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Horace Robert Easton

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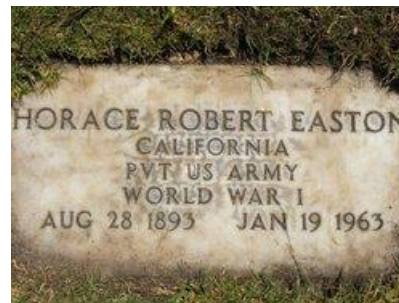
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Birth: Jul. 28, 1893
San Miguel
San Luis Obispo County
California, USA

Death: Jan. 19, 1963
Salinas
Monterey County
California, USA

Horace was the only son of Robert 'Bob' and Mary Florence 'Mame' (Hoey) Easton and the grandson of George Easton (who was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland 4 Jan 1829, came to Gilroy, Santa Clara Co., Ca. in 1856 and died in 1903) and Jemima (Adam) Easton (born 1831 in Scotland and died 12 June 1879). Horace spent his early childhood on the Indian Valley ranch (Plumas Co., Ca.), learning the ways of caring for land and animals, and in Bradley (Monterey Co., Ca.) where his mother and the children lived during the school year. When he was thirteen, he started high school in Salinas (Monterey, Ca.). While he attended high school, Horace participated in school plays and other functions, but his greatest talent was on the athletic field - and there he excelled. During the track season, he competed in two events, the high jump and the pole vault, doing well in each. Rugby was another sport that especially held his interest. In his senior year, he became the team's captain and in this capacity, he was able to exert his authority, even to the extent of getting an eighth grade boy on the team. This boy, Alton Titus Emery, was a superb player, fast and accurate. Horace ended his senior year at Salinas High with his 'Class Will' which read: 'Horace Easton bequeaths his football honors to Raymond Griffith, hoping he will bear his glories with as great a dignity as he did. He also gives to Carlon Wright his incessant talking and laughing out in class. His numerous Watsonville girls he wishes to keep, but will put Walter Emery in charge of them during their visits to the high school.' It was in Pacific Grove where Horace met his future wife, Lida Hyatt. They had both gone to see the same basketball game. Lida was a small, dark, beautiful and delicate woman. Horace was tall, very handsome and more than a little charming. This chance meeting turned into a romance and they were married on 1 Jan 1919. Afterwards, Horace took his bride to Indian Valley. One of Horace's daughters remembers her father as having a very dominant personality. He was a strict disciplinarian but the children always knew they were loved. They weren't afraid of him, but knew not 'to mess' with him.

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He was the provider of all their fun. He got them ponies and often took the children around the ranch while he worked - which they loved, riding on the harrow behind the tractor as weights. He attached a cable from one big oak to another in their backyard so that they could climb up high on one tree, grab hold of the ring he had rigged to a pulley and they would have a wild ride down to the other tree, swinging way out and dropping to the ground. He would get a big old empty tire, put a kid in it and push it down the road. He loved to pull pranks on his children such as the old cow flop game. 'Step on this one.. it's dry Daddy wouldn't trick you. Ha!'

He took them on cattle drives down to the Big Sandy and up Stone Canyon. He was an extremely tender and caring father, spending hours taking care of his children when they were sick or hurt. He made hoar hound cough medicine for them, built their fireplace, dug the spring, dynamited trees, laid pipe to bring water from the spring down into the house. He broke up bull fights by yelling and running towards them with a pitchfork or whatever he could grab in his hands.

Horace and Lida had four children - Bob, Margie, Phyllis and Jeannie. Lida traveled to Pacific Grove every time she had a child and then returned to Indian Valley. While Horace would work the land and do the erstands, Lida made the bread, washed the clothes and taught school to the children of the valley - all eight of them. She worked hard and her life was very lonely. Her relationship with her mother-in-law was very close. Their mutual love was a bond that went deep.

In 1930, Lida died - a victim of hepatitis. With her death, Horace was left grief-stricken. He was also left with four small children he did not know how to care for or rear alone. Family members pitched in to help raise the children. Horace's daughter, Phyllis, remembers that he was a man of many talents, much charm and a truly loving heart for the family he sired. He was tall, handsome and wore a small moustache. Some called him Clark Gable. He was sociable and loved friends and had a most beautiful, rich voice for singing tenor, full of depth, harmony and feeling, with a memory for songs unlimited. He was an accomplished horseman, training saddle horses and polo ponies and, when the ranch was leased out, he opened a riding stable in Pacific Grove and did very well. He appreciated flowers, mainly roses and honeysuckle, which he took to Lida's grave at the cemetery and put in Phyllis' car when she married. "He would take us children for auto and horse rides, pointing out the beauties and oddities of nature. He provided ponies and taught us to ride and other fun. Daddy had an excellent and inventive mind and loved to read, especially about police work and olympic athletes. His lifetime saw many types of work, from what he loved - ranching - to whatever had to be done to earn a living.

He served in the Army in WWI, saved from overseas duty by an injury. During WWI, he was a security guard at the Mare Island shipyard in San Francisco Bay, but was back on the ranch when news came that his son had

been killed. Life crumbled and lost all flavor from that date -May 1, 1945.

IN 1930, when he lost his wife, Horace was 37. In 1932, his mother died, in 1940 his father died and in 1945, when he was 52, he lost his only son. Where he used to be full of life, robust energy and humor, these losses took a great toll on him. His nephew, Don Emery, was there with his parents at the Indian Valley ranch that cool, dark, gray, overcast day in spring when Horace received word of his son's death. He remembers that terrible moment seeing a father filled with agony, hate, frustration, anger, impotence, sorrow - and love.

Horace spent his latter years out in Buena Vista caring for the house, fence, wells, animals, etc. The image people remember of him was of bushy, gray hair and moustache, flannel shirt, well-worn hat, heavy set but not fat, skinny ankles and very penetrating eyes. He could roll his cigarettes and light them one-handed. Car rides with him were an experience. He drove an old tan/gray vehicle that might or might not stay in the correct lane. There was always an aura of excitement about him. He was proud, fiercely independent, self-reliant, with an affinity with the forces of nature.

Horace finally moved into Salinas and lived in a downtown hotel. In January of 1963, he caught the flu. When no one saw him for several days, the hotel personnel broke down his door and found him unconscious. He was hospitalized and pneumonia set in, still without any family member being aware of his condition. Horace seemed to be on his way to recovery when he suddenly died. He carried a paper that informed which family members to contact in case of emergency, but it had been overlooked. He died alone at the age of 70.

After he died, his nephew, Don Emery, wrote of his uncle Horace; ".With me, he was interesting, funny and usually cheerful. He is a legend of sorts. He was, to my knowledge, the only real cowboy this family ever had. He roped, branded, busted horses, drove cattle, fixed fences, sang songs, played the guitar, made love, laughed, drank, and told good stories. He was happy, sad, kind, mean, delightful, depressing, carefree, irresponsible, talkative, sullen. He was colorful and he was entertaining. And I don't believe anyone ever knew him, not even Horace himself. He was good to me, gave me little things, fixed things for me, showed me how to do things, was patient with my questions, let me watch while he made ingenious mechanical contraptions, and you can believe that I learned more from watching him than any course in physics. He told me jokes. He kept me company, when I had no friends to play with. He talked to me.. and listened to me! I was a lonely kid, at times unbearably lonely. There was no one, no thing, inaction, a stifling vacuum, the brown, dry hills and dusty road, the old buildings, nothing to do, nothing to see. It was dull. But there was Horace - he was my one hope, the single active object, principle, in my environment. "Uncle Horace, can we do something today?" "What are you gonna do now, Unk", and he

would say, "Come on", and we would get a hammer and saw and do something, and I would watch and help. -And he talked to me. And he listened to me. And I love him for that."

Family links:

Spouse:

[Lida Hyatt Easton \(1893 - 1930\)*](#)

*[Calculated relationship](#)

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[El Carmelo Cemetery](#)

Pacific Grove

Monterey County

California, USA

Created by: [Chloe Perdew](#)

Record added: May 11, 2010

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30 Vital Records for Horace Easton

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