

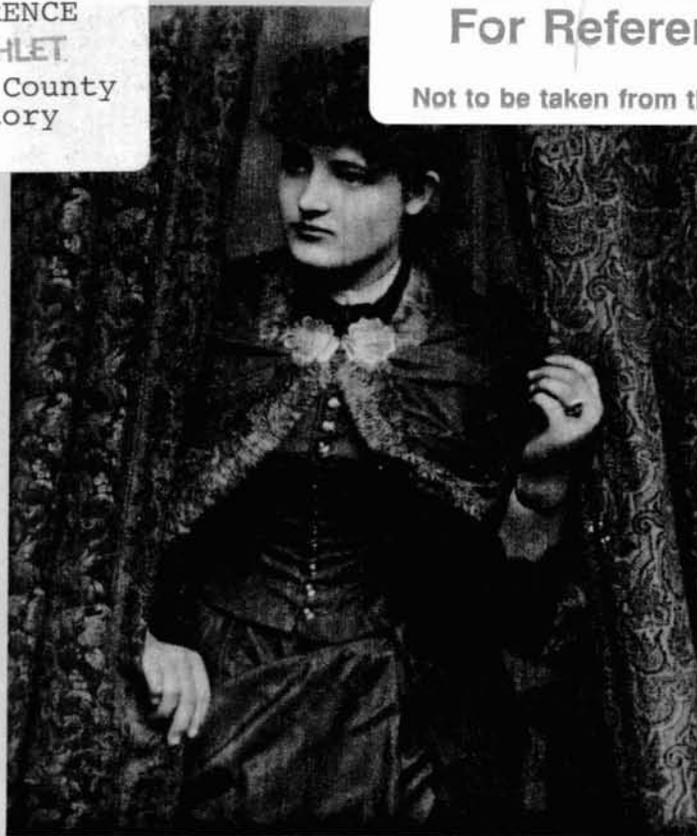
Pioneer Memories of the Santa Ana Valley

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P I O N E E R M E M O R I E S
O F T H E
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THE ENDERLE FAMILY

Harriet Owens Enderle

by

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Editor, Maureen McClintock Rischard

COVER

Emma (Benham) Enderle at 16



MAURICE FRANK ENDERLE
1st Lieutenant, Co.E
362 nd Infantry - 91st Divison

THE ENDERLE FAMILY

Herman and his wife, Emma (Benham) Enderle, with their three-year old son, Maurice, came to Santa Ana in 1893, where they first dwelt in a cottage on N. Ross St. not far from the Wollastons. Soon thereafter little Maurice was enrolled in a private kindergarten along with Stanley Reinhaus and Charles Wollaston. The boys became lifelong friends.

Enderle and his partner, Tracy, established a Metal Working Foundry and Machine Shop on the southwest corner of Main and Third Sts. It was in that shop that the metal frame for the original tower on the Old Courthouse was crafted. Also, some of the framework for the famous airplane of Glenn Martin was fashioned there.

Herman and Emma Enderle were natives of Burlington, Iowa, where the large family of William Enderle lived in a commodious two-story house. He had come from Durmeersheim, Germany, in 1849.

As one of three boys in a family of seven girls, Herman and his brothers went into the Railroad shops in Burlington where Herman won his Master Mechanics status. The boys were able to assist in educating their sisters to be teachers or businesswomen.

Herman and Emma made their wedding journey to Shoshone Falls, Idaho Territory, in February of 1889, where their son, Maurice, was born in December. However, although Herman had a responsible position as foreman of the Railroad Shops there, the rigors of Idaho winters caused them to move to Needles, CA and from there they came to Santa Ana.

In 1900 the Enderles moved into their large frame house on the southwest corner of Broadway and Washington Sts. where they lived until they purchased their ranch on Yorba St. in Tustin.

The Foundry had been sold. This twenty acre parcel of land was just south of the ten acres on the corner of Seventeenth and Yorba, still in the possession of the Yorbas. Sometime later, Herman was able to persuade "old man Yorba" to sell his ten acres to Frank Enderle, Herman's brother, who was living in Tacoma, WA, at the time.

Before Herman became a ranch owner, and while his Foundry was still in his control, he had an experience with a Chinese man from the Chinatown just east of the Foundry on Main St. The man entered the shop one day, carrying a bag full of empty, brass opium cans. Emptying the cans on the counter he asked if it would be possible to make a brass canon from the cans. He wanted the toy to use in celebrating the Chinese New Year! Assured that it could be done, the young man made a deposit, and left the shop. Some of the men in the foundry designed and made a beautiful little cannon of solid brass, measuring about 14 inches in length by about 10 inches tall. Later, after the New Year celebration, the young man returned, with the cannon. Saying he couldn't come up with the balance of the payments, he put the cannon on the counter and left the shop! That cannon is in the possession of my son, Allan, today. Chinatown soon disappeared, due to an infestation of rats and a consequent appearance of Bubonic Plaque. Giving eviction notice to the residents, the authorities caused the buildings to be burned to the ground.

In 1904, on the southernmost ten acre parcel, Herman contracted to have a house built. It was surrounded by walnut and apricot trees. Gradually these trees were supplanted by oranges - the coming crop - in Orange County! Understandably there would be no income from oranges for at least four years. But Herman knew that he could always earn a living in the R.R. shops in Los Angeles or by heading up mining operations in the southwest. While he was away, his wife Emma and son Maurice carried on alone, guarded by the faithful dog, Jack.

During the week Maurice would ride horseback into Santa Ana to high school, situated on the corner of Church and Sycamore Sts. where the YMCA now stands. If there was an after school game of baseball that Maurice was to play in, he would first ride home to milk the cow and then ride back again! Maurice used to tell me how the dog would sit nearby while he was milking, waiting for a squirt of sweet milk!

The work of the orchard was done by a neighbor so at first, no barn nor work-horses were necessary. The milk cow was Maurice's responsibility, while the chickens and vegetable garden and fruit trees and guava bushes were cared for by Emma to whom the whole enterprise was both new and exciting! This carefully reared young lady was the pride of Herman's heart. An expert pianist and needlewoman, she would accompany their son on the piano as he diligently played the violin, as the pupil of Percy Rice of Tustin.

During the time that Maurice was in highschool Emma occupied herself with canning fruit, churning butter, gathering eggs, making the many delicious cakes and pies that her son dearly loved! Later on, as conditions changed, Herman and Maurice built a big red barn with garage enclosed, as well as a workshop and metal forge. At first there were stalls for two big work-horses as well as storage for the many tools that orchard care required. And later still, after Emma had died, there was a tractor and a Dodge car. But during the first few years, Emma's transportation was a horse and buggy. She could hitch the horse to the vehicle and drive into Santa Ana to do her shopping, or to visit with her friends, accompanied only by her faithful dog!

It was decided that Maurice was to go to Stanford to study law. I recall Father saying firmly that he never wanted his son to use his legal knowledge to take advantage of any person he was representing. This uprightness was reflected through out the entire career and life of Maurice Enderle.

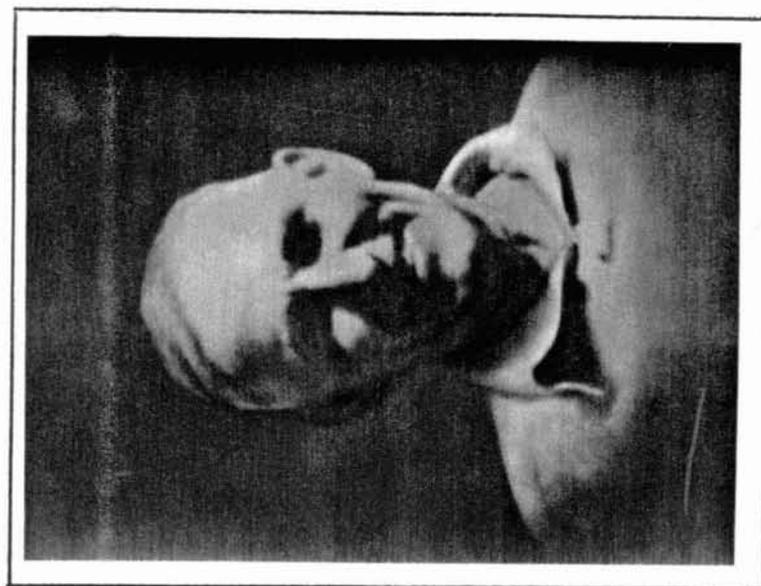
Emma's life alone on the ranch, while Maurice was away at Stanford, was far from lonely, for she had an active circle of friends, not only the wives of North Tustin ranchers like the Fullers and the Finleys, but her long-time friends, Mrs. Z.B. West and Mrs. Amos Cox and others. They would exchange luncheons and then do their expert needlework. Emma did Battenberg Lace, as well as drawn-work and tatting. She could knit lace and embroider in many colored silks. She also learned to sew and Tailor. In her spare time she even did a bit of oil painting!

After Maurice received his law degree from Stanford, he was invited by the Stutsman Brothers (formerly of Tustin) to join their law firm and it was then that Herman Enderle became a full-time resident orange rancher. Soon he was asked to be one of the directors of the packing house that Mr. Theis supervised. I believe it was Tustin Hills.

"S.A. - Tustin"

In 1917 the international scene was grim. The war in Europe had escalated, and it was said that the U.S.A. would soon be embroiled. Maurice talked things over with his father, and the decision was reached that he would enlist in the First Officers Training School at the Presidio in San Francisco. In the Fall of that year Maurice was sent to Ft. Lewis, Tacoma, WA and was trained as an officer for combat duty. His mother, Emma, had recently had surgery, but was determined to go to Tacoma to bid her son goodbye. Against Father's better judgement, she travelled by train to Washington to stay with her sister-in-law, Rose. One evening she and Maurice went out to dinner. It was raining. Emma contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia, and she died. Just weeks later Maurice was shipped overseas with his company. Father Enderle, accompanied by his younger brother Frank, came home to the dog and an empty house.

Only the daily chores that Emma and Maurice had performed with out him, kept Father sane. Now his brother Frank became his house-mate. The cow was long since gone, but the horses and the orange



HERMAN ENDERLE - about 1940



MAURICE & EMMA ENDERLE - March 20, 1894

H. ENDERLE.

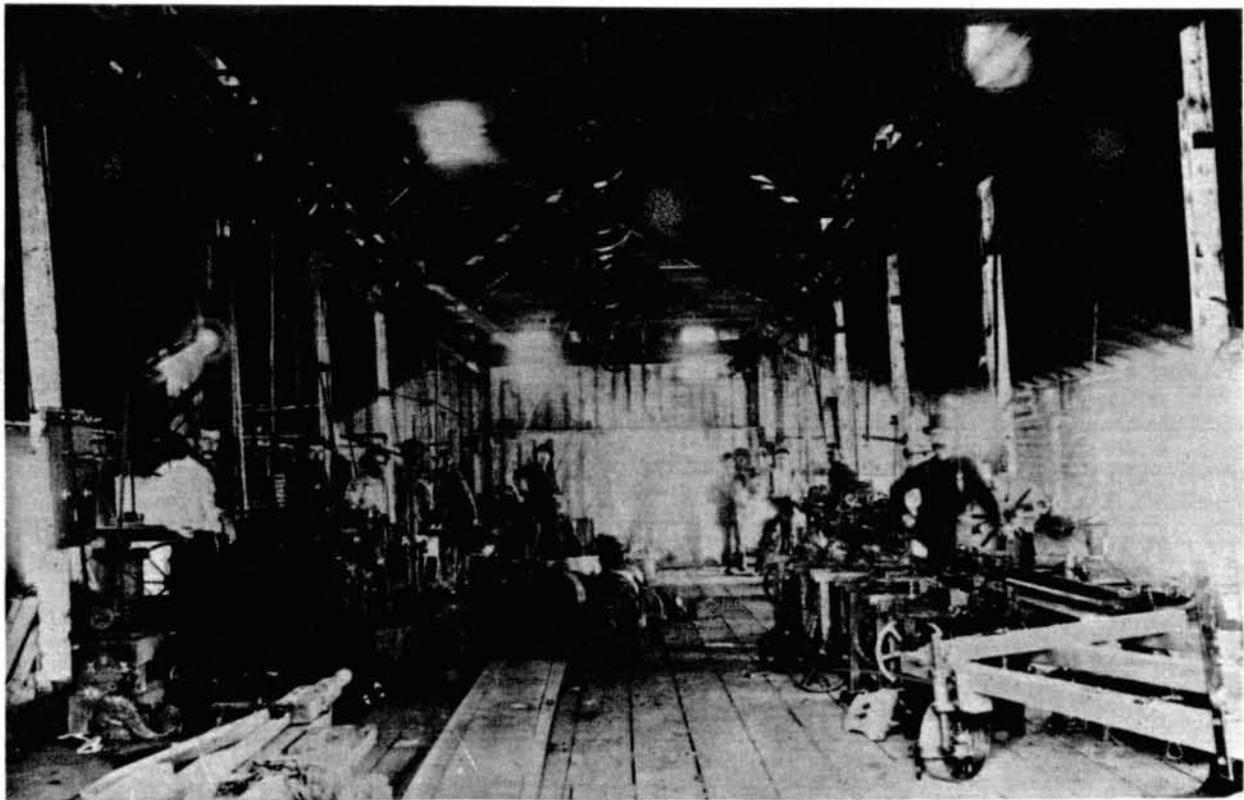
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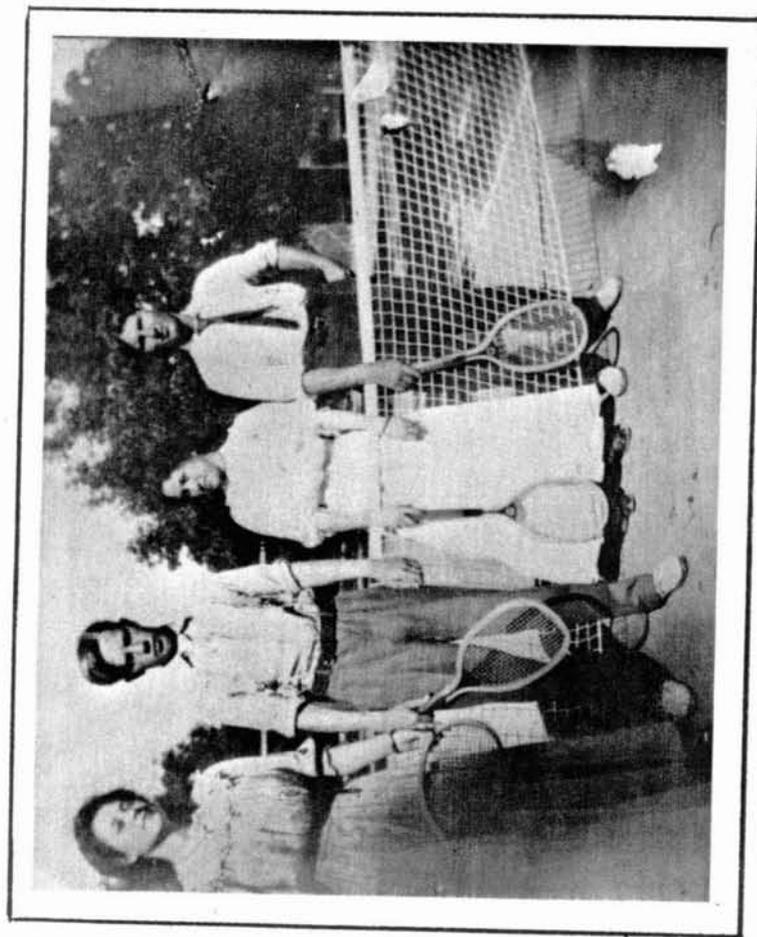
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Manufacturers of Mill, Mining and Pumping Machinery, Well-Boring tools, Shafting,
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ranch kept the two men busy. On Sundays they would go into Santa Ana to dine with the Enderle sisters on Poinsettia St. near 17th St. A Dodge touring car had supplanted the horse and buggy.

One day Herman Enderle received a cablegram from the U.S. Government announcing that Lt. Maurice Enderle was missing in action! Father's world seemed to have come to an end! A few days later, a neighbor of the Enderle sisters, Mrs. Isherwood, received a postcard from a hospital in France. It was signed by Maurice, thanking her for cookies she had sent. It was dated later than the cablegram to Father! Excitedly Mrs. Isherwood showed the card to the sisters and they all got in Mr. Isherwood's car to ride to Yorba St. to tell Father. There was no telephone on the ranch at that time. They said that they found Father sitting on the back steps, head in hands. As they read the card, new life seemed to flow through his veins. Maurice was alive!

A World War I hero with two service stripes, Maurice came home to recuperate on his father's ranch. He was invited by James Sleeper, County Assessor, to join the Assessor's office as Chief Deputy. He became active in forming the American Legion Post in Santa Ana and the Commandery of Orange County. He became an Elk, and a Mason, and later a Shriner.

In August of 1923 he became my husband. In May of 1926 our first child was born, and two and a half years later our second son arrived. How Father doted on those two grandsons! How he enjoyed baby-sitting when Maurice and I were away! He showed them the intricacies of the tractor, and taught them the proper use of tools. When those grandsons and their cousins were together he would allow them to stand on the cultivator when he was cultivating the orchard and they would gleefully tumble off into the freshly tilled, soft earth.

After a rainstorm, when the ditch across Yorba St. would be running bank to bank with water, Father would watch his grandsons float their little rafts

down the swollen stream. When the smudge pots in the orchards along Yorba St. were belching out their dirty fumes, he would watch his grandsons ride away in the darkness to school. How fortunate those two boys were to have such a grandfather!

Herman Enderle lived until 1940, just before the Second World War. His grandsons were still youths, and he did not have the pleasure of seeing them graduate from high school, or go away to West Point and Annapolis. He was gone before his youngest grandson won his Eagle Scout Award. How proud he would have been to see the fine record his older grandson achieved in the Korean and the Vietnam Wars, winning a total of three bronze stars.

Eleven years after his father's death, Maurice Enderle, the Assessor of Orange County, passed away.

During the 1920's, just before the Great Depression, Father Enderle invited his two sisters who lived on Poinsettia (the third one had died) to come out on the ranch and make their home with the two Enderle brothers and so they did, selling their Poinsettia place to the Blowers. It was from the ranch house that Clara Enderle, vice-principal and arithmetic teacher of the Tustin Grammar School, left each morning. Like the other Enderles, Clara was a noble spirit, stern, upright and essentially kind. As a close observer, I recognized the innate nobility of the Enderles, whose forebears had come from Durmersheim in southern Bavaria to Burlington, IA, before the Civil War.

During Aunt Clara's teaching years she always wore full skirts. Underneath was a full black petticoat with a big pocket where she kept her handkerchief, her keys and her cash. This pocket was an item of interest to her pupils and a source of amusement to the other teachers. I have been told many times in recent days about that famous pocket!

After Emma's death in Tacoma in 1918, Maurice and his Army chum, Pete Klosterman, and his cousin,

Will Robertson, were often entertained in the homes of his aunts Rose and Emma. Rose Shaner had no children of her own and so her heart went out to this mother-less soldier nephew of hers who soon would be shipped to France. Maurice called her, "Mother Rose." She did all in her power to make his time in Tacoma pleasant. Emma Schwan and her husband Fred and son Frederick also gave Maurice a warm welcome in their Tacoma home.

Maurice and Pète were both sent to France. Although but a First Lt. Maurice was given the responsibilities of a Captain while in France. A Captain's commission was bestowed upon him shortly after he returned to this country in 1919.

It wasn't until several years after our marriage that Maurice would even mention his experiences in the War. Probably what motivated him finally, was when he began gathering data from fellow veterans near and far, in order to support his claim for a wounded veteran's pension. While assembling the facts he would relate the incidents to me. Better than I can report, please read the following newspaper account about his war career:

TWICE WOUNDED, ENDERLE
LED HIS COMPANY ON TILL
HE WAS HIT BY SHRAPNEL

Out of 248 Men Who Went
With Him Into Argonne
Nearly All Casualties

Battle scarred but well and hearty, Lieutenant Maurice Enderly arrived home last night. He went through the hardest fighting in the Argonne Forest, and though wounded twice, once by a rifle bullet that went through his arm and once by pieces of a hand grenade, part of which is still in his leg, he kept command of his company

until he was hit with shrapnel and had to be carried out on a stretcher.

Lieutenant Enderle as a senior first lieutenant was in command of Company E, 362nd Infantry, mostly Montana and Idaho men, from the time it left Camp Lewis with the Ninety-first Division until it returned, excepting only during the month of October when he was in the hospital recovering from wounds. Of the 248 men who left Camp Lewis only sixty-six returned with the company, and most of the sixty-six had been wounded and returned to the company.

"There was hardly a man of the original 248 men in my company who escaped injury or death," said Lieutenant Enderle. "One of the very few happened to be Peter Epton of Fullerton, who was the only man in the company besides myself from Orange County.

"The 362nd Infantry's casualties far outnumbered the casualties of any other regiment of the Ninety-first. We suffered our heaviest loss on September 29 when we were allowed to advance a mile beyond where other regiments went, and we were fired upon by Germans not only in front but from both sides. We retired to a position in line with the other regiments.

"I was hit in the arm by a bullet the first day. I got my portion of the hand grenade when in a fight in a village, we entered a house from which the Germans had just retired, and a hand grenade was thrown through the

roof. That hand grenade certainly wrecked things, but while I was wounded I was able to keep going. It was during the advance beyond the line that I was hit with shrapnel."

Enderle was taken to a hospital, but returned to the command of his company on November 1, and was with it in the fighting in Belgium just before the armistice was signed. He bears seven scars of consequence, to say nothing of a number of minor scars. In December he was made assistant for the 362nd.

Enderle expects to return to the practice of law in Los Angeles, where he was when he entered the officers' training school twenty-five months ago.

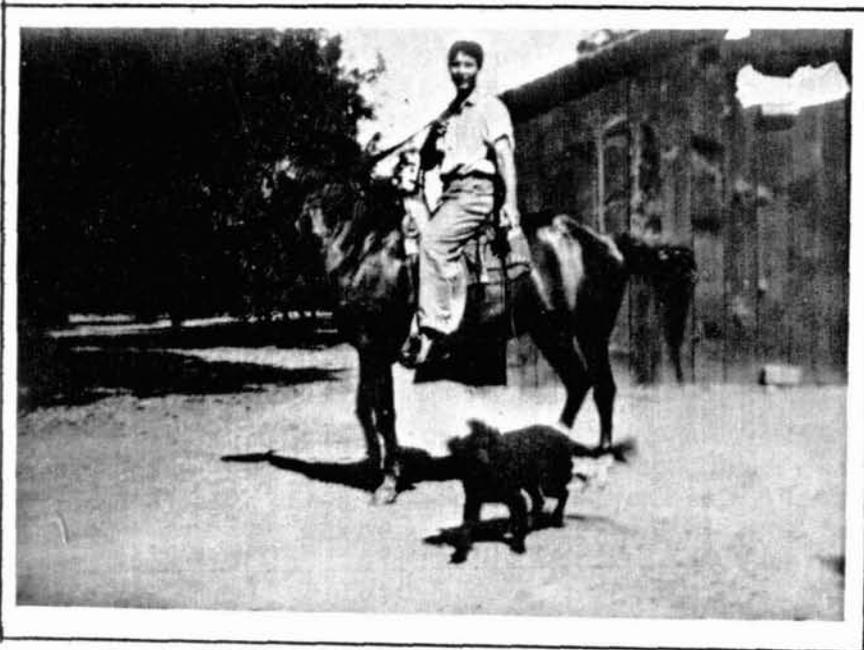
EDITOR'S NOTES

Among Maurice Enderle's souvenirs was a copy of the Order of Worship bulletin for Sunday, 17 Feb 1918 of the First Congregational Church of Santa Ana. It contained "Our Roll of Honor" which listed the church's service men. Maurice Enderle was listed, naturally, but among the 14 names was that of Clarence Martin McClintock, grandfather of this editor! He also was at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.

In Samuel Armor's HISTORY OF ORANGE COUNTY (1921) on page 989 is a biography of Herman Enderle. Mr. Armor says, "When one considers the important part played by irrigation in the development of Southern California, the enviable status of Herman Enderle will be apparent, for he is one of the well-known citizens of his district, honored especially for his mechanical skill and its fruits in the development of water for irrigation."



ENDERLE YORBA ST. RANCH HOUSE - built 1904



MAURICE ENDERLE READY FOR SCHOOL

An Ad in the 17 May 1950
FULLERTON DAILY NEWS TRIBUNE
(rearranged, minus photo)

The County Assessor And His Job

The duty of the County Assessor is to place a valuation upon all property of every classification in the county.

That is his sole and entire duty.

There is a popular misconception that the Assessor fixes the amount of taxes to be paid. He is often referred to as the "tax" assessor. None of that is correct. He evaluates property and that is all.

The vital part of his task is to keep property valuations equalized in any area. When the Assessor has done that, his responsibility ends.

The Assessor has nothing whatever to do with the amount of taxes to be paid. He keeps valuations level, and whether the level is high or low has no effect upon the tax bill.

The size of the tax bill is determined by the size of the budgets adopted by various boards and councils—that is, the amount of money they decide to spend on government.

So when you think of taxes, think of budgets, for that's where your tax bill comes from.

MAURICE F. ENDERLE
COUNTY ASSESSOR

Candidate for a Second Term . . . Re-elect Him June 6

FAIR and SQUARE