

# NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

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The Monterey History and Art Association

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## Letters To Henry

Fresh from Stanford with an M.A. degree in Greek, Miss Maud Flint rode on horseback from Jolon over the Santa Lucia mountains to the Redwood school near Lucia in the year 1899. There she taught the children of the then isolated southern Monterey coast.

She wrote of her experiences as follows: "The queer thing about me is that after training in the very heart of New York and my years at Stanford I was so happy to hide myself in the very heart of the wild west and enjoy such undiluted pleasure ! I'll never forget it ! . . . My trip was over an old Indian trail, with a deep canyon on one side and high mountains on the other. We rode sure-footed mountain-trained horses, and pack mules carried my baggage and the groceries, etc. . . . I had a trunk all packed but just in time received a letter from my clerk saying: 'For God's sake don't bring a trunk. Pack everything in sacks and bags.' So I did. As we reached the end of the trail over the mountains, the most glorious view met my sight. It was 9 o'clock at night and a great expanse of the Pacific opened up before me with a full moon shining down in glory."

Miss Flint's memories of that year remained vividly with her throughout her life, and she drew on them to write the series of letters which we publish for the first time in this issue. In explanation of the letters she wrote "When Henry Moser was a little boy and quite sick I thought I would cheer him up by writing him daily letters about my experiences in teaching that school. I represented his writing friend to be an old friend named 'Tom'. But Henry wondered and wondered about Tom. Well, it turned out all right and they told him after awhile." The letters were actually written in 1922 when the Flints and the Mosers lived across the street from each other in Palo Alto.

Another thirty years passed and one day Professor Moser returned to Palo Alto and returned the series of letters to Miss Flint who was then 82. She in turn sent them to her friend Miss Ann Hadden of Pacific Grove and wrote "Anything you can find in them you are welcome to use."

Miss Maude Flint died in Palo Alto in November of 1952. Miss Hadden passed away this past year in Pacific Grove, leaving the series of letters to the Monterey History and Art Association.

Various notes in the folder with the letters help us to identify some of the persons mentioned. "I was the teacher Miss Blank and Tom was a nephew of one of the American families". Of the Harlan family - "I had their three children as pupils. Those children, one little boy only five, climbed that steep mountain every day in all kinds of weather. They were barefooted most of the time, and their feet received harsh treatment on the rocks. That dear little fellow used to call me 'My Miss Flint'. One time I had to perform a surgical operation on his great toe to remove a large sliver. I sterilized the foot with diluted carbolic acid and went to work with a pocket knife. His sister held him ... The nearest doctor was 60 miles away in King City. I was called 'Medico' there in Lucia".

Wild West, Cal.,  
Sometime, A.D.

Dear Henry:—

Well, here I am at last out here in the wilderness. You know mother had to go to India with father and they sent me down here to stay with Uncle George awhile. The doctor said the change of living out in this wonderful country would do me good. I know I'm going to like it first rate when I get used to being without daddy and mother. I do miss them an awful lot but they won't be gone long and the doctor said I never could have stood the hot climate out there in India. It is too hot.

My, but this is a wild country! I didn't think there was such a place! I would have been awful lonesome if the new teacher hadn't been along. I think she's homesick like I am but she says that won't last long in such a beautiful country and we can write to our friends often. I wisht you could be down here with me but I spose your mother wouldn't let you come so far.

Soon after we left San Francisco on the train a lady came in and sat in front of us. I think she heard me say where I was going because she began to talk to me and told me she was the new teacher for R---. We were very glad we were both going to the same place. It was funny. After awhile we got to talking with another lady who said she had been the teacher at R--- the year before. She wasn't going back there because she nearly got killed falling down the mountain on horseback. She told us not to get frightened because the horse she had been riding was from the valley and was not ust to the mountains. You must ride a horse that is brung up in the mountains if you want to be safe. Me for the safe horse every time. Miss --, the new teacher said she didn't know she was going to such a wild country but she wasn't going to get scairt now. I was left with the new teacher at King City and such fun we had coming out here to the coast. I'll have to tell you that next time.

I have three cousins here and I like them awful well. They live down by the coast. I will tell you all about them next time.

Lovingly your friend  
Tom

Jumping Off Place, Cal.

Dear Henry:—

That's what the teacher calls this place. But she likes it fine and so do I.

So much has happened since I came last week that I don't know where to begin. But I promised to tell you how we got here.

When we reached King City a man was there with an old buckboard to meet us. His name was- well, they pronounce it Snowberg. It's German and I suppose this isn't the way to spell it. After what I heard a man on the train say about King



City I was glad we didn't have to stay there. He said he missed the only train out one day and had to stay all night. He thought it was the deadeast place he had ever been in until he tried to sleep in a bed that night. Then he found that some things were still alive there. That makes me think that we have some live things to keep us awake here. But these are fleas. There are just scads of them here.

Miss Cook, the other teacher came along with us because she was going to teach in Mr. S's district this year. We asked her if she wouldn't come over the mountains to visit us but she said, "Never Again". I forgot to tell you that there was no doctor only in King City, sixty miles away when she got hurt. It is just the same now so we must try to keep well.

The road from K.C. to Jolon - you pronounce the J like an H as it is Spanish - was very dry and dusty. Miss Cook and Miss Blank had to wear sunbonnets as the wind is very strong and they couldn't keep hats on. We were dusty enough when we reached Jolon. We saw a few jackrabbits and taranteras (?) along the road but there wasn't much doing and there weren't many houses. It was a long ride and we were glad when it was over. Mr. S. stopped at the post office which is in the hotel before he went home. It didn't look like much here and I was glad we were not going to stay. Just think! Mr. S. actually lives in an old adobe house! It was great to have a chance to stay there all night. I felt like a boy in history. There is one other old adobe house here besides the old Mission. Mr. S. has two nice little girls.

When we got to Mr. S's house we found a man there called Pedro Lopez. He had come from R- with our horses and buros- not bureaus. Did you ever hear that joke? A man in Kansas City received word from the freight office that there were a couple of bureaus there for him but he didn't see any when he called and so he lost his animals. The people there had never heard of burros. Maybe it has two r's. I wisht I had a dickshunary.

Well, you see the b's are the pack animals. All our things had to be strapped on them. They look awful funny and waddly when they are loaded. Guess I can't write the rest now.

I wanted to tell you I have three cousins, Alice, George and Will. We have lots of fun. More soon. With love,

Ever your friend, Tom

End of the Trail, Cal

Dear Henry:—

My, but I'm running over with news! So many things are happening I don't know where to begin.

I go to school now and it's great fun. The four of us start from our house at about fifteen minutes after eight and walk up the trail. There are lots of intresting things to look at along the way. We have to keep our eyes open for trantrulas and rattlers. There's lots of them here. Yesterday Cousin Willie, he's only five-ran a great big sliver into his big toe and could hardly finish walking to school. The rest of us had to help him. When teacher found out about it she said she's fix it for him. She borrowed my jackknife and took some stuff she had in a bottle. She put some on the knife and some on the sore toe. Then she got the rest of us to hold Willie tight and his hands so's he couldn't move and she took his foot on her lap and with the jackknife cut right into the toe by the sliver and got the old thing out in no time. Poor Willie yelled and thought she was awful mean at first but he felt all right afterwards and was glad the sliver was out. His toe

bled like anything but teacher put some more stuff on and washed it good to keep poison out she said. Then she took some nice clean cloth and wrapped the toe up fine. The Mexican children began to call her the Medico. That means doctor.

I am learning quite a few Spanish words. One I have been hearing so often but didn't know what it meant until I asked the teacher. It is manyana, anyhow that's the way it sounds and it means to-morrow. She says these people are sometimes called manyana people because they put things off until to-morrow. She says they haven't enough pep and she's going to stir them up a bit. She's started in fine all right. I wisht you could see her make the fellows get a move on and they like her fine too. I must go back to our trip over now.

We started out from Jolon early in the morning and Mr. Snowburg went with us. He said it was a dangerous road and he wanted to see us safe on the other side. They asked our teacher if she had ridden on horseback before and she said she had once long ago, but she was game for another try at it. We soon got on our horses and I rode behind Mr. S. on his horse. We waved to Miss Cook and the rest we had left behind and started on our expedition. We went through the Jolon valley and past the old San Antonio Mission which was all in ruins. We saw the beautiful Santa Lucia Mountains in front of us until we got into them. After going about fifteen miles we came to an old adobe ranch house. It was made of adobe like Mr. S's. It was a very old house and the ranch it was on was called Milpitas. The other houses were miles away. Mr. S. said we would stay there until the next day and I was glad because I wanted to see the Indians that live there.

I must stop and hunt fleas. Good night.

Your loving Tom

Log Cabin Hotel  
Far-Away, Cal

Dear Henry:—

Yesterday afternoon we were invited to a town about five miles south of here. Of course we had to go on horseback because the trail is so mountainous and we could not come home until after dark. We started as soon as we could after school but it took us quite a long time to go. I was glad to see the new places. Teacher said she would take us to explore them some Saturday. I hope it will be soon. There were the grandest hills to climb where springs were overflowing, and running down the sides of the mountains and there were dense woods - and new canons and waterfalls and everything.

When we got to the place they had a party all ready for us. The people there were mostly from New England and they had a regular New England feast. There were Turkeys and chickens and all the trimmin's and pumpkin pies and mince pies and Boston baked beans and plum pudding 'n everythin'. They had a lot of tables put together so that there was one long table. It was the longest table I have ever seen. And they had vases of pretty wild flowers all down the middle. That was some feast I can tell you - and when we had eaten all we could we still wished we could eat more. I like New England folks and I hope they will invite us again. They promised they would.

After the feast we went into another room to have some fun. Some of us felt too full to move. We were glad to sit and rest. They had some music and I'm going to tell you about it in poetry:

The orchestra was tuning up  
As we entered at the door-



A violin and accordion  
Kept on with a wail and a roar.

It sounded for all the world to me  
Like the screeching of birds in a fight  
And I was afraid they'd keep it up  
All the rest of the night

But when their tuning was finished for once  
They played some songs we knew  
And after awhile they tuned again  
And gave us a dance or two

It was the queerest music I've heard  
in all my life before  
But what could you expect to find  
here on this for-off shore?

I'll say it was some party and we had a fine time. The music wasn't so bad when they got started. Everyone was friendly and wanted us to have a good time. Teacher says she hopes we can go down again some Saturday and have a picnic out in the woods. I'd love that!

We had to start home before it was too late because we had a long hard journey and we had to go to school in the morning. So we started out and (continued)

With lot of love  
your friend, Tom

In the beautiful Santa  
Lucia Mountains, Cal.

Dear Henry:—

We are getting a fine garden started around the school. Teacher brought some seeds and plants with her and everything is growing beautifully. The sweet peas are about a foot high, the mignonette is nearly ready to bloom and so is the sweet alyssum and candytuft. We have a lot of nice rosebushes, too that are beginning to bud. We all enjoy working in the garden and helping to keep out the weeds. We have a large bed of pansies starting to blossom. The daffodils and jonquils have been full of flowers for about a week.

Well, I was telling you about the wonderful steamer that comes here with supplies once a year. Just think of it! Who ever heard of such a thing before? It must be great to watch those things being landed. Gerarda said they had to work fast to get the things all landed. No one came on shore from the boat. They talked through a megaphone. After everything was landed the boat left and the people on shore had a picnic. They opened a can of coffee, a can of crackers, some cans of sardines and fruit. They started a fire and made coffee. After they had eaten they had all that load of stuff to carry home. It wasn't so hard for my uncle but some of the folks lived away up on top of the mountain. It was a long trip even for the Lopez family. But that is where the good old burro comes in. They were packed each one with as much as it could hold. Then they started up the winding trail. It must have looked great. I have seen pictures of travelers in the Andes Mountains with what are called mule trains - a lot of pack mules, one behind the other. They wind around the mountains in great style.

The people here are still using the flour and some of the other things that came on the steamer last summer. They raise plenty of corn so I suppose they could manage for a while even if they did run out of flour. And just think! They pound up their corn with a mortar and pestle! I think I told you that before. They are old ones made by the Indians years ago.

With love, Tom

Far, Far Away, Cal

Dear Henry:—

Life here is just one thing after another. Miss Blank says she was sent down here to get experience and she certainly is getting more here in a day than she could in a year most anywhere else she says. She says we are so far away from everything that it is almost like living in the Middle Ages. The people are far behind in their customs because modern things cannot be brought in. It is too difficult to transport them. Just think! Our school house was built of drift-wood from shipwrecks and they had an awful time getting it up the mountain. The view from the school is wonderful! We can look out on the beautiful ocean a long distance. The waves are always dashing against the rocks.

Just below our school, toward the north is a beautiful grove of Redwoods. Those are the last Redwoods so far south. In among these trees are a lot of Madrones and Manzanitas. There is a wonderful spring there. The water we have at school is brought from this spring. Yesterday after school we explored around in the grove and found a lot of wild strawberries. They were fine. And you could never guess what else we found! Wintergreen! and wintergreen berries all ripe! My I was glad! and so was teacher. She said she hadn't seen any since she came from way back east several years ago. She says there is something about wintergreen she just loves. Teacher says we'll take these strolls often. To-morrow we may go abalone fishing! Won't that be an adventure? Why can't you take a vacation and come down here for a while. I spose your ma would be scared to let you after all the awful things she has heard about this place. But, my, it's nothing at all. I just love it and I'm getting fat.

Let's go back to Milpitas again and see if we can't get over here before next year. Let's see. O yes! We intended to get started early for our trip across the mountains because it is quite a dangerous trip of fifteen miles over a very narrow old Indian trail. It is so narrow that horses can only pass in certain places where the road has been widened by cutting into the mountain.

After we left Milpitas we went much higher up into the mountains before we came to the narrow trail which was pretty level. Here on one side the mountains went high up and on the other there was a very deep canon. That's right because I looked it up to-day in the dict.- you know what I mean. I must look that up to-morrow. If I'm going to write letters every day I've got to know how to spell better.

It was getting dark when we struck the trail and soon we saw-good gracious' we saw on the trail just ahead of us- - continued in our next.

That's like a magazine cerial (?) ends. With best love, I will close for this time.

Your friend

Tom

End of the Trail, cal

Dear Henry:—

Just think of it! I've been abalone fishing! Me! This is how it happened.



After school we all went down to the Lopez house with teacher. There we got burros to ride down to the beach on. It too steep for a horse. We had great fun jogging along on those funny little animals. When we got down on a flat we left the burros and slid down to the beach. There was no regular trail here and it is very steep. It was easier getting down here than it was getting back up again. It's very rocky on the beach and you have to watch out for the tide as the waves dash pretty hard against the rocks. But it is wonderful down there with the high cliffs on one side of you and the ocean with its high waves rolling in on the other side. There were all kinds of little nooks and places where the water had been left in pools. We saw lots of crabs and star-fish and periwinkles and those funny round shell fish that grow on the rocks were the abalones. And O, you should have seen those abalones. There were just loads of them. We had crowbars and strong sticks to pry them off the rocks. Regina Lopez - she's Pedro's sister - pounded them tender for cooking. They have to be pounded when they're just fresh or they're so tough you can't eat them. We gathered some shell besides the abalone shells and I'm going to send some to you "poco tiempo". That means after a while. The abalone shells are perfectly beautiful. Sometimes big pearls are found in them. I wish I could find one. A cousin of the Lopez family found one that she sold for \$250! But those are not found every day. There were a few rough looking old pearls in one shell but they weren't worth saving.

—(Letters to Henry will be continued in the next issue)—



## COSAS DE INTERES PARA LOS SOCIOS

Three important reminders to all members:

1. The annual meeting of the Monterey History and Art Association will be held on Monday, January 20th, at 8 p.m. in the Association's headquarters, the Casa Serrano, 412 Pacific Street.

2. A new mailing list is now being prepared. If your present address on this issue of the Noticias is incorrect, or if you have moved within the last few months, please notify us of your correct address.

3. Dues for the year of 1964 are payable in January. Dues are \$4 single, \$7 for husband and wife, \$1 for juniors, and \$10 sustaining. Life memberships are obtainable for \$100.

Dues and correct addresses can be sent to Monterey History and Art Association, 336 Pacific Street, Monterey, California.



Sunday, November 22nd, the Directors of the Association served a buffet luncheon to Father Junipero Serra's fellow countrymen during their Monterey Peninsula visit. Greeting the Spanish Mayors and the other dignitaries were Mr. and Mrs. Allen Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKeever, and Mrs. Henry Jones (representing her husband who could not be present). The ladies of the Board of Directors prepared and donated the food. Mrs. McKeever's Monterey style beans supplied the traditional touch. Mrs. Horace Dormody arranged the beautiful autumnal decorations, and Mrs. Tod Singleton, hospitality chairman for the Association had general charge of the arrangements with the co-sponsor VAMP.

THE EDITORS  
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AND ART ASSOCIATION

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**COSAS DE INTERES PARA LOS SOCIOS**

New Members: Mr. Andy F. Schmidt, Dr. and Mrs. L. Bruce Meyer, Irma Echhardt, Mr. Lawrence L. Walker.

Sustaining Members: Miss Alexandra Pratt.

New Life Members: Mrs. Winifred Wolf, Mrs. A. Boyd Mewborn.

Gifts: Mrs. A. W. Draves has given the Association an historical book, and Mrs. Winifred C. Chrisman has sent a generous monetary contribution.

Deaths of Members: We are saddened to report the deaths of the following members since our last issue; Ira Sperry Parke, Julian Pitzer Graham, Lt. Col. H. A. Fisher, C. J. Hamlin, and Edward Kennedy.

Memorials: The name of William J. Mendia will be inscribed in our Book of Remembrance. Mr. Mendia was a descendant of the Amesti and Mendia families. The Association maintains a Book of Remembrance on view in the Casa Serrano, a gift from Mrs. George Applegarth of San Francisco. The Association has also established the charming Memory Garden at the Casa Serrano for which memory gifts may be made.

Election of Directors: The terms of the following members of the Board of Directors expire this month: Mrs. Jane Campbell, Eldon Covell, Claude Faw, Col. Allen Griffin, Mrs. Norman Hasselo, Henry Jones, Allen Knight, Robert McKeever, and Mrs. Orval Polk. Ten new members will be elected at the annual meeting in January for a term of three years. New officers of the Association will be elected from the Board of Directors at their first meeting in February.