

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

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Model of the whaleship Charles W. Morgan made by Colonel Charles B. Richmond and on display in the Maritime Museum, Monterey. The Morgan first sailed September 4, 1841 from New Bedford, Massachusetts, into the Pacific Ocean. Her return trip took 135 days from Monterey, California to New Bedford. She had been to sea three years and four months.

MARITIME MUSEUM

Did you know that President Ford served on the U.S.S. Monterey during World War II? The Maritime Museum has on display the ship's bell from the Monterey and a letter from the President.

The touring school groups stand enthralled when the bell is struck for them.



BUFFALO ON THE SUR RANCH

Some years ago our own Mayo Hayes O'Donnell wrote two articles about the attempt by the Molera family to raise buffalo on the Sur ranch in the 1890s. Today the ranch is being developed as the Andrew Molera State Park, and we hope that visitors will be interested in the animals that were there when it was a working ranch.

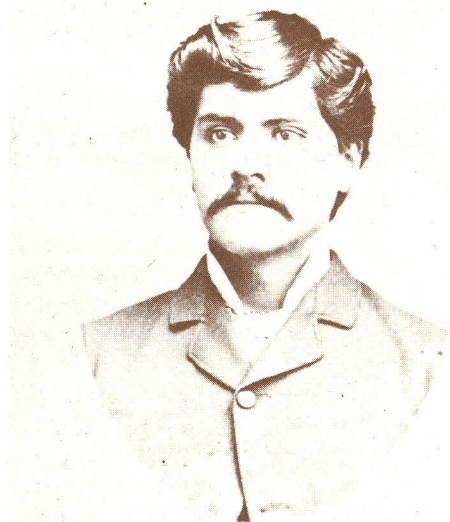
According to Frank Post who then worked on the ranch, it was sometime in 1892 that E.J. Molera sent the first buffalo to that portion of the large Sur ranch which his wife, Amelia Cooper Molera, had inherited from her father. The animal had a reputation for having "killed one or two men already," and the ranch hands were not too happy to greet him.

This first bull died soon, but Mr. Molera obtained another bull and several cows, and sent them down the coast. These animals were a constant source of trouble to all on the ranch. Frank Post told of their troubles. "One morning, Lizzie, Joe's wife, drove the milk cows in from across the rio for milking. From the hill the buffalo saw the cows and down he came, tore through everything — caught the bottom of the corral gate with his horns and threw the gate high in the air over his back — marches in and clears everybody out of the corral.

"Manuel Amesquita and Sylvester Gilkey, who were giving a hand in milking cleared a 7 foot board wall. This was the side of the barn which formed one side of the corral. The hay was even with the top of this board siding. Vester (Sylvester) as we called him, got the hay fork jabbed several times into the buffalo's nose. This however, did not better the situation.

"The beast, with all his weight and bulk, made a lunge and leaped clean over this seven foot barrier and on top of the hay. Manuel and Vester shinnied up on the uprights of the barn and took refuge on the cross beams.

"The buffalo, seeing that he had them all well treed, lunged off the hay to the ground with the cows, then tore the end off the corral large enough to admit a freight engine. Of course he was then in the lot by the dwelling house.



Bartley's
SALINAS CITY.

Imperial

Gallery.
CALIFORNIA.

Courtesy Monterey Public Library

Joseph William Post (Joe) as a young man when he herded buffalo on the Sur ranch of the Molera family. •

"The women folks who were cooped up in the house didn't dare to open the door and step out. The buffalo was strutting around emitting peculiar but familiar grunt common among the bulls of this species. All day and all night the cows were not milked.

"Next day, Joe, my brother, goes down to see Cooper's foreman Juan Artillan (this was the adjoining ranch), for help and to see what could be done. Juan says: 'This is just what I have been waiting for. I'm just itching for a round with that buffalo.

"He calls on the men of the ranch, Abelardo Cooper, John Pate, Solomon Orantes and Juanito Artillan. Up they come riding the best saddle horses on the ranch.

"When they arrived on the scene Juan says 'ond esta.' The bull all this time was on the farthest end of the lot herding the cows. Juan says 'afora beras.' Then he takes

his riata, but by the time he got near the bull, who had been watching him all the time, the bull left the cows and just flew over the ground after Juan or Juan's horse — the bull was not particular.

"Let me tell you Juan soon found out a lot of two or three acres is not enough ground for to tackle a bull buffalo. At every thrust the horn of the bull would comb the hair of Juan's horses' tail.

"While the bull was taken up after Juan, two or three riatas from the other horsemen fell short. Finally Joe swung and threw his riata with all his strength. It, too, fell short, but in some way or other the bull got his hind foot in the loop. Joe gave the riata a terrific yank, the noose tightened around the shin.

"Joe, having only the bare end of his riata to take two or three turns around the horn of his saddle, he then yelled for the others to hurry. A tremendous kick on the bull's part nearly knocked Joe's horse off his feet. By this time the other ropes were on the bull and in short order they had him sprawling on the ground.

"Juan said, 'I'll fix him' so he gets a redwood post and ties and lashes this rail across the bull's forehead. Well tied by the two horns, the vaqueros released him and the bull got on his feet. He behaved for a while. Then he got outside the fence.

"All that night the bull walked back and forth along the outside of the fence with the end of the post-klick, klick, klick, rubbing along the picket fence, never letting up with that hideous grunt. By morning the post was dragging on the ground, fastened only by one horn. In a short time the lashing on the other horn broke, and the bull was free again and up on the Mesa Grande."

Sometime later, according to Frank Post's story, one of the buffalo cows had a bull calf fathered by this old bull. He grew up to challenge his father, and Mr. Post told of the fight. "He followed the old man and cornered him in a narrow gulch and here he finished the old vicious 'Demon of the Plains' and not only that but stamped and hooked the earth of both sides of the gulch until he buried his old dad."

Finally the Moleras decided to move the buffalo off the ranch, and the vaqueros were faced with the problem of driving them up the old coast trail, past farms, barking dogs, etc.

Frank Post's story continued — "There were eight or nine buffalo. Joe hired for help, I think, Solomon Orantes, and Jim Meadows. They got some tame domestic cattle so they would take the lead.

"All went well until they met John Sozier, with a big wagon and four horses. Here they had trouble as Sozier's horses were frightened. It was a miracle that Sozier didn't land in the ocean, horses, wagon, and all.

"Along about Seaside Old Ben (Ben Franklin, one of the buffalo) either broke the fence or walked into a woman's flower garden in front of her house. There were climbing vines in front of the porch. Old Ben got his horn in the vines and came near

bringing down the porch as he walked out of the garden with the vine trailing from his horn. Joe said the woman was screaming in the house.

"A little way beyond, old Ben sniffed the air. Some cattle were off the road about half a mile. He refused to go on. Here they had a time with him. All he would do was walk around and was ready at any moment to make a lunge and charge at the vaqueros.

"At last Joe and Jim managed to get a length of barb wire off the fence about 40 feet long. The tied the ends of the wire to the riatas, one at each end of the buffalo. Pulled by the pommel of the saddle, the wire was pulled against his heels. From there it slipped up until the barb wire got under his tail. Then Joe and Jim everlastingly sawed him. That is the way they got him in with the rest of the herd."

Further on, Old Ben stalled on the track of the railroad between Salinas and Watsonville. Frank Post's story continues "here comes the train while Old Ben was examining the rails. The engineer gave short blasts. Ben stood his ground until the train stopped, then started very slow toward Old Ben. When within a few feet of him the engine opened up a valve of hot hissing steam. Old Ben got some of it, I guess; anyway he stepped off the track and the train passed on."

At last the drive reached its destination, Galley's Moro Cojo, where Joe Post delivered them to Galley who already had some buffalo. In turning the herd into a field, a young buffalo bull came trotting and bellowing to meet the newcomer. Old Ben was waiting, edged up to the young bull slowly, still-legged, then all of a sudden picked up the youngster and tossed him in the air. The young bull managed to land on all fours and started to run with old Ben punching viciously in the rear. Twice the youngster was stood right on his head with heels straight up in the air.

According to Frank Post, as he concluded the story, his brother Joe "was mighty glad the buffalos were off his hands, and did not care if he never saw another buffalo."

HISTORY REPEATS

The arrival on the Monterey Peninsula during this past year of a number of Vietnam refugees has brought to mind another group of refugees who came to Monterey in 1848.

About forty years ago or more, we used to visit Manuel Duarte in his store across from the Custom House in Monterey, and listen to his yarns about the early days, and about our own father whom he had known. One day he told a Duarte family tale, of how after the war with Mexico, the Duarte family had fled from Baja California, and arrived in Monterey on a U.S. battleship, and the one thing the son of the family had regretted was that he had lost his hat. The family had only a few minutes after word was received to pack a few personal belongings, run across the fields from the rancho house to the beach, and be picked up by small boats from the U.S. warship.

During conversations with other residents of Monterey we at times heard that "grandmother met grandfather on a battleship when the family came to Monterey

fleeing from Mexico; he was a soldier and she was of a Mexican family." Interesting, but not documented, we thought.

Then, two years ago, while doing some research at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., we happened to be directed to certain Records of the Third Auditors Acct. No. 8875, R.G. 217: G.A.O., and there we found the records of Disbursements made at Monterey in 1848 for refugees.

Back we came, and looked through California Message and Correspondence published for the 31st Congress in 1850. We find that on June 27, 1848, Lieutenant Colonel H.S. Burton, stationed in La Paz, wrote to the 10th Military Department in Monterey asking for guidance in regard to certain residents of Baja California. "I request instructions respecting those inhabitants of Lower California who have taken up arms in our favor, during the late disturbances in the country, relying upon the assurances that Lower California would never revert to the republic of Mexico, made to them by Commodore Shubrick, in his proclamation...These assurances were received in good faith; and among the better class of population in the country great pleasure was evinced at the prospect of receiving, in Lower California, a just and permanent government.

"As nothing is said, in this treaty of peace, respecting persons in the situation of these inhabitants of Lower California, they are left to the mercy of Mexico; and many have appealed most earnestly to the agents of the United States in the country for protection, saying that their property will be confiscated, their lives and those of their families endangered, if they remain in the country after the American troops leave, etc. etc."

We have not found the official reply to Lieut. Col. Burton, but we did find a letter from Colonel R.B. Mason, commanding at Monterey to the Adjutant General of the U.S.A., written November 24, 1848, in which among other items he makes the following report: "Lieutenant Colonel Burton's command arrived at Monterey on board of Commodore Jones' squadron, and was discharged at that place. A large number of the people of Lower California, who had taken an active part in our cause, was also brought by the same conveyance. I ordered the assistant commissary and acting assistant Quartermaster to feed and quarter them for two months; and Commodore Jones promptly caused them to be paid from the military contribution fund, collected under his orders, for their lost property, etc."

How many refugees there were we do not now know, but there must have been over a hundred, or more, because of the rooms rented for their accommodation. Nine local people rented rooms or houses to the army for the refugees. Thomas O. Larkins' bill was for rent of 4 houses, containing 13 rooms from October 6, 1848, at the rate of \$67 per month; Juan Cappett had a house of 4 rooms; David Spence rented one building containing 6 rooms at \$25 per month; Milton Little rented one house of 8 rooms, and another house of 3 rooms, and a third house of 5 rooms, for a total bill of \$146.16, etc.

We know that one of the refugees was the former governor of Baja California, Don Francisco Palacios de Miranda. He was able to salvage much of his estate, purch-

ase at auction in La Paz a vessel captured by the U.S., the Manuel Adolfo, and put his household goods on board for Monterey. He and his family came on board the Lexington, Capt. Bailey. Here he purchased property, opened a store on Washington Street and made a living for his family until a fire destroyed his store in May of 1870. The local paper reported "the old gentleman is about 81 and with no one to aid him, the disaster we learn renders him insolvent."

Other families, still living in this area, that can trace one ancestor to the refugee groups includes Austin, Hayden, Duarte, Trenner, Richards, Feliz, and Simoneau.

COSAS DE INTERES PARA LOS SOCIOS

ELECTION OF OFFICERS: The Board of Directors elected the following officers to serve for the year of 1975-76.

President: Raymond Smith

Vice President: Radm. Edward O'Donnell

Treasurer: Colonel Richard Long

Secretary: Mrs. John Warren Douglas.

At the same meeting the ten new members of the Board who had been elected by the membership in September took their seats. They are: Eldon J. Covell, Mrs. Howard Helliesen, Colonel James E. Henderson, Robert C. Littlefield, Mrs. William B. Moore, Radm. Edward J. O'Donnell, W. Stanley Pearce, Raymond M. Smith, Miss Ethel Solliday and Eben Whittlesey.

LIFETIME DIRECTOR: At the September meeting of the Board Ted Durein was elected an Honorary Lifetime Director of the Association. His years of service, his leadership as President of the Association for several terms, his ability to work with all groups, and his friendship to all, his ever continuing interest in the history of this area are just a few of the reasons for the honor. Ted and his wife may leave us for periods at their mountain lake home, and the new house in France, but we know they will join us whenever in Monterey.

IN MEMORIAM: The family of Thomas Jay Hudson has requested that the donations received in his name be held in trust until the family designates a desired disposition.

CASE AMESTI: Remember that this beautifully furnished adobe is open on weekends for tours lead by our own members. A small fee is charged.

GIFTS: Colonel and Mrs. William Chapman added to their already list of gifts, and Mrs. Beatrice Lewis of Oakland sent a group of early twentieth century photographs of Monterey — all for the library. Colonel Charles B. Richmond has given a wonderful gift of labor by making a corner cupboard for the Casa Serrano to match the antique one already there. Now Mary Frances Singleton has room to display more of our fine china and silver.

Mrs. Roland M. Klemme has added to her gifts several items including a fine paisley shawl and an old Spanish shawl.

THE EDITORS
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AND ART ASSOCIATION

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