

[DAVIS, E.H.]

RANCHO LOMA CEREZA

EDWARD H. DAVIS

MESA GRANDE, CAL.

Oct. 6th

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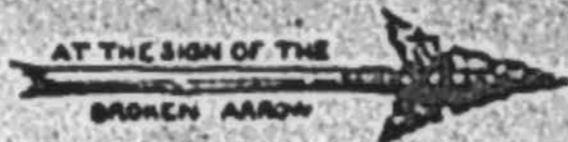
Dear Mr. Post:

I prepared my afternoon papers & went to see our friend Guassac about his land, which you telephoned about the other day. I examined his papers and found he only had an allotment and not a patent. This land was allotted to him in 1907 and since for 25 years before a patent can be issued. During all that time the land is held in trust by U.S. In case of death before expiration of 25 yrs. the land reverts back to Govt.

I copied a portion of the allotment which I will enclose & which explains the entire situation and I do not think the land can be touched at any price. Guassac was even suspicious of me & I had to hard work to get this much copied. Probably thought we were trying to get the land for me. I have informed Fletcher & E. Davis

It was a record of this allotment
which you must have seen in U.S.
Land Office at L.A.

POWAM LODGE
EDWARD H. DAVIS
RANCHO LOMA CEREZA



MESA GRANDE, CAL.,

Oct 30 1931.

My dear Ed:

I have your letter of 27th inclosing photo. of your fine family and I thank you for it.

Sure, I remember you coming to the ranch house at dusk on a stormy day, a wet drizzle, with a trusted arm and saying you would have to go down the river (San Luis Rey) to renew your notice, claiming so many inches flow of the river, as your notice would expire at midnight and you would have to get down immediately horseback. We got up the horses and Harvey my oldest boy said he would go with you. This boy was class mate at the U.C. with Cortel you, now chief engineer of state roads in So. Dist. and his dearest friend.

This involved a trip of 11 miles, going down a steep mountain trail on a black stormy night and travelling in the bed of the river for 2 miles to the tree where your new notice was nailed shortly before the old one expired. Then back to the ranch before daylight & then stage to S.D. I don't recall the date.

I went with you when your first notice

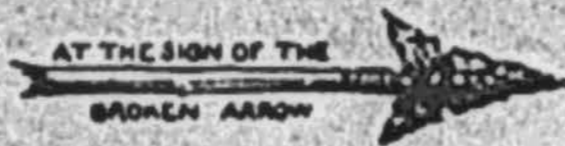
was put up claiming the flow - We went
down horseback in the afternoon if I
remember and put up the notice, I think on
an alder or sycamore tree in the river bed
two miles down the river from the present site
of the dam. Down the river, where the road
now crosses above a rocky promontory, was a
narrow steep trail. We went up this, crossed
the rocky point and descended on the other side
to the river. At that place, bed rock showed on
both sides & bottom of river & here the notice
was nailed up.

Near where the tunnel outlet is, I set up a rain and river
gauge and for a time kept a record of the precipitation
and flow. For a time, with a Mexican helper, I
lived in the old sailor cabin. Sailor owned the
place near where the dam is.

When the surveying crews came, under Major - then
just Mr. William Post, I was the guide and packer
using saddle horses and pack mules to move
camp from place. I often had Stanley help me
when I had 8 or 10 saddle horses to take down
the river. Two or three times we took large parties
of engineers down the rough trails from the
dam site to Paro. I remember O'Shaunnessy
& Lippencott were in one party. I moved camp
in stormy rainy weather as well as in good weather.
I remember one time we moved camp, tents, grub
equipment, grips & all while raining cats & dogs -
everything was soaking & everybody cursing.
In packing, my lash ropes were so stiff & my hands
so cold, I could hardly fasten the ropes. We made
3 trips to move all the stuff. Our first trip

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MESA GRANDE, CAL.

included tents, and when we reached our location, we immediately put up the tents to keep the grub out of the wet as much as possible. With us rode the cook, a German, ordinarily good natured, but that day he russed in seven languages and none of them did him justice. He rode one of the horses. I guess the first time in his life. He had on a thin white suit and it was soaked in 5 minutes & every time he went under a tree, he received a shower bath. It was near noon & the crew was always hungry. No dry wood within a hundred miles - everything soaking. How to get a fire to feed that hungry bunch with pants freezing & tents leaking? Will Dyche, my helper, solved the problem. Taking about 10 candles he wrapped them in the rind of a slab of bacon and tied them together and lighted them. He chopped into a box to the dry wood & put that on & got some dead wood, cut the outer surface off & put that on. & soon the cook was making coffee & tocucito, boiling beans & spuds. Water often dripping on the fire, but it kept up & we dried out wood, so we could keep the fire going. Everybody enjoyed sleeping in wet blankets on wet ground that night. Too many

incidents to write. My boy Harvey, after a partial recovery, had charge at the dam side 1912 & kept up records of the flow & rain fall at various stations on the river.

Shortly after he quit, he left us.

Our love to Mrs Fletcher, yourself & family.

Sincerely
Ed.

P.S. There are more items that might go in but it would take too long to write

Regarding the Calaveras zoning proposition, I think you have the correct attitude. I think I am within the 5 mile suggested zone and I certainly would not consider tying myself up to any contract that would interfere with a possible sale of the property or with its development in any way I see fit. I appreciate what a glare of lights and many camp fires might mean to the refined and delicate instruments to be in service on Palomar, but in that great virgin area, clothed mostly in dense forests, I do not think the present or future lights, would interfere to any appreciable extent. It is certain, there will be no interference from any possible cities or towns at the foot of the mountain on the E or W. sides, since there is no water in that semi-desert area. Many of the Mountain people have lived and pioneered in that mountain for many years, endured hardships, physical and financial.

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EDWARD H. DAVIS
RANCHO LOMA CEREZA
MEGA GRANDE
CALIFORNIA

That no Caltech. men have ever had to pass through and they will take no dictation from the Observatory people without a fight, however much they may realize what this great project means to the world. They have poughed it and toughed it for years; been barrowed for weeks in deep snows; hauled lumber for their crude shacks, a board at a time and still love the mountain to such an extent that only death could pry them loose. They are independent and self reliant and would not consent to have their land tied up so they could not sell or develop it as they saw fit. It cannot be denied that this great project will raise the value of Palomar lands and many settlers may sell out at the advanced prices, if they are attractive enough, and that is only human.

The Fletcher Salmon's tract on the N. ridge, is very attractive and would undoubtedly, in the future, form the site of a beautiful hotel, if not secured by the Caltech people pretty soon. The early morning, sunrise and sunset

light, looking down on that vast area
of broken, rocky hills and blue mountains,
is one of the most exquisitely beautiful
I have ever seen and I know, because
I camped there a few days to enjoy that
experience.

My love to you & family

Ed. N. Harris

EDWARD H. DAVIS
RANCHO LOMA CEREZA

Ans

MESA GRANDE, CAL.

April 2, 1941.

My dear Colonel:

It gives me pleasure to say O.K. and agree to the stand you have taken in Sacramento on the Labor Packets and the wholesale appropriation of desert public lands for greater park extension. I think all the mountain population stand behind you in opposing more park grabbing. It is getting to be a habit among urban population, who do not know the desert and the desert ranges, to seize every bit of wild country for a play ground, take it off the tax list, build roads and camp sites and civilize these wild, desert ranges and leave no free hunting ground and no primitive solitudes where rangers and caretakers are not camping on your tail. The Lord knows we have plenty of parks in mountains, coast and desert and why condemn a lot of vacant desert when there is already so much park area for people to enjoy.

I think this labor racketeering is organized by the heads of the Communist party and each one should be either deported or put in concentration camps and given plenty of hard labor.

And this is free America, the land of the free and
home of the brave, that your my ancestors
fought and bled for. How is it free, when
nearly every man has to pay a big fee, in order
to work on a job, to these labor boss, who
have no patriotism, no idea of helping our
country prepare for defence, only to make the
Union supreme, above employers, bosses,
army, navy, and above all political restraint.

The Golden Age of Mexico was under Porfirio
Diaz and when a strike impended, he sent his
Rurales, grabbed the agitators, stood them
against an adobe wall and shot them. If we
could purge our country of some our
notorious agitators the same way, perhaps our
Americans could work without paying fortunes
to these racketeers.

Congratulations, old man.

Sincerely,
Ed. Harris

Ed Fletcher Papers

1870-1955

MSS.81

Box: 6 Folder: 17

General Correspondence - Davis, Edward H.



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