THE CLARK FAMILY 8

LINWOOD LINCOLN CLARK (BORN 1867) – COLLEGE AND THE EPIC BIKE TRIP

The next year after this trip with the horses my father came down from Humboldt with a team and buggy and he and I drove overland to Ventura again. This was a very enjoyable trip in the early summer and during my first six months of school Bert Saxaby and I roomed together and I would drive in from the ranch and stay a day or two with him and go to a dance. I became well acquainted with the Ventura and Bert, and I

would go to the local dances. When school time started father would drive me to Santa Barbara where I would take a steamer back to Oakland. These were either the steamer Santa Barbara or the Queen of the Pacific. I usually had a good dinner at the Hotel Arlington, but one time I went to sleep on the stern of the ship and the upper deck and when I wakened I lost that dinner overboard when we hit a storm when we went around Point Conception. That was the only time I was sick. In those days you got a dinner of about ten courses, overnight lodging and breakfast for about $2.50.

I had to leave college in the Spring of 1890 to take care of my father who had become very ill. He died March 4, 1890 and is buried in Plot 25, Lot 185 in the Mt. View Cemetery in Oakland, California. After father died I started working for Stocker and Halland and so did not go back to college as I was earning good money and beauing the bosses’ daughter around. However about the fall of 1892 I had a squabble with the lady so got let out. A neighbor of mine, Crosby Hyde, on Franklin Street in Oakland, and I decided to go to Yosemite for the summer. We went to Stockton by steamer and then by train to Sonora. At Sonora we met three other boys that we knew accidently so we decided to join forces and hired two donkeys and an old mule and tramped in from there by way of Cherry River and Lake Eleanor. It was a grand trip, but as I was the only one of the party that was not city bred, and could cook, the brunt of the planning and trail blazing fell on me. However I made them wash the dishes. Crosby and I stayed in the mountains one night east of Hetch Hetchy one night and tried to kill a grizzly that had killed a sheep the night before. The bear did not come back, which was probably lucky for us as Crosby only had a shotgun and I had the forty-five-ninety, which I had bought for the trip. I have it hanging on the wall here at our place at *LoP*. From Hetch Hetchy we rejoined the others in the Yosemite and one night slept on the top of Clouds Rest and another on the top of Yosemite Falls.

The other three had to leave after three weeks, but Crosby and I stayed and took one donkey and went up to Tuolumne Meadows where we got a deer near Lake Tenaya and tried to climb Mt. Lyell, but could not make it in one day, so had to come back to camp which we had a devil of a time finding about midnight. We tramped back to Sonora and then went back to Oakland.

The next summer Crosby and I decided we would ride our bicycles to San Diego. This had never been done before except by some racer that came out from the East, so it was quite an adventure and we attracted a lot of attention. The first day we rode to Sergeant’s Station which is a few miles south of Gilroy. The next night I think that we made Paso Robles, rather late, so we did not get up very early the next morning. We stopped at the Paso Robles Hotel and had a good hot bath the next morning in the Spring. After lunch we rode on to San Luis Obispo which at that time had a fine hotel called the Ramona. We loafed the rest of the day there. At that time the best road did not follow the coast from there but ran inland and we finally went on what is not the road at Santa Maria, and it was some hot walking through that mile of sandy river bottom just before we reached town. From Santa Maria the best road was the old stage road over San Marcos Pass to Santa Barbara which we made from San Luis that day. The next day we rode to Ventura. Crosby went alone from there by the way of Springville and I visited awhile with friends in Ventura and then rode out to Hueneme where Uncle Thomas was living at the time and stayed all night with him. He walked down the road with me the next morning for a mile and gave me a five-dollar gold piece and seemed to think that I was doing quite a feat. That was the last time I ever saw him. The road from Hueneme was by way of Round Mountain and up a heavy grade that I had to walk of course, and then it was an easy ride through the Conejo and into town where I met Crosby at the hotel. The next morning we left going out through Pasadena, which was a very small place at that time, and took the Foot Hill Boulevard which went through

Glendora and Azusa, etc., as it does now. I have never been able to be sure where we went from there. It seems to me we missed Riverside by a few miles but went by way of Perris and through where Lake Elsinore where we stopped for the night at a little old hotel I have shown you, which has since burned down, and where Jim Dunning used to be hotel clerk about the time of our visit. The reason for our round about roads was that everyone tried to steer us out of the sandy stretches and that is the reason for taking this route inland. There was a lot of sand down the coast. I don’t remember where we stopped the next night, whether at Fallbrook or Escondido, but we finally came in on a high mesa to the east of San Diego, I imagine about where Jolon is now located. The next forenoon we rode into San Diego. We expected to return by train as the trade winds were very hard to push a bicycle against, but there was a railroad strike and not a wheel was turning, so we had to wait nearly a week for a steamer. Crosby left his valuable gold watch in the toilet, and lost it of course. This watch had been his fathers and was much like the watch that Uncle Pat gave to you. (Unknown who the “you” is that this addressed to. - editor)

This Dorcas of mine father brought to Oakland with another horse in the buggy and we drove her to Ventura. Uncle Thomas bred her to his Wilkes Stallion. Dorcas had three colts during the time I was attending high school. The first I called Baywood. He was a beauty and I broke him to drive myself when he was two years old, and finally sold him to Uncle Thomas and he sent him up to Humboldt where they had more pasture. Uncle Charles sold him at one time and was stung by the deal. I asked Uncle Thomas to send up my other colt which I had also broken in Ventura when she was two years old. This horse had a better disposition. I was traveling around with a girl named Bernice Pelham, who was a school teacher in Ventura. Since the pet name for Miss Pelham was Bunnie I called this horse Bunnie. She was the horse that Mother and I drove when we were on our honeymoon to Petrolia in 1895.