This book of memoirs
to my children
is a privately printed
limited edition
to be presented to our family,
close friends and associates

Your copy is number 6

Dear Ed

Most of my memoirs
You also experienced even
to my seeing you as a laborer
carrying steel on your shoulder
to help build Lake Hodges Dam
You have done your part through the
years to make the Ed Fletcher Co
what it is today When I am gone
I know you "our first Son" will
carry on in a way we will
all be proud Always Your Loving
Dad

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BY
COL. ED FLETCHER

DIEU POUR NOUS
Fletcher of Salton

MEMOIRS

of

Ed Fletcher

Printed in San Diego, California, by Pioneer Printers

DEDICATED TO MY
BELOVED WIFE

Dear Children:

Today is Friday, August 29, 1941. I am thinking of the day of my arrival in San Diego, California, fifty-three years ago next week, Wednesday, September 3, 1888. It has been a wonderful experience living here, and I am thankful for the privilege—San Diego has certainly been good to me and mine.

Probably at no time in the world's history have there been greater changes than at present: evolution of business and religion; the war with Spain; the World War; and today World War No. 2, with Germany overrunning Russia, who is putting up a strong defense, while in the last four days we read of Russia and Britain overrunning Iran preparatory to their soon taking on Germany at a new frontier; Turkey in the squeeze not knowing which way to turn, while Japan is making her first overtures of peace and consort of action in the Pacific with America. What will come of the Japanese Premier's message to President Roosevelt, together with today's meeting with the Japanese Ambassador, is in the laps of the Gods.

This afternoon it is something different which impels me to write the story of my life. My children and many friends have urged me to do so—I shall please them, though I have another motive.

In writing these memoirs, I know you children would first want me to pay tribute to your dear Mother, who has made this large and happy family possible. Without her I would never have had the inspiration or ambition, and her spirit, guidance and wisdom has resulted in a normal family of seven sons and three daughters.

When I asked your Mother what I should say about the early history of the Batchelder family she stated "We are just as proud of the Hards and Batchelders as you are of the Fletchers and Holtons."

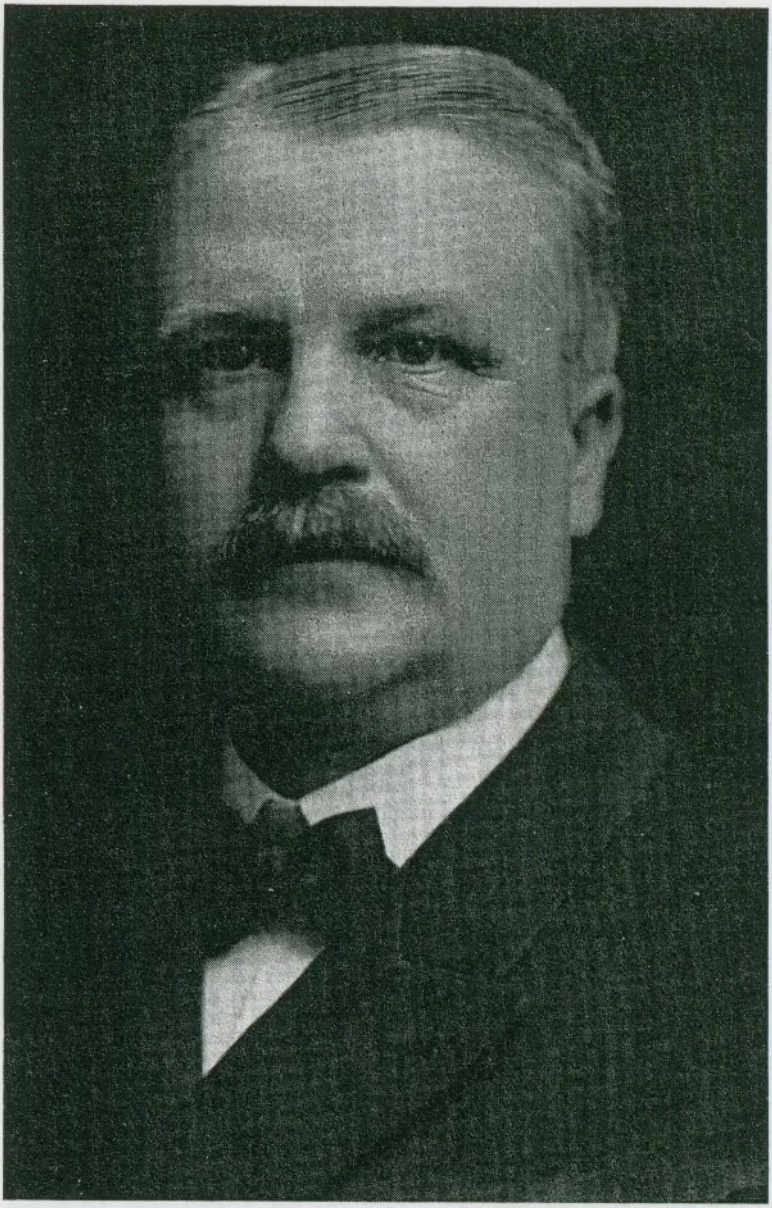
Her family—three brothers—Joseph, Henry and John—came over from England in 1636 and settled in Wenham, Massachusetts. Joseph headed the line of the present Batchelders. The name was originally spelled Bacheller, then Bachelor and finally Batchelder. Your Mother's father, Clark A. Batchelder, was born in Peru, Vermont and was educated at Westfield Normal School and studied law, graduating from

Boston University. He taught school at Burr and Burton Seminary and then became Judge in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Her mother, Catherine W. Hard, was born in Manchester, Vermont. She had one brother and one sister—her beloved sister Louise, who lived with us for many years until she passed away, and her brother, Eugene, who came out to California after graduating from Brown University. He was associated with me in business and he and his good wife, Maude, are now living in Del Mar.

I am writing these memoirs also to register my different activities, public and private, including water, land and road development, national and otherwise, and leave behind some of the intimate details in the growth and development of San Diego County in a public way, particularly Balboa Park, Mt. Helix, the Naval Training Center, Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., the beaches for public use, some of our state and national parks, also to help perpetuate the names of some of our most outstanding citizens—personal friends—who have done so much for the building of this County, State and Nation—men who have furnished spiritual and civic leadership to help make San Diego, California and the United States what they are today.

I will also go outside the United States where I have had friendships for many years standing that may be of interest to you ten children—Catherine, Ed Jr., Charles, Lawrence, Willis, Steve, Ferdinand, Mary Louise, Eugene and Virginia—all happily married, not a divorce, all earning your own living and making good—30 grandchildren and three great grandchildren (Feb. 21, 1949)—let me say I am proud of you all, and thanks to your Mother's training you are respected citizens and making good. This is enough compensation for a loving Dad and my blessings on you all for life.

Ed Fletcher



Your Grandfather—Judge Clark A. Batchelder

Your Grandmother—Catherine Hard Batchelder

Your Uncle Eugene B. Batchelder

Your Aunt Louise Batchelder

Your Aunt Maude Batchelder

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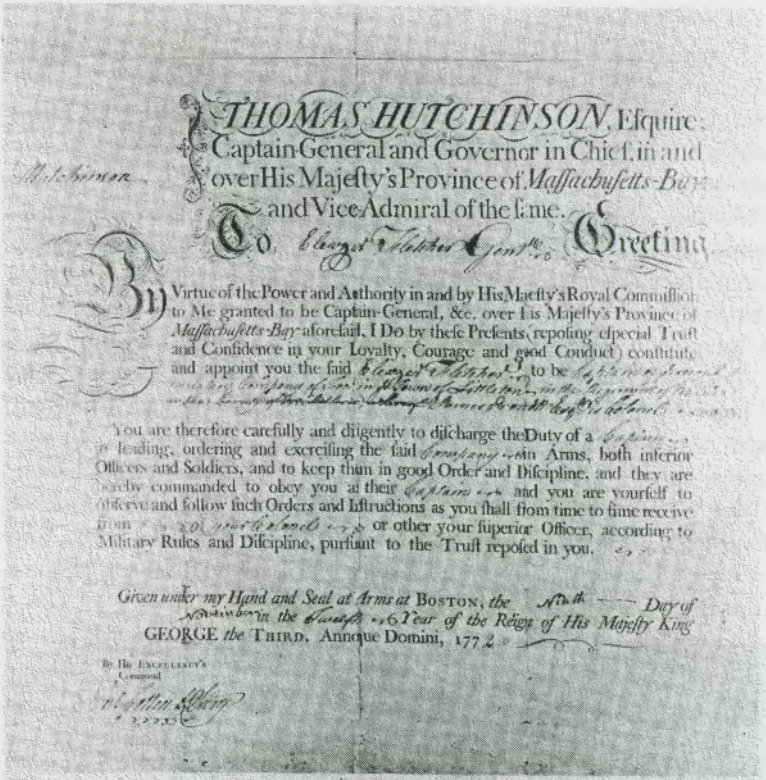
CHAPTER I

I was born December 31, 1872, at 11:30 p.m. in Littleton, Massachusetts, an interesting little town between Concord and Groton. My father was Charles Kimball Fletcher; my mother, Anna Waterson Holton. My younger brother, Steve, has always been an inspiration to me and is now Dr. S. W. Fletcher, Dean of Agriculture, Penn State College, Pennsylvania. My four older sisters—Susie, Bess, Mary and Belle, have always been a comfort to me, and as I look back, I realize the spirit of love and confidence that existed between us in helping one another after my mother's untimely death.

Both the Fletchers and Holtons come of English stock, and I have been informed by an attorney named George Fletcher, who made investigations for many years, that originally our name was "Flechere," who claimed to own Castle de Chillon, Lake Geneva, and came over with William the Conqueror to England. When in Europe in 1927, with my own eyes and mingled emotions I beheld Castle de Chillon. An etching of the castle hangs on the wall of my office today.

Castle de Chillon



THOMAS HUTCHINSON, Esquire: Captain-General and Governor in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts-Bay and Vice-Admiral of the same.

To Eleazer Fletcher Gent.[m] Greeting

By Virtue of the Power and Authority in and by His Majesty's Royal Commission to Me granted to be Captain-General, &c. over His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts-Bay aforesaid, I Do by these Presents, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct) constitute and appoint you the said Eleazer Fletcher Gent. to be Captain of a Company in the Regiment of Militia in the Town of Littleton in the County of Middlesex within the Province aforesaid.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a Captain, by leading, ordering and exercising the said Company in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline, and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their Captain, and you are yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from Your Colonel or other your superior Officer, according to Military Rules and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in you.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at BOSTON, the Ninth Day of November in the Twelfth Year of the Reign of His Majesty King GEORGE the THIRD, Annoque Domini, 1772.

By His Excellency's Command

HOME OF CAPTAIN ELEAZER FLETCHER BOXBORO, MASS.

HOLE IN ROCK FOR GRINDING CORN

OLD FLETCHER HOUSE WESTFORD, MASS 247 YEARS OLD

My Greatgrandfather, Eleazer Fletcher, was made Captain in the British Army under George the Third on the 7th day of November, 1772. When the revolution broke out he and his company became turncoats, and before fighting in the Battle of Bunker Hill against the British, they dedicated Liberty Park in Littleton, Massachusetts.

In the summer of 1949, with the unanimous approval of the Selectmen of the town of Littleton, Massachusetts, where I was born, I had erected a suitable memorial and bronze tablet to the honor of Captain Eleazer Fletcher and his company, in Liberty Park. The work is now complete on this 27th day of December, 1949, and plans have been made whereby next spring your father and mother will be in Littleton for the re-dedication of Liberty Park.

My Grandfather—Capt. Eleazer Fletcher

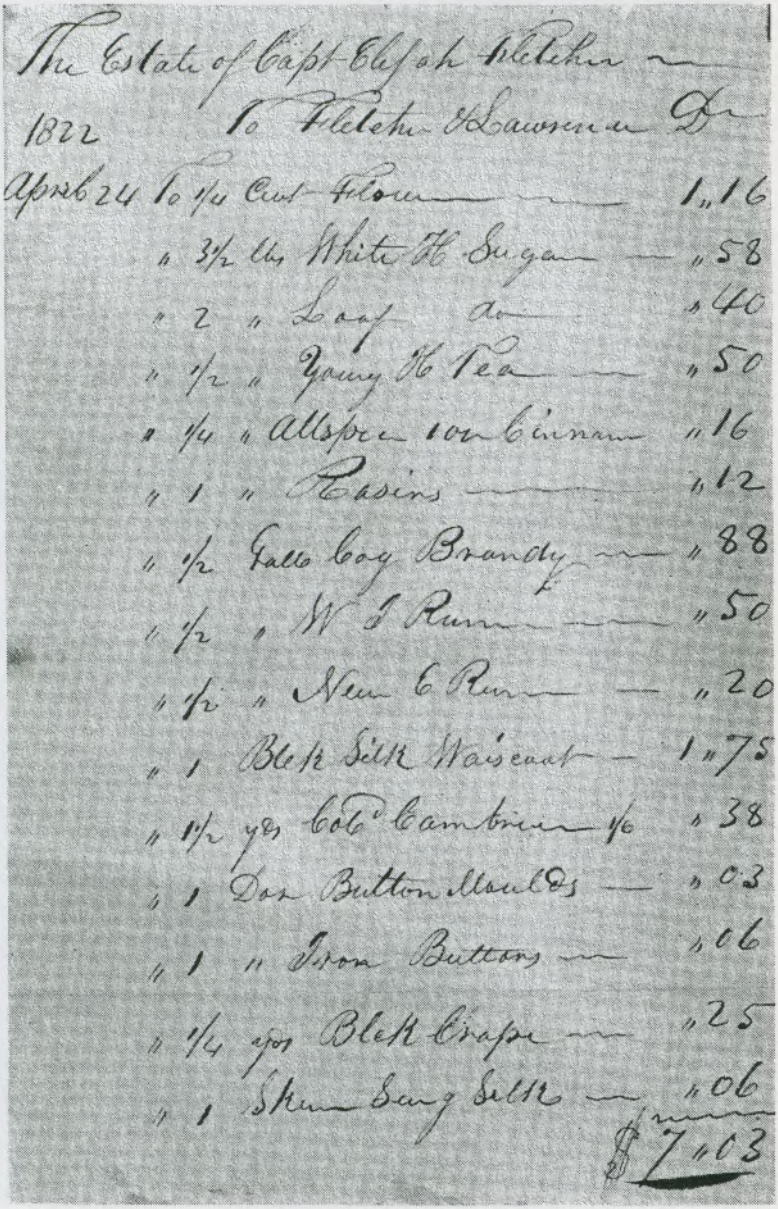
My Grandmother—Rebecca Kimball Fletcher

Grandmother Fletcher's home where we always went for Thanksgiving

My grandfather, Eleazer Fletcher, was born April 30, 1793, and married Rebecca Kimball in Littleton, Massachusetts, June 22, 1822. How well I remember her, a remarkable woman, as her portrait shows. She was born on July 8, 1800, in Littleton and passed away October 18, 1893. In her later years she always sat in the bay window knitting and sewing—I can see her there today. She always knitted for brother Steve and me each Christmas two pairs of blue woolen mittens and stockings.

My father, Charles Kimball Fletcher, was born March 10, 1837, in Littleton and I buried him from our house in San Diego on January 16, 1924. He married my mother, Anna Holton, October 18, 1859, who passed away June 7, 1877, in Littleton, when I was about four and a half years old. I have but two recollections of her. The first, as she came across a lot and through a hole in the fence to give me a bag of candy. A few weeks later she died and my next recollection is the funeral, which was impressed most vividly and forever on my memory.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Holton



The Estate of Capt Elijah Fletcher —

1822 To Fletcher & Lawrence Dr

Apr 26 24	To 1/4 Cwt Flour		1 " 16
	" 3/2 lbs White H Sugar		" 58
	" 2 " Loaf do		" 40
	" 1/2 " Young H Tea		" 50
	" 1/4 " Allspice 1 oz Cinnam		" 16
	" 1 " Raisins		" 12
	" 1/2 Gallo Cog Brandy		" 88
	" 1/2 " W I Rum		" 50
	" 1/2 " New E Rum		" 20
	" 1 Blk Silk Waistcoat		1 " 75
	" 1/2 yds E&E Cambrick	1/6	" 38
	" 1 Doz Button Moulds		" 03
	" 1 " Iron Buttons		" 06
	" 1/4 yds Blk Crape		" 25
	" 1 Skein Sewg Silk		" 06
			$ 7 " 03

Interesting Comparison! 1822 and 1949

My Father—Charles Kimball Fletcher

My Mother—Anna Holton Fletcher

Sister Susie was not quite fifteen; Bess, thirteen; Mary, ten; Belle, six; while my brother Steve was a little over two. We were living in Worcester, Massachusetts, on May Street. My father had met with reverses, including the loss of his sawmill without insurance, and because of his endorsement on a note of his brother he had to pay same, which made it hard sledding, but he, Susie and Bessie kept the family together for several years. With happy memories I think of the old swimming hole, fishing with my father and catching frogs that we might eat their legs; the blueberries and huckleberries, and how I yearn for the butter crackers and milk of those early days!

There were extremely heavy floods the year that I was six and Steve four. We went out to the hills to watch the high flood of a neighboring brook that was running six to eight feet deep and had eroded part of the bank, which melted away easily under pressure. Steve got too near the edge which caved and he fell in. He got to his feet with the water up to his shoulders, but the current was taking him to his death. I seized a small dead limb of a tree, threw myself flat on the bank and Steve was just able to grasp the other end; slowly the bank was crumbling beneath me. We teetered for a moment in suspense, but Steve kept hold. I gradually worked backward and eventually got him out of the raging torrent. The horror of it almost brings perspiration to this day when I think of it.

At eight years of age I had my first afternoon paper route—it was a struggle to hold it during the winter months with the snow three and four feet deep, the temperature ten or twenty degrees below zero, but I kept the route until the family broke up.

In the meantime, Sister Susie married a mighty fine man, Samuel W. Fletcher, on May 23, 1887. That year father left for Florida after putting Sister Mary in the home of Henry Taylor of Boxboro; Sister Belle and myself with his cousin, William Kimball of Littleton, to earn our board and clothes, and my brother Steve with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitcomb, also of Littleton; Sister Bessie, then seventeen, went to work in Boston in the offices of "The Youth's

Your Father

Companion," a most noted weekly magazine at that time, at a salary of $8.00 per week.

I remember yet, with almost a shiver, my experience as a boy of nine on the William Kimball farm. They had me sleep in the attic; the rats frightened me and I was awakened at four each morning to milk eleven dairy cows and also milked them at night. One morning I put the kerosene lantern too close to a vicious cow, and when I squeezed a sore teat, she kicked, and I saw the lantern go up against the wall, drop, flicker and go out. Not to be kicked, I went out the other way.

Massachusetts is noted for its rocky hillsides—the Kimball ranch was no exception, and when there was nothing else to do after school hours, my job was to go out in the pasture, dig holes twice as big as the rock, push the rock in and cover it up with good soil to make additional farming land. All fences were stone walls. I earned my own living while I was with the Kimballs; so did my sister Belle, but I remember three things my father sent me from Florida that brought much joy —a live alligator, a box of oranges and a Waltham gold watch #604. It is the only watch I ever owned, I have made it from a key winder to a stem winder and have put in three sets of new works. As the result of loving care I have this watch in my hand today.

I went to Sunday School and Church and was most fortunate in having a dear old maid as a school teacher, Miss Jessie Wood, who lived with her father and mother on the back road to Littleton Depot near the Tenneys and the Flaggs. She was so kind and sweet and I confided all my childish problems to her. Her sympathy and understanding were such that without saying a word to anyone, when I was ten years old, I packed up my belongings, went over to the Woods one night and refused to leave. They took me in as a son, and my happiness was complete. The Kimballs made every effort to get me back, but my father still being in Florida, the Woods refused to deliver me back to the Kimballs without a court warrant.

My life with the Woods was a happy one and, as long as I live, I shall keep them in memory. So happy was I in doing everything they wanted me to do, that I never remember being chided or scolded while under their roof. I remember

several amusing experiences which happened there: I had read the night before in "The Youth's Companion" that it was well nigh criminal to put a bit in a horse's mouth in cold weather, that the bit should first be thawed out in warm water, otherwise it would take the skin off the horse's tongue. I laughed at it and the next morning rushed out to the barn, the temperature was 20 below zero, and put my tongue its entire length on the horse's bit—only to have the skin torn from my tongue.

Another time in the Spring when the ice was thawing, I was showing a girl friend on the farm how I could jump a stone wall on my skates, only to land on the other side of the stone wall, breaking the ice and found myself in three feet of water. I will never forget that day, for my feet in my boots were so cold I pulled the boots off and walked home in my stocking feet in the snow.

That which caused me sorrow and loss to the Woods, without my knowing it until years later, was this incident. The Woods had 50 or 60 chickens which roosted on a limb in an apple tree above the shed. One night I was awakened by Mr. Wood, then 80 years old, who told me someone was stealing the chickens and had me go out of the door first with a kerosene lantern, he following up behind with a shotgun. I never was so scared in my life, but did as I was told. We found the chickens falling out of the tree on the roof and rolling on the ground, 20 or 30 of them scattered around, some kicking, some dead. Mr. Wood decided it was a weasel that was killing the chickens and sent me up the tree with the lantern, that he might see and shoot the weasel, but I found no weasel. The Woods lost nearly 50 chickens and it was the talk of the town as to the cause.

Several years later someone asked me where I got the water to mix the chicken's meal. I had been asked many times before and told them I used the usual pail with the same amount of meal and water. Later I happened to remember that we had made ice cream that Sunday in the chickens' pail. In those days it was my job to make it; with my left hand twirling back and forth, the lard pail filled with the ice cream mixture with salt and ice put around the ice cream pail, continuing

Your Father at Twelve

this twirling procedure, in about 20 or 30 minutes it made the most delicious ice cream ever—something a little different from today with our manufactured ice cream. However, the old method was always a pleasant task to me, although hard on the wrist. The last time I was asked about the loss of those chickens, I remembered that I had allowed the ice and the salt to melt and dissolve and had used this mixture of salt and water in mixing up the meal for the chickens that night without throwing out the salt water and rinsing out the pail with fresh water. It was finally determined that it was the excessive amount of salt mixed with the meal that killed the chickens.

How I loved to catch the little brook trout in the stream below the Woods' farm, and when the first ice came where the stream entered the lake, how I did enjoy creeping along the edges, watching for the fish and throwing a big stone to hit on the ice above the fish, mostly perch and pickerel. The fish would be stunned by the blow, turn upside down for two or three minutes, and I would then cut a hole through the ice and catch the fish with my hand or a net. It was black, clear

ice which would bend but not break, and what fun it was to slide across from shore to shore.

I always looked forward to the first May flowers and checkerberry, the wild strawberries, the blueberries, huckleberries, and raspberries, and in the fall the clubbing of chestnut and shag bark trees for the nuts.

When I was almost twelve sister Bessie, who was working for "The Youth's Companion," insisted that I come to Boston and live with her. She was then getting $10.00 per week and found me a position with Clafflin-Larabee Company, wholesale drygoods merchants, at $2.50 a week, working ten hours a day in the shipping department. I parted with the Woods in sorrow, but their financial situation made it impossible for them to keep me.

Being a "green-horn" from the country, never having seen the ocean, I was an easy mark the first week. I was sent out with ten cents and told to buy some white lamp black and not to return until I found it. Another time I was sent to purchase a gas wick. I could not believe they would send me out unless it was a serious errand, and I spent nearly a half day trying to purchase both articles.

I sold newspapers Saturday and Sunday nights. Sister Bessie made many sacrifices on my behalf. One Saturday in summer she sent me on the steamer "Longfellow" to Provincetown, Cape Cod, on a dollar excursion trip and bought me a 75-cent straw hat with a red ribbon. How proud I was! Going aboard, I asked a sailor where I could go and not be seasick. He told me as far forward as possible, so I went to the bow. At first I loved the roll, but soon I was the most seasick boy you ever saw. Several ministers were sitting alongside me when I made for the rail. The wind was blowing the wrong way and I covered them. When someone yelled "whale" I was too sick and could not even lift my head. My hat had blown off and I called to the Captain to stop the boat and pick up my hat. He answered, "We will pick it up on our homeward trip, young man," and that was the end of the hat.

I learned a good deal of human nature that year in Boston. My sister Susie, living in Ayer, Massachusetts, secured a position there for me for my board and clothes with Mr. and Mrs.

B. F. Taft, and allowed me to go to school. They were splendid people. I was big for my age at thirteen and my main job was to look after the flower and vegetable gardens and keep the snow off the sidewalks in the winter, as well as shoveling the coal and keeping the furnace going. I have always been fond of flowers and growing crops, and those were the happy days. I had the promise of the Tafts later on to put me through college. There were times when they allowed me to earn a little money picking and selling wild blueberries, huckleberries, raspberries, strawberries, chestnuts, hickory nuts, etc. Also at times I was given permission to go down to the lake nearby and pick pond lilies and sell them to the passengers at the junction when the train went through. This money I put in the bank.

The vegetable garden was up on the hill and the path led through a birch grove. Coming home just before dinner one evening, through the grove, I heard a call for help. Looking around, I saw that a girl had climbed a tree to swing the birches. She had not climbed high enough, the limb had bent over, she was caught by her panties and there she hung 10 or 12 feet from the ground, head down, and all I could see was fluffy white and arms and legs. I climbed the birch tree, which, with my added weight, brought the limb down to the ground. Then, much embarrassed, I unhooked the girl and set her loose. Those were the days when the lace on the panties was an inch and a half to two inches wide—I noticed that. The girl was equally embarrassed, would not tell me her name, and I had never seen her before. I found out later that she was only eleven years old, but even then she looked good to me.

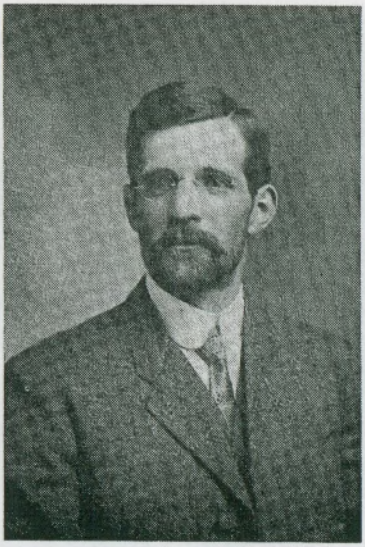
The incident passed out of my mind until several months later I took Eva Spaulding to a party. Who should be there but the young girl I had rescued from the tree. We were introduced; her name was Mary C. Batchelder. At that party I was elected leader to give the command when everyone was to do what I told them—some to cry, sing, imitate animals and birds—also those were the good old Post Office days. I told Eva Spaulding to kiss the fellow she loved best, and I do not know what prompted me to tell the girl I had rescued from the tree to kiss the fellow she loved best. When I clapped my

Aunt Susie

Aunt Bess

Aunt Mary

Aunt Belle



Uncle Steve, My Brother

hands, both girls came over and kissed me. Mary Batchelder's kiss was a fateful one and I started going with her immediately.

She accepted my invitation to help me gather pond lilies one day and I took along a muzzle loading shotgun which had been given me. The lake was just full of pond lilies. I had loaded the gun rather heavily with powder from a horn and shot at a kingfisher bird flying by. We were both standing and my next recollection is that I was in the lake as well as my gun. When I climbed in the boat it was half-filled with water, Mary was gone, and looking over the side I saw her splashing around among the lilies. There was no other boat to help us, though people on the shore saw the accident. How I pulled her in is best left untold. There was plenty of newspaper publicity, and from then on we went together steady, she almost twelve and I fourteen.

I have not forgotten the happy nights when we went skating hand in hand, with a big bonfire in the center of the lake, and in the winter fishing with our rigs through holes in the ice, a dozen rigs at a time—we boys on skates. Whenever a fish was hooked, it pulled a string, loosened a spring, and up

Your Father at 21

went a red flag; whoever skated the fastest and got there first won the fish.

One dark summer night, I took Mary and a dear friend of hers fishing—one girl at each end of the boat. I had a kerosene lantern, and we all had mosquito netting around our hats and faces, also over our hands. There were literally hundreds of mosquitos. We were fishing for perch. Mary pulled up a three foot fresh water eel into the boat, which got off the hook and proceeded to run back and forth quite rapidly under our feet, frightening the girls, who squealed and threw their heels up; the boat rocked dangerously, the lantern tipped over and went out, we took on water, and it was with difficulty that I got them ashore. Another one of the experiences of life where everything comes out all right.

My sister Bess, living in San Diego, California, invited me to come to San Diego and told of the wonderful possibilities of that city—the lure of California was too much for me to resist!

I had saved $126.50 in the bank; bought a scalper's ticket for $20.00 and at the age of 15 was on my way, arriving in San Diego September 3, 1888.

I was already a salesman, having sold apples, potatoes and farm produce successfully around town and in Lowell. I felt that I had it in me to make good and have never regretted the change.

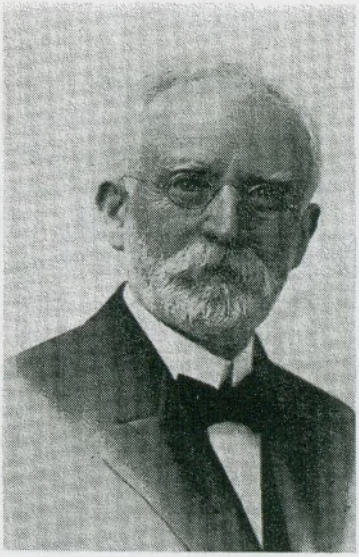
CHAPTER II

"Off for California"

My sister Bessie had married a fine man, Jarvis L. Doyle, and had come to San Diego. I bought a scalper's ticket for $20.00, and some clothes, and left by train for San Diego, arriving there with $6.10. My sister Bessie was indeed glad to see me, and I have never regretted taking the action I did. The glamour of California with its opportunities, climate and Indians completely fascinated me. I was seven days making the trip and saw bands of antelope, and any number of prairie dogs enroute.

The first day after my arrival, I deposited $5.00 in the San Diego Trust & Savings Bank. J. W. Sefton was President and I gave the money to M. T. Gilmore, Secretary and Cashier. He inquired where I was from and I told him I was from Massachusetts; he said he was from Maine, and we struck up an acquaintance and friendship that lasted over fifty years. We were associated together in many ventures, and he proved to be a true friend. I asked him for a job and the first money I ever earned in California was from cleaning out his backyard and cellar, mowing his lawn, etc.—three days' work for a five dollar gold piece. His loving wife gave me a most delicious plate of hot Boston baked beans and brown bread in the barn on Saturday, the last day, as part of my luncheon. Later, when at dinner with the Gilmores, I told them I loved baked beans and the finest I had ever eaten were those I had eaten that first Saturday I worked for them.

My next job, the following Monday morning, after working for the Gilmores, was for $5.00 a week working for the firm of Johnson and Patterson, plumbers. I was an awkward, overgrown boy and broke eighteen lamp chimneys on Tuesday. Friday I put a 2-inch brass water faucet high on the shelf, and not too secure. Mr. Johnson came along and just happened to be beneath when a jar of the rack forced the water faucet to fall and hit him squarely on the head. We carried him out unconscious and bleeding. That Saturday night I was fired and sobbed most of the way home.



Uncle Myron Gilmore

The next Monday morning, bright and early, I went looking for another job, but failed until late in the afternoon when I called on the produce firm of Nason and Smith, composed of M. C. Nason and O. C. Smith. When I entered the store they were quarreling over the purchase of 200 boxes of apples by M. C. Nason at 60 cents a box. They told me they were not hiring any one, but I could not help overhearing the conversation. The apples had to be sold quickly or they would decay and much money would be lost. Remembering my salesmanship as a boy in Ayer, Massachusetts, I went back and told them I could sell the apples if they would loan me a horse and wagon, for I had had experience and knew how to do it. They asked me for references and I gave them Mr. M. T. Gilmore and my brother-in-law, J. L. Doyle, who was working in the insurance business for Clarence Sprigg, on a salary. (Clarence was a brother of Patterson Sprigg, a lawyer who afterwards became one of my best friends.) I was asked by Mr. Nason to return the next morning at seven o'clock, and sure enough he furnished me with a wagon and a big mare, and 30 boxes of apples. We had agreed I was to have everything I could get

over 75 cents a box. I started selling to merchants at 85 cents a box, even a dollar, and then took to selling in the residential districts to large families at as high as $1.10. I went back for another load and sold altogether 54 boxes that day, making almost $10.00 profit, but the sales were getting harder and harder, so when they offered me a salary of $5.00 a week, I took my profit for that day and went to work for Nason and Smith on their own offer.

My sister Bessie and her husband left in three or four months for San Francisco, but I was able to get board and room for $3.50 a week from Mrs. Bidwell, the mother of W. H. Porterfield, later a life-long friend. They lived on the third floor of

My life-long friend—W. H. Porterfield

the Price Building at H and 6th Streets. It is still there sixty years later.

I was in the employ of Nason and Smith, and later M. C. Nason and Company for nearly eight years. The highest salary that they ever paid me was $90.00 a month, but I did secure an experience of a lifetime in a business which ever afterward proved invaluable to me.

I have always felt that naturally I was a salesman—this was demonstrated before I left Massachusetts in selling house to house fruits and vegetables in Ayer and Lowell. Nason and Smith were produce merchants, and for years I came in direct contact with and sold to peddlers—Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, Italians and other nationalities—making friendships of a lifetime.

When I arrived in San Diego, San Diego County took in Imperial Valley to Yuma and to the westerly limits of Riverside, including Perris, Hemet and San Jacinto.

A year after I arrived in San Diego I was sent out on a business trip, motoring on a bicycle all over the back country. When traveling I was allowed $2.50 a day for room and board, which was big money to me then, as common labor was only paid $1.25 a day for ten hours work, and expert mechanics $2.00 per day. I could buy a woolen suit for $13.50; a good dinner for 25 cents. We only settled about once a year with our customers—the general stores in the back country. I would buy from them grain, eggs, butter, honey, bees wax, chickens and other products, in return selling them flour, sugar, canned goods and, during the holidays, fancy goods. I became quite successful as a salesman and by the time I was 18 was making a trip once a month—taking the morning train to Riverside where I spent two or three hours, then the one train to San Jacinto, arriving about 4 o'clock. The general stores kept open evenings so it enabled me early the next morning to travel by bicycle to Hemet, Perris and Temecula and reach Fallbrook that night, taking orders enroute if it was fair weather. The next day's trip was to Escondido via Bonsall, Vista and San Marcos. There were no bridges across the San Luis Rey River, so unless the river was too high I would first undress and carry my clothes across, then go back and carry my bicycle. The

worst problem on my entire trip was to cover the ground from Vista to San Marcos over the worst adobe in California, which in wet weather forced me to carry my bicycle on my back. I was six feet, 3 inches tall, weighed 165 pounds and had a strong constitution; otherwise I would never have made it.

My first trip by bicycle to Ramona and Julian I shall never forget. I made another friend of a lifetime. I had walked and pushed my bicycle half way up the Mussey Grade toward Ramona when along came a six horse stage driven by Joe Foster, the owner of the Julian stage line from Foster, which was the end of the Cuyamaca Railroad at that time. In 1889 one could leave San Diego by the Cuyamaca Railroad at 8 o'clock, arrive in Foster about 10 o'clock; take the stage line and arrive in Julian about 7 or 8 o'clock that night. Mr. Foster had three passengers, but stopped the stage, asked where I was going; ordered me to put my bicycle in the rear and without charge took me to Julian.

The stage stopped an hour or more at Ramona, so I was able to transact my business, buying my lunch to eat on the stage; we changed horses four miles east of Ramona, stopped again at Witch Creek and Santa Ysabel, where I, too, transacted my

My friend while working for Nason and Company—he rode around with me on the wagon and I trained him to crow when I pulled his tail.

Your Father at 18

business while the mail was received and picked up. Joe Foster was our Supervisor for many, many years, a faithful servant and after John D. Spreckels, E. W. Scripps and A. G. Spalding had fallen out and all resigned from the County Highway Commission, it is my belief that it was Joe Foster's influence that made F. M. White, Sherwood Wheaton and myself take their places as commissioners, after a new bond issue had been voted for three and a half million dollars for paved highways in San Diego County.

One time, "motoring" across Warner Ranch on my bicycle —I was frightened stiff by a thundering herd of cattle chasing me—I never peddled so hard in my life.

Another time I went up the east side of Palomar on my bicycle, bought Cook Brothers' crop of apples and then, carrying my bicycle on my shoulder, went down a mountain trail to the La Jolla Indian reservation, thence to Escondido. Another time I left my bicycle at Detrick's at Pine Hills, when a snow storm came up during the night and we were snowed in for two days. Mr. Detrick saddled a horse for me and I came out on horseback to Witch Creek. The snow was two to three feet deep; going around a sharp turn down the old Santa Ysabel grade from Wynola, I gave the horse its rein, he slipped off the road and together we rolled down the mountainside. One foot came out of the stirrup, the horse rolled over on my other foot; I lost my hat and, finding it impossible for the horse or myself to get up to where the road was supposed to be, we crawled down the mountainside, reaching Santa Ysabel completely exhausted, where I was laid up with a very badly sprained leg. I did not get my bicycle for two weeks.

In the meantime Nason and Smith had quarreled, with the result that Nason bought Smith out and Smith opened up his own fruit and produce house under the name of Homer C. Smith and Company. I remained with Nason.

Uncle Myron Gilmore, as I called him, took a great interest in me, invited me to his home and to the First Congregational Church where he was a deacon and the treasurer. George Marston was Superintendent of the Sunday School, also a deacon and undoubtedly the most active and generous member of the church. They were both an inspiration to me. I have

always considered George Marston our first citizen; he was the mainspring of the church, spiritually and financially, as a businessman and Christian. It was always a pleasure to do business with him. George Marston and his good wife represented the best there was in the city. You shall hear more of him later. I joined the First Congregational Church after I was frightened nearly to death by B. Fay Mills, an Evangelist; I believe I was about seventeen years of age. I never regretted joining the church and never lived nearer my Maker than I did for several years. As a boy soprano I remember dressing in my sister's clothes and singing the Buttercup solo in "Pinafore" in the church.

My father was a member of the original Boston Jubilee Singers. He and my mother sang in the choir of the Unitarian Church in Littleton. I sang soprano until I was sixteen or seventeen when I lost my voice. Our first minister was Dr. Fay and later Dr. Norton. I remember one night we decided to have a Boston bean and brown bread supper, the men to do all the work. We gathered in the Sunday School room, picked over the beans, washed them, filled the bean pots full and filled the pots with water, having made arrangements with the Snow Flake Bakery to cook the beans the next day. I took the wagon around the next morning to take the beans to the bakery; to my surprise I found, owing to their swelling, over half of them on the floor. After dinner the next night I told the gathering how I had scraped the beans up, but this was after they had eaten them. The story made quite a hit.

The church had a Boys' Brigade of fifteen or twenty members —boys from twelve to fifteen years of age. It wasn't progressing very satisfactorily, and when I was about nineteen or twenty years of age the Deacons asked me to become captain and put some life into the organization. I accepted, enjoyed my work, and it did much for me spiritually—being a leader and supposed to set an example. Within six months I had forty-six boys in the company and members of the Sunday School as well. I had a young friend (working for Nason and Co.) in whom I was very much interested. However, he smoked cigarettes once in a while, and in those days anyone who smoked cigarettes was bound for purgatory. I did everything

I could to break him of the habit. One Sunday afternoon we drove over to Ocean Beach, a trip that took us three hours through the sand, and went in swimming. The tide was running out of Mission Bay, although we did not know it, and there was a stiff undertow with a strong wind coming off the ocean making high, choppy waves. When we tried to swim to shore, my friend could not make it and called for help. I did everything possible to save him; first I tried to help him, then he took hold of my bathing suit at the shoulder and I tried to swim in, but the waves rolled us over and over. He grabbed me once and I had a hard time to break away from him under water. A big wave separated us and I never saw him alive again. I had taken a considerable amount of water, but had sense enough to know that I could not overcome the undertow, so I turned and went out beyond the breakers, where I floated on my back and coughed up water and got back my strength. There were no lifeguards, although there were many people on the shore, and no one could help. When I was rested I saw that I was many hundred yards south of where we went in. Making another try for shore I landed on a sandbar where the water was only three or four feet deep. Friends helped me get ashore. A full account of it was published in the paper the next day, how I had tried to save my friend's life. The next day, Monday afternoon, I received word to be at the First Congregational Church at five o'clock. All the Deacons were there. To my amazement they had me sign my resignation as Captain of the Boys' Brigade on the grounds that I had set a bad example by going swimming on Sunday. I was humiliated and resentful for some time. I made many life-long friends of those boys, and it was only the other day that I received a telephone call from A. T. Richardson from Pomona stating that he was a member of my Boys' Brigade and that he was carrying on the good work there, and would I arrange for camping facilities and the use of the swimming pool at Cuyamaca Lake for his boys?

Another incident that did not help me at all in my Christian life was the following: Dr. Norton was our Sunday School teacher, had a class of boys and he happened to make the remark that only those who believed in the Divinity of Christ

could be saved. Knowing that the Unitarians did not believe in the Divinity of Christ, I asked him a direct question—if he believed the Unitarians could not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. His answer was that he was very sorry but the belief of the Congregational Church did not make it possible. I told him that my Mother was a Unitarian and that I was willing to go where she went. I know that I should not have allowed it to, but those two incidents made a very deep impression on my religious life.

How well I remember the old cable road that extended up Fourth Street to the cliff overlooking Mission Valley—the old railroad which started around 17th and B then, following Pershing Drive, went up toward East San Diego and developed the College Hill subdivision—a boom-day promotion. I saw the railroad engine operating and always wondered how they got the engine on that piece of track.

Billy Carlson promoted a railroad to Ocean Beach with subscriptions $1.00 down and $1.00 a month. Of course it was a failure.

I remember the nail factory which started at Roseville and the watch factory at Otay, both promotion schemes.

The most ridiculous thing, when electric lights came, was the putting up of a few masts, several hundred feet high all over the city and putting electric lights on top that looked to me almost like stars; a complete failure. The masts soon had to be torn down.

Boats came in once a week, sometimes twice a week from San Francisco. The main wharf was the foot of Fifth Street, serving the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and Fifth Street was the main business section of wholesale houses.

I loved animals, and as a budding youth my great desire was to own a horse and buggy, so I saved my pennies. Oscar Stelsner owned a grocery store and a corral on I Street between Fifth and Sixth; he was a good scout and a friend for many years. When I was eighteen I had saved enough money, bought a bay mare for $25.00, a buggy for $15.00, the harness for $7.50 and a whip for 75c. I was then able to take my girl for a ride and with much pride. I fed the bay mare only hay, used her only at night, cost of maintenance was not to exceed $5.00 a

month; my corral rent was free. The automobile did not come until ten years after your mother and I were married.

How proud I was to be able to take Mabel Tolle on a Sunday drive to Sweetwater Dam. It took us nearly the entire day to make the trip. A trip to La Jolla would take over three hours, then a swim, a luncheon and home by six. Another day's trip was to the end of Point Loma with Edith O'Farrell and others. She gave me my first ripe olive, and bitter it was.

My boy friends were George and Harry Hazzard, and a sweet girl was their sister Lou. In 1893 George and I made a week's camping trip through the back country together. Later George became an expert reporter, described the trip and said that my main topic of conversation was the building of dams and putting the water to beneficial use.

Edgar, George, Mary, Helen, and Clara Hodge were my early friends, and their mother, a remarkable woman, mothered me and later she was a mother to your mother. Clara was a wonderful artist at the piano. Her mother played the organ at the church for many years.

Tutilla and Ildica Eysemier lived at Oneonta near Imperial Beach. Ed Hodge and I were determined to go to a Saturday

Ed Fletcher and George Hazzard on a week's trip in the back country

night dance at the schoolhouse there. I proposed to Edgar that he furnish their two seated surrey and I would furnish the horse. He agreed. I found out later that he sneaked the surrey out of the barn without his mother's consent. I rented a raw-boned horse and harness for a dollar, rode horseback up behind the Hodge barn and we picked up our girls. My girl was Ada Bellou, who later became Mrs. Lyman T. Gage. You can imagine what that drive was to Oneonta, arriving at 10 and leaving at 3 A.M.

Lyman T. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury, was a friend and a citizen of San Diego for many years. I admired him greatly; we saw each other often, and he was an inspiration in a business way to me.

I kept up my correspondence with your Mother and she with me. When I became infatuated with a girl in San Diego, a letter would arrive and sort of bust up the whole thing. After we were married, my wife admitted that I made a ten strike by sending her a book of California wild ferns which I collected and on the back page spelled out the word "Mary." She has that book of ferns to this day.

W. H. Porterfield was one of my dearest friends, and we knew him as "Hem." When I was working for Nason and Company, getting $5.00 a week, he was working for the San Diego Sun, a Scripps newspaper, for eight dollars a week. He, too, belonged to the Congregational Church actively, sang in the choir and we hit it off well together. While boarding with his mother as one of the family, I became intimately acquainted with Lotte and Vangie Buck, also Maggie Porterfield, his sister. Later on your Mother knew them intimately and to this day a splendid life-long friendship is the result. As I remember it, I was best man when Lotte Buck and Hem Porterfield were married.

I remember one time when the girls wanted me to take them to a party, but I had another girl and in revenge they got hold of my best suit and with a sewing machine sewed up the bottoms of both trouser legs and the sleeves, with the result that I was over an hour late to the party; but I got even with them. Hem Porterfield was always a staunch supporter and through him I got much favorable publicity in the Sun in my

Residence of Frank and Lottie Strong—
Ed and Mary Fletcher on 11th Street.
The building is still there—1949.

fight over 20 years over San Diego's water problems with John D. Spreckels, who owned both the daily Union and the Tribune, and his editor-in-chief, James MacMullen, but more of that later.

San Diego Trust & Savings Bank
San Diego, California

April 15, 1948

My dear Miss Mary:

We all regret very much that you could not be with us on our 59th anniversary, for as the first and without doubt the most proficient and efficient general utility person ever connected with the bank (I understand that there was no work in connection with the operation of the institution that you were not capable of handling) you are, above all others, entitled to celebrate this anniversary.

Sometimes when I think that I have done pretty well, having been associated with the bank for forty-four years, I realize that fifty-nine years, of which you can boast, is a lot of years and I bow to you in deference.

In this note of best wishes to you, all our officers and directors join me.

Very sincerely yours,

J. W. Sefton, Jr.
President

Miss Mary Fletcher
San Diego, California

Sister Mary came to California in 1890. Frank Strong and his sister, Lottie, were our good friends, and soon we found ourselves, the four of us, living together, two brothers and two sisters at 832-11th in San Diego, in a furnished house. Frank was a good scout, in the real estate business, a very successful business man, later moving to Los Angeles where he helped to develop that great city.

Sister Mary secured employment in the San Diego Savings Bank. J. W. Sefton was president and my life-long friend, M. T. Gilmore, was cashier. How well I remember the panic of 1894 when all my savings were in this bank. Three or four banks had shut their doors that day. Seeing a crowd in the San Diego Savings Bank I rushed in and saw my sister, Mary, at the paying tellers window. I yelled at Mary "I want my money." She answered: "Your money is safe. Go out of here!" That brought a good laugh from the crowd. This was the only bank that did not close its doors.

My oldest boy friend was Will Field who worked for Todd & Hawley. We used to drive to town together; the horse and wagon belonged to Nason and Smith. I took care of it but I made Will Field harness the horse each morning for the privilege of riding down town with me. To this day he tells how he would look up in the window and see me eating hot cakes while he was harnessing the horse. It was only yesterday morning, fifty years later, that I visited the Mercy Hospital to give Will a word of cheer after an operation. He became a very successful man as an accountant, with headquarters in Havana, Cuba; married an old friend, Edith O'Farrell. Mary and I kept up the friendship and had several happy visits with them in Havana. All these years we corresponded and I am happy in knowing that Will will soon be on his feet again.

When I arrived in San Diego there were no paved streets, no sidewalks, excepting wooden ones, no electric lights. Our water wasn't so good and we had only enough for drinking purposes at times. The history of water development in San Diego County is a separate narrative, but I do remember one of our beloved citizens, Philip Morse, President of the San Diego Lumber Co., a personal friend who came to San Diego in 1868. He well describes the quality of water in a letter to

me: "At that time our water came from shallow wells, hauled by ox team from the San Diego River sands, near Old Town. We paid a dollar to a dollar and a half a barrel for it, depending on the distance, delivered to what is now known as San Diego. First we boiled the water, then we strained it, then we boiled it again, then we drank something else."

I had corresponded with your Mother quite regularly, and when I was 20, Chicago was holding its World's Fair. Transportation was cheap; I had saved $700.00 or $800.00 and Mr. Nason gave me a month's vacation, so I was off for home—Massachusetts. I did enjoy the Chicago World's Fair immensely and was particularly proud of the three palm trees taken from Old Town that were transferred to Chicago—it was the feature of the exposition in my opinion and attracted tremendous attention to our state. I fell asleep on the grass and slept for three hours without being robbed.

I was traveling light, had a scalper's ticket again which took me to Montreal, thence to Albany where I took the boat down the Hudson River to New York. I remember writing a letter to Mary from Montreal and one from Albany, giving her the impression that I was traveling for pleasure in a leisurely way, but secretly I was more than anxious to put my eyes on her. I was in the Naval Militia then and took along my uniform, proud to wear it and show off.

I contacted the young lady on the evening of my arrival, found her 17 and sweet. We went out blueberrying the next day, taking our lunches along. We came home with full pails and happy hearts. Three years later we visited the chestnut tree under which we ate our lunch. My sister, Susie, with whom I stayed, also helped make my visit a happy one.

The first man I met when I got off the train was Frank Truda, the bully of the school in the early days when your Mother and I went to school. He was two or three years older than myself, but I had trounced him soundly as a boy of 14. We shook hands and laughed heartily over the way he used to tease me, how he ruined my drawing by pushing my elbow during school hours, pulled my hair and snowballed me. I lost my temper during school hours and licked him in the school room with the result that I broke settees, spilled ink on the

Back to Massachusetts. Your Father and Mother—ages 20 and 17

school books and kicked the teacher who tried to pull us apart. But eventually we were overcome by the other boys and locked in separate dressing rooms until the Trustees of the school came, heard the story and called it a draw. We were both suspended for a week and each had to pay half of the damage—that was my only scrap in childhood.

CHAPTER III

OUR WEDDING DAY

I returned to San Diego in love with your Mother and three years later the date of the marriage was set. I had seen her only three or four weeks from the time she was eleven years old until I married her. The night that I arrived she was at my sister Susie's house, frightened to death, and so was I. It was a strange girl I met, we both had changed, and it wasn't until I saw her in a Scotch plaid dress that I had admired on my previous trip east, that the everlasting spark returned with a flash. We were married in the First Congregational Church on April 8, 1896 when she was 20 and I 23. The cow bell on my desk, made of copper, with the date of our marriage and our

April 8th. 1896

FLETCHER—BATCHELDER.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)

Ayer, April 8.—The most important social event in town for some time was the marriage today of Miss Mary C., eldest daughter of Clark A. Batchelder, and Mr. Edward Fletcher of San Diego, Cal.

The wedding occurred at noon at the Congregational Church, which was handsomely decorated. The bridegroom and best man, preceded by Rev. H. F. Hallett, the officiating clergyman, proceeded up the right aisle, while the bride upon the arm of her father followed the bridesmaid to the altar, where the groom awaited her, the bridal march of Lohengrin being rendered upon the violin by Miss Nina Fletcher of Lynn.

The party left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march. A reception and lunch was held at the home of the bride's parents, on Nashua Street, and at 6 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher left for New York, where they spend a few days before proceeding to their home in San Diego, Cal.

names on it, was given us by a friend, Charles Keneson. It was tied to our hack and made a tremendous noise as we made the run through the streets of Ayer to take the train to New York where we were the guests of friends; thence to Niagara Falls where I left your Mother standing and told the cabman to drive on, forgetting I was married; thence to Chicago, Colorado Springs, over the Colorado Midland Railroad, through the snow and ice, via Leadville. We visited our good friends of a lifetime—the Stevens at Colorado Springs, who owned the Alta Vista Hotel, thence through Reno to California. Your Mother fell asleep going through the snowsheds. She was awakened when we were in the Sacramento Valley, and to her surprise I handed her a rose that I had stolen from the Southern Pacific garden at a railway stop.

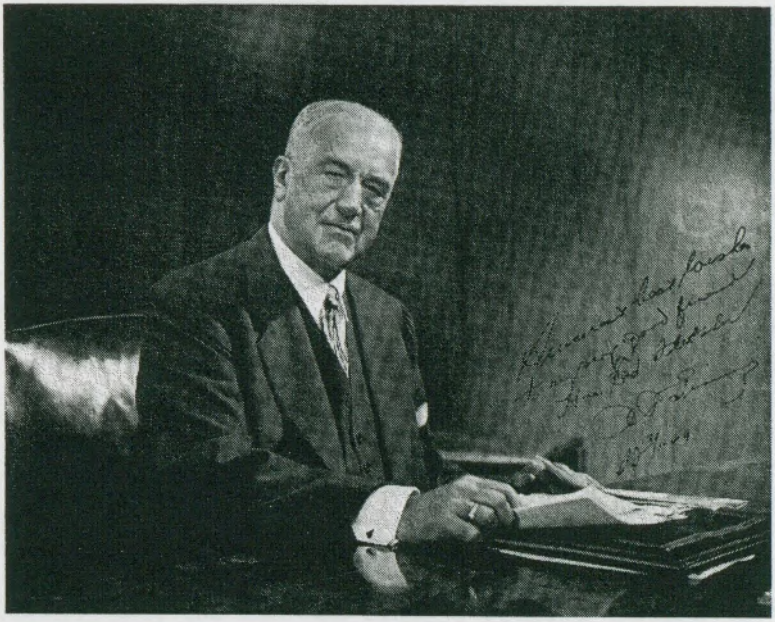
I was in business for myself then and will never forget visiting the cherry orchards in bloom of the Meek Brothers at Haywood, we being their agents in San Diego County. They gave us a royal time.

In Massachusetts I had received an invitation by wire from Uncle Myron and Mrs. Gilmore to bring my bride to their home at Fourth and Beech for a month's stay until we could get settled. How thoughtful and generous that invitation was and how gladly we accepted it! They certainly proved themselves life-long friends, and until their deaths we looked to them more than anyone else for counsel and guidance in determining our problems of life.

I arrived in San Diego with your Mother and $526. The wedding trip cost more than I expected, but thank heaven, many of our gifts were in cash. I have said many times that if it hadn't been for those cash gifts we would have run out of funds in Colorado and would probably have become citizens of that state.

J. E. Fishburn was cashier of the First National Bank at that time. I made a settlement with my partner, Smith, and Mary and I went to see Mr. Fishburn. I asked him to loan me $1500. He asked what my security was and I introduced him to your Mother. I will never forget it. I told him the amount of money I had and that your Mother and I would sign the note. I was told by Mr. Fishburn later that things were not going so well in my application for a loan at the director's meeting until my friend B. R. Arnold put in a word in my behalf and offered to guarantee the loan. I rented a store near the southwest corner of Fifth and J Streets for $15.00 a month. Ferris and Ferris, druggists, were on the corner, Virgil Bruschi had his grocery store across the street, Pete Cassidy's saloon was half way up the block and Tillburn's saloon on the southwest corner of Fifth and J. I knew them all well, while Virgil Bruschi and Ferris and Ferris were life-long friends. Dear Mrs. Kearney, later of Ramona hotel fame, ran a little restaurant nearby. She was good to me and never will I forget the first day I went to work for Nason and Smith, how she gave me hot donuts and coffee. When I delivered a sack of potatoes to her on a rainy day, wet clear through, she loaned me an overcoat.

First I went to San Francisco and then to Los Angeles, making business connections with several San Francisco houses. I bought my bananas from L. Scotena and Company through A. P. Gianinni, a fine young fellow who later became President of the Bank of America. We continued friends through the many years and two months before his death he sent me his autographed photograph. I soon had the agency



"Sincerest best wishes to my very good friend, Hon. Ed Fletcher"—A. P. Gianinni
President, Bank of America, the largest bank in resources in the world

for George W. McNear, his milling products, including flour—all on a commission basis. I secured the Pine Box agency covering all types of fruit boxes. In Los Angeles I secured a valuable agency, the Simpson Hack Fruit Company. I bought from them on 30 days time, or on consignment and made a settlement every thirty days while I sold mostly for cash or collected every week. Your Mother kept the books and was invaluable. Twice a week she would send 75 or 100 postcards

Ed Fletcher Company—1898

notifying everyone in the back country of the varying prices of eggs, chicks, butter and produce.

The first year we paid our note, made our living and two or three thousand dollars. Our business gradually increased until I had the agency for the Armour Packing Company, Standard Biscuit Company and Woodbridge Fertilizer. I leased or built packing houses at Chula Vista, La Mesa and El Cajon and at one time was the largest shipper of citrus fruits in San Diego County—shipping in carload lots. San Diego County was plastered with the signs "For the land's sake use Woodbridge Fertilizer." Having control of the pine box agency through the kindness of G. W. Scott of Oakland and G. X. Wendling, later President of the State Organization, gave me prestige and increased the volume of business and profits.

Our first child, Catherine, came April 7, 1897, almost a year to the day from the time we were married.

I sent to San Francisco for J. L. Doyle, husband of my beloved sister, and he brought sister Bess and the three children —Reba, Madeline and Anna to San Diego and entered my

employ. He was invaluable as a bookkeeper, later a salesman and partner. When I took him into partnership we changed the name to Fletcher-Doyle Company. Our business increased tremendously in volume. One year we shipped east 181 carloads of lemons and oranges.

I sent for my sisters Mary and Belle to return to California. Mary was an excellent bookkeeper, having been working for Uncle Myron Gilmore for many years in the San Diego Savings

Your Mother with Catherine

Bank and soon she was in charge of our bookkeeping—from 1901 to 1905. I don't know what we would have done without her. One year we did a business of $368,000 on a capital of less than $12,000.

My relationship with George W. McNear and his sons in San Francisco was a most enjoyable and profitable one. He was

sending barley and wheat to Europe by the shipload, bringing back cement. There was no love lost between John D. Spreckels and myself. We had clashed early, both politically and in a business way. He owned both daily newspapers and was working with General Harrison Otis and Harry Chandler, owners

1900-1904

of the Los Angeles Times and William Crocker, owner of the San Francisco Chronicle, all hard shelled conservative Republicans working with the Southern Pacific Railroad which dominated the politics of the state at that time; while I was a Lincoln-Roosevelter and strong supporter of Hiram Johnson. So when George W. McNear had me act as his agent in purchasing grain by the shipload from San Diego County and Southern California and those same ships bringing back cement by the shipload into San Diego harbor in competition with John D. Spreckels who had for years had the monopoly of the cement and coke business, you can imagine how the fur commenced to fly.

I leased a platform from the Santa Fe Railroad, between Broadway and E south of the depot and, for a nominal sum, built on it a building 200 feet long and 74 feet wide, and had a splendid warehouse easily accessible for the storage of our consignments of cement and other products from Belgium and France. We practically ran the Spreckels Company out of business in cement for a while, enlarged our activities and sold by the carload cement, coke and pig iron all over Southern California. The cement industry proved most profitable. I furnished any amount of cement to San Bernardino, Riverside, Fresno and Bakersfield, Santa Ana, Orange and Anaheim. My best business was with the Anaheim Union Water Company. I bought one straight shipload of grain from Richard O'Neill of the Santa Margarita Ranch and another shipload from the Russians in Guadalupe Valley near Ensenada for George McNear, which went to Europe.

How well I remember one morning, as Richard O'Neill's guests, your Mother and I were on the porch at his Santa Margarita Ranch house when Montgomery Moulton, the County Assessor came in. After the usual salutations he said, "Mr. O'Neill, I am here to get a check on your personal property and would like to know how many cattle you have on this ranch." O'Neill rather gravely answered: "How in hell do I know? Go and count them." The ranch of 247,000 acres, was only thirty or forty miles long and twenty or thirty miles wide, and of course it was a big joke which Moulton sensed and he accepted O'Neill's statement as to the number without counting them.

One incident in connection with the sale of the fruit wrapping paper I shall never forget. Wirthemyer and Company of San Diego had been agents of the Florriston Mills, owned by the Fleischacker Brothers. I sold two or three carloads of wrapping paper to R. C. Allen of the Sweetwater Fruit Company and other large sales, but there had been no deliveries and they refused delivery even though they had contracted to do so. I represented also Porter Brothers Company of San Francisco at the time. Porter Brothers were from our old home town in Massachusetts, and when I told them the story they called the Fleischacker Brothers, brought pressure to bear and forced

them to deliver the paper, fulfilling my contracts and without a lawsuit.

The Simpson Hack Fruit Company of Los Angeles put up the money, giving us 25% of the profits and we bought the Julian apple crop for two years. Simpson took a trip into the Julian country with me, and I promised to be home on Saturday night, but instead we were at Morena Dam, then under construction by John D. Spreckels who had a private telephone line from Morena Dam to the Coronado Hotel. There was no telephone line from Coronado Hotel to San Diego at the time in 1897, only a telegraph line under the bay. Sunday morning I telephoned to Al Temby, the Western Union agent at Coronado Hotel and told him to send collect a telegram to Mrs. Fletcher reading as follows: "Unavoidably detained, will be home at half past ten tonight." We left at eight o'clock with our two horses and drove all day (nearly killing the horses) making the fifty-eight mile trip and arriving in San Diego at 11 o'clock at night. I had told Frank Simpson how your Mother was a good cook and would probably have a splendid dinner for us, but instead the lights were out, and he went down town with the tired team. I knocked on the door; she opened it and in the dark I kissed her but knew something was wrong. There were no electric lights then in the city, but I lighted the gas and I saw she had been weeping. I asked her what the trouble was and she said "Nothing," but in a forlorn tone of voice. I told her I was hungry and she seemed surprised and went out to warm up a dinner. After washing up I sat down at the table and when she came in I put my arms around her, knowing that I had to straighten things out some way and said "Mary, what is the trouble? I have driven 58 miles to see you today and object to this sort of a reception." In an incredulous tone of voice she said "How far have you driven?" I answered "Fifty-eight miles and have had nothing to eat since noon." She stepped up to the mantel, grabbed the telegram and, mad as a hatter, said "What does this mean?" Looking at the telegram I found it read: "Collect, Coronado Hotel. Unavoidably delayed. Will be home at 10:30 tonight." She thought I had been having a splendid time at the Coronado Hotel all day and had sent her a collect telegram notifying her of my stay at Coronado. It's

hardly necessary to say that it was easy to make my peace, as I had made the trip via the Morena Dam at the particular request of Frank Simpson, one of Los Angeles' prominent citizens and a strong friend in a business way for many years.

I had made considerable money with the growing business, but never was satisfied. My love of the back country, its possibilities of development, both land and water, had a strong appeal to me. I had made the acquaintance of Bartlett Webster, who represented the Webster Estate and owned much land out along what is now known as Imperial Avenue and also hundreds of lots in a townsite bounded by Broadway on the south and from the park to 30th Street almost to the bridge. This led to my first successful subdivision experience in real estate.

I determined to make land and water my life work and get out of the wholesale business.

Main Street, El Cajon, California, 1888

CHAPTER IV

EARLY HISTORY
SAN LUIS REY WATER DEVELOPMENT

The early history of the development of water along the San Luis Rey River may be of historical interest. It commenced with the construction of ditches and irrigation of lands around the San Luis Rey Mission immediately after the Mission was

SAN LUIS REY MISSION—One of the best preserved of any in the State, surrounded by adobe walls and heavy growth of cactus. In early days was used as a means of defense.

built. These ditches exist today, many of them, and are in use, although the ownership of the Mission lands has fallen into the hands of American citizens. Just so, a large diversion of water through ditches was made on lands of the Pala Indian Reservation soon after Pala Mission was built.

The Pauma Ranch was claimed wholly by the Indians and they diverted their water from Pauma Creek which originates on Palomar Mountain. Through litigation the Indians were later dispossessed and in court were allowed less than 300 acres with the first right to 20 inches of water from Pauma Creek.

The Rincon Indian Reservation acquired its water rights by a similar method as well as the Francisco Morena diversion below Pala. The Morena family own the property today and

divert the water by the same method and through the same ditches that existed 50 years ago.

In the eighties McComber Brothers, who owned the Monserate Ranch, a land grant, made diversions by means of ditches and acquired a first right to irrigate many hundreds of acres.

The City of Oceanside, although not a riparian owner, acquired by prescription the right to water from the San Luis Rey Valley, by the purchase of 40 acres of land, erecting pumping plants, and from that day to this they have gradually increased their supply in this way.

The Escondido Mutual Water Company made its diversion in the early nineties at a point about nine miles below Warner Ranch, and by means of ditches carried the water out of the watershed into Escondido Valley with the construction of a dam known as Bear Valley Dam, but later the name was changed to Lake Wohlford.

We old timers remember Sickler's Mill, above Pala, where M. M. Sickler developed a power plant and grist mill, using the normal flow of the stream, and for many years everyone in that section took their grain there for milling.

Major Lee H. Utt owned the Agua Tibia Ranch adjoining Sickler's Mill, irrigating several hundred acres of splendid land from the Agua Tibia Creek, a tributary of the San Luis Rey, and I had the pleasure in 1890 of spending the night there and eating the most delicious thin-skinned oranges I ever saw or tasted, grown on the place.

The Golsh family in the late eighties made other diversions of water below Pala by means of ditches. Gradually others made diversions, perfecting their water rights.

A major development was planned in the eighties, the construction of a dam at the Monserate contraction on the river 18 miles above Oceanside. The plan was to build a dam and pipe the water by means of a patented wooden pipe to the coast, not alone for the city of Oceanside but the ocean front lands to the south. The interested parties were Mr. E. A. Holmes from Chicago, three New York men, Messrs. Moffett, Hodgkins and Clark. Michigan men were also represented in the syndicate who were furnishing the patented pipe.

I have in my possession the original report made by Burr

Bassell to Captain J. R. Sharp, President, Oceanside Colonization and Development Company, the promotion company, while the project was to be known as the San Luis Rey Flume Company.

I quote partially from his report:

"The total watershed of the San Luis Rey above the point of diversion, so-called, is at the easterly boundary of Monserate Rancho, I estimate at 383 square miles, of which 31 square miles is less than 1,000 elevation, 158 square miles between 1000 and 3000, and 194 square miles between 3000 and 6000."

His estimate of rainfall was an average of approximately 20 inches annually. Bassell's net safe yield was 1535 miner's inches or approximately 20 million gallons daily net safe yield.

William Hamm Hall, state engineer of California at that time, in his report on irrigation in Southern California in the early nineties, stated that the San Luis Rey River was the largest and most reliable water supply in San Diego County. No engineer who has studied San Diego County denies this statement, but continuing, these promoters of the lower reaches of the San Luis Rey River spent considerable money in surveys.

Everyone felt sure the project was sound and would be completed at an early date. I personally saw many loads of patented wooden pipe which were shipped to Oceanside and stored at Monserate and Pala, never to be used, except as culverts.

The promoters built a pier at Oceanside for commercial purposes but the only time the wharf was used, except for fishing, was in 1887 and 1888, when the Santa Fe Railroad was washed out between Oceanside and San Diego. At that time the Santa Fe Railroad chartered a tug to bring passengers to and from San Diego, together with the mail and express. Two years later the wharf disappeared in the ocean.

Frank Cunningham, of Boston, who came out in the early eighties, was the chief promoter of the San Luis Rey Flume project and spent nearly a million dollars of his own family's money in this proposed development which failed. Part of this money was spent in the purchase of the Agua Tibia Ranch and in the acquiring of rights of way and rights of diversion to Oceanside. The plan was to sell water enroute to Oceanside and the coast. The Agua Tibia Ranch was bought on contract and with the panic of 1889 and 1890, Major Utt foreclosed on

MRS. SARAH UTT, wife of Major Utt and sister of Mrs. George W. Marston—a woman who had a mind of her own. She had a wonderful personality.

the mortgage, re-acquired the Agua Tibia Ranch, and the whole project was abandoned. Years later I purchased this ranch from his widow for the Huntington-Kerckhoff interests.

I am indebted to Percy Cunningham Hosmer, a friend of the family for many years, for valuable information regarding the early history of the San Luis Rey Flume Company. The for-

PERCY CUNNINGHAM HOSMER—A friend of the family for many years and our representative at Fletcher Hills.

CAREY S. ALVERSON, an outstanding engineer and personal friend. He rendered invaluable service to San Diego County in his investigations and reports in connection with the San Diego and San Luis Rey Water development.

tunes of his mother, Ella Cunningham Hosmer, his aunt, Miss Ida Cunningham, as well as that of his uncle, Frank Cunningham, were wiped out with the crash of Moffett, Hodgkins and Clark in 1889. Percy C. Hosmer is now (in the fall of 1949) the Sales Manager of our Fletcher Hills Real Estate office.

T. Edward Bond, father of John Bond, Jr., of Oceanside, was another of the promoters who attempted to put over this irrigation project, and came out with the Santa Fe officials from Chicago in an attempt to get assistance in financing the project, but to no avail.

On August 15, 1905, a friend, C. S. Alverson, a hydraulic engineer of San Diego, whom I knew personally and of con-

siderable repute, made a report to the U. S. Reclamation Service on the possibility of water for power development on the San Luis Rey River by the construction of a dam at Warner Ranch, the watershed being 210 square miles, elevation 2864 feet at the damsite. Rainfall 20 to 65 inches per annum with an annual runoff of 84,000 acre feet. The height of the dam to be 100 feet. His estimate of cost was around $205,000 for an earth filled dam, completed. It had a storage of 192,193 acre feet, a net safe yield of 11,400 miner's inches for 365 days of the year. Mr. Alverson's estimate of cost was extremely low now and net safe yield entirely too high based on today's known facts.

Alverson estimated a possible 10,188 theoretical horsepower in a fall of 1000 feet. Also a development of 1698 additional horsepower of electricity by dropping the water 500 feet into Escondido Valley. No power has yet been developed by the construction of Henshaw Dam and the reason why I will touch on later.

Like McCrae, the engineer for Miller and Lux, who made the report to Grant and Puterbaugh, also T. S. VanDyke, who made the report for the original promoters of the San Diego Flume Company, all of these gentlemen greatly over-estimated the amount of dependable supply of water by the building of Warner's Dam, but they were at a disadvantage in not having the complete records of rainfall and runoff for thirty years or more, such as exist today.

The next major development on the San Luis Rey River was the sale of 250 inches of water to the South Coast Land Company, about 1906, to be later known as the Oceanside Mutual Water Company. It called for the furnishing of water for South Oceanside and Carlsbad. I had the pleasure, with H. W. Keller, President of the South Coast Land Company, of consummating this deal. It called for the pumping from the gravels of the San Luis Rey River 2 miles east of Oceanside. I was general manager at the time and had acquired a large acreage of land in South Oceanside and Carlsbad for the Company.

The installation of the pumping plant and water system was done under our personal supervision and made possible the early growth of that section along the ocean front south of Oceanside and Carlsbad, for four miles to the north boundary

of Agua Hedionda Ranch, desert land, with a population of 50 people, to be turned in a few years into an irrigated section of 3000 acres and several thousand population. You will hear more of this development later.

No other development of any consequence took place on the San Luis Rey River until Henshaw Dam was built in 1922. The city of Oceanside brought suit to stop the construction of Henshaw Dam, but the suit was never pressed and eventually dropped.

C. A. Canfield, the oil millionaire of Los Angeles, was determined to resurrect and carry out the original plans of the San Luis Rey Flume Company by the construction of a dam at Monserate Ranch or Pauma and convey the water to Oceanside.

H. W. Keller and myself acquired many of the ranches below for him, and riparian rights as well. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in the purchase of lands, surveys, etc., but the World War came on, money was hard to get and before good times returned Mr. Canfield passed away. The result was the abandonment of the entire project. The heirs divided and sold the properties.

Later I represented one of the heirs who had acquired the lands between the San Luis Rey Mission and the ocean and for her was instrumental in selling a permanent supply of an additional 100 inches of water to the Oceanside Mutual Water Company for the Carlsbad section.

I also had the pleasure of helping to settle the water problems for the city of Oceanside later on, when there was a great opportunity for endless litigation, by bringing the city of Oceanside and the Spaulding interests together and a permanent water supply for the city of Oceanside was assured.

The first plan to furnish water from Warner Ranch to San Diego was submitted by Judge George Puterbaugh, Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., to the Joint Water Committee and Common Council of San Diego in January, 1895.

I have before me a report dated June 14, 1893, made by F. P. McCrae, hydraulic engineer of San Francisco. Mr. McCrae was the engineer also for Miller and Lux, the famous cattlemen of early days in Oregon, northern and central California, probably the most influential men of their time in the state. McCrae's

report is most interesting. The plan was to build a dam about a mile below the present Henshaw Dam on the Sailor Place, so-called, the height of the dam to be 130 feet, flooding 8500 acres with a storage of 405,400 acre feet or 132,151,000,000 gallons.

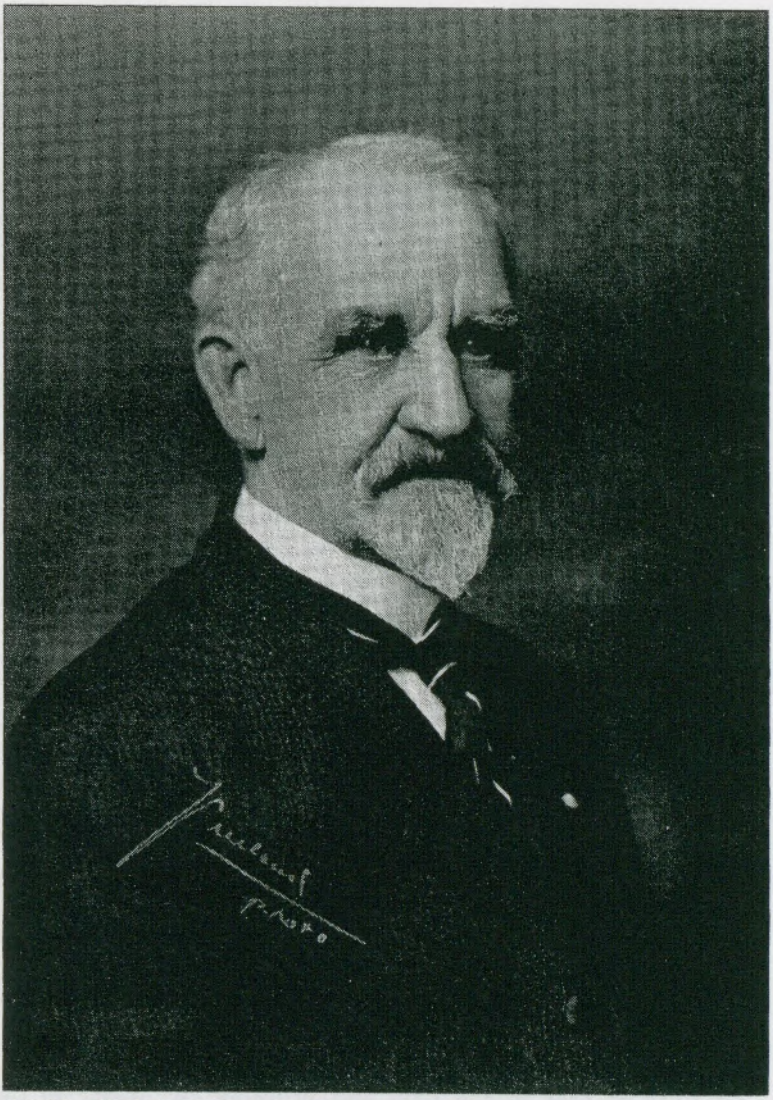
Both McCrae and Van Dyke greatly over-estimated the amount of water available based on a net safe yield. McCrae had no record of rainfall or runoff to guide him and he assumed a rainfall of 52 inches while the average is less than 30 inches over the entire catchment area of what is now known as Henshaw Dam. McCrae figured a net safe yield for irrigation purposes of 13,000 inches. He planned to build a conduit carrying a maximum supply of 30,000 miner's inches eventually. The fact is, the net safe yield as we figure it today is less than 3000 inches. McCrae's plan was to convey the water in a general way, along the location of the present Escondido Mutual Water Company's system through Bear Valley, Escondido and crossing the San Pasqual River, keep to the east on the hillsides, following the present highway from Escondido to San Diego.

It is interesting to read McCrae's report touching on the natural advantages of San Diego County; the necessity of water development; frostless lands and the possibilities of growth over this country. As regards water power, McCrae's estimate was 600 feet per second of water with a gross development of 68,040 H.P.

The fact is today that the owners could not develop much over 10,000 H.P., and it will be developed some day.

Part of the water was to go to San Diego and surrounding territory, the balance from Escondido to Oceanside. It included the construction of Moosa Dam as well and the building of Bear Valley Dam, 100 feet high. This dam is now owned by the Escondido Mutual Water Company. A large portion of the transmission lines were to be open ditches. Mr. McCrae's estimate of cost of the dam and bringing the water to San Diego was less than two million dollars.

Judge Puterbaugh, of San Diego, a friend, is also deserving of a great deal of credit in his attempt to promote this enterprise as well as for the large amount of money which he lost. Puterbaugh interested Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., sons of ex-President U. S. Grant.



JUDGE GEORGE PUTERBAUGH—One of our first citizens, an outstanding Judge and a close friend of the family.

I am reading from the original notes written in longhand by U. S. Grant, Jr., in their offer to the City of San Diego in the fall of 1894 as follows: "To deed free and clear of encumbrances the damsite, the first 3000 acres of land that would be flooded,

as security for the delivery of 1000 inches of water or 13,000,000 gallons daily, perpetual flow, for the sum of $1,000,000."

San Diego can appreciate how valuable that offer was and what an opportunity was lost in not accepting it when you consider the cost of San Diego developed water. The Spreckels system cost $11,000,000 to get 11,000,000 gallons daily or $1,000,000 for every million gallons daily net safe yield.

The following is a copy of U. S. Grant's conference with me, taken in shorthand by my secretary, Miss Bertha Marshall, on the 17th of December, 1918.

EF Mr. Grant, who called your attention first to the San Luis Rey development?

USG Judge Puterbaugh.

EF Do you remember in what year?

USG 1893 or 1894.

EF Was any one identified with you besides Judge Puterbaugh?

USG Yes. There was Mr. McCrae and my brother Jesse.

EF Will you please give a brief history of what took place with the City Council when you attempted to sell them water from the Warner Ranch project.

USG We offered to supply them with a thousand inches of water delivered in San Diego for $1,000,000. It was not a very high price. It was also our expectation to irrigate the Linda Vista lands. Mr. H. W. Putman at that time was willing to finance us by the building of a dam and installation of pipes and conduits. He offered Judge Puterbaugh all the money that was necessary.

EF Did you spend any money on the project?

USG Yes. I put up the certified check for $5,000 and it cost me some considerable money as well.

EF Tell me about your experience with the City Council.

USG The Council had been elected to settle the water question. Babcock also had a water proposition before the city.

EF What is the reason they did not accept your proposition? Was it politics?

USG Yes. I consider E. S. Babcock responsible for it. Babcock and Charles Hardy controlled the City Council at

that time for Spreckels, but Babcock did not pretend to.

EF What interest did Puterbaugh and McCrae have?

USG They had two-thirds.

EF And you one-third?

USG Yes.

EF On what basis was Puterbaugh to put up the money?

USG He was to buy the bonds. He was to take his pay in bonds because he felt that the bonds would certainly earn their interest by having a water contract with the City of San Diego.

EF What happened when you and Babcock met the City Council to discuss your offer and Babcock's?

USG When we came into the meeting and discussed the matter it was just like getting a cold shower. They had not been elected to consider any proposition from us at all. We were not known but they did know Babcock so when we made our offer Mr. Babcock, in our presence, made many objections to our San Luis Rey proposition. Wanted to know how we knew there was any water there or that our dam would not leak and various questions of that kind. Also, what amount of money we expected to spend. How much it would take to bring our water into the City. He tried to find out what our backing was. He made it very disagreeable and we found out soon that we did not have a chance so we withdrew our proposition.

At this time Babcock had before the City of San Diego an offer to sell the lands flooded and damsites of the Otay Water Company and the Mt. Tecate Water Company for $600,000. Naturally Babcock opposed Grant's proposition.

J. W. Sefton, President of the San Diego Flume Company, which was at that time furnishing San Diego city with water at eight cents a thousand gallons, was also opposed to the Grant-Puterbaugh offer to the city and tried to kill it in every way possible.

Grant refused to put up additional security on the ground that the city, which would be owning the damsite and 3000 acres flooded, had sufficient security. Those in opposition questioned Grant and Puterbaugh as to their ability to deliver clear title to the land.

J. W. SEFTON—A friend who had confidence in me in early days and the Fletchers and Seftons were intimately associated for many years.

The following is a letter to Dr. Fred Baker, Chairman of the Water Committee, from U. S. Grant, Jr., which is explanatory:

To Dr. Fred Baker,

Chairman, Special Water Committee

Dear Sir:

Herewith I hand you a certified check in the sum of $5,000.00. Should the city accept the proposition of myself and brother, then this check shall be forfeited to the city if we fail to procure a perfect title in fee simple clear of all encumbrances to that portion of the Warner Ranch known as the San Luis Rey reservoir site.

Should we procure such perfect title, or should the city not accept such proposition then said check to be returned to me.

U. S. Grant, Jr.

Babcock and Spreckels controlled one paper, Sefton the other. Grant had none and was at a tremendous disadvantage in that respect. He was also at a greater disadvantage, as Charley Hardy, the meat man, dominated the city and county officials and represented the Southern Pacific Railroad, Babcock, and Spreckels at that time and for many years afterward. Hardy saw to it that the City Council were practically all Southern Pacific men.

Babcock, running the Coronado Hotel for John D. Spreckels, bought all of his meat from Hardy and there was a community of interests there which controlled affairs politically. In Babcock's paper under date of February 13, 1895, is the following:

Babcock, Sefton, Grant

"The trio of water sprites are the subject of comment. The public is interested in these men. Why? Because they have made propositions to San Diego which mean prosperity or ruin. Babcock is a man of tireless energy, a man whose treatment of San Diego has not been judicious, but whose ability to carry out his plans is unquestioned.

"He has taken hold of the Mt. Tecate water scheme, later known as the Spreckels System. Its development will bring thousands of acres under cultivation and will certainly bring a new prosperity to many of our citizens.

"The consensus of opinion is that the Mt. Tecate develop-

E. S. Babcock

ment will bring impetus to trade and development, that will be the very life of the country."

In Sefton's paper the article says, "Sefton's propositions are characteristic of the man; cool, calculating, positive, unyielding. A man who will quietly wait until he is backed up against a stone wall, then he will fight. He will fight, not with a hot head, but with a head as cool as the top of Mt. Shasta. If the City Council were prepared to buy water on purely a business basis, the Flume Company would soon have the contract. The Grant-Puterbaugh scheme is the imagination of the promoters. It has not a vote, is wild and visionary like the editor's beautiful city in the desert, purely a creation of the imagination.

"Judge Puterbaugh we know to be a good citizen. He is a man in character and culture, the peer of any San Diego lawyer,

but as a developer of water he has been a failure. The Grant brothers have listened to his beautiful story of an irrigated empire and have been fascinated. Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., are young in the business world. The Grants have less to offer than any of the other systems. The city will attempt to decide the matter Thursday night. After considering the three propositions we are right where we were three months ago. Let us go slow and work for the good of the city."

Babcock was wholly wrong and the present Henshaw system, which we built, the largest in the county, now completed, which the city lost forever, is the proof today.

Babcock was ruthless in fighting the opposition, but in the case of Grant he saw a man, a lovable character, nationally known and one who was to be a future asset to San Diego by the building of the Grant Hotel and other splendid developments and gifts. Babcock was a smart man. He did a great deal for the city and I want to give him all credit that is due.

In this case he used different tactics to win his point to get Grant and Puterbaugh out of the picture. This is the way he did it. The following letter to U. S. Grant, Jr., as of February 7, 1895, is explanatory.

Dear Sir:

Will it be convenient for you to see me this afternoon for a few moments and at what hour? If not this afternoon or evening name some hour tomorrow. Want to see you in answer to your note of the 6th which I do not exactly understand. If you do not happen to be in when this messenger calls please telegraph me care of the hotel when you do receive it, what time will be convenient, and oblige,

Yours truly

E. S. BABCOCK

To

U. S. Grant

Grant told me he kept this engagement with Babcock; that Babcock, in his most persuasive way claimed to be a friend of Grant's, that both must work for the best interests of the city. Without a moment's hesitation, not knowing Babcock, Spreckels and Hardy controlled the City Council, being a newcomer, Grant agreed to Babcock's plan to send a joint letter to the City Council immediately which explains Babcock's way of

winning out without offending Grant personally. The following is the letter both signed and sent:

To the Honorable Common Council of the
City of San Diego

Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, who have propositions before you for furnishing water to the City of San Diego, the merits of which are yet undetermined by you, and believing that the city should accept one of them before it is too late in the season for the construction of the proposed dams, before the next season's rains and that it requires the joint harmonious effort of all believers in the necessity for an abundant supply of water to carry any proposition, we hereby express our willingness that your Honorable Body shall accept the proposition which you deem to be to the best interest of our Community on next Monday evening, the 11th inst. and we assure you that the proposition that you may accept shall receive the hearty support of all of us. We have interests in this city which will be beneficently affected by an early determination of the water question, and as there are so many business enterprises waiting for a favorable determination thereof before being started we respectfully ask prompt and continuous action so that whichever proposition is accepted will be legally submitted to our Citizens for their approval at the earliest possible moment.

(signed) E. S. Babcock
U. S. Grant, Jr.

Jesse Grant had in the meantime given his power of attorney to his brother, as follows:

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 17, 1894

I, Jesse R. Grant, of Arizona, hereby constitute and appoint U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, Calif., my true and lawful attorney for me and in my stead and to all intents and purposes as though I did the same myself to sign, execute and deliver any and all bonds to be furnished by me as one of the venders of water for irrigation and other purposes, in the San Luis Rey Valley and lands adjacent thereto as per proposition of George Puterbaugh of San Diego, Calif., and myself to residents and owners of the

lands in the said valley and to the residents and owners of said lands adjacent thereto. Hereby confirming and ratifying all my said attorney may lawfully do in the premises.

Jesse R. Grant

Witness: W. C. Cole.

The City Council agreed to meet immediately and settle the question once and for all as between Grant and Babcock. Grant had entered into an agreement with Babcock and signed the letter to the Common Council without consulting Puterbaugh. When Judge Puterbaugh was informed of what had taken place he explained to Grant the hopelessness of the situation and told Grant that he had been tricked. I secured the above information from Grant's own lips.

The most influential man in town, outside of Babcock and Spreckels at that time was E. W. Scripps of the Scripps-McRae Association. Immediately Puterbaugh saw Scripps and induced Scripps to write to Grant as follows:

Feb. 7, 1895

My dear Mr. Grant:

Judge Puterbaugh has told me of some proposed agreement between you and Mt. Tecate with regard to your withdrawing your proposition after Council adopt Mt. Tecate. I have no objections to you withdrawing the proposition at any time you see fit, but I hope you will not feel bound to do so on account of any promise. In other words, I hope you will make no such promise to any one.

Very respectfully,

E. W. SCRIPPS

Both personally and by letter Mr. Scripps did everything he could to get Grant to repudiate his agreement with Babcock. Even though he felt he had been tricked, Grant would not consider breaking any agreement he made. I knew him personally for thirty-five years. We lived across the street from each other at 8th and Ash for 10 years. I never knew or met a more honorable man, and win or lose, he was a dead game sport, taking his losses with a smile as he had to many a time to my certain knowledge in this city.

The City Council called an informal meeting as requested by Babcock and Grant. The vote stood 16 for Babcock and 9

for Grant. There was intense feeling among the citizens of San Diego when the news leaked out of the informal meeting. Grant was besieged on all sides to let his offer remain in the hands of the City Council until such time as an official action was taken.

Babcock wrote to Grant under date of the 22nd of February, 1895:

Coronado, Calif., 2-22-95

U. S. Grant, Esq.,
San Diego, Calif.
Dear Sir:

The water question has reached a crucial stage, as I said to you it would, and nothing is likely to be done. Acting on your statements made previous and in the Council Chamber when they took your proposition under advisement, that you only wanted an opportunity to withdraw your proposition if the Council would only express themselves, I too made a proposition following yours word for word, and had an informal vote taken which stood nine for you and sixteen for Tecate. I then expected to hear a withdrawal from you as promised, but was disappointed to note from a purported interview with your brother, a decidedly opposite intention.

I cannot conclude as appearances would indicate, and therefore before coming to a conclusion write this note for any explanation which might throw light on the subject. As long as we are both before the public I doubt if either will succeed and the public will be the sufferer, and having spent many thousands and much time, feel that dilatory tactics should not prevail, and it is notorious that four of the men who voted in favor of your proposition would vote against it and any other proposition, were it likely to succeed.

Respectfully yours,
E. S. BABCOCK

It is perfectly clear by the above that Babcock only conceded 5 votes out of the 24 to Grant.

I have in my possession a copy of Grant's answer under date of February 24, 1895, as follows:

1610 Ash Street
San Diego, California

Mr. E. S. Babcock
San Diego, California

Dear Sir:

On my return to San Diego this P.M. I find your letter of the 22nd and hasten to correct an error you have fallen into.

While I am surprised at your views in general as expressed in your letter, I think it advisable to allow you to remain mistaken as to other points rather than attempt to set you straight where you do not wish to be set straight.

Since presenting the San Luis Rey proposition to the City I have organized with no man with a view of winning his good opinion for it or sound him as to how he would vote, and in your own case I have made no proposition to you and have by no means agreed to withdraw the San Luis Rey proposition.

If the county had accepted the Mt. Tecate proposition, that in itself would have dismissed the one which I submitted and I, with perfect good faith would have looked to see the Mt. Tecate contract that you offered the city be accepted by the citizens.

The joint letter to the water committee and which was in consideration of your coming to see me and got me to sign, containing nothing on its face that I was not willing to accede to, but I refuse to return it to you because I would make no agreement or promise either written or verbal. I refer you to that letter.

I think the committee should have accepted my proposition at once or dismissed it, but I understand that the number of votes sure for Mt. Tecate precluded the fair consideration of any other proposition.

Yours truly,
U. S. GRANT, JR.

Great pressure was brought to bear on Grant and Puterbaugh to leave the offer still open for consideration. Grant told me he saw the hopelessness of it all and a day or two later withdrew his offer.

U. S. GRANT, Jr.—Son of ex-Pres. U. S. Grant. My colonel in Spanish-American War. A splendid neighbor, associate and friend who did his part in building San Diego.

On the 28th of February, 1895, Babcock wrote the following letter to Grant:

U. S. Grant, Esq.
San Diego, Calif.
My dear Sir:

I have just returned from my shoot and notice from the papers that the San Luis Rey has been withdrawn, but at such a time and in such a manner, for which I do not

blame you, as to indefinitely postpone the water question and probably defeat any proposition, but as the least said is the soonest mended, I will not refer to the subject again.

Yours truly,

(signed) E. S. Babcock

The people were so incensed over the treatment of Grant by the City Council and so many of them knowing what Grant did not know, until he learned his lesson, the result was that Babcock overplayed his hand and with Sefton's assistance, through his newspaper, both propositions were killed.

On March 7, 1895, the "Vidette" printed the following:

"Goodbye Messrs. Babcock, Sefton, and Puterbaugh. The City can build its water system without your aid."

Both Jesse and U. S. Grant stepped out of the picture after they were defeated in their clash with Babcock. Puterbaugh and McCrae carried on for a number of years.

They tried to interest the owners of the Warner Ranch, Walter Vail and C. W. Gates. The lands that Puterbaugh owned controlled the damsite and a portion of the reservoir site in Sections 4, 9 and 10, Twp. 11, S., R 2 East.

Puterbaugh worked hard with Vail and Gates in developing the power and water project. They entered into a declaration of trust on the 4th day of September, 1902, a copy of which I have.

The scheme was a pipeline down the San Luis Rey River to Oceanside, irrigating the coast lands. It also included a power development, but nothing was done until Vail and Gates, several years later, took up the negotiations with Wm. G. Kerckhoff and A. C. Balch, President and General Manager of the Pacific Light and Power Company of Los Angeles at the time I entered the picture, working with Vail and Gates. No development was ever made in diverting water from the river near our Warner Ranch until the Henshaw Dam was built in 1925.

I cannot speak too highly of that splendid man, Judge Puterbaugh. From 1890 until the day of his death we were close friends. The thousands of dollars he had put into the project were lost excepting what equity he had in the properties that he and McCrae transferred to Vail and Gates as security for what they owed Vail and Gates.

The following letter I received from Judge Puterbaugh, dated November 29, 1905:

Mr. Ed Fletcher
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Friend Fletcher:

From various notices which I have seen published, I assume that you and Mr. Salmons are not only friendly to, but are active in behalf of those interested in the development of the Warner Ranch reservoir enterprise. As you and Mr. Salmons both personally know, for a great many years I have given freely of my time and money to the interests of that great enterprise and it is very largely due to the labor and money I have devoted thereto that the enterprise has been kept intact, so that it can now be handled so advantageously.

I have no doubt from the high reputation of the gentlemen who, I understand, are now interested in the enterprise, that, in closing negotiations, I will be fairly and justly treated, and while I write this letter in my own name, I also include Mr. F. P. McCrae, who is chief engineer for Miller & Lux of San Francisco, and who, as our Chief Engineer, at all times has most liberally cooperated with me with his time and money in our joint efforts to keep the enterprise intact.

I now write and address this letter to you that those interested may fully understand the circumstances which have led up to the present negotiations and conditions, should you see fit to call their attention thereto.

The negotiations of this enterprise, with much of our data, were turned over to C. W. Gates, of the firm of Vail & Gates, with an agreement under which, omitting details, it was contemplated that a stock company would be organized and bonds issued to the extent of $2,000,000.00 with the proceeds of which to acquire rights and develop the enterprise and also carrying with the bonds three-fourths (¾) of the stock of the Company. Mr. McCrae and I were to receive the other one fourth (¼) of the stock and also receive back the money we had paid out in the interest of the enterprise, thus placing all on the same equitable basis. It being understood, of course, that the

proceeds of the $2,000,000 of bonds of the company would cover the expenses of money paid out by Vail & Gates and their associates and also McCrae and myself, and, in addition, develop the enterprise as then contemplated. That all this can be done, with a proper and conservative management, I have no doubt, and at the same time insure a good dividend upon the stock. McCrae was to receive back $15,000.00 and I was to be paid $48,000.00, the amounts we had then respectively advanced.

Very soon Mr. Gates invited the attention of Messrs. Kerckhoff and Balch to the enterprise and then Mr. Gates, McCrae and myself had an interview with them when their attention was called to the various data and the terms of the agreement, as above outlined. Since then negotiations have continued up to the present time.

An earth dam 100 feet high, under the conditions as they exist at Warner's Ranch and all things considered, would, in my humble opinion, be the conservative course to pursue. Such a dam would impound over 13,000 miner's inches of water and upon a most conservative basis would afford a continuous supply of water for four years of 3,000 miner's inches daily. These 3,000 miner's inches would generate about 10,000 practical horsepower at the proposed power station and, according to my information, $40 per HP would be a conservative estimate of the value thereof, and should yield an income of $400,000.00 annually.

You know that the San Diego Flume Co. sells water at $800 cash and $60 annual rental per miner's inch. The Sweetwater Co. received much more, and under its contract with the City, the Southern California Mountain Water Co. at 4 cents per 1,000 gallons, receives an annual income of 5% upon a valuation of $3,750 per miner's inch.

From this you can see that the Flume Co. sells water at the lowest price of any company here and you know that company only delivers waters to Ranchers **"now and then"** and because of first selling all the water possible to the City at 4 cents per 1,000 gallons, the Ranchers' supply was more **"then"** than **"now."**

The Warner's Ranch enterprise could give a continuous supply, hence the Flume Co. prices would seem reason-

able. At such prices the water rights on 3,000 miner's inches would give $2,400,000 and an annual income of $180,000 for water rentals. Thus, for the 10,000 H.P. and 3,000 miner's inches for irrigation, assets covering the $2,000,000 company bonds would be amply provided for and an annual income of $580,000 be derived from the power and water.

If desired to settle up the country rapidly, by selling water very cheap, the $800 cash for the water right could be thrown off, and $60 per inch rental only charged. Then the income would still be $580,000 from power and water.

If $280,000 per year were set aside for operating expenses, interest on bonds, and sinking fund, even then an annual dividend of 10% could be paid upon $3,000,000 capital stock.

But with a dam 100 feet high I have no doubt, not the slightest, that a yearly continuous supply of six thousand miner's inches could be always realized. Such would double the income above outlined.

In the future, when deemed advisable, by increasing the height of dam, a much greater annual supply can be relied upon. I give the above figures only to show that the stock can be made very valuable.

As this enterprise has been my life's work since I have been in California, I had always hoped to be connected with its management, but I now conclude that this is not to be, therefore, notwithstanding my absolute confidence in the great present and future value of the stock, it is possible that it would be better for McCrae and myself, as well as for those in control of the Company for us to get back the money we have each advanced, and also get some reasonably fair compensation for our stock interest, at a price to be agreed upon, and then for us to step down and out.

Whether I retain a stock interest or not, I wish for the Company the most abundant success and prosperity and which I know it will have, besides doing a world of good for this community and the cooperative enterprises of those in control.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) GEO. PUTERBAUGH

Reading this letter of November 29, 1905, again in 1931 with my life work in water development in this county nearly completed, my heart goes out to Judge Puterbaugh in sympathy for his lack of success in accomplishing his dream when taking into consideration the cost, time, effort and energy given by a splendid man for a noble purpose.

Nearly ten years later, I am happy to say, we had the satisfaction of paying in cash to Judge Puterbaugh what he and McCrae asked for their equity. I personally know that the money came at a time when it was most gratefully appreciated. My one regret was that Judge Puterbaugh could not have been actively identified in the new development, carrying out in a general way the Puterbaugh-McCrae plans.

Instead, after we had sold the Warner Ranch to William G. Henshaw I convinced him of the practicability of building Warner's Dam and selling the water and power. I entered into a written agreement with Mr. Henshaw whereby I would put my time against his money and I was to receive an expense account of $200.00 per month, also 25% of the net profits on the water project after Mr. Henshaw received his money and interest back. We immediately organized the Volcan Water Company. I was elected president and Frank J. Belcher, secretary. We also organized the Volcan Land and Water Company with Wm. G. Henshaw as president and myself as secretary and general manager.

Also on August 15, 1917 we officially organized the Warner Mutual Water Company but later abandoned this mutual water company.

For nearly ten years I was manager of the preliminary development work preparatory to building Warner's Dam and by day labor we made the excavation to bedrock; built the cut-off wall, also the outlet tunnel 1008 feet long and maintained the water rights. I was also in charge of Warner Hot Springs for that period and was associated with Mr. Henshaw in the development of this project until it was completed.

I made more money out of this transaction than any during my lifetime. Mr. Henshaw was a friend and an inspiration to me. A later chapter pays the tribute to him that is his due.

CHAPTER V

UPPER SAN LUIS REY WATER DEVELOPMENT

It was late one afternoon in August, 1903, when I was negotiating my way by means of a bicycle, to spend the night with Frank Salmons. Frank was the groceryman at Pala and he and his good wife lived in the Mission building where the store was also located. I was in the wholesale grocery, fruit and produce business and Frank was one of my good customers.

Several hundred Indians comprised the reservation surrounding the Mission and it is one of the most picturesque spots in Southern California. The Mission itself was built by the Mission Fathers early in the eighteenth century and the bells, to me, are its greatest attraction, having been cast in Spain in the seventeenth century..

I could not refuse an invitation from Frank to spend the night, with a quail hunt the next day. We drove by buggy six or eight miles up the San Luis Rey Valley to the land grant of 13,000 acres, known as the Pauma Ranch, owned by the Catholic Church. We flushed quail literally by the hundreds. Never will I forget the excitement of the hunt. It was 11:30 A.M. I had had nothing to drink since breakfast and was exceedingly thirsty and tired. Suddenly, hearing the rush of

PALA MISSION

FRANK SALMONS—My friend and associate for many years. The Fletcher and Salmons families were close friends for many years.

water I found myself looking from a slight rise down into a stream possibly a foot deep and ten feet wide. Never was I more surprised. How welcome that water was—cool and refreshing, coming as it did from a narrow gorge nearby and soon to sink in the gravels below.

"Frank," I asked, "where in the name of heaven does this water come from? We have had no rain for nearly six months and here is a stream that is invaluable." Frank answered, "It is Pauma Creek and comes from springs from Doane Valley on Palomar Mountain, nine miles up the mountain from where we are standing. It is the usual flow this time of year."

I there saw immediate possibilities of water development both for power and irrigation. Doane Valley is over 5000 feet

MISSION BELLS OF PALA—Cast in Spain in the 17th Century.

in elevation. Where we were then standing the elevation could not have exceeded 1500 feet. The water could easily be diverted at that point on the Pauma Ranch for irrigating by gravity 6000 acres of splendid land, practically frostless, after power had been developed.

Having for years been in close personal contact with the farming of land, and irrigation in San Diego County, as well as handling fruits and produce in my business, to me this sight of flowing water and its possibilities was a revelation. I then and there fastened my future to a star.

"Frank, who has the say as to whether or not this ranch is for sale, and the price?" His reply was, "Bishop Connaty of the Catholic Church, and he is a friend of mine."

"Frank, I want you to get hold of the Bishop and get an option on this property; we may be able to make some money. I will go in with you 50-50 on this ranch deal. Some how, some way, I will interest capital in its development, if possible."

From that day to this I have dreamed and had the pleasure of helping develop many land and water projects in San Diego County. From the moment I saw this property I dreamed of its possibilities, little realizing that the future had in store for me a change in my life work.

Frank soon secured the option for six months on the 13,000 acres for $75,000. The San Luis Rey River runs for three or four miles through the ranch and had valuable water rights.

Little did I realize that I would twice be instrumental in selling this ranch; once for $285,000. I set about to find either a purchaser for the property at a profit or someone who would give us a working interest in its development for the option.

I realized the necessity of the construction of a dam somewhere on Palomar Mountain for a storage of flood water in the winter to be used on Pauma Ranch below during the irrigating season.

Frank and I climbed the mountain by team and discovered a splendid natural damsite on the property owned by J. W. Asher in the lower Doane Valley. It is a most beautiful mountain valley and meadow, noted for its pink and white azaleas, dogwood, ferns and surrounded by beautiful pine, mountain cedar, with numerous varieties of oak.

DOANE VALLEY LAKE

Twenty-eight years later, as I write this chapter today, Doane Valley is still in its natural state, but thank heaven it is a State Park and forever preserved for the public, thanks to the State and the following individuals: Henry O'Melveney, Frank Salmons, Cave Couts, George W. Marston, I. C. Copley, Jack Adams and a committee of us who helped raise the outside money for the purpose. Doane Valley now has a small but beautiful lake within the state park, thanks to the Board of Supervisors and particularly Supervisor Jim Robbins, who has been most active in its development, while several thousands of acres of Pauma Ranch are now under cultivation and a credit to our county.

In 1903 I immediately attempted to finance the proposition on some basis that would give Frank and me a profit. I called on Mr. John D. Spreckels, the first man of San Diego, having invested millions in Coronado and San Diego property. Messrs. Spreckels and E. S. Babcock, at that time were developing the Southern California Mountain Water System. Morena Dam was under construction. Otay dam was completed. Mr. Spreckels was not interested.

I next presented the plan to our fellow townsman, George

W. Marston, also F. & W. Thum Company and many others, any one of whom could easily have financed the proposition. Every one answered that no money could be made in water development in this county. As an example, they quoted the Sweetwater system, the San Diego Flume Company system, the Escondido Mutual Water Company and the Linda Vista Irrigation District, four major developments either made or in process of making, all of which had turned out failures, financially.

I was certainly a discouraged man, thirty-one years of age, but able to bob up smiling the next morning, believing that in the long run a plentiful supply of water, and good land in a citrus belt in San Diego County would some day be of great value and a profit maker; that water was the basis of real value in San Diego County and believe so to this day.

Later, I went to Los Angeles, determined to have an interview with H. E. Huntington, a very wealthy and famous railroad builder, nephew of C. P. Huntington, the father of the Southern Pacific Railroad in early days. Mr. Huntington controlled the Pacific Electric Railway Company and with I. W. Hellman and General Sherman operated in and outside the City of Los Angeles. Mr. Huntington also controlled the Pacific Light and Power Company and had as his associates Wm. G. Kerckhoff and A. C. Balch. These gentlemen later were the men of destiny who made possible the San Joaquin Power Company, Southern Counties Gas Company and many other public service corporations. I determined to get Mr. Huntington interested in our project, if possible. Early one afternoon I called at his office, found he was in, sent in my card and waited for two hours to be later told that he could not see me.

Two weeks later I again called at Mr. Huntington's office, asked for a personal interview, and when I informed his secretary the object of my mission Mr. Huntington again refused to see me. By that time I had lost most of my pep but I have always, somehow, figured that it had to be the third time and out so I made one more attempt and failed. That morning I had read in the daily papers that Howard E. Huntington had been made President of one of Mr. Huntington's subsidiary

companies. As I went down the hallway and read his name on the door, in a flash, the thought came that I might through Mr. Huntington's son, get an interview. On impulse, I walked in, handed his secretary my card and was immediately granted an interview.

I found Howard Huntington a young fellow my own age, sympathetic, and after I had told him everything in a five minute talk he answered, "It is not my father that you want to see, but Wm. G. Kerckhoff, President of my father's company, the Pacific Light and Power Company." He immediately telephoned Mr. Kerckhoff, made arrangements for an interview, gave me a letter of introduction, and an hour later I unfolded my dream in full to Mr. Kerckhoff. All I urged was that Mr. Kerckhoff send an engineer to investigate. If everything was not as represented I would pay the expenses of the engineer, would meet anyone he selected at Oceanside with a team, furnishing all the information possible and assisting him with the investigation if it took a week.

Mr. Kerckhoff gave me some encouragement, was leaving the next day for Europe, but said that he would have an engineer meet me at Oceanside the following Wednesday and dictated a note to Mr. A. C. Balch, his associate, telling what arrangements he had made, leaving the matter entirely in Mr. Balch's hands. I went home a happy man.

That interview was destined to be a turning point in my whole life, a venture in new fields along entirely different lines and was the means, at an early date, of my selling out my wholesale grocery, fruit and produce business to my brother-in-law, J. L. Doyle and Ed Barnes, known as the Doyle-Barnes Co. It meant my devoting the rest of my life to land and water development, which I loved. It has satisfied a craving to create something enduring and of benefit to the county as well as a profit to myself.

Little did I realize, however, what I was getting into. A conflict between big financial interests, greed, graft and jealousy. My fight to win made me a marked man and this took a great deal of pleasure out of my life's work, as time will tell.

I met the engineer, W. S. Post, at Oceanside, on Wednesday with a team of horses. My brother-in-law, E. C. Batchelder,

ED FLETCHER AND W. S. POST—Will Post and his good wife were friends of a lifetime of the Fletcher family.

made connections with us at Bonsall. He stayed with us for the trip and many times rendered valuable service for years to come. We spent that night at Pala and the next morning with Frank Salmons, who showed us the boundaries, we explored all of the 13,000 acres of the Pauma Ranch.

Mr. Post proved an entertaining chap but non-committal, excepting to say that the Pauma Ranch lands with its permanent water supply, had great possibilities. The next morning Batchelder, Post and I made an early start. It took us 6 hours to negotiate by team the 14 miles up the treacherous grade to the top of Palomar Mountain.

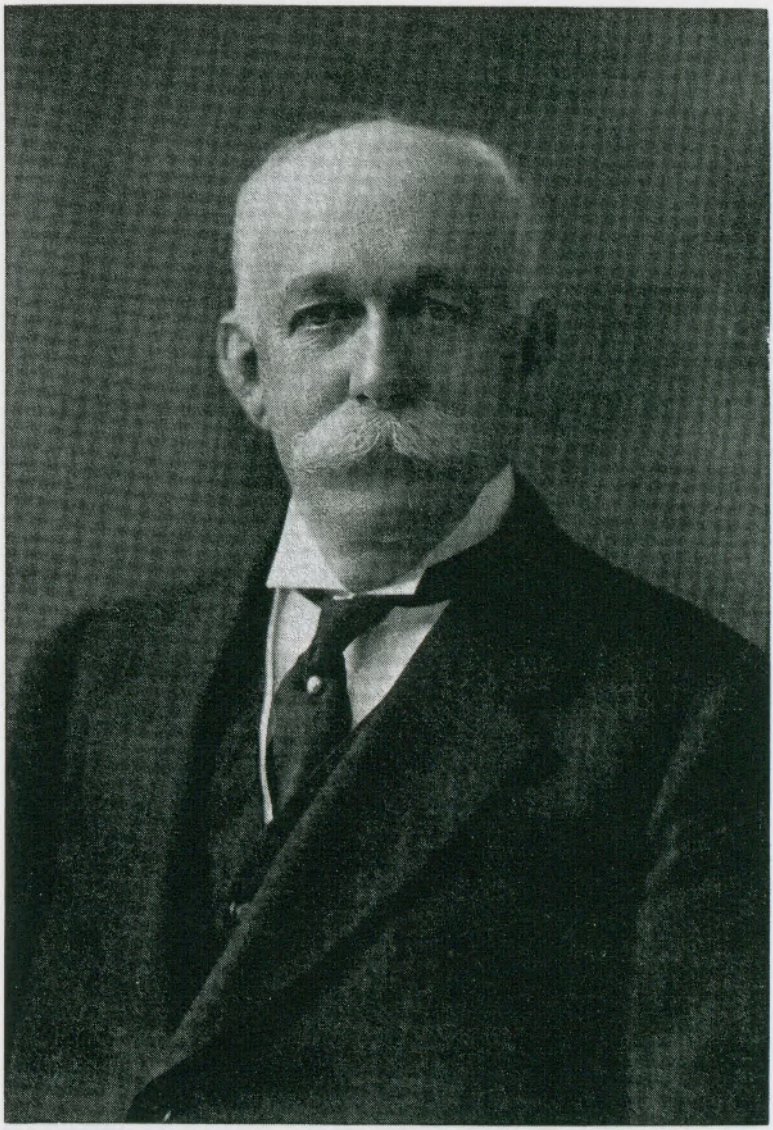
We made an early inspection of Doane Valley and stayed that night at Bailey's (splendid people). The next day Mr. Post, with his surveying instruments, with the assistance of Mr. Batchelder and myself, cross-sectioned the damsite. By noon the following day we had made a plane table survey of the reservoir site to determine its capacity.

I became better acquainted with Mr. Post as the hours went by. He seemed pleased with the project and on his instructions I filed on the waters of the Pauma Creek at a point a mile and a half west of the Doane Ranch, on government land, for the purpose of developing water for power, irrigation and domestic purposes. This filing was made September 11, 1903, in Book 3, Page 400 of Water Claims.

After eating the luncheon which we had taken with us, Mr. Post took a nap. Near him was his portfolio with notebook and maps. While sleeping, a gust of wind blew his papers about. I picked them up and could not help but see something that attracted my attention at once. It was a map of Warner Ranch and several miles of the San Luis Rey Valley below. A mile or more below what is now Henshaw Dam on the map was marked a certain section and in red the words "Government Land." This told me plainer than words that the Pacific Light and Power Company were interested in other things besides Pauma Ranch and Doane Valley. Mr. Post's papers were all picked up and well secured by his side when he awoke.

We finished our work late that afternoon. From Mr. Post I got the impression that he would make a favorable report. He then stated that he had other matters to investigate in that section, that Batchelder and I might just as well go home, as he would be out a few days longer and that he would make other arrangements to be taken to Oceanside. This statement showed me the company had other interests in that section and I was determined to find out to what extent. I protested that I would not desert him, was in no hurry to go home and refused to be side-stepped. I sensed the necessity of finding out what it was all about. Eventually Mr. Post accepted my offer to continue on the trip with him.

The next day we started horseback down the mountain trail to the La Jolla Indian Reservation which followed up the San Luis Rey River to Warner Ranch. Batchelder had taken a young fellow with him to bring the horses back. We had planned to meet at the foot of the easterly end of the Palomar grade, on Warner Ranch, at a location now known as Henshaw Dam. The climb down the mountain was tough on us both and there was no trail up the San Luis Rey Valley, which



H. E. HUNTINGTON—President Pacific Electric Railroad and Pacific Light and Power Company. He tried his best to bring an electric carline to San Diego from Los Angeles.

meant breaking brush, crossing canyons and crawling on our hands and knees at times. This so delayed us that we did not reach the point intended, the government land on the San Luis Rey river, until late, our clothes torn, scratched and utterly fatigued.

Post made a water filing on the government land and had me sign as witness. Recorded in Book 4, Page 306 of Water Filings, San Diego County, but gave no further information and I asked no questions.

At 9:30 P.M. we reached Batchelder on Warner Ranch with nothing to eat. Four wet saddle blankets were our only cover, as we slept on the ground that night. It was the coldest night I ever experienced.

At daylight we were on our way and when we reached Santa Ysabel we were so hungry we could have eaten rawhide. At my invitation we stayed at Pine Hills that night and the next day dropped down Eagle Peak road to San Diego. I showed Post the possibilities of water development on the San Diego River enroute home.

Little did I dream that later in life I would be the owner with James A. Murray of the San Diego Flume system, furnishing water to El Cajon, La Mesa, East San Diego and vicinity, later known as the Cuyamaca Company system, which we organized, now the property of the La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District, and little did either of us realize that W. S. Post would be the chief engineer of the system for a number of years as well as a friend and associate in a large portion of our water development.

It was a hard day's trip from Pine Hills to San Diego by team, so much so that the horses we drove did not leave the barn for a week and Charles Kelly made me pay $25 extra for the hardship that team endured.

I had high hopes that I would soon be called to Los Angeles but to my bitter disappointment about two weeks later Mr. A. C. Balch wrote a ten or twelve line letter stating that the Pacific Light and Power Company was not interested in our Pauma-Doane Valley project.

You can imagine my disappointment.

A few days later in Los Angeles, I made it a point to look

up Mr. Post, had him out to lunch and found out at firsthand that he recommended the buying of the Pauma Ranch and Doane Valley Damsite and he was not aware that Mr. Balch had turned down our proposition. This gave me something to think about and I refused to quit.

CHAPTER VI

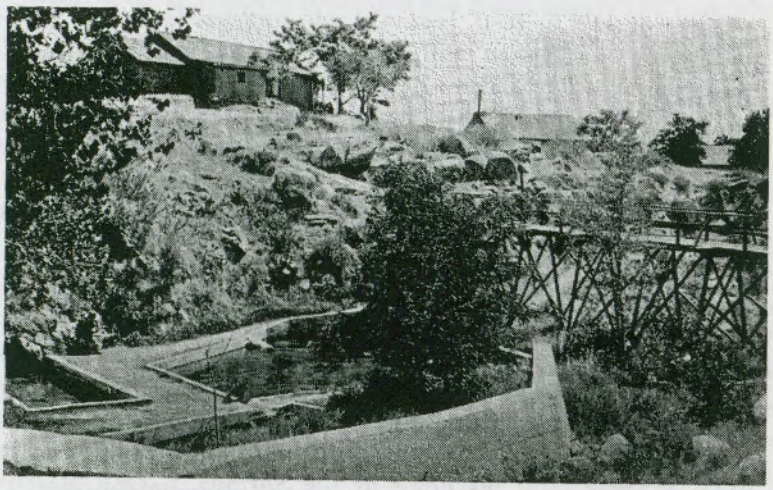
HISTORIC WARNER RANCH

Warner Ranch, a valley of 47,000 acres, is tucked away among the mountains of San Diego County about 60 or 70 miles from the City of San Diego. Its elevation is 2800 to 3500 feet above sea level, while the mountains, over 6000 feet in elevation, entirely surrounding this valley, are covered with oak and pine timber, with running water the year round.

It is no uncommon thing to have three to five feet of snow on the mountain sides during the winter months, with almost zero temperature.

The main attraction of the Ranch to the visitor is the scenery, the numerous sulphurous springs and meadows. The temperature of the water is from 110 to 137 degrees, with several hundred thousand gallons daily, artesian flow.

No wonder the Indians centered around these Springs for centuries. The mingling of these waters with those of the cool mountain streams only a few feet away makes one of the most pleasant soft waters in which to bathe. It was a cure for nearly all of their ailments.



THE SPRINGS AT WARNER SPRINGS as I saw it in early days.

Hayes, in his diary crossing the continent in 1849, tells of his two weeks' stop at the Springs, and how at night, with snow on the ground, the Indians bathed in the water all night to keep warm.

You should read Judge Benjamin Hayes' "Pioneer Notes" from his diary while living in California from 1849 to 1875. Also the "History of Warner Ranch and Its Environs" by Joseph J. Hill. They are both most interesting. These histories tell how the Indians were forced by the white man to give up possession of the Ranch first and then the Springs.

J. S. Warner, for whom the Springs were named, with his family, almost lost their lives owing to an insurrection among the Indians after Warner had ordered them away, claiming ownership of these Springs and their hunting grounds. Eight or ten men lost their lives and as usual the Indians lost and paid the penalty.

Warner Ranch is an old land grant, known as Rancho Valle de San Jose.

The first record of ownership of this grant was to Silvestre de la Portilla. His title was originally approved by Governor Figueroa on July 30, 1834, and finally confirmed after the death of Governor Figueroa by Governor Nicolas Gutierrez on June 11, 1836. Portilla soon abandoned the Ranch, temporarily, and on January 7, 1840, Jose Antonio Pico made formal application for the Ranch and Springs, called "Agua Caliente" belonging to the Mission of San Luis Rey, in consideration among other things of Pico paying certain debts of the Mission San Luis Rey. Governor Alvarado finally approved the grant under date of June 4, 1840, giving to Pico proprietary ownership to the Agua Caliente property including the Rancho San Jose del Valle.

From the records it shows that Pico failed to live up to his obligation and on August 14, 1844, Juan Jose Warner filed a petition claiming the ranch was unoccupied and subject to claim of ownership. Governor Manuel Micheltorena gave his final approval November 28, 1844 and the grant to Warner was approved by the legislative assembly on the 21st day of May, 1845. Warner built his home at the Springs, having married

Anita Gale, and three of his children were born there—Andrew Fernando, Isabell and Juan Bautista.

Warner made application for another grant of land on May 18, 1846 and it was approved by Governor Pio Pico on August 1, 1846.

The Indians were not disturbed in their possession of the Springs. The original patent gave the Indians and their children and children's children forever 640 hectares of land. The earliest records of the Mission Fathers, Mormon Colony, General Kearney and Pioneer notes from the diary of Judge Hayes in the 40's tells of the Indians, a friendly tribe, being in possession of the Springs and their ownership had never been questioned.

After the Mexican war and California became a state, under the jurisdiction of the United States, the final question of ownership of all of these lands in Alta California had to be adjusted and patents issued. Congress appointed a commission for this purpose on March 3, 1851. Their duty was to secure all the information possible concerning title to the various land grants, the decisions of this commission were later either confirmed or rejected by the U. S. District Courts in California.

The decree was issued confirming the grant of the Springs and land owned by the Indians to Warner, October 10, 1854. Silvestre de la Portilla contested the claim before the commission. The U. S. District Court for Southern California reversed its decision on the Warner claim and on February 23, 1857, confirmed Portilla's grant to four square leagues of land in the same valley. This decision later approved by the Supreme Court of the United States, gave Portilla a portion of the ranch and Warner the balance, including the Springs.

The Indians had not been taken into consideration. The law of Spain and the law of Mexico gave absolute title to anyone being in undisturbed possession twenty years or more. To protect their interests the Indians should have presented their claims of ownership. Perhaps they never had a chance or did not know what it was all about. It is the old story. The Franciscan Fathers wanted lands of the Missions under their control divided up for the benefit of the Indians, but through political pull and adverse interest on the part of the dominat-

ing Spaniards and Californians, these grants were parcelled out to friends by the party in power with no consideration given the Indians whatsoever.

On March 25, 1856, Warner sold his property to Henry Hancock and moved back to Los Angeles. The Portilla Grant was deeded to Cinventa Sepulveda de Carrillo on November 6, 1858.

On May 2, 1859, a portion of the ranch, one square league, was sold to J. Mora Moss by the Sheriff of San Diego. John Rains secured a deed from the Sheriff on February 26, 1851, for another portion of the ranch. The title to this property remained in these ownerships until 1875, when the entire ranch was acquired, and passed into the hands of Louis Phillips and John G. Downey. In 1880 Downey acquired all of the property.

During all of this time the question of ejecting the Indians without a fight was the problem. The Indians had nothing but the right of possession. They had lived there for generations and their code of law gave them possession.

At last J. Downey Harvey, who had acquired his brother's interest, brought suit in the 90's to eject the Indians from the Hot Springs and the Ranch and introduced in Court U. S. Government patents of ownership. The Indians were well represented and tried to get in evidence of their possession of the Hot Springs for centuries, but Superior Judge Torrance, a personal friend of many years, rejected this testimony, deciding that no one could go behind a U. S. Government patent. The result was that on May 13, 1901, the U. S. Supreme Court confirmed the decision of the lower court and the Indians had lost.

The U. S. Government did partially redeem itself with the Indians by furnishing other lands, as I will touch on later.

I came to San Diego in the fall of 1888. One of my first trips in the country was to Warner Hot Springs on a bicycle. The Indians were in possession. There were four or five hundred of them. I paid twenty-five cents for a bath in the old Indian bath house. The El Capitan in charge of the hot springs used the money he collected for the benefit of the tribe in common. It was hard for me to believe that these peaceful Indians were so war-like in early days, but I could hardly blame them when their lands were taken away from them. If some Indian or

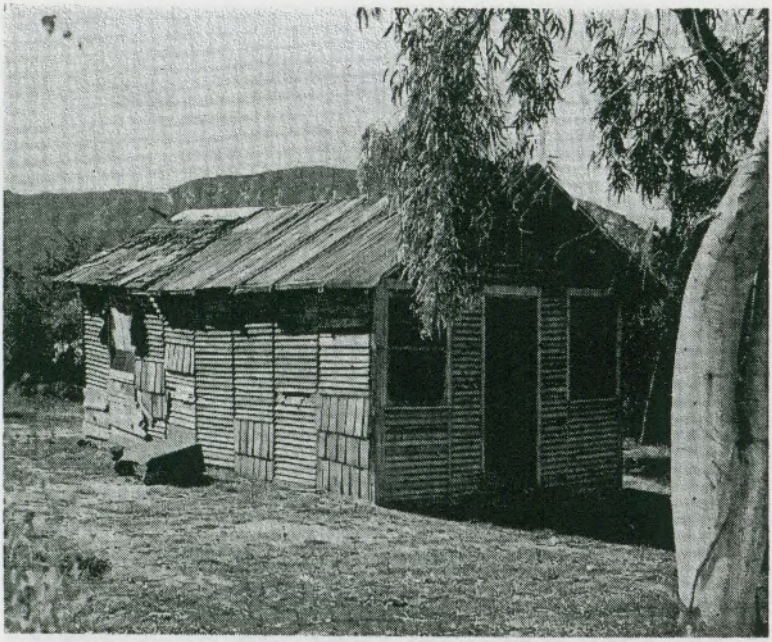
EL CAPITAN

white man had been thinking of a square deal for the Indians or if the Indians had only known what it all meant they could have presented their claim to the Land Commission, appointed by Act of Congress March 3, 1851, and no doubt could easily have proven ownership. This would have given them the U. S. Government patent which would have protected their title for all time. It seems to have been the policy of the Government officials at that time not to give the Indians their rights, but rather to dispossess them.

The Indians lived there only by sufferance of the white man, who did not dare at that time to drive them out, until a hundred U. S. government soldiers with guns and a hundred teams went to Warner Springs and used force in dispossessing and removing them. A Commission of three—a Mrs. Partridge from Redlands, Charles E. Loomis, the noted Indian writer, and R. C. Allen of Bonita, a personal friend, a classmate of President Roosevelt, were appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt to select a location to which the Indians could be moved.

My friend, Frank Salmons, then the storekeeper at Pala, negotiated the trade and lands adjacent to Pala, which lands were recommended by the Commission and eventually purchased. Pala is about 30 miles west of Warner Springs within the watershed of the San Luis Rey River, adjoining the Pala Mission. Although the U. S. Government had rendered its final decree the Indians refused to move from Warner Hot Springs. I saw the parade of 100 fully armed soldiers and teams go through San Diego on their way to force the Indians to move to Pala. The Indians saw the hopelessness of their situation. The night of the arrival of the soldiers the Indians held a religious ceremonial and pronounced a curse on the present and future owners of the Warner Ranch. During the night half of the Indians disappeared from the Ranch, some locating on government lands which later became known as the Los Coyotes, Mesa Grande, Santa Ysabel, San Felipe, La Jolla, Rincon, and Pachunga Indian Reservations, with about half of them going to Pala.

One of the most ridiculous and tragic blunders ever committed by the U. S. Government was their method of housing the Indians at Pala. To the utter amazement of California,



Indian House at Pala

the U. S. Government sent out from New York over 100 "knock-down, ready-made houses" for the Indians to live in, which cost in excess of $800 each. The greatest monstrosity imaginable. The houses had thin side walls of wood not proper-

Old Indian Schoolhouse, Warner Hot Springs

WALTER L. VAIL—One of the wealthiest and largest owners of land and cattle in Southern California and Arizona—a personal friend.

ly cured, and cracks developed everywhere. The Indians called them "coughing houses." They really were coffin houses. For $300 a better house in every way could have been built out of California material for these Indians. I have seen many of these houses used for horses and cattle while the Indians camped outside, and a number of these houses remain today. Might makes right. The white man by force and trickery secured possession of this wonderful property—Warner Springs—and the red man left, never to return except with the consent of the white man for short spaces of time.

For a while the Indians had their revenge and their curse seemed to work. J. Downey Harvey, the owner at that time,

CAROL W. GATES—An associate of Walter L. Vail in his land and cattle ventures. He and his brother Senator Gates were personal friends of our family.

commenced to have his troubles. He was involved in endless litigation. His family troubles were many. He died a bankrupt.

Walter Vail and C. W. Gates became the owners of a quarter interest in the Warner Ranch in the 90's. Walter Vail was known as the cattle king of California and Arizona for many years. C. W. Gates, his associate, was a self-made man with

HARRY L. HEFFNER, an associate of Vail and Gates and a very close personal friend. For many years manager of the Santa Margarita Ranch of 47,000 acres, now Camp Pendleton.

headquarters in Los Angeles and he was associated with Mr. Vail in many projects.

They owned the Santa Rosa Island, off Santa Barbara, with a Mr. Vickers, Mr. Vail and I went hunting (with pistols) there,

on horseback, for wild boar. They purchased the Pauba Ranch about the same time on the Temecula River. Salmons and I sold Vail and Gates the little Pauba Ranch of several thousand acres adjoining. Walter Vail controlled several hundred thousand acres of land between Tucson and Nogales as well. I was fortunate in having both of these men—Vail and Gates—as friends and did considerable business with them.

The Indian curse seemed to continue and rest heavily on the lives of the new owners. Mr. Vail nearly lost his life, being thrown from a horse at the Springs. After many months he recovered. He supposedly killed a gila monster while over in Arizona, I was told, tied it to his saddle, and the monster, on the ride home, being only stunned, attempted to take a piece out of him. It is reported that this brought on a cancerous growth but before any deadly effects developed, Mr. Vail was killed by an electric car in Los Angeles while crossing the street.

Vail and Gates, as is elsewhere shown in this narrative, inspired by Judge Puterbaugh and Mr. McCrae, former engineer of Miller and Lux, conceived a plan for the building of a dam at the lower end of the Warner Ranch and developing 10,000 horsepower of electricity as well as water to irrigate thousands of acres of land along the coast. They were associated with H. E. Huntington, Wm. G. Kerckhoff and others in this enterprise.

Before the papers were signed a misunderstanding arose and I had the pleasure of being instrumental in bringing these men together again in the development of this water and power project.

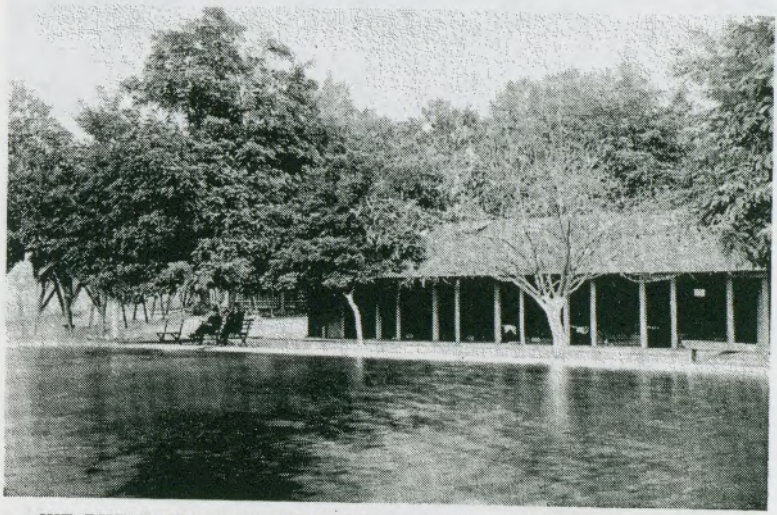
While I was in charge, after Vail and Gates had sold their interest in the Ranch to the Pacific Light and Power Company, I invited C. W. Gates and his brother, Senator Gates, to the ranch for a hunt. We had had a wonderful meal at the Springs. It was late in the afternoon; we were on a side hill hunting quail among the wild roses, and adjacent to a beautiful clump of oaks. We were having remarkable success, as the quail were plentiful. Of a sudden, to my horror, I saw Mr. Gates, after firing three or four shots in rapid succession, suddenly collapse and drop to the ground without a sound. We

rushed over to find him dead—the Warner Ranch curse had claimed another victim, and in our arms we carried him whose life had passed away, to Oceanside, and later, after getting the consent of the coroner of San Diego, his body was taken to Los Angeles.

With the passing of that splendid friend, with the control of the Pacific Electric wrested from Huntington and Kerckhoff by H. E. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, they abandoned the whole project at Warner Ranch. H. W. Keller and I sold to Wm. G. Henshaw first the Pacific Light and Power Company interest in the Warner Springs and Ranch, and later the Vail and Gates interest, Mr. Henshaw giving me a working interest in the water development.

In 1912 Mr. Henshaw put me in charge of the ranch. Mr. Henshaw had his first stroke while owning the ranch.

I put my brother-in-law, E. C. Batchelder, in charge of the Hotel and the Springs. Our sympathies were with the Indians. First a committee of Indians came telling me that their mother had passed away and asked permission to bury her in the old burying ground at Agua Caliente where her ancestors were buried. I gave permission and told them to bury as many there as they wanted but not to consult me further. This created a



WE BUILT THE FIRST SWIMMING POOL AT WARNER SPRINGS.

Warner Ranch, consisting of 47,000 acres, 6,400 acres of which are flooded by Henshaw Dam.

Raising the curse on Warner Ranch at the old Mission.

more friendly feeling with the El Capitan and the influential Indians of the different tribes. Later another committee waited on me, asking that a certain Indian, their father, be allowed to bathe in the water of the hot springs, to help his rheumatism. He was all bent over—a terrible sight. Mr. Henshaw lived in Oakland and being in charge of the Springs, I instructed Batchelder to set aside the old Indian bath house free for the use of the Indians, for a reasonable length of time so long as they behaved themselves. We had already built the first new plunge.

There is no question but that the water of Warner Hot Springs has effected many a cure and to the Indians it was almost sacred.

We employed Dr. Ben Hayward as a masseur. He was also most interested in the Indians. So was Batchelder, and the three of us conceived the idea of rebuilding the old Mission at the Hot Springs so we started raising money by private subscription. I interested Mr. Henshaw, who gave the tile, and I gave my part in cash. Batchelder and Hayward worked like Trojans. Eventually enough money was secured and the small Mission nearly a half mile down the stream on the north side from the Springs was completely restored. Arrangements were made and the Mission turned over to the Catholic Church for their use, free of charge. You can imagine the feeling of appreciation of the Indians to be given the liberty to have the use of the Springs and to enjoy the Old Mission again.

There are five tribes of Indians within a radius of 15 miles of the Springs today. The reservations known as Mesa Grande, San Felipe, Patchunga, Los Coyotes and San Ignacio. The government lands on which the Indians located after running away from Warner Springs that fateful night, are tucked away among the hills, most of it rough, but here and there a spring and meadow. This land, the government also set aside for the Indians in perpetuity.

It was only a two or three hour ride by team for any of these Indians to reach the Springs. Some one inspired it, I believe it was my friend, Father La Pointe, who suggested we have a Fiesta. It was 24 years after the curse was put on the

ranch, the first time those Indians had held one since they were evicted from the Springs and the location of the Fiesta was Agua Caliente on Warner Ranch. Thousands of Indians came from all over the country and the Fiesta lasted for a week. One day representatives from the different tribes met in the Mission and after a long conference I was informed by Father La Pointe another ceremonial was performed and the Indians removed the curse, much to the relief of all. Has an Indian a soul, love and forgiveness in his make-up? Who dares deny it.

Your Mother and I have always loved Warner Ranch. We were there in 1896 together. Man has not changed in any way, that natural, wonderful valley for ten or fifteen miles in every direction. Not a house in sight, only the mountains, the mesa and valley as the Almighty made them and so it stands today, in 1949.

In 1902, on horseback I ascended Hot Springs Mountain to get a view of Imperial Valley. I fell in love there with one of San Diego's most wonderful spots, elevation 4500 to 6000 feet, on the west slope of Hot Springs Mountain, four and a half miles from the Springs. This property had been filed on for a homestead and was owned by A. M. Keyes. The property is entirely surrounded by the Los Coyotes Indian Reservation.

Here I found the rocky, jagged hills with marvelous timber and meadows, with wild timothy and roses, springs everywhere, water falls, wild azaleas, all hemmed in by high mountain peaks. This place, called "Eagle's Nest," I saw for the first time and loved. On the spot I bought it, paid $50 down and $25 a month until paid for.

I asked why they called it "Eagle's Nest." Mr. Keyes answered: "The legend told by the Indians was that one day a small babe, hardly a month old was lying on its blanket near the adobe hut at the Springs. An eagle flew down, picked the baby up in its claws and flew toward the mountains. The hysterical mother only saw the direction the eagle was flying. The Indians a few weeks later saw an eagle's nest in a tree on the top of a knoll on our Eagle's Nest property. There they found the bones and blanket of the baby."

Eagle's Nest is 1500 to 2000 feet above the Springs and it

is always cool there in the summer with its running water and shade. There the largest acorns grow. There the Indians went to make their acorn flour and to get out of the heat of the summer from the valley below. Many evidences, such as mortars, holes in the rocks and different tools of the Indians we have found there.

We call Eagle's Nest our Massachusetts where your Mother and I came from. I am sure there is no place more beloved in San Diego County by you children. The property was not bought for profit. It represents the state where your mother and I were born. It was considered a luxury and we bought when finances were low. Yet, what fun we had in developing it.

First, we were able to build the road about 1910. Then we

Our first house at Eagle's Nest

camped there. About 1913, we built the first stone house and the family all helped in building it. Later on, as finances would permit, came the other houses. Then, the sixty foot dam, the swimming and the trout fishing, as well as the hunting; the tree house which swings from an Oak limb, suspended by a steel cable and winding stairway. Next came the mile and a half or two miles of road developing the property; the caves, the springs, the planting of eastern lilac, the hard maple tree, the Chestnut tree, the Shumack and the fruit trees. Your mother

and I want this property in perpetuity for you all and those to come in loving memory of a little spot of Massachusetts called Eagles Nest in California.

Kim and Peter Fletcher

Charlotte and Mary Taylor.

Tree House at Eagle's Nest.

John Griffin, known as "Honest John," a Supervisor for two decades or more, representing the Oceanside, San Luis Rey, and Warner Ranch District where our water developments took place. A personal friend and one of our most beloved citizens. His splendid son, Lloyd, is now Justice of the Fourth Appellate Court District and is making good. San Diego is proud of him.

CHAPTER VII

HUNTINGTON, VAIL, AND GATES FIGHT OVER WARNER WATER DEVELOPMENT

W. L. Vail and C. W. Gates controlled the Warner Ranch of 47,000 acres, including Warner Hot Springs. They were both my friends. At Mr. Vail's request I had promoted the construction of a telephone line from Santa Ysabel to Warner Springs. The ranch bought their wholesale groceries and supplies from me.

When Mr. Vail was hurt by being thrown from a horse, a doctor and I drove my little gray team in eleven hours to Warner Springs, nearly seventy miles away, a record—and Mr. Vail was my friend forever afterward.

I was a guest a number of times at the Springs. I reasoned it out that I was under obligation to report to them what I knew regarding the water filing made by the Pacific Light and Power Company's engineer, W. S. Post, on government land just below their westerly line of the Warner Ranch. It might be against Vail and Gates' best interests.

On my next visit to Los Angeles, I called on Mr. Vail, showed him a copy of the recorded water filing and asked him if he was interested. Mr. Vail was all excitement immediately. He asked who W. S. Post was; I then told him the whole story.

Never have I seen a man more wrought up, and to my amazement he said Vail and Gates had recently exchanged letters with Kerckhoff and Balch and had a gentlemen's agreement whereby a corporation was to be formed, known as the Monarch Power Company, which included Huntington, Kerckhoff, Balch, Vail and Gates. The Monarch Power Company was to build a dam near where the Henshaw dam is now located and convey the water to "Hell's Hole," so-called, 12 miles distant, where a 1400 foot power drop could be secured, dropping the water into a power plant to be erected on Section 36, Township 10, South, Range 1 West, just above the Rincon Indian Reservation or near where the Escondido Mutual Water Company's power plant is now located.

In consideration of Vail and Gates assistance, they were to

be paid a splendid price for their lands, flooded by the building of a dam on Warner Ranch, now Henshaw Dam, and water rights, and also have an interest in the new corporation.

He said further, Mr. Huntington was determined that the Pacific Electric Railroad was to extend its electric railroad along the coast from Santa Ana to San Diego. They needed this water power development to operate their new electric extension. He added, "Fletcher, you have rendered us a valuable service and I will remember it."

Mr. Vail called in his associate, Mr. Gates, and together we thrashed over the whole situation. It was determined between us that we would all keep quiet and see what developed.

The state law at that time gave any person the right to make a water appropriation on government land or private property with the owner's consent, protecting the appropriator for sixty days from date of filing and recording notice, but the appropriator must immediately commence development within the 60 day period or his rights would lapse if protested, unless a new filing was made.

Both Vail and Gates were of the opinion that the Pacific Light and Power Company was putting one over on them and as no contract had been signed this filing was undoubtedly made by Post on instructions of the Pacific Light and Power Company in an attempt to control the water and drive a better bargain. Temporarily the Pacific Light and Power Company had the advantage. I told Vail and Gates that I was much interested in land and water development and if anything was done, later I wanted, somehow, someway, to get into the picture. They gave me their word that they would call me the moment I could be of service. Things ran on for several months. In the meantime the Pacific Light and Power Company, through their dummies, kept making water filings.

At the request of Vail and Gates, I kept in touch with the recorded notices and found the Pacific Light and Power Company had slipped up on making their water filings and so notified Vail and Gates.

I received instructions immediately and filed in their behalf on the waters of the San Luis Rey River at the Sailor Place, so-called, owned by Vail and Gates, in the name of John H.

Ryan, a friend and employee of mine, on March 6, 1905, recorded in Book 3, Page 444 of Water Filings. This location is the one that U. S. Grant, Judge Puterbaugh and F. P. McCrae, former engineer of Miller and Lux, years before, had decided on as a point of diversion to take water to San Diego if their dream had come true.

On their instructions, I kept up the water filings for some time, filing in the name of Ralph C. Parker, Book 3, Page 451, April 29, 1905; E. C. Batchelder, my brother-in-law, Book 3, Page 454, June 23, 1905; my partner, Wm. B. Gross, Book 3, Page 456, August 18, 1905, all in Book of Water Filings.

Mr. Vail had had his accident at the ranch and I did most of my business with C. W. Gates in the meantime. On his instructions I kept the water filings up until notified that Huntington, Kerckhoff, Balch and Vail and Gates had come to an agreement and were ready to go ahead with the Monarch Power Project along the original lines. It seems that Mr. Gates had contacted Mr. Kerckhoff personally in the California Club and accused them of bad faith. Mr. Kerckhoff repudiated the action of Mr. Balch during Kerckhoff's absence in Europe and when I came to Los Angeles on their invitation, Mr. Gates informed me that they were ready to go ahead, that the Pacific Light and Power Company would finance the entire project and that I had work to do.

I was also informed that on the advice of O'Melveney & Milliken, the attorneys for the Pacific Light and Power Company, it would be necessary to acquire all the lands or riparian rights of the San Luis Rey River below Warner Ranch to the ocean, a distance of over fifty miles, as that was the California law when it came to the impounding of water and its diversion from one watershed to another.

This would be necessary in order to legally divert the water and develop the power needed. What they wanted was someone to acquire these lands and water rights. I had been picked for that purpose, and found myself in a conference with Messrs. Kerckhoff, Balch, Gates, and Henry O'Melveney, their attorney. I met for the first time that splendid man, Henry O'Melveney, who has been a friend of Salmons and mine for over a quarter of a century.

The acquisition of these lands had to be done quietly with no outside knowledge of the proposed enterprise, otherwise, it meant perhaps prohibitive costs. An attractive offer was made me to acquire these rights. I informed them that I wanted, as my associate, Frank Salmons, and they agreed to it. I had the pleasure the next day of making a partnership agreement on a 50-50 basis with Salmons. Mention should be made of the most valuable assistance of Supervisor John Griffin, one of God's Noblemen, who helped us acquire these rights.

My association with Salmons began a lifelong friendship. We were interested in many things together and I want to pay tribute to his loyalty and ability.

To Vail and Gates I also owe a deep debt of gratitude. They made it possible for me not alone to put my energy into something constructive, but brought me into personal contact with Wm. G. Kerckhoff, whom I admired, yes, loved; one of the big developers of the gas, power and water of Southern California. He had marvelous vision, was a square shooter and his record of achievements is surpassed by few in the southwest, except H. E. Huntington.

The amicable settlement between all parties was made in June, 1905 and things happened fast thereafter.

The following is the copy of the letter from Mr. Gates to me wherein he pays for the expense of water filings, and our first move was to get control of the government lands on which Post had made his original filing.

Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 13, 1905

Mr. Ed Fletcher, Esq.
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Your two letters of the 11th, one enclosing filing and assignment, are duly received and noted. I herewith enclose you check for $29.80 for the balance of the water filing and assignment, also check for $21.80 for the things you got for Mr. Vail.

The trip you made with Mr. E. L. Vail was certainly a quick one. Mr. Ward has just come in from the ranch and reports Mr. Vail improving, but very slowly.

I note what you say about the filing and Mr. Mills has

taken a memorandum and will go to the Land Office and find out if there has been any application for the purchase of these lands since the other filing was made and if there has been any change we will notify you and Mr. Vail at once, so that the other filing can either be made good or a new filing placed on the records.

Since the above was written Mr. Mills has been to the Land Office and ascertained that the only land located in Section 5 is the S½ of the SW¼, which was filed on May 13, A.D. 1898, and final proof was made March 27, 1905. As the San Luis Rey River crosses the NE¼ of Section 5 there is none of the above described located land within ½ mile of same, so that up to the present time there seems to be nothing of record in the Land Office here to affect the last filing made.

Yours truly,
(signed) C. W. Gates

The following is a copy of my letter of November 1, 1905, to Mr. Vail as he was recovering from his accident:

Mr. Walter Vail
Warner's Hot Springs
California

Dear Sir:

I enclose herewith copy of notice of appropriation on the San Luis Rey River since our last filing. I have notified the Pacific Light & Power Co., and Mr. O'Melveney, who was here Sunday, advised it, that work should be commenced immediately and I expect to get instructions from the Pacific Light & Power Co., to proceed with two or three men and commence work on the dam site in order to hold the filing. I will keep you posted as to what is being done.

I am glad to hear that you are so much better and hope that you will soon be out. Kindly make it a point for you and Mrs. Vail to come this way when returning to San Diego. It will be a much easier trip. The roads are in fine condition as compared with the Temecula road and you

can rest in San Diego for two or three days if you find it a tiresome trip.

With kind regards, believe me

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Ed Fletcher

A few days after the new agreement between Vail and Gates and the Pacific Light and Power Company, I suggested to Mr. Kerckhoff that it was almost criminal to turn the water back into the San Luis Rey River after the power had been developed; that the water once under control should be carried to the coast lands from Oceanside to Del Mar and the water put through the Escondido valley to the coast. Mr. Kerckhoff agreed but insisted that the water should be brought down the San Luis Rey Valley by pipeline.

At my request he gave me $5000.00 to take options on coast lands. It was whispered that the electric railway would not only go from Santa Ana to San Diego but up the San Luis Rey Valley. How far, they did not say, but I afterwards learned it was intended to be extended up to Warner Ranch, which the Pacific Light and Power Company was buying, also eventually to go to Imperial Valley down the San Felipe Valley to Brawley.

With harmony again in camp, I was put in charge of maintaining the water filings. Mr. Vail was still at Warner Springs recovering from his accident. Sam Taylor was in charge of the ranch but had no knowledge of what was going on. Mr. Vail at all times kept in touch with the developments. I received instructions to proceed with the work of diversion according to law on the Sailor Place, to protect our water rights, but Sam Taylor drove our men off and threatened to kill them.

On December 5th, I received the following letter from Mr. Vail from Los Angeles:

Los Angeles, Calif., Dec. 5, 1905

Ed Fletcher, Esq.
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Fletcher:

As I have already told you, I have just returned from the Warner Ranch and found that Sam Taylor and my son Walter were worried about the men working on the

Sailor Place. Sam had ordered them off, which it was quite right of him to do, as I had not informed him that any arrangements had been made otherwise. This was my fault, but I would ask you that should anyone be sent to the Sailor Place by you or direct from Kerckhoff for surveying or for any other purpose that you would give them a letter to Sam. There is a party working on the Sailor Place with whom Sam has had a lot of trouble before, as I understand, and if I had not telephoned just when I did to my son, I think probably, there might have been some bother. Sam is a good man and wants to do justice to me as well as everybody else, but, as I am not on the ground he must act on his own responsibility and on this account I would be glad if you would notify him if anyone should be sent up there again (outside of those who are now there) to do any work or anything of that kind. I have also written Mr. Kerckhoff on these lines.

Yours truly
(signed) Walter L. Vail

Sam Taylor was a most loyal man to Vail and Gates and after he was let into the secret we had no further trouble.

For some time I regularly kept up the water filings to protect our water filings, put four or five men to work making surveys, building ditch lines, power plant locations, and determining reservoir capacities, which were made by engineer W. S. Post. No attempt was made to construct a dam for the following reason: Rights-of-way for an electric railroad from Santa Ana must be bought, also a railroad franchise from the City of San Diego had first to be secured from San Diego to Del Mar.

In the meantime Salmons and I had purchased practically all the ranches for thirty odd miles from Henshaw Dam to and including the Monserate Ranch down the San Luis Rey River.

I had personal charge of acquiring all the coast lands, taking options on the large Hoteling tract at South Oceanside, nearly all of the town of Carlsbad, the Thum Tract of several hundred acres south of Carlsbad, then following down the coast, the Agua Hedionda Ranch, known as the Kelley Ranch, the Leu-

cadia properties, 800 acres just north of Encinitas owned by Collier and Sam Ferry Smith, through the Rawlston Company for which we paid $45 an acre, also the Bennett properties, controlling nearly all of Del Mar Townsite and several hundred acres adjoining.

After I had optioned these properties Mr. Kerckhoff sent Mr. Henry O'Melveney down to make a report as to what properties should be purchased. I showed Mr. O'Melveney the properties on the ground and he reported favorably on the purchase of all of them except the Del Mar options and the Agua Hedionda or Kelley Ranch. I was sorry to see my judgment not sustained 100%. We did not exercise the Kelley Ranch option, but I had the pleasure later of selling same to Harry Payne Whitney, of New York, and Wm. G. Henshaw, a most valuable property.

I told Mr. Kerckhoff that the Del Mar properties should be purchased. He refused on O'Melveney's advice, but gave me permission to sell the option as I saw fit, providing I refunded him his money before the option expired.

I knew the head Santa Fe officials in Los Angeles personally, took the matter up with Mr. Edward Chambers, then the general traffic manager, and his associates, Messrs. Barnwell, Hebbard and Dan Murphy. I had them come to Del Mar, sold them the idea of buying the property as a personal investment, and I was to have the management in its development. They made me a tender on the ground of $1000.00 as an evidence of good faith. I refused it, by telling them that the property still belonged to Mr. Wm. G. Kerckhoff; that I had no written authority to sell, but would have one the next day or two and come to Los Angeles and close the deal. I telegraphed Mr. Kerckhoff what I had done and the next day received a letter from Mr. Kerckhoff dated November 9, 1905:

Mr. Ed Fletcher
San Diego, California

Dear Sir:

In answer to yours regarding Messrs. Chambers, Barnwell, Hebbard and Murphy, and the Del Mar proposition, I will say, that I am not prepared to give these gentlemen an answer until I have had a chance to have Mr. Hunting-

ton see the proposition. I shall simply have to wait until I have this opportunity. They have no money up as yet and have only expectations of getting in, whereas I have so far put up all the money. I will give them an answer at the earliest opportunity possible.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Wm. G. Kerckhoff

The following day I met Messrs. Huntington and Kerckhoff at Del Mar and they decided that they had better buy the property rather than let the Santa Fe officials get it.

I explained to Mr. Kerckhoff that I had made a deal with the Santa Fe crowd. Mr. Kerckhoff said he had made a verbal offer but I had not accepted it by paying the money and therefore the options were still his and he refused to sell. Legally he was right, morally wrong, but his action caused a lot of hard feeling. Many times I was a go-between for the Santa Fe Railroad and Mr. Kerckhoff when anything of mutual interest arose on account of Kerckhoff's change of heart.

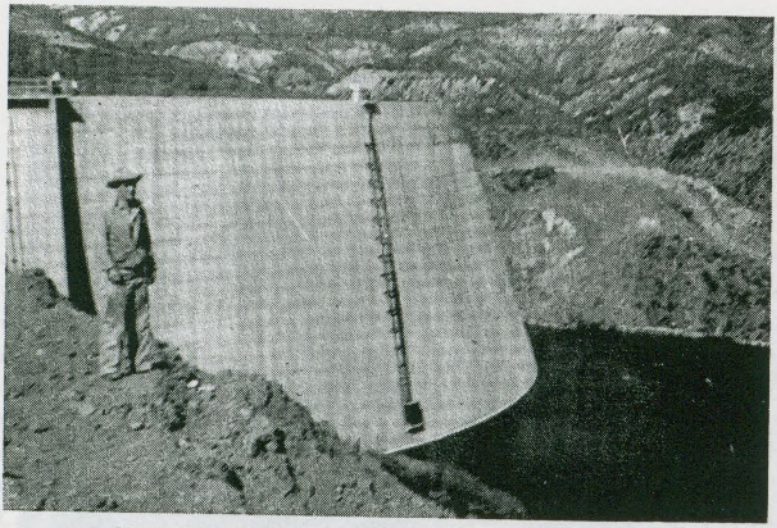
I was indeed a happy man when the property that I had purchased, which included nearly 10 miles of ocean front, between Del Mar and Oceanside, was deeded to one corporation which we organized—the South Coast Land Company.

The future certainly looked bright. The Pacific Electric was at that time extending its electric system to Riverside, San Bernardino, Huntington Beach and there was even talk of an electric line to San Francisco. It was hard competition for the Santa Fe Railroad and Southern Pacific Railroad in Southern California. At Huntington's request, Frank Salmons and I got an electric railroad franchise for Wm. G. Kerckhoff and H. W. Keller from the City of San Diego from the foot of F Street to Del Mar, bought the Jorres Wharf franchise and rights of way through Rose Canyon, planning to tunnel through the hill and come out at Sorrento, thence down the Los Penasquitos Creek to Del Mar. W. S. Post did the engineering. James Morse and I jointly owned the Morse Construction Company which graded nine miles of the right of way, part of it is still (1949) in existence north of the old Hardy slaughter house. The Pacific Electric, through Kerckhoff, sent in my care 3 cars of rails and 5 of ties.

That famous Southern Pacific railroad magnate, Harriman, saw that something had to be done. He did it. He secured the control of a majority of the Pacific Electric stock, thereby stopping Huntington building any additional extensions. Incidentally, San Diego lost forever its electric line to connect with Los Angeles. No one dreamed at that time that the Pacific Electric would not build to San Diego; that Huntington, Kerckhoff and Balch would be eliminated from the picture in the development of water and power in San Diego County, except the South Coast Land Company development; and new men would complete this water development, all on account of two men, I. W. Hellman and General Sherman, lifelong friends of Huntington, who together had 51% control of the Pacific Electric stock and sold it to Harriman. All of this was a surprise to Mr. Huntington, who later informed me personally that he was double crossed by his friends.

I had the privilege of personally becoming acquainted with H. E. Huntington. He always stayed at our house when in San Diego, keeping away from publicity and the hotels. He and Mr. Kerckhoff were planning their future railroad extension and water development in San Diego County. How Mr. Huntington loved to play dominoes. I had to stay up until midnight many times to please him. I was his houseguest the night that the newspapers published the sale of the control of the Pacific Electric Railroad to the Southern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Huntington took it hard and so did I, for this sale of the control of the Pacific Electric took out of my life the future pleasure of working for one of the most remarkable, far-seeing and genial developers of California.

Before closing my narrative on Mr. Walter Vail, I want to say he too was an empire builder. Salmons and I had sold him the Little Pauba Ranch and he showed me where he was going to build a dam on Pauba Ranch in Nigger Canyon east of Temecula on the Santa Margarita River, that would irrigate 10,000 or 12,000 acres of land. Owing to years of litigation with the owners of the Santa Margarita Ranch, the O'Neills, he never accomplished his purpose—but his sons did, and on November 6, 1949, with your Mother, we were the guests of Mahlon Vail, who showed us the Vail Dam, com-



MAHLON VAIL—Son of W. S. Vail, at Vail Dam on the Santa Margarita River above Temecula—1949.

pleted a few weeks ago—a constant angle type which cost a million dollars to build. The dam is 122 feet high; holds 50,000 acre feet of water. It is this type or a multiple arch type that should be built at Mission Gorge No. 3, two miles above the old Mission San Diego. We spent a happy day there, and I am glad that the Vail family completed the job in splendid fashion, as the picture of the dam, with Mahlon Vail, shows.

W. G. Kerckhoff

One of California's greatest developers of land, power, and water.
It was a great honor to have known him intimately.

CHAPTER VIII

KERCKHOFF-KELLER ELECTRIC RAILWAY FRANCHISE TO DEL MAR

The Kerckhoff-Keller franchise for an electric railroad that Salmons and I secured from the City Council of San Diego, extending from San Diego through Rose Canyon to Del Mar was an experience of a lifetime. We had a terrific struggle with Charlie Hardy and his associates but through our attorneys, Stearns and Sweet, we were able to effect a compromise and eventually secured the franchise. It was Charlie Hardy who forced us to put up a $25,000.00 certified check and other conditions, including an absolute assurance that H. E. Huntington was associated financially with the South Coast Land Company, which controlled all the lands we purchased along the coast.

My letter of June 29th, 1908, to William G. Kerckhoff is explanatory:

"Dear Sir:—

"As per your telephone instructions Friday I was at the Post Office when the mail came and secured the registered letter from Mr. Huntington. Later in the evening I located him and had the pleasure of his company with me in my home that night. I certainly enjoyed meeting him in this way and having a chance to get better acquainted.

"Saturday morning, with a machine I took him over Webster's F St. line, down F St. to the Jorres wharf and out along the K-K Ry. right of way through Rose Canyon to the Scripps Boulevard overlooking El Cajon. From there we went over the Linda Vista Mesa and I know he was very much impressed with it. My only reference to putting water on it was the remark that if the San Luis Rey water was ever developed, by losing a two or three hundred foot fall, the water could be dropped into the Pamo Valley and from there flow by gravity over the entire Linda Vista Mesa, otherwise the water would naturally go into the San Luis Rey Valley and it would be impracticable for us as far as the Linda Vista Mesa is concerned.

"Mr. Huntington in his quiet way, I feel is interested in your work but to a newspaper reporter he denied having put a cent into the K-K Railway but did admit that he was interested in the South Coast Land Co.

Yours very truly,

Ed Fletcher"

I was associated with Bartlett Estate Company who had acquired a franchise for an electric line from the foot of F Street and Jorres Wharf and extending east to 25th Street and up to a location owned by the Bartlett Estate Company between 25th Street and the 30th Street bridge. We had a gasoline motor at the time and Mr. Huntington was interested in acquiring this franchise, also the Jorres Wharf franchise, which I secured for the South Coast Land Company and the Huntington interests. When Hardy saw that we meant business, he acquiesced and the franchise was eventually secured although we still had opposition from several people, including Charlie Collier who was president of the local line controlled by Spreckels that ran to Ocean Beach. We had to cross his line near the Marine Base and he would not allow us to, although we were paying the entire cost. Having the franchise we had to take drastic action and on a Sunday when Collier could not stop us by injunction, we installed a double track crossing and got away with it.

Even the richest have to borrow money and the letter from Mr. Kerckhoff that is reproduced here illustrates that point.

I helped to finance the South Coast Land Company through the banks of San Diego for several hundred thousand dollars while connected with the Company.

Frank Salmons and I worked hard in acquiring rights of way to Del Mar, private rights of way, and Frank was very helpful with certain people in getting the franchise. No two boys were ever more disappointed than the day that Harriman purchased the control of the Pacific Electric Railroad and blocked the extension of the electric car line that H. E. Huntington had planned down the coast to San Diego.

Harriman after acquiring the control of the Pacific Electric Railway Company in Los Angeles sold to the Santa Fe Railroad Company the rights of the Kerckhoff-Keller Franchise,

PACIFIC LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.

624 PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE CO.

LOS ANGELES, CAL. September 6, 1907.

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,

San Diego, California.

Dear Sir:-

Enclosed please find one day note, signed by Mr. H. E. Huntington and myself, for $10,000.00, to the Merchants National Bank of San Diego. Please place the proceeds of the note to the credit of the South Coast Land Company in the Merchants National Bank.

This loan is made with the Merchants National Bank of San Diego on condition that they get a part of the account of the South Coast Land Company, and also that they will carry the note for a reasonable length of time and give ample notice in case they should require its payment.

Thanking you for your courtesy in this matter, I remain

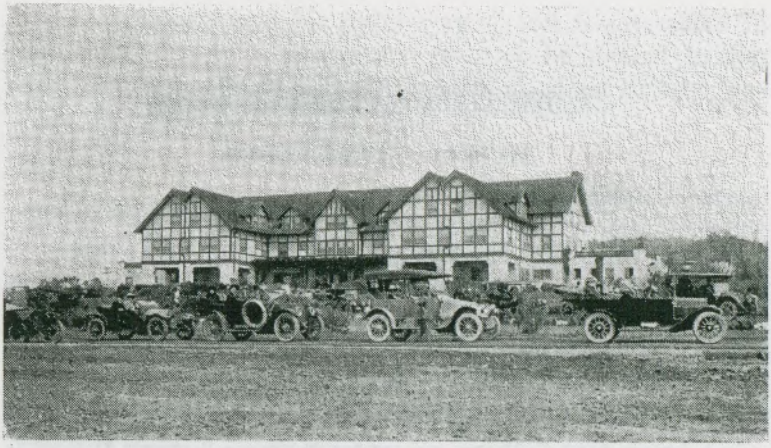
Yours very truly,

WGK-AM.

Enc.

including the Jorres Wharf franchise. Messrs. Huntington and Kerckhoff received their entire investment back and transferred their franchise and property rights to the Santa Fe Railroad. Our grading outfit graded several miles of the rights of way and part of it is to be seen today, 45 years later, north of the San Diego River and east of U.S. 101 Highway near Mission Bay. We had to ship several carloads of rails back to Los Angeles.

With the transfer went your Dad who for two or three years looked after the Santa Fe interests, acquired from Huntington and Kerckhoff until everything was disposed of.



Hotel Del Mar — 1906.

At Hotel Del Mar — 1950.

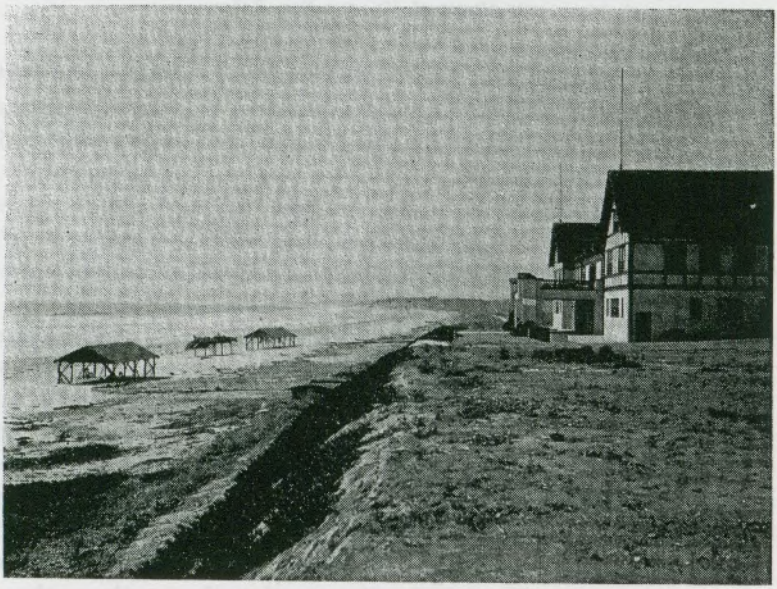
CHAPTER IX

SOUTH COAST LAND COMPANY AND DEL MAR

After the acquisition of the Warner Ranch by Messrs. Huntington and Kerckhoff as I have heretofore stated, I induced Mr. Kerckhoff to furnish the money to take options to purchase the lands along the coast from Oceanside to and including Del Mar, many thousands of acres, including most of South Oceanside, Carlsbad, the Agua Hedionda Ranch, 800 acres in Leucadia and the Del Mar holdings.

We organized the South Coast Land Company and Mr. Kerckhoff made H. W. Keller his vice-president and the Directors were: H. E. Huntington, C. A. Canfield, the oil millionaire, William G. Kerckhoff, Ed Fletcher and H. W. Keller. I was general manager.

I have told you heretofore how near the Santa Fe officials of Los Angeles came to acquiring the Del Mar holdings, but to my surprise and pleasure the first development on the



Del Mar Bath House and Beach, 1906.

Picking flowers at Del Mar. The group consists of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Keller, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis L. Doyle, your mother, and some friends of Mr. and Mrs. Keller.

coast they selected was Del Mar. We spent several hundred thousand dollars in the building of what is now known as Del Mar Inn, including the bathhouse and development of water and land.

I had the pleasure of laying out the lots and building the roads in what is now known as new Del Mar. There was an old subdivision a half mile south of the present hotel—a few homes—and originally developed by Mr. Jacob Taylor.

The Union Title and Trust Company in July, 1948, wrote a splendid article in its magazine covering the early history of Del Mar. Your father and mother built the first house on the hill and the first house on the beach. After we subdivided the beach property I sold our house on the hill east of the hotel, but today, 1951, we have the first four houses on the beach. What pleasure we have had in owning those homes and looking back forty-odd years! I can see that nothing has done more to keep the Fletcher family together than to have three

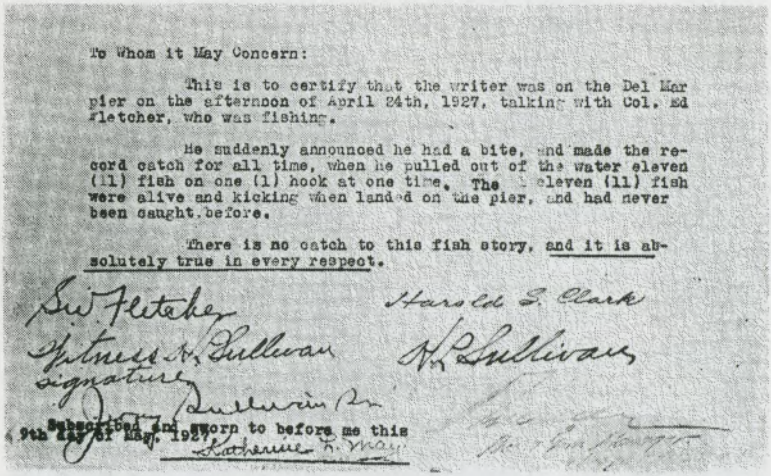
or four of the Fletcher families at one time at Del Mar, enjoying the pleasures and keeping in friendly touch, one with the other. This goes for Eagles Nest and our Cuyamaca house and Oak Ridge as well.

Believe it or not, Del Mar was a wild country, splendid duck shooting on the sloughs and the finest quail shooting ever, east of Del Mar in the valleys and on the mesa. There were plenty of snakes. One day, returning from a hunting trip, H. W. Keller and I sat on the front porch of one of the old houses and saw a three or four foot rattler come out into the path 15 feet from us—reaching for his gun Keller shot its head off. Henry Keller later became president of the South Coast Land Co. We had a happy time working together. Mrs. Keller was beloved by all and the large families of us both have kept up our friendship of years.

Another remarkable experience. Fishing from the old pier with Henry W. Keller, one day I went over to get some bait, leaving my rod on the railing and when I returned the fishing line and rod were gone. I looked out in the breakers and there was my fishing rod going out into the ocean; without a moment's thought, I completely undressed, swam through the surf; got my pole and commenced to swim back, only to bring on a real tug-of-war. I was really exhausted when I was able to reach firm footing again and reeled in a 37-pound shark.

Probably one of the funniest experiences of my life with dignified men occurred one Sunday when with William G. Kerckhoff, Henry O'Melveney and another friend, in my four cylinder, 20 horsepower, air-cooled Franklin, we drove down on the beach for a mile. It was low tide and at one spot we found a couple of small pools 50 to 75 feet in width and not over a foot deep. To our utter amazement there were 15 or 20 fish swimming in those pools, trapped—2 or 3 halibut and a number of Corvina. With the now incoming tide threatening us, we had to work fast. Without stopping to take off our shoes and sox, the four of us waded into the pools—chasing the fish until they were stranded in shallow water. We had the pleasure of getting 12 lovely fish with our hands, weighing from one to two-and-a-half pounds each.

We built a splendid pier at Del Mar and believe it or not one day fishing from that pier I pulled in with one pole, one line and one hook eleven alive, wiggling fish. The answer is



To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that the writer was on the Del Mar pier on the afternoon of April 24th, 1927, talking with Col. Ed Fletcher, who was fishing.

He suddenly announced he had a bite, and made the record catch for all time, when he pulled out of the water eleven (11) fish on one (1) hook at one time. The eleven (11) fish were alive and kicking when landed on the pier, and had never been caught before.

There is no catch to this fish story, and it is absolutely true in every respect.

Ed Fletcher — Harold S. Clark

Witness A. Sullivan — H. L. Sullivan

signature

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of May, 1927.

Katherine [illegible]

that I caught a fish that gives birth to its young like whale and shark. My fish weighed about 2 lbs. It hit hard on the pier when I landed it and at once gave birth to 10 live, wigling fish 2 inches long.

But back to serious business, our water problem was most serious. We first put down wells east of the Santa Fe railroad up the San Dieguito River toward Rancho Santa Fe; the water turned to salt and after putting down three or four wells, we at last made satisfactory arrangements with the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company, which owned Rancho Santa Fe and put in a permanent plant there.

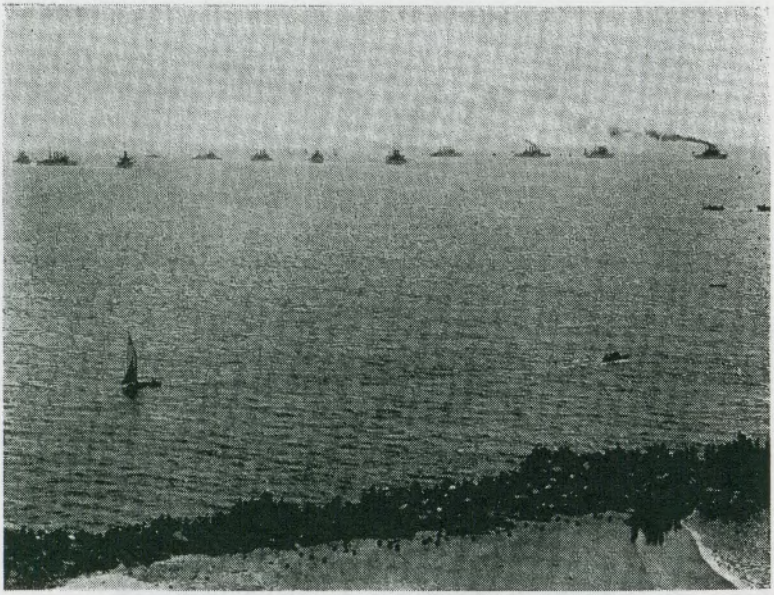
We also organized the Del Mar Light and Power Company and manufactured our own electricity for the town.

Our first banquet given at Stratford Inn, later re-named Del Mar Hotel, was in honor of Admiral Bob Evans, in Command of the Atlantic Fleet, then on its tour round the world.

The following picture shows the fleet at anchor off Point Loma and the Coronado Hotel. We had over 200 officers of the Fleet and citizens of San Diego at this banquet. San Diego

Admiral Bob Evans who brought the Atlantic Fleet to San Diego on its trip around the world in 1906. It was a pleasure to meet him. His son is a good San Diegan.

Officers of Admiral Bob Evans Fleet and San Diego Citizens at Villa Caro Ranch where we entertained the party. Mother is dressed in white and may be seen near the center of the picture surrounded by three or four admiring Admirals.

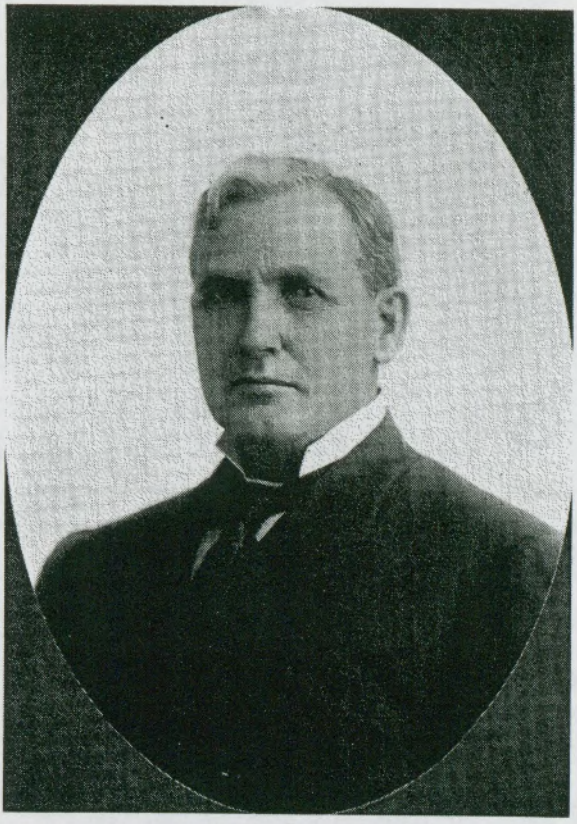


The Atlantic Fleet off Coronado on its World Tour, 1906.

was never more thrilled and the San Diego Chamber of Commerce gave a wonderful picnic at El Monte Park, stopping en route at our Villa Caro Ranch at the foot of Grossmont. I had 60 boxes of oranges there for the several hundred officers from the Fleet to enjoy. There were 70 automobiles in the parade. It is there that the Navel Orange Battle took place so to speak — the boys got to throwing oranges at each other and several were seriously injured.

One of the funniest experiences of the day was the main address given by Patterson Sprigg, a splendid citizen and a lawyer. This happened at El Monte Park. Pat was bald headed but that day he had a beautiful head of black hair and we were amazed. In describing the wonderful attractions of San Diego County, among other things he mentioned Isham Springs and its wonderful ability to restore the hair, telling what it had done for him and called attention to his hair — just then someone raised up from behind and off came his wig. The crowd went wild!

Going back to Del Mar, the South Coast Land Company



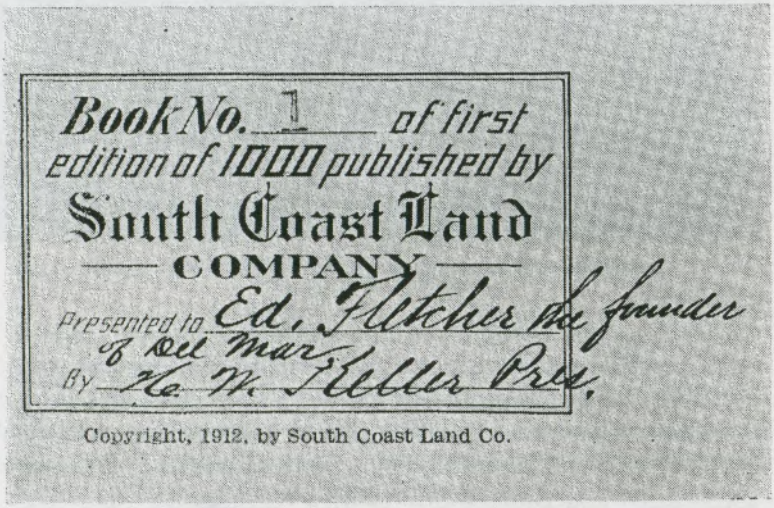
Governor James N. Gillett, a man of remarkable personality and personal integrity. Your father has only happy memories of this Governor. I was on Governor Gillett's staff as Lieutenant-Colonel. Governor Gillett visited San Diego to celebrate the arrival of Admiral Bob Evans and the Atlantic Fleet who made the trip around the world. What a wonderful party Charlie Collier gave for the Governor the night before the arrival of the fleet! When asked by the Governor what his milita y experience had been, Charlie Collier replied, "My only military experience consisted of making application to join Company "B" and they blackballed me."

made a contract with us to sell the property at Del Mar and when we put it on the market, within three months, as I recall it, we sold nearly half a million dollars worth of real estate.

A splendid booklet was issued advertising Del Mar and Book No. 1 was given to me by Henry Keller, president of the South Coast Land Company.

I ran across this picture of a hurdle race for women taken at a school teacher's picnic at Del Mar. The picture speaks for itself.

One of the most remarkable experiences of my life was in 1916. We had a terrific flood—the San Dieguito River north of Del Mar was a half mile wide and there was four feet of water — a raging torrent — covering the present race track. I had the management of Rancho Santa Fe at the time. The highway bridges as well as the railroad bridges were washed out both north and south of Del Mar. I received a telephone

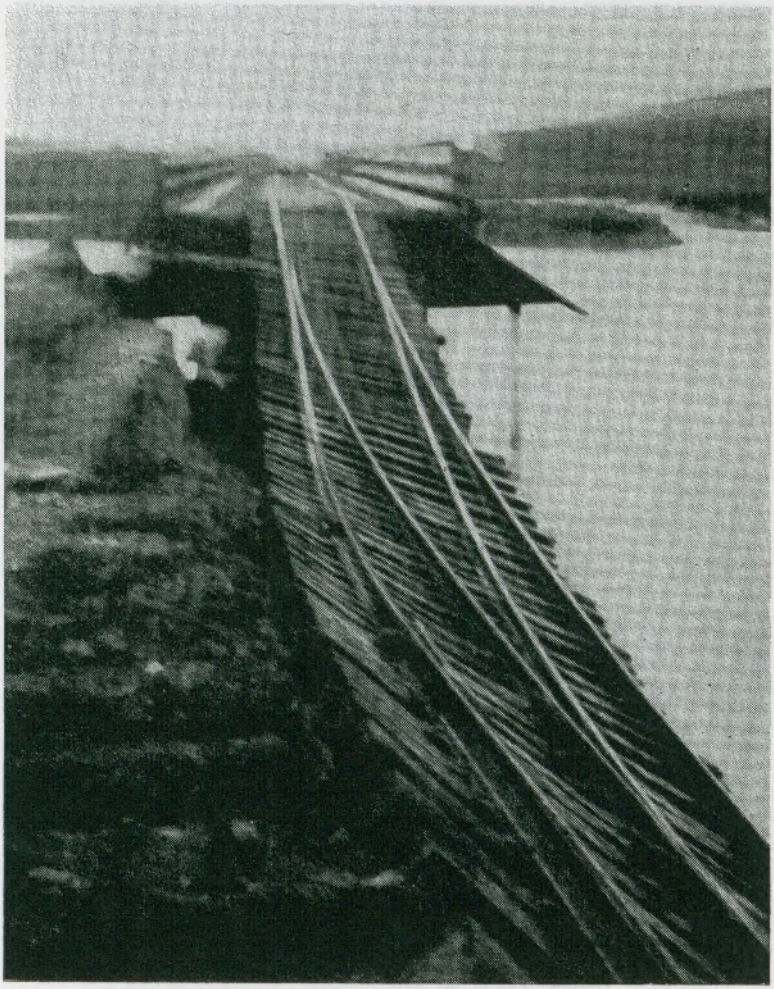


Compliment paid your father in the early acquisition and development of Del Mar and the Coast Lands Development.

call from one of our tenants at Rancho Santa Fe in the valley — they were surrounded by three feet of water and the water was rapidly rising and they could not get out. I secured a sea-going boat at Del Mar and with four men rowed to Rancho Santa Fe and took the tenant with his wife and two children out two hours before the house went into the ocean.

We built Lake Hodges dam in 1916, but the flood menace still prevails. Mr. Fred Rhodes, our City Manager for nearly twenty-five years off and on, is my authority for the statement that more water has run over the Lake Hodges spillway into the ocean in the last 25 years than the entire City of San Diego used during that same twenty-five year period. Believe it or not, if Sutherland Dam is not completed and the Super Lake Hodges Dam built, I make a prediction that one of these days we will again see the water running through the fair grounds and race track at Del Mar with untold damage done.

In closing this chapter and as a matter of interest, regarding highways, when we built the Stratford Inn at Del Mar, the only all-weather road was the stage line route known as El Camino Real going from San Diego through Sorrento and following the coast about a mile or half mile inland to Oceanside and the San Luis Rey Mission—so to go to San Diego from Del Mar one had to go up over the first ridge from the



The 1916 flood. Santa Fe tracks north of Del Mar. The bridge went out a few hours later.

ocean and join the El Camino Real at a stage station a mile east of Del Mar. The building has disappeared but the beautiful group of fir trees is still there. There was no highway of any kind connecting La Jolla with Del Mar.

We were negotiating with E. W. Scripps and Miss Ellen Scripps to locate the Institute of Oceanography at Del Mar

E. W. Scripps, one of the most influential newspaper owners of his time, a national character and friend.

and offered them a site free near the hotel. Two years before my good friend, Supervisor Charles Swallow, and I purchased about 100 acres of Torrey Pines hill for $20.00 per acre and my partner sold the land for $100.00 per acre to an unknown party, but it later turned out that Miss Scripps was the purchaser of that beautiful Torrey Pines Park, which she later gave the city.

E. W. SCRIPPS
April 1st to Dec. 1st, West Chester, Butler Co., Ohio
Dec. 1st to April 1st, Miramar, San Diego Co., California

FILE #190

Miramar, Cal., July 8, 1907.

-: San Diego--La Jolla--Del Mar Road :-

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,
San Diego, Cal.

My dear Fletcher:-

Enclosed find copy of my letter to Keller.

You will observe that I have not made an issue with him, and further that I have endeavored to place the matter before him in such a way as will give him no occasion to hold you to blame for any misunderstandings.

Personally, I feel that you are to be congratulated, and that the community owes you a good deal for your activity in this matter, which has, after all, resulted in the building of a splendid new roadway that would otherwise have been postponed for a long time. I like your style of doing things, your push and energy, and your manner of producing accomplishment.

In my own mind, I have drafted you into my own company and consider you a most valuable associate of mine in this matter of road building.

I hope you will continue and even increase your activity in such a manner that before many years you will be recognized both in the city and in the country as a man who has done more in proportion to his means than any one else for the good of the community in securing it fine highways.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. Scripps.

E. W. Scripps, who was head of the E. W. Scripps newspaper service, was a personal friend and together we conceived the idea of building a dirt road from La Jolla to Del Mar. As manager of the South Coast Land Company, I negotiated and got the consent of the Company to pay half the cost of grading

the road from Del Mar to La Jolla, E. W. Scripps donated the other half and the original road that we graded now runs through the Torrey Pines Park, later paved, but the main Highway No. 101 takes the lower route. We had to finance the construction of an $8000 bridge across the mouth of the Los Penasquitos River between Del Mar and Torrey Pines. G. A. Davidson, President of the Southern Trust and Commerce Bank financed the construction of the bridge by having eight citizens sign the note and the following year the Board of Supervisors appropriated the money to pay the note.

I want to pay a tribute to E. W. Scripps, one of our best citizens. He loved to do things in his own way. He was one of our three County Highway Commissioners with Spreckels and Spalding. You will hear more about him later.

The other activities of the South Coast Land Company north of Del Mar will be touched on in another chapter.

I sold out my interest in the South Coast Land Company with regret—it had been a most pleasant and happy experience at Del Mar, but in a contract that I entered into with William G. Henshaw, covering the promotion and sale of the water Development of Warner Ranch and the development of Sutherland, Pamo and Lake Hodges damsites I found it more interesting and financially more profitable to give my time to my new work, associated with William G. Henshaw.

Our activities heretofore mentioned covered the period from 1904 to 1910.

CHAPTER X

GEORGE W. MARSTON

George Marston, our first citizen, a successful business man, our greatest civic leader, is one of the finest Christian men I have ever met. He was born in Wisconsin October 22, 1850 and arrived in San Diego in October, 1870. I just secured the above data by telephone from his daughter, Mary, December 26, 1942. He's 92 years of age, and when I asked to speak to him Mary's answer was, "He's out playing golf." I never saw his equal! Only a few days ago I had the most remarkable half hour's visit with him; his memory is perfect.

I called Mr. Marston's attention to a trip made in 1907 in my two cylinder Maxwell to the backcountry, including Pine

Ed Fletcher, George Marston, and John Nolan in 1906 Maxwell.

George Marston in his younger days as a member of the San Diego Baseball Team.

George W. Marston, 1850-1946, San Diego's First Citizen, who gave freely of his time, money, and of himself to make this a better town in which to live—Ed Fletcher.

George Marston, Ed Fletcher, and John Nolan at Pine Hills. It was on this spot that George Marston agreed to pay John Nolan the sum of $10,000 for creating a long range plan for the future development of San Diego. When completed, Marston donated the plan to the city.

Hills Inn, which I built and owned at the time. With us on the trip was the noted landscape engineer, John Nolan. Mr. Marston remembered every incident of that two-day trip in the backcountry. Arthur Nelson was my chauffeur at the time. I am including a picture of the three of us, taken by Arthur Nelson when Mr. Marston negotiated the arrangement and out of his own pocket agreed to pay and did pay $10,000 for the so-called Nolan plan which he donated to the City of San Diego and which has been carefully followed.

That was a memorable trip. We came down the old Eagle Peak Road, down the San Diego River now abandoned, the first road that ever was built into the mountains and to Julian. I am also including a picture of the two-cylinder Maxwell making a dash through Cedar Creek on that trip. The car had no top, a buggy dashboard, kerosene lamps and I had a dozen extra spark plugs, for we had to change every ten or fifteen miles. We had a clearance of over eighteen inches.

Fording Cedar Creek.

I must digress for a moment and tell you of my first experience with that car. I had driven to El Cajon in the adobe mud, with ruts six or eight inches deep along what is now known as El Cajon Boulevard. It was after dark, raining hard when I returned and you couldn't get out of the ruts if you wanted to. I was in low gear, returning home about half a mile west of El Cerrito Hill on El Cajon Boulevard in East San Diego when I went into a deep dip and there forty feet from me lay a cow on the ground headed west. I had time to shut off my engine, put on my emergency brake, but all to no purpose. The car slid down the soft adobe hill so I hit her straight; the car followed along her back until the front axle hit her horns, when we stopped with the cow underneath. I walked a quarter of a mile, got a man with a lantern and two horses to pull the car off. The cow got up and walked away. All I had done was to take the skin off her back from one end to another. This is

the kind of a car that we took the trip to Pine Hills in and many other trips, including Palomar Mountain, with Marston, G. Aubrey Davidson, M. T. Gilmore and William B. Gross. With a 30% grade down the east side we had to hitch a pine tree behind dragging as a brake for several miles. The trip down Eagle Peak Road was almost as bad. Why we were not all killed those days I don't know, traveling in those first cars, but the Lord was with us and they were happy days.

Mr. Marston was always an inspiration to me. As a civic leader he must have given a third of his time for public service, and he made me work, too. How well I remember his interest

George Marston, M. T. Gilmore, Admiral Seebree, Lawrence Fletcher and Ed Fletcher in car. In 1906 we came over the mountain and down the canyon in this car with no road to guide us.

in the development of Balboa Park. I am satisfied he spent $50,000 at least of his own money in paying for the Nolan plan, building roads and planting shrubs and trees. He inspired me to form a committee on Golden Hill to start Balboa Park development there, from 24th to 28th Streets and particularly where the park heads into 25th Street. On that committee was M. F. Heller, Senator Leroy Wright, Frank Salmons, Grant Conard, later mayor, A. P. Johnson, Jr., President of the Southern Title Company, and myself. We raised over $3,800, built the first road with my grading outfit and, under the supervision of Miss Kate Sessions—that remarkable woman, we

Miss Kate Sessions who rendered invaluable service to San Diego through her love for flowers and shrubs. She left her imprint on Balboa Park and everlastingly urged tree planting. Beloved by all. San Diego will never forget her.

planted the shrubs and trees that make the south line of the park today most interesting. We also built the canyon road down 26th Street and kept it up for several years until the city took it over.

Later Marston interested me in the Y.M.C.A. and particularly the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. where Marston and G. Aubrey Davidson put me to work on their committees.

We had a great experience in getting the Naval Training Station to San Diego—our good friend Congressman Bill Kettner and our beloved Colonel (later General) Pendleton recommended it. Marston, Davidson, Rufus Choate, M. F. Heller, and John Forward were most active. The Chamber of Commerce and city officials had definite assurance from the Navy Department that if we would furnish the lands free of charge to the government along Rosecrans where the Naval Training Station is now located, the Station would be established. I was a member of that committee and it was a pleasure to see how the businessmen took hold. As I recollect, we raised $381,000 by private subscription. Something like a mile and a half of bay frontage from Rosecrans Street south to the bay was purchased, donated to the government and, as you know, millions of dollars was later spent by the government in dredging six or eight hundred acres of additional land on which the Naval Training Station and Marine Base now is located. It was a wonderful investment, but I want to pay tribute to Marston, Davidson, Frank Belcher, Harry Jones of the Gas Company and John D. Spreckels and others who took the lead in all these civic matters for the good of the town. The clearing house banks generally donated 20% of the money to be raised by public subscription, the Gas Company 10%, George Marston 10%, John D. Spreckels 10%—or 50% of the entire cost of these civic developments, the balance of the money raised by private subscription from contributions made by the citizens of San Diego, some of the large contributors being H. H. Timken, the Jessop family, Miss Ellen Scripps, A. S. Bridges, M. F. Heller, the Forward family and others too numerous to mention, each contributing according to their ability. It was a joy to live in San Diego in those days. We fought each

Colonel (later General) Joe Pendleton, one of the salt of the earth. To General Joe, more than any one else, should go the credit for our Naval Training Station and Marine Base.

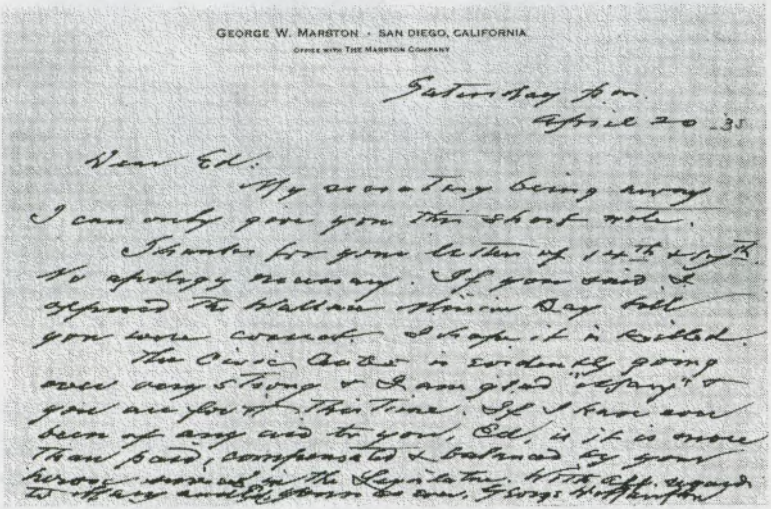
other politically but when it came to the best interests of the city we all teamed up together.

In the same way George Marston, Frank Belcher, G. Aubrey Davidson, Charlie Collier, John D. Spreckels, Harry Jones and others made possible the 1915-16 Exposition and the 1935-36 as well. It seemed a crazy idea of Charlie Collier's, the 1915 Exposition. We had a population of only 39,000 at the time Collier suggested an International Exposition. Marston backed it right up and agreed to do his part. Millions were raised by private subscription, directly and indirectly. The city spent over 2 millions for the improvement of Balboa park, the building of the stadium, and San Diego was first put on the map in a real way by that exposition. It even brought the President of the United States here—Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Secretary of the Treasury and former U. S. Senator, William G. McAdoo, supported the exposition.

In my opinion no one man did more, gave more of his time and money than George W. Marston to make San Diego's International Exposition a success. It was an honor and a pleasure to work with him as a director. We should not forget U. S. Grant, Jr., Charlie Collier and G. A. Davidson, all presidents from 1909 to 1916 inclusive. It was a separate corporation, California Pacific International Exposition in 1916 and Davidson was president.

With the closing of the Exposition, to my amazement, several of the businessmen of San Diego, including a banker, demanded that the Exposition buildings be torn down immediately and there seemed to be a possibility of that being done. But Marston and others absolutely said NO. The buildings had a life of many years, beauty unsurpassed and a large majority of the people were demanding the development and beautifying of Balboa Park, one of our greatest assets. It culminated in three meetings in the City Hall with the City Council, Board of Supervisors, Chamber of Commerce and citizens of San Diego to determine whether or not the buildings were to be put in semi-permanent condition or not, and if maintained—where were the funds to come from? The estimated cost was $100,000. Mr. Marston was spurring me on

with others to preserve the buildings. At the last meeting Mayor Bacon, chairman, was very non-committal, and it looked as if nothing was being accomplished, which forced me to vigorously demand action, and I made the rash statement that half of the money could be raised right among those present. Mayor Bacon challenged me to take the chair. I



GEORGE W. MARSTON · SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

OFFICE WITH THE MARSTON COMPANY

Saturday P.m.
April 20 -35

Dear Ed.

My secretary being away I can only give you this short note.

Thanks for your letter of 14th inst. No apology necessary. If you said & offered to Wallace Irwin Day bill you were correct. I hope it is killed.

The Civic Center is evidently going over very strong & I am glad "Pop" & you are for it. This time. If I have ever been of any aid to you, Ed, it is more than paid, compensated & balanced by your heroic services in the Legislature. With Eff. regards to Mary and Joan & our friends Hoffman

accepted and said the success or failure will be decided here and now. Mr. Marston pledged $10,000, Mr. Bridges a like amount, Joe Foster, chairman of the Board of Supervisors, pledged $25,000 for the County and altogether I raised over $50,000 at that meeting with the result that the City Council eventually came through with $25,000. $110,000 was raised and the buildings in the park saved and rejuvenated. Later on we raised another $100,000 by private subscription to carry on the good work. Most of those buildings are there today

During the 1935-36 Exposition I was a director and as State Senator had the pleasure of taking the initiative, which resulted in the securing of the necessary funds through Governor Merriam and the WPA that gave us the State Building in the Exposition, now known as the Armory and occupied by the Navy in 1942. I believe both of these expositions, most distinctive in character, have been one of our greatest assets in

San Diego Historical Museum. George Marston's splendid gift to San Diego.

helping beautify, advertise and develop the City of San Diego.

It was George W. Marston who gave much of his time and money and did so much to get a direct Eastern Railroad into San Diego. Marston was chairman of the committee. At one time we thought the committee had arranged with the Phelps Dodge people to extend their railroad into San Diego, and many other prospects followed up, only to fail when we refused to give the Southern Pacific what they demanded. C. P. Huntington, then president of the Southern Pacific, said that grass would grow in our streets before there would be another railroad into San Diego as far as he was concerned. Marston and his committee worked with John D. Spreckels and the Southern Pacific eventually did bring the San Diego and Arizona railroad into existence. It was John D. Spreckels, partly with Southern Pacific money and partly with his own who made the dream come true. It was the John D. Spreckels Estate that took the loss and it ran into millions, but that's another story.

George Marston always cooperated with me financially and otherwise in our campaign for a national highway, building

the Mountain Springs grade, the plank road through the sand hills, the building of the Yuma bridge, the Gila Bend and Casa Grande cut-off. I could always count on 10% of the entire cost as a donation from George Marston.

When my friend, H. H. Timken was going to sell the El Monte grove of oaks, above Lakeside, which I thought should belong to the County, I took an option, at one-half the value, from Timken, and eight of us, including George Marston, M. T. Gilmore, M. F. Heller, Mrs. Lucius Coleman, Miss Ellen Scripps, Mrs. George Burnham, Milton McRae and myself, signed an eight thousand dollar note, borrowed the money from the bank, purchased the property and later the Board of Supervisors took it over at cost, thereby buying at less than half price a wonderful property, one of San Diego County's most popular backcountry parks. We owe a word of credit to H. H. Timken, who owned the property, for making it possible and donating one half, also the Supervisors who took County money to acquire the El Monte Park.

One of George Marston's most marvelous gifts to the city was Presidio Heights and the San Diego Historical Museum where the first Presidio was built and where Commodore Stockton built his fort preparatory to shooting up Old Town in the Mexican War, which he captured without firing a shot. My understanding is that the investment was nearly half a million dollars which Marston gave to the city, and yet the City Council refused to accept the gift after it was completely developed for many years unless Marston maintained the care of the property at his own expense. The city later took it over.

How well I remember the two campaigns when Marston ran for Mayor of San Diego only to be defeated, once by a real estate man who later left the city. Another time Louis Wilde beat Marston for Mayor by having a little truck run all over town on which was a gasoline engine puffing smoke with a sign reading: "Wilde will bring smokestacks and business." Because Marston was a successful business man, clean spiritually and morally, he had no chance to be elected mayor with the opposition of certain businessmen, the liquor interests and those who travel along with them.

"Roller Bearing" Harry Timken and Dad fishing at Cuyamaca Lake. A real friend and inspiration to me.

No citizen has ever done more for the city in its history. We had numerous trips together, over Palomar, down on the desert, around Cuyamaca Lake and many times to Pine Hills, where we were associated in business together in the Pine Hills Association with M. T. Gilmore, U. S. Grant, Jr., and G. A. Davidson. We had a lot of fun building Pine Hills Dam, building roads and putting in a water system. Your Mother and I planned, and at our own expense built Pine Hills Inn. It was George Marston who gave the YMCA that splendid camp in Pine Hills named for him—Camp Marston.

Probably the most fun I ever had with George Marston was on a trip into Mexico with Colonel Ira C. Copley and J. E. Boal, who was President of the Sweetwater Water Company. I did the driving on that trip; first we went to Ensenada, then traveling east over the first mountain range we visited the former capital of Lower California, Real Del Castilio. (Real Del Castilio, capital from 1872-1882, lies in the Ojos Negros Valley 30 miles east of Ensenada in the mountains.) From there we went to Ojos Negros and Alamo, then climbed the mountains to Laguna Hanson, intending to stay the night, but found 25 people there, no rooms, no beds and no blankets. It probably is as wild country as there is in Lower California, from there to Tecate. We drove most of it after dark, passing only one or two ranches. At times the road went south for miles and I remember Marston telling Boal he knew I was going the wrong way, but they were all good sports and about midnight we landed at Tecate tired but happy. Martson was a teetotaler. The line into the United States was closed and the only place we could stay in was over the saloon on cots with merrymaking going on below all night.

The best story of all was told by Marston of his trip in the 70's down to the old capital where he was looking for business and had to sleep on the counter.

When the original San Diego Mission, the first built in California by the Franciscan Fathers, was restored it was an honor and a pleasure to work with Marston. It was fitting that the Catholic Church saw its way clear to place on a bronze tablet in the Mission the names of those most active in making it possible:

"1769 † 1931*
Mission San Diego de Alcala commemorates by this tablet the benevolence of those persons who by liberal bequests, donations and long continued support have so greatly aided in the restoration of the Mission.

Most Rev. John J. Cantwell, D.D.
The Poor Sisters of Nazareth
James Wood Coffroth
Albert Vincent Mayrhofer
Ellen Browning Scripps
San Diego Parlor No. 108 Native Sons of the Golden West
Grand Parlor Native Sons of the Golden West
San Diego Parlor No. 208 Native Daughters of the Golden West
Grand Parlor Native Daughters of the Golden West
Knights of Columbus
Catholic Daughters of America
San Diego Union & Tribune
San Diego Clearing House Association
San Diego Advertising Club
George W. Marston
General & Mrs. Marshall O. Terry
Cave J. Couts
Lowerison & Wolsten Croft
I. E. Loveless
Col. Ed Fletcher
Ed C. Hall
James MacMullen

and the many hundreds of donors who by their contributions made the restoration a success.

Lowerison & Wolstencroft — Contractors
I. E. Loveless — Architect

J. Marshall Miller
Restoration Supervisor
Albert Vincent Mayrhofer
Chairman-Treasurer Restoration Committee

whose willing guidance, responsibilities of leadership and untiring services made possible the process of restoration of
The Mother Mission"

* *

I have mentioned only a few of the activities of George Marston that have come to my knowledge. I cannot express in words my feeling of appreciation for his splendid service to the community, his invaluable friendship through all the years and above all the inspiration he has given me for public service.

At Eagles Nest on our annual outing for a day.

Annually for a number of years John E. Boal, George W. Marston, Myron T. Gilmore, Milton A. McRae, A. P. Johnson, Jr., and myself took different motor trips and those were happy days, making for the strongest friendships.

Left to right: Cave Couts, Ed Fletcher, George W. Marston, J. E. Boal, M. F. Heller, Julius Wangenheim, and M. T. Gilmore.

After one trip over the backcountry inspecting our water development, that night George Marston composed the following and presented it to me, autographed and framed. It is now on the wall of my office or so-called Rogues' Gallery:

Oh, here's a toast
To our jolly host
The only Colonel Ed.
Forever we'll remember
One day in gay December
And the long, long ride he led.
All the bounty
Of the county
Spread its lustre to our eyes;
And the glory
Of the story
How the Colonel won the prize.
The prize that comes to those who see,
The march of things that are to be;
To those who have the mother wit,
The patience and the sturdy grit,
To dream of plans
And multiple dams,
Then work like sin
To put 'em in.
So here's a toast
To our peerless host,
Colonel Ed,
Who fought and bled
Till water filled the thirsty land
And streams ran down the Silver Strand

John E. Boal George W. Marston
Myron T. Gilmore Milton A. McRae
A. P. Johnson, Jr.

I want to pay a word of tribute to Mrs. George Marston, a remarkable woman and one your Mother looked to as a Mother for many years. The Marston children are a credit to this community and Arthur Marston has carried on in a remarkable way, both publicly and privately, the good work of his father. On October 22, 1950, your Mother and I attended the 100th

Anniversary of the birth of George W. Marston at Presidio Park, under the shelter of the Historic Museum. W. Templeton Johnson, architect of national renown, one of our best citizens, now president of the Historical Society, fittingly described George W. Marston as follows:

"Friend of his fellow men
Lover of all growing things."

This is another annual outing on Palomar Mountain.

T. S. Van Dyke, Author, Dreamer, Engineer, and one who did his part in the early development of water in California.

CHAPTER XI

SAN DIEGO FLUME COMPANY

A dream of a remarkable man, T. S. Van Dyke, a personal friend and guest of the Fletcher family; a noted writer; an artist whose water colors, five or six of them, adorn the walls of the Fletcher home. He particularly loved and painted desert scenes in the late afternoon. He loved to hunt and fish. He loved flowers and trees. He knew how to apply water to land. While living in Daggett, California, I wrote, asking him to write an article on the early development of water in San Diego County. He gave me a 30-page report, most interesting in every detail, but space will not allow me to reprint it in my memoirs. Accompanying the report was his letter of June 8, 1919, and here I am on September 1, 1950, giving you a synopsis of this report. The following is his letter:

T. S. VAN DYKE DIX S. VAN DYKE

THE VAN DYKE RANCH

LOCATED IN THE SILVER VALLEY ON THE MAIN LINES OF THE SALT LAKE AND SANTA FE RAILROADS

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF FINE ALFALFA FOR HORSE FEED

DAGGETT CALIFORNIA June 8th 19

Dear Fletcher

I dont believe the introduction necessary unless you are short of letter press in proportion to the illustrations.

Dont forget to correct all proof sheets before you send them to me and dont forget to send them for they always need correction no matter how carefully written.

I dont see how I can make that visit before Autumn as I expect my brother here soon for a long visit. Besides I have a big garden to look after for a month or two at least.

T. S. Van Dyke

(1)

He writes in part as follows:

"As the only survivor of those who started the San Diego Flume and completed all the hardest part of the work, I have been asked to give a detailed report of how the money was raised and expended; of the difficulties we met and how it afterwards got into trouble.

"I have talked over the subject so many times since and laughed over so many of the objections we had to meet from so many of those it was intended to benefit, that my memory is very clear as to the exact dates and some of the figures given."

Van Dyke then writes several pages on the duty and value of water. He then goes on to say:

"As I had found the climate of San Diego County so superior for comfort and freedom in so many places from frost, this set me to thinking about what would happen if the best lands along the coast could get a good water supply. Up to 1885, ten years after I came to California, there was nothing in the whole of San Diego County that would now be dignified with the name of irrigation works. There were windmills for the watering of gardens and small orchards, but there was nothing that could properly be called even a ditch, except one in San Pasqual Valley, which was taken out of the San Dieguito River by land owners in 1887.

(2)

"By 1885 I had found every reservoir in San Diego County that was high enough to reach the high coast lands, with several good ones that were too low. I got a very close idea of the capacity of each reservoir and found a clear outlet to the coast mesas. One thing was obvious, that it needed little figuring or knowledge of construction that the flume system on the San Diego River, though not the largest, was far and away the cheapest of all that was worth building at that time. This system had some special advantages over most others, with its watersheds and commanding thousands of acres in El Cajon Valley and the nearest to San Diego—commanding the entire highland between the city and El Cajon Valley. What was very important, it reached at its lower end, a fine reservoir site (La Mesa Reservoir site, known later as Murray dam) of about 100 acres, which could always be kept filled with winter water and also save at all times any surplus water through the flume.

"Many may think I have exaggerated the apathy and ignorance of the people in regards to water, but it is a fact that those who built up San Diego to a city of 25,000, scarcely one in one hundred knew or cared if there was a foot of arable land within 100 miles—many came for the climate only, which was well worth coming for, but the great majority came only on account of San Diego Bay, which they were sure would make a great commercial city.

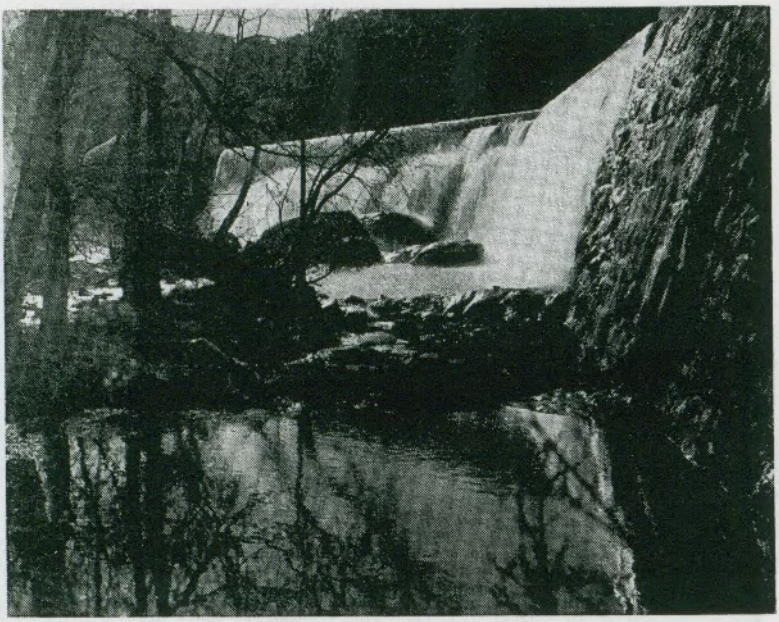
"I can give but one instance out of the many. One morning in May after the boom collapsed in 1887 and people were leaving by the score every day, I was walking on the wharf with

W. H. H. Fuller. He was a lawyer from Chicago, who had given up his practice and had opened an office in San Diego some two years before. Suddenly he said, after he discovered a new mowing machine just unloaded from the steamer, 'Why, there is a mowing machine. Well, now that is encouraging, isn't it?' That is nothing, I said, there are at least 200 of them now, this minute, back in the country. He wheeled around in a hurry, staring me out of countenance almost and then exclaimed: 'Where! Where!!' "

(3)

Van Dyke then writes a number of pages, telling of the development of the Sweetwater system, discusses the Tia Juana River and the San Luis Rey, speaking particularly of the grand possibilities of water development from Warner Ranch, which later was developed under the name of Lake Henshaw. He refers later to parties filing on two reservoir sites from the San Luis Rey River, bringing same across to Escondido, referring particularly to the Escondido Mutual Water Company system, no doubt. He refers to the Fallbrook development and the possibilities of bringing water to Fallbrook from the Temecula River, including the Nigger Creek damsite, so-called, which later was owned by the Vail family

Ten horse team hauling redwood for flume line—1883.

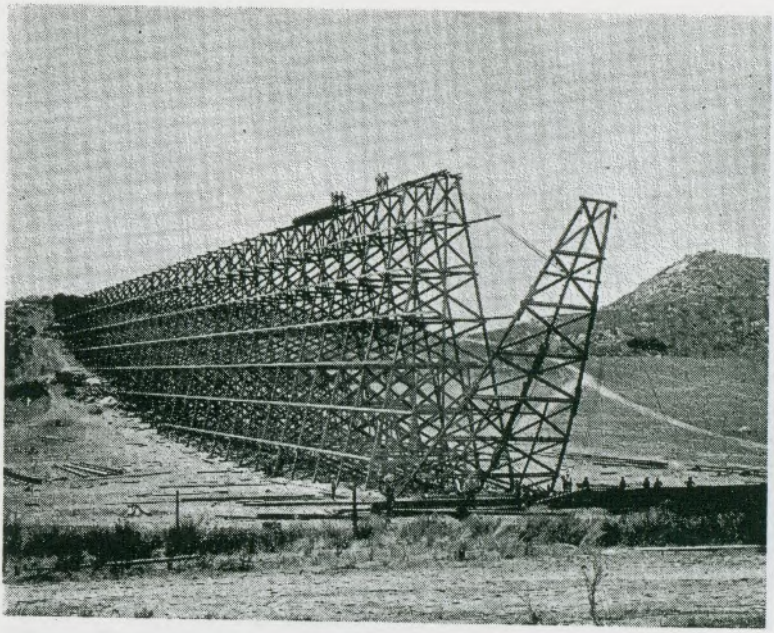


San Diego Flume Company
Diverting Dam.

and mentioned in my memoirs—the dam having recently been completed.

He goes on to say that none of these schemes were fakes as far as he could make out; he "knew the partners of all of them and was in all of the offices from time to time and talked with them on the street, most everyone of them seemed honestly to believe that they had a fortune by the collar, and here is something I must tell you. One day I was in the San Felipe (referring no doubt to the San Felipe ranch east of Julian) when a letter came in from the San Felipe Valley and lit up the countenances of everyone with such a smile of hope as San Diego Bay itself was never able to raise. It was short and sweet—'We have struck moist gravel at 84 feet. All feel much encouraged.' This is no joke but fact.

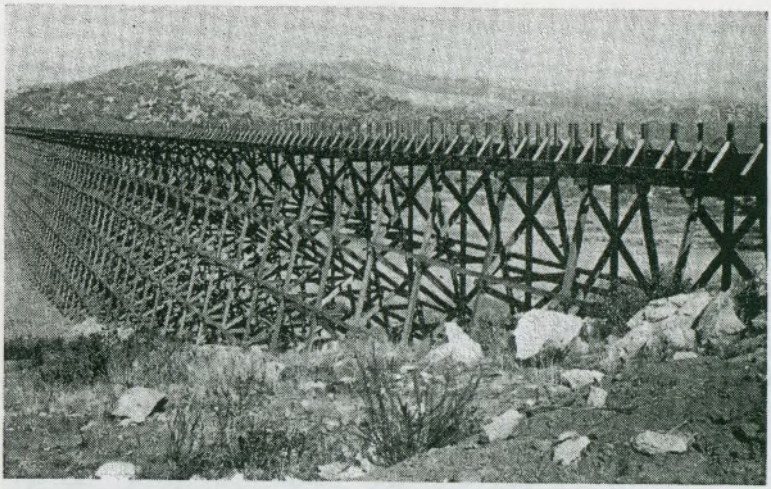
"Another idea was the plan to carry water to Linda Vista Mesa; the Pamo Water Company was organized; the Linda Vista Irrigation District developed and I was instrumental in its early development. Certain people bought half of the stock



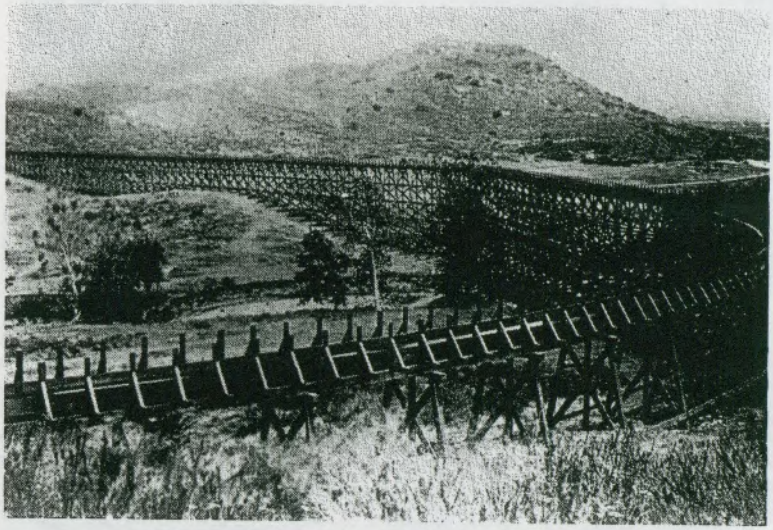
Sweetwater Trestle under construction.

Sweetwater Trestle blown down by wind.

Concrete syphon built by the Cuyamaca Water Company to replace the Sweetwater Trestle.



South Fork Trestle.



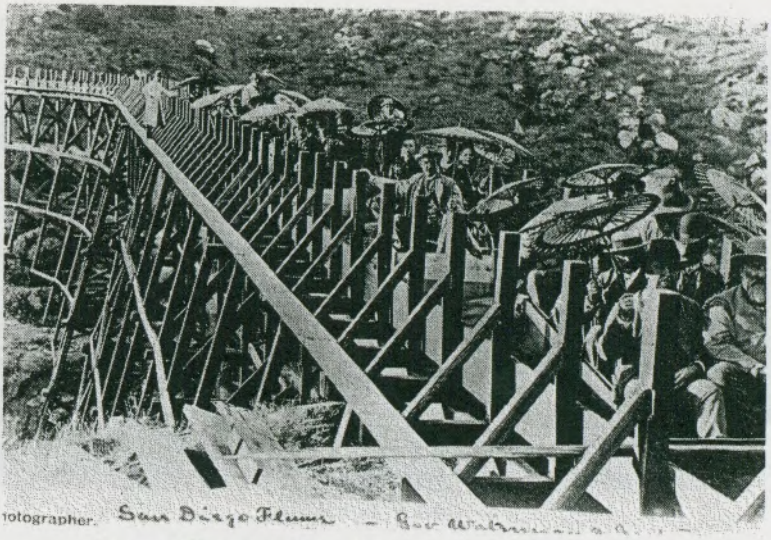
The Los Coches Trestle, more than a mile in length.

Celebrating the first water received via the San Diego Flume. The people did not know it then, but the water would not run through the pipe and, at the last moment, the water came from a pumping plant in Mission Valley.

of the Corporation for $50,000; the company tried to run things too fast on a crashing boom and soon got $40,000 in debt. This compelled them to sell out to the Linda Vista Irrigation District for $165,000 in bonds of the District, with this they met all debts and made a dividend in cash and bonds that paid all the stockholders about twice what they had invested. The irrigation district got under way about that time with other irrigation districts formed at Fallbrook, Escondido, Jamacha and Perris. Escondido got through by finding a contractor who took the contract price that meant a heavy discount on the bonds and as the work was not very costly, it was completed in that way; the others failed, as did most all others in the future, mostly from big notions, the apathy and objections of most of the land owners, the lack of enough actual settlers on the lands and many defects in the law, most of which have since been remedied.

(4)

"Somewhere about 1893 or 1894, George Chaffey, who afterwards built the Imperial Canal, also L. M. Holt, who had founded the town of Pomona years before, were struck with the value of the Fallbrook project and tried to revive it; they intended to increase the flow of Temecula Creek by a reservoir



Governor Waterman, Father Horton and party floating down the San Diego Flume on opening day.

on the north side of Mt. Palomar; they could have made a success of this, or by putting a dam at the head of Temecula canyon—but they struck the same old snag with the land owners that the first promoters did and after spending considerable money on it, they concluded that San Diego County was good but perfectly slow, as bankers sometimes say of borrowers."

The San Diego Flume Company was incorporated under the laws of California in May of 1886 and the incorporators were: Theodore S. Van Dyke, William E. Robinson, S. H. Marlett, George D. Copeland, A. W. Hawley, Milton Santee, R. H. Stretch, George W. Marston, General T. T. Crittenden, Robert Allison, James Luco and E. W. Morris. T. S. Van Dyke was the promoter and engineer of the project and saw his dreams realized. He was a man far ahead of his time, a promoter with vision and one who knew the future value of Water in San Diego County. Cuyamaca Dam was built in 1886; the diverting dam, where the water was diverted into the 37-mile flume line to El Cajon Valley on the San Diego River, a year later, and the wooden flume line was built to Grossmont where there

was built a small diverting dam, known as Eucalyptus Reservoir and now owned by the La Mesa Irrigation District. Later La Mesa Dam, an earth structure, was built and a pipeline and ditch constructed to carry the water from Eucalyptus Dam by gravity to La Mesa Dam.

(5)

We built Murray Dam to take the place of La Mesa Dam in 1916. 1915 I worked on it in the summer of 1915

The San Diego Flume Company sold water to the City of San Diego for many years, but a feud developed between J. W. Sefton, later president of the company, and E. S. Babcock and J. D. Spreckels, with the result that Babcock and Spreckels determined to develop their own supply of water for the city. They nearly put the San Diego Flume Company out of business. The San Diego Flume Company went broke on account of the loss of San Diego as a customer.

It was June 1, 1910 that James A. Murray and I purchased the San Diego Flume Company and changed the name to the Cuyamaca Water Company.

Cuyamaca Lake

Charlie Collier. No one loved San Diego or gave her any more according to his lights.

CHAPTER XII

THE CUYAMACA WATER COMPANY

It was accidental and in a moment of anger that first put me in water development and the control of the so-called Cuyamaca Water Company known at that time as the San Diego Flume Company. How it came about was through my association with a friend of thirty years standing, William B. Gross.

We had purchased the Villa Caro Ranch together, the property now known as Grossmont, and were building some roads. We needed some second-hand pipe for culverts, which I purchased from Charlie Collier. The pipe was along the roadside at La Mesa; our foreman on the ranch was Mike Dooley. By accident he picked up some pipe belonging to the San Diego Flume Company. Dooley had the pipe, about 60 feet long, in the driveway, covered 10 feet deep. To my amazement, District Attorney Utley telephoned me a few days later that he had a warrant for my arrest for stealing this second-hand pipe, verified by M. C. Helion, manager of the San Diego Flume Company and could I explain it. I told him to ring up Charlie Collier, that I had purchased the pipe from him and that it was all a mistake. He did, Collier confirmed it and I told him to tell the San Diego Flume Company to send me a bill for the leaky pipe. It was $42.50 for pipe not worth $10.00, but I paid it. This was my second row with M. C. Helion. My first was when we lived at Lemon Grove. The San Diego Flume Company furnished that entire country with water and had certain obligations to furnish water to the property owners of Lemon Grove, but the company made delivery at La Mesa. Owing to the leaky pipeline and flume between La Mesa and Lemon Grove, the loss was something like one-third of the water. I checked up and found that our water right contracts called for the delivery at Lemon Grove of the full supply of water. I called the attention of Mr. Helion and his attorney, Judge Boone, to this at a conference and never was treated so rudely or insulted so in my life

by Boone's bulldozing tactics and refusal in any way to relieve the situation, so I went back to Lemon Grove that night, called a meeting of the 29 ranchers whose water rights contracts were similar to mine and through my attorneys, Stearns and Sweet we organized the Lemon Grove Mutual Water Company, transferring our water rights to this company.

I am very appreciative of the wonderful cooperation of Colonel T. J. Bryan of Lemon Grove who had the confidence of his neighbors. He was elected president and I secretary and manager. We then filed suit in court, won out and forced the San Diego Flume Company to deliver the full supply of water to us at Lemon Grove at our property line. I was a marked man from that time as far as Helion and Boone were concerned.

The result of the secondhand pipe episode was that I went to my friend, George W. Marston, asked him not to use my name, but to go to Mr. Helion and see what the San Diego Flume Company could be purchased for, cash. It was in a deplorable condition, consisting of Cuyamaca Lake and La Mesa Reservoir with thirty-seven miles of wooden flume line, a diverting dam on the San Diego River and with distribution lines for water furnishing Lakeside, most of the El Cajon Valley, La Mesa, Lemon Grove, Spring Valley and territory formerly known as East San Diego, now a part of San Diego. The property had cost nearly three million dollars to build. English bond holders had purchased the eight hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds on the property, and foreclosed and had possession with Helion, an Englishman, as manager and receiver.

The sale of water hardly brought in operating expenses, let alone any dividends. It needed many hundreds of thousands of dollars to put it on its feet financially, and more revenue, but water being the blood of the soil I felt it had splendid possibilities as an investment. George Marston secured an option for the entire system for me for $150,000 cash for sixty days. I jumped on the train, went to Monterey, saw my friend James A. Murray, induced him to come to San Diego and look over the assets of the San Diego Flume Com-

Cuyamaca Lake. We pray for its permanent return.

pany including the acquisition of practically all the riparian water rights on the San Diego River with rights of diversion. It took only a day to convince him that the investment was sound. I agreed to take a 1/6 interest in the company, told Mr. Murray I would have to borrow the money, he wrote out his check for $125,000. I borrowed the $25,000 for my part from the Southern Trust and Commerce Bank, G. A. Davidson, president, one of our life-long friends and within sixty days from the time Messrs. Helion and Boone had tried to get me arrested for the stealing of secondhand pipe we had paid for the San Diego properties and I was manager instead of M. C. Helion. The feud between Mr. Boone, Mr. Helion and myself was materially increased by Mr. Murray and I refusing to hire Mr. Boone as our attorney, selecting instead Stearns and Sweet.

If anything ever gave me a headache, it was the management of the Flume Company for fifteen years; yet I want to

pay a word of deep appreciation to George Marston who took the option of the San Diego Flume Company, refused to accept any compensation and appreciated as well as I did the joke on M. C. Helion and Boone when he introduced Mr. Murray and me to Helion and Boone as the owners of the San Diego Flume Company.

After Mr. Murray and I had purchased the San Diego Flume Company we formed a new corporation known as the Cuyamaca Water Company, to which all the San Diego Flume Company properties we had bought were transferred.

In the years that followed we re-built the flume line and numerous concrete syphons to take the place of Sand Creek, North Fork, Chocolate and Sweetwater trestles; built Grossmont reservoir, the concrete dam (Murray Dam) 117 feet high from bedrock and 900 feet long, installed a half million dollar water system in East San Diego that at one time supplied 55,000 people within the city limits of San Diego, and for 36 days we also furnished all of San Diego City water supply when Otay Dam went out in the flood of 1916. Later on we built extensive distribution lines elsewhere as needed. I was manager of the company for nearly fifteen years and it caused me more anguish and worry and less profit than any other venture in my life's experience.

There were old water rights contracts existing and one of our first fights was to have the State Railroad Commission, now known as the Public Utilities Commission, declare the Cuyamaca Water Company a public utility. Without new revenue it meant insolvency as the company when we took it over was not even paying actual expenses. The Railroad Commission ordered us to repair the flume line in concrete, it was in such a leaky condition. This was impossible and could not be financed on existing revenues; the estimated cost of a new flume was $1,400,000. Without the knowledge or consent of the Railroad Commission I conceived the idea, Mr. Murray approved, and we lined the inside of the flume for a mile with rubberoid roofing — an experiment — costing approximately $1500.00. It proved a success; the hydraulic engineer of the Commission approved of the entire relining with rubberoid roofing — the 37 miles. The Railroad Com-

Roscoe Hazard, a friend of a life-time who would tackle anything where there was a chance to make money. Memory harks back forty years ago when we drilled for water in Borrego Valley, but we did not go deep enough. We realized the future possibilities of Borrego Valley, but it was too inaccessible and too long a wait, financially. I am still smiling over my contract with him to cut all the oak trees out of the reservoir site of Lake Hodges, but he made good. When the time came to line the San Diego Flume with rubberoid roofing for thirty odd miles, with no water coming into El Cajon Valley for forty days, again he made good. I can never forget our fishing trips to the Gulf, hunting to Laguna, Hanson, and the night we slept out on the sand on Point Abanda. Fifty years of fun and business and we are still friends.

mission officially reversed itself and we spent $44,000 in re-lining the flume for its entire distance — good for ten years and stopping a leakage of 25% to 30% in transit. Roscoe Hazard, another life-long friend, did a good job of fixing the flume.

Grossmont Dam was built in 1913. Murray Dam, a splendid concrete structure, invaluable to the District as well as the City for a controlling reservoir, we constructed in 1916. These reservoirs we needed for storage capacity when the flume line was out of commission for any reason. I consider our greatest success was in the installation of the El Monte pump-

Chester Harritt, Superintendent, Cuyamaca Water System. A prince of men, beloved by all.

ing plant, pumping water from the San Diego River sands above Lakeside into the flume, which gave a capacity of over 6 million gallons daily during the irrigating season — one of the greatest achievements as an emergency supply of water.

I want to give credit where it is due — to Chester Harritt, our Superintendent, who rendered us invaluable service during

the years that we owned the Cuyamaca Water System and reference will be made to him later.

San Diego should have acquired the San Diego Flume Company before we did, but was not far-sighted. It had cost between three and four million dollars to build. Our purchase price was $150,000, cash. Several times San Diego had an opportunity before we purchased the San Diego Flume Company to purchase same. At one time, before we bought, the price was as low as $100,000, but J. D. Spreckels was dominating the city, his interests owned the street car lines, the morning Union, evening Tribune, Coronado Hotel and most of Coronado, also the control of the First National Bank, and many, many thousands of acres of land in the county, including Jamul Ranch and the Coronado beach property extending 8 or 9 miles to Imperial Beach.

Spreckels and Babcock had their dreams of water development too and before we purchased the San Diego Flume Company they had acquired Morena, Barrett and lower and upper Otay damsites; Morena Dam had been built as well as Otay and Spreckels was furnishing water to San Diego at 4 cents per thousand gallons — all the city's needs, on a ten year contract. It was an entirely too low price but was given in competition with water from the San Diego Flume Company. Spreckels and J. W. Sefton, President of the San Diego Flume Company before Helion, had had a feud for many years. San Diego first got its water supply from the San Diego Flume Company and from wells in the San Diego River, but Spreckels, in making a contract with the city took that source of revenue away from the San Diego Flume Company before we bought, which ruined the Flume Company financially. Spreckels was financing the construction of Barrett Dam at the time and wanted the city to buy the so-called Spreckels system — Morena, Barrett and upper and lower Otay. Spreckels said he wanted the money for the extension and completion of the San Diego and Arizona Railroad from San Diego to Imperial and Yuma — so by vote, the people gave up a ten year contract at four cents per thousand gallons, delivered to the city limits, with a six year period to run, voted four and a half million dollars and acquired the

system, canceling the ten year contract. The day that system was purchased every drop of water cost the City of San Diego thereafter 15½ cents per thousand gallons, delivered to the city limits, instead of 4 cents as per contract. With Otay Dam going out and having to be rebuilt in 1916 by San Diego, it increased the cost to 22 cents per thousand gallons, based on the actual purchase price. Spreckels got rid of a contract that would have made him the loser by a million and a half dollars and made a sale that gave him a splendid profit.

I discovered in 1911, and with Mr. Murray's approval, we had George Sawday buy the El Capitan damsite and 160 acres of land outside the El Capitan Indian reservation on the San Diego River. The city saw our activities in tunneling and digging for bedrock at El Capitan. The latter part of 1913 San Diego asked for a price on our water system, including El Capitan damsite. We made a price of $300,000, taking everything—El Capitan Damsite and 160 acres and the whole Cuyamaca system—flume line, La Mesa District Dam and distribution system, including all riparian rights, but Spreckels, through his papers opposed the purchase. Spreckels had not sold his system to the city at that time—so nothing came of the negotiations, much to San Diego's loss.

In 1916, after we had built the concrete Murray dam, formerly La Mesa Dam, the city again approached us to purchase and we agreed to sell everything at a price established by the Railroad Commission. After spending several thousand dollars in making the investigations at our expense the Railroad Commission placed a value of $778,000 on all of our properties, which would have given us a considerable profit. Spreckels again opposed the deal and it was called off by the city.

About 1920 negotiations were again opened between the city and the Cuyamaca Water Company for the acquisition of our system. The price was a million dollars — but nothing came of it owing again to the opposition of the Spreckels papers and interests.

By 1924 we were furnishing between 65,000 and 70,000 people with water both for irrigation and domestic purposes. During that period there never had been any love lost between

Mr. Spreckels and myself although I had tried many times to bring about a more friendly feeling. While in Portland, Oregon, I received a telegram from Frank Belcher, one of our best citizens and a personal friend, then president of the First National Bank, controlled at that time by the Spreckels interests, stating that there was going to be a get-together dinner in the ballroom of the U. S. Grant Hotel and would I be chairman of the meeting. Mr. Spreckels would be the guest of honor. I wired back accepting the program. There were 600 in attendance on the top floor of the U. S. Grant Hotel. Mr. Spreckels went in to the dining room on my arm and we thought the whole town had come together again for harmony and progress.

The first thing was the acquisition of the Cuyamaca Water System by the city. We were asking $1,500,000 for it. At a conference with Mr. Spreckels and his associates with city officials, it was agreed that the price would be reduced to $1,400,000 to the city and the Spreckels papers would support it. This reduction in price made at the personal request of Mr. Spreckels was accepted by us and the offer was submitted to the city.

One afternoon Councilman Harry Wetzell asked me to meet him on the lawn of the public library opposite our office and he told me that the sale would not go through unless $100,000 was paid in advance to two other councilmen and himself — that represented a majority of the city council. I asked if he was in earnest and he said yes — definitely. To say that I was surprised was putting it mildly. I told him that my associate, Charles F. Stearn, who by the way had purchased a half interest in the system — the Murray Estate interest, would have to be consulted in Los Angeles. At Wetzell's suggestion we met in Los Angeles two days later for a conference. In the meantime I had telephoned to Mr. Stearn to arrange for a dictaphone and other means of recording the conversation — we got the complete record of Wetzell's demands, presented them to the Grand Jury — Wetzell was indicted, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary — the Appellate Court confirmed the judgment but the Supreme Court let Wetzell free, their decision being that

For forty odd years, a real friend.
Frank Belcher

President of the First National Bank and most active in civic affairs. Few San Diegans were more influential in matters pertaining to the development of the city.

at that time the law made it a crime for executive or administrative officers to solicit a bribe but it was not a crime for a legislative officer so to do and the Supreme Court decided that the members of the city council were legislative officers. I immediately had a new bill introduced at the next session of the Legislature, which became law, making it a crime for all legislative officers, as well as executive and administrative officers to solicit a bribe.

Naturally the trial of Wetzell created tremendous publicity and the proposed sale of the Cuyamaca System to the city was killed.

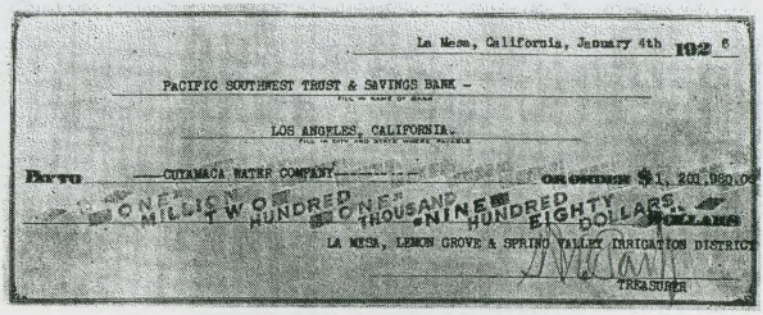
We then negotiated and sold our system, outside the city, to the La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District. A picture on the wall of my rogues' gallery shows the canceled check for $1,100,000 with a newspaper account of the final sale of the Cuyamaca system with the pictures of the Directors — Chet Harritt, the manager, Tom King, the engineer, Miss Katherine May, my secretary, celebrating the completion of the transaction.

San Diego brought suit to kill the sale to the District on the grounds that the city had a prior paramount right, but the District won the decision in the Supreme Court and the La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District took possession — then the fun commenced over the ownership and development of El Capitan Damsite.

In the meantime, San Diego drove a hard bargain and we sold them our distribution lines to the city for nearly $400,000 —the result being that we secured over $100,000 more in the sale of our properties than if we had sold to the city for $1,400,000.

San Diego then commenced negotiations with the La Mesa District and purchased the El Capitan damsite and the private lands; also, those flooded in the El Capitan Indian reservation. The final agreement whereby the city acquired El Capitan damsite and the right to use Murray Dam forced San Diego to build at its own expense El Capitan dam and the pipeline to Murray Dam—the advantages to the La Mesa District were as follows: The District acquired a permanent ownership of storage of 10,000 acre feet of water per year in El Capitan

Dramatic moment in history of La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District. Treasurer H. C. Park (left) of the district is snapped by the photographer in the act of passing to Col. Ed Fletcher (right) the $1,201,980 check in payment of the Cuyamaca Water System. Standing, left to right, are Manager Harritt of the district; President H. A. Hall of the Board of Directors, and J. C. Scott, secretary. Director J. H. Halley is seated at the right. Below, a "close-up" of the check. $1,100,000 is the amount of the original contract, $100,000 for capital expenditures made since the date of the option, and the balance accrued interest.


La Mesa, California, January 4th 1932

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK -

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Pay to ——CUYAMACA WATER COMPANY—— Or Order $1,201,980.00

ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED EIGHTY DOLLARS.

LA MESA, LEMON GROVE & SPRING VALLEY IRRIGATION DISTRICT

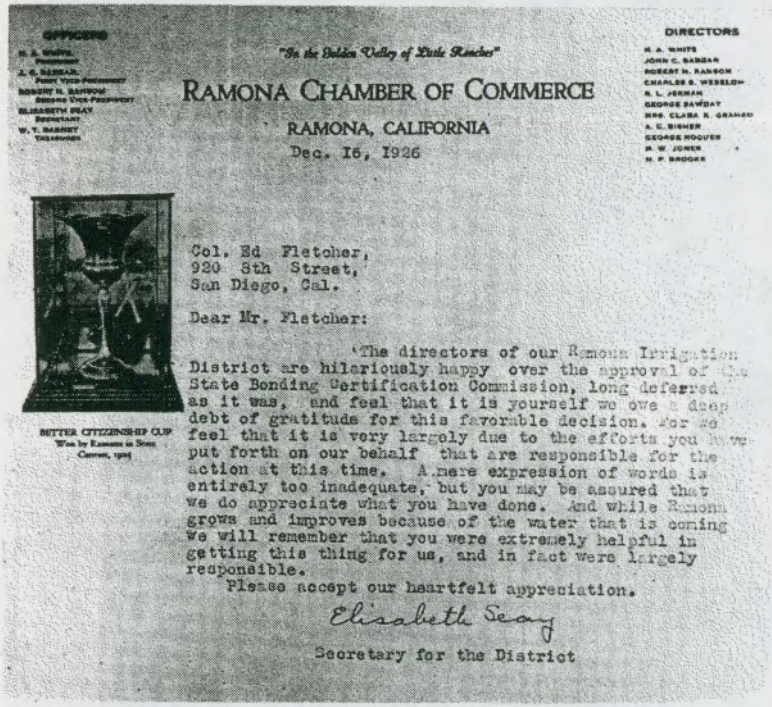
TREASURER

Tom King, Engineer for the Cuyamaca System

Miss Katherine May, my Secretary.

Reservoir without expense to the District; the District retained ownership of Cuyamaca Dam. The settlement permitted the abandonment of 37 miles of old flume line and its cost of reconstruction and permanent maintenance. It gave better water pressure to the entire Cuyamaca System acquired by the District with the right to take the water from the El Capitan-Murray Dam pipeline near Lakeside and the District also reserved a valuable asset—the El Monte pumping plant for an emergency.

As near as I can make it out it cost the City of San Diego at least seven or eight million for its foolish errors—in not having accepted one of the earlier proposals as offered by Mr. Murray and myself or purchased the San Diego Flume before we bought it.



OFFICERS

DIRECTORS

"In the Golden Valley of Little Rancho"

RAMONA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

RAMONA, CALIFORNIA

Dec. 16, 1926

BETTER CITIZENSHIP CUP
Won by Ramona in State Contest, 1925

Col. Ed Fletcher,
920 8th Street,
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Mr. Fletcher:

The directors of our Ramona Irrigation District are hilariously happy over the approval of the State Bonding Certification Commission, long deferred as it was, and feel that it is yourself we owe a deep debt of gratitude for this favorable decision. For we feel that it is very largely due to the efforts you have put forth on our behalf that are responsible for the action at this time. A mere expression of words is entirely too inadequate, but you may be assured that we do appreciate what you have done. And while Ramona grows and improves because of the water that is coming we will remember that you were extremely helpful in getting this thing for us, and in fact were largely responsible.

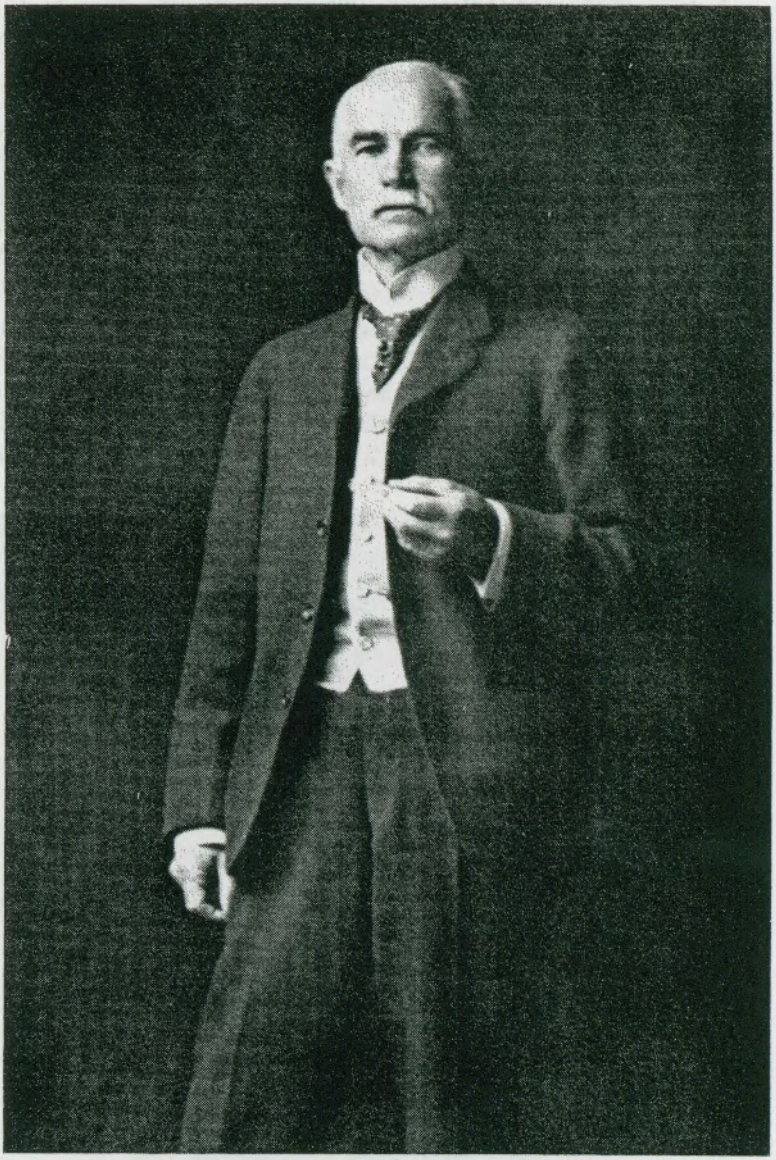
Please accept our heartfelt appreciation.

Elisabeth Seary

Secretary for the District

The Ramona Chamber of Commerce asked me to help them solve their water problem which I did, free of charge. The above is a letter of appreciation.

I only made $78,000 in the management and sale of the Cuyamaca System, working over a period of 15 or more years. It was the greatest worry and trouble of my life. It came within an ace of breaking me financially and developed an enmity between first Boone, the former manager and attorney for the San Diego Flume Company and then Spreckels — but all's well that ends well and I lived to see the day with pleasure when the voters and property owners served by the water from the Cuyamaca System, later gave me a 3 to 1 vote when I was a candidate for State Senator. I shall later in my memoirs touch on the early history of the San Diego Flume Co., the paramount rights of the City of San Diego and my opinion and others of the mistakes in San Diego not developing the waters of Mission Gorge No. 3 first as well as the fight to build Mission Gorge No. 2 which failed twice by a vote of the people.



James A Murray, Montana millionaire. I induced him to come to San Diego and help develop our water supply and other developments.

CHAPTER XIII

JAMES A. MURRAY

An unforgettable character — Canadian-Irish; a Butte, Montana, banker and leader. When I first met him he owned the water systems of Livingston, Montana, and Pocatello, Idaho, and any amount of business property in Butte, Montana. E. Bartlett Webster of San Diego introduced me to him when I was associated with Webster in the subdivision of lands around 25th and Market and in Brooklyn Heights east of Balboa Park and south of 30th Street bridge. We had asked the Spreckels Company to extend its electric car line up Broadway to Brooklyn Heights—this they refused to do although we offered them a bonus. We then secured a franchise up "F" Street from the City Council, to Brooklyn Heights, built the line with Murray financing and operated gasoline motor cars successfully—so much so that later on we were able to sell our franchise and our car line to Spreckels at a profit.

In the meantime a man named Purcell was promoting an electric car line to Escondido, via El Cajon, using our franchise as an entrance to San Diego and the water front. The plan was for James A. Murray to finance the project. I joined in the promotion, put $3000 into it and it looked for a while as if Mr. Murray would take over all the financing. We did some grading through a portion of Balboa Park under the 30th Street bridge and almost to the city limits with a complete survey to El Cajon and Escondido — but the whole proposition blew up.

I had taken James A. Murray over the backcountry several times and found him an interesting character, 60 odd years old at the time (1908) impulsive, close-fisted, but withal a likable cuss.

When Frank Salmons and I bought the northeast corner of Sixth and Broadway, 100x150, on a shoe string, I went to James A. Murray's home in Monterey and got him to finance

the building that we erected, in fact he gave me a check for $60,000.00 covering the loan, to bring to San Diego. Our first tenants were Barnett-Stine Company, dry goods merchants. We purchased three 50 foot lots facing on Broadway, keeping the corner 100x100 for our building and the east 50 feet we sold to F and W Thum Company. Later the F and W Thum Company purchased the 50 foot corner on the northwest corner of Seventh and Broadway and under my supervision, representing the F and W Thum Company, the building that is now occupied by the Thearle Music Company was constructed. Salmons and I sold our property, the northwest corner of 6th and Broadway within four or five years, each made nearly $90,000 profit on the sale and the whole transaction was made on borrowed money and made possible through James A. Murray.

Mr. Murray took a great liking to the Fletcher family, we saw him often and in 1910 together we bought the San Diego Flume Company later known as the Cuyamaca Water Company. Murray was a practical dreamer, a hard trader, quick of temper and cruel when mad, but he was a good friend and through him it was made possible for me to carry on my plans of water and land development in a big way. I had purchased my one-sixth interest in the San Diego Flume Company on my own financing. Murray likewise his five-sixths interest. After we organized the Cuyamaca Water Company, I borrowed from Murray, giving my notes, my share of the money to build Murray Dam, rebuilding the flume and installed from Murray Dam a new water system for East San Diego where at one time we were furnishing 55,000 people with water — all of this cost money and Murray financed me for ten years or more. I never was more worried in my life for I could not pay and we had hoped to sell at any time. He cut off my salary of $300.00 a month which I had received for six years as general manager. When the paramount right suit was filed by San Diego and the city claimed all the water of the San Diego River, at a hearing in Washington, asking that the City be allowed to flood the El Capitan Indian Reservation, before the Public Lands Committee, Murray would not allow me to hire an attorney, so I had to

LAW OFFICES
SILAS W. MACK
MONTEREY, CAL.

February 10, 1921.

A. Fletcher,
San Diego,
Calif.

Dear Sir:

Replying to yours of recent date, will say:

Any price that you put on the water plant, will be satisfactory to me. I would like first rate, if you can, to have Murray Hill and Murray Hill #2 withdrawn as lots. We could then sell the school people any land that they wanted, by meets and bounds.

I will be at the St. Francis hotel any time after Sunday, and will try and come south as soon as I feel able to travel.

Yours very truly,

J. A. Murray

present our case. The hearing lasted several days. My opposition was T. B. Cosgrove, city attorney. We won a victory there which pleased Murray immensely and he had me go to Pocatello, Idaho, where I sold for him the Pocatello Water Works to the City of Pocatello. He wanted me also to sell the Livingston, Montana, Water System to the City of Livingston. I secured an offer of $200,000.00 for same. I urged him to sell; he demanded $250,000.00 instead, with the result that the purchase was never completed; the City of Livingston paralleled his water works and I was told Murray's entire investment was lost.

Your mother and I spent several happy days at Hunters Hot Springs, Broadwater Springs and Boulder Hot Springs in Montana, as the guests of James A. Murray, who owned

same. We took many a motor trip together through the back country, Imperial Valley and Arizona; but the most remarkable trip was to Ensenada during the Cantu rebellion in Mexico. At that time the only way to Ensenada was via the inland route, following up the Tijuana River through Los Palmos and 20 or 30 miles inland through the Guadalupe Valley and the Russian Colony. We were to make this trip in my four cylinder, air-cooled Franklin. Two days before his arrival in San Diego the Revolutionists captured Tecate, killed five or six and their object was to next capture Tijuana. It meant our going through the rebel lines. Murray insisted upon going, so, with Arthur Nelson, our driver, away we went. My Tijuana friend, A. Savine, gave us our passports at Tijuana and asked us to take a Mexican boy to Ensenada. When I saw him I refused, as he was no boy. So I took with me a letter written by the Lt. Governor stationed at Tijuana, to be delivered to Governor Vega at Ensenada. I hid the letter under my gas tank and away we went; within 20 miles we came upon 8 filled wooden caskets by the roadside. A woman across the way signaled to us to go on, so we went, with no further incident excepting to see the campfires of the Revolutionists still burning, until we reached Guadalupe Valley and the Russian Colony. As we went around a corner, we ran into 8 or 10 Insurrectionists on horseback, commanded by a Negro. They pulled their guns, inquired who we were and when I answered that we were on a business trip to Ensenada, they let us go through. Late in the afternoon we broke our rear axle going through a mud hole. I had to walk over four miles to get help and secured the loan of two horses and a light wagon from Richard Barrie, a good English friend. We arrived that night in Ensenada about 9:30 to find that there were 34 cases of smallpox in Ensenada and that those in the caskets by the roadside on our way had died from smallpox.

I forgot to mention that as we came into Ensenada in the dark, the horses jumped over a ditch while James A. who was sleeping on the front seat was thrown forward between the horses and the wagon wheels went over his chest. That night, I dreamed he passed away and that I was ruined

financially in running the Cuyamaca Water Company. I woke up the next morning to find him outdoors and he was stepping around with his cane as happy as a lark.

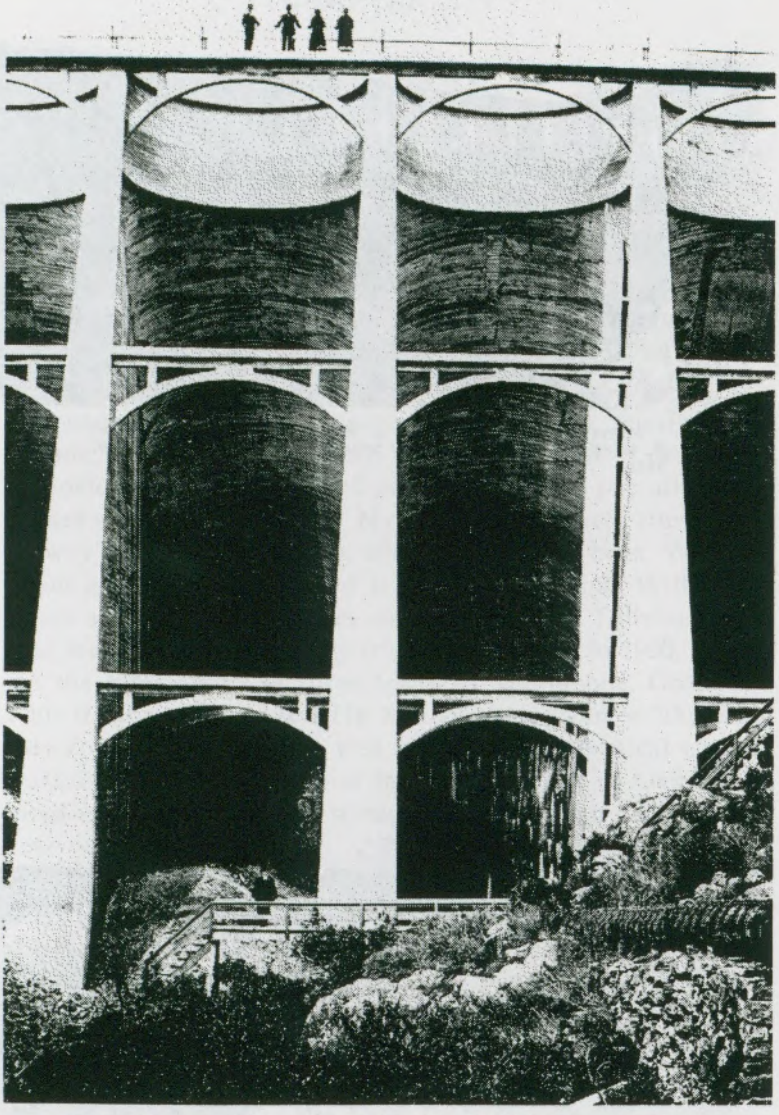
That day I gave the message to Governor Vega and he gave me a letter in reply thanking me for the service I had rendered his country; the message I brought the Governor contained the information that there was a revolution on in Tijuana; the soldiers had not been paid; and ammunition and money should come immediately by boat from Ensenada via San Diego. That night by boat we went to San Diego and the boat carried, so I understand, both ammunition and finances, but it was too late in arriving. In San Diego the next morning at the quarantine station we were informed that the battle for Tijuana was on. We jumped into a car, raced to Tijuana and for an hour saw the battle from the hills on the California side; hundreds of Mexicans broke across the line into the United States, including many soldiers; before noon the Insurrectionists had killed 29 soldiers, including the Lt. Governor, and as I remember it more than twice that number were wounded. For months the Insurrectionists controlled Tijuana until Governor Vega with 2000 men marched up from Ensenada, retook the towns of Tijuana and Tecate, although he was wounded in the neck in the fight at Tecate and eventually the Insurrectionists were either killed or disbanded. But James Murray was perfectly satisfied with that Ensenada trip and thought he got his money's worth.

Murray always carried gems around. He loved them and on one of his last trips he gave me a beautiful diamond and asked that I get a valuation on it. I followed his instructions. Jessop's said it was worth $1200.00. I gave him the information and he said, "I want your wife to have it. I'll sell it to you for $500.00." I told him I was not buying gems; I owed him too much money and could not take on any further obligations. He got mad; went out and made out a note for $500.00, payable on or before two years, without interest, and asked me to sign it. I did not want to offend him, so did it. I took the diamond and gave it to your Mother, telling her the circumstances; three days later I received an

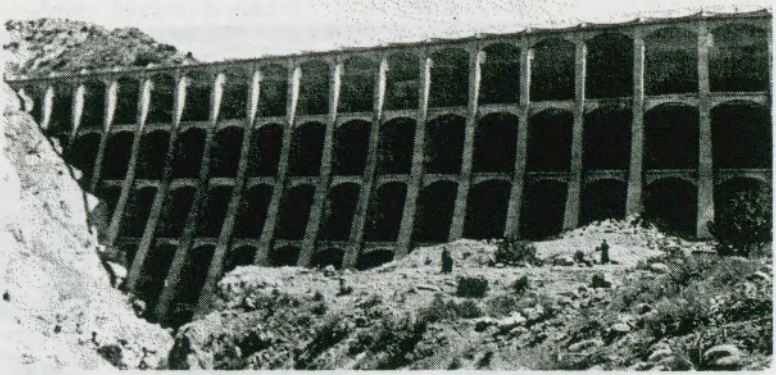
envelope from Los Angeles, no letter, only the note torn to bits — that was his way of giving presents.

After Murray's death I was treated very splendidly by his good wife and everything was adjusted financially satisfactory to all parties concerned. Again I say, James A. Murray was one of the most remarkable men I have ever met and a friend whom I shall remember with the highest regard as long as I live.

Lake Grossmont built by James A. Murray and Ed Fletcher in 1913.



Murray Dam, a multiple arch type dam, 117 feet high and 900 feet long.



Murray Dam, built by James A. Murray, Ed Fletcher, and Wm. G. Henshaw, in 1916. It is now being used by City of San Diego, 1950.

Multiple arch type Murray Dam showing syphon spillway at right.

CHAPTER XIV

GROSSMONT

In 1901 while in the wholesale produce business, I conceived the idea of buying eggs and butter by the carload, shipping them from Kansas and Wisconsin to San Diego, putting them on ice for four or five months and selling both eggs and butter for cooking; buying when prices were low and selling at a higher price. I believe I brought the first carload of butter and eggs into San Diego, buying butter at 9c a pound in Wisconsin and eggs at 8c a dozen.

I wanted to visit Massachusetts to see my relatives and friends, so that year I decided to ship a carload of dried fruit to Boston. I sold it at a good profit—enough to pay all my expenses and visit the family. My round trip ticket returned me by way of Yellowstone Park where I had never been. We went in on a six-horse stage and it so happened that William B. Gross and I found ourselves on the top of the Tallyho on the rear seat. It was a three-day trip. While today, in 1950, we can see the same sights in three hours by automobile. Gross and I hit it off well together. He was an actor; looked like King Edward and at that time was managing the musical comedy featuring Rose Coghlan and the play "Hearts of Oak." I invited him to look me up when he came to San Diego and a year or so later he did.

William B. Gross was our house guest and took to the Fletcher family immediately. We got better acquainted on a three-day horse and buggy trip into the backcountry and he loved it. We were returning home on the last afternoon when he volunteered that he had quite a lot of money saved up and would like to come to San Diego to live some day when he retired and did I know of an investment.

It so happened that the Villa Caro Ranch of several hundred acres, including what is now known as Grossmont, also a beautiful home in the El Cajon Valley at the foot of Grossmont, was for sale cheap—$11,500 cash, including furniture, all of which had cost the owner $85,000 five years before and

William B. Gross for whom Grossmont was named. A true friend who loved San Diego.

Grossmont and Helix prior to start of development—1902.

at one time the First National Bank of Chicago had a mortgage on the property of $125,000 according to the records. It included forty acres of oranges and lemons; it had not been irrigated for months and the place was neglected. As we were passing the property I showed it to him. The house and grounds were most attractive and he fell in love with the place immediately. When I told him the price he said "Let's buy it." I answered: "I have not the money, but I might borrow half of the money on the entire property and pay off the mortgage by degrees as I could." He agreed to this, wrote out his check for $5750.00. The bank loaned me the money at 6%. Your Mother and I signed the mortgage; paid cash for the entire property and then gave a deed to William B. Gross for an undivided half interest. It was a remarkable investment for both of us and while criticism has been made of J. W. Sefton, I want to pay him my tribute. He made this loan and assisted me financially a number of times when I was speculating in real estate. We knew Mr. and Mrs. Sefton intimately for many years. Later I had many business transactions with his son,

J. W. Sefton, Jr., known as Joe, after he took over the management and became President of the Corporation. I have always felt though that the greatest influence that made that bank a success was none other than our beloved Myron T. Gilmore, who was cashier when I arrived in San Diego and later became president of that organization. My sister, Mary, who worked under Uncle Myron at the bank for many years says that no sweeter nor more Christian man ever lived.

William Gross left everything to me in the management and sale of the property. It was my first big real estate transaction, involving several hundred acres. The purchase of the Villa Caro Ranch was made when we lived in Lemon Grove. We moved to Villa Caro Ranch and spent several happy years there. William Gross acquiesced in my plan to subdivide a portion of Grossmont and I named it Grossmont at the suggestion of my dear sister, Bess, Mrs. Jarvis L. Doyle, to whom Bill Gross took a tremendous liking. He always loved Gross-

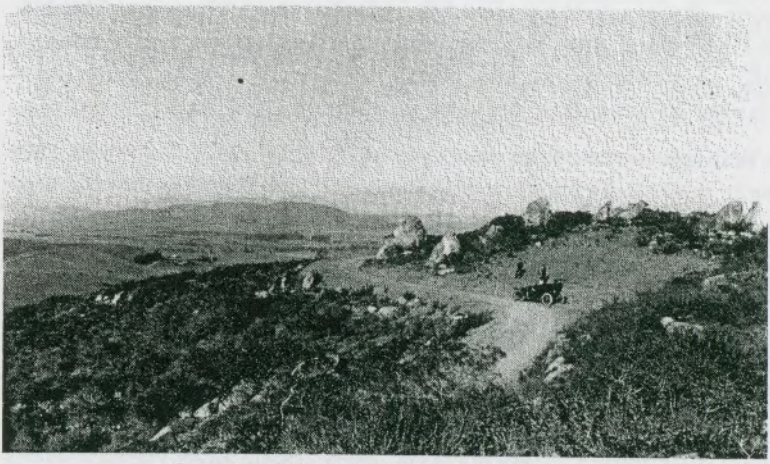
Ed Fletcher on summit of Grossmont in 1902.

He built a home

mont—its marvelous view; its closeness to the city, similar to Hollywood and Beverly Hills; no city taxes and splendid soil, particularly on the north and west slopes, especially adapted to avocados, oranges and lemons and nearly frostless.

William Gross approved everything. First I laid out the roads with Mike Dooley, our foreman, by tying rags to bushes —I wanted to locate the roads so that it would develop the property best and at the same time give the best view possible. First I had Dooley brush out a path to designate the future highways. One afternoon Dooley was showing me over the path; I was ahead and without seeing, stepped over a rattesnake; Dooley gave a yell; I looked around; was mad to have done such a thing and tried to kill it with a stone, but missed and that made me really mad. As the snake ran into a crack in a rock, I grabbed it by the tail and threw it out on the ground and killed it. How Mike Dooley, with tobacco juice dripping from each corner of his mouth, used to love to tell this story!

El Cajon Valley from Grossmont—1912



Grossmont during construction of the first road.

A La Mesa paper printed in big black headlines, when I started building these roads up Grossmont:

"F F F F"

and underneath "Freaky Fletcher's Fancy Flight." This paper just couldn't see that we were developing a beauty spot —making a dream come true—until later, with caps in hand, the Chamber of Commerce committee waited on me and invited us to join the City of La Mesa—which we never did. Instead we installed pumping plants and built reservoirs on

Celebration on completion of first road to summit of Grossmont, 1913.

Grossmont Inn, built by us in 1913.

the top of Grossmont and Helix; brought gas and electricity to the property and as I dictate today, April 28, 1950, we have the pleasure of seeing one of San Diego's most interesting and beautiful suburban sections, with many hundreds of homes and one of the county's best attractions. This year, to my surprise and pleasure and without my knowledge, a popular vote was taken as to the ten most popular citizens in La Mesa. Though I do not live in La Mesa, I was elected one of the ten. Hurrah!

William Gross made more money in this investment than in any single speculation in his life, so he told me. He was paid $30,000 or $40,000 in dividends, but when I urged him in the development of Mt. Helix, later acquired, he withdrew, claiming he was too old, so I let him name his own price for his interest in the remaining portion of Grossmont, and in addition gave him a deed to some additional property as one mark of my appreciation for his friendship and confidence which made the purchase of Villa Caro Ranch possible. It in a large way started me in my life work of land and water development, for when we purchased the Villa Caro Ranch I was in the wholesale produce business.

Mar. 3. 1912

My dear good friend - I read so much about "Paradise" - well I think I found my dreams realized when I saw Grossmont in our blessed "California" and I am happy as a child in thoughts of my wonderful future home

"Casa Ernestina"

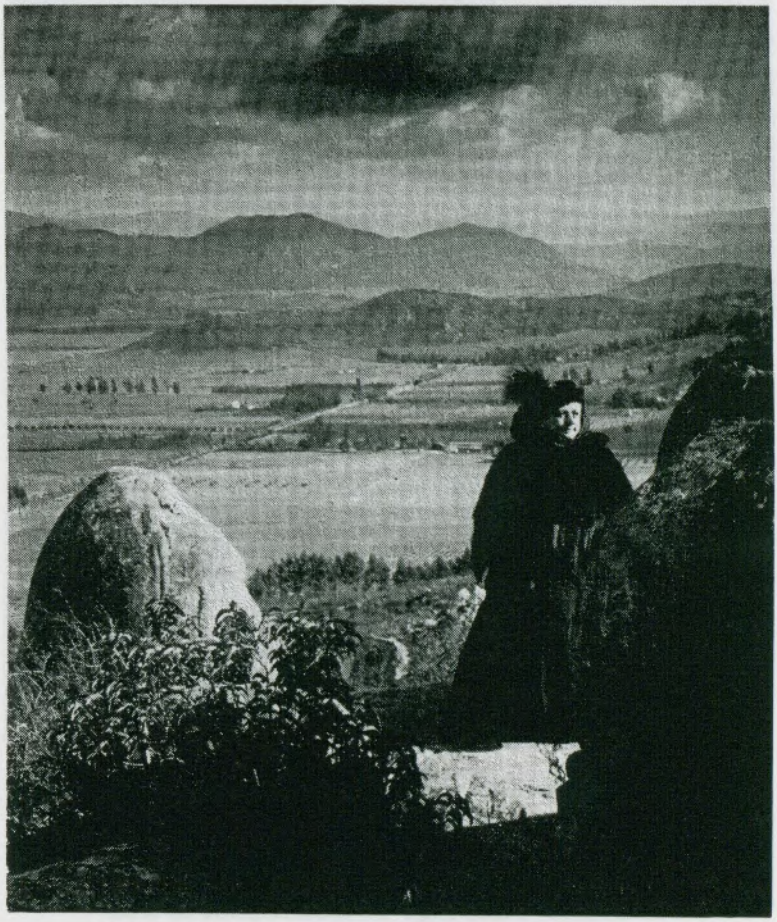
Always yours
Ernie Schumann Heink

IROQUOIS

Madame Schumann-Heink, the most lovable woman and the greatest contralto the world ever heard. One of her lovely children, Marie, now lives in the old house that your father built at Grossmont and her good husband is none other than Dr. C. M. Fox, one of our leading physicians and a good scout.

My talented niece, Nina Fletcher. For several years, Nina, a noted violinist, was soloist with Madame Schumann-Heink.

It was through him that I first met Madame Schumann-Heink. We gave her a deed for a homesite conditional upon her building her home and this gave us the idea of creating a musical and literary colony. Through Gross I met Madame Gadske and Theresa Carrino, both of whom purchased sites at Grossmont with the intention of building when they retired, but Madame Gadske was killed in an accident and Theresa Carrino died at an early date.



Madame Theresa Carrino, the world's most famous woman pianist of her day who loved Grossmont. A personal friend of the Fletcher family for years until her death.

Theresa Carrino wrote as follows:

If there is a spot on the face of the earth in which all that Nature contains of beauty can be found it is that most beautiful place, near San Diego in California, called Grossmont.

The beautiful invigorating pure air, the resplendors of this earthly Paradise one can only realize when ~~one is~~ in Grossmont. The dream of my life is to be able to live there!

April 1914 Teresa Carreño

I had been associated, in a business way, with Owen Wister, the author of "The Virginian," and we owned jointly several thousand acres of land in San Diego County. He as well as his dear wife enjoyed Grossmont. We built them a lovely home there and the following is his expression:

1004 West End Trust Building -

~~308 CHESTNUT STREET~~

PHILADELPHIA

That the view from Grossmont of Ocean, valley, and mountains Equals any and surpasses most views in our country, is my opinion. I can think of no other spot united with an almost perfect climate so much color, beauty, & variety — and I have traveled repeatedly & extensively in every state of the Union, except Oklahoma -

Owen Wister

William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas. He and his good wife were friends of the family. Mr. White was with us when we celebrated the opening of the first Mountain Springs grade. His editorial comment, printed later in this book, thrilled us all.

The Emporia Gazette

W. A. WHITE, Editor and Owner

Emporia, Kansas, 1/6/14

Dear Mr. Fletcher:

I know of no other spot in the world where climate and scenery and civilization are so delightful as they are in Grossmont. Mountain and sea, city and field, are all found mingled in the wonderful view. It is an ideal home location and I only wish that I could have a home there.

Truly and sincerely yours,

W A White

Mr. Ed Fletcher,
San Diego, Cal.

WAW-MW

John Vance Cheney, the poet, wrote:

At Grossmont

John Vance Cheney

Against this Grossmont boulder gray, but now
I dreamed the shape of Keats leaned at my side.
Blue-eyed, pallor of dreamland on his brow,
He spoke: "My Homer sonnet went awide.
Were I to rime again, a chief should stare
At yonder hills, not at the sea; the bright
Dashed from his eyes, with a smit eagle's glare
Scanning yon yellow lions of the light."
He passed; a bird sang in the chaparral,
To bolder glory burned one lion's mane.
Yea, god-born boy, I sigh, thy song might tell
Of those prone sun-cubs of the southern plain;
None has the utterance, now. The silence alone
Dare touch them, or some breath from off their slumber blown.

In a letter dated July 2, 1910, that nationally recognized landscape engineer, Samuel Parsons, wrote as follows:

"My dear Mr. Fletcher:

On the eve of my departure for New York, I am writing to thank you for affording me the opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of Grossmont—the wide-spread beauty and commanding reach of the territory astonished me. I have been in San Diego several times during the past eight years but what especially attracts me to Grossmont, however, is the wonderful mass of boulders of every shape and outline which characterizes Grossmont to such a

marked degree—great views can be obtained in other places in San Diego, though none perhaps more far-reaching and impressive—it is the boulder groups, which the dwellers in Grossmont will find in the long run the more precious possession. Allow me to compliment you on the clever way you have winded your roads around the contours in order to reach the best views, as well as afford convenient transit through the property. If I am not presuming, allow me also to urge upon you the retaining of an unfailing regard for the natural vegetation of the region and natural growth should be let alone and encouraged if possible with water.

I suggest that the cottages should not only be quiet in color and simple and low in form and show a decided touch of the Mexican spirit.

My note has proved longer than I intended to make it but the fascination of the subject has led me on—you have a great opportunity. Again thank you for the treat you have given me,

Sincerely your friend,

Samuel Parsons."

Carrie Jacobs Bond was a friend of the Fletcher family for many years. We have shown her all the backcountry and its beauty spots. We are happy to have her granddaughter, Betty Walters, living in the old home today.

The last ten or fifteen years of his life William Gross lived in San Diego. He was a lovable soul, very lonesome in a way and I always regretted that he did not have a wife and family —why I do not know. He was a self-made man, an artist, and I am thankful that I had the privilege of meeting and being associated with a most remarkable character. We were associated together in other property development, particularly one in San Diego known as the W. B. Gross subdivision. I am happy to say he always made money on every investment I ever made with him.

Your mother and I donated the original site for the Grossmont High School to the County. In "La Mesa—Yesterday and Today" by Emma M. Gilbert, in referring to Grossmont High School says "It is a beautiful and imposing structure,

Carrie Jacobs Bond—Grossmont, 1915.
Her song, "A Cottage In God's Garden," was dedicated to your father.

A COTTAGE IN GOD'S GARDEN

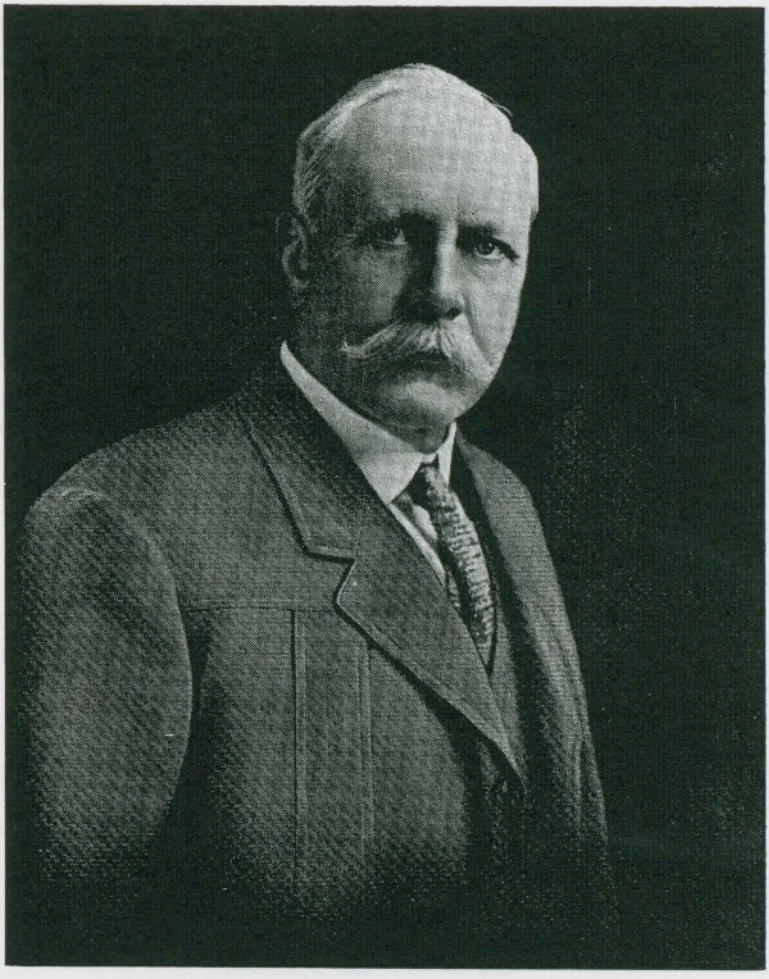
There's a cottage in God's garden,
Upon a mountain high,
Away from strife and turmoil
And all life's din and cry.
Away from care and sorrow,
From all life's tears and woe,
A cottage in God's garden
Where I am free to go.

There's a cottage in God's garden,
Where my tired feet may rest,
And weary though my soul may be,
My spirit there is blessed.
The wild birds chant their carols,
And wild flowers bloom galore
Out in God's lovely garden—
How could I ask for more?

Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

set on the hilltop opposite Grossmont. The granite with which it was constructed was furnished by Col. Ed Fletcher in its native state. No high school in this section presents a finer appearance from the exterior."

Mt. Helix, adjoining Grossmont, is a shrine to your mother and father. What fun your dad had building the roads and making the top accessible. Today, with its cross and open air theatre, the superb vista of Mexico and its Coronado Islands, San Diego City and County, valley, mesa, mountains and sea, it is one of San Diego's most attractive spots. The Easter Services, weddings, plays, and High School Graduations make it most useful. We donated the eighteen acres to the La Mesa District for the beautiful lake at the foot of Mt. Helix and the trees we planted are most effective, particularly the Redwood trees. You will hear more of Mt. Helix in my chapter telling about Mary Yawkey White.



John D. Spreckels who, with his money, did much to build San Diego. He did his best and we owe him a great debt of gratitude.

CHAPTER XV

JOHN D. SPRECKELS

A son of the multi-millionaire sugar king, Claus Spreckels of San Francisco, sailed into San Diego harbor in the 1890's in his palatial yacht and fell in love with the bay and climate of San Diego.

E. S. Babcock, dreamer and promoter, conceived, and with others, built the Coronado Hotel which was completed in the winter of 1887-88. Babcock sold Spreckels a half interest in the Coronado peninsula and the hotel and later, together, they built the so-called Spreckels Water System, now owned by the City of San Diego. Eventually they had a falling out, the court washing their soiled linen and eventually Spreckels owned nearly everything of value in San Diego, including the morning Union, evening Tribune and a ten-million-dollar electric railway.

Babcock had built a steam railway to La Jolla, via Old Town and Pacific Beach; Spreckels offered $200,000 for it but Babcock refused the offer so Spreckels built a fine electric railway via Ocean Beach and Mission Beach to La Jolla, making Babcock's steam railway valueless, with the result that Babcock junked his railway, tore up and sold the rails.

Spreckels built one of the most remarkable swimming pools and amusement centers, surpassed nowhere on the Pacific Coast at Mission Beach, costing several millions of dollars; Mission Beach developed like magic and for several years it was the talk of the south, but the depression came on; the town could not support it; the electric railway became a liability with automobile competition and soon the Spreckels interests donated the land and Mission Beach amusement center to the City of San Diego. As State Senator, after the death of John D. Spreckels, I contacted the Spreckels interests at the request of the Mission Beach Chamber of Commerce and started the initial movement to abandon the railway to La Jolla; the Spreckels interests donated the private right of way for widening the highway through Mission Beach

and the City of San Diego gave them a new bus franchise instead. In widening the highway through Mission Beach, both publicly and privately I urged that the power line poles in the center of the highway be removed and ornamental lamp posts installed instead, but I received no support from the City Council or the power interests, much to my regret.

Later, the City of San Diego, believing it had only a liability in the amusement center, donated the land and amusement center and Mission Bay lands to the State of California and it was accepted and put under the jurisdiction of the State Park Commission completely.

Mr. Spreckels was generous in public giving and public development—he built the Union Building, Spreckels Theatre, San Diego Hotel, Bank of America building, gave $200,000 for a wing on the Mercy Hospital, the wonderful organ at Balboa Park, advocated good highways; served on the County Highway Commission which built 1250 miles of dirt roads in San Diego County; he advocated and they hired my distant cousin, A. B. Fletcher, formerly highway engineer of the State of Massachusetts, to do the engineering work in the construction of these highways. I was at that time helping to build the main highway east from Yuma and was chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Highway Committee.

Spreckels did his part in contributing to the building of the Mountain Springs grade to El Centro, building the Yuma bridge across the Colorado River and the road east from Gila Bend to Casa Grande; the Wilcox-Benson cut-off to Lordsburg and especially the planking of the Holtville sandhill road through the sandhills to Yuma from Holtville—this road which when completed saved over 200 miles across the continent. Spreckels was especially interested in getting a national highway east for the benefit of the town.

We were hardly on speaking terms at that time, but one day I received an invitation from Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles Times, to make a trip with friends to Yuma to inspect the sandhill route and plank road, of which I was an advocate and had raised the money for the 37 last carloads of planks for its construction by private subscription. Mr. Chandler told me that U. S. Senator Sam Shortridge from

California would be one of the party. I accepted and to my amazement one evening found myself as the guest of John D. Spreckels with the rest of the party and on Spreckels' private train. I later found out the real object of the trip was at Senator Shortridge's request to investigate the possibility of the building of the All-American Canal. We all pledged that no publicity was to be given the papers as to the trip and I was glad of it for I was not in their camp politically at that time.

We spent a day in the sandhills at Yuma and Calexico. Spreckels had not given me an invitation direct, but through Chandler. Things softened up a bit between Spreckels and myself.

One funny incident happened the first evening. Those were the days when avocados were a luxury and comparatively unknown. Spreckels had ordered his colored cook to serve avocados for dinner. When we sat down, lo and behold each of us had a half of avocado in front of him, but the avocados were as hard as rocks! The cook had never seen one before, he admitted, but did as he was told. How Spreckels did swear and what a laugh it was on him!

(Elsewhere I will touch on my fight with Spreckels as to whether the State highway went through his Jamul Ranch or my "S" Tract Ranch and how I won.)

Spreckels did much for San Diego, being generous to a fault in his own way. It was a one-man town for years and after his death it took years to develop a splendid cooperative relationship. In later years he was more kindly toward me and when I had as my guest Secretary of Agriculture, David L. Houston, who had given me the pen that signed the first appropriation bill in Washington for Federal Highways in California to construct a highway between Jacumba and the summit in San Diego County on U. S. No. 80, the party was held in the Coronado Hotel and I placed Secretary Houston between Spreckels and myself. Thereafter, until Spreckels' death, we were on good friendly terms and it is a pleasure to pay a fitting tribute to his memory written this eighth day of May, 1950.

No reference to Secretary Houston would be complete without some mention of a trip I made as his guest from San

D. F. Houston, former Secretary of Agriculture; a real good Democrat and personal friend.

Francisco through the redwoods to Grants Pass, Oregon, in 1916. Shortly after he and his good wife together with the Swiss Minister and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Hans Sulzer, had been our guests for several days in San Diego and Imperial Counties, Secretary Houston wired an invitation to your mother and me asking us to join his party in San Francisco.

Left to right: Col. Ed Fletcher; David L. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; Dr. Hans Sulzer, Swiss Ambassador to U. S.; Mme. Sulzer; Coert Du Bois, U. S. Forest Supervisor; Mrs. W. Boyden; N. D. Darlington, President of State Highway Commission; Mrs. Houston; R. W. Boyden; U. S. Food Administrator; and A. F. Potter, Assistant U. S. Forest Supervisor.

Unfortunately, circumstances did not permit your mother to accompany me on that trip. It was a wonderful experience. The need for preserving the redwood forests was never so vividly impressed upon me as during those few days. Secretary Houston realized the esthetic and economic importance of the trees as part of our national resources and was interested in immediately taking some constructive action to protect them. At my request, he gave me a written interview when we parted at Grants Pass, Oregon, urging their preservation by public and private effort as one of the wonders of the world. On my trip homeward, I stopped off in San Francisco and released the Secretary's statement to the newspapers. I believe it was this initial interview, given such wide publicity, that caused the Save-the-Redwoods-League to come into being as an active force for the preservation of our redwood trees. Since then, the Rockefeller family and many others have contributed much financially, from time to time buying and preserving the large forests that today border U. S. Highway 101 for 100 miles or more along our California coast.

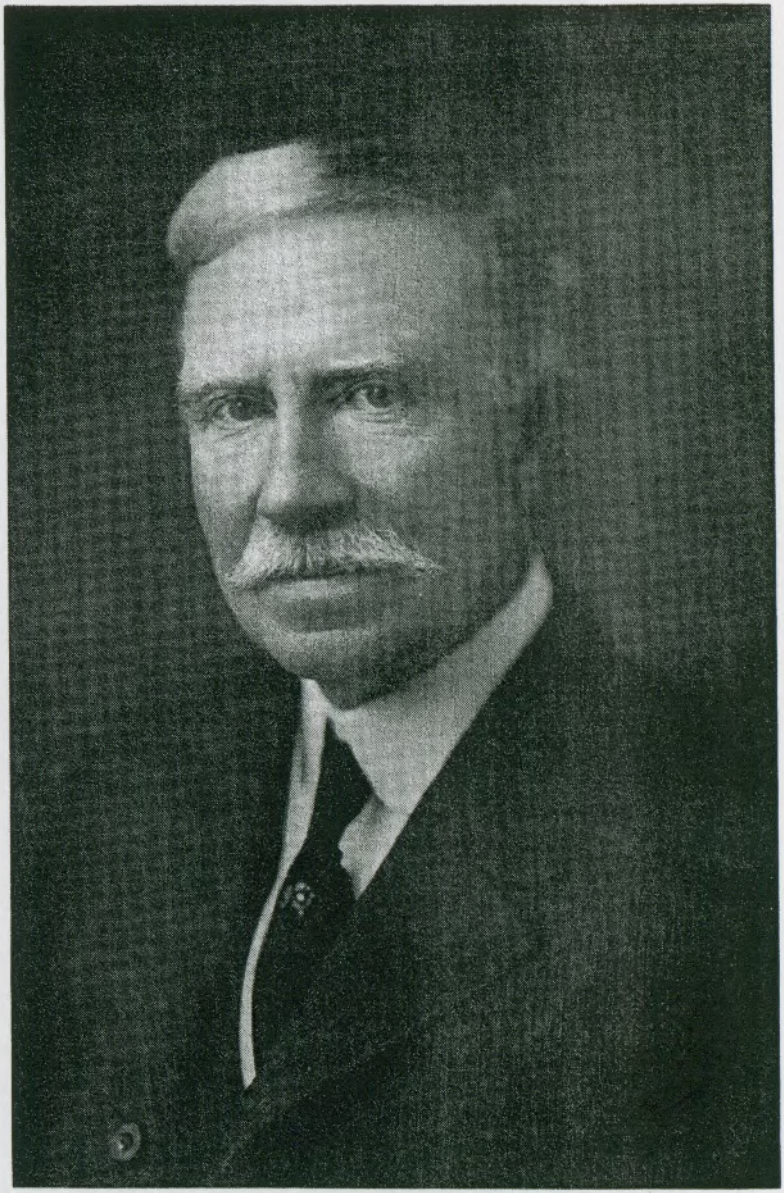
A motor trip to Redwood Forest, Humboldt County, California, August 16, 1919. Left to right: H. S. Graves, E. C. Bradley, A. W. Boyden, Mrs. A. W. Boyden. Mrs. E. C. Bradley, Dr. Adolph C. Miller, Hon. D. F. Houston, Mrs. D. F. Houston, Mrs. Adolph C. Miller, Ed Fletcher, Coert DuBois, Austin B. Fletcher, G. M. Homans, F. G. Sumner.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SANTA FE RAILROAD COMPANY

As I remember it, in 1911 the San Diego Chamber of Commerce gave a banquet honoring E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe Railroad, and W. E. Hodges, vice-president. I was at that time the chairman of the National, State and County Highway Committee of the Chamber of Commerce and as luck would have it was placed next to the vice-president, Mr. Hodges, at the head table. I found him most interesting and charming. He told me of his problems; his work as purchasing agent, and during the course of the evening, made this chance remark: "I am the President of the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company, a subsidiary of the Santa Fe Railroad, and one of my greatest problems is the San Dieguito Rancho—a Spanish grant near Del Mar, which we own." (This later was called Rancho Santa Fe, consisting of 12,000 acres when the property was subdivided and sold.)

Here again destiny played a part with me. I asked him what his problem was; that I was in the wholesale farming, land and water development, being at that time an owner with James A. Murray of the Cuyamaca Water Company. Mr. Hodges reply was that U. S. Forester, Gifford Pinchot, had frightened everyone by stating that the timber of the United States was rapidly disappearing. Even Theodore Roosevelt, the President, had been a strong backer and believer in Gifford Pinchot; in fact it was Theodore Roosevelt who made Pinchot U. S. Forester. Mr. Hodges went on to say that with the approval of Mr. Ripley and the Board of Directors of the Santa Fe they had purchased San Dieguito Rancho, planted 4000 acres to eucalyptus trees, the intention being to raise their own railroad ties in anticipation of the expected shortage and high cost of railroad ties. For a number of years the railroad company had spent thousands of dollars annually in the planting and care of the eucalyptus trees on the ranch. They had failed to realize that it only rains 9 or 10 inches annually on San Dieguito Rancho; the trees were starving for water;



W. E. Hodges

very few had grown to any appreciable size and also the scare of high priced railroad ties was over for they could later buy railroad ties, Oregon fir, at 12½ cents each by the million and by paying 9c or 10c more and dipping same in creosote, the ties were more durable than any eucalyptus ties, the cost of which would exceed $1.00 per tie at least to grow. The operating loss of the ranch the year before was nearly $50,000, he told me. Each year the operation of the ranch was in red ink, for which he was being severely criticized.

Bluntly he asked me what could be done about it and first talked about the sale of the ranch, quoting me a price of $280,000—just the amount that they had in the property without interest. The ranch appealed to me—there were romantic adobe rancheritas, or houses, with beautiful pepper trees. The soil of the ranch was badly eroded, but the large young eucalyptus trees made its bluffs, hills and small valleys a thing of beauty and I saw the advantages of a real subdivision at some future time.

I suggested that he turn the ranch over to me to manage and stated that from the day I took it over he would not be in red ink for a cent; in fact all I asked him as compensation was 20% of the gross receipts to manage the property in my own way, the railroad to get 80%, and told him in time I would sell the ranch or develop it.

In reply he said "May I bring the Old Man (meaning E. P. Ripley, the president) to your office tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock?" My answer quickly was "Yes," and they were both there on time. I enjoyed my visit with Mr. Ripley. He was a remarkable man—quiet, but quick in his ability to ask questions, get the facts and make a decision. Before he left the office I was in charge of the San Dieguito Rancho with full authority to act, under the terms of an agreement by letter that I was to incur no obligations and manage the ranch as I saw fit. That day I took a letter of dismissal to the Superintendent and all the employees of the ranch from Mr. Hodges, giving them a month's notice. Immediately that possession of the ranch was given me I moved E. C. Batchelder, my brother-in-law, the only brother of your mother, in, a mighty fine boy, young and energetic, who married Maude Clark and who was

associated with me in the real estate business. They lived for several years there managing the property. Many is the time we all enjoyed the hospitality of the old Spanish Rancho, later to be purchased by Bing Crosby when we subdivided the San Dieguito Rancho under the name of Rancho Santa Fe.

The first year we leased the ranch mostly for cattle and grain, securing around $6000.00 in gross revenue. The second year, as I remember it, the tenants put nearly 1000 acres into sugar beets, arrangements for which I made through my friend James McFadden of the Anaheim Sugar Beet Company. Our gross revenue was roughly $25,000. Both Mr. Ripley and Mr. Hodges were pleased with the way we handled it. Through their different visits we became better acquainted and a friendship developed between us. Every six months meant a trip into the back country—including Imperial Valley, Palomar, Eagles Nest or Ensenada.

On one trip I made the chance remark that I felt the mesas of Rancho Santa Fe were well nigh frostless and should be developed. Mr. Ripley said "What have you to suggest?" My answer was that I wanted two things—a 75 horsepower Holt caterpillar to clear the brush and build the main roads through the property, having in mind future subdivision development and also the installation of a pumping plant to pump water from the valley to the mesa to demonstrate the growing of high-priced winter vegetables. Mr. Ripley immediately turned to Mr. Hodges and said "W. E., let Mr. Fletcher buy a 75 horsepower Holt Caterpillar, also put down a well and install a water system to make the demonstrations desired, on one condition that you do not ask for any money from the railroad company and only such money used as Mr. Fletcher gets from rentals hereafter, but he may use all the money necessary to cover these expenses that may be coming to us." At that time, I had about $9000.00 coming in and it was with a great deal of pleasure that I bought the tractor, installed the pumping plant and put in the water system. The results were that I built the main roads that are traveled today in the subdivision of the property—a new road up the valley from Del Mar, also the contour road winding around along the bluff from Solana Beach; the road to Olivenhain—the highway now traveled to

Lake Hodges—in fact under my supervision was built our first road from Escondido to Lake Hodges and from Lake Hodges to Del Mar, while representing the Santa Fe and William G. Henshaw.

We rented the first 80 acres of land with water at $30.00 per acre to Japanese and demonstrated the future of that Rancho Santa Fe. It goes without saying both Mr. Ripley and Mr. Hodges were more than pleased.

I should mention that I came in contact with two other remarkable men during this period; one was the secretary of the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company, E. O. Faulkner—one of the finest Scotchmen I have ever met, and we were destined to be associated later on for many years, also Mr. Ripley had a secretary named E. J. Engel, who was checking up every once in awhile on what was going on. He

Left to right: Ed Fletcher, E. J. Engle, President of the Santa Fe Railroad, and Harry Chandler of Los Angeles.

Vice-president W. E. Hodges at the wheel.

turned out to be one of our best friends years later and President of the Santa Fe Railroad—but more about that later.

In 1911 I had become associated with W. G. Henshaw; we sold him the Warner Ranch of 47,000 acres, including the Hot Springs and had outlined to him the possibilities of water development by the building of what is now known as Henshaw Dam and bringing the water to the coast. Reference is made to Mr. Henshaw in another chapter but I must mention that when Mr. Henshaw went to Europe he authorized me to spend not to exceed $4000.00 in taking options on the available damsites on the San Dieguito River which ran for three miles through the Rancho Santa Fe.

The water in the mountains running through the Pamo Ranch was known as the Pamo River, and as the water continued running down hill and entered the San Pasqual Valley, it was known as the San Pasqual River; then as it continued to the sea it was known as the San Bernardo River, running through the San Bernardo Ranch; thence it entered the San Dieguito Spanish grant and again it was marked on the U. S. Topographical maps as the San Dieguito River until it entered the ocean just north of Del Mar—all one river and should have been named the "All Saints River."

Following Mr. Henshaw's instructions, one hot day in July, I walked up through the canyon (there was no road then) going easterly up the river from the San Dieguito Rancho, and discovered what is now known as Lake Hodges damsite and dam. The damsite was owned by James Carroll, whose son is now our County Superintendent of Schools—Dr. John S. Carroll. I paid him $200.00 for an option on his property and that of his brother, Tom Carroll—these options were later exercised and I bought the property for Henshaw. Following up the river, I discovered a damsite below Pamo Valley that looked good to me, below the site selected by the Linda Vista Irrigation District in the Eighties, which I later acquired.

Another day, following up the river, I located two damsites; found a Mr. Booth and George Chambers owned them, and took an option on same—and now called Sutherland Dam—one of the ranches being the Sutherland Damsite.

In my water history of the development of Water in San

Diego County you will find a complete record of the development of the All Saints River—how the city acquired Sutherland, partially completed it and quit—but my point in making the explanation at this time is to show you the interest of the Santa Fe Railroad in the development of our water without profit to themselves, excepting their money back and 6% interest.

When William G. Henshaw came back from Europe and found I had spent most of his $4000.00 in taking options on the Carroll properties, on the bonds of the Linda Vista Irrigation District that controlled the Pamo Damsite and the Booth and Sutherland properties on the Santa Ysabel River adjoining the Santa Ysabel Rancho, he employed an engineer by the name of H. Hawgood to inspect the damsites I had optioned and make a report as to the advisability of their acquisition without personally investigating the properties himself.

I showed Mr. Hawgood the properties in question. He was non-committal; made his report direct to Mr. Henshaw who later on wrote me to exercise the options and purchase the so-called Booth-Sutherland Dam and Reservoir sites, and purchase the Linda Vista Irrigation District bonds that controlled Pamo, but not to buy the Carroll properties now known as Lake Hodges damsite. By following the recommendations of Mr. Hawgood, Mr. Henshaw kissed some of his money goodbye; and did not exercise the option to purchase the Carroll Damsite, in fact he rather severely criticized my action for optioning same. When I received the letter I felt hurt and wired Mr. Henshaw asking if he would accept the money paid out and assign the Carroll option to me and waive all interest in said options. To my surprise he wired in reply to meet him at Del Mar two days later with saddle horses to inspect the Carroll property. On arrival we made the investigation, taking our lunches with us, made by your good Mother, and under an oak tree Henshaw asked me, after going over the damsite and reservoir site, for my reasons why the Carroll property should be purchased. My answer was as follows: Under the laws of the State of California no water could be taken out of one watershed and transferred to another without acquiring

the ownership of the land or the riparian rights below the point of diversion.

Mr. Hawgood had recommended the acquisition and building of the so-called Sutherland Dam only. It was nearly 30 miles away, while the Carroll damsite was only 5 miles from Rancho Santa Fe; there was only one-third of the watershed area and supply of water available at Sutherland compared to the amount of water that would be caught at Carroll Damsite, later known as Lake Hodges. It was more expensive to build at the upper site at Sutherland than at Carroll Damsite, all the riparian rights between Sutherland and Lake Hodges would have to be acquired first; it meant at least a couple of million dollars spent unnecessarily at that time if a dam were built at Sutherland site and anybody could come in at any time and give us all kinds of trouble by filing on the water rights and building a dam below; while if the first dam was built at the Carroll site we could protest the diversion of water into other watersheds from any point above. If we built at the Carroll site, we would have three times the amount of water available at least and for a million to a million and a half dollars we could build a dam at the Carroll damsite, acquire the riparian rights of the river to the ocean, one-third of which was owned by the Santa Fe Railroad Company, and in reality it meant an investment of three and a half to five million dollars to build Sutherland and take it to the coast lands as compared to one and a half million dollars to build and take the water to the coast from the Carroll site. It would also be much easier to raise the one and a half million dollars as compared with five million.

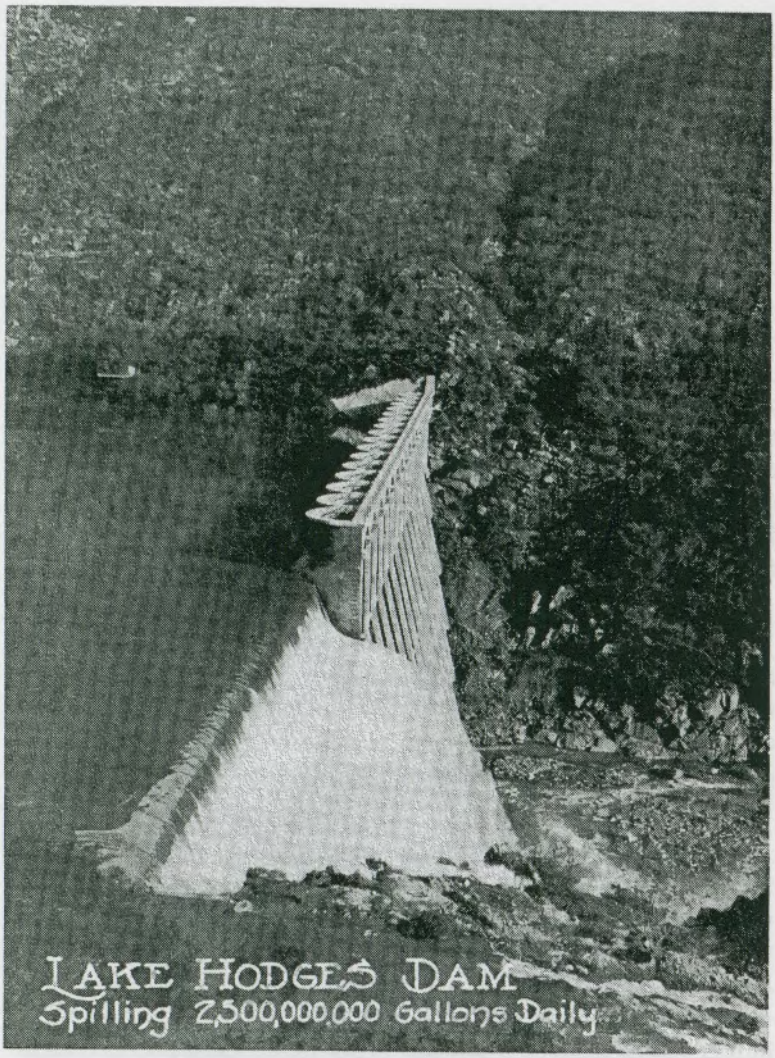
Being manager of the Santa Fe Rancho at that time and a close friend of the President of the Santa Fe Railroad, I felt that some day, some way it would be possible to work them into the deal and get them to finance that water development first.

Mr. Henshaw agreed with me, and on his instructions I exercised the option; purchased the Carroll properties and later on the Rancho Bernardo of several thousand acres, including all the lands that would be flooded by the building of a dam 125 feet high, making a lake 8.6 miles long, later built with

finances of the Santa Fe Railroad and now known as Lake Hodges. Mr. Hodges and Mr. Ripley were very much interested in knowing what I had accomplished with Mr. Henshaw on the river above Rancho San Dieguito.

In 1916, when on the authority of Mr. Ripley to sell, I offered the Rancho Santa Fe to Mr. Henshaw, he had to admit he was hard up for money and was not in any position to buy the Santa Fe Rancho. Since Mr. Henshaw was so short of cash, I suggested that he send me to Chicago to see Mr. Ripley and get the Santa Fe Railroad to finance the building of Lake Hodges Dam and bring the water to the coast. He laughed at me, said the railroad company could not finance a water development, as it was a violation of the Clayton Act, but I insisted a way could be found; the Santa Fe was particularly interested, as their lands would be benefited by a bountiful water supply and easily sold. Also it would develop the coast lands from Del Mar to Carlsbad. At last I offered to go to Chicago if my expenses were paid and outline a plan which I took with me after having wired Mr. Ripley and made a date for a conference. Henshaw agreed to pay me $25,000 if a deal was made. I arrived there on a Thursday morning to keep an 11 o'clock engagement with Mr. Ripley—I laid all our cards on the table to Mr. Hodges; he said it was impossible, the plan suggested by Mr. Henshaw was out of the question and was a waste of time and he did not even go with me to the conference with Mr. Ripley. But an inspiration came to me as I waited outside for the appointment. I was greeted very cordially but when I commenced talking water and financing he gave me no encouragement whatever—I told him I had not come to him for money; would he call in his stenographer and have her take down what I had to say if he wanted a copy of it, I felt I did. He granted my request and in 10 minutes I told him somewhat along the following lines:

That the Santa Fe Railroad running from Oceanside to San Diego was at that time taking if anything less passengers and freight than in the early days of its construction; that the lands were practically frostless along the coast from Del Mar to Oceanside; good soil, ideal location, but all it lacked was water; that Henshaw and I controlled Lake Hodges damsite;



it would cost so much money to build it and so much for the transportation lines through the 12,000 acres owned by the Santa Fe Railroad to the coast, the plan being to put the water to beneficial use from Del Mar to Carlsbad. I called his attention to the fact that several towns would be developed and that his own expert stated that 11,000 pounds of citrus

fruit per acre was shipped each year from Southern California east. That what I was asking was that he select his own engineer; send him out there; the railroad to pay for the cost of the engineer's report and if anything that I was saying that day was untrue I would pay even the cost of the engineer; that the whole expense should not be over $1500 or $2000; that the Santa Fe Railroad must be interested in the development of its own land and the country through which the railroad travels and would he pick an engineer, check up on my statements and if they found it to be true that we could develop the cheapest water in quantity ever developed by storage in San Diego County, then all I asked was that he would write and give us a letter to their bond houses, stating in effect that the investigation had been made by the Santa Fe Railroad, giving the possibilities and necessity of this development—that it meant much to the Santa Fe Railroad and San Diego County and would they give consideration to financing the project.

All Mr. Ripley said was, "Come back, Colonel, at 2 o'clock." Which I did. My statement had been typewritten by the secretary, Mr. Ripley wrote on the face of it "accepted," asked me to sign and handed me the original—much to my surprise and pleasure. He appointed as his engineer to investigate the project, none other than the Chief Engineer of the Santa Fe Railroad, G. W. Harris.

Mr. Henshaw was delighted. After four months investigation I received a telegram from Mr. Ripley that he and Mr. Hodges would meet Mr. Henshaw and me in San Diego. Mr. Henshaw could not make it, being in a hospital sick, but I took Mr. and Mrs. Ripley and Mr. and Mrs. Hodges and your Mother and myself in a seven-passenger Cadillac for a day with a splendid luncheon made by your Mother—the day was spent investigating the whole project. Mr. Ripley made no comments; I had no knowledge of what the final result would be, but as we were eating our lunch and finishing up with apple tarts, Mr. Ripley spoke up and said, "Mrs. Fletcher, this is a wonderful lunch and a most opportune time, I think, to tell you that we have investigated this whole project and to tell you and your good husband it is favorable—we find that the Santa Fe Land and

Lake Hodges Dam nearing completion. Left to right: W. E. Hodges, E. P. Ripley, Mrs. Ed Fletcher, Mrs. W. E. Hodges, Mrs. E. P. Ripley, Col. Ed Fletcher. December, 1918.

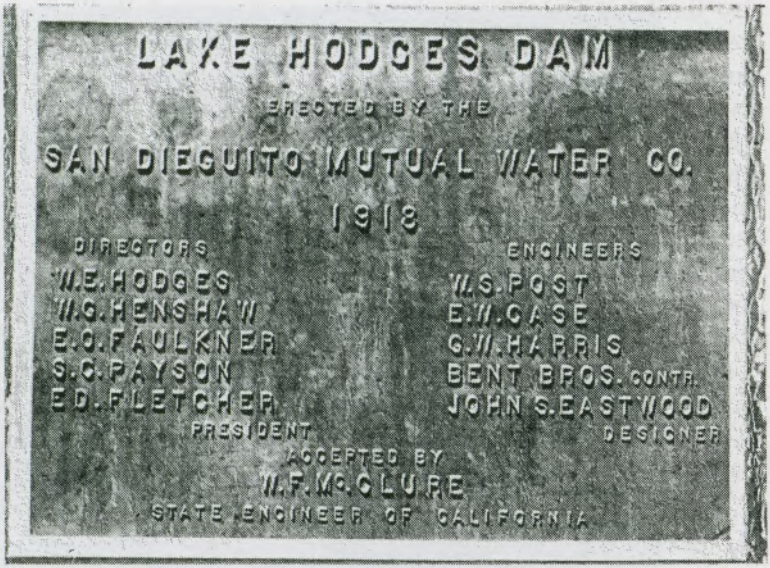
Improvement Company—a subsidiary of the Santa Fe Railroad, Mr. Hodges, President—can legally, and has sufficient money to finance the project without the necessity of borrowing any money elsewhere and providing Mr. Hodges, Mr. Henshaw and your husband can arrange the details, we will finance the entire project under the control of the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company." It certainly made me happy and it was a pleasure to wire Mr. Henshaw of the offer. A few days later a conference was held between Mr. Hodges, Mr. Henshaw and myself in Los Angeles, but we could not reach an understanding. At a second meeting a few days later, after three hours of conference, we got nowhere and Mr. Hodges picked up his hat to leave—the whole question was as to valuations of the Santa Fe Railroad water rights, rights-of-way and the holdings of Mr. Henshaw. Just as Mr. Hodges reached the door, he turned around and said, "Henshaw, I will make you one more proposition—I will leave the valuation of our properties needed to Ed Fletcher if you will yours."

I was in a bad position, but Henshaw immediately accepted. After a week or ten days I made my report, involving over two million dollars in valuations of lands, water rights, rights-of-way, including three reservoir sites and lands flooded. It was accepted by both parties, the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company controlling the majority of the stock—a new company was formed called the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company; they elected me president and for eight years I remained president until we sold the project to the San Diego County Water Company at cost plus 6% interest.

In the meantime, I managed the Rancho Santa Fe, also continuing under very pleasant circumstances my limited partnership with William G. Henshaw.

The five directors of the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company were, W. E. Hodges, William G. Henshaw, E. O. Faulkner, S. C. Payson and myself. Both Faulkner and Payson were officials of the Santa Fe Railroad, both splendid men and it was a pleasure to work with them. We organized the San Dieguito and Santa Fe Irrigation Districts, and Lake Hodges today furnishes them their source of water supply.

When San Diego found that La Jolla had grown to the



extent that it had to have more water, and quick, it necessitated the bringing immediately of a new pipeline from San Diego city to La Jolla at a cost of many hundreds of thousands of dollars and at that time (1918) San Diego found it necessary to look around for a new water supply. Our Lake Hodges Dam was full and we had a large surplus of water. Fred Rhodes, City Manager of San Diego, made application, on behalf of the city, to the Santa Fe Railroad Company, asking for three million gallons of water a day at a price of 10c per thousand gallons, delivered to the city limits. Mr. E. P. Ripley, president, vetoed the application, his reason being that he did not want the Santa Fe Railroad, or any subsidiary company to become involved with a municipality. Later he told me he would sell me three million gallons of water a day for 7c a thousand gallons, delivered at the city limits of San Diego. I took the matter up with Fred Rhodes and city officials, offered the city three million gallons of water a day at 10c per thousand gallons, delivered at the city limits, near Del Mar, which the city accepted. San Diego found it hard to raise the necessary funds without a bond issue, to bring the pipeline from the

city limits of Del Mar to La Jolla, so I invited William G. Henshaw into the picture; we borrowed the money from the banks, and under the supervision of the city we built the pipeline to La Jolla, including the reservoir at Torrey Pines, under a contract, whereby at the end of the ten year period, the city would, through a lease contract, pay for the cost of the pipeline and interest—giving Mr. Henshaw and me a joint profit of 3c per thousand gallons for three million gallons of water daily for a ten year period—this gave us both a handsome profit and was the first step toward the acquisition of all the surplus water from Lake Hodges by the city.

Our dreams of water development from Lake Hodges, to be used on the coast lands from Del Mar to Leucadia, certainly came true. Mr. Henshaw paid me the $25,000 for interesting the Santa Fe Railroad in the water project.

At President Ripley's request, I made a report to him as to the possibilities of the subdivision of Rancho Santa Fe after our water system was installed. It was accepted and I received a five year contract from the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company for the sale of the ranch. Under the supervision of W. E. Hodges, president of the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company and one of the best friends I ever had, we built the hotel and present Rancho Santa Fe business center, also the numerous subdivision roads, etc. It was Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Payson who took a very active interest as well. The first three or four months we sold nearly a half million dollars' worth of property; the landscape engineer was Mr. L. G. Sinard. Later, with the approval of the Santa Fe officials, I acquired the townsite of Solana Beach personally and proceeded to develop that townsite.

Mr. Ripley was also very much interested in a plan to extend the Santa Fe Railroad via Corona and Temecula through Warner Ranch, owned by Mr. Henshaw, and down the San Felipe Canyon to Brawley, connecting with the Santa Fe Railroad at Blythe.

On one of our periodic trips I drove Mr. Ripley and his chief engineer Harris and general manager A. G. Wells over this route, taking three days to make the trip.

Mr. Ripley was also very much interested in a plan to rebuild

W. B. Storey, new President of the Santa Fe Railroad, and party investigating the feasibility of rebuilding the Santa Fe Railroad through Temecula Canyon to Oceanside.

W. E. HODGES
212 SANTA BARBARA STREET
SANTA BARBARA

July 21st. 1924.

My dear Colonel:

Some time before the 31st day of July, the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company will pass out of existence as an operating company, and the last act will be the execution of a deed transferring all its property to the new Water Company.

The deed may be executed by the Vice President, but as you are responsible for the origin of the Mutual Company - was its first, and is its last and only President - it seems to me most appropriate that you should "execute" the Mutual Company as well as the deed.

I hope your engagements will be such for the balance of the month as will make it possible for you to come to Los Angeles for this purpose, if we cannot go to San Diego.

May I take this occasion to say, that, while I have received considerable "honorable mention" in connection with the results obtained you are responsible for the development of the Lake Hodges System and of the country it serves. May I also express my regret that we shall no longer be associated in this enterprise.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. Hodges

Vice President
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.

Col. Ed. Fletcher.
San Diego, California.

Your father was President of the company that built the Lake Hodges System. We sold it to the Henshaw interests and the above letter, after paying me this splendid compliment, asked me to come to Los Angeles to sign the deed as President, which I did.

the old Santa Fe Railroad through Temecula Canyon to Oceanside. By so doing the Santa Fe Railroad would get its share of the Imperial Valley business and San Diego would get a direct route into Imperial Valley, by way of Oceanside and Temecula. The distance from Los Angeles to Brawley via Warner would have been 42 miles shorter than the present Southern Pacific Railroad into Imperial Valley. Unfortunately World War No. 1 broke out and everything was forgotten temporarily.

After the passing of Mr. Ripley, I took the new president William B. Storey and party for another investigation. Mr. Henshaw offered rights-of-way and also other inducements but it was too late and all negotiations fell through so San Diego again lost its railroad into Imperial Valley.

If there ever was an empire builder and rugged individualist, it was E. P. Ripley. As I dictate this today (September 1, 1950) I want to pay a lasting tribute to these most remarkable men who were an inspiration to me—E. P. Ripley, W. E. Hodges, E. J. Engel, E. O. Faulkner, and U. T. Clotfelter, their attorney. I am more than grateful that they had confidence in me and that I had the opportunity, with them, in developing one of the largest of our natural resources in San Diego County—Rancho Santa Fe and the Santa Fe and San Dieguito Irrigation Districts, while at the same time helping San Diego with its water supply. You will hear more later, first about the creation of the Cardiff Irrigation District, which failed, then the successful creation of the San Dieguito and Santa Fe Irrigation Districts.

William G. Henshaw
Mills Building
San Francisco

San Francisco, Cal. June 26, 1912.

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,

San Diego, Cal.

My dear Sir:-

I have had various inquiries with reference to the different properties and interests that I have in San Diego County. I have referred everybody to you and expect to refer everybody to you, as I look upon you as my personal representative in San Diego County.

Yours truly,

WGH

Wm. G. Henshaw

These letters speak for themselves. I was manager in general charge of all acquisition of lands, surveys, and construction work in San Diego County until the final contract was let for the construction of Henshaw Dam and a settlement was made with Mr. Henshaw.

William G. Henshaw
Tyler Henshaw
Mills Building
San Francisco

San Francisco, Cal. Oct. 22, 1913.

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,

San Diego, Cal.

Dear Sir:-

Answering yours of the 20th with reference to the work at the Warner Dam, I suggest that you act in accordance with your letter, raising the outlet tunnel five or six feet, etc.

As to the question of grading work, the ditch on the dam towards the Pano, would suggest that you let me know how many teams you put on, or better still, estimate the cost of whatever work is proposed to be done all over the system, so that I will know the total amount that we will be expending each month.

Yours truly,

WGH

Wm. G. Henshaw

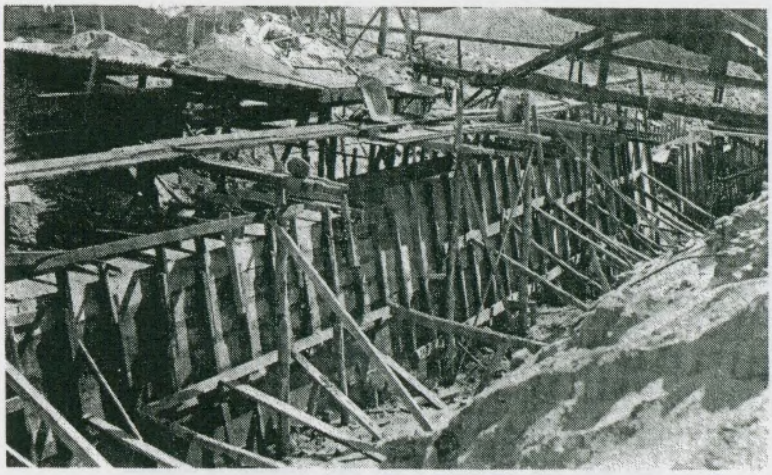
CHAPTER XVII

THE HENSHAW DEVELOPMENT

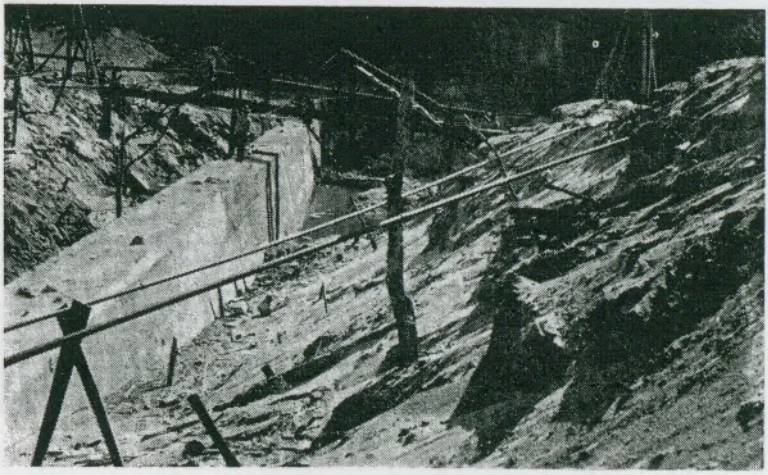
Earlier in my memoirs I have told how I met William G. Henshaw through H. W. Keller of Los Angeles, our sale of the Warner Ranch to William G. Henshaw and later my agreement and association with Mr. Henshaw in the development of the so-called Henshaw project, including the water development of Warner Ranch, Sutherland, Pamo, the Carroll Damsite, later known as Lake Hodges, the San Clemente Damsite which we acquired east of what is now known as Camp Elliott and Mr. Henshaw's purchase of a half of my interest in the Cuyamaca Water Company from me so that our interests would be mutual at all times, the consideration for my services to be 25% of the net proceeds after Mr. Henshaw had the return of his money invested and interest.

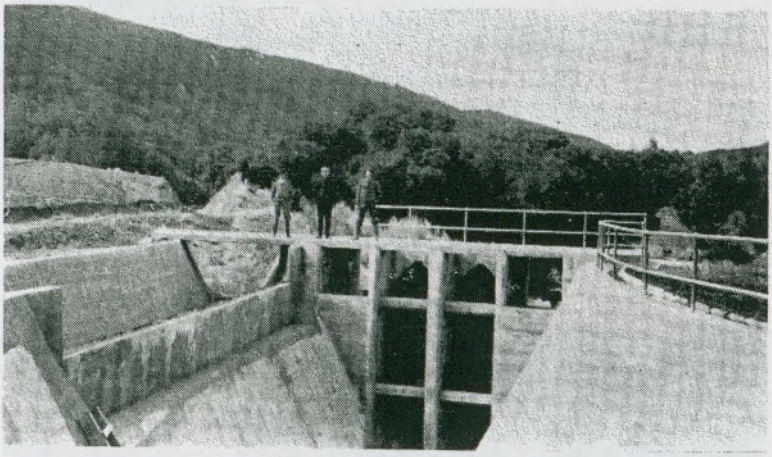
Wm. G. Henshaw, his two daughters, and Ed Fletcher. This picture taken by Cave Couts at Guajome Rancho.

The Henshaw Dam cut-off wall under construction.

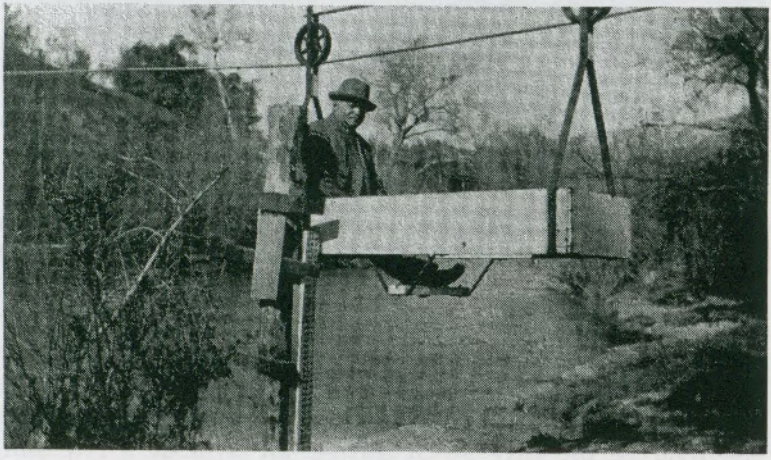


The completed wall.





Westerly end of the 1008 foot outlet tunnel for Henshaw Dam that was built under my supervision. Lower: Simon Levi—Chairman of the Water Committee of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce in 1912. A friendly competitor in the wholesale produce business, sympathetic to our proposed water development, and one of our best citizens.



Under the laws of California, to protect our water right filings, we had to, within 60 days from date of filing, commence construction of these developments. At Warner Ranch we commenced the construction of the cut-off wall, also the 1008-foot outlet tunnel, under my supervision, the work being done by day labor. We also did core drillings at Sutherland Damsites, both the upper and lower sites, as well as at Pamo—but that is another story and will be covered in a subsequent chapter.

The San Luis Rey River in flood at the damsite.

During the time Messrs. Huntington and Kerckhoff, through the Pacific Light and Power Company, owned and controlled Warner Ranch we acquired the riparian rights of diversion, Frank Salmons and I, from Henshaw Dam down the river to and including Monserate Ranch just above the new bridge on Highway 395 today. Later, under William G. Henshaw's ownership, I acquired the rest of the riparian rights on the river to the City of Oceanside, all without a law suit, involving millions of dollars in purchases of real estate—this

POSTAL TELEGRAPH – COMMERCIAL CABLES

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.

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TELEGRAM

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DESIGN PATENT No. 40528

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h. San Francisco, Cal., Mar. 9, 1914.

Ed Fletcher,

Sandiego, Cal.

I authorize you to represent me in making a contract with the city of SanDiego in the matter of supplying them with water from the Cuyamaca water company.

Wm. G. Henshaw.

William G. Henshaw
Mills Building
San Francisco

San Francisco, Cal. April 17, 1914.

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,
San Diego, Cal.
Dear Sir:-

As you know I have committed myself to the Water Commission until May 1st, refusing at our last interview to extend the time until June 1st.

Other parties who have examined the proposition are very anxious to go ahead with it and will have their engineer's report ready before the first of the month. The engineer has told me that his report will be favorable, as he has completed his investigations enough for that conclusion, and is only now preparing his final data.

I desire to live up in absolute good faith with even any verbal agreements with the City, but do not wish you to commit me beyond May 1st. As you know, I have always upheld any agreements that you have made, but wish to give you this notice to make no commitments beyond May 1st without direct consultation with me.

Yours truly,

WGH

Wm. G. Henshaw

Mr. Henshaw personally dictated this letter but had to leave the office before it was ready for his signature.

had to be done to comply with the law and permit the water from the San Luis Rey watershed to be transported to another watershed without litigation. Immediately we commenced work and the proposed project became public, we organized the Volcan Land and Water Company and I was authorized to open up negotiations for the disposal of the water, which was in great demand.

The City of Los Angeles, through its Chief Engineer, William Mulholland, made an investigation of our possible water supply with the idea of buying and taking same to Los Angeles —instead they developed the Owens River Project.

At the request of the authorities of the City of San Diego, and with Mr. Henshaw's approval, I submitted the following offer to the City of San Diego:

May 22, 1914

To the Honorable Members
of the City Council, and
San Diego Water Commission.
San Diego, California
Gentlemen:

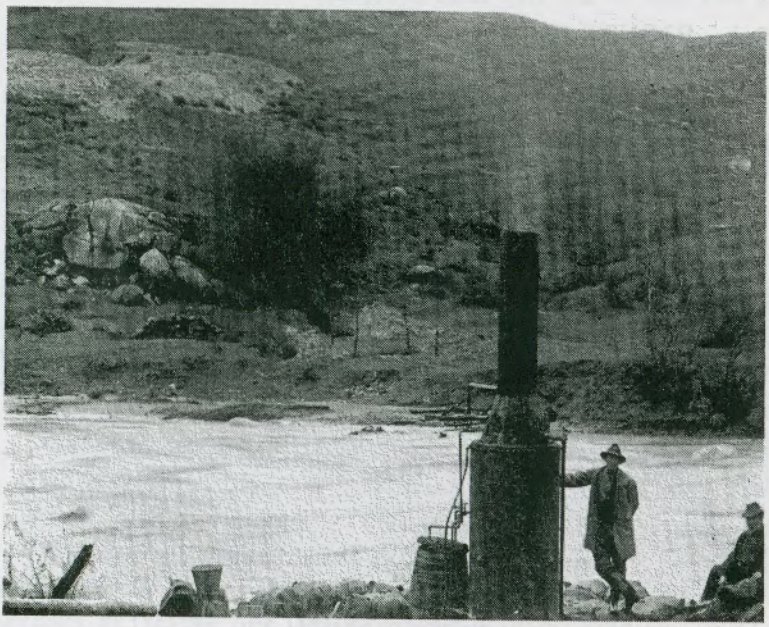
As per our understanding at the last meeting, we submit the following proposition relative to the purchase of our water system.

The Volcan Land and Water Company holdings which we agree to deliver include the following: All surveys, engineering reports, water filings, water measurements, etc. This data alone during the last seven years has cost us approximately $200,000. The other properties included are:

1st WARNER DAMSITE

Warner Damsite and 2960 acres of land that will be flooded. The development work at the damsite has cost us approximately $75,000 and includes the following: Concrete cut-off wall to bedrock constructed the entire width of the dam; 1008 foot outlet tunnel completed; conduit; engineer's residence, (one acre); roads; telephone lines, etc. We consider the 2960 acres of valley land in the Warner Ranch damsite easily worth $100 an acre, or $296,000. The Railroad Commission of the State of California on the physical valuation basis, gave the Cuyamaca Water Company a valuation of $86 per acre for all

Pamo Reservoir Site



Drilling for bedrock at Pamo

its lands at Cuyamaca Lake; Murray Hill Reservoir lands $150 per acre; La Mesa Reservoir lands $100 per acre and the Eucalyptus Reservoir lands $100 per acre. The lands flooded in Warner Reservoir are, as you know, all rich bottom lands, and the damsite itself is extremely valuable on account of its natural possibilities and elevation for the impounding of flood waters, for power, irrigation and domestic use.

2nd SAN LUIS REY RIPARIAN RIGHTS

With the exception of the City of Oceanside riparian rights, which consists of the ownership of 6 acres of land, we will furnish all riparian rights of diversion of the Warner water into other watersheds, that may be attached to lands below Warner Reservoir, for 45 miles and to the ocean, through which the San Luis Rey River may flow. There are only six of the above riparian rights that we have not acquired, but these rights will be secured at our own expense. It has taken seven years to acquire these rights and has cost several hundred thousand dollars. We are of the opinion that the riparian rights of diversion could not be condemned in court today at a less cost to the city than $500,000.

3rd RIGHTS OF WAY FROM WARNER DAM TO PAMO, OR SUTHERLAND RESERVOIR

We will furnish clear title to all rights of way, including the forebay for the power drop into Pamo Valley and sufficient land for a power station as well. Our engineers estimate that at least 5000 horsepower of electricity can be developed by using the Warner water alone, and approximately an additional 1000 horsepower from the Sutherland reservoir. In case the water from the Warner dam is desired to be conducted into Sutherland Reservoir and from Sutherland Reservoir into the San Diego River at the Diverting Dam, thence to the City of San Diego, practically the same horsepower of electricity can be developed only it will be in two units instead of one, the 500 ft. drop being made into the Sutherland Reservoir from Warner and a 1000 ft. drop from Sutherland Reservoir into the Diverting Dam Reservoir.

4th PAMO DAMSITE

Pamo damsite and 662 acres of land that will be flooded. At Pamo we have spent between $30,000 and $40,000 in excava-

Sutherland Reservoir Site

Drilling at Sutherland

tions in side walls and borings to determine the location of bedrock, construction of roads, etc. We are pleased to say that all reports are favorable and we have demonstrated that bedrock is in place, which will permit a concrete dam to be built if desired, and to any reasonable height.

5th SUTHERLAND DAMSITE

This includes the damsite and 434 acres of land, the total amount that will be flooded. Bedrock is exposed.

6th PERMIT FROM U. S. GOVERNMENT

Permit for diversion of water from Black Canyon to increase the supply of Sutherland Reservoir.

7th PERMIT FROM U. S. GOVERNMENT

Permit from the U. S. Government to divert water from Sutherland Reservoir through the Santa Maria Valley. The waters of Warner and Sutherland reservoirs can be diverted into Santa Maria Reservoir, or through the Santa Maria Valley to the Diverting Dam, and thence to the City through the Cuyamaca system, if desired.

8th **CARROLL DAMSITE** and 883 acres that will be flooded. Bedrock is exposed. By building a dam here, an additional drainage area of 110 sq. miles below Pamo will be available as well as the saving in cost of practically all the riparian rights on the river.

10th **ALL RIGHTS OF DIVERSION** that we have acquired on the San Pasqual, Bernardo and San Dieguito Rivers.

11th SAN CLEMENTE DAMSITE

The San Clemente damsite and 218 acres flooded. Excepting in the matter of the Santa Maria reservoir site, our offer to you is to furnish free and clear of encumbrances a clear title to all damsites and lands flooded, excepting existing rights of way for public roads. There are some small pieces of land in the reservoir sites that we do not own yet, also a few rights of way and riparian rights on the San Luis Rey River and it will be necessary for us to buy or condemn same at our own expense, but we reserve the right to ask the City to condemn these lands and riparian rights and we pay any judgment and all costs excepting attorney's fees. All data, engineering reports and records of the Volcan Land and Water Company will be included.

The writer particularly desires to call your attention to what he considers a very important matter and possibly of great advantage to the City in case the City ever took over the Cuyamaca System. By building a large concrete conduit and pipe line from the Diverting Dam of the Cuyamaca Water Company to Chollas Heights Reservoir, the City, at any time, by building the conduit line from Warner to Sutherland Reservoir and from Sutherland Reservoir through the Santa Maria Valley to the Diverting Dam, will be able to place into Lower Otay any excess flood water from the San Luis Rey, the Santa Ysabel or the San Diego Rivers. This materially increases the value of the present San Diego water system acquired from Mr. Spreckels, as it would mean filling without fail each year the Otay Reservoir with flood waters if needed.

The purchase price of the property of the Volcan Land and Water Company is $2,500,000, as of date May 1, 1914, to which is to be added any moneys expended thereafter, and this price will hold good until canceled by written notice. Providing it is deemed advisable to purchase these properties and bonds are voted we will accept in payment, 4½% bonds at par and accrued interest.

Attached hereto is our letter of May 15th, giving the cost in detail of the construction of a portion of the Volcan Land and Water Company system.

In submitting this suggestion, by which the City can obtain this water at a minimum cost and minimum burden, we beg leave to call the attention of your Honorable Body to the fact that although we have assumed, at your suggestion, $1,500,000 as the amount to be immediately expended in construction, if your Honorable Body desires this amount increased say to $1,750,000 or possibly $2,000,000 under your own plans and specifications, this will be satisfactory to us.

The point that we desire to call your attention to is that it will all be financed by the Volcan Land & Water Company; thus relieving the city of providing any further money beyond the initial payment of $1,500,000. To put it another way, this means that by voting $1,500,000 in bonds, the City of San Diego is assured of at least ten million gallons of water per day, delivered to University Heights Reservoir in the City of

San Diego, also securing the entire control of the flood waters of the San Luis Rey River and Pamo and Bernardo River with an average runoff the last 10 years in excess of 50 million gallons of water per day, year in and year out.

As your Honorable Body knows, the Volcan Land & Water Company desires an early decision as these negotiations have been pending since December 1st, 1913, and what is proposed in our communication of May 15th, 1914, is merely to expedite matters and do everything we can to hasten an immediate decision.

The writer hopes that your Honorable Body will take early and favorable action on this matter, so as to preclude the possibility of these properties being acquired by others who are now considering the purchase of same.

Respectfully submitted,
VOLCAN LAND & WATER COMPANY
By Ed Fletcher,
Manager

There was strong public sentiment in favor of the acceptance of this offer. By mutual agreement on May 28, 1914, a telegram was sent to the Railroad Commission, which then had authority over all public utilities, reading as follows:

"The City of San Diego is contemplating the purchase of the properties of the Volcan Land and Water Company. It is our wish that you kindly recommend to us the name of an engineer whom you deem capable of making this estimate of values and one without interest or prejudice in the matter.

Charles F. O'Neill, Mayor, City of San Diego
Ed Fletcher, Vice-President, Volcan Land and Water Company"

The Railroad Commission appointed Mr. Philip Harroun, their hydraulic engineer, to make the study. We gave the city four months' extension of the option to give plenty of time. The report of the engineer was more than favorable, but the opposition prevailed and our offer was rejected. In the meantime, large property owners of the Perris Valley, supported by their Chamber of Commerce, petitioned us for water and joint surveys were made showing that it was practical to deliver water to Perris Valley by gravity from Warner or

Henshaw Dam. However, after establishing this fact, nothing further came of the plan.

The World War Number One delayed our development of the Warner's so-called Henshaw Project for several years. On most bonds issued, rates of interest were six to seven per cent and we found it impossible to finance the construction of Henshaw Dam over a period of several years. The City of Oceanside, at all times, had been threatening litigation so I wrote a letter to the Water Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Oceanside.

My good friend, M. W. Spencer of Oceanside, Chairman of the Water Committee, Oceanside Chamber of Commerce, and his committee, cooperated with us in a settlement whereby an irrigation district would be created embracing the Oceanside-Vista area to enable that area to get water. The following letter on the subject is self-explanatory:

June 18, 1921

Mr. M. W. Spencer
Oceanside, Calif.

My dear Mr. Spencer:

The construction of Warner's dam cannot be delayed indefinitely. There are prospects of early completion of the dam, and selling to Escondido, 5000 acre feet of water. When the dam is built, it will be completed to its full height.

We have spent considerable time and money trying to follow out the wishes of the people of Oceanside to put water between Oceanside and Escondido. My understanding from you is that there are 15,000 acres that are ready to sign up for water. If Mr. Henshaw signs up with Escondido for 5,000 acre feet of water within the next two or three months, we will want to commence construction of Warner's dam immediately, and I am of the opinion that our people will want either the case dismissed, or a stipulation from the Trustees of the City of Oceanside that you will not interfere with the construction of the dam.

In consideration of the above, if you people get busy and form an irrigation district to irrigate 15,000 acres, I am of the opinion our people would reserve 15,000 acre feet of water for two or three years from date, or until such time as the dam is completed and the water ready for delivery.

If a deal is made with Escondido, the water will come by way of Escondido conduit. I am willing to recommend that the same price be given you for water at which it is sold to Escondido, and on the same terms and conditions, your Vista-Oceanside district to issue bonds sufficient to build the pipe line from the Escondido conduit to, and through your district, for the distribution of water, and I am very sure that our people can arrange to buy the bonds to furnish the money to build your main pipe line from the Escondido ditch through your district. A contract could be made for a definite length of time to sell your district water, say 20 years or possibly perpetually.

The attorneys in the case have agreed that the present suit remain in abeyance without prejudice.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that, in my opinion, this is probably the last time that the Oceanside section will have an opportunity to acquire water from Warner's, if a contract is signed with Escondido. It is up to you and me to bring the Henshaw interests and the City of Oceanside together immediately in an understanding which will permit of our immediate construction of Warner's dam, without endless litigation.

If something along the lines suggested cannot be agreed upon within the next 3 or 4 weeks, it will be necessary for us to set the case down to trial, and fight it out in the courts. If this is done we ask that you expedite matters as much as possible, for I am sure you are interested in our back country development, and I do not believe the people of Oceanside will take the position, if they cannot get water that they do not propose to let anyone else have it. We have made a sincere effort to cooperate with you in forming an irrigation district. You cannot deny that.

Will you please take this matter up with Dr. Reid confidentially, and as between friends, let me know what your

opinion is on the subject before we have the case set down for trial.

Thanking you for your interest in this matter, I am,

Yours very truly,

Ed Fletcher

In the meantime, the City of Oceanside wanted water, and a number of riparian owners threatened suit to stop the diversion of the water from the proposed Henshaw Dam into other watersheds. The Vista-San Marcos section also wanted the water to be developed for that section. Not getting anywhere in the negotiations with the City of San Diego, a compromise was effected with Oceanside whereby an irrigation district was to be formed, extending from the easterly city limits of Oceanside, taking in a portion of the Guajome Ranch, the Vista section and the San Marcos Valley, with a part of the water going to the Escondido Mutual Water Company. Surveys were made; petitions were circulated and signed creating the proposed San Luis Rey Irrigation District; investigations were made by the State Engineer, required by law, and the State Bonding Commission, both giving their approval to the creation of the San Luis Rey Irrigation District.

The plan was, after the Irrigation District was created, that the State authorities would put a valuation on the Warner project and the Volcan Water Company would accept bonds in payment at par for the value of the system. An election was held and the creation of the District was defeated by a narrow margin. It was the vote in San Marcos Valley that killed the project—Vista was more progressive and gave it a splendid majority vote. San Marcos got what it deserves and today stands practically undeveloped for lack of water, while, as later negotiations will show, Vista eventually formed a district, got the water and is a rural community second to none in the county today.

No water project in Southern California ever had more expert investigations, or for its size, cost more to determine the amount of water and its cost, than the Warner project. I have in my records today the official reports of net safe yield, cost and plan of development by the following famous engineers: H. Hawgood, Phillip E. Harroun, Chief Engineer, State Public

Utility Commission; Francis L. Sellew, U. S. Reclamation Service; John C. Longwell, U. S. Reclamation Service; A. P. Davis, U. S. Reclamation Service; J. G. White and Company, nationally known engineers; M. M. O'Shaughnessy, of San Francisco; J. B. Lippincott, one of California's most noted engineers; Byllesby and Company of Chicago; W. S. Post, Chief Engineer U. S. Indian Service; also our own engineer, T. S. King, as well as Walter H. Y. Brown and W. L. Huber, who for many years worked with the State Engineer of California on water matters. To my knowledge these engineering reports cost in excess of $300,000—over half of this money was expended by the Volcan Water Company and the balance by other interests negotiating to acquire the water supply.

As I remember it, in 1915, one of our driest years of record, at the request of the city and on recommendation of a committee of San Diego citizens, we offered to furnish five million gallons of water a day to the City of San Diego on a long-term contract at 12c per thousand gallons, delivered to the city limits of San Diego from Warner Ranch, and we gave the city a three year option to purchase an additional amount up to 20 million gallons a day at the same price. The Volcan Water Company was to finance the construction at its own expense, pay for the conduit to the City of San Diego; the city to be under no expense whatever, and have the first right to the water. In addition we informed the City of San Diego that we would create an irrigation district of at least 20,000 acres on the Linda Vista Mesa adjoining San Diego on the north and put water on same—San Diego would be killing two birds with one stone—it would have the cheapest water by far it had ever developed, without any capital invested. Every drop of water delivered to the city limits from the Spreckels system cost San Diego 15½c per thousand gallons and after Otay Dam went out and had to be re-built, it increased the cost of the water to the city to 22c per thousand gallons.

We were so sure the city was going to accept our offer that I optioned over 10,000 acres of land on the Linda Vista Mesa that Mr. Henshaw was to purchase, also I sold Harry Payne Whitney of New York approximately 3600 acres while the Ed Fletcher Company purchased over 1000 acres in and around

F. L. Crocker

247 Park Avenue
New York

January 21, 1943.

Col. Ed Fletcher,
Ed Fletcher Company,
1020 Ninth Avenue,
San Diego, California.

Dear Col. Fletcher:

I take pleasure in enclosing herewith the check of Southwest Coast Land Company for $4,620.00 in payment of your commissions to date due by Southwest Coast Land Company. This is all that is coming from us but I hope that you will make a substantial sum out of your half interest in the Kelley tract. It has been one of the great privileges of my business life to have been associated with you for so many years, during all of which your ability and integrity have been so outstanding.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Frank L Crocker

For years, I represented the Harry Payne Whitney interests of New York, in San Diego County and this is a letter of tribute from their attorney, Frank L. Crocker, which I appreciated very much.

the Montezuma District—the Whitney and Ed Fletcher Company properties now being a portion of Camp Elliott.

If the City of San Diego had exercised its option, there would be today, in 1950, 50,000 to 100,000 population adjoining San Diego on the Linda Vista Mesa to the north and San Diego would be getting the benefit of purchasing 20 million gallons of water per day at 12c per thousand gallons without the capital investment of a nickel.

Again the Spreckels papers opposed, and a certain clique of business men. I am satisfied also that Byllesby and Company, the owners at that time of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company, quietly opposed—they had a special reason—

they wanted to control the electric power, approximately 10,000 H. P. that could be developed by the water coming from Henshaw Dam if the water is carried to a point above Rincon Indian Reservation and dropped into the Escondido conduit—a power drop of approximately 1100 feet. This would still let the water flow by gravity to San Diego.

J. G. White and Company's report on the earnings of the power project is as follows:

"Assuming a wholesale market at San Diego for the entire electrical output delivered at the low tension side of the substation transformers and a rate of 1c per K.W.H., with a load factor of 50%, the financial results of that part of the project should be about as follows:

These results are premised upon normal conditions and skilled and competent management.

Gross income from sale of 20,586,000 k.w.h. @ 1c	$205,860.00
Operating expenses, including taxes, maintenance and repairs	56,320.00
Net after operation	149,540.00
Interest charges, 7% on estimated cash cost	75,966.00
Surplus	73,574.00

The above interest charges do not include allowances for cost of water or water rights, lands, rights of way, or franchises, nor, as before stated, does our estimate include the cost of a distributing system in San Diego."

It was proposed that an arrangement for the power was to be taken over by the San Diego Gas and Electric Company, whose power lines controlled that Escondido section. If the City of San Diego had acquired the Warner Water and Power Project, it would have been in a splendid position to negotiate with Byllesby & Co. and make satisfactory arrangements for San Diego's street lighting at least saving a pretty penny. It was at least another element of value in the development of this system which would accrue to the benefit of our project if only the city purchased the water under a contract.

To my utter amazement, although it was heartily endorsed

WESTERN UNION

NIGHT LETTER

THEO. N. VAIL, PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT

12GS W 59 NL

SANFRANCISCO CAL OCT 13 1914

ED FLETCHER

SANDIEGO CAL

AM DETAINED HERE BY IMPORTANT MATTERS AND IT WILL BE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO BE IN SANDIEGO THURSDAY WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU TALK MATTERS OVER WITH OSTERHOFF AND LET ME KNOW RESULT COULD I NOT SEE OSTERHOFF WHEN HE COMES UP TO SANFRANCISCO AND WOULD SUGGEST IF YOU THINK WISE YOU COME UP WITH HIM FOR ANY CONFERENCE

WM G HENSHAW

OCT 14 140A

Mr. Osterhoff, at that time, was a member of Byllesby and Company.

WESTERN UNION

NIGHT LETTER

THEO. N. VAIL, PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT

3765 W 32 NL

SANFRANCISCO CAL NOV 12 1914

ED FLETCHER

SANDIEGO CAL

JUST FINISHED INTERVIEW WITH OSTHOFF EVERYTHING SATISFACTORY AND HE WILL WRITE TO JONES GIVING HIM FULL AUTHORITY TO ACT IN EVERY RESPECT UNLESS YOU NEED ME SOONER I WILL ARRIVE MONDAY NOON

WM G HENSHAW

NOV 13 311A

by a large majority of influential citizens, the offer was rejected by the City Council.

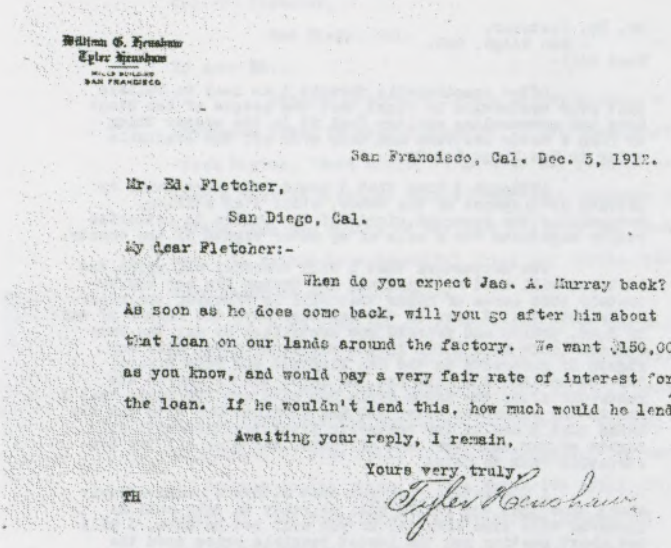
Later on, Harry Jones, manager for Byllesby and Company, which owned the San Diego Gas and Electric Company system at that time, informed both Mr. Henshaw and myself that if the Byllesby people were given without cost the power rights to water coming from Henshaw Dam, they could put through the contract between the City of San Diego and the Volcan Water Company for the Henshaw water, in effect using their political influence. To my knowledge Byllesby and Company spent $40,000 to $50,000 in engineering studies, as to the amount of water and the power possibilities that could be developed from the Henshaw system. Neither Mr. Henshaw nor I could see our way clear to part with the power possibilities without a consideration and all negotiations ended.

On or about 1924, new negotiations were entered into and with the authority of the State Engineer and the State Bonding Commission, petitions were circulated and the Vista Irrigation District of 17,803 acres was created, leaving San Marcos out.

A new corporation was formed by the Henshaw interests, the San Diego County Water Company, of which I was a director, taking over the water project; Henshaw Dam was built, satisfactory contracts were made with the Escondido Mutual Water Company, also the Vista District, selling them water from Henshaw Dam. This took all the water available from the Henshaw development and San Diego forever lost its opportunity to get approximately 20 million gallons of water per day additional supply.

It certainly was a delight to me to see Henshaw Dam under construction—an earth dam. I have been informed that at one time it was the fourth largest body of artificial water in the State, holding 168 thousand acre feet, but recently in the construction of Shasta and Friant Dams the capacity of Henshaw Dam has been outdistanced. Mr. Henshaw lived to see his dream completed and as I have heretofore stated, his settlement with me was 100% satisfactory for my working interest. We went through hell together for many years, particularly during World War I with high rates of interest and tough

sledding in financing the acquisition of several millions of dollars worth of property involved. At one time I was on over $400,000 worth of paper with Mr. Henshaw, demanded by San Diego banks. I secured a loan of $150,000 from James A. Murray for Henshaw's project.



William G. Henshaw
Tyler Henshaw
MILLS BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco, Cal. Dec. 5, 1912.

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,

San Diego, Cal.

My dear Fletcher:-

When do you expect Jas. A. Murray back? As soon as he does come back, will you go after him about that loan on our lands around the factory. We want $150,000 as you know, and would pay a very fair rate of interest for the loan. If he wouldn't lend this, how much would he lend?

Awaiting your reply, I remain,

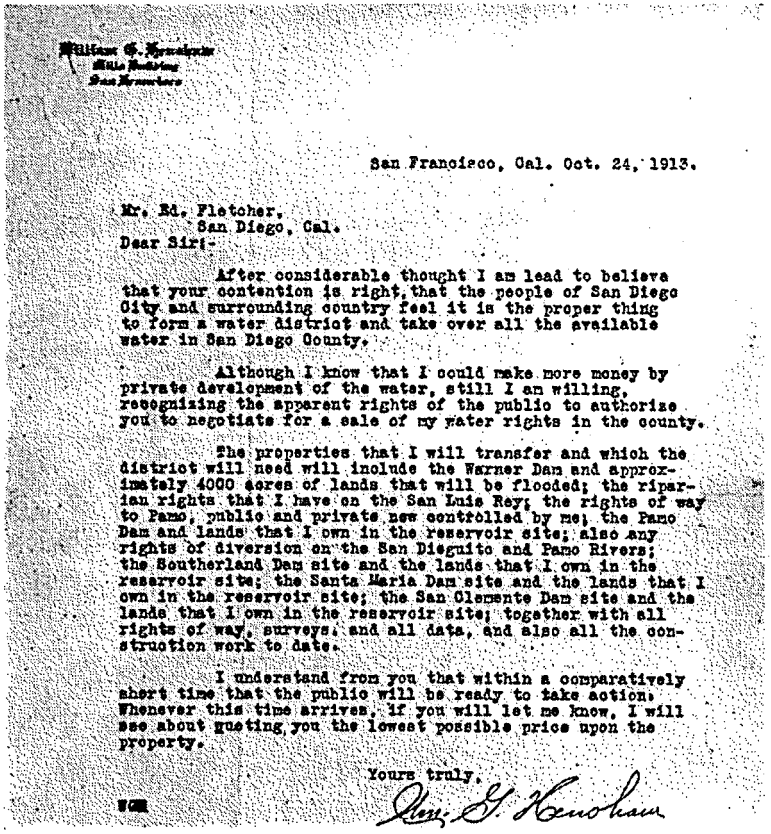
Yours very truly,

TH

Tyler Henshaw

Tyler Henshaw, brother of William G., handled a good deal of the financing in the acquisition of the properties. I secured this loan of $150,000 from my associate, James A. Murray. At one time, I was on notes exceeding $500,000 including this one. World War I came on later, interest rates were high, and I had plenty to worry about.

I assisted Mr. Henshaw several times in the matter of outside activities when he was in trouble. He controlled the Riverside Portland Cement Company plant at Riverside and suits against him for cement dust from his plant, involved many hundreds of thousands of dollars. He confided this to me and when I told him that several of the plaintiffs were friends working on highway matters with me, he gave me authority to go to Riverside and negotiate a settlement with them. In 48 hours I made the settlement and Mr. Henshaw gave me a check for $2000.00 for my services. Again, he paid me handsomely in the acquiring of clay deposits from the Anaheim Union Water Company. Mr. Henshaw was an inspiration to me. We loved to hunt and fish together and my association



William C. Henshaw
Mills Building
San Francisco

San Francisco, Cal. Oct. 24, 1913.

Mr. Ed. Fletcher,
San Diego, Cal.
Dear Sir:-

After considerable thought I am lead to believe that your contention is right, that the people of San Diego City and surrounding country feel it is the proper thing to form a water district and take over all the available water in San Diego County.

Although I know that I could make more money by private development of the water, still I am willing, recognizing the apparent rights of the public to authorize you to negotiate for a sale of my water rights in the county.

The properties that I will transfer and which the district will need will include the Warner Dam and approximately 4000 acres of lands that will be flooded; the riparian rights that I have on the San Luis Rey; the rights of way to Pamo, public and private now controlled by me; the Pamo Dam and lands that I own in the reservoir site; also any rights of diversion on the San Dieguito and Pamo Rivers; the Southerland Dam site and the lands that I own in the reservoir site; the Santa Maria Dam site and the lands that I own in the reservoir site; the San Clemente Dam site and the lands that I own in the reservoir site; together with all rights of way, surveys, and all data, and also all the construction work to date.

I understand from you that within a comparatively short time that the public will be ready to take action. Whenever this time arrives, if you will let me know, I will see about quoting you the lowest possible price upon the property.

Yours truly,

Wm. C. Henshaw

WCH

with him was one of the best in a lifetime. His brother, Chief Justice F. W. Henshaw of California, had one of the most brilliant minds of any man I ever knew. He visited San Diego a number of times and we had happy trips together. I can't refrain from printing one letter that I received from him that came as a surprise—it gave me great happiness as it praised the spot nearest to my heart in real estate development—Grossmont:

After my settlement with Henshaw, just before his death, the management of the property was taken over by Mr. Griffith Henshaw, his son, and Mr. John Trainor of Los Angeles, who also managed the Riverside Portland Cement Company plant. Several years later they were very successful in selling the

Supreme Court of California
JUSTICES' CHAMBERS
WELLS FARGO BLDG.

F. W. HENSHAW
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. March 16, 1914.

Col. Ed Fletcher,
San Diego, Cal.

My dear Ed:

Did you ever read Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem where the lover is saying good-bye to his sweetheart which begins, "Good night. I have to say good night to such a host of peerless things", and then proceeds to dilate upon the beauty of her eyes and hair and hands etc. It really is a beautiful thing and Carrie Jacobs Bond ought to set it to music.

I am reminded of it by thinking of the host of "peerless things" I have to thank you for. An incomplete list of them would read something like this: 1, Grossmont; 2, The trip over the mountains; 3, Imperial Valley; 4, Grossmont; 5, Pine Hill; 6, Warner's Ranch; 7, Grossmont; 8, Journey to San Diego; 9, the Manzanita jelly; 10, Grossmont; 11, The Torey Pines and evergreen grapes; 12, The joy of the trip as a whole; and, 13, Grossmont.

Truly, Grossmont is very much in my mind and very much on my tongue. I still insist that it and you are both wonders.

I had hoped before this that you would have come to San Francisco and given me at least a day at Redwood. Make sure that you save out that time for me when you do come.

Always, most cordially yours,

Warner Project to the Vista Irrigation District with the assistance of Senator Leroy A. Wright of San Diego. The San Diego County Water Company also purchased the Lake Hodges System, and later San Diego County Water Company sold to the City of San Diego for the sum of $3,700,000.00 the Sutherland damsite and reservoir site; Pamo damsite and

reservoir site; the Lake Hodges system, including the riparian rights in the San Pasqual Valley and the pipeline to the city limits from Lake Hodges, subject to its obligation to furnish water to the Santa Fe and San Dieguito Irrigation Districts and to Del Mar.

Again the City of San Diego paid in millions a profit to private individuals owing to its lack of vision.

I remember way back in early days when Major H. R. Fay, City Councilman and manager of the City Water Department of San Diego, took J. B. Lippincott, the engineer, and showed him the Carroll Damsite, now known as Lake Hodges, which I picked out and had purchased for Mr. Henshaw. Mr. Lippincott and Major Fay recommended to the City Council the acquisition of this damsite from us; we were willing to sell same; but San Diego would pay no attention.

Just so the fizzle in the construction of Sutherland Dam and the half completed structure, with a couple of million dollars invested, has been sitting there for lo these many years, waiting for its completion. Sutherland Dam has one of the finest watersheds per square mile in San Diego County and it should have been completed 10 or 12 years ago. Now (1950) the City of San Diego is planning the building of Super-Hodges Dam. The State Engineer of California, through the Department of Public Works, has recommended the building of Super-Hodges. Now that the city and state have come to an agreement, the sooner we complete Sutherland and get the water diverted into San Vicente Dam and flowing to the city, the better it will be for the best interest of San Diego. It is also imperative that we complete Super-Hodges at the earliest possible moment and thus create a large reservoir close to the city to take care of emergencies.

I have always urged, both publicly and privately, that the Pamo Dam be built after Sutherland and that the water so controlled be brought to San Diego by gravity through the pipe line that brings Colorado River water to the city. I then felt that Super-Hodges Dam should be built high enough to control the stream but the State Water Authority says "No" in its latest report. And, there's no point in arguing with the State. They may change their mind.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COAST DEVELOPMENT—DEL MAR TO OCEANSIDE

(I am dictating from memory on September 14, 1950.) For nearly thirty years, from 1888 to 1918, driving up the coast to Oceanside, we saw the most beautiful, practically frostless land along the coast undeveloped—the scant water supply from wells turned brackish in time. It needed a bountiful water supply and with Santa Fe Railroad financing in the building of Lake Hodges and San Dieguito Dams it made that coast land development possible.

After the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company had signed a contract to develop the Lake Hodges project, at the suggestion of President Ripley of the Santa Fe Railroad Company, we organized the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company, with myself as president. The plan was to sell stock, representing water in sufficient amount to the extent of our water supply.

We commenced construction of Lake Hodges Dam in 1917. We soon found out that there was a sales resistance to this plan of disposing of the water. At all times, Mr. Ripley and Mr. Hodges made us understand that the Santa Fe Land and Improvement Company did not want to be in the water business any longer than possible, also that they would sell out any time they could when they got their money back with a reasonable rate of interest.

I had known J. Frank Cullen of Cardiff, a realtor who created that town. He was a likable chap, splendid personality, but always in trouble as he over-reached himself financially in the early development of Cardiff, the water supply coming from shallow wells. In a discussion one day I asked him what his attitude would be toward the formation of an irrigation district. He immediately took an interest; I discussed the matter with the Directors of the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company and outlined a plan of creating the Cardiff Irrigation District, with the result that J. Frank Cullen circulated the petitions which we prepared, with a legal description of the

lands to be included; the idea being to sell the Lake Hodges system to the Irrigation District to be formed, or to furnish it with its water supply on a contract basis. The lands embraced in the proposed Cardiff Irrigation District extended from Carlsbad to the city limits of San Diego, adjoining Del Mar.

We secured the approval of the State Engineer and the State Bond Commission, required by law, in creating the Cardiff Irrigation District. Our only real opposition was George H. Jones, a farmer who owned several hundred acres of land, now comprising Solana Beach. The election was held and by a large majority the creation of the District was approved. Jones was stubborn, even to the extent of bringing a suit in court to declare the District void on the ground that the land was not contiguous, and he won! Our engineer had made a mistake and had cut the District right in half, by leaving out a 100 foot right of way—San Elijo Slough, going into the ocean—by so doing in his legal description it left the irrigation district in two separate units—we had spent considerable money and lost nearly two years time. We had one consolation, however, and that was that the people were district minded.

We immediately set to work to create what is now known as the Santa Fe Irrigation District, approximately 12,000 acres, embracing Rancho Santa Fe and the lands to the ocean between Cardiff and Del Mar. We completed the construction of the water system, including San Dieguito Dam, to the ocean from Lake Hodges; made a contract with the South Coast Land Company for its water supply to Del Mar and their acreage. By an overwhelming vote the Santa Fe Irrigation District was created and a contract was made by the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company to furnish the Santa Fe Irrigation District with its water supply—all approved by the State authorities.

Later we organized the San Dieguito Irrigation District, approximately 4000 acres, embracing Cardiff, Encinitas and Leucadia. We also signed a contract to furnish them with water, all with the approval of the State Authorities. We had no trouble in selling the bonds of the Santa Fe Irrigation District for the construction of its distribution lines, but the San Dieguito District had trouble in the sale of its bonds for its distribution lines and main trunk line from San Dieguito Dam.

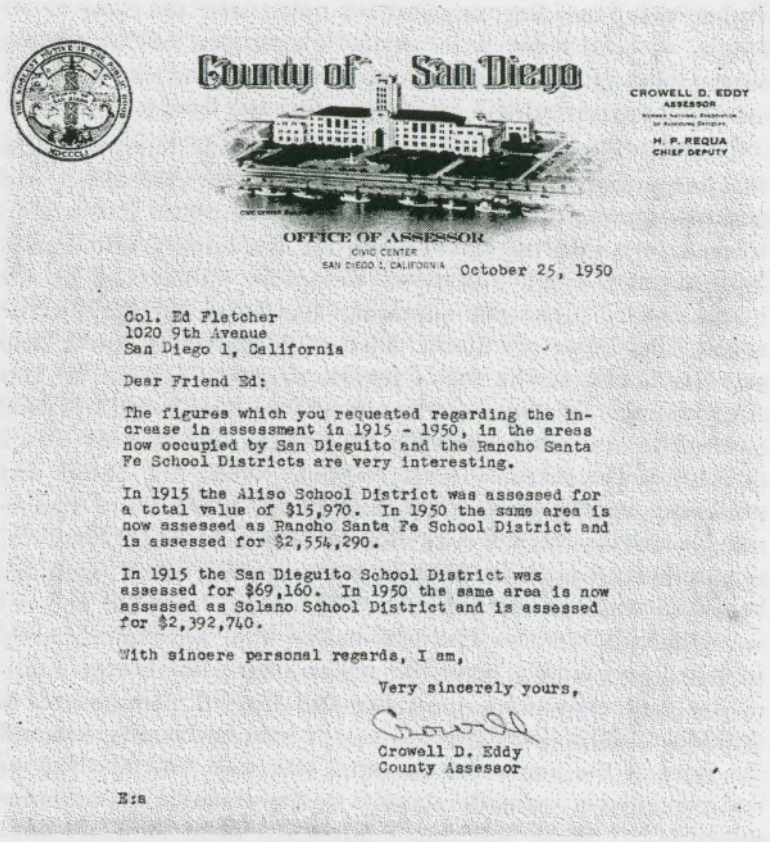
Twice the San Dieguito District advertised the sale of its bonds, with no bidders. It was a tight money market at that time (1922), their interest rates were high and the financial interests considered it a big risk to buy the bonds.

The Ed Fletcher Company owned several hundred acres that were included in the San Dieguito District and I had purchased practically all of Leucadia for the South Coast Land Company, controlled by William G. Kerckhoff; also Frank Salmons and I had purchased Eatonville subdivision at the north end of Leucadia adjoining La Costa Slough on the south. The Directors of the District appealed to me to help sell the bonds of the San Dieguito District. I went to Los Angeles; saw William G. Kerckhoff, explained the situation and asked him what he could do to help. He said he was a director of the Security First National Bank; Mr. Satori was president, and he made arrangements for a luncheon engagement where the matter was discussed. The Security First National Bank loaned us $400,000 on our joint note; again the bonds of the San Dieguito District were advertised and we were the only bidders. The distribution lines were immediately installed and with a bountiful water supply the town of Encinitas and eventually Leucadia and Cardiff commenced to develop rapidly. Two years later, we sold the bonds, paid off our note at the bank and our total loss was $384.00! But we had rendered a valuable service to the community and ourselves.

To go back a little, I want to bring out the point that the value of the Lake Hodges water development to San Diego County has not been appreciated by many. Water on our coast lands is surely the blood of the soil. The letter from the County Assessor, Crowell Eddy, showing the valuations of the Santa Fe and San Dieguito Districts then and today, is self-explanatory.

With the development of Southern California, particularly Los Angeles and the coast lands, the territory between Del Mar and Oceanside boomed in the early 20's.

For the first time we were eating avocados. My attention was called to three or four avocado trees in the Santa Fe District, doing splendidly. The claim of 18 to 22% butter fat was



County of San Diego

CROWELL D. EDDY
ASSESSOR

H. P. REQUA
CHIEF DEPUTY

OFFICE OF ASSESSOR
CIVIC CENTER
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA

October 25, 1950

Col. Ed Fletcher
1020 9th Avenue
San Diego 1, California

Dear Friend Ed:

The figures which you requested regarding the increase in assessment in 1915 - 1950, in the areas now occupied by San Dieguito and the Rancho Santa Fe School Districts are very interesting.

In 1915 the Aliso School District was assessed for a total value of $15,970. In 1950 the same area is now assessed as Rancho Santa Fe School District and is assessed for $2,554,290.

In 1915 the San Dieguito School District was assessed for $69,160. In 1950 the same area is now assessed as Solano School District and is assessed for $2,392,740.

With sincere personal regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Crowell

Crowell D. Eddy
County Assessor

E:a

verified; they were selling for 75c per pound, wholesale. I had the County Horticultural Commissioner make a survey as to the depth of the soil and adaptability of avocados around Encinitas on our own lands and with his written approval as to adaptability and depth of soil, we installed a water system and planted 80 acres in avocados and sold 40 acres of same at a profit, but with the 1929 depression which lasted for ten years, sales of land ceased altogether; avocados dropped in value from 75c per pound to 5c and 10c, wholesale, and were a drug on the market, with the result that I chopped down 20 acres of avocados, as they were not paying for their maintenance and water costs—today they are a staple with a wonderful

future again, and prices back to 30c and 40c a pound wholesale. People the world over now know their food value.

While the boom was on I purchased the town of Solana Beach from George H. Jones at $200.00 per acre and purchased several hundred acres adjoining, all with the approval of the Santa Fe Railroad Company. The railroad company paid for half the cost of the Solana Beach depot and we the other half. I laid out the present Plaza at Solana Beach and got permission from the Santa Fe authorities to use the water from Lake Hodges dam that was going over the spillway to hydraulic through a bank 100 feet high and 400 feet wide, at Solana Beach, so as to get a view of the ocean and develop the beach itself. It was a most interesting sight to see one man for three months, using hydraulic pressure, melt away the soil. The soil went on to the beach and the ocean took it away. The Ed Fletcher Company gave the County land for the present park and also donated a mile of ocean frontage on the beach.

I built the bank building and organized the Bank of Solana Beach, with a branch in Encinitas, hiring a $200.00 a month man to run the bank in each locality. Before I knew it we had $500,000 or $600,000 in deposits. As a result, I could not sleep nights and when I got a chance, through G. Aubrey Davidson, to sell the banks to the Bank of America, getting my money back and interest and $5000 profit, I took it with alacrity. We built the garage and took over the finishing of the hotel at Solana Beach. We were very successful in selling about half of Solana Beach when the depression hit us in 1929 and it was only a short time before I was forced to sell the bank building, the garage and the hotel to pay my debts. For several years we could not sell our lots for the cost of the improvements alone—the 10 or 12 years of depression were the worst ever experienced in my lifetime; many could not pay their taxes; they were delinquent for years; the irrigation districts were in financial distress—the Santa Fe, San Dieguito and La Mesa District—but I had an experience and was helpful in refinancing these three districts in which I was vitally interested through ownership of land.

It seems that the San Dieguito Irrigation District had made application, through Frank Tolle, manager, to the RFC for

assistance in re-financing. My attention was called to a telegram which the San Dieguito District received refusing their petition.

In discussing the matter one day with E. J. Engel, then Vice-President and later President of the Santa Fe Railroad, he informed me that one of the Santa Fe Directors, F. C. Merriam, was a member of the RFC. Mr. Merriam was also interested in the ownership of land at Rancho Santa Fe and I knew him personally. With a letter from Mr. Engel, I went to Washington, placed the entire matter of the financial distress of the San Diego County Irrigation Districts before Mr. Merriam and asked for assistance. Mr. Merriam immediately got in touch with the President of the RFC, Mr. Jesse Jones, we all had luncheon together including Mr. Emil Schram, their chief engineer and now President of the New York Stock Exchange. The result was, Mr. Schram was authorized to come to California, and get the local situation. He notified me what date he would arrive and together we held informal meetings with the Directors of the Santa Fe, San Dieguito and La Mesa Irrigation Districts. The result was, first, that Mr. Schram reported favorably on the proposed reorganization and, second, the R.F.C. agreed to re-finance close to a million-and-a-half dollars worth of outstanding bonds of the three districts. The old bond holders agreed to sell at 40c on the dollar and this settlement was acceptable to the R.F.C. By this re-financing, it was possible to cut the interest on the loan from 6% and 7% to 4%. This meant a great deal to the property owners within the districts.

The following resolution, passed on the 4th day of January, 1934, by the La Mesa, Lemon Grove, and Spring Valley Irrigation District, I know you will read with interest:

"WHEREAS, Colonel Ed Fletcher has been very helpful and of great assistance to this Board of Directors in matters now pending in Washington, D.C., which matters are of vital importance to this Board;

"THEREFORE, BE IT AND IT IS HEREBY RESOLVED that this Board appreciates the assistance rendered by said Colonel Ed Fletcher in said matters, and that the thanks of this Board of Directors be and they

are hereby extended to said Colonel Ed Fletcher for his efforts and assistance rendered to this Board in expediting the successful termination of the negotiations carried on by this Board with the R.F.C. and the P.W.A. in Washington, D.C.; and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Board, and that a copy thereof, duly certified by the Secretary of this Board, be forthwith mailed to said Colonel Ed Fletcher."

The irrigation districts of San Diego County are in good financial condition today because of this refinancing. I'm reprinting a recent letter from my good friend, Emil Schram, that is self-explanatory.

In a way it was most unfortunate for the south coast lands that, through an error of an engineer, the Cardiff Irrigation District was not legally created—one man ruined it all, undoubtedly. If the district had been organized every drop of water from the Lake Hodges system would have been today serving that territory from the city limits of San Diego to Carlsbad and undoubtedly the Cardiff Irrigation District would have owned the system, for the Santa Fe Railroad only asked in return, its money back and interest, and that is the price that the Santa Fe Railroad sold the Lake Hodges system to the San Diego County Water Company, which company made over a two million dollar profit in its sale later to the City of San Diego.

The Santa Fe and San Dieguito Districts, through bad advice from the State Authorities, did not contract in the beginning for enough water. In the first place, the state authorities figured that the duty of water was one acre foot per acre per annum, within the boundaries of the district—the proven facts today are that they need from two to three acre feet per acre per annum. With the City of San Diego having purchased the Lake Hodges system, naturally San Diego has no further water to sell to the irrigation districts—this has forced the irrigation districts, along with the City of San Diego, to purchase Colorado River water and to join the Metropolitan Water District in acquiring the most expensive water ever and the quality is not so good either.

EMIL SCHRAM
ELEVEN WALL STREET
NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

September
19th
1950

Dear Mr. Fletcher:

Your letter of September 6th was most interesting and I was amazed at the photograph you enclosed. I am sure you and Mrs. Fletcher have established a record that few people ever attain.

I remember very well my visit to California and my trip with you over some of the irrigation districts in that area. One event that is still quite vivid in my memory is the time you said a few words of magic, struck the ground with a wand and produced a sweet lemon. I do not remember the exact spot but do remember the occasion very well.

I presume that by this time most all of the districts have been refinanced and are out of debt, or at least in excellent financial condition. That work was one of the finest pieces of financing I ever saw the Government do. A little money went a long ways toward making a lot of people happy.

As a developer of real estate in California you deserve great credit for the development you instigated and the progress that has been made. I am sure that your vision had much to do with the growth in population in the Far West. Mrs. Fletcher deserves a lot of credit in that field also.

I have a faint recollection that at one time you were developing a flasher to be used on highways and buoys and I am wondering if the instrument that is used so widely today is one and the same.

We would be delighted to receive a box of your grapefruit if the Interstate Laws permit shipment this far.

It was good to hear from you and I appreciate very much your kind remarks about me. I do hope you and Mrs. Fletcher will continue to enjoy life and that good health and happiness will be yours in great abundance.

Sincerely yours,

Emil Schram

There is one further point I wish to bring out as to an additional water supply for the San Dieguito Irrigation District—I refer to the Escondido drainage which empties into the San Elijo Creek and the ocean right between the Santa Fe Irrigation District and the San Dieguito Irrigation District. This

water should be conserved. There is a splendid drainage area of 48 square miles. I discovered in 1916 and had surveyed, a damsite just north of Rancho Santa Fe, while president of the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company and with the approval of the Santa Fe railroad officials, we spent something like $30,000 in making those surveys. Through J. Frank Cullen, we acquired certain riparian rights. It has a net safe yield of approximately 3000 acre feet per annum and the water will flow by gravity to the San Dieguito Irrigation District. I called attention a number of times to the Districts to the possibilities of this local development. It is only within the last two or three years, 1948-49, that the San Dieguito Irrigation District has taken an interest after I wrote them a letter on the subject and donated all the surveys and plans and specifications—I am very happy to see that they have recently filed on the waters of the San Elijo Creek and I am sure that development will be completed in time. It is an added advantage to the San Dieguito District to develop this additional water particularly in that it is practical to put its Colorado River water right into the San Elijo Reservoir and save the loss of evaporation and cost of transmission of the Colorado River water into Lake Hodges and from there through the San Dieguito Dam to the San Dieguito District—the present method. During these recent years it has been a pleasure to cooperate with the Directors of the Santa Fe and San Dieguito Irrigation Districts. In a way it has been a dream child, through my interesting the Santa Fe Railroad people to finance the Lake Hodges development. I want particularly to thank my old friend, L. P. McChesney, of the San Dieguito District, for his friendship through all these years—sometimes we did not agree, but we always agreed to disagree. This goes for D. M. Bakewell, Superintendent of the Santa Fe District, and the Directors of both Districts.

Before closing this chapter I must mention an experience which I think worthy of note, that has resulted in tremendous benefit to the County, particularly to the South Coast, and with much pleasure to your Mother and me. We sold a small piece of land and helped to finance the building of a home for Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Briggs in Leucadia. Mrs. Briggs,

Mrs. Elizabeth Briggs
Our Gladioli Queen

Donald Briggs
Our most famous Floraculturist and he and his wife are good friends of the Fletcher family.

particularly, was a most brilliant, lovable woman. One day she bought $5.00 worth of Gladioli bulbs, planted them and made several hundred dollars in the sale of the flowers from the $5.00 worth of bulbs. She devoted all her time to pollenization of gladioli. The development particularly appealed to me as it showed the possibilities of a new industry from our soil—flower growing. This was in the late 20's. I financed them for $5000.00 at Mrs. Briggs' request. The results were amazing. They were successful financially and soon there were several hundreds of acres of flowers, particularly gladioli, stock, etc., growing in 10 and 20 acre tracts. Their son, Donald Briggs, and his good wife carried on after the death of Mr. Briggs, in assisting their Mother in her life work, so to speak. She named one variety Mary B after your Mother and one Colonel Ed

after me. One day Mrs. Briggs showed me bulbs of a yellow lily secured from Victoria Falls, South Africa. By propagation she created a new Gladiolus—a brilliant yellow in color and with stronger stems. Only last year (1949) while flying from North Africa to Rome, Italy, we became acquainted with people from Johannesburg, flying to Italy. He turned out to be a horticulturist and I mentioned the incident of the yellow lily from Victoria Falls—he too had acquired the same lilies from the same location and spoke most highly of the results. Today, Donald Briggs is the outstanding grower of flowers of every kind in San Diego County and has made a fortune. He is entitled to great credit for his flowers go by plane all over the United States, including New York in 12 or 14 hours from San Diego and, to me, the most interesting are his several acres of Bird of Paradise. To the Briggs family and Paul Ecke for his Poinsettias, as well as others, the County owes a debt of gratitude for having found a new use for our valuable coast lands, as well as something of beauty.

CHAPTER XIX

HIRAM JOHNSON, GOVERNOR AND U. S. SENATOR

I write this chapter with a great deal of pleasure. Our experiences were many and it was an inspiring friendship.

Judge W. A. Sloane was my attorney, later to be Superior Court Judge and a Supreme Court Justice of California. Judge Sloane and I were both Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicans and independent of the Southern Pacific crowd who dominated the State of California and Republican politics

On our way to Imperial Valley, campaigning for Governor Johnson. Seated, left to right: Lt. Governor Jack Eshelman, Governor Hiram W. Johnson, Ed Fletcher. Standing: Thomas O'Hallaran, Mr. William McClachy, Dr. F. R. Burnham, Archie Johnson, Hiram Johnson, Jr., Harry Taylor, and George Gray.

W. A. Sloane

One of our best citizens, a lawyer, Superior Court Judge, and Supreme Court Justice; through it all, a friend. He was our attorney for years. We were members of the original Lincoln-Roosevelt organization supporting Roosevelt and Hiram Johnson. Always interested in civic affairs, Judge Sloane was an inspiration to me and went out of his way to be a friend of the Fletcher family.

and policies. I had taken very little interest in politics, my whole effort being to make my wholesale business a success until one day my neighbor, Senator L. A. Wright asked me if I would like to go to the County Republican Convention, a new experience for me and my answer was "Yes." He said he would fix it and stated he would take the matter up with Charlie Hardy, the political boss representing the Southern Pacific Railroad, and John D. Spreckels. Twice I was assured by Senator Wright that I would be one of the delegation. To my amazement, when the list of delegates was made public, I was not to be a delegate. Being on speaking

terms with Charlie Hardy, I rang him up and asked the reason why. His answer was that I favored a resolution endorsing Senator Bard and he was opposed to Senator Bard. I answered Hardy that I had not been consulted, had never committed myself, and I had a rotten deal.

When I told Judge Sloane of the incident, he said, "Let's form a ticket of our own in competition to go to the Republican Convention," which we did. Both Sloane and I made a house to house canvass in our precinct and won out. Senator Wright and Hardy told me I had better vote with them in the coming convention or they would kill me, politically. Sloane and I asserted our independence and made things miserable for Hardy in the convention, although we were out voted on a number of important issues.

One day, in 1910, Judge Sloane telephoned me that a Mr. Hiram Johnson, from San Francisco and Sacramento, would arrive the next day, by train, and start his campaign in San Diego that night for Governor of California on the Republican ticket, with a pledge that, if elected, he would drive the Southern Pacific Railroad out of politics. Sloane, my attorney, knew that I had a brand new four cylinder, twenty horsepower, air-cooled Franklin and asked if I would drive them out to La Mesa in my car where the first meeting in Hiram Johnson's campaign would be held in the Opera House at 3:00 p.m. and another meeting at El Cajon at 4:30 p.m. before the night meeting in San Diego. I accepted and at five minutes of three we were at the La Mesa Opera House in La Mesa only to find same locked.

Judge Sloane had made the arrangements and apologized to Mr. Johnson. He suggested that we all go into the several stores and introduce Mr. Johnson to a few businessmen. Mr. Johnson turned to me and said, "Mr. Fletcher, what do you say?" I answered, "Let's have a meeting in the Opera House even if we only have a few. I will get some in there, anyway, to hear Mr. Johnson." Sloane and Johnson both approved, so I had Sloane go get the keys and open the Opera House, leaving Johnson in the car.

I had a fruit packing house in La Mesa and, in ten minutes, marched 26 employees to the Opera House, shutting up the

Charles S. Hardy, a good citizen and a man of good judgment, even though he was a political boss for years.

packing house. I then went across the street, rang the fire bell, and in twenty minutes, had 96 people in the Opera House. Mr. Johnson, a polished speaker and attorney, made a wonderful impression and publicly announced that he would oppose the Southern Pacific Railroad and take away their control politically of the State of California.

I was so enthused with him that at the El Cajon meeting I spoke in his behalf. The night meeting at San Diego was a

great success and started Mr. Johnson with splendid publicity on his way to winning the election. By backing Johnson, I secured the enmity of Spreckels and Hardy that lasted for years and until Hardy's death.

Mr. Johnson told me he got the idea of ringing a bell from my action at La Mesa to attract citizens all over the state that he might talk to them from an automobile along the highways and by-ways. It was the rural districts that elected him. I campaigned with others for Johnson in San Diego and Imperial Counties, the leaders being Judge Sloane and Edgar Luce, life-time friends.

Hiram Johnson was elected Governor twice by an overwhelming majority. His record as Governor was most worthy. This goes for his Lieutenant-Governor, Jack Eshelman, as well. The Direct Primary Law and the creation of the Public Utilities Commission, all splendid legislation, is the law of California today. Governor Johnson also supported legislation creating a State Highway Commission. Many millions of dollars, also by a bond issue, were made available for state highways connecting each county seat, one with the other, in the state.

My cousin, A. B. Fletcher, heretofore mentioned and Chief Engineer of the San Diego County Highway Commission, was appointed, by Governor Johnson, as State Highway Engineer to build the new state highways connecting county seats. For eleven years, A. B. Fletcher held this responsible position which started the state system of State and Federal-Aid Highways in California. It was A. B. Fletcher who was San Diego's best friend in our state and national highway aspirations, with Governor Johnson's sympathetic support.

I was on Governor Johnson's staff with rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He made me a member of the State Board of Forestry of California, where it was a pleasure to serve with Joe Knowland of Oakland and others for five or more years, our secretary being none other than Newton Drury, now in 1950 U. S. Director of National Parks, a splendid chap.

It was a close, personal friendship between Governor and Mrs. Johnson and the Fletcher family for years. Your mother and dad were house guests at the mansion several times.

When President Theodore Roosevelt came to San Diego with Governor Johnson, he had six of us at a private conference at the U. S. Grant Hotel, including Judge Sloane and Edgar Luce. It was in connection with his so-called Bull Moose Campaign. Having several hours leisure while here, Roosevelt accepted my invitation and I drove him out to Grossmont. No one could have been more enthusiastic over the beauty of it all. I called his attention to the Owen Wister house that I had built for Wister on Grossmont and it was destiny that made it possible for me to bring Roosevelt and Wister together again after a misunderstanding which will be mentioned in my later chapter entitled Owen Wister.

When Governor Johnson made his campaign for the U. S. Senate, he persisted in my being a candidate and his companion in running for Congress, representing San Diego and Imperial Counties, but that was out of the question, for we had seven or eight children to feed and bring up at that time and my business needed all my attention. This I told him in no uncertain language. I was amazed to have Governor Johnson announce my candidacy later while in Imperial County without consulting me, but was naturally gratified with the splendid pledges of support I received. At that time, I was under contract with the Santa Fe Railroad crowd to develop the Lake Hodges system and associated with William G. Henshaw on a working basis in building the Henshaw Dam, as well as managing Rancho Santa Fe and Warner's Ranch. Governor Johnson eventually did pick a mighty fine man for Congress in Phil Swing who with Governor Johnson was elected and has rendered invaluable service to San Diego. If for no other reason, we owe them an eternal debt of gratitude for their cooperation which gave us Hoover Dam. No two men ever did more for Imperial Valley and San Diego County.

As U. S. Senator, Hiram Johnson was fearless, a born leader and represented California and the Union with great distinction. I did not agree with him in his fight against Wilson and the League of Nations, which I favored. Although President Wilson, I feel, made the blunder of his administration in not appointing Republican Senators on the Commission that went to Europe. President Wilson knew he had a Republican

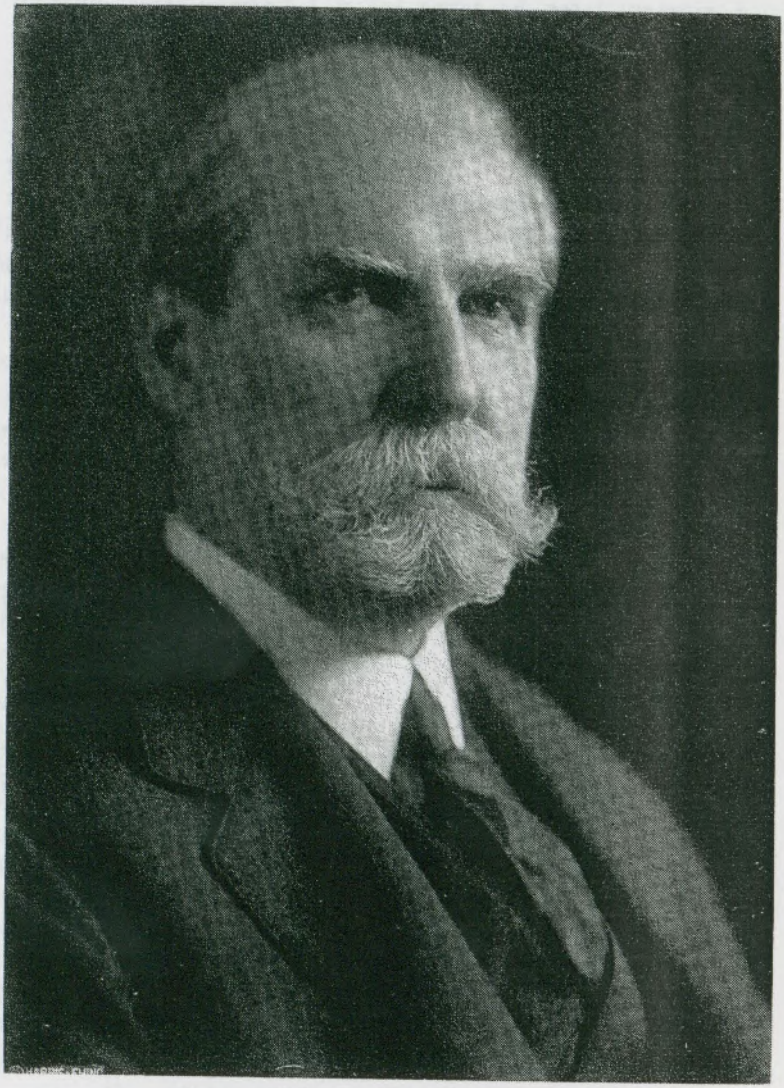
controlled Senate and that the Senate had to ratify any treaty. President Wilson should never have gone to Europe in the first place and knowing Governor Johnson as I did, I can understand why it was impossible for those two great men to think alike and its tragic results.

My experience in regard to the candidacy of Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York, and our then Governor Hiram W. Johnson, I am sure will be of interest to you children. In 1916 Governor Hughes was a candidate for President on the Republican ticket, opposing Woodrow Wilson's campaign for a second term. During his campaign tour, Governor Hughes came to California and San Diego.

Governor Johnson had recently been elected Governor in California by a two or three hundred thousand majority, running on the Republican ticket.

Governor Hughes, all during his campaign in California, made no attempt to call on Governor Johnson. In fact, he ignored him completely. The die-hard reactionary Republicans controlled the State Republican Central Committee; anything to repudiate Governor Johnson. The result was that Union waiters refused to serve dinner to a banquet in Governor Hughes honor in San Francisco and scab labor was substituted. That lost Governor Hughes many votes.

Your father was in a dual position in San Diego in that I had charge of the meeting welcoming Governor Hughes, yet was personally a strong supporter of Governor Johnson. We had a remarkable attendance of forty-odd thousand people in San Diego's stadium in the morning. At the luncheon table, sitting directly on my right, was Governor Hughes who stated that he was very happy over the remarkable reception. Governor Hughes asked me what his chances were to carry California. My answer was that I thought he would carry the state by a narrow margin. I then asked Governor Hughes if he had seen Governor Johnson while touring the state. His answer was "No." I then asked Governor Hughes why he had not met Governor Johnson and appeared on the same platform with the Governor. Governor Hughes answer was that he was following the advice of the National Republican Central Committee. My reply was that I assumed that he had come to California



Governor Charles E. Hughes, later to become
U. S. Supreme Court Justice.

to get votes; that Governor Johnson had been elected by an overwhelming majority and that he was asking for Democratic, as well as Republican, votes wherever he could get them, irrespective of factional fights in or out of the state.

A moment later, he asked me if I knew where Governor Johnson was. My answer was "Yes"; that he was at the Virginia Hotel, Long Beach. He asked no further questions, so I asked him if he had any objection to my calling, by telephone, Governor Johnson and bringing the two together that evening in Los Angeles where Governor Hughes was to hold his last public meeting and leave that night for the East on his return trip. Governor Hughes answered "No." I excused myself, went to the telephone, and missed Governor Johnson by fifteen minutes. Governor Johnson had left for Los Angeles by auto. I so informed Governor Hughes and asked him if he had any objection to my going to Los Angeles, locating Governor Johnson, and bringing the two together that evening. Governor Hughes answered, "No, that will not be necessary." I had a Fletcher's hunch and again suggested a meeting between the two, but Governor Hughes, in a rather stern voice, repeated, "It will not be necessary and I will see Governor Johnson before I leave the State." So, I had to quit. Governor Hughes did not meet Governor Johnson that night with the result that he lost the State of California by approximately four thousand votes as I remember it, and, with it, he lost his election as President of the United States. Union Labor resented tremendously the slight to Governor Johnson and, in my opinion, if the two had met on the same platform, publicly, that last night, it would have given Governor Hughes enough labor votes to carry California and be elected President.

Senator Johnson missed being President of the United States when he refused the nomination for Vice-President and Governor Coolidge accepted. To the last, however, our friendship was mutual and I feel it was an honor and an inspiration to me to have known him intimately over the years. No one ever questioned his integrity and, right or wrong, he was a fighter whom I was always ready to follow.

CHAPTER XX

EARLY HISTORY—SAN DIEGO'S HIGHWAY ASPIRATIONS

In the early 80's the six-horse stage coach drove from San Diego to Los Angeles in the remarkable time of fifteen hours, over the El Camino Real highway connecting the Missions San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano and San Gabriel.

Before the advent of the automobile very few took any personal interest in our county highways. We could only make five or six miles an hour. I believe I broke the record in driving two grey mares 78 miles in eleven hours while bringing a doctor to Warner Hot Springs. Walter Vail, one of the owners of Warner Ranch said I saved his life by so doing.

The old Butterfield Stage line from Tucson to Yuma to San Diego coming across the Imperial Valley desert and up Devil's Canyon had as its fastest schedule ten days.

With the advent of the automobile, conditions changed quickly. It immediately became a question of speed and in 1906 in my two-cylinder Maxwell, without a top, leather dashboard and kerosene lights I thought this car was the acme of automobile development. About that time how well I remember the excitement of the entire county over Barney Oldfield's remarkable exhibit at Lakeside in driving a mile in 59½ seconds. I was there at the time. It is impossible for me to describe the interest and fervor with which everyone demanded better roads. J. D. Spreckels, E. W. Scripps and A. G. Spaulding were appointed Commissioners about 1908 to lay out and construct 1250 miles of county roads with funds voted by the County, 2 million dollars or $4,000.00 a mile. How ridiculous that would be today, but, in those days, labor was $1.25 to $1.50 per day. You could rent horses for 50c a day and everything was cheap. I saw Scripps and Spaulding and got them to employ my cousin, Austin B. Fletcher, Chief Engineer of Massachusetts, as Highway Engineer to supervise the work.

One of the laughable things was a meeting which E. W. Scripps and I went to in Julian. In advocating the bond is-

sue, Scripps said to a packed house of farmers: "Just think of it, it takes you two days with a six horse team to bring hay from Julian into San Diego; with the building of these highways and with trucks you can bring the hay in in three or four hours." Just then some farmer in the back of the room said: "Mr. Scripps, if the trucks bring in the hay who in hell is going to eat it?" What an uproar, and needless to say Julian did not give a majority vote for the bonds, but we won the election anyway.

That was a wonderful job done by Spreckels, Scripps and Spaulding under the direction of A. B. Fletcher. I had two tilts with the Commission. We had large holdings at Cuyamaca Lake, including the ownership of the lake itself by James A.

A. B. Fletcher, my cousin. No man was ever more sincere.

Murray and myself. On the instructions of the Highway Commission, Fletcher made the survey from Descanso through Green Valley, going around the east end of Cuyamaca Lake; while we naturally wanted the highway to go up the canyon where it is now located and around the dam and north side of Cuyamaca Lake. At my own expense I had our engineer, W. S. Post, make the survey, presented it to the Board of Supervisors and offered to get the rights of way free. The Board of Supervisors, thanks to Joe Foster, Chairman, supported the route I recommended via the dam—the Highway Commission could only recommend and first had to get the approval of the Supervisors before they could use any County Highway funds voted by the people—so Spreckels, Scripps and Spaulding had to back up.

The only other fight we had was as to the allocation of the highway system—there was no road up the San Luis Rey River from the foot of the Palomar Grade to Henshaw Dam, with a connection to Warner Springs and Santa Ysabel. A. B. Fletcher recommended the route I wanted up the valley as part of the county highway system, but Spreckels, Scripps and Spaulding vetoed it. When the Highway Commission turned in its report, it did not include the 10 or 12 miles above mentioned, in the system. Frank Salmons and I appeared before the Board of Supervisors and thanks to Supervisor John Griffin of Oceanside and Joe Foster, Chairman, and Charles H. Swallow, as I remember it, by a vote of 3 to 2, the Commission's report was rejected. There was a stalemate for three or four months, the highway commission threatened to resign; but the Supervisors stood pat and after three months of quarreling, the Highway Commission backed up, accepted the amended route by the Board of Supervisors and that is how the road was built down the San Luis Rey River from Lake Henshaw.

This County system laid out and built by the above County Highway Commission also extended from San Diego via Campo to Jacumba and within about a half mile of the Imperial County line near Mountain Springs, as voted by the people and adopted by the Highway Commission. The Mountain Springs itself is in Imperial County. If the construction

work had stopped it would have left a half mile or more of impassable road to reach Mountain Springs. It is not generally known to this day but Scripps, Spreckels and Spaulding instructed A. B. Fletcher to build the road to Mountain Springs, or over a half mile in Imperial County, with money belonging to San Diego County—something like $20,000, wholly illegal, but nobody kicked and everybody was tickled to celebrate the opening of the road at Mountain Springs on the date of completion.

Speed was the order of the day from 1906 on. How well I remember Charlie Collier's Stanley Steamer, Mayor Wadham with his National; Percy Benbough in an Abbott Detroit, Ralph Hamblin's air-cooled Franklin, to say nothing of the different makes of electric cars.

In our first cars we generally carried at least a dozen spark plugs and with the splash system had to change our spark plugs every 10 or 15 miles. With the improvement of the cars in every way San Diego commenced to dream of paved roads and the birth of the idea of national highways was in our minds. We had had some local races in competition, but Los Angeles conceived the idea of a two-day race from Los Angeles to Phoenix via San Diego. The first day's race was from Los Angeles to Yuma, about 320 miles; the second day to Phoenix, with AAA representatives checking in and checking out the cars at Yuma. We had to cross the Colorado River on a ferry boat at Yuma, and we had to ford the Hassayampa River in Arizona. There were no highway bridges; the sandhills between Holtville and Yuma forced all cars to go 46 miles further around by way of Mammoth Wash and Niland and follow the Southern Pacific Railroad into Yuma. With sand 8 to 10 inches deep it was a grueling test as well as dangerous. This was before the State Highway was built from El Centro via the sandhills to Yuma, and the old stage line into Mountain Springs had to conquer a 20% to 30% grade out of Mountain Springs, one of the most dangerous early mountain roads in Southern California, to say nothing of going through Devil's Canyon on to the desert—so well named.

I was active with others in raising the several thousand dollars, working with Los Angeles, to have the races come via

San Diego. The racers left Los Angeles at midnight; about every citizen in Del Mar turned out about 5 o'clock in the morning to see the racers go by via La Jolla and from San Diego via Campo. The whole county went wild over these races for several years, then Los Angeles insisted on our raising more money toward the prizes for these races. We turned them down and the next thing we knew Los Angeles was raising its own funds and announced it was pulling off its own races direct from Los Angeles via San Bernardino and Mecca to Yuma the first day and from Yuma to Phoenix the next day. The Los Angeles papers urged this change and commenced to talk for national highways via San Bernardino and Mecca to Yuma and the east. At that time San Diego was practically the end of the trail and all tourists had to come in and out via the coast from Los Angeles to San Diego and back. There was talk then of a bond issue of 18 million dollars to connect up all county seats in the State of California and of course we wanted to connect up Imperial Valley through to San Diego while Los Angeles and the Automobile Club of Southern California were advocating the building of the road connecting the cities from San Bernardino via Mecca to El Centro. The whole City and County of San Diego actually went wild over dreams of a direct highway east and a national highway, with the result that I was made chairman of the State and National Highway Committee of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. When I landed in San Diego in 1888, Imperial County to Yuma was a part of San Diego County and in a way we felt Imperial County belonged to us—its nearest seaport. Imperial County was divided: the bankers of Imperial County did their main banking with Los Angeles, also most of Imperial Valley did its buying in Los Angeles, and did not cooperate with us very well, but the Supervisors did, as well as the Chamber of Commerce.

To demonstrate our having the best route to Yuma, even for Los Angeles to come via San Diego, which cut off an additional 100 miles of desert travel while the difference via Mecca was only about 30 odd miles shorter from Los Angeles to Yuma, we made up our minds that we would have to get out and fight to keep Los Angeles from cutting us off on highway travel

from the east and particularly to hold Imperial Valley's friendship and to build up the City of San Diego and its harbor.

We had tried to keep the cooperation of Los Angeles in having these races but failed so decided to start our own race the same day and hour and on October 2, 1912, sent the following telegram:

"George Purdey Bullard, Attorney-General, Arizona, Phoenix, Arizona:

San Diego desirous of showing her interest in good roads and in favor of ocean-to-ocean highway from San Diego east via Phoenix. We have raised and will give three thousand dollars if Phoenix will give one thousand dollars toward a road race San Diego to Phoenix if sanctioned by A.A.A. Start to be made same time from here as from Los Angeles in the Los Angeles to Phoenix race via Indio. Will you give your support? Wire immediate reply.

Ed Fletcher
F. B. Naylor
F. W. Jackson."

Phoenix accepted our offer.

One year, as I remember it, we raised 12 or 15 thousand dollars for prizes. The rivalry was intense; the newspapers were full of it, even national publicity.

A newspaper reporter, a chap by the name of Lawrence, on the Los Angeles Examiner challenged me to a pathfinder race to Phoenix, starting 24 hours earlier, he to go any way he pleased to Phoenix from Los Angeles and I from San Diego, to demonstrate the feasibility of each route. I accepted. Lawrence decided to go by way of Mecca and to ferry the Colorado River at Blythe, going direct to Phoenix, cutting out Yuma. I had a four-cylinder, air-cooled Franklin and decided to let the air out of my tires to 20 pounds and shoot from El Centro over the sandhills to Yuma direct, saving 46 miles as compared with the Niland, Mammoth Wash route which all the racers had taken. I arranged for and had six horses at the sandhills to pull me through; the Franklin did nobly, breaking the brush for 30 miles through the desert waste to the sandhills, but when we reached there we found the small twigs from the brush two and three inches deep on the engine itself,

Our run to Phoenix.

coming in through the air cooling system in front. When we reached the team our engine was so hot the twigs we had taken in blazed into flames when we lifted the hood. We had to put out the fire by throwing sand on the engine. The six-horse team pulled us through the 4½ miles of sandhills in less than an hour. We were thankful that the engine worked when we started again. It was after dark when we arrived at the Colorado River. There was no ferry, the last one having gone across for the night; our only chance was to cross the Colorado River on the Southern Pacific Railroad bridge. We took that risk; used blankets and seats to keep from puncturing our tires—but we made it and no one was more surprised than the Southern Pacific agent in seeing our automobile come across that bridge past the depot.

No one can have any idea, who has not experienced it, driving in the desert without any practical road and trying to make time.

In Arizona we kept going. It commenced to rain and we were in a cloudburst at daylight when we reached the Hassayampa

River adjacent to the railroad bridge. The river was 150 to 200 feet wide. Again we took the risk and crossed on the Hassayampa railroad bridge. Soon we ran into 25 or 30 eucalyptus trees that had been blown down across the trail; we had to go a half mile, get a saw and saw through those trees that we might get our automobile through. There was no other way. The pictures speak for themselves. On reaching the Agua Fria River, we crossed it, too, by means of a railroad bridge.

The Associated Press sent out the following dispatch from El Centro on October 26, 1912: "The San Diego-Phoenix race

Here's where we sawed wood!

Pathfinder, Col. Ed Fletcher, which left San Diego this morning, arrived here at 11:54 A.M. The time was four hours sixteen minutes. The time made over the same route in the race last year was four hours and fifty-nine minutes. Phoenix or bust was on one side and the other side read 'Tribune-Gazette Pathfinder.' "

C. H. Akers of Phoenix, who owned the Phoenix Gazette, was at that time advocating the annexation of San Diego and Imperial Counties to the State of Arizona and was plugging for statehood. The Evening Tribune of San Diego had sent the following telegram to the Arizona Gazette:

"Greetings.

Through the courtesy of Colonel Ed Fletcher of this city, who kindly loaned his fine, new 20 horse power six-cylinder Franklin touring car, The Evening Tribune, co-operating with the Arizona Gazette, is sending this morning at 7:30 o'clock a pathfinding party through to Phoenix. It has been named 'The Evening Tribune-Arizona Gazette Pathfinding Car.'

We trust you will like it and will receive the party in the same spirit in which we are this morning sending them east on their long grind.

The members of the party have been instructed to make all possible speed. Knowing them thoroughly we look for records.

Trusting there will be a hot time in the old town when the San Diego cars lead all the rest into Phoenix at the close of the greatest road race in Southern California, we beg to remain, fraternally yours,

THE EVENING TRIBUNE"

We arrived in Phoenix exhausted but happy. Lawrence, representing the Los Angeles Examiner, had left Los Angeles at the same time we did. When we reported in at Phoenix to the Western Union office as agreed, we were indeed pleased and surprised to know that we had beaten Lawrence on the run. Phoenix and Arizona were just as excited as Southern California and the following Associated Press Dispatch from Phoenix on our arrival was printed in the San Diego paper:

"More evidence to support the declaration that San Diego offers the logical route for the ocean-to-ocean highway was offered here today when Col. Ed Fletcher completed the trip to Phoenix from San Diego in 19½ hours.

"This time is considered wonderful considering the many obstacles and difficulties that the pathfinder encountered during the trip. With Fletcher were Driver Harry Taylor, Wilson Smith and F. L. Hamilton. * * * Members of the party told how they had faced the blinding storms that raged, sometimes fiercely, sending the swirling sands around them, driving it in their faces as they went dashing forward. While Fletcher told of the worst sandstorm of the season, Taylor was talking of the hub-deep mud encountered and Smith and Hamilton vied

with each other in telling tales of fording swollen streams, clearing fallen trees and crossing the high railroad trestle at Yuma. It was a great event for San Diego."

Lawrence, representing Los Angeles, broke down in the desert between Blythe and Phoenix and never did reach Phoenix. But the excitement had only commenced, and no one living at that time will forget the excitement of the race between Percy Benbough and Mayor Wadham. In the Evening Tribune of October 28, 1912, Mayor Wadham says upon his arrival: "I beat Benbough by three hours actual running time. I feel fine as a fiddle and will make a speech on annexation to Arizona tonight just to show I am none the worse for wear. There was nothing to the race. I pulled Benbough out of the mud once and offered to fix his tire another time. We lost a half hour in Phoenix before registering. It was my money all the way."

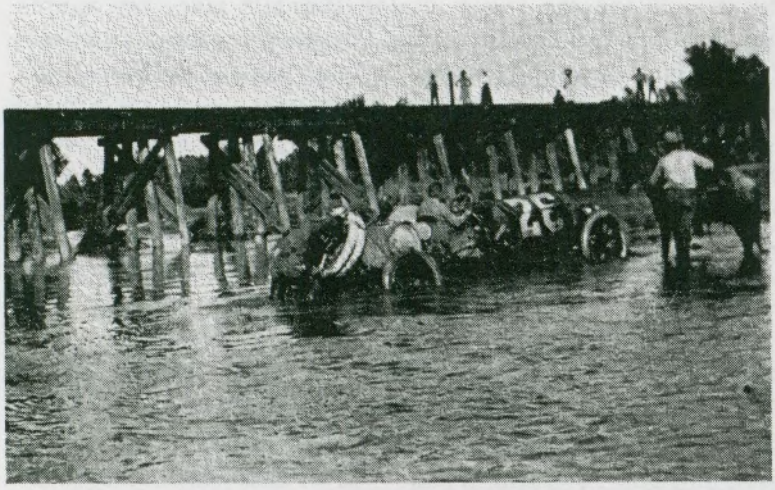
On the other hand Benbough claimed that his actual running time was better than Wadham's.

In the meantime the real races were on, with the greatest excitement all over Southern California—from Los Angeles via Yuma to Phoenix and from San Diego via Yuma to Phoenix.

As I recall it, there were 16 automobiles which started in the competition for the four prizes from Los Angeles to Phoenix and only four cars finished. From San Diego 22 cars started and 12 finished. Dave Campbell made the race from this city to Phoenix in a Stevens-Duryea in 16 hours and 59 minutes running time; while Ralph Hamblin from Los Angeles to Phoenix in his Franklin, won the race in 16 hours and 45 minutes. The San Diego papers were jubilant and the San Diego Sun under date of October 29, 1912, printed editorially:

"The distance from San Diego to Phoenix is shorter and the roads are much better. The country is more scenic and the long, arid desert drives, of the Los Angeles road, are missing. San Diegans should be commended for their enterprise in staging the Phoenix race and for the spirit of fair play in helping the Los Angeles racers."

The last statement applies to me. When I saw the Hassayampa River in flood and knew that the San Diego racers



Assisting Ralph Hamblin across the Agua Fria River.

were in Yuma and would have to tackle the crossing of the Agua Fria River the next day, with only three hours sleep, on my own initiative, we rushed back to the Agua Fria River with the idea of assisting the San Diego racers by towing them across the river in order that our racers might win the race in competition with Los Angeles. From Phoenix I took with me a 200-foot cable which I rented and before noon that day I had the cable stretched across the river out of sight under the water. I rented four horses from a farmer and had them hidden in the bushes nearby. The first racer to appear was Ralph Hamblin of Los Angeles, from whom I had bought my Franklin car. I was standing on the west bank of the river when he arrived. He recognized me immediately and said "Ed Fletcher, why are you here?" I explained the situation and told him I was there to help the San Diego racers. "How deep is the river?" I told him four or five feet in the deepest point for I had waded across. He said "What are you going to do for me?" It was a challenge! So I hooked the steel cable onto his car and pulled him across and won him the Los Angeles race. I later put our San Diego racers across

the river in the same way. Ralph Hamblin was very appreciative and gave the following telegram to the Associated Press, which was published on the front page of the San Diego Union with my picture the next morning:

"Let me say in fairness to the good people of San Diego that in a measure I owe my success in the last leg of the race to Col. Ed Fletcher, Chairman of the San Diego Road Race Committee. He had teams and wire cable ready for the San Diego boys and I was pulled and pushed through the Agua Fria River in less than four minutes. Fletcher, himself, even assisted in pushing me across the river. This shows true sporting blood and my desire is that Los Angeles and San Diego may in the future pull together in such a spirit as has today been demonstrated by a San Diego boy—Ralph C. Hamblin."

It is only fair to mention that the Los Angeles Times in printing a full page article on the races, printed pictures of us pushing and pulling Hamblin across the river with the headlines of "Chivalry of Southland Shown by San Diego Men" and gave San Diego splendid publicity.

For several years these competitive races were held simultaneously from Los Angeles to Phoenix and from San Diego to Phoenix—it stimulated San Diego and national interest in highways and in another chapter I will tell you how we fought and won first the construction of a highway, San Diego to El Centro, connecting county seats; how we built the Mountain Springs grade by private subscription, with our own grading outfit owned by James Morse and myself; how we raised the money for the plank road from Holtville to Yuma, shortening the distance across the continent 46 miles as compared with the road from Niland and Mammoth Wash; how we built the Yuma bridge by private subscription for California's share of the money; how we built the cut-off from Gila Bend to Tucson when Phoenix refused to play ball with us, shortening the national highway across the continent 88 miles, and how when Globe and Bisbee did not play the game with us we raised the money and built the road from Benson via Willcox to Lordsburg, saving another 96 miles across the continent—both of them now state highways.

I have, heretofore, mentioned Imperial Valley, at the time

of my arrival in San Diego as being a part of San Diego County, extending to the Colorado River and Yuma, Arizona. With the development of water from the Colorado River, Imperial County was formed, but we always felt, in a way, Imperial County belonged to San Diego County. Gradually, Imperial County became weaned away from us by having a direct Southern Pacific Railroad into Los Angeles. Most of the commercial business and banking was being done by Imperial County in Los Angeles, although nearly twice the distance.

The Auto Club of Southern California, with headquarters in Los Angeles, really dominated the highway situation and had tremendous influence. Los Angeles and the Auto Club were advocating a direct road to Phoenix across the desert, via Blythe. My cousin, A. B. Fletcher, formerly Chief Engineer of the San Diego Highway Commission, who laid out and built over 1200 miles of our county highways, had been appointed Chief Engineer of the State Highway Commission by our good friend, Governor Hiram W. Johnson. A bond issue of $18,000,000 was being advocated to connect all county seats in California. Los Angeles and the Auto Club of Southern California were advocating the route from San Bernardino to El Centro. Naturally, San Diego wanted it direct to El Centro, and the fight was on.

As Chairman of the State and National Highway Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, I took the lead advocating the construction of a practical road through the mountains from Mountain Springs to the desert, there being no safe road to travel at that time. Although not the first automobile to make the trip, I motored there over the old stage route with a thirty percent grade dropping into Mountain Springs. This was before the county systems of highways had been built. Your mother went with me on the trip. Arthur Nelson drove for us. It took us two days. Going down the thirty percent grade into Mountain Springs, we had to jack-up our car a number of times and rebuild sections of the highway to make it passable. This went for the Devil's Canyon, too. Never did your mother and I have happier days. We carried our blankets and food and loved to rough it.

Imperial Valley gave us a mixed reception. Some wildly enthusiastic, others thought the only logical route was through Mecca and San Bernardino. San Diego City and Chamber of Commerce were very enthusiastic, no one more so than Fred Jackson, Vice President of the First National Bank. At that time I was president of the Morse Construction Company and owned half interest; James Morse, known as Jim, the other half interest. He managed the corporation and we were actively engaged in highway construction and real estate development for many years. We built several hundred miles of dirt roads during the ten years we were associated together, and had a splendid relationship. We had in our employ a young engineer by the name of Fred Rhodes, a likable chap and

Fred Rhodes. In early years Fred was in our employ as engineer. City Managers and Directors of Public Works come and go, but it looks as if Fred Rhodes is going to stay on forever as a city official. The best of it is that I have never heard a word questioning his personal integrity, even as a city official. What greater compliment can be paid him? This goes for his better half, too.

friend of a lifetime, later on to be San Diego City Manager. He was also Director of Public Works for 25 years or more and served with great ability.

Imperial County, a new county, had no funds for building roads and it was up to us in San Diego to take the initiative. I brought the matter up before the directors of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and told them the money would have to be raised by private subscriptions and asked if they would sponsor this work of building a road from San Diego County line in Imperial County to the desert, a dirt road. They appointed Fred Jackson and me to cooperate with our Engineer, Fred Rhodes, to make a survey and report for the Chamber of Commerce as to the practicability, location, and estimate of the cost of the road.

On one of the hottest days of July, Jackson, Rhodes, Morse,

On the desert the day we approved the survey of the Mountain Springs Grade. Survey was made by Fred Rhodes. Left to right: Ed Fletcher, James Morse, Fred Rhodes and Fred Jackson.

and I went out to inspect the survey made by Rhodes. Fred Jackson had lung trouble and could not make the walk of five or six miles to inspect the survey. Instead, he drove my car down through Devil's Canyon to meet us on the desert. With a gallon of water, Rhodes, Morse, and I made that walk and inspected the road survey with the temperature at about 120 degrees. The new survey went by way of a new canyon named Meyers Canyon which route was accepted and was later renamed, by Imperial County, San Diego Canyon. We drank up every drop of that water and this was one of my most strenuous trips. Rhodes estimated the cost, as I remember, at $100,000. Jackson and I agreed it had to be done, but we were afraid the estimate was so high it would keep the Chamber of Commerce from recommending it and on our way home agreed to recommend $60,000.00 The Directors of the Chamber of Commerce endorsed the move to raise the money by private subscription and build the road, appointing Fred Jackson, Rufus Choate, John Forward, Jr., M. F. Heller, and myself to raise the funds.

Jim Morse and I donated the use of our grading outfit and teams to build the road. As I remember it through Fred Jackson, the banks of San Diego donated their usual twenty percent of the total cost while George Marston, John D. Spreckels, and Harry Jones of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company each gave ten percent of the total sum needed. The balance was raised by private subscription from the citizens of San Diego. The road was built wholly with mules, scrappers, and dynamite, practically all of it being on the mountain side through granite.

I remember, during construction, Simon Levi, M. F. Heller, Rufus Choate and J. Forward, Jr., were sent out by the Chamber of Commerce to inspect our work. We had just shot off a hundred and forty feet of sheer rock on the mountain side and it looked as though the road was going to cost a million. They were a dis-spirited committee. But all is well that ends well. Fred Jackson and I went out thirty or forty times while the work progressed during the winter months. Jackson caught a terrible cold that lasted for months when we got caught in a snow storm. I always felt it was, in a

At the Mountain Springs Grade celebration. Left to right: Senator Ed Law, George Burnham, Earl Cavanah, Clarence Walker, "Slim" Graham, Ray Judah, Ed Fletcher, Gov. Frank Merriam, Frank Forward, Jasper Travis, Lester Bradley, and Edward J. Ueron.

Building the Mountain Springs Grade.
The first shot.

The completed road.

way, a contributing cause of his early death. I cannot pay too high a compliment to Jim Morse and Fred Rhodes for their splendid effort, working sometimes ten and twelve hours a day to win. The road was built within our estimates.

The opening day celebration was a gala occasion. Hundreds of machines took the first ride down the canyon to the desert,

Celebrating the completion of the road to Mountain Springs.

returning via Devil's Canyon to Mountain Springs. My friend, William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, was our guest of honor that day and wrote a splendid tribute:

"A Crystallized Hope"

"Newspapers in the southwest corner of America tell of another remarkable achievement—the completion of a national highway between San Diego and Phoenix with only 20 miles unpaved between El Paso and San Diego. Twenty years ago this thing was projected as a dream of a super-realtor in San Diego, Ed Fletcher, and in the mind and heart of Governor Hunt, of Arizona. When the thing was started the projectors had to go by rail by way of Los Angeles in order to get to Yuma.

"Governor Hunt is still governor; Ed Fletcher is still dreaming big dreams in San Diego that crystallize into reality. It's a lot of fun to be that kind of a man. It brings more happiness to see how things can happen and get fooled sometimes when they don't happen rather than to

Your father addressing the gang on the completion of the road to the desert.

see how things can't happen and then get fooled when they do."

Imperial Valley joined us in the celebration and soon we had raised funds, privately, both from Imperial County and San Diego County, to oil the first road over the sands to the West Side Canal at Dixieland.

It was a wild country then. At our camp many a flock of Mountain Sheep and Antelope did we see. The Mexican Rualies came across the line less than a mile away, chasing a renegade, shot him and buried him within a hundred yards of our camp, according to Jim Morse, and with no publicity.

During construction, I took M. T. Gilmore and U. S. Grant, Jr., out to inspect the work. We broke an axle in our four cylinder, twenty horse-power, air-cooled Franklin late in the afternoon in Devil's Canyon. Grant and Gilmore were getting along in years then. It commenced to rain. I instructed them

to walk to Mountain Springs and I climbed over the mountain into our camp at Meyers Canyon, got two horses, a wagon, and blankets and picked them up at Mountain Springs in a snow storm. Traveling after dark in a snow storm, it took us four hours to reach Jacumba. What an experience! I can still see them at Jacumba with their feet in buckets of hot water, thawing themselves out. We telephoned Arthur Nelson, in our employ, and the next morning, at eight o'clock, he was at Jacumba with the car ready to bring us to town, for which we were surely grateful.

With the 18,000,000 dollars of bonds voted by the state in March, 1909, and with the construction of this road into Imperial Valley, we won the fight and the highway connecting county seats, from San Diego to El Centro, instead of San Bernardino to El Centro via Mecca. It was 5 or 6 years later before the El Centro, San Bernardino Highway was built and San Diego welcomed its construction also.

Round one, San Diego wins. But San Diego still had a star to shoot at.

For, the United States Government was considering and did pass legislation soon thereafter whereby the government would contribute large sums of money for the construction of national highways in each state, known as the seven percent system. That meant the early construction of national highways and San Diego's dream, naturally, was for a direct, hard-surfaced highway via Yuma to Phoenix. Los Angeles wanted it via San Bernardino, and Blythe to Phoenix, El Paso, and the East.

First, I invited Austin B. Fletcher, and the California State Highway Commissioners N. D. Darlington, Charles Whittmore, and George C. Mansfield to investigate the route El Centro, Yuma and Phoenix as a possible national highway route. As my guests, we spent three days over our route to Phoenix and returned via Blythe the route desired by Los Angeles. We won with the California State Highway Commission and later with Washington. It was years later when the Los Angeles-Blythe-Phoenix hard surfaced road was built and we welcomed that too.

Our next effort was to get the United States Bureau of

Public Roads support. I had met, personally, Mr. Thomas H. McDonald. Today, in November, 1950, as I dictate this chapter, Tom McDonald is still director of the United States Bureau of Public Roads and a friend of nearly forty years standing. At my request, Mr. McDonald authorized his representative in California, Dr. L. I. Hewes, Chief of the Western Regional Office of the Bureau of Public Roads to make an investigation and recommendation as to the competitive routes —San Diego, Yuma, to Phoenix, and Los Angeles, Blythe, to Phoenix. With Austin B. Fletcher and Hewes as my guests, we made a four day trip over both routes, and we won their approval.

The route between El Centro and Yuma was in doubt. At that time, we had to go from El Centro to Brawley and Niland, then, follow the Southern Pacific Railroad into Yuma. That route was 46 miles longer, compared to building direct from El Centro and Holtville through the desert sand hills to Yuma. I could see the importance of building a highway directly through the sandhills, if possible, to say nothing of saving the cost of building and maintaining that additional 46 miles, also, the added benefit of shortening the national highway 46 miles, all to San Diego.

Things were coming to a head rapidly in locating and adopting the several routes in California to become national highways. My cousin, Austin B. Fletcher, notified me of a meeting to be held in Sacramento to direct and select these routes, advising me to attend. I attended the Highway Commission meeting. Many routes were adopted that day, but, to my amazement, Los Angeles was there in force, urging the adoption of the Los Angeles to Phoenix via Blythe route. J. B. Lippencott, the nationally famous Los Angeles engineer, testified in behalf of the Blythe route to Phoenix from Los Angeles, as well as the Los Angeles Auto Club representatives. Naturally, I advocated the San Diego, El Centro to Yuma route to Phoenix and urged the practicability and desirability of building directly through the sand hills from Holtville and cutting off 46 miles across the continent. J. B. Lippencott protested the route telling the commission it was the most asinine thing he had ever heard of and was not practical. I

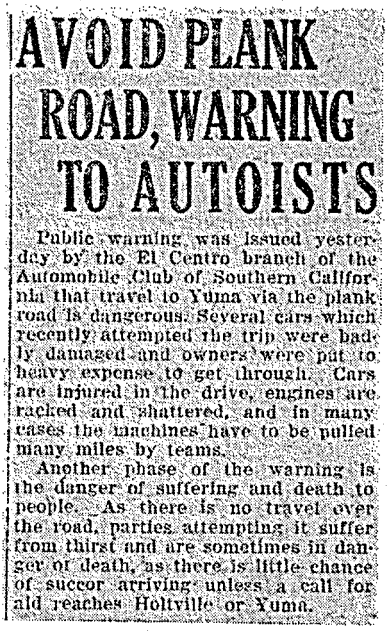
asked Mr. Lippencott if he was not at the meeting as a representative of the Auto Club of Southern California and in their pay. His answer was "Yes." I then asked the California Highway Commission to take no action on the proposed routes to Phoenix until I could demonstrate the feasibility of putting a highway through the sand hills, in which case, I would guarantee to raise the necessary funds to make the demonstration by putting a wooden plank road through the sand hills. The highway commission granted my request and I immediately went to El Centro to help raise funds and get the support of Imperial County, financially and otherwise, in making the demonstration. The estimated cost was approximately $25,000.00.

The Board of Supervisors of Imperial County were lukewarm, except for Supervisor Ed Boyd, in whose district the

Supervisor and Mrs. Ed Boyd on the desert.

proposed highway was located. It meant raising the money by private subscription again. I made an arrangement with Supervisor Ed Boyd whereby I would raise the funds to buy 37 carloads of plank and pay the freight to Glamis, the nearest railroad siding to the sand hills, and Ed Boyd, out of the road fund from his district and with the assistance of neighbors and friends would haul the lumber and lay the plank road ready for travel through the sand hills. This he agreed to. Again San Diego did its part. I raised $13,000.00 in San Diego, something like $3,000.00 in Yuma, and enough funds altogether from other sources to buy the 37 carloads of two inch, foot-wide plank, which I had shipped to San Pedro from the north, and prepaid the freight to Glamis. The plank road was a success. Our plank road demonstrated the feasibility of the route. The State of California and the United States Bureau of Public Roads adopted this route and on shifting sands, is laid one of the finest paved highways in the State of California today.

That you may know some of the opposition we had to contend with, the following announcement was made on the front page of an El Centro Paper on Sunday, April 27, 1919. There



AVOID PLANK ROAD, WARNING TO AUTOISTS

Public warning was issued yesterday by the El Centro branch of the Automobile Club of Southern California that travel to Yuma via the plank road is dangerous. Several cars which recently attempted the trip were badly damaged and owners were put to heavy expense to get through. Cars are injured in the drive, engines are racked and shattered, and in many cases the machines have to be pulled many miles by teams.

Another phase of the warning is the danger of suffering and death to people. As there is no travel over the road, parties attempting it suffer from thirst and are sometimes in danger of death, as there is little chance of succor arriving unless a call for aid reaches Holtville or Yuma.

GEO. W. P. HUNT
GOVERNOR
LEROY A. LADD
SECRETARY

Executive Office
State House
Phoenix, Arizona

January 15th, 1914.

My dear Colonel Fletcher:

It is with great gratification that I have read your letter of the 6th inst. advising me of the favorable action taken by the California Board of Control for the securing of an appropriation for the construction of the new highway between El Centro, California, and Yuma. You may be sure that my interest in better highway connections between the different States will be continued, and in this connection I take pleasure in sending you under separate cover a copy of my message to the Second State Legislature, in which I allude to this particular subject.

Sincerely yours,

Geo. W. P. Hunt

Governor of Arizona.

Letter proving Governor Hunt's interest in our fight for national highways.

San Diego, Cal. March 10 1915 No. 1

First National Bank 90-49

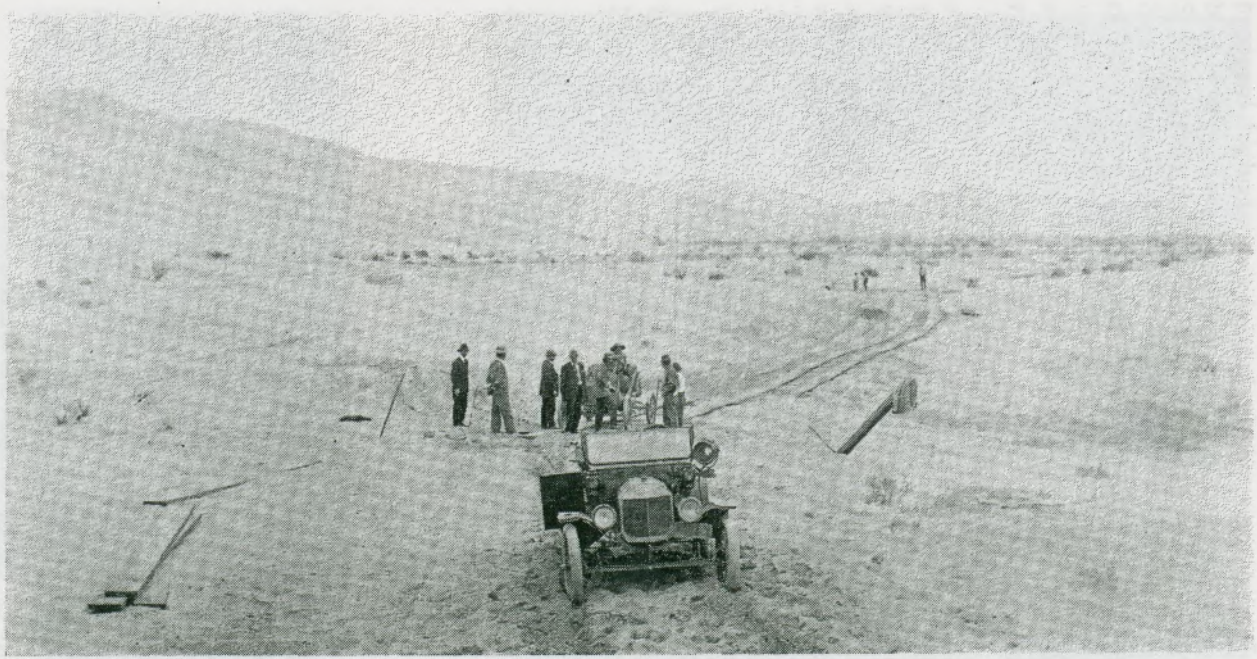
Pay to the order of M. C. Fossett Lumber $ 240.05

Two Hundred Forty and 05/100 Dollars

El Centro Yuma Road Dist.

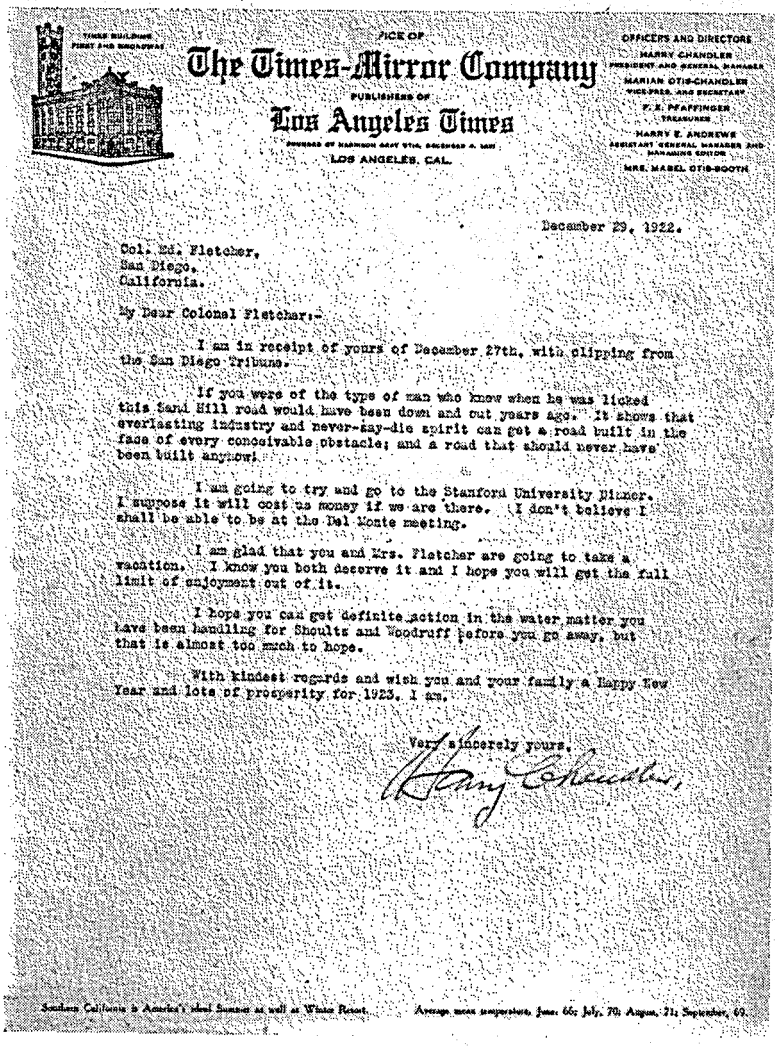
By Ed Fletcher Pres.

My first check for the lumber used in building the plank road.



Inspecting the plank road through the desert while it was under construction.

were a lot of die hards after the highway was built. Even Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles Times, whose letter follows:



OFFICE OF
The Times-Mirror Company
PUBLISHERS OF
Los Angeles Times
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
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HARRY E. ANDREWS
MRS. MABEL OTIS-BOOTH

December 29, 1922.

Col. Ed. Fletcher,
San Diego,
California.

My Dear Colonel Fletcher:-

I am in receipt of yours of December 27th, with clipping from the San Diego Tribune.

If you were of the type of man who knew when he was licked this Sand Hill road would have been down and out years ago. It shows that everlasting industry and never-say-die spirit can get a road built in the face of every conceivable obstacle; and a road that should never have been built anyhow!

I am going to try and go to the Stanford University Dinner. I suppose it will cost us money if we are there. I don't believe I shall be able to be at the Del Monte meeting.

I am glad that you and Mrs. Fletcher are going to take a vacation. I know you both deserve it and I hope you will get the full limit of enjoyment out of it.

I hope you can get definite action in the water matter you have been handling for Shoults and Woodruff before you go away, but that is almost too much to hope.

With kindest regards and wish you and your family a Happy New Year and lots of prosperity for 1923, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Harry Chandler

Southern California is America's ideal Summer as well as Winter Resort. Average mean temperature, June, 66; July, 70; August, 71; September, 69.

Harry Chandler and I remained friends through it all. He came from the same town I did in Massachusetts. When I first knew him, he lived in San Diego, having charge of the San Diego Union newspaper routes. A self-made man,

Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles Times, a power for years in California in politics and business. As my guest, I took him to Hattie Hamilton's in Mexico in 1923. The old register shows it today—1950.

he did as much as any man for Los Angeles and made a huge fortune besides. He complimented me by asking my advice regarding the disposition of the flowing wells, known as Sherman Wells, in Beverly Hills. I disposed of these properties

for him and his associates to the City of Beverly Hills for which I was given a 20% interest. We did not see eye to eye when it came to the election of Hiram Johnson for Governor, but we had many happy trips together, one down to Hattie Hamilton's, 130 miles below Ensenada and the old registration book has our signatures in 1923. Again, we were together for a week in the San Juan Basin and Durango with the president of the Santa Fe Railroad, E. J. Engel, for whom I made a report on the question of land and water development at the time when the Santa Fe Railroad was considering building a branch railroad into the San Juan Basin and Durango from Gallup, N. Mex. Mr. Chandler speaks of the Stanford University dinner. The three of us, Harry Chandler, Paul Shoupe, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and I were together when our three sons graduated from Stanford, with your brother Charlie the president of the graduating class.

Arizona was waking up, fighting for its share of national highways and, to my surprise, I received a telegram from Governor Hunt asking me to appoint delegates from San Diego and Imperial County for a meeting in Yuma to organize a highway association from Phoenix to San Diego. I accepted and appointed about 40 delegates from San Diego and Imperial County. Governor Hunt came to Yuma on a special train with 92 delegates from all of Arizona. In our delegation, from San Diego were U. S. Grant, Jr., William B. Gross, Fred Jackson, and myself. That day, the San Diego-Arizona Highway Association was created. Governor Hunt urged and I accepted the presidency of the new association by unanimous vote.

I recommended to the Directors of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, in 1915, that we arrange for a Government Engineer to make a trip from San Diego to Washington for publicity purposes. The Chamber had no funds, so I interested the Cabrillo Commercial Club, who appointed a committee, consisting of George W. Marston, John Forward, Jr., Ed Busenburg, William B. Gross, and myself, to raise the necessary money. I furnished the car, and Mr. Harry Taylor, later to become your brother-in-law, agreed to drive the party. Through Mr. Logan W. Page, United States Director of Public Roads, Mr. B. H. Burrell, a Government Engineer

The City and County Government at 5th and C to see us off. All were working hard for a Southern National Highway. In the group are George Marston, Frank Forward, Jr., Cabrillo Club President Johnson, Edwin Capps, C. L. Good, and other Councilmen and City Officials.

was detailed to make the trip and also Mr. Wilbur Hall, the noted magazine writer, joined the group. My partner and friend, William B. Gross, was in charge. I went with them as far as Globe, Arizona.

It took the party 26½ days to reach Washington, an average of only 134 miles a day. Meetings were held en route with the Governor of each state. The delegation and San Diego received remarkable publicity, with national write-ups and an official report by Engineer Burrell to the United States Bureau of Public Roads.

The name of the highway association, at that time, was Southern National Highway, later to be dropped and substituted for the Broadway of America Highway Association, of which I was vice-president for many years. This route practically followed U. S. 80 to Dallas, Texas, then north through Hot Springs, Arkansas, to Memphis, thence to Nashville, Richmond, and Washington.

Fighting for national highways, our first objective was to secure the building of a bridge across the Colorado River at Yuma. The estimated cost was $75,000.00. Governor Hunt pledged that Arizona would give $25,000.00, conditional upon the United States Government giving $25,000.00, as the California side of the Yuma bridge was in the Yuma Indian Reservation, while I pledged $25,000.00 for the State of California.

Within less than five months, bills were introduced and passed in Congress in the Arizona legislature and in the California legislature appropriating each $25,000.00. But, our Governor Johnson of California vetoed our bill, giving as his reason that the State Engineer of California had reported that the bridge would cost over $150,000.00 and our $25,000.00 would be a waste of money. San Diego was sure mad at Governor Johnson. I personally undertook the raising of the $25,000.00, California's subscription that I had pledged, and, by private subscription, we raised the money. Approximately $5,000.00 was raised in Yuma, about $6,000.00 in Imperial Valley, and the rest of it came from San Diego, excepting two or three thousand dollars that came from Los Angeles friends. I sent the $25,000.00 to Washington; Arizona did likewise. Bids were asked for and the contract let for $73,800.00, as I remember it.

The Yuma Bridge

Left to right: Lt.-Governor Eshelman, U. S. Senator Ashurst of Arizona, and Governor Hunt of Arizona at the dedication of the Yuma Bridge. Picture taken by your Dad.

The completed bridge was the first highway bridge built across the Colorado River for 2,000 miles. The bridge is there in use today, November, 1950.

Governor Johnson told me I could introduce a bill at the next session of legislature, refunding me our $25,000.00 which I did through my good friend of nearly a life-time, Senator Edgar A. Luce, who has rendered invaluable service all these years to San Diego. I happen to have the following telegram reading, "Sacramento, California, April 19, 1915. Colonel Ed Fletcher, San Diego, California. Senate Finance Committee favorably recommended tonight bill for refund of money raised for Yuma Bridge Bill. Will doubtless pass Senate. Signed Edgar A. Luce." The appropriation bill passed the legislature and, although I think it was entirely illegal, Governor Johnson signed same and the money was refunded.

The building of the Yuma Bridge inspired Arizona to do its part in voting bonds for the construction of a hard-surfaced road, Yuma to the Maricopa County Line on the way to Phoenix. The route recommended by the United State Bureau of Public Roads was in line with our national highway aspirations. Under Arizona law, the bonds must be sold at par. The highest bid was 91 so again we raised $17,000.00 by private subscription, as I remember it. Yuma raised $5,000.00 and Imperial Valley the balance.

Extreme jealousies developed in Arizona between the north and the south over our successful efforts for national highways. Where we had splendid cooperation, originally, from the Governor and the commercial interest of Phoenix, as well as the Chamber of Commerce, we found strong influence in Phoenix, including the Phoenix banks doing business with Los Angeles banks as well as the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce advocating the Blythe highway route from Los Angeles instead of our Yuma route. Phoenix businessmen, as well as the Chamber of Commerce refused to cooperate with us financially in publicizing the southern route, now known as U. S. 80. We had many strong friends and supporters, financially and otherwise, in Douglas, Bisbee, Tucson, and Casa Grande. By looking at your highway map, you will see that if a road was built between Gila Bend and Casa Grande, following the Southern

State Senator Edgar A. Luce who rendered invaluable service in Sacramento for San Diego and the State.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH – COMMERCIAL CABLES

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TELEGRAM

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DESIGN PATENT No. 40548

49 ge o 19 Collect 5 pm

Z- Sacramento Calif Apr 28 1915

Ed Fletcher

San Diego Calif

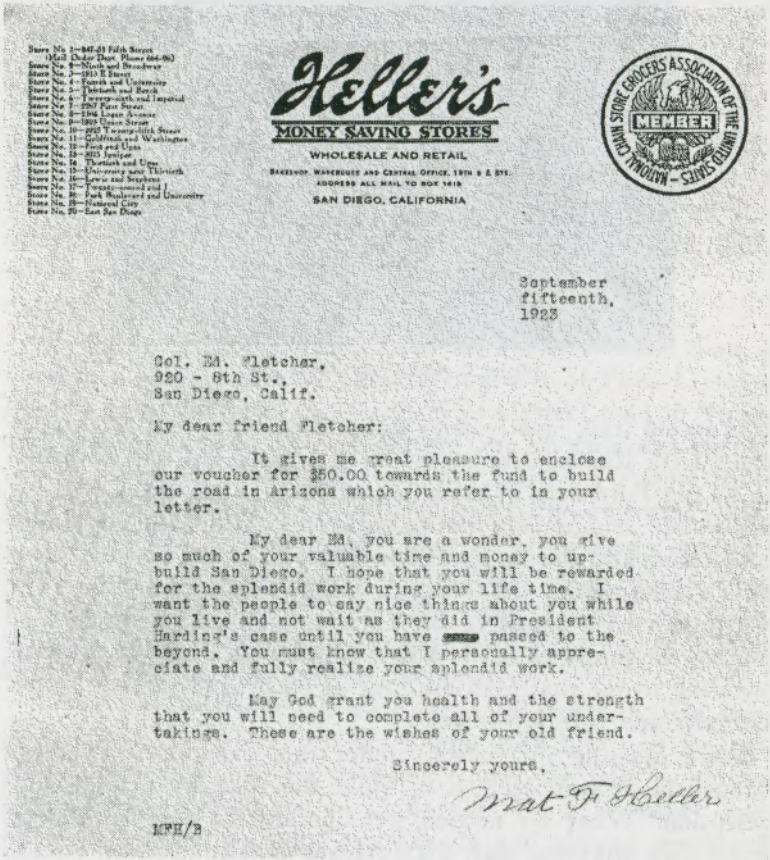
Yuma road bill appropriating one hundred thousand dollars passed favorably out of assembly committee last night Spread news

Edgar A Luce

Senator Edgar A. Luce in action getting funds for the Holtville-Yuma road.

Pacific Railroad, it would shorten the distance of U. S. 80 by 88 miles, cutting out Phoenix and going direct from Gila Bend to Casa Grande, thence to Tucson.

San Diego was discouraged with Phoenix lack of cooperation and a David, at that time, came to our rescue. He was none other than Walter C. Smith, County Engineer of Pinal County of Florence, Arizona. He called my attention to the feasibility of constructing the Gila Bend, Casa Grande cut-off, saving over ninety miles across the Continent, part of which is in Pinal County, the balance in Maricopa County. There



Heller's
MONEY SAVING STORES
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

NATIONAL CHAIN STORE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES — MEMBER

September
fifteenth,
1923

Col. Ed. Fletcher,
920 - 8th St.,
San Diego, Calif.

My dear friend Fletcher:

It gives me great pleasure to enclose our voucher for $50.00 towards the fund to build the road in Arizona which you refer to in your letter.

My dear Ed, you are a wonder, you give so much of your valuable time and money to upbuild San Diego. I hope that you will be rewarded for the splendid work during your life time. I want the people to say nice things about you while you live and not wait as they did in President Harding's case until you have passed to the beyond. You must know that I personally appreciate and fully realize your splendid work.

May God grant you health and the strength that you will need to complete all of your undertakings. These are the wishes of your old friend.

Sincerely yours,

Mat F Heller

MFH/B

Letter from M. F. Heller with which he enclosed his donation toward building the road into Arizona.

Walter C. Smith—my desert hero.

was an old trail, mostly sand and gulleys bordering the Southern Pacific Railroad for many miles. I made the trip with him in an old Ford car. What an experience! I promised him my assistance. Supporting him to build this cutoff was the Mayor of Tucson, also Monte Mansfield, one of Tucson's best citizens and a member of the Arizona Highway Commission. The Chambers of Commerce of Tucson and Casa Grande also backed the proposed road. Walter Smith was a human dynamo, wanting to see that road built, or at least graded with proper culverts and safe for travel.

At a meeting in Tucson, under the leadership of Monte Mansfield, it was decided to build the road by private subscription. What we needed were bulldozers and equipment, more than anything else, with private donations. The Tucson Chamber of Commerce pledged to furnish the gasoline for

the motive power. Casa Grande Chamber of Commerce pledged to furnish the oil. Smith borrowed four or five big tractors. Your father raised $3,500.00 by private subscription and sent it over there to spend, as they saw fit, and other money was raised by local effort. Soon the road was completed in Pinal County, but Smith kept going over the public protests and threat of injunction from Phoenix. My recollection is that Pinal County equipment was used in Maricopa County to build highways, something illegal, but Smith took a chance of being prosecuted and the graded road was eventually completed. Today, it is hard-surfaced and part of the State Highways of Arizona. A monument should be erected in Pinal County, Arizona, honoring Walter C. Smith, Monte Mansfield and their highway friends.

Twenty-seven years after we had our fight to build the highway from Gila Bend to Casa Grande, I find Walter C. Smith still alive and kicking, thank heaven. So, I wrote and asked for his picture and a statement of his recollection of his activities. The following is his statement of January 21, 1951, which I am more than happy to print:

"My Dear Colonel:

"Fulfilling a promise and from memory of more than a quarter of a century when County Engineer of Pinal County, I saw a possibility and the necessity of a direct road to Yuma and San Diego from Tucson, cutting out Phoenix and saving nearly ninety miles by following the Southern Pacific Railroad from Casa Grande to Gila Bend. So, I commenced work.

"First, I had a small maintenance crew surfacing and riprapping dips crossing numerous branches of the Santa Cruz River, following an old trail. One day, "Peg Leg" Hunt walked into my office at Florence, the County Seat. I had had very little cooperation in our section.

" 'Peg' was inoculated with Fletcher enthusiasm. He suggested that I run over to San Diego with him and lay my plans before Colonel Ed Fletcher whom, he felt, would be interested in a short cut to California. On a Saturday, just before midnight, we left Casa Grande and plowed westward through dusty trails to Yuma and over the plank road, arriving in San Diego twenty hours later.

"At 7:15 Monday morning, 'Peg' and I were at the Colonel's office. Before 9:00 we were on the return trip with Colonel Ed's blessing and an initial pledge of $1500 from San Diego for the 'S. P. Cut-Off.' The mail train passed us en route with the Colonel's check and R. Swanzy, who had been our sole support in Casa Grande, met us with a $700 pledge.

" 'Peg' and I proceeded to Florence and on to Tucson with a letter from the Colonel to Monte Mansfield who received us royally and initiated a Tucson drive for funds. We raised some additional funds from Lordsburg, Stein's Pass, San Simon, and Willcox.

"At Tucson, Monte and Herbert Drachman had $1500 to match San Diego. Then, with funds available, I rented a tractor from a Casa Grande rancher and moved into Maricopa County after first obtaining rights-of-way over patented lands along the route. Over unfiled federal and state lands we just plowed and trusted in the Lord. Our move precipitated a meeting in Phoenix to urge the immediate construction of a bridge over the Gillespie Dam on the Phoenix route. At that meeting, I sat and heard myself denounced, cussed, and discussed and one Phoenician suggested that steps be taken to have me arrested.

"Again, at Yuma, we collected several hundred dollars more for the good cause.

"Everywhere I went, the Colonel had paved the way and my fund grew. Meanwhile men and machines were at work in both Pinal and Maricopa counties, the trail pushed on through the gap in the Estrell Mts. toward Gila Bend. One obstacle remained, a bridge across the irrigation canal east of town. A number of our pledges did not pay out and we were out of funds. We called on the Colonel once more. He responded and with Mrs. Fletcher and Mr. and Mrs. White motored to Arizona, picked up Mrs. Smith and myself at Florence and together we went to Tucson for a road meeting where the needed funds were raised.

"Northern Pinal never forgave me nor the two supervisors who supported me and all three of us were retired to private life at the next election. Some time later, however, public necessity demanded the improvement of the trail and, after a

few tumultuous sessions in the state legislature and court, the 'S. P. Cut-Off' emerged as State Highway 84.

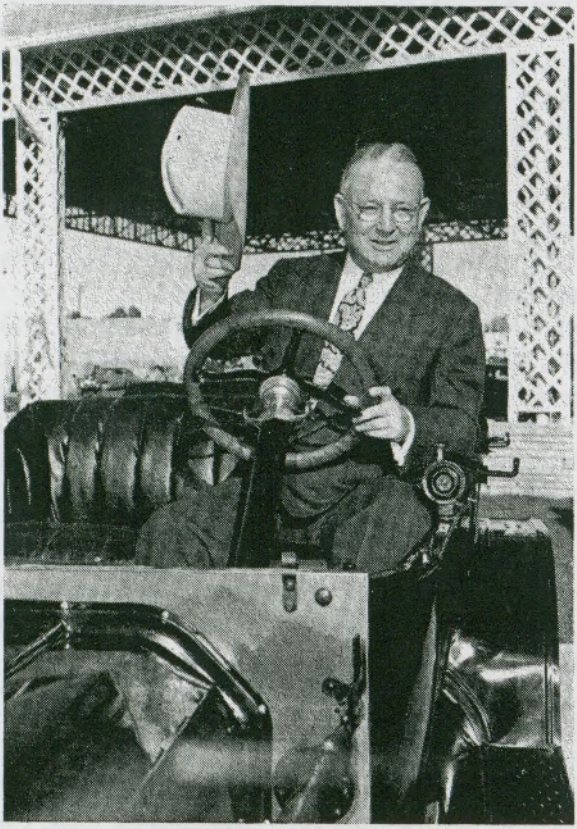
"Monte Mansfield of the State Highway Commission was a great help in making the 'S. P. Cut-Off' a State Highway. I have many happy memories of our State and National Highway Fight together.

"Hope we can be seeing you soon in San Diego.

Sincerely yours,

Walter C. Smith."

I also found that one of our greatest highway boosters, a member of the Arizona State Highway Commission, and one



Monte Mansfield—as went Monte Mansfield, so went Tucson. He always delivered the goods.

of Tucson's most prominent citizens is still living. I contacted him and received the following letter in reply:

"Tucson, Arizona
January 14, 1951

"Dear Ed:

"I hasten, with pleasure, to reply to your recent letter asking my recollections of our fight for national highways between Casa Grande and Gila Bend, Benson and Lordsburg, over twenty-five years ago. The name of Ed Fletcher belongs with that group starting with the trail blazer Cabeza de Vuca who, in 1536, walked from Florida to San Diego. Then came the old boy, Kino, who walked as far as the Colorado River. Next, came Anza and Garcus, in 1774-76, to the Pacific. Then, the horse and wagon days of 1825 when General Cook and General Kearney blazed the trail west of El Paso to the Pacific. Later, the Oatman family followed the same trail and were murdered by the Apache Indians. Only Olive and Lorenzo Oatman were taken prisoners. Lorenzo escaped and, about 1856, helped rescue Olive and restore her to civilization. My father drove over your route from the town of San Diego in his buckboard, in 1869, making his home in Tucson. Nearly 400 years later, you followed the same trail in your Cadillac and made that record drive of yours across the continent to Savannah, Georgia, in two days, 23 hours, and 15 minutes.

"A great history, this old road which carried the torch bearers of civilization from the East to the West.

"Then came the motor car and the pioneering days of real road building, and fast traveling motor cars. This is the part of the story where one Ed Fletcher, the man with vision, guts, and energy comes in as a new trail blazer. Preaching the gospel of good roads from town to town, state to state; boy, it was fun to have a hand in helping you with this program.

"Do you remember the time you wrote me that you, F. M. White, and U. S. Grant, Jr., would come to Tucson by train, asking if I could arrange to drive you all from Tucson to Yuma so that we might explore a route from Casa Grande to Gila Bend, cutting off nearly 90 miles of trans-continental travel? It was a bright morning when we started. From

Tucson, we drove through the brush, chuck-holes by the thousand, and gullies galore, a two-day trip to Yuma. What a trip! Never will I forget how Grant, quite an elderly man at that time, took the trip like a kid.

"Then followed the building of that cut-off road. How the money was raised, about $6400.00, as I remember, and how "Peg Leg" Hunt made every effort along the route to raise funds in my Buick car! When the road was built, I asked "Peg Leg" where my Buick was and he answered, "Oh, hell, I wore it out." All in a good cause! The job never would have been done, however, if it had not been for the grand job which Walter Smith did. We borrowed a Caterpillar and grader from Pima County (without anyone's knowledge or consent) and Walter ran the survey through Pinal and Maricopa Counties. We cleared the right-of-way for about 64 miles at a cost of about $100.00 per mile. Walter would send me a weekly progress report and I would send him a check to pay for the gas, oil, salaries, etc.

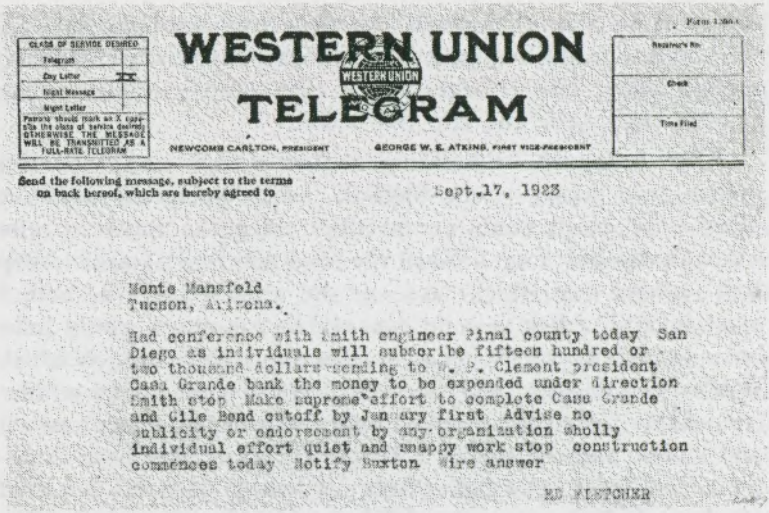
"A little later, when we went to the State Legislature and asked for $150,000.00 to improve the Gila Bend road, how the boys from Maricopa County ridiculed the idea. We finally got the appropriation and completed the job with the result that the Legislature put it into the State Highway System.

"Fletcher, always Ed Fletcher, ready, willing and on his toes, pushing, pulling, and making all of us hit the ball. More roads, better roads, the sand dune story and the rest! What would San Diego be today if not for the work, vision, and drive of Ed Fletcher—the water of San Diego County; that is another vital chapter of your contribution to the building of San Diego.

"Gee, Ed, it was fun to work with you and I am looking forward to the day when your work is in book form. Remember me for copy Number One.

Very sincerely your Amigo,
Monte Mansfield."

Those three highwaymen, Mansfield, of Tucson, Smith, of Pinal County, and Judge Westover, of Yuma, how I love them for their vision, their persistence, their contributions of money, and their time fighting for national highways. Any-



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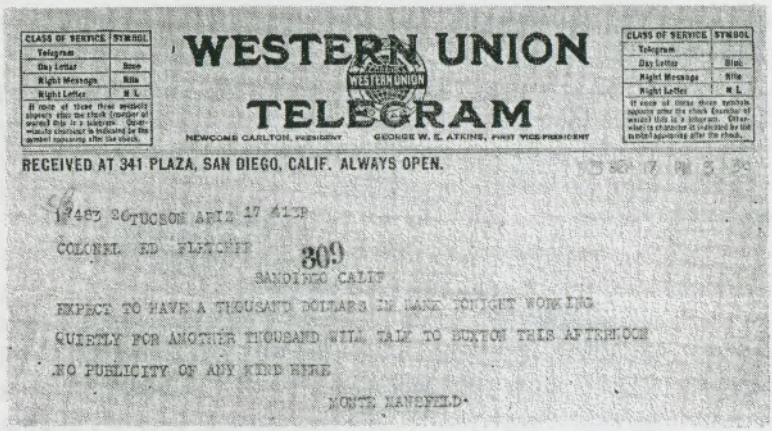
Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

Sept.17, 1923

Monte Mansfeld
Tucson, Arizona.

Had conference with Smith engineer Final county today San Diego as individuals will subscribe fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars wemling to W. P. Clement president Casa Grande bank the money to be expended under direction Smith stop Make supreme effort to complete Casa Grande and Gile Bend cutoff by January first Advise no publicity or endorsement by any organization wholly individual effort quiet and snappy work stop construction commences today Notify Buxton wire answer

ED FLETCHER



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COLONEL ED FLETCHER 309
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EXPECT TO HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BANK TONIGHT WORKING QUIETLY FOR ANOTHER THOUSAND WILL TALK TO BUXTON THIS AFTERNOON NO PUBLICITY OR ANY KIND HERE

MONTE MANSFELD.

one who has worked with them can understand the feeling between us as friends.

This goes for Don Bitler of El Centro and for hundreds of other citizens across the continent who played the game with us in fighting for state and national highways.

By act of Congress, the U. S. Federal Aid Highway System was created, the plan being a national highway system connecting up all the states of the Union, the United States paying a large proportion of the cost. In California, as I remember

Don Bitler—an Imperial County official we could always count on when it came to fighting for national highways. Imperial Valley owes him much.

it, the State put up fifty per cent and the United States Government, fifty per cent. The California Highway Commission went to Washington with their Chief Engineer, my cousin, A. B. Fletcher, attempting to get federal aid. They were there ten days or more and failed to get any action. Austin B. Fletcher wrote me a full explanation and said the situation was well nigh hopeless for early action. I asked the Highway Commission to give me authority to act for them, as I had other business in Washington. World War Number One was on, but I asked for personal hearings on several committees.

"THE LARGEST IRRIGATED DISTRICT IN THE WORLD"

DON C. BITLER
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
JAMES E. HARABLE
CHIEF DEPUTY
C. F. STURGEVANT, JR.
DEPUTY

O. M. McGAHEY
FRANK TRAVERS
FIELDING KINSALL
DEPUTIES

EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA January 30, 1951

Col. Ed Fletcher
San Diego
California

My dear Colonel Fletcher:

Your plan to preserve the memories of your life and activities is certainly an excellent one. Although San Diego claims you as its own, I feel that you more properly belong to our Great Southwest, because the record of your life's work is found, not only locally, but in several states.

May I add a few items that may help you to complete the Fletcher story? My acquaintance with you since 1907 - 43 years of opportunity to observe your outstanding career - certainly gives me the right to speak.

Construction of Mountain Springs grade - six miles of tough, pioneer road building, was completed in 1913. It was San Diego County's contribution to Imperial Valley, then in its early development. It was paid for by San Diegans and was due to your tireless work and leadership.

This induced Imperial County Supervisors to survey and grade a road from Dixieland to Coyote Wells to connect with the new grade. Then followed a County survey through the sandhills for the plank road, which engineers told you was not feasible. You refused to believe them and again acted in your characteristic manner. With the aid of San Diego people you obtained and delivered to the sand hills 36 carloads of heavy lumber. Completion of the plank road in about 1914 proved it practical and cut the time between El Centro and Yuma from two days to three hours. (It takes less than one hour to reach Yuma over our modern highway.)

It was agreed in 1913 that a highway bridge across the Colorado at Yuma was needed, with California, Arizona and the U. S. Government each contributing $25,000. Arizona and the government came through with their money, but the California governor vetoed the bill. Then San Diego Chamber of Commerce and the Los Angeles Merchants and Manufacturers Association collected $14,000, and Imperial County $11,000. Imperial County Supervisors had guaranteed California's share to the Interior Department. This is all shown in our Supervisors' records. The bridge

was built and was dedicated in May, 1915. You, Lieut. Gov. Jack Manelman, Phil Swing and myself were there, after a four-hour race over the plank road.

Our Supervisor, Frank Beal, also a strong road booster, was elected assemblyman. Over much bitter opposition, and with your help, he obtained an appropriation of $200,000 to pave the road from East High Line to the Sandhills. This was dedicated by Governor William D. Stephens in about 1921.

Many of ourpioneers who shared in your battles to accomplish these projects have passed away. It is difficult to make a complete list, but among the outstanding workers were: County Supervisors John J. Carr, Ed E. Boyd, Frank Beal, John S. Boyce, Arthur Shepard, S. E. Bennett, Hollie Clark and R. E. Wills. District Attorney Phil D. Swing, later our second Superior Judge, and our congressman, handled all legal problems. Editors Otis B. Tout of the El Centro Progress; Edgar Howe of the Imperial Valley Press; John S. Baker of the Holtville Tribune, and Ayron D. Witter of the Brawley News, all backed these road projects.

Imperial County folks believed in you and your plans. We all knew that you worked hardest on programs that others insisted could not succeed. Your indefatigable efforts in our behalf will always be remembered. You had a very large part in the development of Imperial Valley. We wish for you many more years of active life.

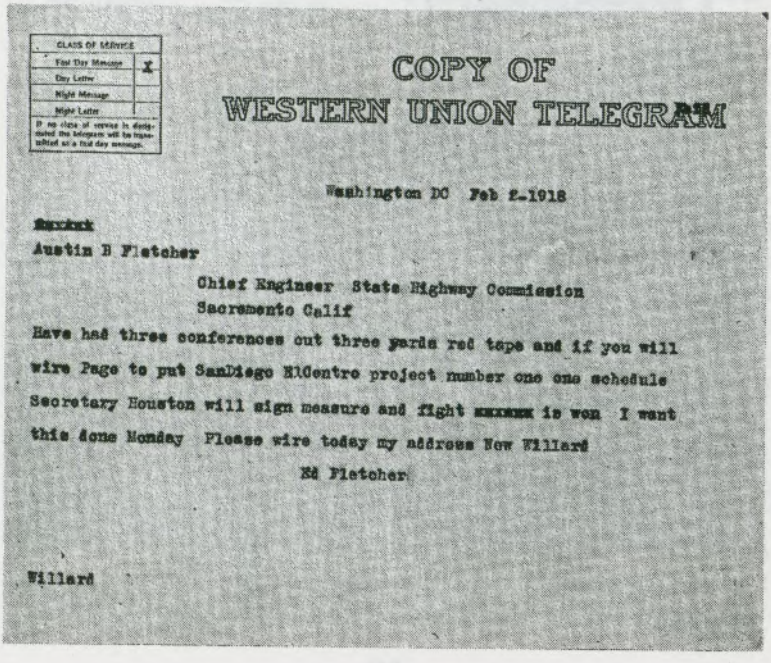
Very truly yours,

Don C. Bitler

DCB:m DON C. BITLER

Honorable "Barney" Baruch was Chairman of the War Production Board. I asked for the appropriation from the Government to build a paved road from Jacumba to the Summit in San Diego County, on the grounds that it was a war measure and a military necessity, only to find out that the proposed project from San Diego to El Centro was eighth on the state schedule. After a talk with the then Secretary of Agriculture D. F. Houston, I sent a telegram to A. B. Fletcher. Fletcher immediately granted my request, wired Washington, and I had the pleasure of receiving the pen with which Secretary Houston signed the first U. S. Government road appropriation to the State of California for the federal aid system.

From Tucson, Arizona, east, the national highway U. S. 80, at that time, extended via Benson to Bisbee and Douglas, thence to Lordsburg, New Mexico, which was approximately 96 miles longer than to go by Tucson, Benson, Willcox, to Lordsburg. We kept out of that local fight for some time until Douglas and Bisbee refused to cooperate with us, then San Diego joined in and contributed several thousands of



CLASS OF SERVICE

Fast Day Message	X
Day Letter	
Night Message	
Night Letter	

If no class of service is designated the telegram will be transmitted as a fast day message.

COPY OF
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

Washington DC Feb 2-1918

Austin B Fletcher

Chief Engineer State Highway Commission
Sacramento Calif

Have had three conferences cut three yards red tape and if you will wire Page to put SanDiego ElCentro project number one one schedule Secretary Houston will sign measure and fight is won I want this done Monday Please wire today my address New Willard

Ed Fletcher

Willard

dollars, with funds raised in Willcox, Tucson, Benson and San Diego, to make the short-cut with a graded road and culverts installed. This short-cut became a State Highway some years ago and is now hard-surfaced. San Diego, today, is the western terminus of the shortest paved highway, U. S. 80, across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific over the highways heretofore mentioned.

A few years later, Los Angeles got its wish. The road via Blythe to Phoenix was completed and San Diego welcomed it for it was a pleasure to go to Phoenix one way and come back another.

The trip that I shall never forget was our race against time, from San Diego to Savannah, Georgia, October 20 to 23, 1926, under the auspices of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. At that time there was only about 5% of the highway hard surfaced between those two points. The 7% system had been created by Federal legislation, wherein the U. S. Government pays for half the cost of the highways. San Diego was fighting for a direct eastern national highway route and the first paved road from ocean to ocean. The directors of the Chamber of Commerce asked for publicity toward our demand for a national highway from San Diego to Savannah, Georgia.

With the approval of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and as Chairman of the State and National Committee at that time, I offered to make the run from San Diego to Savannah, Georgia and pay all expenses of the trip. I had settled up in full with Mr. Henshaw in the development of Henshaw Dam and the sale of its water system at a handsome profit and with all bills paid I felt well able to afford the expense. The Chamber of Commerce told me to go ahead with any plans I saw fit. I first studied the route. Following the Dixie Overland Highway (now U. S. 80) we'd go from San Diego to Phoenix (the Gila Bend-Casa Grande cutoff had not been built at that time), from Phoenix to Tucson, to Bisbee, and Douglas, Arizona, pass through Lordsburg and Deming, New Mexico, enter Texas near El Paso and turn northward at Kent so as to cross Texas via Ft. Worth and Dallas. Thereafter, the route led almost straight east, passing through Shreveport, La., Vicksburg, Miss., and Montgomery, Ala., entering Georgia

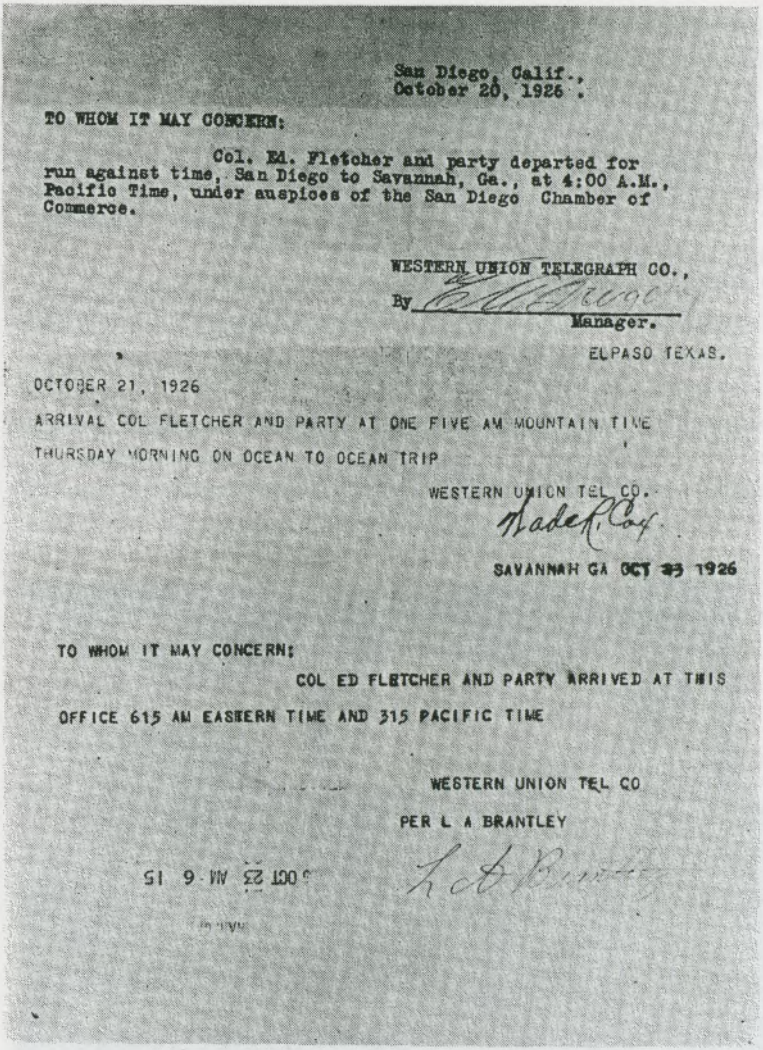
near Columbus and finally terminating at Savannah on the East Coast.

I first got permission through highway friends from each State, County and City authority en route to break every speed law they had. I then prepared a schedule of date and hour and minute of arrival at each point, taking with me Ed Fletcher, Jr., Milton Jackson, LaVerne Kingsbury and G. E. Graves, our mechanic.

Reading from the pamphlet later issued by the Chamber of Commerce giving an account of Col. Fletcher's Record-Breaking Transcontinental Trip, a synopsis of which is as follows:

"On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 19th, the day before we started, our friend, Dean Blake, U. S. Weather Bureau, reported that a cyclone was developing around Puerto Rico and would strike Savannah, Georgia, by Saturday noon; that we would get a slight touch of rain in New Mexico from a

This picture was taken in front of the Grant Hotel as we were leaving for a run to Phoenix and Tucson on national highway matters. It is mentioned in Monte Mansfield's article. Left to right: Mayor Bacon, Milton Jackson, William Gross, U. S. Grant, Jr., and your father.



San Diego, Calif.,
October 20, 1926.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Col. Ed. Fletcher and party departed for run against time, San Diego to Savannah, Ga., at 4:00 A.M., Pacific Time, under auspices of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.,
By _____
Manager.

ELPASO TEXAS.

OCTOBER 21, 1926

ARRIVAL COL FLETCHER AND PARTY AT ONE FIVE AM MOUNTAIN TIME THURSDAY MORNING ON OCEAN TO OCEAN TRIP

WESTERN UNION TEL CO.
Wade R. Coy

SAVANNAH GA OCT 23 1926

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

COL ED FLETCHER AND PARTY ARRIVED AT THIS OFFICE 615 AM EASTERN TIME AND 315 PACIFIC TIME

WESTERN UNION TEL CO
PER L A BRANTLEY

storm working south from British Columbia, but otherwise the weather would be clear.

"My son, Ed Fletcher, Jr., had dared me to make the race, and 'the old man' had to call him. We made the trip in our family car, a Cadillac sedan, which had been run 17,000 miles.

in Yuma at 7:55; our time, San Diego to Phoenix, was 8 hours and 2 minutes, averaging 50 miles an hour. A large crowd met us in Phoenix, but in ten minutes we were off for Tucson. The Tucson speed cops showed us the way in and out of Tucson. Sure enough we got caught in the cloudburst which washed out bridges between Bisbee and Douglas but they suggested going by way of Benson and Willcox to Lordsburg. It was my only hope to keep us from quitting. Tucson friends telephoned and four horses were made available—fortunately we succeeded in being pulled across the San Pedro River near Willcox.

"We met bad weather and country roads through New Mexico but 10 miles from El Paso, we received a signal from the El Paso motor cops that gave a welcome very much appreciated.

"Twenty-four hours after leaving San Diego we arrived at Kent, Texas. We drove all day through Texas, city officials from Fort Worth met us but we went through that city at 55 miles an hour. At 6:30 P.M. the Dallas motor cops led the way into our garage for re-fueling. The crowds were enormous. It was estimated 2500 were there to meet us. We had made the fastest time ever made from the Pacific Coast to Dallas. Several Darkies grabbed our car for re-fueling and three of them rushed us up an elevator for a shower and rub-down. A wonderful dinner awaited us below, but after a stop of 46 minutes and making a five minute talk to the enthusiastic crowd, we were again on our way for Shreveport, Louisiana. To our utter amazement 300 people were waiting for us in Shreveport at 1:15 A.M. Then the run of 205 miles over dirt roads through the swamps of Louisiana to Vicksburg. Ed Jr., riding behind, really saved our lives for in the darkness one of our boys fell asleep driving. I was asleep but Ed, Jr. grabbed the wheel just as we were going off the bank 15 feet into the swamps. The bank caved beneath us but the speed saved us. We arrived at Vicksburg at 7:55 and were delayed only five minutes for the ferry which took us across the Mississippi River, having beforehand made arrangement for same. A few moments stop at Jackson, a new guide, and we were off for Montgomery, Alabama, where we arrived at 6:25 P.M. Friday. A new guide showed up and we drove in two

hours and 20 minutes over dirt road to Columbus, Georgia, where a mob of several hundred people, with tremendous enthusiasm, welcomed our arrival. We still had 278 miles to go to Savannah. As predicted by the weather bureau the clouds had gathered and everything indicated rain. If the rains had come our situation would have been hopeless for the last 150 miles were clay roads. Thank heaven it did not rain until after we arrived in Savannah. Fifteen miles out we were stopped by the city officials of Savannah at 2:45 A.M. and motor cops showed us into Savannah where we arrived at 3:15 A.M., making the trip across the continent, including all stops, in 71 hours 15 minutes—the fastest time ever made across the continent up to that time, a distance of 2535 miles. We beat the national record, ocean to ocean, by 11 hours and 56 minutes; we beat the fast passenger train by 28 hours. Within four hours from the time we arrived in Savannah it commenced to rain and in 24 hours thereafter it rained 3.14 inches."

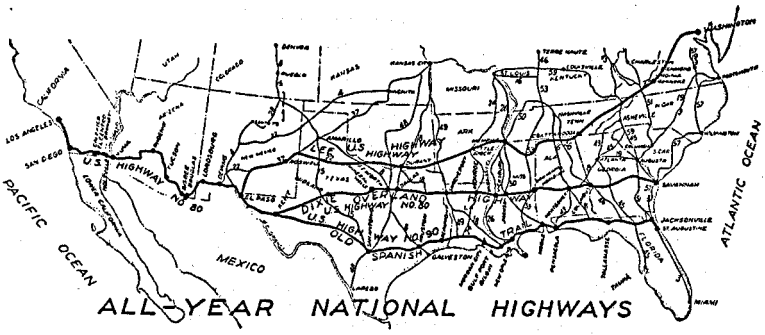
The trip made national publicity. After a twenty-four hour sleep we read our congratulatory telegrams. Among them was one from Tom MacDonald, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads in Washington, who in his telegram asked me to render a report of the trip as to route, conditions, our schedule and my recommendations. This I did and within two months thereafter, to my happy surprise, through the efforts of Mr. MacDonald, the route that we traveled from San Diego to Savannah, Georgia, was officially created U. S. Highway No. 80 and for many years I was President of the U. S. No. 80 Highway Association fighting for its early completion. U. S. No. 80 was the first highway completed from ocean to ocean with Federal and State aid.

I also received a telegram of congratulation from the Cadillac agency and asking that we deliver to them the car that made the record trip and in return they would give us a new seven-passenger Cadillac—naturally this was accepted.

We returned via U. S. No. 90, the Old Spanish Trail (of which I was vice-president), from St. Augustine, Florida, through Jacksonville, New Orleans, San Antonio and El Paso to San Diego. It was a remarkable home-coming trip with mass meetings at St. Augustine and Jacksonville, Florida.

One of Florida's U. S. Senators at that time was in charge of the meeting at Tallahasse, the Rotary Club at Mobile, the Mayor of New Orleans in New Orleans. One of our best meetings was at Houston, Texas, while Biloxi outdid itself.

We were all fighting for national highways. I want to pay special tribute to those who risked their lives and drove me on that trip—Ed Fletcher, Jr., Milton Jackson, La Verne Kingsbury and J. E. Graves. It was a remarkable crew, in high gear working for a record. We hit two pigs without stopping, and at 2 o'clock in the morning at 60 miles an hour ran around a Ford truck without lights. The Almighty was with us and we were happy to render what we thought was a public service.



There were three major associations sponsoring routes east from San Diego. The basic route is now known as U. S. 80 and runs from San Diego to Savannah, Georgia, via Dallas, Shreveport, Montgomery, and Columbus. The eastern half of this highway (from Kent, Texas, to Savannah) was known at that time as the Dixie Overland Highway. A more direct route to St. Augustine, Florida, was offered by the Old Spanish Trail (now U. S. 90). This highway that technically started at El Paso, ran east along U. S. 80 to Kent, Texas, then swung southward to pass through New Orleans and Houston before terminating in St. Augustine, Florida. I was Vice-President of the Old Spanish Trail. The Broadway of America Highway Association sponsored a route from San Diego to Washington and New York City. This route also used what is now U. S. 80 as far east as El Paso, then cut northward over the Lee Highway, via Roswell, New Mexico, Memphis, and Chattanooga, Tenn., and Roanoake, Va., before reaching its terminal cities.

CHAPTER XXI

SAN DIEGO'S FIGHT FOR NATIONAL HIGHWAY TRAVEL

As design experience bred reliability into automobiles and sturdier tires were produced, the range of family automobile trips steadily increased. Highway conditions plus the ability to get reliable advance road information became the determining factors in planning a vacation trip. Civic groups who were already aware of the value of train-borne tourist business now learned to think of it in terms of highway traffic. At that time, the Navy was San Diego's first source of income, tourist travel was second, and agriculture, third. Even as we realized the importance of having a widely publicized transcontinental highway terminate in San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco concentrated their efforts on alternative routes that would benefit their own respective communities.

The greatest highway convention of all times, in my experience, was the Broadway of America convention at Memphis, Tennessee, April 20 and 21st, 1923. As chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Highway Committee for many years, I had been advocating close cooperation with all responsible groups then working to build a trans-continental highway system, San Diego with U. S. 90, the old Spanish Trail, of which I was vice-president, operating from St. Augustine, Florida, to El Paso, Texas, via New Orleans and Houston, also, U. S. 80 from San Diego to Savannah, Georgia, via Dallas, Shreveport, Montgomery, and Columbus, as well as the Broadway of America Highway Association to Washington and New York, via Memphis. I had not received much financial support for some time from the Chamber of Commerce and the manager of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, Major T. C. Macaulay, was always found in opposition as far as taking any money from the Chamber of Commerce funds was concerned. In fact, he was of such a scrappy nature that I could not get along very well with him, and probably vice versa.

Anyway, when we received an invitation to the national convention I was determined to go and take as large a delegation as possible, motoring from San Diego. I was feeling well fixed financially, having sold one of our water systems, and when the San Diego Chamber of Commerce refused to pay any of the expenses of the trip, except to send a representative, I decided to go at it in a big way and pay the expenses of the trip myself. The result was that it cost me $3,700.00, but I never regretted a penny.

I admired Mayor Harry Clark and invited him and his wife as my guests for the thirty day trip. The City Council of San Diego would not appropriate the money for the expense. I also invited Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean as my guests. He was Commandant of the Eleventh Naval District in San Diego at that time and we had some time getting thirty days leave for him, but it finally came from Washington. Then I invited Dr. L. I. Hewes, San Francisco's U. S. Bureau Public Roads representative. He, too, had to get a permit from Washington. I also invited Mr. Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles Times. He could not accept, but sent a newspaper

Admiral J. S. McKean who, with his good wife, as guests, made the Motorcade trip to Memphis with us.

reporter of the Times. I also invited the Auto Club of Southern California to send representatives who were no other than my friends, C. E. McStay and Hal Hobson; also a Patrol Car of the club driven by Ben Clow who rendered real service. I coined the word "Motorcade" for the trip and 108 loyal San Diego citizens in 28 machines responded, paying their own expenses and furnishing their own cars.

The president of the Broadway of America was H. L. Birney, a prominent businessman of El Paso. I was, as vice-president, to be in charge of the Motorcade to El Paso, then turn it over to him from there to Memphis. Before we

Your dad took this picture of C. E. McStay, F. O. Mackey, Harry Clark and Hal Hobson.

left, I had printed the itinerary, "Broadway of America Motorcade, San Diego to Memphis."

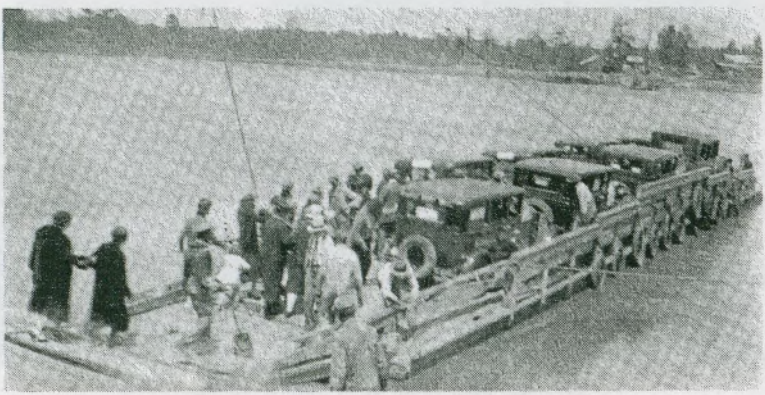
Two days before we left San Diego, I sent an automobile with newspaper reporters ahead to publicize the Motorcade. I also took along the famous Aeolian Male Quartet of San Diego as my guests.

The splendid voices and remarkable personality of these four men added much to the success of our Motorcade.

The newspaper reporters driving ahead extended the invitation in each town enroute to join the Motorcade and, with favorable publicity, the response was instantaneous. By the time we reached El Paso, we had over 150 cars and 654 accredited delegates. A small delegation from Phoenix started out to make the trip, but returned home after arriving at Douglas, Arizona.

A part of our Motorcade being fed a fish dinner enroute.

H. L. Birney, President, and your Dad, Vice-President, of the Broadway of America Highway Association.



The usual river to cross.

Our Aeolian Male Quartet from San Diego.

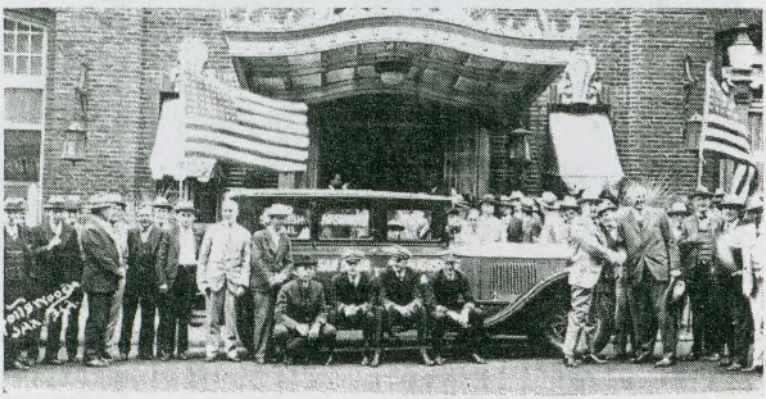
We certainly woke up El Paso, and, not to be out-done, President Birney arranged for and took a marvelous female quartette to join the Motorcade. I turned the management of the Motorcade over to the president at El Paso, but, after the first day, he handed it back to me.

A couple of hundred joined us at El Paso and, at Sulphur Springs, Texas, the Motorcade could not be accommodated for

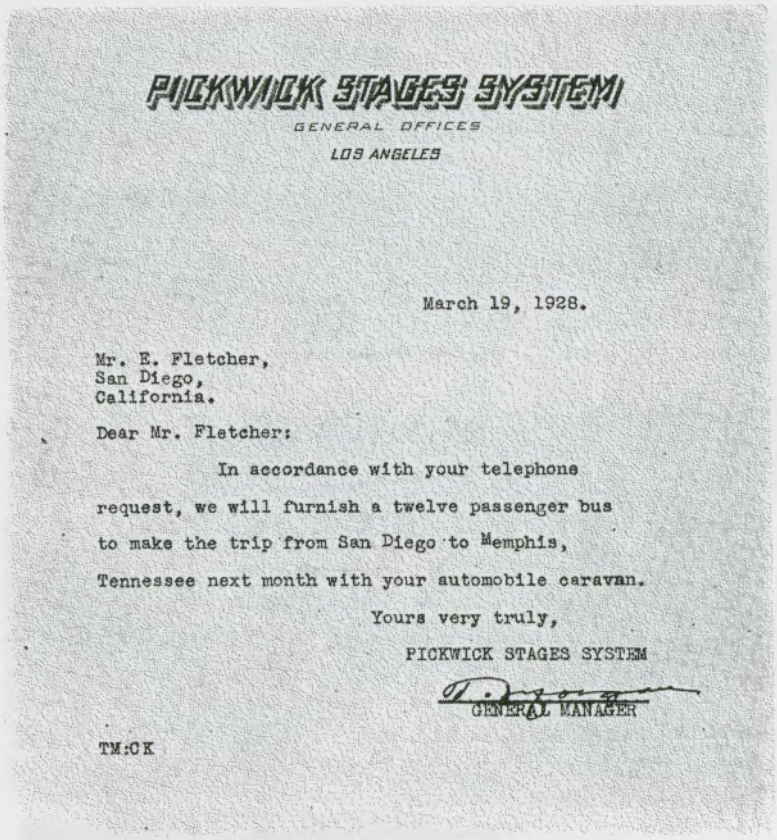
A forty-piece band joined us at Sulphur Springs, Texas, and made the trip to Memphis.

Greetings to the Motorcade.

Luncheon enroute to Memphis.



Our reception in Memphis.



PICKWICK STAGES SYSTEM

GENERAL OFFICES

LOS ANGELES

March 19, 1928.

Mr. E. Fletcher,
San Diego,
California.

Dear Mr. Fletcher:

In accordance with your telephone request, we will furnish a twelve passenger bus to make the trip from San Diego to Memphis, Tennessee next month with your automobile caravan.

Yours very truly,

PICKWICK STAGES SYSTEM

GENERAL MANAGER

TM:CK

The above is explanatory, but I put it in to show you the wonderful spirit in fighting for national highways. It took nearly a month to make the trip to Memphis and it must have cost the Pickwick Stages at least $2,000 to cover the expenses.

the night. So, 200 cars went to Breckenridge and held a meeting there, for we were holding meetings everywhere we stopped for the night. At Aberdeen, Texas, we met in an open meeting in the public square and the Mayor stated at that meeting that never, since Bryan ran for president, had there been such a vast number together at one time in that town. At Hot Springs, Arkansas, we had the Opera House filled to overflowing with over 5,000 people attending. I telegraphed

Harry Chandler of the Los Angeles Times and he came to Memphis by train and made a splendid address favoring national highways.

We would have arrived in Memphis on time, the day before the opening of the convention, but a terrific flood stalled us en route and we had to ship our cars and passengers by railroad, in order to attend the first session. The flood woke Memphis and the State up and they immediately found the necessary funds to build a highway bridge over the river. We landed in Memphis with 1,564 accredited delegates in our Motorcade. Enroute, from San Diego to Memphis, it was wildly enthusiastic, fighting for state and national highways.

A trainload of 200 people came down from Chattanooga to attend the convention and urge the Broadway of America Highway to be routed through Chattanooga instead of Nashville, but we turned them down as Chattanooga was not on the main route to Washington.

There were nearly 3,300 delegates to that convention, lasting two days. Of course, the convention got much national pub-

Taken enroute to Memphis.

Standing, left to right: Our chauffeur on the trip, your Dad, Admiral McKean, your Mother, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. McKean, Mayor Clark, and that unforgettable man, Forrest Warren, a newspaper man who rendered invaluable service.

licity and I am sure it did more than any other individual thing, except favorable action by Congress, to carry on the good work of completing the construction of our national highways. U. S. 80 from Savannah, Georgia, to San Diego, was the first national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific to be completed.

Admiral McKean and Mayor Clark outdid themselves in representing San Diego at all the meetings. I want to give credit to all of those from San Diego who made the trip and gave invaluable service.

Admiral McKean, beloved by all, speaking for national highways.

We motored home via Vicksburg and over U. S. 80 to Midland. We had a remarkable meeting at Shreveport, Louisiana, where the radio was put to our disposal, and again in Dallas, Texas. From Midland, we went to Carlsbad Caverns, a side trip. The party entered the cavern at 2:00 p.m., walking down and climbing up the 1,000 or more steps, coming out at 8:00 p.m., after walking 1½ to 2 miles through the caverns. The most remarkable thing was the singing of sacred songs by

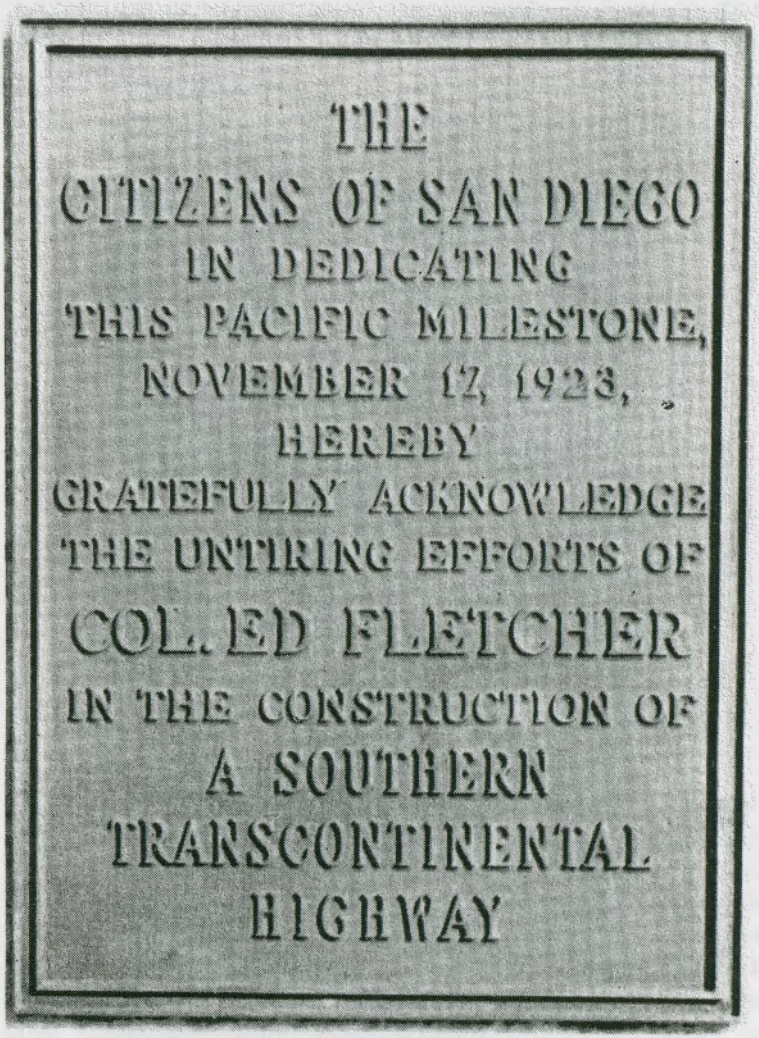
our Male Quartet. The discoverer of the caverns, Mr. White, was our guide. Immediately, thereafter, he made the arrangements and even today sacred songs are being sung there. Our Quartet was the inspiration.

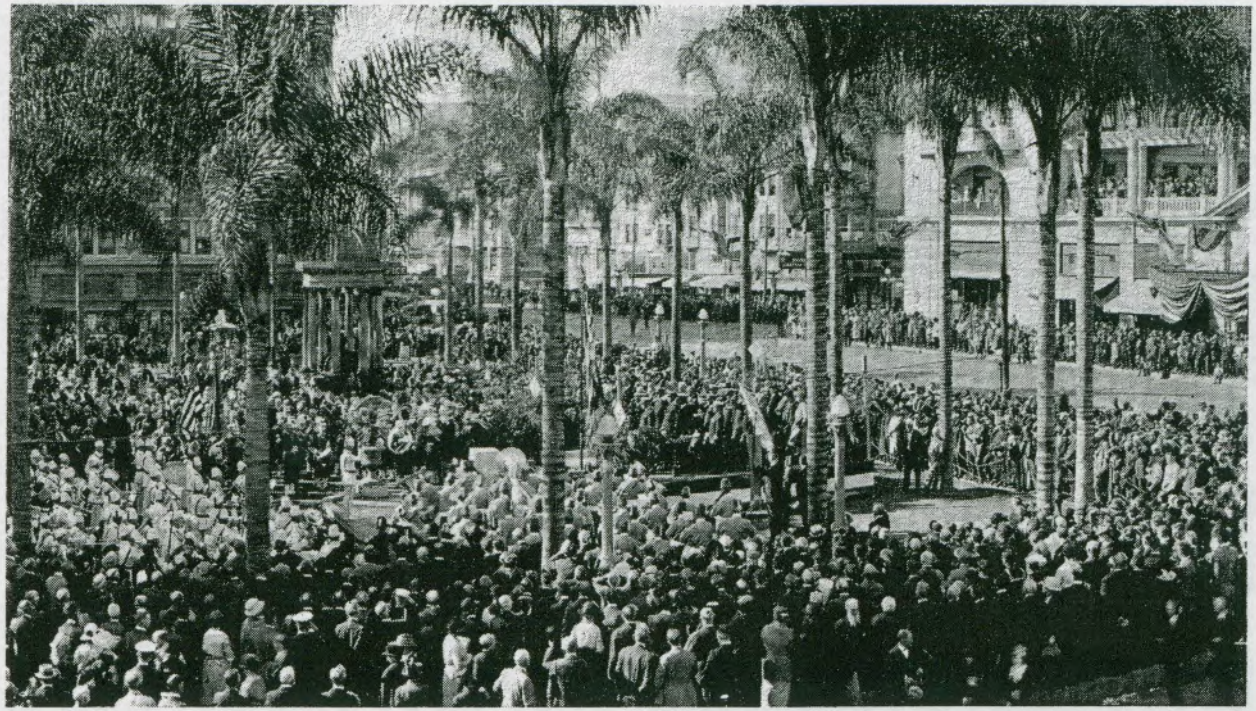
We arrived home after a month away, tired but all healthy and happy. Your father lost twenty pounds and your mother was of the greatest assistance and comfort on the trip.

In the east, one of the most active men in fighting for national highways and particularly the Lee Highway, Johnson had made San Diego the Pacific Terminus through his organization known as the Lee Highway. I had cooperated with the

Calvin Coolidge—Our beloved Yankee President.

Lee Highway in every way possible. In dedicating the Pacific milestone in San Diego, I read the message of President Coolidge. To my utter surprise and pleasure, I found on this marble monument and dedicated that day, the following complimentary bronze tablet. It is located in the Public Plaza opposite the U. S. Grant Hotel.





Dedication of the Pacific Milestone in the Plaza.

Mayor Bacon congratulating your father. In the foreground, William B. Gross, U. S. Grant, Jr., Admiral Robison, and Admiral Robertson, (reading right to left).

San Diego, naturally, was fighting for all the tourist travel possible, but, by the time the Los Angeles to Blythe and Phoenix highway was completed it furnished real competition. To illustrate, in 1923, the Government checked 8,497 cars coming west through Yuma. In 1933 it had increased to 104,292 cars. Coming west from Arizona through Blythe, in 1923, the cars numbered 17,108. In 1933, the cars numbered 38,427. With the paving of the new highway, immediately, in 1935, Blythe had 104,654 cars coming west into California while we had only 100,265 cars coming through Yuma.

From time to time, I had been urging the San Diego Chamber of Commerce to cooperate with the different Chambers of Commerce enroute over our national highways to divert tourist travel going and coming over U. S. 80 and other national highways affiliated with U. S. 80. I urged that a certain sum be pledged by each Chamber of Commerce across the continent to be used in the printing and free distribution of literature by Chambers of Commerce to garages and hotels

enroute. Also, the employment of a chap of personality who could be kept on the road, publicizing our national highways, attending Chamber of Commerce and Board of Supervisor and City Council meetings and keeping in touch with the different communities enroute, plugging for San Diego and vice versa. I also planned to issue an annual log book for each state, the purpose being to guide the tourists, not only on the highway, but giving him information of hotels, garages, etc. I had monthly pledges from nearly every Chamber of Commerce across the continent, but the San Diego Chamber of Commerce was not particularly interested and I was opposed by its manager, Major Macaulay.

By 1928, I made up my mind I was giving too much of my time to public work and felt hurt at the lack of cooperation from the Chamber of Commerce and the San Diego-California Club. Even the San Diego-California Club, a separate organization, was spending approximately 100,000 dollars a year for publicity in national magazines and newspapers, but their chairman would not cooperate with me financially and I could not get their cooperation, even though I showed them the record of the increased traffic from the east via Blythe direct to Los Angeles. The president of the San Diego-California Club had never been over our national highway, but I did get him out to one meeting at Yuma to try to interest him and convince him that we were slipping in our highway travel, but to no avail. So, on August 8, 1928, I addressed a letter to the Chamber of Commerce and the San Diego-California Club, which was published in the daily papers and which I felt was a warning.

Instead of taking this letter in the spirit in which it was written, they, particularly Major Macaulay, took offense and the Board of Directors of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce took no action.

I felt that my usefulness to the Chamber of Commerce was at an end and handed in my resignation. They put in my place an old friend of many years, Frank Forward, who has done remarkable work in carrying on, for which I am personally grateful. But, my prediction came true. Since 1935, the travel into California through Blythe has been greater than

COL. FLETCHER CHARGES LACK OF APPRECIATION BY CHAMBER FOR HIGHWAY POSSIBILITIES

Aug 8 1928

The chamber of commerce and the San Diego-California club lack appreciation of the value of transcontinental tourist travel by auto, Col. Ed Fletcher declared in a statement yesterday. As a result of this lack of appreciation, the majority of transcontinental tourists are going to Los Angeles instead of to San Diego, he said.

Here is Col. Fletcher's statement:

"San Diego is not paying enough attention to the value of transcontinental travel which we have, for 20 years, been trying to secure. Last year government inspected cars at the Yuma bridge coming west totaled 66,384 cars from eastern points containing 192,000 people coming to southern California through the Yuma gateway alone. More people than the Southern Pacific railroad brought through Yuma into California for the same length of time. This travel the last five years has shown an increase of 25 to 40 percent, yet by a check at Holtville we find more than 70 percent of this travel is diverted to Los Angeles direct, San Diego losing the business, although we can trade them 75 miles of mountain travel and 90 miles of coast travel as compared to the desert route. One wonders why this is so. The answer is plain. Lack of proper publicity and lack of appreciation of the value of this tourist travel by the chamber of commerce and the San Diego-California club.

"The San Diego-California club and the chamber of commerce had more than $150,000 to spend last year. Until last year less than $2000 yearly was spent to bring tourist travel to San Diego. Last year the chamber of commerce claimed it spent $5000 for this purpose. The three months' record shows that more than 50 percent of those coming to California were intending settlers.

SUGGESTS NEW SCHEME

"Instead of spending our publicity money in advertising in the Los Angeles papers and eastern magazines, I believe that $25,000 a year should be spent getting in personal touch with the Broadway of America chamber of commerce organizations, San Diego to New York, the Dixie highway, United States highway No. 80 from Savannah, Ga., to San Diego, United States highway No. 90, the Old Spanish Trail from St. Augstine, Fla., via New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio to El Paso. They are all anxious to join in with us in printing bulletins and broadcasting literature of different kinds. They are all progressive and desirous of connecting up with California at the earliest possible moment with a hard surfaced highway.

"Since our trip to Memphis more than $12,000,000 has been appropriated to assist in paving the Broadway of America. At Vicksburg a $5,000,000 bridge is being built across the Mississippi and more than $8,000,000 this last year has been appropriated for U. S. Highway No. 80. More than $75,000,000 has been spent the last five years bridging Mobile bay for three miles, building a 26-mile concrete seawall 18 feet high between Biloxi and Gulf Port with a 36-foot highway in back of the seawall. Twenty odd miles of lagoons and rivers have been bridged in Louisiana. The playground of America six months of the year from Florida to San Antonio, Tex., will produce tremendous business for California as it will soon be open for travel every day of the year with hard-surfaced road.

"We should have and distribute thousands of pieces of cheap literature along these three routes and furnish same to every chamber of commerce between here an Seattle. Transcontinental travel is increasing 25 percent a year. Let us educate the whole country and get this remarkable tourist travel which comes into California, Oregon and Washington during the spring, summer and fall months

passing east in the winter through San Diego and vice versa. We have the only route that is open every day of the year for travel, not blocked with snow and I do feel that we should pay more attention to securing this transcontinental business than we have in the past.

OTHERS GET MONEY

"In California last year our agricultural products brought in the most money. The tourists' $130,000,000 left in California for the year 1927, was our largest source of revenue. Canada brags of receiving $260,000,000 last year income from the tourist travel. Europe took in four times as much money from the American tourists as she paid the United States on her war debt.

"The tourist travel will build up the whole community, benefit materially the business men of San Diego and the little town of Yuma brags of the fact that the tourists leave it $2000 to $3000 a day.

"The Los Angeles city council gave $100,000 this year to be spent for encouraging tourist travel alone. Los Angeles county spent more than $1,000,000 last year for this identical purpose.

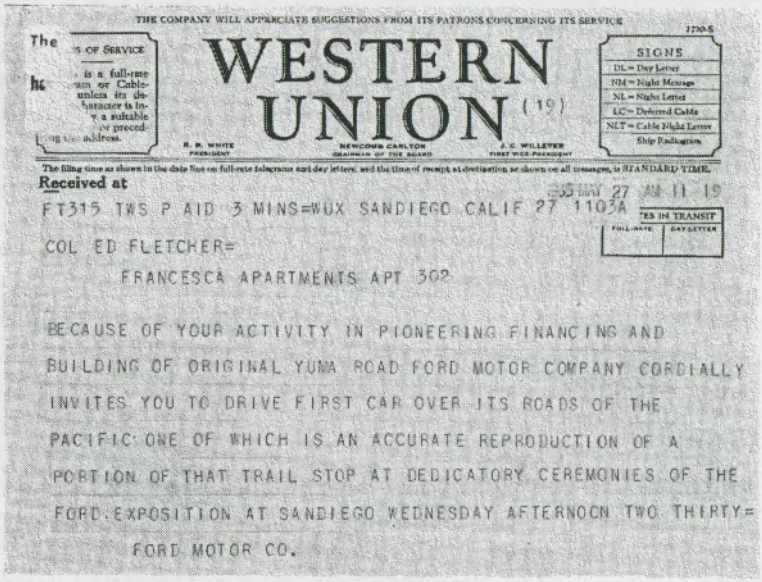
"I believe the chamber of commerce should have a paid secretary whose duty alone is to encourage this national travel, make goodwill trips at least twice a year spreading the gospel, distributing literature, making friends over San Diego's four most important national highways. For 20 years we have worked hard, blasting our way through mountains, planking the desert, helping to build the Yuma bridge, getting national recognition, and I dislike at this stage of the game to fall down on our national highway aspirations."

through Yuma into Imperial County and San Diego, increasing each year. In 1945, Blythe had 176,095 cars against Yuma's 113,410 cars. While in 1949, Blythe had 246,045 cars as against Yuma's 182,128. From Lordsburg or Tucson coming west it is only thirty or forty miles shorter to go by way of Phoenix to Los Angeles, as compared to coming via Yuma and San Diego to Los Angeles. By coming via Yuma and San Diego, you have about 100 miles or more less desert travel in California and over 100 miles of coast travel to enjoy from San Diego to Los Angeles, assuming that the point of destination is Los Angeles. Something should be done today to divert that travel via San Diego, but that is someone else's job.

In closing this chapter, I have some happy memories fighting with others for highways that would benefit San Diego and Imperial County. I well remember one Sunday in 1910 meeting with a delegation of San Diego County and Imperial County citizens in an attempt to build a highway down the San Felipe Canyon from Warner Ranch to Brawley. We deflated our tires and went down the river bed, holding a meeting at the Narrows on the desert. With me on the trip was Major-General Kuhn, M. T. Gilmore, and Joe Foster, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors. I remember that B. C. Wolford, from Escondido, brought a delegation from Escondido. Imperial Assemblyman Frank Beal brought a delegation from Brawley. Standing on an automobile I raised

over $3,500.00 in donations to commence the good work. The first road built, we constructed. William G. Henshaw furnished the road equipment. His Superintendent, James A. Ream, oversaw the work, building the road down the Grape-Vine Canyon to the Imperial Valley Line via San Felipe. Imperial Valley hooked up with us and built their own road to Kane Springs. Later the highway was built by the Board of Supervisors from San Felipe Valley down the Sentenac Canyon. We abandoned the Grape-Vine Canyon road, and the road built by the County at that time has been paved, giving Borrego Valley a splendid outlet both to San Diego and Imperial Valley.

Another time, around 1912 or 13, with Supervisor Joe Foster, M. T. Gilmore, and one or two others, at the invitation of the Niland Highway C. of C. Committee, we held a meeting at Chuckawalla Wells with Imperial Valley and Pala Verde Valley friends to start the construction of a road from Niland to Blythe. We raised something like $4,000.00 for that purpose by private subscription and graded a dirt road which was traveled for several years, then closed, but it will surely come. A paved road directly connecting the two valleys.



THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

WESTERN UNION (19)

SIGNS
DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

FT315 TWS P AID 3 MINS=WUX SANDIEGO CALIF 27 1103A

COL ED FLETCHER=

FRANCESCA APARTMENTS APT 302

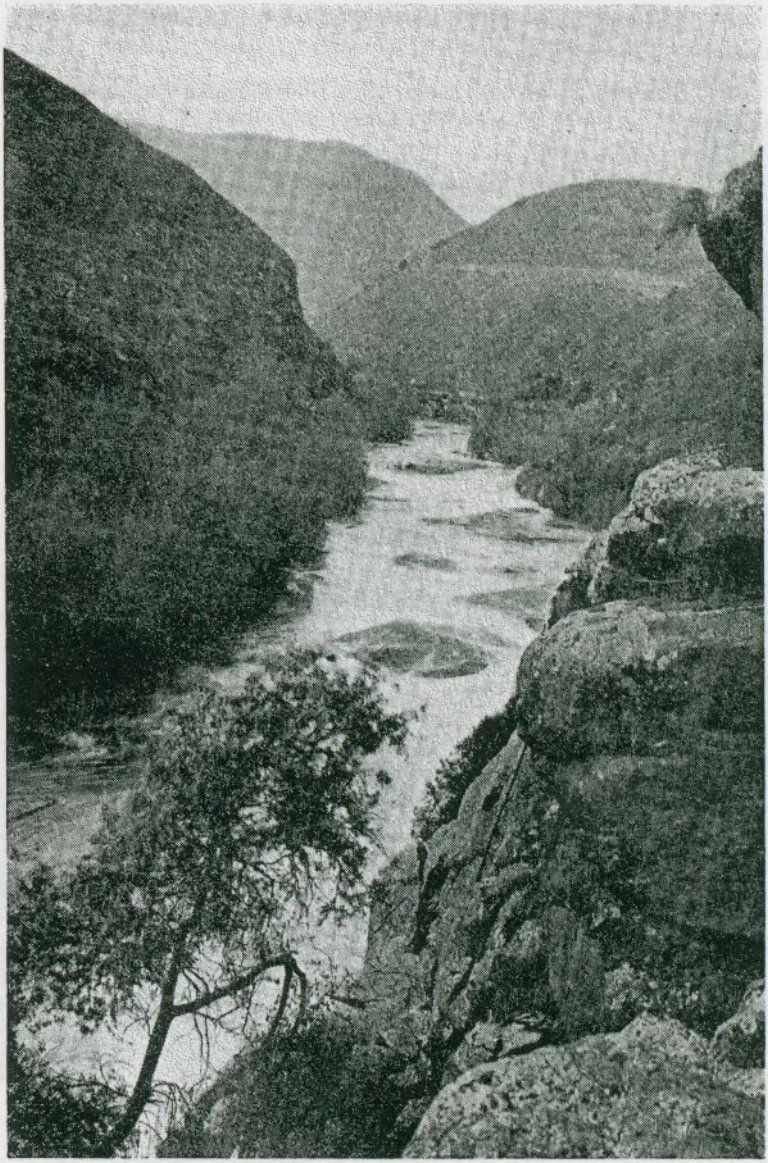
BECAUSE OF YOUR ACTIVITY IN PIONEERING FINANCING AND BUILDING OF ORIGINAL YUMA ROAD FORD MOTOR COMPANY CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO DRIVE FIRST CAR OVER ITS ROADS OF THE PACIFIC ONE OF WHICH IS AN ACCURATE REPRODUCTION OF A PORTION OF THAT TRAIL STOP AT DEDICATORY CEREMONIES OF THE FORD EXPOSITION AT SANDIEGO WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON TWO THIRTY=

FORD MOTOR CO.

My highway promotion days are over, but they have been some of the happiest days of my life in public service.

My promotion of the sand hills plank road some way interested the Ford Motor Company with the result that during the 1935-36 exposition in Balboa Park, San Diego, the Ford Motor Company, at their own expense, went over and collected several hundred feet of the plank road and used it as an exhibit in the exposition. Shown here is a photostatic copy of the telegram they sent me, as well as the photograph they gave me. I had the pleasure of taking the first ride over our plank road in the Ford Exhibit in Balboa Park as guest of honor on Fletcher Day.

Your Dad as guest of the Ford Motor Company for the day.



Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3, approximately two miles above San Diego Mission and owned by the Ed Fletcher Company since 1914.

CHAPTER XXII

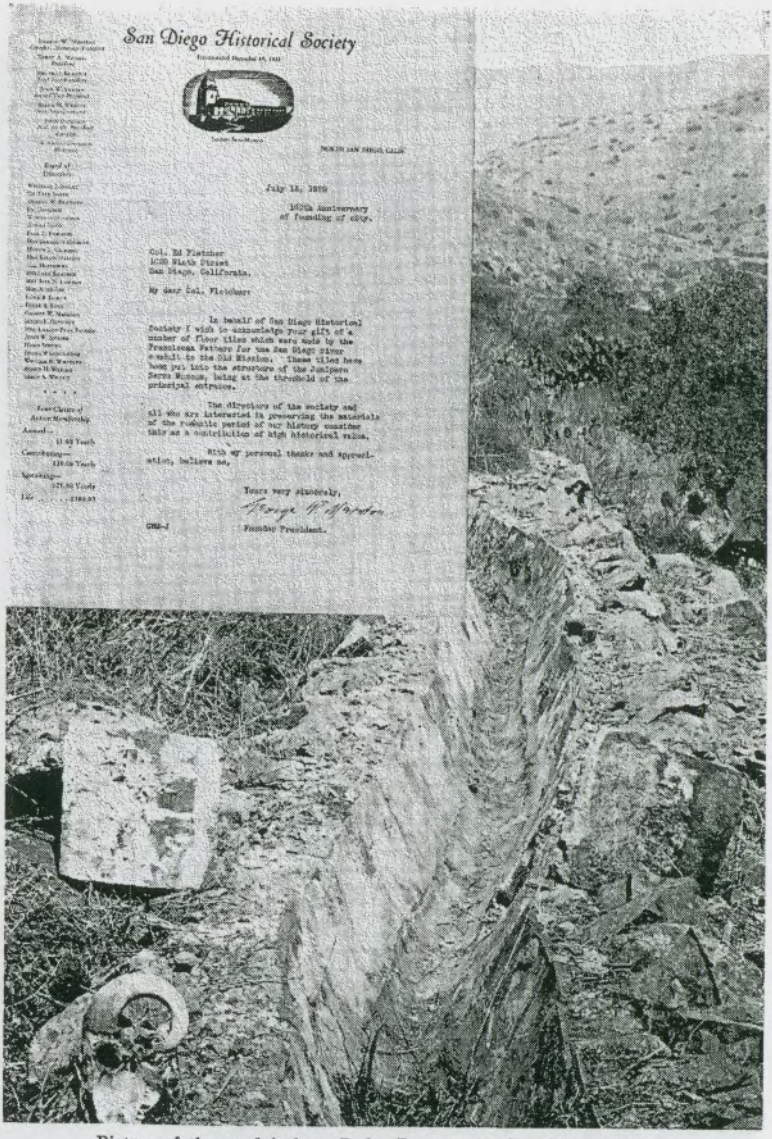
MISSION GORGE DAMSITE NO. 3

East of the San Diego Mission, up the San Diego River, there are three damsites. Number 1 is the small, so-called Padre Dam, about four miles from the Mission, built by the Mission Fathers about 1772. The diverted water went by gravity to the San Diego Mission, the conduit being made of tile. The tile is of remarkable durability. I have been reliably informed that the clay came from our property in Fletcher Hills where the excavation still exists. As I will later explain, I purchased a mile and a half of this canyon and the tile was in perfect condition on our property. At the request of George W. Marston, I furnished a number of these tiles to the San Diego Historical Society.

Our Hydrographer for many years, F. E. Green, has written a remarkable historical publication on the history of Padre Dam, so I will not dwell on that.

Mission Gorge Damsite, so-called, Number 2, was recommended by Hiram N. Savage, San Diego's Hydraulic Engineer. It is located about a half mile below the Padre Dam. If built, it would flood 3,000 to 4,000 acres of splendid, tillable land in El Cajon Valley, including a large portion of the Fanita Ranch, the town of Santee and flood out nearly 100 homes, furnish an evaporation pan with the resultant loss of over a million gallons water net safe yield per day. This water would be saved by building, instead, Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3, located a mile below Site No. 2 and 2 miles above the San Diego Mission in a narrow gorge, which we own, together with several hundred acres of land flooded.

I acquired the lands, approximately 800 acres, and discovered Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3 in a very peculiar way. One day, in 1914, I received a telephone call from Joe Sefton, President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank. He said, "Hello, Ed, I have just foreclosed and taken in 800 odd acres of land close to town. It stands us $8,000.00. I will sell it to you for nothing down and give you eight years to pay for it with 6% interest."



San Diego Historical Society

July 15, 1929

Col. Ed Fletcher
1620 Ninth Street
San Diego, California.

My dear Col. Fletcher:

In behalf of San Diego Historical Society I wish to acknowledge your gift of a number of floor tiles which were made by the Franciscan Fathers for the San Diego Mission exhibit to the Old Mission. These tiles have been put into the structure of the Junipero Serra Museum, being at the threshold of the principal entrance.

The directors of the society and all who are interested in preserving the materials of the romantic period of our history consider this as a contribution of high historical value.

With my personal thanks and appreciation, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

George W. Marston

GWM-J

President.

Picture of the conduit from Padre Dam to the San Diego Mission through Mission Gorge on our property a few years ago. Built in 1773. Some of the conduit is still there.

That was a challenge!

He sent me out with a representative to see the property

and the first thing I saw was the possibility of building a dam in Mission Gorge. I accepted his offer immediately and assumed the obligation.

Mission Gorge Damsite Number 2 consisted of approximately 40 acres which the city purchased on the advice of Mr. Savage. Twice, on Mr. Savage's recommendation, the City of San Diego voted on the question of spending three or four million dollars to build a gravity arch dam at No. 2 site. It takes a two-thirds majority to carry a bond election. The bonds only carried by a narrow majority. Persistent, Mr. Savage recommended another election and the opposition was so great it did not even get a majority vote.

In the meantime, we voted bonds for the building of El Capitan Dam and San Vicente Dam on the upper reaches of the San Diego River, leaving approximately 90 square miles of San Diego River watershed below San Vicente and El Capitan that would be impounded by the building of Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3, with a net safe yield of approximately 4,000,000 gallons daily. Otay Dam, owned by San Diego, the only comparative water shed area, has 98 square miles and a net safe yield from its own water shed of 3.8 million gallons daily. So, you see, a very valuable water supply, the closest to the city and the cheapest in cost of any water that comes from any dam that has been built by the city, per 100 cubic feet, will be conserved if Mission Gorge Dam Number 3 is built.

For nearly forty years, the question of where Mission Gorge Dam should be built has been in dispute. The State Engineer of California recommended the building of Mission Gorge Number 2 and the recommendation of the State authorities had every publicity before each election, yet, it was thumbs down in locating the dam at Mission Gorge Number 2, recommended by Savage.

Both Savage and the State authorities recommended a gravity arch type of dam at Mission Gorge Number 2 and figured, by comparison, a gravity arch type at Mission Gorge Number 3. In comparing costs, this is ridiculous. Mission Gorge Number 3 is an ideal site for either a constant angle, Jorgensen type of dam, or Eastwood multiple arch type, and we had

definite bids from the nationally known and responsible contractors, Bent Brothers and others, that either of those types of dams could be built for one-half to two-thirds the cost of building a gravity arch type of dam in Mission Gorge Number 3.

Savage fought any construction of a multiple arch type like our Murray Dam or Lake Hodges and San Dieguito Dams. Our engineer was Lars Jorgensen, the originator of the constant angle type. We had plans and specifications made for a constant angle type and the following letter to the Water Committee of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, from Bent Bros., under date of March 12, 1931, reads as follows:

"Gentlemen:

"In 1921 I made estimates of cost of two types of dams at Mission Gorge No. 3, known as the lower site. I have personally investigated this site today again and after examining the surveys, cross sections, core drillings records, etc., I am convinced that Mission Gorge No. 3 is the ideal site for a single arch type of dam similar to the Pacoima Dam, the highest dam in the world and built by our firm.

"There is now under construction the same type of dam, 443 feet in height, on the Drag River in Switzerland.

"We have rechecked our estimates on the basis of today's cost of materials and we are willing to take a contract to build Mission Gorge No. 3 dam as follows:

115,000 yards of concrete in place at $7.50 a yard	$862,500.00
20,000 yards of excavation at $2.85 per yard	57,000.00
Construction of spillway independent of dam on south side, estimate cost	60,000.00
TOTAL COST	$979,500.00

"This covers the cost of a dam in Mission Gorge No. 3, 230 feet in height with a spillway entirely independent of the dam.

"I have never seen a more ideal site for the location of a dam, of this type. The core drillings show splendid bed

rock and I hope some day to have the privilege of building same.

Sincerely yours,
BENT BROTHERS
By Stanley Bent."

I, also, employed the noted engineer, John S. Eastwood, who originated the multiple arch type of dam and built 15 or 20 multiple arch dams on the Pacific Coast. It was he who was our engineer and designed and built the multiple arch type Lake Hodges Dam, San Dieguito Dam, and Murray Dam, all of which are functioning 100% in San Diego County today.

The following is a letter of June 6, 1920, sent to me by Mr. Eastwood.

"Dear Col. Ed:

"In the matter of the Mission Gorge Dam No. 3: in your letter of May 27th you asked me to get up an estimate based on revised plans, so as soon as I got the word, went at it hammer and tongs, and have out the quantities and an estimate based on these new quantities.

"There were quite a number of matters of design that had to be determined before I got to the matter of taking off the quantities, but find that the new design will mean a reduction in the amount of concrete required of 14% of that given in my estimate to you about a year ago.

"The dam to the 330 ft. contour will have a set of siphons in the end arch, and will store water to the 330 ft. contour.

"The total concrete will be 38,160 cu. yards, which is estimated at an over-all cost of $12.00 per cubic yard, or $577,920.00 as the cost of the dam complete.

"These quantities and consequent costs may vary either way a small amount, but is a very close figure.

"Trusting that the above is what you want in this preliminary stage, and will meet your present requirements, I am

Yours,
JOHN S. EASTWOOD."

I also enclose copy of letter from Bent Brothers (who built

Henshaw Dam and Lake Hodges Dam for us) under date of April 18, 1921:

"Dear Colonel Fletcher:

"Replying to your inquiry of April 7th, our estimates on your proposed dam on the San Diego River, 1½ miles above the old Mission, are as follows:

Multiple arch type 1:2:4 re-inforced concrete per cubic yard	$18.00
Plain 1:2½:5 concrete per cubic yard	$13.50

On the Jorgensen constant angle type—$10.00 per cu. yard for all concrete.

"These prices are based on your statement that there is sufficient satisfactory sand at the dam site, also sufficient water for construction purposes, and suitable rock adjacent to the dam which can be quarried and crushed for concrete. Also that there is approximately 41,000 cu. yards in the Jorgensen type.

"The above prices are for concrete only and do not include excavation.

Yours very truly,
BENT BROTHERS
Signed H. STANLEY BENT."

On the basis of Bent Brothers bid, Mission Gorge Number 3 Dam, complete, would have cost approximately $600,000.00, if built at that time. Lake Hodges Dam cost us approximately $400,000.00, including engineering and Murray Dam cost $108,000.00, including engineering. The above definite offer of Bent Brothers to build a constant angle type of dam 230 feet high in Mission Gorge Number 3 for $979,500.00 or a multiple arch type for approximately $600,000.00, of course, does not apply today. I am convinced that a multiple arch type of dam, including the cost of all reservoir lands flooded, can, today in 1950, be built for $1,700,000.00, as per Mr. Eastwood's plans and specifications, or the constant angle type by Jorgensen as per plans and specifications for approximately $2,500,000.00, yet the State of California, in its bulletin number 55, says that the cost to build Mission Number 3 will be $5,241,900.00, all because the State demands a gravity arch type of dam. Engineers of the old school will not recognize

the higher factors of safety which science has produced and demonstrated in the multiple arch and constant angle type of dam so well fitted to that location at Mission Number 3. No one questions bed rock there. We have core drilled for bed rock and found it satisfactory to every engineer, including the State. We hired that noted engineer, M. M. O'Shaughnessy, Chief Engineer of San Francisco, to make an impartial investigation of the relative merits for the construction of a dam at Mission Gorge Number 2 or 3 or El Capitan.

I cannot refrain from quoting a portion of the letter I received from O'Shaughnessy on February 28, 1922:

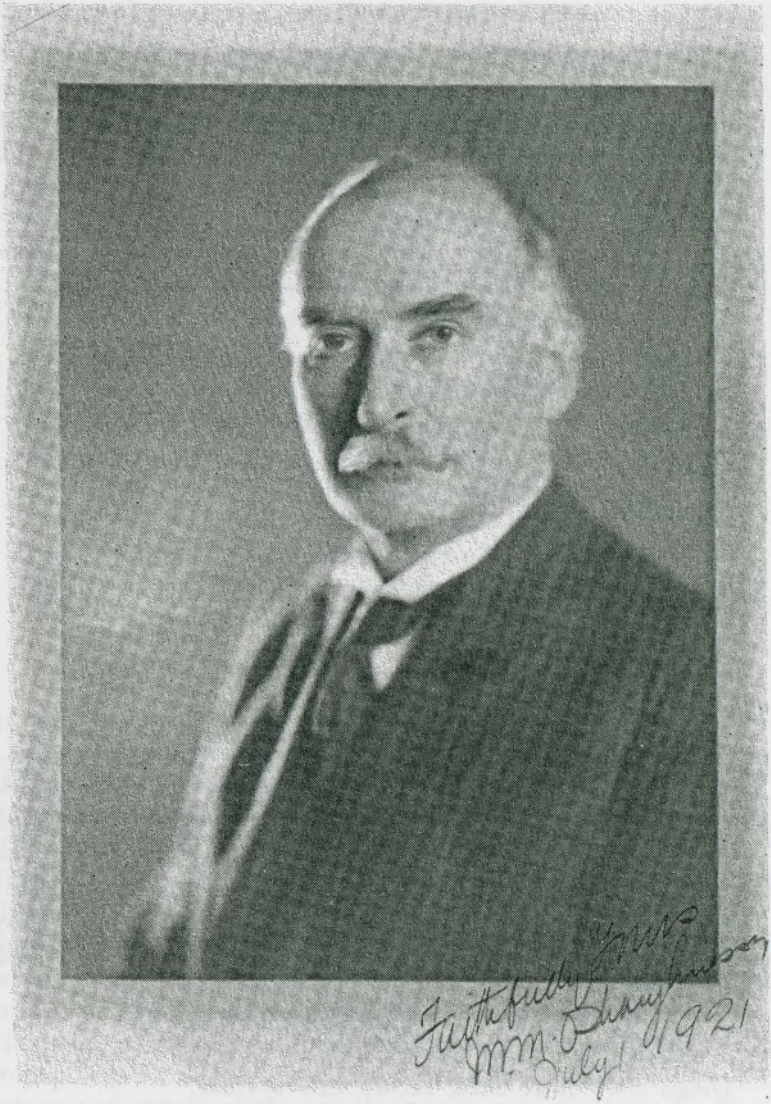
> "I have a full realization and appreciation of all you have done for the betterment of water supply in San Diego County against superhuman obstacles that would discourage any other man and I am sure you know that I sincerely sympathize with you in your efforts in this direction. I believe you also know that one of the first objectives of an engineer should be to save money for his client while building a thoroughly safe structure.
>
> Very truly yours,
> M. M. O'Shaughnessy."

To give you some idea of the feeling of the intensity of the water fight, I call your attention to Resolution Number 28526 of the San Diego City Council, passed on December 4, 1922, asking the Board of Water Commissioners of San Diego to make any recommendations and suggestions concerning the development of additional water for the use of the City of San Diego. A part of their official report, after a two year study with the help of their engineers, contains the following statement:

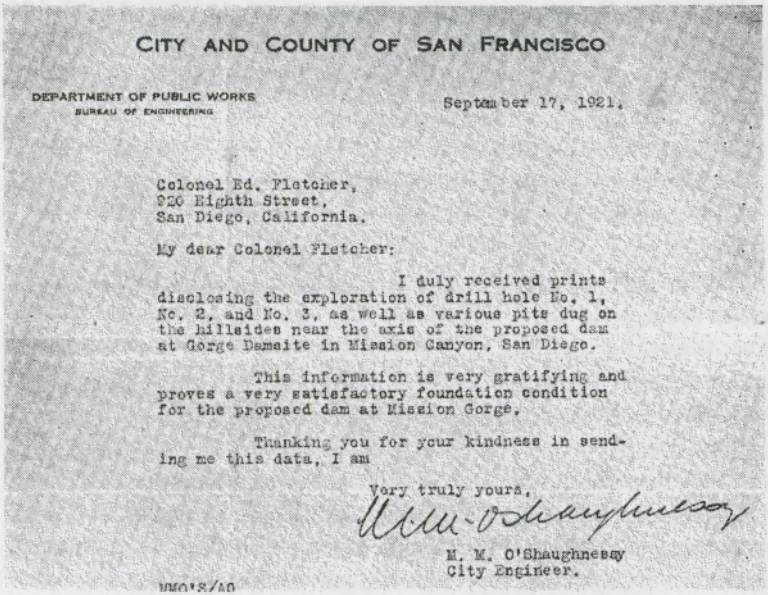
> "We consider the Cuyamaca System the key to the proper solving of the water problems of the City, and San Diego should, at once, secure this system."

Speaking of Mr. Savage's recommendation to the City, the report of the Water Commissioners states on Page 4:

> "We cannot agree with his recommendations that site Number 2 is the proper place for the Mission Gorge Dam. Within the past two years, five Hydraulic Engineers who stand high in their profession and led by Mr. O'Shaugh-



M. M. O'Shaughnessy, San Francisco's Chief Engineer, nationally known as one of the best Hydraulic Engineers of the West.



CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
BUREAU OF ENGINEERING

September 17, 1921.

Colonel Ed. Fletcher,
920 Eighth Street,
San Diego, California.

My dear Colonel Fletcher:

I duly received prints disclosing the exploration of drill hole No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, as well as various pits dug on the hillsides near the axis of the proposed dam at Gorge Damsite in Mission Canyon, San Diego.

This information is very gratifying and proves a very satisfactory foundation condition for the proposed dam at Mission Gorge.

Thanking you for your kindness in sending me this data, I am

Very truly yours,

M. M. O'Shaughnessy
City Engineer.

MMO'S/AD

nessy who probably stands at the head of the profession in the United States have passed on the proper location of a dam in the Mission Gorge and all of them have given it as their opinion that site Number 3 is the place for such a dam. After looking this matter over carefully, we have come to the conclusion that these engineers are correct and if a dam is built in the Mission Gorge, the proper place for it is at Site No. 3."

From Page 9, I quote:

"We recommend that immediate steps be taken by the City of San Diego to purchase or condemn dam site number 3 in Mission Gorge. We estimate Mission Gorge Number 3 will produce a net safe yield of 4.3 million gallons per day at a cost of about 7c per thousand gallons."

Again, from Page 10, I quote:

"We further recommend that you immediately instruct our City Attorney to hold in abeyance further active prosecution of any suits against the Cuyamaca Water Company until it is determined, by you, whether or not the city shall acquire their properties by negotiation or otherwise."

Referring to the complete report which recommended the acquisition of the Cuyacama Water System, the building of Mission Gorge Dam Number 3, and the acquisition and building of Sutherland Dam, the report, on Page 9, further says:

"The full completion of the development as recommended above would add to the present supply of the City a storage capacity of approximately 58 billion gallons of water, at a cost of about $6,000,000.00."

The report states that the Sutherland Dam would produce a net safe yield of 9 billion gallons per day at a cost of 5½c per thousand gallons, while the purchase of the Cuyamaca System, developed, would produce a net safe yield of approximately 11 million gallons.

Finally, the report ends with the following statement:

"While the powers of the Water Commission are limited in the handling of water problems for the City, we believe that the people of San Diego will hold your Honorable Body and the Water Commission jointly responsible for the correct solution at this time of their water problems. This is the most critical period in the City's history in water development and the correct solution of these problems means more than at any time since the City has been attempting to solve them.

"The estimates given in these recommendations are based on data furnished by Hydraulic Engineers of recognized ability and integrity and are assumed to be reliable and correct.

"In closing, we wish to thank you for the courteous treatment accorded our Commission, and for the opportunity given us to make recommendations.

"You now have an opportunity to correct the deplorable conditions that exist in the water situation caused from mistakes heretofore made, and to put into effect a constructive, well directed plan of real water development adequate for a city of 300,000 inhabitants, and which would be a credit to all the members of your Honorable Body. You will have the full and harmonious support of the Water Commission in such a program, and we believe the full support of all our people.

"Assuring you of our best personal regards, and trusting our recommendations will be of assistance to you in the water development of this City, we remain,

FREDERICK M. WHITE,
CHAS. T. CHANDLER,
Board of Water Commissioners.

San Diego, California.
Dated December 29, 1922."

The day after this report was filed with the City Council, Mayor Bacon discharged the Commissioners without a word of compliment for their two years of service or without a thank you. Julius Wangenheim, one of our best citizens, was a member of this Commission and was sympathetic with the report of the Commission, but resigned before the Commission's report was finally issued. Mayor Bacon was strongly in favor of Mission Gorge Number 2, a strong supporter of Mr. Savage, and soon, thereafter, the citizens of San Diego, twice, turned thumbs down on the construction of the Mission Gorge Number 2 Damsite.

FROM THE UNION JAN. 5, 1923
—Charging that Frederick W. White and Charles T. Chandler had wilfully disregarded their duties as water commissioners, Mayor John L. Bacon yesterday summarily removed them from office.

I told the City Council of San Diego in 1949, at an open hearing, that I did not believe Mission Gorge Dam Number 3 would be built during my lifetime, but, I am telling you children, it will surely come, for the following reasons:

It is water we wish to conserve—the greatest amount possible. There are eight or ten square miles of watershed below Mission Damsite Number 2 and above Mission Damsite Number 3 that will be saved, with 800 to 1,000 acres less evaporation surface. If Number 3 is built, altogether, over a million gallons per day net safe yield additional water would be saved as compared with No. 2. The water would be stored in a narrow canyon and two separate islands would be in Mission Number 3 Lake. Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3 is within less than a mile of the city limits of San Diego, today, 1950, and it is

Julius Wangenheim

For fifty years or more, until his passing, he was a true friend. First, I knew him as a competitor, Klauber Wangenheim Company, then a banker and President of the Southern Title and Trust Company. He was most active in civic affairs, a member of the San Diego Water Commission, a college graduate, a student, and one of the Regents of the University of California. We had many happy trips together. He was interested in water development and sympathetic with our plans. He was witty and humorous. I will never forget when he entertained us at Rancho Guajome when we had luncheon with Cave Couts. Again, the soulful expression in his eyes as my partner when we were playing Contract Bridge against Harry Timken and Frank Belcher for one-tenth of a cent a point. My playing was so poor that we lost heavily. He proved himself a real friend during the depression when I needed financial aid. The passing of Julius and his dear wife was a real loss to San Diego.

only a matter of time when the city will extend to the shores of the proposed Mission Damsite Number 3, making it one of the great features for pleasure for the city and our tourists.

Some criticism has been made that the water from Mission Gorge Number 3 would have to be pumped. This is not true, although, if necessary, it could be pumped at small expense as the El Capitan Pipe line extends through and would be flooded by the building of Mission Gorge Number 2 or 3. San Diego has a dual water system, the low level and the high. I have a copy of the letter of September 21, 1921, addressed to H. N. Savage, in which City Manager of Operations Rhodes states:

"In answer to your request of August 16, for an estimate of the percentage of present and prospective water consumption at the various levels in the city, I beg to submit the following:

Elevation above sea level	Percentage
100 feet	40%
150 feet	60%
200 feet	80%
250 feet	95%"

As the elevation above sea level with a dam built at Mission Gorge Number 3 would be 330 feet when full and as the lower level water system of the city only furnishes water to business and residence to the 200 foot level, only a few miles away it can readily be seen that fully two-thirds of the water from Mission Gorge Number 3, if built, would furnish the lower levels of the city near Old Town, by gravity, and the rest could be pumped, if needed, at slight expense.

The Water Resources Board of the State of California, with the Department of the Public Works, recently made a report, bulletin No. 55, still recommending the building of the dam at Mission Gorge Number 2, instead of Number 3. I wrote a letter of protest under date of February 13, 1950, as follows:

"Mr. C. H. Purcell
Director of Public Works
Sacramento, California
Friend Purcell:

"In reference to the report on the water problems of San

Former State Engineer, Ed Hyatt, on a visit to the Gulf of California and Sonora. One of the wildest trips I ever took. 'Nuff said!

Diego County as requested by the City of San Diego and recently made by the State Engineer and approved by you, enclosed find copies of my letters to the State Engineer, Ed Hyatt, and his replies—for your information.

"I am asking if there is any appeal or possibility of review—a grave mistake has been made, owing to the forcing of a gravity arch type of dam by comparison in Mission Gorge No. 2 and No. 3 and also changing the location of Mission No. 3, arbitrarily made by Mr. Van Etten.

"In my opinion the building of a multiple arch or constant angle type of dam at Mission No. 3 would very materially reduce the cost; the net safe yield would be increased, the surface evaporation losses reduced nearly 50%, the

County would get the benefit of taxes and farm produce from land that would be covered by the building of Mission Gorge Dam 2, and above all, one of the most beautiful natural lakes, impounded in canyons among beautiful hills, close to San Diego to make it a feature for tourist travel and pleasure, close by, for the residents of San Diego—by building Mission No. 2 the natural conditions would be nil by comparison.

"All I ask of you now is, if personally you will come to San Diego and give us a few hours of your time to inspect the sites on the ground before making any final decision in relation thereto. I ask that you keep an open mind.

"With kindest personal regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Ed Fletcher"

In writing my letter of protest to the State Engineer of California, under date of January 26, 1950, I stated as follows:

"Your report favors Mission Gorge Site No. 2 in spite of the fact that the people of San Diego twice rejected a proposed bond issue to build Mission Gorge Dam No. 2 and the last time it did not even get a majority vote.

"Your statement in effect that the City of San Diego approved your report as far as Mission Gorge No. 3 is concerned is an error. The following letter of October 25, 1949, from our City Manager Fred Rhodes of San Diego states:

'Dear Colonel Fletcher:

'Answering your letter to me personally of September 30 regarding improvement of the damsite in Mission Gorge by the City of San Diego, the City has made no move toward approving a dam at Mission Gorge site No. 2.

'You will remember that the City, as a whole, turned down the proposal to build on that damsite, at least twice. Although State Bulletins 48 and 55 recommend a dam at No. 2, it doesn't mean we have to build one there. I have personally been opposed to building a dam at Mission Gorge No. 2 since 1923. I am still of the opinion that for a dam in Mission Gorge, we

should build it at No. 3. I have so informed Mr. Hyatt and Mr. Van Etten.

'I do not believe that you should be perturbed about the matter. When it becomes necessary to acquire the land that will be flooded by the dam at Mission Gorge No. 2, it will probably be found it is so expensive that it would be much cheaper to go down into the gorge where there will be less land to be flooded, where the city already owns considerable of the property, where the evaporation losses will be considerably less and where the recreation facilities will be more desirable. So, don't be worrying about the 'prominent' people—just remember the 'prominent' people who fought El Capitan.

'I feel very sure that some day a dam will be built at Mission Gorge No. 3, which will be known as Fletcher Dam and the water behind it, Fletcher Lake, whether you give the damsite and flooded land to the City, or whether it is purchased by the City from your family.

'I am quite sure, however, that the City could not accept the gift with any conditions or reservations for the benefit of your family.

'The people of San Diego recognize you as the father of waters and will be happy to have the name of Ed Fletcher Dam on the bronze plaque.

Very sincerely,
FRED RHODES
City Manager."

The following is the answer of C. H. Purcell, Director of Public Works, under date of March 14, 1950:

"Dear Colonel Fletcher:

"Your letter of February 13, 1950, enclosing copies of your correspondence with Edward Hyatt regarding the relative merits of the Mission Gorge dam and reservoir sites Nos. 2 and 3, on the San Diego River is acknowledged.

"I have discussed the subject of the correspondence with representatives of the Division of Water Resources who have informed me that particular attention was given in

the Bulletin No. 55 investigation to determine the most economical site for the reservoir in Mission Gorge for conservation of waters of the San Diego River. These representatives state that the conclusions in the bulletin are based on sound engineering practice, taking into consideration proper design and estimates of costs, based on 1947 construction prices and 1947 appraisals of the lands and developments in the respective reservoir areas, and the conclusions are practically the same as those reached in the prior investigations, the results of which were published in Bulletin No. 48, in 1935.

"The City of San Diego was a cooperating agency in both investigations. The city officials carefully reviewed Bulletin No. 55 prior to its publication, and Mr. Fred A. Rhodes, City Manager, by letter dated June 15, 1949, concurred in the conclusions and recommendations contained therein. However, the final selection of a reservoir site in Mission Gorge for the development of the waters of the San Diego River is, of course, the responsibility of the City of San Diego.

"With reference to a review of Bulletin No. 55, it is believed that such review should be made either by the City or some agency other than the State. I regret that I am unable to make a definite commitment at this time to personally inspect the sites on the ground as you have requested.

Yours very truly
C. H. PURCELL
Director of Public Works."

This controversy between Mission Number 2 and 3 Damsites has been going on for thirty odd years. I want you children to carry on. I know that, if built, it is the cheapest water per thousand gallons San Diego ever has developed. It is ridiculous to put a gravity arch type of dam there for it will double the cost with less factors of safety as compared to a multiple arch or constant angle type of dam. By building Number 3, you will save 1500 acres of land in El Cajon Valley that will be flooded if Number 2 is built, good farming land that should be kept on the tax roll and it is foolish to drive

out nearly 100 homes that would have to be vacated by the building of Mission Gorge Number 2.

The water should be kept in the canyon where the natural attractions are great, where the evaporation surface is less, the water stored between two beautiful mountains with an island, and one of San Diego's future greatest attractions, all within six or seven miles of the center of San Diego. Mission Gorge Number 3, when completed, should be close to the city, the lake should be kept filled at all times to take care of an emergency. Don't forget the pipe line from Otay Dam bringing water from Moreno, Barrett, and Otay Dams washed out in the 1916 flood and, for 36 days, San Diego was without a drop of water from any of its systems. It was little Murray Dam, owned by Murray and Fletcher, that took care of the city's entire needs during that period. This can happen again! Even Murray Dam is now controlled by the City of San Diego after H. N. Savage and John D. Spreckels have gone. San Diego should have acquired Murray Dam, El Capitan Damsite, and the entire Cuyamaca System when we first offered it to them in 1913 for $300,000.00 and, later, Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3 for $150,000.00.

Some day, you children may, I hope, deed, free of charge, Mission Gorge Damsite Number 3 and the lands that we own that will be flooded to the City of San Diego and that dam be built. My dream of nearly forty years will then come true.

CHAPTER XXIII

EL CAPITAN DAM

The record will show more controversy and litigation concerning this structure than on any other dam site in San Diego County.

San Diego, at the time we purchased the San Diego Flume Company, had a population of, roughly, 35,000 people, increasing in population approximately 100% each ten years. The same proportionate increase in population applied to the territory which the Cuyamaca Water Company furnished with water. This included a section of the City of San Diego known as East San Diego, the City of La Mesa, El Cajon, Spring Valley, Lemon Grove, Grossmont, and El Cajon Valley to Lakeside, excepting some of the valley lands which secured water from their own wells.

Looking to the future development of the San Diego River for the Cuyamaca Water Company, Mr. Murray and I agreed to the building of a dam at the head of the flume line where the river water was diverted into a wooden, redwood flume that carried the water for thirty odd miles to Grossmont and filled Murray Dam, then known as La Mesa Dam. We acquired the necessary lands and intended to build a dam on the San Diego River approximately 125 feet high which would conserve the water of the North Fork, Cedar Creek, and Boulder Creek to a certain extent. However, in flood years, the estimated run-off was so great that it warranted the building of another storage dam on the river and adjacent to our flume, five or six miles above Lakeside.

With our good Superintendent, Chester Harritt, I selected the site. El Capitan (as we called it) was located on 160 acres of land owned by a Mrs. Wm. J. Kehner. The projected dam would flood nearly fifteen miles of the canyon above including the El Capitan Indian Reservation. Not to arouse suspicion, I had my friend of forty years, a cattle man, George Sawday, mentioned elsewhere in these letters, purchase the Kehner property for $6,000.00 cash, with Mr. Murray's approval. This was in 1911.

We immediately explored both sides of the canyon for bedrock, spending several thousand dollars in explorations. Mr. Murray promised to finance the construction of this dam, also the so-called 125 foot diverting dam at the head of the flume line, fifteen or twenty miles above. In wet years, both of these dams would be filled to overflowing.

Soon thereafter, Mr. Murray sent a contractor, Mr. Ben Hager, to San Diego from Butte, Montana, to construct our future developments; also a civil engineer, C. T. Sackett, who was to be our engineer under my general supervision.

Further explorations were made at the proposed new diverting dam, also at El Capitan, while Engineer Sackett completed the survey, determined the capacity of each dam in acre feet, as well as an estimate of cost. In the meantime, we built a small dam known as Grossmont Reservoir, at the foot of Grossmont, and at the end of the flume line called Grossmont Lake, just north of the present Grossmont High School. The building of that dam was completed in 1913, but the work of Mr. Sackett and Mr. Hager was not satisfactory. They both left under a cloud after I wired Mr. Murray and got his consent to discharge them.

About thirty days thereafter, Mr. Sackett, in revenge, through a dummy friend of his, filed on the waters of the San Diego River and made application through his friend (a man by the name of Hamilton) to the Los Angeles Land Office, asking for the right to flood the lands within the El Capitan Indian Reservation. This filing and application was finally passed on by the Secretary of the Interior who rejected Hamilton's application on our protests.

In other words, Mr. Sackett took from our office and files, all the data and surveys pertaining to the El Capitan Dam site while in our employ—and at our expense. I put a detective on his trail and found out that Sackett was associated with none other than the former attorney of the San Diego Flume Company, Mr. L. L. Boone, with whom we had had so much trouble before and after purchasing the San Diego Flume System.

Hamilton, who had made the water filing, assigned same to his attorney, L. L. Boone. At one time, we could have bought

said Hamilton's filing for two or three thousand dollars, but we considered it an attempt to blackmail and refused to pay a dollar. Hamilton's application to flood the Indian lands was rejected, but the Secretary of the Interior gave Hamilton the usual thirty days in which to appeal. Then Boone and Hamilton transferred the application and water filings, free gratis, to the City of San Diego. The City of San Diego, through T. B. Cosgrove, their attorney, then asked that the case be reopened, their petition was granted by the Secretary of the Interior, and the fight was on in Washington between the City of San Diego and the Cuyamaca Water Company.

The question of the right to flood the El Capitan lands was vital for the reason that by building El Capitan Dam, it flooded the water back fifteen miles, 95% of the flooded area being within the El Capitan Indian Reservation, thereby forcing the Indians to abandon their homes. The City of San Diego eventually won, but you shall soon see how.

H.R. Number 4037, a bill to grant rights of way over Government lands for reservoir purposes to be used by the City of San Diego, was introduced in Congress and referred to the Committee on Public Lands, House of Representatives, and the hearing was set for Monday, January 28, 1918. It is worth reading, consisting of 170 pages of sworn testimony. The following is taken from the record on page 22.

"CONGRESSMAN RAKER. You say that the Land Office rejected the Hamilton filings?

Mr. FLETCHER. Yes, sir; the Land Office rejected Hamilton's filing, and the Secretary of the Interior rejected Hamilton's filing.

CONGRESSMAN MAYS. On what grounds?

Mr. FLETCHER. Excuse me; he rejected Hamilton's application to flood the Indian's lands, and the Secretary of the Interior gave him the usual 30 days in which to appeal; and then it was transferred by Hamilton to the City of San Diego free gratis—this application which the Secretary of the Interior had rejected—and within that 30 days the City of San Diego stepped in and said, "We are the owner of this application and we ask that the case be reopened." In other words, Judge Boone eventually assigned the Hamilton application to

the City of San Diego, without any expense to the City of San Diego. The city asked to have the case reopened, and their petition was granted.

On behalf of the owners of the Cuyamaca Water Co. I ask this committee to withhold favorable report on this bill for the following reasons: The purpose and effect of the proceedings brought by the City of San Diego is to stop any further development of our system and to compel us to sell the Cuyamaca Water system to the city at a nominal figure.

The City of San Diego intervened and brought proceedings to condemn the entire system.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. In what court?

Mr. FLETCHER. Before the State Railroad Commission of California, which has jurisdiction over all our rates and sets the prices at which our system can be sold. Without their consent we can not do anything.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. They got a judgment of condemnation?

Mr. FLETCHER. Yes sir; the City of San Diego, in court proceedings, condemned the Cuyamaca Water Co.'s system and asked the State Railroad Commission to fix a valuation on it. This the commission did, rendering their decision on June 26, 1916, and placing a valuation of $745,000 on our entire system, which would give us only our money back and 7 per cent interest on our entire investment. The city did not see fit to buy the system at this price and dismissed the proceedings.

The owners of the Cuyamaca water system have always been ready to sell the system to the City of San Diego and take bonds of the city in payment, if desired, even offering to sell the system on the basis of $50,000 down and $10,000 a month. The city officials have never shown any desire to buy our system. It may be said, however, the business men have favored such a purchase.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. Let me ask you a question: What do you mean by "dismissed the proceedings"? That they got a final judgment of condemnation?

Mr. FLETCHER. They got a final decision of the Railroad Commission that the value was $745,000; that is the legal pro-

cedure to take, and the only procedure to take, to condemn our system.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. After they got the final decision, there is no appeal taken from that?

Mr. FLETCHER. We could have appealed, but we did not.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. Did they appeal?

Mr. FLETCHER. They did not appeal; they simply dismissed the proceedings and refused to proceed and take the system on the valuation placed on it by the Railroad Commission of the State of California. The City Council did that.

CONGRESSMAN CHURCH. Did they have a right to make that purchase?

Mr. FLETCHER. Yes, sir, and pay us $745,000, unless we appealed; if they paid us $745,000 we would have been down and out.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. How did they dismiss the final judgment?

Mr. FLETCHER. Because the City of San Diego had a right to either proceed and take the property or not take it.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. That is the general right vested with a person who brings a condemnation suit; they do not have to take it; they have to pay the expense and quit.

Mr. FLETCHER. They did not pay our expenses of $20,000 to $25,000.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. I was asking why they did not go on and make the purchase. They just simply stopped?

Mr. FLETCHER. Yes, sir.

CONGRESSMAN RAKER. They did not get that judgment set aside, did they?

Mr. FLETCHER. They went and dismissed their own proceedings in the court."

On Page 39 of the Committee hearings, Congressman Church asked the following question, together with my answer.

"CONGRESSMAN CHURCH. Mr. Fletcher, it is not plain yet to my mind how it is this dam 10 miles below yours, that is to take care of the surplus water, would injure you.

Mr. FLETCHER. We do not care whether they build the dam there or not, in a way—that is rather an offhand remark—so long as we get the water that originates above our intakes.

The El Capitan Dam site has only the 10 or 15 square miles below, and we do want to put a dam to catch what water originates above our intakes. The situation is the City of San Diego wants to keep us from diverting any more water, so that they can claim water that originates above our intakes, the surplus that we have not heretofore been using, but I will go back to the original proposition: We claim we own it; we claim we are doing a bona fide construction, based on the law at the time we made the filing, and are progressing with our development work, and within the next 18 months we will have above our intake a dam built which will take all the water of the San Diego River."

On Page 46 of Public Lands Committee Hearing, the record shows the following.

"I thank you, gentlemen, very much for the privilege of presenting this case. We stand ready—and I have received since I came to Washington a telegram from James A. Murray, the financial man of this company, who has authorized me to say we will immediately build this dam at the diverting dam and complete the conservation of water. That is what the people are interested in."

I have, in my possession, November 20, 1950, a telegram from Monterey, California, January 26, 1918, as follows:

"Ed Fletcher

Care Secretary Lane Interior Department, Washington.

If they are determined to perpetrate the crime of removing the Indians you may agree to construct the dam within one year if given the contract.

Signed, James A. Murray."

The citizens of San Diego can get a side-light on City Attorney Cosgrove by reading the following extract. It appears on Page 84 of the recorded hearing, a portion of which is as follows:

"Mr. COSGROVE: Well, I represent the city.

"CONGRESSMAN RANKIN: Are you elected or appointed?

"Mr. COSGROVE: I am appointed by the council. I have been the city attorney there for four years.

"CONGRESSMAN TILLMAN: Under one administration?

"Mr. COSGROVE: No, sir, I have been appointed by three different councils. I do not know what the sentiment is. The sentiment may be entirely against me; I do not know. I suppose if it were, there would be some movement to substitute somebody in my stead. They pay me a higher salary than they pay any city attorney west of the Mississippi River. They pay me more money than they pay the city attorney of San Francisco; more money than they pay the city attorney of Los Angeles; more money than they pay the city attorney of Seattle, or of Portland, or of Denver, or of Salt Lake City.

"THE CHAIRMAN: We do not want that, really, Mr. Cosgrove."

On Page 62, Congressman Taylor puts the following question to Mr. Cosgrove, San Diego's attorney.

"CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. You say you want to appropriate the surplus water after it passes them, that they can not get and could not get under any system that is in contemplation?

Mr. COSGROVE. Yes, sir; and the same way up here in the mountains; if they would build reservoirs, we would be glad to have them. We are just as rich as that back country. Surely you can see the fallacy of this situation here. We want this country developed. It is our back yard, and we want this Cuyamaca Water Co. to build up their diverting dams, to build up their reservoirs here, and we want them to build the reservoirs themselves, but we simply want the privilege of stopping that water that rushes by and destroys the valley and rushes through the city and destroys our improvements. That is all we want."

Again, on Page 75, Congressman Cramton asked Mr. Cosgrove the following question:

"CONGRESSMAN CRAMTON. If they (the Cuyamaca Water Company) should improve the system, or if this bill would pass, if they were able to make the improvements immediately, that would certainly add to the amount of water available for irrigation.

Mr. COSGROVE. Yes.

CONGRESSMAN CRAMTON. You know of no reason why they should not, in any event, go ahead with that work?

Mr. COSGROVE. We would like to see that.

CONGRESSMAN ELSTON. That thing undercuts to a large extent Mr. Fletcher's apprehension that your dam down there at the El Capitan site might interfere with the appropriated waters that he claims above, but the litigation he said was contemplated was more litigation that he might institute himself than any litigation you might start.

Mr. COSGROVE. We have not any idea of starting any litigation against them. We want them to conserve all the water they can. If they want to increase the height of the diverting dam, we would be glad to help in any way to have them increase the height of that, because it is to our benefit to have this country back here cultivated, every acre of it. It is our back country.

CONGRESSMAN CHURCH. But he stated that if given 18 months, as I remember it, they proposed to build a structure there and a dam to take every bit of water.

Mr. COSGROVE. Yes.

CONGRESSMAN CHURCH. How would you be left there, then?

Mr. COSGROVE. Then, if they take every bit of water, there will not be any.

CONGRESSMAN CHURCH. Would you be satisfied?

Mr. COSGROVE. Yes; we would be glad to have them take all the water.

CONGRESSMAN CHURCH. There is no difference between you and them on that?

Mr. COSGROVE. There is no difference on that."

On Page 92, the following testimony speaks for itself.

"Mr. FLETCHER. We will make no objection of any kind or description to having the city building this (El Capitan) dam. And, gentlemen, a little later on I am going to take Mr. Cosgrove at his word. We are here for two purposes: One purpose is that our indignation is such at the treatment we have received at the hands of Sackett, and that the city should take up a water filing and try to make good on it, when it was records that were taken from our office, and which we paid for; the other is that if the City of San Diego will waive its rights, will pass a resolution that the City of

San Diego will not intervene by our building dams and diverting this water at or above our intake, we withdraw all opposition and will say, "God help you"; and I, for one, will say right now we will arbitrate the value of the El Capitan Dam site—I will do better than that, I will give my interest to the city free.

CONGRESSMAN McCLINTIC. That settles the whole thing.

CONGRESSMAN ELSTON. That settles the whole thing, since Mr. Cosgrove has power of attorney."

Mr. Cosgrove gave his word of honor that he had the right to speak for and bind the City Council of San Diego. In referring to H.R. 4037, on Page 15, Congressman Raker asked Mr. Cosgrove the following question, "I suppose any proper amendment that would be required by the Committee or Congress to make the bill effective or workable would be acceptable to the City?"

Mr. Cosgrove answered, "They have passed a resolution authorizing me to agree to any amendment, and the Secretary of the Interior referred to that in his communication that I am authorized to agree to any recommendations."

Before closing any further reference to H.R. 4037, I refer you to Page 109 to show that the Cuyamaca Water Company was anxious to compromise and, in answer to Congressman Taylor's question, I stated:

"Mr. FLETCHER. If the City of San Diego had any rights in that river—we have rights; he (Cosgrove) has admitted it.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. Of course you have rights.

Mr. FLETCHER. If they had rights, it would be a different matter. But they have nothing invested and we have $1,000,000.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. Can you not rely upon the State courts to protect your rights?

Mr. FLETCHER. Certainly, but I do not want the expense of litigation. If this man (Cosgrove) is ready to stipulate that the city is not and will not intervene and let us build a diverting dam and on South Fork, I will withdraw opposition tomorrow.

CONGRESSMAN CRAMTON. You heard the statement this morning that he had no purpose to limit your building?

CONGRESSMAN ELSTON. He said "build as high as you please."

Mr. FLETCHER. All right. Let him stipulate that and I will go home. The idea is we want to control what water will go by gravity into our flume.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. You make that offer not as an admission against your rights, but as a compromise proposition to avoid litigation?

Mr. FLETCHER. That is all. We claim every drop of that water. We filed on all the water first 35 years ago, and we filed upon it again on June 1, 1910, and have spent $600,000 to $700,000 to defend that right, and if the courts say we have used due diligence, we own it today.

CONGRESSMAN LA FOLLETTE. Mr. Cosgrove admitted today that you used all the water one time that ran out of the diverting dam. You claim you did that for five years. Which is right?

Mr. FLETCHER. For all practical purposes—nothing that even seeped away, a small amount. My engineers tell me that for 5 years out of the last 20 years practically all the water was diverted in the flume. As a matter of fact, in the history of this case in the hearing, Mr. Choate testified under oath that the water never ran into the ocean for 5 years.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. Has nobody appropriated any of the water of all that 104 square miles of drainage there?

Mr. FLETCHER. Absolutely not, except the riparian owners on the stream pump it out onto their lands.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR. Well, somebody must be overlooking something.

Mr. FLETCHER. That is what I tell them."

On returning to San Diego, I made arrangements with Mr. Murray. He lived up to his obligations and made available funds, a million dollars to start with, to commence construction of the so-called diverting dam, sometimes called Fletcher Dam site. The lands had been acquired by us, including the dam site, all surveys made, type approved on a multiple arch type by John H. Eastwood who designed and built under my supervision the Lake Hodges, San Dieguito, Eagles Nest, and Murray Dams in San Diego County. On Mr. Murray's instruc-

tions, I wrote the Mayor and City Council of San Diego notifying them of our plan to commence the construction of the dam immediately and have it completed within eighteen months as stipulated at the Washington hearing. I also called attention to the sworn statement of their representative, T. B. Cosgrove, that there was no opposition by the City to build same. The bill, when it passed Congress, had amendments put in it that protected not only the Cuyamaca Water Company, but, also, the riparian owners below and those amendments were first approved by Mr. Cosgrove. In good faith, we were willing to proceed and build our dam near the head of our flume line so the water would flow by gravity, as in the past, to La Mesa, Spring Valley, El Cajon, Lemon Grove, and San Diego, formerly known as East San Diego, where, at one time, we had approximately 55,000 consumers.

My associate, Mr. Murray, refused to allow me to commence construction of the dam until we got a resolution passed by the Mayor and City Council officially that they had no objections to the construction of our dam above the diverting dam and would not protest, in court, against the said construction. I made every effort but the City Council refused to take any action. I have been informed that Mr. Cosgrove advised the City Council not to pass any resolution of any kind. The following letter which I sent to the Mayor and City Council of San Diego on February 28, 1918, is self-explanatory:

"Honorable Mayor and City Council,
City of San Diego,
California.
Gentlemen:

"I have read with interest the telegram from City Attorney Cosgrove to the City Council, as published by you, and note that they are in direct conflict with the voluntary statement made by Mr. Cosgrove to the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives. The Cuyamca Water Co. is ready to accept a settlement based on Mr. Cosgrove's statement before the House Public Lands Committee as a solution of the entire controversy, and I so notified Mr. Cosgrove personally when in Washington.

"In addition, I agreed also to deed free of charge to the City of San Diego my interest in the El Capitan damsite and reservoir site when this compromise is effected, and withdraw all opposition to the present bill of the City of San Diego now before Congress. Attached hereto are excerpts from the official record of the hearing before the House Public Lands Committee.

"Under date of February 20, 1918, I received the following telegram from Hon. Wm. R. Wheeler, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor under ex-President Roosevelt:

> 'Cosgrove assures me no action will be taken by City in opposition to your proposed claim, but thinks activities which would embarrass the city might weaken public opinion, which would force Council to act.'

"We would appreciate a conference and early settlement of this matter, as we assume that the city attorney having been given full authority by resolution of the City Council to act for you, that any plan approved by him will meet with your approval.

Respectfully submitted,

CUYAMACA WATER COMPANY
Per ED FLETCHER
Manager"

Cosgrove's statement to the Honorable William R. Wheeler was a definite modification of his position as previously expressed in Washington. This change of mind became further evident as the Mayor and the City Council repudiated their solemn pledge to the Congressional Committee. If that pledge had not been made by Mr. Cosgrove on behalf of the City, I had definite assurance that the bill would not have passed Congress.

The failure of the City Council of San Diego to fulfill its obligation as pledged by its attorney, T. B. Cosgrove, discouraged Mr. Murray to the extent that he refused to finance the building of a major dam on the San Diego River fearing

endless litigation and I did not blame him. So, the construction of another major dam so badly needed was killed.

Reference is made in another chapter to our contract of sale of the entire Cuyamaca system outside the City of San Diego, including the El Capitan Dam site to the La Mesa, Spring Valley, and Lemon Grove Irrigation District for $1,100,000.00. When the contract was signed between the Cuyamaca Company and the La Mesa District, San Diego saw it was losing the ownership of the Cuyamaca Water System so badly needed by the City. Immediately, suit was brought by the City against the Cuyamaca Water Company to condemn our holdings in the San Diego River below the diverting dam including the El Capitan Dam site, San Diego claiming the higher or first right for water for domestic purposes. The La Mesa Irrigation District intervened, the case went to the Supreme Court, and the City lost. The Supreme Court decided that the La Mesa Irrigation District had an equal right with the City of San Diego, thereby putting the Supreme Court stamp of approval on the sale which was consummated.

Of all the laughable things was the action at an earlier date of the City Council of San Diego in bringing the suit to condemn our El Capitan Dam site and lands owned by us. We asked the sum of $250,000.00. The City came back with an offer of $50,000.00. I told three members of the City Council that we would take $150,000.00 if it was offered us. Instead, the Spreckels papers and the same old gang objected, editorially and otherwise. We objected to the case being tried in San Diego County, asking that it be transferred to another county on the ground that San Diego judges were interested parties. The case was transferred to Orange County where the trial, lasting a week, took place before a jury of twelve. Messrs. Cosgrove and Higgins, attorneys for San Diego, presented the case to the jury, while our attorney was C. C. Crouch. The jury rendered a decision giving us a judgment of $600,000.00 for property we had offered to sell for $150,000.00. Again, we offered, informally, to sell the El Capitan Dam site for $150,000.00, but our opponents were humiliated and refused to buy. This is another time when the city made one of its worst blunders, from the standpoint of water development and this

cost them several million dollars at a later date when they were forced to buy the El Capitan Dam site from and make a compromise with the La Mesa District before building El Capitan Dam. Costs were much lower at that time and I quote again from Page 80 of the hearing of the House Committee on the Public Lands, in Washington, H.R. 4037, as follows:

"THE CHAIRMAN. How much would it cost the city to build the El Capitan Dam?

Mr. COSGROVE. To build a dam and put the water into the city, to buy out the Indians and to acquire the necessary property and everything else, $2,000,000; and it will give us a net yield of approximately 16,000,000 gallons of water daily."

G. E. Arnold, Director of San Diego's Water Development, states in a letter to me dated November 29, 1950, that under the supervision of Mr. Savage, it cost San Diego $5,682,307.13, to build El Capitan Dam and bring the water into the city. This is a quite different figure from the two million, as testified by Cosgrove. Also, the net safe yield of water San Diego is now getting proved to be ten million gallons daily instead of sixteen, and cost more than twice the amount estimated by Cosgrove during his testimony.

As heretofore mentioned, the Cuyamaca Water Company sold all its water holdings to the La Mesa, Spring Valley, and Lemon Grove Irrigation District. San Diego bitterly opposed the sale and carried the litigation to the Supreme Court of California between the District and the City. The feeling was most intense. San Diego City claimed the paramount right to all the water of the San Diego River, as Mr. Cosgrove described it, "from the tiny rivulets in the mountains to the shimmering sands of the Pacific," while the Cuyamaca Water Company and its predecessors, the San Diego Flume Company had been putting this water to beneficial use since 1883 through our system.

San Diego was trying to force the suburban sections to join the City of San Diego and the City to buy the Cuyamaca Water system at its own price through its claim of ownership of water, but all to no avail for the Supreme Court approved our sale to the La Mesa Irrigation District. That forced the City of San Diego to negotiate with the La Mesa, Spring Valley, and

Lemon Grove District for the purchase, by the city, of the El Capitan Dam site and the reservoir lands which we owned.

This was most humiliating to the city, but San Diego was determined to get El Capitan Dam and they paid a terrific price for their folly of early days. Remember, Mr. Murray and I had offered sale of our entire system, including El Capitan Dam site, in 1913, for $300,000.00, but were refused. Again the city had applied to the State Public Utilities Commission for a valuation on our system, including the new concrete Murray Dam. Their valuation was $745,000.00, including El Capitan Dam site. Again the city refused to buy.

In 1921, we offered the city, informally, the system for one-million dollars, including El Capitan Dam site. This was refused. On April 22, 1921, the following petition was filed by the City of San Diego's most prominent and influential citizens:

"San Diego, California,
April 22nd, 1921.

"Honorable Mayor and Common Council
of the City of San Diego.
Sirs:

"We, the undersigned citizens of San Diego, heartily approve of the recommendation of the City Water Commission to consider the purchase of the Cuyamaca System at a valuation to be agreed upon by the city authorities.

"We also heartily recommend complete investigation of the possibilities of building a dam in the Mission Gorge.

"While the El Capitan dam will undoubtedly be built at some future time, it will cost several million dollars and take four or five years to complete, even under the most favorable conditions. What we urgently need at the present time is immediate action in the matter of an emergency supply of water. The fact that we are purchasing four or five million gallons of water daily at the present time from the Cuyamaca System shows that it is a friend in need, and the fact that there has been considerable runoff into the Murray reservoir this year ought to demonstrate that the system has a supply of water even under adverse conditions.

"The purchase of the Cuyamaca System contemplates the

immediate construction of a dam at or near the diverting dam to impound and divert the waters before they are lost in the river gravels. The Cuyamaca System has an additional strategic value in its ability at some future date to transport to the City of San Diego the waters of the Santa Ysabel River when acquired by the city, thereby very materially reducing the cost of an additional supply of water.

"We again urge co-operative action, looking toward the acquisition of the Cuyamaca System.

Respectfully submitted,

George W. Marston
G. A. Davidson
M. T. Gilmore
J. W. Sefton, Jr.
F. J. Belcher, Jr.
R. E. Hazard
C. W. Wilson
A. S. Bridges
Thomas O'Hallaran
Gordon Gray
E. B. Gould
Geo. J. Bach
H. L. Sullivan
W. S. Dorland
O. E. Darnall
J. W. Donohue
Samuel I. Fox
Walter Birch
E. J. Gookins
Jack C. Thompson
William Kettner
Duncan MacKinnon
D. R. Saum
H. E. Anthony
S. W. Bingham
Frederic W. Stearns
A. H. Sweet
R. T. Robinson
Leroy A. Wright
Patterson Sprigg
Frank A. Salmons
George S. Pickerell
Mat. F. Heller
George S. Gillispie
George Burnham
James H. App
Geo. W. Colton
J. Don Dunann
W. B. Frisbie
J. D. Smith
Jerry Sullivan
B. H. Vreeland
Ralph E. Jenny
Bob Blankenship
H. H. Timken."

But our enemies and the Spreckels papers opposed and nothing was done.

With the La Mesa District owning the system, the City of San Diego again swallowed its pride and signed up with the La Mesa Irrigation District dividing the water from the San Diego River. The La Mesa District deeded El Capitan

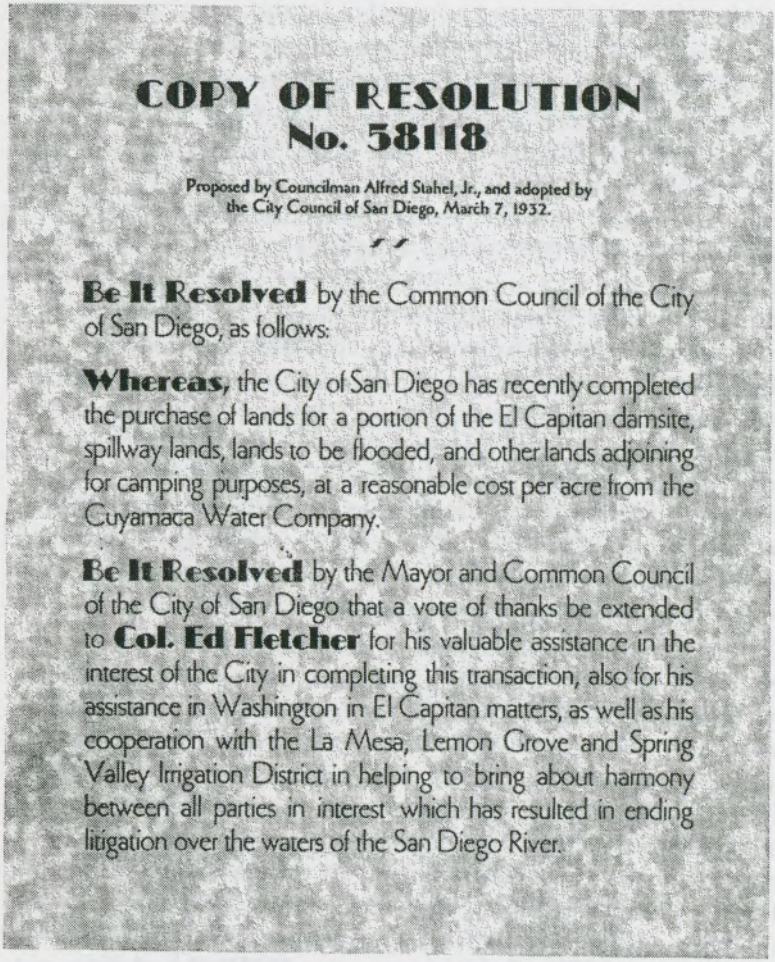
Dam site and reservoir lands to San Diego and El Capitan Dam was built by the city. The advantages of the compromise to the La Mesa Irrigation District were tremendous.

Another laughable thing that humiliated our City Fathers, including H. N. Savage who was really responsible, was the fact that after the La Mesa, Lemon Grove, Spring Valley District had deeded the El Capitan Dam site and land above to be flooded, to the City of San Diego, in commencing the construction of the El Capitan Dam, the city after extensive borings for bedrock, which should have been done before the city ever bought the El Capitan Dam site, Mr. Savage found out that one of the shoulders of the dam must rest on land below, still owned by the Cuyamaca Water Company. So, a Committee of City Councilmen privately called on me and asked for a price on the balance of the land still owned by us. I practically let them put their own price, something between forty or fifty thousand dollars, as I recall it, which the Cuyamaca Water Company accepted and in grateful appreciation for our cooperation they passed resolution number 58118.

Before closing this chapter, I want to make one more reference to the lack of good faith of the City of San Diego and its Hydraulic Engineer, H. N. Savage. The first county highway into the mountains and to Julian traversed 12 to 15 miles through our El Capitan property and the U. S. El Capitan Indian Reservation. Naturally, this county highway had to be abandoned as over 12 miles of the highway would be flooded with water by the construction of El Capitan Dam. Only the Board of Supervisors of San Diego County had the legal authority to close the highway and abandon the right of way. The Board of Supervisors took action, officially, closing and abandoning this thoroughfare on the strength of a letter written by Mr. Savage to the Supervisors, as follows:

"Board of Supervisors
San Diego County December 24, 1931
Gentlemen:

On the abandonment of the irrigation district's flume, the City of San Diego plans, at its own expense, to widen the flume line and convert it into a dependable highway in lieu of the public way that now exists



COPY OF RESOLUTION
No. 58118

Proposed by Councilman Alfred Stahel, Jr., and adopted by the City Council of San Diego, March 7, 1932.

Be It Resolved by the Common Council of the City of San Diego, as follows:

Whereas, the City of San Diego has recently completed the purchase of lands for a portion of the El Capitan damsite, spillway lands, lands to be flooded, and other lands adjoining for camping purposes, at a reasonable cost per acre from the Cuyamaca Water Company.

Be It Resolved by the Mayor and Common Council of the City of San Diego that a vote of thanks be extended to **Col. Ed Fletcher** for his valuable assistance in the interest of the City in completing this transaction, also for his assistance in Washington in El Capitan matters, as well as his cooperation with the La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District in helping to bring about harmony between all parties in interest which has resulted in ending litigation over the waters of the San Diego River.

through El Capitan Reservoir Basin and which will be permanently submerged.

Yours very truly,
H. N. Savage
Hydraulic Engineer
City of San Diego"

Work was commenced by the city building approximately one-half mile of this highway with prison labor, but, after a few

CHARLES C. CROUCH
ATTORNEY
PARK OF AMERICA BUILDING
SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA
PHONE M 7351

January 25, 1951

Mr. Ed Fletcher,
1020- 9th Avenue,
San Diego, California.

My dear Colonel Fletcher:

You say in your letter of the 23rd inst. to me that you are writing your memos to your children, and ask me this question: "What financial benefit has the City of San Diego ever received from the paramount right decision of the San Diego River?" I don't know of any.

You will recall that before you and your associates bought the old Cuyamaca Water Company that you had acquired over 90% of the riparian rights of diversion to the San Diego River. Nearly all of the land owners in Mission Valley had contracted with your consent to the diversion. In 1910 you and the late James Murray bought the Cuyamaca Water system for $150,000.00. I remember that in 1913 at a meeting with various members of the City Council, including Mr. Henshaw, you made an offer to sell the entire water system for $300,000.00, which included the El Capitan dam site and all of the lands that would be flooded. The City refused your offer.

In 1916 you again offered to sell the system to the City at a valuation to be put upon it by the State Railroad Commission. By this time Murray Dam had been completed and the distribution lines had been constructed in East San Diego. You offered to take $750,000.00 for all your rights. Again the City refused to negotiate with you.

In 1920 you offered to sell the system which had been enlarged for a million dollars, including the El Capitan dam site and take your pay in bonds. Again the City refused, so they started to condemn the El Capitan Dam site.

During most of this time I have been representing you and your associates; and prior to the beginning of this condemnation suit the La Mesa, Lemon Grove & Spring Valley Irrigation District had been organized.

The City boasted that they would acquire the dam site for $30,000.00, but the jury which tried the case in Santa Ana for a month brought in a verdict of $600,000.00. When the LaMesa Lemon Grove & Spring Valley Irrigation District was formed, the City intervened and tried to block the sale and took the case to the Supreme Court--where they lost out. Then the City had to come to terms with the Irrigation District and, I am informed that the El Capitan dam project and all of the rights which the City had to acquire cost about five million dollars. Meantime, they had lost the right to acquire certain water rights which had been included in your various offers.

The Supreme Court of the State of California finally upheld the City's contention to the paramount rights to the waters of the San Diego River. This was one of the most illegal and shocking decisions ever written by any Court. Before California became a part of the United States and while it was still under the jurisdiction of Spain all of the waters of the San Diego River had been granted by the King of Spain to the Mission Fathers forever. You will recall that we found the original of that grant in the Bancroft Library. There was no higher law throughout all Spain and Spanish possessions than a Decree of the Kind of Spain. Not only did this decree show that all of the waters of the San Diego River were granted forever to the Mission Fathers and their successors, but there was a clause in the Decree which said that he made this grant notwithstanding there was a small pueblo at the mouth of the stream (the Pueblo of San Diego), but added that they might get sufficient water for their herds from the arroyas and streams to the south (Sweetwater).

I want to give you another instance of where politics entered into the decision of our Courts. You will recall that several millions in bonds were voted to construct the Sutherland dam site. Some of the local politicians wanted to have El Capitan dam builded and so they quit work on Sutherland. Then the City passed an ordinance transferring all of the moneys that was left from the sale of the Sutherland dam bonds to the El Capitan bond fund. I sought an injunction against this transfer upon the ground that when bonds had once been voted for a project the fund could not be diverted to another project without a vote of the people. The matter went to the Appellate Court which wrote an opinion upholding the sale upon the ground that the State Engineer of California had made an investigation and had determined and advised the Council that it was impossible to construct the dam at the Sutherland dam site that would hold water. There was no

evidence to that effect in the record, and I knew it was a misstatement of facts. I went to the State Engineer and asked him and he said that not only had he not given the City any such advice, but that the City had not even called upon him for a report. I asked him if he would give me a deposition to that effect and he said he would. I took his deposition wherein he swore to the fact, and filed it with the District Court of Appeal as a part of my petition for rehearing. The District Court of Appeal denied this rehearing and allowed this lie to be printed on the pages of its reports.

These two experiences have convinced me that where you are fighting a city which has a great number of votes, that you need more than the law and the facts on your side in order to win.

I would like to have a copy of your memoirs, when they are completed.

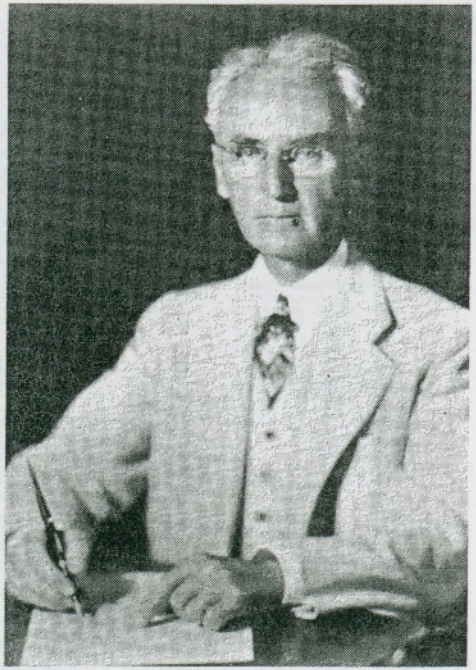
With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Charles C. Crouch

Charles C. Crouch.

CCC P



Charlie Crouch, our Attorney and friend of many years.

months, the work was stopped, and nothing done since, over 20 years. Petitions have been filed with the Board of Supervisors and the City of San Diego several times asking the city to fulfill its obligation and the moral responsibility of the Board of Supervisors, as well as to see the highway built in accordance with the City of San Diego's pledge, but to no avail. The result is that many ranches and San Diego County citizens, involving several thousands of acres of land, have been shut off completely from access to their property or forced to go around by indirect routes. In order to reach our property of a thousand acres or more above El Capitan Lake, we only go by permission under lock and key over an almost impassible private road. The result is a reduction in real estate values and practical confiscation of our property, but we must pay our taxes just the same or lose the property.

Former U. S. Reclamation Engineer, Hiram N. Savage.
Try my best, I could never understand him. The facts speak for themselves.

CHAPTER XXIV

HIRAM N. SAVAGE

Mr. Savage passed away several years ago and, without disrespect, he is the one man that I never understood although I made every effort to do so. From the beginning, we could not work together on water problems or any other matter affecting the good of the City of San Diego, to my knowledge.

Perhaps I am to blame, but he entered into my life, touching on so many important problems, in opposition so many times, I could not write my memoirs with any degree of accuracy without bringing him into the picture.

Mr. Savage was of the old school; his personality was not pleasing to me, he was positive in his convictions, and would not yield an inch, under any conditions. I first knew him as an engineer in the United States Reclamation Service. My friend, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, told me that he fired Savage because he was too expensive even for the United States Government. Mr. Lane also wrote my good friend, Julius Wangenheim, of San Diego, a letter to that effect. Julius Wangenheim's brother-in-law, Melville Klauber, one of San Diego's most valuable citizens and, for years, President and Chairman of the Water Committee of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, believed the sun rose and set in Savage. Savage had the backing of Harry Jones, manager of Byllesby Company, who owned the San Diego Gas & Electric Company. He also had the backing of the Spreckels interests; it was that backing that brought Savage to San Diego as San Diego's Hydraulic Engineer. Savage was the most expensive hydraulic engineer San Diego ever had. Savage had a coterie of friends backing him up. He was a big, husky chap who scarcely ever smiled and, when you doubted his judgment and tried to argue, Savage sulked.

I remember, one night Melville Klauber, Savage, and I were invited to F. M. White's house, when White was Chairman of the City Water Commission, to discuss water matters in an attempt to harmonize things. Julius Wangenheim and

Franklin K. Lane
One-time Secretary of the Interior, a Californian, good Democrat, and a good friend of mine. He took me to the first showing of moving pictures in color by the Government in Washington. What a thrill!

Charles T. Chandler, the other members of the Water Commission, also attended.

I presented a suggestive plan of water development, which included the construction of Mission Dam No. 3 and the completion of Sutherland Dam. Mr. Savage demanded the building of Mission Gorge No. 2 and the abandonment of Sutherland. The Water Commission unanimously favored my plan. To my utter amazement, Mr. Savage sat there for nearly two hours, refusing to say scarcely a word. Melville Klauber backed Savage's plans. It was one of the most unforgettable, unsuccessful meetings of a lifetime. Savage insisted that

the only type of dam to build was a gravity arch type. I have no knowledge of his ever building anything else, excepting an earth dam—El Capitan—and he used Freeman's plans for that.

In certain locations, a multiple arch or constant angle type dam can be built with greater factors for safety and for much less cost, depending upon the location, as compared to the massive gravity arch dam. Mr. Savage, in 1928, went out of his way to notify the San Diego City Council that Lake Hodges Dam, a multiple arch type, was not safe and convinced the Spreckels interest, the Gas Company, and Melville Klauber, Chairman of the Water Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, that the dam was unsafe. I contended, whenever I had a chance, publicly and otherwise, that a multiple arch dam, in its proper location, was safe and more economical.

As President of the San Dieguito Mutual Water Company, the majority of the stock being owned by the Santa Fe Railroad interests, I advocated a multiple arch type of dam for Hodges, designed by John S. Eastwood. Mr. E. P. Ripley, President of the Santa Fe Railroad, selected his own engineer to make an investigation and later the engineer's report backed me up. Mr. Savage went out of his way to ridicule the con-

Lake Hodges in flood. Over 11 feet of water going over spillway.

struction of Lake Hodges Dam, but to no avail. Lake Hodges Dam was built in 1918 and has withstood the worst floods with a regular Niagara running approximately 12 feet deep over the spillway.

I advocated the building of a constant angle or multiple arch dam at Mission Gorge No. 3 on the San Diego River—this brought on another fight, with renewed statements of criticism by Savage.

In the meantime, he had built Barrett Dam, as well as Otay, both massive gravity arch types. One day, I conceived the idea of finding out if insurance companies would write policies of insurance on dams and found Lloyd's of London carried such insurance. I asked that their expert engineer be sent here. I took him to Lake Hodges and Murray Dam, built by James A. Murray, William G. Henshaw and myself, both of which were inspected thoroughly and the plans and specifications and stresses of each were given Lloyd's engineer. I then took him to Barrett and Otay Dams. There they secured identical data and we asked Lloyd's to establish a rate of insurance on the gravity arch type advocated by Mr. Savage and ours—the result was that Lloyd's of London gave Hodges Dam a higher factor of safety for the multiple arch type than the gravity type.

Our state engineer for many years, Mr. W. F. McClure, was brought into the row between Savage and myself for the dam had his official approval. The following is a letter that I wrote to the State Engineer on November 13, 1923:

"Mr. W. F. McClure, State Engineer,
Foreman Building
Sacramento, California
Dear Mr. McClure:

You will be glad to know that Lloyd's of London have paid us a great compliment—they have agreed for 75c per $100 to insure both Murray Dam and Lake Hodges against earthquake, flood, mischievous damage or collapse—the first insurance that has ever been offered in this state of this kind.

Very truly yours,
Ed Fletcher"

On November 15, 1923, I received the following letter from the State Engineer:

"Col. Ed Fletcher
920 8th Avenue
San Diego, California

Subject: Lake Hodges Dam

Dear Colonel:

Your note of the 13th, together with copy of letter from Allen T. Archer Company referring to insuring Lake Hodges and I thank you kindly for this proof of the confidence of what I take to be good justification of what they are insuring.

Very truly yours,
W. F. McClure, State Engineer"

On January 3, 1924, I received, from the Allen T. Archer Co., Los Angeles representative of Lloyd's of London:

"Col. Ed Fletcher
920 8th Street
San Diego, California
Dear Colonel:

We appreciate your letter calling for the certificates of insurance on Lake Hodges and Murray Dams which have been completed for $600,000 and $200,000, respectively. The details are in accord with your written orders; the premiums on these insurances are now ready for delivery and, if agreeable, please let us have checks in settlement.

Sincerely,
Allen T. Archer, President."

We insured both dams, paying 75c per $100.00 while Lloyd's of London demanded $1.00 per $100.00 to insure either Barrett or Otay. Lloyd's considered the risk so much less at Hodges and Murray Dams by earthquake, flood or collapse that they were willing to give us one-quarter lower rate than what they demanded for the gravity arch type of dam—Barrett and Otay built by the City of San Diego and advocated by Savage. All of this was made public.

Twice, Mr. Savage recommended and the City Council called an election to build Mission Gorge No. 2, a gravity arch dam, but we advocated the building of Mission Gorge No. 3, and

both times the bond election was defeated overwhelmingly. Once, not even a majority vote was given in favor of building Mission Gorge No. 2.

Another reason for building a dam at Mission Gorge No. 3 is on account of there being ten additional square miles of water shed which can be impounded, but would be lost if Mission Gorge No. 2 Dam was built.

I never questioned Mr. Savage's sincerity as far as a gravity type of concrete and earth dams are concerned. Science will continue to win in the construction of a new type of dam where the factors are as great or greater and the cost materially lower. Mr. Savage was not San Diego's Hydraulic Engineer when they started the building of Sutherland Dam. Savage is responsible for stopping the construction of that dam when he became Hydraulic Engineer and, through his influence until his death, and since, Sutherland Dam and lands and water rights have remained unused while the City of San Diego has had an investment of over two million dollars lying idle, with the water running to the ocean. Now, the State Engineer has recommended the completion of Sutherland Dam and San Diego will vindicate my discovery and purchase of Sutherland Damsite. San Diego, I am sure, will, in the near future, vote bonds and complete Sutherland Dam, for it has a net safe yield of approximately 8 million gallons daily, when built, and it needs only a five or six mile pipe line to put the water into San Vicente Dam by gravity or piped the entire distance with a power drop of 900 or 1000 feet.

To the end, Mr. Savage was an enigma to me and, try as hard as I could, I never did understand the man, much to my sorrow. With Savage, there was no compromise and I never knew him to reverse himself, voluntarily. The San Diego citizens, by their vote, reversed Savage by turning down his recommendation to build Mission Gorge Dam No. 2 and forced him to build El Capitan.

CHAPTER XXV

F. M. AND MARY YAWKEY WHITE

I first met Fred M. White in a business way when he was manager of the Benson Lumber Company. We became personal friends. The Board of Supervisors, in 1919, appointed a County Highway Commission consisting of F. M. White, Sherwood Wheaton and myself to construct several hundred miles of paved highway in San Diego County. Three and a half million dollars were voted for roads to Tijuana, Escondido, Julian, and the Riverside County Line, with branch roads up the Sweetwater and San Luis Rey Valleys.

Fred and I cemented our friendship when, by a vote of 2 to 1, we rejected the early type of oil macadam and insisted upon white concrete highways, even though the Board of Supervisors recommended oil macadam highways. At that time, there was little knowledge of how to put down permanent oil macadam roads.

Most of the concrete highways we built, nearly 200 miles, are still being used today, over thirty years after they were constructed. In our relations during the three years as Commissioners, never did White and I have a controversy.

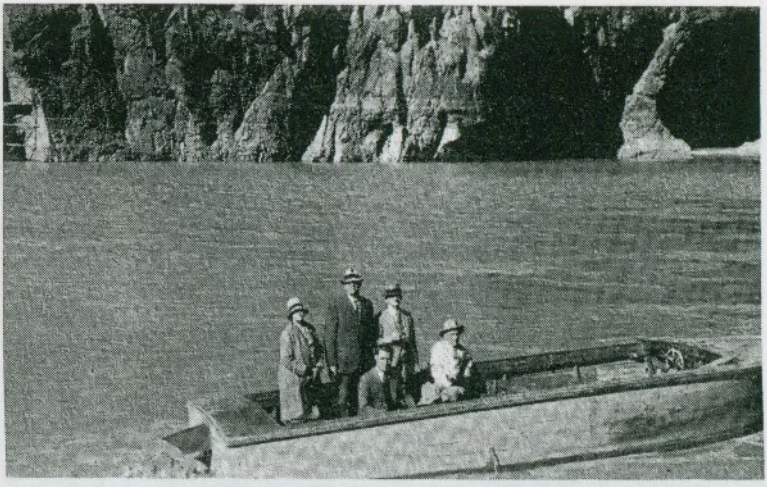
The family friendship was mutual and to no outside couple did your Mother and I become more greatly attached. We took long automobile trips, as you children know, with the women along, inspecting different highways, all through the west, generally with two machines, one filled with Fletcher children. I know you all will never forget the Whites and their kindness and friendship.

How well I remember the trip to Colorado—Pikes Peak and over the mountains, like Switzerland, to Durango via Ouray and Silverton Pass where we spent the night stuck in the clay after a storm. The ladies had gone on in the first car the afternoon before. We had stopped to fish for trout. Remember our visit to Mesa Verde National Park and from Moab to Salt Lake City and the cloudburst on the desert.

Another trip through the entire valley which is now flooded

F. M. White. A more loyal friend never lived.

Mary Yawkey White. Your mother has never had a more loyal friend.



Your father and mother, F. M. White, Harry Taylor, and Mr. Evenson, a business associate of Mr. White, on our last trip to Boulder Damsite before work was started on the dam.

by the Hoover Dam. We also went down Black Canyon by boat before the construction of Hoover Dam was commenced.

Another time, you remember, was a trip to the Yellowstone National Park via the Tetons, catching trout in Jenny Lake and the Snake River; thence to Glacier National Park, Lake Louise and Banff to Spokane, to Mt. Tacoma, and through the Redwoods home.

On another trip, in 1926, Whites, Lawrence, and your Mother and I went over to Europe on the S.S. Leviathan. We were invited guests at the Captain's table. We heard "Valencia" for the first time, played by the orchestra. There were 3600 passengers aboard. Our four months' trip, I know, will never be forgotten by Lawrence.

Paris was a dream in those days. Coming down the Seine River, we nearly lost our lives when the Captain, by mistake, raked our boat fore and aft by trying to go under a bridge when it was at high tide.

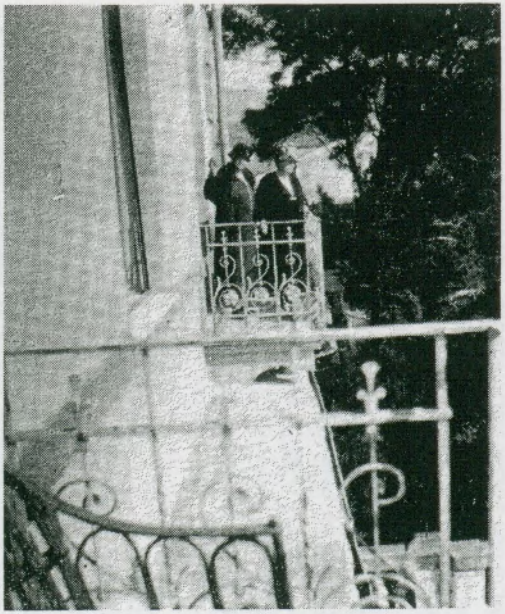
Fred White bought some of the best tickets for us at the Follies Bergere, a box, right in front and when the curtain

Fred and Mary White, Lawrence, your mother, and I on the S. S. Leviathan. We came home on the S. S. Berengeria.

went up, there were three very scantily dressed women. Immediately, the two Marys got up and left the theatre. We followed, much to the applause and amusement of the audience. White and I sneaked off another night and saw the whole show.

A college friend of Charlie, a Stanford graduate, went over to Europe in World War I and married a French girl. He owned a Cadillac car and took guests on tours through Europe. We hired him and for about two months kept going through the Chateau country, to Bayonne, Biarritz and into Spain through San Sebastian, over the Pyrenees where we saw 27 women working out in the field with a boss, a man, fanning himself under an umbrella. Your mother and Mrs. White kept rather quiet for a while after seeing that.

We visited Segovia where the Romans built aqueducts nearly 2000 years ago, still in use, and the Escoreal where we visited numerous kings and queens, underground.



Your mother and Mrs. White on the balcony of our hotel looking over Rapallo.

Picture of Rapallo.

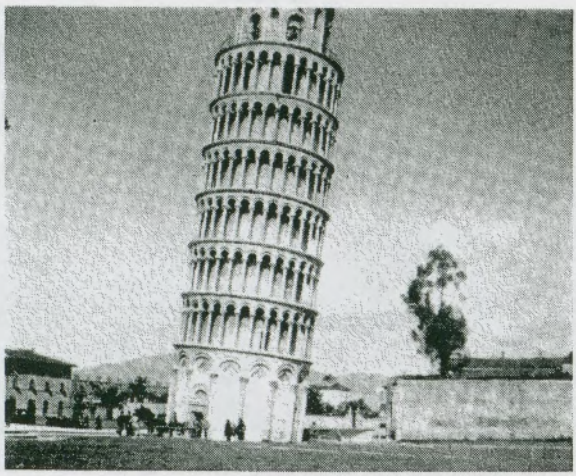
We enjoyed our trip to Toledo as well as the visit to Madrid; thence by way of Tarrangona to Barcelona; thence over the Pyrenees again, through the snow past Mt. Louie and down the Aude River to Carcassonne, the most beautiful walled city in Europe, so far as I have seen.

We followed on the Mediterranean coast to Marseille, Nice, and Monte Carlo and how we did enjoy the upper and lower Cornish Road with an aside to Grasse where it cost me $87.00 to satisfy your mother's desire for perfume.

We spent the first night in Italy in San Remo, another at Rapallo, the most beautiful spot in Italy, to my way of thinking, the Emerald Bay, the olive hills, the splash of color, the homes among the trees, the church bells; that Sunday will never be forgotten.

Lawrence was paying the bills and we drove off without paying our hotel bill. The owner bid us a charming goodbye and twenty miles away we asked Lawrence how much he had paid. He answered that he had not paid, so we drove back and settled. They told us that they would have sent the bill to us in San Diego, knowing, surely, that we would pay it in due time.

But to skip on to Genoa where Columbus outfitted his ships to start his journey to discover America; a remarkable town



The Tower of Pisa. Lawrence and your dad climbed to the top.

a little like San Diego. We went to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa. I took splendid pictures enroute and when we entered Siena one Sunday afternoon there was a tremendous celebration on. The streets were full, the excitement high, and the thrill of it all will never be forgotten. We slowly progressed through the streets packed with celebrating humanity, smiling and gesturing.

I will not attempt to tell you about Rome, Naples or our

Amalfi. Our hotel, a former monastery, is in the center of the picture.

Your mother and Mrs. White being conveyed up the steep hillside to the old monastery at Amalfi, now a hotel.

Vesuvius in eruption when we were there on the rim.
Your Dad took this picture.

trip to Sorrento, with a night's stop at Amalfi. A unique feature was that we were all taken up to a former monastery, now a hotel, by rickshas. Owing to steepness of the grade we had two husky men to each ricksha.

Pompeii will never be forgotten, but only Lawrence and I visited the rim of Vesuvius in eruption and took moving pictures of the flowing lava, the rocks, gas and flames shooting hundreds of feet into the air. Our stay there was short! From there we motored back to Rome, saw all the sights, including the Vatican and from there to Venice. The Po River was in flood, but we were blessed with beautiful moonlight nights and stayed out one night until midnight visiting

Beholding the Vatican.

Enjoying our visit at Venice.

the different gondolas with the attendant musicians, one even had a piano. We enjoyed those Italian voices, as well as the romance of it all.

White and I visited a remarkable Rotary Club meeting at Florence, held in a former palace, and we were the guests of honor.

Lawrence and I went to Vienna, took in the Alps, and the Danube, while the two Marys and Fred motored to Milan. The Danube instead of being blue was a dirty yellow, but we enjoyed it, particularly the castles and a delightful visit with Monte Pfefferkorn's sister. She took us through the King's Palace, the parks and where they worshipped the statue of Strauss. It was startling to see a merry-go-round in one of the most famous parks and, when we ordered fish at a restaurant, they led us outside and told us to pick out a

Fred and Mary White, your mother and I feeding the pigeons at the cathedral in Milan.

fish which was swimming in the glass aquarium. I consider the Tyrolian Alps superior to any in Europe. We took a thirty mile trip, by boat, around Lake Como with its beautiful homes to the water's edge. Lake Como furnishes Milan with its domestic water supply and the water is treated as it goes into the pipes. Why can't we do it here?

Will I ever forget our drive from Como to Lake La Gano and over St. Gathard's Pass into Switzerland! We enjoyed Berne and particularly Geneva, took a boat ride and saw Castle de Chelon, reportedly owned by our ancestors in the tenth and eleventh centuries, a picture of which we have. Our name then was Flechere and, after William the Conqueror conquered England, the name was changed to Fletcher.

Charlie, while attending the University of Paris, had been a guest for a week of the Bouves in their castle three miles from Lake Neuchatel. His description, by letter, of the

castle, the moat, the dungeon and all, written to us at the time, caused us to unceremoniously make an afternoon call. Approaching it, the most remarkable thing was the abundance and size of the wild Lilies of the Valley along the roadside, in June. The family received us joyfully. The drinks they gave us were awfully strong and numerous, so Fred said, and the ladies felt it in their knees. The startling thing, to me, was an oil painting of Yosemite Valley in their living room. That night at the hotel at Neuchatel, I was writing in the lobby when White came down. He did not notice me, but went to the Concierge, an Englishman, and asked the way to the nearest cheese factory. The Englishman asked him what he wanted and he said he wanted to buy some Neuchatel cheese and ship it to San Diego. The answer was, "My friend, we make very little, if any. Instead, we make chocolate here. Neuchatel cheese comes from Wisconsin"—and that was the state from whence Fred White came!

The next day we crossed into Germany via Basle and had a 200 or 300 mile drive through the Black Forest and noticed, particularly, the wonderful way in which the German homes were maintained in and out.

We came back to France via Strassburg, stopping for lunch at a hotel in Tulle, the name, The Two Keys, and we were entertained by two most beautiful French girls. White suggested that we stop for 24 hours, but the ladies said "No," and we stayed that night at Verdun, visiting, that afternoon, Mt. Falcon and the dugout from which the Crown Prince could see but never conquer the balance of France to the south. We also saw his dugout in the Argonne, the bayonet trench where 27 were buried by one explosion with the guns upright, but protected by the concrete cover above, donated by an American citizen.

We had read in Venice, from a Paris paper printed in English, that a dear friend of ours, Admiral Roger Welles, would make the Memorial Day address at Belleau Woods where so many of our boys were buried and we arrived there, just in time to hear his address and take moving pictures of the Admiral, the thousands of Frenchmen assemblied and, particularly, the 1200 children decorating the American graves

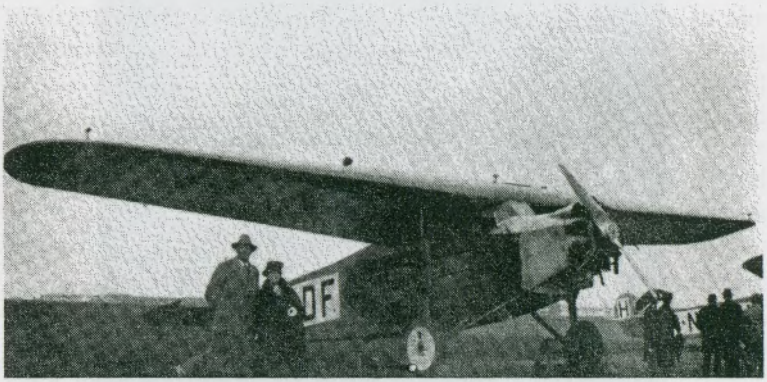
Admiral Roger Welles
San Diego will never forget him and his dear wife. A brilliant author, she was interested in and beautifully portrayed the pronouncement of the curse and its removal by the Indians on Warner Ranch when the Indians were forcefully removed by the Government.

with flags—American and French. After a delightful little visit, we were on our way via the Marne to Paris. Later, we took in Belgium and Holland together. There are more canals around Amsterdam, in miles, than in Venice. On a sightseeing trip, by boat, with 28 or 30 present on the upper deck, motoring through the canals, we came to a two or three mile stretch where there seemed to be nothing of interest excepting some Dutch windmills. When asked where we came from, I commenced to give a talk on California; the beauties of San Diego, etc., until all the party was listening to me. I said to the Spieler, later, "Is there anything of historic interest to that windmill?" His answer was, "Yes, that windmill was built long before Columbus discovered America." That shut me up.

We motored to the highest point in Holland—92 feet above

sea level—visited the dykes that later were destroyed in World War II and can appreciate the misery of it all as a result.

Mary and I flew from Amsterdam to London. We never saw a more beautiful sight from the air than the thousands of acres of Dutch Lilies in bloom. We landed in England in a terrific rain storm, and, remember, this was in 1926. The next day, this same plane, on a flight, ended in the death of all



This is the plane that we flew across the channel from Holland to England in. The next day, this one engine plane dropped into the channel and all on board were lost.

aboard. Crossing the Channel, Mr. and Mrs. White took the boat and had a terrible night's trip as the result of the rough crossing.

On our way to London, we flew down the Holland coast, touching a little of France and made the trip over the channel. We saw the fishing town of Dover beneath us and England with its marvelous forests and beautiful valleys.

President Hoover's son, Allan Hoover, and Allan Campbell, son of the Governor of Arizona, were school mates with our boys at Stanford. When Allan Hoover was on his way to his father's inauguration, the two Allans stopped overnight at our house. The next time we met them was at a tea house in Rome, three months later, and, again, when we walked into our hotel in London, here were the two Allans. With the Whites, we took in London, a trip up to Scotland, motoring down the Tweed River, and how we loved Loch Lomond. The

five of us stopped at Tarbett Inn over night; it was formerly a castle. At 10:30 one night, I was reading the Saturday Evening Post, by daylight, in our hotel at Glascow. By boat we crossed over to Belfast and, to our amazement, found a three mile stretch there with semi-tropical plants and trees caused by the nearness of the Gulf Stream. This whole island is north of Newfoundland and parallel with Greenland.

We went from Belfast to Dublin, a most interesting trip, and from there down to Limerick, finding the most interesting sod houses. We were met at Limerick by one horse shays, into which we climbed from behind. We enjoyed a trip around the Shannon Lakes. Returning from Dublin to London, Mary and I visited the Wedgewood plant where we purchased a complete set of Wedgewood and shipped it through George Marston to San Diego. We have this set, today.

Mrs. Fletcher in a one-horse shay—the only conveyance to our hotel on our arrival at Limerick.

We heard the original Rose Marie for the first time with 125 young English voices—a wonderful evening. Another day, we drove out to Oxford where Charlie attended school for a year after graduating from Stanford.

We came home on the S.S. Berengeria and all felt it was one of the happiest trips of our lives.

Fred and Mary White made many valuable contributions benefiting San Diego City and County, but one unfortunate experience that we shared is not generally known. Ambitious for San Diego, Fred and I, with Dick Robinson, Claude Spreckels, and others, organized the San Diego Athletic Club. I was its first President. Fred White later became President. We had plans drawn for a seven story building, acquired the lot from Dick Robinson at Sixth and A for a sum of $75,000.00, as I remember it, and then came the question of financing the building. I invited my associate in the Cuyamaca Water Company, Charles F. Stearn, of Los Angeles, President of the Pacific Southwest Bank, to come to San Diego and meet our Board of Directors. It was through him that we secured a first mortgage loan of $450,000.00, as I remember it. The entire investment was approximately a million dollars. We had drive after drive for memberships which took much of Fred's time, as well as mine. During construction, while Fred White was President, the Board of Directors and the membership voted to increase the height of the building to eleven stories, without proper financing, over my personal protest, but I acquiesced reluctantly. It involved another $175,000 expenditure. The 1929 depression came and we had to borrow money from the banks who demanded the personal endorsement of each one of us, involving over $200,000.00. Many memberships were canceled, contracts repudiated and, eventually, the mortgage was foreclosed, wiping out nearly a half million dollars of equity. In addition, we had voted over a hundred thousand dollars worth of second mortgage bonds to buy the furnishings for the club that proved worthless. I had purchased $9,000.00 and White and Marston considerable more, each of them, as I remember it. It was a total loss. The San Diego Athletic Club went into insolvency. White and I had to pay $68,000.00 owing to our endorsement of the San Diego Athletic

PRAISE SERVICE
OF THE
SAN DIEGO ATHLETIC CLUB
AT THEIR MEMBERS' MEETING
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1927

MR. JONES: Before we close this meeting or get away from here, I think we ought to have a little praise service. It is not necessary for me to get up here and tell you what a fine lot of fellows you are. In fact, I don't want to tell you that I do feel, though, that we should pass the bouquets, the flowers, around while those who are alive among us can enjoy the perfume.

I want to offer a few words of commendation, - and you will pardon me because I happen to be of the Board of Directors, - I want to offer a word of praise for your directors. I want to say that they have accomplished wonderful things for the good of your, - and our, - club.

I want especially to pay my respects to our very fine, upstanding president, Mr. Frederick M. White.

I want also to pay my respects to that wonderful, enthusiastic worker, Dick Robinson.

But at this time, I do want to speak of one man in particular who has been the backbone of the directorate; a man who has done very wonderful work; a man who has been spending his own money, making many trips to Los Angeles in your behalf, a man who has been instrumental in saving the Club anywhere from Fifty to Seventy-Five Thousand Dollars in hard cash by getting the Pacific-Southwest Bank to finance our Athletic Club Home — I refer to

COLONEL ED. FLETCHER

and I want to offer a motion that a rising vote of thanks be extended to Colonel Ed. Fletcher by this Club at this time for the splendid work that he has done in promoting its welfare.

(Very good, reply. Motion carried with enthusiasm. Cheers of applause)

Club notes and we had to put up double the security; most of it, we lost. I have those notes and bonds today, 1951, as souvenirs.

A new San Diego Club was created which exists today and has been very successful in its operation. We raised new money through insurance companies with each member of the club taking insurance policies. Horace Rhodes was the leader. He could give his time and attention to it and made a good salary out of it. I should also mention McArthur Gorton who, since Horace Rhodes' death, has been most successful in the operation of the club, now out of debt and with money in the bank. We are proud of that. The property is now owned by 153 life memberships.

Before closing this chapter in my memoirs, I want to pay tribute to a wonderful woman—Mary Yawkey White—she was Fred White's inspiration, proud of his accomplishments, a true friend to the Fletcher family and probably one of the truest friends your Mother and Aunt Mary ever had.

One day, she came into my office and asked if I would sell the top of Mt. Helix. I thought she was joking and told her that Mr. Frank Sieberling, President of the Sieberling Tire Company, had offered me $25,000 for same, but I had refused it for the few acres on the top of Mt. Helix. With tears in her eyes at my answer, she told me that she and her brother, Cyrus Yawkey of Wausau, wished to build, as a memorial to their mother, a Nature Theatre there where we had previously held many Easter Services. After discussing it with your Mother, we decided to donate the property to San Diego County for this purpose with the result that they hired a splendid architect to design the present Nature Theatre, costing in excess of $100,000.00 and they gave also $30,000.00 in bonds to the Board of Supervisors of San Diego County, the interest on which maintains the Nature Theatre. Ed, Jr., assisted in the construction, particularly of the Cross and for many years was the custodian without pay in the planting and development of same.

Thus, Mary Yawkey White, Cyrus Yawkey, and Fred White gave to San Diego County the most unique and attractive lasting gift that San Diego County has today.

Easter on Mount Helix

By LILLIAN PRAY-PALMER

ONCE again in the pearly dawn of an Easter morning thousands will follow the winding way up to the White Cross on Mount Helix, there to worship and rejoice in the promise of eternal life made sure by the glorious resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. From the vast theatre below the cross a great chorus of praise will greet the first rays of the rising sun.

The desire to share with others the great things of life is a recognition of the relationship of all mankind, a testimony of a faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man.

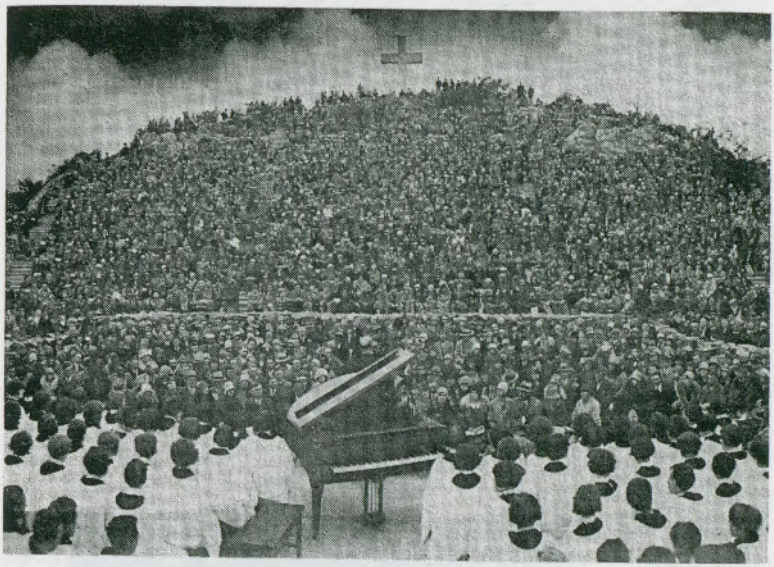
Mary Yawkey White, in such faith, has shared with the people of her beloved city, San Diego, and with all that shall come within the city's gates, the inspiration of the great love that existed between herself and her mother, Mary Carpenter Yawkey.

The Cross on Mount Helix, to all a symbol of hope, is to those who know its story, a monument that tells of the deep devotion of one woman to another, for it is a shrine of love built by a daughter in memory of her mother, which has now become a consecrated memorial to both.

A loving and deserved tribute to a noble woman, Mary Yawkey White.

The least I could do and the first thing that entered my mind was to protect that wonderful gift and see that, in the development of Grossmont and Mt. Helix, we, in perpetuity, protected and maintained, through restrictions and conditions placed in all deeds, the surrounding property.

Mary Yawkey White's generosity and her interest in art as well as the development of our county will never be forgotten. The last time we saw her was in Balboa Park when we left for our Motorcade to Memphis. Two weeks later she was dead and it was a sad homecoming. Fred and I were like brothers until he passed away a few years later—one of the best friends your Mother and I ever had.



It was estimated that fifteen thousand attended the dedication of Mt. Helix Nature Theatre, donated by Mary Yawkey White and her brother, C. C. Yawkey.

Ed Davis and his pal.
No man in this state ever did more for the Indians. In our sixty odd years of business and pleasure, we never have had a cross word or a dispute. You children have all had the joy of knowing him and have enjoyed his hospitality at Mesa Grande. His beloved wife was a perfect mate. It has been an inspiration to have known this man, flowing over with the milk of Human Kindness.

CHAPTER XXVI

ED DAVIS

What a lovable chap! I first met him in '89. He was living in Mesa Grande where he lives today—a wonderful family and home—a no more restful spot in San Diego's backcountry than their unique hotel, and to think that they lost it all by fire without insurance and never to be re-built. The heart of the entire county went out to the Davises at that time.

In 1889 I was selling his splendid cherries, through my employers, Nason and Company. In 1890 I motored, on my bicycle, to Mesa Grande, and a friendship developed that exists to this

day—stronger than ever. After I married your Mother we were their house guests and they ours. We handled the Ed Davis cherries thereafter.

I became identified with the building of what is now known as Lake Henshaw Dam. It was Ed Davis or his son who helped to get the filing on the water of the San Luis Rey River every 60 days according to law. When the time came for construction of the outlet tunnel and the concrete cut-off under my supervision, it was Ed Davis who helped to get the men and cooperated with our engineers, E. W. Case and W. S. Post. It was Ed Davis who helped me out at a time when I was representing William G. Henshaw. How well I remember the time when I had to make the water filing on the San Luis Rey River on government land below Henshaw Dam. John Johnson, Jr., of Escondido had made certain water filings, and it was the man who got his water filings first to the Court House and recorded who won. Our water filings expired on a certain date.

With a two horse team I had driven to Mesa Grande that evening, my broken arm in a cast. In a snow storm, at night, Ed Davis and I rode horseback down the Mesa Grande grade to Warner's and re-filed on the waters of the San Luis Rey River, a moment after midnight; then riding back to Mesa Grande, I drove down the Old Mesa Grande grade, caught the morning train from Foster into San Diego and recorded our water filings two hours before John Johnson, Jr. filed his.

Again when Mrs. Anita Utt, who owned the Agua Tibia ranch above Pala, had contracted to sell us a certain portion of her ranch for its water rights, she refused to take the second payment, wanting to call the deal off. On advice of our attorneys, I took $5000.00 in gold to tender her to comply with our contract. I took the stage to Mesa Grande, made arrangements with Ed Davis to furnish me with a horse and accompany me to make the tender as well as transact other business enroute. Arrangements had been made for a two-horse rig to come up from Oceanside and get me at the Agua Tibia ranch. I believe it was your Mother's brother, E. C. Batchelder, who came.

I had no pleasure in carrying around $5000.00 in gold and

was not used to a big revolver that I was carrying. I confided in Ed Davis that night that I had the money and the revolver and to watch out for me. I did not sleep well that night, but the next morning awakened and found my $5000.00 gone, as well as my revolver. It seems that Ed Davis had taken them both, and of course the joke was on me.

It was a terriffic ride that day on horseback down to the Agua Tibia ranch. We were ready to make the tender, but found Mrs. Utt not at home. The result, however, was the same and later Mrs. Utt accepted the money and gave us the deed.

I backed one patent of Ed Davis for a nailless box—that turned out to be a failure, and the stock of the corporation is now in the five million dollar room of the San Diego Club.

We bought together and subdivided at a fine profit ten acres south of Encinitas and donated a small beach park to the county.

Ed Davis has done more for the Indians of San Diego County than any other living man. I could write a book about it. He has represented the Smithsonian Institution and other national organizations, traveling all over Mexico and the deserts of the United States and Mexico.

Our last trip together with Templeton Johnson down to Punta Penasco on the Gulf of California in Sonora, Mexico two years ago will never be forgotten.

Alvaro de Bree, the international artist who created our Cabrillo Statue at the request of the National Government of Portugal. This photograph was autographed and sent to your father by Alvaro de Bree.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CABRILLO STATUE

Cabrillo (Joao Rodriguez Cabrillo) of Portugal, a most ambitious explorer, landed in San Diego, September 28, 1542. We are fortunate in having the Cabrillo Statue here, made possible by the famous artist, Alvaro de Bree, of Portugal. It now rests in the Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma. The height of the statue is fourteen feet, it weighs 14,000 pounds, and is resting on a 6½ ton granite foundation. It is

Lisboa, March 20, 1941

Honorable Senator
Ed. Fletcher
California Legislature
San Diego, Call. U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Ed. Fletcher,

I had the pleasure to receive for your kind letter of Dec. 20 and newspaper clippings which I have found of great interest. I am still looking forward for the arrival of the diagram previously required and want to express my best thanks for your efforts to turn possible my presence at the unveiling of the Cabrillo's statue in next year.

As a further biographical note I have the pleasure to state that I have just been confered for the 1st. prize of sculpture granted by our Secretariado de Propaganda Nacional in its 1941 Exibition. This is the first time this prize has been granted and not being regularly conferred it is only granted when excepcional work appears.

Awaiting the pleasure of your news and remain

Sincerely yours

(Alvaro de Brée)
Quinta do Monte S. Miguel
Barcarena, Portugal

crowned by a shield bearing the Portuguese arms and, above, the Christian cross. The Consul-General of Portugal in San Francisco, Dr. E. G. da Costa, described the statue as a "simple, expressive monument to Cabrillo as the real discoverer of this El Dorado of the Pacific."

Our beloved Reginald Poland, Director of the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, says, "It suggests the will and forcefulness of its subject. It is well and beautifully carved by its artist. It is a fine work of art; in its sense of plastic forms and values, in its texture appropriate to the medium, and in its architectural feeling for structure. Quite apparent is that fortunate balance of the natural and the abstract.

"Its sculptor, Alvaro de Bree, was only 34 years old when he completed the figure. A resident of Barcarena, Portugal, he had studied under master sculptors in France, Italy and Portugal, his native land. He has executed several national monuments as commissions for his government. . . . Surely, he was a happy choice for the making of this, our newest, civic monument."

That is the statue that Governor Olson of California publicly accused me of stealing, bringing same to San Diego after he, without legal authority, had given the statue to the City of Oakland. The history of this controversial subject is as follows:

Our splendid citizen and business man, Joe E. Dryer, President of the Heaven on Earth Club, states as follows:

"When I was at the New York World's Fair last June, Admiral Standley took me to the Portuguese Building, where we had a most pleasant visit with the Portuguese Commissioner. At that time, the Admiral had already severed his connection with the New York Fair and was acting solely as a private citizen of San Diego, where Admiral Standley makes his home. A second reason for his interest lay in his friendship for Admiral Thomas J. Senn of Coronado, who is Chairman of San Diego's 1942 Cabrillo Celebration, which will mark the 400th Anniversary of the discovery of California at San Diego.

"The Portuguese Commissioner, Mr. Antonio Ferro, showed us a replica of the Cabrillo statue and added that the original had been sent to the Golden Gate Fair for

Joe Dryer
Our "Heaven on Earth Club" President, one of San Diego's best citizens and friend.

exhibition there, whereupon it was to be presented to the people of California as a permanent tribute to the memory of Cabrillo; and, moreover, that the statue was to be placed in San Diego, for that was the most appropriate place, inasmuch as Cabrillo first landed on California soil at Point Loma, in what is now the City of San Diego."

These good citizens, on their return, asked me to make every effort after the Panama-Pacific Exposition was over to have the statue brought to San Diego. I promised to do my best.

An item in a San Francisco newspaper caught my eye. It stated that a $3800 import customs duty on the statue was demanded by the Federal Government and could only be waived by the then Governor of California, Culbert Olson, officially accepting the gift in the name of the state. Its late arrival and a large expenditure of money involved in its erection was the reason the statue was not erected in the exposition grounds.

With the formal acceptance of the gift by Governor Olson, it was released from Federal Customs and was stored in the private garage of a former Portuguese National in San Francisco.

The newspaper article also mentioned that, with the approval of the Vice-Consul of Portugal in San Francisco, this statue of Cabrillo would be located in the City Park of Oakland, as a gift from Governor Olson. As there were sixty or seventy thousand Portuguese citizens in and about Oakland, it looked to me like the Governor was playing politics and that it should, by all means, be located in San Diego where Cabrillo first landed; either there or in Sacramento, our State Capitol, or Golden Gate Park. This beautiful statue, valued at $50,000.00, was a prize worth fighting for.

Having been a State Senator for four years with Governor Olson, I had a thorough disgust for many things he stood for. I resented the fact that the statue did not go to San Diego where I thought it belonged.

First, I quietly secured a legal opinion from our Legislative Council which stated that Governor Olson had the right to accept the statue in the name of the State of California, but the Legislature of California, only, had the authority to dispose of the statue as the Legislature saw fit.

Through a friend, I located the address and, one Sunday State Senator and Mrs. George Biggar, your mother, and I visited the home where the statue was still stored in the garage. It was so heavy it had broken the concrete in the garage floor. We discussed the matter with the lady, found she was sympathetic, and convinced her the statue should go to San Diego. Her husband having died recently, she wanted it out of the garage, but insisted upon having some authority from the state before having it moved to San Diego permanently. I had shown her the legal opinion of our Legislative Council that only the Legislature had the authority to act. She wanted additional authority, which I promised to get. I immediately introduced a bill in the Senate whereby if passed the statue of Cabrillo would go to San Diego.

Before attempting to pass the bill, I won the support of Senator Arthur Breed of Oakland, Senator Roy Nielson of

Sacramento, and Senator Jack Shelley of San Francisco, now Congressman Shelley. When this legislation was read by the Secretary of the Senate, I asked for immediate consideration of my bill without reference to committee. It took unanimous consent, and, there being no opposition, it passed the Senate, which I took as a very splendid compliment. When it reached the assembly, it was referred to committee and the bill killed, owing to the opposition of the assemblyman from Oakland. I was in this position: The State Senate was unanimously and officially behind me, but with the California Assembly opposed, my only thought was to get possession, as that is nine points of law, so lawyers say. I had our good citizen, Mathew Gleason, of San Diego, then President of the State Park Commission, write a letter asking the good lady to deliver the statue to me. Frank Jordan, Secretary of State, put on the golden seal of the State of California. On a Saturday morning, with that in my possession, together with a copy of the State Journal showing unanimous approval of the Senate, I submitted this documentary proof. She gave her consent for the statue's removal.

I had, earlier in the day, arranged for the drayman to be ready on a moment's notice to move the statue. When she

This crate, and another still larger contained the Cabrillo Statue which Governor Olson accused me of stealing. We still have the statue in the Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma.

gave her consent, I telephoned the drayman and a crew of four arrived with a tremendous truck. We had the statue on rollers out on the sidewalk when she called me into the house and asked me to talk over the phone to the Vice-Consul of Portugal who protested its removal and threatened court proceedings. I also got another telephone call from an attorney in Oakland who threatened an injunction. The lady was in tears, but it was too late. I promised her she would never regret it and left with the statue. By telephoning, I kept the Santa Fe Railroad Depot open Saturday evening and they accepted the statue for shipment from me to the City of San Diego. My good friend, E. J. Engle, then President of the Santa Fe Railroad, hauled the statue to San Diego free of charge and the statue was locked up in the warehouse of the City of San Diego for safe keeping.

There was an immediate uproar, Governor Olson accusing me in the press of stealing the statue and I have two letters demanding the return of same to Oakland where he had promised that it would go. I sent him a copy of the legal opinion of the Legislative Council and told him "nothing doing." Oakland made a demand through its assemblyman and, twice, bills were introduced by Oakland's assemblyman, which, if passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor, would have taken the statue away from us, but both times we were able to defeat these bills in committee, thanks to my pal Assemblyman Charlie Stream and Mrs. Jeanette Daley. Four out of five members of the State Park Commission of California, by resolution, demanded the return of the statue, but we paid no attention to them. I received, in every way, the cooperation of the Mayor and City Council of the City of San Diego.

Later, I went to Washington, met the Portuguese Minister, Joao De Bianchi, a mighty fine chap, entertained him and his good wife, explained everything to them, sent her orange blossoms by plane, and, eventually, with the consent of the President of Portugal, we secured the support of the Portuguese Minister who told the Vice-Consul in San Francisco where to head in.

Smooth sailing again, but for safe keeping, we erected the

ASSEMBLY BILL **No. 2525**

INTRODUCED BY MESSRS. SHERIDAN AND DICKEY

January 25, 1941

REFERRED TO COMMITTEE ON RULES

An act transferring the possession of the statue of Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo to the City of Oakland

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The care, custody and control of the statue of Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo presented by the government of Portugal and accepted by the Governor on behalf of the State of California is hereby transferred to the City of Oakland in trust for the citizens of this State.

statue on the United States Naval Training Station confines and dedicated it there. The statue was, for some time, under guard day and night by the United States Navy.

We had one dedication of the Cabrillo statue on December 19, 1940. We were honored with the presence of Dr. E. G. Da Costa, Consul-General of Portugal in San Francisco, a new consul. Mayor Benbough, Fred Rhodes, City Manager, Joe Dryer and the City Council all heartily cooperated, as well as Lawrence Oliver, Manual Medina, Joe Medina, and other prominent citizens of San Diego of Portuguese descent. There was a wonderful out-pouring of all citizens in San Diego and, particularly, the Portuguese element. Our good friends, Bishop Charles F. Buddy, our beloved John Davidson, curator at the museum and historian, and his good wife, took a lively interest and part in the ceremonies.

There was always danger of the Legislature reversing itself and taking official action removing the statue to Oakland. For

Consul-General of Portugal, Honorable E. G. da Costa.

From right to left: E. G. da Costa, Bishop Buddy, and your father at the dedication.

several years, a bitter fight continued. I had first appealed to the Cabrillo Civic Clubs in California, both by letter and in person. I was ably assisted by Mr. Joseph Mento of Sacramento, President of the Cabrillo Civic Clubs of California. We secured, for San Diego, the endorsement of 45 clubs all over the state. I received letters from several thousand school children, as well, from Sacramento and elsewhere endorsing San Diego as the location for the statue. Oakland citizens, working with Governor Olson, used every effort to get legislation passed to take it from us, but without avail.

After the statue had been officially dedicated in December, 1940, within the confines of the U. S. Naval Training Station, with the enlargement of the Cabrillo Park on Point Loma, it was agreed, with San Diego's consent, to move the monument to Cabrillo Park, mainly through the activities of Mrs. Wm. Paxton Cary, John Davidson, and others. I approved its change in location to the spot where Charles D. Warner, famous traveler and writer, wrote about Point Loma,

Mrs. William Paxton Cary, Ed Fletcher, and Reginald Poland, for many years Director of the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego.

in 1890: "The site commands one of the most remarkable views in the accessible civilized world, one of three or four really great prospects which the traveller can recall, astonishing in its immensity, interesting in its peculiar details, the wide curving coast line rising into mesas, the faintly seen snowpeaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto to the Cuyamaca and the flat top of Table Mountain in Mexico. The near hills about

Lawrence Oliver
One of San Diego's best citizens and of splendid assistance in bringing the Cabrillo Statue to San Diego.

this harbor are varied in form, poetic in color, one of them conical, San Miguel, constantly recalling Vesuvius, but the Naples view is limited, while this stretches away to the great mountains that overlook the Colorado Desert. It is certainly one of the loveliest prospects in the world and worth long travel to see."

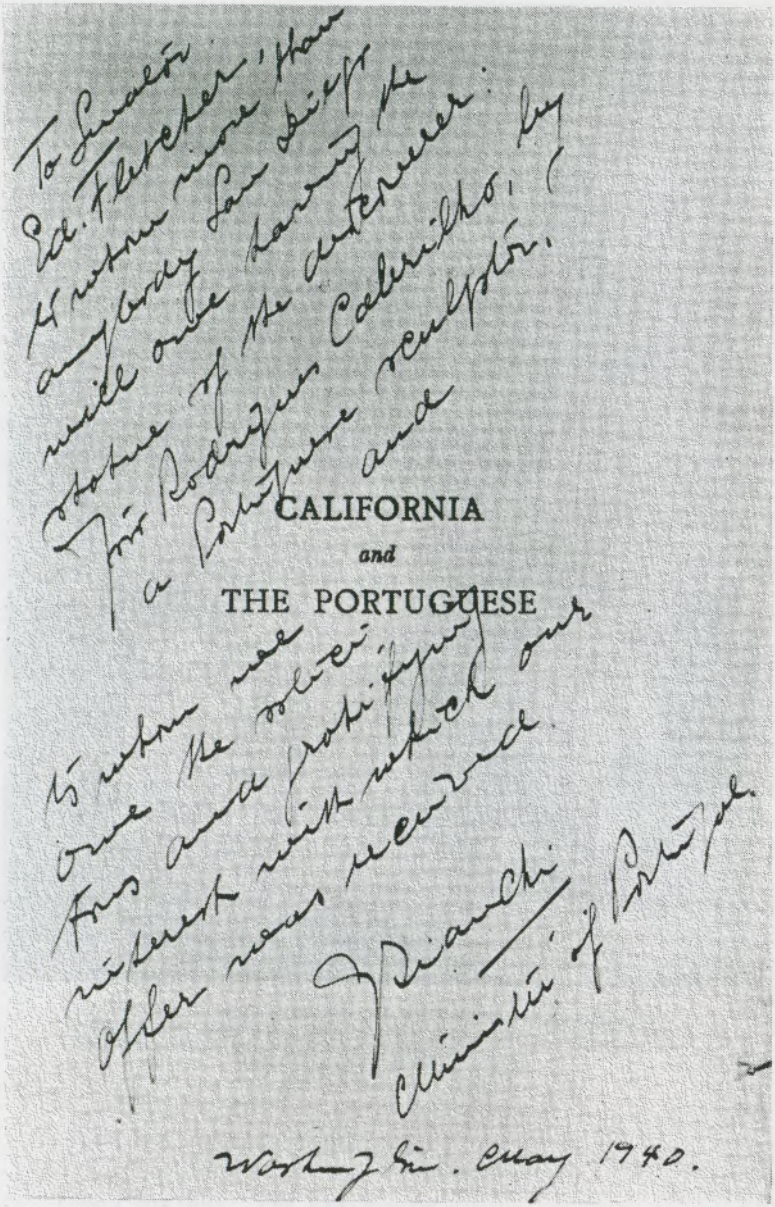
So, again, we had another dedication. Admiral R. S. Holmes re-dedicated the Cabrillo statue. We also had the blessing of

Admiral R. S. Holmes at the last dedication on Point Loma in Cabrillo National Monument.

Portugal, as evidenced by the following telegram of September 15, 1942:

"Honorable Mayor P. J. Benbough
City of San Diego, California

Ever since my first visit to California, I have been looking forward to 1942 as the year in which I have hoped to again enjoy the beautiful Pacific Coast. Unfortunately, conditions do not allow me to leave Washington at the present moment and I am reluctantly compelled to decline your most kind and tempting invitation. It was, indeed, a pleasure to hear that, in spite of all that is happening, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of California by the Portuguese Navigator, Joao Rodriguez Cabrillo, will not pass unnoticed and I associate myself



Hon. Joao de Bianchi, Minister of Portugal, paying your father a compliment.

Dedication of Cabrillo Statue. Left to right: Miss Louella Duggins, Queen's Maid, Dona Ilda Goularte da Costa, wife of the Portuguese Consul of San Francisco, Miss Doris M. Oliver, Queen, and Miss Julia Brum, Queen's Maid.

heartily with the celebrations which I have no doubt will touch the hearts of all those of Portuguese extraction who have chosen the beautiful State of California for their home and who, I am proud to think, are loyally answering the call of this nation in these momentous days. Please accept and convey to Senator Fletcher and Lawrence Oliver my best thanks and most cordial salutations.

JOAO DE BIANCHI
MINISTER OF PORTUGAL"

All is well that ends well and the Cabrillo statue is now in the hands of the United States Government for keeps. Last week, I read in the daily paper that the attendance at the Cabrillo monument and national park is the largest of any park in the United States.

The following is a poem written by Philip Morse, a fine Christian man, a friend and one of San Diego's best citizens:

"Great deeds obscure the lesser, as the sun
Outshines the stars until his course is run,
Then, through the embers of the dying day,
The evening star beams forth with steady ray.
So has the lustre of Columbus' fame
Through centuries eclipsed that humbler name,
Till, in the afterglow, we catch afar,
High in the golden west, Cabrillo's star.

"How brief the annals of this man.
We learn of him as one may scan
Upon a stone in slender phrase
A name, a date, a word of praise,
'Cabrillo, sailing from the south,'
Past island, gulf and river's mouth,
His craft no guiding chart could boast.
Upon his right an alien coast,
Two thousand leagues of unknown sea
Upon his left; Yet bravely he
Sailed to the north, while on the rim
Of southern seas the stars grew dim

And disappeared. New planets swung
Into his ken; the polestar hung
Its constant beacon for his course,
The hurricane, with mighty force,
Swept down on his rude caravel;
Yet never once his courage fell
Yet never once his purpose failed,
So from the south Cabrillo sailed.

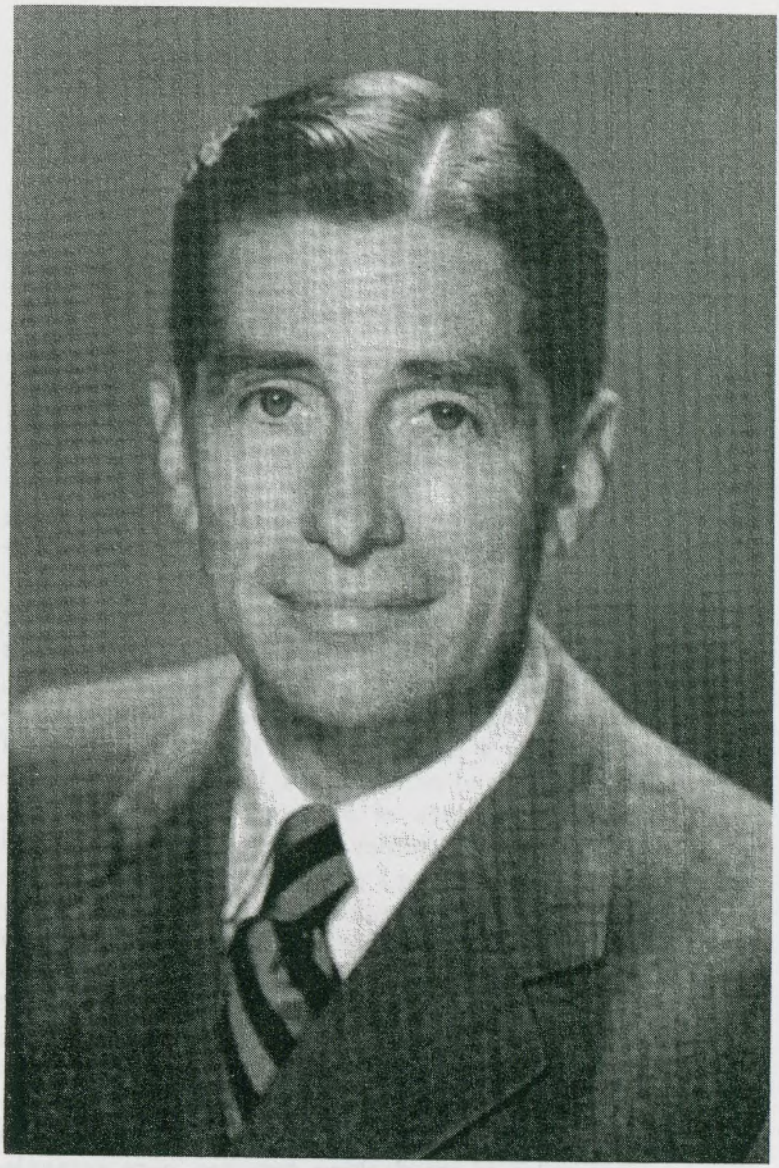
"O memorable September day!
When o'er the waters, far away,
He caught Point Loma's headland high
Against an azure western sky.
And at its feet the narrow way
That opened to the landlocked bay.
And he sailed in where ne'er before
A keel had plowed, while from the shore
The wondering savages looked on,
Nor knew an empire had been won."

CHAPTER XXVIII

WARD ESTATE

No memos would be complete without the romance and pleasure of working to untangle and sell this vast Redwood and Fir timber holdings, approximately 23,000 acres, located in Humboldt and Del Norte Counties, California. It has been a work of love and profit combined, selling four or five billion feet of timber, most of it bordering on the Klamath River, above the town of Klamath. In addition, I sold over a billion and a half feet of timber for the Sage Land Improvement Company and, as you know, we have purchased a beautiful 400 acres of timber where Blue Creek enters the Klamath River, 14 miles above the town of Klamath. President Herbert Hoover, one of our greatest living citizens today, made this property famous by camping on it for many years while trout fishing.

My connection with the Ward Estate, the owners living in Michigan, all came about through friendship and my being able to recognize opportunity. During the First World War, the Government asked for and your father leased to the Government, for a dollar a year for the duration, the free use of about 1,200 acres of land on the Linda Vista Mesa which we owned. Also, the free use of 3,500 acres more adjoining, owned by Harry Payne Whitney, of New York, which I had sold Whitney, the lands being a portion of what is now known as Camp Elliott, ten miles or more north of San Diego proper on the Linda Vista Mesa. These properties were used as a camp and artillery range for training. Over 25,000 were in camp there. Who should be in command but a Major General Frederick S. Strong who later took his so-called Sunshine Division to France. This Division served their country with great distinction. I cooperated with General Strong in every way and one time, at his request, I let his engineering regiment dig about six miles of interlocking trenches, wire entanglements, dug-outs, etc., on General Strong's verbal agreement to put the land back into condition again at the end of the war. Again, one engineering regiment was camped for two



Harold Ward
President of the Ward Redwood Company and Blue Creek Redwood Company, owners of large timber holdings in Humboldt and Del Norte Counties, California. He is a lover of nature, a square shooter, and our family friendships, after twenty years, are stronger than ever before.

Major General F. S. Strong. A real friend for twenty years. He trained a division of 25,000 troops here on Linda Vista Mesa in World War I and, with that division known as the Sunshine Division, went to Europe where they all fought with distinction and credit to our country, as the record will show.

weeks on our lands adjoining Cuyamaca Lake. Also, they cut considerable of our timber in learning how to build bridges. Sham battles took place, as well; we furnished all of this without cost to the Government.

General and Mrs. Strong became good friends with your Mother and me. We owned the Inn on Grossmont. General Strong was a God-fearing Christian man if ever there was one. Your Mother and I had donated the land on Mt. Helix for the Nature Theatre. Mrs. F. M. White and her brother, Cyrus Yawkey, had built the present theatre, just completed. At my suggestion, Fred and Mary White had General Strong make the dedication address on Easter Morning, the General

and Mrs. Strong being our house guests the night before at Grossmont Inn. Your Mother and I donated the San Diego Symphony Orchestra for the occasion. General Strong had his band of over a hundred pieces there. His address was most impressive, reverend and to the point, "a war to end war," he thought, and so did we. As the orchestra played the first lines of the Hallelujah Chorus, from the east came three white doves and circled over our heads three times. It was a beautiful Easter Morning. Thousands were there and, to the end, the memory will be with us.

What had all this to do with the Ward Estate? Well, here is the answer. After the war, General and Mrs. Strong came back to San Diego to live and our friendship was renewed. The General had retired and we had many happy days together, motoring over the country. By the way, the damage to the Whitney property and our property used by General Strong's command, was not repaired by the Army, but the General helped us get an Army Engineer's appraisal as to the amount of damage, which was approximately $24,000.00. The Army gave us a voucher for that amount, but the U. S. Controller General rejected it on the technical legal grounds that the Government had the right to use our lands, under our agreement, and informed us our only resource was an appropriation by Congress. I had a bill introduced in Congress four times, I believe, three of which failed to pass. The last time, eight years after the war, with a trip to Washington, and with the splendid help of our friend, Congressman Phil Swing, we secured its passage. The above amount was not sufficient to put the land back into condition again, but, thanks to General Strong, and with the help of others, he made his promise good.

One day, General Strong told me his son, then Colonel F. S. Strong, Jr., (now, 1949, General F. S. Strong, Jr.) was coming to California. Colonel Strong had married Marjorie Ward, one of the heirs to large timber holdings in California. General Strong had managed this property for years, was tired of it, claiming it should be in younger hands and asked if I would manage it for them. Colonel Strong came out to San Diego. We hit it off well together and, before I knew it, I was their agent on an understanding that I was to manage and sell

General F. S. Strong, Jr.
We call him "Fritz" and his beloved wife, Marjorie. Twenty odd years of association have brought about a splendid, growing friendship that will last a lifetime.

the property without cost to them, securing as my compensation ten percent of all monies coming in from the lease or sale of the property. Today, eighteen years later, our agreement still is in force, after having sold several million dollars worth of timber. It has been one of the most pleasant business associations of a life-time as the following will disclose.

Here is another time when I followed my hunches, although some of you boys thought I was foolish to try to supervise and sell property 900 miles away with credit to myself and to the Ward Estate.

I was probably the last one except the hospital staff to see the General before he died, as it came suddenly. I had promised him I would stay with it until the property was sold. It is one of the most exasperating, yet lovable, tasks I have ever had, for it put me in constant touch first with Colonel Strong and later Harold Ward and their families which brought splendid friendships over the years. Having been on the California State Board of Forestry for many years, I loved that work, particularly, to save as much Redwood timber as possible for park purposes along our highways.

There were about thirty odd heirs, each having undivided interests, several families were involved, as well as the National Bank of Bay City and Marjorie Ward. Working with Colonel Strong, I secured one offer for the property of approximately $526,000.00. I received this offer with a telegram from the intending purchaser stating to bring on the deed and get the money. Colonel Strong chased all over the country from New York to Florida to get the necessary deed signed and, with his dear wife, Marjorie, raced out to California by automobile, with the deed, only to find out it was a false alarm.

I went to Washington trying to sell this timber to the U. S. Forest Service and received little encouragement. I did find out that the U. S. Forest Service had planned to buy approximately 100,000 acres of cut-over timber land in Mendocino County, California. They referred me to S. B. Show, their Regional Forester, in San Francisco. In him, I found a good scout, as well as his associates, and a friendship developed

S. B. Show
U. S. Regional Forester of California. We can thank S. B. Show for securing nearly six thousand acres of native Redwoods in Del Norte County, California, bought by the U. S. Forest Service and bordering U. S. Highway 101. Our happy days together, whether business or pleasure, will never be forgotten.

that has lasted to this day, although now Show is representing the United States at the United Nations. Many a hunting and fishing trip have we had together in Mexico. He told me the first time I met him that the U. S. Forest Service first was committed to buy 100,000 acres of cut-over timber lands for reforestation purposes, but, if the deal blew up, they would consider buying some of the Ward timber. I first sold small amounts of Fir stumpage, but Arcata, the nearest railroad siding, was fifty to sixty miles away. The roads were crooked and steep. The demand for timber was nil, as far as the Ward timber was concerned.

Mr. Leonard C. Hammond, President of the Hammond Lumber Company, a personal friend, said, when I tried to interest him in purchasing, "The Ward timber is so far away

from transportation and the demand for Redwood timber so small, if the Ward Estate offered to deed us the land and timber for nothing, the only provision being that we must pay the taxes for ten years, I would not accept the deed to the land and timber as a gift." It was mighty discouraging, but lightning did strike, and your dad's hunches came true.

Willis C. Ward, father of Harold and Marjorie Ward, was still living, a most cultured man, with splendid personality and one who had given much thought to timber development. In fact, he made a name for himself in the timber business in Michigan, financially and otherwise, in a five million dollar timber development. Mr. Willis Ward had taken remarkable aerial photographs of the Ward Estate timber in California, showing not only the timber, but the winding of the Klamath River, the hill-tops and canyons to the ocean.

At that time, I saw, by the papers, that President Franklin D. Roosevelt was coming to San Diego, thence boarding the Cruiser Houston for a vacation in Mexican waters, fishing, etc. Two days before President Roosevelt arrived in San Diego, who should call on me but my Massachusetts neighbor and friend, Captain George Barker, Commander of the Houston. He invited your Mother and me to lunch aboard and during the conversation this thought came to me. Why

President Franklin D. Roosevelt just before sailing on the U. S. Houston, commanded by our old time friend, Captain George Barker of Littleton, Massachusetts.

Captain George Barker
Born on a neighboring farm, we have been friends since boyhood.

not write the President a letter setting forth the fact that the United States Government, did not own a Redwood tree and that a Roosevelt Park should be created, giving the reasons why and enclosing the beautiful aerial photographs. Captain Barker agreed to deliver my letter and book of photographs to the President. Later, I learned from Captain Barker that President Roosevelt was very much interested in the letter, had enjoyed the pictures, and said that the letter and photographs would be put in proper hands. Everything was turned over to the Secretary of Agriculture and, by him, to the U. S. Forester Graves. It was only a short time before U. S. Forest Supervisor S. B. Show, in San Francisco, and your father commenced to negotiate the purchase of some of the Ward timber. A little later, the original plan of acquiring 100,000 acres of cut-over timber land for U. S. Government Forestation was abandoned. Instead, the Government negotiated with us and purchased 5,600 acres of the Ward Estate timber land in Del Norte County, just north of the town of Klamath and up the Klamath River on the north side. A splendid view can be had of the timber from the bridge crossing the Klamath River into Klamath.

The price was low, from 25c to 75c per thousand feet stumpage, but it gave us several hundred thousand dollars and sufficient money to pay the delinquent taxes of between three or four hundred thousand dollars that had accumulated against the property. So many times we were disappointed before selling to the Government a portion of the Ward timber. We had chased many rainbows, and had run up against many promoters who had little intentions of doing business open and above board. We were glad to get all the timber we could into the hands of the U. S. Forest Service for their policy is a sustained permanent yield, proper methods of cutting, and protection of the young growth.

One of my most interesting tax experiences came about through the management of the Ward timber. The interest and penalties on the delinquent Ward Estate taxes amounted to nearly a third of the total tax. I knew the State Law prohibited any increase in taxes in excess of five percent in any one year over the last. By accident, I found that

one school district which included Ward Estate lands had increased its taxes over thirty percent. Del Norte County refused to make any reduction or compromise. The Ward Estate made the offer that if I would pay the expenses of the litigation they would give me one-third of all monies saved, so I had my own attorney file the suit. The trial lasted a week in the Superior Court held in Crescent City, and the Judge rendered a decision that only 56% of the original tax was valid and that the interest and penalties were canceled. But, we would have to pay the delinquent taxes within a year or lose title to the property. We settled on that basis, as the county did not appeal the case to the higher court. The sale to the U. S. Government came at a most opportune time, leaving free and clear of encumbrance the seventeen or eighteen thousand acres of timber land unsold. By the payment of the Ward Estate Taxes, and other delinquent taxes in Del Norte County, the winning of this litigation gave Del Norte County enough to pay all of its bonded indebtedness, outstanding warrants and other obligations in full, with money in the bank. We can thank Attorney General Earl Warren for his fairness in the trial. The suit had been brought in the name of the State of California. The successful prosecution of this litigation was a lifesaver, not only to the Ward Estate, but other timber owners whose property, otherwise, would probably have been sold for delinquent taxes. The purchase by the U. S. Forest Service at this critical time saved the day for us.

In the early years, all my negotiations were with Colonel Strong, but he had to turn the management over to his brother-in-law, Harold Ward. My business relations with Harold Ward from that day to this have been most happy. Harold Ward has been one of the sweetest, most up-right men I have met. Ward had a job on his hands and it was a pleasure for me to help. There were a lot of conflicting interests, something like thirty odd undivided interests, and, together we secured an agreement dividing the twenty odd thousand acres of timber so that the ownership rested in separate corporations, the Ward Redwood Company, Blue Creek Redwood Company, the National Bank of Bay City,

Michigan, and Marjorie Ward. I represented them all, by agreement, and it has been a pleasure to represent them. With the increased price for lumber and logs, hard-surfaced highways, and better and more powerful trucks and equipment, the property that we once offered for sale at approximately $526,000.00, and they turned it down, had increased to a value of three or four million, so it paid to hold on. To Harold Ward goes the greatest credit.

As Chairman of the Committee of Natural Resources of the State Senate, I was able, with the advice and support of the U. S. Forest Service, to introduce and make into law legislation regarding reforestation and selective logging of California's timber. This legislation is now being adopted by many states of the union. I wanted to mention my fellow Senator, George Biggar, also, as having been a big factor in helping to pass this legislation. One bill appropriated five million dollars, now a law, to buy cut-over timber land by the State and is a start in the right direction.

Harold Ward and I are now negotiating with the U. S. Government to buy additional Redwood timber lands, some of the best in the state, bordering our State Highway and I feel sure a park will be dedicated honoring David Ward, the father, and Willis C. Ward, the son. It is only a matter of time.

Probably the largest single sale of Redwood timber ever made, approximately three billion feet, your father made in one week to the A. K. Wilson Company. This timber was owned by the Ward Redwood Company, Blue Creek Redwood Company and Sage Lumber Company, about one-tenth of all the native Redwood timber left in California.

Through it all, I thank our good friend, Mr. Harry Malpas, County Surveyor of Del Norte County, a man of tremendous influence and who had been fair and above board through all our dealings with the county. I also wish to mention one who has been a friend for many years, Ralph Bull, of Eureka, former State Highway Commissioner and businessman. Ralph and Mrs. Bull and Harry and Mrs. Malpas have been true friends over the last twenty years.

In all sales contracts, Harold Ward insisted on and, as far

Ralph Bull, of Eureka, State Highway Commissioner and prominent businessman of Eureka. A friend of twenty years who helped me in timber matters.

as possible, secured conditions carrying out the enlightened policies of the Government including selective logging and for preserving for posterity our most valuable timber. As long as we live, your Mother and I wish to keep alive and growing our friendship of nearly twenty years with the Wards and the Strongs.

With the Ed Fletcher Company now owning that beautiful tract of timber where Bear Creek enters the Klamath, and also where Blue Creek enters the Klamath, at all times, children, keep in mind your responsibility to the public in the preservation of that timber. How your Mother and I love that country, not alone for its wildness and ruggedness, its rivers and springs, but its natural beauty of canyon and

forest, its tree ferns, Azaleas, Rhododendrons, wild Huckleberries, and Salmonberries, as well as its fruits and flowers. Thanks to the Strongs and the Wards we own these properties, excepting that purchased from the Klamath Redwood Company. After you boys saw, on the ground, the beauty of it all, you refused to sell and take a three-hundred percent profit. I know the spirit is in you. There is something else besides money in this world.

Harry and Gladys Malpas of Crescent City. He is County Surveyor of Del Norte County. We have had a wonderful friendship for over 20 years, first in connection with the redwoods, then in the pleasure trips we have taken together up the Klamath. As I dictate in March, 1951, these splendid people are our house-guests, with a standing invitation to come whenever they can.

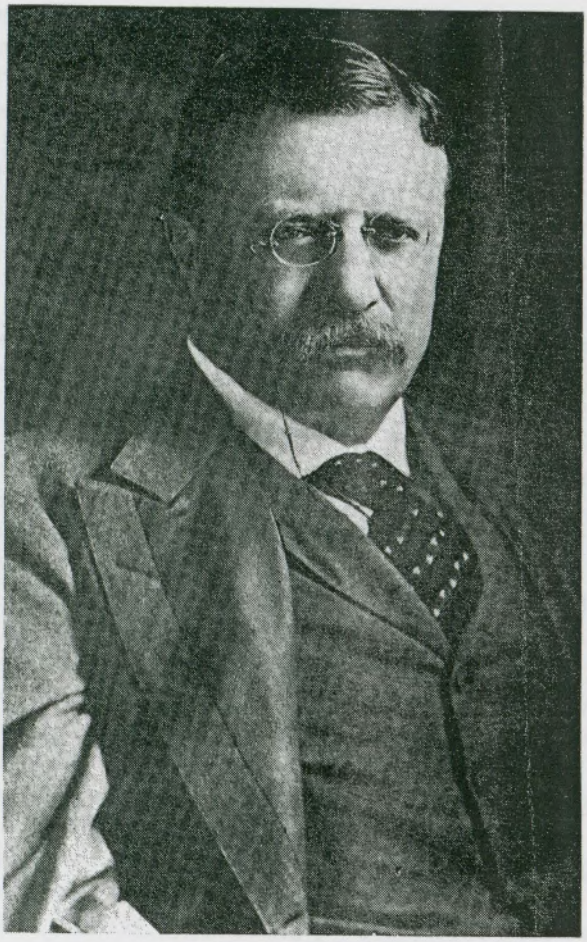
CHAPTER XXIX

OWEN WISTER

We met Mr. and Mrs. Wister through friends while they were visiting San Diego. Mother took a great liking to Mrs. Wister, and I did to him although we were certainly the opposites. He was cultured, a noted writer, imaginative, yet he loved the great outdoors as I did. They loved my dream of Grossmont, purchased property there, intending to come to San Diego to live, and I built them a home of their own planning. They also purchased a beautiful point at Del Mar, intending to build a summer home there. He asked for an investment worth while, and I sold him a half interest in the "S" Tract, Rancho El Cajon, 3,500 acres. It was our intention to develop it together, as it has much natural beauty, water and trees and is only twenty odd miles from San Diego; but, alas, before they could move to Grossmont, Mrs. Wister passed away. It was a shock to all of us, and resulted in Mr. Wister's losing his interest in San Diego County holdings, which I later disposed of for him and his estate. Mr. Wister did make several visits here for a week or two at a time. He loved the desert the same as I, and we had many happy drives together over all of Southern California, Arizona, and Mexico.

On one of Wister's visits here, I found him very quiet and asked if he was under the weather. He said nothing, but handed me a letter. It was from Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States. It seems that Wister and Roosevelt had known each other from boyhood, were roommates and in the same classes at Harvard. The friendship had continued through life. Wister had written an article in the Saturday Evening Post called the "Pentecost of Calamity." In a way, it was a compliment to Germany, its military might, and its people. Wister had spent many years of his life there. I read the letter. Wister was terribly hurt, feeling that Roosevelt was very definitely critical of his article. Personally, I did not take that view, feeling it was more or less a friendly criticism and informative of conditions that Roosevelt did not

Owen Wister, famous author of "The Virginian," a business associate, and friend for years.



President Teddy Roosevelt
The Roosevelt I loved!

think Wister had knowledge of. I laughed it off and tried to cheer him up, but for two or three days Wister was very thoughtful and I could see he was definitely hurt. I begged him to write an answer to Roosevelt, giving him as good as he sent and to laugh it off, but to no avail.

Later, Roosevelt came to San Diego, a Bull Mooser, brought here by Governor Hiram Johnson who had wired ahead asking Ed Luce, John Held, Thomas O'Hallaran, Judge W. A. Sloane

and myself, as I remember it, to meet him at the Grant Hotel for a private conference on political matters. I had met Mr. Roosevelt before several times and this meeting gave me a chance to get better acquainted with him. He had a few hours to spare and, on my invitation, I had the pleasure of taking Mr. Roosevelt, alone, out to Grossmont and Mt. Helix to show him some of the beauties of our back country. Passing the Owen Wister house at Grossmont, I happened to remember the incident of Roosevelt's letter to Mr. Wister and called his attention to the fact that Owen Wister owned that home. The President immediately expressed great admiration and appreciation for Owen Wister and told of their boyhood days together in college, as well as their friendship for many years. Upon impulse, I asked Mr. Roosevelt what prompted him to write such a letter as he had, criticizing Wister's article in the Saturday Evening Post. The President turned quickly and asked, "Did you see that letter?" I said, "Yes," and told him how I happened to see it, also, that Mr. Wister was very much hurt at the President's criticism, although I did say that I thought Mr. Wister was unduly sensitive. Mr. Roosevelt expressed deepest concern and stated he would not have hurt Wister's feelings for anything. He pulled out his notebook and said, "Wister has not answered my letter. I am going to write him upon my return." He promised to say nothing about my connection with the matter. The matter passed out of mind for several months. When, later, I was writing to Mr. Wister on business matters, I put on a "P.S." asking him if he had ever answered Mr. Roosevelt's letter. I immediately received a reply from Mr. Wister stating that he had never replied to Mr. Roosevelt, but that Roosevelt had, on his own initiative, written him a most splendid letter which was entirely satisfactory to Wister and explained Roosevelt's point of view. In fact, Wister took it as an apology from Roosevelt in having written such a vigorous letter of friendly criticism in the first place, and all was forgiven. After Roosevelt's death, Wister wrote the biography of Theodore Roosevelt and made reference in that biography to the effect that Roosevelt, once he made a mistake, did not hesitate to correct his error and apologize, and then mentioned the incident of

the letter Roosevelt wrote to Wister, which I had seen, and later the apology which renewed the friendship and affection one had for the other. Wister never knew of my connection in the matter.

In closing this chapter of Owen Wister, I want you four boys to remember the splendid visit we had in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where Wister wrote "The Virginian." We loved that spot as he did and I am thankful that we had the privilege of knowing Owen Wister intimately. He was an inspiration to me and one of the most lovable characters I have ever met.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo with Mary and Ed Fletcher. Mrs. McAdoo was formerly Miss Wilson, daughter of President Wilson.

CHAPTER XXX

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

Although a Democrat (but a conservative one) we were friends and, as a U. S. Senator in Washington, representing California, he certainly represented us well. I found him a mighty forceful man and one who made his reputation as an engineer in building the tunnel under the Hudson River.

While in California, we had several hunting and fishing experiences. On his invitation, with a party, we had planned to float down the Snake River from Ashton, Montana, on a fishing trip, for a week, on a log raft, a rather unique experience. I missed the trip on account of having to go to the hospital two days before the time to leave.

Another time, Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo (i.e. President Wilson's daughter) accepted our invitation to visit us in San Diego. The Democrats were all agog when we pulled off a dinner at the Cuyamaca Club. Cuyamaca Lake, at that time, was filled with trout. It was late fall, splendid weather, and, at 5:30 A.M., I was rowing and McAdoo fishing. We were in the shadow and the morning sun was just striking, for the first time, Cuyamaca Peaks with a glorious sunrise.

I do not know what prompted me to put this question to him, "Why on earth did President Wilson go to Europe?" Then I added, "Wilson knew he had a hostile U. S. Senate, Republican controlled, and the Senate had to approve any peace treaty made. Why did not Wilson appoint one or two Republican Senators on the Commission that went to Europe as a matter of policy and to help pave the way for the Versailles Treaty and League of Nations?"

This was McAdoo's answer, "Mr. Wilson went to France on the urging of his wife who wanted the glory and to meet royalty. Thirty-seven U. S. Senators and myself secretly waited on the President, begged him not to go, and told him the trip to Europe should be left to Secretary of the State Lansing and the Commission." This made President Wilson

mad and an angry scene later took place between President Wilson and his son-in-law, McAdoo.

I also had a personal friend on the Commission, General Taska Bliss. I had known General Bliss for several years while he was located in San Diego and, at one time, General Bliss had several thousand men camping at Fletcher Hills and Grossmont where a sham battle took place with your father and mother as guests of honor. On General Bliss'

This picture was given to your father by General Taska Bliss.

General Taska Bliss
A friend of the family and member of President Wilson's Peace Commission to Paris, World War Number I.

return from Europe, he told me that President Wilson had most of his time taken up in social affairs; that President Wilson made all the decisions and asked the Commission to sign on the dotted line; that the Commission was very resentful and the later resignation of Secretary Lansing was the result. In fact, General Bliss said the whole trip to Europe for President Wilson and his wife was a tragedy, as far as the interest of the United States was concerned. The question of the creation of the League of Nations would have been, undoubtedly, successful with President Wilson staying at home, if one or two Republican Senators had been put on the Commission sent to France. This was McAdoo's opinion.

Army-Navy Y.M.C.A. Building we fought for and won.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ARMY-NAVY Y.M.C.A.

Whenever I think of the Army-Navy Y.M.C.A., to my mind comes George W. Marston, G. A. Davidson and many other faithful citizens who have given of their time and money to render a service to our service boys who could take advantage of the Army-Navy Y.

Marston and Davidson drafted me into the service somewhat against my will, as I did not feel I could give the time and attention needed. The National Organization offered to give $500,000 to erect an Army-Navy Y in San Diego, providing the citizens of San Diego would donate a site to be selected by the National Organization; the money to be raised by the citizens of San Diego. Fifteen of us made up a committee: G. A. Davidson was Chairman and I was appointed

Secretary. Also, being in the real estate business, I was authorized and got the options to purchase the property on Broadway where the present Army-Navy Y is located. The options called for the raising of $144,000.

We held five or six different meetings, squabbling over whether or not it was to the advantage of the town. Some thought the Y.M.C.A. was sufficient; others thought the money could not be raised, so it was one postponement after another until we sent out a notice of the last meeting and urged all to be present. We met in the Directors room of the Southern Trust and Commerce Bank, of which Davidson was President. Only three reported—Marston, Davidson and myself. After waiting nearly an hour and more as a joke than anything else, I made the motion that the offer be accepted and we raise the money. Davidson seconded the motion and it was unanimously carried by the three of us. I then was instructed to write a letter to each member of the committee about the action taken by those present and asking if they would acquiesce. Ten out of the fifteen responded favorably; the others did not reply.

The committee had no trouble in raising the money. As usual, George Marston was most liberal, as well as Harry Jones, the San Diego Gas and Electric Company, the banks, and J. D. Spreckels. If I remember correctly, half of the money was raised by the business firms and individuals, including Miss Ellen Scripps and A. S. Bridges; the other half we collected from the public.

Today, December, 1950, G. A. Davidson is still President of the Army-Navy Y, rendering an invaluable service to this community. I still find myself a director and Davidson still knows how to get something for the good of the service. Within the last six months, he got three army barracks from us—donated of course—and now I am informed there is a hotel at Pine Hills on the grounds of the Army-Navy Y.M.C.A., and named Fletcher Lodge.

I cannot think of the Army-Navy Y without thinking of G. A. Davidson. When he created the Southern Trust & Commerce Bank, I helped him. He made me a Director and, for a number of years, I was on the Loan Committee.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
GROUND BREAKING ARMY AND NAVY Y.M.C.A.

Top Row, Com. F.J. Chew, Adm. A.H. Robertson, Mayor Bacon, Howard Worth, Chaplain Taylor
Geo. Rowe, Sherm Byers, Herbert Holmes. Bottom Row, S.M. Bingham, Geo. Stone
Col. Ed Fletcher, Col. Milton McRae, M. Heller, Lincoln Rogers.

To my good friend
Ed Fletcher
Whose accomplishments I believe
have done more toward the
development of San Diego County
than those of any other citizen

Southern Trust and Commerce Bank

COMMERCIAL SAVINGS TRUST

CAPITAL PAID IN $1,000,000.00

San Diego, Cal.

G. A. DAVIDSON, PRESIDENT

IN REPLY REFER TO

April 1st, 1925.

To Whom it May Concern:

Colonel Ed Fletcher of San Diego has been one of our citizens for thirty-seven years and I have known him personally for twenty years.

He is the owner of large acreage of lands in San Diego County, under the Santa Fe and San Dieguito Irrigation Districts, and has been very successful in the development of these lands along the Coast, particularly as regards the avacado industry.

The two irrigation districts mentioned, comprising nearly 15,000 acres, were organized primarily through Colonel Fletcher's initiative and eventually approved by the State authorities of California, and the water supply for these lands, in my opinion, is unquestioned.

Colonel Fletcher took the initiative and has been one of the principals in the development of more water systems probably than any other man in San Diego County. He was president of the system built by the Santa Fe Railway, known as the Lake Hodges System, a two million dollar project. He interested Wm. G. Henshaw of Oakland in the largest project in San Diego County, known as the Warner-Sutherland Project, and was the partner and associate of James A. Murray of Butte, Montana, in the one million, five hundred thousand water project known as the Cuyamaca System, now furnishing 20,000 people with domestic water and irrigating 10,000 acres just east of San Diego.

Colonel Fletcher has transacted business with this bank from the day of its inception. His relations with us have been thoroughly satisfactory and he has lived up to all his obligations.

His vision has done more to develop the back country in our opinion, than any other individual and we are of the opinion that he will succeed in colonizing the lands which he controls. He is a good financial and moral risk and will live up to any obligation he may make relating to development of lands in San Diego County.

President

Friend Davidson:
It pays to advertise! Thanks!
Yours to command,
Ed Fletcher.

Later, when I organized the Bank of Solana Beach and Encinitas, I had the pleasure of selling him both of those banks, through the Bank of America, and got rid of a real headache with a slight profit—thanks to G. A. Davidson—but, you know, in starting a town one has to have a bank to help sell real estate.

Davidson has rendered a remarkable service in civic affairs and, with Marston, worked for the Nolan plan. The future of our public buildings and bayshore, I am sure, will be protected.

It is G. A. Davidson who has done a wonderful job, assisted by splendid men, in carrying on the good work of the Army-Navy Y. As Treasurer of the Santa Fe Railroad; as a banker and businessman; as a citizen rendering public service without pay, and as a Christian gentleman, Davidson fills the bill. He and his good wife are friends of a life-time of the Fletcher Family.

The State Capitol at Sacramento

CHAPTER XXXII

MY TWELVE YEARS IN THE CALIFORNIA STATE SENATE

My active interest in politics in becoming a state official came about in an unusual way, although I had always been interested in political matters, a staunch Republican and always voted the Republican ticket excepting when I supported and helped elect our old friend, Bill Kettner, a Democrat and one of the most representative Congressmen San Diego County ever had.

It was not until 1934, the depression was on; we had sold the Cuyamaca Water System, San Dieguito Mutual Water Company and I had made a happy settlement with William G. Henshaw covering my interest in the Lake Henshaw development. My good friend, Edgar Hastings was more responsible than anyone for my entrance in the contest for State Senator, at that time, against State Senator William E. Harper. It was 7:15, Monday morning, at the Carleton Hotel in Washington, D.C., that I received a telegram signed by Ed Hastings

Edgar Hastings
The neighbor and friend who really was responsible for my first candidacy for the State Senate.

and nearly 100 citizens, asking that I allow my name to be entered in opposition to Senator Harper. The deadline was the following Saturday noon for filing nomination papers. I was then 62 years of age. Naturally, I was pleased and my first thought was that I would like an expression of the people as to my ability to fill the job and, in a way, it would be one of approval or disapproval of my life work in San Diego since September 3, 1888. Without consulting your Mother, I replied, authorizing the use of my name, providing I was not asked to make a political speech, spend a dollar, or make a pledge during the campaign. I signed the numerous nomination papers which were sent to me in Washington. They arrived in San

Governor William D. Stephens, a good friend and a good Governor.

Diego Saturday morning and were filed just a few hours before the deadline.

The campaign was a clean one, Bill Harper, my opponent, was a friend. Being late in filing my nomination papers, Harper had many of my friends pledged. Two instances happened that surprised me. A most responsible committee of citizens waited on me and stated if I would withdraw I could have a certain important political appointment. This I refused. Another committee waited on me and stated I could have the

The seven Fletcher boys when they surprised their Dad the day he was sworn into office as State Senator, January 7, 1935.

Presidency of the 1935-36 Exposition if I would withdraw; again I refused. I never investigated to find out what authority they had or whether they could deliver or not, but I believe both offers were sincere, coming from responsible San Diego citizens.

I was elected by a majority of approximately 1500 votes and the following January 7, 1935, was sworn into office at the 51st regular session of the California State Legislature.

My good friend, George Hatfield, during the campaign, was running for Lt. Governor and we had many happy days campaigning together. One good argument that Senator Harper frequently told his constituents, through the press, was that he should be re-elected on account of his years of experience as State Senator and that he was now either chairman of or a member on most of the important committees of the Senate. George Hatfield promised me that, if elected Lt. Governor, he would immediately appoint me to the same committees that Senator Harper was on during the last session and, sure enough, as President of the Senate, having that right, he appointed me immediately to the following: Chairman, Motor Vehicles; Building and Construction; Commerce and Navigation; Elections, Finance, Hospitals and Asylums; Labor and Capital; Military Affairs and Prisons and Reformatories.

Newly elected Senators are supposed to keep their mouths pretty well shut the first session of Legislature excepting in a discussion of legislation, but, thanks to your mother, I got my foot in it immediately. Lt. Governor Hatfield had the appointment of all chairmen and the members of all committees in the Senate that session. My appointment to the above committees was unprecedented for a newly elected Senator and, unconsciously, I got into a scrap with him immediately. When Lt. Governor Hatfield officially announced his selection of committees, subject to the approval of a majority of the Senate, your mother had me paged, introduced me to a committee of women representing the denominational churches and called my attention to the fact that Lt. Governor Hatfield had appointed no Public Morals Committee, although the California Assembly had one. They asked if I would make a fight for a Public Morals Committee, all with your mother's

Lt. Governor George Hatfield. A real friend through the years in the Senate and a good sport on our hunting and fishing trips.

State of California
OFFICE OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR
STATE CAPITOL
SACRAMENTO

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE
333 MONTGOMERY STREET

GEORGE J. HATFIELD
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

San Francisco
July 11, 1935

Honorable Ed. Fletcher,
1020 Ninth Avenue,
San Diego, California.

My dear Ed:

It was very kind and thoughtful of you to write me as of July 1 and needless to say I am very deeply appreciative of the personal sentiment which you expressed.

It certainly was a great pleasure to work with you during the recent session of the Legislature and I know you enjoyed the work the same as myself even though the days were hectic at times.

I know I can always depend upon you Ed and if I can be of service to you at any time, I am at your command.

I am back at my office now after the few days in the south and I am devoting my time in catching up on my private law practice which you can well realize was neglected during the session.

With every good wish.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE J. HATFIELD
Lieutenant Governor

GJH:s

approval. A few minutes later, when Lt. Governor Hatfield asked concurrence in his committee appointments, with shaking knees, I opened my mouth for the first time, asked for recognition, secured it, and said, "Mr. President, I arise to ask a question. Why is there not a Public Morals Committee?"

A loud burst of laughter came over the entire Senate and the joke seemed to be on me. President Hatfield, with a grin, answered that the Senate did not need one. I called attention to the fact that the Assembly had a Public Morals Committee, that it was the custom of all Legislatures, so far as I knew, as there were many subjects affecting public morals. President Hatfield asked me if I made that as an amendment to his report. I answered, "Yes," and the fight was on. For over an hour, different Senators opposed a Public Morals Committee. Under the rules of the Senate, I had the last word before a vote was taken and gave them the works, with the unexpected result that my motion carried by a vote of 22 to 15, much to the surprise of President Hatfield. He immediately turned the tables on me when, from the rostrum, he announced that the entire Senate would constitute my committee. In the Senate, usually only five to seven members are on any committee. It would be almost an impossibility to get a majority of the entire Senate to attend a committee meeting at one time. The laugh was on me. The papers were full of it, but, three days later, after doing some individual work among the Senators, I introduced a resolution which, if passed, would reduce the Public Morals Committee to seven. Again, another fight and, again, I won. This compelled President Hatfield to appoint the following Senators on that committee: Allen, Holohan, Law, Schottky, Swing, Young, and myself as chairman. Again, the papers were full of it, but this time I received many compliments in winning a fight with my good friend, Lt. Governor Hatfield, undoubtedly the most influential man in the state, politically, excepting the Governor. There were nineteen bills referred to Public Morals Committee that session.

I was either author or co-author of twenty-five bills in the 1935 session which were approved by the Governor. One was an act making appropriation for a state exhibit at the California Pacific Exposition in San Diego, a splendid exhibit.

This picture shows your father, your sister, Catherine, and her daughter, Mary Catherine, presenting an invitation to Governor Frank P. Merriam, Director of Public Works, Earl Lee Kelly, and Director of Finance, Atlin Stockburger, to come to San Diego and be the guests of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. San Diego has much to thank these three men for in helping make our exposition a success. Governor Merriam, first as Lt.-Governor, and then Governor, gave us a splendid administration and he and his good wife have been our house guests many times.

With the cooperation of our assemblymen, I was instrumental in getting finances from the state in conjunction with the W.P.A. to build the state building, a beautiful, concrete structure located opposite the Ford Bowl.

My Senate Bill 1075, one of my most important bills, was the first step in California's program of reforestation and future development by the acquisition of lands for forestry purposes. My first interest in this public work was as a member of the State Board of Forestry of California for five or six years being appointed by my good friend, Governor Stephens, July 28, 1919.

At this session, I met Governor Merriam and his good wife whom your mother and I considered personal friends. They were our house guests, often, and I am sure he stood for the best things in life. He was kind financially and in other ways

Governor Merriam signing our bill for a state building in Balboa Park in 1934. Pictured, left to right: Ed Neron, Adolph Muehleisen, Charles Stream, and your Dad. Much credit must be given to Adolph Muehleisen for his part in passing this bill.

to San Diego and, during the depression, when we were fighting to build the Stadium at the State College, time and again, without legislative action, he would yield to my begging and give us a few thousand dollars to keep on with the W.P.A. work. We must not forget the perseverance and hard work of the beloved President of State College, our family friend, Walter Hepner and his good wife, friends of ours to this day.

Frank Merriam was a tee-totaler and what a jam I got him into one day. There was talk of the Allison Plan of bringing water from the Colorado River through Mexico and Laguna Salada into San Diego. The Forward boys were particularly interested and, through the Chamber of Commerce, I was appointed chairman of the committee to head a motorcade via Tecate and the Canto Grade through Mexico to Laguna Salada and Calexico. We had over 200 cars on the trip, with lunch at the top of the grade. Governor Merriam was our guest of honor. A truckload of beer came over from Mexicali.

The bed of the beer truck made the highest platform from which anyone could speak so, standing there with a half truckload of beer, I introduced Governor Merriam, stating

San Diego State College

San Diego, California

June 27, 1941

The Honorable Ed Fletcher
1020 Ninth Avenue
San Diego, California

Dear Colonel Ed:

I want to thank you for all the fine things that you did for the San Diego State College in the recent session of the legislature. Knowing that you were on the job in the senate, we could feel, even at this distance, quite confident that all our interests were being safe-guarded. You legislators were certainly confronted with many and severe problems. It is still a marvel to me that so much order can come out of what appears at times to be chaos in the legislative halls.

I do appreciate the contributions you have made in your active interest in and efficient work for the San Diego State College.

With all good wishes, I am

Cordially yours,

Walter R. Hepner
President

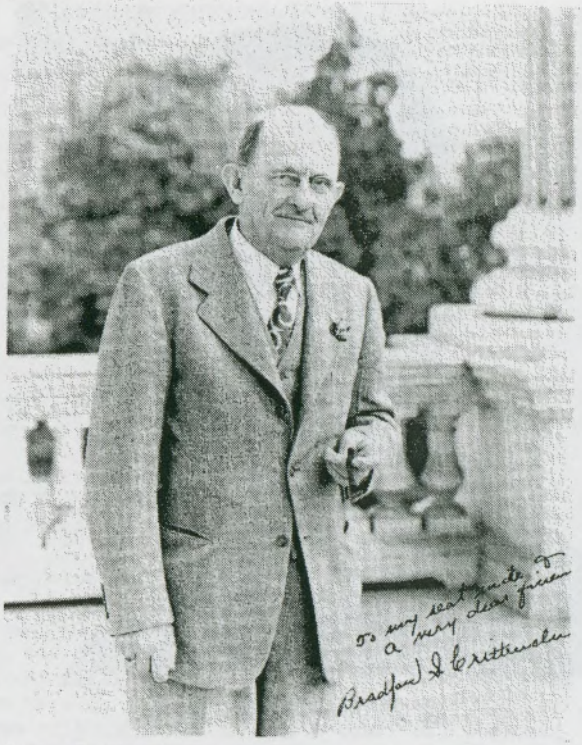
WRH:CK

It was a pleasure to work with Walter Hepner, a friend of the family and I want you to keep that friendship on forever.

Senator George Biggar
He and his wife are loyal friends.

that this was the first time I had ever seen Governor Merriam on a beer platform which got his goat and he immediately restated his position opposing liquor.

A few of the Senators I met for the first time, in 1935, and, with whom we formed a life-long friendship, were: Senator and Mrs. Sanborn Young from Los Gatos, partner and friend of ex-President Hoover; Senator and Mrs. Edward Tickel of Carmel; Senator and Mrs. Frank W. Mixter of Tulare County; Senator Ralph Swing of San Bernardino; Senator and Mrs. Thomas McCormack; Senator Deuel and Mrs. Deuel; Senator W. P. Rich; Senator and Mrs. John B. McCall; Senator and Mrs. William Knowland, now United States Senator; Senator and Mrs. Bradford Crittenden of Stockton, my seatmate for years and Senator and Mrs. George M. Biggar of Covelo. Senator Biggar represented Mendocino County and, for the twelve years we were in the Senate together, he was an in-



Senator Bradford Crittenden, of Stockton, my seatmate for years and friend. We had many happy days together while investigating state water matters.

spiration to me, particularly in regard to forestry problems and its kindred subjects. Later, I became chairman of the committee on Natural Resources and Senator Biggar was appointed Chairman of the Interim Committee on Reforestation, of which you will hear later. The veteran of the Senate, Senator Herbert Slater, was a Democrat, but such a lovable cuss. Most of the time we voted together and, for eight years, he was almost my seatmate. Senators Swing, Rich, Crittenden, McCormack, Deuel, Slater, and I were seated close together and many times we swung the Senate one way or the other by all pulling together.

Senator Culbert Olson was the most aggravating individual in the Senate. How we disliked him! Just to be contrary, he

would, time and again, be the only one voting "No" when bills were passed. As a Democrat, I did not like his philosophy, and, to me, it was inconceivable that the people of California would elect that man Governor. What an administration he gave us!

I want to put in these memoirs the record of a running fight we had with Governor Olson known as the Textbook Battle. Governor Olson had appointed, as directors of the State Board of Education, a majority of New Dealers like himself who had awarded the Silver Burdette Company a textbook contract in violation of the law as it would have given the company $180,000.00 in royalties while there were two other textbook companies lower bidders. One of these bids was for $12,000.00 in royalties and the other for $52,000.00. Governor Olson wanted the contract to go to the Silver Burdette people. The Los Angeles Times, on Saturday, July 18, 1942, states my position:

"State Senator Ed Fletcher today assailed the State Board of Education for selecting Camp Curry, Yosemite Valley, as a meeting place for a hearing on the long-disputed Silver-Burdette textbook contract July 23, 24 and 25.

" 'At a time when we are being urged by the national government to conserve rubber, it is preposterous to think of holding an important meeting like this at a place which no one can reach except by automobile,' Fletcher wrote Governor Culbert L. Olson today.

"Fletcher has been among the leading opponents to the Silver-Burdette textbook contract, under fire since 1937. Superior Judge Arthur Mundo of San Diego recently ruled that this textbook series has been so extensively revised in the last five years that it no longer constituted the volumes which the State has contracted to purchase.

"The State Curriculum Commission has been granted a public hearing at Camp Curry meeting, according to Fletcher, and Dr. Walter Dexter, State Superintendent of Education to rescind the 1937 contract then. Dexter has consistently opposed the contract on the grounds the books are "inferior," not approved by the Curriculum Commission, and improper because it was not awarded on the basis of the lowest bid.

" 'Why Robert Dulin, President of the State Board of

Education, has not selected Death Valley instead of Camp Curry is a mystery to me,' Fletcher wrote Olson.

" 'I most emphatically urge you to order that this matter may be fully heard. Let the Board of Education have its vacation in Yosemite at its own expense, but hold the public hearing in Los Angeles or Sacramento.' "

The State Board of Education violated the law in giving three outside appointees, not on the Curriculum Commission, the power to revise and have printed the revised textbooks, the revision being paid for by the Silver Burdette people. The whole situation looked so unwholesome, I brought in San Diego, in Judge Mundo's court, a suit opposing the granting of the contract to the Silver Burdette Company. As stated above, Judge Mundo gave me a favorable decision. I have it on the authority of Dr. Walter F. Dexter that the winning of this litigation saved the State of California over a million dollars for very inferior textbooks. No one helped me more than Armistead Carter to bring the true facts to the public's attention.

The following editorial of the Tribune-Sun, dated August 19th, 1942 is self-explanatory:

"SENATOR ED FLETCHER"

"In difficult times we turn to the friends we know. And few indeed are the citizens of San Diego County who do not know State Senator Ed Fletcher and his long and valuable record of public service, but recently augmented by his courageous attack in the courts against the printing of the Silver Burdette textbooks, subject of an extended and acrimonious dispute in the State's educational and political circles. By this act alone Senator Fletcher saved the taxpayers of California upward of $1,000,000 in the printing of what had been described as virtually worthless textbooks, not to mention the saving of $180,000 in royalties alone. This is service that the taxpayers appreciate.

"It is the type of service one would naturally expect from a man who came from Massachusetts to California when he was only fourteen, who went to work for $5 a week as a laborer and saved enough to set up his own business, marry and rear ten children; who pioneered in the development of our vital

water supply and who is still carrying on this important work with every promise that he will succeed soon in obtaining State and Federal backing for his extensive plans designed to double the water resources of San Diego County.

"Champion of the small home owner, the aged and the blind, Senator Ed Fletcher in these praiseworthy matters acts instinctively, according to his own background and experience. He knows intimately the problems, hopes and fears of the small business man and sympathizes fully with the legitimate ambitions of organized labor. He is truly the representative of the people.

"Because of the long years of loyal and valuable services he has rendered, and the forward-looking plans for our welfare that he is still busily promoting, it is the duty of every voter in San Diego County to aid in retaining Senator Ed Fletcher as the people's representative in Sacramento. We need him now more than ever before."

I had been elected to the Senate for the second time and we found new Senators and new friends. Among them were Senator and Mrs. Charles Brown of Inyo and Mono Counties; Senator and Mrs. Jesse W. Carter; Senator and Mrs. Robert W. Kenny; and Senator and Mrs. Roy J. Nielsen. Senator Kenny was a classmate of Charlie's at Stanford. He later became Attorney General, then ran for Governor against Earl Warren, but was defeated. You will hear more about him later.

The second term, I was author or co-author of twenty-six bills, signed by the Governor and which became law. One important bill was S.B. 34, lowering the rate of interest on State Bonds which saved the state several million dollars. At that time, the depression was most severe and I was happy to be of assistance effecting foreclosures, inheritance tax, and special assessments for public improvements and in effecting a moratorium.

Senate Bill 33, known as my Loan Shark Bill, regulating pawn brokers, was the most bitterly opposed bill of the session. Eleven bills were introduced by 11 senators, all affecting pawn brokers and loaning agencies. Gradually one bill after another was killed in the Senate until my bill came up for

Armistead Carter, member of the State Board of Education who stood for clean government and not afraid to fight. It was a pleasure to work with him. A good friend (although a Democrat) and a good citizen.

final action. It had rough sledding but passed and became a law.

It was the first regulatory bill that really controlled loaning agencies, many of which were charging 50 percent, or more interest per annum.

Senate Bill 53 gave relief to debtors. Senate Bill 504 made an appropriation for aid to veteran's dependents.

Senate Bill 508 established the R.O.T.C. units in State Colleges while Senate Bill 5011 made possible the purchase of both homes and farms by veterans.

Senate Bill 554 was one of my most important pieces of legislation of the session, an act authorizing the Director of Natural Resources to receive and hold land for forestry purposes, to enter into agreements with the Federal Government

and other agencies to acquire, by lease, purchase, or otherwise, such lands.

Senate Bills 682-3-4-5, of which I was co-author and were in connection with the Central Valley Water Project — so vital to this state. It involved the building of twenty-two dams in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys in conjunction with the United States Government. Several dams have already been built, including Shasta, Friant, and Folsom Dam. Several hundred million dollars have already been spent in water development and it will probably be the greatest water development in the history of the state, unless the water from the Columbia and Klamath Rivers from Oregon are brought the entire length of California to the Mexican Border. This possibility is now being surveyed by Army engineers and, some day, I am sure this will materialize. Our Interim Committee investigated the possibility of bringing the water from the Trinity River, the Klamath, and Columbia Rivers in Oregon.

My pre-natal and pre-marital Senate Bills, 130, 329, and 173 brought on a terrific battle in the Senate. I had the endorsement of the California and Federal Departments of Health, as the following letter will show:

State of California
BOARD OF PUBLIC HEALTH
Sacramento

May 11, 1939

The Honorable Ed. Fletcher,
The California Senate,
Sacramento, California
My dear Senator Fletcher:

The State Board of Public Health has approved Senate Bills 130, 173 and 329 introduced by you dealing with prenatal and premarital examinations and serological tests for syphilis. The Board believes these bills are forward steps in legislation and will assist in the control of syphilis in this state.

Sincerely yours,
Howard Morrow
President.

We got the bills out of committee by a majority vote, but two of the most powerful, influential Senators told me they would kill the legislation on the floor of the Senate and I felt they could do it. I pulled a fast one on them. I set the day and hour for a final vote in the Senate—2:00 P.M. With the approval of the President of the Senate first, I threw the entire Senate into a committee as a whole and gave them a surprise. I produced, as my witness, the Assistant U. S. Director of Public Health from Washington who came at my invitation; also, the head of the Department of Public Health of California. The following letter of May 11, 1939, from the Department of Public Health, fully explains the objects to be obtained by enactment of these bills into law:

Treasury Department
U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE
Washington May 11, 1939

My dear Mr. Fletcher:

Your letter of May 9th has been received with which you presented copies of bills to promote the better control of syphilis in your State through the utilization of premarital and prenatal examinations and serologic blood tests. It is very gratifying to know of the interest of public-spirited citizens such as yourself in promoting the control of this insidious disease—an action which is of so much importance to the health of our people.

While as a matter of policy the Public Health Service does not feel that it should express an official opinion concerning details of proposed state legislation or municipal ordinances except when requested by the appropriate state or local health authorities, I am very glad to tell you that the Public Health Service has encouraged state legislation which provides for premarital and prenatal physical examinations including serologic tests for syphilis. In my opinion such laws will do much to reduce both the infection of the marital partners and of their offspring. Such examinations should also do much to reduce the frequency of the transmission of syphilis.

Sincerely yours,
Thurman Roman
Surgeon General

The battle raged for four and a half hours and we won. We had bitter opposition in the assembly, but thanks to our representatives there, the bills were passed by a majority vote and signed by the Governor.

Senate Bill 181 provided for an appropriation of $30,000.00 for the improvement of Mission Bay Park by dredging portions of Mission Bay.

Senate Bill 251 repealed nearly three hundred obsolete laws.

Senate Bill 533 created the San Luis Rey Water Authority. I had some opposition in creating this State Agency on my own initiative. The Cuyamaca Water Company had spent so much, between three and four hundred thousand dollars, in litigation with the City of San Diego over the water of the San Diego River, I did not want to see this happen in the San Luis Rey River between the Vista District, Oceanside, Fallbrook, Carlsbad Mutual Water Company and the riparian owners, where they get their water, so directors were appointed representing all sections as my bill called for, and, to date, this district has functioned splendidly as intended, to the extent of making investigations and finding a solution in cooperation with the State of California for the complete development of the San Luis Rey River, a State Agency which can make contracts with local State and Federal Authorities that would be binding in solving its most vital problem, water development. It would be well nigh criminal to get into expensive and endless litigation. For ten years, now, the San Luis Rey Water Authority has functioned peacefully and an ultimate solution and fair division of the water, I hope and pray will be realized with final legislation.

In 1938, after my first four year term, I was up for re-election to the State Senate and was overwhelmingly re-elected at the primaries. The following clipping is explanatory:

"THEY ALL WANT SENATOR FLETCHER
FOR THEIR CANDIDATE; ON 6 TICKETS"

"Senator Ed Fletcher just returned from a five weeks trip in the East. He had a surprise awaiting him on his return. He was told he had won the nomination for State Senator on the Progressive, Socialist, Prohibition and Townsend Tickets through a write-in of the voters.

"He won the Republican nomination by 25,646 votes against Captain Gay's 213. Democratic vote for Fletcher 22,536, for Gay, 17,255; Progressive for Fletcher 29 votes, Gay 16; Townsend for Fletcher 172, Gay 56; Prohibition for Fletcher 49, Gay 0; Socialist for Fletcher 17, Gay 8; Communist for Fletcher 0, Gay 1, Keckler 26.

"With Fletcher a registered Republican all his life and with San Diego County nearly 30,000 Democrat majority today, Fletcher's overwhelming vote in this county is a well deserved mark of appreciation for his service the last four years as State Senator irrespective of Party."

In 1940, at the request of my friends, I became a candidate for Congress. It was Governor Johnson, in early days, who had asked me to be his running mate, and had given me the ambition. My opponent was Ed Izac, a Roosevelt Democrat, then in office. It was a lively campaign. I won the Republican nomination and came within three or four thousand votes of winning the Democratic nomination, as well. Everyone practically conceded my election in the General Election in November. The betting was eight and ten to one in my favor. I regret to say the Republicans took very little interest in the campaign, assuming it was a Republican victory while the Democrats, including racketeering labor bosses, vigorously opposed my election. Imperial and San Diego Counties comprised our congressional district, at that time, and both at the primary and general elections I won a majority vote in Imperial County, but lost in San Diego by a small majority. The thing that did most to defeat me was the erection at the last moment of a thousand or more large signs put all over San Diego and Imperial Counties reading "Roosevelt and Izac, running mates again." I was 68 years old. Izac, publicly over the radio and in the papers called me an old man and I think I lost many votes on account of that. The mystery of it all, yet, to me is why they defeated me in 1940 and two years later re-elected me by 28,000 votes to the State Senate for my third four year term at the age of 70. Literally hundreds told me later that they wanted me to stay on the job as State Senator in Sacramento.

At the 54th Session, in 1941, I passed 15 bills that became

laws. I was the author of a bill, which, if enacted into law, would have forced unions to incorporate, be responsible for their acts, and would force the unions to furnish each and every member of its organization an account of the expenditure of its funds. San Diego's racketeering labor leaders were publicly loud in their opposition while influential labor men, friends of mine in San Diego, secretly supported this legislation and they are my friends to this day. In fact, I introduced this legislation at their request. A number of my bills were coming up for action by the Senate and the day before, to my amazement, the telegraph companies brought approximately 1400 telegrams to me in lug boxes from San Diego County protesting my labor legislation and each telegram was signed by an individual with his address. That which attracted my attention immediately was the wording being practically the same in each telegram. In fact, there were only two or three different wordings in the entire 1400 telegrams. The following is one copy:

"Senator Ed Fletcher
Sacramento

Membership of Local 526 Stationary Engineers voted unanimously at special meeting tonight to detail our membership to go into this District and work for the defeat of any Senator or Assemblyman who votes for AB 1545 Senate Bills 180, 877, 974, 975, 976, 560. We urgently request your vote against these vicious anti-labor bills.

James A. Thompson, Business Representative
International Union of Operating Engineers
Local 526."

In reply I wired James A. Thompson to go where the woodbine twineth. The following editorial that appeared in the Union on May the 20th, 1941 is of interest:

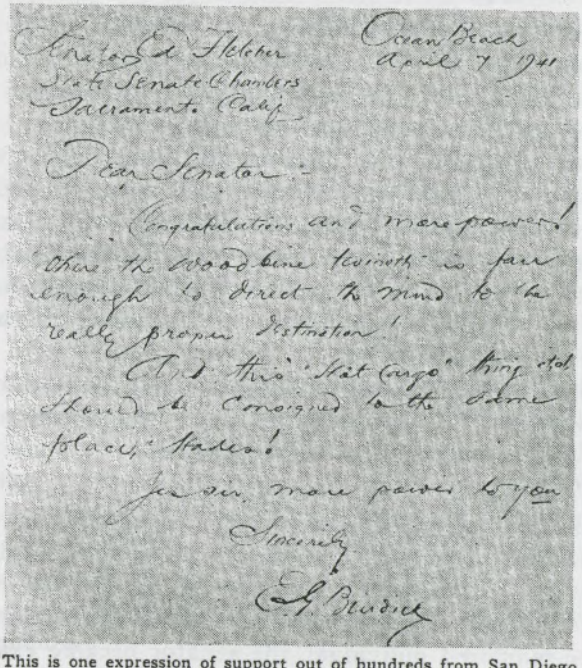
"WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH"

"Most of us may be vague as to the exact location of 'where the woodbine twineth,' but there was nothing vague about Senator Ed Fletcher's telegram consigning the business agent of a local labor union to that mysterious realm. Ordinarily an even-tempered individual, the senator became exasperated when he received 1348 telegrams urging him to oppose certain

labor measures before the legislature. And when this flood of messages was topped off by one from the union's business agent, threatening to "go out in the district and work for the defeat" of any member of the assembly or the senate who approved the measures, Senator Fletcher sent a message or two himself. He already had voted for the bill that aroused the protest.

"The flood of messages that descended upon the three members of the assembly from this county and Senator Fletcher reveals pressure group tactics at their worst. It is the right and privilege of every citizen to communicate with his representative either in Sacramento or Washington, but the idea of 1348 citizens deciding at virtually the same moment to send telegrams identical in context, is spreading it on a bit thick. Particularly when the decision apparently was made two days after the legislation had been voted upon by the senate.

"Pressure politics is not new in this country, but in times


Senator Ed Fletcher
State Senate Chambers
Sacramento, Calif.

Ocean Beach
April 7 1941

Dear Senator:

Congratulations and more power!
Even the woodbine leaf with is pair enough to direct the mind to the really proper destination!

And this "Nut Cargo" King shd. should be consigned to the same place, Hades!

Yes sir, more power to you

Sincerely

E. Brady

This is one expression of support out of hundreds from San Diego voters in regard to my labor legislation in opposition to racketeering leaders of labor.

like these when legislators are trying to keep the ship of state on an even keel, it might be a pretty good idea for all concerned to relegate the practice to that indefinite region, 'where the woodbine twineth.' "

Another editorial worth noting appeared in the Tribune-Sun on April 2nd, 1941:

"ORGANIZED COERCION"

"The experience of State Senator Ed Fletcher with San Diego Local 526, International Union of Operating Engineers, serves as an illuminating example of how the mechanics of democracy too often are utilized for sinister purposes. Stated badly, it is a case where a flagrant attempt was made to influence the vote of Senator Fletcher by means of a threatening telegram, which the senator indignantly and very properly resented.

"Now it may be said that Senator Fletcher was elected to his position by the votes of the people and therefore is responsible to the people for his acts as a State Legislator, which is fair enough. It may be said further that if and whenever the people who elected Senator Fletcher feel like expressing their beliefs and wishes with regard to any measure before the State Legislature, it is their privilege, even duty, to do so. Further than that, it is Senator Fletcher's duty to take cognizance of their wishes when expressed in proper form and manner. But:

"Sending Senator Fletcher a dictatorial telegram threatening organized effort by union members to defeat him unless he voted according to their interests and demands on bills before the State legislature was attempted coercion, pure and simple. By no stretching of the imagination can it be regarded as a legitimate application of the basic democratic principle of government of, by and for the people. On the contrary, it is typical of class legislation brought about by minority blocs through threats and intimidation. The nation sees examples of it going on all the time, in the United States Congress as well as in the State Legislatures.

"Organized labor is not the only offender. The cliques and blocs and vociferous minorities are representative of all kinds of interests, usually special as distinguishd from the interests

of the vast majority of the people. And too often the threatening tactics of these minorities are effective, due solely to the lack of courage in the legislators they are able to intimidate, men who primarily are desirous of remaining in office even at a cost of sacrificing their honor.

"Senator Ed Fletcher is entitled to the congratulations and support of all fair-minded citizens. If we had more like him in Sacramento and in Washington, we would have better government."

Becoming immediately suspicious that these were fake telegrams, I had several hundred postal cards printed, addressed to myself. The postal cards asked whether or not the receiver sent and paid for the telegram. Enclosing these, I sent letters to each of 200 names picked at random from among the 1400 telegrams asking for verification of their signatures and an answer of either yes or no. Of the 200 postal cards I received, only two people had any knowledge that they had sent a telegram to me. Mr. L. E. Allen wrote on his postal card, as well as 197 others, as follows: "I did not send this telegram and did not pay for it. Signed, L. E. Allen."

I immediately stated the facts to our Legal Counsel and received his legal opinion to the effect that three laws had been violated: forgery, intimidation, and violation of the law pertaining to lobbying. I felt it my duty as a Senator, much against my desire, to present the matter to the State Senate. I introduced Senate Resolution No. 104, furnishing the legal opinion from our Legislative Counsel and asking an investigation. The resolution was passed by the Senate and created a committee with the necessary appropriation. The President of the Senate appointed Senator Biggar, a Republican, Senator Carter, a Democrat, and myself, as chairman, to make up the committee. Following the instructions of the Legislative Counsel, the committee immediately subpoenaed the 200 I had already heard from, notifying them to appear at 2:00 on May 16, 1941, in Department 4 of the Superior Court of San Diego, the date of the hearing. We also subpoenaed the racketeering officers of the unions. I had wired Ed, Jr., to contact the manager of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies to find out who paid for those telegrams sent to me.

He replied that every telegram to me was paid for by the labor unions totaling $3,862.60. Some money to spend on telegrams to me from the funds of the labor council. This did not include telegrams sent to our assemblymen.

At the hearing, 180 odd testified that they had no knowledge, had not paid for nor authorized the sending of any telegram, the managers of the two telegraph companies confirmed the information Ed, Jr. had received to the effect that the Labor Unions had paid for them, and this was admitted by two labor officials, James A. Thompson and Kenneth G. Bitter of the A. F. of L.

I honor Senator Oliver Carter, Democrat and labor man that he was, for he signed with Senator Biggar and myself the committee report condemning the action taken by the racketeering labor crowd as to the three violations of law.

Still feeling it my duty and, at the suggestion of our Legislative Counsel, I presented the entire matter to the San Diego County Grand Jury and, on my arrival at the Grand Jury meeting, found that the Secretary of the Grand Jury was none other than Kenneth Bitter, Secretary of the A. F. of L., one of those who promoted the telegrams. I presented to the jury the opinions of the State Legal Counsel and all the facts appertaining thereto, but got no action. They passed the buck. I felt then and have always felt that the Grand Jury failed to do its duty and was influenced or frightened by having as its secretary, Kenneth Bitter.

Later, I was told by several members of the Grand Jury that the unfavorable publicity given labor and particularly these individuals, was sufficient punishment without stirring up a hornet's nest.

I am sure that my action in this matter made many friends for me among labor, as evidenced by my re-election by a twenty-eight thousand majority for the third four year term in 1941.

I had heretofore secured appropriation creating the work shop for the blind and my Senate Bill 13 this session, created a revolving fund for the San Diego Industrial Work Shop for the Blind and it was a pleasure to be of service in financing this work. The growth of that splendid project in San Diego

and the wonderful benefits achieved have made San Diego an outstanding example of what can be done in helping the blind help themselves.

Senate Bill 411 pertained to the cutting of kelp and other aquatic plants in the ocean which is the law today and it enabled a vital war industry to remain in operation and bring the State an income. My one hope is that the state will force the different companies up and down the coast which are harvesting kelp to manufacture a machine that will gather up all of the kelp and not let some of it float onto the beaches.

My Senate Bill No. 484, most bitterly fought that session, which became a law, refers to a 3 percent sales tax on transactions involving government contractors. It was apparent that California material men and construction firms were in a precarious position as a result of divergent views held by federal and state authorities.

During the year previous, Army and Navy procurement officers began to assert that cost-plus-a-fixed-fee contractors were government purchasing agents, and, as such, entitled to buy materials ex-tax under an exemption of federal purchases added to our Sales Tax Law in 1939. Earl Warren, then State Attorney General, said that the contractors were not government agents and that the sales were taxable. Millions of dollars' worth of materials were involved. There was urgent need of a solution that would not only relieve the material men and the contractors from the difficulty in which they found themselves, but would also preserve the right of the state to its revenues if the position of the Attorney General should be proved correct.

My bill provided a complete remedy. Extensive hearings were held, and Dixwell L. Pierce, Secretary of the State Board of Equalization was of vital help in showing the fairness of applying this sales tax to government contractors. Attorney General Earl Warren's opinion was later sustained by the United States Supreme Court, to the effect that cost-plus-a-fixed-fee contractors were not purchasing agents of the United States and that the transactions enjoyed no constitutional immunity from state taxation.

Washington was so opposed to our legislation that twice

its representatives came to California to enter protests to kill the bill, but to no avail.

Within a three year period after the bill became a law California collected between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000 from this source of revenue alone, and this money is part of the $75,000,000 that California still has in reserve for a rainy day.

Being a strong supporter of the Nolan Plan, and with the completion of Harbor Drive and our beautiful Civic Center, my efforts were directed toward the erection by the State of California of a state building, just to the south of the Civic Center, on land owned by the City of San Diego.

The State approved this site and by an overwhelming vote the citizens of San Diego approved the transfer of this property, approximately 3 or 4 acres, to the State for that purpose. I never worked harder in my life than I did to get an appropriation of half a million dollars, the estimated cost of the first unit of the state building. I invited the members of the State Senate Building Projects Committee to San Diego, of which Senator Thos. McCormack was chairman, and on October 22, 1942 at a public hearing the committee endorsed the appropriation.

I supported the appropriation as a member of the Finance Committee and thanks to San Diego legislators we got the appropriation through the legislature and signed by the Governor. Since then there has been a continuous squabble. The city officials and the Harbor Commission of San Diego opposed turning the property over to the state. Instead they wanted to retain the revenue from rental of office space, and now, nine years later, we find the $500,000.00 not available and San Diego City still refusing to cooperate with the State in getting a state building, so vitally needed by the citizens of San Diego in transacting state business.

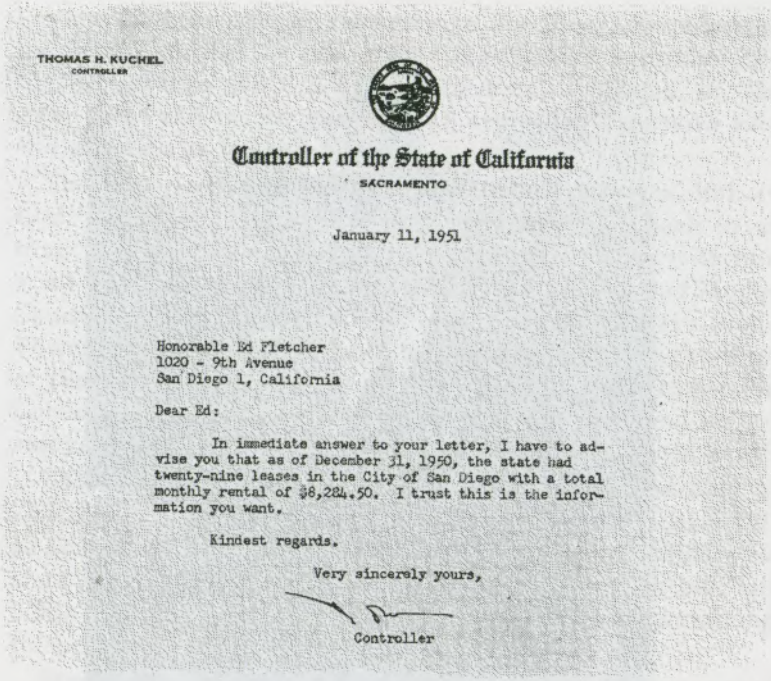
Today there are 29 state agencies scattered all over the city and the state is paying a rental of $8,284.50 a month. All of these agencies should be under one roof, in an attractive building facing Harbor Drive, that will be a credit to the city. By all means let's carry out the Nolan Plan, with other municipal buildings nearby, including a modern courthouse, something we can be proud of—a vital need of the city.

Committee on State Buildings in San Diego.
Left to right: Senator Parkman, Senator Collier, Senator McCormack, Senator Fletcher, and Senator Biggar.

My Senate Bill 527 repealed an additional 560 obsolete laws, saved expense, and simplified the work for the attorneys.

SJR 26 urged the program of National Defense Highways and San Diego is mighty fortunate now in having been included in the new system of super-highways over the United States, as planned, one to San Diego, and will some day be built.

New friends came this session—Senator and Mrs. Arthur Breed from Oakland. His father was also a State Senator and was the author of the Breed Highway Act and one of our



THOMAS H. KUCHEL
CONTROLLER

Controller of the State of California
SACRAMENTO

January 11, 1951

Honorable Ed Fletcher
1020 - 9th Avenue
San Diego 1, California

Dear Ed:

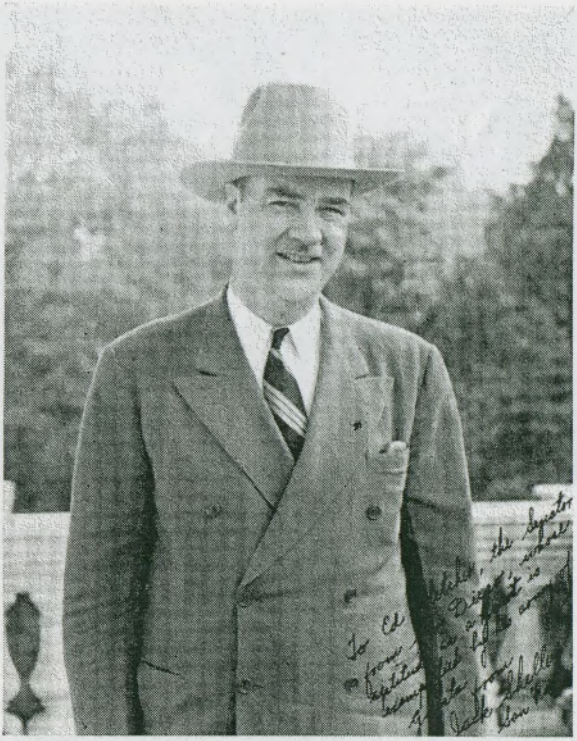
In immediate answer to your letter, I have to advise you that as of December 31, 1950, the state had twenty-nine leases in the City of San Diego with a total monthly rental of $8,284.50. I trust this is the information you want.

Kindest regards.

Very sincerely yours,

Controller

most famous and successful Senators for many years. Like father, like son—Arthur Breed carries on. Senator and Mrs. Thomas Kuchel—a good scout, a fighter, yet beloved by all and he is now the State Controller. It was a pleasure to support him for that office and he is making good. For the first time, Senator John F. Shelley appeared on the scene. A Democrat, a labor man, and a friend, he has a pleasing personality and later became President of the A. F. of L. of California. Shelley is now Congressman. I know that neither Edward III nor myself will ever forget our trip to Punte Penasco on the Gulf, our fishing and other experiences. Strong Republican that I am, I did enjoy the friendship of Jack Shelley, even though I could not follow him on some matters pertaining to labor. You may be surprised to know that out of the forty Senators in 1945, I was the fifth ranking labor Senator, according to my vote at the 56th session. Again in another session labor said I only voted right once. I have always been sympathetic with labor getting a square deal for I was a working



Jack Shelley
A good friend, a State Senator with your Dad, and is now a Congressman. We were on the same committee on Capital and Labor in the Senate. I could not agree with him at times, but we never lost our tempers, with the result that we had many happy hunting and fishing trips together.

man myself, on a salary, from the time I was fifteen until I was twenty-three, ten hours a day and paid from five to twenty dollars a week and lived on it. The racketeering labor leaders should have supported my labor bills for they were in the interest of labor as a whole. The labor leaders of the nation now have the Taft-Hartley Law, instead.

How relieved we all were when Governor Olson was kicked out of office and a splendid man with a wonderful family took his place—Earl Warren.

Lt. Governor Frederick F. Houser and his dear wife were close personal friends. He was a splendid President of the Senate—the best we had during my twelve years in the Senate.

I want to make special reference to Joe Beek, Secretary of the Senate during the entire time I was there and many are the happy trips we had fishing together in Mexico, on the west coast and in the gulf. I shall remember him with love and affection as long as I live.

The last regular session that I attended was the 56th in 1945. My good friend, Senator Ben Hulse came back to us from Imperial Valley and it was a pleasure to work with him at all times as well as with Senator Harold J. Powers of Modoc County, a schoolmate at Davis of Ed, Jr.'s. I always found Powers a square shooter and, today, he is Speaker Pro-Tem of the Senate. Another good friend was Louis Sutton from Colusa. We were on several committees together and he too enjoyed fishing in Mexican waters and being our house guest.

This session was a most busy one and forty-one bills of which I was author or co-author became law. My Senate Bill 43 amended the Vehicle Code to regulate speed of vehicles on state highways. There was quite a battle over this bill, but I don't think I should dwell on the subject of laws pertaining to speed!

Senate Bill 310 was my most important bill which conveyed from the State to the City of San Diego the Mission Bay lands of over 1800 acres for our Marine Park Development. It was a terrific job to harmonize the Legislature of California and get them to deed away these tidelands to the city. Only one who has been through it all can appreciate the influence behind the scene that makes possible success in passing such legislation. The Legisture does not want to give up its authority unless it has to. That is the general feeling and I am more than grateful to my many friends who helped me in passing this legislation that means so much to the future of the City of San Diego. When completely developed and the fifteen million planned is spent, we will have a Marine Park, with a sea wall into the ocean, as fine a yacht harbor as there is on the coast, with islands attractively beautified, race courses, boating and amusement centers that cannot be equalled anywhere on the Pacific Coast.

Senate Bill 343 made an appropriation of two million under the supervision of the Department of Natural Resources for

Governor Earl Warren signing my Senate Bill 310 which transferred Mission Bay, consisting of 1800 odd acres, from the State to San Diego. San Diego, with State and Federal aid, will make it the largest, most beautiful and practical Marine Park on the Pacific Coast. The work is progressing rapidly, 1951, with over six million already well spent in dredging highway islands and parking.

the development and improvement of Mission Bay Park. It was a pleasure for me to secure the initial appropriation for this development.

Senate Bills 555 and 556 were important bills; 555 transferred from the State Lands Commission to the Division of Forestry the La Tour Forest owned by the State, comprising many thousands of acres and it was the first step in our program of the ownership and conservation of timber by the state; while 556 related to the administration of the Division of Forestry.

Senator Biggar, Senator Carter and I, at all times, worked together in the passing of vital and necessary legislation to carry out the general plan of a permanent timber cutting and reforestation program.

Senate Bills 1138 to 1153 inclusive, of which I was co-author with Senator Burns, all pertained to the repeal of 3761 obsolete laws, and finished the complete revision of the acts of the Legislature as made by the Code Commission. I got a kick

James S. Dean,
former City Manager of Sacramento, and Director of Finance, being Governor Warren's first man on finances. A lovable character who loved to hunt and fish with your Dad and vice versa. Jimmy is one of California's most forceful and prominent citizens. I am very appreciative of his friendship over the years and the State of California owes him much.

out of being able to say that I repealed one hundred bills for every bill that I put on the statutes—a record no other Senator could beat!

Senate Bill 1257 was an act creating a flood control district known as the San Diego County Flood Control District to provide for the control and conservation of flood and storm waters with the right to incur indebtedness, issue bonds and levy and collect taxes and assessments on property within said District in the respective zones thereof. Also, to define the powers and provide for the government, management, and operation of said district. This gives the Board of Supervisors an opportunity, if they so desire, in helping solve our flood control problems.

During this period, my job as State Senator was no bed of roses. Again, Major T. Macaulay, went out of his way to cause me annoyance. One day I received a telegram from the San Diego Chamber of Commerce calling my attention to my vote on several bills, including labor bills, and demanding an

explanation. I wired back that I would be in San Diego at the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium at 2:00 P.M. Friday of that week and would explain my position and vote to the Board of Directors at that time. This all became public and, to my amazement, over 500 citizens were in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce, but only two directors and Major Macaulay were there. In no uncertain language, I told them where I stood and got hearty support of newspapers and the general public. I was told, later, that Macaulay had not sent the telegram with the authority of the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce. His Hitler-like attitude became so obnoxious that, later on, Macaulay forced the issue refusing to be fired, which caused a vote of the members of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and he was ousted by a large majority vote.

While in the Senate, I had many important committee appointments while the Legislature was in recess. My most important Interim Committee was on Water Resources. Members of this committee were Senator Bradford Crittenden, chairman, Senators Kenney, Deuel, Cunningham and myself, serving for a period of four years. In the assembly were Johnson, Sawallisch, and Watson. This committee spent six or eight weeks each year inspecting important damsites in the state; also, flood control and drainage district problems. We recommended a State Water Commission and it became law over tremendous opposition. That Water Commission is functioning perfectly, today. Our own good citizen, Phil Swing, is a member and no one would think of abolishing this Commission. Some day, children, I want you to read the final report of our Interim Committee on Water Resources as it affects San Diego and the entire state.

The Legislature made me a member of the Committee on Interstate Cooperation. Our Chairman was Senator Mayo and included Senators Keeting, Collier, Cunningham, and myself with Assemblymen Call, Hastain, Massion and Thorp. This committee met with representatives from the eleven western states and was created to harmonize their problems and work for the common good of the west. Each state presented its problems. We assisted Utah in keeping the Geneva Steel

Honorable Phil Swing.
One of San Diego's best lawyers and citizens, as well as a friend. Co-Author with Senator Johnson that made Hoover Dam possible. In early days, as District Attorney, he helped us on State and National Highways in every way possible and, thank goodness, he is now on the State Water Commission of California, of which law I was co-author.

Plant. We agreed on important, uniform legislation for the good of each state. It was a most educational experience, meeting as we did at each session, the Governors and the highest authorities of the western states.

I particularly enjoyed a special Senate Committee on Colorado River matters created by Senate Resolution 138 with Senator Ralph Swing, Chairman, Senator Luckey, and myself serving on this committee. The special work of our committee

involved a proposed settlement of the problem facing the town of Needles. The Colorado River water has risen five or six feet inundating houses and part of the business section. The building of Parker Dam has stopped the erosion and raised the water level so the United States Reclamation Bureau claimed the responsibility was that of the Metropolitan Water District; the Metropolitan Water District blamed the United States Reclamation Service and the Santa Fe Railroad was also involved.

We held two most important meetings trying to effect a compromise and, eventually, the United States Reclamation Service made the necessary expenditures to relieve the situation at Needles, reserving the right to bring suit against the Metropolitan Water District at a later date to decide the legal question involved. At any rate, this special committee rendered a real service to California and, particularly, to the City of Needles.

In 1945, the 56th session of the Legislature saw fit to put me on the Centennial and World's Fair Committee, a joint committee, in preparation for California's centennial celebrations throughout the state.

Senate Resolution 136, created a special committee consisting of Senators Judah, Jesperson, DeLap, Ward, and myself known as the Development and Erosion Committee, a most vital problem that California must solve. I will give the Democratic administration credit for its good work in soil conservation and erosion to date in California. We must preserve our natural heritage through stopping erosion and only by federal, state and county aid can we tackle it. China is an example of what neglect and waste of the soil will do. In the Southern States, particularly, and California, as well, each individual owning land and every citizen must be educated to support a practical program of stopping soil erosion; this goes for our beaches, as well.

As a member, for several years, of a committee on State Government, I attended, in 1944, the National Convention at Baltimore. Thirty-eight Governors and forty-two Attorney Generals were there to attend the three day convention. Sev-

eral of the President's Cabinet including Donald Nelson, Paul McNutt, Harold Ickes, and the U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle. All delegates were invited to introduce resolutions of national interest. Eighty-six resolutions were introduced; only ten were approved by the convention, and two of those ten were introduced by your father, pertaining to re-forestation and acquisition of cut-over lands by the states.

In accordance with my resolution, a national committee of five was appointed. Governor Earl Snell, of Oregon was made Chairman, State Forester Merrill of Vermont, the State Treasurer of Michigan, Governor Arnell of Georgia, and myself were made the committee to investigate and report our recommendations to the next annual convention of State Governors. The committee held four meetings in the following locations: Portland, Oregon, Chicago, Illinois, Washington, D. C., and Atlanta, Georgia. Space will not permit the subjects we cov-

Gov. and Mrs. Earl Snell of Oregon, good friends who visited us in San Diego.

ered, but I am happy to report that California passed practically all legislation recommended by our committee on reforestation and policies pertaining to the preservation of timber.

While a member of the Senate Committee on Prisons and Paroles, the wardens of our state prisons reported to our committee that 384 prisoners were out on parole. As I had for many years paroled prisoners I asked how many were entitled to parole but still in prison and the committee was informed there were over 2200, but no one would take them.

I immediately recommended to the committee, and the committee sponsored a bill creating 10 parole camps of 200 men each, under the supervision of Charles H. Purcell, Director of Public Works. This bill became a law and the prisoners entitled to parole were sent to these camps and were paid 30 cents a day for work and given their board.

There were 10 camps throughout the state. One camp built the highway into Yosemite up the Merced River. The first camp we located in San Diego County rebuilt and paved the road from Santa Ysabel to the Riverside County line, the ridge route on Palomar down the San Luis Rey River, 16 miles in length, and the highway from Escondido to Moosa and the Riverside County line at Temecula.

The following article from the San Diego Union will be of interest:

"CANYON CUTOFF CREWS ASSURED"

"Construction of the Moosa canyon cutoff from Escondido to Temecula, which will save motorists 13 miles of travel, should be completed within six months, now that state prison directors have agreed to continue the state prison camp in that area and the use of prison labor on the project, State Sen. Ed Fletcher said yesterday.

"Fletcher said that the reconstruction of U. S. Highway 395 from San Diego to Riverside, also to be completed with prison labor, will save 25 miles.

"Highway 395 is important both as a military and a post-war thoroughfare, the senator said.

"He expressed gratitude for the cooperation of Charles H. Purcell, State Director of Public Works, and of the State High-

way Commission and prison directors in making continuance of the prison camp and the highway reconstruction possible.

"The prison directors recently pledged to the highway commission that they can have as many prisoners as the commission can use in the construction of Highway 395 in San Diego county, and the prison directors will furnish the necessary skilled men as well, Fletcher said."

Only two prisoners escaped from the camps in San Diego County. I am sure it was a humane law that builds up the morale of unfortunate men and helps the prisoners become

Assemblyman Katherine Niehouse, beloved by her constituents and always to be depended upon when I needed her support while in the Senate. It was indeed a pleasure to work with her in the Legislature.

Fred Kraft, our State Senator, who is representing the County with credit to the State and to himself.

Commander Frank Luckel, also a personal friend for years, who is making good as our Assemblyman.

better citizens when they have fully paid their obligations to the state. I have never regretted being identified with this type of legislation.

I want to pay special tribute to those friends who proved themselves true during my twelve years in the Senate. I am referring to our Assemblymen, Charles F. Stream, Mrs. Jeanette Daley, Mrs. Kathryn Niehouse, Frank Luckel and Fred

Our Assemblyman Jeanette Daley, who rendered valuable service to San Diego County and the State while in the Legislature. I wish to thank her, publicly, for her splendid cooperation while I was State Senator.

Dennis V. Allen

A friend of thirty years, a splendid citizen who has done as much as anyone for his colored brethren. My bill creating the Race Relations Commission of California was the first legislation of its kind ever passed in the United States. Inspired by Dennis Allen, the idea was to bring different nationalities together in friendship and understanding for better citizenship. I understand other states have also carried on the good work. Our Race Relations Commission brought national publicity—a step in the right direction. It may be a vital help in bringing about fellowship and understanding among nations. With Allen, I secured positions for the first four colored citizens ever employed by Consolidated Aircraft Company. For 25 years or more, Dennis V. Allen has been leader and President of the San Diego Race Relations Society. His remarkable leadership in bringing the different races together in harmony for better American citizenship will never be forgotten.

Honorable Charles Stream, a personal friend and, for twelve years, we worked together for the interest of San Diego County. San Diego owes him a debt of gratitude.

Kraft. I had their splendid support and cooperation in all of my legislation and tried to return the compliment.

Few people realize the sacrifice of time and energy required by the legislators during their term of office. They are away from home from 3 to 5 months each year the legislature is in session, and received while I was in the Senate $1200.00 per year, plus traveling expense. It cost me from $100 to $300 a month extra to take care of our expenses while in Sacramento, and I know the others were under like expense.

It is a pleasure indeed to have them a part of my memoirs.

Your Mother who was always with me while the Legislature

THE AMERICAN MOTHERS' Committee
OF THE
GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION

PRESENTS TO

Mary Catherine B. Fletcher

AN IDEAL MOTHER

Beloved by all who know her

Devoted worker who established on the solid foundation of motherly love, a home and a life that are model in every spiritual and material appointment

Who reared her children in reverence for God, and in an atmosphere of love, sympathy and understanding

Whose successful service in her own state and community, have made her widely recognized for her self-sacrificing efforts —

We the undersigned, proudly present this

CITATION

Awarded by the authority of

THE AMERICAN MOTHERS' COMMITTEE

TO

The State Mother of California for the year 1949.

President
The Golden Rule Foundation

National Chairman
American Mothers' Committee

was in session was of vital assistance in so many ways in helping me on legislative business. She was beloved by all and, on Mother's Day, the entire Legislature voted her the outstanding mother and did her honor. The following testimonial, I am sure, will be of interest to you:

Heads Pals Club

MRS. ED FLETCHER

HONOR IS GIVEN MRS. FLETCHER BY SOLONS' WIVES

At Sacramento there is a Pals club, composed of wives of senators and assemblymen gathered for the legislative session.

And the Pals have decided that the best one of them all is Mrs. Ed Fletcher, wife of San Diego's senator.

So they elected her president of the Pals club, which meets weekly during legislative sessions and is, many are convinced, a powerful influence for good government.

Mrs. Fletcher has had much experience being a pal, for she is one to 10 children, seven boys and three girls. And keeping such a family in good running order must have brought out the leadership attributes which the wives of the legislators promptly recognized when time came to elect officers

I greatly appreciated the kind San Diego Union editorial that follows, ending my membership in the State Senate at 75. I chose not to run again.

"REST WELL EARNED"

"Announcement of Sen. Ed Fletcher that he will not seek re-election to the state office he has held for a dozen years can bring no public protest. He has earned a rest.

"To some persons Sen. Fletcher has been a political enigma. A Republican in politics, he has been elected and re-elected from a district which has been predominantly Democratic in its support of other candidates. There seems reason to believe that the district would support him again, had he chosen to run.

"Perhaps the reason for this phenomenon lies in the fact that Sen. Fletcher has been diligent in carrying out the duties of his office. He has looked after his district and he has been careful in providing for the future of the state.

Mrs. Earl Warren, left was hostess in the Executive Mansion yesterday afternoon to more than 300 Sacramentans when she entertained at a Valentine tea in honor of Mrs. Ed Fletcher, right, of San Diego, whose husband is retiring from the senate after 24 years of service. *Bee Photo*

"Also behind his popularity with voters is the fact that he has been a resident for more than a half century of the district whose welfare he has promoted. Voters long have associated his name with water conservation and with development of highways. Whoever succeeds him will do well to hitch his political wagon to these same issues. We are going to need continued promotion of water conservation and of more good roads.

"Sen. Fletcher also has put the indelible stamp of his influence upon California welfare legislation. Long after his name has disappeared from California politics the public will be reaping fruits of his foresight.

"Perhaps even Sen. Fletcher is unable to estimate the personal sacrifice his service in the legislature has entailed. Certainly his widespread interests had to be neglected so that he could devote time to public affairs. It is fortunate for California that it has men of means and ability who are able to undertake legislative work in the disinterested manner which has marked Sen. Fletcher's tenure in office."

Governor Earl Warren—a great man and friend for many years.

CHAPTER XXXIII

EARL WARREN, ATTORNEY GENERAL AND GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA

I am writing this chapter, from memory, on the Atlantic from Europe on a trip around the world with your mother.

The two families have been friends for many years. As first lady, Mrs. Warren was more than kind to your mother when we were in Sacramento while I was State Senator. I first met Governor Warren and we became friends at a Republican Convention. Honorable Joe Knowland of Oakland introduced us. Later, when Governor Warren was District Attorney of Alameda County, he employed your brother, Lawrence, as one of his deputies. This brought us together on many occasions. Later, when Governor Warren was elected Attorney General, Lawrence again followed at Warren's invitation and became Deputy Attorney General. That which endeared Governor Warren to your mother and dad most were his regular visits to the hospital at Belmont for months when your brother, Lawrence, was so dangerously ill and we so far away.

Our many hunting and fishing trips to Mexico are memorable ones. We generally had along State or U. S. Government officials. One time, sailing from Ensenada, we caught so many Tuna, Barracuda, and Yellowtail that no one cared to pull in any more, being tired. Then Attorney General Warren started a new wrinkle. He put on a live sardine as bait and let it wiggle in the air six inches to a foot above the water, just teasing. The big fish literally jumped out of the water many times to get at the live sardine. How we did enjoy the dinners at the Italian Restaurant at Ensenada where we could get our choice of venison, lobster, quail, and Santo Tomas Wine made by our good friend of many years, General Aberlado Rodriguez, former Governor of Baja California, later Secretary of War, then President of Mexico. You will hear more about General Rodriguez later. It was General Rodriguez who used to give us permission to hunt on Rancho Santo Tomas, thirty miles below Ensenada.

A marvelous fishing trip off Ensenada. Left to right: Attorney General Bob Kenney, James McBride, Randolph Collier, Tom McCormack, and Gov. Earl Warren. In the rear are grandsons Kim, Peter, and Edward III.

I will never forget a three hour talk on State matters with Governor Warren atop a high hill overlooking Ensenada Bay. California never produced a better business man or one more astute politically. He stands for the clean things in life, also for the underdog.

Of all the funny experiences on fishing trips, the one most laughable to me was when twelve of us in the party were returning from Punta Banda Islands, after a splendid lunch, prepared by your mother, which we ate in the Bay at Treasure Island, made so by Robert Louis Stevenson in his book, Treasure Island. We had visited Seal Island, inhabited by many Sea Lions. The fishing was so perfect that we were late starting home. It was dark and we were within three miles of Ensenada when our gasoline gave out. Failing to get through a signal of distress, we then found we had no lights on the ship, and no oars or sails. It was cold and we dreamed of that planned eight o'clock dinner at the Italian Restaurant. It made none of us any the happier when our Captain Chris asked if there was any whiskey aboard. My friend for years, S. B. Show, our U. S. Regional Forester from San Francisco, pulled out a large bottle, saying, "It is poor Mexican whiskey."

He had only taken one swig, he later told me, and it was so poor he offered it to no one. We did not like the thought that the Captain should drink our whiskey when we might need it during the night. To our amazement, without saying a word, the Captain poured the entire contents into his gas tank. The Captain then started the engine and she went off with a kick that took us within a quarter of a mile of the pier where we were able to call for help. The whiskey must have been almost pure alcohol. Were we a happy crowd, for only a few minutes later we would be at the Italian Restaurant. While waiting for more gas to be brought to us, Attorney General Warren, in a happy mood, said, "Captain, that Mexican whiskey is powerful stuff." The Captain answered, "Yes." Then Warren said, "Captain, if that Mexican whiskey had been Tequila (the strongest Mexican drink) instead of Mexican whiskey, where would we have been?" "Oh, hell," the Captain replied, "if that whiskey had been Tequila, we would have been ashore and three miles up in the hills." None of us can ever forget the answer of that Captain and the way he said it.

Whether fishing or hunting, Warren could always get his share and we always came home with plenty of fish, duck, or quail.

This brings to mind another time when Warren's pal, Bill Knowland, who was State Senator and is now U. S. Senator, was at Ensenada with me. I will never forget Bill's excitement when a ship from Lower California brought a load of turtles to Ensenada. Each turtle weighed 150 to 200 pounds. The question was how to get the turtles ashore from the ship. It was so simple. They tied two turtles together by their legs with a rope and threw them overboard. The turtles were helpless and floated on to the beach and were pulled ashore where they were turned over on their backs, awaiting the time when they were to be taken to the cannery at Ensenada or to the United States for turtle soup.

I did what I could and was happy to see Earl Warren elected Governor. For four years, while State Senator, during Warren's first term, I had first-hand opportunity to watch him in action and compare his administration with former Governor Hiram Johnson, both honest, resourceful, born leaders having

only the best interests of the State of California and the nation at heart.

Governor Warren has been a true friend of San Diego. When I proposed a report and estimate of the cost of the development of the undeveloped waters of San Diego County by the State Authorities, Governor Warren said, "If you can get the Director of Public Works, the State Engineer, Ed Hyatt, and also the Director of Finance to recommend it, I will take one-half of the cost of the survey out of my special state fund, if the City of San Diego will put up the other half." This was approved by Mayor Knox, City Manager Fred Rhodes, and the State Authorities, with the result that, jointly, the state and the city eventually secured a complete detailed report from the Director of Public Works, furnished after nearly three years of investigation. Now, for the first time, San Diego can proceed with its own development of the balance of our water resources in San Diego County, getting, I hope, state and national financing, San Diego doing its part. Nearly one-half of our undeveloped water supply in San Diego County on our western slope is still running into the Pacific Ocean. But, thanks to Governor Warren, it was the money that he put up, matching that of the city, which brought about the recent report in 1949, made by the State Water Authorities, and recommending the early completion of Sutherland Dam and Super Hodges. I have always felt that after Sutherland Dam, Pamo Dam should be built, then Super Hodges, to the necessary height, for the water from Pamo will flow by gravity to San Diego through our Metropolitan Pipe Line while, if it goes into Super Hodges, it will all have to be pumped into San Diego, an extra expense. There, again, I don't agree with the state authorities and a million gallons daily will be lost by evaporation if Pamo Dam is not built.

I will always be grateful for Governor Warren's fine assistance in my bills introduced in the Senate, which became laws, transferring the 1800 acre Mission Bay Park from the state to the city and, also, my bill creating the San Diego County Water Authority which brings water from the Colorado River to San Diego. You heard more of Governor Warren's good work for San Diego County when you read

my chapter on my experiences in the Senate for twelve years.

I felt Governor Dewey's nomination as a Presidential candidate was a mistake, for Dewey was a defeated candidate and had two strikes against him to start with. Governor Warren should have had the Presidential nomination instead of the Vice-Presidential. Now that Governor Warren has broken all precedence and been re-elected Governor of California this month by a 1,100,000 majority and keeping in mind now that we are the second largest state in population in the United States, Governor Warren is Presidential timber and will make good if nominated. More power to him for he is still young, vigorous, resourceful, and convincing. No one has ever questioned his personal integrity and the Fletcher family should and will, I am sure, help to make him the next President of the United States.

While I was State Senator and Earl Warren was Attorney General, he wrote a legal and official opinion NS20-21, which involved the question of which one of our grandchildren came first. The opinion speaks for itself. We had received notice from two of our daughters that a baby was on the way and due at about the same time, so offered $500.00 to the one that came first.

Earl Warren — Opinion NS20-21
Attorney General

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Legal Department
San Francisco, September 13, 1941

Honorable Ed Fletcher
Senator, Fortieth District
1020 Ninth Avenue
San Diego, California

My dear Senator:

In your letter of August 4, 1941, you exercise your senatorial prerogative to pose a question of priorities which has recently arisen among your progeny. You state, with justifiable patriarchal pride, that you properly and in good order have accounted for some nineteen grandchildren but that intense rivalry has existed among your children as to which one would have the pleasure of presenting you with Grandchild No. 20.

Ordinarily the inexorable natural course of events would settle this matter. However, you state that on July 30th you received a telegram from your daughter-in-law and son Eugene announcing that a grandson, Eugene Fletcher, Jr., had been born in Tacoma, Washington, at 10:40 A.M. of that day, while on the same date you received a telegram stating that your daughter Virginia, in Boston, Massachusetts, had presented you with a granddaughter, Susan Grace Hawk, at 11:59 A.M. of that day. In this birthdaze you ask my opinion as to which child is entitled to the title of Grandchild No. 20.

A question on such an important obstetrical matter merits my rendering an opinion which reaches at least three different conclusions.

Considering the question from a philosophical viewpoint, you must realize that to your son and daughter-in-law in Tacoma it was just as realistically 10:40 A.M. in Tacoma as if they were in Boston or in Budapest, and upon the basis of intrinsic effort it would appear that the Tacoma team should be credited with Grandchild No. 20.

However, as the lawyers in your family can tell you, there is a rule of law to the effect that in computing time, fractions of a day are not taken into consideration.

Kelly vs. **State Personnel Board,**
31 Cal. App. (2d) 443, 88 Pac. (2d) 264 (1939)

Also, in the matter of giving you telegraphic notice of your increase, the law would disregard fractions of a day.

Gray vs. **Maier & Zobelein Brewery,**
2 Cal. App. 653, 84 Pac. 280 (1906)

Applying this principle, it appears that you became the grandfather of two grandchildren simultaneously on July 30, 1941. You therefore, among those practicing monogamy, probably represent one of the few cases in history of a twin grandfather or grandchildren born of different parents on opposite sides of a continent.

But in your letter you point out that Eastern Standard Time, Daylight Saving Time and Pacific Coast Time are to be considered. This would mean that when it was 11:59 A.M. in Boston, it was 7:59 A.M. in Tacoma and, as we say these days, Eugene Fletcher, Jr., was still "on order." Conversely, when

it was 10:40 A.M. in Tacoma, it was 2:40 P.M. in Boston. (Budapest please stand by for further checking.) Hence if the terms of the contest were F. O. B. Boston and did not call for delivery C. I. F. San Diego, it would appear that the contract had been completed in the East some two hours forty-one minutes prior to the grand sun rising in the west.

But if you think you now have a problem, let me warn you not to permit any of your children to cross the international date line when you jump right from tomorrow into yesterday. When it's today here, it's tomorrow in Shanghai. Thus your production schedules would be in a mess. As an example of what might happen, take the experience of a friend of mine who, after traveling for some time in China, had booked passage on the Clipper for America. Before leaving, he cabled his wife something like this:

"HAVE LEFT SHANGHAI IN A FEW MINUTES STOP WILL ARRIVE HOME A WHILE AGO STOP PLEASE GET TICKETS FOR THE OPERA YESTERDAY LOVE"

Well, the little woman, after rapid consultation with a C. P. A., drafted the following reply:

"CABLE WAS DELIVERED ANY MINUTE NOW STOP I ALREADY ATTENDED THE OPERA TOMORROW SO HAVE RESERVED SEATS FOR THE BALLET WHICH IS GOING TO CLOSE LAST NIGHT"

By this time it was too late to do anything, so my friend got off a quick message to his wife reading:

"YOUR CABLE RECEIVED STOP IF I GET THERE BEFORE I ARRIVE PLEASE DETAIN ME TILL I SHOW UP LOVE"

Probably your grandchild in Tacoma will never quite understand why, although he was born at 10:40 A.M. on July 30th, he is younger than his cousin who was born at 11:50 A.M. on the same day. We join with the Pirate King in the "Pirate of Penzance" who sings:

"We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks
But none to beat this most ingenious paradox."

It seems unfortunate that in such an important matter as primogeniture some of your grandchildren should be, like poor indentured Frederick, the victims of an unfriendly allocation of time. Therefore, as both parties have appealed, in fairness to all, the judgments herein will be overruled and new trials granted in each instance in order that additional evidence may be taken. For, as the California Supreme Court said in one of its first judicial utterances,

Craig vs. **Godfroy,**
1 Cal. 415, 54 Am. Dec. 299 (1851)

> "Where the rights of the parties are concerned, a day will not be considered a unit, but inquiry may be made as to the very point of time when an act was done."

To offset the time advantage of those operating in the East, particularly when they employ daylight saving time, may it not be advisable to set up some plan for the filing of notice with you of the start of production—what we in the law call a **lis Pendens?** Thus, in applying this information on a nunc pro tunc basis, you may be able to equalize the time situation so that teams competing on the Pacific Coast will be operating under conditions similar to those in the East in the contest to achieve further glory for the House of Fletcher.

Very truly yours,
Earl Warren
Attorney General

EW:H

It is hardly necessary to say that after reading this legal opinion I had to pay $500.00 to each and with pleasure.

CHAPTER XXXIV

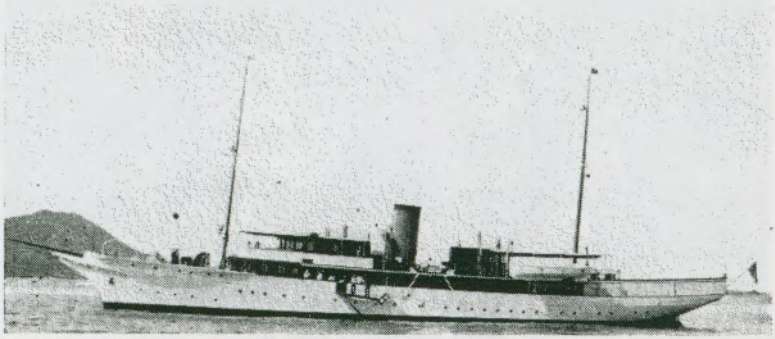
COL. IRA C. COPLEY

Over forty years ago I first met Ira C. Copley and at a time when he was an active business man and later congressman. We always hit if off well together. He started from scratch and so did I.

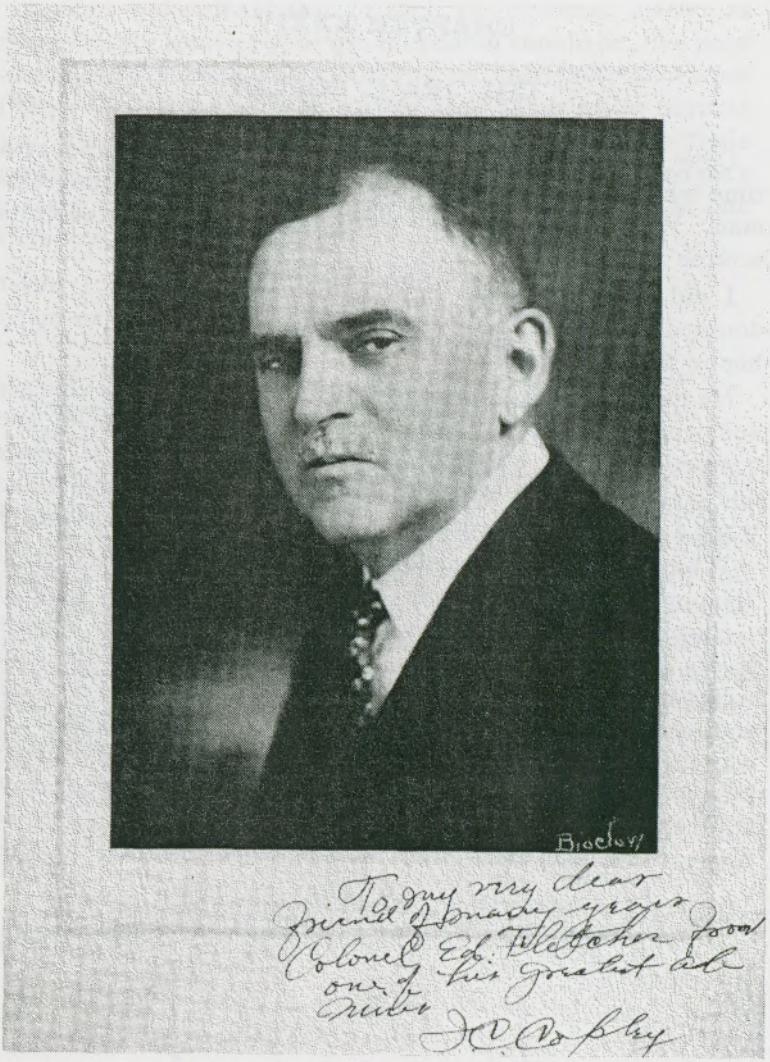
I did not agree with him on many things, but I never doubted the sincerity of his friendship and we had so many happy times together.

He had a remarkable grasp of business affairs; took chances and won in his investments over tremendous obstacles and competition. He was always interested in my real estate and water activities and my success. During the depression when I needed his friendship most his advice was invaluable.

What pleasure my friends and I have had on his yacht "Happy Days" thanks to the Col. and both of the Mrs. Copleys —charming women whom your Mother and I knew as friends. Every time he came to San Diego it meant a trip in the back country, Imperial Valley or Mexico. His knowledge of national and world affairs intrigued me and he was great company. He was always interested in our land development and particularly interested in our building of Lake Hodges, Murray, Henshaw and other water development. How he did like to go up to Eagles Nest and catch trout in our small lake there! I bet



Col. Copley's Yacht, "Happy Days." What happy times we did have, thanks to a real friend.



Ira C. Copley
A friend the family will never forget and will cherish
in loving memory.

him $5.00 once that I could catch more trout from that lake in ten minutes with some white string and some bacon and a nail than he could with his pole and line and choose his own bait. He accepted. Mrs. Copley and your Mother were witnesses. He did not know that I had put 5000 trout in the lake recently about 6 inches long and they were used to being fed. At a given signal we commenced to fish. I chummed the water then with five pieces of bacon fastened to the white string with a nail for sinker. I threw it into the water. The water in the dam was only three inches from the top of the dam and how the trout did go after the bacon. I pulled up slowly and landed 21 trout on the top of the dam while he caught 10 and the joke was on him! I got the $5.00.

We used to go up to Guajome Rancho and visit Cave Couts. A few months before Cave Couts died I telephoned him that we were coming, a party of friends, and bringing our lunch; he said he would furnish the wine and Father O'Keefe would be there. What a happy day we had.

A party at Guajome Ranch.
Left to right: Cave Couts, Mrs. Copley, Father O'Keefe, a friend of Mrs. Copley, and Col. Copley

The early history of California—how Cave could tell it and his experiences. Now every member of that party has passed away but me.

Ed, Jr. and Ferd, will you ever forget our trip down to Baja California, Santa Rosalia and La Paz with Col. Copley, F. M. White, Attorney General U. S. Webb, our Dr. Cobb of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Walter Whitcomb in 1928? Col. Copley was to bring the yacht through the canal, come into the Gulf of California and stop at Guaymas; thence by train to San Diego and we were to leave—two machines and trailers for the trip—1000 miles south down the peninsula

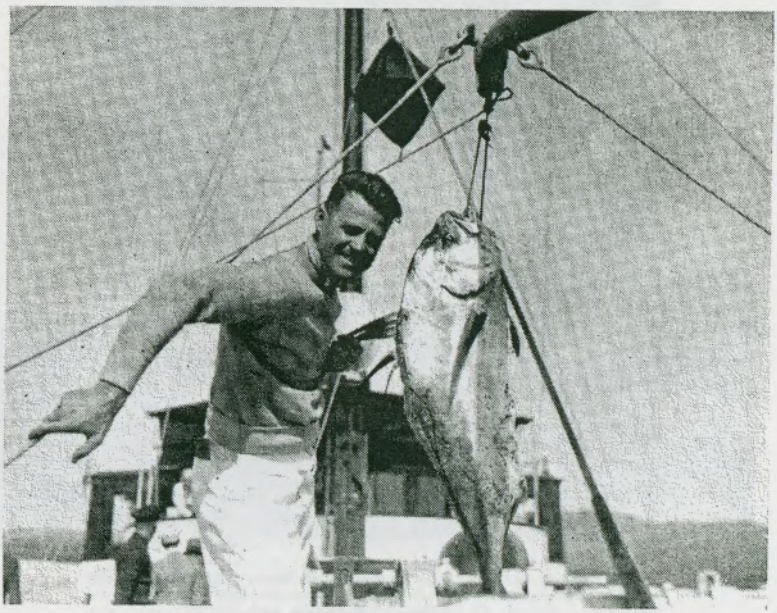
Attorney General of California, U. S. Webb, a friend of a lifetime, elected and re-elected without opposition for nearly thirty years. He was a good sport who loved to fish and hunt. Our numerous trips will never be forgotten, especially the trip for a thousand miles down the peninsula to La Paz in Mexico and our trip with Col. Copley.

Giant cactus on the desert 200 miles below Ensenada. Left to right: Fred White, Attorney General U. S. Webb, Colonel Copley, Dr. Gardner Cobb. Ed Fletcher, in rear. Picture taken by Walter Whitcomb.

On one of our camping trips as guests of Harry Chandler to Point Otis Sonora on the Gulf. In the party are Frank Belcher, Col. I. C. Copley, Fred White, and others.

through Ensenada, San Quentin and follow the Spanish Missions all the way down to La Paz. We were ready for any emergency, built our own road part of the way, camping out when night overtook us and that trip we will never forget.

The time was set. We were to go on a Thursday and Wednesday morning I received a telegram from Col. Copley at Tucson that he would leave the train at Yuma and come by machine to San Diego. It was raining torrents in San Diego, but snowing in the mountains. General Webb, Whitcomb, Ed, Jr. and Ferd started the day before. Col. Copley fought his way by machine through heavy snow, traveling all night, but arrived on the minute at 7 A.M. Thursday, insisting upon an immediate getaway. When we reached Tijuana the authorities stated that all bridges on the coast were out. Our first car was a day ahead of the storm; so our only recourse was to take the old road through the mountains. We got stuck in the mud for an hour near Spring Valley; crossed the mountain streams through Los Palmos and after 12 hours



Ed Jr.'s 37 pound Rooster fish.

On "Happy Days" in Magdalena Bay. Left to right: Walter Whitcomb, Dr. Gardner Cobb, of Worcester, Massachusetts, F. M. White, Atty. General U. S. Webb, Ed Fletcher, Jr. In rear is your dad and Ferdinand.

landed in Ensenada that night over the muddiest road I have ever traveled. The next day we overtook the other car at El Marble. There were forests of cactus a foot in diameter and at times we could see at the same time the gulf and the Pacific as the peninsula narrowed and we gained elevation. We had four happy days making that trip to San Ygnacio—a beautiful valley with lakes, bananas and wild dates—a Spanish city of the 18th Century.

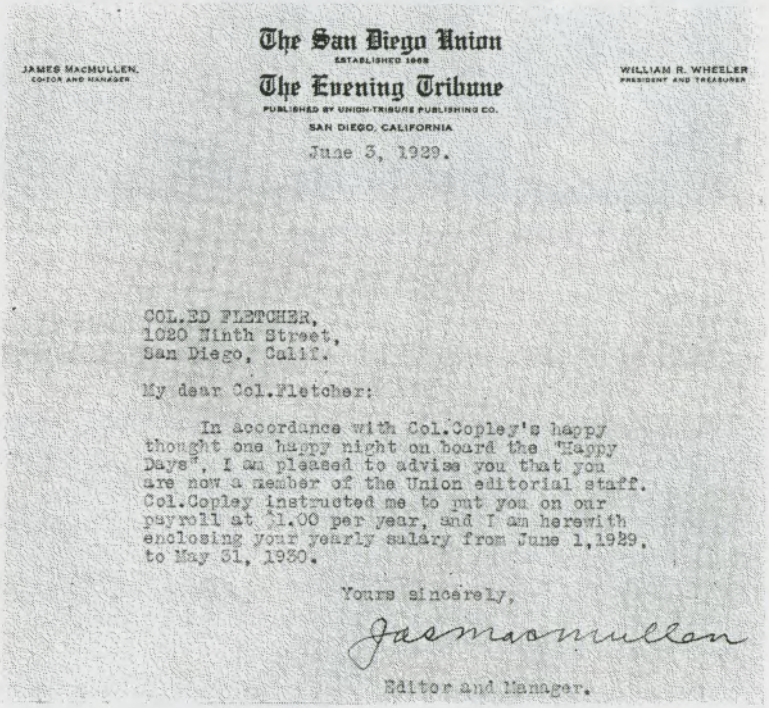
From there we went to Santa Rosalia and were the guests of the French Copper Company Management—thanks to a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Griffing Bancroft.

We shipped our cars back on an ore boat to San Pedro, thanks to the Copper Company, and then, by the "Happy Days" which met us at Santa Rosalia, we went on to La Paz. Here, we were arrested for having three guns and our usual supply of ammunition aboard the yacht and told that we could not leave port without paying a fine of $185.00. I showed the authorities a letter from Governor Rodriquez; the fine was immediately remitted; they could not have been more courteous. We responded by inviting the officials to an elaborate luncheon which was enjoyed by all. We afterwards spent two days fishing around Cape San Lucas and Magdalena Bay.

Col. Copley did things right on his yacht and we enjoyed

many times our usual quota of pleasure while cruising on the "Happy Days."

When Col. Copley purchased the San Diego Union and Tribune he pulled off a dinner on board his yacht and brought my old opponent James MacMullen and myself together. The result of that meeting is the following letter:



The San Diego Union
ESTABLISHED 1868
The Evening Tribune
PUBLISHED BY UNION-TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

JAMES MACMULLEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER

WILLIAM R. WHEELER, PRESIDENT AND TREASURER

June 3, 1929.

COL.ED FLETCHER,
1020 Ninth Street,
San Diego, Calif.

My dear Col.Fletcher:

In accordance with Col.Copley's happy thought one happy night on board the "Happy Days", I am pleased to advise you that you are now a member of the Union editorial staff. Col.Copley instructed me to put you on our payroll at $1.00 per year, and I am herewith enclosing your yearly salary from June 1,1929, to May 31, 1930.

Yours sincerely,

Jas MacMullen

Editor and Manager.

But—they were all happy days never to be forgotten.

Messrs. George Marston, Templeton Johnson, John Snyder, A. S. Bridges and myself sold the San Diego Independent to Col. Copley soon after he purchased the Union-Tribune. We had originally started this paper as a protest to Spreckels' domination of the town. Now, even though we'd built up a daily circulation of between 8,000 and 10,000 copies, the paper was still running at a terrific loss and we were glad to accept Col. Copley's generous offer. Later I sold the J. D. Spreckels home in Coronado to Col. Copley. This friendship of nearly a lifetime I shall always keep in happy memory.

CHAPTER XXXV

OUR GOLDEN DAYS

My memoirs to you children would not be complete without mention of the happy days we have had traveling together the last few years when Grossmont, Fletcher Hills, the "S" Tract, and the Redwoods paid off. So, without worry, with peace of mind, and with the blessing of you children, we visited the Central American Countries, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, then a flight down the West Coast, via Peru to the Chilean Lakes, over the Andes, returning by Argentine, Brazil, and the Islands. The crowning trip of all was the world tour on the U. S. "President Monroe," but more of that later.

How your mother loves to fly! We had been to Mexico City several times, but our first long flight was via Mexico City, past Mt. Popocatepetl and Mt. Orizaba, over the divide into the tropics and Guatemala City. We visited Antigua, the former Spanish Capitol, Lake Atitlan, and Chichicastenango. What a country! There are luxurious orchids growing wild, even on pine trees. The Indians come on foot for miles around for the Sunday Exchange Market and church services at Chichicastenango. The sale of their wares in the plaza, even live pigs, while chickens, and turkeys crown the heads of the Indians is most fascinating. Even the roads were built by hand.

Then, we made a visit to San Salvador, Honduras, and Managua, Nicaragua. We had an interesting visit with our friend, Colonel Lindberg, financial advisor to President Somoza. Thanks to Colonel Lindberg, we had an interesting

Mt. Popocatepetl on our flight to Guatemala.

In President Somoza, I met a most remarkable man—affable, but positive. Presidents come and go, but President Somoza seems to stay on forever. He has many problems and much ignorance of the natives to contend with, whether they be black, blended, or white—the rich and the poor. I don't envy him his job!

fifteen minutes with the President, and must have made an impression on him because the President gave out a splendid interview in the daily papers concerning our visit. He knows how to hand out the compliments. He authorized me to bring back the message to the citizens of the United States that he, President Somoza, would give forty acres of the richest tropical lands in his country to each American citizen who would come to Nicaragua and help complete the building of the Nicaraguan Canal. We saw the proposed route, by air, including Lake Nicaragua. The Canal would save over 2200 miles of travel by ship connecting New York and San

Happy days are here again. Colonel Lindberg, will you ever forget our trip into Mexico and the big party at the Italian Restaurant with Mother Fletcher as Chaperone? Come again, Colonel!

Francisco as compared to the Panama route and, someday, this canal will be built.

The day after I had the interview with President Somoza, the official paper of the Government, "La Nueva Prensa," on April 4, 1940, stated:

"Yesterday noon, General Somoza granted an inter-

view to Senator Fletcher of the United States. He was presented by the Customs Controller, Colonel Lindberg. They chatted for fifteen minutes on subjects that affect the whole continent within the political orientations of Panamericanism which constitutes the axis of the relations of the three Americas.

"Senator Fletcher is interested in road construction and has traveled over the roads in this country. He has congratulated President Somoza for his work on this subject. Senator Fletcher was once Road Commissioner and he is naturally intensely interested in anything related to roads. By request of the United States Department of Public Roads of the United States, he is making a study of road construction in the Central American States. Senator Fletcher states that President Somoza deserves to be complimented for his endeavor in road construction and for his ideas for the welfare of Nicaragua."

We flew on, visiting Panama and took an auto ride through the jungle from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Canal is one of the greatest engineering feats of the world. We visited Jamaica before returning home via Havana, Cuba, with a visit to our dear friends, Will Field and his wife, Edith O'Farrell Field.

In 1945, what a flying trip we had taking in Alaska! From Seattle, we landed on Vancouver Island. Then, we flew without stop to White Horse, at the head of the Yukon River in Alaska. It was a rough, stormy ride. The fog closed in over Ketchikan, then over Juneau, and, on a bright, moonlight night in September, at 9:30 p.m., we landed with just a few gallons of gas at White Horse. We spent a wonderful morning there, then took a five or six hundred mile flight following the Alcan Highway, over snow-capped mountains, and icy lakes to Fairbanks where the ground is frozen the year around, twelve inches below the surface. How we did enjoy the trip with President Bullin of the University of Alaska over to the gold dredging operations, where, fifty feet below the surface, they are digging up ivory and gold. A pre-historic age furnishes the ivory, possibly a tropical country at one

time. How thoughtful it was of President Bullin to send us a box of ivory which we received on our arrival home.

To our amazement, Fairbanks was full of Russian fliers, flying American planes to Siberia, donated by the United States and we saw a hundred or more cases of "Essence of Rose" brought over by the Russian fliers from Czechoslovakia.

A letter of introduction to President Marshal Hoppin of the Alaskan Air Lines was most appreciated. We flew around Mount McKinley and out over the Aleutian Islands from Anchorage. That remarkable, growing city is a credit to the United States. A citizen there told of flying out to Kodiac Island, spotting a 600 pound bear from the air, landed on a lake, shot his bear, and was home the same night with the bear. The flight to Juneau from Anchorage was breath-taking, as we looked down at the mighty glaciers.

We spent a couple of days in Juneau and visited the glaciers from the ground. Our driver told us the salmon were so thick at times in the brook that one could walk across the brook on their backs. We saw hundreds of them. We will never forget that wild country.

Then, our flight to the Hawaiian Islands in 1946. We left Los Angeles at 3:00 p.m. and, at 1:00 a.m. the next morning, we were in bed in Honolulu at the Halekulani Inn. A far cry from the horse and buggy days! What a change of climate and scenery! How beautiful and blue the sea and the grandeur of Diamond Head as we took our first peek out of doors from our window. The coconut palms and tropical flowers are lovely. What a wonderful reception we had from the Cooks, Phillip Brooks, and Heaton Wrenns. We can never forget the kindness they showed to our four boys in the Navy and our nephews during World War Number Two. We had a wonderful drive around the island, Pearl Harbor and through the hundreds of acres of pineapple. We then flew to the island of Hawaii and visited the volcano Mauna Loa. We saw the effect of the tidal wave a few weeks before, sugar cane galore, marvelous waterfalls and, above all, the snow-capped Maunakea Mountain. Our flight home was an experience. We left Honolulu at 1:00 a.m., arrived in San Francisco in the early afternoon, and, that night, we were sleeping

Your father and mother enjoying themselves in Panama.

among the Redwoods at Eureka, 300 miles from San Francisco, thanks to Steve and Louise.

Then, our trip to South America in 1947, stopping at Mexico City and Panama again. We saw the tropical jungles again, the alligators, and the marvelous Panama Canal in action. I cannot say enough about the wonderful hospitality of the Morris' and our evening with them including the Governor of the Canal Zone and the British Minister and their wives.

Thence to Medellin and Bogota among the Andes. Much of the civilization of the Spanish Conquerors of the 1550's still prevails. Since we were in Bogota, the city has been made notorious by the recent insurrection with hundreds killed while a Pan-American meeting was being held. We enjoyed our visit at these places tremendously, as well as Cali, where the government, by law, makes the citizens turn over the gizzards of their chickens which pick up and swallow

emeralds. Cali is noted for its emeralds, gold and the beautiful river that runs directly through the city.

Our next stop was at Quito, Ecuador, where we crossed the Equator, were initiated, and received our certificates, and then to Guayaquil and Lima, Peru. We can never forget the kindness of Henry Gildred, brother of Phil Gildred of San Diego who is making a beautiful subdivision and housing development at Lima.

It never rains in Lima. Their water comes by river from the Andes. We saw the horseracing, 50,000 people in swimming, and more of the Spanish influence in the construction of parks, buildings, and boulevards.

From Lima, we flew to Arequipa, a town tucked away at an elevation of 7500 feet among the snow-capped volcanos in the Inca Country. How we loved Tia Bates and her interesting Inn. She took us to ride, during which we saw several flock of Llama. She called our attention to a rug weaving factory where everything is woven by hand. I fell in love with one rug on the floor of the Company Manager's office. It is made of Llama wool, hand woven by the descendants of the Incas and the pattern is symbolic of the Inca. I bought it for $1800.00, but as our money bought nine Peruvian dollars for one of ours, the rug only cost $200.00 in American money. As they rolled it up for shipment, I saw one of them hit it two or three times and a volume of dust arose. When it came time to ship the rug, the Government officials refused to ship it out of the country, claiming it was a work of art. We were told that only a personal letter from the President of Peru would allow it to leave the country. I had a letter to our Ambassador Cooper at Lima. His mother called on your mother while in Lima, so I took the liberty of writing our Ambassador and he secured the necessary letter from the President. It was sent to Tia Bates and a few weeks after we arrived home, we were notified this beautiful rug was in San Diego, but I was billed to pay an import duty of $380.00. I explained it was a work of art, but to no avail. I said I guessed I would have to get another letter from the President of Peru saying the rug should come in without duty.

I was pretty mad and, just as I was leaving, I told the

U. S. authorities here it was a second-hand rug. They said, "Can you prove it?" I told them I could and proceeded to open up the bundle. I then hit the rug a couple of times with a "two by four." The result was that a cloud of dust rose to the ceiling. The officials were convinced and the import duty was canceled. That is the rug that is in my office today and I want you to keep it in the family.

We spent three happy days in Santiago, Chile, met our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter of San Francisco, and, together, we went down to the Chilean Lakes, another 800 miles south. It was March, yet we were eating the most luscious melons and fruits ever, their summer. Yet, we ran into snow at Villarrica. What a beautiful volcano and a happy three days there.

The great thrill of our trip was the flight over the Andes from Santiago to Buenos Aires, Argentina. We left at 8:30 A.M. In an hour we approached the pass in the Andes and, flying approximately 19,000 feet in altitude, as we zigged and zagged through the pass with its marvelous glaciers and frozen lakes, a perfect day, your mother called my attention to the forty-odd passengers, thirty of whom were sucking oxygen tanks. Your mother and I, with our hot air from California, needed no extra oxygen. In an unusually excited voice, your mother said, "I would not miss this for a million dollars."

We spent four happy days in Buenos Aires, a Yankee city of magnificent buildings, highways, and parks. The Platt River is a joy forever. We were delightfully entertained by your Uncle Walter Hettman's brother, Fred. These days included an interesting trip in the country—pampas country, livestock galore, and fertile soil for farming.

We met Mr. and Mrs. William Cook. He is president of the Radio Corporation of South America and, from him, I learned much of President Peron and his Eva. I had a letter from our Senator William Knowland to our American Ambassador Messersmith and left my card at his office, only to receive a telegram of invitation to tea at the embassy. Your mother could not go, but I did and had a very interesting talk with the Ambassador for an hour. He did much to bring better

feeling between the United States and Argentina. We owe him a word of credit, as our former Ambassador to Argentina was a bull in a China shop. President Peron is a dictator and Mr. Cook furnished me with a written opinion from his attorney which I still have to the effect that Peron can modify or annul any act of Congress or the Supreme Court of Argentina.

Buenos Aires, on the mile-wide Platt River, is nearly 200 miles from the ocean, but is one of the largest shipping ports in the world. We flew down the Platt River, stopping a little while at the Capitol of Uruguay, Montevidio, a rich farming country.

Then, to Sao Paula, Brazil, a marvelous, bustling, and interesting city where the coffee comes from and where a two million horse power of electricity has been developed by driving tunnels and diverting the upper reaches of the Platt River. There, George Hodge, brother of Ed Hodge, and his wife and family were wonderful to us. They are family friends of sixty years or more, and treated us royally. George Hodge has made a name for himself there and fortune in power development. The new highway from Brazil through the Andes to Arica, Chile, is making good headway.

We flew on to Rio de Janeiro, the most beautiful city in the world, in my opinion. The mountains, the islands, the seashore, and the tropics all in one, within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, made our visit there a joy forever.

We were particularly appreciative of the courtesies and kindnesses of Charlie's schoolmate, "Stubby" Wilson, and his good wife who reside there.

We flew 2,000 miles across the jungle without stopping from Rio de Janeiro to the Amazon and landed in Belem. We had a wild trip flying to Trinidad with a three-day visit in Puerto Rico where the United States has done a remarkable job in the building of schools, highways, and making that island self-supporting. The relatives of Mildred in Puerto Rico were wonderful to us.

We returned home via Cuba, visiting Will and Edith O'Farrell Field then stopped in Merida, Yucatan, where we spent three days inspecting the ruins of the Mayan Indians of 1500

William Putnam Field

As a boy of 15, driving Nason and Company's horse and wagon from Land and Towne's addition to San Diego, daily, Will Field was my passenger who was working for Todd and Hawley at that time. He has always been a wonderful friend. He became a splendid citizen and accountant, later marrying one of San Diego's best school teachers, Edith O'Farrell. They now reside in Havana, Cuba. We have kept up our correspondence all these years and we have visited the Fields several times. Will has done much in civic work in Havana, has been decorated by the Cuban Government for services rendered in a public way, and, as an accountant and businessman, he has made his mark there. Your mother and I cherish the friendship of Will and Edith.

or 2000 years ago. They were only recently discovered and that happened by airplane.

What a jungle! It is worth a trip alone to visit the 150 miles of ruins of a race now extinct.

You children have the moving pictures of the trips that have just been mentioned. I hope you keep them in a safe place for the benefit and pleasure of your children and children's children later on.

CHAPTER XXXVI

OUR ROUND THE WORLD TRIP IN 1949

At 77 and 74, we went via the American President Lines aboard the "President Monroe," leaving San Francisco on February 22, 1949, a ten thousand ton ship which accommodated only 100 first-class passengers. I want to include just a few of the high-lights of this trip in my memoirs.

Luck was with us! A radio message, in transit, came from your sister, Virginia Hawk, from Pearl Harbor, that number 5 had arrived and how happy we were to get to see them on arrival at Honolulu. I will never forget seeing that baby through the glass. Our grandchild was between, and not a foot away from a Jap baby with straight, black hair, one to two inches long, and a colored baby, while our grandchild was white with long, light hair—what a menagerie or amalgamation of races (over a hundred of them) and how typical of the Hawaiian Islands. We had a happy day at Pearl Harbor visiting Virginia and Vernon (Captain Vernon Hawk, U. S. Navy) and the five grandchildren sure looked good to us.

Two days before we reached Japan, what a surprise when the following radio message was delivered to us on March 12th:

"Commanding Officer
S.S. President Monroe
Zebra 43 Zero 21 Pass
"To Honorable Ed Fletcher. Please deliver.
"Will be delighted to have you and Mrs. Fletcher take lunch with me and Mrs. MacArthur at the American Embassy, at one-thirty tomorrow, Sunday, the thirteenth. Will send my Aide, Colonel Huff to escort you to Tokyo.
(Signed) MacArthur."

I immediately radioed General MacArthur, "We deeply appreciate your invitation and it is accepted—Ed Fletcher." You see, I wasn't taking a chance.

Colonel Huff was at the ship upon our arrival and what a happy day he and his good wife gave us. We were three hours at the embassy with General and Mrs. MacArthur. We

touched on many national and international topics during our talk. It was one of the highlights of my life's experiences. The citizens of the United States should realize that, next to the Emperor himself, General MacArthur is the most beloved man in Japan today. Time and space will not permit me to elaborate much on our visit in Japan, but we must mention the kindness and courtesy of General and Mrs. MacArthur.

That evening, on board ship, we received a telephone call from Admiral and Mrs. B. W. Decker. She is a San Diego girl, formerly Miss Edwina Naylor. What a day they gave us and how happy we were to have the Army as our host the first day and the Navy the next. Most of those wonderful moving pictures we brought home from Japan we can thank Mrs. MacArthur and Admiral and Mrs. Decker for.

Picture taken at the U. S. Naval Station, Yokohama, Japan, where we were the guests of Admiral and Mrs. Decker.

Leaving Japan, your mother and I sent a radio from the "President Monroe," under date of March 16th, reading as follows:

"General Douglas MacArthur
Commanding U. S. Forces
Tokyo, Japan

"As Japan fades away, we wish to thank you again for your splendid hospitality and kindness while in Japan. The sun is now setting, but thanks to you there is a new dawn for Japan that means everything for our country. Our prayers are with you.

"Kindest regards to Mrs. MacArthur and tell her the dates are on their way. Best regards to Colonel and Mrs. Huff.

Ed and Mary Fletcher."

We have sent them dates and grapefruit several times since our visit.

Then, the Yellow Sea and Shanghai. The thrill of it all with the Communists in control on one bank of the Yangtze and the Nationalists on the other. What a civilization, the hundreds of millions, the tragedy and poverty of it all! There were fifteen thousand refugees coming into Shanghai a day.

In 1938, the Yen was four for a dollar in United States money. We bought 8,600 for a dollar the first day we were there, 10,000 the next day, and 20,000 the last day.

I have before me now the regulations issued by our good Captain Cox, reading: "All cabin portholes and doors should be kept closed and locked while in the port of Shanghai due to the prevalence of petty thieves. While in town shopping or touring, added precautions should be taken to prevent pick-pockets from lifting wallets, handbags, fountain pens, etc., from your person."

Mighty England made remarkable cities out of Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, and its life-line clear to Gibraltar, but conditions have surely changed. We were the last passenger ship out of Shanghai. Ten days later, Shanghai was in the hands of the Communists.

Hong Kong is another San Diego. It is a beautifully located city and what a happy time we had there.

From Shanghai to Hong Kong, our table guests were one of China's most prominent bankers and his good wife. They both spoke English fluently and we struck up a friendship, with the result that, by radio, he sent a message to his home and two machines with their families met us at the pier. We were their guests all day, driving over Hong Kong and those beautiful hills, valleys, and beaches that make Hong Kong famous. We were entertained at the finest Chinese restaurant and, for the first time, I had to eat with chop sticks. Among the exhibits on my desk at the office is a pair of ivory chop sticks given me as a souvenir.

I heard, at first hand, the situation of the Communists versus Nationalists in China and we were the house guests of his associate in Singapore where we heard of the situation in Malaya.

The following is the telegram I sent by Mackay Radio to my good friend in the State Senate, now U. S. Senator, William Knowland, under date of March 23, 1949:

"Have been, by accident, in personal contact with one of the highest authorities in Southern China. One last effort will be made to stop the Communists. Communists

U. S. Senator William Knowland, formerly my pal in the State Senate of California. Senator Knowland is one of our youngest U. S. Senators, is a deep thinker, hard worker, and I predict he is going far. It is a pleasure and honor to call him Bill and have him as a friend. He is blessed with a splendid help-mate, Mrs. William Knowland.

are Communist-dominated by Russia, no matter where they are. We furnished equipment for thirty-nine divisions of soldiers, but they need vitally now, ammunition and soldier supplies. Above all, a public token of friendly expression to help morale. For heaven's sake, help and quick, please!

"Give copy and my regards to Senator Downey and Murray, Montana, and Congressman McKinnon, Phillips, Welsh and Sheppard.

ED FLETCHER."

The ridiculous attempt of the Democratic Administration for years to force the union of the Nationalists of China with the Communists of Russia was the most tragic mistake in history. General Marshall was a mighty military leader. By following the orders of the administration, he went to China to force the consolidation of the Nationalists and Communist Russia. General Marshall was, undoubtedly, sincere, followed orders, but dumb when it comes to politics. He had to wait until he got to Russia to find out from Joe Stalin that oil and water won't mix and it was Communism or nothing.

Crossing to Manila, your mother and I did appreciate a splendid message of greeting from Admiral O. C. Badger and his kindness in having Admiral Old have a car at the ship for our use upon our arrival. Admiral and Mrs. Old had us go to their home on Sangley Point for dinner. En route down the bay, there were 150 or 200 sunken Japanese ships spotted where they were sunk with their hulls and masts sticking up out of the water.

I must tell you that after the greetings, Admiral Old told us that the night before we turned Manila over to the Japs, they took nearly forty million Spanish pesos and fifty cases of the best whiskey, put it on a boat and sunk it in fifty feet of water. Recently, they had dived and recovered practically all of the money and ten cases of that whiskey. He then said, "Will you have a drink?" We did have some of that whiskey. The day we arrived in Manila, a Senator was disbarred and arrested for stealing $500,000.00 of Government money.

We found twenty-three square miles of Manila still in

Sakya Muni Buddha Gaya Temple, Singapore. You children will remember our vivid moving picture in color of this Buddha.

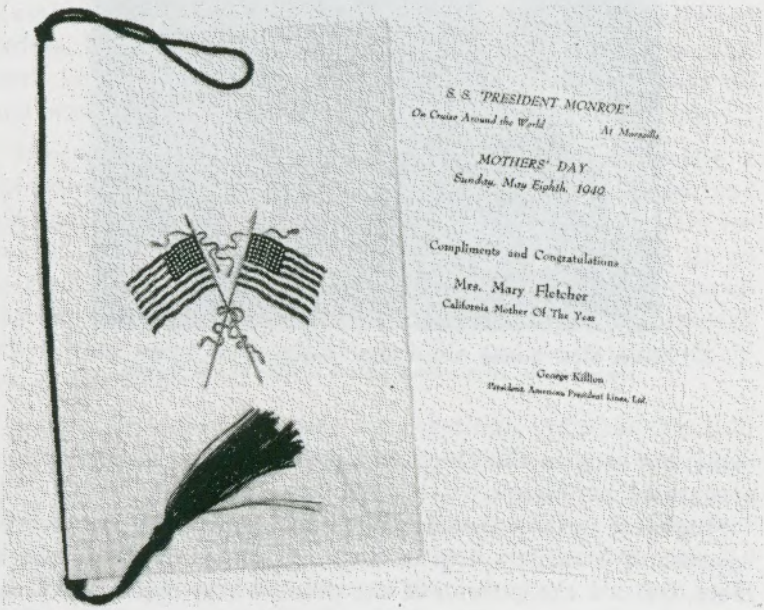
ruins, but what a thrilling and beautiful ride we had into the mountains of Luzon.

Singapore was wonderful with its tropics, the lakes, the bayous. We made a trip to the English province of Johore. Here, we saw the exterior of the castle where the Sultan lives with his 200 wives. The Sultan was in the hospital at Singapore.

Three days before, there had been a fight between the Communists and the Anti-Communists in Johore, where four were

killed within a mile from where we were stopped from going into the jungle. Remember, that sixty to seventy per cent of Malaya are Chinese and, by peaceful penetration, they dominate the country.

At Singapore we were entertained in the home of one of the most noted Chinese intellectual Nationalists of China, and one of the most influential business men. He spoke English fluently. His wife and two sons were murdered by the Japanese leaving only an attractive 8 year old daughter. Only last New Year's Eve he sent your mother flowers and from time to time we have sent avocados and grapefruit by boat. To my horror we just received word that he had been murdered by the Communists. This is going on all the time in Indo-China. Brute force versus Intelligence. When will the world come to its senses?



The beauty of Penang with its marvelous highways, parks, and tropical fruits and flowers while its temple is unsurpassed. Across the bay are 35 miles of coconut palms, a sight to behold.

Ceylon and our visit to Kandy where the Kandy Kings ruled for 2,000 years will always be remembered, including the tea plantations. Here, we received two radiograms, one from the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and one from the president of the American Lines, George Killion, that your mother had been nominated as Mother of California for 1949. On orders from President Killion, we had a banquet and dance on board ship in celebration of the event. Your mother took it in her usual stride.

Then, to Cochin where over fifty per cent of the spices and tin comes from that the world produces.

It was from Columbo, Ceylon, to Cochin, India, that we met and sat with Prince Peter of Greece, on board ship. Later, we met the Princess. They are lovely people who are still in India and will soon visit us in San Diego this coming year. They both speak English fluently and he will lecture on India.

Then, to Bombay with its marvelous highways, apartment houses, and parks. One of those parks has all its shrubs and trees trimmed to look like different kinds of animals. Looking from a bridge, we saw over 5,000 people at one time doing their washing in the river.

Karachi, India, is, to us, another world entirely, with its

Cairo.

camels as 90 per cent of their means of transportation. It is a typical old city with its women veiled, class distinction, and a world set apart compared to that of America. Pakistan and India were fighting over Kashmir while we were there. We saw five Consolidated Aircraft from San Diego lifted out of the hold of our ship. Pakistan is now building several huge dams for irrigation purposes and a marvelous road to Delhi in the development of their country, all honor to them.

The Indian Ocean and Red Sea are a dream with blue skies and a look from afar of Ethiopia. We saw a wonderful Ethiopian sunset, not to forget the many oil wells on the shores of Arabia.

Visiting the pyramids in Egypt. Your father and mother on the right. The other four are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stone from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Loftus from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Admiral Bieri. He and his good wife are friends of the family for many years. They are coming to San Diego, eventually, to become two of our citizens.

At the Suez Canal, we found ten thousand British soldiers defending same while only a few miles away the Israelites were intent on conquering the country to the Canal from every indication. We drove 125 miles across the desert to Cairo, and passed through a camp of 50,000 Egyptian soldiers. I could write about Cairo for hours, but the highlights were our ride on camels in a party of six to the Pyramids, and seeing King Tut's tomb—three tombs, one within the other. It was a sight almost unbelievable, portraying the life of civilization centuries ago.

We drove all over the Nile Valley and sailed up the Nile. They have better Valencia Oranges there than we have in California and the dates were splendid. Alexandria is an interesting city and the Mediterranean Sea was enticing. We

saw Mt. Etna, recently in eruption, and Stromboli afire at night. I will leave out any reference to Ingrid.

We flew from Palermo to Tunis, North Africa, from where we motored over the battlefields, including Kasserine Pass, where your brother, Eugene, distinguished himself and was decorated by the French, British, and our own Government. It is startling to drop into Tunis from the air and mingle with 300,000 Mohammedans. Here, I could not even see the eyelash of a woman and the men in their turbans seemed to be sitting and drinking coffee most of the time.

How we did enjoy the old Roman Highway and the Aqueduct, built by the Romans, part of which is in use today in bringing water from Kasserine Pass to Tunis.

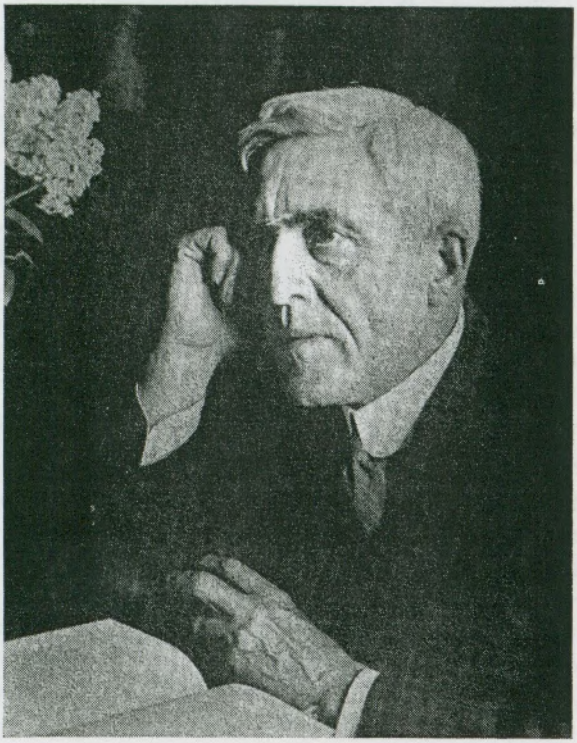
Our flight to Rome for another visit, then, by plane, to Milan and a motor trip to Lake Como and the Swiss Alps will always live in loving memory. They even pointed out the place where Mussolini and his lover were discovered hidden under potato sacks and murdered. An electric ride over Mussolini's railway to Genoa was a delight, as well as a drive along the Riviera, San Remo and Rapallo. All brought back happy memories of our trip in 1926. Many told your dad they would like to see Mussolini back, for he did things. Another Huey Long, I guess.

It was thrilling to pass Gibraltar and through the Azores with a radio from Admiral Bieri stating that he would meet us in New York and help us through customs. He surely was a help and what fun we all had with Admiral and Mrs. Bieri that night at the Biltmore Hotel.

Before we landed in New York, all on board were all of a family, with one or two exceptions, and life-time friendships were made.

We made another visit to Massachusetts, where we were born, and saw our beloved ones there. Then, the automobile trip across the country home to San Diego.

It all seems a dream, yet a joy forever. To you children, let me say, "Don't wait too long."



Fedinand Thum, member of the F. and W. Thum Company. Associated with Ferdinand were his two brothers, William and Hugo.

CHAPTER XXXVII

FLETCHER HILLS

There has been much pleasure, as well as sorrow, in the development of Fletcher Hills, but, thank goodness, your brother, Steve, is handling it in a splendid way.

In 1908, I purchased approximately 2,000 acres with a very small payment down, purely a promotion. I then interested the F. & W. Thum Company, the "sticky fly-paper" million-

aires, William Thum (who became Mayor of Pasadena), Ferdinand Thum, and Hugo Thum, all splendid men. Under contract, they agreed to finance the development and I was to receive 25 per cent of the net profits. We had many happy days together traveling all over Southern California and Mexico. Our son, Ferdinand, was named after Ferdinand Thum.

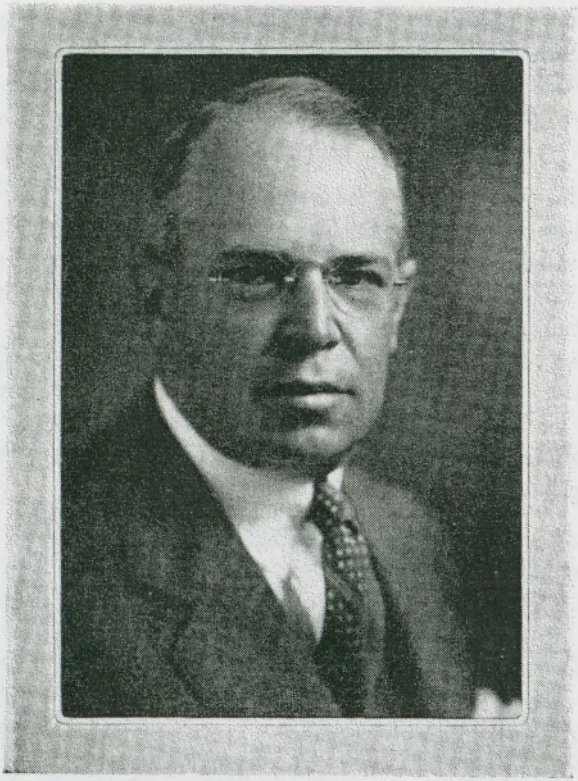
They let me lay out the subdivision roads; we put in a water system in connection with the Cuyamaca Water Company, and things were about ready to develop in a big way when the depression hit us, along with the death first of Hugo, then Ferdinand, then William Thum. I could have gone into court and forced the F. & W. Thum Company to fulfill their contract, but it would not have been fair and, before William Thum died, the Ed Fletcher Company took over the property and assumed the obligation.

On the advice of the Board of Supervisors, we put in the paved roads, water lines and electricity, under the Matoon Act. That Matoon Act turned out to be a blight on the country. Under the law, no matter if the owner had paid his taxes, if his neighbor went delinquent it was a cloud on the owner of the property who had paid his taxes, unless he paid his neighbor's taxes, too. The result was that, in time, every piece of property in every Matoon Act district in San Diego County went delinquent, 100 per cent, for taxes and it was a county and state problem that had to be solved.

First, we got the Act repealed, then the County worked out compromises, as well as the irrigation districts, where the Matoon Acts were located, both in San Diego City and County. It took years to work out compromises and to the Board of Supervisors who got us into this mess, we owe a word of credit for helping get us out.

Your father was just ready, in 1929, to sell Fletcher Hills in subdivision when the depression hit us. The demand for real estate and resident lots was so small for a period of eight years that we could not sell any lots for even the cost of the improvements, to say nothing of getting the cost of our original investment.

The banks told your father, in 1928, that the Ed Fletcher



My cousin, Ed Prouty. With his wife, Ethel, we have kept up the family relationship and friendship in a splendid way. Their visits to California from Massachusetts have been numerous. We have visited together in nearly every park in the West. He was a real friend and helped me financially during the depression. His passing was most sorrowful, but later on his beloved wife, Ethel, married another distant relative and personal friend, Ralph Conant. We are more than happy to take Ralph into the family for keeps.

Company was worth two or three million dollars. We owed approximately $400,000.00 and had over $600,000.00 of supposedly "gilt-edged" securities. In 1931, conditions were such that those same banks refused to loan money to pay taxes on property of the Ed Fletcher Company, even though the title was clear. Those were the days of deficiency judgments. On the $400,000.00 we owed, secured mostly by improved real estate, (the securities satisfied the banks when the loan was made), your father had to put up another half million dollars of improved and unimproved property at 1928 valuations, rather

than face a foreclosure on a deficiency judgment. Those supposed $600,000.00 worth of "gilt-edged" securities sold for $220,000.00, owing to the rapid depreciation in values and the necessity for cash.

I am grateful that the Bank of America and the First National Bank eventually gave us back our notes and canceled our obligations. I am putting these personal experiences into my memoirs that you may beware. At one time, your father had to raise $56,000.00 in forty-eight hours to pay the balance on Fletcher Hills or go into involuntary insolvency. Thanks to your cousin, Ed Prouty, of Boston, I raised $25,000.00 by telephone, $10,000.00 from your beloved sister-in-law, Lillian Force, and the balance was raised in San Diego. That is what made it possible for us to keep and make possible the development of Fletcher Hills today, 1951.

It was not until 1941 that the Matoon Act on Fletcher Hills was cleaned up and we were ready to sell. One day, I went out to Fletcher Hills and found 5,000 soldiers camped there. World War Two was on, the Government wanted a camp, and Fletcher Hills was an ideal location. It had paved roads, water, electricity, and six months was saved in building a camp by grabbing our property. It was not until three months later that the Government saw fit to call on me to open negotiations for the rent of our property of something like 1,200 acres, and the United States would only pay $2.00 an acre rental, per annum, on property which the improvements alone had cost over a half million dollars.

We had five sons in the service, at that time, two sons-in-law, and two grandsons. We felt it was an insult, but took what the Government offered us. However, when the war was over, in 1946, after I had threatened to bring the case before the Court of Claims in Washington, they made a settlement. We paid them their price in cash and they turned back the barracks, sewer plant, and the new water system which they had installed to us, but, if we had had our Fletcher Hills property for sale in 1942, we, too, would have had a remarkable subdivision development as La Mesa and El Cajon had during those years and all our property would have been sold by

1945 at a handsome profit. We lost this opportunity and we have had a struggle since to put Fletcher Hills on the market. But, thanks again to Steve and the rest of you children, we are on our way. In 1946, we had only three houses there. Today, 1951, we have over 600 and are proud of the new development of Fletcher Hills.

The following pictures record the early development of Fletcher Hills and what it is today.

First construction in Fletcher Hills—1946.

Fletcher Hills of today—1951. Photo by Olinger, La Mesa.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL CELEBRITIES

PRESIDENT WARREN HARDING

I met him first as a United States Senator and had considerable correspondence with him as President. No one ever questioned his personal integrity, but he made a number of unfortunate appointments.

While he was President, your mother and I had an unusual experience in meeting President and Mrs. Harding. We took four of our boys, Ferd, Lawrence, Steve, and Willis, for a trip in the summer of 1923 to Boulder Dam, Bryce Canyon and Zion National Park.

One morning, while occupying the best house in the park, word came, by telephone, that President and Mrs. Harding and party would arrive in an hour and that the Mormon Choir of 125 voices would also arrive that morning to sing for the benefit of the Presidential Party. There was consternation in camp, for there was no hotel and only a woman in charge of the cottages. Your mother took over and, immediately, we vacated our house, your mother making the beds and helping the attendant in cleaning up. The party was only to stay for the day, returning that night to Salt Lake City. Within twenty minutes after the house was put in order, who should quietly arrive, by machine, but President and Mrs. Harding with no one to receive them. Your mother and I took over. We exchanged greetings again, your mother took Mrs. Harding into the house, and I had a happy few minutes with the President. Ten minutes later, who should come along but one of our dearest friends, Admiral Hugh Rodman, a member of the party.

The Salt Lake City contingent arrived later and brought their luncheon with them. At 1:30 P.M., the Choir started singing and, for an hour, their singing was most remarkable and inspiring, especially the Hallelujah Chorus.

I was invited to join the party on horseback to select a site for the building of the present hotel, controlled by the Union

To Ed Fletcher
with cordially good wishes.
Warren G Harding

President Warren Harding.

They say President Harding was surrounded by friends who knew what they wanted, but I saw another side. No one ever questioned the personal integrity of President Harding. He may have relied too strongly on the advice of his supposed friends. As a Senator and President, I feel it was an honor to have known him.

WITH THE PRESIDENT IN ZION NATIONAL PARK
June 27, 1923
Ferdinand Mrs Harding Pres. Harding Lawrance Stephen Willis

Pacific Railroad. In the party was the Secretary of the Interior. We had a two hour horseback ride and, together, selected the site where the hotel is today.

President Harding selecting site for hotel. Picture taken by your Dad.

The Presidential Party was on its way to Alaska and were to return via San Francisco several weeks later. I suggested to President Harding and Admiral Rodman that they spend a day in Yosemite Valley and we arranged a stop at Glacier Point overlooking Yosemite.

There were ten or twelve of us waiting to receive them at Glacier Point the afternoon they were to arrive, but the Presidential Party did not arrive. Instead, at 6:00 P.M., we received word that President Harding was a sick man and the President's special train had gone direct to San Francisco. That is where the President passed away. While in Zion National Park, President Harding looked well and happy and his death was a shock to the nation.

Before closing this chapter, I want to again refer to Admiral

Admiral Hugh Rodman
The good sport, the friend, and splendid citizen who proved his friendship in so many ways.

Hugh Rodman, an Admiral all San Diego loved. We had many a hunting trip together in San Diego County and in Mexico. He would dress up in his old clothes and we would go across the line. I was fighting for national highways and the United States Army was making its first trip across the continent with a convoy of trucks. We blocked Los Angeles as the Pacific destination and a hundred trucks with a thousand soldiers came via Arizona and Imperial Valley to San Diego, after we had taken the matter up with Washington.

I was chairman of the committee to entertain them on arrival

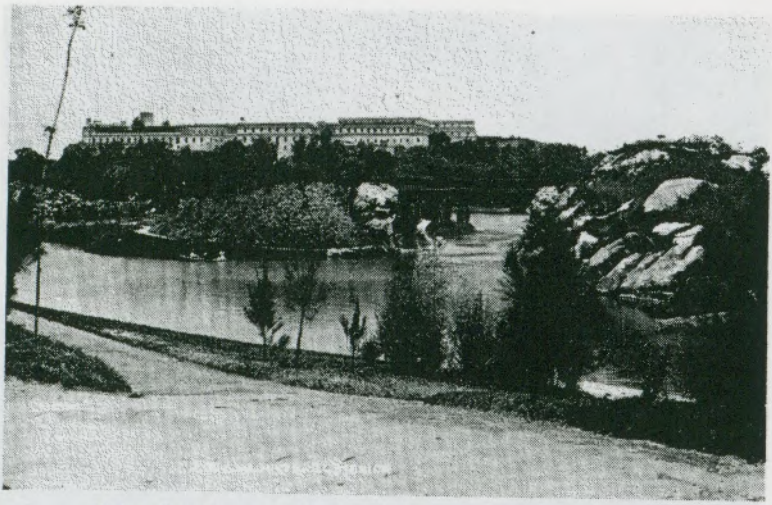
so I sent a radio to Admiral Rodman, asking him to put two destroyers at our disposal for the day. The reply from him was instantaneous and favorable, so we put all the officers and one band on one destroyer and all the soldiers and one band on the other destroyer, then made a sea trip around the Coronado Islands, including luncheon.

The handsome, red-haired wife of Governor Campbell of Arizona, in rounding the Coronado Islands, became somewhat seasick, so a certain U. S. Army Colonel and I helped her to the lounge. She lifted off her hat and handed it to the Colonel who, being gallant and an admirer, said, "Woman, what beautiful hair." Quickly, Mrs. Campbell replied, "Man, this is no time for sentiment."

Admiral Rodman loved his hunting and the day before he sailed with his fleet on the U. S. Flagship, New Mexico, for the Phillipines, he asked me for one last shoot. We went to Cuyamaca Lake, arriving late in the afternoon, and four of us shot thirty or more ducks. At six the next morning, he went out on horseback with our caretaker, each carrying a rifle. At 7:30 A.M. they were back and each had a deer. That day Admiral Rodman shot his first mountain quail—eight or nine of them—and that afternoon we were able to get three or four dozen valley quail. At 7:30 P.M., we were home and all the game had been put on board the New Mexico.

You boys will remember when, months later, I received a telephone call saying that Admiral Rodman and his fleet were returning and heading for San Pedro. Admiral Rodman wanted you boys and me to be his guests aboard the New Mexico and would have a launch at the pier at 8:00 P.M. for us. Six of you will remember that experience and the wonderful reception Admiral Rodman gave us. You had the run of the Flagship. Will you ever forget being on the bridge when the U. S. Flagship, New Mexico, and fleet came into San Pedro Harbor and the salute the U. S. Battleship Mississippi and other ships gave Admiral Rodman?

Admiral Rodman was an inspiration to me and I thank heaven that I had the privilege of calling him a friend.



Palace Los Pinos in Mexico City. General Abelardo Rodriguez palace while he was President. Your father was a guest here.

GENERAL ABELARDO RODRIGUEZ

One of Mexico's greatest leaders. Your Mother and I have known him for over thirty years; first as a Colonel in the Mexican Army, then Governor of Upper Baja California, then Secretary of War, and President of the United States of Mexico. It was a pleasure to cooperate with him in highway construction and water development. Rodriguez Dam, three miles from Tijuana speaks for his enterprise, as well as the hundreds of miles of paved highways in Baja California. He made a name for himself in water development in the State of Sonora while Governor. Senora Rodriguez is a most beautiful and gifted woman. We are happy to have her as a friend. On one trip, we were the guests of the United States Reclamation Service at Boulder Dam. On a ten day trip, with your sister Catherine and sister-in-law, Virginia English, we took a trip to the Redwoods, among the azaleas and rhododendrons, Oregon and Washington, and to Crater Lake. Returning from a view of the lake, we found a large black bear

One of the "Salt of the Earth," General Abelardo Rodriguez.

Guests of the U. S. Reclamation Service at Boulder Dam. Left to right: General and Senora Abelardo Rodriguez, your mother and father.

in the automobile in the back seat. What an experience! It was eating our candy and cake.

I had General Rodriguez as our guest while the Legislature was in session in Sacramento. Whether General, President,

Among the Rhododendrons and Redwoods on the Klamath River. Left to right: Virginia English Fletcher, Senora Abelardo Rodriguez, Catherine Fletcher Taylor.

The bear at Crater Lake on a 15-foot snow bank.

I took this picture as he made for me. My hand trembled, causing a blurred picture, and I got into the car just in time.

Governor, or plain Abelardo Rodriguez, he is always the same; a remarkable, earnest, square-shooting individual, and born leader. Your Mother and I are more than happy in having

maintained that friendship through the years. On the wall in my office are three more photographs of most distinguished Mexican Nationals, personal friends of many years. Space will not permit me to pay the tribute to them that is due.

Two of these are P. Elius Calles and P. Ortis Rubio, both former Presidents of Mexico who later became citizens of San Diego; both are remarkable men and it was an honor to know them intimately.

The jolliest one of them all is none other than Governor Olachea, formerly of Upper Baja California, now Governor of Lower Baja California. As a token of our eternal friendship, he took from my necktie a tourmaline pin and gave me a pearl. We have had many happy times together at Eagles Nest, banquets at Mexicali, and Ensenada—and business, too. I want him to have a copy of my memoirs and appreciate all the courtesies he has extended to me and the family.

Governor Olachea, Ed Fletcher, and Colonel Ira C. Copley celebrating Fiesta at Mexicali.

General P. Elius Calles, for many years President of Mexico and, for five years or more, was a citizen of San Diego where we made his acquaintance. He was called the "Iron Man" and surely ruled Mexico with firmness. He had to! My understanding is that, at the time he was President of Mexico, the country consisted of approximately fifteen million people including many Indians and 86 different dialects were spoken. After he returned to Mexico, we kept up a happy correspondence until his death.

If there ever was a kindly, lovable man, it was P. Ortis Rubio, former President of Mexico. How San Diego citizens loved him and his dear wife during the years they resided here! Your mother and I will never forget them and hold their friendship in loving memory.

HONORABLE HERBERT HOOVER

One of Our Greatest Presidents and Citizens

I met him through President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University and did everything possible for his election to the Presidency.

President of Stanford University, Hon. Ray L. Wilbur, and later Secretary of the Interior under Herbert Hoover. He was a splendid friend of our Stanford boys. Dad took this picture near Cuyamaca Lake.

I was Presidential Elector to the National Republican Convention that nominated him. I was one of forty-six at the convention that voted in favor of putting the return of light wines and beer into the Republican Platform. Mr. Hoover objected and that part was stricken out. I have always felt that the widely publicized plank in the Democratic Platform promising the abolition of prohibition, was the largest factor in Hoover's defeat and Franklin D. Roosevelt's election to the Presidency.

In running for re-election, I was paid the honor of introducing President Hoover over the radio. Three remarkable letters of historical interest are framed and hanging on the wall of my office. One reads:

HERBERT HOOVER

The Waldorf Astoria,
New York City,
October 7, 1939.

My dear Ed:

Every time I think of you I think of the possibilities of getting away from this horrid world. But that is not going to be allowed to me for some time. I am afraid we are going to have a long, uphill battle to keep the United States from being involved in Europe.

Yours faithfully,

Herbert Hoover

Hon. Ed. Fletcher,
1020 Ninth Avenue,
San Diego, California.

The friendship of this remarkable man will never be forgotten. At one time, he was probably the most hated man by the majority of United States citizens. Today, 1950, he is one of the most beloved men and our first citizen.

HERBERT HOOVER

May 8, 1935

My dear Senator:

I would be delighted to take a ride around San Diego County.

Yours faithfully,

Herbert Hoover

Senator Ed Fletcher
State Capitol
Sacramento, California

HERBERT HOOVER

May 7, 1936

My dear Senator:

Many thanks for your note. The people of California have settled this question. I am advised that the Eastern press have accepted it entirely as a battle between myself and Mr. Hearst, and as Mr. Hearst chose that ground, I am satisfied to have it settled in that fashion.

Yours faithfully,

Herbert Hoover

Senator Ed Fletcher
1020 Ninth Avenue
San Diego, California

Letters from Herbert Hoover which speak for themselves.

1. Gov. Rolph
2. Mark Requa
3. Ed Fletcher
4. W. H. Crocker
5. Louis Mayer
6. Judge Hazlett
7. Senator McKinley
8. Earl Lee Kelley
9. Marshall Hale
10. Senator Bull
11. Louis Mathews
12. Congressman Knowland
13. John McNab
14. C. C. Teague
15. Mable Willebrandt
16. Ed Dixon
17. Joseph Scott
18. John Austin
19. Earl Warren
20. Dr. Roberts
21. Col. Heartwell

GENERAL H. H. ARNOLD

United States Army

I knew "Hap" Arnold, so-called, for thirty-odd years as a personal friend. We hunted and fished together in Mexican waters many times. I first knew him as a Major in the United States Army Air Service and one time, he landed me in an alfalfa field adjoining Warner Hot Springs. Again, when I represented the City of San Diego at the celebration of the building of the Southern Pacific Main Line into Phoenix, we landed in the race track at dusk without lights. The next morning, "Hap" gave an exhibition flight over Phoenix and I

WAR DEPARTMENT
HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES
WASHINGTON

July 2, 1942.

Honorable Ed Fletcher,
1020 Ninth Avenue,
San Diego, California.

Dear Ed:

It was mighty good to hear from you again, and from the picture that you sent, you and your family are getting better looking every day. Actually, Ed, I have never seen a better looking family. It must be the California sunshine - or maybe they get their looks from their mother!

That trout fishing trip sounds to me like just what the doctor ordered. However, I want to warn you that I am skeptical about all that "water out of a rock" and "sweet lemons" racket of yours.

Perhaps we can get together in the not too distant future, and in the meantime with every good wish, I am

Sincerely,

H. H. ARNOLD,
Lieutenant General, U. S. A.

distributed ten thousand leaflets from the air. He also proceeded to make an exhibition flight over the city with barrel rolls, flying up-side-down and every maneuver you can think of. That noon, he flew me to Tucson where we both spoke before the Tucson Rotary Club on National Highways. At 3:00 P.M., we held a meeting with the Yuma Chamber of Commerce on National Highways. All were publicity stunts for National Highways.

"Hap" Arnold's advancement was rapid and, as the whole country knows, he was in command of the United States Army Air Force during the second world war. At the outbreak of that war, I was in Washington when I received a message from your brother, Eugene, asking if he could come to Washington on important business. I told him to come and, on arrival, he announced that he wanted to go into the United States Army Air Corps and would I let him talk the matter over with General "Hap" Arnold. I immediately got in touch with General Arnold, introduced my son to him and, after a few questions, Eugene said he was ready to volunteer. Eugene asked if he should go back to California. General Arnold did not answer, but rang up some officer and said, "I have a volunteer who wants to join the Air Corps. When can you give him his examination?" Within 48 hours, Eugene had passed his examinations and was in the service as a cadet.

Some of you children now know the feelings of your father and mother when Eugene became an aviator and it is only this week as I dictate this that I have bid goodbye to grandsons going into the air service, January, 1951. Edward, III, and Michael have gone, with Pete and Kim soon to go, while waiting for call are two grandsons-in-law, Jerry Allen and Howard Rowe. Kim Fletcher was Pfc. in the Engineering Corps in World War II, Jerry Allen a Lieutenant in the Air Corps, and Howard Rowe was Major in the Air Corps. Your brother, Ed, Jr., was a cadet in World War I, and our good son-in-law, Harry Taylor, a Captain in the Air Service in charge of gunnery at Dorr Field, Florida.

"Hap" Arnold and I kept in touch with one another, through the years as friends.

Eugene was promoted to the rank of Major in the Air Service. The next thing we knew, he was in North Africa in the Tunisian Campaign. On the eve of Washington's birthday, 1943, the following report came over the radio on the 10:00 news: "Rommel has been stopped today and driven back ten miles through Kasserine Pass. In weather so thick that even the ducks were grounded, at a critical moment, a squadron of bombers, lead by Major Eugene Fletcher, straffed the Germans all day and vitally assisted in driving them

back." The Associated Press, everywhere, carried the good news. Eugene was made Lt. Colonel and decorated by the President, as well as the British and French Governments. He was wounded while bombing the industrial center of Rome and if his plane had not been dual controlled he would have lost his life. For weeks, we could hear nothing, so I wired my good friend, "Hap" Arnold, asking for information.

Hap Arnold had not forgotten our experiences in catching Tuna and Yellowtail in Mexican waters. His passing at his home near Petaluma was a great sorrow to millions and history will not forget him.

WAR DEPARTMENT
HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES
WASHINGTON

May 17, 1944

Honorable Ed Fletcher
1020 Ninth Avenue
San Diego, California

Dear Ed:

In spite of the reassurances you received recently from both your son and the War Department, I thought you would like to know that Eaker wrote me a few days ago that his health and circumstances have been looked into thoroughly and he not only is in the pink but is doing a grand job. The general officer to whom your son is directly responsible is more than enthusiastic in describing his capabilities. Here's what he has to say:

"Lt. Col. Fletcher's work has been of such a nature that I have recently recommended him for promotion to the grade of full Colonel, which promotion he will receive in the immediate future. Fletcher's outstanding work has also been observed by our Allies, the British Royal Air Force, with whom we are very closely associated. In recognition of his outstanding performances he has recently been decorated by the British Government and made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire. Lt. Col. Fletcher is not war weary. He is enthusiastic about his present assignment and would be most unhappy if he had to return to the United States at this time."

All that should convince you that your son is not only a chip off the old block but is as gifted in helping reduce the Nazi air force as you are in cutting down the supply of tuna and yellowtail.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,

H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army.

When your brother, Eugene, was wounded over Rome and we could hear nothing, your Dad wired General Arnold asking for information and secured this reply.

C. R. Smith
President of American Air Lines who served his country with distinction in Europe in World War Number II. Boys, do you see he calls me a real pioneer and friend? Well, he has made the American Air Lines what it is today. Second to none in the United States, and I am happy to have him call me friend.

C. R. SMITH

President of The American Air Lines

San Diego owes a debt of gratitude to my good friend of years, C. R. Smith, President of the American Air Lines. He is a remarkable businessman with vision, prospective, and a born leader. He also rendered invaluable service during World War Number II.

Not content with San Diego securing a national highway east, it made me angry every time I had to fly to Los Angeles by plane before going east, so I invited C. R. to come to San Diego to meet our U. S., City, and County officials and civic leaders, with the thought of getting a direct air line from San Diego to the East, feeling that the American Air Lines was the most progressive and successful of any in the United States. I invited, as my guests, 187 citizens and officials which included the Armed Forces and the Commandant of the Eleventh Naval District, Adm. DeFrees.

Left to right: C. R. Smith, Dad, Martin Logan, and Admiral De Frees, Commandant of the 11th Naval District.

At the luncheon I gave to 187 San Diegans, prominent citizens who stayed with us until we won the battle for a direct airline East, thanks to C. R. Smith.

It was a gala affair held in the San Diego Hotel early in 1939. The pictures speak for themselves.

C. R. made a remarkable impression and offered to give us direct service both ways via Chicago and Dallas to Washington and New York if he could have our united support. This was pledged and, at an early date thereafter, the formal application was made by the American Air Lines to the C.A.A. for approval. Immediately, United Air Lines, Western Air Lines, and T.W.A. made formal applications. It was a bitter fight, which was carried to Washington before the C.A.A. San Diego stood by the American Air Lines admirably, as promised, and they, as well as your father, testified in behalf of the American Air Lines. The Associated Press, of October 16, 1941, carried my statement, as well as that of Major Edgar N. Gott of Consolidated Aircraft and Thomas Bomar, of the Chamber of Commerce, and many others.

The American Air Lines won and I was more than happy to do my little bit in bringing the first direct air service to San Diego.

C. R. and your father have had many happy experiences and, in his New York office, today, are the large pine cones that came from our property at Cuyamaca Lake. It has been a pleasure to keep in touch with him from time to time, for he has surely been an inspiration as a friend to your father and it is a pleasure to pay him tribute for this splendid service we are receiving today.

C. R. wrote me on October 11, 1949, as follows:

"The short visit with you recalls the pleasure of many we have had over the years, beginning with those of the earlier days in which you recounted the virtues of San Diego and insisted that American Airlines should resume its operation there. Certainly all that you predicted for San Diego has come true and you must take justifiable pride in all of the things which you have done to have people recognize the worth of your home city. American Airlines is glad to be back in San Diego and we are grateful for all of the things you have done to make that possible. You are a good citizen."

It happens, as I am dictating this chapter, on Thursday,

January 11, 1951, it is a fateful day in the pages of history. First, it is your mother's birthday—75. Second, at 7:05 this morning, the last train, Number 362, left the Union Station for its final, labored trip to Calexico, according to the San Diego Union. The article states:

"That dream was strong at the beginning of the century. Men with vision and courage to back their dreams with their money were eager that San Diego should be the terminus for a transcontinental rail line. They were determined that this community should not be a victim of isolation.

"In 1906 they began construction of a railroad whose construction required great courage by its backers. Thirteen years later, the community saw service started to the East.

"But progress was making signs which the promoters failed to appraise. The automobile was becoming popular. Highways were becoming more usable. The Wright brothers had invented the airplane, but few community developers could believe that these devices ever could hurt rail business. The railroad, it seemed apparent beyond argument, was here to stay as an unchallenged mode of transportation.

"Progress has a way of pushing its way along without pausing to argue. In the case of the San Diego & Arizona Eastern Railway, it pushed potential passengers aboard automobiles and planes. It pushed any prospect of profit beyond reach. The company could not make expenses, let alone make a profit in hauling passengers.

"Now the inevitable is happening. Many an old-timer will shed a tear, but a decade from now few will recall. Such is progress."

Another era is upon us. The airplane, each year, increases its volume of business taking it away from the railroads. What next?

Your Mother and I have lived in a remarkable age, from the kerosene lamp to the age of electricity; the perfection of the telephone and telegraph; the airplane, radio, television, and moving pictures in color; radar, and a thousand other things in the advancement of science, and now the Atomic Bomb.

WENDELL L. WILLKIE
15 BROAD STREET
NEW YORK

November 17, 1942

My dear Ed:

Many thanks for your letters. I regret not having answered heretofore but I have been buried under an avalanche of work since my return.

You certainly did a bang-up job. Congratulations to you. Needless to say, I appreciate immensely all the kind things you say.

Good luck to you and all my best, as ever

Cordially yours,

Wendell L. Willkie and your Dad taken at the Santa Fe Depot, San Diego, during the campaign.

Wendell L. Willkie

No man was more sincere. He was an inspiration, a born leader and believed a One World government could be formed. I did all within my power, financially and otherwise, to further his campaign for the Presidency. I travelled with him in California and we kept up our correspondence until his untimely death. The name of Wendell Willkie will be favorably known in the centuries to come.

March 31st, 1921.

ST JAMES'S PALACE.S.W.

Sir,

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge your letter of March the 15th, enclosing a photograph of your family, and to thank you for the good wishes you express.

His Royal Highness has very pleasant memories of his visit to San Diego; he is glad to hear that you are getting over your accident, and I am to send you the enclosed photograph with his best wishes.

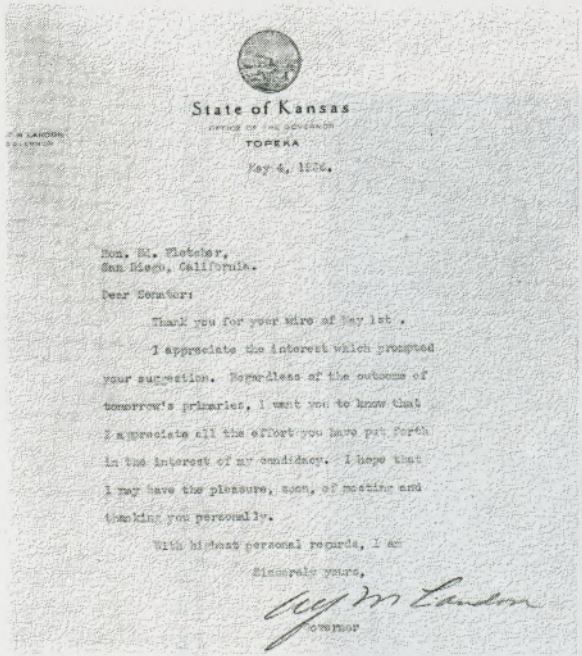
Yours faithfully,

Asst. Private Secretary.

E. Fletcher, Esqre.,

I was a member of Governor W. D. Stephens' staff when he was Governor of California. He appointed me a member of the State Board of Forestry of California on which I served for many years. When the Prince of Wales visited San Diego, I was on the reception committee, but nearly lost my life in an automobile accident a few days before the Prince of Wales arrived. Governor Stephens saw fit to tell Edward, Prince of Wales, about my accident and Governor Stephens came to the hospital to personally give me a message of sympathy and condolence from Prince Edward. Upon his return to England, I acknowledged receipt of the message brought to me by Governor Stephens. In return, he sent me this autographed picture and the above letter.

The world knows how the Prince of Wales became king and later gave up the throne for "Wally" Simpson. I take my hat off to him.



State of Kansas

TOPEKA

May 4, 1936.

Hon. Ed. Fletcher,
San Diego, California.

Dear Governor:

Thank you for your wire of May 1st.

I appreciate the interest which prompted your suggestion. Regardless of the outcome of tomorrow's primaries, I want you to know that I appreciate all the effort you have put forth in the interest of my candidacy. I hope that I may have the pleasure, soon, of meeting and thanking you personally.

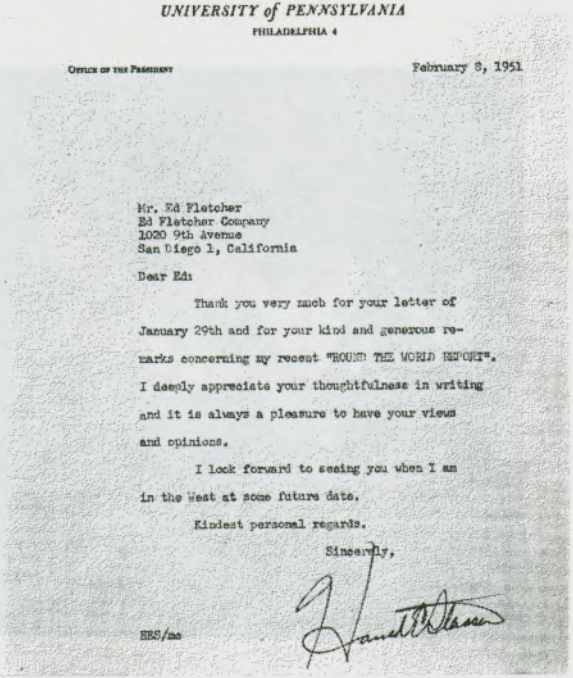
With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Governor

Alf M. Landon

William Allen White introduced me to Governor Landon. He was a likable man and his platform was a sound one. I met him in Kansas City and helped in his campaign for the Presidency. He would have made a splendid President. Governor Landon did appreciate the work of his supporters. His letter speaks for itself.



UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA 4

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

February 8, 1951

Mr. Ed Fletcher
Ed Fletcher Company
1020 9th Avenue
San Diego 1, California

Dear Ed:

Thank you very much for your letter of January 29th and for your kind and generous remarks concerning my recent "ROUND THE WORLD REPORT". I deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness in writing and it is always a pleasure to have your views and opinions.

I look forward to seeing you when I am in the west at some future date.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,

HES/mc

Above is a letter from Harold Stassen, a personal friend and one who is going far. We need new blood in the White House. Who knows?

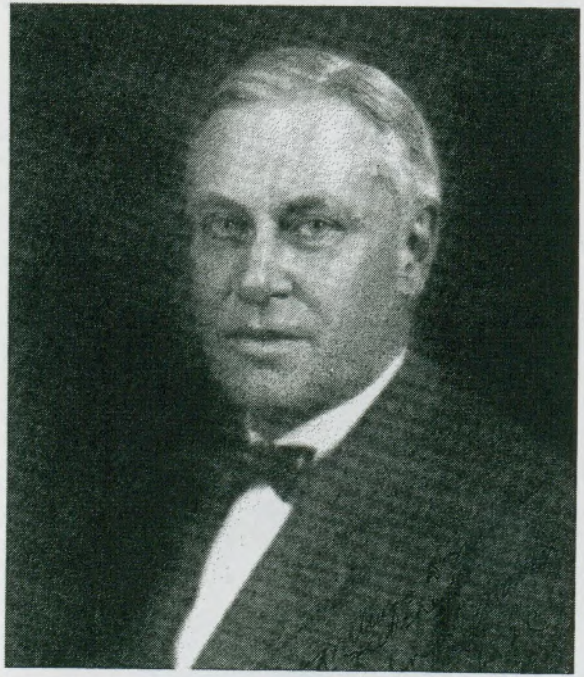
General John J. Pershing. Your father only met General Pershing three different times, but we had one happy trip together. Nationally and Internationally, he is known as a sincere and humble man and it was a pleasure and most inspiring to have known him personally.

Major-General Charles Lyman, a real Marine with a real record. He is a San Diegan we are all proud of. What happy hunting and fishing days we have had together. Virginia, will you ever forget how, with General Lyman and Kay Mason, we outlived the gale off Punta Banda, Mexico, and how about the wager between the General and myself as to the number of quail we could shoot in an hour below Hattie Hamilton's in Mexico when you and Kay were the retrievers who picked up the birds and kept count? Your father never had a more loyal friend.

State officials come and go, but State Treasurer Charles Johnson stays on forever!

Edward Hyatt

State Engineer of California for over 25 years and with an enviable record, second to none. He and his good wife are dear friends of the family. How Ed loved to fish and hunt. California owes Ed Hyatt a great debt of gratitude for faithful service.



Stephen Mather, Director of National Parks, a lover of nature, and a man who knew how to get the money donated to buy some of the beauty spots of America. I did my part, at his request. Steve Mather rendered invaluable service to the nation and it was an honor to have him as a friend.

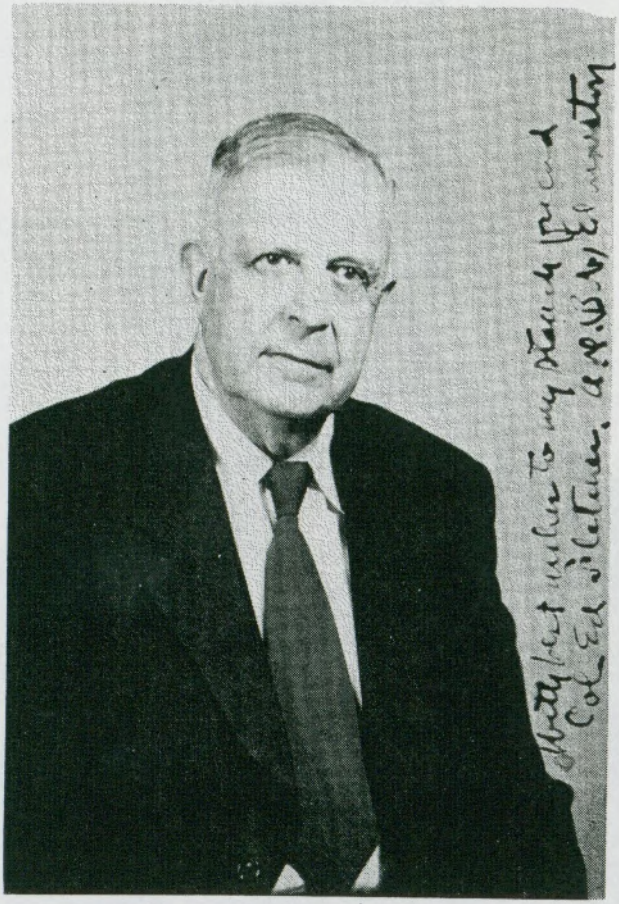
President of the University of California, R. G. Sproul, a personal friend and, for many years, we were closely connected in college matters as your father was on the Committee of Universities and State Colleges and on State Senate Finance Committee.

This is my old friend, Henry Wallace, former U. S. Secretary of Agriculture—a good, conservative Democrat who picked his first orange in our yard and is holding same in the above picture. His son later became Secretary of Agriculture and Vice-President.

Honorable George Burnham, our Congressman for years, but, with it all, he and his good wife are family friends for forty years. George rendered invaluable service for our community in Congress, as well as during his life-time in San Diego. Your mother and I shall never forget the Burnhams and the "tie that binds."

ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. STANDLEY

He and his good wife are personal friends and have done so much for San Diego. He is an Annapolis graduate, passed through all the grades, later to become Admiral in command of the battle fleet and then Chief of Naval Operations. He was a member of the Beaverbrook American Mission and the Roberts Commission, Ambassador extra-ordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the USSR. He retired for the fifth and last time in 1945. He loves to hunt and fish and, in twenty minutes, I saw him pull out seven beautiful trout at Eagles Nest, August 5, 1951. We had a wonderful day and I learned much about his world-wide experiences. May he live to be 100!



California's State Engineer and Chief of the Division of Water Resources, State Department of Public Works, A. D. Edmonston, a California boy, Stanford University graduate, member of the American Society of Engineers, veteran of World War I, and, since September, 1924, a servant of the State of California, climbing the ladder to his present position. While in the State Senate, I watched Edmonston in action. Like former State Engineer, Ed Hyatt, he will make good and be a credit to our state.

Congressman Charles K. Fletcher was elected on the Republican ticket as a Member of the House of Representatives from the 23rd Congressional District of California on November 7th, 1946, and served for two years. He was a member of the Banking and Currency Committee, having much to do with legislation eliminating bureaucratic controls against the wishes of the Truman Administration. Drew Pearson repeatedly singled Charlie out as one of the arch foes of rent control and public housing. The 80th Congress was the first Congress in many years to balance the budget and passed numerous bills over the veto of President Truman, including the Taft-Hartley Bill, the laboring man's Magna Charta. Charlie introduced numerous bills which became law. He was the first Congressman to introduce a bill to appropriate funds for water research purposes and primarily for large volume conversion of salt water to fresh water for domestic and agricultural purposes, a great benefit to all mankind.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SAN DIEGO WATER STATISTICS

Your father has been accused of having water on the brain, for the reason that I have, for forty years, publicly and privately preached the building, by the city, and the districts, of every dam they could finance in the county, particularly, where federal and state financial aid was possible.

San Diego City has been particularly derelict in not building more dams during the dry years to impound the priceless water in the wet years, but always certain cliques kept saying that "Fletcher has an axe to grind." Looking ahead and when we purchased damsites and reservoir sites in 1900 to 1920 it was called vision and was applauded in those days. Today, anyone capitalizing on his intuition of early days, in the acquisition of lands and dams, is looked upon by the majority of people as a Capitalist and Imperialist.

The people of San Diego and its representatives, the City Council, are responsible for the condition we find ourselves in today in regard to our water supply. It is common knowledge that we have periods of from seven to eleven dry years when the run-off is hardly equal to the evaporation losses in the reservoirs and all engineers have determined that we should have a seven-year supply on hand for just such an emergency. The following are the facts:

The City of San Diego had forty to fifty thousand people when San Diego purchased the so-called Spreckels System. We have seen the population grow to 450,000 within the city and its suburbs, today, 1951.

San Diego has known all the time that we must have more water, yet, what has been done in that thirty-five years to build dams? Outside of the Colorado River water, all that has been done is to build El Capitan Dam, complete Barrett Dam, rebuild Otay, after the old dam went to the ocean, build San Vicente Dam, and acquire, at a handsome price from the San Diego County Water Company, Lake Hodges, burdened down with its obligations to the Santa Fe and San

Dieguito Irrigation Districts, and Del Mar. Fred Rhodes says that more water has run over the spillway at Lake Hodges into the ocean in the last twenty-five years than the entire consumption of the City of San Diego in those years. I make this statement: Over fifty per cent of our water that can be impounded on the western slope of San Diego County is still running to the ocean.

Let's add it up. Statistics show that, in the City of San Diego, a million gallons of water a day will supply approximately 7,500 people. San Diego has a population of over 350,000 people and they are using a minimum of 50,000,000 gallons of water daily, the year around, rain or shine, dry or wet, which amount of water San Diego must have. Now, let us see what the city has developed in San Diego County for city use. First, the Spreckels System, including Barrett Dam, has a net safe yield of 13,100,000 gallons daily. Second, El Capitan has a net safe yield of 10,000,000 gallons daily, after the La Mesa District gets its water. Third, San Vicente Dam, once it is filled, has a net safe yield of 5,300,000 gallons daily, making a total of 28,400,000.

For argument's sake, let us say we get 3,000,000 gallons daily from the present Lake Hodges System which makes a total of 31,400,000 gallons a day while we are using 50,000,000 gallons, at least, daily and depending upon the Colorado River for the balance of our supply.

Ordinary prudence and factors of safety certainly demand that we have a net safe yield of water on the western slope with sufficient water in storage in time of emergency for a five-year supply. Fifty million gallons daily is equal to 18,250,000,000 gallons a year, to say nothing of evaporation losses. The facts are, that today, February 20, 1951, in all of our reservoirs in San Diego County, there is less than a year's supply of water in storage. We are dependent on a three hundred mile conduit and tunnel which can be broken or willfully destroyed in time of peace or war. Then where are we? There is no other city in the State of California taking such a desperate risk and don't forget that San Diego City and County is increasing at the rate of 10 per cent a year in population. Your father has seen the entire Colorado River so dry that

Three pals celebrating the reception of the first Colorado River Water in San Vicente Lake. Left to right: Ed Fletcher, Ed Hodge, and G. A. Davidson.

the entire flow of that river did not fill the irrigation ditches to the Imperial Valley. Anything can happen and endless litigation is ahead of us in Arizona's claims to the Colorado River water. I remember reading in the paper, recently, of the diversion of one and a half million acre-feet, per annum, of water being diverted in the upper reaches of the Colorado River into other water sheds by the construction of dams, tunnels, etc. The Colorado River water that we receive is pumped 1,696 feet. Its quality is questionable, owing to the minerals which are in the water itself and causes corrosion to the city pipe lines and private plumbing.

That you may know how poor the quality of the Colorado River water is and why we should get better quality water either from the Klamath or the Feather River, I want to pass on some information that will be of interest to you. San Diego has four million dollars invested in the Murray Filter Plant and, roughly, a half million dollars invested in the plant to soften our drinking water. Before the Colorado River can be softened and the impurities removed, the city must build a pipe line from the filtration plant to Mission Bay or San Diego Bay to transport the brine, for the brine, if turned loose, would kill every bit of vegetation it comes in contact with. It will

probably cost a million dollars additional money, in my opinion, that the City of San Diego must dig up before we can get the water properly softened for drinking purposes.

I have it on very good authority that, if the city included all costs and reasonable interest of Colorado River water, including evaporation, the cost per acre-foot of the water, delivered to the city limits, is $106.00. I have it officially, from the City of San Diego Water Department, on January 10, 1951, "total cost of all water sold from the San Diego System in the last year (1950) was 20.5c per hundred cubic feet, which is the equivalent of $89.00 an acre-foot." Approximately eighty per cent of the water used last year was Colorado River water. The estimated cost of water developed from Sutherland Dam, so I am informed by city officials, will cost approximately $25.00 per acre foot into San Vicente Reservoir. San Diego has made a tragic error in not developing its own water supply faster.

San Diego is now talking of completing Sutherland Dam. It was more than half completed twenty odd years ago with, roughly, two million dollars invested. I hold Mr. Savage responsible for the stopping of construction of this dam. Someday, we will get around to building it, as well as Super Hodges on the same stream, as recommended by the state water authorities. The estimated cost of building these two dams, Sutherland and Super Hodges, is approximately twenty-eight million dollars. When completed, the net safe yield will be approximately nineteen million gallons daily. If they build Pamo Dam as I have always advocated, we will have an additional net safe yield of approximately one million gallons more, daily. But, in any event, it is going to take ten years, at least, to build these dams. Even then, we will not have a net safe yield of water in the dams of San Diego County, including Sutherland and Super Hodges, to take care of the 50,000,000 gallons a day that San Diego is now consuming the year around. By 1961, the population will probably increase to 700,000 and the consumption of water will be 100,000,000 gallons daily.

Again, I call attention to our Hydraulic Engineer, Mr. Savage, who told the U. S. Army Engineers that we would

develop our own water and needed no assistance from the Army Engineers or the Federal Government, with the result that the Army Engineers put through their legislation soon thereafter, eliminating any building of dams in San Diego County, but the U. S. Government and the State of California is spending nearly six hundred million dollars in the construction of the Central Valley Water Project, as well as over a hundred million dollars spent in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Riverside, and Orange Counties.

I will just name a few dams recently built primarily with federal and state funds. Shasta Dam in the Sacramento Valley cost $70,000,000; Friant Dam in the San Joaquin Valley cost $15,000,000. Keswick Dam on the Sacramento River cost $15,060,000 and Cachuma Dam, in Santa Barbara County, cost $34,189,000. Hansen Dam in Los Angeles County cost $9,384,568. Prado Dam, in Riverside County, cost $6,049,461; Salinas Dam, in San Luis Obispo County, cost $3,933,233. Santa Fe Dam, in Los Angeles County, cost $10,430,870, and Sepulveda Dam, also in Los Angeles County, cost $4,309,060. These costs have been furnished me by state authorities and are only a few of the dams either completed or under construction in the state, but San Diego gets not a dam.

In presenting these facts, it is not my intention to criticize any individual city official. The people of San Diego are just as responsible. It is a matter of policy which the people of San Diego must decide, whether to take these risks of being cut off from a supply of water from the Colorado River or not. We are in such a desperate situation now for a water supply that I am favoring the construction of the second barrel to get additional Colorado River water to drink at an early date. I do feel the city has been derelict in its duty in not installing a pumping plant in the San Pasqual Valley for a supply during the summer months and have, for twenty years, urged an election to vote additional bonds for the completion of Sutherland, Pamo, and Super Hodges Dams.

The Government authorities are talking about bringing the Columbia and Klamath River waters the entire length of California—water that is now going into the ocean. The Klamath River runoff is about two-thirds of that of the Colorado River.

a-4 EVENING TRIBUNE SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA Friday, June 29, 1951 X

Truman Champions Klamath River Plan

By FRANK MACOMBER

WASHINGTON, June 29 (Copley Press Leased Wire)—President Truman favors the Interior Department's proposal to divert surplus Klamath River water to Southern California as the best long-range solution to the Southern California water shortage.

Only this week, it was learned today, the President discussed the proposed $3,250,000,000 project with a California visitor. He produced a 4-inch-thick Reclamation Bureau report on the project, said he had studied it and declared the proposal "is as sound as the Tennessee Valley Authority or the Bonneville Dam project."

The report recommends diverting billions of gallons of unused Klamath River water from Upstate California to heavily-populated northern, central and southern sections.

The project was unveiled March 12 for Democrats on the California congressional delegation by Interior Secy. Oscar Chapman. Their reaction was explosive and negative.

Later, several California Democratic congressmen told the President the project would prejudice their state's position in the fight with Arizona over division of Colorado River water. They asked him to bottle it up. Until today it was believed Mr. Truman had heeded their plea.

Clipping showing the interest of President Truman in the Klamath River project of bringing water to Southern California.

Its water comes from Northern California, Crater Lake, flows through upper Klamath Lake and thence into California emptying into the ocean at Requa, in Del Norte County.

U. S. Army Engineers have made many surveys of numerous small power developments on the Klamath River, but the large development now being considered is the construction of one major dam at Blue Creek, approximately ten miles from the ocean at Klamath. The dam will be 800 feet in height

and I have been told that it will back up the water in the Klamath River for 112 miles and in the Trinity River, a branch of the Klamath, for 56 miles. In June, 1951, President Truman informed the country that this project of bringing Klamath River water to Southern California and San Diego is feasible. The Klamath project could be completed within fifteen or twenty years and the dam would provide more than enough electrical power for the pumping of the water. We would have cheaper water, and there would be no comparison in the quality.

As you know, many years ago the Ed Fletcher Company purchased several hundred acres of land at the junction of Blue Creek and the Klamath River. To my utter amazement, we find that the Blue Creek Damsite, on the east side of the river, is owned by you children. Recently, we have constructed a lovely, three bedroom home up the river on Blue Creek Point. The fishing and hunting is splendid and the country is most beautiful and scenic with its redwood and fir. I am sure our camp will be a happy place for you to go for recreation.

By looking at the map, you can see it is practical and feasible to drive a tunnel several miles in length from the Trinity River, diverting the water into Shasta Dam, or the entire length of the state as a separate project. The Legislature of California, through its water committee, has heretofore mentioned bringing water from the Trinity River into the Sacramento River and the matter has been under consideration for sometime.

That brings us to the question of the quickest solution of our water problem. A. D. Edmonston, our State Engineer, has

Views of the scenic Klamath River, a beautiful trip up to Blue Creek Point and our modern, three bedroom home there.

Map taken from "Time" magazine showing the proposed diversion of water from the Klamath and Trinity Rivers into Southern California.

dreamed of and recommended a solution in his Feather River Project. I sat at a water meeting on October 10th, 1951, in Escondido and heard responsible water officials from the

counties of Alameda, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Bernardino, and other counties along the coast, all claiming that they must have an additional supply of water for their own needs or that can possibly be developed in their own county. They are all suffering from lack of water today, 1951.

In advocating the building of the Feather River Dam, Mr. Edmonston said the building of the Feather River Project, built under state control, can furnish Southern California with 1,800,000 acre-feet of water. In addition, it will take care of the future needs of the coast counties, as well as San Bernardino and Riverside Counties. There are no riparian right problems involved for the water will be diverted at sea level. The Feather River Project will provide greatly needed flood protection in the Feather River Area, can serve supplemental water for domestic, irrigation, and industrial uses in areas of diversion extending as far south as San Diego County, and will produce 1,750,000 kilowatt hours of hydroelectric energy annually. The new legislation passed by the last legislature, Chapter 1441, Statutes of 1951, provides for the financing of the project through the issuance and sale of revenue bonds and the receipt of other contributions and other sources in aid to the project. It will provide a firm supply of water for 322,000 acres of irrigable land in the Feather River area. It will develop 232,000 kilowatts of power and supply 2,718,000 acre-feet of water annually through the San Joaquin Valley-Southern California Diversion to the Mexican border. The estimated cost of the project is $1,270,387,000.

We are now pumping Colorado River water approximately 1696 feet to get it into Southern California. From the Feather River Project, the water would have to be pumped 3400 feet into Southern California, and Mr. Edmonston's estimate of the cost of this water is approximately $50.00 an acre-foot which would be cheap water compared to Colorado River water and the quality would be much better. The most valuable thing about this project for San Diego County is that the canal and pipe line would come through the Fallbrook-Camp Pendleton section, Warner Ranch and Santa Ysabel at an elevation of around 3,000 feet so that in time of emergency

(call this emergency water if you want to) it could take care of Fallbrook, Camp Pendleton, and be put into Henshaw Dam, Sutherland Dam, Lake Hodges, El Capitan Dam, Sweetwater Dam, or Barrett Dam, all by gravity.

This project can be completed in eight or ten years by coordinated effort without federal domination and under state control. In this way, there would be no restrictions or complications with our state water laws. There is no reason why the Federal Government should not assist us to the extent of fifty to a hundred million dollars for flood control on the different streams without dictating as to policy. We should easily finance with state bonds or revenue bonds owing to our assurance of revenue from water and power. Then, again, the Government should help financially in the matter of national defense while local agencies should contribute, the state to have control of the main trunk line and the local agencies help finance and manage their own affairs locally. I sincerely believe the Feather River Project is sound and San Diego County should heartily support this movement. The only question is for the engineers to decide at what elevation the water should be brought into Southern California.

How your Dad would love to be identified with this dream of a bountiful supply of water for the needs of the future growth of California, but this is not possible. You will see the day when there are more people living in California than in New York and we will be the first state of the Union, for the trend of population and commerce is to the west and the Pacific.

Another alternative is the bringing in additional water from the All-American Canal, or West Side Canal, from Imperial County. I have always felt that was where we could have secured the cheapest water from the Colorado River, as compared with securing water from the Metropolitan Water District with its three hundred odd miles of conduit and tunnel. But, it is too late now to consider anything but an additional supply in the future. For years, your father has been studying the possibilities of a combination highway and water tunnel that would bring additional water and highway to San Diego from Imperial Valley, a distance of only sixty

to eighty miles, depending upon the route. The following map shows the tentative surveys and elevations that have been made under your father's direction and expense, made by our engineer, G. S. Powell, with data secured from other surveys. In my opinion, years ago San Diego authorities should have taken some official action in Congress, asking for the Federal Government to make a comprehensive survey of tunneling our mountains into Imperial County from the standpoint of the future for both highways and water.

At one time, I took the matter up, personally, with our U. S. Senator Downey and last summer, by phone and letter, contacted him. I found Senator Downey most sympathetic and when our enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. Frank L. Gegax, said he was interested, had friends in Washington, particularly, Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona and other Southern Senators, and anxious to go back to Washington to start things going, I gave Mr. Gegax a letter of introduction to Senator Downey and personally paid half of his estimated expenditures for the trip.

On arriving in Washington, Mr. Gegax found Senator Downey ill in the hospital, so he went to Senator Carl Hayden who agreed to support the legislation asking for the Federal Government to make the surveys, but referred him to Conressman Clinton D. McKinnon to introduce the legislation which Congressman McKinnon did. Immediately, thereafter, a committee of citizens, with Mr. John Kennedy as chairman, became interested and your father served on that committee. I furnished twenty-five copies of maps of the four different routes and location of tunnels which the chairman, Mr. Kennedy, and his committee used in Washington.

Eventually, the legislation was passed to appropriate fifty-thousand dollars to make the surveys, although the Arizona Senators objected to any reference to a survey for water from the Colorado River and that was taken out of the bill. I am sure this preliminary survey will be of inestimable value, both for water and highways, and it is only a matter of time when both a water and highway tunnel or tunnels will be constructed with Government aid, for it is a vital necessity from every standpoint, but it all takes time.

PROPOSED TUNNEL ROUTES
CONNECTING SAN DIEGO WITH THE EAST

	ROUTE	LENGTH	ELEVATION OF EAST PORTAL	ELEVATION OF WEST PORTAL	GRADE	DISTANCE TO SAN DIEGO PLAZA	DISTANCE FROM EAST PORTAL TO POINT "A"
1	XXX	13.5 MILES	2600'	950'	2.31%	35.5 MILES	
2	═══	18.3 MILES	1750'	850'	0.9 %	35 MILES	19.5 MILES
3	╬╬╬	32.2 MILES	800	775'	0.01%	28.5 MILES	5 MILES
4	∿∿∿	34 MILES	1100	900	0.2%	24 MILES	6 MILES

PREPARED BY G.S. POWELL
LICENSED LAND SURVEYOR
FOR THE ED. FLETCHER CO.

Route Number One goes up the San Diego River and tunnels under the mountains near Julian into San Felipe Valley. Route Number Two goes up the San Diego River above El Capitan to a point near the diverting dam and comes out under the Cuyamaca Mountains near Vallecitos. Route Number Three passes up the San Diego River on the south side of El Capitan Dam, tunneling under the mountains just east of the dam. Route Number Four goes up the Sweetwater Valley and comes out at a point near Mt. Palm Springs. Routes Two, Three, and Four all go into Imperial Valley via Carrizo Canyon.

Imperial Valley
A
SAN DIEGO

We certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the committee for having gone to Washington at their own expense to advocate and successfully secure this legislation. I want, particularly, to give credit to Mr. John Abbott and his Chamber of Commerce Committee who have spent so much time and energy in studying and helping to solve these problems that mean so much to San Diego and Imperial Counties.

I have looked to the future as to our water supply and, with the new scientific discoveries of solar and atomic energy, I can see the time when cheap power and water will be developed to irrigate 200,000 or 300,000 acres of practically frostless lands in San Diego County, now hardly fit for grazing purposes. There are no lands more desirable for residential or agricultural purposes in California.

Your brother, Charlie, introduced a bill asking for an appropriation of thirty million dollars for experimentation of changing salt water to fresh water. His Democratic successor, Clinton D. McKinnon, has introduced the same legislation. This has been done by the U. S. Government and by private individuals successfully, but it is a matter of cost and, in time, there is no question in my mind that the cost can be reduced to warrant fresh water being made available from salt water, at least for domestic consumption, if not irrigation. I hope I live to see the day this is made possible.

Keep in mind, children, that with our wonderful climate and under normal conditions, San Diego County will have a million in population within the next 10 or 15 years and be doubled 30 or 40 years hence. It has, indeed, been a pleasure to have been identified over the years with land and water development in this county.

CHAPTER XL

SAN DIEGO COUNTY'S UNDERGROUND WATERS

For many years, I have felt that San Diego, as well as the irrigation districts, has not paid enough attention to acquiring a water supply from underground sources in San Diego County. Vast underground reservoirs are in the San Luis Rey Valley gravels, the San Pasqual and San Diego Rivers. The cost of the development, per thousand gallons, of these underground waters would be less than one-half the cost of surface impounded waters on our streams by the construction of dams. We need both. I feel sure there is an independent supply of water coming up from the depths below. The water is in the form of vapor and is forced up from great depths under pressure to the surface, cooling as it comes. The result is that it is turned into water—springs, artesian wells, etc. Just so, I think our different hot springs are a case in point.

Going back to early days, in the 1890's, I used to hunt ducks and dove along the shore of Mission Bay. At one point, I noticed the ducks always came back and landed on the shore nearby. That is where I built a "blind." One day in September, it was extremely low tide and, to my amazement, a stream of water was running into Mission Bay. I thought it was a leak in the San Diego city water pipe, tasted it and found it was fresh water. I watched this phenomenon for a number of years.

Later on, we put down wells on the Linda Vista Mesa trying to get oil. Instead, at 600 to 1,000 feet in depth, several wells struck underground water bearing gravels, 200 to 300 feet in width. Gus Mack developed a splendid well and, for years, he irrigated 100 to 150 acres of gladiolus and vegetables. As the water from these gravels was 400 to 600 feet below sea level, I am satisfied the stream into Mission Bay was from the Linda Vista gravels. I have publicly advised the development of this underground source of water supply during the last twenty years.

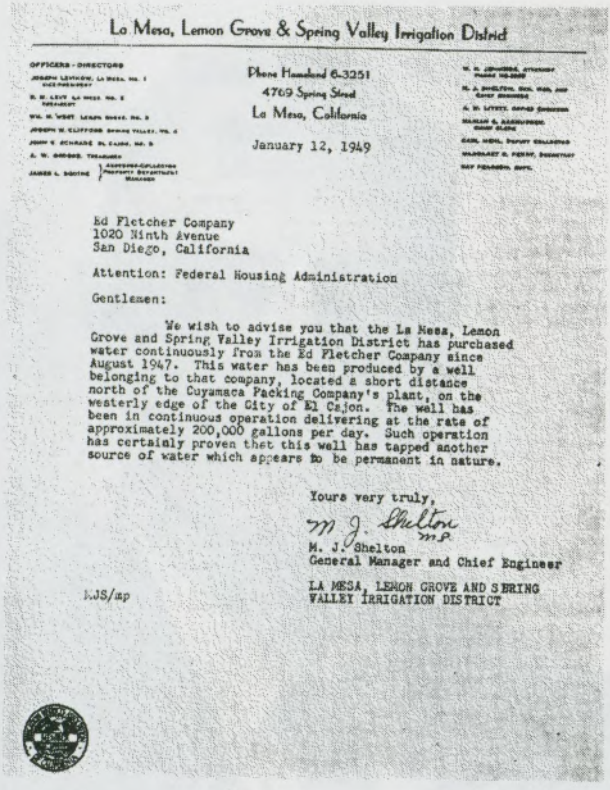
Our ownership of lands over the years has been to the east of San Diego—Fletcher Hills and Rancho El Cajon "S"

Tract. Naturally, there is where we have made our largest development in real estate and water. It was an accident that caused your father to put down the first deep well below sea level in Fletcher Hills near the El Cajon Depot and west of El Cajon proper. During World War II, the U. S. Army leased five acres from us there for the duration of the war and built three large barracks on our property which we later purchased from the Government. We had an offer from the Chula Vista Mutual Lemon Association of $165.00 a month for the rental of those barracks on a three year lease, providing we could furnish water.

The La Mesa Irrigation District had furnished the Government with water for these barracks, but refused to furnish us water as our lands were not in the irrigation district. In desperation, your father ordered a well put down until we did get a good supply. At 150 feet in depth, we struck solid granite, but kept on going over 300 feet, at terrific cost, and were successful in striking a bountiful supply of water so good in quality that it does not need either filtration or chlorination. Now, we have three wells about a quarter of a mile apart, the deepest one is 536 feet, the bottom over 100 feet below sea level, and the water rises under pressure to within about 100 feet of the surface.

We had the satisfaction of selling the La Mesa Irrigation District our surplus supply and, four years later, they are still buying water from us. We formed the El Cajon Mutual Water Company, approved by state authority, which is furnishing today, August, 1951, something like 400 homes (constructed or under contract) with this water and we are rapidly developing our Sunnyslope Subdivisions that will also get water from this source. Just so, the Sweetwater Company in National City and the Otay section has recently developed an underground source of water supply.

The quality of our underground water has been analyzed by the highest authority in the state, as well as the run-off water into El Capitan Dam. I am thoroughly convinced that the run-off from the San Diego watershed is an entirely different source than the water from the wells we are now getting our water from.



La Mesa, Lemon Grove & Spring Valley Irrigation District

OFFICERS - DIRECTORS

Phone Hemlock 6-3251
4769 Spring Street
La Mesa, California

January 12, 1949

Ed Fletcher Company
1020 Ninth Avenue
San Diego, California

Attention: Federal Housing Administration

Gentlemen:

We wish to advise you that the La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District has purchased water continuously from the Ed Fletcher Company since August 1947. This water has been produced by a well belonging to that company, located a short distance north of the Cuyamaca Packing Company's plant, on the westerly edge of the City of El Cajon. The well has been in continuous operation delivering at the rate of approximately 200,000 gallons per day. Such operation has certainly proven that this well has tapped another source of water which appears to be permanent in nature.

Yours very truly,

M. J. Shelton

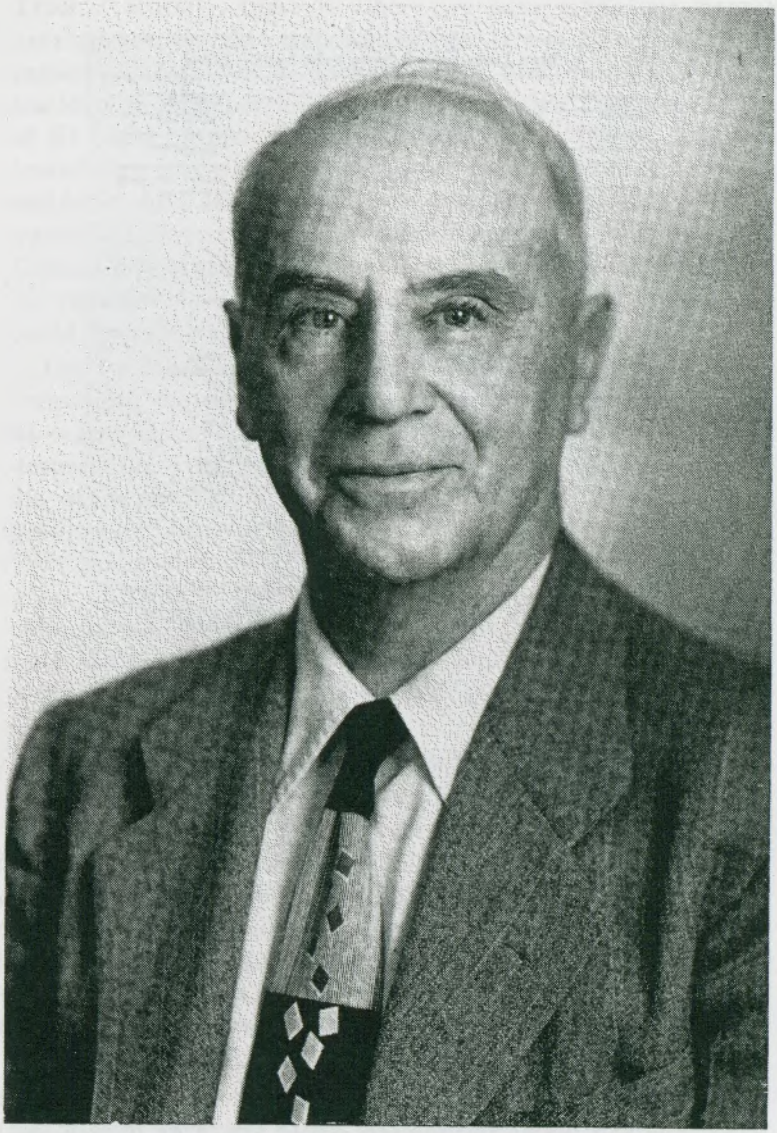
M. J. Shelton
General Manager and Chief Engineer

MJS/mp

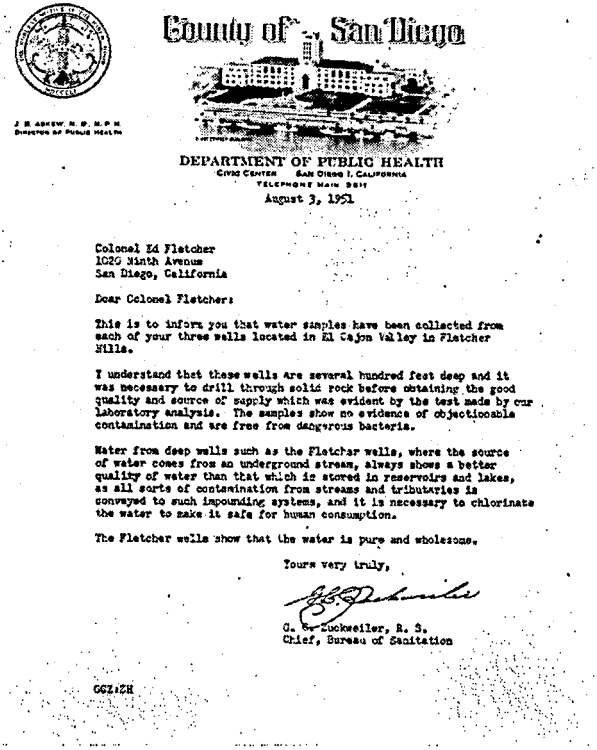
LA MESA, LEMON GROVE AND SPRING VALLEY IRRIGATION DISTRICT

Another remarkable location where we have developed 145 gallons of water a minute is within a mile of El Capitan Dam on a ridge 1900 feet in elevation with no watershed and the bottom of our well is 1200 feet higher in elevation than El Capitan. We put the well down 422 feet and struck this subterranean water which, after a year's use, is undiminished in quantity.

Within the city limits of San Diego in Mission Valley, a mile from salt water and ten feet above sea level, lives Robert Holladay. On his ranch is an abandoned oil well which he tells me is 2,430 feet in depth, yet an artesian flow of water, under 18 pounds pressure, flows today at the surface and this artesian flow has extended over a period of thirty years since the oil



One of San Diego County's most efficient, sanitary officials, G. C. Zuckweiler. For many years, he has ably protected our public health, firm but just in his decisions. Whether it be protecting the purity of our drinking water, sanitation, or sewage disposal, Dr. Lesem and the Board of Supervisors always back him up. Now retired, he is entitled to a good rest and happy old age. On my desk is a souvenir of our friendship—an etching in wood which everyone admires. It is to remain on my desk until death do us part.



County of San Diego

J. R. ASKEW, M. D., M. P. H.
Director of Public Health

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
Civic Center San Diego 1, California
Telephone Main 9311

August 3, 1951

Colonel Ed Fletcher
1029 Ninth Avenue
San Diego, California

Dear Colonel Fletcher:

This is to inform you that water samples have been collected from each of your three wells located in El Cajon Valley in Fletcher Hills.

I understand that these wells are several hundred feet deep and it was necessary to drill through solid rock before obtaining the good quality and source of supply which was evident by the test made by our laboratory analysis. The samples show no evidence of objectionable contamination and are free from dangerous bacteria.

Water from deep wells such as the Fletcher wells, where the source of water comes from an underground stream, always shows a better quality of water than that which is stored in reservoirs and lakes, as all sorts of contamination from streams and tributaries is conveyed to such impounding systems, and it is necessary to chlorinate the water to make it safe for human consumption.

The Fletcher wells show that the water is pure and wholesome.

Yours very truly,

G. C. Zuckweiler, R. S.
Chief, Bureau of Sanitation

GCZ:ZH

Letter from G. C. Zuckweiler proving the fact that the quality of our underground water is good and, in his opinion, must come from an underground stream.

well was drilled. It is good water which he uses for domestic and farming purposes.

Another evidence of a valuable underground flow of water is in the Greenwood Cemetery—a well within two or three miles of the ocean in San Diego City with very little water shed area. The well was put down in 1908, is 240 feet deep, and they have been pumping the water ever since, getting an abundant supply and irrigating over 75 acres. The water level is 140 feet and the maximum pumped is 225 gallons a minute. Today, 1951, this well is still holding up.

Your brother, Steve, hired Mr. Vern L. Cameron and since

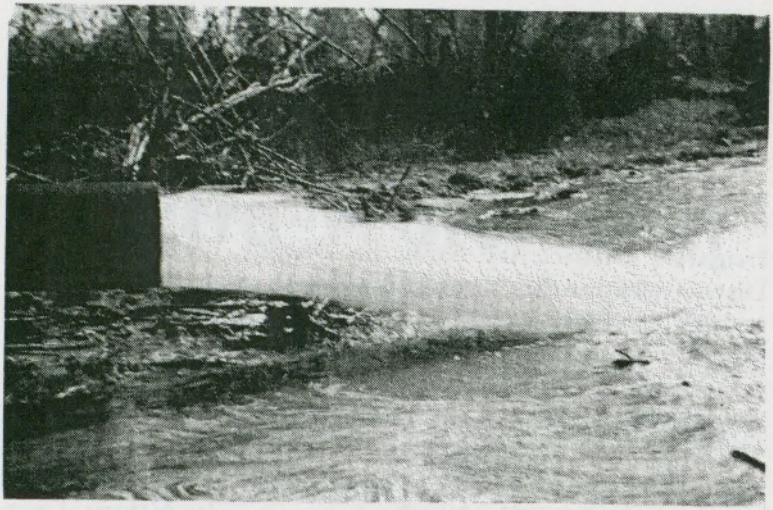
then they have located and successfully developed a number of wells. Cameron certainly has something on the ball and tells us we have an underground source of water supply adjoining Lake Henshaw—a flowing well of at least 1,000 gallons a minute if we will only develop it. We have made an offer to the Vista Irrigation District to sell them this water supply put into Lake Henshaw, we to stand the entire cost of the gamble in developing the artesian well. Only time will tell what comes of this.

I have heretofore mentioned the San Pasqual Valley as a source of water supply. The valley is six or more miles in length, in places nearly a mile wide, and next to the San Luis Rey the San Pasqual probably holds more underground water than any in the county. The depth of the sands range from 60 to 150 feet. There is an underground reservoir holding twenty to thirty billion gallons of water below the surface at San Pasqual, easily pumped and delivered into Lake Hodges or into the San Diego County Water Authority pipe line which brings water from the Colorado River to San Vicente Dam and San Diego.

Years ago, we purchased 400 acres at the lower end of San Pasqual Valley on both sides of the river. San Diego purchased this property, at one time, for $150,000, paying $25,000 down and then canceled the option. They optioned several other properties the same way and kissed their money goodby. None of these properties can now be bought for two or three times the option price at that time.

The City of San Diego owns nine miles of the Valley from our west line to Lake Hodges Dam. From our east line, the city also owns land for approximately three miles up the river in the San Pasqual Valley. Eight miles above, on this same stream, is located the so-called Sutherland Damsite which I originally discovered and purchased for Mr. Henshaw where the city spent a million and a half dollars in the building of Sutherland Dam, over 25 years ago as heretofore mentioned, and then stopped work before its completion on the advice of Engineer Savage.

Within the last two years, we have put down fourteen small test wells to bedrock, 100 feet or more, on our land in San



This is one well on our San Pasqual Valley lands. It is pumping 1800 gallons of water a minute, the depth is 94 feet, and after two days of pumping, the water level holds at 34 feet.

Pasqual Valley and, as a result, constructed three permanent wells with splendid, water bearing gravels producing 5,000 gallons a minute. This experiment cost us in excess of $10,000.00. These wells are within a mile and a half of the point of delivery of Colorado River water to the San Dieguito and Santa Fe Irrigation Districts by the San Diego County Water Authority.

Following is the official report of the tests on these three wells made by Webb Brothers of Escondido:

"4-18-51 Bersch Well No. 1—14" diameter, 94 feet deep, static water level 10 feet. Tested 1700 GPM at 35 feet.

"4-23-51 Bersch Well No. 2—14" diameter, 92 feet deep, static water level 10½ feet. Tested 1700 GPM at 32 feet.

"5- 2-51 Bersch Well No. 3—14" diameter, 95 feet deep, static water level 10½ feet. Tested 1700 GPM at 35 feet. The recovery of Well No. 3 was at the rate of 2' 4" per second.

"We might say that the maximum capacity of our test pump is 1700 GPM which accounts for the same test

on each of the three wells. It is safe to say that the wells would produce considerable more if they were pulled down to a lower level."

We made this underground water development at our own risk and expense to demonstrate that the water is there and easily available. In the spring of 1951, we offered the water to the City of San Diego or, through an exchange, to the Vista Irrigation District, the Santa Fe District, the San Dieguito District and the La Mesa Irrigation District, the idea being to keep our San Pasqual water in the watershed to be used by the Santa Fe and San Dieguito Districts.

We only claim to own the amount of water that can be stored and developed on our own property as a riparian owner.

No one was interested in our offer to acquire water from the Ed Fletcher Company, although the shortage of water in 1951 over this whole county is the worst in its history. I particularly urged the Vista District to make some arrangements for water with San Diego and the San Diego County Water Authority early last spring. Instead, they spent between $500,000 and $600,000 in putting down wells and pumping plants within the reservoir lands of Lake Henshaw. Today, Lake Henshaw is dry, their water development disappointing, and it was an extremely heavy loss, financially.

I am happy to see another dream come true, for the Vista District, in July of 1951, signed a contract with us for water after making their peace with the City of San Diego and the San Diego County Water Authority. Pumping plants are installed by the district and I am satisfied that, for the emergency period, the Vista District will get five to ten million gallons of water daily to help relieve the terrific water shortage. The agreement covers a two year period, commencing October 1, 1951, at the option of the Vista District, and the pumping started October 24, 1951.

The contract with the Vista Irrigation District just entered into was made possible through my old friend, Jim Sutton, of Vista, formerly President of the Vista Irrigation District and now Chairman of the Vista Chamber of Commerce Water Committee. He and engineer George Cromwell, for years connected with the Vista Irrigation District, first called on me and nego-

EXCHANGE AGREEMENT

Vista District Gets Extra Water Deal

VISTA—San Diego's City Council authorized an exchange agreement yesterday which will enable the Vista Irrigation District to obtain an additional 3000 acre-feet of water during the remainder of this fiscal year.

In exchange for Colorado River water, Vista will pump a corresponding amount of water into San Diego's Lake Hodges, from wells on the Ed Fletcher Co.'s San Pasqual Valley ranch.

PAYMENT ARRANGED

No money is involved in the Vista-San Diego agreement, but councilmen were informed the Vista district will pay the Fletcher Co. approximately $1200 a month for the right to pump from Fletcher wells.

"We would employ Vista to do pumping that we are required to do up there," O. W. Campbell, San Diego city manager, explained. He was referring to San Diego water rights in the San Dieguito River basin, and the city's obligation to supply three agencies located below Hodges Dam.

LAKE NEARLY DRY

Shelley. J. Higgins, assistant city attorney and a veteran San Diego legal authority on water problems, said a natural dike makes the city's own wells less productive than Fletcher's, which are upstream.

Leroy A. Wright II, attorney for the Vista district, said its Lake Henshaw is practically dry, and that its peak need is 120 acre-feet a day. An additional 40 acre-feet a day now is needed for Vista, but not for Escondido, he said. Sixty to 70 acre-feet are available now. The district has 38 wells.

Higgins assured the council the agreement would not increase the Fletcher water rights nor jeopardize San Diego's.

Colorado River water will be delivered from a conduit point in the district, which cannot make an outright purchase of this water, because Vista is not in the San Diego County Water Authority. Its membership application is pending.

tiated the contract. It will be a pleasure to work with the Directors of the Vista Irrigation District in the future in every way possible.

I want to publicly acknowledge, on behalf of the Ed Fletcher Company and myself, our appreciation of the City of San Diego's cooperation in making this agreement with the Vista Irrigation District possible. The City Council had their reasons for cooperating with the Vista Irrigation District, but it also shows a splendid gesture of cooperation and a more friendly feeling between the city and the Ed Fletcher Company in the matter of future water development of this county, and, particularly, the friendly attitude of the Assistant City Attorney, Shelley Higgins, in relation thereto.

The Ed Fletcher Company is now developing additional water from deep wells in Poway Valley and Steve says the best one is yet to come.

Personally, your Dad hopes to negotiate an arrangement with the City of San Diego and negotiations are already under way with the new City Manager, Mr. O. W. Campbell, whom I have found to be a sincere man. It is a pleasure to work with him. Perhaps, a way can be found to sell to the city, the land they will need at an agreed price, over a ten or twenty year period, without the necessity of a bond issue by making monthly payments and without interest, as long as we are allowed to farm our San Pasqual Ranch property.

I urge the City of San Diego and the irrigation districts of this county to set aside certain funds each year for exploration of our underground waters in this county. A good well of water is more valuable in this county than oil, if a permanent supply can be obtained and we need every drop of undeveloped water we can get. It will cost less, per hundrd cubic feet, than any water from the Colorado River, the Feather River, or the Klamath and it will be years before these new sources of water will be made available.

CHAPTER XLI

FRIENDS THROUGH THE YEARS

Over the more than sixty years I have resided in San Diego, there are hundreds of personal friends who have shown their friendship to the family and to me. As much as I regret it, I have not the space to include all their pictures and pay them all the tribute they deserve. However, there are a number of close, personal friends of the family and your father, particularly, who have done their part in the up-building of San Diego. Now, and after I have passed on, it will always be a pleasure to know that the Fletcher family is surrounded by real friends who, in the hard days, were sincerely friends when they were needed most and their sincerity cannot be questioned. I know that those I have left out will understand and forgive.

Special mention must be made of those families who have made a name for themselves over the years in this community. The Jessops—father and sons—jewelers, and the Jerry Sullivan family. I want to pay a personal tribute to Herbert Sullivan who took such an interest in water development and was a strong supporter of your father in his program of water development. Grant Conard, as mayor, rendered invaluable service to the city. Jack Dodge who gave so much of his time for public service; Miss Josephine Seaman known and beloved in this country and abroad and who has given so generously to all of our civic and religious enterprises; and I cannot leave out Captain Oakley J. Hall and his dear wife. Oakley has put his money into everything from the gasoline business to business blocks, tug boats, and real estate, but has been generous in his service to the city and county.

The Fred Scripps family, the Kelloggs of La Jolla, and San Diego never will forget the splendid contributions to La Jolla and San Diego of Miss Ellen Scripps. Dr. and Mrs. Fred Baker were pioneers in civic work. Father Horton and his wife were personal friends, but tribute has been paid to him by the whole City of San Diego. I only wish he could have lived in the day of the automobile and he would have made

less and wider streets, larger lots, and contour roads from Old Town into new San Diego.

Real Estate developers, A. Klauber, Mayor D. C. Reed, E. J. Swayne, F. W. Strong, D. Choate, are some of the old timers from whom I learned lessons in the development of real estate.

I would love to pay the compliment that is their due to many of our city, county, and state officials living in San Diego County, friends made the last fifty years in public and private life who have kept the faith and carried on in the development of this beloved city and county of ours, but space will not permit.

I must mention, however, our family physicians over the years, all of them loved by the Fletcher family. First, back in the 80's, was Dr. C. P. Remondino; next, Dr. F. R. Burnham; next, Dr. Perry Lewis; next, Dr. B. J. O'Neill, and, at the present time, Dr. Joseph O'Hara.

Thank goodness, our former minister, Dr. Willard Thorpe, is still with us and now we have Dr. Walter Stark. Both have been an inspiration and their friendship invaluable. I could write a whole chapter complimenting each of these men and their splendid relationship with your mother and father.

I should not forget the three-legged dog, "Old Bum," San Diego's pet for many years who used to take a Santa Fe Railroad ride to Los Angeles and back every once-in-awhile for a special treat.

Special mention should be made of "Reuben, the Guide" with his three seated surrey which was pulled by two mules. It was stationed at 5th and Broadway and the following sign hung on the surrey:

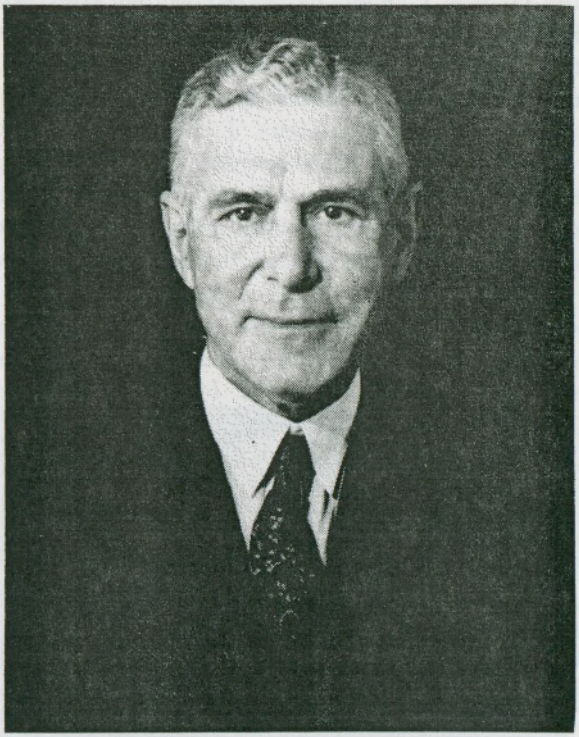
"Tijuana Round Trip—$1.00, 75c 50c—Take Your Choice." Some would pay different amounts. Reuben never smiled, but when he reached the Tia Juana River in Mexico, the mules would stop and Reuben would announce, "Dollar tickets keep your seats, 75c tickets walk, and 50c tickets push." As it was two miles to old Tijuana, everybody paid up.

A few more friends I wish to pay a compliment to are Orton E. Darnell, banker and on the City Board of Education for many years; Al Sutherland, one of our most amiable bank-

ers; Dr. Wegeforth, who made our zoo nationally known; W. E. and George P. Kier, nationally known contractors who have done their part for San Diego; Virgil Bruschi and Don Stewart, businessmen and city officials; Louie Almgren, the best Chief of Police ever, and F. B. Walker of Alpine and his son, Don, both splendid citizens. I could go on indefinitely, paying tribute to friends and businessmen like Fred Rohr of the Rohr Aircraft Corporation, E. A. Price of Solar Aircraft, and the Campbell brothers of the Campbell Machinery Company, a part of the backbone of the industrial development of San Diego.

Following are more compliments to dear friends through the years and pictures that adorn the walls of my office.

Mat F. Heller—family friend of a lifetime. I could always count on his support for my public development. Mat signed my application and initiated me into the Elks. A most successful businessman as a wholesale and retail grocer, later to become the originator of Safeway Stores in San Diego. Mat always stood for the best things in life and I am so happy to include him in my memoirs.



Lester Bradley. He and his good wife have been friends of the family for 'lo these many years, first as a banker with the Southern Trust and Savings Bank, then with the Bank of America, and, for many years, associated with Col. Ira C. Copley as a civic leader and President of the San Diego Union-Tribune Company. Lester has rendered a real service to the community.

Edgar Hodge whom I have known from boyhood. He got me in and out of trouble. 'Nuff said! His mother was like a mother to your mother and the family ties have held through these years.

This is a picture of a real friend, Ed Wallace, Chief Engineer in this district for the State Highway Commission. A man who has rendered remarkable service to our community and is beloved by all. This picture was taken in Sonora, off the Gulf of California in Mexico. Earl E. Kelly, Director of Public Works was along, as well as a number of state officials. A storm arose, our boat was awash, and the waves coming in on one side of the ship went out the other side. Thank heavens the two ends of the boat were higher and it kept us afloat! Earl Kelly yelled to me, "Col. Ed, I can buy this boat for $2,000. Will you put up half of it and we will run her ashore right now if we can ever reach shore?" It was a wonderful trip, anyway, and this picture shows Ed Wallace feeding the Mexican children after we reached shore.

Dr. Roy H. Campbell

A friend of forty years or more. I remember him first while he was active with the Y.M.C.A. He has had a definite influence on my life and for good. He was minister at the First Congregational Church for 20 years. We have had many happy trips together and the years of friendship, with more to come, will always be treasured by your mother and me.

Philip Gildred

A lovable cuss and that goes for his good wife, too. As a successful business man and leader in public service, he is one of the best. We deeply appreciate the friendship between the two families.

Dr. Frank Lowe

One of our finest, Christian men, a born leader, spiritually and otherwise. His friendship through the years has been highly valued. San Diego needs more like him.

HARLEY E. KNOX
MAYOR

THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

January 29, 1951

Col. Ed Fletcher
Ed Fletcher Company
1020 9th Avenue
San Diego 1, California

Dear Senator Ed,

Thanks so much for your kind note of December 29th. You have always been more than kind to me in your remarks and Bess and I have counted you and Mary among our most greatly admired friends.

The boys tell me that your health remains good, which is fine news. Stay that way, because the Fletcher family is a fixture in San Diego and a vital part of the San Diego Story. You, of course, have made an indelible impression on San Diego and have contributed more than any other citizen to its development.

Bess joins me in kindest regards to both of you.

Cordially and sincerely,

Harley

Harley E. Knox, Mayor
THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO

Harley E. Knox
A good Democrat and Mayor

James Forward

Frank Forward

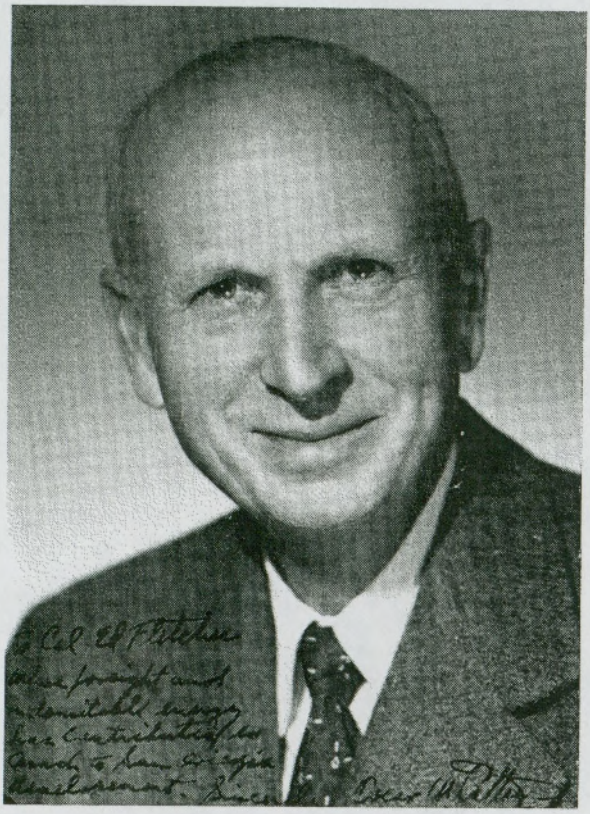
Both of these boys follow in the footsteps of their father—James as President of the Union Title & Trust Company and Frank as Vice-President. As businessmen and citizens, they have given much for public service in our city and county.

John F. Forward, Sr.
One of San Diego's best citizens, a personal friend. He was our County Recorder, and Mayor of San Diego. With a splendid wife, they have given San Diego a family of children who are making and have made history for San Diego.

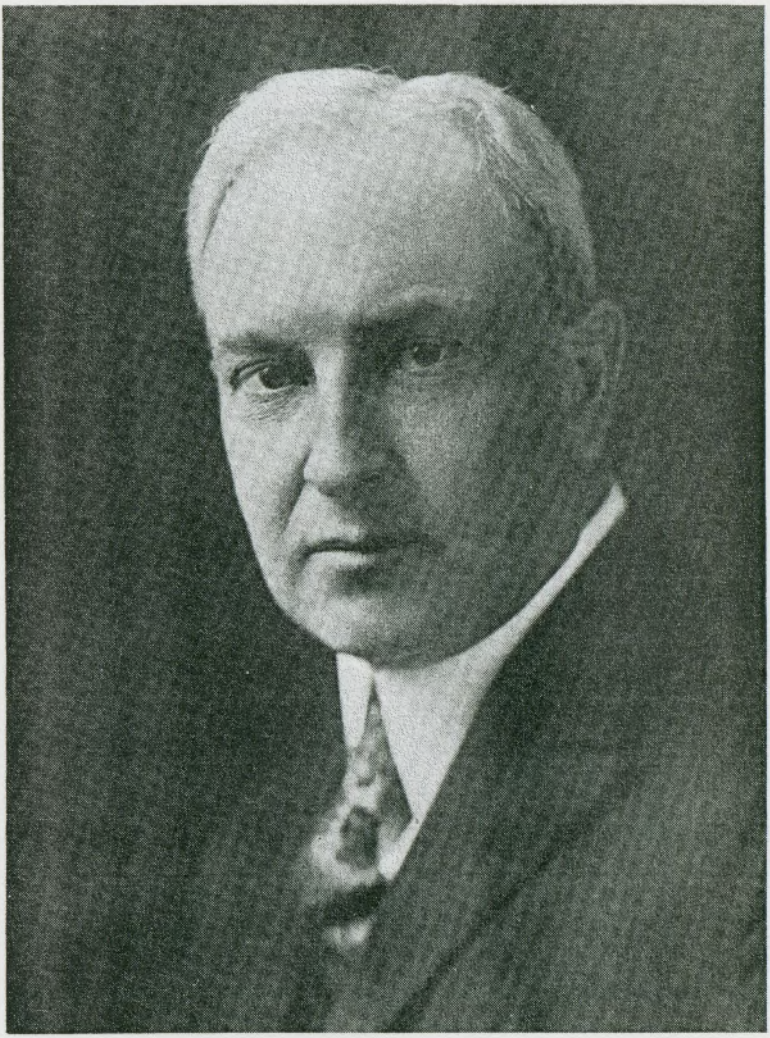
Carl Heilbron who gave all that he had for San Diego in innumerable ways. A brother Shriner and friend of a life-time, public service was his contribution whether it be the Chamber of Commerce, Exposition, or other civic work. He was always ready to do his part and more than he should have. San Diego should, and will, keep him in happy memory.

Rufus Choate

With his dear father whom I remember in early days, Rufus has done much for the development of this city. For twenty years, he was a banker and was always interested in real estate development. Rufus has always given much of his time for public service—was President and Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for fourteen years and on the Harbor Commission for eleven years—a thankless job in the development of our bay. Through it all, he and his dear wife, formerly Flora Martin, have been an inspiration to us in the up-building of this community.

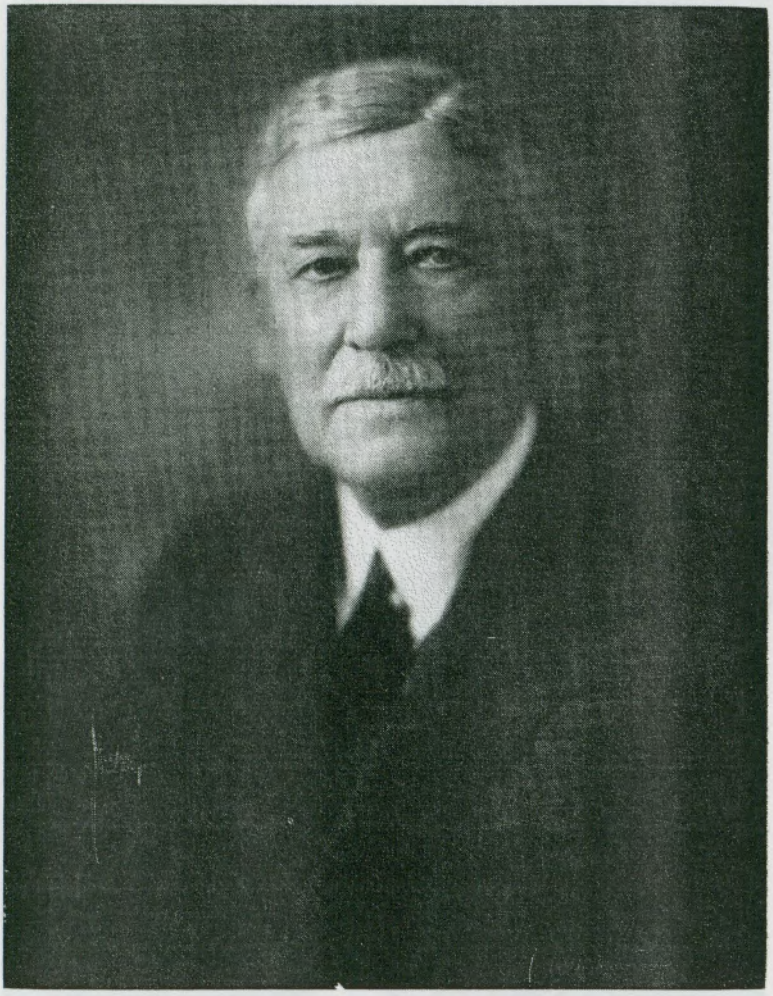


"For he's a jolly good fellow, that nobody can deny." O. W. Cotton is a friend over the years. He loaded me down with a water system in East San Diego. He can sell real estate all around your dad. The next thing I knew, his daughter, Jane, was our beloved daughter-in-law. The Cotton family has done its part in making San Diego what it is today.



Angus Smith

An understanding man with never an unkind word. He was always an inspiration to me from boyhood on. This also goes for his partner, Frank A. Frye. Together, as Frye and Smith, they did their part to make San Diego what it is today.



G. M. Whitney, a sincere friend of early days. Both he and his good wife were members of our church and friends of the family for years. He was the founder of "Whitney's" in San Diego and, with the growth of the city, gave us one of our finest stores. The son, Guilford, is a credit to the town and has carried on in the steps of his father. Louise, the daughter of Guilford and his very charming wife, Grace, is the wife of our son Steve and we are proud to have her as one of our children.

Walter Whitcomb

Through the years, Walter has become a valued officer of the First National Bank and many are the times I have gone to him for advice. I will never forget our hunting and fishing trips, especially one to Mexico. Walter loves San Diego and is doing his part.

Monte Pfefferkorn.

Dear Pfeff:

You will never be forgotten by the Fletcher family. Our seven boys worship you, and your interest in athletics was an inspiration to them. As a banker, public official, and citizen, you have rendered invaluable service to San Diego. The kindness and courtesy of your sister when we were in Vienna, Austria, will never be forgotten and our one regret is that she did not come to San Diego to live. No man has raised more money for public enterprise. Keep it up, Pfeff, as long as you live.

Yours to command,

Ed Fletcher.

Herbert Peery

A real friend when I was a 15-year-old boy working for $5.00 a week. I have been thinking of the happy times and trips we had together, his unfailing kindness, a certain fishing trip with him and his father, and our horse-back rides. Later, he was a business-man, large property owner, and always an interested supporter of your father in the problems of San Diego City and County. Although Herbert is gone, his memory is lasting. His sisters, Dr. Bessie, June, and Hortense, are like a part of the Fletcher family.

This picture of Louie Silva brings back memories of 60 years ago and my friendship with Louie's father. I have done business with Louie for 40 years and would trust him with anything.

Dr. Gardner N. Cobb, a close, good-natured friend from Worcester, Mass., with whom we have had many happy times.

Among our friends are the Will Crawfords, a wonderful family, and the above picture shows our Will, the very able Superintendent of San Diego City Schools for 'lo these many years.

Our genial San Diego Chamber of Commerce representative, Arnold Klaus. Always on the job, he breathes the spirit of the west. May he represent San Diego for another 25 years!

Dr. Edward L. Hardy, President of our State College from 1910 to 1935. He and his dear wife, both genial souls, are beloved by all, and have done much for our city and state. We owe them a debt of gratitude.

Dr. Walter Hepner, a native of California, City Superintendent of Schools in San Diego for 5½ years, Chief of the Division of Secondary Education with the State for many years, and, since 1935, President of our State College. It was a pleasure to work with him for twelve years when I was State Senator.

Hal Hotchkiss, one of San Diego's best citizens and a friend. He has done much for San Diego as President of our San Diego Chamber of Commerce, and President of the California State Chamber of Commerce. For many years, he has been a State and National official as an appraiser, and has gained an enviable reputation.

Joe Brennan

A native Californian and a San Diegan for over fifty years. He was the dictator of San Diego Bay as Port Director for thirty years. No man living has done more for our San Diego harbor than Joe. A beautiful friendship has existed between our families.

George Daley

A self-made man like your Dad who worked up the hard way. We had many things in common—went through two depressions and learned our lessons. He has been a contractor for 40 years, a banker, and, today, is one of the best contractors in our county, as well as a large scale owner of land and cattle. We came near to getting into partnership in our younger days. The friendship from boyhood will continue to the end.

Percy H. Goodwin

Percy was born in Lake City, Colorado, and came to San Diego in 1888—the same year I did. Like your Dad, he was a struggling boy, determined to make good and doing his part to make San Diego what it is today. Most of his life was devoted to insurance work, but he always took an interest in public service. He contributed generously to our national highway aspirations and gave much of his time and money for our first national exposition—the Panama-Pacific Exposition. For 20 years, Percy was associated with the First National Bank and then became one of our most prominent and influential insurance men. He was President of the National Association of Insurance Agents in 1930 and 1931. He made good and now his splendid son, Ewart, is carrying on.

Major Reuben Fleet and Pat Hurley

I love this picture of two human dynamos. I have known Major Fleet for the last quarter of a century and Pat Hurley, former Secretary of War, for many years. Major Fleet brought us San Diego's largest industry. His war record speaks for itself, and as a business executive with vision in his line, he is unsurpassed. He created the Consolidated Aircraft Company in 1923, in the state of Rhode Island. He was so successful there he was forced to move the company to Buffalo, New York, because of the inability to get labor in Rhode Island. In Buffalo, for 11 years, his business developed tremendously. He had his eye on San Diego as the logical place for his business—the warm climate and the potential labor to develop aircraft. Since 1935, Major Fleet, with his corporations, was a national marvel. In 1941, their growth was the greatest in the history of business and the history of the United States. When Consolidated Aircraft sold out, they had over a billion, eight-hundred million dollars worth of contracts on their books. Major Fleet has taken a great interest and has been active in municipal, state, and national affairs. Today, he is developing Fleetridge on Point Loma, the largest single development of homes under one control that San Diego has ever seen. We have had many happy trips together, but I don't want the Major to forget the one when we slept out on the ground at Laguna Hanson in Mexico. San Diego is sure appreciative of Major Fleet's part in helping develop San Diego and, particularly, the service he has rendered the U. S. Government in time of stress through his Consolidated Aircraft Company.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, such a happy couple, beloved by all over the years. No couple or individual has done more to permanently secure historical records of San Diego in Junipero Serra Museum. A native of New York, John arrived in San Diego on May 17, 1905, and, as a businessman, from the start he was successful. He and his associate, W. A. Stevens, brought the first paper box factory to San Diego, later became the manager of the Isis Theatre, was Secretary and business manager of the Los Angeles Symphony Association in San Diego, and, since 1929, has been curator of Junipero Serra Museum. His dear lady, a former teacher, has written a number of short stories and poems. She edited a column "Romance of Old San Diego," in the San Diego Sunday Union fo 12 years. Mr. George Marston told me that these beloved ones had done more to perpetuate the early history of San Diego than anyone else. When I say "beloved ones," I testify that they are beloved in San Diego County as Will Rogers was loved by the country. We were happy in attending their golden wedding celebration at dinner and reception in old San Diego, July 22, 1951. Their friends had to be turned away. The above picture taken on their 50th anniversary speaks for itself.

To My Friend, a California Rough Neck, Ed Fletcher

From Your Friend, A Texas Rough Neck H. H. Howell

H. H. Howell

A close personal friend and associate for many years; a great developer who loves Grossmont; an oil man from Texas who loves California. Your mother and I will never forget the wonderful friendship with him and his dear wife.

Wiley V. Ambrose

How well I remember the days when this man first came to San Diego, determined to make good. He was ambitious, energetic, and married to a lovely woman. He and his splendid family have done their part in the up-building of this community. This family has been one of the most important factors in the development of our fishing industry and their "Breast-O-Chicken" brand is known the world over. Wade's word is as good as his bond. He is carrying on in a big way.

Laurence Klauber
We are proud to know this San Diego boy and his good family. He was born at 9th and C, and has been with the San Diego Gas & Electric Company since 1911. May our friendship last a lifetime!

Miss Alice Klauber, a San Diego girl whom the Fletcher family knew for over 50 years. She did her part for San Diego both culturally and spiritually. We had many happy trips together and have one of her oil paintings in our home today.

Fifty years ago, I developed a lifetime friendship with Samuel I. Fox, founder of the Lion Clothing Company, and civic leader. More power to his son, John, who is carrying on splendidly.

Katherine May

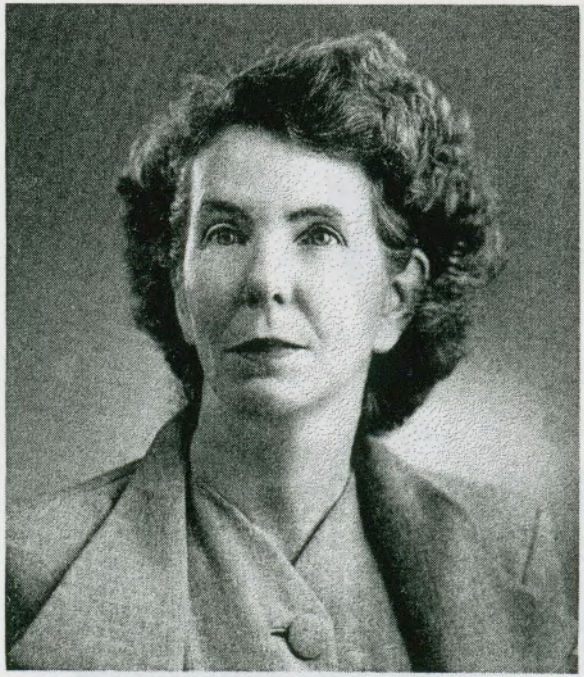
This girl has been with me since 1919—in hard times and good. That tells the tale. We shall never forget.

Harry Blanchard
Our expert accountant since April, 1947, and of whom we are very proud. We welcome him and his dear wife into the Fletcher family.

Russel Crane, Jr.
One of our office force—a handsome devil with curly hair, a member of the Bachelor Club, and first assistant to Steve Fletcher in our development work.

Alice Kinsman
My secretary for many years—a faithful girl who was of great assistance in keeping records that make these memoirs possible.

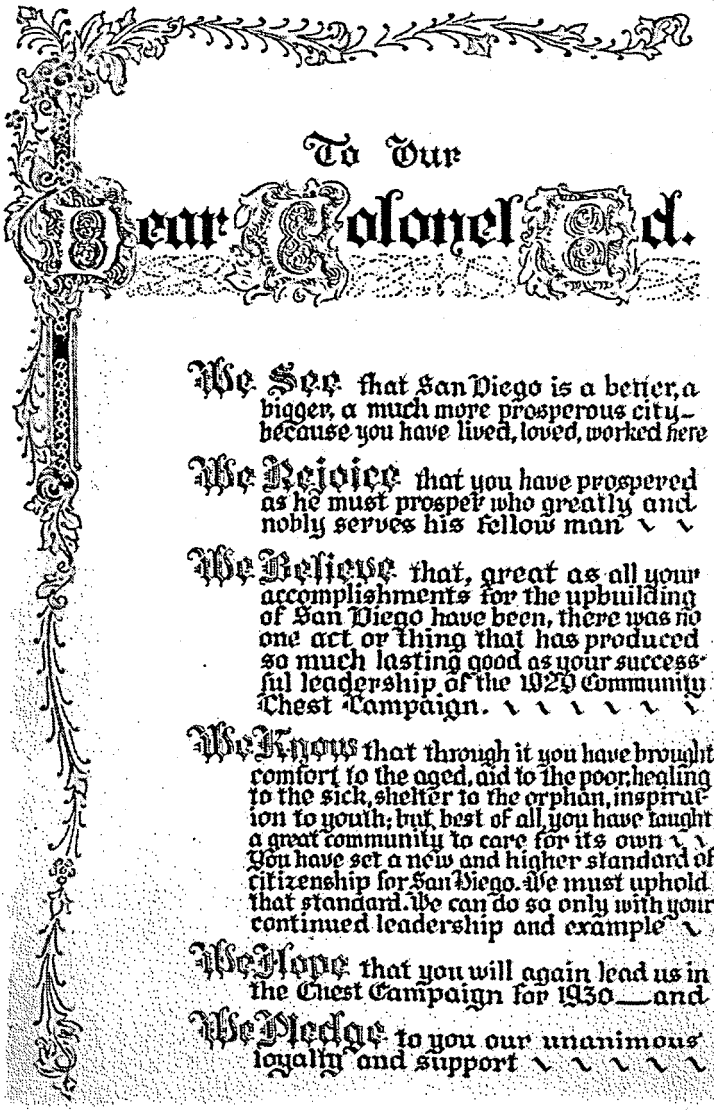
Mary Weitekamp
One of the office family for 22 years. She handles the cash and her service has been invaluable. What more can I say!



Mildred Drake
Have you ever had a secretary who tells you what to do when she thinks you are wrong? Oh, boy! That's Mildred! For eight years, she has been a splendid secretary—most faithful and efficient.

Shirley Jacoby
My present secretary who has taken much punishment in connection with the finishing of my memoirs. Beloved by all in the office, she has years ahead of her with us if she so desires.

Your father was Campaign Manager for the Community Chest in 1928 and 1929. With the remarkable support of our Community Chest organization, we were able to put the campaign over 107% in 1928 and 103% in 1929. The third year, I received the following petition from my splendid supporters and friends, but force of circumstances compelled me to leave the state and I had to decline. I felt and still feel this petition was one of the highest compliments ever paid to me by the most responsible citizens of San Diego. After reading the list of names over carefully, do you not agree with me?



Roy H. Campbell
Frank J. Belcher, Jr.
Milton A. McRae
A. T. Mercier
A. P. Johnson, Jr.
George W. Marston
Matt F. Heller
Arthur H. Marston
Gordon L. Eby
Alice D. Fisher
Francis P. Buckley
De Roy Saum
Forrest Warren
Sydney J. Wines
A. E. Scott
William R. Wheeler
George S. Parker
Jerry Sullivan, Jr.
Wiley V. Ambrose
B. B. Starke
G. Whitney
W. R. McClintoch
A. D. LaMotte
W. T. Hart
Stephen Barnson
Al H. Merrick
S. Mason
Fred A. Heilbron
Milton Heller
Sam S. Porter
E. B. Gould
P. C. Edwards
Frank A. Frye
Gertrude E. Cleverdon
Samuel Fox
Walter R. Hepner
G. A. Davidson
Mrs. Edward T. Hale
Alice T. Sallmon
Harry C. Clark
Robert D. Workman
W. F. Raber
Gertrude P. Geistweit
Mrs. Carl Alex Johnson
Mrs. F. M. Mead
Edgar F. Hastings
Mrs. L. M. Klauber
Lynn D. Mowat
M. C. Pfefferkorn
J. Miller
Louis F. Waggenheim
Clair A. Nelson
Howard I. Worth
Joseph E. Kuhn
C. J. Holliday
Mary G. Marston
W. C. Crandall
Mrs. A. P. Mills
Mrs. G. H. Kesten
Myron T. Gilmore
O. E. Darnell
C. H. Martin
C. S. Holswasser
J. S. Logan
W. E. Kier
C. D. Blodgett
Jas. MacMullen
Hal G. Hotchkiss

CHAPTER XLII

SOME OF OUR FRIENDS OF THE HILLS

Written aboard the S. S. President
Monroe, May 21, 1948, on the Red Sea.

They are, and have been, so numerous that my failing memory will miss many, for which I am sorry.

I never liked calling it San Diego's back country for our friends of the hills, all I shall mention, were splendid citizens of forty years or more; friends who have done, during the last sixty years, and are now doing their part in developing our hills outside of San Diego, agriculturally, spiritually, and with good common sense that is a credit to themselves, our city, county, and our state.

In the Fall of 1888, on a bicycle, I visited La Mesa. My recollection is that it had only about five houses and a packing house owned by A. S. Crowder. Also, forty or fifty acres planted to lemons.

The Cuyamaca and Eastern Railroad passed through La Mesa, El Cajon and Lakeside, and near Supervisor Joe Foster's house, four miles north of Lakeside, adjoining what is now San Vicente Dam. Waldo Waterman, son of ex-Governor Waterman, was the manager. First, one flood destroyed and cut off four miles of the Railroad so that Lakeside was the terminus. Another flood cut out the Railroad and shortened the distance until it stopped at Santee. Fifteen or twenty years ago, the Railroad was sold to the Southern Pacific Railroad who took up the rails and ties and it now ends at El Cajon, handling freight only.

When I was in business for myself, friend Crowder bought Woodbridge Fertilizer and fruit boxes from me. Later, I bought his warehouse and S. C. Grable, of La Mesa, and I bought Crowder's ranch located east of La Mesa for making our subdivision to the city of La Mesa. We also subdivided Boulder Heights. We ran two trainloads of the public to La Mesa and, in two days, sold nearly all of our land.

I want, particularly, to mention a few friends of the family

C. O. Smith, who faithfully represented the best interests of the La Mesa-El Cajon residents in the press when he published the La Mesa Scout and the El Cajon News.

Rube Levy
What would the La Mesa, Lemon Grove, and Spring Valley Irrigation District do without Rube? There is no other more unique resident of La Mesa, living or dead.

R. C. Allen

One of the most courteous and kindly friends I have ever met. This goes for his dear wife, too, and their daughter, Mary, for years almost one of our family. Mary and Catherine were roommates in college and each was Maid of Honor at the wedding of the other. I have heretofore mentioned friend Allen in my memoirs. He was the "Lemon King" of Sweetwater Valley. We built the first and only seeded raisin plant in El Cajon Valley—George Hawley, R. C. Allen, and your dad, known as the El Cajon Raisin Company. For years, we were successful until El Cajon developed, there was a greater demand for fresh muscat grapes, and soon there were no raisins. The Ed Fletcher Company owns the El Cajon Raisin Company today.

in La Mesa who have done their part in the development of the community. In addition to S. C. Grable and his children, I wish to include Rube Levy who has given twenty or thirty years of his life in helping to make a success the La Mesa, Lemon Grove and Spring Valley Irrigation District. This goes for the old timers, William H. West, and all the other members of the La Mesa District who have always been so eminently fair and have done a wonderful job in carrying on for the best interests of the district.

C. O. Smith and his two splendid sons, Preston and Carrol, who owned the La Mesa Scout—his son, Carrol, is doing splendid work as Deputy District Attorney, particularly, in working out delinquent tax matters for the county.

I want to mention a warm friend, H. C. Reed, now the owner of the La Mesa Scout, who did much to help me in my election to the State Senate.

In El Cajon Valley, my early friends were the Hawley Brothers, Guy, George, Allen and Joe, with whom I did business and are as honest, hard-working fellows as one can find. It was an honor to have their friendship. George could raise the finest strawberries ever and later became a joint partner with R. C. Allen and myself in a seeded raisin plant which we operated in El Cajon for many years. At that time, El Cajon raised over a hundred carloads of raisins annually.

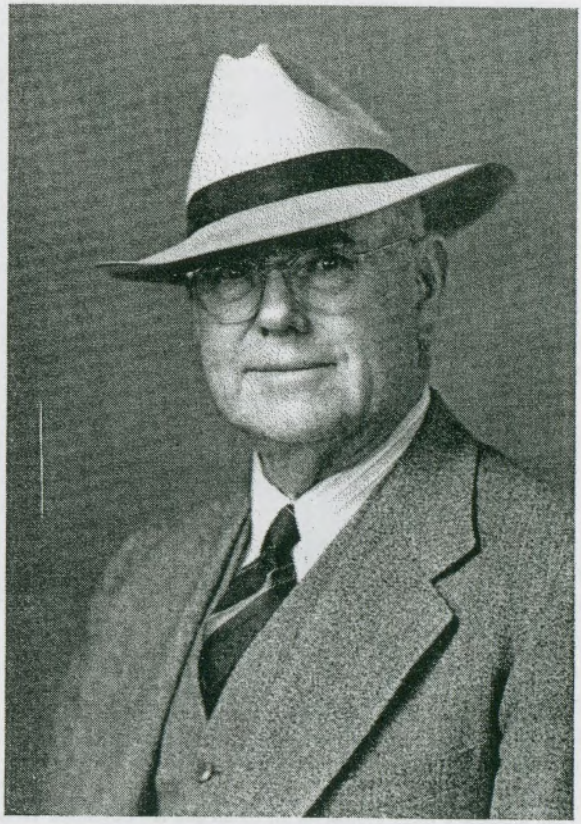
R. C. Allen was a prince of a good fellow who lived in the Sweetwater Valley at Bonita. Allen was a Harvard College graduate, a classmate of Theodore Roosevelt, a lemon grower, and businessman. He and his family showed their friendship in many ways. Allen sent me to Seattle to buy box material while in the wholesale fruit business. I sold him several carloads of wrapping paper for citrus fruit and, in all the years we were in partnership not a word of disagreement came between us. It was President Theodore Roosevelt who picked Allen as one of the three to buy the Pala Indian Reservation to be occupied by the Warner Ranch Indians when they were forced to move.

In El Cajon Valley, a few more friends of a life-time were the Ballantyne Brothers, George Gray, former mayor, John Burgess, Harry Stell, and that fine citizen, W. D. Hall, and

That old "war horse," W. D. Hall, almost a native of El Cajon. He had a monopoly on water from a well until we put up money and financed a water system for El Cajon and the Cuyamaca Water Company furnished the water. W. D. Hall and his splendid sons are a credit to the community. They have made a business success in a marvelous way and have done their part in the up-building of the community.

sons, with whom we have done business for forty-odd years. I must not forget a splendid chap, C. O. Nichols, who ran the Bostonia Ranch of several hundred acres of grapes. I should mention many more, but all these friends helped to make El Cajon what it is today.

Ramona had its Mrs. Kearney who ran the hotel. What a wonderful character! She was always quiet, forceful and obliging. This went, also, for her nephew who later took over. I must not forget the Whites of Ramona, relatives of the George Marstons. What fun I had while State Senator, for seven years, crowning Ramona's Turkey Queen.



George Sawday

I am chairman of a committee to build a suitable memorial in Julian to the memory of George Sawday. He was always a square shooter, never a harsh word, and beloved by his fellowman. This goes for his good wife, too.

From boyhood, F. R. Sawday, of Julian, was good to me and his son, George, at Witch Creek, whom I called the Cattle King. He made a great success of the cattle business, yet, everyone was his friend. When I needed money the most during the 1931-40 depression, he was there to help. A word of appreciation, also, for his dear wife whom your mother and I love as friends.

In the Julian section, I would like to name every inhabitant, but space forbids. Our first friends were W. L. Detrick and his good wife, Chester and Mrs. Gunn, W. D. Wellington.

A more honorable, conscientious couple than Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Detrick never lived. We were associated together in building the roads around Pine Hills. The above picture is of W. L. Detrick with two rattlesnakes he killed at Pine Hills.

and, later, Ed Barnes and his son, Franklin, and many others too numerous to mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Detrick took boarders into their house to increase their revenue and she was the best cook ever, even to the making of Manzanita Jelly from the Manzanita (or little apple) berry growing wild. Their fine boys all have scattered and the Detricks have passed away, but, as a friend, partner, and manager of my land development, he was most faithful. It was he who sold your father the Pine Hills property and got me to build the Pine Hills Inn that your mother and I planned.

Another old friend of San Diego, Charles Engebretson, built the Inn for us. It was Detrick who helped me lay out and build the roads around Pine Hills, the Engineers Road from Pine Hills to Cuyamaca Lake, 9½ miles in length, now in

use today. Also, the road development for the Pine Hills Association mentioned elsewhere. It was Detrick's influence that got the County Highway Commission, White, Wheaton and your father (by a two to one vote) to commence building the paved highway, Julian to San Diego, starting at each end at the same time. Otherwise, due to lack of funds, it would have been delayed for years. After the money ran out, leaving a gap of five or six miles between Ramona and Lakeside, the public demand forced its completion out of county funds. That was over thirty years ago and we are still using the same paved highway for most of the distance from Ramona Valley to Julian. The paved road is still in good condition.

Ed Barnes, one of the squarest men I have ever met, a partner of my brother-in-law, J. L. Doyle, of the Doyle-Barnes Company, for years and his splendid son, Franklin, have done their part in land and water development in the Julian section, also, the largest fruit grower, as well, and one of our best citizens, public and private.

I must not forget Fred A. Grand, former president of the Julian Chamber Commerce for years who, with his associates, is doing a splendid job in the public interest.

This also goes for the Mosler Brothers, Bert Moore, and, particularly, Kelly Perkins of Cuyamaca Lake who has been associated with us, as you know, for years. Our Democratic Congressman, Bill Kettner, homesteaded the land at Pine Hills which Detrick sold to me. Kettner's record as a Congressman was splendid and we owe much of our San Diego Bay development, including the Marine Base and the Naval Training Center to Kettner and our beloved General Joe Pendleton.

In the hills, there are other friends of years standing that I must mention. Charlie and Mary Botti who have made good at Lake Henshaw, the Baileys of Palomar, Armie Golch, Frank Salmons and Francisco Moreno of Pala, Fallis Brothers of Fallbrook, George D. Stevens, of Bonsall, Jack Strickler, of Vista, all of whom I did business with for thirty years or more.

In Oceanside, our famous Supervisor, John Griffin, known as Honest John, his son, Lloyd J., who is now State Appellate Court Judge and making good. There is Harold Beck and O. U. Miracle, also of Oceanside. There are three men I

particularly want to mention who, to my notion, started Oceanside on its way, C. S. Spencer, and two doctors, Reid and Nichols.

In Escondido friends who helped me in early days are W. N. Bradbury and A. W. Wohlford. I also had good friends in Tom and Jim Carroll, from whom I purchased the Lake Hodges Damsite, now built and some of the lands flooded. In San Pasqual, they all proved to be my friends. The names of a few being the Woods, Judsons, Webb Brothers, and Henry Fenton.

Twice, I secured the signatures to sell certain water rights to the city of San Diego that would allow the city to complete Sutherland Dam without litigation by riparian owners below.

A. W. Wohlford

Escondido's first citizen and one who accomplished more in water development for the Escondido Valley than any living man. With his good wife and splendid family, the Wohlford family has everything to be proud of. I hope someday the history of water development in Escondido will be written by Burnet Wohlford, giving his father his due.

Henry G. Fenton

Father of "Old Timer's Day." Fifteen hundred to two thousand annually enjoy the hospitality of Henry on his 3,000-acre ranch in San Pasqual. No better business man has San Diego ever had. Once your friend, always your friend!

One of the kindest men I have ever met, J. E. Boal, manager of the Sweetwater System and the lemon orchards of Chula Vista and National City, owned by an Eastern syndicate. As a young salesman before my marriage, he purchased box material and wrapping paper from me. All through my active days in the fruit and produce business, our business relations were splendid and he gave me the preferences. Later in years, we traveled about together on many a happy trip. He rendered valuable service to the owners of the Sweetwater System. That system cost between three and four million dollars to build. It was offered to the consumers of water under the system for $750,000.00. I did everything I could, publicly and privately, urging its purchase, but the people voted it down with the result that it fell into private hands and the consumers of water under this system, today, are paying interest on many millions of dollars that would have been saved by public ownership.

The price was $150,000.00. It did not include the riparian rights of the Fenton Ranch or those belonging to the Ed Fletcher Company. Both times, the City of San Diego rejected the purchase and I predict it will cost many times that now that a movement is on to complete Sutherland Dam.

Other old-time friends living outside the city were J. E. Boal, of National City, president of the San Diego Land and Town Company, Ed Walker, of Alpine, and George White, of Lemon Grove.

I know I have overlooked many, but time is to blame for my lack of memory. All I can say is, I am thankful for the splendid cooperation and friendship over these years from my county friends. It has been a pleasure to help where I could in return and to do my part in the development of San Diego.

I am sorry that space will not permit me to include hundreds of splendid citizens in San Diego County who have shown their friendship and have done their share in the upbuilding of San Diego. I am particularly appreciative of the splendid cooperation through the years of the City and County officials, as well as the directors of the irrigation districts in this county in the development of our real estate. Their fair dealing and cooperation shall never be forgotten.

It is my earnest desire that you children carry on with the present generation of those heretofore mentioned in this chapter, that friendship and cooperation that has meant so much to your mother and me in the past.

CHAPTER XLIII

OUR BEAUTIFUL CUYAMACA MOUNTAINS

From Pine Hills to Cuyamaca Lake on the western slope of San Diego County is found, in my opinion, the best mountain country and timber, 4000 to 6000 feet in elevation, with its mountain streams—Dehr, Cedar, Sand, and Boulder Creeks—its fir, cedar, pine, alder, and oak trees, while here and there are meadows, glorious wild flowers and strawberries, azaleas, and once-in-awhile one can see a sugar pine. Our oiled road to the top of Middle Peak is a winding sight-seeing trip with the finest sugar pine and yellow pine and a view unsurpassed in San Diego County, with sight of Palomar Mountain, San Jacinto, and Greyback 100 miles away, all snow-capped in winter.

In 1910, Charles Kelly owned most of the land between Pine Hills and Cuyamaca Lake. It was to be sold, so I heard, to a

lumber man who was to put up a sawmill at once and cut the timber. I could not bear to see this done, so I contacted Kelly and he confirmed that the sale was soon to take place. I was told that if I would raise the money in thirty days, paying cash, I could have the option.

Money was tight with your Dad in those days, with seven children, at that time, to care for, as well as your mother, and most of my money was invested in real estate. I was determined to save that timber from destruction, so I went to Pasadena where I secured $10,000 from the Thum Brothers. C. A. Canfield of Los Angeles, an associate for years, gave me a check for $10,000. I wired James A. Murray in Butte, Montana, and received $10,000 from him. I raised the balance of the money, the deal was closed, and between 3,000 and 4,000 acres of land was deeded, on my instructions, to the Union Title and Trust Company. It included all the land between our holdings at Pine Hills and our holdings acquired from the San Diego Flume Company and Cuyamaca Lake. I guaranteed my friends against loss and interest and they took the profits, **but there was one condition.**

In dividing up and deeding the property, I insisted on a clause, to be agreed upon by all, reading as follows:

> "Provided always, that this deed is made upon the express condition that the said second party, his heirs, executors, administrators, successors or assigns shall never cut, destroy, kill or remove from said land any live trees or timber at any time standing or growing thereon, except when or where necessary to make room or way for the actual construction of roads, flumes, steam or other railways, or buildings thereon, unless written permission therefor is first obtained from the United States Forester, having charge of the United States Forest Reserve situated nearest to said land and wholly or partly within the present limits of said County of San Diego; or, in case such United States Forest Reserve shall not exist, or there shall be no official Forester in charge thereof, at the time, or if he shall refuse or be unable to act, then, unless writ-

ten permission therefor is first obtained from said Union Title & Trust Company or its successors, nor unless for every tree so cut or removed by permission, as above provided, another tree shall be immediately planted on the same land and properly watered and cared for until its permanent growth is assured: and any breach of this condition, occurring after the delivery of the deed, shall have the effect of forfeiting the title of said grantee, his heirs, devisees, successors or assigns; and thereupon the title to said land shall revert to the said grantor, its successors or assigns, who may at once enter thereon as for condition broken, and recover, have, own and use said land with all the improvements thereon, the same as if this deed had not been made: Provided, however, that in case any of said lands partitioned and conveyed to the parties hereto, as aforesaid, shall at any time be sold by the owners thereof in smaller lots or parcels, then only such smaller lot or parcel, upon which a breach of said condition shall be committed, permitted or suffered by the owner thereof, shall be forfeited and revert as above provided, and any interest owned by his grantor or other parties in other lots or parcels thereof shall not be affected by such breach. This condition shall be held to run with said land conveyed, and shall benefit and bind the heirs, executors, administrators, successors and assigns of both the first and second parties hereto."

I felt then, in 1910, and as I write this to you in 1951 feel more so that I was rendering a service to my county and state in preserving 3,000 acres of our best timber for all time. We have so little timber in San Diego County.

The years rolled by. The Thum Brothers sold their interest at a good profit to outsiders. C. A. Canfield sold to me at a three to one profit. I also bought out the James A. Murray interest, but about five hundred acres went to other interests.

In the meantime, we had donated several acres to the U. S. Forest Service (with the same reservation) and the U. S. Forest

A partial view of the timber cut at Pine Hills.

Service had built a lovely headquarters in approximately the center of the tract for police duty and fire protection of that area.

Imagine my surprise when I saw 2,000 splendid trees felled on the property, in the spring of 1951. I investigated and found that the trees were being used to build the Mission Bay project. I was dumbfounded! The Forest Service people were not on the job and the heirs of the party who had bought a portion of the tract forgot this reservation was in force. I will not go into detail, but I am happy to say the timber cutting stopped at once upon written notice, acknowledgment of error was made, and a new agreement was recorded September 27, 1951, in Book 4247, Page 146 of the Official Records of San Diego County, and signed by O. A. Cumming, Lucy S. Cumming, Hans Starr, Mary S. Starr, Hamilton K. Pyles (U. S. Forest Supervisor, Cleveland National Forest), James D. Forward

(President of the Union Title Insurance and Trust Company), Ed Fletcher, and Emily E. Sawday.

This reversion is still in your Dad's name. I shall deed it to the Ed Fletcher Company and charge you to keep it in force forever, or deed it to the county or state, in order that our most beautiful heritage in the mountains will be preserved in perpetuity.

Spare Tree—or Else, Woodmen Warned

It will be "woodman spare that tree — or else" so far as nearly 4000 wooded acres in the Cuyamaca Mountains are concerned from now on, as a result of papers recorded yesterday by Col. Ed Fletcher.

The papers reiterate and make forceful a trust deed of 1910 under which the acreage was to be held inviolate against the woodman's ax.

Somehow in the years that followed some of the successors of the original owners forget the terms of trust, and so did the U.S. forest service, which was to be a sort of a watchdog. Some timber was cut.

But no more, said Fletcher, to whom the property would revert if the trust were broken. He declined to exercise his reversionary right on the written promise of all concerned to put away the woodman's ax and leave the tract alone.

The forest service also signed through its supervisor Hamilton K. Pyles, which will insure a watchful eye being kept on the timber from now on, Fletcher said.

The tract is the largest timbered area remaining in private ownership in San Diego County.

Your father at 18, in the Naval Reserve.

CHAPTER XLIV

MY MILITARY RECORD

I first enlisted in Company A, Naval Militia in 1892. We served without pay, gave one evening a week of our time and had a week's cruise each year on board some warship. One year it was the cruiser, Charleston, another year the Bennington that later blew up in San Diego Harbor with 122 killed.

I was very interested in the militia and, within a year, was elected Ensign over the heads of eighteen petty officers. Chief Petty Officer, Joe Sexton, resented my election and did not hesitate to say so. The night of the banquet, my dear friend of years, Claude Woolman, and I put on the gloves together. Soon he pulled them off and handed them to Joe Sexton who put them on and, to my dismay, I found myself fighting with a man who had it in for me. It was my first real scrap as a man, but I got the best of him without a mark on my face, but I am not saying anything about the condition of my body. We have been friends since, over fifty years.

In the Spanish American War, I organized and was a member of Company A of the San Diego Regiment of Volunteers, being elected Captain the first night. I was paid $14.00 for helping put mines in San Diego Bay. It was reported a Spanish fleet was off San Diego, but it did not show up. The little gunboat, U. S. Pinter, was in the harbor at the time and, so the story goes, they put nets around her to keep the Spanish Mackerel from biting her.

Our good neighbor and friend, U. S. Grant, Jr., received a commission from the President to form a regiment. I was elected Major of the First Battalion, but the war ended before we could leave town. One funny incident in that war was this: Your mother and I were married at the time. She was back in Massachusetts visiting her father and mother, showing off our first daughter, Catherine. She saw in the Boston Herald an Associated Press Dispatch announcing the appointment, by the President, of Col. U. S. Grant, Jr., with a command to form a regiment and my name was mentioned as Major of the First

Captain Ed Fletcher, Commanding Company "B," N.G.C.

Battalion. She went to the telegraph office, immediately, and sent the following telegram:

"Leaving for home tonight. Stay there until I come. Signed—Mary." This is typical of the good lady! I married her a

Boys, can you beat that mustache? Dad.

clinging vine, but after her first baby, she became a Queen Dowager!

On March 2, 1904, I was commissioned Ensign, Field & Staff Naval Militia. On January 3, 1906, I was commissioned Lieutenant, Junior Grade. In July, 1906, Governor Pardee asked me to become Captain of Company B, 7th Infantry, N.G.C. stationed in San Diego, stating that if I did not accept the proffered command, he would disband Company B as it ranked

Governor George C. Pardee. One of God's noblemen who passed away many years ago, but the dear wife and your mother are corresponding to this day. They are family friends we shall never forget. It was Governor Pardee that sent me a wire demanding I take the Captaincy of Company "B," in San Diego.

sixty-seventh in the state at the last annual inspection. I was commissioned Captain, Company B, July 26, 1906, and on inspection a year later, the Company stood eighth in the state.

On April 18, 1906, as the first news of the San Francisco

On the Governor's Staff for three Governors. Boys, what do you think of the gold braid?

earthquake reached San Diego, orders were received to proceed to the stricken area. Entraining immediately, two hundred strong, we reached San Francisco the following morning.

Just as we formed ranks beside the Ferry Building and the command, "Attention," was given, a tremendous earthquake shock impelled us forward and caused the entire Company to automatically move out from under the shelter without a command. We marched up California Street with debris fifteen and twenty feet deep in places in the streets from falling buildings and camped near the French Hospital out near Golden Gate Park. The whole city was aflame, east of Van Ness Ave., buildings being dynamited everywhere and they were fortunate to stop the flames at Van Ness Avenue. Just before dark, another earthquake shock came, first a rumble and then everything seemed to move. I saw two huge pillars fall out of a two story apartment house across the street. The noise was terrific, the fall of the wall of a four story apartment house behind me, the bricks landing within fifty feet of us and we were enveloped with lime dust.

I was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, Aide-de-camp, November 23, 1907.

Picture I took of the business section of Sansome Street in San Francisco during the earthquake and fire.

United States of America
State of California
In the War with Spain.
San Diego Regiment of Minute Men
Greeting:
In the name and by the authority in me vested, I do hereby Commission
Edward Fletcher, Major First Battalion
of San Diego Regiment of Minute Men with the rank from the fourth day of May 1898. He is therefore to observe such orders and directions as he may from time to time receive from the Colonel Commanding, the Governor of the State, or the President of the United States according to the rules and discipline of War.
In testimony whereof I have hereunto affixed my signature attested by the Adjutant, the day and year first above written.

Photo of my commission in the Spanish-American War.

At the opening of World War I, I received a telegram from the President, through the Adjutant General, stating that I was drafted to serve on the District Exemption Board to pass on appeals from local Draft Boards, our jurisdiction being Los Angeles, Orange, and San Diego Counties. With me on that Board were Joe Scott, Seth Brown, Dr. C. B. Ball, and Henry Wright. That was a remarkable experience. I heard over four thousand cases on appeal, giving up much of my time without pay during those hectic months. My life was threatened twice. I held the sons of several millionaires for service. There were only fourteen out of over 4,000 cases that appealed from my decision to Washington, but my decision was sustained. I personally handled all agricultural cases by agreement with the Board. Our Examination Board had me hear the appeal of three Theosophical Divinity students belonging to Madame Tingley's Point Loma Sect, known as the Universal Brotherhood. Their claim, as presented by Madame Tingley, was that they were a

District Exemption Board. We heard over 4,000 cases on appeal. With me are Joe Scott, Seth Brown, Dr. C. B. Ball, and Henry Wright.

War Department

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

This is to Certify, That during the War between the United States of America and the Empires of Germany and of Austria-Hungary,

Col Ed F Fletcher

was a member of the District Board No 1

Southern California

rendering faithful and efficient service, and that by reason of the discontinuance of all boards of the Selective Service System pursuant to the Act of Congress of May 18, 1917, he is, by direction of the President, honorably relieved from the duties of that office this thirty-first day of March, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Countersigned:

W. D. Stephens
Governor

Jno. A. Crowder
Provost Marshal General

3—6531

religious sect, and, under the law, were exempt. Far be it for me to say that sixty-four thousand individuals having one belief in things Divine are not a religious sect and I gave them the benefit of the doubt. However, our District Board overruled me by a vote of three to two and held these three Divinity students for service. I secured a stay of execution, the cases were appealed to Washington to the Adjutant General, and the war ended with the result that the President, to whom the cases were appealed, never rendered a decision.

I found in the files recently the following letter from Colonel Finley which speaks for itself. Charles Engebretson and I financed an Armory for Company "B." I lost $3,000 in the venture, but we gave Company "B" a real Armory at 14th & F St. in which they were proud to live.

OFFICE, 204 1/2 EAST FOURTH STREET
RESIDENCE, 1032 EAST FOURTH STREET

TELEPHONES { OFFICE 330-W / RESIDENCE 340-W

S. H. FINLEY
CIVIL ENGINEER
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

February 22, 1927

Col. Ed. Fletcher,
San Diego, Calif.

My dear Colonel:

Your letter of Jan. 24th was duly received but a reply has been unduly delayed until I could refresh my memory as to the happenings of long ago.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my very high appreciation of the splendid services you rendered the 7th Inft. Regiment by assuming the command of Co. B of San Diego when it was on the point of being disbanded and needed help.

As a recognition of your effort in that position it was my pleasure to write the Governor and recommend your promotion to a position on his staff with the rank of Colonel. This appointment was made and your services in that capacity were a credit to the State.

With kindest regards I am,

Yours very truly,

S. H. Finley

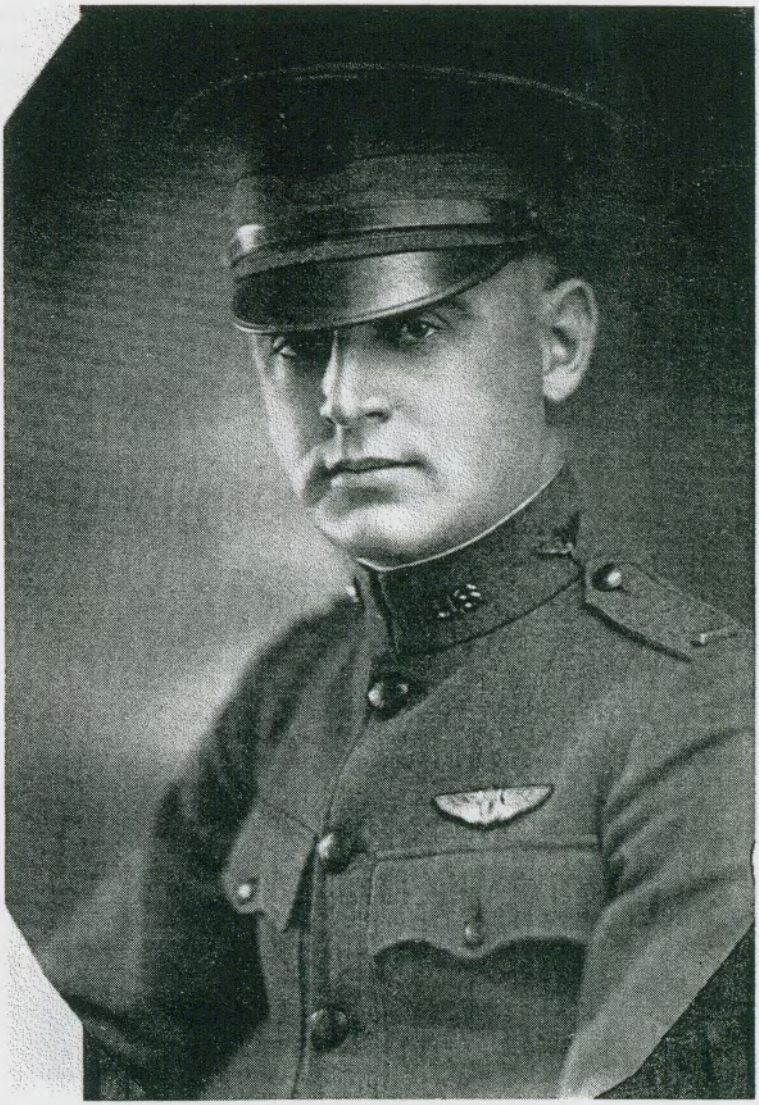
Col. 7th Inft. N. G. C.
Retired.

CHAPTER XLV

THE WAR RECORD OF OUR BOYS

World War Number I

Three days after Ed, Jr., became 18 years of age, he insisted upon joining the U. S. Army Air Corps and Mother and I gave in. His training, as a cadet, was at the University of California Ground School. The Armistice was entered into while he was in training there and, with the war ended, Ed, Jr., decided upon a business career for which we were thankful.



Our splendid son-in-law, Benjamin Harrison Taylor, enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Corps as a cadet in 1917 when General "Hap" Arnold was in command at North Island. His training was at the University of California Ground School. He was then transferred to Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Louisiana, where he received his wings and the rank of Second Lieutenant. From there, he was transferred to Dorr Field, Florida, where he was in command of aerial gunnery and was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. Harry retired from the service with the rank of Captain and returned to his home in San Diego.

THE WAR RECORD OF OUR BOYS

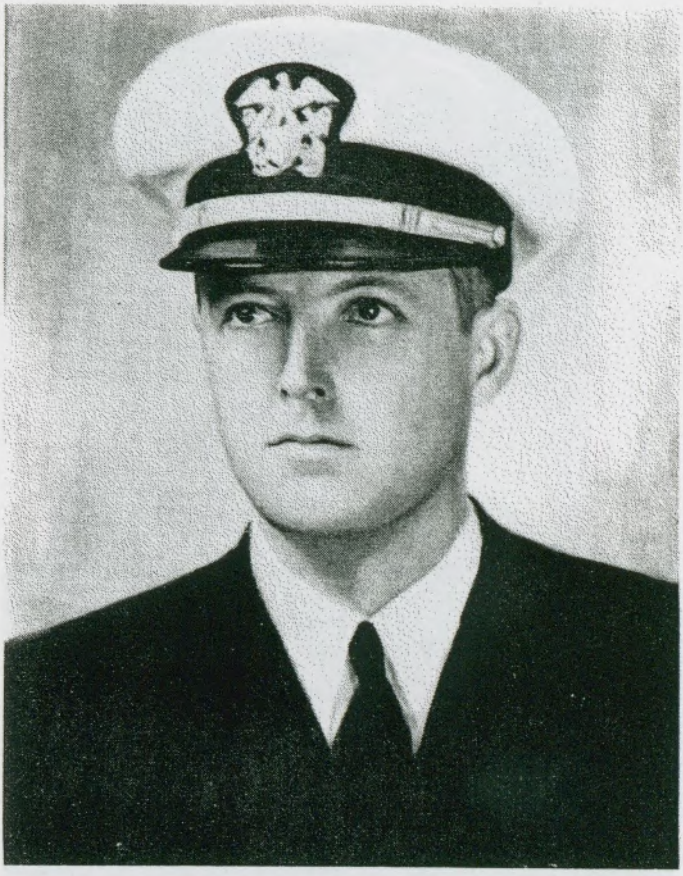
World War Number II

Ed Fletcher, Jr.

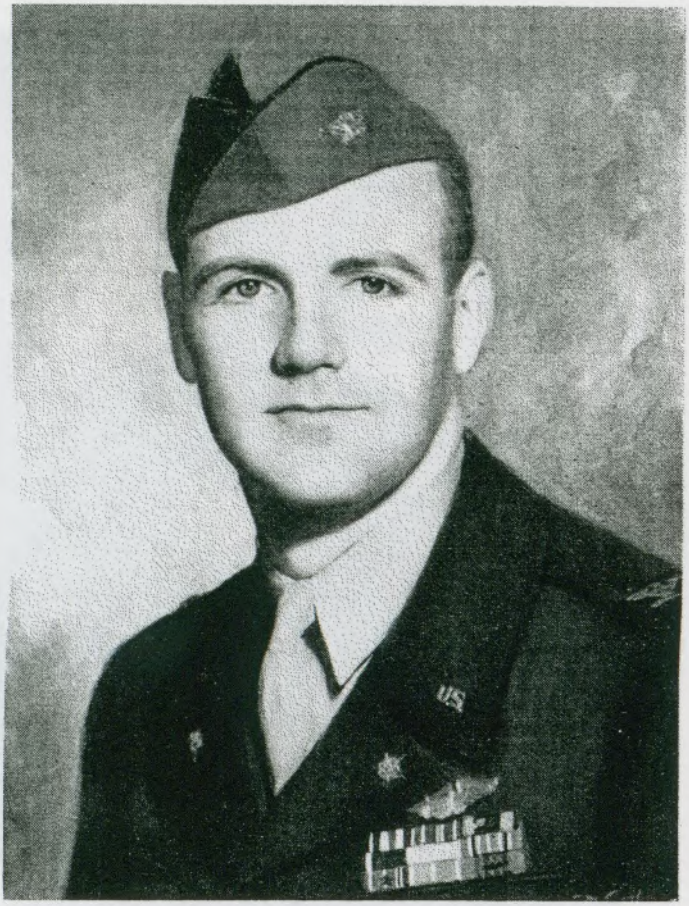
In World War Number II, Ed, Jr., enlisted in the Coast Guard Auxiliary and was stationed at the Coast Guard Air Station at Ballast Point on Point Loma. He was with the Voluntary Port Security Force from October 16, 1944, until two months after the war ended.

Charles K. Fletcher volunteered to serve in World War II in December of 1942, and was commissioned a Lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve. His first assignment was under the Chief of Naval Operations as a Field Observer. In this connection, he saw duty in European and Pacific War Areas. Subsequently, he was assigned to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Washington, D.C., as a Planning Officer, until being honorably discharged in April, 1945.

Stephen G. Fletcher enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve as a Lieutenant (j.g.) on November 30, 1942. His training took place at the U. S. Naval Armed Guard Center, Treasure Island, and the Destroyer Base in San Diego. On April 16, 1943, Steve sailed as Commanding Officer in charge of a Navy Crew aboard the S. S. Phinas Banning to Australia and India. They carried war materials for the Burma front, and then went to South Africa, Buenos Aires, Port of Spain and New York. He was then transferred to the S. S. Meacham, an oil tanker carrying 100 octane to the aircraft carriers in the Pacific via the Panama Canal, as Commanding Officer of the U. S. Navy crew aboard, until June, 1944. He received ribbons for three theaters of war. For a year thereafter, Steve was the Training Officer, Advance Base Component Training Program under the Commander of the San Pedro Section, San Pedro, California. He was stationed at the Naval Training Center in San Diego, California, as Separation Officer until January 2, 1946, when he was released from active duty. Steve was honorably discharged from the U. S. Naval Reserve in 1950.

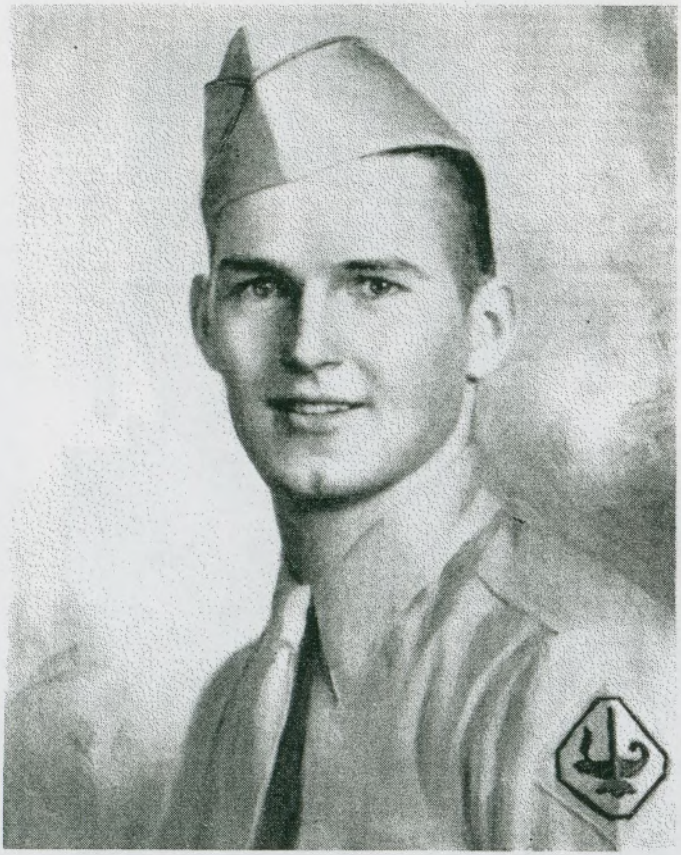


Ferdinand T. Fletcher went into the service as a Lieutenant (J.G.) in the United States Naval Reserve in August, 1943. He was made an Aviation Voluntary Specialist and attended school at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, staying there for an advanced course in Air Combat Intelligence. In January, 1944, Ferd was assigned to duty as Air Combat Intelligence Officer with Fighting Squadron 301 in the Solomon Islands until the squadron was decommissioned in August of 1944. From the Air Combat Intelligence Pool at Pearl Harbor, he was assigned to Air Group 3 as Air Combat Intelligence Officer on the Island of Maui in the Hawaiian Islands. Aboard the U. S. S. Yorktown, better known as the "Fighting Lady," he participated in the invasion of the Philippine Islands, the China Sea operations, the invasion of Iwo Jima, and the first carrier based aircraft attacks on the Japanese homeland at Tokyo in February, 1945. He holds the Presidential Unit Citation and four or five operational stars for the various operations in which they took part. Ferd was released from active duty in January, 1946, and was honorably discharged in 1950.



Eugene B. Fletcher entered the Army Air Corps in July, 1936. He finished his training in October, 1936, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant. His training was in squadron and group flying, technical and administrative duties. From 1942 to 1944, during World War Number Two, Eugene was in Europe and North Africa as Group Commander of the 320th Bomb Group—B-26 aircraft—and fighting in Tunis, Sardina, and Corsica. He was decorated by the President of the United States, the British, and the French Governments. Eugene was badly wounded over the industrial center of Rome and spent eight weeks in the hospital. What a brotherly reunion Eugene and Charlie had when they met in Naples while the noise of battle was only fifteen miles away. They were in the postoffice in Naples just a half an hour before it was blown up by a German time bomb. In 1945 and 1946, he was on the War Department General Staff under General Marshall and General Eisenhower at the Pentagon. In 1947, he was in the Air Command and Staff School at Maxwell Field Air Force Base; from 1948 to 1950, he was Director of Air Force Senior Management Schools, then attended Harvard and the University of Pittsburgh. For the last year, 1950-51, he has been Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel, Fort Scott Air Force Base, Illinois. His decorations include the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Purple Heart, Air Medal 6 clusters, Order of the British Empire, the U. S. Commendation Medal, the French Croix de Guerre with palms, and the French Croix de Guerre with star.

Ma and Pa are sure proud of our son-in-law, Captain Vernon Hawk, a graduate of Annapolis in the class of 1931. As Chief Engineer on the Destroyer Benson, he put this ship into commission and, for two years, they went through hell between the Atlantic Coast, Iceland, and Russia. It just happened, that he made a cruise with President Franklin D. Roosevelt and also did his stint at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. In the Pacific, he was Chief Engineer of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh when it towed the disabled U. S. S. Franklin at night and saved it from being sunk by the Japanese. He rendered invaluable service when the Pittsburgh broke in two during the typhoon, saving the Pittsburgh and its 200 feet of nose. On occasion he carries many decorations which include the U. S. Bronze Star and a decoration from the Brazilian Government. In 1951, thank heaven, we find him stationed at North Island —home again.



Charles K. Fletcher, Jr., familiarly known as "Kim," was sent to Stanford University as part of the Army Specialist Training Reserve Program until he was 18 years old on December 13, 1945. As of that date, he automatically became a volunteer in the U. S. Army Engineers and served until May 19, 1947, when he received his honorable discharge as a Private First Class in the United States Army Engineers.

The Military Record of Our Grandson, Gerald B. Allen

Jerry joined the California National Guard in San Diego in 1939. On December 15, 1942, he enlisted in the Air Corps. He was appointed Aviation Cadet in June, 1944 and received flight training at Hemet, California, Bakersfield, California, and Douglas, Arizona. He graduated in 1945 and instructed B-25 pilot cadets at Douglas, Arizona, until he was released from active duty in October, 1945. Jerry was commissioned in the California National Guard in May, 1947, and is subject to induction into Federal Service as a Captain, Liaison Officer, with the National Guard.

Howard M. Rowe

Our grandson who married Charlotte Taylor and a grandson of whom we are very proud. On March 12, 1941, he enlisted in the infantry as a Private and was sent to Camp Roberts where he stayed until October, 1942. By this time he had been promoted to the rank of Staff Sergeant and was sent to Fort Washington, Maryland, to attend the Adjutant General's Officer Candidate School. Howard was commissioned Second Lieutenant, Adjutant General's Department, on January 13, 1943. He was then assigned to Air Service Command, promoted to First Lieutenant, then transferred to the Air Corps on April 10, 1944. On July 20, 1944, Howard became Captain and was assigned to Headquarters, Fifth Air Force, and Headquarters, Far East Air Forces, October 30, 1944, to December 22, 1945. His service was in Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines, Okinawa, and Japan. Major Howard M. Rowe was released from active duty at Camp Beale, California, on January 9, 1946, and, since March 24, 1946, has held the rank of Major in the Air Force Reserve. His awards and service decorations consist of the Bronze Star, American Defense Service Ribbon, Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon with three Bronze Stars, Philippine Liberation Ribbon, World War Two Victory Ribbon, Good Conduct Medal, and American Theater Ribbon.

THE KOREAN CRISIS

Grandsons in the Service

Ed Fletcher III, a State College boy enlisted in the U. S. Air Force in January, 1951, reporting to San Antonio, Texas, Lackland Air Force Base. First, his basic training, but having a pilot's license before enlisting and many hours flying time, he soloed an AT-6 in 24 hours, with night flying the next week and cross-country solo flying. He expects to graduate from this base about September 15, 1951, and go to Advanced Training at Lubbock, Texas. With good luck, we expect him to have his wings and commission as Second Lieutenant in March of next year. Ed III has signed up for four years.

Sergeant Michael C. Fletcher enlisted in the U. S. Air Force in January, 1951. He was called into active duty in March, 1951, and is stationed at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, Arizona, in Headquarters Squadron, 43rd Bomber Wing.

The fifty-seven Fletchers—not pickles. 1950. To date, not a death or divorce.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE FLETCHER FAMILY — 1951

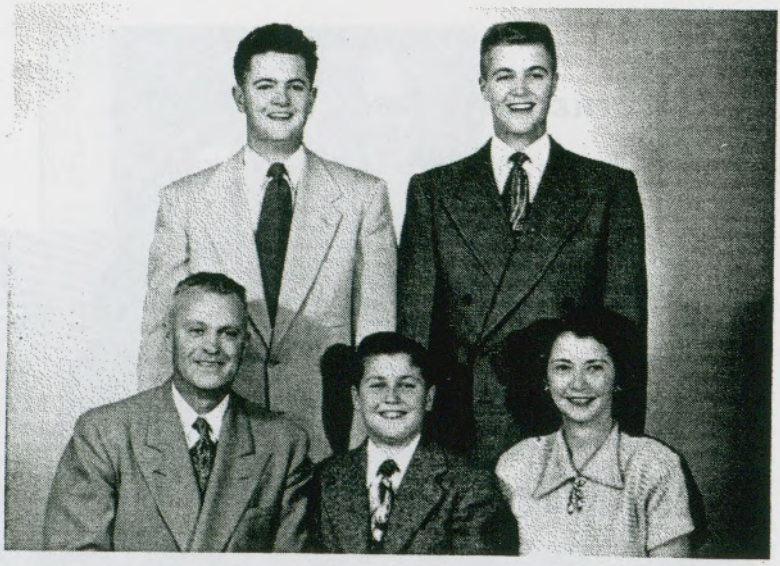
Our Children and Grandchildren

CHILD NUMBER ONE

Nearly a year to the day from our marriage came Catherine. A splendid daughter and mother who did her part in looking after the large brood of Fletchers that came after her. She needed and has had a splendid disposition. The above picture is our Catherine with her husband, Harry Taylor, and their three daughters, Charlotte, Barbara, and Mary Catherine

We could not ask for a better son-in-law than Harry has been. He was an employee of the Ed Fletcher Company for many years, and is now a successful businessman.

Those lovely daughters speak for themselves. Charlotte married Howard Rowe and is the mother of two of our great-grandchildren. Barbara married Jerry Allen—another happy couple with two splendid children. The photographs of these two families—grandchildren and great-grandchildren—follow later. Mary Catherine, the youngest, is, at the present time, attending State College and doing her practice teaching—a lovable granddaughter who is mighty choosey as to whom she marries and more power to her!



NUMBER TWO

Ed, Jr., our first son, who married Mildred Burke—a happy couple with three splendid sons, Edward III, Michael, and Larry. I am thinking of Ed, Jr., today and the happy hunting and fishing trips we have had together and with the grandsons. Also our visits to most of the national parks west of the Mississippi with numerous trips into Mexico. My hardest jolt was when Ed shot the end of his thumb off and I had to take him to the doctor. Mother and I are certainly proud of Mildred—a wonderful mother and a cheerful spirit second to none. How Ed loves his airplane and the Borrego development with his brothers and brother-in-law, Dr. John Steen. On our arrival home from our trip around the world, who should drop into Worcester Massachusetts, to surprise us, by plane, but Ed, Jr., and Mildred. What a wonderful time we had and Mother and I will never forget.

NUMBER THREE

Charles, with his dear wife, Jeannette Toberman, their two splendid sons, Pete and Kim, and their darling daughter, Dale.

The first thought coming into my mind is when Charles was about 8 years of age and we were in Canada with four of our boys on a vacation. Charlie always liked apple pie ala mode. One night, he asked for an extra serving, and his mother said, "no." Soon, he said to mother, "Let's go home." Mother asked him why he wanted to leave. He said, "Let's go home where we can get all we want to eat for nothing."

Charlie, too, loved to go on fishing and hunting trips when we went with the state officials to the Gulf of California. After his graduation from Stanford, Governor Hughes advised us to send him to Oxford for a year and to Paris, preparatory for diplomatic service. So, it was to Pembrook College at Oxford where he spent a year and then to Paris for a year at the University only to fall in love with Jeannette, abandon any idea of diplomatic service and, after their marriage, Charlie became a banker in Los Angeles. He then came to San Diego as President of the Home Federal Savings and Loan Association, a bank that is a credit to San Diego, and we are tickled pink to have Charlie, Jeannette, and their splendid family back in San Diego to stay.

Joan, Lilian, Lila, and Lawrence Fletcher

NUMBER FOUR

So this is Lawrence, the little boy that I told I would spank if he did a certain thing again. That night, in our bedroom under the bed, I heard him mumbling, "Mama spanked me already." And that is the way he got out of a good spanking!

Lawrence was a studious boy. We are proud of his record. He, too, had many happy vacation trips with the other boys—loved to hunt and fish, and, like the rest of the children, he graduated from San Diego High School. Later, he graduated from Stanford where he met a most charming girl, Lilian Force, of Piedmont. How well I remember the automobile ride near Stanford when they told me of their love for each other and the things that were said. They had a happy wedding, and, soon, Lawrence was Deputy District Attorney of Alameda County and later became Deputy Attorney General while Earl Warren was Attorney General of California. When Earl Warren became Governor, Lawrence and Lilian decided to stay in Piedmont and Lawrence went on his own to a very successful law practice in Oakland. Lilian has been most active in all social welfare. She has had the honor of being the first President of the Junior League in Oakland and has been a Regional Director of the Junior League Association of America.

We will never forget the kindness of Earl Warren and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Force when Lawrence was so near death those many months. But, all is well that ends well. This is proven by the two splendid girls, Lila and Joan. Lila married one of Oakland's finest young boys, William Jaeger, and Joan is a real rosebud, attending University of California. Mother and I have but one regret and that is that this dear family lives so far away.

NUMBER FIVE, WILLIS

What a bookworm! How he loved to eat and read, fish and swim! An expert basketball player, he did his part in making up the Fletcher team. None of the boys enjoyed our annual trips throughout the West more than Willis. Willis, will you ever forget our trip from Canon City over the mountains to Montrose in Colorado—the cloud burst and how Fred White, his driver, you, and I got stuck in the mud at 8,000 feet elevation? We were there all night! Remember our trout fishing at Electra Lake and our happy day at Mesa Verde National Park? Your father and mother have always been proud of your record in college—Oregon University—and the invitation you received to teach economics in the University when you graduated.

You were fortunate in marrying that splendid girl, Jane Cotton. Those three lovely girls, Susan, Mary, and Diane, speak volumes. As past president of the Junior League and an amateur artist, Jane is doing her part in civic affairs and we are happy, Willis, in seeing you a Director of and active in the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and other public work.

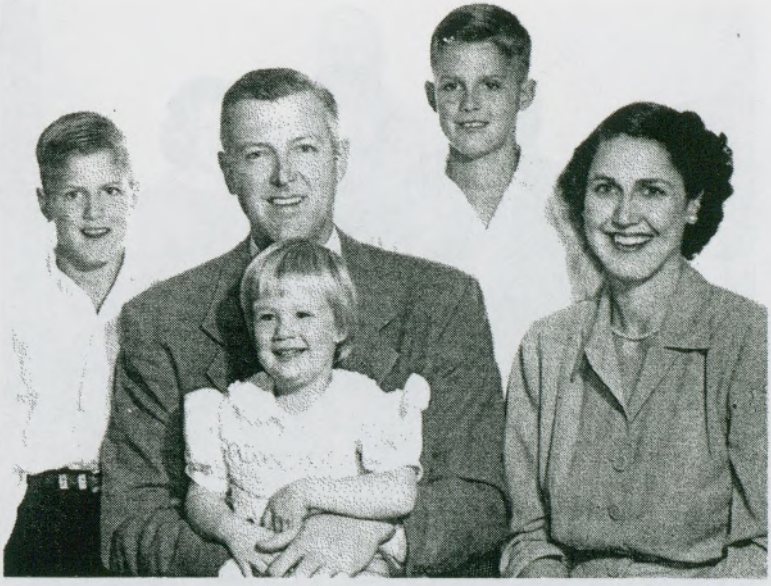
NUMBER SIX

Steve, named after my brother and another one of our six-foot, two inch boys—an athlete with a wonderful disposition. He made most of the hunting and fishing trips with his Dad, a mighty good shot and how he loved to catch Corvina at night at Del Mar.

He was often in mischief or trouble when he was a small boy. Yet, his grin was infectious. When he stumbled and almost bit his tongue off, it upset the whole house. Anxiously, he asked, "Mama, am I going to die?"

Steve attended Oregon University and played "end" on the football team. How thrilled we were to hear the broadcast of a game between Oregon and St. Mary's in which Steve caught two passes to make touchdowns twice within five minutes. I believe it was on a trip with Ed, Jr., and Mildred to the Gulf of California in Mexico that Steve and Louise Whitney became engaged. We were so happy to invite Louise into the fold and what a mother and wife she has been. That sweet disposition and that smile have won her many friends. In 1951, she is the able president of the San Diego Junior League.

Their three lovely children, Eloise, Carolyn, and Steve, all have the wonderful dispositions of their parents and make up a very happy family. We are happy to have Steve managing the Ed Fletcher Company the last few years. He has been invaluable and we feel safe in his ability to carry on.



NUMBER SEVEN

Ferdinand was the rover of the family when he was between three and five years old. What a kid! At three, he was out of bed, out the front door and, in diapers, down to the popcorn booth on the corner of "C" Street. A policeman brought him back before we knew he had run off. Again, when he was four, he ran away a mile and we found him in a boat on the pond under the Balboa Bridge without any oars. One evening when he was five, the whole family was hunting for him after dark. We found him asleep on the porch out of sight. At nine, he was run over by an automobile and was brought home unconscious.

A good scholar, he went to Stanford and Hastings and passed the Bar examination. At one time, he was Deputy City Attorney, Lawrence was Deputy Attorney General, and our good son-in-law, Pitts Mack, was Deputy County Attorney. It just happened.

What a fine, outstanding girl he married, Virginia English. We are proud of their two sons, Ferdinand and Robert, and that darling little daughter, Victoria —all making up a happy family. We feel Ferd is making good and associated with a fine firm, Miller, Higgs, and Fletcher.

NUMBER EIGHT

Pitts Mack with our beloved Mary Louise and their two fine daughters, Virginia Lee and Patricia. Pitts with his ready tongue and good nature stands him in ready state as a good trial lawyer. He got some of this experience as President of the Lions Club.

Mary Louise—blue eyed with dark hair, tall and shy. It took Pitts to bring her out and make her what she is today—a splendid executive and a wonderful wife and mother.

We are very happy in getting Pitts to resign as Deputy District Attorney and become one of the fine firm of Gray, Cary, Ames & Driscoll. We all knew Pitts' father, "Gus" Mack, the inventor of the Mack Truck, and since his death feel as if Mrs. Mack is one of the family.

These granddaughters with their dark hair and eyes are beloved by all, particularly by their Grandpa and Grandma Fletcher and Grandma Mack.

RICHARD, EUGENE, CLAIRE, DAVID, AND EUGENE, JR.

NUMBER NINE

Here we have the seventh son, Eugene, and his happy mate from childhood, Claire Martin. They are blessed with three happy sons, Eugene, Jr., Richard, and David. At fifteen, Eugene knew more than his dad. At twenty-one, he was asking his dad for advice. He chalked up a world swimming record and always loved sports.

Eugene has never had but one sweetheart since his high school days. Claire is the same height as your mother and as the wife of a Colonel in the U. S. Army Air Corps and a lovely mother, she fills these positions with great credit. Those three boys are stem-winders like their dad and we are sure they will go far.

NUMBER TEN

Virginia, the baby of the family. Here she is with her splendid husband, Vernon Hawk, and their five wonderful children. Mother says Virginia moved so fast as a child that she found it hard to keep up with her or get her to keep her room in order. When Mary Louise was to be married, Virginia said, "Mother, may I have Mary Louise's room?" Mother told her that she could not as Mary Louise always kept her room so orderly and that she would have to learn to keep her own room nice. Later, Virginia said, "Mother, if Mary Louise shows me how to be orderly, may I have her room?" In two weeks, Virginia had everything in order and won out. That was the most remarkable feat of Virginia's life, so mother says.

None of our girls are more buoyant and practical today, even with her five children, Tommy, Susie, Mary Catherine, Robert, and John. Vernon is a Salt Lake City boy, a self-made man, an Annapolis graduate, and I am still smiling at the look on Virginia's face when General Charles Lyman, Kay Mason, Virginia, and I arrived home from a trip to Mexico to find Lieutenant Vernon Hawk at the house waiting to propose. May the happy marriage last forever!

HERE ARE THE GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

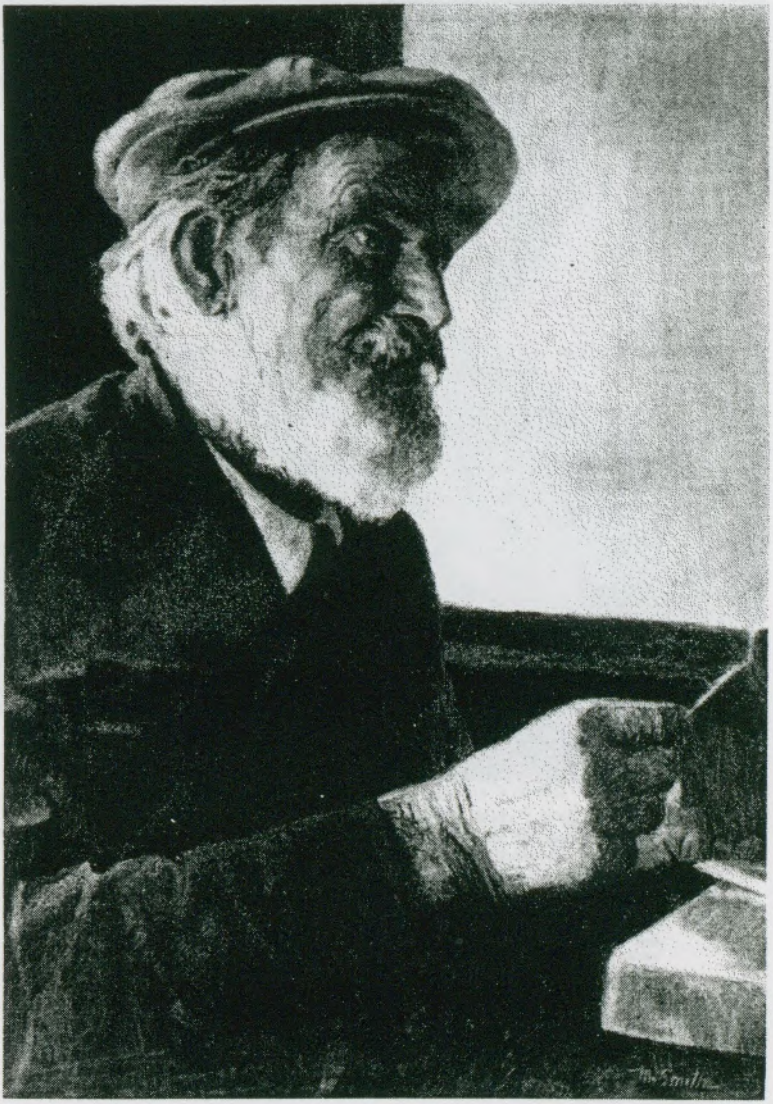
Grandchildren Howard and Charlotte Rowe with our great-grandchild, Marcy. I am happy to report the arrival of Andrew Morrison Rowe on September 5, 1951.

Our two grandchildren, Gerald and Barbara Allen with their little ones, Stephen and Catherine.

"Bill" Jaeger, the newest member of our family group, married our granddaughter, Lila, on June 9, 1951 at 6 p.m. What a wonderful setting for a marriage—the Black Hawk Ranch at the foot of Mount Diablo belonging to the other grandpa and grandma, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Force. Bill is a promising young lawyer that I am sure will make good and Lila will be a pal for life. They are a wonderful team and our blessings and prayers are with them both.

CHAPTER XLVII

MY OWN BELOVED FAMILY



Your Grandad Fletcher at age 87.

Thinking of my Mother always brings to mind the following quotation: "There is no man of mortal mind that can picture to your mind the beautiful ideals of womanhood, but locked deep in the secret recess of your heart, you cherish that ideal, and keep it sacred and holy. It is Mother. It is she who passed through the Valley of the Shadow to receive your trembling soul at the Gates of Life and Death. It was she who first taught your lisping lips to breathe that God given prayer, 'Our Father who art in heaven', in which every race, sect, and creed may join. There is no man so base, so vile that does not keep a little space apart in his sin stained soul. And, through the long watches of the night, his thoughts turn back and pause. He thinks of that Mother and remembers God."

Anonymous.

Your Uncle Sam and Aunt Susie Fletcher, with your cousins, Nina and Mamie. If there ever was a loving husband and father, your Uncle Sam was that man. Aunt Susie was as much a mother to me as she possibly could have been when I was a child. From that day to this there has never been a harsh word between us. Today, 1951, at 89, she is still the life of the party and an inspiration to us all. On the 11th of May, your Mother and I flew east to see her. Aunt Belle is there now. You couldn't have two cousins love you more than Nina and Mamie do, and Mamie's husband, Elon Gilbert, is the salt of the earth.

No happier couple ever lived than "Jarve" Doyle and my sister, Bess. Their three splendid daughters are Anna, Reba, and Madeline. Anna married that splendid chap, Walter Hettman, a lawyer in San Francisco. Reba married Elmer Blossom, a fine businessman who is, today, 1951, representing the San Diego Gas and Electric Company in the City of El Cajon. Reba and Elmer are blessed with two splendid sons and Walter and Anna with two lovely daughters. I am more than happy to have them with us in these memoirs. In the above picture are (seated) Jarvis Doyle, Mrs. Doyle (his mother), and sister Bess. Standing are Madeline, Reba, and Anna.

This is the happy family of my only brother, Steve, and his dear wife, Margaret. Married since 1906, they are blessed with six sons and one daughter. Robert is the Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. Richard is Director of Admissions and Student Affairs at the University of Virginia. Steve, Jr., is the Principal of Newtown Friends' School, Newtown, Pennsylvania. Peter is Professor of Forestry at the University of Missouri. John is Director of Public Relations, Institutes of Health, United States Public Health Service, in Washington, D. C. Paul, the husband of Margaret, is Assistant Superintendent of the Campus of The Pennsylvania State College. No nicer, cleaner boy ever lived than Emmett who gave his life in World War Number Two for his country.

Your dad finished his schooling the first year of high school. Brother Steve worked his way through college and now holds the Bachelor of Science Degree, Master of Science Degree, Doctor of Philosophy Degree, and the honorary Doctor of Agriculture Degree. In 1900, Steve started as Professor of Horticulture at Washington State College and today he is Dean Emeritus at the School of Agriculture, The Pennsylvania State College. One night, we were the dinner guests of George W. Marston and, in discussing gardens, he reached up into his library and pulled out Steve's book, "The Fruit Garden," and asked if I knew the author, Dr. S. W. Fletcher. Other books Steve has written are: "Soils," "Strawberry Growing," "The Strawberry in North America," "History of Fruit Growing in Pennsylvania," "Pennsylvania Agriculture and Country Life, 1640-1840," and "Pennsylvania Agriculture and Country Life, 1840-1940."

Well, Steve, we have gone our different ways, but we have both married the woman we loved, have done the things we loved, and, in the last analysis, we have reached the same point late in life—nothing much to regret.

Brother Steve with Margaret, Robert and Jennie, Richard and Marjorie, Steve, Jr., and Wanda, Peter and Hazyl, John and Christina, Margaret (Peggy) and Paul Pierson, and the children's children. This picture was taken February 1, 1942.

CHAPTER XLVIII

HAPPY DAYS!

YOUR MOTHER
To whom my Memoirs are a tribute

Believe it or not, I caught this 187 pound White Sea Bass, or Totuava, in the Gulf of California, Mexico. Ed, Jr., took moving pictures, so, you see, I have the proof. Thanks to Ed, Jr., and his skillful driving, we brought the fish home on the trailer and it fed the entire Rotary Club the following Thursday. No finer, sweeter fish comes out of the ocean.

Your mother and I spending a day at Nantucket Beach, Massachusetts.. I was 20 and she was 17.

Your Mother and I on our 50th wedding anniversary. Mother looked so lovely in her wedding dress.

The ten children, ma and pa, in early days.

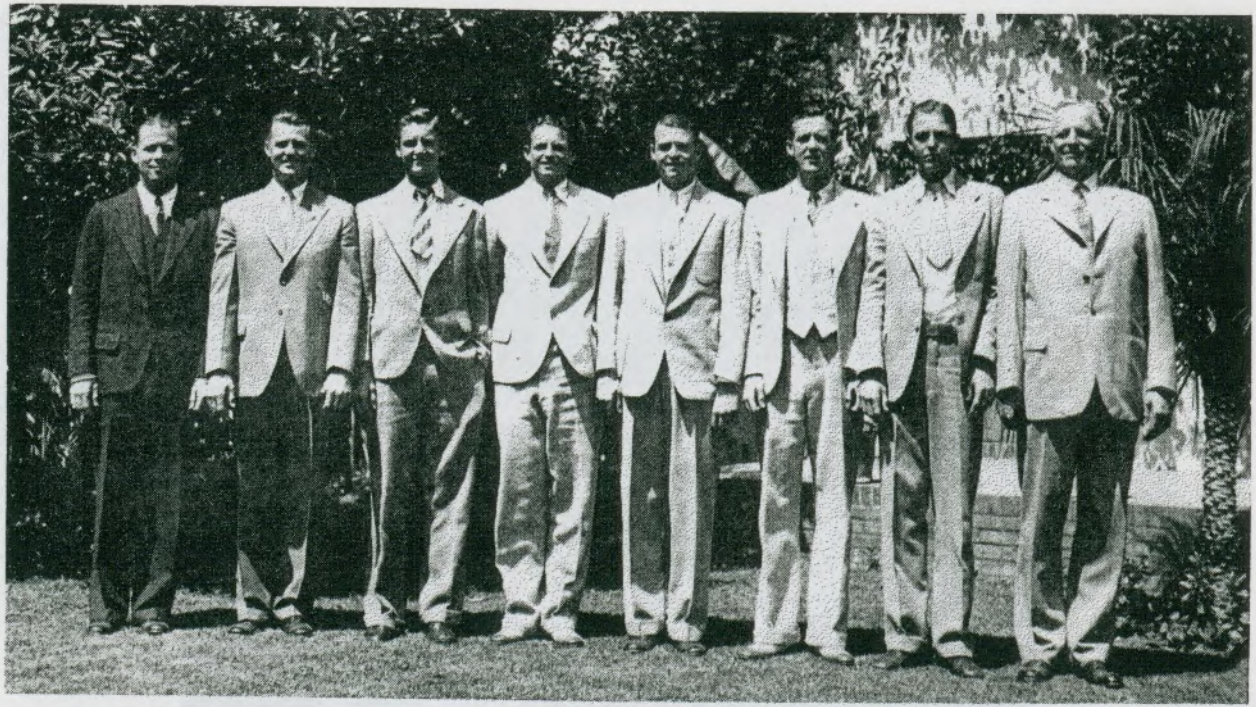
Our home at 8th and Ash where we lived for 18 years. Steve, Ferd, Mary Louise, and Eugene were born in this home.

We planned and built this house at 1030 24th Street where Lawrence and Willis were born.

Harry Taylor, Ed, Jr., Charlie, Lawrence, and your Dad skating on Cuyamaca Lake, 1916.

The seven Fletcher boys who made up the basketball team that beat San Diego High School, Long Beach, and some of the top teams in San Diego County.

Dad, Ed, Jr., Charlie, Lawrence, Willis, Steve, Ferd, and Eugene, when we had five national records and two world records.



The seven Fletcher brothers and Dad. The "runt" is six feet tall. This picture was taken in 1928.

The seven Fletcher daughters-in-law—1938. Left to right: Virginia English, Louise Whitney, Jane Cotton, Mildred Burke, Jeannette Toberman, Lilian Force and Claire Martin.

The ten children and their mates with ma and pa. This picture was taken at our home at 4th and Walnut in 1938.

A Thanksgiving Dinner at 4th and Walnut in the patio.

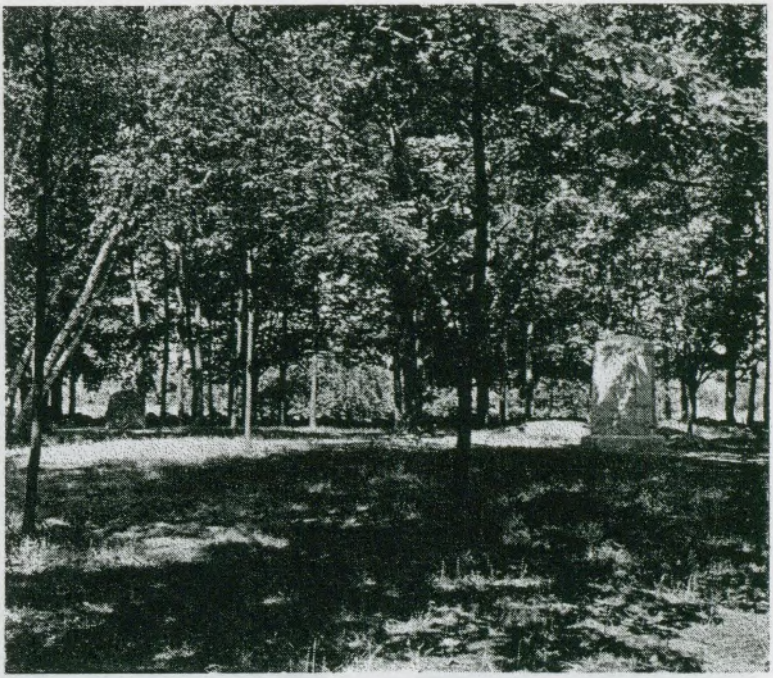
Charlie and Eugene met in Naples during the war and this picture was taken with battle only fifteen miles away.

Grandpa promised eleven of his grandchildren their first ride in a plane to Los Angeles, coming home on the train. They took the plane and train by storm! Mary Louise and Louise Whitney Fletcher came along to help me out. There was no air sickness until we were on the sidewalk at the airport. Then the deluge! We had lunch at the Biltmore, then went to the movies. On the way home, they drank the water tank dry in two cars. Home, sweet home!

In our garden at 869 Rosecrans. Your father at age 78,
and mother at 75.

Among the Rhododendrons at Littleton. Michael, Ma, Ethel and Dad.

The Unitarian Church in Littleton, Massachusetts, where my father and mother sang in the choir and where they were married.



Liberty Park, Littleton, Massachusetts.

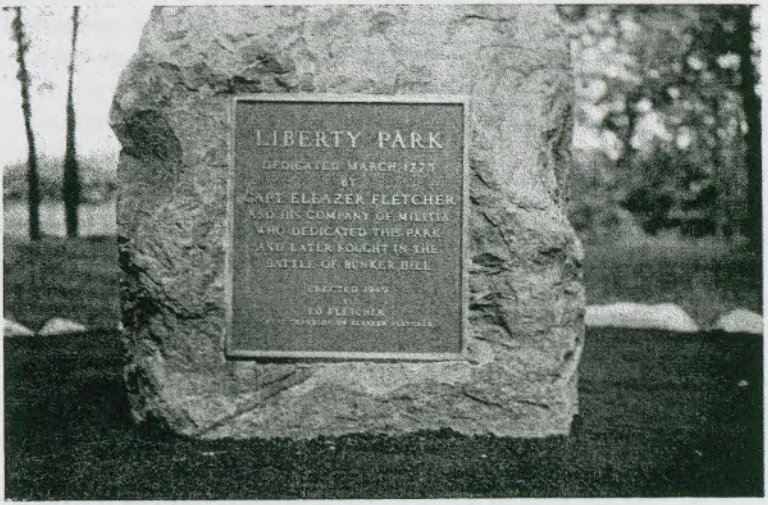
CHAPTER XLIX

HONORING OUR REVOLUTIONARY HEROES

Your mother and I had just returned from our trip around the world in June, 1949, and were visiting my old home town of Littleton, Massachusetts. My cousin, Ethel Prouty Conant, was showing us the beauty of Littleton and, particularly, the parks with their beautiful elm, maple, or birch groves. Each park held a memorial to the dead—the War of the Rebellion, the war with Spain, World Wars I and II, but nothing to the Revolutionary heroes of Littleton. I determined that there should be a monument in Liberty Park commemorating those brave men from Littleton who fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill and did their part in making the United States of America possible.

My dear Ralph Conant, a distant cousin. We have been in touch with him and his beloved wife, Ethel, for the last forty years. Our hunting and fishing trips into Mexico or motoring to different parts of the country have all been happy times and the memory will last to the end.

I took the matter up with the Selectmen of Littleton, offered to build two memorials, my offer was accepted, and the first memorial stone was dedicated to my great-great grandfather, Captain Eleazer Fletcher, in the spring of 1950.



Monument erected to the memory of my great-great grandfather, Captain Eleazer Fletcher.

Your Mother and I at the dedication of the monument to Captain Eleazer Fletcher in Liberty Park, Littleton, Massachusetts.

I then asked my dear cousin and friend, Ralph Conant, to take charge of dedicating another large memorial to all the Revolutionary heroes of Littleton. I want to pay grateful tribute to Mrs. Dana Drury and Mrs. Charles K. Houghton who gave so much of their time in making a search of the records, the result of which is inscribed on this memorial. Following are the names inscribed on the sides and back of the memorial:

Amos Atherton
Cornelius Bachelor
David Baker
Joseph Baker
Peter Baker
Timothy Baker
Lucius Blanchard
John Brown
Paul Brown
William Burke
Joseph Carter
John Cavender
Scipio Chase
Nathan Chase
Benjamin Cox
John Dinsmore
John Dix
Joe Dodge
John Dodge
Benjamin Dole
Joseph Dole
Lemuel Dole
Jason Dunster
Benjamin Durant
Henry Durant
Hildreth Dutton
James Dutton
Jesse Dutton
William Farr
Jonathan Langlee Fisher
Jonathan Fletcher
John Foster
Solomon Foster
Peter Fox
Peter Cummings Gilbert
John Green
Benjamin Hartwell
John Hartwell
Oliver Hartwell
Samuel Hartwell
Joseph Heywood
Israel Hinds
Benjamin Hoar
James Holden
Moses Holden
Samuel Hunt
Joseph Jewett
Maximilan Jewett
William Johnson
William Johnson, Jr.
John Kilburn
Abel Lawrence
Eleazer Lawrence
Isaac Lawrence
Jonathan Lawrence
Samuel Lawrence
Thomas Lawrence
Reuben Leighton
Joseph Lewis
Joseph Longley
Jonathan Longley
Willard Merriam

Benjamin Moore
Thomas Nutting
Peter Oliver
Amos Parling, Jr.
Jonathan Phelps
Ebenezer Phillips
Samuel Phillips
Charles Phipps
Samuel Pool
Abel Proctor
Elizar Proctor
Nathaniel Proctor
Simeon Proctor
Timothy Proctor
Joseph Raymond
Artemas Reed
Nathaniel Reed
Peter Reed
Samuel Reed
Samuel Reed, Jr.
Elisha Robbins
John Robbins
Joseph Robbins
Paul Robbins
Zachery Robbins
Isaac Russell
Jonathan Russell
John Russell, Jr.
Joseph Russell
Nathaniel Russell
Thomas Russell
Moses Sanderson
Oliver Sawyer
Scipio
Robert Sever
Amos Shed
Levi Shepherd
William Smith
Samuel Stearns
Thomas Stearns
Jeremiah Temple
Samuel Tenney, IV
William Tenney
Daniel Tuttle
John Tuttle
Jonathan Tuttle
Stephen Tuttle
Benjamin Warren
Jacob Warren
Jonathan Warren
Sampson Warren
Jonathan Wetherbee
Isaac Whitcomb
Nathaniel Whitcomb
Paul Whitcomb
Peter Whitcomb
Silas Whitcomb
Charles White
Samuel White
John Whiting, Jr.
William Whiting
James Whittemore
John Wood, III
Thomas Wood
Benjamin Worster
Joseph Worster
Peter Wright
Stephen Wright

The names of the officers are inscribed on the front of the monument, as shown in the picture.

Monument dedicated to the memory of the brave men from Littleton, Massachusetts, who fought in the Revolutionary War. On the front of the monument are the names of all the officers, the names of the enlisted men are on the other three sides.

Your father could not attend the dedication on the 16th of September, 1951, but asked beloved sisters Susie and Belle to attend the ceremony and had sister Susie present the memorial to the Town of Littleton. Although 90 years of age, I have been informed by many that she was perfectly splendid in her presentation. Her words were short and to the point, as follows:

"My Friends:

"I regret that my brother, who is responsible for the erection of this memorial, could not be here to greet you today. His sisters thank you for coming here to join us in honoring the memory of these gallant men who fought at Bunker Hill.

"This little verse speaks for us:

'They are not dead
Who live in lives they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed
They live a life again.'

"May this quiet, lovely spot, which has been hallowed by the deeds of these brave men, be an inspiration to each succeeding generation in the years to come.

"In behalf of our brother, we present this memorial to the Town of Littleton."

In order to give you a complete picture of what took place on this perfect, autumn day, I want to quote from The Lowell Sun of Tuesday, September 18, 1951.

" 'Peace without freedom is slavery.'

" 'Freedom lost never can be regained.'

" 'If history has taught us anything it has emphasized time and again that the nation which resorts to the sword is destroyed by the sword.'

"Thus did U. S. Rep. Edith Nourse Rogers of Lowell, as principal speaker at the dedication Sunday afternoon of the Revolutionary War Memorial monument given to the Town of Littleton by Col. Ed Fletcher of San Diego, Cal., sound a note of warning to all Americans to safeguard and preserve at

all costs priceless heritage of freedom which was bought at the cost of the life's blood of the valiant patriots whom they had gathered to revere and memorialize.

"The simple, but sincere and impressive dedication of the memorial monument was held in Liberty Park—formerly known as "Liberty Square Training Grounds"—where the Colonial Militia company under command of Captain Eleazer Fletcher nightly drilled and trained for the part it was to play at Bunker Hill on June 17, 1775.

"As Liberty square was a "rallying grounds" in Colonial days for the 148 officers and enlisted men of Captain Fletcher's company, yesterday it also was a gathering place for residents of Littleton and surrounding communities to witness dedication of the beautiful Vermont granite monument, gift of Colonel Fletcher, great-great grandson of the immortal Captain Fletcher.

"Many of those in attendance were direct descendants of men whose names are etched on the monument for posterity, and these descendents also look with pride on members of their families who, like their forebears of Colonial days, had taken up arms to preserve the freedom so dearly won at Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and subsequent battles by the Continental Army during the trying days of the Revolutionary War.

"Ralph W. Conant of Foster street, chairman of the Littleton committee in charge of arrangements, a direct descendant of Peter Wright, a member of Captain Fletcher's Colonial Militia company, opened the dedicatory program by introducing Rev. David S. Eaton, First Baptist church pastor, who gave the invocation. Miss Dianne Hosmer, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frederick P. Hosmer . . . and descendant of a member of the honored heroes, put the audience into the spirit of the trying Colonial days by her excellent presentation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's immortal patriotic poem, "Paul Revere's Ride." Honor guards during the exercises of dedication were of the younger generation. . . .

"On behalf of Col. Ed Fletcher, who was unable to be present, his elder sister, Mrs. Sam Fletcher of Worcester, presented the memorial monument to the Town of Littleton as gift

from her brother. Acceptance for the town was by another descendant of a member of Captain Fletcher's company, Selectman Roger F. Conant of the Littleton board of selectmen. In accepting the memorial from Mrs. Fletcher, Selectman Conant said: 'It is indeed an honor and a pleasure for me to represent our beloved town on this occasion. It is with a mixed feeling of humility and pride that I stand here today. One hundred and seventy-five years have passed since these men fought for their liberty and ours. They, whose names appear cut deep in this piece of New England granite, gave much that the cause of liberty and justice might prevail. We today have much to give for the same cause or else the cause will be lost.

" 'Liberty Square, Well named! 'A more fitting place for this memorial could not have been found within our town.

" 'This square brings back memories, memories of my grandfather, Albert F. Conant, whom many of you knew. As a boy he lived just over the Littleton-Boxboro town line, a few rods up the road. All that is left of the old homestead is the cellar hole with its large central chimney. He often spoke of Liberty Square and the part it once played in American history.

" 'My family has always been proud of the fact that when Paul Revere made his famous ride to Concord and Lexington in April, 1775, it was with Lieut. Col. William Conant of the "First Colonial Volunteers" that the plan of signalling the movements of the British Army, then located in Boston, was made. In "Revere's Record of Events," we read: "I agreed with Colonel Conant, and some others, that if the British went out by water we would show two lanterns in the North church steeple, and if by land, one as a signal."

" 'Revere's duty was to warn the civil population and the local authorities between Boston and Concord. Lieut. Col. Conant was to report to his regiment the movements of the British.

" 'The supposed secret march of the British troops on the night of April 18 was fully-known, not only to the citizens of Middlesex, but also to the officers of the little Colonial army near Boston. A quite efficient system of signalling from one town to another was established in the Colonies. Horseback riders were used in connection with the signal guns, lights and

fires. It is my understanding that this Liberty Square was used, not only as a muster field to train our men, but also as one of these signal points, a bonfire or series of fires being used as a code.

" 'Mrs. Samuel Fletcher, it is with extreme pleasure that I, on behalf of the Littleton board of selectmen, accept for the town this memorial with its inscription and names of 148 patriots of Littleton and vicinity, who fought in the Revolutionary War that we might have a fuller life in a better town and country. Please convey our heartfelt thanks to your brother, Colonel Ed Fletcher of San Diego, Calif., who so generously gave this memorial in memory of his great-great grand-father, Captain Eleazer Fletcher, and those other men of Littleton whose names are here inscribed.'

"Today, Liberty Park, or 'Liberty Square Training Grounds,' with its two Revolutionary War memorials, gifts of Colonel Ed Fletcher, has become a community trust.

"These gifts to posterity take their rightful place in the community with World War I monument in Hartwell Park and Littleton World War II Community Honor Roll at Littleton Common."

CONCLUSION

TO ONE AND ALL:

I am nearing my 80th year and it is about time to finish these memoirs. It was not my intention, originally, to have my memoirs to you printed and distributed until after I had passed away and, at this date, I prophecy I will live to be in my 90's. My good friend, Dr. Giddings, informed me the other day that my original teeth will be good for ten years yet, at least, and Dr. O'Hara says I am still sound. In the meantime, many good friends that I have mentioned in my memoirs have passed away and the others still living should have the satisfaction of seeing the compliment that is their due. Then, again, so many of you children and grandchildren, including your mother, have brought such pressure to bear that I am going to issue my memoirs, immediately.

What wonderful days and how thankful we are to have had the privilege of enjoying the success, splendid health, and joys of all of us. Mother and I love to see all your families enjoying the company of each other, going on trips together, whether it be to Eagles Nest, Oakridge, or Del Mar, and what pleasure it is to see the grandchildren following along together. Your Mother and Father made it a point to take you all on picnics and trips. Now, the family life we loved, you are passing on to your own children and are loving, too. How we enjoyed those summer trips to the California Parks, Arizona, Yellowstone, Colorado, and Canada, with three or four of you children on each trip. I hope you will never forget. Nothing can better hold the Fletcher family together and lead to better citizenship than frequent trips and a close family relationship.

You boys all have different opinions, but nothing makes Dad happier than to see you back each other up when the time comes. Keep up the boys' weekly meetings and the monthly family meetings, by all means, for it is there you should clear up any and all misunderstandings. Your Mother

will straighten things out when nobody else can. Your Dad does not claim to be any shining light, but he has tried to be fair in business dealings and each day, by a smile, a handshake, or some other act, has tried to make others happy. You may have to go out of your way, give of your time and money, but, in the long run, you will be the better man for it.

You boys are all impulsive, somewhat quick tempered, and sometimes shoot off only to regret it soon afterward. (You take after your father.) Remember, you can get more with molasses than vinegar and the one who loses his temper is at a big disadvantage. I have learned this by bitter experience and the loss of many friends, so keep this in mind.

You could not have a more wonderful Mother. She has been everything to your Dad and our fifty-six years of married life could not have been happier ones. May you dear daughters, daughters-in-law, and granddaughters all look to her as an example to follow.

I want to pay a special tribute to our daughters and daughters-in-law. I cannot remember a cross word or unkind act from you all through the years. Your love, thoughtfulness, and kindness to me has been and will be an inspiration to the end. Harry, Pitts, and Vernon, as sons-in-law, could not be better sons.

Dad has always believed in a Supreme Being that rules the world. No one living can prove it, but we must have faith. I am happy in the thought that you ten children, of your own volition, joined the First Congregational Church. It will be a wonderful influence for good and you should go to church often. Sometime in my childhood days, I was strangely impressed and committed the following verse to memory: "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, whose righteousness, wisdom, and love rules the world. In human strength and goodness too, my faith shall constant be to guide me to the Father's house in his eternity. I believe that sin will perish when the good is builded here; that every error brings us pain and every sin a tear. In the wise and holy purpose that the Father has in view, I believe I can see the promise of a crown of life to win, in repentance and contrition and a holy sense of sin."

I do not know the name of the author, but, today, taking the above creed and adding the Golden Rule, why wouldn't that answer for a universal religion to live up to as best we can? The flesh is weak, but it is a star to shoot at.

I thank goodness I have lived to see the changes of seventy odd years—from the horse and buggy days to the wonderful age we are living in today. I am certain that the world is better today, human life has a greater value, and we are progressive in our civilization. Never lose faith in your country and yourself, but carry on as your conscience dictates, keeping in mind your responsibility to your country, your fellowman, your family, and yourself.

All things come to an end, so, with a grateful heart for having the privilege of enjoying a full life with a loving wife, I end my memoirs with love to you all until eternity.

Reverently and lovingly,

Ed Fletcher

Your Dad, Granddad, and Great Granddad.

Your mother and I bought Grossmont in 1902. It was a gamble, but our dream has come true and it was "bread and butter" to us during the hard days. Your father and mother want the Ed Fletcher Company to own the summit of Grossmont indefinitely, with its massive, beautiful, natural granite boulder. It was there, on that boulder, in 1902 that your mother and I took our first big gamble in real estate. It is there that we wish to be placed, side by side, after our deaths.

FLETCHER GENEALOGY

FLETCHER

1. Robert b. England 1592; Settled Concord Mass. about 1630
   Luke b. ——
   William b. England, 1622
— Samuel b. England, 1632; d. Chelmsford Dec. 9, 1697.
   Francis b. 1636; md. Elizabeth Wheeler
   Cory b. —— md. Kerby
2. Samuel b. England, 1632; d. Chelmsford Dec. 9, 1697; md. Chelmsford, Oct. 14, 1639, Margaret Hailstone
   Samuel b. July 23, 1664; d. Jan. 24, 1704; md. Mary Cotton
   Hannah b. Sept. 14, 1666
   Lydia b. Sept. 26, 1669; md. John Perham
— William b. Jan. 1, 1671; d. March 21, 1743
3. William b. Chelmsford, Jan. 1, 1671; md. Mary Fletcher, Dec. 10, 1701
   William b. Sept. 22, 1702
— Samuel b. Aug. 26, 1703; d. March 11, 1780
   Oliver b. Sept. 10, 1708
   Thomas b. Jan. 8, 1711
   Robert b. April 20, 1713
   Benjamin b. Feb. 22, 1715
   Mary b. Feb. 1, 1718
   Lydia b. ——
4. Samuel b. Aug. 26, 1703, Chelmsford; md. Sept. 17, 1729, Mary Lawrence of Littleton, daughter of Eleazer; d. Dec. 4, 1780
   Samuel b. Sept. 8, 1730; d. Oct. 30, 1749
— Eleazer b. March 31, 1731; d. Feb. 6, 1809
   Peter b. Oct. 31, 1733
   Oliver b. ——
   Abel b. April 18, 1737; md. Abigail Hildreth, 1768
   Mary b. March 31, 1739
   Ezekiel b. ——
   Phoebe b. March 2, 1742; d. May 12, 1759
   Margaret b. Nov. 8, 1744; d. March 6, 1752
   Sarah b. Oct. 1, 1746
   Sampson b. Aug. 23, 1748; d. March 20, 1852
5. Eleazer b. Westford, March 31, 1731; d. Boxboro, Feb. 6, 1809; md. Jan. 16, 1755, Mary F. daughter of Josiash Bier, Boxboro
   Sarah b. Nov. 22, 1755
— Eleazer b. June 5, 1757; d. July 18, 1822
   Molly b. May 26, 1759
   Joseph b. Aug. 15, 1761
   Sarah b. July 14, 1765; md. May 5, 1785, Joseph Jewett, Littleton
   Molly b. July 15, 1766; md. Aug. 25, 1791, Samuel Sargent, Boxboro
   Joseph b. Aug. 6, 1769; md. Lucy Tuttle
   Jedekiah b. Oct. 20, 1792; d. March 14, 1794
   Patty b. Aug. 29, 1784; md. Benj. Patch, Littleton
6. Eleazer b. June 5, 1757; d. July 18, 1822, Boxboro; bur. Boxboro; md. May 6, 1788, Rhoda Tenny; she d. July 1, 1858
   Nathan b. March 16, 1789; md. Lucy Wood, Sept. 4, 1810
   Edmund b. Feb. 19, 1791; md. Lucy Fletcher, Littleton
— Eleazer b. April 30, 1793; d. Oct. 25, 1877
   Lucy b. Jan. 15, 1799; md. Otis Haywood
   Jose b. Aug. 15, 1801
   Rhoda b. Oct. 3, 1803; md. Steadman Hartmell of Boxboro
   Hulda b. March 22, 1806; md. John Fletcher of Boxboro
   Maria b. April 28, 1808; md. Samuel Wetherbee of Boxboro
7. Eleazer b. April 30, 1793; d. Oct. 25, 1877; bur. Littleton; md. June 22, 1822, Rebecca Kimball, dau. Daniel and Lucy Dutton, born July 8, 1800; d. Oct. 19, 1893; bur. Littleton
   Steadman b. Feb. 6, 1825; d. Nov. 18, 1842
   Daniel b. Oct. 10, 1826; d. June 18, 1828
   Edward b. Jan. 30, 1829; d. 1902
   George b. Nov. 22, 1832; d. Nov. 1, 1920
   Sherman b. Nov. 1, 1834; d. 1915; md. Hattie Hazelton (1833-1889)
— Charles b. March 10, 1837; d. Jan. 16, 1924
   Lucy b. March 10, 1839; md. Peter S. Whitcomb

HOLTON

1. William b. England, 1611; d. Aug. 12, 1691; sailed from Ipswich in ship Frances, 1634; deacon in Northampton 1663; general Court 6 years; wife (Mary) d. Nov. 16, 1691.
— John b. —— d. April 16, 1712
   Samuel b. 1646; md. Mary Rossit
   William b. —— md. Sarah Marshfield, Nov. 18, 1656
   Mary b. —— md. David Burt, Nov. 18, 1656
   Sarah b. —— md. John Ping, Nov. 18, 1656
   Rachael b. —— md. Thomas Strong, Oct. 10, 1671
   Ruth b. —— md. Joseph Baker, Feb. 15, 1663
2. John b. April 16, 1712; 1st wife, Mary; 2nd wife, Abigail who d. after 1718; lived at Northfield, Mass.
   Mary b. Jan. 10, 1668; d. July 5, 1668
   Eleazer b. —— md. Sarah Alexander, June 28, 1716
   Sarah b. Oct. 16, 1673
   Abigail b. —— md. John Lyman
   Joshua b. May 6, 1678; d. Dec. 29, 1714
   William b. 1679; md. Abigail Edwards, Dec. 5, 1706
— Thomas b. Oct. 23, 1681

3. Thomas b. Oct. 23, 1681; killed by Indians, Aug. 23, 1753; md. Mindwell Allen, dau. of Samuel Northampton; she d. 1758
— Joshua b. 1703
Thomas b. 1705
Hannah b. 1707
Mindwell b. 1712; md. Joshua Chapin, Dec. 19, 1734
Ithamer b. 1713; d. Dec. 4, 1713
4. Joshua b. 1703, Northfield; killed by Indians, April 26, 1746; md. Mary Eleazer b. April 9, 1742; md. Mary Worthington of Springfield
Jonathan b. Sept. 15, 1743
— Joshua b. Oct. 1745
5. Joshua b. Chester, Vt., Oct. 13, 1745; d. Oct. 22, 1828; md. Esther who died Sept. 14, 1833
— Joshua b. Nov. 17, 1770
Asabel b. Aug. 18, 1772
Leonard b. Jan. 22, 1774; d. Feb. 27, 1777
Daniel b. March 24, 1780; d. April 17, 1780
Esther b. April 10, 1781; md. Uriah Silsby of Chester, Vt.
Jannet b. Dec. 14, 1783
Amos b. Dec. 4, 1785
Charlotte b. Feb. 9, 1788; md. Benj. Morris
Leonard b. —— d. Dec. 23, 1842
6. Joshua b. Chester, Vt., Nov. 19, 1770; d. Dec. 28, 1845; md. Rhoda Lawrence, Aug. 10, 1797
— Leonard b. May 16, 1798
John b. June 18, 1800; d. Dec. 24, 1865
Joshua b. Dec. 18, 1802; d. Oct. 2, 1857
Calvin b. Nov. 15, 1808; d. Oct. 15, 1892
Luther b. Nov. 13, 1811; d. July 10, 1833.
Eliza b. Jan. 31, 1814
Amos b. Jan. 25, 1817
Jenner b. Dec. 14, 1819; d. June 13, 1857
7. Leonard b. May 16, 1798 at Chester, Vt.; d. May 13, 1875 at Harvard, Mass.; md. Eliza Clapp, March 14, 1826, dau. of Stephen and Hannah
Joseph b. Nov. 20, 1826; d. March 2, 1862
George b. Sept. 5, 1830; d. Aug. 29, 1906
John b. Sept. 19, 1832; d. Oct. 30, 1832
Clarence b. May 13, 1838; d. March 10, 1912
Martha b. Aug. 9, 1833; d. April 2, 1894
Mary b. Nov. 20, 1835; d. 1920; md. Jonathan H. Whitcomb
✓— Anna Waterson b. Jan. 5, 1842; d. June 7, 1877; md. Chas. K. Fletcher Oct. 13, 1859; bur. Littleton
8. Charles Kimball b. March 10, 1837; d. Jan. 16, 1924, Littleton; md. —— Anna Holton, Oct. 13, 1859
Anna Kimball b. Jan. 20, 1861; d. Sept. 22, 1861
Susan Holton b. Sept. 20, 1862; md. Samuel W. Fletcher, May 23, 1881.
Rebecca Kimball b. Sept. 29, 1864; md. Jarvis L. Doyle, Nov. 14, 1887.
Mary Emma b. March 24, 1867
Hattie Esther b. March 1870; d. at 5 days
Cora Belle b. March 29, 1871
— Edward b. Dec. 31, 1872
Peter Stevenson Whitcomb b. Sept. 10, 1875.
9. Edward b. Dec. 31, 1872, Littletown; md. April 8, 1896, Mary Catherine Batchelder, dau. Clark A. and Catherine Walker Hard Batchelder; b. Jan. 11, 1876
Catherine Holton b. April 7, 1897; md. Dec. 27, 1919, Benjamin Harrison Taylor; b. Jan. 25, 1891
Edward, Jr. b. Feb. 28, 1900; md. July 16, 1924, Mildred Anita Burke; b. April 28, 1903.
Charles Gross b. Dec. 15, 1902; md. Nov. 27, 1926, Jeannette Toberman; b. Feb. 26, 1904
Lawrence Salmons b. Oct. 25, 1905; md. Sept. 11, 1928, Lilian Laura Force; b. Oct. 20, 1906
Willis Hard b. Feb. 4, 1908; md. June 27, 1936, Jane Cotton; b. Nov. 9, 1911.
Stephen Gilmore b. Nov. 16, 1909; md. Aug. 28, 1936, Louise Whitney; b. Aug. 8, 1915.
Ferdinand Thum b. June 5, 1911; md. Sept. 9, 1939, Virginia English; b. July 5, 1915.
Mary Louise b. Oct. 30, 1912; md. Oct. 20, 1934, Pitts Mack; b. March 12, 1909
Eugene Batchelder b. Dec. 11, 1914; md. Feb. 19, 1938, Claire Martin; b. Oct. 30, 1914
Virginia White b. Feb. 18, 1918; md. June 30, 1938, Claude Vernon Hawk; b. Jan. 15, 1910
1. Catherine b. April 7, 1897; md. Dec. 27, 1919, Benjamin Harrison Taylor; b. Jan. 25, 1891
Charlotte b. Jan. 3, 1921
Barbara b. March 23, 1923
Mary b. Sept. 4, 1925
2. Edward b. Feb. 28, 1900; md. July 16, 1924, Mildred Anita Burke; b. April 28, 1903
Edward b. Oct. 11, 1928
Charles Michael b. May 1, 1931
Lawrence B. b. Aug. 10, 1936
3. Charles b. Dec. 15, 1902; md. Nov. 27, 1926, Jeannette Toberman; b. Feb. 21, 1904
Charles b. Dec. 13, 1927
Peter Toberman b. Nov. 29, 1930
Dale Fletcher b. Oct. 8, 1937
4. Lawrence b. Oct. 25, 1905; md. Sept. 11, 1928, Lilian Laura Force; b. Oct. 20, 1906
Lilian Force b. Jan. 21, 1931
Joan M. b. Jan. 14, 1932
5. Willis b. Feb. 4, 1908; md. June 27, 1936, Jane Cotton; b. Nov. 9, 1911
Susan Jane b. Aug. 2, 1938
Mary Elizabeth b. Feb. 24, 1940
Diane Cotton b. Nov. 30, 1943
6. Stephen b. Nov. 16, 1909; md. Aug. 28, 1936, Louise Whitney; b. Aug. 8, 1915
Eloise W. b. Oct. 14, 1937
Carolyn Grace b. Feb. 25, 1940
Stephen W. b. Jan. 28, 1942
7. Ferdinand b. June 5, 1911; md. Sept. 9, 1939, Virginia English; b. July 5, 1915

Ferdinand E. b. Jan. 21, 1941
Robert Charles b. March 22, 1943
Victoria Susan b. April 27, 1948

8. Mary Louise b. Oct. 30, 1912; md. Oct. 20, 1934, H. Pitts Mack; b. March 12, 1909
Virginia Lee b. Dec. 9, 1938
Patricia Louise b. March 2, 1941

9. Eugene b. Dec. 11, 1914; md. Feb. 19, 1938, Beulah Claire Martin; b. Oct. 30, 1914
Eugene B., Jr. b. July 30, 1941
Richard b. March 29, 1946
David b. July 4, 1948

10. Virginia b. Feb. 18, 1918; md. June 30, 1938, Claude Vernon Hawk; b. Jan. 15, 1910
Thomas Fletcher b. May 6, 1940
Susan Grace b. July 30, 1941
Mary Catherine b. April 7, 1944
Robert Leeson b. June 23, 1946
John Edward b. Feb. 23, 1949

INDEX

to the

Memoirs of Ed Fletcher

compiled by

Joseph Arambarri

Few men have left a greater mark on San Diego history than Col. Ed Fletcher. For five decades Fletcher was deeply involved in the land, water, and highway development of San Diego County. "It would take a book to chronicle all the projects he worked on," wrote one observer. Thankfully, Fletcher himself would provide that book.

Since its publication in 1952, the *Memoirs of Ed Fletcher* has served as an indespensable resource for students and scholars of San Diego history. We hope that the indexing of this important book, made possible by the generous support of the Fletcher family, will make Ed Fletcher's chronicle more readily accessible to all.

The index was compiled by Joseph Arambarri, under the direction of Richard Crawford, both from the San Diego Historical Society. Additional editing has been provided by Philip M. Klauber.

Publication of the *Index to the Memoirs of Ed Fletcher* has been made possible by a grant from the Willis and Jane Fletcher Fund in the San Diego Community Foundation.

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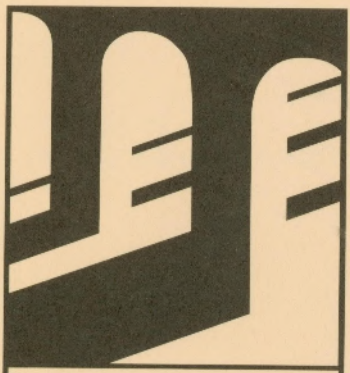

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