



The Sunny Side editor is on vacation. In his absence prominent citizens are writing his column for him. Today's column is by...

By ED FLETCHER IT is to laugh, for me to attempt to edit the Sun's column even for a day, but to help out my friend Claypool that he may have a vacation, here goes.

Inter-Racial Meeting For many years we have attended, with pleasure and real interest, the inter-racial annual banquet. It was the 10th anniversary of this organization founded in San Diego, fathered and nursed by that outstanding, far-seeing man of the Negro race, Mr. Dennis Allen. The spirit of brotherly love for the human race was the keynote of the meeting. Every race, color, creed and belief could find a point of contact. The splendid forceful young chairman, Leland Stanford well quoted Abraham Lincoln, "To never miss a chance to pluck a thistle and plant a flower."

AS YOU WELL KNOW, I LOVE SAN DIEGO COUNTY

Let me tell you where a few of our beauty spots are located. Take a drive to Laguna mountain to the lookout, and a little before sunset behold Imperial Valley, to all appearances the land that God forgot yet nature in all its rigor awes us. Go to Bailey's on Palomar mountain in June, follow the road westerly toward Doane Valley and see the pink azaleas among the ferns, a little farther on dogwood in blossom.

On the road from Vista via Guajome behold the wonderful expanse of rolling hills and valleys to the north, with a view of the San Luis Rey valley below. Cave Courts will be glad to have you take a peek at his hacienda and patio made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson.

Now, I will let you into a secret. About six miles above Pala, after crossing a red bridge just before you enter the Pauma Ranch, there is a little road turning to the right which drops you down to the floor of the valley among beautiful sycamores where the San Luis Rey river tumbles and roars the year round. In the spring it is a dream, a joy forever. Eat your lunch there.

A NEW ENGLAND FARM

My sister Sue lives in Massachusetts on a hill overlooking the lake and town. You are among the pines and oaks, with a lovely apple orchard below. I am thinking of the sassafras root in the early spring, the beauty of the pink and white apple blossoms, the running brook and cowslips, the dandelions, syringa, then the lilac and moss rose, the blueberries, raspberries and huckleberries. Later on the fragrance of the wild grapes. Last of all the autumn leaves, the chestnuts, shagbark, the Northern Spy and Baldwin apples. We are Yankees so must have our "Massachusetts" at Eagles Nest with our chestnuts, maple, birch and elm trees, our peonies and lillies of the valley.

"Life's Enthusiasms," by David Starr Jordan.—Have you read it? If not you have something in store. The idea is this: One must have a hobby, no matter how crazy it is and be willing to sacrifice time, energy and if need be money to accomplish one's desires. With some it is sport, others the arts, some flowers, some show horses, others raising prize hogs, flag pole sitters, anything that will occupy your time and interest you. If one has not these enthusiasms his life will lack interest when middle age is reached. My hobby is to develop beauty spots in San Diego county. This has cost me plenty of money and time, but I don't regret one bit of it.

"Hem" Porterfield of The Sun.—Every day at my office I see that smiling face over my desk. He was a friend indeed. We lived under the same roof for years. I remember his first assignment as a cub reporter on The Sun, at \$8.00 a week. I was at the same time living on \$5.00 a week, thanks to "Hem" Porterfield's dear mother. What a lovable, clean forceful character he was. He rendered invaluable service to this community. I could not write a column for The Sun without mentioning one of the best men that ever lived and who served his community well.

Paul Edwards.—We miss him and the good wife as well. While here as editor of The Sun, both he and Mrs. Edwards made many enduring friendships. Paul had a national vision of the value of hard-surfaced roads and tourist travel. It was he who should get credit for those splendid amusement centers in Balboa Park, especially the shuffleboard courts. We must develop our beauty spots. We now have good highways in the back country. We must connect up our lakes and above all things we should further encourage the development of amusements in San Diego such as shuffleboard, tennis, bowling, outdoor swimming pools, roque etc. to interest and entertain our thousands of visitors, as well as our permanent residents.

LOST AT OCEAN BEACH LEON FERNER OVERPOWERED BY THE TREACHEROUS UNDERTOW.

Narrow Escape of Ed. Fletcher and A. McGegin—They Fought for Half an Hour to Reach Shore—A Dangerous Bathing Place.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Leon Ferner, 20 years old, who had been employed for six months past as solicitor and driver for the commission house of Smith, Fletcher & Co., on lower Fifth street, was drowned yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the surf at Ocean Beach, nine miles from this city. With his employer, Ed Fletcher, and Mr. and Mrs. A. McGegin, Ferner had driven out to Ocean Beach early in the afternoon, where the three men went in bathing about 2 o'clock.

They swam out a long distance, or until Fletcher, who was the tallest, could just touch bottom. Ferner went about seven yards further, but the undertow was so strong that Fletcher and McGegin both warned him twice to keep close in. Ferner paid no attention at first to the warning, but a few minutes later in answer to a call from one of his companions, replied that he could hardly make headway. Fletcher saw that the boy's face showed fatigue, and he suggested to McGegin that they go out and get him.

Although both Fletcher and McGegin were becoming tired, the undertow having carried all three fully 200 yards northward toward False bay, they swam out to Ferner. Fletcher got behind him and attempted to push him forward, and McGegin tried to guide him, but they seemed to be making no headway. The breakers were fully ten feet high, and the effects of one was scarcely overcome before another would separate the three swimmers. For fifteen or twenty minutes the two men worked to get out of their dangerous position, when Ferner said that he could no longer support himself.

McGegin also began to give out, and Fletcher alone could do little toward keeping Ferner up. The current was constantly taking them still further out. A big wave almost knocked Fletcher senseless, and separated him from Ferner, and when Fletcher recovered himself his companion had disappeared. Ferner had but a moment before appealed despairingly to Fletcher, "Don't leave me." When he saw no sign of the boy, Fletcher struck out with all his might for the shore. McGegin was also trying to overcome the strong current, and both men were almost helpless. At last Fletcher touched bottom with his feet, and made better headway against the strong undertow. He walked and swam with great difficulty for some distance, when suddenly the ground gave way under his feet and he was forced to swim again.

For about forty yards he fought against the deadly undertow and at last, completely exhausted and unnerved, he stood in water waist-deep. He scarcely remembers being taken out of the water by L. H. McBride, C. A. Wallace and Oscar Thome, who had witnessed Fletcher's struggle for life. His rescuers walked him rapidly along the beach toward the hotel, and the treatment given him caused him to vomit up a great quantity of water. McGegin was also rescued in the same manner and cared for, and both men were brought to the city early last evening. At last accounts Fletcher had a high fever, but is in no great danger. McGegin will soon be all right again.

Ocean Beach, where Ferner lost his life, is becoming known as a treacherous place for bathing. Several deaths by drowning have occurred there as the result of the terrible undertow, and the deep channel near shore and running parallel with the beach, which so nearly caused Fletcher's death, renders the place extremely dangerous.

Leon Ferner came here from New York about six months ago, and for most of that time had been in the employ of Smith, Fletcher & Co. He was well educated, exemplary and manly in his disposition, and had no bad habits. His father is dead, and his mother is reported to be a resident of Rochester, and well-to-do. Ferner and his employer, Fletcher, were on very intimate terms. It is thought the boy's body will be recovered within three or four days, and when it is, Fletcher states that he will take it to Ferner's former home.

FLETCHER HOST TO HATFIELD, PARTY ON GULF FISHING TRIP

EL CENTRO, March 27 (Special)—En route to the gulf of California, a distinguished fishing party with Ed Fletcher of San Diego as host, passed through El Centro early today. The party included Lt. Gov. George J. Hatfield, several state senators, state liquor administration officials and other expert fishermen. The destination today was Santa Clara, Sonora, 75 miles south of Yuma, where the sea-going yacht Shuntan waited to take the visitors in search of the wily Toluva, a species of sea bass found only in those waters. In the party, besides Lt. Gov. Hatfield and Sen. Fletcher, were State Sen. Leonard Dittani of Riverside, Sanborn Young of San Mateo, Ben Hulse of El Centro, Ralph Stewart of San Bernardino, George Switz, Lt. Gov. Hatfield and himself to bring the largest harvest administrator Ralph B. Seelyer of Toluva, but declined for San Diego, president of the Toluva club of Mexico, Charles Fletcher, would be.

Frank Seboid and Bruce Hazard of San Diego and Chief of Police J. Sterling Oswald of El Centro. Lt. Gov. Hatfield and administrator Stout flew in a private plane from San Francisco. Leaving there at 2:30 this morning, they met the San Diego men here within a few minutes of the time previously agreed upon. The trip from El Centro via Yuma to the gulf will be in true military style, with two autos, two trucks and plentiful supplies of food, water and camping equipment, sufficient for three days. This is strictly a pleasure jaunt. It has no political significance and there will be a penalty imposed upon anyone attempting to talk politics, asserted Sen. Fletcher, when present for the real purpose of the trip. The San Diego party privately admitted that Hulse and Switz, Lt. Gov. Hatfield and himself to bring the largest harvest administrator Ralph B. Seelyer of Toluva, but declined for San Diego, president of the Toluva club of Mexico, Charles Fletcher, would be.

OFFICIAL ANGLERS TELL OF BIG ONES MISSED IN MEXICO

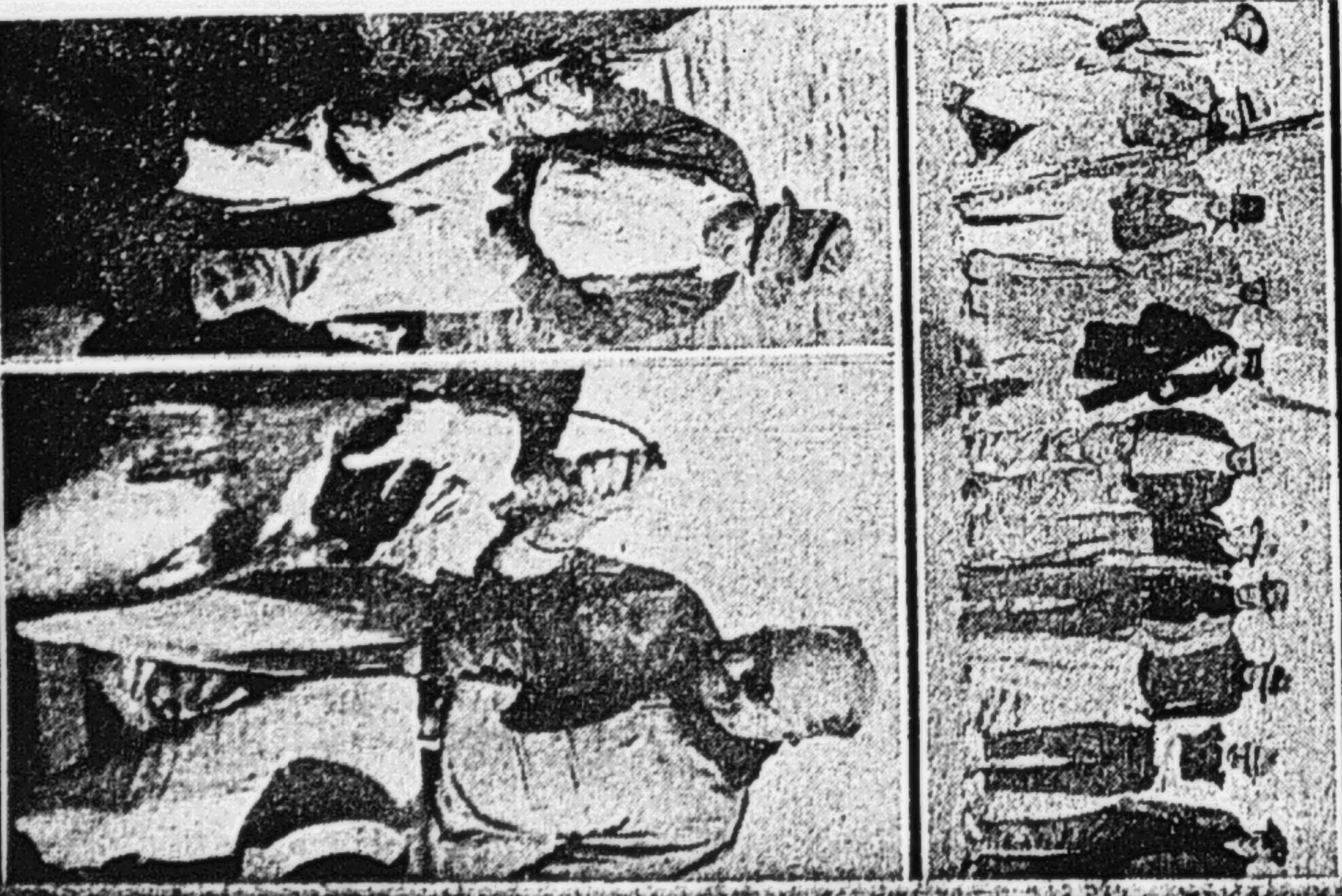
After a toluva fishing trip in the Gulf of California as guests of State Sen. Ed Fletcher, state officials including Lt. Gov. George J. Hatfield were back in San Diego yesterday spanning years. The party, traveling in four trucks and autos and carrying their own water, food and other supplies, left Friday morning and were joined at El Centro by Hatfield and George Stout, California liquor administrator, who flew from San Francisco. Also in the party were Ralph Seelyer, Merle Templeton, state liquor administrator here; State Sen. Leonard J. Dittani; State Sen. Ben Hulse; J. S. Oswald, El Centro chief of police; Charles Fletcher, Charles Smith and State Sen. Sanborn Young. The party drove to Yuma and then went south through Sonora to Santa Clara.

The party caught 81 toluvas, the largest of which weighed 162 pounds and was caught by Hatfield. The smallest fish caught weighed 50 pounds. Hatfield was warm in praising the outing. He said: "The trip on the gulf is the most unusual on the North American continent. George Stout and myself left San Francisco by plane at 3:30 a. m. Friday and four hours later joined the party at El Centro. At 3 p. m. the same day we were at Santa Clara, on the gulf, a most remarkable change. I have seen nothing but spectacular the peculiarities of the delta of the Colorado. The primitive life is picturesque and friendly. The scenery was outstanding and the delight of the trip is something that always will be remembered. I brought home five of the fish which weighed more than 100 pounds was given to the Children's Home."

Col. Copley to Speak To Rotarians on NRA

Col. Ira C. Copley, owner of The Union and Evening Tribune, will be the speaker at today's meeting of the Rotary club in the San Diego hotel. He will speak on the NRA. Col. Ed Fletcher is announced as chairman of the day.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1934. LT. GOV. HATFIELD IN FISHING PARTY



Lt. Gov. George Hatfield and other state officials have returned to San Diego from the Gulf of California, where they went last week fishing for toluva. Top (left to right): Ralph Seboid, Chief of Police of San Diego, State Sen. Leonard J. Dittani, State Sen. Ben Hulse, George Stout, J. S. Oswald, Charles Fletcher, Charles Smith and State Sen. Sanborn Young. Bottom (left to right): Lt. Gov. Hatfield, State Sen. Ben Hulse, George Stout, J. S. Oswald, Charles Fletcher, Charles Smith and State Sen. Sanborn Young. Below: Merle Templeton, state liquor administrator here, with a toluva he hooked.

Noted Here
 Frederick M. White prominent in former years in San Diego, died yesterday at his home in Albany, N. Y.



F. M. WHITE, NOTED SAN DIEGAN, DIES IN EASTERN CITY

Word was received here of the death yesterday in Albany, N. Y., of Frederick M. White, former prominent San Diegan, and widower of Mary Yawkey White, codonor to the county of the Mt. Helix amphitheatre.

Mr. and Mrs. White were first known in San Diego 20 years ago as winter residents at Hotel del Coronado. Mr. White was a prominent lumber man in the middle west.

After 1920 the Whites, who had no children, made their home in San Diego. Mr. White became president of the Benson Lumber company, second president of the San Diego Athletic club and a director of the First National bank.

Mrs. White was a leading figure in local social life, deeply interested in various civic enterprises and charitable institutions. She and her brother, Cyrus Carpenter Yawkey, obtained the Mt. Helix property and built the Mt. Helix nature theatre, dedicating it in 1925 to the memory of their mother, Mary Carpenter Yawkey.

Easter Service Founder
 Mrs. White died in 1923, and in July, 1929, Mr. White, representing Cyrus Yawkey and the estate of Mary Yawkey White, presented the completed amphitheatre to the county. Mrs. White's will endowed the mountain top and Mr. White then voiced the stipulation that annual Easter sunrise services should be held there.

About a year and a half ago Mr. White left San Diego to live with his sister in Albany, where he died yesterday. Rites will be held Wednesday for him in Saginaw, Mich., where the body will be taken for burial.

Among his many other interests, Mr. White, then a resident of San Diego, evinced a keen interest in highway development and, with Col. Ed Fletcher and Sherwood Wheaton, was a member of a county highway commission that built more than 100 miles of roads here. In commenting on Mr. White's death, Colonel Fletcher said yesterday:

"Mrs. White and Mr. Cyrus Yawkey, her brother, gave the nature theatre on Mt. Helix to the county and Mr. White took a lively interest in, and devoted some of his money to that development."

Was Generous Giver
 "Fred White was one of San Diego's best citizens. He was most generous in giving to all public enterprises. He was greatly interested in a national highway east from San Diego and gave much of his time and money to that project. He gave liberally to the fine arts society, children's home, the little theatre movement, Community Chest, Humane society and many other local charities. We have lost one of the best citizens San Diego has had and I personally have lost one of my best friends."

Col. Fletcher's Offer

was the old time Ed Fletcher whom we all know and admire that made that unusual offer of an estate, free of charge, to David Windsor, ex-king of England.

In the first place it was bona fide and generous. In the second place, even if the offer isn't accepted, it got a mighty fancy advertisement in most of the American daily newspapers free of charge.

Any man, looking for a home in the west, who reads that offer, will note what it says about its proximity to a highway and the easy availability of electricity and water. It overlooks a valley—in fact the offer reads like a booster folder. We wonder if it won't really tempt the ex-king.

Assuming that this story made page one in five hundred newspapers and an inside page in five hundred more we'd estimate the total cost at display rates at \$15,000 or more—all for the price of a cablegram to London.

Knowing the Colonel as we do we know that he would just as gladly offer that land to homeless working people. In fact he has made some such offer in times past. But had he repeated that offer now the story would not have gone outside southern California. But when it is made to a king—that's a case of the man biting the dog, or something.

Leave it to the Colonel to think of these things. San Diego would be a mighty dull place without him.

was threatening a number of oil wells in the Ventura field. Ernest Aldrich Simpson is not (Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

Fletcher Offers 500-Acre S. D. Estate To Former King for Permanent Home

Autographed Photo



Autographed photo of David Windsor, abdicated king of England, sent to State Sen. Ed Fletcher by the former monarch in 1921, when he was H. B. H. Edward, Prince of Wales, and in appreciation of courtesies extended to him by Col. Fletcher during his visit to San Diego in that year.

Royal Visitor of 1921 Loved City; May Be Resident on Site Near El Cajon Valley.

Offer to give England's former King Edward VIII a 500-acre country estate on Highway 80, 20 miles east of the city and overlooking from its oak-dotted heights the El Cajon valley, the sea and the mountains, was radiographed yesterday by Sen. Ed Fletcher, who first met the former ruler when he visited San Diego as the Prince of Wales in 1921.

In his message, addressed to David Windsor, Ft. Belvedere, London, England, Senator Fletcher said: "Congratulations and much admiration for your splendid radio address. I remember your enthusiasm for southern California, particularly San Diego county, during your visit in 1921. We would heartily welcome you as one of our residents. We make you a definite offer with clear title to a 500-acre estate adjacent to our national highway, overlooking El Cajon valley, 20 miles from San Diego. It is ideally located with oak trees, vista of ocean, mountains and valley, (Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

A DAILY DON'T FOR MOTORISTS
 Don't "hog" the road.

Dec. 13, 1936

Sportsmen Make Fletcher Life Member

Gun-totin' big game hunters and Ike Waltons from all over the world owe a deep indebtedness to Sen. Ed Fletcher for the plenitude of game and sport offered them in San Diego county. So think the County Fish and Game association members of the Izaak Walton League of America, according to Earl Warren, director, who tendered Fletcher a distinguished award for his services today.

Presenting the senator with a life membership in the society, which seldom has been given and then only in token of outstanding achievements for the betterment of fish and game and the furtherance of good sports, Warren commented on Fletcher's tireless efforts in behalf of better sports.

"Senator Ed has helped to enact legislation which has put San Diego county on top so far as fishing and hunting are concerned. These laws providing for the protection and propagation of wild life and fish have resulted in grand hunting, and good angling in the several lakes and forest of this county.

"It's owing to Sen. Ed's effort that we have the best area in the state for Sportsmen."

"I'm overwhelmed," Sen. Fletcher said as he beamed his acceptance.

Izaak Walton League Honors Senator



Earl Warren, left, director of San Diego County Fish and Game association, presents Sen. Ed Fletcher with Izaak Walton league life membership in recognition of the senator's work for improvement of fish and game conditions.

FLETCHER OFFERS EDWARD ESTATE

(Continued from Page 1)

with water supply and electricity available. Nothing would make San Diego city and county happier than to have you with us. An early and favorable reply will be gratefully appreciated. Kindest regards, "ED FLETCHER."

For 15 years Senator Fletcher has cherished an autographed photo of the former king, sent to him by Edward, then Prince of Wales, following his visit to San Diego in 1921, and in appreciation of hospitality extended him by Senator Fletcher at that time. A personal letter came with the photograph.

Dec 30/42

Sen. Fletcher To Be Feted on 70th Birthday

Col. Ed Fletcher, state senator, will be guest of honor at a birthday anniversary luncheon to be given at noon today by George W. Marston in the Cuyamaca club. Sen. Fletcher, who came to San Diego when he was 14, will be 70 tomorrow.

Other guests invited are old-time friends of the senator, and include G. Aubrey Davidson, Dr. Roy Campbell, Edgar O. Hodge, retired Banker; Dr. James A. Blaisdell, former president of Pomona and Claremont colleges, who now resides in La Jolla; and Charles Fletcher, one of the senator's sons.

A family celebration of the anniversary will be held tonight in the Fletcher home. The senator will leave Saturday for Sacramento.

One of this area's pioneer water, roads and real estate developers, Sen. Fletcher has been active in the civic life of San Diego city and county for more than half a century, and still is working, through the state legislature, to bring an additional water supply to the rapidly expanding community.

ion U. S. Lot for 1943, Say

Bible Teacher Congratulates Ex-Pupil



George W. Marston, right, congratulates his former Bible school student, Col. Ed Fletcher, on his 70th birthday anniversary.

Friends Honor Sen. Fletcher At Luncheon

Col. Ed Fletcher, state senator, is 70 years old today.

Old friends gathered to celebrate his birthday anniversary at a luncheon given by George W. Marston yesterday in the Cuyamaca club, and Marston recited a toast, an original poem which he wrote in 1907, to "the only Col. Ed."

Inspiration of the poem was a trip to the Cuyamaca mountains in Fletcher's first automobile, and yesterday Marston passed around a photographic record of that trip given to him by Fletcher, always an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

The toast concluded by telling: How the colonel won the prize, The prize that comes to those who see

The march of things that are to be;

To those that 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.

Also attending the party were: Aubrey Davidson, Edgar O. Hodge, Dr. James A. Blaisdell, former president of Pomona and Claremont colleges, and Col. Fletcher's son, Charles Fletcher, who was a pupil in Marston's Bible class as was his father.

Col. Fletcher's family celebrated his birthday last night at the Fletcher home.

The senator came here from New England as a youth, and has worked for the development of this area more than 50 years.

Progress Journal 1/1/43
Senator Fletcher Honored On 70th Birth Anniversary

● George W. Marston, pioneer San Diegan, gave a birthday anniversary luncheon in the Cuyamaca club this week honoring State Senator Ed Fletcher who was 70 years old yesterday. Senator Fletcher came to San Diego when he was 14 years old.

Other guests invited are old-time friends of the senator, and include G. Aubrey Davidson, Dr. Roy Campbell, Edgar O. Hodge, retired banker; Dr. James A. Blaisdell, former president of Pomona and Claremont colleges, who now resides in La Jolla; and Charles Fletcher, one of the senator's sons.

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Union 26
Encinitas Park Shaft Unveiled
May 26 1946

Encinitans were told they were "writing a sentence in California's history book," as Supervisor Dean Howell yesterday unveiled a tall white shaft as a marker naming Sea Cliff roadside park, on Pacific highway at Encinitas.

"It will read," said Howell, "that at Encinitas the San Diego county park commission dedicated the first roadside park in California."

State Sen. Ed Fletcher, donor of the site, commended the county park commission for setting an example for the 57 other California counties to follow.

Col. R. C. Rutherford, president of Encinitas chamber of commerce, said the park is "a shining example, well landscaped, ideally situated and providing access between our public beach and the state's most heavily traveled highway."

Other speakers, telling of park plans, included L. P. McChesney, of Cardiff; Herbert Nunn, secretary-manager of San Dieguito irrigation district, and Park Commissioners J. J. Sheridan, O. D. Arnold and Richard Mansfield, chairman.

Col. Fletcher Stricken, In

EVENING TRIBUNE

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SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1955

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PIONEER STRICKEN—Col. Ed Fletcher, 82, is in critical condition in Mercy Hospital after suffering a stroke. The pioneer civic leader is unconscious and in an oxygen tent.—Staff Photo

Area Developer, 82, Hit by Brain Stroke

Col. Ed Fletcher, one of the men who helped San Diego to grow from a sleepy seaside town to a metropolis, was unconscious and in critical condition today in Mercy Hospital, the victim of a stroke.

The 82-year-old pioneer has been in an oxygen tent since he entered the hospital about noon yesterday.

He was stricken yesterday in his home at 9490 Mesa Vista Dr., La Mesa.

Damage Undetermined

Hospital attendants reported that his pulse was strong and even, and that his breathing was alternating between strong and spasmodic.

However, they said that damage from the stroke, a cerebral thrombosis, can not be determined until Fletcher recovers consciousness.

Came Here in 1888

It was the second attack within a few days to strike the pioneer land developer, legislator, and civic leader, his family said.

But even though he suffered the preliminary attack and had complained of dizzy spells for several months, his family said he refused hospitalization, and continued to attend civic

meetings designed to benefit the San Diego area.

"I want to keep going as long as I am able to move," family members quoted him as saying.

Fletcher, father of 10, came to San Diego in September, 1888. Eight years later he returned to Ayer, Mass., where he married Mary C. Batchelder.

They returned here and he organized his first business in 1896, the Ed Fletcher Produce Co.

Served in State Senate

His real estate and land development company, organized soon afterward, played a leading part in planning many of the principal residential sections of San Diego.

He served as a state senator from 1934 until January, 1947, and has played a leading roll in bringing water to the area.

He helped organize the Lemon Grove Mutual Water Co., which purchased the San Diego Flume Co., later the Cuyamaca Water Co., and in later years he was instrumental in construction of dams and water systems throughout the county.

Here Are the Fletchers -- Fabulous First Family of City

Clan Records Unmarked By Divorces or Deaths

The name is familiar. It has held star position in the dramatic personae of San Diego history for the past 60 years. It stands on a summit overlooking El Cajon valley. It turned wastelands into Del Mar, Grossmont and Solana Beach.

Hold a mirror to San Diego and you'll see the name of its regnant family reflected there: Fletcher.

Who are the Fletchers — the fabulous San Diego family behind that name?

"You've heard of Heinz' 57 varieties," runs a family joke. "Well, there are 57 of us Fletchers."

It's a family that has never known a divorce, and never had a death. By any yardstick, it's a family of remarkable individuals. Its men have been legislators, lawyers and businessmen. Its women have married well.

Like any pioneer with a bold mind and a talent for getting big things done, Col. Ed Fletcher, the patriarch, has shouldered his share of calumny.

"Look me over carefully," he smiles. "You see, I have no horns."

A tall man with a trace of New England in his voice, he sits in a high backed wooden chair surrounded by great memories "I call this my rogues gallery," he says, gesturing toward photographs that all but conceal the pale green walls. The room is an inner sanctum behind his Ninth Street real estate office.

The photographs are all personally inscribed. "My Dear Ed," wrote Herbert Hoover. "There are others from former presidents of Mexico, from a youthful Prince of Wales, from generals and admirals and sergeants, from an old fishing companion, Gen. 'Exp' Arnold, who died only a few days ago.

Commanding one wall stands antique mahogany desk that looks out like a safe. It belonged to President U. S. Grant and was given to Fletcher by Grant's son, whose home once stood on the present site of El Cortez Hotel. "I'm 77 years old and I only work nine hours a day," Fletcher said. "I used to work 10." "My work has changed the face of San Diego, and given its residents water to drink. He spanked

and only this week completed a road to the top of Cuyamaca summit, the highest point in the county.

Del Mar, Grossmont, and Solana Beach were merely stretches of forgotten land until Fletcher turned them into spots on the map.

The map listed the small community of San Diego only out of charity in 1888 when Fletcher, a rangy 15, came here from Worcester, Mass., with \$6.10 in his pocket.

The late M. T. Gilmore, president of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, gave Fletcher his first job—cleaning up the cellar and backyard of the Gilmore home. It paid \$5.

Fletcher landed a more promising job soon after with Nason & Co., produce wholesalers, at Fifth and J. He worked up to the position of traveling salesman—on a bicycle.

"I used to make trips as far away as Riverside and San Jacinto. Those were rugged days."

It was a big step forward when Fletcher had saved enough to buy a horse (\$25), a second-hand buggy (\$15), and a harness (\$7.50). Then he put up his own shingle—and got married.

She was a girl from Ayer, Mass., whose ancestors, like Fletcher's, go back to early colonial times. Mary C. Batchelder's father was a judge, and when Fletcher traveled back to Ayer and proposed to her, Judge Batchelder "told me to go right back where I came from."

Fletcher persisted and the youngsters married in April, 1896. A few hours after the ceremony, they started back for San Diego.

They soon rented a house of their own, a brand new house, for \$15 a month. "It had five rooms and a bath of its own—a real treat in those days," Mrs. Fletcher recalls.

Many years and many children later, they moved into a 21-room home at Fourth and Walnut with seven baths.

When the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898, Mrs. Fletcher and their first born, Catherine, were visiting in New England. Fletcher was made a



"FORESIGHT'S a darn sight better'n hindsight," is the way Col. Ed Fletcher captioned this picture, snapped in 1891. In the dark shirt, he was a tall, loose-limbed 19 and mighty proud of his first horse and wagon, which cost \$47.50. The other chap is George Hazzard, an early friend.

She immediately wired: "Leaving for home tonight. Stay there till I come."

Her order was respected—thanks to circumstances. "The war ended before we could leave town," Fletcher said.

In 1903 Fletcher sold his produce business and entered the real estate field. His first important achievement was the organization of the Southcoast Land Company, which developed Del Mar.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fletcher was developing the Fletcher family—which eventually number seven boys and three girls, and proliferated 30 grandchildren, three great-grandchildren and two grandchildren by marriage. Add 10 sons and daughters-in-law and you have 57.

During those early years, Fletcher became associated with Owen Wister in the development of Grossmont and the 3500-acre tract east of El Cajon. There, Fletcher built the Wister home, where the famous author wrote "The Virginian," as well as the Schumann-Heink and Carrie Jacobs Bond homes.

the thirsty El Cajon, Lemon Grove and La Mesa areas.

During the next two decades Fletcher midwived the birth of new roads, new dams, reservoirs and residential areas that have made modern San Diego possible. They were things that others said could not be done.

Explained Mrs. Fletcher: "The word 'fail' is not in his vocabulary. He's an optimist to the nth degree. He makes things work out."

His refusal to bend to obstacles is perhaps illustrated by a desert air lamp you'll find in their two-story home overlooking the bay on the Point Loma peninsula. The air is painfully damp for Fletcher—but many members of the family live in that area so the appeal to remain there is very strong. The lamp burns all night beside Fletcher's bed—drying the air.

By time Fletcher was elected state senator in 1935, Mrs. Fletcher was coming into a new role.

Covering a span of 21 years, her ten children were now growing up and she began to watch their achievements with a

father, the seven Fletcher boys, were all top athletes.

"I couldn't begin to name the honors they've won—it is problem enough merely to keep track of birthdays."

All ten of the children graduated from San Diego High School, and then dispersed to various western colleges and universities. At Stanford, Charles, who later became congressman from this district, held the world's record for the breast stroke. Stephen, now vice president of the Ed Fletcher Real Estate Co., was a star football player at the University of Oregon. In all, five boys held national records.

All of the boys were affiliated with Phi Delta Theta fraternity, except Ed Jr., now a cattle raiser with a large land holdings in the Borego Valley, and Eugene, an Air Force colonel.

"Our children are all civic-minded," Mrs. Fletcher said. "We should feel we had failed as parents if they weren't."

But back in the days when they were always pestering her to make debts ("they still do"), and had to earn for her the award of

order of their appearance, they looked like this:

Catherine: "The executive type. Of all my children, she best fits the role of first born." Catherine married B. H. Taylor, a World War I aviator, now head of an automobile agency here.

ED JR.: "A sort of lone wolf as a boy. A fine chap."

CHARLES: "He's always almost late—but always gets there just on time. When he was a boy, and his turn came around to clean up the backyard, he always managed to get the neighborhood boys to do it. He'd sit on the fence and watch." Charles is now president of the Home Federal Loan Association.

LAWRENCE: "A beautiful disposition." Lawrence practices law in Oakland. He was formerly associated with Gov. Earl Warren as deputy district attorney and deputy attorney general.

WILLIS: "He always had his nose in a book." A graduate of the University of Oregon, Willis is in the insurance business locally.

STEPHEN: "He's his father's right hand bower. Wonderful disposition." Stephen is a Uni-

Colonel Ed, Still Is Active At 77, Works 9 Hours Day

it was Ferdinand who did it. He was a little divvel." A graduate of Stanford and The Hastings Law School, Ferdinand practices law in San Diego.

MARY LOUISE: "A very shy girl. You couldn't drive her out of the house." Mary Louise married Pitts Mack, former deputy district attorney here, whose father developed the Mack Truck.

EUGENE: "He was the hardest to handle." A graduate of USC, he led the industrial bombing of Rome during World War II, is now stationed in Pittsburgh. He was decorated by the president as well as by the British and French governments.

VIRGINIA: "Just like her father—a sparkling personality." Virginia married Comdr. Vernon C. Hawk, USN, during her third year at USC. They live in Coronado.

"In the next 10 years, with peace, I can see a million people living in San Diego county. But we must have water to achieve that population—every drop we can find.

Until the Fletcher name went up on the hills overlooking El Cajon, the name had never gone into the title of a nascent area. The records show, however, that the Fletcher name was behind the site gifts of dozens of country-wide parks, the Mt. Helix amphitheater, Grossmont High School and many other well-known and well-used spots.

"San Diego has been good to us," Fletcher said. "We consider ourselves lucky to have had the opportunity to see San Diego through its growing pains. It's been a happy life."

Wood Proved Able Prophet

Mrs. Fletcher sums up the 10 of them in a single sentence. "There's not a maverick in the lot."

Fletcher, who likes to refer to his wife as "our Mother Superior," served 12 years in the State Legislature. Their progeny grown up and married, the two parents took off on a world cruise last year.

"We hardly had time for sight-seeing—it took so much time to write cards home to everybody," Fletcher said.

A bright-eyed, white-haired woman, Mrs. Fletcher will tell you she has never spent a day in bed, except when the children were born, and has never had a headache. "But I've done things that should have given me one."

The unhappy part of having a large family, she said, is the difficulty in getting them all together. But last year, for the Fletcher 53rd wedding anniversary, all 57 gathered at Del Mar for 10 days.

The Fletcher home there is specially built to accommodate large family conclaves. It is a duplex 70 feet wide, with a removable partition at the center. With the barrier pushed aside, it is one home with the facilities and space of two.

Fletcher, who has always worked hard to bring the future to pass as he envisions it, sees great things for San Diego.

H. P. Wood, secretary-manager of the Chamber of Commerce for six years, qualified as a top flight prophet in 1905, when he made these predictions for development of the Naval base:

"The first step probably will be the building of the coaling station, followed by installation of a wireless telegraph plant.

"A Marine hospital also will be constructed, and a naval station established. Then will come a repair station. Ultimately there will be a drydock and shipbuilding yards."

Wood had just wound up four months of lobbying in Washington. His predictions came true, one by one, and in just about that order, too.

Mother Builds Own Home at 59

REDMESA, Colo. (U.P.) — The House that Mom Built is the pride of this little mountain town.

The five-room bungalow was put up, brick by brick, by Mrs. Estella Brady, a 59-year-old mother who decided to lick the high cost of living and the housing shortage by the simple expedient of a little hard work.

... "I used to work 10...
 ... work has changed the face...
 ... Diego, and given its real-...
 ... water to drink. He spanked...
 ... life Murray, Henshaw and...
 ... Hodges dams. In 1907 he...
 ... the first highway to Im-...
 ... Valley, with money donat-...
 ... the people of San Diego.

war broke out in 1898, Mrs. Fletcher and their first born, Catherine, were visiting in New England. Fletcher was made a major in the 1st Battalion, organized by U. S. Grant Jr.—news which reached Boston and which Mrs. Fletcher was alarmed to read.

Fletcher built the Wister home, where the famous author wrote "The Virginian," as well as the Schumann-Heink and Carrie Jacobs Bond homes. With James A. Murray, Fletcher purchased the San Diego Flume Co., in 1910, which brought water from Cuyamaca Lake to

Covering a span of 21 years, her ten children were now growing up and she began to watch their achievements with a mother's pride. "I've spent half my life in bleachers or at swimming pools," she said. Big men, like their

But days when they were always pestering her to make dots ("they still do"), and had to earn for her the award of "Outstanding California Mother of 1949," they were just kids, each with his own personality. Through mother's eyes, in the

is in the insurance business locally. STEPHEN: "He's his father's right hand bower. Wonderful disposition." Stephen is a University of Oregon graduate. FERDINAND: "Always into everything as a boy. If something happened, we always knew

facilities and space of two. Fletcher, who has always worked hard to bring the future to pass as he envisions it, sees great things for San Diego.

put up, brick by brick, by Mrs. Estella Brady, a 59-year-old mother who decided to lick the high cost of living and the housing shortage by the simple expedient of a little hard work.



The Fletchers — All '57 Varieties'

The unhappiest aspect of having a large family is the task of getting them all together, according to Mrs. Ed Fletcher. And she knows, what with 10 children, 3 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. The entire clan was gathered for this unique picture at the 53rd wedding anniversary of Col. and Mrs. Fletcher in Del Mar last year.

Fletcher, Peter Fletcher, Michael Fletcher, Charles Kim Fletcher Jr., and Edward Fletcher III. Third row: Cmdr. Vernon Hawk and Virginia Hawk, Mary Louise and Pitts Mack, Catherine and Harry Taylor,

Willis and Jane Fletcher, Eugene and Claire Fletcher, Louise and Steve Fletcher, Jeannette and Charles K. Fletcher, Lillian and Lawrence Fletcher, Mildred and Ed Fletcher Jr., Virginia and Ferdinand Fletcher.

Left to right, front row, are: Marcy Rose, held by Dale Fletcher; Catherine Allen, held by Eloise Fletcher; Pauline Mack, Virginia Mack, John Edward Hawk, held by Carolyn Fletcher; Susan Rowk, Mary Catherine Hawk, Susan Fletcher, Mary E. Fletcher, Diane Fletcher, Col. Ed Fletcher, Mrs. Ed Fletcher, Bobby Hawk, Tommy Hawk, Bobby Fletcher, Eugene Fletcher Jr., Larry Fletcher, holding David Fletcher, Ferdinand Fletcher Jr., Victoria Fletcher, Steve Fletcher Jr. and Stephen Allen.

Second row: Charlotte and Howard Rose, Barbara and Gerald Allen, Mary Catherine Taylor, Lila Fletcher, John

A SAN DIEGO TRADITION!
 1920
 1950

We Are Proud to Have Served San Diegans for 30 Years

**FINE PHOTO FINISHING
 ALL RELIABLE CAMERAS and ACCESSORIES
 MOTION PICTURE RENTALS**

Bunnell PHOTO SHOP

Bridge-Playing Women Hosts

ST. LOUIS (U.P.) — Eight St. Louis women who haven't missed their monthly club luncheon and bridge game afterward for 25 years celebrated the anniversary at a dinner party in a downtown

... all together—
 we can make the next
 80 years even finer
 than the first!



... where San Diegans have been saving for over 44 years.

**The Nelson-Moore Co.
 Congratulates the
 Chamber of Commerce**

This pioneer men's clothing store pays tribute to the San Diego Chamber of Commerce on its achievements during the past eighty years.

We believe that the chamber has contributed a great deal towards the growth and prosperity of the city.

This firm has been a member of the Chamber of Commerce continuously since 1906, the year we started in business as

**BENBOUGH & GILLONS
 at 945 5th Ave.**

Clair Nelson joined the organization in 1907 and became a member of the firm in 1910, when it moved to 1045 5th Avenue. In 1912 the firm became

GILLONS-NELSON CO.

In 1925 Mr. Hal Moore purchased the interest of Mr. Gillons, and the firm then became

NELSON-MOORE CO.

... moving to the present location at 631 Broadway in 1927.

In April, 1948, two junior partners were added, Mr. Jack C. Thompson Jr., son-in-law of Clair Nelson, and Mr. Robert C. Moore, son of Hal Moore.

As we look back on those forty-four intervening years we feel that this pioneer concern has served San Diegans well, and has established a reputation for fine merchandise and fair dealing that is unsurpassed.

Nelson-Moore Co.

COL. ED FLETCHER

AT 79 HE SAYS, 'I'VE ENJOYED EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE'

By EDMUND RUCKER

If you should spend a day with 79-year-old Col. Ed Fletcher you would be well advised to stock up on benzadrene and, peradventure, some seasick remedy. You will be in for a strenuous journey. You will be in for an educational journey. You will learn about San Diego County, and you will be regaled by the achievements of a remarkable man who has won and lost one fortune and then won a second fortune. You will streak over paved highways and you will pray for deliverance as the Fletcher limousine swings dizzily around sharp curves within inches of a plunge to eternity.

You'll Be Busy!

You will churn through freshly turned soil of mountain roads still under construction. All the while you will thrill to the reminiscences of a Yankee trader's canny foresight, to a happy warrior's zest in foiling adversaries, of obstacles turned into opportunities. You will laugh at droll humor—how you will laugh! You will catch some trout (in 10 minutes!). And when the tour is ended you will wonder if the sun ever sets on Fletcher real estate.

But before starting on this expedition let us take a look at the man himself. Col. Fletcher is six feet three inches tall and well proportioned, with no surplus weight. Despite his size and a slight limp, he is, in fistic parlance, fast on his feet. His keen face is dominated by a proconsular nose. He oozes personal charm, and you discover that he is kindly, gracious, thoroughly democratic, buoyant and jocular to the point of waggishness. A quizzical smile plays about his mouth in a kind of perpetual chuckle as he recalls his bouts with opponents. At frequent intervals throughout the day, he interjects: "I've enjoyed every day of my life. I've gambled and won and lost and won again. But I've had a lot of fun."

Ten Children

Col. Fletcher also reminds you that he has sired seven sons and three daughters, all of whom have made successful marriages, that when all the Fletchers get together—including grandchildren and great grandchildren—there are, in his words, "57 varieties." (I check with Ed Fletcher Jr. on this number and he said he believed it correct, but admitted he had not taken a census recently.)

As the Fletcher car sped north through Rose Canyon, I learned that he is a native of Massachusetts, that he was reared in Boston and Worcester. He arrived in San Diego at 15 with a capital of \$6.10, and immediately prepared for a business career by depositing \$5 in the San Diego Savings Bank. But step down, Rucker, and let the man speak for himself.

Got \$5 a Week

"I went to work," he recalls, "at \$5 a week, and made it a rule to save 5 percent of my wages even if I had to go hungry. When I was 22 I returned to Massachusetts to marry the most wonderful woman on this old planet. I had known her since I was 14 and she was 10.

Met her when she got stuck in a tree and I climbed up and rescued her. The youngsters used to 'swing the birch' which meant they would climb a birch tree and crawl out on a limb which they expected would bend down to the ground. One little girl (Mary C. B. Batchelder) got on a limb that was too strong to give under her weight. Then she slipped and

said, "can deliver 1600 gallons a minute of pure, clear water. I have spent a lot of money experimenting to locate these wells. I have offered to lease this property to San Diego or to sell it and arbitrate the price."

(The three wells, I learned later, would deliver six million gallons a day to Lake Hodges. Average daily water consumption of San Diego is 50 million gallons.)

We dashed east and presently were passing the huge cattle ranch and dairy of Henry Fenton. "What a dear, grand fellow Henry is!" said the colonel as he eyed caterpillar's grading Fenton soil for plant-

Ramona, then cut back into Highway 78. Addressing the chauffeur, Col. Fletcher said: "George, (George Schmauder), remind me in 20 minutes to take my medicine. You sing out, 'Fletcher, take your medicine.'" Presently we were passing the sprawling roadside home of the late George Sawday. The colonel reached into his coat pocket and brought out a sheaf of checks. "I'm collecting donations for the Julian Historical Museum," he said. "It will contain a stone marker for Sawday. He was a great cattleman, a fine, useful citizen, and a loyal friend."

On we rushed past Santa Ysabel to the road leading to



COL. AND MRS. ED FLETCHER
He Came Here at 15 With Capital of \$6.10

hung upside down by her skirts. I shinned up the tree and brought her down."

The limousine swung east at the Marine rifle range to Highway 395 and then turned north past Lake Hodges, where it again turned east to the lush San Pasqual Valley. Presently it swerved off the paved road and rolled into the farm which the colonel leases to Curtis C. Cox. Here he left the car to discuss with Curtis the capping of three wells he has sunk. You learn quickly that water is second only to land as his favorite topic. As the chauffeur swung the car around to get back on Highway 78 Fletcher was grumbling about the city's indifference to his offer to supply it with water.

"Each of these wells," he

ing. "On our left suddenly loomed the California memorial to Gen. Kearny and the battle of San Pasqual, and the colonel recalled that the land here was donated to the state by him. Presently we were winding up the deep canyon leading to Ramona and something reminded him of the late Col. Ira Copley, of whom he also spoke with deep affection. "We were good friends for many years," he said. "Mrs. Fletcher and I often spent week ends in the country with the Copleys. Once I challenged Ira to a fishing contest. I offered to bet \$5 I could catch more trout with a white string and hooked pin than he could with his expensive tackle. He couldn't get the bet down fast enough. Well, I finished up with 18 and he had 11."

The limousine eased around

Pine Hills, then up and up and around and around (oh the stomach)! Through dense forests of towering pines we whirled until on our right loomed a narrow dirt road leading downward. "Turn in here," ordered the colonel. The chauffeur nosed the car into the dirt road. It curved around a mountain. Our ears caught the growl of a grader ahead of us. Presently we came to freshly turned soil. The chauffeur halted the car.

"It looks pretty soft," he demurred.

"Hit it hard!" ordered the colonel almost jovially. "Hit it hard!"

"It looks pretty soft," repeated the chauffeur unhappily.

"Hit it hard!" repeated the

(Continued on Page d-2, Col. 1)



START OF HUGE NAVY HOUSING PROJECT
Front, left to right, Scott, Fletcher, Baker, Flaherty and A. Ray Benedict

Admiral Breaks Sod For 895 New Homes

Work on Cabrillo Heights, \$6,754,000 Navy housing project on Kearny Mesa, was pushed today with a prediction that the first families could move in by mid-July.

Rear Adm. Wilder D. Baker, Eleventh Naval District commandant, turned the first shovelful of earth yesterday in a brief ceremony.

The 110-acre site runs along Palm Avenue north of Linda Vista. The project will contain 895 dwellings from single family to multiple-unit types housing up to eight families. The entire project will be built and operated by the Western Area Housing Co., a private corporation.

Donald Scott, president, was in hand for the ground-breaking, as was Capt. I. A. Flaherty, public works officer for the Eleventh Naval District. Also present was Col. Ed Fletcher, from whom Western Housing purchased the tract.

The first families can move in by mid-July and the entire project is expected to be completed by December, Scott said.

After turning the first shovelful of earth, Baker said:

"When this project is completed, roughly one-fourth to one-third of our immediate housing needs as known now will be satisfied. When we get the other half of the 1791 housing units in this critical and crowded defense area, we feel that all Navy and Marine housing needs will have been met—unless we grow much more."

The remaining half of the housing needs for servicemen and their families here will be built in another section, he said. Paradise Hills has been considered.

The Cabrillo Heights contract has been signed jointly by the Navy, Federal Housing Adminis-

tration and Western Area Housing. The F.H.A. is insuring the mortgage on the project.

The rental units will be occupied by both enlisted and officer personnel of the Navy and Marine Corps. The buildings will be of conventional stucco-frame construction. Rent rates will be set by the Navy and will include water, gas and electricity.

RANK BAKER

THE FLETCHER STORY

San Diego Paradise at First Sight

Editor's Note—Col. Ed Fletcher, who came to San Diego Sept. 3, 1888, at the age of 15, will be 80 years old Wednesday. Because his family is now so large it is difficult to get them all together, the birthday will be celebrated today as a time most convenient to the greatest number of them. There will be a large family party at the Fletcher home, 869 Rosecrans St. The life of Col. Fletcher and his family has been closely mingled with the flow of history here. So The Union asked him—Col. Fletcher long has treasured The Union's cord making him a special honorary correspondent—to give us a birthday story. Here it is:

By COL. ED FLETCHER

From Massachusetts, where I was born Dec. 31, 1872, my trip to San Diego in September, 1888, by train was a happy and interesting event. My journey was first and agriculture third. I early saw that water was the blood of the soil and was soon buying damsites and interesting the Santa Fe railroad. James A. Murray and W. G. Henshaw in the building of the Lake Hodges system, the Cuyamaca system and Lake Henshaw. I was a promoter, and what a pleasure it has been to see some of my dreams come true.

San Diego was paradise! The many Indians thrilled me as I rode through the back country on a bicycle. My sister Bess (Mrs. Jarvis L. Doyle), was here, but she and her good husband left in three or four months and I found myself alone, working for M. C. Nason & Co. and living on \$5 a week. I paid \$3.50 per week for room and board, except lunch. I made some extra money selling newspapers Sunday.

RAGING TORRENT There were no electric lights and only wooden sidewalks; no paved streets, Fifth Ave., a dirt road, a raging torrent at times four feet deep, gave me the pleasure of carrying many a woman in my arms across the street.

W. H. "Hem" Porterfield's mother was a mother to me. Lotie Porterfield told me Wednesday night that I am the only man living who attended her wedding. Hem, who was with the old San Diego Sun, was like a brother to me.

Few realize the money spent dreaming of an eastern railroad and when, thanks to John D. Spreckels, we did get one, what a sacrifice! George W. Marston sacrificed more of his time and money for a railroad than any other individual, excepting Spreckels. Changing conditions, particularly the paved highways, have put our railroad out of business from a passenger viewpoint.

Will we ever forget our fight for state and national highways? Money was raised by private subscription to build the Mountain Springs Grade, and the plank road across the canyon. Co-operating with Arizona was the Yuma bridge, the

to get this water from the Colorado River. But the aqueduct is a slender thread, easily broken by earthquake or malice. We should keep more water stored in San Diego reservoirs.

As I understand it the United States Government is using 40 percent of all the water consumed here, and its responsibility is great in seeing that we get a sufficient supply.

We are growing in population nearly 100 percent every 10 years and the day will come when we will have subdivisions 25 miles from San Diego—in Alpine, Suncrest, the hills overlooking El Cajon Valley, the coast lands and from Linda Vista mesa to Escondido. This property will be residential and small farms with water. All can reach San Diego in one-half to three-quarters of an hour.

STATE CONTROL

These districts must all have water and it is our responsibility to look ahead and get it. Our state engineer, Mr. (A.D.) Edmonston, has a dream coming true—the development of the Feather River, with 325,000 acre feet set aside for San Diego County alone. I want to see this financed by revenue bonds, a state project and not controlled by Washington. The Trinity and Klamath Rivers will later be coming to Southern California.

There is no more water to be developed along the coast from San Jose to Los Angeles. Mr. Edmonston is my authority that the Feather River job should be completed within five years.

It would look as if the Metropolitan Water District is reaching out for a monopoly of all our future water supply from the north for Southern California, but by all means the state should control it.

I was happy to be the author (as state senator) of the bill which transferred from the state to the city the 1800-acre tract for our Mission Bay marine development. Its possibilities are unlimited and some day it will be internationally famous.

DECISIONS NEEDED

I am glad, after 25 years, to see Sutherland Dam being built by the city, for I had the pleasure of discovering and buying the damsite and reservoir site more than 10 years ago. But the cheapest water San Diego ever develops will be in Mission Gorge Gaiate No. 3. The city

limits of San Diego now extend to Mission Gorge. When that dam is built there will be two beautiful islands and the lake will be one of our greatest attractions.

Super-Hodges, of course, will be built, but we are growing much faster than we are developing our local water. We must make some definite decisions soon on our northern water. Probably a third of our supply in San Diego County comes from underground sources and no one knows the future possibilities. We have, for instance, four wells on the Hills. Our last well went 800 feet, through 740 feet of solid granite, until the underground stream was reached. The water under pressure from below rises to within 60 feet of the surface from 450 feet below sea level. We have a source of supply thousands of feet below sea level, entirely independent of the San Diego River watershed.

HIGHWAY PROGRESS

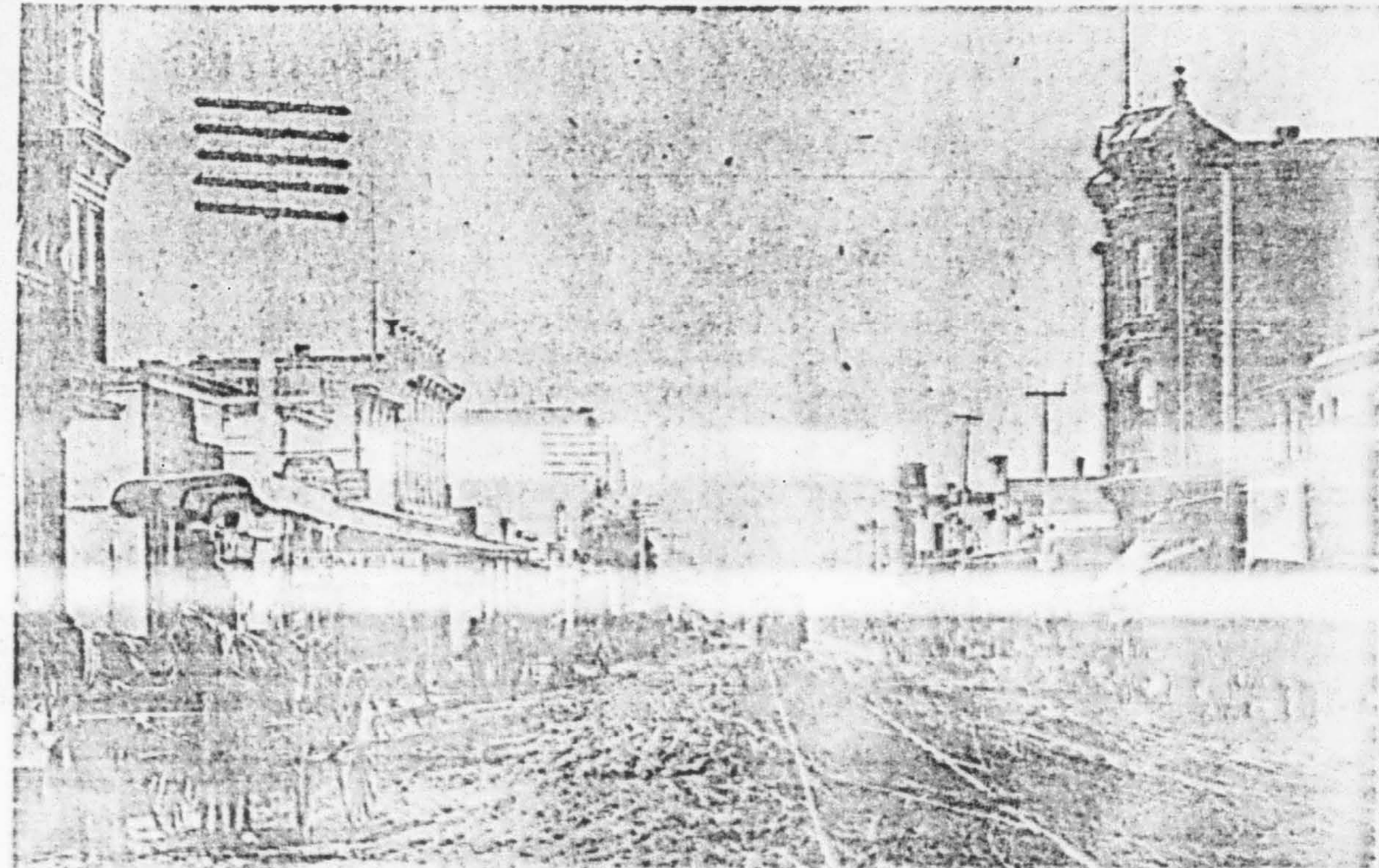
Frank Forward and his associates are doing remarkable work fighting for San Diego in obtaining highways and we must be on the alert to keep up with the growing population to get the best highway transportation possible. I want to pay a word of tribute to the State Highway Commission and E. E. Wallace, who are doing their utmost under existing conditions to give us the necessary freeways.

Remarkable corporations like Convoir, Solar and Rohr are our mainstay at the present time. Our transportation system in San Diego is a credit to the city and the San Diego Gas & Electric Co. has done its part in keeping up with the rapid growth.

GREAT EXPERIENCE

The banks, business men and churches have done their part and I want to pay a word of tribute to a dear, departed friend, Col. Ira C. Copley, who loved and did so much for San Diego.

With a short time to live, I am grateful for the opportunity of paying tribute to those I have mentioned and thousands of others who have made San Diego what it is today. It has been a wonderful life experience to have grown up with San Diego from the horse and buggy days to the atomic age. Mrs. Fletcher and I are deeply grateful for the privilege of being with all the people helping San Diego be what it is today.



Downtown San Diego as it looked when Col. Ed Fletcher came here as a boy in 1888. This photo, from the historical collection of the Union Title Insurance & Trust Co., shows Fifth Ave. looking south from Broadway. No city streets had yet been paved and the sidewalks were made of wood.



Fletcher at the wheel of his Maxwell, crossing the San Diego River at Eagle Creek, with George W. Marston alongside and John Iselin, city planner, in the rear. Photo from the historical collection, Union Title Insurance & Trust Co.

Fletcher made a success of his life here by being a little ahead of time, so this is how he looks as he celebrates his 80th birthday today at his home, 869 Rosecrans St. He actually reached his 80th birthday Wednesday.

Communist Offices In Tel Aviv Bombed

TEL AVIV, Israel, (The Associated Press)—A bomb was thrown into the empty Tel Aviv headquarters of the Communist Party early today but caused little damage and no casualties. This was the second attack on Communist clubs in Israel since the anti-Zionist, anti-Israel attitude displayed in last month's trial of 14 Czech Communist leaders in Prague, 11 of whom were of Jewish origin.

Brave Brakemen Endures Pain Under Engine Cab

MOSES LAKE, Wash., Dec. 27.—A brave, young brakemen calmly smoked cigarettes and chatted about the weather for seven hours today while rescuers cut him free from a crumpled locomotive cab where two other trainmen died when a freight jumped the tracks. George A. Shattuck, 21, of Pocatello, Wash., was taken from the wreckage of the train wrecked at the mouth of the Snake River, 10 miles from Moses Lake, today.

Ford Sets Record

DEARBORN, Mich., Dec. 27.—The Ford Motor Co. revealed today it delivered 41,812 passenger cars during the second 10 days of December, its highest 10-day delivery period since prior to World War II.

SAVE WHERE YOU COME FIRST — IT'S SAVE ME

after Christmas SALE! Dohmann's

Col. Fletcher Selects His Helix Home

"Ten thousand welcomes," as the Irish say, to Col. Ed Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher who, after all these years, are coming to live, next to, on Mt. Helix which Col. Fletcher developed.

The former M. H. Howell home on Mesa Vista is undergoing extensive renovations and additions in preparation of the arrival of the Fletchers.

Probably no man has left a deeper impression on the foothills than Col. Ed Fletcher. But he is not here for a few years when the house will be his home. He and his wife have been here for many years.

Col. Fletcher's home on Mesa Vista is a beautiful example of the architecture of the early 20th century. It is a large, two-story house with a prominent tower and a wrap-around porch.

W. H. "Hem" Porterfield's mother was a mother to me. Lotie Porterfield told me Wednesday night that I am the only man living who attended her wedding. Hem, who was with the old San Diego Sun, was like a brother to me.

Few realize the money spent dreaming of an eastern railroad and when, thanks to John D. Spreckels, we did get one, what a sacrifice! George W. Marston sacrificed more of his time and money for a railroad than any other individual, excepting Spreckels.

Will we ever forget our fight for state and national highways? Money was raised by private subscription to build the Mountain Springs Grade, and the plank road across the canyon. Co-operating with Arizona was the Yuma bridge, the

GREATER LA MESA NEWS

12/24/52

W R I G H T



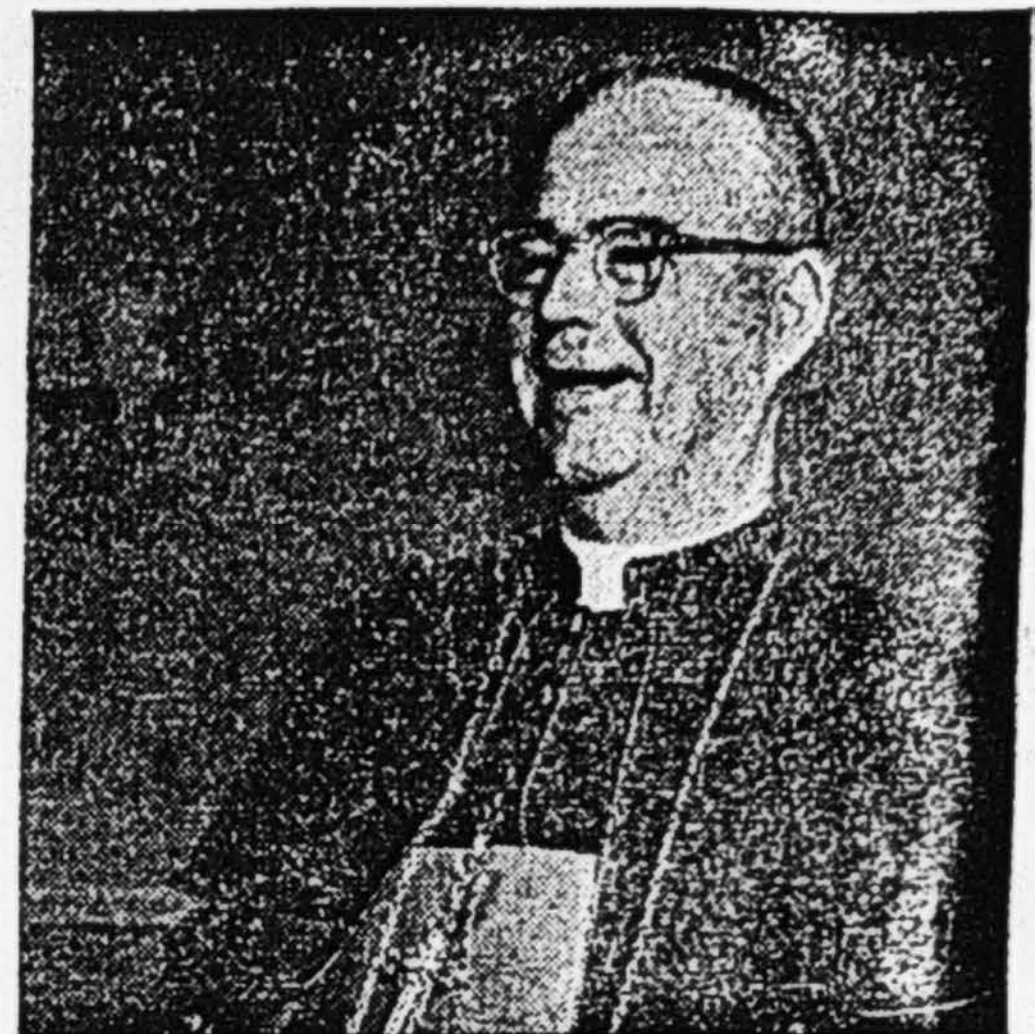
"POP" MILLAR DAY for local juvenile officer was covered by LIFE in 1947. (He formed Junior Traffic Patrol and had lowest juvenile problem rates in Southern California area.) "Pop" says: "At least a thousand people whom I had never seen before said to me, 'You are the policeman who was in LIFE.' To this day, many people remember the story in LIFE."



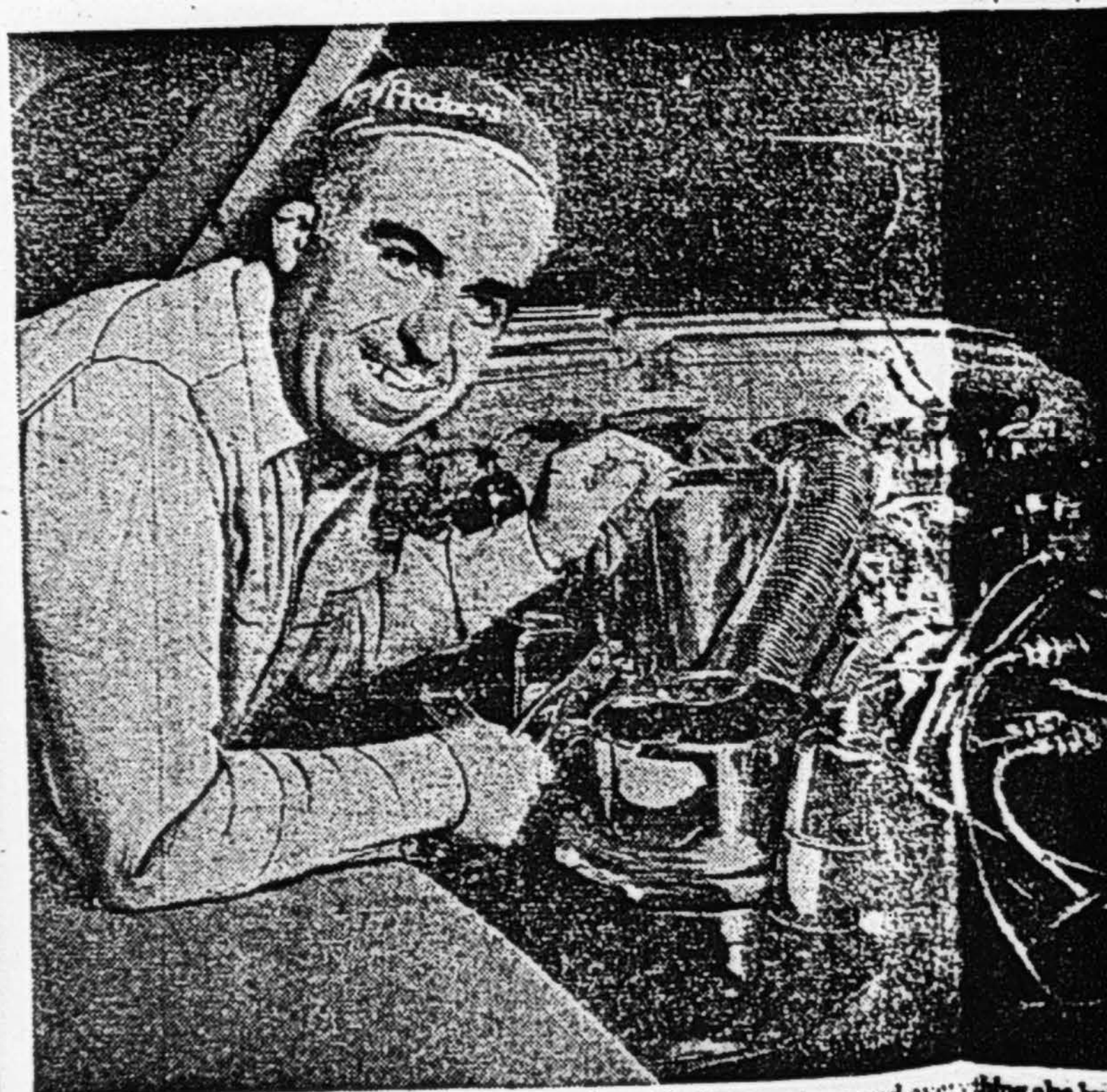
ED FLETCHER, "Mr. San Diego," who came here in 1888, is responsible more than any other single man for the city's growth. He says: "I love LIFE's variety. Every issue has something in it which appeals to all."



11TH NAVAL DISTRICT COMMANDANT Rear Admiral J. W. Roper, governs navy base of San Diego: "LIFE has proven an excellent publication in bringing up-to-date news of world events into the lives of naval personnel."



BISHOP of San Diego's Catholic Diocese, C. F. Buddy: "I know the effect of LIFE because many of our people bring articles to my attention for discussion. LIFE is doing a big educational job, bringing the news to many millions."



GADGET-LOVING Louis Mattar equipped his car with shower, stove and everything else but the kitchen sink for nonstop ride from San Diego to New York (LIFE, March 16, 1952). He says: "I had phone calls from New York, Chicago and many other cities. I even got letters from foreign countries—so many the post office here made me pick them up myself."



FLIGHT ENGINEER W. F. Chana built world's smallest plane (LIFE, Dec. 20, 1948). He says: "LIFE's story on the Wee Bee brought mail from all kinds of people. Some wanted to buy it—some were just curious."



ZOO DIRECTOR Belle Benchley is also a best-selling author: "LIFE brings the world closer to all, and through its pictures makes many people aware of the news. Its stories of animals in particular help to educate and inform."

HOLLYWOOD-STYLE opening, pictured in LIFE, put R. A. Wright's refrigeration store on map. He says: "I got wires and letters from all over, heard about LIFE's story for more than six months afterwards."

LIFE hits

SAN DIEGO?

TOURISTS and tuna, avocados and aircraft—these are only some of the commodities by which San Diego earns its living, and fashions a leisurely, sun-warmed way of life that is unique among U. S. cities.

Even the thermometers are shorter in San Diego, since temperatures vary only 21 degrees through the year. But the interests of San Diego's people range far and wide—from deep-sea research to one-man airplanes—from chimpanzees to souped-up Cadillacs—as you see in the pictures on these pages.

Perhaps that is why, as in city after city across the nation, 3 out of 5 of San Diego's households—92,010 in all—are readers of LIFE.* Certainly they share the universal American hunger to see and know and understand . . . the curiosity about folks next door and peoples across the sea that is satisfied only by LIFE's special kind of picture-and-text reporting.

On these pages, you see how the people of San Diego, like people everywhere, respond to LIFE. You see how admiral, rancher and engineer . . . fisherman and food store owner . . . bishop and boniface . . . each feels the impact of LIFE upon his individual interests, as well as on his general concern with the way others live and work and play together.

Knowing how readily people respond to LIFE, U.S. business entrusts, week after week, the greatest investment of American business dollars to LIFE in the history of advertising.

**From: A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE (1952), by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. A LIFE-reading household is one in which any adult member has read one or more of thirteen issues.*

LIFE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York

What happens to INSTITUTIONS...



SCRIPPS INSTITUTE of Oceanography Professor C. E. ZoBell: "It's important to inform the public of scientific discoveries, a job LIFE does with entertaining and educational picture stories that are read by millions each week."



What happens to PEOPLE



DEED PRESENTED

Ed Fletcher, left, charter member of Egyptian Order of Scots, San Diego, presents deed to organization's camp site at Lake Cuyamaca to Toparch Isadore Jacobson. Land was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

Scots Plan Dedication Of Camp Site

CUYAMACA LAKE — New camp site grounds opposite the lodge here will be dedicated at 11 a.m. Sunday by the Egyptian Order of Scots, of San Diego, it was announced yesterday.

Land for the camp was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fletcher, of San Diego, as a monument to the humanitarianism of the order. Fletcher is a charter member of the order.

A permanent camp building and cottage will be erected soon for families of Scots. A pyramid and plaque, and a 30-foot steel flag pole already have been installed.

The Scots will hold their annual picnic and games following the dedication and flag-raising. Directional markers will point out the route to the camp site.

COL. ED FLETCHER

(Continued from Page d-1)
colonel. "If we get stuck the grader will pull us out."

We backed up a few feet and rammed forward, plowed through soft soil hup deep. The rear wheels whirred and the car groaned as it crawled downward around a precipice and the happy warrior laughed boyishly. The car stopped at a freshly-furrowed turn-around. "What a magnificent view!" he exclaimed as he swept a hand in the direction of a thrilling panorama of rugged tumbling mountains and blue sky. "This is the Switzerland of America!" The grader buzzed to a stop, and its operator climbed down from his perch to report to the colonel. After a discussion of the work orders were given for a return to the paved road and we plowed back up and around the precipice.

Wonderful Time

"I've had my share of acclaim," said Col. Fletcher as we turned back onto the hard Pine Hills Road. "And I've been called an ogre. But I've had a wonderful time in this life. I was state senator for 12 years. I've had plenty of opposition. I've had to fight. There was the time I was trying to get Highway 80 routed through Flynn Springs and Alpine. John D. Spreckels wanted it to go the southern route through Ja-

mul and Campo. He had enormous political influence and he was pulling political wires, but I had a cousin, A. B. Fletcher, who was state highway engineer. The road was built through Flynn Springs and Alpine."

We whirled on through heavy mountain timber and around an endless succession of curves and dips like a roller coaster. The colonel swallowed a lozenge for a sore throat. "I also was in opposition to Spreckels as a newspaperman," he said. "With George Marston and Templeton Johnson, I published The San Diego Independent for several years. Spreckels owned The Union and Tribune in those days."

Sells Newspaper

One day he walked into the Independent office when I was there. "Look here, Ed," he said. "You and I have been friends for many years, haven't we?" I said we had. "Well," he sparred, "are we going to continue as friends or are we going to fight to a finish?" I said, "For God's sake, John don't keep me in suspense—how much are you going to offer for The Independent?" He said "seventy-five thousand dollars." I said, "It's a deal."

The Fletcher limousine was now coasting down the long descent to Cuyamaca Lake. On the floor of the valley it suddenly swerved to a halt at a fish pond. The colonel eased his tall form out of the rear seat, and hurried to the cabin of the operator—Kelly Perkins. "We want four trout!" he cried. "I say we want four trout and we can stay only 10 minutes. We must have four trout in 10 minutes! Perkins and Mrs. Perkins dashed into their cabin and almost immediately came out running, each with a casting rod. One rod was handed to the colonel and one to me. We cast the lines into the pond and in a matter of seconds the colonel yanked out a trout. "Did I say 10 minutes?" he crowed happily. Then I felt a tug at my line and lifted a second trout from the water. The lines were baited by Perkins and presently we had the stipulated four trout. They were cleaned and boxed by Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and that evening graced the supper table of a roving reporter.

Friend of Johnson

We got back into the car and started the return journey. The colonel chuckled, "When did we start on this trip—was it this morning or yesterday?" Down Highway 79 we sped past lovely summer homes, ranches, charming rural vistas. Somehow the talk got around to Hiram Johnson. The colonel and Gov. Johnson were warm friends.

"It was disastrous," said Fletcher, "that Charles Evans Hughes, when he came to California in the presidential campaign against Woodrow Wilson, should have ignored Gov.

Johnson. Hughes came to San Diego to speak, and a dinner was given him by local Republicans. I sat next to Hughes at the table. I said, "Governor why have you snubbed Gov. Johnson? He is popular in California. He has just been elected governor by 400,000 majority." He replied that he had done it on the recommendation of the Republican National Committee. I said, "I would like to bring you and Gov. Johnson together. I know that at this moment he is at the Virginia Hotel in Long Beach. Would it be all right with you if I should call him by telephone and arrange a meeting with you?" Gov. Hughes said he had no objections. After the dinner I put in a call for Gov. Johnson, and was told by the Virginia Hotel that he had departed 15 minutes earlier.

Lost by 4000 Votes

"The next morning I learned that Johnson was in Los Angeles, and I believed I could locate him. I called on Gov. Hughes, who was preparing to leave San Diego, and told him I would try to get in touch with Hiram Johnson to arrange a meeting. He looked at me frigidly and said, "It will not be necessary!" Well the Republicans lost California by 4000 votes and California's electors gave the presidency to Woodrow Wilson."

Two years ago Col. and Mrs. Fletcher journeyed around the world. Two days out from Yokohama they received aboard their steamer, the President Monroe, a wireless from Gen. Douglas MacArthur, an old friend, inviting them to dine at the American Embassy at Tokyo. They wirelessed acceptance, and Gen. MacArthur sent his aide, Col. Sydney Huff, to Yokohama to escort them to Tokyo.

Writing Memoirs

Back aboard ship and moving out to sea, Col. Fletcher wirelessed a message of thanks and farewell. It began with these words—"As Japan fades into the distance—" The San Diegoan now wonders if this verbiage could have influenced subconsciously the famous MacArthur peroration—"old soldiers fade away."

Col. Fletcher is writing his memoirs, and soon they will be published. What a story he has to tell!

Reports Show Big
in Conditions—Cheer-
Shown Everywhere
Situation—Trade Is
Over Country—
Is Still to Be Found
Among Manufacturers.
Banker Says Interior
Their Cash—Putting
They Are Running
Normal Point—There
ntly to Supply All

Days Normal Condition Will Be Es-
tablished.

Local news headings—Popular
Couple Surprise Friends—C. C.
Jewett of Salt Lake Route and
Elena Altamarino, From One of San
Diego's Oldest and Most Respected
Families, United in Marriage.
Realty Man Loses Arm in Acci-
dent—Weapon Discharged While O.
J. Ellsworth Is on Auto Trip in
Valley.

Chattel Mins Now in Operation
—Los Angeles Concern Using Slabs
From Benson Saw Mill for Material.
Ed Fletcher Named As Lieut.
Colonel—Former Captain of Co. B
Is Appointed on Staff of Governor
Gillett.
Campaign Against Hobo Element
Is Being Waged—Large Number of
Sons of Rest Are Discovered Camp-
ing on Outskirts—Professional Yegg
Men, With Youths Accompanying,
Flocking Into San Diego.

Col. Ed Fletcher Writes 'Memoirs'

Noted San Diegan Finishes 750-Page
Book; Vivid History of Early Times

By CLARENCE A. MCGREW
Editor Emeritus, The Union

This is the story of the man who heads the best known San Diego family of today and about what he and his family have done.

It's about Ed Fletcher, who has just issued his "Memoire," a sturdy book on which he has been working for years, a bit at a time. The volume is dedicated to his wife, and addressed to his seven sons and three daughters. Copies have been presented to his family, close friends and associates, a privately printed, limited edition, as the title page says.

FAMILY WELL KNOWN

Nearly everyone in San Diego knows about or has heard about that Fletcher family, or someone in it, but few have realized what a record of accomplishment its head and the rest of them have piled up. "Col. Ed" has surely set it all down in black and white. The record is extensive.

For one thing, Col. Ed has been concerned with a lot of water development in San Diego County.

He has opened up a number of residence and recreation areas. He has brought to San Diego County probably more residents and people with money than any other one person has to his credit.

TIRELESS WORKER

He has been an enthusiastic and tireless worker for good roads, not only in California but clear across the nation, where he pushed for paved national highways.

He has been active in politics and a front line worker for clean and honest government, and did a big job as state senator several years ago, serving three terms, or 12 years in all.

But do you know what he is proudest of?

Not those reservoirs. Not those "developments." Not those fine roads. Not those political honors.

PRIDE IN FAMILY

His pride is centered in that Fletcher family, starting of course with Mrs. Fletcher, beautiful New England girl who became the colonel's bride years ago, and including those seven Fletcher boys and three fine Fletcher girls, all 10 children married, without a divorce to mar the happy picture.

That's what makes the colonel stand up, to the full extent of his 6 feet, 3 inches, throw out

his chest and display that grand smile of pride and affection.

Col. Fletcher decided some years ago that he was going to write a book about his accomplishments. So he set down a few facts in his own way and style every once in a while.

MATERIAL PILES UP

About two years ago he had quite a pile of typewritten material at his office as a result of his dictation to secretaries. Then he started to assemble his photographs, not only pictures of the Fletcher family but friends, associates, some national figures, but mainly San Diego folk, old and new.

His book, which contains 750 pages, is literally jammed with those pictures.

NOTHING LIKE IT

There's been nothing like it in San Diego history, so from that angle it is too bad that the book was not designed for the public. But maybe the colonel will get out a revised edition some day for the general public.

Such a volume would make a valuable contribution to the history of this part of the United States. As it is, the "Memoirs of Ed Fletcher" make a valuable reference book for those lucky enough to get copies of the volume.

SEVERAL PICTURES

Included in the book's picture are several of the colonel himself, among them some taken when he was a long-legged kid in overalls back in New England, later in San Diego. In some of them you will notice the poetic, dreamy eyes of the young man. Don't let that fool you.

Ed Fletcher wasn't thinking of a bewitching verse as he posed for that picture. He wasn't thinking of tomorrow, either. He was way ahead of you in the day after tomorrow. For he is the kind of dreamer who believes in making dreams come true and starts right out to make it all happen. And he has a wonderful personality and magnetic enthusiasm to back up his appeals to friends to help him attain his goal.

BORN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

They were getting ready to ring in a new year at 11:30 p.m. on Dec. 31, 1872, when Col. Fletcher was born in Littleton, Mass., near Concord, where was fired that shot heard 'round the world to start the American Revolution.

His family came upon hard times, and Ed had to go to work when a young boy.

He arrived in San Diego Sept. 3, 1888, having been encouraged to come here by a sister already living in San Diego. He had some clothes and \$5.10 when he arrived, and the next day he



Col. Ed Fletcher has just published a volume of memoirs recounting his career of more than 60 years in San Diego. The volume is dedicated to his wife.

walked into the San Diego Trust & Savings Bank and deposited \$5 of his money with Myron T. Gilmore, then cashier.

That started a friendship that lasted many years.

Mr. Gilmore also gave Ed the job of cleaning up the Gilmore yard; that took three days and earned Ed a \$5 gold piece.

In a short time Fletcher got a job as salesman with Nason &

Smith, produce dealers, later M. C. Nason & Co., stayed with it travelling all over the county, on the east and to Perris, Hemet and San Jacinto in the north.

For a while young Fletcher rode as far as he could by bicycle, ferrying it on his shoulders when he had to cross a fordable stream or when the mud was too deep for cycling.

For expenses he got \$2.50 a

day, which, he says, "was big money to me then."

His highest salary, he reports, was \$90 a month, but he had "an experience of a lifetime." You could buy a woolen suit then for \$13.50 and a good dinner for 25 cents, so \$90 a month meant something.

MARRIED IN 1896

In those days there was already a water question, as in all later periods. Most of the drinking water came from pumps in the San Diego River sands near Old Town. A man with an ox team hauled it to residents for a dollar or a dollar and a half a barrel. Philip Morse, noted pioneer resident, wrote once to Fletcher that "first we boiled the water, then we strained it, then we boiled it again, then we drank something else." Critics of Colorado River water please notice.

In 1896 Fletcher, having saved a few hundred dollars, went back

to Massachusetts and claimed Miss Mary C. Batchelder, a boyhood sweetheart, as his bride, brought her here and soon after that went into the wholesale produce business on his own. Not long after that he took in J. L. Doyle as a partner in the Fletcher-Doyle Co. The First National Bank lent him \$1500 as a starting capital, and the firm went along in fine style.

After a successful period, Fletcher in 1901 had tired of the produce business, and decided to "make land and water my life work." He has been at it ever since.

GROSSMONT DEVELOPED

Grossmont, named in honor of a friend and associate, William B. Gross, is one of the first and largest of his real estate ventures. Fletcher Hills is the latest. There are several others.

His water activity would fill a

(Continued on Page a-21, Col. 2)

Col. Ed Fletcher, Noted In S.D., Pens Memoirs

(Continued from Page a-20)

good-sized book; even in his "Memoirs" it fills several long chapters. One reason for this is that Fletcher has been mixed up in several water disputes, which extended over many years and got to be red hot at times.

Of course what the colonel writes about it is from his viewpoint, which he surely believes to be right; there's no doubt about that.

NO BITTER NOTES

Yet there is hardly a bitter note in all his water argument. He devoted a whole chapter to Hiram N. Savage, the city's hydraulic engineer over quite a period, in which Savage always opposed Fletcher. Fletcher mildly writes that maybe this was his (Fletcher's) fault, but he was always unable to understand Savage, try as he might.

The only other bitter note in all the book as far as a fast reading shows concerned a sharp note which the colonel got when in the legislature from a civic

worker in San Diego. The colonel still resents the note, which amounted to an order for Fletcher to do something, or not do it—it makes little difference now. So it's virtually all pleasant reading.

PLEASANT READING

To go back to the water question: Col. Fletcher says, with many other experts in agreement that San Diego must take steps to save water and get more from every source that can be reached, even if the city and county must go up to the Klamath and Feather Rivers to get it, though there are many smaller sources near home.

"Ordinary prudence and factors of safety," Fletcher writes, "certainly demand that we have a safe net yield of water on the western slope (of the county) with sufficient water in storage in time of emergency for a five-year supply. . . . We are dependent on a 300-mile conduit and

tunnel which can be broken or peace or war. Then where are we? There is no other city in California taking such a desperate risk, and don't forget that San Diego City and County are increasing at the rate of 10 percent a year in population."

CHAPTERS ON FAMILY

Fletcher winds up his book with a chapter or two about his family, which is what might have been expected. One of his seven sons, Ed Jr., was in World War I, which ended while the boy was still in training. Four more got into World War II, and gave good accounts of themselves. Three grandsons got into World War II, and two more have got into uniform since then.

Here's how the colonel closes his last chapter, addressed to his children:

"I thank goodness I have lived to see the changes of 70-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 be your country, your fellow man and yourself."

The Evening Gazette

A FULL LIFE

Newsboy Savings Started Career

By EUGENE O. PARSONS

Back in the eighties an eight-year-old boy struggled through the snowdrifts with the temperature 20 to 30 degrees below, he says, delivering the evening paper to residents on May street.

Six years later, moved by a spirit of adventure and in search of greater opportunities, this newsboy spent his savings on a railroad ticket to San Diego, Calif.

He got a job at \$5 a week, without keep, in the wholesale produce business and saved money.

Nine years later he came back to the old family home in Littleton, married a childhood sweetheart, Mary C. Batchelder, daughter of Judge Clark A. Batchelder of Fitchburg, and took her back to San Diego.

Last year while the couple were traveling in Ceylon, they received a telegram from the California Chamber of Commerce that Mary had been chosen the Mother of California for 1949. Their ten children and thirty grandchildren, "with never a death or a divorce in the family" carried some weight in the choice.

It seems likely that the California Chamber of Commerce was also paying indirect tribute to Mary's husband, Ed Fletcher, the Yankee boy from Worcester and Littleton, whose vision and push have made things happen in San Diego county.

Last week, this couple, along with their eldest grandson, Ed Fletcher, the third, were here in Worcester being in and out of The Sheraton Hotel. Three times they showed recent travel movies of South America and the Orient, once at Nina Fletcher's (a niece's) studio, next at the Elon Gilbert's home in Spencer and then for 60 relatives in Littleton.

Between times they visited Cape Cod and Mrs. Susan Fletcher of 27 Somerset street, mother of Nina and Mrs. Elon Gilbert and also, as a Fletcher who had married a Fletcher, the older sister of our Edward.

On the Fourth of July, with the help of the Unitarian minister of Littleton, Rev. E. Palmer Clarke and J. Fred Herpy, chief selectman, he dedicated a natural boulder with a bronze plaque inscribed with the name of another Fletcher, Captain Eleazer, a great grandfather who had trained his company of militia men there in Littleton and led them at Bunker Hill in this country's fight for freedom.

You will find it in a wooded triangle, now Liberty Park, at the junction of the Littleton, Boxboro

Our old newsboy thinks we have not done enough of this kind of thing for the heroes of our first fight for freedom. He got the idea for doing his bit here from the fine job done in California marking historical spots and events.

"Set it down," Mr. Fletcher said at The Sheraton just before leaving Worcester, "that Mary and I are still Yankees and proud of the fact." And this to him is still the land of opportunity. "We have hardly started to develop our country," he said. In doing his bit, he says, he has made three fortunes, but managed to hold on to only the last.

His "bit" has been closely related to our two greatest natural resources, soil and water. "Water is the blood of the soil," he stated. Therefore he was delighted in New England to see increased use of water made available for farm purposes in dry spells. He sees New England as a region that is not making the most of its agricultural opportunities.

How did this Yankee go about making the most of his own opportunities out in California?

He must have had faith in San Diego. He bought two mountains in 1902 on a shoestring. He said, "I tied rags on the bushes where I wanted the roads to go." He built a lake between the mountains and an Inn to get things started. Afterwards he built some homes. Among his customers were Owen Wister, Madame Schumann-Heink, Gadsby and Carrie Jacobs Bond.

His real estate developments, Grossmont, Mount Helix and Fletcher Hill are the most valuable suburbs of San Diego today, he says.

Then he interested the Santa Fe Railroad in a water problem and built two dams, financed by the railroad, for a water supply for Rancho Santa Fe.

He located a tourmaline mine on his land near the giant telescope at Palomar. He served on the State Park Commission for seven years, backed up a huge reforestation program and was a State Senator from 1934 to 1946 when he did not run again for re-election.

He was back of the project that doubled San Diego water supply by bringing water 402 miles from the Colorado river. Sixty-eight million gallons a day are pumped in from the Colorado



TRAVELING FLETCHERS—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fletcher of San Diego, Calif., on one of their periodic returns to New England. Edward Fletcher, 3rd, (left) is their grandson.

through a series of four lifts totaling 1696 feet with 102 miles tunneled through rock.

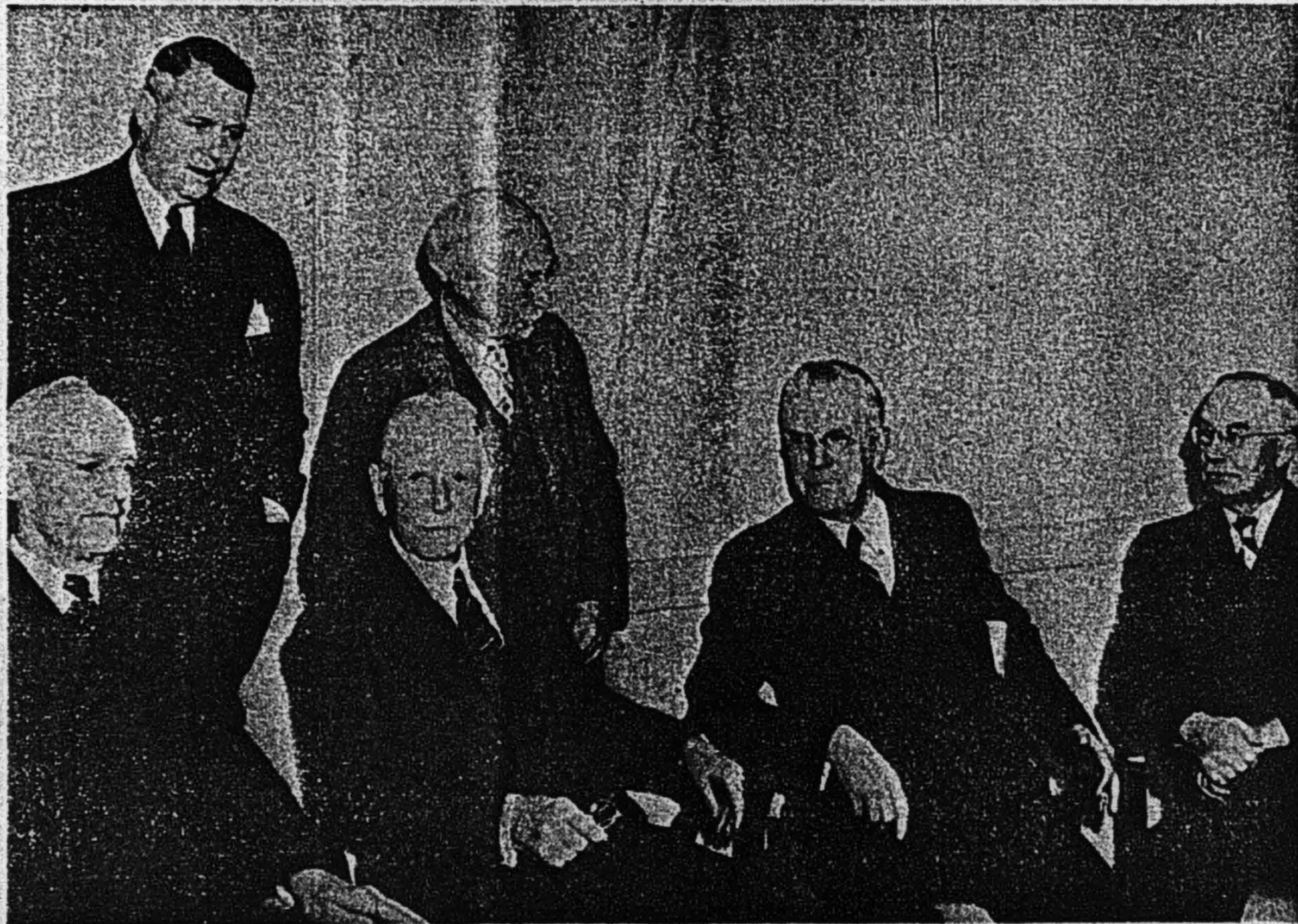
But his mind does not stop there in wrestling with the water supply for the state of California. Now a larger vision fills his mind which he does not question will come about. That is the bringing of water the whole length of California from the Columbia and Klamath rivers.

Luther Burbank from Lancaster helped to give California some good fruit varieties. Ed Fletcher from Worcester and Littleton by his work in making more water available for California deserves some local credit for keeping our fruit basket filled with oranges, plums cherries and other crops that grow to perfection in California only under irrigation.

We are happy that in adopting California and her problems he has clung tightly to his New England heritage. When he left he said, "I'll be back in the Fall."

Marston Gives Birthday Party For Fletcher

State Senator Honored by Oldtime Friends on 70th Anniversary



Attending a birthday anniversary party for Sen. Ed Fletcher yesterday were (left to right) standing, Charles Fletcher, one of the senator's sons; Dr. James A. Blaisdell, and seated: Col. Fletcher, George W. Marston, the host; G. Aubrey Davidson and Edgar O. Hodge.

Col. Ed Fletcher, state senator who will be 70 years old today, once was a member of George W. Marston's Sunday school class when the old First Congregational church, then called the Tabernacle, was at Ninth ave. and F st. So Mr. Marston gave a birthday anniversary luncheon in honor of his former church school student yesterday in the Cuyamaca club.

Other guests included old friends of the host and guest of honor, and one of Sen. Fletcher's sons, Charles Fletcher, who, in his turn also was a pupil in the Marston Bible class.

RECALLS AUTO TRIP

Over fried chicken, and a birthday cake with seven candles, those at the party recalled early days in San Diego, and the host passed around for inspection a small picture album, given to him in 1907 by Fletcher, always an enthusiastic amateur photographer. The pictures were the visual record of a trip made by Fletcher, Marston, G. Aubrey Davidson, and other friends over the Cuyamaca mountains in the first Fletcher automobile.

"Across many of the stretches, we had to build the road as we went along, but we got there, and we got back," the senator recalled.

Fletcher also brought to the luncheon a memento of that trip—an original poem written by Marston in appreciation of the ride, and which began: "Oh, here's a toast to our jolly host, the only Col. Ed," and concluded by telling:

"How the Colonel won the prize,
"The prize that comes to those
who see

"The march of things that can be

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"How the Colonel won the prize,
"The prize that comes to those
 who see
"The march of things that are to
 be;
"To those that 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."

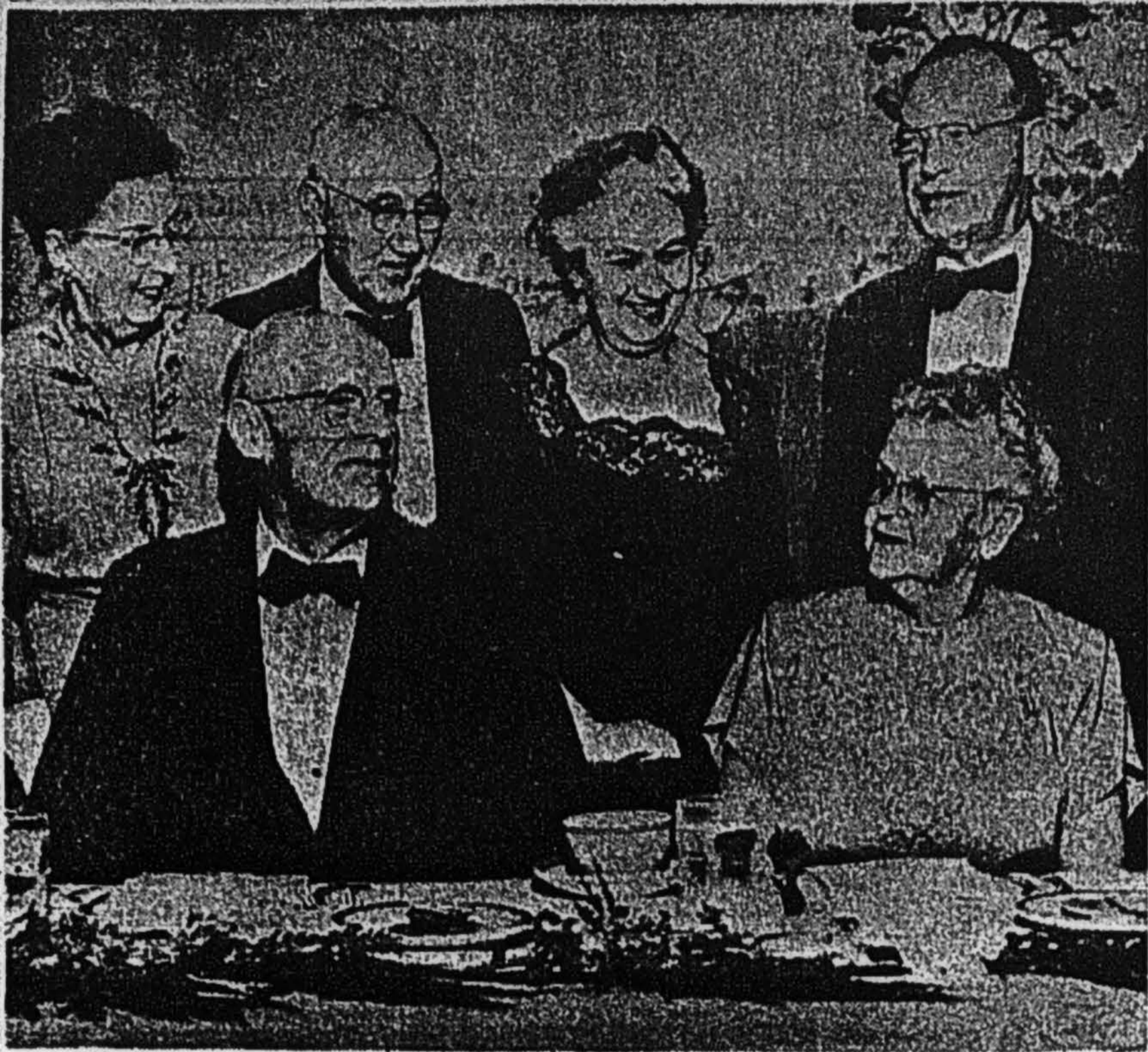
FAMILY PARTY GIVEN

The toast to the colonel was repeated again yesterday by the host and the other guests: Davidson, Edgar O. Hodge, retired banker; Dr. James A. Blaisdell, former president of Pomona and Claremont colleges, and Charles Fletcher.

Another birthday cake was cut for the senator last night by members of his family at the Fletcher home. Col. Fletcher came to San Diego from New England as a youth, and for more than 50 years has worked for the development of this area.



Attending a birthday anniversary party for Sen. Ed Fletcher yesterday were (left to right) standing, Charles Fletcher, one of the senator's sons; Dr. James A. Blaisdell, and seated: Col. Fletcher, George W. Marston, the host; G. Aubrey Davidson and Edgar O. Hodge.



Reminiscing with Col. and Mrs. Ed Fletcher at a reunion in Cuyamaca Club are former members of the Assembly Dance Club—an organization formed in 1922. The Fletchers are seated. Standing are; left to right, Miss Mabel Larrick, W. H. Fraser, Mrs. J. Terrall Scott and Dr. Scott. The Assembly disbanded in 1940.—San Diego Union Staff Photo.

Departing S.D. Colonel Honored By Texas City

Col. Eugene B. Fletcher, son of Col. and Mrs. Ed Fletcher of San Diego, was honored at a farewell wing review in Sherman, Tex., as he left command of Perrin Air Force Base to attend the National War College in Washington, D.C.

Fletcher also was given a farewell party by Sherman Chamber of Commerce's Military Affairs Committee. He was presented with a plaque and a gift in recognition of his services during the past two years to Perrin Air Force Base and the city of Sherman.

Fletcher attended the Air Command Staff School at Maxwell Air Force Base and later became director of the Air Force Management School, Air University. Among his decorations are the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with six oakleaf clusters, Purple Heart, Presidential Unit Citation with cluster, Order of the British Empire and Croix de Guerre with palm.

Ed Fletcher Papers

1870-1955

MSS.81

Box: 74 Folder: 1

**Personal Memorabilia - Personal
newspaper clippings - Ed Fletcher**



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