CHULA VISTA AND COMMUNITY

PART TWO

HISTORY STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By THELMA A. KRANTZ and FRANCES L. READ

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES L. READ

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SEPTEMBER 1961

Preface

Our Chula Vista community has grown stronger year by year. Today's strength has come through the contributions of many people. A city must have hard working citizens in order to improve. Our leaders have been people with understanding, knowledge, and courage. They have known the importance of honesty and fine service to others.

You, the young citizens of today, are learning about your American heritage and the growth of your country and community by studying and by participating in school government. You are making an effort to understand and contribute to current happenings in your community. You are gaining strength by learning and thinking about the experiences of other people. You will build upon their understanding and, in time, create an even finer tomorrow.

This book has been written to help you learn about your community before and after Chula Vista became a city. The authors are native daughters of this county. Mrs. Thelma Krantz came from a pioneer family in the Chula Vista area. Her grandparents settled in Chula Vista in 1900. Miss Frances Read's parents arrived in San Diego in 1910 and 1911. The authors, who are regular members of the school staff, have brought the spirit of other times into their stories through careful reading of records and through talking with people who lived in Chula Vista many years ago. They are to be congratulated upon their creative work.

Burton C. Tiffany
Superintendent

Acknowledgments

Many individuals have given generously of their time and knowledge so that the children of the Chula Vista City School District may have a better understanding of their community's past. Some of the pioneers of this area who graciously shared experiences are: Richard and Morris Allen, Charles L. and C. H. Austin, Wilbur Bradley, Laura and Emilie Crockett, Harriet A. Crowley, Rolin O. Downs, Marjorie A. Freeman, Rose Guatelli Goepel, Leonora Guatelli, Florence Guatelli Karner, John H. Greife, Mary Hansen, Carl H. Helm, Genevieve A. Mays, Angie V. McKissen, Bertha Rhodes, Josephine Roberts, and Lewis C. Pinkham.

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Cooperation has been the magic word which has made this project possible. The authors are indebted to Margaret L. Paradise, Director of Curriculum, for her guidance and inspiration; to Leslie Beatty for her organizational suggestions; to Dr. Burton C. Tiffany and Joseph Odenthal for administrative assistance; to the secretaries, Ruth Adams, Elizabeth Behrens, and Katherine Cline; and to the members of the publications department, Evelyn Chase and Eugene Militscher.

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Contents

Letter Of Introduction

Dear Boys and Girls:

The stories in this book are about boys and girls who lived in this vicinity many years ago. Some of them were Indians, some Spaniards, some may have been your great great-grandfather or grandmother. They liked to do many of the same things that you do. They liked to play in the sun, watch the little creatures who live in the earth, and walk with faces uplifted to the rain. They liked to watch the darkness creep over the hills and crawl slowly into the valleys. They waited for the sunrise and gloried in its brightness. But most of all, they grew. They grew in stature and in thoughts.

Although the children in these stories lived at another time in history, you will find them in may ways just like you. They were not heroes or martyrs or soldiers in battle. They were ordinary boys and girls with freedom to use their own thoughts. We hope that you will become good friends.

Thelma A. Krantz
Frances L. Read

1 *That Old History Parade*

"Parade! Parade! Today's the day for the parade," sang Judy as she made her bed in her bedroom in the family's new house on Palomar Street in Chula Vista. "We're going to the parade, we're going to the parade!" she sang over and over again.

"Can't you sing something else?" asked her mother. "One would think that you had never been to a parade before!"

"But I'm so happy," exclaimed Judy. "Uncle Tom has invited us to see the parade from his store, and we will have such a good view. All the children say that this is to be an extra special parade, with floats and clowns and everything! Do you think there will be elephants, Mother?"

"I hardly think so," replied her mother. "As you have said this is a special parade. Elephants would hardly fit the occasion. But I expect you will see plenty of horses and wagons, funny old automobiles, and people dressed in strange costumes. You know, Judy, this isn't like just any parade. This one is in honor of the very beginning of your own city, Chula Vista. It was planned this year because fifty years ago the people living in Chula Vista voted to form a city government and to elect their own leaders to run the town."

"Oh," said Judy, "it sounds terribly dull! And I thought this was a parade for some real fun!"

"Perhaps we'd better wait and see," said her mother as she turned to shut off the television set.

Judy went about her chores muttering to herself, "An old parade about history. Who wants to see an old history parade! It sounds dull and boring and I don't think I'll even go!"

When the time for the parade came, however, Judy could not bear to miss something that her friends had been talking about for so long.

"After all," said her mother, "if Tom was nice enough to invite us to watch the parade from his store on Third Avenue, we'd better go. We may never have another chance to sit in this very special place."

"Why not?" asked Judy quickly, but not very politely.

"Uncle Tom is talking about possible changes on Third Avenue. You know that there are many big new stores where people can get groceries, medicines, writing paper, toys, and even hairpins and golf balls in one store. The businessmen of Third Avenue hope to make a center for shopping which has many stores. Some people like large stores. Others like small ones where the owner knows the customers and makes them feel at home."

"Yes, Mother, I understand now," Judy replied more politely, "but is it time to go now?"

Mother didn't seem to hear. She was still talking about the changes in shopping habits and said, "And time means so much more to people nowadays. They are always in a hurry. They seem to have so much more to do, and I can't understand it. Now we have refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, automatic washers and dryers. The stoves

today do not need to be fed with wood or fuel oil. We don't have to carry water and put it in a tub on the kitchen floor for our baths. We don't bake bread or even cakes from start to finish; we use ready mixes most of the time. Some people even use television dinners instead of cooking meals. I just don't understand it!

"And I read an article in the paper the other night that said people weren't even reading as much as they used to. I wonder what we are doing with all the time we save?"

But Judy had lost interest in what her mother was saying as she saw Mary and Jean and their parents hurrying down the street for a good spot to see the parade.

"Hurry, hurry, Mother," Judy urged. Her mother laughed and said, "Why are you hurrying so fast now to get to a place where a minute ago you didn't even want to go? Always in a hurry, always in a rush, even if we don't want to go at all! That's typical of life nowadays!"

Within a few minutes the family was seated in the front window of the store on Third Avenue. Not a minute too soon either, for down the street came some Indians. Real Indians, Judy thought. And they were!

"But, Mother, where do real Indians come from and why should they be part of the parade?" she asked.

Mother had read in the Chula Vista Star that some of the Dieguẽno Indians were coming from their own homes in the back country of San Diego to be in the parade. She knew as she looked at them that they were dressed in modern Indian garb and that the clothing worn by their ancestors who had walked the brown earth many, many years ago in this very spot, would not have been fitting for today. She smiled to think of their bare brown bodies covered with dye as in those early days.

She wondered what the reaction of the children today would be to them. She started to explain to Judy about them. However, by that time Judy's attention had been turned to a group of men wearing long, loose, brown robes and carrying crosses.

"They look like the statue of St. Francis in our garden," Judy said. "Who are they, Mother?" Her mother started to tell her about the padres and how it is said that the most famous one of all in California, Father Serra, really walked across the dry, dusty soil of the town of Chula Vista. But she didn't have time, because some wonderful music began to play and people dressed in beautiful Spanish costumes danced and sang as they came down the street. They were followed by men on horseback. They too were dressed as Spaniards and their horses were gaily decorated. Mother just had time to say, "Oh, a Spanish fiesta!" Then they were gone.

Judy had many questions to ask but there was not time. She had to keep her eyes on the street for so much was happening. Wagons loaded with household supplies, barrels of flour, sugar, and even barrels of clothing came next. It reminded her of the covered wagons she had seen on television, except these wagons weren't covered.

"Those are people moving into National City," said her mother, "and the one walking by that wagon drawn by the black mules must be Frank Kimball."

"Who's Frank Kimball?" Judy asked. But again there was no time for an answer.

Now came the noisiest part of the parade. Many men,

women and children came down the street dressed in the strangest costumes and shouting and cheering all the way! The women wore long, full dresses which came to their ankles and which were buttoned close around their necks. Many of them carried parasols even though they were wearing fancy hats decorated with ostrich plumes. Their dresses fitted very tightly around their waists. Judy wondered how their waists could be so small. No one she knew now had such a small waist. Before she could get a good look at the others, her mother said in her ear, "They are celebrating the coming of the railroad to National City." Judy wondered why the coming of the railroad to National City had anything to do with Chula Vista, but there was no time now for questions.

Some men came who looked like surveyors. They carried maps, papers, and measuring rods. Mother said, "These are the men who planned our town. The one in the large brown hat is Colonel Dickinson." But the parade moved on and Judy learned no more.

The parade was exciting and Judy saw so many different things. A float of a train came by followed by a float of a streetcar. A float came by carrying people dressed as yacht club members seated in a small boat. A group of children dressed in costumes of the olden days came by carrying our flag, and mother said, "That was the total number of children going to school in Chula Vista in 1898." Judy noticed the dresses the girls wore and was glad she didn't have to wear such long and full skirts. She thought, "How could anyone play in those things?"

On the parade came. There was the first fire engine in Chula Vista followed by the first mail wagon drawn by a single horse. There was a float that looked like big piles of snow, but Judy knew about this. Her class at school had taken a

trip to the Western Salt Company recently. She knew the white stuff was salt. There were people packing lemons, celery, and tomatoes. There were policemen on old-time motorcycles and many things Judy wanted to ask about. But the parade moved on.

The last part of the parade Judy could not understand at all. It was just a float of ordinary people, a grandfather and grandmother, a father and mother, and a boy and girl. Once the parade was over Judy lost no time asking questions. "How do those people get into a parade of history?" she asked.

Her mother replied. "Who makes history, Judy?" Judy knew then that she and you and all the people in the world today are making the things happen that other people will look back on later and call history. She wondered what they would think of the history she was making.

Judy had many other questions about the other things she had seen in the parade. She began to read, and to think, and to look at pictures to find out all she could about Chula Vista's past.

She wondered why there were Spanish fiestas in Chula Vista; she wondered why the people were so happy over an old railroad; she wondered why there were boats in the parade, and why the people in Chula Vista have so many houses so close together, and why they have such a beautiful civic center and so many whys, whys, whys, and you probably do, too.

2 Awik Gathers The Fare

Awik grumbled to himself as he stripped the yellow-pink inside bark from a willow tree near the river. His tools of stone and wood flew quickly. He seemed to be racing the sun and the rising mist. Could he finish this "woman's work" before other boys in his hut group saw him? He had crept away from home before the world was gray. Now the bird song, "It's sweet to me," came from above his head. Awik saw a bright yellow bird. But as the bird flew, it flashed its white and tan outer tail feathers. Awik recognized his wild friend. Hadn't they searched in the same fields for insects to eat during the spring!

Awik stuffed the bark into his carrying net and ran up the slopes toward home. He could see smoke coming from breakfast fires outside the stick and grass huts. The haystack-shaped homes held six families. These were his father's people. Could he creep by them unseen now?

As Awik put the bark on the ground beside his hut, he saw that his mother was watching. Her brown eyes spoke a silent thank you. His two young sisters played with the grinding stones and fiber baskets. Baby brother was in the cradle board which leaned against a rock.

Awik had seen eight summers. He was the only child old enough to help very much. He had learned how to make and use the bow and arrow and the rabbit stick. He had hunted rabbits, snakes, mice, frogs and crawfish. Hunting was man's work. Getting the willow bark was woman's work, but his mother knew that gathering and preparing food came first. These jobs took most of her time now, for she could not travel quickly or far with her young family. Awik had heard her say that she needed bark for a new skirt. Now after other work was done, she would pound the bark between stones to soften it. Then she would string the bark on yucca fibers and make a skirt.

Awik smelled the acorn mush his mother was cooking. He knew that the scrub oak acorns were almost gone. Last fall the whole band had moved into the hills to live and gather acorns. That seemed a long time ago.

Suddenly Awik looked toward the next hut. There stood a boy who had seen him empty the carrying net. Awik clenched his fist. Would the boy tell others? Full of thought, Awik glanced into his valley. He looked beyond the sycamore and willow trees. Toward the east he saw moving dots.

"They are coming!" he shouted. "The mountain people are coming at last!"

The people of his hut group looked over the yellow valley toward the bluish foothills. Yes, the mountain people were following the river to the bay. The younger men, women, and most of the children went there each summer to fish and get salt. Awik's people would go to the bay in about two moons. He could hardly wait.

The mountain folk rested by the river near Awik's home. The men talked. Their words sounded odd, but Awik could understand what they meant. He was surprised and happy when his father said that he and four other boys could go with them to the bay.

In a short time four older boys and Awik were jogging behind the mountain folk. They had brought their carrying nets, basket caps, yucca fiber, bone fishhooks, and weapons. They could smell the salty air now as they came to a wide flat valley. What was that at the far side under the sycamore and cottonwood trees? The Indians stopped. They talked and wondered. The animals were not deer, the men were not Indians. Some wore odd clothes that were shiny; others wore long brown skirts that touched the ground.

A few of the bravest Indians crept forward. The strangers saw the Indians. Two who wore brown skirts took something from a basket on an animal. They walked toward the group of Indians. One man limped a little as he came forward. He held a small wooden cross high in the air. The strangers made signs of friendship and spoke odd words. More Indians came forward. Each one was given a string of bright colored beads. This was the first time these Indians had seen Spanish people from the south, although they had heard about them from other Indians.

Soon the strangers with their horses, mules, and cattle moved on across the shallow river and went north along the bay. Awik and his friends ran on toward the shore. For several days they collected bean clams, colorful shells, and caught fish. Jellyfish swam everywhere. The Indians swam in the waters of the bay. Some of the boys played with a large water turtle. They let it pull them through the salty waters of the bay. At last they guided it toward shore, for turtle meat was a special treat.

Each night the Indians sang and danced around fires on the sand. One night Awik seemed to be watching every

dance step, but his mind was far away. He was thinking of the trip they would take the next day to the curve of the bay. There they would collect salt. The mountain people would pack their fish in salt to keep the fish from spoiling.

Awik wiggled deeper into the warm sand near the fire. He knew that the mountain folk would stay a month or more near the water, but he and his four friends would return home sooner. After collecting more bay animals, they would go inland across the flat, shrub-covered earth to his valley.

"Ah," thought Awik, "we'll have broth of the bean clam and fish. I'll have fine shells to string on yucca fiber. Best of all, I can tell of the strangers on our land. My neighbor will forget about the willow bark when he hears about the man's work I have done." With a sigh of happiness, Awik fell asleep.

3 New Roots

"Which wagon trail are we going to take when we get to that old sycamore?" asked Jamie as he pointed to the left of the two gray mules.

"We must keep going northwest from the National Ranch, Jamie," answered Mr. Kimball. "With luck we'll all be at the old San Diego Mission before noon."

Mr. and Mrs. Kimball and the two Arguello children had left the small ranch house in Sweetwater Valley as the mockingbird songs filled the morning air. They could leave before eight o'clock, for Jamie and Mary Arguello had stayed at the Frank Kimball home overnight. Mr. Arguello and the children's uncle, Mr. Wilcox, had left them at the Kimball ranch the evening before as they journeyed to the older town of San Diego.

Jamie had heard the menfolk talking about the "older town" last night. He could not ask his questions then, for the adults were talking. But this was a gay day for the children, and they could ask Mr. Kimball the stored up questions as they jolted along the dusty road.

"Why did father call San Diego the 'older' town last night?" asked the boy.

Mr. Kimball smiled, "That was the first time I, too, had heard San Diego called an 'older' town," he began. "You have heard of Mr. Alonzo Horton who came to San Diego two years ago in 1867. Well, Mr. Horton began to plan a town on the bay. Now that businesses are beginning to move from the old pueblo to the new place, people are calling one 'Old Town' and the other 'New Town.' I hope the new city will grow. The place would have more land for buildings," said Mr. Kimball.

"And it would be handy to the harbor," added Mrs. Kimball.

A rabbit darted across the trail. "If the town gets very big," Mary spoke up, "the jackrabbits and horned toads will have to find new homes."

They all laughed. Mrs. Kimball had been listening and thinking of the future. "You are right, Mary," she said. "Changes bring ever more changes. The rabbits would leave if their homes were in danger."

Mr. Kimball skillfully flicked a fly from a mule's ear with the whip, then he said, "The rabbits make me think of the Indians. Until a hundred years ago all the land around here belonged to the Indians. The Spanish came and taught the Indians new ways to live. In the process the Indians lost their lands."

"Didn't the Indians build the mission where we are going today?" asked Jamie.

"Yes," answered Mr. Kimball, "they learned from the Spaniards to make buildings of adobe. You know the adobe shed where I keep my mules? I heard that Indians helped build it for Mr. Forster, the first owner of our National Ranch."

"How did he get your land?" questioned Jamie.

"Well, Mr. Forster was called Don Juan Forster by his friends in Mexico," explained Mr. Kimball. "Don Juan was really an Englishman who liked adventure. He traveled to Mexico and Alta California. In Los Angeles he met and married Governor Pio Pico's sister. The governor gave land to his friends and relatives. Don Juan was given several large ranchos. One of these was Rancho de la Nacion. He kept it from 1845 to 1856. Several other people owned the land before my two brothers and I bought it last year in June of 1868."

Mary wanted to know more about the man who had traveled so much. "Did Mr. Forster stay on his ranch all the time he had it?" she asked.

Mr. Kimball smiled, "No, Mary, he didn't. He spent more of his time on his Santa Margarita Rancho. In fact that is where he lives today. When he lived in Sweetwater Valley, he often went to your grandfather's ranch at La Punta to have a good time. Don Arguello was famous for his fine fiestas."

"Did Mr. Forster farm the land or raise cattle on his ranch?" asked Jamie.

Mr. Kimball cracked his whip so the plodding mules would move along a little faster. "Mr. Forster used the rancho as it had been used by the Spaniards, Jamie. He used it as grazing land for a few cattle and sheep."

The children were thoughtful and quiet for a few minutes. Then Jamie spoke up, "I don't see how Governor Pio Pico had a right to give the land to Mr. Forster. I thought the land belonged to the Spaniards."

"You see," said Mr. Kimball, "the people down in Mexico overthrew the Spaniards in 1821. They were tired of being taxed and ruled by people from Spain. They also wanted the lands which the missions controlled. By 1834 most of the padres in Alta California had left

for Mexico or Spain. Their missionary work was done here. Some Indians stayed to farm near the missions; other Indians returned to live in places their parents had known. But it wasn't the same. They had learned a new life at the missions. Other people now owned the lands. Some of them now work as sheep and cattle herders in our valleys.

Before noon that day the wagon had crossed the dusty flatlands and had traveled down steep canyons from the National Ranch to Mission Valley. It was a trip of about ten or twelve miles. The group stopped for a picnic lunch under the cottonwood trees in the wide valley which spread before the mission.

Mrs. Kimball looked at the sagging buildings and sighed, "It's a pity that the work of the Indians and padres has been left to the sun and rain. Some of the adobe walls are becoming soil again."

Mr. Kimball agreed with her, but he was more interested in finding out how the olive trees had withstood the lack of care. They climbed into the wagon and headed the short distance to the mission.

"Whoa, mules!" called Mr. Kimball as he pulled back on the reins. "Here we are at the San Diego Mission."

Jamie and Mary jumped down from the wagon. As Mr. Kimball helped his wife down, he saw a man coming. The man was an Indian who had been farming the fields near the mission for many years. When he found out that Mr. Kimball was interested in seeing the old olive trees, he was eager to be helpful. He usually spoke Spanish

but he knew English too.

The Indian took them into the orchard and pointed to the trees, "I guess some of these olive trees are almost a century old. See that tree? A hungry animal probably ate the top of it. That is why it is so bushy."

He told how cattle, horses, goats, and sheep had gone over the walls and broken them down in order to reach food.

Mrs. Kimball rubbed her hand along the blackened trunk of an olive tree, "This tree looks as if it had been burned."

"Yes, it was," answered the man. "During the war with Mexico the American soldiers camped here. I have heard that they built campfires under the trees."

The five people talked as they walked through the weed covered olive grove. The pits of wasted years crunched beneath their shoes. Of the 347 trees Mr. Kimball counted, not one had come through the years untouched. Each one had been damaged in some way. But he was not surprised to see that the trees were still alive. He had heard stories about the hardiness of olive trees.

Mr. Kimball had come to the mission to get cuttings from these olive trees. He found that the trees needed to be pruned anyway. The children helped to load the cuttings into the wagon. The wagon was loaded by mid-afternoon. The Kimballs and the Arguello children said goodbye to the helpful farmer as they passed his fields.

The gray mules followed the dusty trails all afternoon. Mr. Kimball happened to choose the wrong wagon road a time or two. By seven that evening the weary

but happy travelers reached the Kimball home. The long journey ended as the dampness of evening came.

Days and weeks of work were ahead before Mr. Kimball could be sure that the cuttings planted near his town house had taken root. At last he saw sprouts and knew that his work had been a success. The olive trees from the San Diego Mission had begun a new grove on the National Ranch. In the years to come Mr. Kimball experimented with the mission olives. Trees were planted in the rich Sweetwater Valley. He got cuttings from San Luis Rey, from Señor Arguello in Lower California, and from John Forster at Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores. He began curing and canning the olives. By 1886 the orchards were growing more olives than could be cured, so he began work on an oil mill. His olive products were shipped across the country. Frank Kimball had been successful in his work with the mission olives.

Courtesy of Morris Allen

4 A Summer Outing At Lynwood Grove

Click! For an instant we had been quiet enough to hear the birds flitting around in the trees overhead. But when we heard that click, we knew the picture had been taken.

"Pass Amy more bread, boys! She's still too hollow," yelled one of the men.

It seemed as if everyone passed food to Amy! Fried chicken, deviled eggs, dill pickles, cured olives! She laughed and good-naturedly took a slice of homemade bread, spread it with sun-softened butter, and spooned fig jam on top.

Laughter and talk filled the air again, for this was a rare holiday when ranchers shared news and their finest foods. Wagonloads of folks had come from neighboring valleys to this favorite picnic area in the Sweetwater Valley west of Bonita.

The first desserts were eaten. At last it was time for Mr. French's watermelons. He touched the long knife to the green rind, and the first watermelon split apart with ripeness. Five, six, seven of them were cut and served. Watermelons were made for picnics!

While the women cleared the tables and chatted, the men took their rifles from their wagons and headed for the shooting range. Their bullets landed in the north bank beyond the river. Only rabbits and birds seemed to live in the hills above the valley.

Some of the children climbed the cottonwood trees. When a boy climbed into the high limbs and the treetop began to sway, the children teased him by singing the new song, "Rock-a-bye Baby." Other children took turns playing in the swings which hung from the tall sycamore trees. The high branches required long ropes and meant a breath-taking ride. Even on this warm day a cool breeze whistled by the girls' long skirts as they poked holes in the blue sky with their heavy shoes.

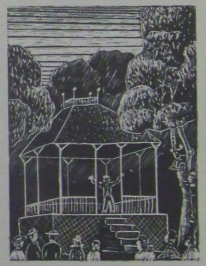
By late afternoon the ranchers had talked about the weather, their crops, and the tons of rocks being hauled away from the Sweetwater quarry. Slim Wells had heard that last week the train had stopped suddenly to avoid hitting a mule and wagon. A heavy boulder had fallen from the flatcar. He wondered how long the boulder would remain where it fell north of the railroad tracks in Bonita.

At last the picnickers gathered at the pavilion to hear someone talk about "Farewell to Summer." Then Mr. Higgins sang "Juanita, Juanita." He led the singing of "Grandfather's Clock," "La Paloma," "Oh Susanna," and other favorites.

Some of the people from the Butcher's group which was having a party in another section of the grove came to join in the fun. Their turn to have the pavilion

came after dark. They would dance until the excursion train took them back to San Diego.

Before dusk the ranchers had loaded empty picnic baskets and sleepy, happy folks into the wagons. The mules and horses had headed home. The wonderful summer outing was over.



5 Stream Of Life In Otay Valley

A big smile spread across Rosalie's face. She had awakened that fall morning with a feeling of great happiness. Now as she stretched and smiled, she remembered the reason for her happiness. It was her turn today to stay home from the Daneri School and work on her father's ranch.

Rosalie and her family lived in the Otay Valley. Her father, mother, and oldest brother had come in 1879 from Mariposa County in Central California. Several families in the big Otay Valley had arrived about the same year, since each had learned about the rich soil and abundant water there. They had planted acres of young fruit trees and grapevines on their ranches. These first plantings gave them fruit and later supplied cuttings for new plantings. The families grew bigger. Now, in 1892, there were seven children in Rosalie's family. She was the youngest, but she was expected to do her share of the work.

Rosalie was extra glad that this was her day to stay home from school and work. At breakfast her mother said, "Children, I can't get the bread baked in time for your school lunches. Today you'll have a bowl of corn meal mush for lunch."

Rosalie liked eating the corn meal, tomato sauce, and cheese dish her mother made, but she did not like to carry the heavy bowl the mile to school. Whenever the bread was not made early enough, the children knew what was coming. The older children usually made Rosalie carry the bowl, spoons, and small dishes to school. She giggled as she thought of what she had done last time. She had slipped the dishes back into the cupboard.

At noon she had unwrapped the cloth napkin from around the bowl. She had given a spoon to each brother and sister. They had sat in a circle on the playground and had eaten out of the big bowl. Rosalie thought it had worked quite well. At least she had not had the load of carrying the little dishes.

The older children walked across the fields taking a short cut to school. Florence lagged behind carrying the heavy bowl. Rosalie dashed to the horses. Her father had already hitched them to the Chinese pump under the enormous sycamore tree. There they stood in the shade, swishing at flies. When they saw her coming, they began circling around and around. Their work helped to make the water gush from the well into the pipes and troughs.

Rosalie hopped into the seat of the Chinese pump as it circled by her. She loved to go around and around driving the two horses. When she looked overhead, she saw a ripe fig hanging from the limb of a fig tree. She circled beneath the fig several times. Her mouth began to water so much that she could wait no longer. She stood up on the seat, waited for it to circle beneath the limb again, and grabbed the fig as she went by. She saw two other figs beginning to split with ripeness. Rosalie waited her chance and picked these also.

The Chinese pump was wonderful! As she rode around and around, she pretended she was a queen in a coach. Rosalie could see her kingdom of peach, apricot, apple, lemon, orange, and olive trees. The water was being pumped to feed these thirsty trees.

A peach fell from a tree in the grove. Rosalie jumped from her queenly seat and gave one of the horses a gentle swat which meant, "Keep moving, keep pumping, for our ranch needs water." She dashed to get the peach,

brushed it off, and sank her teeth into the fruit. As juice trickled down her chin, she barely had time to stick her chin out far enough so that the juice would not drop on her polka dotted dress. She finished the peach and wiped her hands in the rich, brown earth to rid them of the stickiness.

Rosalie glanced at the horses. "Can't I even get down and get a peach," she yelled as she raced back to the horses, for they had stopped. The horses always stopped when no one drove them. Before she reached them, they began hurrying around and around. They knew that a switching was coming if they didn't work.

The little girl washed her hands and lips in the cool waters, smoothed her long brown hair, and jumped back up on the seat of the Chinese pump. She missed the company of the other children at the Daneri School as she went around and around on the horse power. She saw Kippi, their pet lamb, sleeping in the shade of an apple tree. She called the lamb, "Kippi, Kippi come and play."

Kippi ran to her. Rosalie jumped from the horse power, sat beside the lamb, and cuddled it in her arms. Kippi was getting too big and heavy to lift, for she had been a spring lamb. The Indian sheepherders were numerous in the Otay Valley. Last spring there had been too many lambs for the water supply. The Frenchmen who owned the sheep decided to save work and trouble later. They told the herders to build a large fire and throw the extra lambs into it. Rosalie's father had asked for a lamb as a pet for his children. That is how Kippi had been saved. The children wanted to save every inch of Kippi, so they had refused to have her tail clipped.

Since the horses were slowing down, Rosalie got back on the seat of the Chinese pump. "You would like to ride, wouldn't you Kippi!" Rosalie talked to the lamb. "But you are too heavy for me to lift. Kippi, this is better than working on the multiplication tables or doing

grammar lessons. I can hear the teacher saying, 'Take out your copybooks and turn to the next lesson.' I think it is a waste of money for my parents to buy so many schoolbooks, but that blue copybook with the gold edge is the worst. I like the sayings of Benjamin Franklin, but I don't like copying the sentences over twelve times. Oh well," Rosalie told Kippi, "I write as fast as I can and usually get finished before anyone else."

Rosalie had been going to the Daneri School for four years . . . ever since it had opened in 1888. Some days she had as many as twenty classmates. Her favorite "subject" was recess. She almost liked storytime when the teacher read to all of the children. The older children who were fifteen or sixteen seemed to like the stories, but the younger ones didn't quite understand Little Women or "Lady of the Lake." At present the teacher was reading Black Beauty. There were few books in the school library. It was almost impossible for the teacher to pick a book suitable for both three-year-olds and sixteen-year-olds.

Kippi had fallen asleep. Rosalie was getting a little sleepy too. She hopped down from the seat, stretched her legs and then got on the seat again to drive the horses around and around the Chinese pump . . . all day.

Those were happy days in the rich Otay Valley. Rosalie's father, Mr. Guatelli, had become well-known for a special crop. This was the Flat Peerless Potato. When potatoes were dug and gathered, they were taken the fourteen miles to San Diego in the large horse-drawn Studebaker wagon. There her father sold the potatoes and bought supplies needed at the ranch.

The years passed happily, but they did not bring enough rain. Gradually Otay Valley became drier and drier. The family stopped taking the occasional surrey trip to the Lynwood Grove picnic area in the Sweetwater Valley. It was not fun crossing the baked fields to

reach the dry lake near Lynwood Grove. Dust was everywhere. The farmers in the valley were discouraged.

One afternoon in 1901 the girls, now young ladies, were in the fields picking up potatoes which the menfolk had dug. Suddenly they heard a terrible noise. They hid behind haystacks near the road. Up the road came a big, noisy, black machine. They had never seen anything like it! Through the dust they recognized Mr. Babcock. He had a black wheel in his hands and seemed to be steering the machine.

The dust cleared after the machine passed. Leonora recovered from the shock first. "That must be an automobile! I heard the ladies talking about one after church last Sunday."

"For land sakes! What will Mr. Babcock have next!" exclaimed Florence. "He is probably going to the Daneri's to get brandy or wine."

"Or he may be going to see how the new work is coming along on his Otay Dam," added Leonora.

For once Rosalie was speechless. The most modern carriages had passed along this road, but this was the first one which moved without a horse. Ever since Mr. Babcock had begun to develop Coronado, "rich people" had been taking excursions to it. Many of those people took a side trip to the Daneri Winery. Mr. Daneri was well-known for his one hundred acres of fine vineyards and his vats of wine.

The girls returned to their work in the potato field and waited for the black machine to return. They chatted as they gathered the potatoes. Talking seemed to make the time pass more quickly. At last they heard a roar and saw dust billowing up. There came the four-wheeled horseless giant. It seemed to be in a big hurry.

"Mr. Babcock better watch out for the chuckholes,"

thought Florence.

Just then they all saw the same thing. Bouncing around on the back seat was a large package. The machine hit a big chuckhole. The package went sailing into a bush by the road.

The girls dashed from behind the haystacks, waved at Mr. Babcock, and shouted. He waved back. But the car roared down the road and was lost in a cloud of dust. The girls stood an instant and then raced for the package.

"It must weigh at least five pounds," exclaimed Florence as she took it out of the bush.

Through the paper they could see the name, "Poinsettia Candy." When they got the package home, they decided to open it. Mr. Babcock might not be back for a month. They had tried to tell him about the package, but he had raced on. They probably couldn't stop him next time he went by anyway.

For the next month the family feasted on chocolates. The children felt like "rich people" as they ate the best box of candy they ever had.

The dry years continued. Mrs. Musto who lived with the Daneris said, "Oh, we'll move away when the dam breaks." She meant that they would never move; they would stay with the vineyards in spite of the dry years. The drought continued, Otay was almost a ghost town.

Of course the Otay Watch Factory had failed in 1891. The dreams of a city faded at that time. The Otay Press had kept tab on the valley until 1898, and the post office still kept news coming from friends far away.

Rosalie had gone to the Daneri School for ten years. Many of her older classmates had left the valley in search of paying jobs. She stayed and began handling the school business. She bought the books in San Diego and wrote the teacher's check for $45 each month. The two school trustees signed the check.

The drought lasted from 1897 to 1904. The Guatelli family had lived in the valley through the difficult times. In 1905 they moved to San Diego so that all of the children could get paying jobs.

In 1915 and 1916 the rains came. The Otay Dams did not hold back the waters. The Daneris and many other families were ruined by the flood which washed down the Otay Valley. Many people were killed. The old Daneri School had been closed in 1902, for the children in the valley had grown up. The school had been moved near the Daneri home and was being used as a dining room. Mrs. Musto and others eating there that evening died in the flood waters. Mr. and Mrs. Daneri escaped, for they were at the winery. He was there trying to make the wine kegs more watertight. She had gone to call him to dinner. When they saw the flood tearing down their valley, they ran. They reached higher ground as the waters lapped at their heels. Kegs of wine, trees, animals, pianos, and boards from the old school floated toward the San Diego Bay.

The dams were rebuilt, the rich earth in Otay Valley was gone forever. The rocky river bed was exposed. The tall sycamore, the horse power, the groves, potatoes, and vineyards remained only in memory.

6 Big Doings At The Dam

"I see by the National City Record that there are to be some big doings at La Presa tomorrow," said Mrs. Allen. "A whole trainload of visitors from the East will be there to see the dam. Shall we make a day of it and take the children?"

"That Sweetwater Dam is a sight to see," replied Mr. Allen. "If they go to bed early the trip will be good for them. After all, it would be a shame for our own children to miss a sight that people from all over the world come to see. Who knows, they may be telling their own children someday that on May 4, 1894 they saw the the highest dam in the United States! By all means, let's take them."

When the children heard of the plan, their first question was, "What is a dam?"

"Well," said mother, "it's hard to explain but you will see for yourselves tomorrow. You will find out, too, why your father doesn't use the well and windmill any more."

It was hard to go to sleep that night with the thought of a ride on a train and the fun of a day's outing with father and mother on their minds. But before long morning came. They heard their mother calling to them to hurry and to do their chores so they would get to the station on time.

"You know the National City and Otay Railroad train leaves the station at 9:25 and it will not wait for anyone." Soon the boys were up and ready for the day.

They arrived at the station at Third Avenue and

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F Street a few minutes before the train came to Chula Vista on its regular run from Tia Juana and Otay. They were so excited and it was such fun to ride on the train! Within a few minutes they arrived at the junction in Sweetwater Valley where the train stopped and they got off.

"Is this the dam, Mother?" John asked.

"No, John," mother laughed, "this is the place where we change trains to go to the dam." They climbed aboard another train which headed east in Sweetwater Valley. There were many people on the train that day and the air seemed full of excitement.

"And why not?" said father. "It isn't every day that we can see a dam and a balloon both on the same day!"

"A balloon?" the boys shouted. "Are we going to see a balloon, too?"

"That's what it said in The Record," replied his father.

Soon they had rounded the hill just northwest of the dam and the La Presa Hotel and resort came into view. The boys had been so busy watching the high trestle, they didn't see the cement and rock wall, called the dam, as the train passed west of it.

"Is this the dam?" asked John, again.

Mother laughed and said, "Don't be in so much of a hurry, John. No, this isn't the dam. This is the resort the Land and Town Company built to take care of all the people who want to see the dam just as much as you do."

There must be many, many people wanting to see it, thought John. And he was right.

The train stopped at the resort at the end of the line, and the passengers hurriedly got off. Each one was filled with eagerness to see the wonderful sight. As they left the train, they heard someone shouting and making as much noise as possible to attract their attention.

"What are they saying?" the boys asked. Father said, "Listen for a minute."

And amidst the noise of the crowd, the boys could hear one voice clearly saying, "Where in the world could you find such a climate, such fertile soil, such a supply of water as here in San Diego County? Where could you find a better buy than in Chula Vista, with its well-planned streets, its lemon orchards soon to bear fruit, its large homes and its plans for the future?"

They could also hear the voice repeating over and over something about olive groves, Sweetwater Valley, the National City and Otay Railroad, good transportation and plenty of water.

But the boys were not interested in this talk. They wanted to see the dam. And see the dam they did just as they reached the brow of the hill.

"Is this the dam?" John asked again. "It looks just like the lakes we had back in Minnesota." What is so wonderful about an old lake, he thought.

But then father took them to see the high curved rock and cement wall which was ninety feet high. When they saw that all the water which used to flow to the bay was being held back behind the wall, they knew that they were seeing something very great. Father showed them how the water was piped from the dam to the towns of Chula Vista and National City and how the spillways kept the water at a safe level. He explained how building the dam with a curved front facing the force of the water gave it more strength to hold the water back. He even let them walk a little way across the top of the wall. How high it was and how afraid they were!

All the time father was telling them about the wonders of the dam, that same voice was calling and talking and trying to get everyone's attention. Now the boys could hear the words "balloon," "bicycle," "riding a bicycle in the sky," "hurry, hurry, don't miss the sight." They could not keep their attention on the dam any longer.

The family hurried to see what the man was doing. They found that he had dug a trench about fifteen feet long, three feet deep, and eighteen inches wide. He had covered the pit with boards. In one end he had built a fire. At the other end, the boys saw the strangest looking limp, greyish white thing that looked like a large piece of cloth. That was the balloon! The mouth

of the balloon had been placed over the end of the trench and every once in a while the man would throw some gasoline out of a cup over the fire. This would make a quick blaze and a draft of hot air would go down the trench to the other end and fill the balloon.

"Why is he doing that? Isn't that dangerous?" Richard asked. This was a good question since all they could hear were words like "good climate," "plenty of water," "good roads," "fruit orchards," "buy, buy--in Chula Vista," "in National City--best buys," "San Diego Land and Town Company," and other words the boys could not understand. Father said, "Wait and see! But stay back! It is dangerous to use gasoline that way." As the words kept pouring out of the man's mouth, the air kept pouring out of the firepit into the opening of the balloon. As it got bigger and bigger, many men had to hold it to keep it from going up into the air before the man was ready.

"When will the balloon go up?" John wanted to know. But the man hadn't said all the words he wanted to so he delayed the take-off as long as he could. While the boys were waiting, they saw some ropes fastened to a bicycle lying alongside the balloon. They wondered what this was for. They soon found out, for just then the man took a big drink from a bottle he had in his pocket. He got on the bicycle and gave the men the signal to let the balloon go. As the balloon rose in the sky, they saw that the bicycle was fastened to a funny looking object under the balloon. Father said it was a parachute. As the balloon sailed away, the man on the bicycle sailed away, too, only he pretended that he was riding the bicycle. He pumped hard and waved and smiled at the people who cheered and shouted at his clever stunt.

John and Richard were speechless. How could the man ever get down? Wouldn't he be killed? Where would the

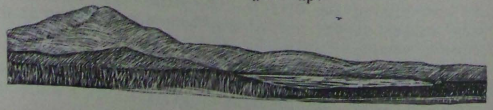
balloon go? They watched it rise to over 1000 feet in the sky and drift slowly towards Sweetwater Lake. They feared that the man would never return alive. They thought how brave he was to risk his life for the fun of others.

But the man had a different idea. Before the wind had carried him too far, he pulled the rope to free himself and his parachute from the underside of the balloon. The balloon sailed toward San Miguel Mountain and the man, still pumping his bicycle and still smiling, floated slowly to the ground. How glad the boys were to see him land safely.

But what about the balloon? As they turned to watch it, it slowly turned over in the sky. The black smoke poured out and it fell limply to the ground halfway up the side of San Miguel Mountain.

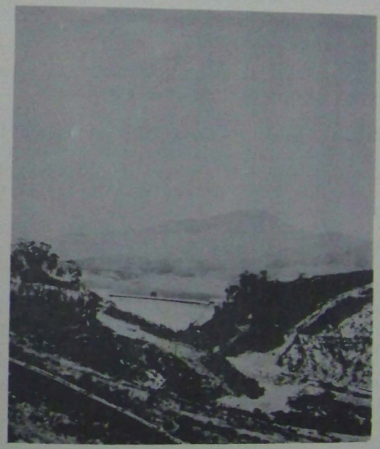
What a day it had been and how much they had learned! As they snuggled close to mother and father on the train ride home, John said, "I didn't think the balloon would go up, did you, Richard?"

"Well, it wouldn't have if the men hadn't been smart enough to know how to warm the air and to capture it in a balloon," said Richard thoughtfully. "And to think that they knew how to use the air for coming down safely in a parachute! That is real smart, too! I hope I can think of something like that when I grow up!"



"I think the men who knew how to build a dam are smarter," said John. "They saved the water that used to run down Sweetwater Valley to the bay so that people now can have water in the summertime when it doesn't rain."

And when they asked their father which was smarter, the people who used the air or the ones who saved the water, he replied, "Time will tell, boys."



7 Picnic At South Cove

The sun was shining and it was a perfect day for a picnic. The water in the bay would feel warm and the children could swim to their heart's content.

"Of course," said mother, "the trip over to South Cove will take quite a while. We will have to leave early if we plan to do much swimming."

"Why do we call it South Cove when it is on the strand and that is west of us?" asked Jim.

"That is a good question, Jim. It does seem funny doesn't it?" answered father. "South Cove is at the very southern end of the strand on the bay side so we would sail just about due west from Chula Vista to get there."

"Will the Masons meet us there, Mother?" asked Jane, whose dearest friend was Kathy Mason.

"Yes," said mother, "they will drive over in the buggy and should be there in time for lunch, perhaps a little earlier."

"Oh, good!" said Jane excitedly, "let's hurry."

Mother packed the lunch of homemade bread and butter sandwiches, tomatoes and oranges from the garden and cured olives from the wooden keg in the backyard.

Meanwhile Jane made lemonade and father called to grandpa to hitch up the horses and wagon to take them to the boat landing.

"After all," said father, "if we didn't have the baby to carry, we would walk. It isn't very far to the bay at the foot of F Street. But maybe grandpa won't mind taking us today."

"Besides," said mother, "we will need to hurry to get there while there is a breeze. The sailboat needs a strong breeze today for power enough to get us there in time."

"That's right," said father. "Isn't it a good thing for the people who live here that the breeze blows toward the sea in the morning and toward the land in the afternoon. In that way we can go to the cove in the morning and come home in the afternoon and be sure of getting to both places."

"Wouldn't it be terrible if we were too late to take advantage of the breeze on the trip home? We might be stranded for hours, and with the baby," said mother, "I just don't know how we would get along."

"Don't worry," said father, "we will start home in plenty of time, but let's hurry now!"

Just then grandpa pulled up in front of the house and the family climbed aboard the wagon. Soon they were on the way to the pier and boat landing at the foot of F Street in Chula Vista. They walked down the narrow pier and climbed down the ladder to the landing. Within a few minutes father had the boat ready to sail. What fun it was to watch the wind slowly fill the sail and to feel the boat move away from Chula Vista toward the South Cove. What fun to think of a picnic at the beach.

"Oh, look, Mother, at the jellyfish! There's a reddish colored one.

And look, there are millions of baby fish swimming together! Why do they stay so close together?" asked Jane.

"The fish are called 'smelt' Jane," said her mother, "and they swim in large groups for protection from the larger fish. The groups are called schools of fish."

"Schools!" said Jane. "How funny."

The sailboat began to move faster and the salty spray splashed on the faces of the children.

"The water tastes so funny. Why is it salty?" Jim asked.

"Oh, you ask so many questions I can't answer them all. Ask your father about the salty water," answered mother who had just turned to give the baby some attention.

"Well, father said, "I can't tell you why there is salt in the ocean water, but I do know that ocean water is about 3.5% salt. Can you see the piles of white stuff over there on the south end of the bay?"

"I can't see it," Jim replied.

"Now look, Jim," father pointed. "Follow the shore line from where we left the pier in Chula Vista to the south. Now can you see the big white piles of salt?"

"Oh, you mean those big piles? Is that salt? In those big piles? Wow! What would anyone want with so much salt?"

Father told the children about the need for salt by all the people of the world. He told them about the Indians who used to live in California and how they came to that very same place to get salt to cure their meat. He told them that salt could not be made in such

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large amounts without the use of the sun.

"What does the sun do, Father?" asked Jim, who was very eager to hear more about it.

"Someday we will take a trip to see the salt works more closely," said father, "and you will see how important the sun is in making salt. You know what happens to water when you pour a little in a pan and leave it outside for awhile, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Jane, "it all goes away. But what makes it go away? Does the sun do that?"

"Yes, the sun evaporates the water. If the water had been ocean water, it would leave a little salt in the bottom of the pan. You probably wouldn't be able to see it because the amount of water you put in the pan would be so small, but there would be just a tiny bit of salt left. If you would put your finger in the pan and rub the bottom and then taste it, you would find it very salty."

"Is that what they do at the salt works?" asked Jim again.

"Yes, they do it in much the same way. Water is put into large ponds called storage ponds and the sun begins to evaporate the water. The water in the ponds where the salt is about ready to harvest must be watched closely so that the salt may be gathered at the right time."

"Is that the salt we use on the table at home?" asked mother.

"No," replied father. "The salt made there is coarse and is used for commercial use only. You know the kind of salt we buy when we make a freezer full of ice cream? It looks just about like that."

By that time the South Cove loomed in front of them and father became very busy making ready for a landing. The children were told to sit quietly. As soon as the shore was reached, Jim jumped out and pulled the rope to the shore so that the boat could be pulled out of the water during their stay at the beach. It was high tide and this was easy.

The children put on their swimming suits. Their suits did not look at all like the ones you use nowadays. Their black suits came to their knees and covered their bodies completely. Father's suit was also knee-length and was black. Mother didn't put on hers because the baby was asleep and she didn't want to leave her, but you would have laughed to see the kind of suit women wore in those days. Their suits covered them completely from head to toe. They wore full black bloomers, long black stockings and a full blouse with a wide collar in back. The blouse came up tight in front and fastened just under the chin. Some even wore hats in the water because women were supposed to be such delicate creatures that to get sunburned or to expose their bodies to the sun or to the gaze of other people was an awful thing to do.

The children had fun in the water in just the same way you do. They splashed each other and father took turns trying to teach each one of them how to swim. He ducked them when they weren't looking. The children held their noses and dived under the water but all the time they kept their eyes open for sting rays which were common in this part of the bay.

Before long the Masons arrived and lunch was ready. Two blankets were spread on the sand and the food was set out. They were soon eating the very best lunch they ever had, or so they said. It might have been that the sand, the sun and water had made them especially hungry for by the time the Mason's had brought out their surprise, a freezer of ice cream, the children weren't nearly as hungry.

What a day they had and how quickly it went! Before they knew it, father was calling them to get ready for the sail home. "We must catch the afternoon breeze or we may be in for trouble." As he looked at the water level and saw that the tide was going out, father didn't say anything, but he thought, "Yes, we may really have trouble getting to shore tonight."

The wind was good and the trip home seemed short. As they reached the Chula Vista side of the bay and began to look for the pier, they found that the tide had gone out. The water level was not high enough to float the boat to the landing on the pier.

"What shall we do?" asked mother, who held the sleeping baby in her arms.

"I'm afraid!" said Jane. "How will we ever get to shore? I want to go home!"

"Will we have to wait until the tide comes in?" asked Jim.

Father looked very serious and did not say anything. The children knew he was thinking and they trusted him to find a safe way. And right they were! He let the wind carry them just as close to the landing as it could. The boat slid on the muck of the bottom of the bay at low tide. He lowered an anchor even though they were on the bottom of the bay already, for he didn't want the tide to come in and carry the boat out to sea. Then he

rolled up his pant legs, kept his shoes on and jumped over the side of the boat.

"Come on, Jim, climb over the side," and he held out his arms for the child.

Jim climbed over the side into his father's waiting arms and was carried safely to shore.

"Why didn't you take off your shoes, Father?" said Jim. "You'll get them spoiled."

"Look down, son," said his father. As Jim looked at the muck of the bay at low tide and saw the broken shells, the pieces of old rusty metal, the sharp-edged clams and mussels and realized, too, that in the low spots where the water still stood, the sting rays were lurking, he saw the answer for himself.

Father soon put him down safely on the shore and returned for Jane, then for the baby and then for mother. He had a heavy load when mother came to shore but he didn't seem to mind for by that time grandfather had arrived with the horse and buggy and father was anxious to get home to take care of the waiting animals.

"After all," he said, "the cow who needs to be milked can't wait for the tide to come in, so let's hurry home."

8 Trees Go To The Dogs

The children, all five of them, had gone to their grandfather's house next door to play in the large pepper tree which grew near the street in his front yard. It was a wonderful tree to play in. It had large limbs to climb on and long limp, but strong, branches to swing on. It was just right for their favorite game of Tree Tag. And they had just the right person to play with them, their favorite uncle, Charlie. He always knew how to play any game and he could think of many exciting things to do. In fact, he was the one who taught them how to play this game, the one they liked best, Tree Tag. The children's mother didn't thank him though because it was a dangerous game. The children thought if Uncle Charlie liked it, it must be the very best thing in the world to do!

To play Tree Tag, all you have to do is to pretend you are a monkey or Tarzan and to climb quickly and swing from branch to branch so that you won't be caught. If you are touched by the person who is "It," you will have to be "It." If you touch the ground, you are put out of the game. What fun and how fast you learn to climb and how far you learn to swing! Uncle Charlie always climbed so fast, he was never caught. This was fun for him but after awhile when he got tired of the game and of the children, he would start to tease. He would play all kinds of tricks on them.

One day when the children were in the middle of a very fast game, Uncle Charlie called loudly, "Yes, they are over here. I'll send them home right away." And the children knew that their mother had called, or at least they thought she had called.

Charlie turned to them and said, "You heard your mother call, didn't you? You'd better hurry home or she will be mad." And the children knew for sure that she would be, so they hurried home.

Mother was in the kitchen making bread when they arrived.

"My, you are home early, aren't you? Did you get tired of playing?" she asked.

"No, Mother," they said, "but you called us, didn't you?"

When she told them that she had not called, the children knew that their uncle had played that same old trick on them again!

But just then father came in from the outside where he had been looking over his young lemon orchard. He had a worried look on his face when he said, "The Florida Dogs are eating all the new growth on the trees. Something needs to be done right away or the trees will lose a month's growth."

"That would be a shame," said mother. "They are getting such a good start."

"The Florida Dogs are eating lemon trees," said May. "I didn't know dogs would eat trees!"

"These dogs will," said father, "but they are not like the dogs you know. They are small grey, hard-shelled weevils and they eat the new growth on plants, especially on roses and citrus trees. Sometimes they are called Fuller Rose Weevils but the people around here call them Florida Dogs."

"How do they get on the trees?" asked John, "and how do we get them off?"

Father told them that the Florida Dogs crawled up the trunks of the trees from the ground and that they seemed to know just where to find the tender, juicy parts of the trees. He also told them that he knew of only two ways to get rid of them. One was to wrap the trunks of the trees with bands of cotton and the other way was to pick them off by hand.

"Ugh," said Mary, "do they bite?"

"No," replied father, "they don't bite but they look as though they might. They have another way of protecting themselves. They crawl under a leaf and curl the leaf around them so the birds won't see them. That makes it harder for us to see them, too."

"It sounds like it would be a big surprise to find one," said Jim, "just like finding the treasure in a treasure hunt!"

"It would be a real treasure for the family if the Florida Dogs were taken off the trees," said father. "I'll make it a treasure hunt for you, too. If you will get some of your mother's old canning jars and put all the weevils you can find in them, I'll give you a penny for every twenty Florida Dogs you bring me."

"A penny for every twenty Dogs, that's a lot," the children thought as they remembered the candy counter at the Byers store on F Street. It sounded like a good

idea. They knew that if father said they had to do it, they would have to, so why not have some fun out of it and make some money besides?

They found some old canning jars under the house and went to work right away. As they hunted they talked and wondered about many things. They wondered how things got their names. They looked closely at the Florida Dogs to see if they looked like dogs. They didn't look like dogs. They had funny looking pinchers and funny little eyes. They were small and greyish-brown. They worked for over an hour and Mary's sharp eyes discovered thirty-three weevils, John found thirty-one, Jim found twenty-five. The younger children found less than ten apiece.

When father came in from irrigating the trees, he was very pleased and said, "Your hunt is a real treasure for us all. It will save the new growth on the trees and lemons will form more quickly. Five years is a long time to take care of an orchard before it will bring in money. If we should let the Florida Dogs take the trees, it would be even longer. Tomorrow we will go to Byers store and you may buy anything you like. Later in the week you may want to hunt again. The weevils do not know how dangerous you and your bottles are!" and he smiled knowingly.

John said, "Father, we have given the weevils another name. They don't look like dogs and they don't look like bugs. But they have feelers in front which look like pinchers, so we have named them 'Pinch Bugs!'"

"An excellent name," said father. And to this day the Fuller Rose Weevils or Florida Dogs are called Pinch Bugs by the children of the Randall family of Chula Vista.

The next time the children played Tree Tag with their Uncle Charlie, they had a trick for him to figure out. "When does a dog eat a tree?" And he didn't know. So they fooled him, too.

9 A Day To Remember

Jane was happy today. It was November 11, 1918, and her birthday! She had the prettiest new dress to wear to school. It was blue and white and mother had made it so carefully. The skirt was full and it swished and swirled with every step. For once it didn't seem so awful to be a girl, even to be a girl in a large family where one always had to pretend to like the clothes mother made even if you secretly wished you had clothes like the other girls. But today was different. Today, she didn't mind. Perhaps the boys would even ask her to play ball at school. She knew how to play and even though it wasn't a girl's sport, she wanted to play so much. After all, didn't she play with her four brothers at home and couldn't she catch a ball as well as any of them? And why did the boys always ask Katie, who couldn't catch anything?

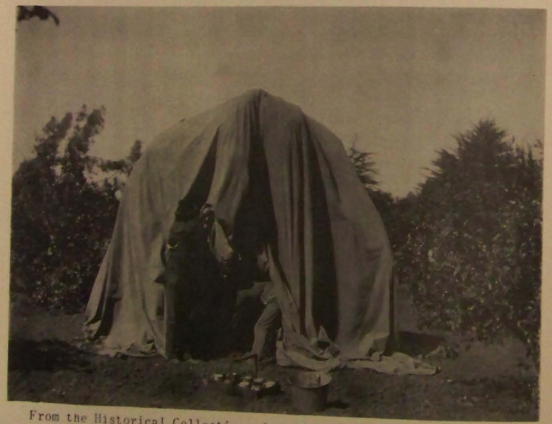
Perhaps it was because Katie wore the newest and prettiest clothes in the class and spent her time trying to make the boys look at her. Well, today was different! Jane knew the dress was pretty and that the color just matched her eyes. She hurried to get ready for school and even put polish on her shoes, a task she disliked very much. Today she didn't mind though, for she felt in her bones that something exciting was going to happen.

It didn't matter that the weekly assembly for all the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grade pupils in the school was to be held that morning. It didn't matter that she might be called upon to recite one of Shakespeare's most famous sayings when her name was called during roll call. It didn't matter that she was scared to death of the principal and would probably forget everything she knew when he said, "Miss Jenkins," in a deep and demanding voice. It didn't even matter when she started to put on her dress and found that her

petticoat was too long. It was a big, full petticoat just like the skirt of the dress and it made the dress look prettier than ever. But it was a heavy one made of coarse cloth and it was hard to fix so it wouldn't show.

But fix it she did. She took a heavy piece of cord and tied it tightly around her waist. She tied it in a good knot so that she would feel safe during the day and wouldn't have to be pulling it up all the time. She pulled up her long stockings and fastened them above her knees with rubber bands. With a happy kiss for her mother, she started down the dirt road to school with her brothers and sisters.

As they walked down the street (now Fourth Avenue) they could see the men fumigating the lemon trees in the orchards. The brown canvas covers on the trees looked like big tents. They knew that they must not go near



From the Historical Collection of the Union Title Insurance Company

the tents because they were dangerous. The men, who were on wagons called rigs, had put hot cyanide gas under the tents. The gas was very poisonous and Jane's father had told her that one of the men who had been too near the gas had been taken to the hospital in National City for treatment. They were afraid he would not live. She knew that one of the mules the men used to pull the rig had died from the cyanide gas. While the rig was standing by one of the trees, the mule had pushed his face under the canvas and breathed the gas. The children knew about these dangers. They stayed far away from the orchards when they were being fumigated.

"But why do they have to do that?" Jane's little brother asked.

"Do you remember those funny looking black, round bumps about the size of the end of a matchstick all over the branches of the lemon tree in the backyard?" replied Jane. "That was black scale. It takes the strength away from the tree. Father was looking at our own orchard last night and he said he would have the fumigators in soon."

"Well, when he does, we're going to stay far, far away," the other children replied.

The children passed the steep canyon between what is now Center Street and G Street, and ran up and down the bank where the canyon was filled to the roadbed level They looked at their favorite Toyon Berry trees and wondered how long it would be before the berries turned red. The cactus was also beginning to set fruit, and they loved to watch the beautiful blossoms turn from blossom to fruit and to pick it when it was ripe.

They soon saw the railroad crossing sign and began to sing:

Courtesy of Carl W. Krantz

"Railroad crossing
Look out for the cars.
See if you can spell 'it'
Without any R's!"

After they had swung around the two old scraggly cypress trees at the corner of Fourth Avenue and F Street, they could see the children playing in the schoolyard in front of the F Street School. The flag was already flying from the flagpole and they knew that they had better hurry.

The children in the school were lined up ready to go into their classes by the time Jane arrived at her room. The teachers were there, too, and the principal. Everyone was quiet. It was more like soldiers getting ready for battle than children getting ready for school.

None of this mattered to Jane that day. She looked very pretty and she knew it. Even Katie's best beau looked at her and once he even smiled! Recess was still ahead and she just knew that she would be asked to play ball with the boys. She could hardly wait!

But before recess came, a messenger came to the teacher with a note. The teacher smiled and seemed excited, but she said in a quiet voice, "We are to assemble around the flagpole right away. The principal has a message for us."

"Something important must have happened," Jane thought. "I wonder if some of the children are in trouble again and we are all going to get a lecture."

The children marched out to the flagpole. They waited quietly until the principal told them where to stand. They wondered why they were having an assembly out in front when they usually had them in the auditorium. They wondered why another assembly was necessary since they had just had one that morning. It wasn't long before the principal took a place near the flag. Everyone waited to hear what he had to say. When he announced in a firm but proud voice that the war was over, everyone seemed glad, everyone except the teacher, thought Jane. She was crying. Jane knew that her husband had been fighting in France for many months and she wondered.. . . but her teacher smiled brightly through her tears and Jane felt better. Or did she?

While the children were clapping and watching the principal, Jane felt something strange happening to her. Something seemed to pop. Before she knew it, her big, full petticoat which she had fixed so carefully that morning, was on the ground. The string had broken. "Oh, how awful," thought Jane. "What shall I do?"

Just then the teacher glanced down and saw what had happened. Shielding her from the eyes of the children close by, she helped her step out of it. She said quietly, "Go into the lavatory and fix it, Jane. This is a good time for such a thing to happen. Everyone is so interested in the big news that this is not important."

How grateful Jane was for these words. How glad she was that it had not happened while she was playing ball with the boys.

When she told her folks about it at dinner that night, her father said, "Well, I guess this is one birthday you will remember, isn't it, Jane?"

Her mother said, "Just think! Everyone will be celebrating your birthday from now on. November 11, 1918, will always be a big day for the people in the United States."

"It will always be a big day for me, too," thought Jane. "I'll never take chances with a petticoat again!"

10 A Way, Way Out Flight

"See me, see me," shouted Ted as he balanced on the highest peak of the roof of the old barn. "See me, I can stand on the highest place and see way, way off!"

"How does it look?" asked George, who was busy feeding the rabbits. But before Ted had time to reply, he began to sway like a tree branch in the wind.

"Oh, help me, I'm falling!" he shouted, but George could not reach him in time. He lost his balance and fell head over heels to the ground, or did I say ground? He fell right into the middle of the fresh pile of hay which father had just stacked by the corral the night before. Was he scared! And was George scared! But he got up unhurt and brushing the hay from his clothes, he thought, "Gee, that was fun!" George had the same idea.

"Come on, Ted, and help me feed the animals and we'll do it again!" said George. The boys set to work in a hurry to feed and water the cow and goat and to put fresh hay into the corrals for the horses. They had to be careful of the horses. They were young and spirited and father had not worked them lately, thus they were eager to get out of the corral to have a good run.

Father had warned the boys not to go into the corral but to put the feed over the fence. This they did very carefully then hurried on their way to the roof to try Ted's stunt again.

What fun to slide down the steep roof into the pile of hay. They did it over and over again, but after a time they just didn't seem to go fast enough.

"Let's get some of those old shingles the wind blew off the barn last winter and sit on them and slide!" suggested George.

"If we pour some water down the roof, it will make it more slippery and maybe we will go faster," said Ted. The boys were soon carrying buckets of water up the ladder to the top of the roof, pouring it down the side and sliding on their shingles to the softness of the waiting pile of hay.

They saw their mother washing in the washhouse and they were glad she had a machine to help her now. They remembered when she had had tubs of water on the back porch and had scrubbed their clothes with a scrub-board. She was always so hot and tired then. They saw the baby toddling along on unsteady feet, talking in her own language. They wondered what mother would say if she saw them standing on the roof.

"I've got a good idea," said Ted suddenly. "Let's put soap on the roof where we pour the water. Then it will really be speedy!" They set to work with eagerness, but when they went to the house to get some soap, they heard the laughing and giggling of their sister Anne and her girl friend, Sarah. They seemed to be having so much fun that the boys couldn't help stopping their own play to see what the girls were doing. They looked in the living room. The girls were doing the craziest dance, sort of kicking up their heels in the back but keeping their knees together. The boys had

never seen dancing like that and they thought it looked funny. The girls must have thought so, too, because they would stop every once in a while to shriek and giggle.

"What are you doing?" Ted asked. "It sure does look silly."

"You get out of here right now," said Anne. "We're practicing some new dances and we don't want any snoopy boys around."

"Is that dancing?" asked George. "It doesn't look like dancing to me!"

Sarah, Anne's girl friend, explained, "These new dances are called the Charleston and the Black Bottom; we want to be able to dance them by Saturday night. Anne has a date for the dance at the old Watch Factory in Otay, and I hope to have a date, too, by that time. Everyone is dancing this way now and we don't want to be old-fashioned."

"Now you know all about it," said Anne snippily, "so please GET OUT!"

The boys had much more fun to think about than those silly old dances anyway, so they found the bars of soap and hurried back to the barn. Yes, the soap did work better, and how much faster they slid! Before long Ted had another idea.

"You know, George, I'll bet if we got a parasol and held it up as we slide, it would carry us way, way out!"

"I don't think a parasol would do much good. It isn't big enough. Let's get that old canvas we used for beach parties and see if it would be strong enough to hold up lots of air."

George got the canvas while Ted did some more soaping. They tied each corner of the canvas with pieces of rope to hang on to. Before long they were sailing through the air way, way out, landing on the far side of the hay pile.

"It works! It really works!" Ted cried as he quickly slid and sailed down the roof and then slowly climbed back to the top.

Each time they reached the peak they could see the tops of the lemon orchard, the fields of celery, the lemon packing sheds near Third Avenue and K Street and the one in the center of Chula Vista at Landis and Center Streets. They could see the bay and the strand and Coronado. They wondered when father would take them to the Coronado Plunge again. They could see the San Miguel and Otay Mountains and the train puffing down Third Avenue on its way to the packing house for a load of lemons. They could see their own front yard and their grandparents' house with its steep roofs and attic and they could see -- no, not the baby! It couldn't be! Not the baby just stooping to go under the fence into the horse corral!

"Please let it not be the baby," they thought as they moved swiftly into action. Down the roof they slid and grabbed the baby just as the brown horse nuzzled his nose on the top of her blonde head and the baby reached up to pat him.

The boys could see mother hurrying through the orchard calling to them to help her find the baby. "Here she is," they called, and as mother took the child in her arms, the boys told her all about it. How glad she was that the baby was safe and how proud she was of the boys. She didn't say a thing about the soap or the hay all over the ground or the canvas lying in the dirt near the rabbit pens.

By now the boys had enough flying and sliding for one day. After they put the canvas and soap away, they went back to the house to see what the girls were doing; as usual the girls didn't want to be bothered. They were doing something with their hair, making big puffs over their ears. It didn't look very exciting, the boys thought.

At dinnertime that night, they told father all about the fun they had that day and how the canvas seemed to really hold them up for a little while. Mother told him about the rescue and how proud she was of the boys.

Father had a bit of news of his own to tell. He was so excited; he glowed as he said, "You boys tried something today that men have been trying to do for centuries -- to fly. You have heard about the many attempts to fly across the ocean. Well, today, May 21, 1927, one of the men in our country who has been as curious and as interested in flying as you are, flew alone all the way across the Atlantic Ocean!"

Mother couldn't believe it. "Do you mean, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean without stopping -- and all alone?"

"Yes," father said. "Charles A. Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris in thirty-three hours and twenty-nine minutes, all alone without stopping. What makes us even more proud, he did it in an airplane made by Ryan Aircraft Company of San Diego.

"And," said Ted, "we thought we were flying way, way out!"

11 Afraid Of The Dark

"Are you afraid of the dark?" Pete asked his big brother one night on the way home from school.

"Of course not, silly," answered Ralph. "There's nothing in the dark that isn't there in the daytime! So why should anyone be afraid?"

"Well, you're not so brave," retorted Pete, "I heard father say the other night that there were dark days coming and he was afraid. If he is afraid, I guess I can be, too!"

"That isn't what he meant, silly, he was talking about the banks, and jobs, and money, when he said that, and he is afraid of what will happen in this country."

"Then why did he say it was going to be dark?" asked Pete again. But by that time they were home and mother was greeting them with the words, "Please hurry and get your school clothes off and your working clothes on. Father wants you to help him pick lemons this afternoon."

"Mother, may I have something to eat first? I'm hungry!" Ralph said.

"There are cookies in the jar and milk in the cooler. Help yourself. Please don't take more than you can eat. We must plan more carefully about our food from now on. With all the men out of work, it is lucky that your father still has a job."

"Mother, are you afraid of the dark?" Pete asked his mother. And when his mother laughed and said, "No! I'm not afraid." "Then why is father?" he asked.

Mother tried to tell him about the way the people in the country had been living. She told him that many of them had bought so much on credit and hadn't yet paid for the things they bought. She said that banks all over the country had closed their doors and were not open for business. She also told him how people who had money in the bank couldn't get it and how worried they were.

"You know that your father works to make money so we can have food and clothing and a home. Suppose he didn't have a job and we did not have any money to buy these things. What would we do? Father is not afraid of the dark. He is afraid of failing his family if he should lose his job."

"When he said that there are dark days coming, did he mean that?" asked Pete again.

"Yes," replied his mother, "that is exactly what he meant."

"But you boys hurry now and help your father with the lemons. You know that he needs all the help he can to get them off the trees even though they are not bringing in much money. People who used to buy lemons have less money now. They think that lemons are not as important as other food for the diet. Perhaps they are right. But your father needs to get them off the trees. "Hurry along now."

The boys ran to get the picking sacks and picking rings. They stuck their thumbs through the smaller ring which was attached to the side of the big one. The big ring remained in the palm of their hand. Then they could slip it over the lemons to tell the size. If the lemons were

not big enough to fill the ring, they were not big enough to pick.

The sacks were big enough though, the boy thought, as they put them over their shoulders and started for the orchard. The heavy sacks hung below their knees and it was hard to climb the tall ladder. When they had them filled one-fourth full, they were heavy enough to empty. They took many trips to the boxes to empty their heavy loads.

"As soon as we finish the picking, we will have to ditch the orchard and irrigate. The trees are getting very dry," father said. "The fig trees at the foot of the orchard are full of fruit, though. Perhaps your mother will want you to pick some for jam or for pickling."

"The quince trees are full of quinces this year," said Ralph. "I wish I had some quince honey right now on a slice of mother's good homemade bread."

"We will have to make good use of the fruit on the place this year," said father, "and your mother will probably be making bread again soon. With all the men out of jobs, we must be as careful of everything as we can."

"I hope you do not lose your job, Father," said Pete.

"I pray that will not happen, son," answered his father solemnly.

Mother canned the fruit, made jam, and pickles. Father cured olives and sold them. Although it was an added job for mother, she baked, too.

The boys were so happy. When the bread was baking, the smell was so delicious that it made everyone hungrier and the bread disappeared faster. Father said that maybe baking was not a saving after all.

The boys did all they could to help father with the orchard after school and on Saturday, but they didn't get much money from lemons and sometimes they wondered what good it all was.

The day came when father brought home a notice from the lemon packing company. The notice said that the company was sorry they had to let him go. They were cutting down on help. Father had worked at the lemon packing company for twelve years.

When the boys came home from school, mother was making guava jelly. Pete and Ralph looked at her and knew the heat from the stove couldn't cause her eyes to water that much! How quiet she was as she said, "Change your clothes, boys, and run on out to play." And when father came in, the look on his face said, "Yes, I am afraid of the dark, and the dark is here with my family. What shall I do?"

Mother said, "Don't worry, dear, we'll get along somehow."

And the boys thought, "We just won't eat so much; that will help some!"

Every day father went job hunting. Every night he came home with the same look of despair. Every day the boys tried to help with the chores. They did many extra things so that father would be pleased and smile again. Every day mother would find some new dish to prepare for the family. She would brag about how little it cost. As the days went by and all the money the family had saved disappeared, it became more and more difficult to get a smile out of father.

When the men from the store came and took away the washing machine because no payment had been made on it for three months, the boys were afraid that father would hit them, he was so angry and so hurt. Mother tried to help him see that he was only one of many millions of people in the country who were out of work and that it wasn't his fault, but father still had that hurt look on his face. Everyone who saw it was sad.

Mr. Lamb, the man who had built their house came to see the family one night. Mother and father were frightened for fear that Mr. Lamb would ask them to move so he could take the house back. Although they had paid regularly every month before father lost his job, they had not made a payment for the last three months. What would we do, they said to themselves, if he wants the house?

With fear, they asked him in and when he said, "You folks are behind three months on your house payments," they knew that the darkness had really fallen. But as he continued and said, "Now, I realize that you are out of work for reasons which you cannot control, and I have complete trust in you. Whenever you can, make a payment. When you are unable to do so, don't worry. I would rather have faith in you than all the houses in the world."

Father's eyes filled with tears as mother stepped to his side and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lamb, for giving us hope again. It is as though you have opened a window!"

Father did find a little work doing jobs for other people who needed the strong arm of a willing worker. He also found work in the celery fields at harvest time. He got up very early those mornings and worked in the frosty cold, cutting and packing the stalks of celery into crates for shipping. This work lasted for only short periods of time and the money he made just wouldn't go around.

Mother said one morning, "I hear that Dr. Jones needs a nurse again in his office and perhaps he would let me come back." Father wouldn't hear of it at first, but as time went on and no jobs opened up for him, he finally gave his consent. Mother went back to work on the job she had before they were married.

Father learned to help with the cooking; the boys even learned to fry eggs and to make pancakes. They even tried to make a pie one day but decided that baking was not in their line. Mother worked from eight until five for Dr. Jones, and the days and years of 1932-1936 went by in a hurry.

One day on the way home from school Pete said, "I'm not afraid of the dark, George, are you?"

And George answered, "No, Pete, there is nothing in the dark that isn't there in the daytime. If you face whatever you think might be there, it will soon go away!"

"That's just what father said this morning," Pete said. "I'm glad father isn't afraid any more, aren't you?"

12 The House Looks Back

The old house stood far back from the road. It was a proud and happy old house even though the paint was peeling off and the roof looked like it had been patched many times. It was proud and happy today to see the many things going on in the place it had called its own for so many years. Instead of the lemon orchards, the barns and corrals which had been its partners for years, there were now houses and paved streets and sidewalks. Instead of the olive trees, the fig, guava, quince and tangerine trees, there were the flumes the Japanese farmer used for irrigating his tomato and cucumber crops.

As the old house looked out over the town, in this year of 1950, he could see the new Chula Vista High School on Fourth Avenue, the Junior High School on

Fifth Avenue and the several elementary schools already built to take care of the many, many children who had moved to Chula Vista since 1940.

He saw the Federal Housing area, called the Vista Square Project, and when he looked east he could see the Hilltop Project. He thought of all the little children who lived in such close quarters. He wondered how they had room enough to run and play. He was glad that in this house there had been plenty of room but he was glad now that the family had grown and had found homes of their own. He knew that he had provided a safe shelter for them and he was proud!

He remembered when the last two babies had been born in the big upstairs bedroom. How glad the parents were that the youngest one of them turned out to be a boy. He remembered, too, how sick this boy became when he was about seven years old and how the doctors had put a tube in his throat so that he could breathe. He remembered that diphtheria in the old days was a very serious disease. Doctors didn't know how to cure it as well as they do now. He remembered how spoiled the boy became. Everyone gave in to him until he thought the world was made only for him. The old house remembered that when he was well again, he still thought the world was made for him. He expected everyone to do exactly what he wanted. The first time the mother spanked him and said to the father, "It would be better for him not to be well at all as to be so rotten spoiled that no one would want him near," the old house remembered how surprised the boy was and how quickly he changed his ideas.

He remembered the Christian Endeavor and Sunday school parties the children had. He smiled to himself as he remembered them playing "Run, Sheep, Run" through his friend, the orchard. The trees in the orchard seemed to bend down their branches to hide the members of the family. He could also remember the other games they played outside and he wondered how many of these games

the children could play nowadays. He had forgotten just how they played some of the games such as "Dare Base," "Poison," and "Drop the Wicket" but he could remember some of the others, "Steal Sticks," "Beckon," "Kick the Can," and "Duck on the Rock." He closed his eyes for a moment thinking that he could hear the happy laughter of the children as they played.

He remembered the time that two of the girls in the family were playing that circle game where each one runs in the opposite direction and tries to beat the other one back to the empty space in the circle. He remembered that it was getting dark and the girls were in so much of a hurry that they bumped head on into each other. They hit so hard that one of them had to have five stitches taken in her forehead.

He thought of the ice cream socials with all that delicious ice cream made with real cream from real cows. "Now," he thought, "there are so many kinds of ice cream to buy. Even the Good Humor man goes by the house every day so that it is not a treat any more." He remembered the games the children played in the house, Dominoes, Flinch, Authors, Checkers, Croquinole and Anagrams. He remembered how good some of the children became at Anagrams. They often said that the game helped out their spelling grades at school. He thought of the many hours that the mother in the family had read to the children and he felt sad for a moment to think that the television, the movies and radio had spoiled all that. Then he remembered how much more the children could learn if they watched the best programs and he said to himself, "Why should anyone be sad when new things come into use? They are all important. We just have to learn to be careful how we use them!"

But he thought, "I'm glad that we didn't have to choose between radio and the music in this house. I remember when the girls took piano lessons and practiced by the hour. How beautiful it was. When the oldest girl

sang, and the younger one played the piano it was better than all the old radio programs I've ever heard."

The old house breathed a deep sigh to think of all the things that had happened. But, he said to himself, "Why should I be thinking of all these old things anyway?" And he knew the answer. Tonight is my last night. Tomorrow I will be going away and soon I will be replaced with many other houses for many other families. His friend, the orchard, had long since been turned over into fields of tomatoes and cucumbers. He knew that this was his last day to stand proudly and tall and to look over the country he knew so well but the one, too, in which so many changes had taken place that he sometimes thought he didn't know it at all.

And then he thought, "I have been close to the end before. I nearly saw my own doom many years ago." He remembered when the grandchildren first were allowed to go into the attic to play. They put all the old papers into little piles on the floor and lit them. He remembered how frightened he was and how he hoped someone would discover these fires before he was burned so badly that he couldn't hold out any longer. When the girls came home from school and saw the smoke pouring out of the attic windows and called to the men in the orchard to come and help, how grateful he was. It was a surprise to watch the piles of burning paper floating out the attic windows which he had used for his eyes for many a day. He was glad the men were so quick and saved his sight for other scenes in Chula Vista.

And again he thought, "How I wish someone else had been as quick when one of the older boys in the family went swimming in the ocean at Imperial Beach and didn't return." He thought of the rip tides at the beach and how dangerous they were and of how the happiness of the family ebbed when the body of the boy was brought home. He was glad that nowadays they have lifeguards at the beaches so that other families would not have to suffer

as his family had done. He thought also of the other tragedy in the family which followed soon after.

He thought of how much more the doctors know now than they knew then. He was sure that had the middle girl been treated as children of today are treated she would not have died from the blood poisoning. He was glad that doctors know more now so that other families would not lose their children. He thought of the bravery of the mother and of her faith in God which seemed to deepen with every tragedy. He hoped that he could face things as bravely as she did.

He thought, "There is always something to be happy about," and he remembered the fun of the weddings and receptions held in the home. He chuckled out loud when he thought of the trick a special bride and groom played on the guests as they tried to steal out of the house after the reception. He remembered how difficult it was to get away from a honeymoon in those days. People made so much of weddings and played such tricks on the bride and groom that to get married and to get away safely was a problem. But this bride and groom really fooled the people and were the young men in the family mad!

When the time came for the bride to go upstairs to change her clothes from the wedding gown to the going away dress, the bridesmaid of course went with her. The groom and the best man also went upstairs. The people knew that the bride and groom would be coming out of the house very soon to try to get away. The guests had their old shoes and rice ready to throw at them. The young men in the crowd were ready to fix up the car so it wouldn't run. The guests went outside to be sure the place was well-surrounded, when all of a sudden, out the back door, running as fast as they could, came the bride in her lovely wedding gown and the groom in his fine blue suit.

"There they go," everyone shouted and down through the

orchard they chased them shouting with all their might. At that moment, the real bride and groom quietly walked out the front door, got into a waiting car and drove off! The chasers were disappointed to find that they had caught the bridesmaid and the best man instead of the wedded couple!

He thought of other weddings, births and deaths in the family and he knew that because of them life went on and he felt that he had given something to present-day Chula Vista. He knew that the sheltering arms and the warm fires of love within the house had given the children of the next generation strength. He knew also that the courage and stability of the young couple who had lived within his walls and had become first parents, then grandparents, and then great-grandparents had not been lost, that through them the values of the culture and the time would be forever carried on! And he closed the windows of his eyes without fear of the future, knowing that he had done well!