

California's Oldest Town
by

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1769

Good Padre Serra! (rest his soul!)
Fair California smiled
To see such holy saintly hands
Rest on her oldest child

1542

Cabrillo came and sailed about
Then hied him far away
Again last year did he appear
In plume and doublet gay

1602

Viscaino circled round the Point
He climbed a 'dobe fence
He sat and viewed the landscape o'er
We ne'er have seen him sence

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn

—————
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall

Goldsmith's Deserted Village

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by

C. Lillian Whaley

California's Oldest Town. - 1769 - 1893

A Vision on the Hilltop

1769-1893

It was a lovely morning - one of San Diego's best if there can be a best in such a train of perfect days. I had started for a drive across the mesa. The hills were brown and dry but the recent light rain had put the roads in good condition. "The Pavilion first", I decide and turn my horse's head in that direction. He kites over the road tossing his head and enjoying the full glorious breeze as much as I do. We reach the Pavilion on the bluff and from the veranda I look down into Mission Valley. Far away at the upper end rise the mountains veiled by a haze in a variety of blues. They slope gradually to the hills at their feet which in turn descend to gentle slopes, level stretches and valleys. On a slight eminence rise the white walls of the oldest of the Missions, with the Indian School Buildings near it. At its feet separated from it only by the slope of the little hill and a narrow road lies the olive orchard with its hale old trees, whose gnarled trunks and stiff branches have defied the leveling hand of Time for over one hundred years. The adobe wall, the cactus hedge, the palms and the old stone well house, all there still. My eye travels along the magnificent expanse of the quiet valley, a house here, a clump of them there, trees skirting the edge of the river bed, the symmetrical lines of John Chinaman's vegetable gardens and still on past the bridge which spans the river at Old Town until with a wide sweep the flashing of the white breakers of the old Pacific bursts upon it to be lost in a commingling of shining sea and sky.

Then away we fly over the mesa again toward Pueblo Viejo, stopping just a moment to see the view from Villa d'Grizaba. I almost hold my breath for it is all spread before me now, the whole magnificent panorama of earth and air and sky and sea. In the foreground the rugged hills, then the placid bay and north island and straight across Point Loma stretches out like a long warning finger into the sea. A stretch of sea and sky - then the still solemn outlines of Corpus Christi in its blue yet misty silvery shroud. More sea - then the rest of the Coronado group of islands with bold jagged or curving outlines, with the ocean, south island and Hotel del Coronado in the foreground. Again the ocean then the land rising slowly into mountain and tableland, with San Diego in the foreground. Still as though fascinated the eye continues its journey in a circle. Still do the mountains rise rugged and rampant while their bare, bold, unblushing brows Dame Nature in coquettish mood draws filmy veils in softening and endless shades of her favorite blue - even though their heads are hoary. The land slopes gradually toward False Bay and the ocean divided by the long sandspit glittering and white. Ocean Beach with its lines of white breakers and the wide, green flats of Old Town in the foreground - then away again along the ridge of the hills with houses scattered here and there along their feet. Soon we reach the old Light House on the ridge and with a start we realize that we are at Point Loma again. We have seen it all but Old Town which hides modestly out of sight under the shelter of the hills. I tighten the lines, chirrup to my horse, then scamper away up hill and down dale till we reach the brow of the hill overlooking Old Town.

The old ditch and breastworks of Fort Stockton are near me on the right. I stop the horse to look at the old half dilapidated, almost forsaken town at my feet. "What a quaint, queer, quiet old place!" so runs my thought. "It doesn't seem possible that I could have lived there seventeen years. And how quickly the old adobe houses are tumbling and disappearing. I verily believe I have danced in every one of them. It does seem such a pity that they should vanish and leave not the slightest trace behind. They ought to be preserved and immortalized in some way." A sweet, soft, quiet voice whispered in my ear, "And thou mayst try to so immortalize them. I am the spirit of the place, - thou its foster child. It is the last hour. A great pageant is at hand. Tell thy story of the old town ere it be too late. Shall all be remembered at the great Fair save only this old town; the oldest, quaintest and most interesting of all California's children? Behold my power and how I may help thee." She waved her wand. The present vanished. Then arose a vision of the times before my time and this is what I saw:-

A Vision of the Hilltop - 1769 - 1893

The same wide stretch of sea and land, the same brown hills and irregular canyons, but lying still and solitary under the cloudless blue skies except that here and there the huddling huts of the native Indians give the touch of human life to a perfect picture of Nature in her primitive solitude. The lagg brown squaw sits upon the ground near by, her coarse black hair hanging about her face and down her back in matted strings. The face is stupid, empty. Streaks of paint adorn the face and heavy chin, running down in straight lines from the mouth. The

heavy eyes follow slothfully the movements of a naked brown boy near her who has captured four gopher snakes and is now holding them suspended by their tails and whooping delightedly as he sees them writhe and hiss and spit and strike at one another in their fury. Both buck and squaw are scantily clad in the skins of animals. The whole village is under the soothing, deadening spell of the spirit of the place. Here and there on the hills and in the valleys can be seen the forms of almost naked Indians carrying rude bows and arrows and working noiselessly through the thick chapparal in search of game. Others are digging with rude implements for roots. Still other figures are to be seen; old women with white unkempt hair, drawn wrinkled faces and bent tottering forms, leaning heavily upon stout staves and toiling homeward under great burdens of wood on their backs which they have gathered on the hills and in the valleys. The load rests upon a framework supported by ropes of hide which pass around a soft, thick band of cloth bound about the head and forehead. Others are gathering tunis and shaking them up in bags of net to remove the small, sharp thorns which fall through the meshes of the net, or beating them about on the ground with bunches of short brush, for the same purpose.

The balmy air, the cloudless blue sky, the russet brown hills the thick brush and cactus clumps, the quiet landscape, the full rich warbling of the lark, the whirr of the quail, the mournful, cooing of the dove, the quick shrill chirrup of the squirrel, the slinking coyote, trinning and sliding through the thick chapparal the road-runner, who slides swiftly by, erect, alert, elusive, mocking-bird, humming-bird, and cat-bird, the golden oriole, the darting swallow, the soaring buzzard, - all there, then as now.

Suddenly the squaw starts with a low, surprised exclamation.

She reaches out, touches, then shakes the sleeping Indian near her, and as he awakes slowly, she gabbles and gesticulates, pointing to the bay. The Indian stares, then springs to his feet with a cry. What is that just within the entrance to the bay moving slowly along? He knows, for he has seen these great sea birds with the broad, white wings far out upon the ocean, sailing up and down. But what is it doing here? He watches intently, breathlessly, then with a cry and a bound he rouses the rancheria. They troop out wild-eyed and terrified. The strange, apparition still moves quietly along. Some think it a strange big bird. They feel reassured when they see their own canoes playing about the stranger. Boats are lowered and men in shape like themselves step into them. They row ashore, they land, they kneel. What is that flaming so high in their midst? It is so tall. Its arms stretch wide on either side. The Indians draw nearer. Soon the listening, wondering natives hear their voices blending in solemn chants and hymns of praise. What are they singing and to whom? Priest and soldier and seamen give the natives the greeting of peace and friendship. They erect rude huts. They minister to their sick. The natives eye them distrustfully, they are shy and suspicious of the intruders, this band of half-naked, brown-skinned, black-haired, wild-eyed, natives.

Others join the invaders coming by land and sea. They build a rude camp and fortify it. The natives are not friendly. Trouble and sickness induce despair. The padres bravely stick to their posts, and to their cherished project. They move farther up the Valley and soon the first Mission is established.

The Indians plot in secret council against them. The picture becomes wildly animated. I hear the din of Indian warfare, the wild, blood-curdling whoop of the treacherous

savages, dark, evil faces, distorted and devilish and hideously painted, sinuous, gliding bodies, swinging tomahawks and whizzing arrows, the clash of arms, the cries of priest and soldier, white, determined faces, a bitter struggle, victory for the newcomers and high over all flames the Cross.

Peace ensues. I see waving grain fields, green orchards and vineyards and quiet, browsing cattle. In the cool, wide halls and darker cloisters of the Mission, hooded monks and friars in grey and brown and black gowns with rosary and cross suspended from the waist, and sandalled feet move noiselessly to and fro. They possess the land, they become its rulers. A halo of power and glory rests upon the Mission and its intrepid priests and Spanish soldiers. An era of plenty follows. Homes are established. I see the stately, courtly Spanish Don in picturesque dress, riding across the country on his richly caparisoned horse, or seated on the veranda of his house looking out upon the flowery courtyard, smoking cigaritos and chatting with his family or friends, while numerous retainers scour the country far and wide to do his bidding. Monk and Spaniard rule and possess the fair smiling, sunny land.

The picture passes, fades, but not before I have seen the care and anxiety on the faces of the padres. Mexico has stepped forward in warlike array. She has conquered and sent forth her edict against the power of the padres. Dark forms troop forward, ruthless hands are laid in violence upon the holy altars and sacred treasures of the grand, old Mission. It is stripped, sacked, almost destroyed. Monk and friar vanish. Spaniard and Mexican mingle in the picture, which become gay, bright, animated highly colored and picturesque. Soon, mingling with these, I see the shrewd wide-awake faces, behind whose sharp and flashing eyes the spirit of progress sits enthroned. I hear again the

clash of arms, the spirit of war is abroad. There is a long struggle, then, the sad, hopeless faces of the vanquished. They pass in mournful procession, to be followed by the uplifted, eager gaze of the white conquistadores.

The new era has begun. Victor and vanquished mingle in motley procession. The old and the new still follow each its own mode of life. The picture fascinates. gaiety reigns. Bailes and fandangoes, cock fights and bull fights, fiestas and time-honored religious rites, lithe, graceful sinewy, forms, male and female in picturesque, native dress, the blue and the gilt, the sword and epaulet of America's martial heroes, the sober costumes of her civilians. Slowly the gorgeous procession passes, shining dark eyes, waving fans, lustrous silks, gay colors, handsome caballeros troling a light love song to the soft notes of the guitar, piquant señoritas. 'Tis such a medley of light and life and color and joy that I fail to catch it all. It passes slowly, the colors fade. The bright, joyous faces give place to others, older, sadder and tinged with anxiety. One by one the old houses are deserted. One by one they crumble and fall. Here and there an aged face starts out of the shadows. The vision fades, vanishes, and it is some time before I realize that I am still looking down the long slope of the hill before me, and only an old, half-tumbled down village at my feet.

The Plaza

The Plaza

It is an open square surrounded by houses, most of them in the early days of the usual white

washed adobe, separated by streets and alleys which led directly into it. In the center stood the old Flagstaff erected by the New York Volunteers during the Mexican War. The pole was in two sections, the lower, a stout, round, wooden upright with triangular cleats nailed on two sides for steps, which led up to the centre where the two divisions were joined.

The upper mast was more slender, with a few cleats alternating on each side. I found a piece of the upper division in the front yard at the home of George Lyons, Old Town, a patriotic old timer, whose indignation was aroused at the wholesale destruction of the old war relic after it had been declared unsafe and removed. He rescued this piece and treasures it highly. He willingly allowed me to photograph it together with himself and his estimable wife Dona Bernada. "And you, too" he insisted, "you're an old timer, too." And here we are, three old relics.

The upper piece tapered toward the top where large, gilt letters indicated the point of the compass. A liberty cap crowned the top of the pole. From the top hung the rope up which the flag was run on holidays and for any unusual event of national importance. And there it would ripple and wave obedient to the slightest whim of the

variable wind, now standing out stiffly with scarcely a ripple on its surface, against a strong breeze and showing all its "broad stripes and bright stars" now rolling and rippling in long easy, graceful waves as it "half-conceals, half-discloses", its undulating, alluring beauty. And now it droops as though wearied out and wraps itself closely around the old white pole. It served nobly in its day for all good purposes. No ballroom was considered fully decorated without it. Where is the glorious old flag now? My last recollections of it is a crumpled heap in a dark, dusty corner of a back room in the old Robinson house on the Plaza, and that was many years ago. It was in tatters then and no doubt contributed generously toward softening the nests of the hosts of big, sleek

rats with which the rickety old house swarmed. Perhaps the old San Diego Pioneers, who wrapped themselves in the folds of the old flag at the foot of the Flagpole, but who have long since passed away would have seen to it that the old historical flag was not allowed to pass into oblivion.

At the foot of the pole rested the cannon on its old, brown, cracked two-wheeled carriage, a ponderous thing with a long, thick pole and a heavy, iron hook at the end. It always did duty on holidays and on fire occasions, sending out its greeting in a great big boom! which sent a shock through the quiet town.

I remember seeing an Indian tied face downward to the cannon and severely flogged with a riata in the hands of another Indian who swung the coarse, hairy rope around his head before bringing it down upon the body of the culprit. He had been condemned to the flogging for some grave offence, probably horse stealing.

A crowd of men and boys one night in a spirit of patriotism or politics or something dragged the old war relic all the way from Pueblo Viejo to Pueblo Nuevo, where it helped to fan the enthusiasm of the politicians. They cheered wildly, it responded uproariously. An extra big charge was jammed into it. Poor old El Jupiter gathered together all his forces for a tremendous report. It was his last effort. He burst into a thousand pieces.

It was patched up and the pieces stuck together and it now stands near its old, broken wheels, in the corner of a yard on one of the principal streets in San Diego, neglected and unnoticed. It was cast in Manila in 1783. Another cannon which served for years as a hitching post near the Plaza is now resting in the schoolhouse grounds at Old Town. Both were rescued at the time all the old cannons from the Presidio were sunk in the harbor during the war. The old well and watering trough at the foot of the flagpole have long since disappeared.

The Plaza was the main rendezvous for all loaded with bandias, cevoyas, great strings of chilis-hides, wool, wood, grain and fruits, all centered here for marketage. Nor did its chief use lie in this. Here all the sports were conducted, bullfighting, cockfighting and a part of the Lentin festivities. On great feast days the streets and alleys leading into it were crowded with vehicles of every description in which the families of the ranchers from far and wide had come to town to attend the festivities. After Services were held in the morning and in the afternoon the whole population including Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians and Americans massed around the Plaza which had been fenced in for the occasion, to witness the sports, the gente occupying the verandas of the houses and hotels. Those fortunate enough to attend the recent Cahuilla Celebration witnessed many of these old time species of entertainments, the riding of wild mustangs, the dextrous capture of the unfortunate pollo (cock), buried out of sight with the exception of the head which the vacquero in passing at full-gallop stooped and grasped, the removal at full-gallop of the handkerchief or money tied to the

horns of a wild steer, the furious running races with mustangs and lastly, the bull-fight which stirred into frenzy the enthusiasm of the motley audience which yelled itself hoarse amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and parols and the booming of the cannon which had been dragged elsewhere for the time being.

The gente, as a rule were clothed in the garb of civilization the women in rich, bright silks made in the latest fashion, the men in the American dress. Mexicans in short clothes, slashed breeches, broad sombreros and jingling spurs rood on mustangs gaudily trapped or conversed furtively with dark bright-eyed girls in red skirts, white chemises and gay, striped rebosa drawn over the head with one end thrown over the shoulder. Rough frontiersmen in broad hats, loose shirts with pantaloons tucked into high boots and leather belts, ornamented with dirk and revolver mingled in the gay, laughing throng and rubbed shoulders with Indians and squaws in every imaginably grotesque combination of attire. The peculiar lively happy-go-lucky, care-free spirit which inspires Spanish sport and fun pervaded the entire throng, carrying its contagion to the soberest of the Americans and old timers are enthusiastic to this day over the gay times in Pueblo Viejo in the early '50's when

money was plenty and before the effects of the American occupation began to be distinctly felt. All the life pulsing in and about Old Town in the early times passed in review at one time or another through the old square Plaza. The grey-robed bare-footed or sandalled friar trudged across it on his way from the Mission to answer a call of need and here the people bent reverently to kiss the hand of the holy man. The drills and parades of the American soldiers took place in the old square, and it was here that Commodore Stockton's private band "astonished the natives" while the commander himself danced the hours away under the hospitable roofs of the great, square adobe houses surrounding it, or sat on the inner veranda looking out upon the courtyard, listening to the Spanish melodies sung by both men and women in high, pitched musical sopranos and tenors and falsettos, a concert of peculiar and exquisite melody, not to be heard elsewhere.

The old, clumsy carretas lumbered into the Plaza, the oxen clumping and bending under the heavy yoke upon their heads, the solid wheels grating against the heavy axles and sending out a long ear-splitting-screach. The carretero walked by the side of the craft snapping his rawhide whip occasionally. The harness was of rawhide, the awning of canvas or cloth supported by rough poles. Perhaps it held a load of sandias, or great piles of red chilis in long strings or other fruit and vegetables, perhaps a

family coming from their ranch.

Groups of little burros, sturdy, stolid and sometimes stubborn little fellows, with shaggy, "moth-eaten" coats came mincing into the Plaza looking comically small under great loads of wood piled on their backs on frames which ^{hung} far down on each side, the wood standing out from the sides and backs of the burritos in high, curving piles.

Then there were Indians and squaws with ollas poised on their heads filled with water from positas in the river bed, barrels sunk deep in the sand; squaws, erect and stately bearing on their heads, clothes in great bundles or in wide flaring Indian baskets, which they had washed in the river; indolent, lounging Mexicans smoking cigaritos and chatting carelessly, bankrupt in pocket yet royally prodigal of their time; great bands of sheep and cattle which passed through the Plaza on their way to the slaughter pens; squaws, stolid and stupid in loose calico skirt and waist, with long, matted black hair, carrying papooses seated at their backs in shawls or nets tied around the waist, their bare feet and legs stretching over the squaw's hips and sticking out in front; Mexicans cantering across the Plaza, no stiffness, all limber easy grace, elbows and feet flying out and long, heavy flapping stirrups; a Spaniard in long, serape on a finely coparisoned horse with great heavy silver mounted saddle and bridle and reins and silver spurs, Indians and Mexicans carrying great trays of pannoche, baskets of figs, pears,

pomegranates or the luscious fruit of the cactus from the hedge at the Mission, - buckets of chicken tomales or tomales de mais rolled up in soft, moist corn husks, - pinole, pinones or chilte, (a bitter gum) from the mountains, - or mocking birds in bamboo cages, - all for sale; - trappers and miners in rough attire, - young girls in full, red skirts and graceful rebosas, - older women in darker colors with black shawls over their heads, - in short, a confused concourse, - a mixed multitude.

I remember the funeral procession of little Anita Gillis as it wound across the Plaza on its way to the old church. The child lay in a tiny white coffin which rested on a small, white table. The cover was off and the coffin and table were filled with flowers. Six little girls dressed in white with wreaths on their heads carried the table. The priest and two boys carrying crosses walked ahead, the mourners behind. In early times, musicians playing the violin and accordeon, and boys firing off fire crackers brought up the rear of the procession. - She was carried to the church. The coffin was placed under a small, white catafalque, draped in Spanish lace and surrounded by candles. A simple, solemn mass was said. She was carried to the old cemetery near by and buried and a simple white wooden cross bearing her name, etc. was erected at the head of the grave.

Merry wedding parties, - the bride in all her white finery walking ahead with the groom, - the parientes (relatives) and amigos (friends) following, passed through the old square on their way to the church. Jolly picnickers in four horse coaches, buggies and wagons or riding horseback rattled through it on their way to the Russel Beds, La Jolla, Rose's Canyon or the Old Mission.

The big fire of 1877 carried away most of the buildings on the southwest side of the Plaza including the Franklin House, the leading Hotel. It was a day of confusion and uproar on the Plaza which was littered on all sides with merchandise of every description. It was a sad blow to the old town already so far on the road to obliteration and decay.

One by one the landmarks have disappeared from the old Plaza. The great square houses surrounding it are going slowly. A noisy steam motor and cars cross it at intervals. Its glory is departed with its departed people. ✕

Una Casa del Pais

The house of the Spanish settler in Old Town was built of the sun-dried brick adobe. It was in the form of a square, generally with two or three sides only built, though sometimes the square was completed. The walls were often three feet thick. The windows flared toward the interior, the thickness of the wall allowing broad window seats. Wooden shutters closed the openings on the outside. The narrow windows and thick walls formed a means of protection against Indian attacks. The inner wall was higher than the outer. Great beams were laid across the top of the walls at close intervals. These were overlaid with a thick thatch of tules or by stout boards upon which rested the red brick tiles overlapping one another and forming a perfect means of protection against the rain. The walls were whitewashed both inside and outside. The main entrance was through a large doorway which opened into a corridor leading directly to the inner veranda

which was
 and extended
 The courtyard was
 the square, formed
 The rooms were
 and nearly all
 earliest days the
 the ground itself
 by frequent sprink-
 came later. Chairs
 even of rawhide

covered by a porch
 all around the house.
 in the center of
 by the building.
 generally square
 communicated. In the
 floors were tiles or
 which was kept hard
 ling. Plank floors
 of bamboo, cane and
 interlaced, were

arranged close together against the white walls all around the
 front room, set apart for the reception room. Pictures generally
 of a religious character adorned
 the walls. There
 was no unnecessary
 excess of furni-
 ture in any of the
 rooms but, always
 enough for comfort.
 The dining-
 room, by no means
 the least im-
 portant room in the
 house, was gener-
 ally larger than the
 others. A long
 table extended down
 the center, over
 which hung a square
 frame covered
 with cloth, a sort
 of "shoo-fly" arrange-
 ment which was kept
 in slow yet constant motion by an Indian servant who pulled the
 rope attached to it. Indians served the savory fishes which are
 pronounced "hard to beat" by those who have learned to like the
 Spanish cooking, so highly seasoned with onion, chiles and
 garlic, the latter sometimes so ingeniously concealed as to give
 the dish a very pleasant flavor and to lift the odium of

vulgarity from that much-despised vegetable. Tomatoes are used freely in the sauces, and all dishes are more or less highly seasoned. Frijoles, carne-con-chili, enchiladas, tamales; ask your Spanish host for any of these and then tell me why you should not like them, and dozens of others. Desserts are not a part of the everyday meal. Olives, pickles and fruits, you will find these served at all times.

The kitchen was generally a small adobe room attached from the house though near it and the dining room. The servants were Indians.

The rest of the ground about the house was enclosed by an adobe wall, forming a big corral in which the outhouses for the Indians were built. Here all the wagons, riding and driving horses, harness, etc. were kept. Here cattle and horses were sometimes branded, mustangs "broken" to either saddle or harness and the beef brought in from the ranch by the vaquero and deposited in this corral. The meat was cut into long strips and thrown over a line to dry in the sun. This dried meat is called by the Spaniards "carne seca", by the Americans "jerky", and if you must know why, possess yourself of a pedacito and try to bite through it. Before you have finished, you will know why it is called jerky.

The family spend most of the time on the veranda facing the courtyard, smoking and chatting with friends; the women working at their embroideries and Spanish drawn work and laces or playing and singing with guitar, violin and accordeon. They are generally musical, their voices being unusually high-pitched among the men as well as the women.

A number of them would gather on the outer verandas on moonlight nights and the clear high, sopranos of the women blending with the tenors and falsettos of the men and accompanied by guitar or accordeon and softened by distance produced a concert of rare and exquisite harmony. There was something strange, almost weird in the music of these happy singers thus pouring out their hearts in their native melodies.

Sometimes a crowd of men on horseback returning from a sheep-shearing would sing in concert and as they reached the top of the rise over which Old Town first comes into view from New Town, as San Diego was then called; the effect of the high-pitched male voices singing out in the still moonlight was fascinating in the extreme.

The Estudillo house in Old Town was an excellent specimen of the old time Spanish home. I found this old print which shows the house as it looked in the early 170's. It forms the south-east boundary of the Plaza reaching from street to street. The foregoing description fits this house almost exactly, except that it had no outer veranda and the wooden shutters closed on the inside of the windows. The courtyard in my recollection was a big square, bare place with a fig and pepper tree here and there, a few geraniums and a well in the centre. It has been immortalized by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in her beautiful novel - Ramona -.

The chapel I am told was in the last room to the northwest facing the Plaza. An old Towner and an Old Timer not long ago handed me

a great brass key covered with verdigris. She very soberly told me it was the key to the Ramona house. "Take it to the Fair," she said. "I'll do it" was my reply, "and say it is the key to the identical chapel in which Ramona was married." If you should happen to meet a man with a beaming face and hugging a big green key about which he will tell another Ramona story,

you will know where he got it. Old Towners get any amount of fun out of this old house, since the story of Ramona has made it so popular by quizzing, inquiring tourists. I have found a few photographs of some of the old adobe houses in Old Town taken in

the early '70's. They all show the outer verandas but I have found none of the inner verandas and courtyards, none of the Plaza with the flagpole and cannon and none of the old adobe church and of the pear-garden. Perhaps they are in existence. If so, I hope some day to find them all.

Padre Antonio

I seem to see him now, this erect, stately, black-haired, imperious man, walking back and forth on the outer veranda of the long, low, white adobe parsonage, his close-fitting black robe reaching to his feet, the high, three-cornered, black priests cap on his head, his prayer book in his hand. Up and down the long veranda he walked reading his prayers. Morning and evening were the particular times for these walks. At other hours he sat on the veranda talking with his assistant or walked to the old adobe chapel situated in the east end of the town. In the early morning and evening the matin and vesper bells were always rung, and I seem to see the tall figure lean forward to grasp the heavy ropes attached to the great bell clappers; then, leaning backward and bearing his full weight upon them, he would ring and ring until the silent place was filled with the clatter. One stroke, then another, and another; and the matin or the vesper bell was rung.

Every action, every gesture was that of the natural ruler born to command and to be obeyed. The imperious gesture, the stern deep, almost rumbling voice, the erect, dignified, military bearing, all were but the outward manifestations of a strong, self-reliant nature. His people revered and respected him though standing a trifle in awe of him.

Long excursions he made in the country, visiting the Indian villages and rancherias. No fitter person could have been chosen for the place where a steady, heavy hand and firm, determined will were often the only things to which the sometimes turbulent and always superstitious Indians would bend. His power over them seems unlimited. The recent Cabrillo Celebration gave abundant evidence of this fact.

When a child, I fell into the habit of bringing him his mail as I had to pass his house in going and coming from the Post Office on the Plaza. He invariably thanked me with true Spanish politeness, the piercing eyes always lighted kindly, a pleasant smile broke over the dark, strong face and a deep voice with a rich, musical Spanish accent, (he comes direct from Spain), invariably said, "Thank you, Leelee, thank you. You are a good child, Leelee, you are a good child, Leelee, you are a very good child, Lee-lee!" I cannot transcribe the accent and emphasis, - inimitable both. He always rewarded me at the end of a month or so with a package of choice candies and once he filled my apron with oranges, and hence, perhaps, my assiduity in my self-elected position as mail carrier.

Beyond the reception room, a big, bare room as I remember it, with a few pictures on the white walls and very little furniture, and the equally as plain little study, I knew nothing of the padre's house except that it was built in the usual rectangular style with courtyard in the centre. Pigeons flew about and nested under the eaves of the porch., and once I caught a glimpse of two little fawns in the back corral. The building is in good repair and was used until a few years ago as the Indian School.

La Cuaresma - Lent

All festivities stopped at the advent of the holy season. A grand baile usually preceded it. Then quiet settled over the town and church attendance became regular and continued all through Lent. The outward demonstrations began on Palm Sunday, Domingo de Ramos, when in commemoration of the Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem the whole congregation emerged from the church preceded by the priest in gown and robe and stole, reading or intoning. Three altar boys in long black and short white robes followed, each bearing a tall cross, the largest and tallest in the centre. The entire congregation followed carrying small olive branches and sprays which had come from the old olive orchard at the Mission, and which had been blessed beforehand by the priest. They marched slowly and solemnly, sometimes once, sometimes twice around the church, occasionally stopping then resuming their march and re-entering the church.

Good Friday, Viernes Santo, saw the church draped solemnly in the colors of mourning. A heavy black curtain was suspended across the chancel, the whole width of the church, completely hiding the altar. Three large white crosses, the central one, the largest, adorned the curtain. In the centre of the chancel at the foot of the curtain stood the Madonna, draped in solemn black. Her clasped hands and uplifted eyes seemed to plead piteously and imploringly for her beloved Son who lay stretched in agony upon the cross at her feet. The people, hushed and reverent, bent to kiss the feet of their blessed Savior before passing to their places in the low, wooden pews. A holy hush pervaded the chapel which was lighted by candles placed around the walls in rude tin holders. The bell ropes were tied; the

bells were silent.

Three of the older women in black dresses with black shawls over their heads represented the three Marys. All was gloom. The black solemnity of utter despair seemed to pervade the whole place. The watch had begun.

From Good Friday evening until Easter Morning the church was never alone, night or day. One or the other or all of the three Marys were in constant and devout attendance. Their meals were brought to them. Occasionally one of the three would begin a mournful chant singing in a loud, monotonous voice for some time, the sad notes of some wild Miserere. The church was open night and day, the people coming and going incessantly.

Saturday the cracking of Judas' bones began, the grating of the crickets teeth against the handle upon which it revolved in the hands of some energetic muchacho, and the rattling of small handles upon either side of a rather flat, hollow box. All day long the racket continued, now here, now there all over the town. After the festivities the bones were returned to the padre.

Saturday night came the task of making Judas, a gala night for the boys. A suit of old clothes was procured and stuffed tightly, generally with malva and other weeds. A head was fabricated, a face painted and sometimes a long nose was stuck on. An old, battered hat was placed on the head, a rope was tied around the neck and Judas was hauled high up on the old flagstaff. There we always found him Easter Morning surrounded by all his worldly goods which the boys had collected from all parts of the town, wagons and vehicles of every description, carretas, horses, cows, calves, which they tied to the flag pole, anything and everything in fact, they could carry away, which the people had been unwary enough to leave outside the night before.

"Of course, the boys returned the stolen things to their owners," you naturally think. Of course they did nothing of the sort, for right here was where the best part of the fun came in. All the morning, people, who had prudently left their dignity at home, could be seen going toward the Plaza in search of their missing possessions; and radiating from the flag pole as a centre, with Judas grinning mockingly down upon them, they helped themselves to their own and turned good-natured but rather sheepish faces homeward; one rolling an empty water-barrel or wheelbarrow, another leading a bleating sheep or a blatant goat, a bawling calf, a braying burro or a bucking broncho. Don Tomas D , an Americano, vowed they should not get his pinto horse and made a bet that they would not. He left it staked out in its usual place and sat up watching. Midnight passed, one o'clock, no boys. Don Tomas watched the moonlight as it crept slowly down the wall. His eyes rolled, lids quivered, his head drooped. He awoke with a start and a bound. He looked at his watch, only five minutes for forty winks, yet the pinto was gone. He paid the bet and led the horse home in the morning.

Then there was the making of Judas' will in which he solemnly bequeathed all the afore-mentioned goods and chattels to someone belonging to the town, generally to someone against whom the boys held a grudge. It was written in a large, bold hand and pinned on Judas' breast so that it could be easily read from the ground. He hung there stiffly enough until the afternoon when a bull or a bucking broncho was procured. Judas was strapped on his back. The animal was then set free in the Plaza. Three or four men on horseback prevented his escape. He charged around like mad, kicking, plunging, even rolling. Judas was here, there and everywhere at once and also finally! He made prodigious bows backward as well as forward. Now he plunged wildly down on this side, now on that.

Now he has fallen forward on the neck of the terrified as well as furious animal and now his is lying flat on his back his arms hanging down over the back part of the bullion. He is emptying himself though and getting limp and after a few more plunges the bull is allowed to escape perhaps with a pair of unspeakables still clinging to the rope around him while the Plaza is strewn with green innards and cast off garments.

On Easter Morning the entire population appear in gala attire hastening eagerly and joyously toward their beloved old church. During the beautiful, impressive service, the solemn, black curtain is dropped and the altar gorgeously decorated bursts upon the sight. It is a bewildering, dazzling mixture of saints and flowers, tall candlesticks, lighted candles and tapers. The Madonna, no longer in trailing mourning, but beautifully robed occupies an exalted position on the altar. The clasped hands and uplifted face now seem to bespeak joy, ecstasy, infinite gratitude. The Te Deum Laudamus bursts from the choir in the organ loft and amidst booming of the old cannon and anvils and the ringing of the old bells, the Resurrection is proclaimed.

Maman Eloise Stories

Old Captain Manuel (Manwel) X

He was the chief of the Dieguenos, and one of the familiar figures about town on great feast days in the early 70's and before. "He came to the door once, says Maman Eloise," carrying all the dignity imaginable, wearing a white shirt and vest the usual plug hat and a military coat with brass buttons and epaulets. I have given the complete inventory of his attire; only this and nothing more." He stated his business. I responded gravely, more gravely than the occasion demanded. He lifted his hat turned and marched away!

Maman Eloise Stories

A Baile at the Gila House

We will call her Maman Eloise which will suit all the purposes of the present work as well as any other. She is one of San Diego's oldest pioneers. But we will let her speak for herself. "You want me to contribute my share, I see," she said to me. "It is rather hard to revive old memories all at once, but I'll begin at the beginning and the real will unwind more steadily." She settled herself comfortably, sat thinking for awhile with a far away look in her eyes and then began;-

From the heart of the great, bustling metropolis of the East, New York City, down the Atlantic, across the Isthmus and up the Pacific to Old Town! What do you think of that as a radical change for a girl still in her teens and a bride? We arrived on the 8th. of December, 1853, one of the great church feast days. A bull fight was in progress on the Plaza. We must see it, of course. A number of Spanish ladies had gathered on the upper veranda of the Colorado House overlooking the Plaza. They welcomed me with that easy, cordial politeness so characteristic of them which so instantly banishes all stiffness and formality. I felt at home immediately. The Plaza which had been fenced in for the occasion, was crowded with people. The bulls were brought in. A mad rush followed, not only in the ring but on the veranda. The number of spectators had been reduced by one. I had beat an instant and decided retreat and was soon at home again. The mad rush of the infuriated animal terrified me. I never attended another bullfight.

We had taken rooms at the Gila House, a two-story frame building, nothing but a shell, situated on the bluff overlooking the flats. Its small adobe kitchen is still standing. Grand preparations had been made for the grand baile in the evening to which all the gente in town and from the ranches had been invited.

I arrayed myself in my white silk bridal dress, and when the moment arrived, we went down to the ballroom. The large dining room decorated in pepper boughs and lighted by lamps and candelabra with the American Flag in conspicuous position and gracefully draped was crowded with a gay and brilliant yet motley assemblage, Spaniards, Mexicans and Americans, the latter chiefly the officers and ladies of the military companies stationed at the Old Mission. Introductions followed and I was appropriated by Major Kurtz, my first caballero at a baile in Old Town, and who still makes an occasional call upon me. After a promenade around the room, I resumed my seat. The Spanish ladies gathered about me, laughing over my escapade of the afternoon. "Grandma" Robinson took her place beside me and "posted" me.

All the gente de razon were present, including members of the oldest Spanish families. The men, like the Americans, were in conventional black, the ladies in heavy, rich brocaded silks, with very wide skirts. Underneath the outer skirt were numerous others in fine, white linen richly embroidered or trimmed in heavy Spanish lace and drawn work. I discovered later that from ten to eleven of these fine skirts were worn at one time. Small spangled slippers generally of white satin encased tiny, dainty feet. Silk and lace shawls were worn over the shoulders but the mantilla was noticeable by its absence.

El Son was danced by a lady who glided around the room, keeping time with the music by a peculiar, shuffling of the feet and clacking of the heels upon the floor. A tumbler of water was placed on the head, not a drop of which was spilled by the expert dancer. She was clapped and cheered enthusiastically while gold and silver pieces and little bags of gold dust were flung at her feet.

I saw the cascarón for the first time at this ball, an egg shell partly filled with fine pieces of glittering tinsel or cologne, and the opening sealed with paper or wax. Some admiring caballero, singling out the lady of his choice for the attack he meditated, would slip noiselessly up behind her and raise his hand in which the cascarón was concealed, over her head. Crash! the soft crunching of the egg shell could be heard and a shower of sparkling tinsel rained down upon the soft, dark hair of the astonished girl drifting in a shining shower all over her head and shoulders and dress. A bright glance and a laughing, "Gracias, Senor" was ample remuneration for the gallant caballero. Not a particle of the egg shell itself must leave his hand. That was not considered dextrous. I had a dozen or more broken over my head that evening. Indians and Mexicans furnished the cascaróns. The windows and doors stood open and formed frames for dark faces and graceful figures, the women in loose dress and bright shawls or rebosas, the men wearing wide-brimmed, high crowned hats, short jackets and button bedecked pantaloons and smoking cigaritos, careless and happy.

The supper was a sumptuous affair, meats of all kinds, cakes and confectionery, wines and champagne. In those days when money was plenty the generosity and prodigality of the gente and of the settlers knew no bounds. A ball might be proposed in the afternoon a subscription would be in order and before evening the amount contributed would often reach five or six hundred dollars.

2 12

The musicians were Spanish, the instruments guitars, violins and accordeons. From time to time the musicians while playing would direct complimentary remarks to the senoritas upon their dancing, dress, tiny feet and pretty faces. They were rewarded by a smile and a glance from bright, dark eyes.

In addition to the dances familiar to both Americans and Spaniards, were the beautiful and unique dances peculiar to the -ente del pais. No modern German ever can equal in grace and variety the ever changing figures of the Spanish contra danza which I saw here for the first time. To the music of a slow waltz the couples move about and as two couples approach each other, they form, still dancing, into any one of the numerous figures of the contra-danza they may choose to select. It is a beautiful kalei-doscope of swaying, bowing forms and swinging arms and rhythmic-ally moving feet. After dancing through one figure the couples separate and still continue the slow, graceful waltz until another couple is formed and another figure formed and so on until the couples have all met and the figures are all completed.

El Jarave was another. The caballero knelt before a lady clapping his hands. She rose, made a few graceful turns in the center of the room and returned to her seat unless the caballero insisted upon having her dance which he indicated by placing him-self in the way whenever she essayed to return to her seat. Every lady in the room was called upon and expected to respond to the compliment and though the shyer ones sometimes refused to rise at first, they were glad to finally to rid themselves of the persistent kneeling, clapping, teasing, caballero.

Members of all the finest old families were present including the Arguellos, Aguirres, Alvarados, Bandinis, Carillos, Estudillos, Lopez, Pedrorenas, Ortegass, Yorbass and many others. Many of the Americans present are still living in San Diego.

The brilliant scene stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. It was a most happy introduction to the pleasure-loving people of Pueblo Viejo. It was all odd and strange, at first, like being in another world, but I soon became accustomed to the new life and to the customs of the genial happy hearted people among whom I had come to make my home and in whose hospitable homes I passed the happiest days of my life.

We had little else to do but think of amusing ourselves. Riding parties were one of our principal pastimes and nothing could equal the enjoyment of a moonlight ride to the Mission to attend a baile given by the officers stationed at the post, Captain Burton in command. The ride through the old town, past its square, solid, white adobe houses with sloping, tiled roofs, through the old Plaza and around the crooked street which leads from it, past the pear garden, only three of whose hardy old trees are still standing, up the little rise of the hill at the foot of Fort Stockton and along the road which lies at the foot of Presidio Hill, where solemn and dark in the moonlight rose the adobe walls of some of the old Presidio buildings. White grave-stones reflected the white light and the four wide-spreading, cloth-covered arms of the old windmill revealed themselves broadly and distinctly as though inviting attack from some gallant modern Don Quixote. A few paces farther on and the old palm trees came into view, grizzled old sentinels which still keep watch over the silent town at their feet.

Soon the river
crossed, and
merry cavalcade
which lay at
on the north
Occasionally,
across our
movement in
veal the hid-
sneaking coy-
into the shad-

was reached and
away we cantered, a
along the silent road
the foot of the hills
side of the valley.
a hare would scamper
path, or a slight
the brush would re-
ing place of the sly,
ote slinking farther
ows. A ride of four

miles brought - The old Palm Trees in '73 - us to the Old Mission.
The officers quarters were located near by. We stayed till the
small hours of the morning, now dancing, now singing, now wandering
in the old orchard, the mingled dark and light green foliage of the
olive trees catching and throwing back the silvery white moonlight;
now seated in the shadow of the Mission itself or under the wide-
spreading leaves of the palms, now wandering past the great cactus
hedge or peering into the old stone house over the well.

Then came picnics to La Jolla
or the Mussel Beds where the great
breakers rear their white crests
and dash angrily against the rocks
as though to annihilate them but
only to break into a thousand
pearly drops which fall back
into the wild, foamy abyss below.
We spread our feast upon the
rocks, the full, salt breeze
blowing all about us, the gulls
flying overhead; the great,

rugged cliffs for a background, the white sandy beach stretching away to the north and the great restless, throbbing ocean shining all about us. At low tide we climbed down into the great caves at La Jolla and found sea mosses in white and pink and red, and shells and abalones.

Or choosing a shady spot, we would ride out to Rose's canyon a wilderness of willow, oak and ycamore on whose highest branches the buzzards build their ragged nests. Wild flowers and ferns and vines; the grape, chilicothe, wild rose and many more, rioted everywhere in graceful confusion, in short an ideal picnic ground. And we never forgot to take out musicians with us, for no merry-making was complete without dancing. Every wedding, every christening, every feast day was rounded out completely only when the baile followed. As I look back at it, it seems like one perpetual round of gayety.

Yuma Indians

They had walked all the way from Arizona, carrying their bows and arrows, killing game and eating acorns and roots on the way for food. They were four in number, tall, strong, hideous looking fellows with feathers in their heads and painted faces. They were going all over town looking curiously at everything and jabbering to one another like children.

They had been looking over the adobe wall into our yard, and after awhile they wandered around to the front of the house where I was sitting on the veranda. I saw them coming and slipped into the house.

A few moments later, to my astonishment and horror, one of them pushed open the door and came into the room, followed by the other three. I was almost paralyzed with fright but recovered quickly and smiled and bobbed when they looked at me, grinning chattering and gesticulating.

They took an inventory of everything in the room from the carpet on the floor to the pictures on the walls. When they reached the piano, there was a big pow-pow. Finally one of them ventured to touch one of the keys. He started back as it responded, his eyes bulging and looking fearfully at the others. There was another pow-pow, then one after another they crowded about the instrument, touching the keys and laughing delightedly. One of them finally beckoned to me then pointed to the piano as though asking what it meant. I rose to the occasion and to my feet at the same instant.

"I'll play for them," and crossing the room, I seated myself at the piano and began a waltz. They were delighted, they jabbered, they laughed uproariously, but their appetites for more were insatiable. They motioned vigorously for me to keep on, which I did with alacrity. No begging off nor excuses with this set. I realized this to the very marrow of my shivering being. I went steadily on.

Never before did musician have a more attentive and appreciative audience, and every one of them half-naked and hideous and black and shiny as the piano itself. Never before had hostess the entertainment of so select a quartette of cavaliers, even if they were self-invited. It was a situation without a precedent, a picture for an artist.

And they did not spare me in the least. I exhausted my repertoire twice and turned the barrel over to begin again when I bethought me of a rattling hornpipe I had forgotten and plunged into it with a vim. Again and again I repeated it. The dusky circle caught the infection and clapped and swayed and whooped. I wound up with a grand flourish and they finally seemed filled, or perhaps they felt sorry for the poor little white squaw who had played herself limp in her effort to entertain them. At any rate they did not ask for more and after looking about a little while longer, they took themselves off, while I sank into a meaningless heap and wondered what would come next in this far away corner of the globe.

All Souls' Night

Solemn high mass for the repose of the souls of the dead had been said in the morning and vespers in the evening. Lighted candles which had been blessed by the priest were set at short intervals all around the outside of the church and around the edges of the verandas of the houses. Candles had also been placed on every grave in the old cemetery near by. The effect was weird and startling in the extreme.

At least so thought Don Pancho W., an American returning from his work at Pueblo Nuevo, some three miles and a half away about eight o'clock at night. As he reaches the rise over which Pueblo Viejo first comes into view, the unusual sight of a graveyard alive with tiny lights greets his astonished gaze. He reins his horse up to a full stop and with shortening breath and staring eyes, he "glowered amazed and curious" like honest Tam at the auld kirk. He stares and stares. He rubs his eyes and he closes them. Perhaps it is imagination, an illusion. No use. There it is yet. A shiver passes through him. He starts with affright. Something is running and rollicking down his backbone. He

gives a gasp of relief as he realizes it is only a chill. No natural cause can explain it, he thinks. Then it must be, his hair rises simultaneously with the grim fiend, Superstition. What does it mean? Has the time arrived? Involuntarily he draws himself up into a listening attitude, every muscle drawn and quivering, every nerve strained and tense. What does he expect to hear? He finds himself growing numb, rigid. Inaction will drive him crazy. Still keeping his eyes fixed upon the gruesome picture, he makes a long detour in the direction of the old Crosthwaite ruins, down the slope, past the old brickyard ponds, up hill again and across the open lots past the church and home.

Maman Eloise is on the veranda, looking at the illumination when Don Pancho arrives, pale and wild-eyed.

"Say, what's the matter over there?" he manages to say, indicating the graveyard.

Maman Eloise stares at him a minute then breaks into a hearty laugh.

"Why nothing except a lot of lighted candles. It is All Souls's Night. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing." The hunted look vanished though a relieved yet sheepish grin taking its place. "Only, I thought, Well I thought it was Judgment Day and I was waiting for Gabriel to blow and it made me nervous because he didn't and, that's all."

Squibob

Just another name for John Phoenix, Lieut. Derby, so famous for having changed the politics of the Herald and for having built the first embankment to turn the San Diego river into False Bay. The wild river swept down with a rush and a roar and swept it imperiously away.

My story is this:-

A great crate of crockery had arrived for the Gila House. The crockery had been removed and the crate lay on its side, still filled with its soft straw near a hill which sloped gently toward a little canyon. The day was warm. The crate looked inviting, "I'll just crawl in," I said to the two ladies with me. I crawled in. After a few moments the crate suddenly started down hill. Over and over itself it rolled until it reached the bottom of the slope where it stopped. I crept out, a forlorn looking object, covered with straw, my face scratched, my clothes torn, but still more frightened than hurt. I climbed up the hill and began furiously to assail the two ladies. How could they do such a thing? It was rude, unladylike, besides being dangerous. Both ladies protested. Neither had touched the crate. Who, then was it? I looked all around. Now one was in sight.

Suddenly I espied Derby sitting at a window in the Gila House reading and apparently oblivious to everything but his book. But I had located the offender. I sent for him. He came. I told him what I thought of him. He protested. It was no use. He was sorry. "My turn will come," I thought.

A few evenings later we were seated on the veranda. Derby soon appeared. Solemn as an owl he mounted an old barrel that stood near and began a sermon. In the midst of his pious senti-

ments, and while he was waving his arms to emphasize them, the head of the barrel fell in. I clapped my hands while he grinned foolishly and sheepishly at me over the edge of the barrel. We were even on the barrel question.

Los Pastores

Doña Luce had come to Maman Eloise to borrow me, "para cantar in Los Pastores."

"Bueno," said Maman Eloise and the loan was accomplished.

I studied my lines diligently and soon I had mastered the flowing, musical, Spanish words. After many rehearsals, the play was ready for the public.

Los Pastores - The Shepherds - a sort of primitive passion play founded upon the story of the shepherds journeying to Bethlehem, with gifts for the Holy Child. The cast included ten persons, six shepherdesses, three men and a boy.

Dona Soledad curled my hair on the iron in the afternoon, tied my head up in a loose cloth and I went home the back way so that no one should see me.

The audience assembled in our big ballroom. When the time arrived we filed into the room, Dona Luce and Dona Lugarda at the head, followed by four girls including myself, a young Spaniard who represented Bartolo, a lazy, old shepherd and another who personated a hermit, in coarse grey gown and cowl and sandals with rosary and corn cob cross suspended from a cord around the waist.

The shepherdesses formed two lines facing each other, Bartolo in skins and carrying a stout staff and cow bells depositing himself upon the floor at the end of one line to sleep. The hermit stood at the end of the other facing him. The two older ladies were in black. We four younger ones, all had our hair curled, were in different colors, with beautiful silk embroidered shawls heavily fringed thrown over us, rather a costly dress for shepherdesses but very pretty and picturesque. Each of us carried a

heavy staff with crook and flowers at the top, and a gift for the Child. Mine was a string of fish, "una sarta de pescado" little gilt fellows with one cut from the abalone shell and which I treasure to this day. The others had flowers, fruit and other gifts.

At a signal, the two old ladies began the singing in which we joined, keeping time with our staves upon the floor. The simple words of the song bespoke a general desire to pay a visit to the new born King. Each verse was repeated and we marched around following our leaders to our original positions and always keeping time with our staves. The shepherdesses are distressed about Bartolo who will not rouse himself and follow them. They plead in vain. He sings drowsily in response but sinks to sleep again. Finally they attack him in a body. They sing to him with loud determination, take hold of him and lift him to his feet, after which he staffers along behind the rest. Bartolo and the hermit furnish the amusement both for players and audience by keeping up a series of pranks and jokes.

About the middle of the play, Lucifer suddenly enters, a Spanish gentleman in black suit, red sash and hideous false face. He rants and rails. He represents the difficulties of the journey to the shepherdesses. They become intimidated and are about to abandon their project and return to their flocks when an angel, in gauzy draperies and wings suddenly appears, sword in hand. A colloquy ensues which results in a clash of weapons in which Lucifer is defeated and overthrown. Both then withdraw and the shepherds continue their journey. After much singing the manger is reached. This was represented by a deep basket, softly lined in which the Babe was laid, a much treasured little saint belonging to the old church. The gifts are presented, Bartolo staggering up with the one he has brought. The songs of

presentation, the hymns of praise are strikingly simple and pretty. After the farewell hymns the shepherds take their leave and the play is ended.

It is the simplest kind of an interpretation of the wonderful story of the Babe born at Bethlehem so many hundreds of years ago, but none the less touching. The music is of the simplest character, but the whole thing is interesting and picturesque. I have described it as it was played in the last days of Pueblo Viejo. In the early days it was played in the church at midnight on Christmas Eve, "el noche bueno," - and much pomp and rejoicing. Hittel's History of California gives a graphic account of the festivities attending its production.

After the play, a ring was formed and El Toro the bull, was played, an imitation of a bull-fight. An old pair of horns had been brought in. El toro took his place in the centre of the ring, holding the horns before him. The toreador before entering the ring asks a blessing of the padre, which office is filled by the hermit. "Padre, hecha mi tu santo bendicion. Voy a toriar el toro." "El toro, mi jito," as though alarmed, but the blessing is given and the toreador holding a red silk handkerchief by the corners enters the ring, waving the handkerchief to and fro to excite and infuriate the toro. There is a rush, the toreador jumps aside. The object is to catch the handkerchief on the horns. It creates a great deal of sport and laughter.

Of course the baile followed. The merrymaking would not have been complete without that.

Don Rafael

He lives at Old Town yet, this poor old recluse. His cabin is nothing but a rickety, old brown shed, patched and mended up with rusty tin and rags, stuffed in the biggest cracks to keep out the rain. It is located beyond the chapel on the road to New Town, as the Old Towners called San Diego, the last house in the eastern part of Old Town. It is bare and uncovered now but years ago vines crept around it and a small garden gave the poor old hermit employment when he was not digging graves or doing odd jobs about the town.

He is bent, and wrinkled and grizzled now, but years ago he worked industriously, chopping wood, hauling water, digging wells or cleaning them out. He was a familiar figure about the town. Day after day he could be seen, trundling his wheelbarrow along the road past our home, singing to himself a portion of some familiar chant and devoutly crossing himself each time he passed the old chapel which stands between our home and his poor, old cabin.

He is a devotee, this weather beaten old Mexican. Never a service of any sort in the chapel did he miss and I can see him now in the attitude of the most abject humility and self-abasement dipping his fingers in the holy water basin set in the thick wall near the door and bending and bowing toward the altar as he crossed himself. Then he would edge toward it, gazing at it in rapt devotion as he sank to his knees upon the floor.

My chief, childish recollection of him, it made a most vivid impression upon me, was as he knelt one day in the little south wing of the old church, which was filled with saints and holy images. He had sunk upon his knees in an attitude of utter self-abandonment, near the door of the little confessional chamber. He leaned sideways against the wall of the little room, his clasped hands dropping rigidly before him and grasping his rosary and crucifix. His head was thrown back, his eyes closed, while agony and supplication imprinted themselves upon the brown rugged features; and to complete the striking picture a ray of light streamed in through the little high window falling full upon the rapt, unconscious face and shaggy, unkempt hair and bathing the kneeling figure in a silvery halo. Child though I was I failed not to recognize the artistic merit of the picture before me and I wished that some great artist had been there to catch and hold it forever as I have held it in my memory for many and many a year.

Never a well would he clean without first praying devoutly to the saints for protection and kissing the crucifix which hung about his neck and which he held in his hand while descending slowly into the well. He was always chanting weirdly while working about his cabin. Life, in short, did not and does not exist for him outside of his church.

He is growing feeble now. I see him occasionally about town and of course salute him. "Buenos dias, Don Rafael. Como Esta V?" "Bien, Senora, bien, gracias," scarcely looking at me and hurrying along. He is one of the many fast disappearing landmarks of Pueblo Viejo.

The Old Stone Jail

It stands near the cabin of Old Don Rafael, a squat, rectangular building of grey cobbles and mortar. The walls are smeared with mud. A rickety door leans against the front door frame and a sickly, thirsty passion vine adorns the top of the wall over the door. One must stumble up great piles of dirt or down into great holes to gain a complete view of the interior which is divided off into six small cells, three on each side and separated by a narrow vestibule. A small, high window lighted the vestibule, its rusty, iron frame and three iron bars being still in place. In the little north cell a square and rather deep excavation proves the truth of the story of the recent search for hidden treasure by a trio of eager, but disappointed adventurers. A wooden shutter adorns one of the small front windows. The others are in the advanced stage of dilapidation, the cobbles having been knocked out so that nothing but un- sightly, unshapely holes remain through which the soft, graceful foliage of the pepper trees growing in the interior thrusts itself. They have taken up their abode here and are doing their best to cover up some of the dreary bareness of the old grey walls. They seem to say, "We are lovely and graceful and we do not mind living here and think none the less the world will think none the less

of us for helping to make the old ruin attractive and picturesque. It shelters us and we, in turn, adorn it," and so do they reach up and out and around the old place and clasp it and caress it softly and sway languidly above it and croon soft lullabies as faithful daughters will to a stern, hard old sire who yet gives them his protection and whom they love.

The wall rises higher in the center and the roof slanted either way. The old hermit has appropriated the place as a sort of store house for firewood. He has even planted trees and shrubs in the small cells. A line is suspended across one of them, perhaps for drying meat and herbs, and he has built a close, irregular, wooden fence for a space about the front of the structure. At the end of the inclosure is the old frog pond, dry now, but the favorite rendezvous after a heavy rain for all the croakers in the neighborhood. It is a dove hole. One sees many of them where adobe houses are the rule.

This queer, little structure cost the County \$2000.00 it is said, took an endless time to build and the very first prisoner doomed to extinction within its impregnable walls, dug his way out the same night and escaped. It was build in 1852, and was used spasmodically as the "calaboose" for years. I remember going into it once when old Jack Wall was jailer. There were three of us and we tiptoed through the dark little hall with big, round eyes and scarcely daring to breathe. We peeped into the dark cells two of which were occupied and I distinctly re-

member a mysterious looking box in the hall which old Jack Wall informed us, with twinkling eyes, held a man's head. No doubt he enjoyed the sensation he created and the sight of three children flying down the road as if their lives.

The entire interior is exposed to the calm gaze of the quiet moon by night and the broad, merciless scrutiny of the sun by day.

In short, the roof is gone. It seems utterly deserted even by the lizards and horn-toads, tarantulas and snakes. No doubt the coyotes sneak about it in the dead of night peering into it with gleaming eyes and yelping dismally. Owls hoot upon the walls but the bats have long since clustered elsewhere.

It is a landmark and likely to stand much longer than the more pretentious ones built of the sun-dried brick, adobe.

The River

Heavy rains in the mountains had melted the deep snow and brought the river down with a mad rush and a booming roar which could be heard all over town, a muddy, dirty mass of rolling water which tore resistlessly on to empty its filth and debris into the bay. The very air was heavy, damp and chill with the moisture of it. The sky was full of dark clouds drifting sullenly.

The river was like a wild beast - dangerous. It had broken bounds and spread far and wide over the flats and in the Mission Valley, cutting new channels, submerging the gardens and even creeping insidiously up to the very houses and threatening to carry them away. No one could ford. It meant destruction for a vehicle and death to the horses. The mails were with difficulty brought across in boats. It had carried away a number of Dona

Guadelupa's old fig trees and was creeping up slowly toward the others. I wanted to see; a curious, big-eyed child. I wrapped up, put on my thick, worsted hood, ran down to the Plaza, across it and down the alley between its great cactus hedge and Dona Guadelupa's house

and stood by the portion of the fence still left. The water almost lapped my feet, creeping slowly along the edge, in little swirls and eddies, but a raging, roaring, rolling torrent in the centre, muddy, turbid-filled with brush and refuse. Over and over it

rolled in immense waves.

I watched one of the big fig trees , its base already submerged by the creeping, lapping fawning, treacherous water. A shiver in the leaves at the top, it swayed, toppled, crash! head first into the sweeping, mocking, jeering waters which snatched it greedily into the very midst of their turbulent embrace and fled away with it in noisy glee, rudely jostling it from side to side, only to hurl it aside in the spirit of wanton destruction when the mouth of the river was reached.

When the turbulent stream had quieted down, rowing and swimming began while along the banks squaws knelt or sat on the ground before their smooth wooden washboards, sousing the clothes up and down, now rubbing on the soap, now pouring over them the clear water from the barrel near by or from the river, then gently rubbing and pounding the garment upon the smooth board. More soap and more water, always fresh, clear water and soon the piece is white as snow and spread on the grass to dry. Small black imps frolicked in the river, now clear and limpid over a sandy, pebbly bottom, and teams and carretas and vehicles of all sorts now forded the stream in safety at the crossing. Little by little the water dried up and after a time nothing remained to tell the story of the roaring river but the marks of ravage left along its banks. The sandy bed stretched away white and dry with a fringe of alders and willows and low brush along its borders. A sturdy

bridge spans it at the old crossing near Old Town, and it has
been effectually checked in its wild work of destruction by the
embankment completed in 1877, which has turned it into False Bay.

A Rife on a Hill

They had
hide and dragged
high slope on the
Fort Stockton
this hill because it
chola and "Turk's
all crowded on the
a dozen muchachitos.
huddle together and
in laughing yet
itement. The word
and away they start, with a will whoop, down the steep slope.
"Who!" yell the boys as the hide slips from under one of them
leaving him high and dry on the hillside. "Dios, tres, cuatro!"
the yells and shouts of laughter come in rapid succession now, for
the hide is under full headway and is spinning over the cobbles and
pebritas and low brack like a mad thing, turning and twisting
and throwing off its load without the least ceremony in all
directions. "¡Jale, seis!" the shouts from the hide are becoming
fewer, but the number of boys on the roll down hill is increasing
every second. They are slipping off too rapidly now to keep up
the count. Three left, two, one - away he goes head over heels.
The hide still scrapes along rushing frantically headlong
down hill. It reaches the road, down a slope it is sent
triumphant, on the other side in the crush.

The hillside presents an animated spectacle of rolling, roaring small fry. As fast as one rights himself, he stands erect throws up his arms and shouts and screams until he is hoarse or he sits down on the hillside, puts his head between his knees and fairly splits his sides as he watches the efforts of his still tumbling companions to regain their equilibrium, no easy matter on such a slope. Then he bounds down the hill, and pell mell walk ing or running or rolling they all reach the road, rush across it and re-capture the hide.

X

Dona Juanita at Home

On the southwest corner of the Plaza and facing it is one of the smaller adobe houses with four windows and a door in its white front wall. I had asked Dona Juanita for the privilege of taking her picture in the cactus hedge at this her own home. She willingly and cordially gave her consent. When we arrived a few days later, I found her at home and ready for the picture. She gave me a gracious welcome and led me through the narrow corridor and down the rather rickety old steps to the inner veranda which following the lead of its more pretentious neighbors extends around two sides of the house and looks out upon the little courtyard. I noticed that some of the old tiles, though cracked and broken, still held their own in the floor of the veranda.

"Where you want my picter?" she asked in the quaint, broken English which becomes soft and liquid when combined with the Spanish accent.

"Iss a man live ober the arther side of of the riber," (river) she went on, "Who tek my picter and he mek me to stand here." She settled herself at the end of the veranda.

"O, that is just the thing!" I said delightedly. I ran down to where the artist was making his preparations for taking the picture.

"This will be pretty," he said from the depths of the cloth in which his head was muffled. "And I've got the old palm hanging just over in the foreground."

I looked about the familiar old place now so sadly changed. Years ago the little courtyard now so dry and barren was full of gay, bright flowers, red and pink "horse-shoe" geraniums in profusions, dainty Lady Washingtons, great crimson and yellow dahlias, big flaunting yellow sunflowers, purple and white petunias, tall hollyhocks, pinks in variety, a bed of variegated verbenas, borders of mint, and thorny rosebushes, the pink, ragged Rose of Castile. Vines clambered over the porch, the maderia, with its waxy looking leaves and soft, yellow tassels, the Australian pea, with soft, thick foliage and small shaded pink blossoms, nasturtiums, in variegated yellows and the favorite passion vine whose blossoms seem to tell so strange a story.

The naked pomegranate tree and the scrawny grapevine were then in full leaf and bloom as they will be again when the winter is past.

Back of us lay the big lot in which Dona Juanita's kitchen garden flourished and where we could see her from the windows of the old schoolhouse working on bright, sunshiny mornings among the tall green tasselled corn or stooping to loosen the earth around the roots of potato, tomato or pea vine or to capture and exterminate a stray bug or worm. The once thriving little garden is now overgrown with brush and malva.

I looked back at the little woman standing so squarely at the end of the veranda.

"And she has lived here fifty years," I thought, "patient, contented, happy. She has buried children and children's children and she is still robust and strong with hair as black as the

feathers on the wings of the bonny blackbirds which chatter and scold as they hop about the old cactus hedge." I glanced toward it. We were ready for the picture there.

Dona Juanita walked across the yard and picked her way carefully along the path which led through the thorny cactus and taking her stand near a little olive tree.

The great hedge with its thick prickly, irregular leaves rose massively all about, above and behind her. The bare, naked branches of the pomegranate and the high, wide spreading leaves of the palm in her sister's yard just across the ally helped to complete the unique picture.

I saw that the artist, a non-committal sort of person was more than pleased for he posed her carefully and was quite awhile focussing the instrument. "I believe I'll take one of these for myself," he said.

After it was taken, we walked back to the veranda. I glanced toward the little kitchen in passing, picturing to myself Dona Juanita in her younger days, as she ground the corn for the tamales on the stone metztor pressed down around the edge of the ball of dough, patting it into a round, thin cake between her hands and throwing it upon the stove or upon the round tortilla pan to bake, or preparing the meat either fresh or dried, "carne seca", for the delicious carne con chili stew, pulling

the chilis from the big string which hangs upon the wall and peeling cevoyas from the wide Indian basket in the corner of the kitchen.

Or else she is seated on the veranda with the olla, buried in its box of white sand just behind her. She is cutting through the skins of the bitter olives just off the trees then throwing them into the big, barrel of brine to cure them, or pressing the water from the curds which form into a hard, solid cake of asadera, Spanish cheese.

Or else, her housework done, she sits with her family on the veranda enjoying a sandia or talking and smoking cigaritos with some old friend, who talks and smokes at the same time, the smoke rolling in clouds through her nostrils and out of her mouth. And all the while she is rolling another cigarito, sticking her thumb and forefinger in the small tobacco b pouring the pinch into the little piece of thin brown paper, then pressing and shaping the little roll until she has given it the proper curve. Then a little after the first cigarito has given out she draws a match down the side of the bunch, lights the new one and begins smoking again.

Perhaps they discuss the latest bit of gossip and the news of the day in the soft, liquid musical Spanish tongue, or compare the merits of the simple remedies they use for sickness or of the native herbs, the conchalaqua, verba santa, verba buena

and many others, which they have gathered and stowed away in their little medicine chests.

On Sundays the little woman in sober attire with black shawl drawn over her head, her bearing erect and step firm would cross the Plaza on her way to attend mass in the old Church.

She took me into the little reception room opening into the corridor and reaching up to the top of a drew away a newspaper which covered a very pretty piece of shellwork in a frame.

"Iss for the Fair," she said. "My doter nek it. You go to the Fair?" questioningly. I said it was probable.

When you visit Old Town call on Dona Juanita and ask her how many times she has danced el son with a glass of water on her head and with the gold and silver pieces raining all about her. She knows the history of Old Town, through personal experience for fifty years past. She figured in its sports and merrymaking and was one of the three Marys I have mentioned in connection with the church observances, her sister, Dona Guadelupa, who lived near by, but who died a few years ago and Dona Rosa, the "bright-eyed middle-aged woman" spoken of in Dana's Two Years Before The Mast and who is still living in the same old house in Old Town, being the other two, in my recollection.

She always has a warm greeting for Maman Eloise. "She iss like a leedle gel when firs' cum here, oo, mucho tiempo pasado", waving her hand backward as though over the long, dead years.

She lives alone now in the old family home on the Plaza. The roof and porch are beginning to saga little, but in spite of the strong props against the side of the house, in spite of the barren, little

courtyard and sprawling grape vine, or, rather, because of them and the palm and the cactus hedge and the tiles on the floor of the veranda, and chiefest of all, because of the little woman herself it is the one spot in Old Town, which still preserves some of the old characteristic features of earlier and better times and revives old memories of the palmy days of

California's

Oldest

Town.

A Rodeo

I set up an oil can near the old wooden gate in that part of the adobe wall which divided our lot into two sections which we called respectively "the front yard" and "the back corral." The thick old wall with its thatch of brush completely enclosed the lot. I mounted my can which brought my chin on a level with the top of the wall. I rested my chin on my hands lying flatly on the wall with fingers interlaced. Then I watched the rodeo. On ordinary occasions, I sat on the wall or walked all around it if I did not happen to land on the ground in the meantime, without giving notice. I neither sat nor walked nor tumbled today for self-evident reasons.

The back corral was crowded with a pushing, rushing, bellowing mass of horned animals, hence my position on the oil can on the right side of the fence. Vacqueros dressed in buck-skin breeches loose shirts, red silk handkerchiefs about their necks and flapping sombreros were seated on mustangs with heavy saddles from the high stout pommels of which riatas hung in loops when not whirling around their heads and flying swiftly through space to fall over the heads or the horns and to trammel the hoofs of the flying animals. Singling out one that had not been branded the vacquero would chase him up among a crowd of others. The rush and stampede

was tremendous, to me. All the while he kept the lasso whirling over his head. The favorable moment arrived, the riata uncoiled and hissed like a swift, flying snake, the loop had caught the hind hoofs of the fleeing animal, the well-trained mustang braced back, the riata was drawn taut like lightning and the plunging beast was whirled about and thrown down by a dextrous pull of the ropes, another of which had been flung over the creature's horns. Then came the tying of the animal. The red hot brand was brought and pressed upon the haunch of the poor, bellowing beast. Its bonds were then loosened and it was allowed to go. And so on, until all the unbranded stock had been either branded or identified as belonging to someone else. It made an animated picture, this small "round-up" and which I appreciated in the highest degree from my side of the fence.

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The 8th. of December. 1893 - Old Town

I had been told beforehand by an Old Townner that services would be held in the old church on the 8th. of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception or Virgin's Day, so made arrangements for taking a number of views. We drove over the hills and after taking views of the town and the old ditch, we zizzagged down the breakneck grade on Fort Stockton hill and into the town. We drove through the crooked streets, stopping here and there to take the views I thought of the most importance and finally reached the chapel about 11 A.M. We had heard the clang and clatter of the old bells while on Fort Stockton hill. The groups of people here and there going toward the church completed the picture. "It is exactly like old times," I said.

We entered and took our places quietly just within the door. The church was crowded, even the aisles were full. It seemed as though I had never before seen it look so pretty. White lace curtains were draped and festooned gracefully over the doors, within the chancel and behind the altar. Here and there they were caught up and held in place by sprays of flowers and trailing vines.

High in the centre of the altar stood the Madonna robed in soft white and blue satin. A filmy white veil enshrouded the whole figure. The clasped hands, over which a golden bracelet was slipped many years ago by a devout worshipper, held a bouquet of flowers. The crescent curved at her feet. The face is sweet simple, mild, and on the head rests the high, branching golden crown surmounted where the branches meet in the centre by a small globe and cross.

The altar was a bank of flowers. Illuminated missals stood spread open upon it. Tall candlesticks holding lighted candles which shone softly and steadily were arranged regularly amidst the flowers. A snowy linen altar cloth with an edging of heavy Spanish lace was carefully spread over the body of the altar with the long ends folded over toward the front and pinned. The two figures, representing Roman Soldiers, I am told, still occupy their old places at each end of the chancel.

The priest, Father Barrow, in gown and silken robe was just completing his sermon. Through the dainty lace curtains, I caught a glimpse of the saints in the little south wing.

The long lace curtains completely hid the old painting which hangs back of the altar, a rude representation of the Day of Judgment. Over the inner door of the north wing hangs a full length portrait of Saint Diego, the patron Saint of the place. On the opposite door hangs a painting called Our Lady of Light. The tin candlesticks still occupy their old places on the adobe wall below and between the holy pictures of the estaciones which rest on a projection in the wall.

The front is at the back of the church. A narrow flight of stairs leads to the organ loft. Small high windows light the church dimly.

One of the old bells has been removed and a smaller one substituted. These bells were in all probability cast in San Blas, and bear the date 1802. The church was built for a dwelling and occupied as such for some years. It was consecrated for worship in 186 and the wings were added. The building is of adobe, but some years ago being in danger of falling it was entirely encased in a framework of wood to prevent it from going the way of its kind.

In the north wing is the great chest of drawers which held the costly gold trimmed silken robes in white and scarlet and purple and yellow brocades worn by the priests, the white-linen altar cloths, etc. trimmed in heavy Spanish lace; the great stands of wax and paper and shell flowers in all colors. Many of these have been removed to the church in San Diego.

I saw many of the old familiar faces among the people and many were strange to me. Old Don Rafael was there but we missed both the padre and old recluse in the picture; Dona Claudia, jolly as ever who shook her fist behind old Rafael's back because he afterward refused to have himself photographed. "I used to go to school with you," said Dona Nieves to me.

"Yes, I remember. And is that your baby?"

"No, this is my baby," putting her hand on a stout girl of sixteen. "And there are five or six more of them running around here somewhere," she added laughing. All and always the same, happy and cheery and living just one minute at a time.

The traditional bullfight has passed entirely out of date as a part of the festivities of a modern St. of December celebration, but to appropriately crown the day's doings, I think I heard it whispered that they were to have a baile in the evening.

Sunrise at Point Loma

Out from the scabbard of the night,
By God's hand drawn
Flashes the sabre of the light
And lo! the dawn

We had gone to the old stone Light House the evening before on a straw ride, to surprise Captain "Bob" Israel and his estimable wife, Dona Arcadia, and to dance the night away. We climbed the narrow winding stairs and straight up and down ladder into the little chamber at the top of the quaint round tower where polished brass and fluted glass reflected and magnified the steady clear light of the lamp.

We danced the night away, and Captain Bob was more nimble on his feet than any of the rest. We could not very well keep still when "Dick" Kerren played the violin for us. Old timers still tell of his skill with his bow. His music was exquisite perfect time, perfect tune, with a peculiar pulse about it as though Life and Music both had taken up their lasting abode in his heart from which they sent their electric currents dancing along his nerves to find expression at his finger tips in harmonies which brought his listeners into instant and willing bondage.

We were tired, very tired, but we had gotten past the sleepy point though our eyes looked suspiciously large and our faces haggard as we held our wraps closely about us and started down the narrow, crooked trail to see the sunrise from Point Loma. It was chilly, dark, damp. The heavy dew still clung to the scraggy

bushes and low shrubs on either side. Now and then one of the party would stoop to dislodge a shell which had spitefully clung to his shoe. Blanche Rivas grew low on the ground, thick bushes of sour red berries and cactus rose in clumps, and here and there, the yucca stood stiffly erect, its bristling bayonets projecting in circular phalanx. It is in battle array. Why? Look at the soft shower of creamy cups which crown it, and remember the answer. What a wonderful story it tells!

We look down the long, concave slope of the rocky hill to our right. The breakers roll in with a slow, heaving roll and caressingly down upon its bare, brown feet. The voice of the sea is low, monotonous.

We stand upon the bluff and creep cautiously toward the edge of the precipice. A victim wandering in careless innocence in search of sport, raised aloft his gigantic battle axe and cleft in twain the rugged hill, so sharp, so abrupt is the descent, so wide and clean the yellow face of the promontory. We hurl stones with all the force we can gather. They whizz and whirl far out over the face of the water. We expect to see them fall into the ocean. They seem to curve inward and land on the beach at the foot of the promontory.

There is a break in the clouds in the high, eastern sky, a long stream of white light; soon ting

colored streamers begin to quiver upward. They dart about uncertainly, illuminating the dark clouds and lancing upon the dark face of the moving waters. The tiny streamers broaden and lengthen and follow one another in quick succession shooting upward in all directions and in gorgeous shades of yellow and orange and red. A rosy flush suffuses the sky, the streamers vanish. Great bands of yellow and scarlet and molten gold fill the eastern sky flushing the cold yet restless face of the great ocean. A speck appears, a star. It rises still unquenched from its watery tomb. It curves, swells, rounds out, then falls away again, contracts, diminishes, it rests for a dizzy moment upon the waters' edge, slips away and hangs, a dazzling circle of swimming radiating light.

The miracle is accomplished. The day is at hand.

The Bells - New Year - 1894

I felt sure they would be rung, they always are to welcome the New Year. Five minutes before midnight, I stepped out on the veranda to listen. Old Town is three miles and a half away but on quiet nights the bells can be plainly heard. Braying whistles clanging bells, the tooting horns and bursting bombs had begun all over town, drowning every other sound, I stood patiently waiting straining my ears to catch the slightest clang from the old Mission bells at Old Town. The racket around town increased. One persistent whistle tried my patience sorely. Would it never stop! Occasionally there was a lull, then off they would start again the racket was redoubled. At last! the persistent whistle took a long breath, the bells ceased their noise, there was an interval of almost dead silence, and - yes! there it is! the clang and clatter of the old bells, sounding faint and far away but still ringing out in joyous haste and in a reckless, go-as-you-please clamor, a welcome to the New Year. I smiled involuntarily as I pictured the boys tugging away at the old bell ropes as we used to do so long ago when the moment arrived to "ring out the old, ring in the new."

The terrific blare all about me recalled me to the present. I was satisfied though, for I had heard the old bells if only for a moment.

APPENDIX

Autobiography of an Old Town

I have been unexpectedly awakened from the comfortable sleep into which of late years I have fallen, to find that I am required to give my own history, in my own old fashioned style. If it will interest you, however, I will relate the principal changes and chances that have befallen me and the cause of my present dilapidated appearance. The old tumble-down houses which are scattered over my face were once as neat, pretty and well kept as any of the more modern dwellings; and my quiet and comparatively deserted streets were then the scenes of more life and activity than even those of my sister town.

More than one hundred years ago, a party of Spaniards and Franciscan friars sailed into the beautiful bay of San Diego, and journeying up the land a short distance, they selected a snug and sheltered retreat where they founded the first Mission in California in 1769. It was not till many years after this however, that a town was built and the site selected was on one of the hills overlooking the place on which I stand. The original town was as a matter of course not very large and it was built on the hill to protect it from the attack of the Indians, who together with bands of semi-barbarous Mexicans were the earliest inhabitants of the place. The inhabitants of the town were chiefly Spaniards and Mexicans, there being at that time no Americans in the place. Their manner of living was very simple, and the people being chiefly from Spain, brought the Spanish customs and style of architecture with them. Their houses were made almost invariably of adobe or sun dried brick the walls being sometimes six feet thick for

better protection against the Indians. The roofs were made of stout rafters across which was laid cane or bamboo, crossed and twisted so as to make them impenetrable; and over this were laid the red tiles which from their shape were intended to carry off the water from the roof. Though plain, their homes were not unattractive, the large comfortable rooms leading one into the other, the rows of bamboo chairs, the cool ollas and earthen cups, the simple though neat furniture and above all the kindly and gracious welcome given to the stranger made them attractive and pleasant; for simple-minded though they were, they possessed the power of enjoying themselves in the highest degree, and no where could they be exceeded in hospitality. By degrees the old town on the hilltop was abandoned, the people preferring the more sheltered position of my present site; and the only remaining evidences of it are a few graves and ruins of houses. Here they lived in quiet seclusion, pursuing their various occupations and enjoying their simple pleasures, until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Mexico, which led to the erection of Fort Stockton on one of the highest hills overlooking the town. After the war, the Americans began to settle in the place and the simple pleasures of my peaceful people were soon brought into disfavor by the more practical Americans. Gradually they have retired to their ranchos, being unable to keep up with their more civilized intruders; and with their desertion, I have as quietly and slowly fallen to decay. Fifty years ago, what is now known as New Town was an open plain without a single house upon it. I was then the only settlement in San Diego County and in my most thriving condition. There is no knowing what I shall be fifty years from now; but if the hopes of the oldest settlers and the present outlook for San Diego be fulfilled, I may hope for the inevitable reaction, and perhaps see myself the chosen spot for the homes of those who love a quiet re-

treat. There is nothing now within my walls to interest my former people; and by the calm that has settled on me, one would think it is Sunday all the time. At present I am honored by such names as "Old Sleepy Hollow", "Castle of Indolence", "Deserted Village" and many other such titles; but the old place may stand forth yet and prove its right to the attention of those who now look down upon it when a proper appreciation of its merits comes to be understood. The two old palm trees at the entrance to the town, stand like old and trusty sentinels, the only living witnesses of my growth and fall. Never again shall the same happy-hearted people walk my streets and share the primitive pleasures of the olden times. I stand today a dilapidated monument of the past. I am, indeed, deserted.

Lillie C. Whaley

Nov. 26, 1882

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No. _____

AWW

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1906.

Dear Madam:

I have the honor, by request of the Librarian of Congress, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of March 2d, inclosing \$3.00 for entry of a "book of photographs." You send with your letter a book containing 56 photographs, and you state that your work is "to be published with descriptive text."

In response, I beg to state that the copyright statutes contain no provision under which a number of separate photographs can be protected through entry of a single title and payment of a single fee. Each photograph would require its own separate entry of title, payment of fee, and deposit of two copies. If your work is to be published with descriptive text matter, as stated, and if these photographs are taken as the preliminary step towards the making of prints to illustrate your book, I beg to state that valid copyright upon a book is held to protect all the copyrightable contents thereof, including illustrations.

In your letter you say that in case entry is not permissible upon your application for the book of views that you desire entry made of three photographs, separately inclosed. In response, I beg to state that entry is not permissible upon these three photographs for the reason that you sent no printed title therefor, as required by the statute; see circular 5. Furthermore, the law requires the deposit of two copies of a photograph not later than the day of publication; see circular 35.

(C. Lillian Whaley.)

C. Lillian Whaley-2.

Under the circumstances, it is deemed best to return your book of views, and also your three photographs separately inclosed. Your remittance of 18 cents in stamps is also returned. Your remittance of \$3.00 will be held to your credit in this office awaiting the receipt of your further advices.

Bulletin 1, inclosed, gives the copyright law of the United States.

In your reply please state that your remittance is held to your credit in this office as number 6869.

Inc: Book of views.
3 photos.
18 cents stamps ✓
Bull. 1.
App. form A.(3).
Cir. 3-27-35.

Respectfully,

Thorwald Selberg
Register of Copyrights.

C. Lillian Whaley,
933 State Street,
San Diego, Calif.