

March 1919

Our Trip Into Baja California

and to the Gulf of California.

When H. H. extended the invitation at the Club, and offered to pay all expenses, I thought he was joking. The offer of a two weeks' trip into Mexico was too enticing to refuse, altho until the last moment it seemed impossible to get away.

Return to
Ed Fletcher
San Diego
Cal

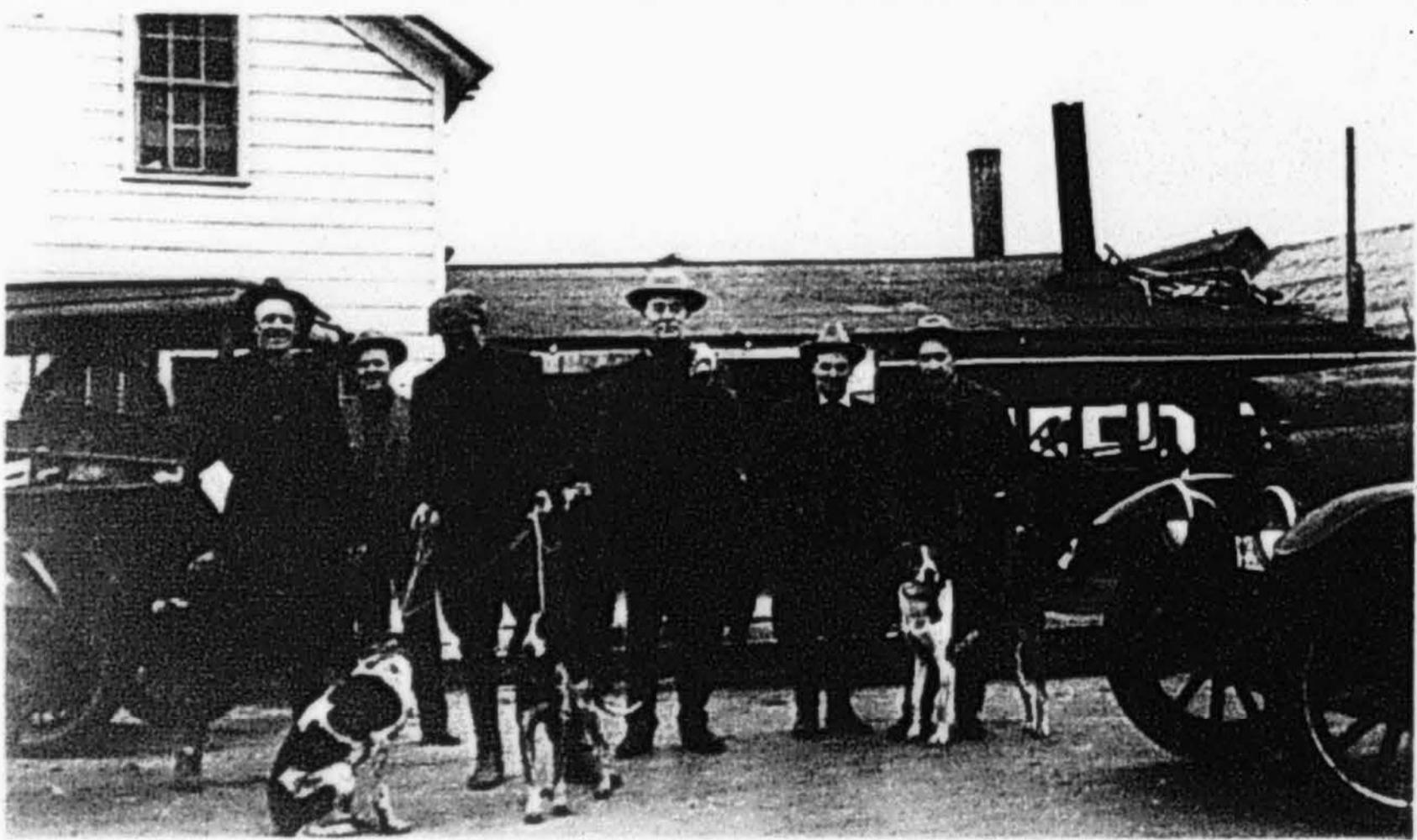


Into the Land of Mystery

There is something alluring in the very word "Mexico". Baja California is so little known to the outside world, and its people so little understood! No trip ever appealed to me so strongly.

The American likes excitement. The Mexican border troubles for the last few years promised this, not to mention our Insurrecto difficulties a few years ago, and the absolute knowledge that in Baja California there live many Mexican bandits and American outlaws.

United States passports had to be secured for H. H., Ray, Roscoe and myself. I secured these from Washington without any trouble or delay. The Mexican passports, however, were a different matter. I wrote my friend, Shenk, at Calexico, who knows Governor Cantu well, and after ten days' delay Shenk wrote back that the passports could be secured, including our guns and ammunition, for \$15.00 each.



•WHEN LEAVING SAN DIEGO

This was to be paid to Governor Cantu's brother-in-law, Mr. Dato, and in due time the passports were received, signed by the Governor himself. Up to the last moment H. H. and Roscoe swore that I would back out, but telegrams were exchanged with my associates, and on Saturday, April 5th, at 8 o'clock A.M. away we went.

H. H. made Roscoe do the work of gathering together our supplies, which was well done. Everything had been secured from automobiles to camp equipment - from grub to dogs. Certainly H. H. was lavish in his expenditure of money in order to secure every comfort. Two Dodge delivery trucks were filled to the guards, and the old Pierce hunting car of H. H. led the way.

Besides H. H., Ray, Roscoe and myself, we had Dollar Bill, Alamo Johnson and Roy, who met us at Ojos Negros. Dick, driving his own truck, was a valuable asset, and, as we afterwards discovered, was the one man in the party who knew how to pitch dollars, altho a mighty poor hand at cards.

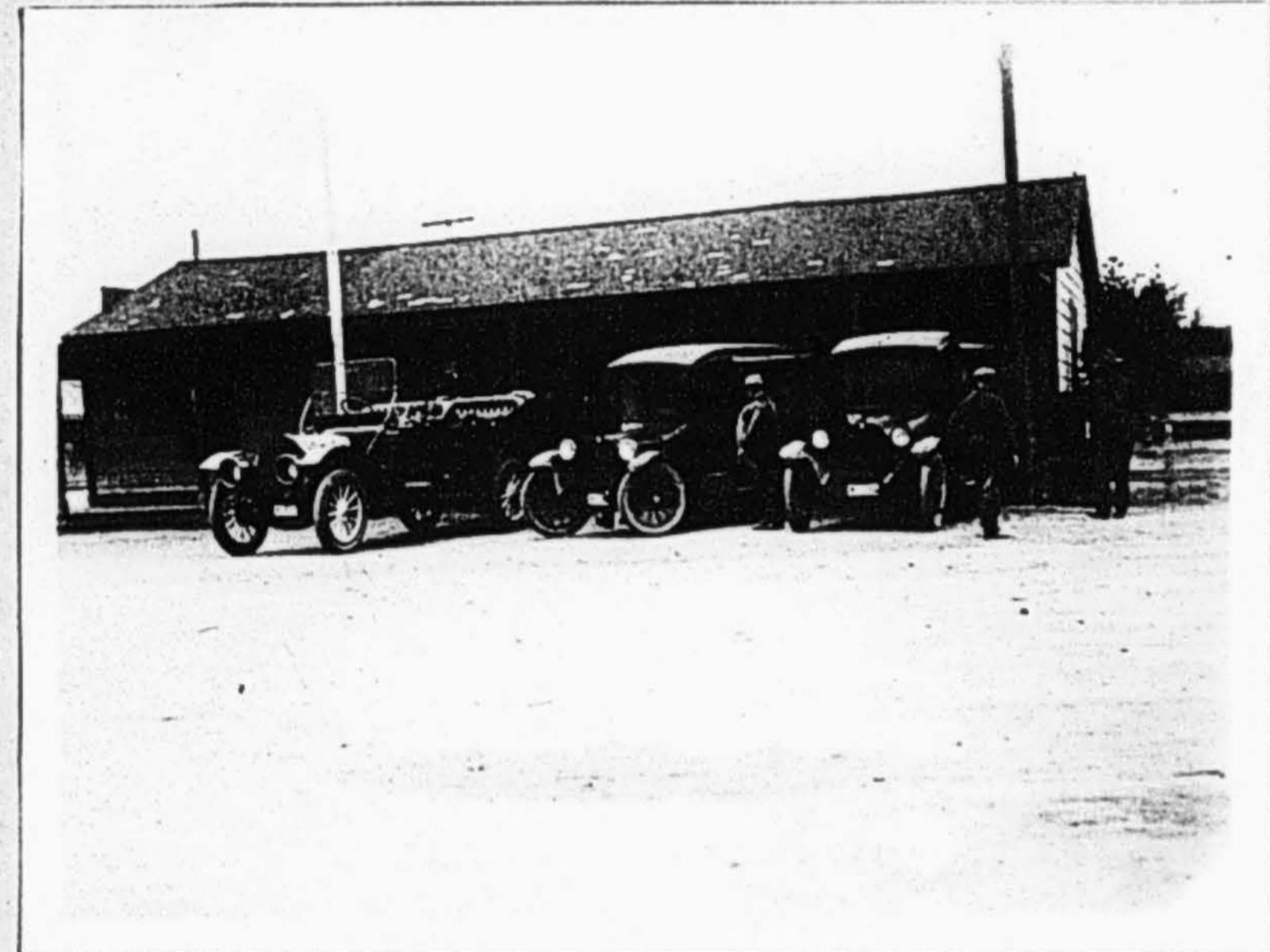
I was immediately elected Master of Hounds, and with three dogs was placed on the rear seat of the Pierce, being furnished with a proper horn for calling in the dogs. This I learned to play fluently before we reached Tia Juana.



Master of Hounds with his Horn

Dollar Bill and Roscoe had things well greased, for on reaching Tia Juana we found the groceries there, already passed thru the custom house, and all papers ready for signature, including the bonds for automobiles, and we were not delayed over an hour. Something like \$150.00 duty was paid - our groceries put somewhere, altho it seemed an impossibility to add another pound, and at 10 o'clock we were on our way, thanks, to a great extent, to our friend Sr. Aldrete, the Mexican Customs Broker.

No men could have left Tia Juana with lighter hearts. We all agreed to forget our business - H. H. his war income tax of \$1,800,000 for 1918, Ray his tires, Roscoe his hogs, Dollar Bill his opium smugglers - and I my debts.



The Mexican Custom House at Tia Juana

All went well for 18 miles, when H. H. and I recognized the fact that we were on our own property, we having an interest in nearly 40,000 acres of land purchased with a number of others a few years ago. To our surprise, we found eight or ten

Mexican families living on the property, having built their homes and fenced off 200 or 300 acre tracts. We also found that Governor Cantu's soldiers had built barracks on the property and taken possession, altho we had purchased the property outright, and the title had been approved by the Diaz and Madero administrations, and we, or our predecessors, had possession of the property for fifty years. Several hundred horses belonging to us have been driven off. Take it altogether, life is not "one sweet dream" for the American in Mexico.

Complaint has been made time and again to our Secretary of State. The last I heard of it, our U. S. Consul at Mexicali, Boyle, had taken the matter up with Governor Cantu, who replied that he had no jurisdiction in the matter, and that it was entirely in the hands of President Carranza; while the facts are, Governor Cantu only nominally recognizes Carranza, and is unquestionably in authority and acquiesces in the confiscation of our property.

We had lunch at a spring in the hills on our own property - the San Ysidro Ranch. And such a lunch! My dogs had to be attended to first, then

it was up to me to bring the water while Roscoe cut the bread. Bill opened the can of roast beef, H. H. tipped over the jam, and we all "jammed" it down with a good deal of relish.



Our First Lunch

After lunch we continued our trip to Tecate, our first objective. We did not pass a human being nor a residence for 18 miles. The road led thru hugh granite mountains and wonderful flora, particularly white and purple lilac.

At Tecate we met Major Gonzales, in command of the Mexican forces at that point. He examined our papers, and was not averse to accepting a few

boxes of cartridges, etc., as a gift from Dollar Bill. Tecate is a typical Mexican town of about 100 inhabitants. How they live is a mystery to me!

It was here that Roscoe purchased the necessary gasoline and visited the general store where he put in a supply of dish towels, etc., - which he carefully left on the counter after paying for them. From this you can readily understand what a wonderful man Roscoe Hazard is - altho 35 years of age, and has never had a headache.

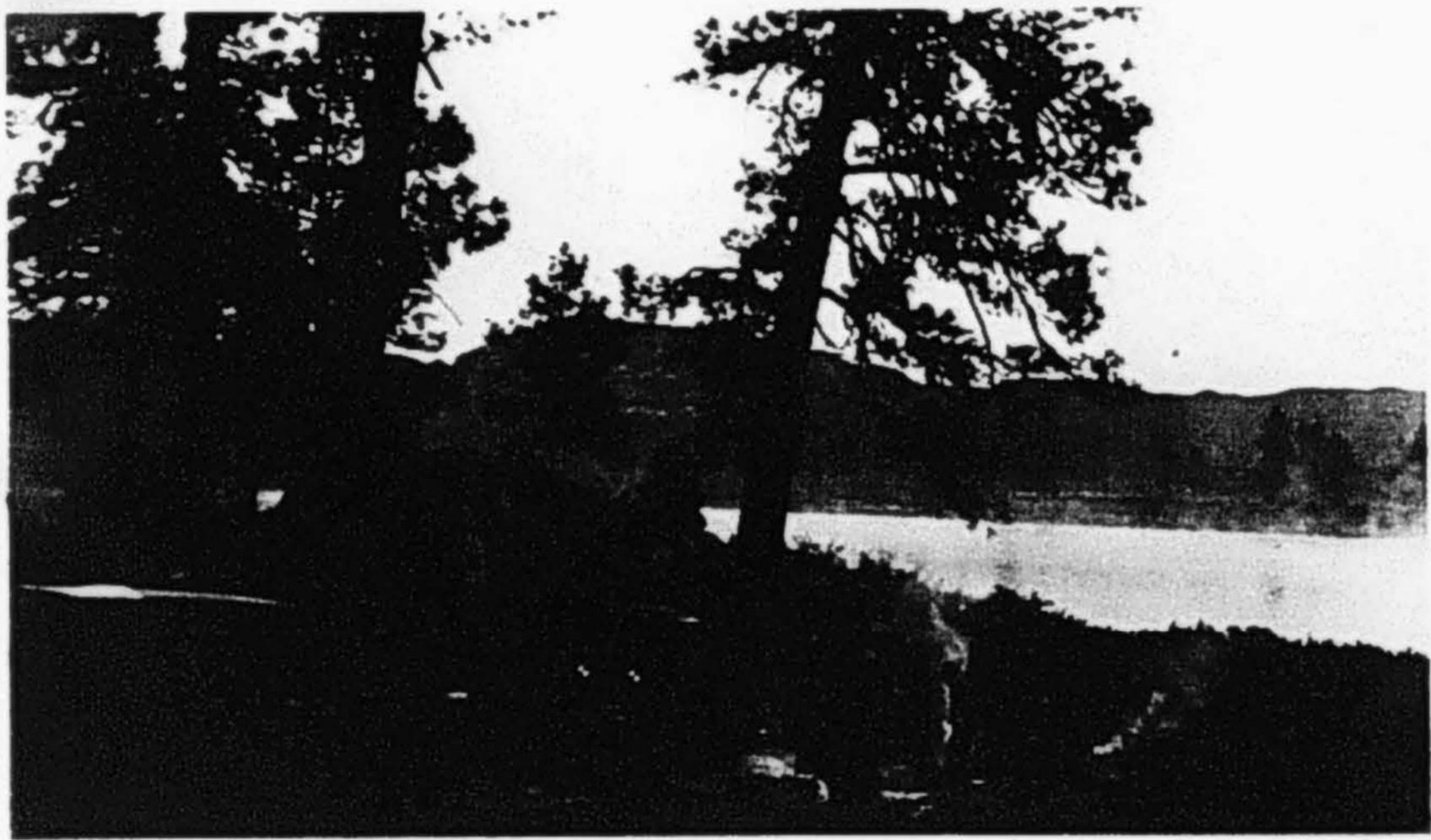
Governor Cantu's passports had the desired effect, and at 2:30 we were on our way again, gradually climbing, having come from sea level at Tia Juana to an elevation (later in the afternoon) of 4000 to 5000 feet. We crossed mesas, dipped into valleys, and climbed mountains. We were soon among the oaks, and then the pines. We were stopped once more by a Mexican Capitan, who did not look good to me; he even had a drooping mustache and wicked eye. But Governor Cantu's passports, together with Dollar Bill's smile and fluent Spanish, did the work. We traveled 20 miles farther, over fairly rough, but interesting, roads without seeing a person, until at least we reached the Rancheria Neji, where eggs were purchased and water secured.

Here we met a 16 year old Italian, who looked like a Mexican, and talked like a Chinaman. He had come from nowhere, but was headed for the States. He was hungry, and we fed him, and on inquiry it developed that he was born in Cleveland, Ohio!

We started on again, and never was traveling more delightful. The whole country was abloom -- every turn in the road brought something new of interest. Small game was plentiful. Just as night was falling we overcame a summit, and rolled down to a beautiful camping spot among the pines, beside a lake - San Faustino. I was so happy on our arrival here that I sang a swan song, and orated to considerable length upon various subjects of great interest - to myself only, Roy says. Pure jealousy.

We had come nearly 100 miles the first day. Roscoe was officer of the day, and his orders were obeyed. It had turned somewhat cold, and several of us went for wood. Dollar Bill and Dick took charge of the kitchen. Dick turned the electric lights of his machine upon the camp, and in a half hour we sat down to ham and eggs, around a rousing camp fire. The dishes were soon washed, and each man, with his own roll of blankets, prepared his bed in his own way.

A game was on shortly, and it was not whist. I heard stories of the winnings and losings of Roscoe and Dollar Bill at this same camp a few months before. There was some argument between them as to what the amounts were. I think Roscoe mentioned something about a "full house" being no good, and Bill seemed pleased with a "royal flush" - whatever that is.



Our First Camp --- San Faustino

The night grew very chilly, and we crawled into our blankets early, wearing everything we had on, and adding anything we could find.

According to Bill, Charlie Hardy at this identical spot had an experience with a large fox, which persisted in removing Hardy's hat which he had carefully

balanced over his face after retiring. Hardy thought it was Dollar Bill sneaking off with his hat, on account of Bill's propensity for games of this sort. However, Bill assured us that the fox had twice pulled the hat off, and Hardy replaced it for the second time when the fox made off with it in his mouth. This annoyed Hardy to such an extent that he took up his gun and shot the fox, not fifteen feet from his bed. At the end of this story told by Dollar Bill, someone shouted, "Rise up, liars, and salute your king". After which the other liars decided to give up, and everyone went to sleep. My opinion is - Hardy had a bottle with him.



H.H. in the Cold Gray Dawn of the Morning After

It was some cold that first morning, with ice and white frost. But a good fire was soon going - and can you beat scrambled eggs and pancakes? Dollar Bill makes the best coffee ever. I washed dishes for a change, while H. H. took care of the dogs.

When we were all ready to start, the Pierce acted up. Ray said a few things we don't hear often, particularly at church. Dollar Bill roped the Pierce from his Dodge, but after a while we got started with the Pierce in the lead. We had no tire trouble; the roads continued fairly good for mountain roads, and the scenery was superb.

By 10 o'clock we came to a junction in the roads. One road led to Tom Rife's mine. While



The Production at Tom Rife's Mine

waiting for the other machines to come up, a gray fox crossed in front of the Pierce. In relating the incident to Dollar Bill, he was told the fox had a hat in its mouth that looked like Charlie Hardy's. This seemed to amuse everyone, particularly Bill.

After a half hour's wait the two Dodges came up, and we fortunately discovered in time that Dollar Bill was losing a wheel. I think it was Dick who lost a carburetor, also, and made a new one. But all is well that ends well, and the question was, which road led to Tom Rife's mine? I had a bet up on the subject, with H. H., which I hope to collect. We arrived at the mine about 11 o'clock and found a very interesting place indeed. Mrs. Brown, wife of the engineer, made us welcome and offered us the freedom of the place. Mexican muchachos were everywhere.

The mine is not in operation, but Tom Rife says there is no question but that he is going to make a pile of money out of it. He is certainly working under difficulties, having been compelled to burn wood for power. We found piles of wood and roots everywhere for a mile or two from the mine.

We later met Mr. Brown, the engineer, and I could not resist the temptation to tell him that Trojan powder was the best, (I being agent for it).



This recommendation seemed to have the desired effect, for we got the next order for powder. It pays to advertise!

Tom Rife had said that anything that was his was ours, and we took him at his word, and filled up at his place with all the supplies we could carry. There was a little game of pitching dollars at the mine, which interested one party in particular to the tune of about \$12.00, I believe. No names should be mentioned when losses are made. I delivered a copy of the San Diego UNION to Mrs. Brown, right off the press, a daily paper being something of a curiosity

in Mexico. I had taken along a number of copies of the UNION which were distributed along the way, and apparently much enjoyed.

We left the Rife mine about 11:45 for Ojos Negros, which was to be our destination that night. The road continued through oak-timbered country, and again we traveled for probably 50 miles without seeing a human being - up hill and down - with varying scenery.



Fording Las Flores River

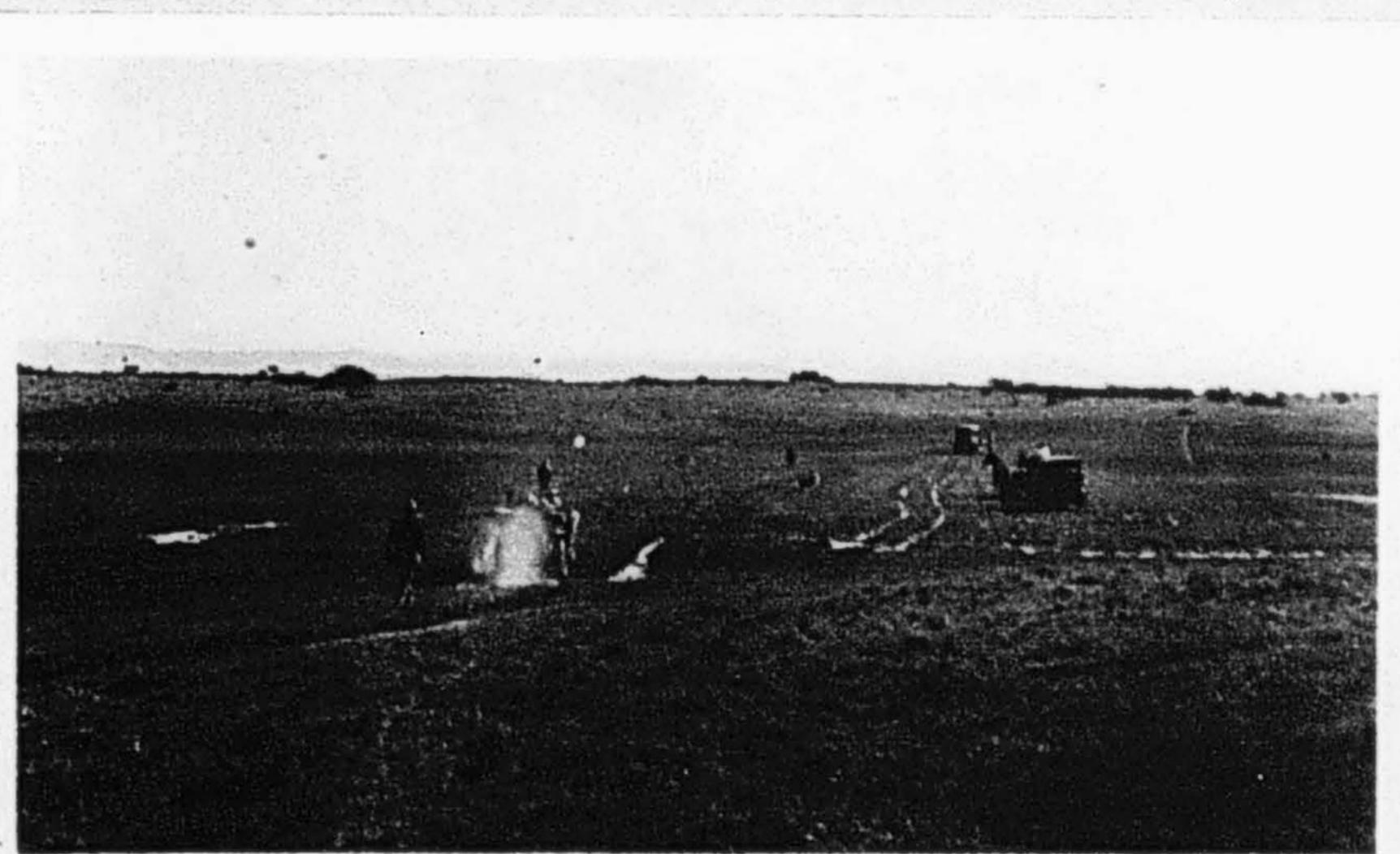
About 1:30 o'clock we came to the first large stream, known as Los Flores River. There were probably 500 inches of water running westerly to the

ocean. Having "water on the brain", I immediately picked out the dam site and began looking for the lands to be irrigated.

We all crossed the river in safety and were soon wending our way out of the canyon to a new summit. We stopped only for a light lunch under the shade of beautiful oak trees, and pushed on toward our destination. About 4 P.M. we entered an Indian settlement, La Huerta, one of the most desolate places on earth. Here we took the wrong road which ended at an Indian hut. A half-drunk Indian, undoubtedly full of mescal, (it being Sunday), gave us the wrong direction, and for half an hour we floundered around trying to pick up the right road. Finally we retraced our steps, and were soon on the right trail again. Other Indians we met were quite intelligent and directed our way to Ojos Negros. From a summit we overlooked Ojos Negros, (which in English means "black eyes"), a valley 30 miles in length and 15 miles in width. The valley is surrounded by mountains, and on its level floor are many cienagos, or marshy places. At the westerly end of the valley is the town of Real del Castillo, one time the capital of Lower California, with a population of 2000 or 3000; now there are only 40 or 50 people to be found there.

Through Ojos Negros flows Las Flores River on the Northwest, and San Salvador River, which we later crossed, on the Southeast. No fairer sight did we see on our entire trip than now lay at our feet, for Ojos Valley was a blaze of color, with every variety of wild flower imaginable.

Down into the valley itself we drove for 10 or 12 miles before we came in sight of the Rancho. Between us and the Rancho there was a wide cienage which did not look good to an automobile, so I got out to explore the possibility of going through it. The old Pierce was a heavy brute, but with plenty of power, and on signal Ray made the run, following my directions, and we just made it. The car was certainly well handled, for later



Crossing Ojos Negros Valley, where Ray did himself proud

on both Dodge cars were stuck in attempting to cross, and a team had to be secured to pull them out.

We certainly had a warm reception at Ojos Negros, where Alamo Johnson and Roy were waiting for us. The rancheria is on a knoll, overlooking a beautiful cienage and lake filled with ducks. This caught H.H.'s eye at once.

Mrs. Roy, formerly a San Diego girl, was most cordial in her greeting. We were well taken care of for the night, and plans were made for the horseback trip with the dogs, next day. Roy is king of the roost in that section of the country. With his father and brother, he controls a lease from Governor Cantu, covering over a million acres of land, which is used



ROY- the Ojos Negros Chief

wholly for cattle and horses. We certainly saw thousands of them. It is an empire in itself. Long will I remember the magnificent collection of horses driven into the corral the next morning, in order that saddle horses might be weeded out for us to ride.



Picking out our horses

It might be interesting to know, that 30-odd years ago President Diaz received from a British Syndicate something like \$25,000,000 for concessions, or deeds, to 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 acres of land in Lower California. This Syndicate also acquired wharfage rights at Ensenada, a monopoly on telegraph and telephone systems, etc., and a steamship line was estab-

lished between San Diego and Ensenada, flour mills built, some of the land sold, telephone and telegraph lines connecting Ensenada and San Diego were also built.

After the Insurrection, and after Governor Cantu took charge of Baja California, it is reported that excessive taxes were levied on the British syndicate properties.

The Syndicate had representatives who lacked tact and judgment at a critical time, and the result was that a feud arose between these representatives and Governor



Purple Flags at Ojos Negros

Cantu. The lands of the British Syndicate, franchises, telegraph lines, wharves and docks at Ensenada, etc. were seized by Governor Cantu and are still in his possession. The English representatives were run out of the country



The Round Up at Circle Bar Rancho.
Ojos Negros.



The Cow Punchers. Circle Bar Rancho.

- 21 -

and Governor Cantu now enjoys the rights and receipts from the leases on all the lands formerly included in the British concession.

Roy, altho 30-odd years of age, is as smart an American as one can find. He pays his taxes without a grumble, and so far, has succeeded in maintaining friendly relations with Governor Cantu and his representatives. In addition, Benton and his father own outright large tracts of land which have been purchased by them from time to time. It is stated on good authority that a Mexican squatted on a tract of Roy's land. On being ordered off, refused to budge. Getting no assistance from the U. S. Consul at Ensenada, Roy immediately proceeded with a thousand head of cattle and a rifle to where the squatter was in possession, opened the gates and turned in the cattle, and ordered him to get out --- the Mexican got.

Governor Cantu has made a number of speeches to his Mexican subjects, it is reported, wherein he stated that the lands in Mexico belong to the Mexicans, and that he intended to see that they were divided among them. The result is they are taking it, as evidenced by the San Ysidro Ranch in which we are interested, where it is being divided off into tracts of 200 or 300 acres, as already described.

At Ensenada I heard of several cases, one in particular, where Americans adjoining Ensenada have owned and been in possession of several thousand acres of land for years. The land is fenced, and a part of it fenced with hog-wire. One Mexican squatted right near the house, inside the hog-wire fence, and on being asked to move out, refused to go. This was too raw even for the Mexicans, so the military authorities at Ensenada ordered the Mexican to move out, which he did. On being asked why he squatted inside the hog-wire fence, he stated that so long as the Mexicans were going to have the Americans' property, he thought he might as well take the best there was.



The Bunch

Roy and Dick Ayres picked out the horses we were to ride, and when they were saddled we were off with the dogs for a ride around the ranch. I should mention here that the three dogs were taken for the purpose of hunting mountain lions. Byron Naylor was the most timid of the party of dogs, and I suppose he was lonesome, for he refused to eat and drink for a day or two, and was particularly shy - like his namesake. It was only by much coaxing that I was able to make friends with him.



The Bull Sheep, Ray

We struck for the mountains, the plan being to try and locate a mountain lion that Roy had seen the

tracks of the day before. We were soon out of the Valley and up among the rock hillsides. Here and there were purple lilacs, and we had a marvelous view from some of the high peaks. The cloud effects were particularly beautiful. With a strong southeasterly wind, however, showers soon came. Byron Naylor got lost and H. H. ordered me to find him. I immediately proceeded with the task, riding for about an hour without success. I was nearly frightened to death when my horse gave a jump, almost unseating me. It turned out that he had been frightened by seeing Byron Naylor come over the top ahead of him.

Determined to deliver my dog, I grabbed him in my arms and carried him into the valley below, reaching camp just ahead of the rest of the crowd. It was unanimously voted that I was the king dog hunter, but knowing what part luck had played in the rescue, and not relishing the idea of having to keep Byron Naylor in sight all the time, I resigned. H. H. immediately informed me my resignation was not in order, and that if I did not continue as Master of Hounds I should not eat. I decided to continue in office.

While the boys went duck hunting, I took a rifle and brought back two rabbits for the dogs. The boys gave me credit for being quite a shot, but alas,

I fell down completely when it came to a coyote, later on.
"Pride goeth before a fall!"

Roy was to go with us on the trip to the desert. Mrs. Roy thought nothing of staying at Ojos Negros with her two children during his absence. Dick Ayres, the Superintendent, remained at home. Dick certainly is able to take care of himself. During the Insurrecto troubles seven years ago, when the U. S. Consul ordered all Americans to leave Mexico, Dick refused to go, preferring to take his chances with the ranch. Governor



Ready to start from Ojos Negros

Vega at that time said he would not be responsible for the lives of Americans, tho neither Germans nor British

were asked to leave. The Americans were gathered at a lonely spot below Ensenada, and taken out to an American gunboat. Dick Ayres nearly lost his life at the time, having been mistaken for another man, but thru his quick wit and Yankee ingenuity was saved. But that is another story. He had the nerve to stay through it all, however, and unquestionably, Dick goes with the ranch.

That night the horses were sent to Valle Trinidad, 75 miles away, in charge of Manuel. Alamo Johnson had arranged for a pack train of nine mules to leave Alamo the day before, all headed toward Valle Trinidad.



The McKinley Monument

Bright and early Tuesday morning we bade farewell to Ojos Negros, and rode 15 or 20 miles in an

easterly direction across the ranch, fording the San Salvador River which was flowing about 400 inches of water, thence thru an interesting country toward Los Alamos Mountain, over a mile in height. Quail and rabbits were plentiful, but we saw no big game. Alamo Johnson called our attention to the McKinley Monument, and here we stopped for a moment and had our pictures taken.

We passed thru San Rafael Valley, owned by R. H. Benton, a beautiful spot with plenty of water. By noon we were rolling into Alamo, the home of Alamo Johnson. In the early 90's Alamo was the most noted mining camp on the Pacific Coast. Many large nuggets were found among the placers, and several good gold mines developed. In no time a town of 2000 was established, a townsite laid off, many lots sold, and

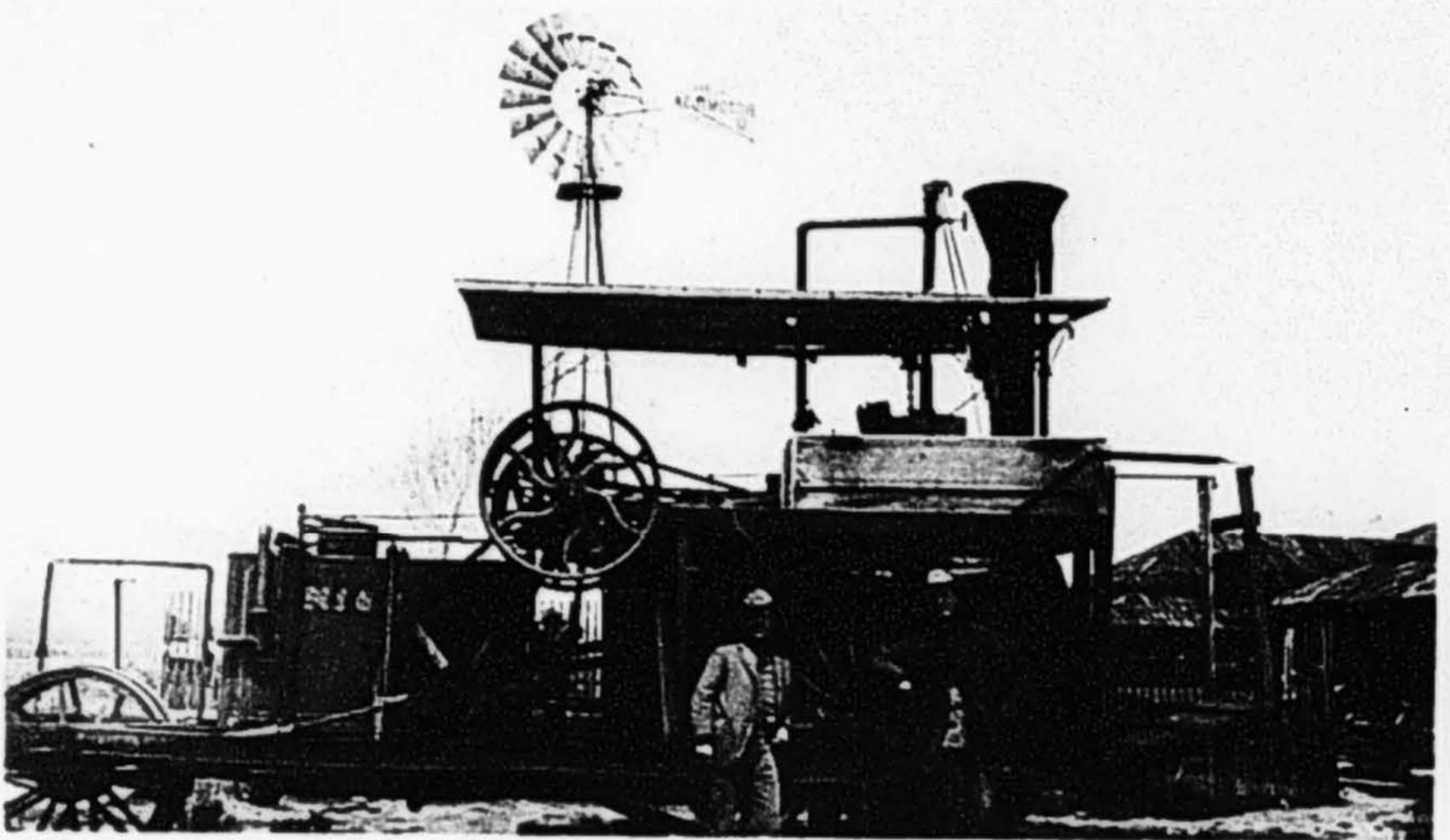


Alamo

there were indications of a permanent camp. The Custom House at Ensenada shows that over \$3,000,000 in gold was sent out of the Alamo Camp. The Alamo Consolidated Mining Company was organized, taking in all the mines -- a real promotion scheme, where 60% of the \$2,500,000 bonds went to the brokers, and 40% to pay for the mines -- but the deal was put over. Insurrecto troubles and lack of finances to develop the mines soon got the Company into difficulties, and our friend Alamo Johnson, with another mining man, later acquired the properties. Alamo Johnson feels sure there are great possibilities for making money out of the mines, with normal conditions again, but at the present time nothing is doing. Here's good luck to Alamo!

The first thing we ran into at Alamo was No. 60 Holt Caterpillar, made by the Holt Manufacturing Company, twenty-odd years ago. It reminds one to some extent of the first steam engine ever built.

We were immediately taken to Alamo Johnson's home, a typical Spanish house built around a patio. Here our eyes feasted upon the most beautiful blossoming apple tree. But Alamo's body-guard was a shock to our nerves - a wild and woolly Indian, to all appearances a maniac. It turned out he had been scalped by the Yaqui Indians, and instead of hair he wears masses of oakum. He proved to be a harmless chap, anxious to



Holt Caterpillar No. 60-built twenty-odd years ago

assist us in every possible way.

We picked up Charlie, the Chinese cook, at Ojos Negros, and he certainly delivered the goods that day at lunch.

We had a nice visit with Captain Jose V. Guirias who is in command of the military forces under Governor Cantu, at Alamo, a very pleasant hombre, as we found out through our interpretater, Alamo. He refused to have his picture taken without his cap on. I promised to send him a copy of the picture, and this has been done. Governor Cantu's passport brought immediate results, and Captain Guirias could not do enough for us.



Alamo's Wild Indian
and His Dog

It was at Alamo that Major Gonzales, whom we met at Tecate, did his deadly work. The report is he had a commission from Governor Vega to capture the Insurrectos who tried to overthrow Vega, and it was at Alamo that Major Gonzales, with his Federal Troops, killed our four Americans. Our U. S. Consul General in

Mexico thoroughly investigated the matter, and reports show it to have been cold-blooded murder, altho the charge against them was that they had been friendly with the Insurrectos. The men murdered were Pat Glennon, Dr. Foster, Carroll, and another whose name I did not learn. They were shot to death and all buried in the same hole.



Captain Jose V. Guirias and the Bunch

One of the party, Pat Glennon, had several Wells Fargo money orders in his possession. One of \$50.00 was found later among Governor Vega's effects in Ensenada. It was turned over to District Attorney Utley, of San Diego County, who forwarded it to our Secretary of State, W. J. Bryan. The report shows that Bryan took no action, but the money order was forwarded

to the heirs of Pat Glennon. This is only one of a thousand illustrations of how American rights have been "protected" in Mexico.

There is in the archives of Washington, a report made at the instigation of the U. S. Ambassador to Mexico at that time, which proves conclusively that these four men were deliberately murdered, and that Secretary Bryan absolutely failed in his duty to get justice for the lives of these American citizens.

Alamo Johnson had a wonderful pair of horns on the wall of his front porch. These horns took my eye. I never had much confidence in the marksmanship of the other members of this expedition, and less in my own, therefore, I immediately made a deal with Alamo Johnson that if I did not get a pair of horns on the desert, these horns were mine. Nothing was said to anyone else.

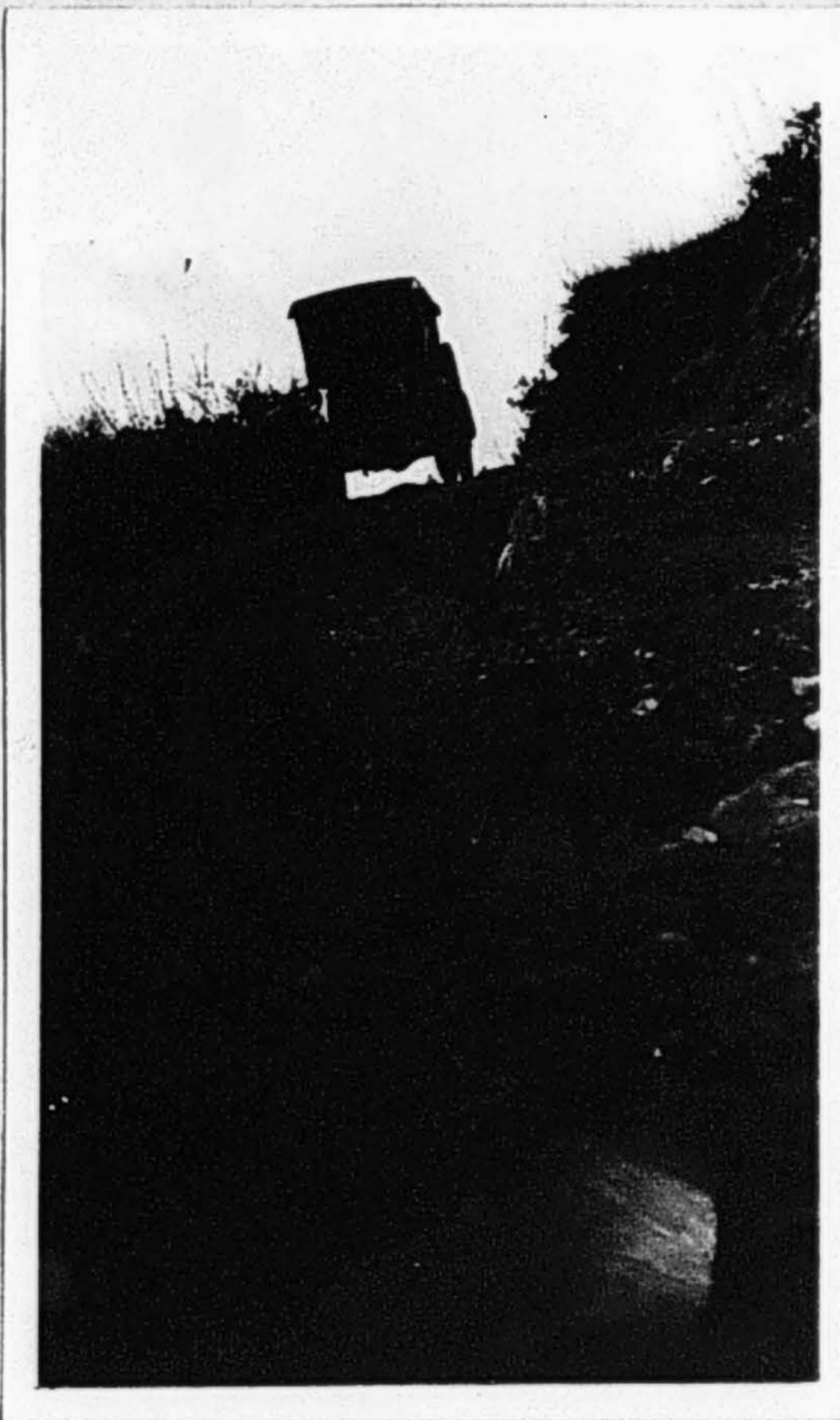
Words cannot describe the utter desolation of Alamo - its houses, - its one or two horrible looking stores. In fact, it is practically an abandoned town, however, Alamo Johnson's hospitality could not be beaten. Early in the afternoon we left, our destination for the night, Trinidad, over 40 miles away. We drove through barren country for 20 or 30 miles, where very little rain ever falls. There were few trees of any kind and the soil was somewhat alkali. We saw



On the Way to Valle Trinidad

hundred of acres where brush and roots had been grubbed in order to furnish fire wood for the mines at Alamo. Here and there were parts of a Holt Caterpillar train that had been used for this purpose. There were hundreds of wild burros, some of them almost zebra in effect, which ran at our approach. I have it on good authority that there were so many wild burros there that during the war, Barney Brothers of San Diego, had them killed and their carcasses brought to the coast and used for the manufacture of grease and soap to be sold to the Mexicans. How about it, Barney?

We were travelling in an easterly direction, apparently getting farther and farther into the desert, until, about 4 P.M., the road turned to the right and



Coming Down Valle Trinidad Grade

we climbed a divide and looked down upon beautiful formations of mountain and valley, oak trees in abundance, and every sign of a fairly heavy rainfall. There were lilacs in profusion, as well as Yucca and many other varieties of flowers. We gradually descended until suddenly there lay before us El Valle Trinidad, its almost level floor ablaze with flowers of every de-

scription and color. The Valley is about six miles in width and twelve in length. To reach it we went down one of the steepest grades in Lower California - everybody out, and devil take the man who drives the car!

I should estimate the grade to be 30% to 35% - a mass of rocks. An abandoned, Broken car on the grade

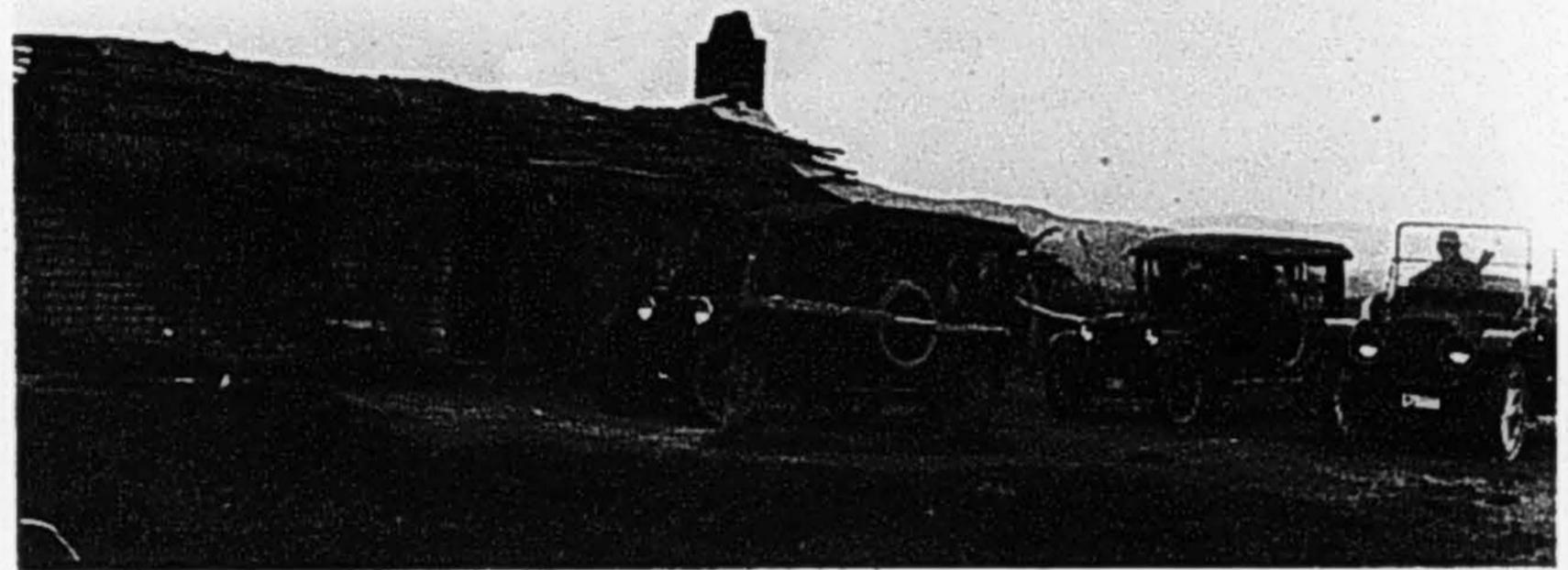


Valle Trinidad, ablaze with flowers of every hue

furnished us a good deal of fun, and showed us our possible end. H. H. said he would not ride down that grade if he should lose his Canton Plant by walking, and H.H. didn't ride. The grade was finally successfully negotiated to the credit of Ray, Dick and Dollar Bill, and we had a pleasant run of five or six miles down into the Valley. We had come over 40 miles and had not seen a house until we arrived at the Rancheria owned by Newton House.

Here we found Jim Gray in charge, and a mighty fine fellow he is. The town of Valle Trinidad consists of two 2-room adobe houses, with an Indian Camp a short distance away. Very few machines had ever visited

Trinidad, and our's were of particular interest to the Indians who gathered around Dick's big covered truck.



Valle Trinidad

Gray said that anything he had was ours, and we unpacked. Roscoe and Dollar Bill Evans prepared the dinner, which certainly tasted fine. We had fresh milk and eggs. The Indians understand the meaning of "High Cost of Living". On our arrival the price of eggs jumped to 10¢ apiece, which we gladly paid, and appreciated the joke. Other things we bought were in proportion. We had a real game of poker that night, much to the disgust of H. H. Dollar Bill showed up splendidly. Jim Gray, our host, went to bed minus, and then

some, but was a good sport; Ray had a smile on his face when we broke up at 1 a.m.



Cattle. Valle Trinidad.

Early next morning H.H. and Ray followed the milkmaid, a beautiful maiden, to the corral and watched the cows produce the fresh milk. The Indians in that section are very hospitable and all of them well built and healthy. And, I must say the Indian maidens are a good looking lot - so much so that as a few of us walked over the village I attempted to take a photograph. The maidens immediately disappeared. One of them, however, before disappearing, with a smile gave me the high sign which I did not understand at the

time, but which is herewith illustrated. Woe is me!



Indian Camp, Valle Trinidad.
The joke is on the boys: I did get a photo of her.
It cost me 25¢.

We were told there were hot springs on the Ranch, about a half mile away. H.H., Roscoe and myself determined to take a bath, having slept in our clothes from the time we left San Diego, except at Ojos Negros. It was a delightful day. We walked across the valley beside a beautiful little stream from the mountains beyond. To the south the highest peaks of the San Pedro Martia Mountains covered with snow, seemed to bid us welcome. No telephones, no newspapers, and very few thoughts of home were with us as we took that walk. To our surprise, however, when



Leaving Agua Martia for the tinaja.



Dollar Bill Evans.

we reached a knoll overlooking the springs, we found two beautiful Indian maidens and their mother. None of them could speak English, and none of us could speak Spanish. They refused to budge, and we knew not what to do. In sheer desperation at last I walked up to the woman, handed her a dollar and said, "Vamos aqui, senora." With a smile she departed, and the 16 and 18 year old niñas wandered away as well, but not so far as we would have preferred.

We stripped and had a wonderful bath, jumping into the springs (for there were two of them) about a foot and a half deep and eight or ten feet in diameter. The temperature of the water was about 90°. From that we jumped into the stream nearby, running probably 300 inches of water, and cold as ice. Never will I forget that bath.

Roscoe lost his sock which floated down the stream. Who put it there? It was afterwards found, very wet but clean.

The Valle Trinidad Ranch is used wholly as a cattle ranch and is an ideal spot, surrounded by mountains. It is about 2000 feet above sea level, and there is a little snow at times. The ranch is so located that Mr. House can take advantage of desert feed at certain periods of the year, and of the mountain

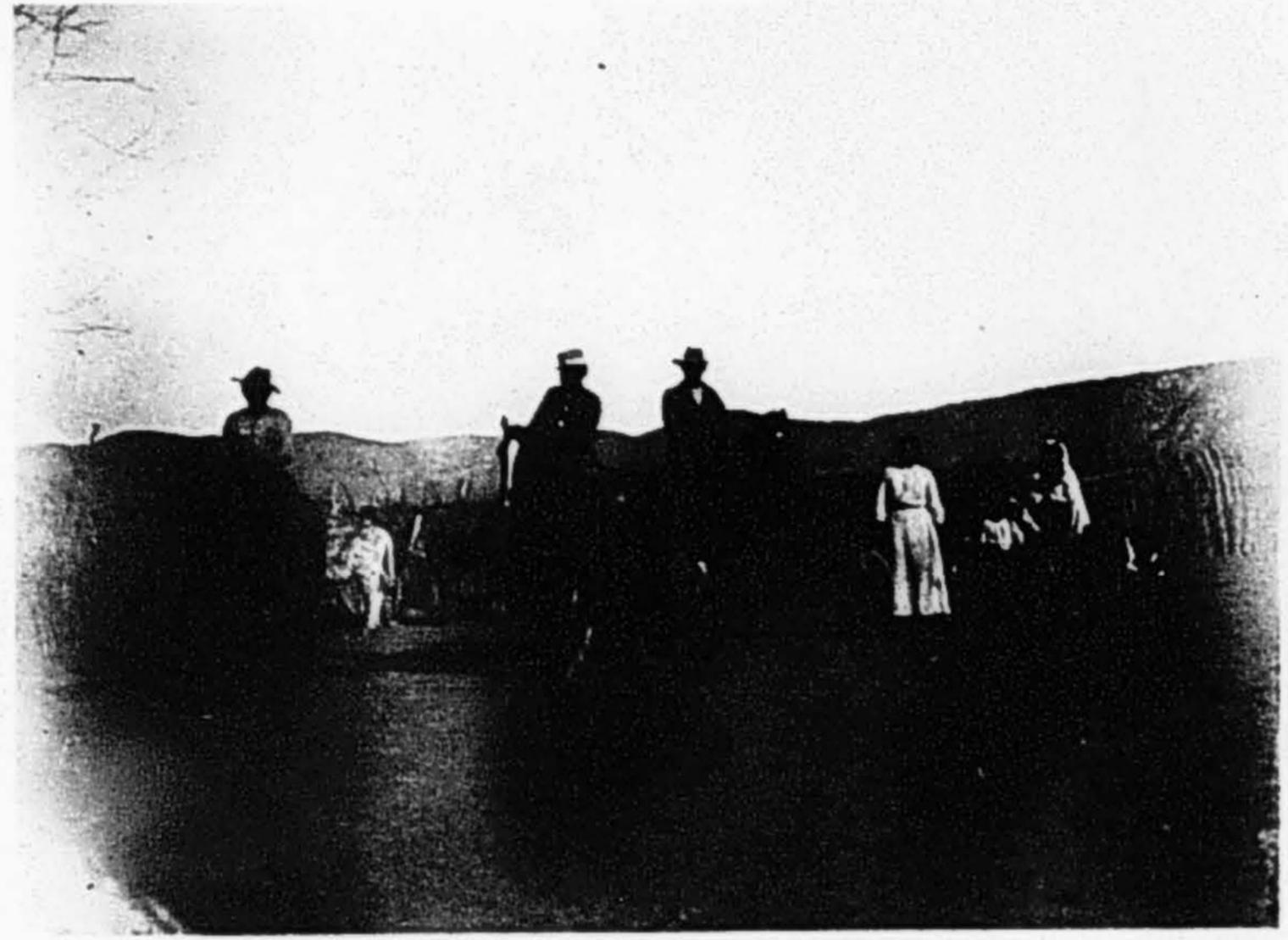


Roscoe, after a hot bath.

feed at other times, while the ranch itself fills in the intervening space. This ranch was owned by a British corporation and has been seized by Governor Cantu who collected the rentals.

After an early lunch we started for Camp Two, forty-two miles away, across an unbroken country, located in the divide of the San Pedro Ranch, on the

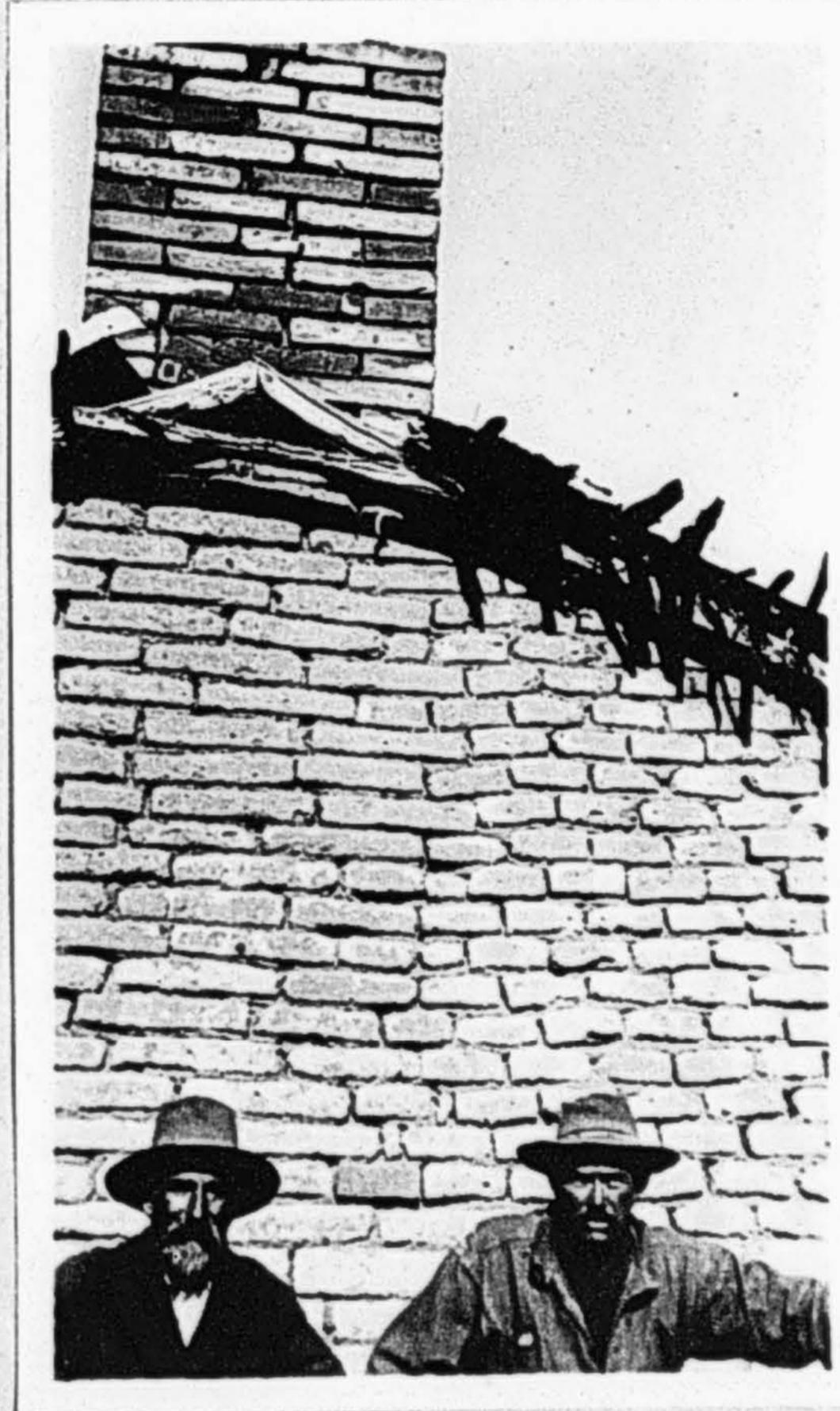
way to the Gulf of California. Our plan was to go to the desert first, to the Sierra Borrego Mountains, for a sheep hunt.



Jim Gray's Outfit
at Las Positas.



Jim Gray



Jim Gray (right) and Jose Lucero,
Judge of the Plains.

Ray drove the old brute Pierce Arrow, to perfection. Why we did not get stuck oftener is more than I know. I have seen some automobiling, but I cannot adequately describe the way we jumped over

washes, plowed through sand, knocked down brush ten feet high, ran over cactus without a puncture, and climbed impassable sand hills! Those in the rear



On the way to the Desert. No road, but we went through the brush anyway.

should have heard H.H. swear. But nothing doing: Ray pushed her through. The Pierce made it easier for the other cars. Along about 2 o'clock we came to a clearing, and at about the same time we all sighted a coyote. I had made some very good shots and was looked upon with considerable envy heretofore, but lost my reputation shooting at that coyote on the run. There were others. More bad language.

We had sent the nine donkeys ahead, and on arriving at Camp were informed that the nearest water

was about two miles away, up a steep canyon, and I was told that the only water excepting that near our camp was twenty-five miles to the northwest, and to the west the nearest was at Valle Trinidad.



Luncheon. San Pedro Mountains. Camp Two.

Our Camp was in a pass, surrounded by high mountains covered with piñon trees. Camp was soon established and the burros taken to the spring for water. My lumbago was gone, though I had been suffering the torments of - - - - for two or three nights, sleeping on the ground. It was a case of kill or cure, but I had overcome my weakness and felt fit for whatever came.

It was said there were sheep in the mountains surrounding us. To the south of us was a peak I

swore was 3000 feet higher than the valley below. The boys say I'm a liar, but I am the only man who climbed it and think I am the best judge. It was about 3:30 in the afternoon. "Boys," I said, "Do you see that big pine on the top of that peak? I will be there at 5:30 this afternoon and will light a fire to show you I am there."

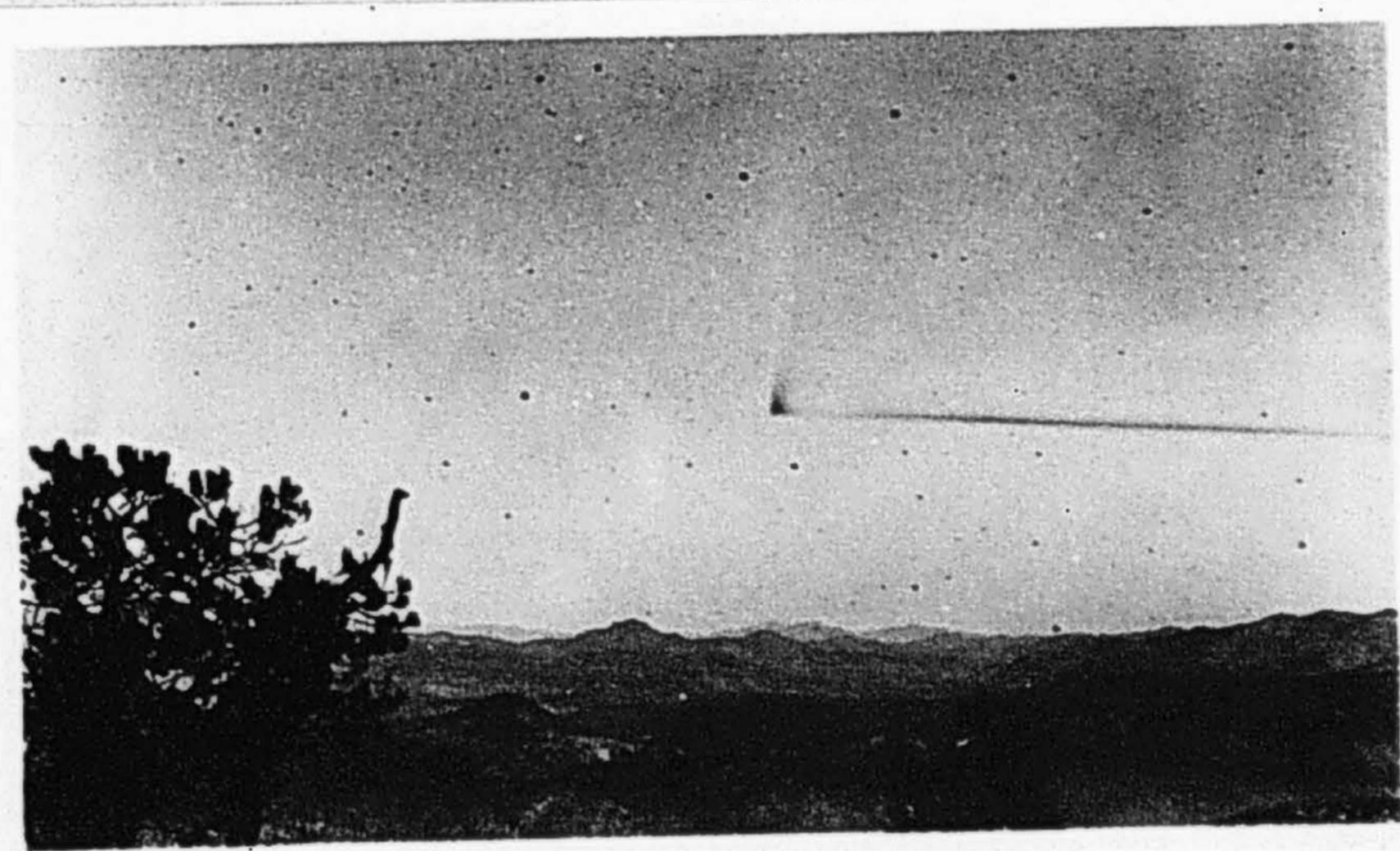
The boys gave me the horse-laugh, but taking a few malted milk tablets and a rifle, I started out. It was hard sledding for the first half hour, climbing that rocky mountainside, and I was deeply thankful to get my second wind. Following an old water course, I came into a most wonderful little valley which I believe



My Valley of Paradise.

no man ever explored before. I found there many different varieties of cacti in blossom, and other flowers. I took a photograph which does not do it justice, and called it Paradise.

From Paradise Valley it was a fearful climb, but at twenty minutes of six I was on the summit. It was almost sunset. Before me, forty or fifty miles



The Desert and Gulf of California.

away, lay the Gulf of California, perfect in its outline. Between me and the Gulf was the most inhospitable looking desert I ever saw. To the north was range after range of mountains, and to the south, snow-covered San Pedro Martia in all its glory. I was glad to be alive to see this most marvelous example of God's handiwork.

My fire was soon lighted. The sun had gone down, and there I was! It was up to me to get down. I took the shortest direct route, hoping to reach the bottom before dark. But it was no use; darkness overtook me,

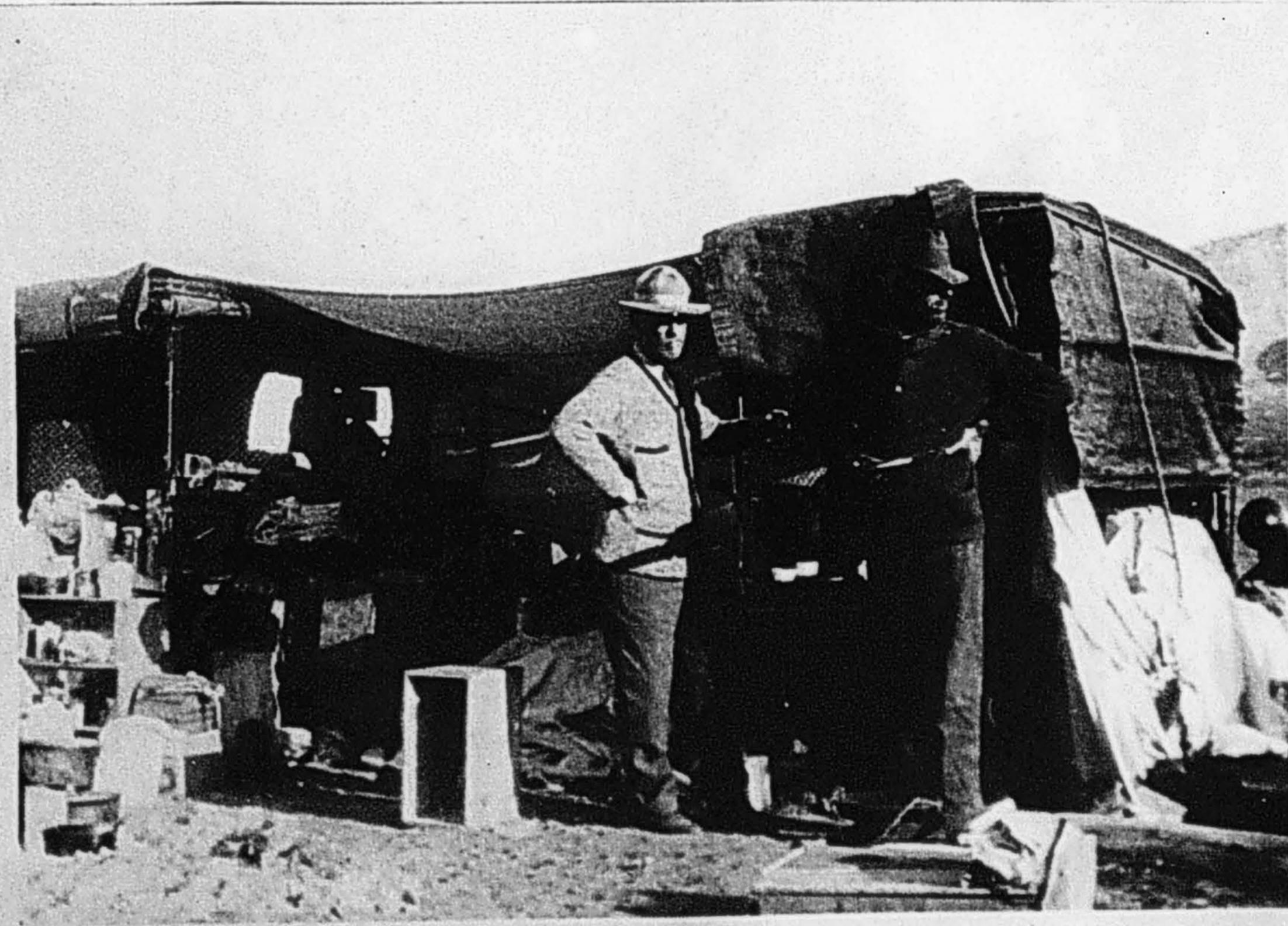


My summit No. 1. This proves it.

and within a half hour it was impossible to make much headway. I commenced setting fire to dead yucca at every prominent point, so the boys in camp could see how I was coming off the mountain. They told me afterwards they saw nine of my fires burning at one time at different elevations. I reached the foot of the mountain in about an hour and a half and then, worst of all, came the drag through the cactus to Camp which I reached about 8:30, tired, hungry, but nevertheless happy.

Dollar Bill insulted me by saying I was all in, so, in order to put up a good bluff, I challenged him to a race and won it, but no one knows what I endured.

The boys played poker that night. I played for a while and came out all right, too, but soon went to bed to enjoy the sleep of the just.



Breakfast: not in the way we are used to. Wonder why.

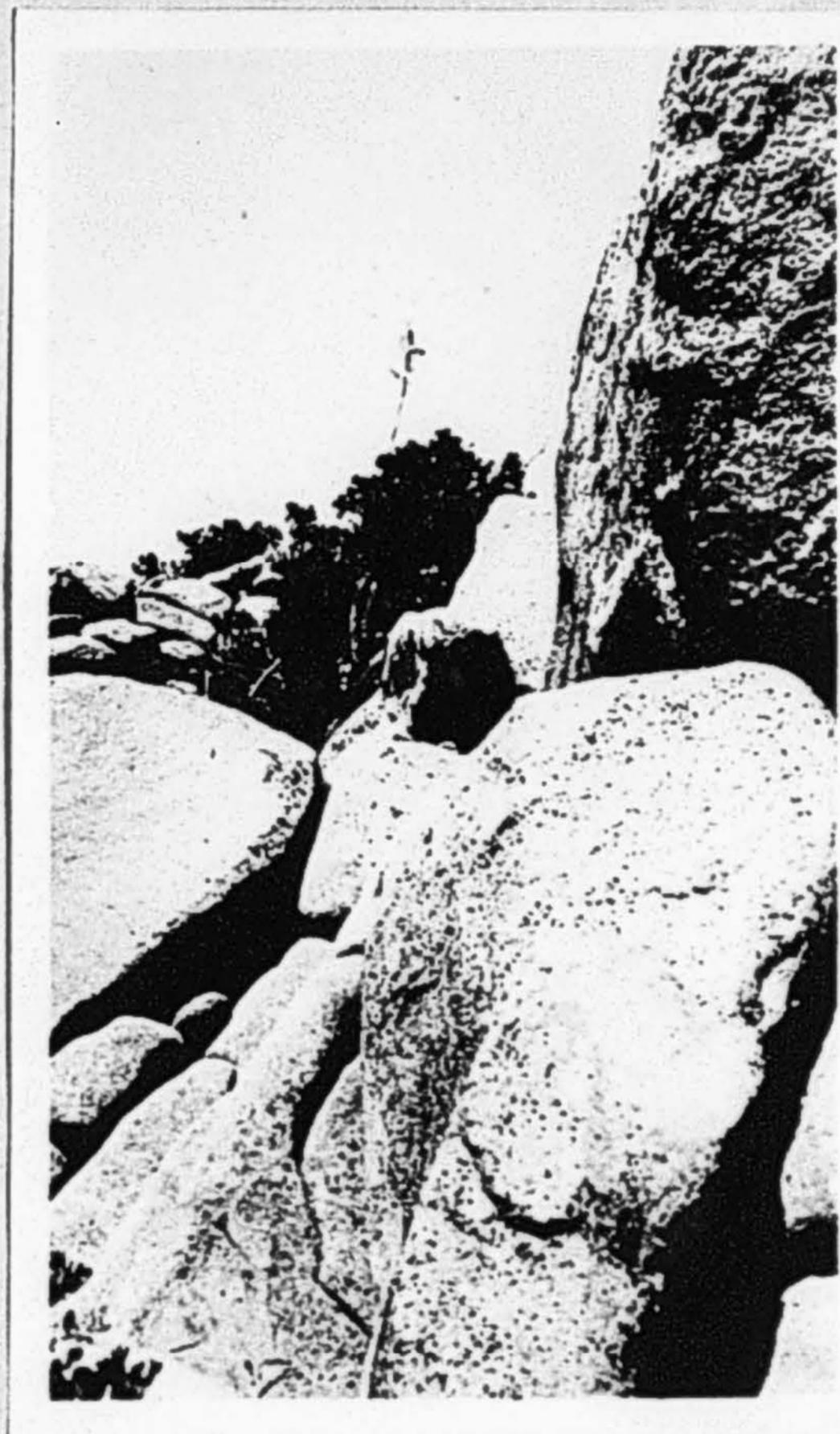
Next morning some of the boys went quail shoot-

ing, others went out for sheep. I took my gun and told the boys I was going to the top of another mountain, and pointed out the spot. Taking a canteen of water and lunch, I started out slowly and climbed to the summit - much higher than the one I had climbed the day before. I slept for two hours under the trees, picked up many a pinon, enjoyed the wonderful scenery, and read the New Republic which I had taken with me from San Diego. I was awakened from my nap by two



My Summit No. 2, Showing Valley to Desert through which Aviators flew.

beautiful yellowish wild canaries singing, within four feet of my head. I went on to the highest summit about four o'clock in the afternoon, secured a big yucca about ten feet in length, stuck on it the New



New Republic Summit.

Republic, set it up as a signal, and before leaving started a small fire at the base of a pine tree. By dark I was back at Camp. The boys again called me a liar when I told them I had been to the top of the mountain. Their language was even stronger when I told them about the New Republic on top of the flag staff on the summit. None of us could see it, even

with a pair of field glasses, and no one had seen my smoke.

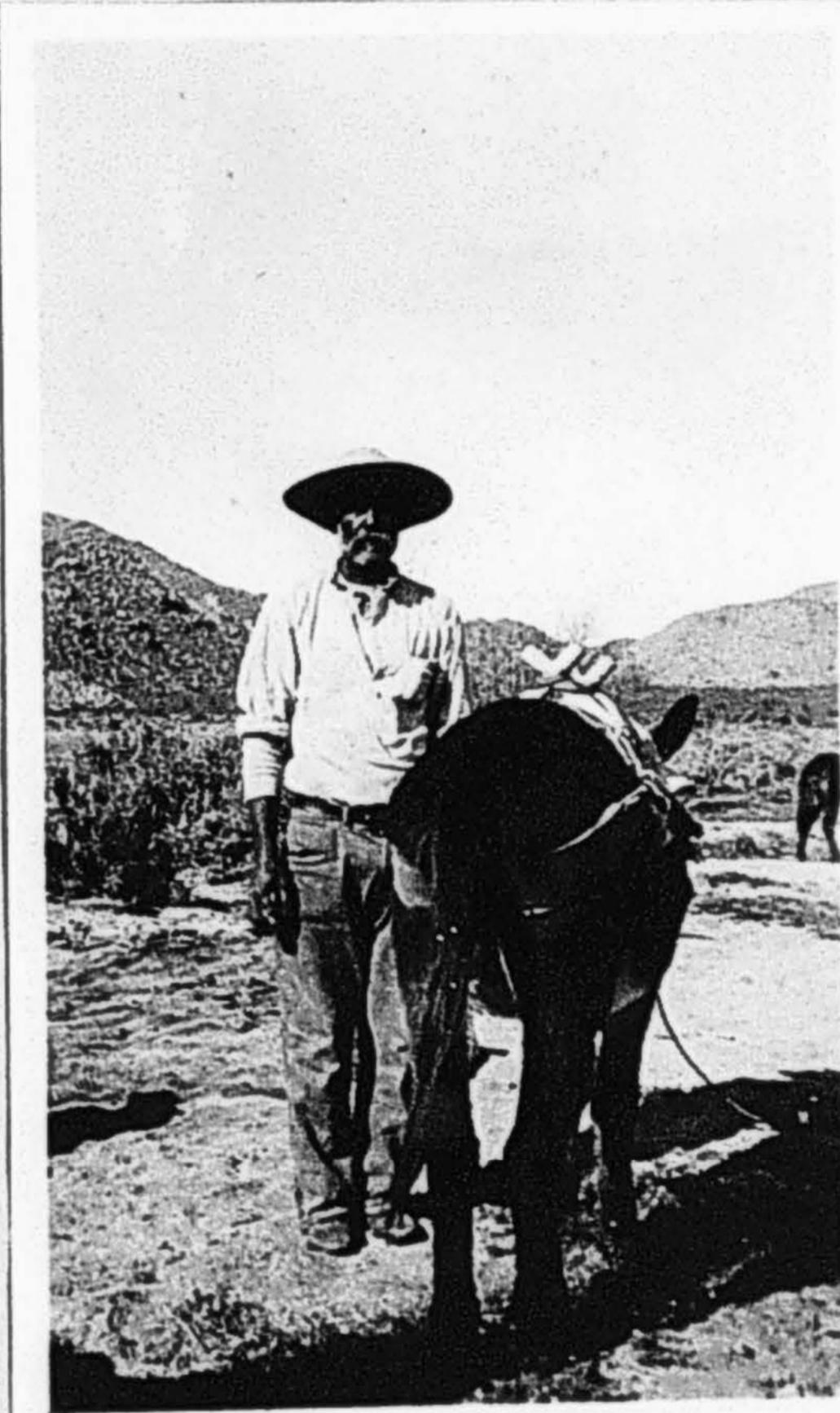


The Desert Mountains.

As the usual game proceeded that night, I was constantly reminded of what a big, big liar I was. But about ten o'clock Manuel called us out to see a beautiful fire, and there on the summit of my mountain was the pine tree burning, and my case was proved.

For one of our guides, Alamo Johnson had secured Sr. Manuel Alvarez, of Alamo, and while at Valle Trinidad we picked up Sr. Jose Lucero, known as judge of the plains. It is he who settles all disputes as to brands of cattle, and acts as a sort of justice of the peace on all matters in that section. Judge Lucero is also a

famous sheep hunter. These men were to lead us across the unbroken desert.



Manuel Alvarez.

The horses were watered at daylight next morning; the donkeys had been watered the night before, and after a very early breakfast we were packed for the trip. The nine donkeys, with all our provisions, left at daylight in charge of Manuel Alvarez, while Judge Lucero

acted as our guide. Dick and the Chinaman were left at home to look after camp. Report has it that the Chinaman is a poker player himself, and that Dick found it out to his sorrow during our absence.



Snow-covered San Pedro Martia, 12,000 feet high.
Thirty Miles away.

H.H. rode the big sorrel, being such a heavy-weight himself, in more ways than one. The rest of us took the lighter horses. Roy, on his beautiful saddle horse was a picture, while Ray, with his \$150 saddle and bridle, and black charger, was a close second. It was already hot when we started. We each had our canteen and malted milk tablets. Our horses walked most of the way, dodging cactus and mesquite. Certainly there is no more desolate place on earth than the desert in the north of Baja California. My heart goes out to those

poor aviators, lost on the eastern slope in that desert. Roy informs me that the last ever seen of them they were flying over the Rancho Valle Trinidad in an easterly direction toward the Gulf of California, directly along the line of our travel. If so, and they landed in that section of the country, there is not one chance in a million that they will ever get out alive. - - They crossed the desert and Gulf and were found murdered by the Mexicans in Sonora.



What we went through.

We ate lunch that day in a dry wash, with the temperature at 120° or more. Our guide was a marvel. There was no such thing as a trail: there were miles when even the donkey tracks did not show, and how the Judge followed those donkeys is more than I know, but then I am neither a woodsman or a desert rat.



Dollar Bill. Sierra Borrego in the background.

Late in the afternoon Dollar Bill and I rode side by side. Bill had saved a good deal of the water in his canteen but mine was almost empty. I took what I consider a remarkable picture of the Sierra Borrego mountains and Bill looms up proper among the ocatea. Notice how straight he sits his horse.

Riding ahead of the others, about six o'clock that evening, I caught the first glimpse of the donkeys. I hurried on and rode into camp with Manuel Alvarez. We were in a rugged canyon with high, practically barren mountains towering over us. I had been told that the only water in that country was in what they call a tank, which is a hole in solid rock in the bed

of a stream, where water is caught during one of the rare mountain rains or sonoras. I kept thinking as I approached the Sierra Borrego mountains, "What if



Bill trying to find signs of the Trail.

someone else has been there before us, and there is no water? We would have to turn back that night, make Camp Two before morning, or in all probability die of thirst." The donkeys had had no water since the night before.

As we came within a mile of camp, I noticed a row of rocks 400 or 500 feet in length, pointing toward our camping place. This, I was told, was an Indian sign denoting water, and as we climbed a

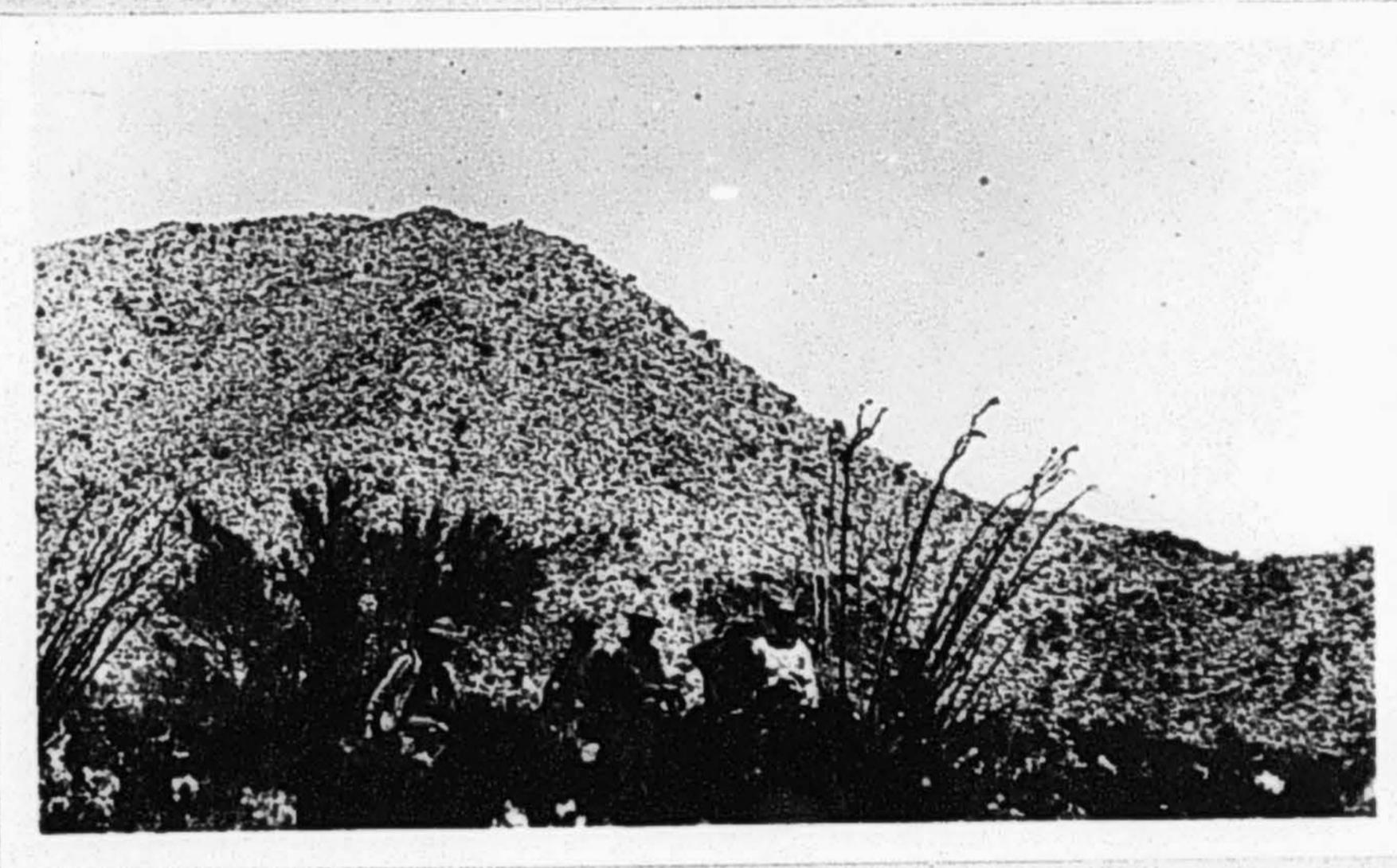


The Desert Indian
Sign for Water.

small hill before making camp, at different places were piles of rock of different colors, indicating the way to water. These signs were unquestionably made by the Indians of the desert.

I still had some life in me, and taking my rifle, started ahead up the deep canyon, hoping to surprise a deer or sheep at the water hole. The

Canyon kept getting darker and deeper, and I finally came to a precipice twenty or thirty feet high, which would be a water fall if water were running in the creek. Here at the base I expected to find the water hole, but there wasn't a drop, nor any game. Not even



On the way to the Sierra Borrego Mts.

a dog could climb that rock wall, but I did it, determined to find water somewhere. And sure enough, at the top I found the tank: a little pool of water not five feet in diameter, and not to exceed a foot and a half in depth in the deepest place. The water was foul, to say the least, and had been visited by many varieties of wild animals. I said to myself, "Has it come to this!"

By this time it was dusk. The horses and donkeys arrived and stood in the canyon below. Judge Lucero and the Mexican boy had brought a canvas about six or eight feet square, which was placed in a crevice in the rock.



Our Caravan.

The boy climbed up with a rope and pail to lower the water. It was a wonderful sight to see the horses and donkeys crowd in to get the first drink, after twelve hours on the desert without water. The horses soon

pushed the donkeys back, then H.H.'s. big sorrel drove everything else away and stood there ready to get his fill of water. That was a case where might makes right. But the sorrel horse had reckoned without his host. When the first pail of water came down and was dumped into this canvas between the rocks, out dashed the yellow sheep dog of Judge Lucero. With a growl he turned and bit the nose of the big sorrel which stepped



The Desert Trip. At the close of day.

back with a cry of fright and pain. That dog crawled into the canvas; lay there in the water, helped himself to it, and refused to get out. It showed what a beast - and possibly some men, will do under such circumstances.

Judge Lucero tried to get the dog out and failed. The dog even growled and threatened to bite him. At last

they lascoed the dog and pulled him out. Then the big horse had his fill, and then the smaller ones according to their strength, and last of all, the donkeys. It took a half hour to water the stock, and by the time we had finished we were in absolute darkness. I shall never forget to my dying day, the medley of noises from the horses and donkeys around the watering place.



Who goes after the wood? Dollar Bill.

We were a tired bunch of men, and went to bed early that night, altho Dollar Bill, Roscoe and Ray played a while. H.H. was pretty sore, to say the least. He didn't eat much dinner that night. I wonder why. There were others, too, but I will only pick on H.H. this time. His shoulders are broad.



How H.H., our host, felt and looked the morning after the Desert ride.

I saw our Mexican Guides burning brush and clearing a space on the ground. They told me it was to drive away snakes and scorpions. That was something new. I did a little burning myself.

Over one third of the water was used from the tank that first night. Our method for getting a drink

was first to strain the water, then strain it again, but it had a very peculiar taste, so we boiled it.

Even then we detected a taste we were not used to.

However, it made good coffee. Dollar Bill and Roscoe did the cooking, and I for one, enjoyed the evening meal.

It was certainly most delicious fare that H.H. furnished at our desert camps, in the form of dehydrated food products. We had malted milk tablets, potatoes, carrots, spinach and soup, and it certainly tasted good to us in that barren desert.

The next morning about five, Roy gave a war whoop. There was every indication that we were being attacked by Indians. He certainly gave us a dance without charge. Come to find out, he was only excited because he had found a scorpion within a few inches of his head. It was one of those pale, yellowish-green ones, about the size of your hand: a real lively chap.

Very few cared to go hunting at 5 o'clock, before breakfast. Roy complained of his shoes. Bill said his wind was bad and that he could not make the climb. Ray complained about his glasses. H.H. mentioned something about having sore legs: said they were skinned clear down to the knee. I was somewhat under the weather myself, but Roscoe saved my life with his tablets. A few of us started out to hunt. Dollar Bill deciding

eventually to go. He went with the guide, and I took to the mountain alone. I had a lunch with me, and started



Roscoe and the Dogs.

out for the day. I did my best to get a mountain sheep. I saw one, but did not get a chance to shoot. He was too smart for me. Late that evening, just at dusk, I dropped over a cliff into camp, safe and sound. It seems the boys had been worrying about me, thinking I might have had an accident.

After Dollar Bill and I left camp that morning, Roscoe and Ray started out with Judge Lucero. The temperature must have been 120° but Lucero instructed them to get down on their stomachs and crawl. They crawled about a half mile, when Judge Lucero, sticking

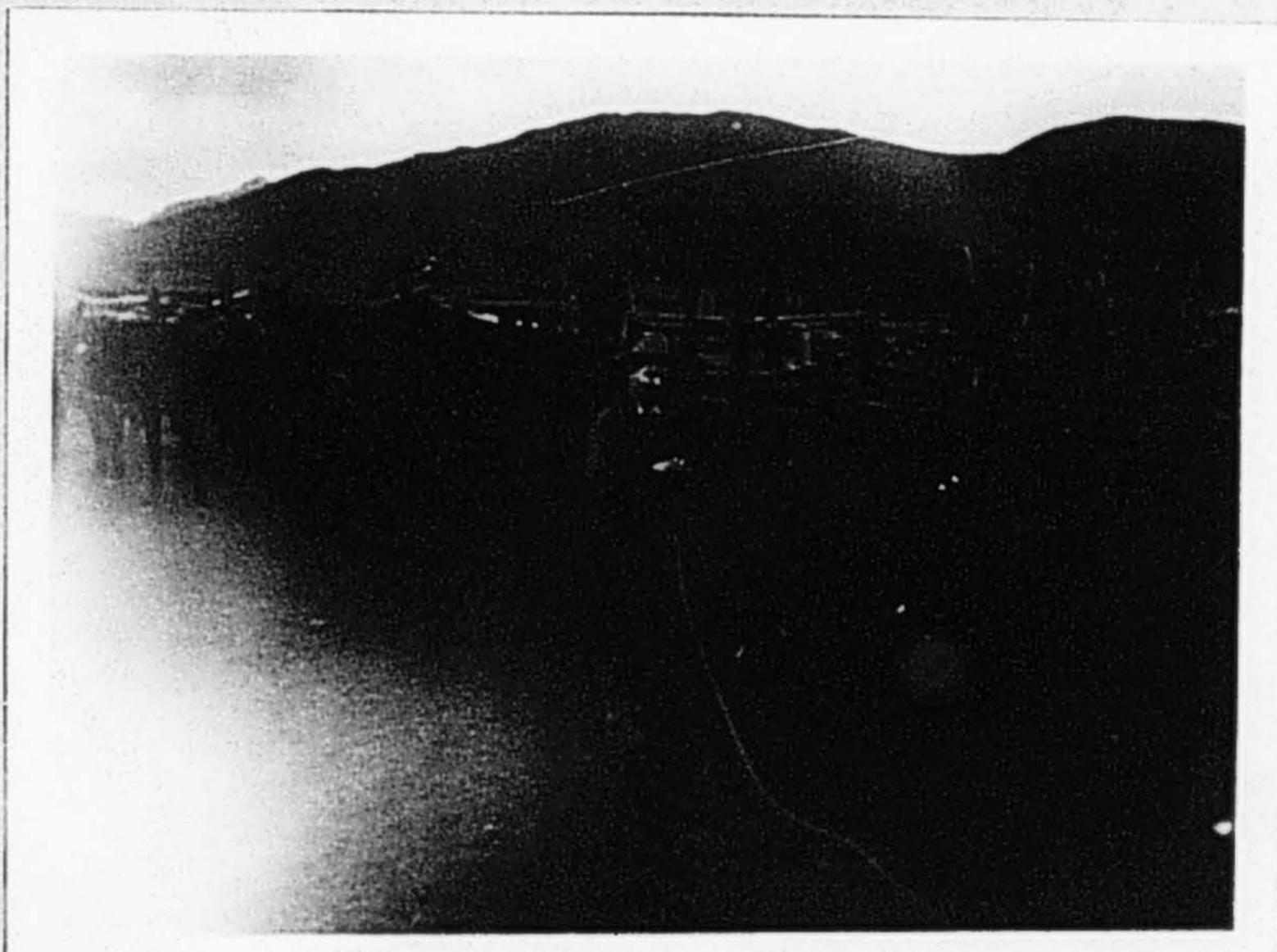
his head over a rock, saw, on a point about a mile away, a mountain sheep standing guard. I will take Roscoe's version from this point:



The Judge.

"We could not speak a word of Spanish. We could only do as we were told by signs from the guide. For two long hours, until after the middle of the day, the Judge eyed that mountain sheep and finally stared him out of countenance. The sheep made up his mind there was nothing to it, that his smell was wrong, and he walked away." Then, Roscoe says, the order was to run. They went down the mountain two or three miles across the desert, then crawled to the summit of another ridge. Then lay still. Roscoe fell asleep. Four o'clock

came: nothing to eat, very little to drink. It was so hot they were on the point of collapsing, when, lo and behold, over the divide, within one hundred yards, came eight or ten mountain sheep. Ray and Roscoe fired ten or eleven times, but brought nothing home. Blankety Blank Blank. I think we had better drop the subject at this point.



Cutie Roscoe.

In the meantime, H.H. with the others had made a ten or twelve mile trip on the desert, had seen many tracks, but failed to get a shot.

The water in the tank was getting low, so low we did not dare to stay more than another day. It



At the Indian Sign for Water.

Roscoe and Ray.



Another pose at the Desert Sign.

Roy and Ray.

would be a crime not to have left a reasonable supply for future travelers. We decided to make a forced ride to Camp Two the next afternoon.

That night we had a great game. Ray surprised himself when he threw out three kings and was beaten by a straight. It cost Ray something, too.

The next morning I started out alone, walking, determined to bring home a sheep. I told the boys I would be waiting for them at 2 o'clock that afternoon at the Indian sign for water. I made every human effort to get a mountain sheep, but it takes an expert to do it. I did see one that day but he was so far away that it would have been foolish to shoot, and I acknowledge I was beaten. It was too hot for any use. When two o'clock came I was almost out of water, had no grub, and was as hungry as a bear. I waited until nearly four o'clock. I didn't know whether the boys had gone by, or whether something serious might have happened at camp which would force me to go back five miles or more. And then, suppose I should walk back those five long, hot miles and find the boys gone! I determined to start back in ten minutes - and then they came around the bend.

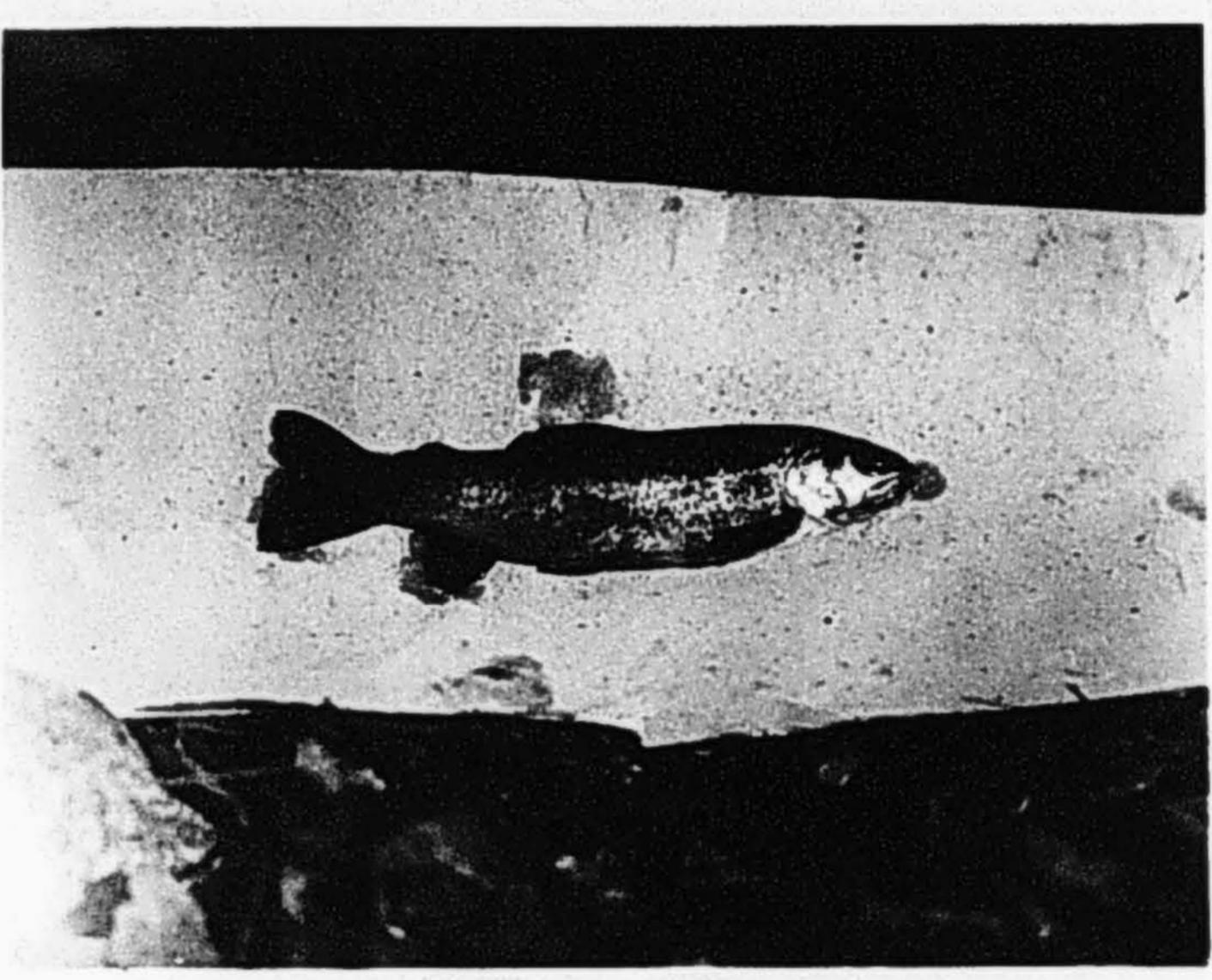
The boys had the same experience with sheep as myself, and while we had had a wonderful trip, we were all much disappointed not to bring back the coveted horns. By six o'clock the sun went down. It was almost

impossible at times to find our way across the desert. We got separated and rode on in the moonlight by twos and threes. Our Guide, H.H. and Dollar Bill, having the best mounts went on ahead. Every half mile or so they fired the dry yucca, and sometimes from a prominence we could see eight or ten of these fires at once. In this way we all reached Camp in safety; tired and hungry, about nine o'clock.

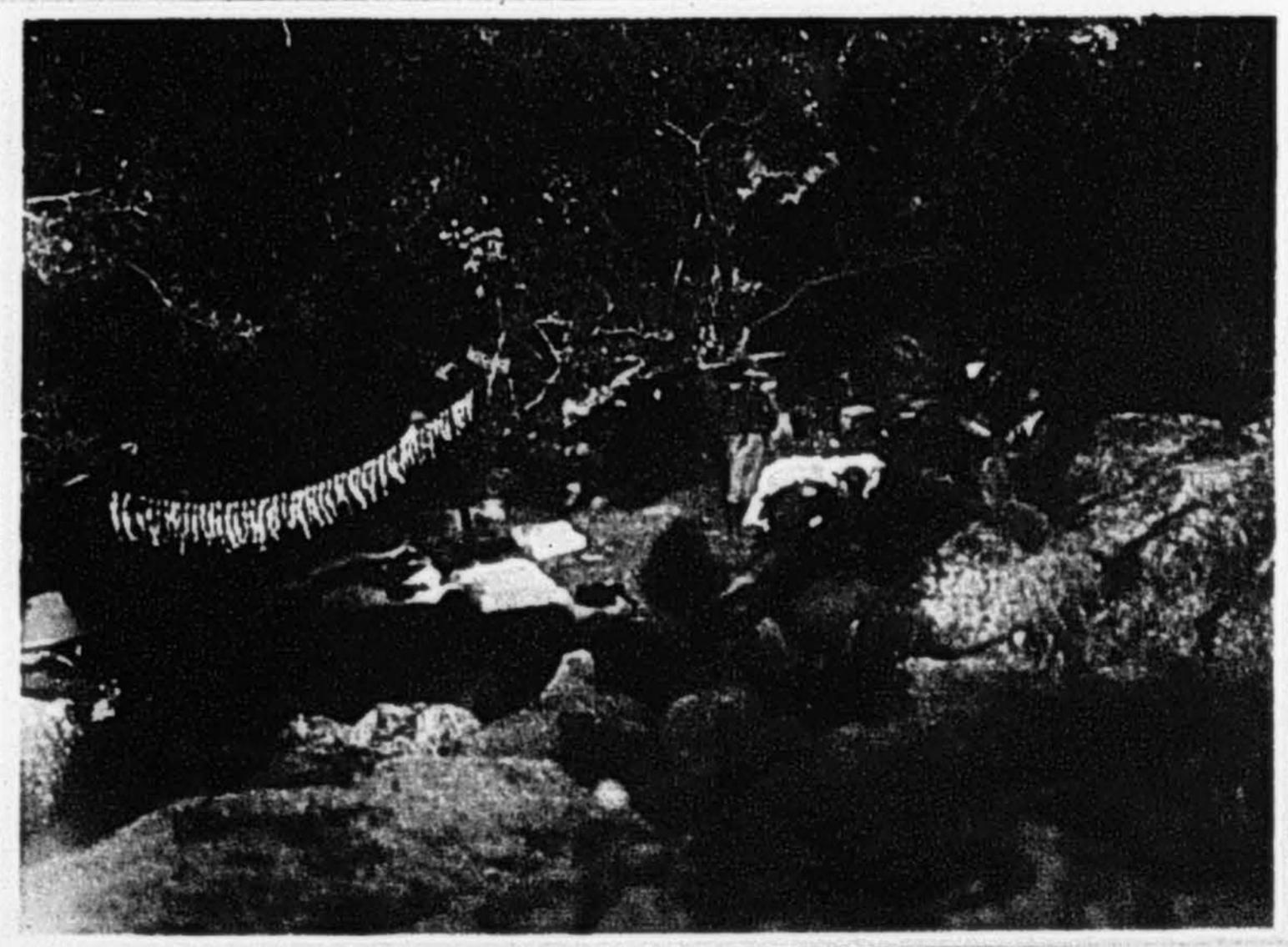
That Camp looked good to me. Roscoe rushed up to the Chinaman, threw his arms around him, and in the fluent Spanish for which he is famous, yelled, "Bueno, bueno, poco hot stuff mush." The Chinaman fainted, but after coming to, delivered the goods.

Roy went broke that night. He tells me the most wonderful sight, to him, was to see H.H., Ray and Dollar Bill playing poker in camp on the desert, about noon. There was no shade, the temperature was 150°; no water, no grub, and all three refusing to hunt. It just shows how persistent a man can be when he gets something on his mind.

I am satisfied H.H. will never forget that trip. He slept late the next morning. We had been across the desert to the Sierra Borrego Mountains. We had been sheep hunting. That alone was worth the trip. We had seen the Gulf of California, and could plainly distinguish the location of San Felipe, on the Gulf. Much as



The Prize Trout.



The end of a perfect day.

we had wanted to go on to the Gulf, we would have been crazy to attempt to make the trip in a machine.

Roscoe says he will never go hunting with that guide again, and any guide who can put Roscoe to sleep every time they stop is dangerous. But we all had been sheep hunting. None of us had washed our faces for nearly three days, and we were a sight for sore eyes.

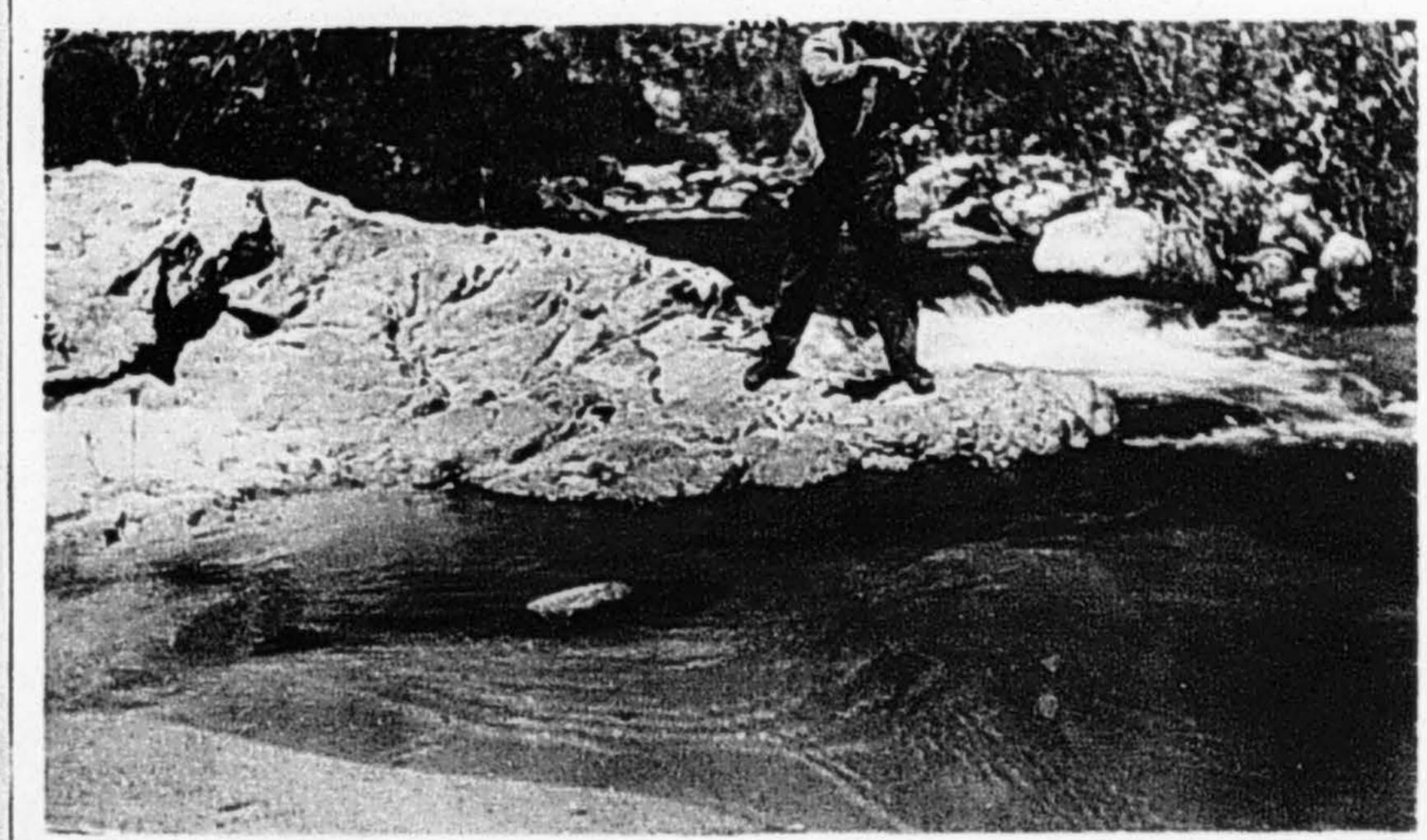
Thanks to H.H. we had one of the most interesting experiences that had ever come into the lives of most of us.

One night, as I lay awake in the Sierra Borrego Camp, I thought, suppose the hobbled horses should break loose and escape. No man could, in my opinion, without water have walked across that desert and reached camp alive. But luck was with us. The next morning, with much sorrow on my part, we broke camp and in two or three hours reached Valle Trinidad. It was here we had to separate. Dick and I going back in the Overland Truck and the other boys with the horses and burros, starting on a thirty mile trip to the San Pedro Martia Mountains.

I have since been told of the wonderful trout they found, and the pictures prove it; of the rattlesnakes they killed; of three days spent in absolute idleness, sleeping, eating, drinking, along the shores of a beautiful stream; of the splendid timber they saw; of the close view they had of the snow-covered summit of San Pedro. Some day I hope to make that trip, and



Dollar Bill Evans looking for trout.



An excellent likeness of Ray - as taken by Roscoe.

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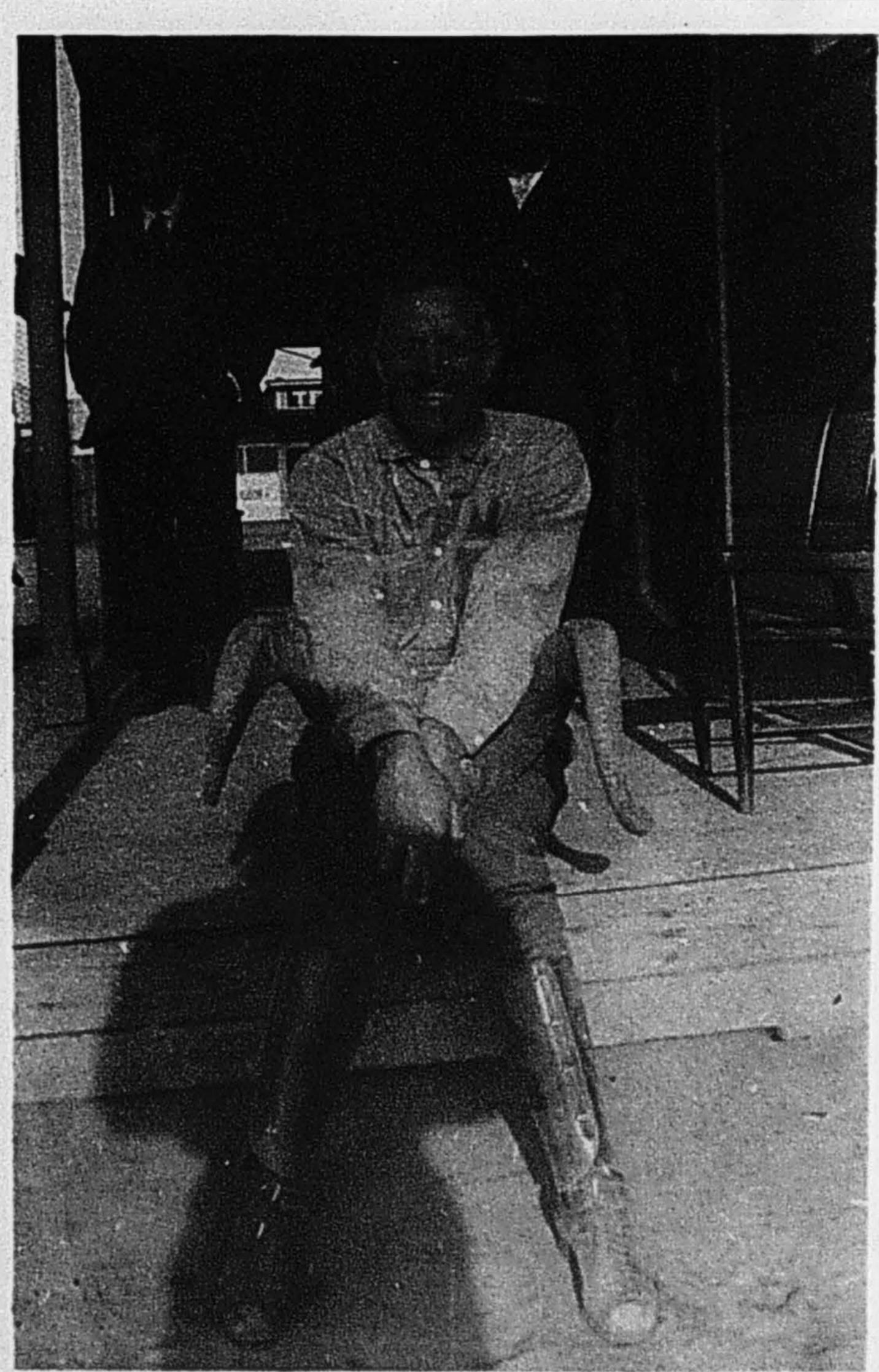
with the same bunch.

I had noticed all the time that Dollar Bill Evans wore a shooter about a foot long, and thirty cartridges or so in his belt, and wondered why. At Trinidad I found out. Jim Gray informed Bill that Manuel Salgado, a Mexican desperado, had just passed through Trinidad the day before. Salgado is wanted on the American side for many a crime, from smuggling to murder. It was Evans who tried to arrest Salgado in National City, and it was Salgado who shot Evans first. Evans swears by all that is holy that he will get Salgado, and I am sure that in time he will. At any rate, Evans got the seventeen cans of opium, if he did lose Salgado.

During the entire trip there was not a harsh word, no matter how strenuous the traveling, nor how tired the men. My two week's trip did me a world of good and I am deeply grateful to H.H. for the privilege of making it with him and his friends.

Dick, Roy and I left Trinidad with much regret, just after lunch that day, and almost made a record on our run home, even if it was a truck. With a practically empty car, we made the fierce Trinidad grade and reached Alamo about four p.m., where I immediately took possession of the only pair of horns that anyone brought home, and we reached Ojos Negros at

seven o'clock, where a fine dinner, a good bed and a most delicious bath awaited us.



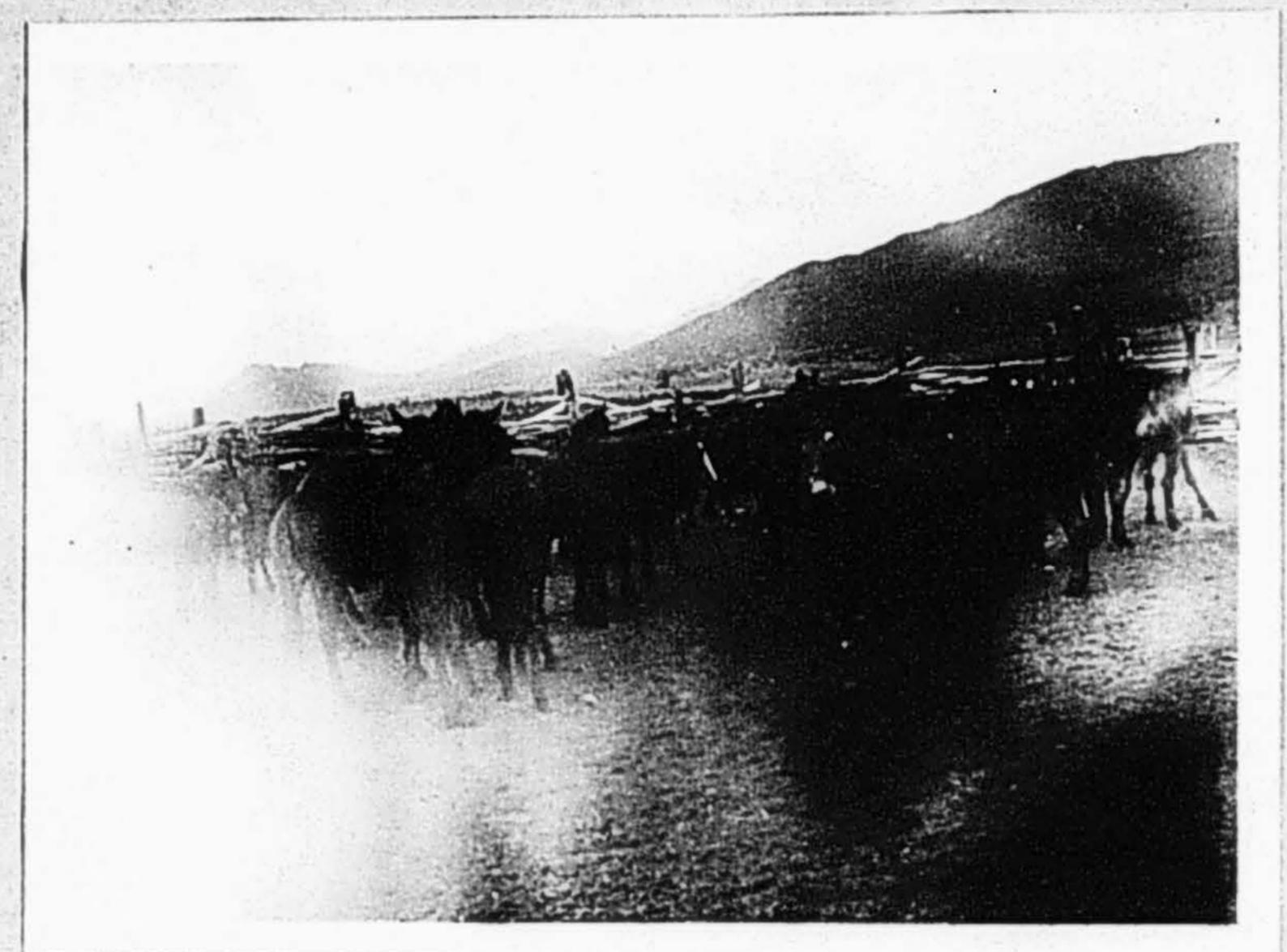
The only man who brought home the bacon.

Dollar Bill Evans said he had started from Tia Juana with \$15. To my amazement, Mrs. Roy spoke up and said, "He gave me \$50 which I am keeping for him, for he said he did not propose to go back to Tia Juana broke." Bill, old boy, you earned it.

Roy sorrowfully informed Mrs. Roy that his expenses had been quite heavy on that trip: That Dollar Bill was flush and boasted of having something like \$200 in his possession: that H.H. was groaning around about having lost \$150 on the trip. Ray was bragging somewhat, but Dick had a gloomy face. Jim Gray failed to recover any losses, and when I arrived in San Diego I had \$44. I left with \$50.

It does not seem just right that H.H., a man of national prominence, who sits around the table with numerous U.S. Senators playing the game of stud, should after paying the entire expense of this party (something like \$2000) have taken away from him a couple of hundred more. I understand from H.H. that he intends to get it back next time. Let us hope he does, for he has been generous to a fault; has been a good scout, a good loser, and a man we all love to call a friend.

The next morning Dick and I said good-by to our kind hosts at Ojos Negros, and without any gun, mind you, started in by way of Ensenada. We drove over a rough



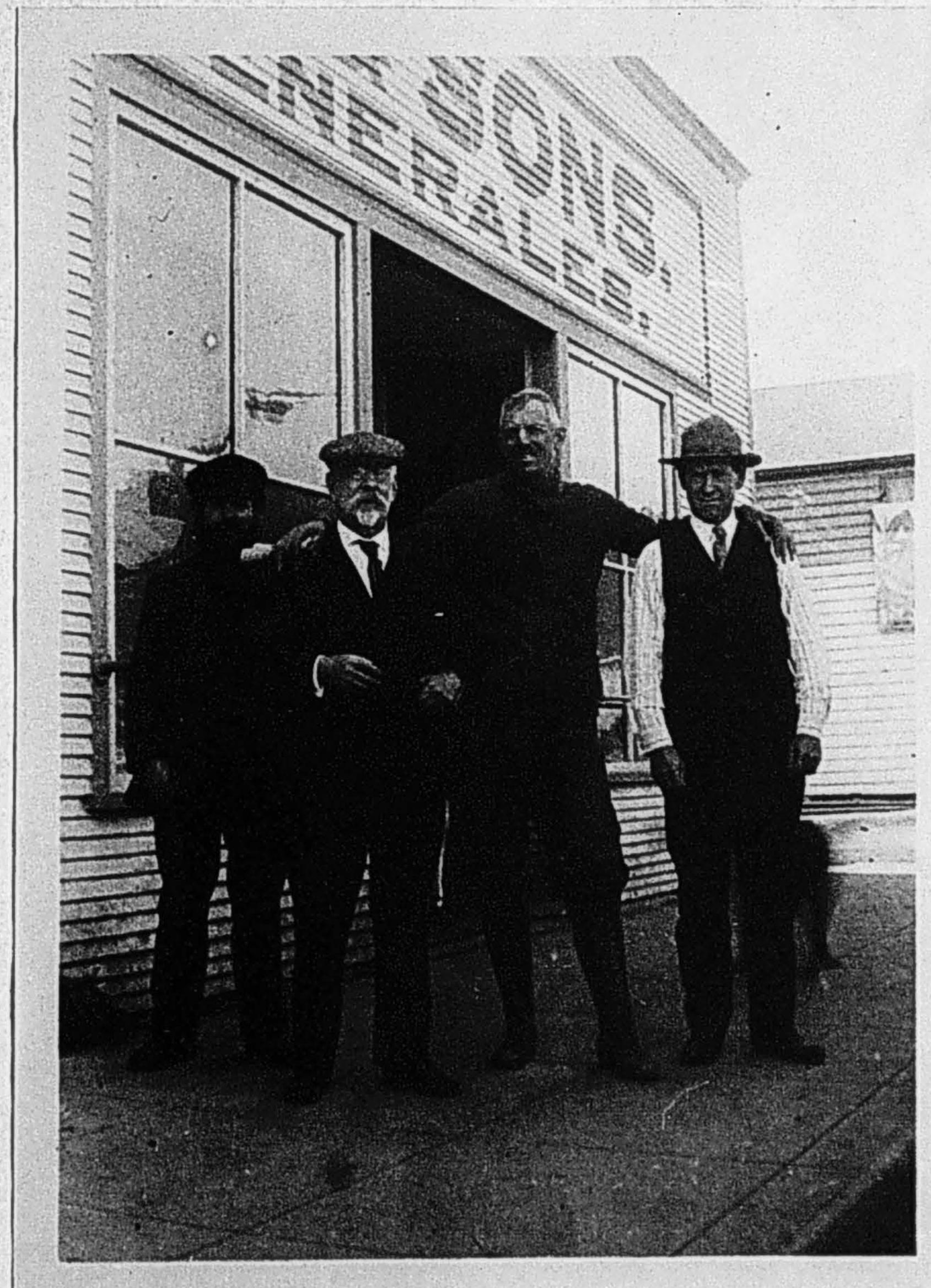
Roy's Corral.

grade, through beautiful country, with running streams and live oak trees. We passed only two or three Mexican Ranches, small, and little-cultivated farms with tumbledown houses. Crossing the divide, a wonderful view met our eyes: Ensenada, with its beautiful Bay and the valley behind it. The air was full of the perfume of the mountain lilacs, indigo blue.

Between Ojos Negros and Ensenada we saw more game than on the rest of the entire trip. We could easily have shot two mountain lynx, one bob-cat, plenty of small game, but we had no gun. The two mountain lynx started up within fifty feet of our car.

As we went down a steep grade a Mexican was coming up with a four horse team. We could not get past, and he refused to budge either up or down. We talked to him for a half hour, and then, in sheer desperation, ran around him, hanging on by our teeth. How it was done I don't know, but Dick is all right, he did it. We arrived in Ensenada, a distance of probably forty miles from Ojos Negros, at eleven a.m. There I met my friend Sawday, father of George Sawday of Witch Creek. Sawday is in the grocery business, but his store was practically empty. Conditions were something fierce in Ensenada. As an illustration, sugar was \$27 a sack, and it was almost impossible to get gasoline or coal oil at all. He had in his store not even half the necessities of life which any ordinary grocery store carries, and claimed he could not get them for love or money. Cantu saw that 50% to 100% duty was placed on everything that was imported. In fact, Cantu is feathering his own nest, and it is my prediction that within the next year or two he will beat it for the United States and enjoy his ill-gotten gains, if his Mexican friends do not kill him before that time.

I have it on the authority of business men of Imperial Valley that he already has two million tucked away in banks in the United States. How true this is



Ensenada, with my friend Sawday.

I do not know. I know this, however, that he charges \$4.85 a head for every beef that is killed, even when

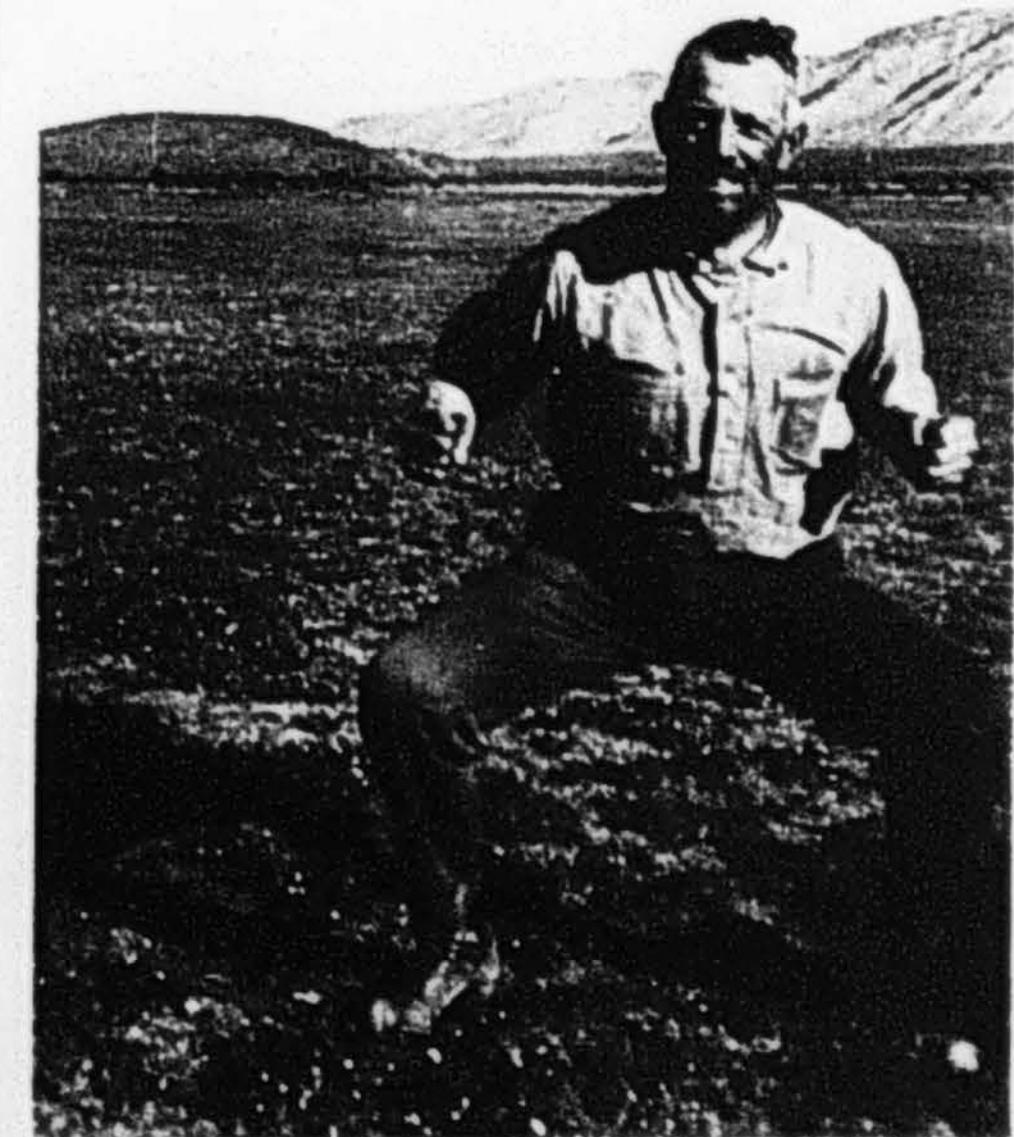
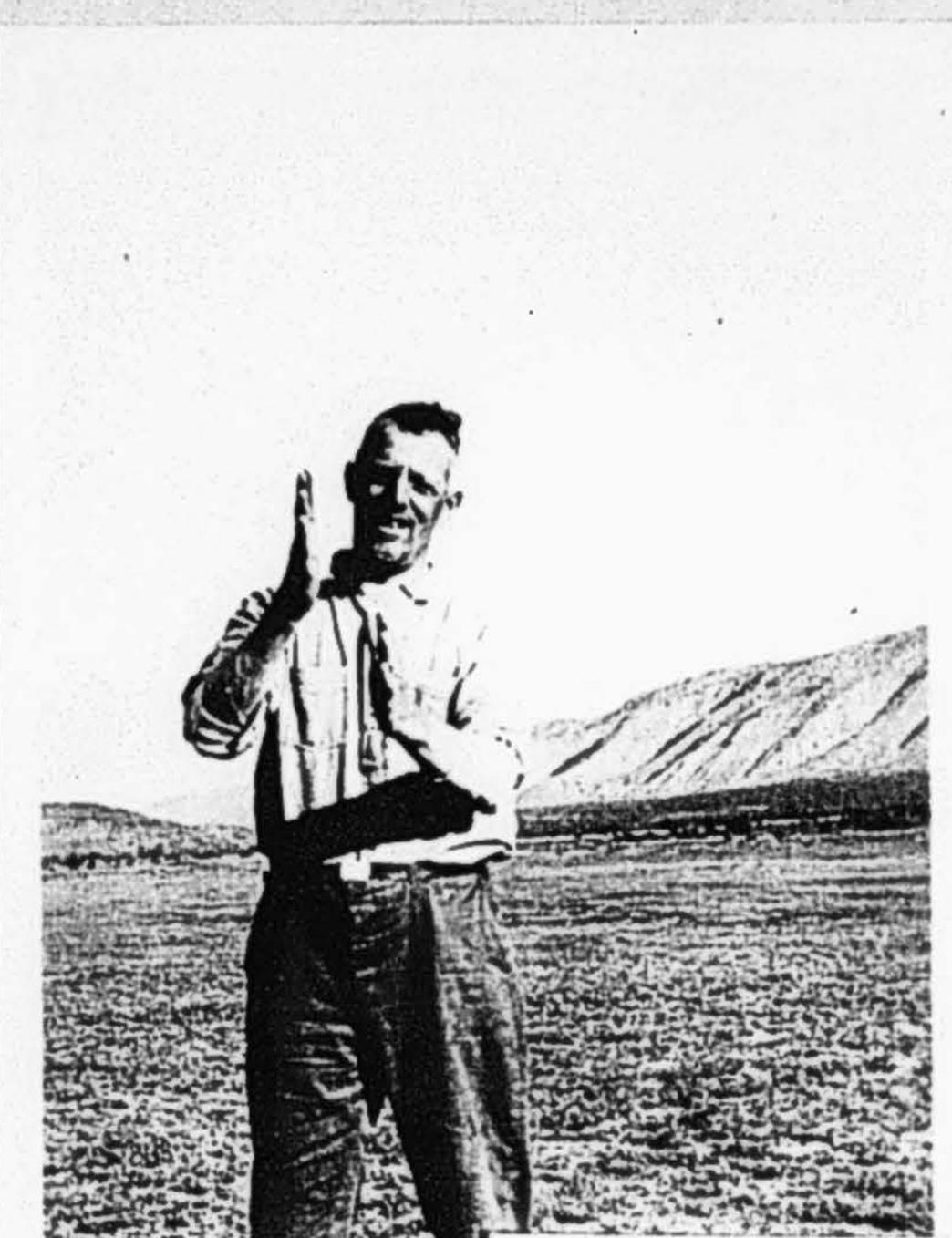
a man kills it for his own use, on his own ranch.

Cantu charges \$8 a month for auto tax, \$2 a head for Japs and Chinese. This gives some idea of what that country is up against. The Mexicans down there feel that the country belongs to them and they will soon have it divided up. Very few of them have any respect for an American.

It was at Ensenada we got a Union which announced the election of Mayor Wilde and four new councilmen. It seemed good to see a San Diego paper. There was one thing there in plenty: bread. Cantu has an export duty of $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ a pound on wheat and was buying wheat from the Russians at 1¢ a pound. He controls his own flour mills, makes the flour and sells it at very high prices. The Russian farmers in that section could not pay $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ a pound duty on their wheat and sell it in California, and the result is they had to take whatever Cantu offered them. We bought some sardines and a little bread and started for San Diego about eleven thirty.

We climbed one mountain range, and then it was valley and hill until we came to the Russian Colony. This Colony is half deserted. To my certain knowledge twenty or thirty Russian families have left and come to California. Ten of them are our tenants today in San Diego County. They are very clean, in-

The Mystic
Sign
of our
Order



In three
Movements.

telligent men. Cantu hated to see them go, and put an export duty of \$35 per head on their horses. They brought their own seed wheat and paid $2\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a pound duty because they wanted that particular quality of seed. I personally advanced something like \$1500 in cash to these Russians and took a mortgage on their stock to pay their duty, for they were broke. Every one of these Russian families has made good and are independent today. Col. Cantu's policy is driving everybody who can get out of the country away from Lower California.

We arrived at Tia Juana at 5 o'clock, just in time to get relieved of our bond and say adios to Baja California. It was with a sigh of relief, after what we had seen that day: a country desolate which might be prosperous: a country with plenty of water for its development, and plenty of land to make it rich.

I cannot see any future for Mexico under existing conditions. For thirty years I have been intimately in touch with Lower California, and can truthfully say that the conditions are worse today than ever in its history. There are only 4000 or 5000 Mexicans in entire Baja California. There are between 10,000 and 12,000 Chinese and Japanese.

It is a breeding spot for oriental troubles and for that reason alone is a menace to the United States.



Passing the Custom House, Tia Juana, on the way out.
I felt like I looked.

There are wonderful possibilities of development, particularly on the western slope, where they have an abundance of water, fertile valleys, and a climate that is semi-tropical. Nearly half of the delta lands of Imperial Valley are below the Mexican border.

It is inevitable that the United States in the end must intervene and establish a responsible government, collect reasonable damages for the past loss of life and property, establish schools, build roads, and put this wonderful country on its feet. Before intervening we should make a solemn obligation to its people and to the world, that we will recognize the sovereignty of Mexico when it has a stable government. As we did in Cuba, so we can do in Mexico, and withdraw when we have accomplished what we set out to do.

When H.H. and the rest of the party returned a few days later, they reported that signs were up over our property to the effect that it had been seized by the government authorities. Notice had been posted a few days before that the property was confiscated. Whether or not these notices were authoritative we do not know, but I am having it verified.

I have received word that a Mexican Commission appointed by Carranza or Cantu, I don't know which, to examine Mexican titles, has reported the title to our

San Ysidro Ranch is n.g. This report was confirmed by Carranza in Mexico City, within the last two weeks.

Before buying the property, years ago, we had the title approved by the Mexican Government under Diaz and later on, under Madero. This looks like confiscation of property all right. We bought it in good faith, paid the market price for it, and could have bought any amount of other property at about the same value. We had our ownership of the property approved by the courts of Lower California, and secured a Mexican patent to our property - something like 27,000 acres, and were in possession of the ranch for eight or ten years, until Cantu's troops took possession. The end is not yet in sight.

klm-bm



Valle Trinidad.



Branding the calves.
Ojos Negros.



Old Truck, near Alamo.



The Branding corral. Ojos Negros.



The corral at Circle Bar Rancho.



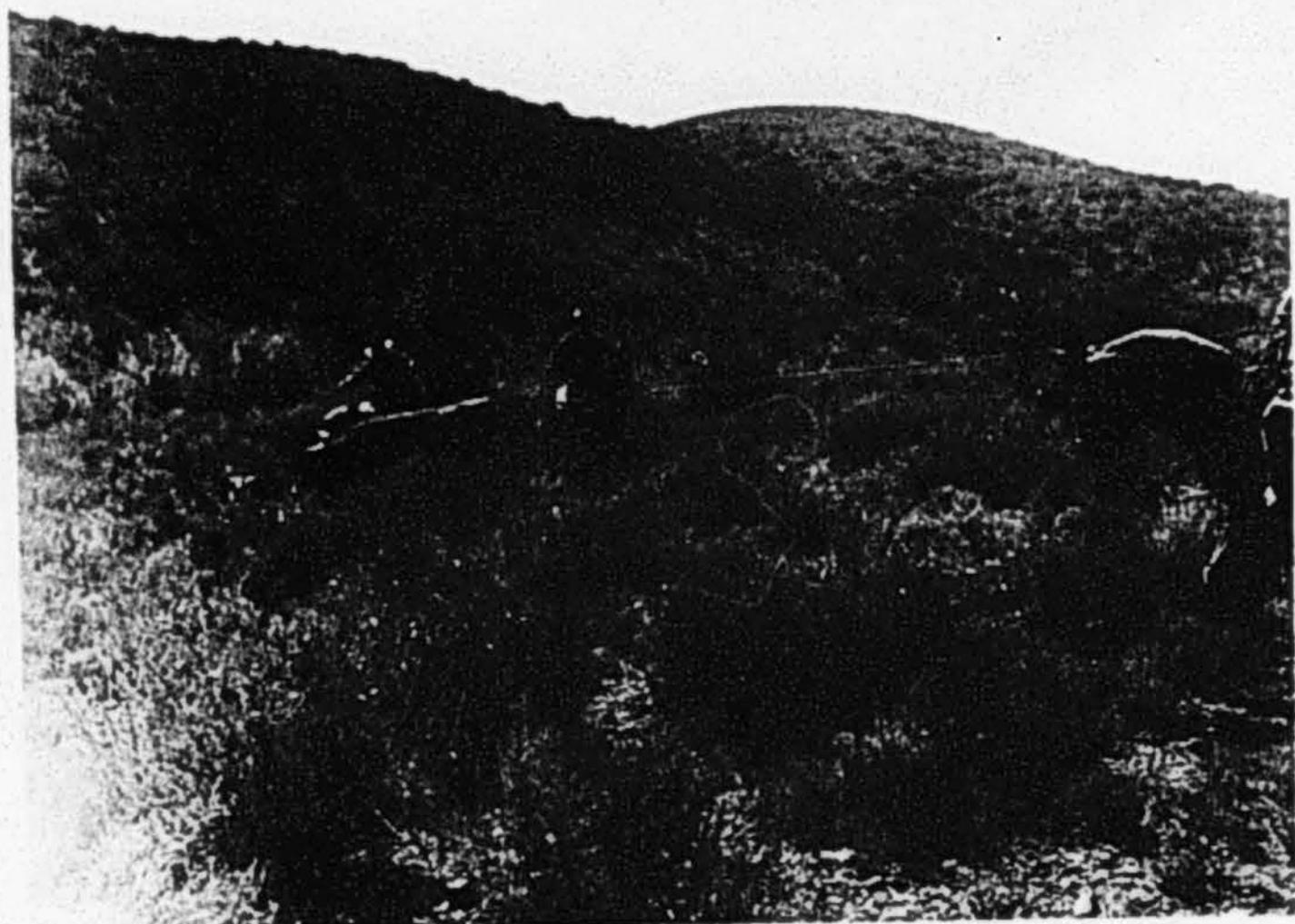
"Doctoring" a calf.



The contest. Tailing a calf.



Branding and Vaccinating calves.



Leading him in.



Wild Steer tied to a tree.

Ed Fletcher Papers

1870-1955

MSS.81

Box: 74 Folder: 5

**Personal Memorabilia - "Our Trip into Baja
California and to the Gulf of California"**



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