In the early fifties the old emigrant road from the pueblo de los Angeles, crossed the Great Basin or the Mojave desert and took the Tejon Creek Pass into the Tulare Valley. When the new fort for the Sebastian Military Reservation was put in the Canada de las Uvas, the men in Los Angeles began to clamor for a better road between the fort and their pueblo... In the summer of that year (1854), the Supervisors voted to spend one thousand dollars to open a wagon road over the mountains between the San Fernando Mission and the San Francisco Ranch... Two men in particular interested themselves in the project. They were W.T.P. Sanford... and George Carson his partner in the hardware business in a store on Commercial Street. To them was given the contract to build the San Fernando Road over the mountains. They hired to do the job, Gabriel or Abe Allen, with his gang of twenty men. He was a rough hardened frontiersman and former Indian fighter in Chihuahua, Mexico.

(Author's Note): In 1866, Gabriel Allen was living in the old adobe on the Alamitos and had several thousand head of cattle and horses. See Adobe Days by Sarah Dixby Smith. In the seventies he owned a meat market on Main Street and became a city supervisor in 1876. See An Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County, Pub. by Lewis Lewin, 1876. The Alamitos ranch was owned by Abe Stearns and bought by Michael Reese in 1866.
1854, December 28. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN, Los Angeles.

"Tejon Road"--- This road is now entirely completed and ready for travellers and reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned in this undertaking and more especially does the energetic over-seer, J. Allen, Esq., deserve special mention for the energy and perseverance he has manifested in the prosecution of this enterprise.

The amount of labor that has been performed is truly astonishing, an idea of which may be formed from the fact that the hill has been continuously cut down a distance of nine hundred and fifty yards, one hundred and thirty of which has been through the solid rock . . .


An act of January 4th, 1832, forbidding the carrying of arms has been mentioned, but it was contrary to public opinion and had never been successfully enforced. A few examples will illustrate the complacency with which the carrying of arms was regarded in early days . . . .

The Herald of July 21, 1904, in a reminiscent article, related that Gabe Allen was wont to ride his horse into the Pella Union Rapicking his teeth with a large jack knife and carried an extra six shooter in one of his boots.

In the Herald of August 21 of the same year, is an
account of a dinner given in 1872 by Major Pen C. Truman, at French Louis' in honor of Gabe. One of the guests, Albert Johnson, was assigned the important function of summoning the waiter after each course. The soup was served without incident, but by the time the fish was brought in, the bountifully supplied wine and whiskey had begun to exert their influence, at least on the bibulous guest of honor. For some reason, Gabe was served a smaller portion of the fish than the other participants and so had gulped his down before the others had disposed of theirs. When Johnson rang the bell for the third course, Mr. Allen pointed his gun at him and shouted, "Hold up there, Johnson! I've got tired of your old alarm clock. I'm mighty hungry. I want you to know I don't want any more of your damned samples. Bring on the grub."

When Allen was sober, which was not too often, he was a good citizen, but when he was drunk he went haywire, as we put it today. During one of his sprees in 1858, Sheriff William C. Gettman saw him staggering down the street and knowing his propensities decided to follow him. Gabe, arriving in front of a building, suddenly drew his pistol and aimed it at a carpenter working on the roof. Gettman, close at his heels, knocked him down, whereupon he coolly remarked, "Billy, you've got me!" and offered the reasonable excuse that he had merely wanted to test his aim. Thus the incident closed and Gabe peacefully went their separate ways.
For those who like a happy ending be it said that -- probably just after the Truman dinner -- your friend married a worthy Mexican lady who exercised his evil spirit and he became a sober and highly respected member of the community, and, in 1876, even served as a County Supervisor.


16 March, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Kitt:

...... In the archives of the adjutant general of California, in a file mislabelled "Letters, 1863", I finally found a true copy of an affidavit by Gabriel Allen, sworn to before L.J.F. Jaeger, notary public at Yuma, on Sept. 20, 1863, that on or about June 14, 1862, an Indian pig brought in a Government mule to Pimos Village, which he had found straying, to surrender it. Lieu. Coleman, quartermaster, claimed the mule and later sold it to Messrs. Woolsey and Martin, rancheros at Grinell's (sic) station. Sergeant Hutchinson said later, "Jesus Christ how I did lecture Coleman about that -" and stopped short, being overheard.

NOTE: Mr. Scammell is inquiring shout Woolsey and says no more about Allen. E.K.
Sacramento UNION, 5/25/1868, 3-4.
From the Los Angeles STAR.

There is more business done in the cattle market than those on the outside might suppose. We understand that G. Allen purchased a hand of cattle during the week, 500 head, at prices considered favorable, $20 per head; some choice animals he afterwards disposed of, say 150 head, at $30 per head.