud of every ranger that worked with me, especially their records of service and advancement in positions for the Parks and Recreation Department.

After retirement on July 1, 1955, we went to Enumclaw, Washington to live with Mr. Dyar and stayed with him until he passed away in 1962.

Since that time we have lived in Alpine. This last February 28, 1977, I lost my Louise. We had 61 years of happy togetherness. Louise will be looking down and will be pleased when any of our friends call, for I shall stay right here and live with my memories.

News Items

HARVEY MOORE RETIREE FROM CUYAMACA

When Harvey Moore leaves Cuyamaca Rancho State Park on July 1st, the State Park System will lose one of its pioneers. To all who know him intimately, Harvey Moore is emblematic of the country that he loves so deeply, the wide rolling hills, the picturesque uplands, cattle on the mesas the outdoor life of a cowboy.

In relating events of his life, Harvey mentions that he was born on a ranch in Pamo Valley, San Diego County in November, 1890. His early elementary schooling was followed by a course in the Commercial College of San Diego and then working for 18 months in an office.

Harvey's love of horses and the excitement of ranch work took him back to cow-punching on ranches in California, Arizona and Mexico.

About this time he met Louise Ellen Love in Imperial and married her in January 1916.

In April 1925 Harvey became foreman for Ralph M. Dyar who then owned 24,000 acres of the original Cuyamaca Grant.

When the State Park System took over Cuyamaca in 1933 Colonel Wing, then Chief of the Division, tried to induce Harvey to remain as Custodian of the Rancho. To this suggestion Harvey replied, "I may be able to ride herd on cattle but I sure couldn't herd people." After Guy Fleming and Newton Drury added their persuasive reasons, Harvey finally accepted and now believes that these years in the park service were the happiest he and his wife ever enjoyed. Mrs. Moore, Louise to all who know her, operated the Stonewall Lodge where people from all parts of the country and from all walks of Life came to relax and enjoy Cuyamaca.

Starting out with great mental reservations about Cuyamaca being overrun with tourists, Harvey is now thoroughly convinced of the need for parks in the balanced existence of a state and that the enjoyment of observing wildlife in all forms is a feature that must be maintained for future generations.

RETIRED MOUNTAIN MAN

Our sure retired employee is a name familiar to many Department employees. Harvey Moore and his charming wife Louise are synonymous with Cuyamaca. Harvey sent a very interesting letter and it is being printed so all of you can read it ... I'm sure you will enjoy it as much as I did. Harvey and Louise now live at P. O. Box 601, Alpine, California. Residence, Alpine Oaks Mobile Estates, Space 60.

Ed Earl, Chief Ranger
Santa Cruz Coast Area

EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY LETTER

Today I am celebrating my 80th birthday and it has been 45 years since I came to work for Mr. Dyar at Rancho Cuyamaca and 15 years since I retired from Park Service.

Parks took over in March 1933 and they adopted me, a poor Cowboy, to be Custodian I could not have managed had it not been for the sincere counseling of the many dedicated park officials who came often and stayed overnight at Stonewall Lodge which Louise ran for several years. Colonel Wing and Newton Drury came regularly and specially Earl Hanson who guided me through the transition Cowboy to Ranger.

The C.C.C. made it easy the first few years in the construction of campground facilities etc. and completely spoiled campers by piling free wood at each camp stove; the park gang had to suffer for this service when we lost the C.C.C. Camps.

Paul Travis was my first Ranger and others who worked with me were Bob Hatch and Louis Juch. Leo Crawford and Morey Morgan were the first permanent Rangers - both had to go in the service but were given their jobs back when they returned.

Meantime they were sending boys that had served their hitch in the armed services and were still celebrating their freedom. Had they not been the right kind, could have given this old Cowpoke a hard time for I was having hard enough time making a better Ranger out of myself.

Carl Anderson came to Cuyamaca literally "still flying" and for a time I had doubts, especially after hearing of some of his escapades while in the Air Corps. But he finally made a landing and we are real proud of him. In fact we are real proud of every one of the boys and their lovely families.

I could not mention all of them unless I were writing a book, there were so many. Just to mention a few there was Bill Allison shot down over enemy-occupied Holland and came out through the "underground". I remember him as showing just a little the effect of his strenuous experience. Also there was Les Knight who showed just a little twitch from his experience driving ammo trucks at night in the Battle of the Bulge. There was Clyde Strickler, a boy that made sudden decisions, so sudden that I called him "Spontaneous Combustion". The story is told that he couldn't stand being pinned down in a shell hole and jumped out and charged an enemy machine gun nest with hand grenades.

I have many pleasant memories of Cuyamaca, some real sad; especially the fire of August 1950 when about 10,000 acres burned. Some funny things happened. Once during the fire we had been fighting for several days without much rest or sleep and no time for shaving etc. Clyde and I traveling in a striped jeep, Clyde driving, went through fire so we could not go back and came to a place with rocks on one side and a huge pitch pine log on the other, burning and shooting white flame from a hole clear across our road, and here's where I gave him the name "Spontaneous Combustion". All of a sudden he hollered "Duck!" and stepped on the gas. I had hold of the windshield and the first chuckhole sent me up just right to get the cleanest shave on one side. After Clyde quit laughing at me, said now if you want the other side I can drive back. He could have let me out to walk around.

Some time later I put in a request for a blond steno-clerk, but my good friend Earl Hanson turned it down, saying the young Rangers needed the experience. So I guess you know my secretary turned out to be this red-headed fat boy.

After retiring Louise and I went to Enumclaw Washington to live with Mr. Dyar and stayed with him until he passed away in 1962. Since, we have made annual trips to

Arizona in the summers for about four years to take care of relatives' homes while they were in Europe.

During these years we missed the potlucks and parties at the park, as those nice people continue to be almost like one big family and we are grateful that we are always remembered and included in every event.

As you know Morey Morgan took a demotion to come back to Cuyamaca.

We have enjoyed meeting and knowing Ron and Alice McCullough. They were wonderful to us and we hope they will be happy in their new assignment. Now we are happy that Glenn and Mary Jones are here and we enjoy them very much They are real park people.

Sincerely,

Harvey W. Moore

GRAVESIDE SERVICES HELD FOR LOUISE ELLEN MOORE

LOUISE ELLEN MOORE of Alpine Oaks Mobile Estates, Alpine, a homemaker and longtime resident of San Diego County, died on February 28, in her residence. Not only did Mrs. Moore live to celebrate her 90th birthday, but the Moores celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary January 16, 1976.

Mrs. Moore was born Louise Love in Bronson, Kansas, on October 26, 1886. She came to California in 1915 to visit an aunt, stayed to marry Harvey W. Moore, a cattleman, in January of 1916. The Moores worked for Ralph M. Dyar at Rancho Cuyamaca from 1925 until 1933 when the state of California purchased the ranch for a state park. Mr. Moore became the first park supervisor of Cuyamaca State Park and Mrs. Moore operated the Stonewall Lodge there for the state for several years. Since Harvey's retirement from the Park Service in 1955, the Moores have resided in Alpine.

Louise is survived by her husband and nephew, Ben Thayer, of Westlake Village, California. Graveside services were held on March 3, at the Alpine Cemetery with Dr. John K Sorensen officiating.

HARVEY MOORE OBITUARY

Cuyamaca Rancho became a State Park in 1933, and its ranch foreman, Harvey Moore, stayed on as the park's first ranger. He saw the park through its development by CCC crews, and he hired Maury Morgan, Leo Crawford, Clyde S Strickler, Carl Anderson, Herb Heinze, Bill Allison, and others. When WWII ended and his rangers returned from the front lines, he carried them through the transition to civilian life. (For a

collection of his reminiscences of those days, see News & Views, January 1971, page 5 - a letter on his 80th birthday.)

Moore retired in 1955, but he and his wife Louise stayed in touch with Cuyamaca and its staff over the years. His wife died last February. Moore passed away December 10, 1977, after a full 87 years of life.