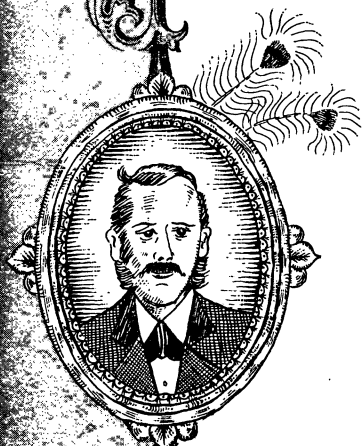


Remember When...

A boy's-eye view
of an
OLD VALLEY

by
F. RALPH RAMBO



Sequel to "Almost Forgotten"

S

1846
BATTLE OF
SANTA CLARA

SANTA CLARA

MTN. VIEW

MURPHY'S STATION
(SUNNYVALE)

DOYLE SCHOOL

PORTAL

WEST SIDE
CUPERTINO

WINCHESTER MYSTERY HOUSE

DUNHAM
MURDER
HOUSE

CAPT.
ELISHA
STEVENS
1801-1884

RAGS, BOTTLES
SACKS

T.R.
1903

CAMPBELL
1887

BENJ. CAMPBELL

BLOSSOM FESTIVAL

SARATOGA

CONGRESS
SPRINGS

HOTTEST
BITTERS

LOS GATOS

FORBES
MILL

MOODY'S
GULCH

MTN. CHARLEY ROAD

SOQUEL

HUBBARD
CAMP (MILL)



Remember when...

A boy's-eye view
of an
OLD VALLEY



*"Stand still, my steed—
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."
—Longfellow..*

Written, illustrated
and hand lettered
by

F. RALPH RAMBO



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*Dedicated to
K. C. R. and D. B. R.
Wife and Mother.*

Acknowledgements . . .

While this is strictly a personal memory book in direct contrast with the preceeding "Almost Forgotten", a researched history informally presented; the writer gives due credit and thanks for their advice, reminders and technical assistance to the following: The entire staff of the Santa Clara Public Library, the Muirson Label Company division of the International Paper Company, Whitney Wright, Ellsworth Zahn, Ronald Rimkus, Doctor William R. Rambo, son, of Stanford University, Leo Sullivan, Ted Marak, Clyde Arbuckle and other kind friends.

* * *

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PREFACE

"SEVERAL YEARS AGO I DECIDED TO WRITE LOOKING BACKWARD, 1900, FOR MY GRAND-DAUGHTERS. I FELT THAT SOME DAY THE GIRLS WOULD DEVELOP A CURIOSITY ABOUT OUR AMAZING VALLEY AND WHAT IT WAS REALLY LIKE HALF A CENTURY AGO. ONLY A FEW EXTRA MIMEOGRAPHED COPIES WERE MADE AND GIVEN TO OLD FRIENDS. IT WAS WELL RECEIVED WITH CALLS FOR MORE. THIS PROBABLY ENCOURAGED A FOLLOWING BOOK, "ALMOST FORGOTTEN", INTENDED TO FILL AN OBVIOUS LACK OF SUCH BASIC INFORMATION ON THE OLD VALLEY. WRITTEN AS A RETIREMENT PASTIME, NOT A PROJECT, ITS RECEPTION PLEASANTLY ASTONISHED THE WRITER WITH NECESSITY OF THREE EDITIONS IN THE FIRST THREE MONTHS!

"REMEMBER WHEN" COULD QUALIFY AS A SEQUEL TO "ALMOST FORGOTTEN", THE LATTER BEING INFORMAL HISTORY AND NOW THIS BOOK; SIMPLE, RAMBLING, BOYISH MEMORIES OF THE OLD VALLEY. LOOK FOR NEITHER PLOT NOR 'SEX'. EACH EPISODE IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

MY PARENTS, RELATIVES AND IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORS WERE FROM THE EAST OR MIDDLE WEST. ALL BROUGHT THEIR ESTABLISHED CUSTOMS OR WAYS OF LIFE. TO THE READER, THEIR CHARACTERISTIC INFLUENCE ON THE "SMALL BOY", MAY NOW AND THEN BE NOTICED.

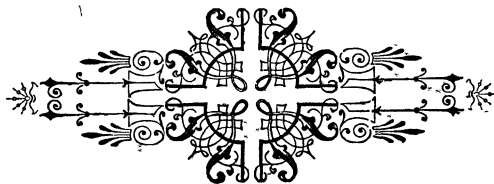
I WAS BORN HERE IN THE VALLEY SO THIS IS "MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND."

THE TIME OF THIS BOOK DATES BACK TO TURN OF THE CENTURY. MANY OF THE "ADVENTURES" WILL PARALLEL MEMORIES OF READERS FAR REMOVED FROM OUR LOCALITY. IN OTHER WORDS, THE BACKGROUND OF THIS WRITING COULD BE MAIN STREET, ANYWHERE, U.S.A.

IT IS HOPED THE AUTHOR'S PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES FULFILL THAT OLD AXIOM, "ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS." I DO KNOW THAT DRAWING THEM WAS A MOST ENJOYABLE TASK. NO APOLOGY IS OFFERED FOR THE ERRATIC, OFTEN SHAKY, HAND-LETTERED TEXT. AT LEAST IT SEEMS TO FIT OUR INFORMAL, RURAL SCENES AND CHARACTERS SO MUCH BETTER THAN COLD TYPE.

I STAND FIRM ON REVEALED "ATMOSPHERE" AND GENERAL VERACITY CONTAINED IN THESE PERSONAL NARRATIVES. AFTER ALL, WHEN RELATING MEMORABILIA SIXTY OR MORE YEARS OLD, WE DO ENJOY A COMFORTING SAFETY FACTOR; SO FEW OF THE PARTICIPANTS OR WITNESSES ARE STILL AROUND TO CHALLENGE OR REFUTE SUCH SCRIBES AS THIS OLD TIMER.

AND, -ACCORDING TO THE LATE IRVIN S. COBB, "A GOOD STORY TELLER IS A PERSON WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY AND HOPES OTHER PEOPLE HAVEN'T."





THAT 'SMALL BOY.'
1903



NOW



AT TURN OF THE CENTURY SCHOOLS DOTTED OUR COUNTRYSIDE EVERY FOUR OR FIVE MILES, ACCOMMODATING ORCHARD AND FARMING AREAS. THEY WERE NAMED AFTER OLD PIONEERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD SUCH AS COLLINS, MILLIKIN AND DOYLE. LIVING ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE VALLEY, I ATTENDED DOYLE ON STEVENS CREEK ROAD. THE MAJORITY OF MY EXPERIENCES WERE BASED AROUND THIS AREA I KNEW SO WELL. THE REST OF THE VALLEY HAD A COMPARABLE WAY OF LIFE. AGAIN, ALL THIS COULD BE ANYWHERE, U.S.A.

WITH AN ENTIRE EIGHT GRADE ENROLLMENT OF 20 PUPILS IN 1905, DOYLE WAS A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCHOOL AND HAD ONE ROOM WITH RAISED PLATFORM FOR TEACHER. THERE WERE SEPARATE COATROOMS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WITH SHELVES FOR OUR LUNCH PAILS, SAFE FROM OUR DOGS ATTENDING SCHOOL THAT TERM. A POT-BELLIED STOVE STOOD IN CENTER OF THE ROOM WITH A HUMIDIFYING PAN OF WATER ON IT. IN WINTER, SCORCHING RUBBERS UNDER IT MADE EXCELLENT DEODORIZERS, SPECIALLY IF ONE OF THE DOGS HAD RECENTLY TANGLED WITH A SKUNK. THAT STOVE SPORTED THE LONGEST TIN STOVEPIPE I EVER HAVE SEEN, AIMLESSLY SNAKING ITS WAY AROUND THE CEILING BEFORE MAKING ITS FINAL EXIT.

THERE WAS GOOD PASTURE ALONG STEVENS CREEK ROAD SO A HIGH BOARD FENCE SURROUNDED THE SCHOOL'S ACRE PREVENTING WANDERING COWS AND HORSES FROM ENTERING. A HEAVY, WOODEN SCOTT WINDMILL AND TANK FURNISHED WATER. A SHED FOR TEACHER'S HORSE AND BUGGY WAS USED AS A PLAY ROOM ON RAINY DAYS. OUTDOOR PLUMBING FOR "BOYS" AND "GIRLS" RESTROOMS WERE AT OPPOSITE BACK CORNERS OF THE LOT. IT WAS A DISTANT WALK AND WE MADE IT LAST THE LIMIT.

CHILDREN PLAYED AN ECONOMIC PART IN OUR AGRICULTURAL COMMUNITY. MANY OF THE 'BOYS' ATTENDED SCHOOL ONLY BETWEEN SEASONAL ORCHARD WORK. CONSEQUENTLY SOME OF THESE "BOYS" WERE OLD ENOUGH TO SHAVE, CHEW TOBACCO, ROLL BULL DURHAM CIGARETTES OR PLOW. AGE NEVER INDICATED THE GRADE THEY HAD ATTAINED. THE REST OF US SMALL KIDS WERE A MIXED GROUP OF PORTUGUESE,

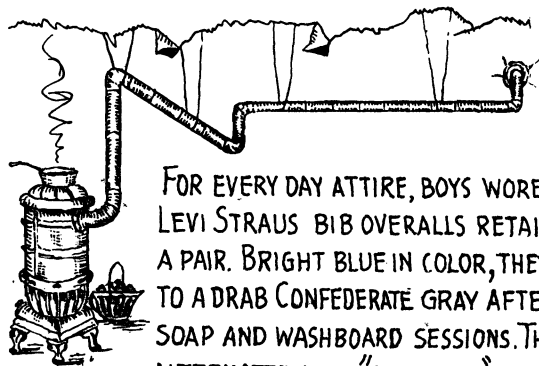
AMERICAN OR ITALIAN PARENTAGE, USUALLY FROM QUITE MODEST INCOME FAMILIES.

THIS WAS THE ERA OF MOTHERS BENT OVER A FOOT-TREADLE SEWING MACHINE IN ROOM ILLUMINATED BY A COAL OIL LAMP. BOYS SHIRTS WERE USUALLY HOME MADE AND THE BUTTERICK AND DELINEATOR PATTERN BOOKS SET THE GIRLS' DRESS STYLES.

SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE FALL SCHOOL OPENING WE WOULD ACCOMPANY OUR MOTHERS TO A DRYGOODS STORE. HERE THEY WOULD CRITICALLY INSPECT THE BOLTS OF COTTON OR GINGHAM YARDAGE. MUCH TO OUR EMBARRASSMENT THEY MIGHT HOLD UP SAID MATERIAL AGAINST OUR SHRINKING LITTLE FORMS. WHAT MISERY! HOWEVER THERE WAS THE MORE PLEASANT CHORE OF SELECTING AN ORNATE PENCIL BOX, A TEN CENT COMPASS AND A DOZEN OF THOSE MISERABLE, BROWN, NATURAL-WOOD PENCILS WITH A HELPLESS LITTLE ERASER. WHILE THEY ONLY COST A PENNY EACH, THEY WERE STILL OVERPRICED! WHEN YOU SHARPENED ONE WITH A DULL KNIFE YOU ENDED WITH ONLY A STUB AND A WILD LOOK IN YOUR EYE!

I STILL SHUDDER WHEN I RECALL THAT POPULAR SAILOR MIDDY SUIT, FLAPPING COLLAR TRIMMED WITH ANCHORS AND A WHITE STRAW HAT WITH DANGLING GIRLISH RIBBON. IF WE ESCAPED THE BELL BOTTOM SAILOR PANTS WE WERE TRAPPED WITH SHORT, BLOOMER-CUT TROUSERS. SUPPOSED TO BUCKLE AT THE KNEES, ONE LEG WAS INVARIABLY AT HALF MAST.





FOR EVERY DAY ATTIRE, BOYS WORE THE POPULAR LEVI STRAUS BIB OVERALLS RETAILING FOR 75¢ A PAIR. BRIGHT BLUE IN COLOR, THEY SOON CHANGED TO A DRAB CONFEDERATE GRAY AFTER A FEW NAPTHA SOAP AND WASHBOARD SESSIONS. THIS COSTUME WAS ALTERNATED WITH "SAWED-OFF" SHORT PANTS. I GREW SO FAST I QUICKLY OUTGREW THESE SKIMPY LEG COVERINGS. MY PROVIDENT MOTHER COULDN'T FIND MATCHING MATERIAL SO SHE LENGTHENED THEM WITH A CONTRASTING CLOTH AND ALLOWED FOR MY NEXT THREE YEARS GROWTH! THEY WERE NEITHER LONG PANTS OR SHORT PANTS! WITH RESEMBLANCE TO A "FUNNY PAPER" CHARACTER OF THE DAY, I WAS PROMPTLY NICKNAMED "HAPPY HOOLIGAN." TODAY I WOULD HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE SCHOOL PSYCHIATRIST FOR INFERIORITY COMPLEX THERAPY. (STUDY THE SCHOOL GROUP SKETCH.)

WE WORE THOSE LONG, BLACK, DROOPY, RIBBED STOCKINGS, ILL CHOSEN, ILLFITTED AND TOTALLY IMPRACTICAL FOR THE RIGORS OF COUNTRY LIFE. HOLES APPEARED DAILY AND DISTRAUGHT MOTHERS, DISCOVERING A HOLE THAT LAST MINUTE BEFORE SCHOOL DEPARTURE, CAMOUFLAGED OUR EXPOSED BARE SKIN WITH A DAB OF SHOE BLACKING. THESE SAD STOCKINGS CONCEALED OUR TRUE LEG SHAPE ACCOUNT OF THE HEAVY COTTON DRAWERS WE WORE. THESE DRAWERS NEVER SHRUNK, IN FACT THEY ALWAYS EXPANDED IN SPOTS, THE WRONG SPOTS. ANKLES STRETCHED WIDER WITH EACH WASHING AND WHEN THE DRAWERS HUNG ON THE CLOTHESLINE, THEY LOOKED LIKE A PAIR OF DROOPY CALLA LILLIES HUNG UPSIDE DOWN. TO GET THE BOTTOM TUCKED IN OUR STOCKINGS WE WRAPPED THEM AROUND OUR ANKLES. NATURALLY, THE OLDER THE DRAWERS, THE MORE WRAP-AROUNDS. WE WERE A STRANGE LOOKING TRIBE WITH OUR LEGS BIGGER AT THE ANKLES THAN AT THE TOP!

GIRLS WERE PRETTY THEN AS THEY ARE TODAY WITH THE SAME INTEREST IN FASHIONS. THIS WAS THE GINGHAM GIRL ERA AND MANY OF THEIR DRESSES AND BOYS' SHIRTS WERE HOMEMADE. COTTON SACKS SERVED A DOUBLE PURPOSE. FLOUR AND SUGAR CAME IN ONE HUNDRED POUND SACKS. MOTHERS UTILIZED THIS INDELIBLY LABELLED MATERIAL. THEREFORE MANY A BOY'S SHIRT ANNOUNCED "SNOWPEAK GRANULATED SUGAR" WHILE THE SMALL GIRL'S PANTIES COULD PROCLAIM: "SNOW FLAKE WHITE" OR "PURE AS THE DRIFTED SNOW." WE MEAN, OF COURSE, ONLY IF AN ERRANT WIND, SOMERSAULT OR SUDDEN TUMBLE OFF A FENCE REVEALED THESE 1900 COMMERCIALS.

NOTE THE WRITER HAS OMITTED "DIPPING GIRLS'

PIGTAILS IN THE INK WELL?" THIS OVERWORKED NOSTALGIA IS AS TRITE AND AS EXAGGERATED AS THE "BAREFOOT BOY" ANGLE. WE ALL WORE SHOES. COMMON GAMES WERE "DARE-BASE," "FOX AND GEESSE" OR "SNAP-THE-WHIP." BOYS PLAYED MARBLES, BASEBALL, TOP SPINNING, KITES AND MUMBLETYPEG. I HAVE NEVER FOUND OUT WHO DETERMINED THESE SEASONAL SPORTS, APPEARING REGULARLY AS SUN, MOON AND TIDE.

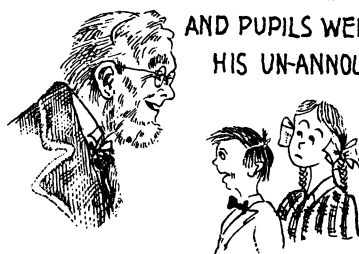


SCHOOL TEACHERS WERE SAN JOSE STATE NORMAL GRADUATES AND HOW THEY EARNED THEIR SMALL SALARIES! ONE TEACHER TAUGHT ALL EIGHT GRADES WITH FOUR OR FIVE PUPILS IN EACH GRADE RANGING IN AGE FROM SIX TO EIGHTEEN.

OUR TEACHERS HAD A TYPICAL APPEARANCE. THEY WORE STARCHED SHIRT WAISTS WITH HIGH NECKED COLLARS, LONG SLEEVES AND FLOOR-LENGTH SKIRTS. ONLY WHEN THEY STEPPED UP INTO A HIGH BUGGY WERE THEIR SHOCKING LOW SHOES EXPOSED, TIED WITH WIDE RIBBON. PINCE-NEZ GLASSES SUSPENDED FROM A FINE GOLD CHAIN WERE ANCHORED TO A GOLD CONTAINER PINNED TO HER SHIRT WAIST. EVERY TEACHER WORE A MONOGRAMMED GOLD LAPEL WATCH, FASTENED WITH A FLEUR DE LIS. A MEDALLION OR CAMEO WITH SOME GRECIAN FEMALE'S FACE THEREON, WAS PINNED BELOW HER TORTUROUS WHALE-BONE SUPPORTED COLLAR. PAPER WRIST PROTECTORS AND TWO OR THREE PENCILS IMPALLED IN THE "RAT" OF HER POMPADOUR ACCENTUATED HER AUSTERE AIR OF SHREWD EFFICIENCY.

COMPARED TO TODAY'S TV INNOCULATED, WORLDLY WISE STUDENTS, WE WOULD BE CLASSIFIED AS A TRIBE OF INNOCENTS, A "BUNCH OF SQUARES." HOWEVER, FUNDAMENTALS WERE WELL TAUGHT, SPECIAL ATTENTION AND PRIDE GIVEN TO PENMANSHIP AND SPELLING. (AT THIS POINT I AM GREATLY TEMPTED TO MAKE COMPARISONS.....PLEASE CREDIT ME WITH MY RESTRAINT.)

D.T. BATEMAN, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS VISITED EACH COUNTY SCHOOL TWICE A YEAR. ALTHOUGH AN EXTREMELY KINDLY MAN, HE WAS A TALL, DISTINGUISHED, AWESOME FIGURE. HE FRIGHTENED SOME OF US SMALL DELINQUENTS. BOTH TEACHER AND PUPILS WERE ON THE OMINOUS ALERT FOR HIS UN-ANNOUNCED VISITS. MISS BARROWS KEPT HER STAR PERFORMERS ALWAYS PRIMED AND COACHED, AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL.



ONLY WHEN WE SAW HIS HORSE AND BUGGY DISAPPEAR IN A CLOUD OF DUST DOWN STEVENS CREEK ROAD DID WE ALL GIVE DEEP SIGHS OF RELIEF, INCLUDING TEACHER.

THERE WERE NO SCHOOL BUSES SO WE USUALLY WALKED AND LIKE THE PIED PIPER, COMPANIONS OF ALL SIZES AND AGES JOINED US. BY THE TIME WE BARELY ARRIVED WITH THE TOLLING NINE O'CLOCK BELL, WE WERE A MERRY MOB. SCHOOL OVER, THE HOMEWARD TREK WAS A PICTURE OF SLOW MOTION. WE DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO DELAY OUR EVENING CHORES. WE STAGED GRASS FIGHTS, EXPLORED DRY CREEKS, HUNTED BIRDS' NESTS, CAUGHT TOADS UNDER THE ROADSIDE HORSE TROUGH TO PUT IN OUR LUNCH PAILS, WADED IN IRRIGATING DITCHES AND LASSED LIZARDS WITH THE LOOPED END OF A BARLEY STALK. OUR DAILY SLING SHOT PRACTICE INCLUDED THE NOW ANTIQUE, GREEN GLASS KNOBS ON TELEPHONE POLE CROSS ARMS. FOR BIG GAME WE TOOK POT SHOTS AT BILL CRAFT'S JERSEY COW PEACEFULLY GRAZING ON THE EDGE OF STEVENS CREEK ROAD.

WE LIVED NEXT DOOR TO A PORTUGUESE FAMILY WITH TEN OR A DOZEN CHILDREN, NICE, CLEAN, GOOD LOOKING BOYS AND PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS, ALL BLONDES! WHEN THE SCHOOL TERM BEGAN, EACH CHILD CARRIED A LUNCH PACKED IN A LARD PAIL GRADED ACCORDING TO THE CHILD'S AGE AND CAPACITY; ONE, TWO OR FIVE POUNDS. ONE DAY, MRS. SOUZA, EITHER TIRED FROM ASSEMBLY LINE LUNCH PRODUCTION OR TAKING THE DAY OFF TO HAVE ANOTHER BABY, SENT THE OLDEST BOY, MANUEL, WITH THE ENTIRE FAMILY LUNCH PACKED IN A THREE GALLON MILKING PAIL. AS THEY SEDATELY ATE THEIR LUNCH UNDER THE SCHOOL YARD PEPPER TREE, THE GROUP RESEMBLED A SMALL SIZE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

SCHOOL LUNCHES WERE HEARTY. THEY MIGHT NOT MEET TODAY'S STANDARDS OF BALANCED DIET AND EVEN IF THEY DID, BY THE TIME WE FINISHED TRADING FOOD AT NOON, THE CORRECT BALANCE WAS ALL OUT OF PROPORTION.

CERTAIN FOODS HAD TRADE VALUE. COLD PORK CHOPS TOPPED THE LIST AND COULD BE EXCHANGED FOR TWO DILL PICKLES AND A "HUNK" OF BOLOGNA. COLD MINCE PIE WAS WORTH AT LEAST TWO BOILED HAM SANDWICHES AND A DEVILLED EGG. ALTHOUGH FRIED CHICKEN WAS SECRETLY ADMIRERD AND ONLY CASUALLY DISPLAYED, IT BORE THE STIGMA OF A "MAMA'S BOY."

LUNCHES WERE NEVER PACKED IN PAPER SACKS. INSTEAD, LARD PAILS, "BROWNIES", AND EMPTIED TIN TOBACCO BOXES WERE

USED. WE SOUNDED LIKE THE ANVIL CHORUS WALKING ALONG TO SCHOOL IN GROUPS WITH OUR METAL CONTAINERS CLANKING WITH NUTS, SPOONS, SALT-SHAKERS, GLASS JARS OF HOME CANNED FRUIT AND HARD BOILED EGGS. A "BROWNIE"? IT WAS A BROWN, PASTEBOARD BOX WITH IMITATION LEATHER HANDLES. IT WAS QUITE CHIC FOR THE FIRST WEEK OR TWO BUT SOON DETERIORATED WITH DENTS, BULGES, STAINS AND BUTTER SMEARS FROM JAM AND JELLY LEAKS. MOTHERS PREFERRED SWIFT'S OR ARMOUR'S LARD PAILS. THEY COULD BE "BOILED OUT."

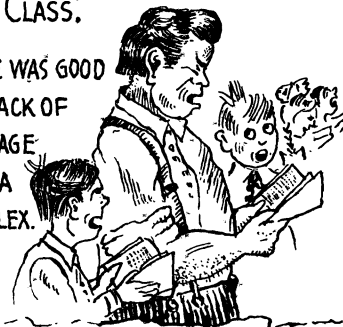
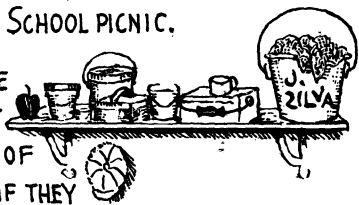
AT NOON THE TEACHER RANG HER LITTLE HAND BELL AND WE FILED OR CLATTERED OUT TO THE YARD FOR LUNCH. A FEW PATIENT, HUNGRY DOGS WOULD BE WAITING FOR A HANDOUT OF OUR MOTHERS' REJECTED PREPARATIONS. LIKE AN ANCIENT ROMAN FEAST, THIS FURNISHED US WITH ENTERTAINMENT AS WE DINED. A BOLOGNA SKIN OR A CHOP BONE TOSSED AMONGST OUR CANINE COMPANIONS COULD TOUCH OFF A FIRST CLASS DOG FIGHT.

FEW OF US APPRECIATED SCHOOL OR THE VALUE OF EDUCATION. YOUNGSTERS HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH OVER THE YEARS. WE ATTENDED SCHOOL BECAUSE OUR PARENTS SENT US AND WHEN ASKED THAT DREARY STOCK QUESTION, "HOW DO YOU LIKE SCHOOL?" WE GAVE (TODAY'S) STOCK ANSWER, "FINE". WE MANAGED TO WEATHER OUR TRUE FEELINGS, BRIGHTENED BY THE THOUGHT OF RECESS, LUNCH TIME AND AFTER SCHOOL ADVENTURES. THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE CHEERFUL HOPE TO HOLD, "MAYBE SOME DARK NIGHT, A TRAMP WILL BURN DOWN THE SCHOOLHOUSE."

THERE IS ALWAYS THE EXCEPTION! HE WAS JOE SILVANO, ABOUT 20, A PORTUGUESE IMMIGRANT AND SO EAGER TO LEARN EVERYTHING AMERICAN. HE ATTENDED SCHOOL ONLY WHEN HIS EMPLOYER COULD SPARE HIM FROM SEASONAL ORCHARD WORK. JOE DEFINITELY WAS NOT A BRIGHT STUDENT AND COUPLED WITH HIS CONTINUAL ABSENCES, HE WAS UNABLE TO KEEP UP WITH REGULAR SCHOOL WORK. OUR SYMPATHETIC TEACHER WORKED HARD WITH THE BRIGHT STUDENTS AND EQUALLY HARD WITH THE SLOW ONES. SHE EASED JOE FROM THE THIRD GRADE BACK TO THE SECOND AND IN DESPERATION, FINALLY SOLVED THE PROBLEM BY CREATING A CLASS OF ONE, KNOWN AS "JOE'S CLASS."

JOE WAS A FINE COMPANION. HE WAS GOOD NATURED, GENTLE AND KIND. HIS LACK OF PROGRESS DIDN'T SEEM TO DISCOURAGE HIM AND HE WAS BLESSED WITH A TOTAL LACK OF INFERIORITY COMPLEX.

WE ALL LIKED BIG JOE, SPECIALLY THE SMALLER KIDS.



WE ADMIRER HIM NOT ONLY FOR HIS COURAGE IN EVEN APPEAR-
ING WITH US BUT ALSO HIS PHYSICAL ENDOWMENTS, BULGING
MUSCLES, HAIRY CHEST AND WORK CALLOUSED HANDS. HIS HIGH
LEATHER BOOTS WERE ALMOST HIDDEN UNDER HIS CLEAN PATCHED
OVERALLS. THEY WERE DAIRY BOOTS WITH SOLES AN INCH THICK,
BRIGHTLY SHINED WITH STOVE POLISH. COMPARED TO OUR UN-
RULY MOPS OF HAIR, JOE'S COARSE BLACK LOCKS WERE CAREFULLY
TENDED. THEY WERE LONG IN BACK, CUT IN A CIRCLE ABOVE
HIS SHAVED NECK, LEAVING AN INTERESTING, OVER-HANG, CLIFF
EFFECT. ON TOP, HIS HAIR WAS PARTED IN EXACTLY THE DEAD
CENTER AND SLICKLY PLASTERED DOWN GLISTENING FLAT
WITH VASELINE.

JOE JOINED ALL SCHOOL SOCIAL AND PLAY GROUND
ACTIVITIES. IN FACT, HE CHEERFULLY WOULD FORM A ONE-
MAN TEAM OF HIS OWN IN SUCH SPORTS AS TUG-OF-WAR OR
WRESTLING. IT REQUIRED TEN OF US LITTLE RUFFIANS TO PIN
BIG JOE TO THE GROUND, AT LEAST WE THOUGHT IT DID; A
CONTEST COMPARABLE TO WRESTLING A FRIENDLY ELEPHANT.

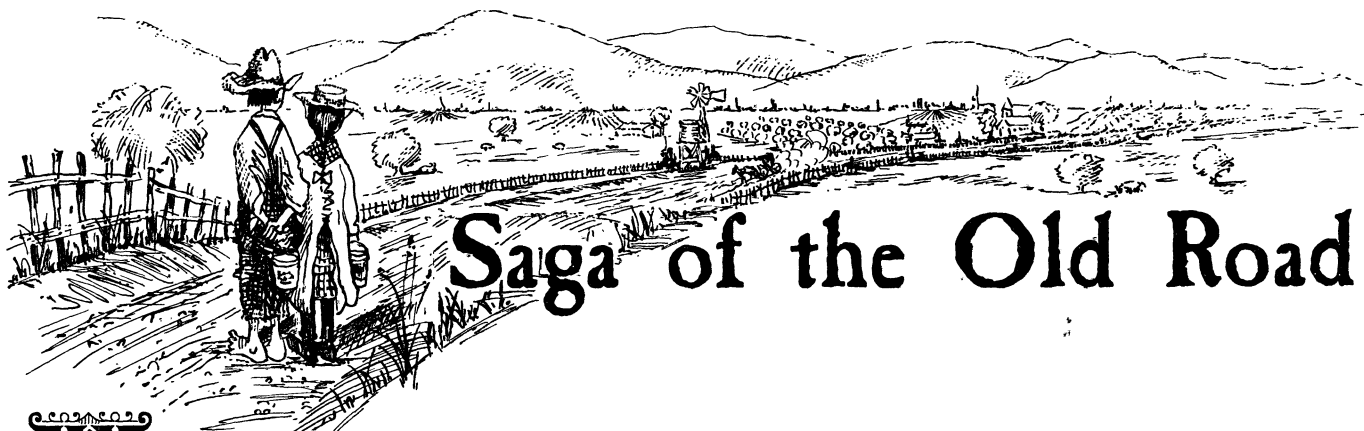
BIG JOE WAS EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO JOIN INDOOR AFFAIRS.
HOW CAN I FORGET THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL AND HIS PARTIC-
IPATION? I CAN STILL SEE US MARCHING TO THE OUT-OF-TUNE
PIANO, PARADING UP TO THE SQUEAKY LITTLE PLATFORM BEFORE
OUR NERVOUSLY EXPECTANT PARENTS. GRINNING HAPPILY,

(EVEN IF HE HADN'T BEEN PROMOTED) BIG JOE CLUMPED RIGHT
ALONG WITH US, SOME OF THE FIRST GRADERS BARELY
REACHING HIS ELBOWS.

DURING REHEARSALS JOE'S DEEP BASS VOICE HAD JUST
ABOUT OVERPOWERED OUR SHRILL LITTLE SOPRANOS SO THE
TEACHER KINDLY ASKED HIM TO MOVE HIS LIPS SILENTLY
MATCHING THE WORDS. BUT JOE DIDN'T KNOW THE WORDS!
NEVERTHELESS HE THREW ALL SORTS OF DRAMATIC, LIP
CONTORTIONS INTO HIS SILENT WORD FORMING. IT WAS SO
EVIDENT THAT NONE OF IT FIT THE SONG BY A GOOD YARD!
SOME OF US SMALL FRY WERE SO FASCINATED BY JOE THAT
WE FORGOT TO SING. AFTERWARD, THE AUDIENCE, INCLUDING
MY FOLKS, CLAIMED BIG JOE STOLE THE SHOW AND FURNISHED
MORE REAL ENTERTAINMENT THAN WE DID.

DECADES LATER, HIS STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING, SIMILAR
TO THE TORTOISE AND HARE FABLE. WITH THE PHENOMINAL
GROWTH OF OUR VALLEY AND ORCHARDS TRANSFORMED INTO
SUBDIVISIONS, SHOPPING CENTERS, INDUSTRY AND FREEWAYS,
BIG JOE SOLD HIS HARD EARNED, ONE HUNDRED ACRE PEAR
ORCHARD FOR AN UNBELIEVABLE SUM. THE LAST TIME WE
SAW HIM, HE HADN'T CHANGED AND WAVED A MOST FRIENDLY
GREETING,—FROM ONE OF HIS LATEST MODEL CADILLACS.





Saga of the Old Road

HOW LEISURELY WERE OUR TRIPS TO AND FROM OLD SAN JOSE SIXTY YEARS AGO AS DAD AND I DROVE DOWN THE RURAL STEVENS CREEK ROAD WITH OUR HORSE-AND-BUGGY. THIS ROAD, THE "GRASS ROOTS OF MY CHILDHOOD" HAD A BEAUTY NOT ONLY OF THE LAND BUT IN THE HAPPY ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE PEOPLE WE MET ALONG THE WAY.

WE KNEW EVERY NEIGHBOR, EVERY ORCHARD, EVERY TREE AND WINDMILL ON THE ROUTE. SOMETIMES WE HALTED AND PASSED THE TIME OF DAY WHENEVER WE MET FRIENDS. A ROUTINE TRIP WOULD FOLLOW THIS PATTERN:

DAD WOULD DRAW UP THE REINS AND VISIT FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES. THIS TIME IT WAS BILL CRAFT LEANING OVER THE PICKET FENCE WITH A STRING OF GOPHER TRAPS DANGLING FROM HIS SHOULDERS. CONVERSATION CENTERED AROUND SUBJECTS SUCH AS UNUSUAL WEATHER, STICKY ADOBE AND THE MISERABLE PRICE OF DRIED PRUNES.

TODAY IF ONE STOPPED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES AT THIS SAME SPOT, THERE WOULD BE FOUR MILES OF HONKING, BUMPER-TO-BUMPER, IRATE MOTORISTS. WE WOULD PROBABLY RECEIVE A "TICKET" FROM SOME SHINY BOOTED "MARBLE TOP" HIGHWAY OFFICER. TIME MARCHES ON. NOT ONLY HERE BUT MAIN STREET, ANYWHERE, U.S.A.

SOMETIMES WE WOULD SEE THE FRAGILE, ELDERLY MRS. SCANTLEBURY CUTTING SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS FROM VINES HIGHER THAN HER HEAD. IT WAS AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN FRONTING A TINY FRAME COTTAGE AND A CREAKING WOODEN WINDMILL. IF DAD STOPPED TO ASK ABOUT STATUS OF HER SCIATICA SHE ALWAYS PICKED A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FOR MOM.

CONTINUING ANOTHER FEW MILES DAD WOULD PULL OFF THE ROAD TO LET EMIL BORDI PASS WITH HIS FOUR HORSE WAGON LOAD OF MANZANITA ROOT CHUNKS AND A FEW BARRELS OF FOOTHILL MUSCATEL.

THEN NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO CAME "PROGRESSIVE MAN" WHO TOOK INVENTORY OF OUR VALLEY'S CHARM AND GROWTH POTENTIAL. STEVENS CREEK ROAD WAS WIDENED INTO A SIX LANE HIGHWAY REPLACING THE NARROW GRAVELLED ROAD. THE NAME WAS CHANGED TO STEVENS CREEK BOULEVARD. ORCHARDS WERE THE PRIMARY VICTIMS OF EXPANSION AND THE FIRST TO GO.

THE WORD "BOULEVARD" MEANS A WIDE AVENUE LINED WITH TALL SHADE TREES CARRYING AN "AIR OF DIGNITY." THIS SUITS THE FORMER NAME BETTER AS IT WAS ONCE HEAVILY BORDERED WITH OAKS, SYCAMORES AND EUCALYPTUS. GONE WAS THE "AIR OF DIGNITY" WHEN THESE TREES WERE CUT DOWN.

THIS HIGHWAY IS NOW LINED WITH SHOPPING CENTERS RANGING FROM THE MINIATURE TO THE MONUMENTAL, STORES OF EVERY KIND FROM THE HURDY GURDY OPERATION TO THE EXCLUSIVE; SUBDIVISIONS OF TRACT HOMES, ENDLESS TIERS OF MUSHROOM APARTMENTS, BOWLING ALLEYS, SUPERMARKETS, RESTAURANTS AND ACRES OF USED CAR LOTS. A MAZE OF GAUDY SIGNS CONFUSE INSTEAD OF BECKON.

SMALL WONDER I FEEL A TWIST AT MY HEART WHENEVER I DRIVE DOWN THIS "BOULEVARD"; NOW SO MANY MISSING LEAVES IN MY BOYHOOD MEMORY ALBUM.



I'M NOT COMPLAINING. "IT AIN'T LIKE IT USTA BE" CONVERSATIONS BORE ME, SPECIALLY THE GRIPE VARIETY. I CAN OFFER NO SOLUTION FOR THIS EVER CHANGING SKYLINE. PERSONALLY, I THINK IT RATHER INTERESTING, AT LEAST TO WATCH. I HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING AND VALLEY NEWCOMERS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE MISSED. I SAW IT "WHEN." AFTER ALL IT ISN'T SO MUCH WHEN OR WHERE WE LIVE THAT COUNTS *BUT* HOW MUCH WE ENJOY THE LIVING.

THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE IS MY BOYHOOD IMPRESSIONS OF THIS ROAD OR "BOULEVARD," ONCE A VEIN OF TRAVEL, NOW A PULSATING ARTERY OF BUSINESS.

COMING FROM SAN JOSE BY WAGON, OR LATER, ON THE PENINSULAR RAILWAY INTERURBAN STREET CARS, WE ALWAYS FELT STEVENS CREEK ROAD STARTED AT O'CONNOR SANITARIUM. THIS HOSPITAL THEN OCCUPIED THE ENTIRE BLOCK AT RACE AND SAN CARLOS, NOW SEARS ROEBUCK.

THIS OLD FASHIONED 1888 RED BRICK EDIFICE COMPLETE WITH GINGERBREAD CUPOLOS, CORNICES, WINDMILLS AND TANKS HELD A SENTIMENTAL PLACE IN MANY A PIONEER'S HEART. IT DID IN MINE. HERE CLOSE MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY SAW EITHER THEIR FIRST LIGHT OF DAY OR APPROACHING NIGHT.

MRS. O'CONNOR DESIGNED THE HOME AND LANDSCAPED GARDENS AND LATER DONATED THE ESTATE TO DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL FOR A HOSPITAL.

SOMETIMES WE GLIMPSED THE NUNS STROLLING AROUND THE GARDENS IN BILLowing BLUE DRESS WITH EXPANSIVE STARCHED HEADGEAR REMINDFUL OF BOBBING WHITE CYCLAMEN BLOSSOMS.



GEOMETRICALLY DESIGNED BEDS OF ANNUALS BLOSSOMED THE YEAR ROUND, RARE FLOWERING TREES,

GIANT LOCUSTS AND MAGNOLIAS BRIGHTENED MANY A CONVALESCENCE.

CONTINUING WEST WE SAW THE FIRST ORCHARDS, GRAIN FIELDS AND BERRY PATCHES FOR A MILE FOLLOWED BY A CLUSTER OF HOUSES AND A ROW OF SMALL STORES. THIS WAS CALLED ROSE LAWN NOW KNOWN AS BURBANK DISTRICT. LUTHER BURBANK, THIS STATE'S NOTED HORTICULTURIST, HAD A SCHOOL HERE DEDICATED WITH HIS NAME.

THE INTERSECTION AT BASCOM AVENUE AND STEVENS CREEK ROAD WAS END OF THE STREET CAR LINE AND MARKED THE BEGINNING OF OPEN COUNTRY. HERE THE CONDUCTOR SWITCHED HIS TROLLEY AND OFTEN IN THE FALL SLYLY CROSSED THE ROAD TO FILL HIS POCKETS WITH ALMONDS FROM THE OLD BRADLEY ORCHARD.

JOGGING ALONG ONE COULD SEE MORE ORCHARDS, HAYFIELDS AND EVERYWHERE CLUSTERS OF GREAT OAKS. SETTLERS FARMED AROUND THESE OAK TREES USING THEM FOR SHADE AND HOMESITE PROTECTION.

THE SANTA-CLARA-SARATOGA ROAD CROSSING WAS CALLED MERIDIAN CORNERS (MAP MERIDIAN.) HOW CLEARLY I REMEMBER ONE SUNDAY WHEN WE WERE DRIVING HOME FROM CHURCH AND WE SAW A TURKEY SHOOT IN PROGRESS. MY PARENTS WERE SO SHOCKED! ONLY THE TURKEY'S HEAD WAS EXPOSED AND FOR FOUR BITS ONE COULD SHOOT AT THIS TARGET. MY PARENTS EXPLAINED THIS CONSTITUTED BOTH CRUELTY AND GAMBLING. FROM A SMALL BOY'S STAND-POINT, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A GAMBLE, AT LEAST FOR THE BIRD. SOONER OR LATER THE TURKEY WOULD GET IT IN THE NECK.

AFTER I MARRIED WE BUILT A HOME UNDER THESE SAME OAK TREES AT SCENE OF TURKEY SHOOT. HERE WE RAISED OUR TWO SONS, ENJOYED COUNTRY LIVING AND SPENT THE HAPPIEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

MERIDIAN CORNERS HAD A STORE, BOLLINGER'S BLACKSMITH SHOP AND TWO SALOONS, BLACKMAR'S AND SAM STORM'S, BOTH TYPICAL OLD VALLEY TAP ROOMS. LOOKING BACKWARD, THE BLACKMARS AND THE STORMS WERE GOOD PEOPLE BUT NOT ACCORDING TO MY PURITANICAL PARENTS! THEY SOLD LIQUOR, MOSTLY BEER AND WERE OPEN ON SUNDAYS! I RECALL MY PARENTS UTTER HORROR ONE SUNDAY WHEN THEY RECOGNIZED OUR LOCAL "DUDE" AND HIS RUBBER-TIRED BUGGY PARKED AT BLACKMAR'S HITCHING RACK. IN HIS "RIG" SAT A PRETTY YOUNG

LADY IN HER OSTRICH PLUMED HAT. UNFORTUNATELY WE PASSED JUST AS HER MALE ESCORT EMERGED FROM THE "FAMILY ENTRANCE" CARRYING A TRAY WITH TWO SMALL GLASSES OF BEER! FROM OUR DISTANCE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SARSAPARILLA. MY PARENTS ARGUED THE POINT BUT DAD POINTED OUT SAGELY THAT THE LIQUID WAS FOAMY, OR, AS HE EXPRESSED IT, "HAD A HEAD ON IT. THEY BOTH SEEMED PLEASED WITH THIS DAMNING AND CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. THEN MY MOTHER SUDDENLY REHEATED THE ARGUMENT BY ASKING DAD HOW HE WAS SO FAMILIAR WITH THE BEVERAGE!

CONTINUING A SHORT DISTANCE WE MET A DOYLE SCHOOLMATE OF MINE ON HIS REGULAR SUNDAY ERRAND TO BLACKMARS' FOR "REFRESHMENTS". I WAVED BUT DAD WHIPPED UP THE HORSE AND MOTHER MURMURED, "MERCY!" MY SCHOOLMATE WAS HAVING HIS TROUBLES. HE WAS TRYING TO BALANCE A GALLON LARD PAIL OF UNMISTAKABLE, FOAMY, SLOSHING OLD JOE'S STEAM BEER ON HIS HANDLEBARS!

NEXT WE PASSED DOYLE SCHOOL DWELT ON IN VARIED DETAIL ELSEWHERE. NOW THE OLD SITE IS BURIED UNDER A FREEWAY. EVAN T. PETTIT, SCHOOL TRUSTEE AND PROMINENT DOYLE ROAD RESIDENT, PLANTED ONE OF THE FIRST LARGE APRICOT ORCHARDS IN THE VALLEY IN 1881, DIED IN 1949 AT THE AGE OF 102.

FROM DOYLE SCHOOL TO MILLER AVENUE WAS THE MOST FAMILIAR STRETCH OF THE ROAD AND SCENE FOR MAJORITY OF MY BOYHOOD ADVENTURES.

FARTHER ALONG ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ROAD WAS THE FAMOUS PORTAL ESTATE, A SHOW PLACE OF THE VALLEY AND FORTUNATELY, FOR PRESERVATION'S SAKE, SUBJECT OF MANY AN ARTIST'S PAINTING OR PHOTOGRAPHER'S REPRODUCTION. IN RECENT YEARS THIS OLD

LANDMARK WAS BULLDOZED INTO OBLIVION FOR THE USUAL SUBDIVISION DEVELOPMENT.

J.B.J. PORTAL, A NATIVE OF FRANCE, ARRIVED IN THE VALLEY IN 1860 AND PURCHASED 400 ACRES OF LAND. THIS WAS PLANTED IN VINEYARDS WITH CUTTINGS BROUGHT FROM HIS NATIVE FRANCE.

HIS ESTATE INCLUDED HUGE BARNs, A COMPLETE BLACKSMITH SHOP, WINERY, COOPERAGE AND THE VALLEY'S FIRST PUMPING STEAM ENGINE FOR A FAR-AHEAD-OF-ITS-TIME UNDERGROUND IRRIGATION SYSTEM.

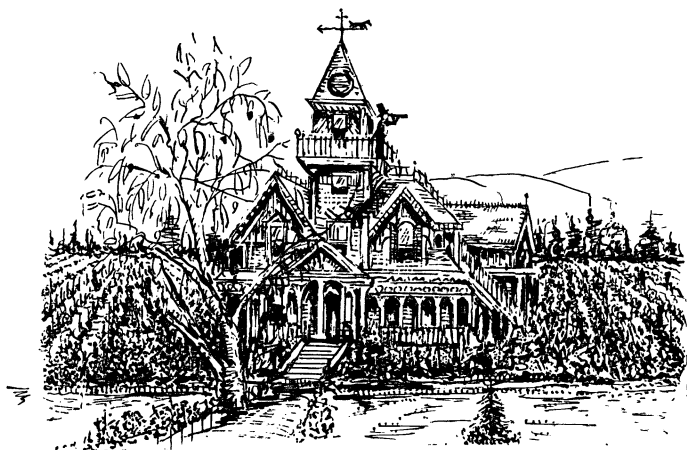
A HIGHLY ORNATE, EIGHTEEN ROOM, STAINED GLASS WINDOWED MANSION CENTERED THE 400 ACRES. IT WAS TOPPED WITH A PROMINENT TOWER WHERE THE OWNER COULD SURVEY THE ESTATE FROM AN ENCIRCLING PORCH CALLED A "CAPTAIN'S WALK". THIS IS JUST WHAT MR. PORTAL DID DURING HARVEST SEASON WITH AID OF A SPY-GLASS TELESCOPE. NAPPING GRAPE-PICKERS WERE SURPRISED AND PAID OFF BY THE FOREMAN.

ONE TIME A RAILROAD APPLIED FOR A RIGHT OF WAY THROUGH J.B.J.'S VINEYARDS. THEY WERE STERNLY REFUSED ON GROUNDS THAT NOISY TRAINS WOULD DISTURB THE AGEING WINES IN HIS CELLARS.

IN 1910, AS THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY, PHYLLOXERA, (LOUSE) STRUCK HIS VINEYARD AND PORTAL RETURNED TO FRANCE. SEVERAL FAMILY MEMBERS REMAINED, BECOMING PROMINENT CITIZENS. IN SEVENTY YEARS WE HAVE WITNESSED AMAZING SUCCESSIVE PLANTINGS ON THIS ACREAGE, FROM WHEAT TO VINEYARD, PRUNES, CHERRIES, STRAWBERRIES AND NOW TO ROWS OF TRACT HOMES.

EVERY MILE OR TWO, THE COUNTY BUILT ELEVATED ROADSIDE TANKS, SOME WITH THEIR OWN WELL AND WIND MILL. EACH HAD A WATERING TROUGH WHERE THIRSTY HORSES BURIED NOSES IN COOL, FLOATING GREEN MOSS. THE TANKS HAD OVER-HANGING SPOUTS WITH A CANVAS HOSE FOR FILLING THE COUNTY WATER WAGONS. DURING THE SUMMER, THICK DUST WOULD HAVE BEEN INTOLERABLE WITHOUT THIS DAILY SPRINKLING.

HOW THE CHILDREN LOVED THESE WATER TANKS, SPECIALLY WHEN WALKING TO AND FROM SCHOOL. LEAKS AND OVERFLOW IN THE DRY SUMMERTIME MADE SUCH REFRESHING LANDMARKS INTO GREEN OASES. THIS ATTRACTED REDWING BLACKBIRDS AND KILLDEER, SPROUTED LUSH GRASS, REEDS, CAT-TAILS, WILD ROSES, AND POOLS OF GREEN WATER WITH POLLYWOGS, FROGS



TOADS AND SALAMANDERS. SWALLOWS AND FLY-CATCHERS BUILT THEIR MUD NESTS UNDER THE TANKS' STOUT FRAMES.

CUPERTINO, NOW ONE OF THE VALLEY'S FASTEST GROWING CITIES, FOR DECADES WAS ONLY A TYPICAL COUNTRY CROSS ROADS (SEE SKETCH). ONCE WITH A POST OFFICE CALLED WEST SIDE, FOR YEARS IT WAS SIMPLY MARKED BY THE MONTGOMERY-WILSON STORE AND BAER'S SMITHY. AS LATE AS 1922, EUGENE T. SAWYER, ONE OF OUR EARLY LOCAL HISTORIANS, IN HIS HISTORY OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY, GIVES CUPERTINO A SCANT ONE LINE, ".... LITTLE MORE THAN A STOP ON THE PENINSULAR RAILWAY."

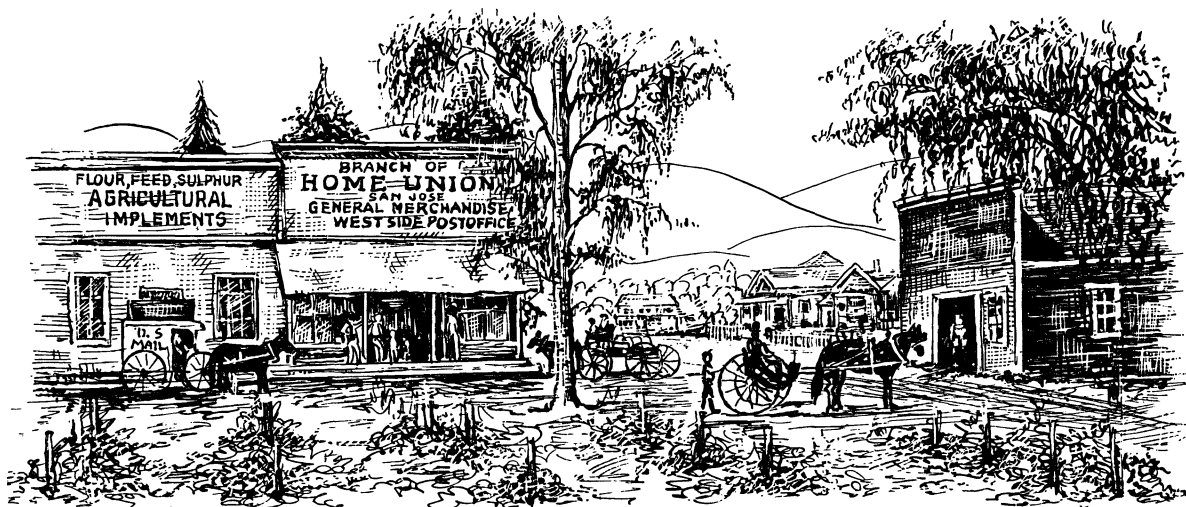
ABOVE CUPERTINO, AFTER ASCENDING A GRADE SO GRADUAL IT WAS NOTICEABLE ONLY TO THE SMALL BOY PUMPING A BIKE LOADED WITH LUNCH AND FISHING GEAR, WE ARRIVED AT MONTA VISTA. WE HAD JUST PASSED LE PETIT TRIANON, THE "YELLOW DEVIL'S" HOME (DEALT WITH ELSEWHERE.) MONTA VISTA, LATER TO BECOME THE VALLEY'S EARLIEST FOOTHILL SUBDIVISION, BEARS HIDDEN FAME AS ONE OF DE ANZA'S CAMP GROUNDS. THE ROUTE PLUNGED INTO A RAVINE OR LITTLE VALLEY AND IT WAS HERE THAT THIS ROAD RECEIVED ITS NAME, STEVENS CREEK. TO THE NORTH AND ALONG THE STREAM WAS NATHAN HALL'S 1853 PIONEER HOME AND VINEYARD, ORIGINALLY PART OF THE SAN ANTONIO GRANT. THIS LAND ONCE SOLD FOR \$1.25 AN ACRE.

BLACKBERRY FARM WAS FIRST LOCATION FOR CAPTAIN ELISHA STEVENS, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ROAD'S NAME. CAPTAIN STEVENS (1801-1884) WAS FAMED LEADER OF THE 1844 STEVENS-MURPHY OVERLAND PARTY. HE WAS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE REAL PIONEERS, BLAZING A CLEAR TRAIL FOR THE SO CALLED "PATHFINDER OF THE WEST,"



GENERAL FREMONT. AS "MOUNTAIN CHARLEY" MCKIERNON WAS CONSIDERED THE FIRST SETTLER IN THE LOS GATOS MOUNTAIN AREA, CAPTAIN ELISHA STEVENS WAS THE ORIGINAL PIONEER OF OUR WESTERN FOOTHILLS. IT IS TO BE SINCERELY HOPED THAT SOME HISTORIOGRAPHER WILL EVENTUALLY PAY THIS LITTLE KNOWN OLD VALLEY CHARACTER LONG OVERDUE TRIBUTE.

STRETCHING WESTWARD ABOVE MONTA VISTA WAS A PLATEAU PLANTED TO VINEYARDS. INSTEAD OF CONTINUING STRAIGHT AHEAD INTO PERMENENTE COUNTRY, WE MADE A SHARP LEFT TURN TO ENTER STEVENS CREEK CANYON. OFF TO OUR LEFT WE COULD SEE (THEN STILL INTACT) A LUXURIOUS ESTATE CALLED "DEEP CLIFF. IN THE 70'S THIS BELONGED TO L. SELINGER AND AROUND 1905 BECAME THE PROPERTY OF DE LAVEAGA. THE MASSIVE AND SHEER LANDSLIDE AT SHARP TURN OF THE CREEK GAVE THE NAME "DEEP CLIFF." AS THIS IS WRITTEN, THE BULL-DOZERS HAVE REMOVED ALL TRACES, EXCEPT THE CLIFF! AND BY THE WAY, - IT WAS "CLIFF," NOT "CLIFFE," AS PRETENTIOUS REALTY SIGNS NOW PROCLAIM.



STEVENS CREEK ROAD CROSSING SUNNYVALE-SARATOGA ROAD AT WEST SIDE (CUPERTINO). FROM 1895 PHOTO

BEFORE ASCENDING CREEK CANYON PROPER AND PASSING THE PRESENT DAM SITE, ON THE LEFT WAS VILLA MARIE OR "FATHERS' VILLA", 320 ACRES PURCHASED IN 1873 BY SANTA CLARA COLLEGE FOR A JESUIT RETREAT. THE FLATS AND HILLSIDES WERE PLANTED TO MANY FINE WINE GRAPE VARIETIES.



FORTUNATELY THE VINES WERE CONVENIENTLY CLOSE TO THE ROAD, BEYOND THE PADRES' VIEW AND WE BOYS USUALLY FOUND A LOOSE PICKET IN THE FENCE. WE ALWAYS CHECKED FOR A GOOD VINTAGE YEAR AND HERE WERE THE BEST MUSCATS AND "SWEET WATERS" I EVER TASTED.

NOW OUR ROUTE NARROWED TO A STEEPER, ONE-WAY ROAD AND A FEW MILES REACHED SODA ROCK. HERE THE CREEK WOUND AROUND AN OVERHANGING ROCK FORMATION AND FROM ITS MOSSY CREVICES TRICKLED MANY STREAMS OF EFFERVESCENT MINERAL WATER HEAVILY CHARGED WITH SODA. THIS WAS A MOST POPULAR SUNDAY SCHOOL AND FAMILY PICNIC GROUND. WOE BETIDE THE PERSON WHO FORGOT TO INCLUDE LEMONS AND SUGAR IN THE LUNCH BOX! WITH WRY FACES, OUR PARENTS SMACKED THEIR LIPS AND SAID IT WAS "GOOD FOR WHAT AILED YOU." MOST OF US KIDS THOUGHT IT A NASTY WASTE OF LEMONS AND SUGAR.

TIME HAS NOT GREATLY CHANGED THIS FINAL STRETCH OF OLD STEVENS CREEK ROAD. SOME BRIDGES HAVE REPLACED THE SHALLOW FORDS WHERE WE STOPPED OUR OVER HEATED OLD HORSE OR LATER, OUR EQUALLY OVER HEATED MODEL T, IN EITHER CASE TO FILL THEM UP WITH AT LEAST A TEMPORARY SUPPLY OF COLD CREEK WATER.

IF YOU WERE REAL ADVENTURESOME AND SOUGHT THE ULTIMATE IN REMOTENESS, YOU CONTINUED ON A MILE OR SO TO GRIZZLY FLAT, NAMED AFTER A FORMER FOUR FOOTED INHABITANT OF THAT AREA.

HOW WELL I REMEMBER CAMPING TWO WEEKS ON THIS GRIZZLY FLAT WITH ANOTHER NEIGHBOR FAMILY ABOUT 1905. IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE BUT SUCH A JOURNEY TRULY REQUIRED MORE PLANNING AND PREPARATION

THAN A PRESENT DAY WEEK-END JAUNT TO TAHOE OR YOSEMITE! ACTUALLY WE WERE ONLY FIFTEEN MILES FROM HOME, HIGH ABOVE THE VALLEY FLOOR YET WITHOUT AUTO, PHONE, RADIO OR MAIL WE FELT THAT WE HAD SEVERED ALL TIES WITH CIVILIZATION.

MODERN CAMPING EQUIPMENT SUCH AS SLEEPING BAGS, AND GASOLINE COOKING STOVES WERE UNKNOWN. WE MADE "SPRINGY BEDS OF PINE-SCENTED BOUGHS AND BRANCHES" WHICH QUICKLY PROCEEDED TO LOSE THEIR SPRING THE FIRST NIGHT. GRIZZLY FLAT WAS FLAT BUT NOT SOFT!

WE SAW "LITTLE DAVE" ASTRIDE HIS GAUNT MULE, THE LONE INHABITANT OF THE CANYON. HE CAREFULLY AVOIDED US. (READERS SHALL MAKE HIS INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE LATER)

MEN AND BOYS SPENT THE DAYS CATCHING UNLIMITED SMALL TROUT AND LARGE DOSES OF POISON OAK. WOMEN FUSSED OVER SMOKY CAMPFIRE FRYING HUGE PANS OF FISH AND TRYING TO BAKE BREAD IN DUTCH OVENS. FOR RECREATION THESE LADIES DUG THE ABUNDANT MAIDEN-HAIR AND FIVE-FINGER FERNS, TRANSPLANTING THEM TEMPORARILY INTO OLD WASHTUBS BROUGHT ALONG FOR THAT PURPOSE. IT SEEMED TO ME A LADY'S SOCIAL STATUS IN THOSE DAYS WAS DETERMINED BY THE NUMBER OF STEVENS CREEK FERNS DECORATING HER SCREEN PORCH.

A CAMPING TRIP WAS A DELIGHTFUL ESCAPE FOR THE SMALL BOY, THANKS TO THAT "TOO COLD CRICK" BATH WATER. CAME BEDTIME, WE SIMPLY TOOK OFF OUR SHOES AND HATS BEFORE CRAWLING UNDER THE QUILTS WITH OUR FAMILY DOG AND HIS WOOD TICKS. SLEEP WAS IMMEDIATE AND OUR DREAMS ONLY OCCASIONALLY DISTURBED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR NIGHTMARE.

PURE HAPPINESS IS SOMETHING WE CAN'T EXPLAIN BUT SUCH CHILDHOOD ADVENTURE IS OUR CLOSEST APPROACH.

THESE WERE A SMALL BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF RURAL STEVENS CREEK ROAD WHEN IT WAS A ROAD, -NOT A "BOULEVARD"! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO LOWER ITS PRESENT STATUS NOR DO I CRAVE "RETURN". YET IF WE COULD ONLY BE GRANTED ONE REQUEST!

IF, BY SOME SUPERNATURAL POWER, WE COULD BRING BACK A GROUP OF LONG DEPARTED WEST SIDE PIONEERS AND LEAD THEM, BLINDFOLDED TO THE CORNER OF WINCHESTER AND STEVENS CREEK BOULEVARDS AT THE HOUR OF 5 P.M.! THEN REMOVE THEIR BLINDFOLDS AND LISTEN. WHAT WOULD THEY SAY?



FURFKA !



STRANGE HOW MEMORIES OF YOUTHFUL EMBARRASSING MOMENTS KEEP CROPPING UP IN LATER YEARS.

THE FRUIT HARVEST WAS THE MAIN SOURCE OF EARNING PIN MONEY FOR YOUNGSTERS. THIS WAS USUALLY SPENT FOR AMUSEMENTS, TOYS, SOME CLOTHES AND IF A BANNER YEAR, BICYCLES. NOT ONLY WAS THE FRUIT AN ECONOMIC ADVANTAGE BUT IT PROVIDED US WITH MANY A HILARIOUS SUMMER.

APRICOTS WERE FIRST CUT IN HALF, PITTED, SPREAD ON TRAYS, SULPHURED AND PLACED ON THE DRYING YARD TO SUN DRY BEFORE THEY HIT THE MARKET.

HOW WE ANTICIPATED THE APRICOT SEASON AND OUR "CUTTIN' SHED JOB"! USUALLY THE ORCHARDISTS HIRED SCHOOL CHILDREN ALONG WITH A FEW ELDERS PLACED IN STRATEGIC POSITION TO CURB OUR EXUBERANCE.

WE WERE PAID 8¢ A BOX AND THE FRUIT BOXES WERE DOLED OUT TO US JUST AS THEY CAME OFF THE ORCHARD TRUCK, ELIMINATING PARTIALITY. THE LARGER THE APRICOTS, THE QUICKER WE COULD FINISH CUTTING A BOX OF "COTS". IF YOU WERE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO DRAW A FIFTY POUND BOX OF "MARBLER" IT WAS A TRAGIC SITUATION REQUIRING SEVERAL HOURS FOR COMPLETION. FURTHERMORE THE VICTIM OFTEN BECAME THE OBJECT OF RIDICULE OR PITY, DEPENDING ON MOOD OF US WITNESSING "IMPS OF SATAN".

THE ELDER (SOMETIMES CALLED FORELADY OR BOSS) ASSIGNED TO OUR LIVELY SECTION WAS MISS PEABODY, A LONE, NEIGHBOR SPINSTER. WE OFTEN WONDERED HOW SHE MANAGED TO BUTTON HER SHOES AS SHE WAS SO

EXTREMELY SHORT, WEIGHING OVER 200 POUNDS. SHE EVEN HAD DIFFICULTY GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE FRUIT TRAY TO SPREAD HER APRICOTS.

THIS DID NOT MELLOW HER DIGNITY OR RESULT IN AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX! PRIM AND PURITANICAL IN A SUPERIOR MANNER, SHE FROWNED ON IDLE CHATTER, PUNS AND PRACTICAL JOKES AND HER SENSE OF HUMOR WAS TOTALLY LACKING. JUST ONE OF THOSE PIERCING, PENETRATING LOOKS WAS SUFFICIENT TO RESTORE ORDER. WE WERE AFRAID OF HER IN A HIDDEN, DISRESPECTFUL MANNER. WOULD NOTHING EVER HAPPEN TO "RUFFLE HER FEATHERS?"

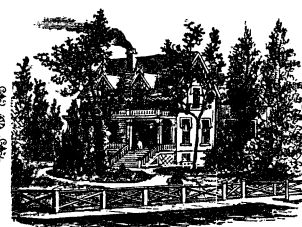
THEN CAME THE *HAPPY DAY*, (THAT IS, HAPPY FOR US.) MISS PEABODY DREW A BOX OF APRICOTS SO SMALL THEY COULD HARDLY QUALIFY AS EVEN MARBLE SIZE! SHE SAID NOTHING, MAINTAINING A STOIC, FACIAL EXPRESSION. EACH URCHIN WAS BUSY AND OBSERVANT AS A ONE-EYED CAT WATCHING TWO RAT HOLES. FINALLY AT ABOUT THE END OF TWO HOURS WE DETECTED PERSPIRATION ON HER AUSTERE BROW. IT WAS THEN SHE PAINFULLY BENT OVER AS FAR AS HER OBESITY WOULD ALLOW AND PEERED HOPEFULLY INTO THE BOX OF INCREDIBLY SMALL FRUIT. REGAINING HER COMPOSURE AND BALANCE AND WITH A RARE BUT TRIUMPHANT SMILE, SHE LOUDLY PROCLAIMED,—

"THANK HEAVENS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I DO BELIEVE I CAN AT LAST SEE PART OF MY *BOTTOM*!"

(OH, HAPPY DAY!)



Memory Lane



TROLL WITH ME DOWN MEMORY LANE. FOR THE NOSTALGIC READER THESE BOYISH RECOLLECTIONS MAY HAVE A FAMILIAR RING. FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION THEY COULD FURNISH A GLIMPSE OR A SNIFF OF TRUE OLD VALLEY "ATMOSPHERE".

I REMEMBER MOTHER'S ENTHUSIASM SHARED BY HER HOT-KITCHEN-STOVE FRIENDS OVER PURCHASE OF A "FIRELESS COOKER". THEN THERE WAS THE "EGG LAYIN' SEASON," WHEN WE BROUGHT UP THE POTTERY CROCKS AND "WATER GLASS" FROM THE BASEMENT TO PRESERVE THE "HEN FRUIT." I THOUGHT THE RESULTING EMBALMED EGGS WERE FOUL BUT MOTHER MAINTAINED IT WAS JUST MY IMAGINATION. YOU COULDN'T BEAT THOSE FRESH, BROWNISH EGGS FROM RHODE ISLAND REDS OR PLYMOUTH ROCKS. THEY WERE "RICHER" TASTING THAN THOSE "INSIPID" WHITE EGGS FROM WHITE LEGHORNS, OR SO ARGUED THE TWO POULTRY-WISE SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT.

MOTHER HAD A SPECIAL TALENT FOR IMPROVISING FOOD, NECESSITATED BY DOMESTIC EMERGENCIES. WHEN UNEXPECTED MEAL TIME GUESTS HOVE IN SIGHT SHE COULD ESTIMATE THE EXACT AMOUNT REQUIRED AND QUICKLY ADD MORE CARROTS, POTATOES AND ONIONS TO THE SIMMERING STEW. SHE RESLICED THE APPLE PIE OR CAKE TO FIT THE CROWD, PUNCHED OUT THE BISCUIT DOUGH WITH A SMALLER JELLY GLASS OR OPENED ANOTHER MASON JAR OF TOMATOES OR PICCALILLI.

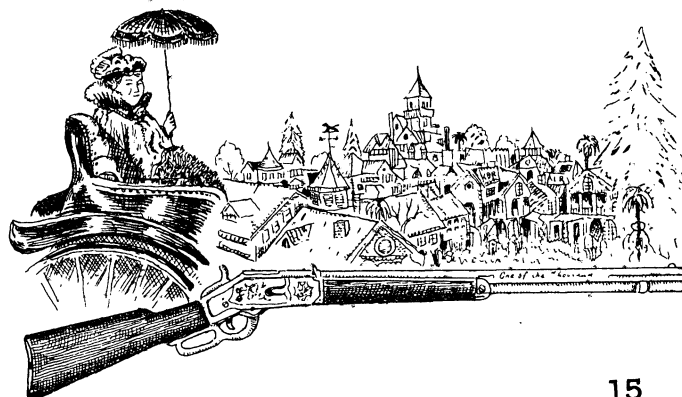
I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE TANTALIZING AROMA OF HER POUNDED ROUND STEAK AND COUNTRY GRAVY! BUTCHER-WAGON STEAK WAS NOT "CORN FED" OR "TENDERIZED." IT WAS TOUGH. IT PROBABLY CAME FROM SOME QUITE AGED, NON-PRODUCTIVE FAMILY COW. BUT MOTHER, WITH KITCHEN MAGIC, PRODUCED GOURMET DELIGHTS. SHE WOULD SLAP THE STEAK ON A BREAD-

BOARD, BEAT IT SAVAGELY WITH A CARPENTER'S HAMMER AND THEN CUT IT INTO BITE SIZE CHUNKS. SEASONING IT WITH SALT AND PEPPER, THE MEAT WAS FRIED IN DEEP FAT IN A HEAVY BLACK IRON FRYING PAN UNTIL CRISP AND BROWN. LATER THE FLOUR AND SWEET MILK WERE ADDED TO THE DRIPINGS STIRRING THEM IN WITH NEVER A LUMP. THIS THICK, REAL COUNTRY GRAVY FLOATING WITH DELICIOUS CUBES OF MEAT ON HOME MADE BREAD! FOR THE VEGETARIAN READER I COULD ELABORATE ON HER FRESH MUSTARD GREENS BUT I STILL HATE MUSTARD GREENS.



MOTHER WAS PRESIDENT OF THE WEST SIDE (CUPERTINO) LADIES AID SOCIETY. EACH YEAR THEY HAD A CLOTHING DRIVE FOR THE NEEDY, SPECIALLY CHILDREN. AS A VERY SMALL BOY, I REMEMBER SARAH WINCHESTER (YES, OF THE MYSTERY HOUSE) DRIVING UP TO OUR CHURCH STEPS IN HER CARRIAGE WITH LIVERIED COACHMAN. HE WOULD CARRY A LARGE HAMPER INTO THE CHURCH HALL AND THEN QUICKLY LEAVE.

THIS HAMPER WAS ALWAYS FILLED WITH A HUGE ASSORTMENT OF BRAND NEW CHILDRENS' CLOTHING SPECIALLY PURCHASED FOR THIS DRIVE! MRS. WINCHESTER CONTINUED SUCH ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHES (TO ALL DENOMINATIONS) DURING ALL HER THIRTY YEARS IN THE VALLEY. THIS WAS ONLY ONE OF HER MANY UNKNOWN CHARITIES. YES, SHE WAS PECULIAR, SHY AND RETIRING, BUT THIS WRITER CLAIMS SHE WAS ONE OF THE OLD VALLEY'S FINEST LADIES.



MANY YEARS LATER THE NAME WINCHESTER CAME INTO MY LIFE AGAIN. MY UNCLE EDWARD, THE FIRST WEST COAST AGENT FOR WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., WAS ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNEW THE "MYSTERIOUS" SARAH WINCHESTER AND, AS HER BUSINESS AGENT, ALWAYS ENJOYED ENTRANCE TO HER PALATIAL MONSTROSITY. (AT LEAST IT MUST HAVE BEEN ENJOYABLE SUPPLYING THAT FREE-SPENDING, GENEROUS DOWAGER WITH STEADY INCOME OF \$1000 PER DAY!)

IN 1873 THE WINCHESTER COMPANY MADE ONE THOUSAND SUPERLATIVE, PERFECT 44 CALIBER RIFLES EACH WITH "*One of One Thousand*" ENGRAVED ON THE BARREL. THESE FAMOUS GUNS WERE GIVEN TO EXECUTIVES AND NOTABLES. UNCLE EDWARD GAVE DAD ONE OF THESE. WHY, I DON'T KNOW BECAUSE DAD NOW HUNTED NOTHING LARGER THAN A GOPHER. I DON'T BELIEVE HE EVER KNEW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BARREL INSCRIPTION. FOR 50 YEARS IT GATHERED DUST AND RUST.

AROUND 1950, LONG AFTER DAD WAS GONE, JIMMY STEWART STARRED IN A POPULAR MOVIE, "WINCHESTER 73." ABOUT THE SAME TIME THE WINCHESTER COMPANY CONDUCTED A NATIONAL SEARCH TRYING TO DISCOVER HOW MANY OF THOSE "*One of One Thousands*" WERE STILL IN EXISTENCE. IMMEDIATELY ANTIQUE GUN COLLECTORS BEGAN FRANTIC SEARCH FOR THIS PARTICULARLY RARE ITEM.

REMEMBERING THE RIFLE UNCLE ED GAVE TO DAD, AFTER SEEING ABOVE MOVIE, I HURRIED HOME AND FOUND THE OLD WEAPON. WITH TREMBLING HANDS I BRUSHED AND SCRUBBED THE BARREL. THAT LINE OF FINE ENGRAVED SCRIPT SLOWLY CAME TO LIGHT, "*One of One Thousand*"! ABOUT THIRTY OF THESE RIFLES WERE FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES. PHOTO AND SERIAL NUMBER OF MINE WAS AUTHENTICATED BY THE WINCHESTER COMPANY.

DURING A FINANCIAL CRISIS IN 1952 AND WITH REGRET SINCE, I SOLD THE RIFLE. THE PRICE, NEARING FOUR FIGURES, SATISFIED MY EMERGENCY AS WELL AS FULFILLING THE CHERISHED DREAM OF A LOCAL COLLECTOR.



DAD'S DRAMATIC PRODUCTION OF HIS SEMI-ANNUAL LETTER TO HIS SISTER "WAY-BACK-EAST" ENTERTAINED MOTHER AND ME THROUGHOUT THE YEARS. IT WAS SUCH A STRUGGLE FOR HIM

AND YET HE NEVER DEVIATED FROM THIS RITUAL.



FIRST HE METHODICALLY ASSEMBLED HIS TOOLS. NEXT HE STIRRED THE INK BOTTLE, SCRAPED THE RUSTY, CORRODED PEN POINT CAREFULLY AND FINALLY TURNED UP THE COAL-OIL LAMP WICK FOR ACTION. HIS BROWS, GATHERED IN SEVERE LINES, SUGGESTED AN ATTITUDE OF DEEP THOUGHT. HIS ARM BEGAN LONG FLOURISHING MOVEMENTS ACCOMPANIED BY AN OCCASIONAL LOW, HEART RENDING GROAN. HE DID WRITE A BEAUTIFUL ELABORATE SCRIPT, A QUITE COMMON ACCOMPLISHMENT IN THOSE DAYS.

YES, THE LETTER INVARIABLY STARTED WITH THE "I TAKE MY PEN IN HAND TO LET YOU KNOW"; JUST WHAT, WE NEVER COULD FIGURE. AND AS YOU MIGHT SUSPECT, BE WE WELL, SICK OR DYING, THE EPISTLE ALWAYS WOUND UP WITH THAT "WE ARE ALL WELL AND HOPE YOU ARE THE SAME".

AN ENTIRE EVENING PRODUCED ONLY ONE PAGE SIGNED WITH A GRAND FINALE FLOURISH AND A LOUD GROAN OF RELIEF. DAD HAD JUST COMPLETED HIS LABORIOUS SEMI-ANNUAL DUTY. NOW HE COULD RELAX AGAIN FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS.



RURAL LIFE ALSO HAD ITS DRAMA! HOW WELL I STILL REMEMBER THE DAY THAT DAD DECIDED TO SHOOT PRINCE, OUR HORSE, BECAUSE "HE WAS SO CONFOUNDED OLD AND NO ACCOUNT." MOM AND I HAD SHARED THAT OPINION FOR YEARS BUT WE BALKED AT THIS PRE-MEDITATED BARN YARD MURDER. FOR ONCE DAD PREVAILED.

DAD DUG A GRAVE BIG ENOUGH TO BURY AN ELEPHANT. IT REQUIRED TWO DAYS DIGGING IN OUR STICKY, BLUE ADOBE. I RECALL HE HAD TO USE A PICK.

WITH THE PRELIMINARIES COMPLETED HE GOT OUT THAT RUSTY OLD WINCHESTER 44 RIFLE,

"THE GUN THAT WON THE WEST." THEN HE FOUND SOME VERY ANCIENT AMMUNITION. THE BRASS CARTRIDGES WERE SO OLD THEY WERE COVERED WITH GREEN CORROSION. I DONT KNOW WHY BUT MOM AND I FOLLOWED TO THE GRAVE.



DAD MADE QUITE A CEREMONY OF THIS TRAGIC AFFAIR. HE EVEN BLINDFOLDED PRINCE WITH HIS RED BANDANA. MOM COVERED HER FACE WITH HER APRON. I TURNED MY HEAD. WE HEARD A CLICK, FOLLOWED BY MORE FAST CLICKS AND THEN SEVERAL SHORT BLASPHEMOUS WORDS WE DIDN'T KNOW DAD HAD IN HIS VOCABULARY! FINALLY WE UNCOVERED OUR EYES. DAD WAS LEADING PRINCE BACK TO THE BARN! PRINCE LIVED FOR MORE YEARS THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER.

WE NEVER OWNED AN AUTOMOBILE OR A TRACTOR. MOM ARGUED THAT AT LEAST "THEY DIDN'T STAND IN THE BARN EATING THEIR HEADS OFF WHEN THEY WEREN'T WORKING." DAD'S REBUTTAL TO THIS ARGUMENT WAS THE POPULAR RETORT OF THE DAY, "NEITHER OF THESE MACHINES WOULD EVER BE PERFECTED." AS A CLINCHER, HE ADDED, "WHEN A HORSE WASN'T WORKING, AT LEAST HE WAS PRODUCING GOOD ORCHARD FERTILIZER, AND LET A TRACTOR OR AUTOMOBILE MATCH THAT!"

TWENTY TO THIRTY INCH RAINFALL IN WINTER WERE NOT UNCOMMON FIFTY YEARS AGO. CREEKS RAN HIGH AND SWIFT BENEATH NARROW WOODEN BRIDGES. WE YOUNGSTERS STOOD ON THE BRIDGE RAILINGS WITH SHARPENED IRON SPEARS, "SPEARIN' WINTER WOOD FOR OUR FOLKS." WE WERE UTTERLY UNAWARE OF DANGER.

UNAPPRECIATIVE PARENTS OFTEN "TANNED OUR HIDES" FOR THIS DARING SPORT BUT IT WAS GREAT FUN THANKS TO THAT GUARDIAN ANGEL OF SMALL BOYS! WE SPEARED OLD LUMBER, LOGS, BARRELS, FIVE GALLON OIL CANS, CHICKEN COOPS, ANYTHING SMALLER THAN AN ERRANT BOBBING "BACKHOUSE" OR HOG PEN; IN FACT EVERYTHING BUT WINTER FIREWOOD FOR OUR FOLKS.

AS MY THOUGHTS WANDER BACK I CAN STILL SEE MR. PARRISH, COUNTRY BUTCHER AND HIS TEAM OF

HORSES PULLING THE CANVAS COVERED WAGON WITH A HIGHLY APPROPRIATE BULL'S HEAD PAINTED ON THE SIDE. HE CALLED ONCE A WEEK AND WAS OUR ONLY SOURCE OF FRESH MEAT, -WELL, FAIRLY FRESH MEAT. STEPPING DOWN, HE WOULD WALK TO THE BACK END OF THE WAGON AND IN HIS USUAL CORDIAL MANNER TOOK OUR ORDER. THERE WAS SUCH A DRAMATIC IMPORTANCE ATTACHED TO THE MEAT CUTTING. HE SLICED THE ROUND STEAK FROM A HUGE LEG OF BEEF (OR COW), SLAPPED IT ON THE SWINGING SCALES AND MURMURED IN AN APOLOGETIC VOICE, "ABOUT TWO BITS WORTH."



MOTHER, MYSELF, CATS, DOGS AND FLIES WOULD GATHER ROUND HIS PORTABLE MEAT MARKET. OF COURSE HE STOPPED SLICING HALFWAY AND SAWED THROUGH THE ROUND CENTER BONE, ONE WITH RICH MARROW IN THE CENTER, REAL TASTY WHEN FRIED. BOLOGNA AND WEENIES WERE HANDED OUT GRATIS TO SMALL BOYS. SOMETIMES LIVER WAS FREE BUT I HATED LIVER. STILL DO.



THEN THERE WAS THE FISH PEDDLER, OLD JOE, A LITTLE ROTUND MAN WITH FACE AS RUDDY AS A WINTER APPLE. HE DROVE WHAT WE TODAY WOULD TERM A "COMPACT," A SMALL, BOX-LIKE CONVEYANCE DRAWN BY A PONY SIZE, PATHETIC HORSE. HIS TRADEMARK, A BLOATED LEVIATHAN, WAS PAINTED ON SIDES OF HIS WAGON. AS HE APPROACHED OUR HOUSE HE WOULD GIVE OUT WITH A SERIES OF GABRIEL BLASTS ON HIS LONG TIN TRUMPET. ONE TOOT WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT. ON HOT SUMMER DAYS THAT BIG CAKE OF ICE MELTED EARLY IN THE MORNING. WE COULD SMELL HIM COMING. SO COULD OUR CATS.




NICKEL BASEBALLS LOOKED, WHEN NEW, EXACTLY SAME AS THE PROFESSIONAL "DOLLAR AND A QUARTER." HOWEVER, ONE GOOD SWAT AND WE HAD AN EGG-SHAPED BALL LEAKING SAWDUST. SO MOST OF OUR BASEBALLS WERE HOMEMADE. BY STARTING WITH A ROUND ROCK THE

SIZE OF A GOLF BALL, YOU WRAPPED AND WRAPPED OLD SALVAGED STRING UNTIL YOU REACHED THE "BIG LEAGUE" SIZE. THIS WAS FINISHED OFF BY COVERING IT WITH A FIVE CENT ROLL OF BICYCLE TAPE. THIS BALL LASTED INDEFINITELY. THEY WERE HEAVY, HARD AS A ROCK AND PRACTICALLY A LETHAL WEAPON.

I RECALL ONE CRUCIAL MOMENT IN A COW PASTURE BALL GAME. SOME NEIGHBOR'S GENTLE OLD BOSSY WAS GRAZING IN SHORT CENTER FIELD. I WAS AT BAT AND CONNECTED SOLIDLY WITH ONE OF THESE HOME MADE BASEBALLS. BOSSY CAUGHT IT SQUARELY BETWEEN THE EYES AND TOOK IT FOR A KNOCKOUT. OTHERWISE I'M SURE THE SWAT WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR A HOME RUN. INSTEAD I SETTLED FOR A RUN HOME!


I WANTED TO BE A CARTOONIST AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER. I LIKED TO DRAW AND WAS INTRIGUED WITH THE ENTICING CORRESPONDENCE COURSES ADVERTISED IN THOSE DAYS. THIS WAS A TYPICAL HEADING:



YOU MAY HAVE TALENT!
DRAW ME | CARTOONISTS MAKE
AND SEE | \$50.00 PER WEEK!

I ENROLLED IN A CORRESPONDENCE CARTOON COURSE AS A TEENAGER. THE "SCHOOL" WAS ACTUALLY ONE MAN, A RETIRED, FAMOUS CARTOONIST. WITH EACH DRAWING LESSON, HE RETURNED IT WITH HIS PERSONAL CRITICISMS. IN ADDITION HE DREW COUNTLESS LITTLE BORDER ILLUSTRATIONS FOR FURTHER GUIDANCE. THE TOTAL COST OF THE COURSE WAS \$ 25 FOR 25 LESSONS. THAT WAS FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. COMPARE THAT TUITION COST WITH TODAYS AND REMEMBER THAT MY TUTOR WAS CONSIDERED TOPS IN HIS PROFESSION.

I SUPPOSE MANY OF US YOUNGSTERS VERGED ON THE DELINQUENT. AS MY MOTHER TERMED IT, WE WERE "JUST PLAIN ORNERY." WE SMOKED DRY PRUNE OR WALNUT LEAF CIGARETTES OR, WITH MANLY PUFFS, VAINLY TRIED TO KEEP A STALK OF DRIED SWEET ANISE AGLOW. (WHAT READER REMEMBERS "CUBEBS"?)



DURING THE PRUNE HARVEST, USUALLY ON DARK NIGHTS, WE BOYS GANGED UP AND THREW ADOBE CLODS AT CHINESE COOLIE PRUNE-PICKER CAMPS. THEY LIVED IN MAKESHIFT SHELTERS OF UPRIGHT, WOODEN DRYING TRAYS. A WELL DIRECTED HIT RESULTED IN A SATISFYING CRASH.

THIS WOULD BE FOLLOWED BY AN EXCITED CHORUS OF MAD CHINESE WORDS SO BITTERLY VITUPERATIVE THEY NEEDED NO TRANSLATION!

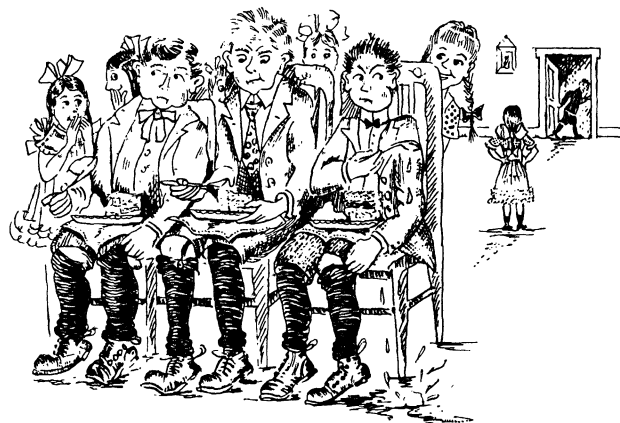
ON VALENTINE'S DAY WE BOUGHT THOSE HIDEOUS COLORED ONE SHEET CARTOONS CALLED "PENNY AWFULS" WITH AN INSULTING VERSE. WE INTENDED THEM TO MATCH OUR VICTIM'S PERSONALITY. LOOKING BACK, I REALIZE WHAT A THOUGHTLESS, CRUEL PRANK IT WAS. YOUNGSTERS NOWADAYS HAVE MORE SENSE, I TRUST.

WE SHOT BIRDS, CHICKENS, CATS AND GENTLE FAMILY COWS WITH OUR SLING SHOTS AND DAISY AIR RIFLES. IF WE COULD AFFORD A 22 RIFLE WE SHOT HOLES IN THE REDWOOD STAVED WATER WAGON SUPPLY TANKS SPACED ALONG STEVENS CREEK ROAD. THERE WERE FEW UNBROKEN (OBSOLETE) GREEN GLASS INSULATORS ON THE TELEPHONE POLE CROSS PIECES.

WE HAD NO SUPERVISED "PLANNED ACTIVITIES." AND YET THE LONG SUMMER DAYS WERE ALL TOO SHORT FOR OUR NUMEROUS PROJECTS OR, AS MY MOTHER MIGHT HAVE APTLY EXPRESSED IT, "PURE DEVILMENT!"

WE DUG PIRATE CAVES IN THE CLAY BANKS, OF THE DRY CREEKS AND BURIED OUR "TREASURE." IF POOLS REMAINED IN THE CREEKS AFTER THE WINTER RUN OFF, WE SCOOPED UP BARLEY SACKS OF STRANDED SUCKERS AND TROUT, PRESENTING THEM PROUDLY TO OUR DISTRACTED MOTHERS. WE MADE POP-GUNS AND WHISTLES FROM ELDERBERRY OR WILLOW. WE MADE BOLAS, SORT OF A DAVID & GOLIATH SLING WITH A ROCK ATTACHED TO EACH END OF A LONG CORD. IT COULD DELIGHTFULLY COIL AROUND TELEPHONE WIRES, WINDMILL FANS AND COWS' LEGS.

BOYS AND GIRL PARTIES WERE TO BE AVOIDED.



THEY JUST WEREN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE! SUCH AS TAKING AN OFF-SCHEDULE BATH IN MIDDLE OF THE WEEK

AND DRESSING IN STIFF STARCHED CLOTHES! OUR SHORT PANTS NEVER MET THOSE LONG BLACK RIBBED STOCKINGS. JUST IMAGINE US ON A HORSEHAIR SOFA, DISH BALANCED ON OUR KNEES, TRYING TO SPOON HARD ICECREAM AND TUGGING AT THOSE SHORT PANTS TO HIDE OUR CREEPING WHITE DRAWERS! THEN "SURE AS SHOOTIN'" ALONG ABOUT THE SHANK OF THE EVENING (9:30 P.M.) SOME ROMANTIC 'BABY DOLL' WOULD WANT US ALL TO PLAY "POST OFFICE"! (QUICK, BOYS, OUT THE BACKDOOR!)

LIZARD LASSOING, ONCE A POPULAR SPORT, WAS ONE OF MY FAVORITE RECREATIONS. LIZARDS ARE STILL ABUNDANT IN THE VALLEY TODAY JUST AS THEY WERE FIFTY YEARS AGO YET THIS EXCITING PASTIME IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

FIRST, YOU STRIP THE GREEN (OR DRY) GRAIN KERNELS PODS FROM A LONG STEM OF WILD OATS OR BARLEY. THIS LEAVES ONE TOUGH, TAPERED, HAIR-LIKE STRAND ON THE END OF THE STALK. TIE AN OLD-FASHIONED SLIP-KNOT NOOSE ON THE DELICATE END AND BE SURE IT SLIPS EASILY.

NOW YOU ARE READY FOR ACTION. CAMOUFLAGED BY NATURE, THE LIZARD LIES MOTIONLESS, SUNNING HIMSELF ON SOME FENCE OR ROCK. IN INDIAN FASHION, SNEAK UP ON HIM SLOWLY AND SILENTLY. CAUTIOUSLY AND STILL SLOWLY, REACH OUT AND GENTLY SLIP NOOSE OVER LIZARD'S HEAD FOLLOWED BY A QUICK JERK. YOU WILL HAVE A DELIGHTFULLY WRIGGLING "BLUE BELLY" ON YOUR "POLE." WHILE OUR VALLEY LIZARDS ARE DRAB IN APPEARANCE NATURE HAS COMPENSATED THEM WITH A BRILLIANT BLUE BELLY. YOU WILL NEED TO PRACTICE STEALTH BUT IT CAN BE A SURPRISING "ACCOMPLISHMENT."

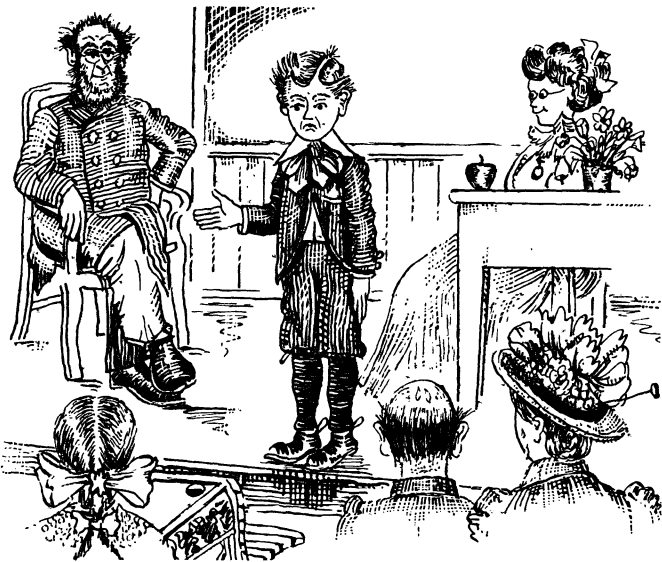


OF COURSE WE EVENTUALLY FREED THE OFTEN SLIGHTLY "SHOP WORN" LIZARD. BUT WE HAD BEEN AMPLY REPAID WITH SCREAMS OF LITTLE GIRLS OR CONSTERNATION OF TEACHER IN FINDING A "BLUE BELLY" IN HER DESK!

NOW EMPLOYING ONE OF MY "GAME" GRAND DAUGHTERS AS AN EXCUSE, I STILL INDULGE IN "LIZARD CATCHIN'!" SHE REACTS WITH SAME ENTHUSIASM I DID OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO.

TRY IT SOMETIME AND YOU WILL FIND THE YEARS WILL LIFT WITH THE LIZARD!

TIME PLAYS TRICKS WITH AN OLDSTER'S MEMORIES. WE CAN FORGET WHAT WE SAID OR DID A WEEK AGO! WE CAN STUMBLE THROUGH THE TWENTYTHIRD PSALM. WE MUFF A WORD IN ALLEGIANCE TO OUR FLAG. WE OFTEN FUMBLE A LINE OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. AND YET ONE OF US MIGHT REMEMBER EVERY WORD OF THAT OVERWORKED LITTLE POEM WE RECITED IN THE SECOND GRADE OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO. REMEMBER WHEN.....? LAST DAY OF SCHOOL, DOYLE SCHOOL, NOW BURIED UNDER AN EIGHT LANE FREEWAY.



BEFORE PROUD BUT NERVOUS PARENTS, FIDGETY, SWEATY, BUG-EYED, WE, (AND HOW MANY OTHERS?) BLURTED THIS OUT:

"YOU'D SCARCE EXPECT ONE OF MY AGE
TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC ON THE STAGE,
BUT IF I CHANCE TO FALL BELOW
DEMOSTHENES OR CICERO, (WE ALWAYS MESSED THIS LINE)
DON'T VIEW ME WITH A CRITIC'S EYE,
BUT PASS MY IMPERFECTIONS BY,
LARGE STREAMS FROM LITTLE FOUNTAINS FLOW,
TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW,
AND THOUGH I AM NOW SMALL AND YOUNG,
YET ALL GREAT LEARNED MEN, — LIKE ME,
ONCE LEARNED TO READ THEIR A, B, C's."

AND SO CAN END ONE OF OUR SHORT EXCURSIONS DOWN MEMORY LANE. FORTUNATE ARE WE WHO CAN RETRACE OUR CHILDHOOD STEPS WITH PLEASURE AND YET RETURN TO ENJOY THE AMAZING SURPRISES OF THIS PRESENT DAY.



Pioneer's Requiem



AN OLD CUSTOM, NOW OUTDATED, WAS CALLED "SITTING UP WITH THE DECEASED." MY EXPERIENCE WITH THIS PRACTICE INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING:

OUR NEIGHBOR, MR. CRAWFORD WAS DEAD. MR. CRAWFORD HAD PLANTED HIS FORTY ACRES OF FRUIT BEFORE TURN OF THE CENTURY AND LIVED TO ENJOY THE HARVEST. HE WAS VERY OLD. NOW HIS NEIGHBORS PAID HIM HOMAGE.

INSTEAD OF RESTING IN A FUNERAL HOME, HE LAY IN HIS COFFIN IN A TYPICAL FRONT PARLOR, A ROOM NEITHER DESIGNED FOR COMFORT OR PLEASURE. IT'S SOLEMNITY WAS ACCENTUATED BY CUSTOMARY FURNISHINGS; DRAWN SHADES, PORTRAITS OF STERN LOOKING RELATIVES, HORSE HAIR SOFA, WHATNOT AND THE MARBLE TOP TABLE WITH BIBLE, FAMILY ALBUM AND STEREOPTICAN VIEWER. IT'S AUSTERITY WAS FURTHER MARKED BY A SEEMINGLY DEPRESSING, MUSTY, FUNEREAL ODOR.

DAD LIT THE COAL OIL LANTERN, MOTHER TOOK OFF HER APRON AND COVERED HER SHOULDERS AND HEAD WITH A PAISLEY SHAWL. CLUTCHING DAD'S HAND IN A TIGHT GRIP, WE THREE TOOK A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE ORCHARD TO THE CRAWFORDS. IT WAS A COLD, WINDY, WINTER NIGHT AND A THIN NEW MOON CAST DANCING, GHOSTLY SHADOWS THROUGH THE BARE PRUNE TREES. THEIR LEAFLESS BRANCHES, WHIPPED BY THE WIND, LOOKED LIKE BONEY SKELETON HANDS GROPING FOR SMALL BOYS. WE DODGED A BAT. IN THE DISTANCE A DOG HOWLED.

WHEN WE ARRIVED, MOTHER PRESENTED HER CAKE AND OFFERED A FEW WORDS OF COMFORT TO MRS. CRAWFORD. THEN WE SCURRIED HOME. DAD REMAINED TO "SIT UP WITH MR. CRAWFORD." I THINK HE TRULY ENJOYED THIS GRIM DUTY. HE RELATED SUCH EVENTS AS THIS OVER THE YEARS TO US WITH APPARENT RELISH.

THE MEN GATHERED AT A TABLE IN THE KITCHEN DISCUSSING IN SOFTLY REVERENT TONES THE MANY VIRTUES OF THE DECEASED. OCCASIONALLY SOMEONE

CHANGED THE SUBJECT, CONDEMNING THE PRICE OF PRUNES OR DEPLORING THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. THE SINGLE LIT COAL OIL LAMP CAST EERIE SHADOWS ACROSS THE ROOM.

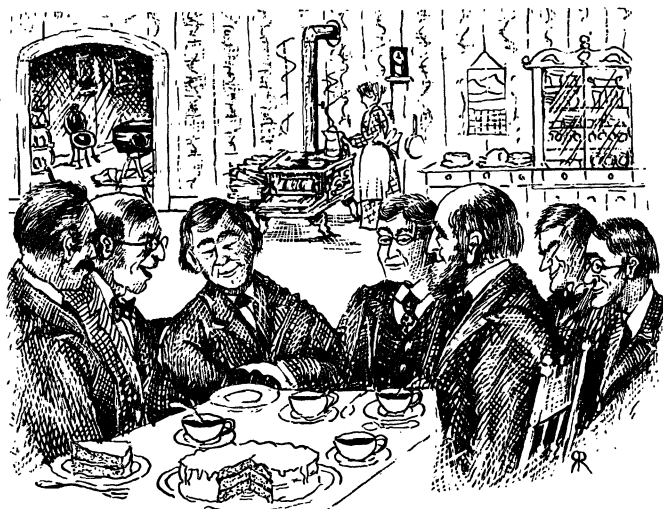
MARTHA CRAWFORD, A SENSIBLE WIDOW, KEPT THE COFFEE POT BOILING SUPPLEMENTING WITH THE CUSTOMARY VAST FOOD SELECTION SENT BY KIND NEIGHBORS. NO COOKING WAS EVER NECESSARY FOR DAYS. DAD SAID "THIS TIME THE WIDOW GOT FOUR CHOCOLATE CAKES AND THREE BOILED HAMS."

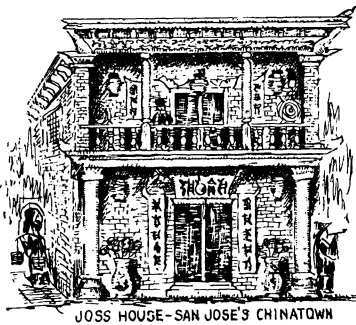
AT INTERVALS THE MEN WOULD TIPTOE DUTIFULLY, ONE AT A TIME, INTO THE PARLOR TO LOOK AT OLD MR. CRAWFORD REPOSING IN HIS COFFIN ON THE TWO SAWHORSES. RETURNING, THEY NODDED REASSURINGLY.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKED AWAY THE SLOW HOURS. THE OIL BURNED LOW IN THE FLICKERING LAMP WITH BLACKENED CHIMNEY. SOMEONE AROSE AND CRAMMED ANOTHER STICK OF WOOD IN THE ALREADY RED HOT STOVE. MR. CRAWFORD'S HOUND DOG GOT UP IN DISGUST AND MOVED INTO THE PARLOR UNDER HIS OLD MASTER. AT LEAST IT WAS COOLER THERE.

QUIETNESS SETTLED OVER THIS HOUSE OF MOURNING BROKEN ONLY BY THE DESOLATE HOOTING OF AN OWL IN THE NEARBY VALLEY OAK. GOOD FARMERS' HEADS BEGAN TO NOD. NOW IT WAS ALMOST AS PEACEFUL IN THE KITCHEN AS IN THE QUIET PARLOR.

SUCH WAS "SITTING UP WITH MR. CRAWFORD," TYPICAL FARMERS' REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD.





JOSS HOUSE-SAN JOSE'S CHINATOWN

SAN JOSE'S CATHAY



XX

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SAN FRANCISCO, SAN JOSE HAD THE SECOND LARGEST CHINATOWN IN THE COUNTRY, ORIGINATING ON JACKSON AND 4TH STREET EXTENDING SEVERAL BLOCKS EAST. NONE OF THE ORIGINAL CHINESE ARE NOW LEFT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. IT IS MAINLY OCCUPIED TODAY BY JAPANESE-AMERICANS AND LIGHT INDUSTRY.

THIS PICTURESQUE SECTION WITH ITS ORIENTAL STYLE ARCHITECTURE AND COLOR WAS A CITY WITHIN A CITY AND CONTRIBUTED MORE THAN ITS SHARE OF LOCAL INTEREST AND LEGEND TO OUR GROWING COMMUNITY. TO A SMALL BOY IT WAS AN EXCITING PANORAMA OF A MYSTERIOUS FOREIGN WAY OF LIFE.

HERE THEY PRACTISED MANY OF THEIR ANCIENT CUSTOMS INCLUDING RITUALISTIC CELEBRATIONS, FIREWORKS, GAMBLING, JOSS HOUSE FOR WORSHIP AND ORGANIZED TONG WARFARE WITH ACCOMPANYING STREET BATTLES AS LATE AS 1923. IMPORTED CHINESE FOODS AND DRINKS WERE PLENTIFUL ALONG WITH IMPORTED OPIUM, STRANGELY TOLERATED BY OUR LOCAL GENDARMES.

NATIVE COSTUMES WERE WIDE PANTALOONS BARELY REACHING THE ANKLES TOPPED WITH AN EQUALLY WIDE AND SHAPELESS BLOUSE OF THIS SAME COTTON MATERIAL EXTENDING DOWN TO THE KNEES AND FITTED CLOSE AROUND THE NECK WITH NO COLLAR. THE BLOUSE WAS FASTENED WITH SMALL LOOPS OF BRASS BUTTONS. THE HEADRESS FOR OUTDOOR LABOR WAS A WIDE UMBRELLA SHAPED HAT MADE OF SPLIT BAMBOO OR GRASS. HIS QUEUE WAS COILED AND CONCEALED IN THE CONE TOP OF THIS HAT.

THE CHINESE WOMEN ALSO WORE BLOUSES AND TROUSERS. THEY DEVOTED MUCH TIME TO ELABORATE GROOMING OF THEIR HAIR, PILED HIGH WITH INTRICATE ORIENTAL STYLING. THE CUSTOM OF BINDING THEIR FEET TO

TOTALLY REDUCE GROWTH WAS BEGINNING TO LOSE FAVOR.

THE QUEUE OR PIGTAIL WAS SO MUCH A PART OF A CHINAMAN THAT HE WOULD ALMOST RATHER PART WITH HIS HEAD THAN HIS QUEUE. IT WAS A BADGE OF RESPECTABILITY AND A MONUMENT TO HISTORY DATING BACK TO OVERTHROW OF THE MING DYNASTY.

GAUDY PAPER STREAMERS, KITES, PAPER BIRDS AND FANTASTIC PAPER FISH FLEW ABOVE THE ROOF TOPS. COLORFUL PAPER LANTERNS HUNG OVER THE DOORWAYS, BLACK LETTERED SIGNS WITH MYSTICAL VERTICAL CHARACTERS ANNOUNCED THE STORE'S WARES, STORES WITH STRANGE FOODS AND STRANGER ODORS, CHINESE LAUNDRIES AND OPIUM DENS WERE ALL A PART OF THIS INTRIGUING, TRANSPLANTED ATMOSPHERE OF THE ORIENT.



THE CHINESE WERE GREAT PORK EATERS AND EVERY CHINATOWN HAD ITS PORK BUTCHER. HERE WE HAD THE PORTLY CHARLEY KOW KEE. NOW THIS MAY NOT SEEM UNUSUAL TO THE CASUAL READER BUT IT WAS TO A SMALL BOY. I THOUGHT CHARLEY LOOKED MORE LIKE A HOG THAN A HOG DID! CONTRARY TO OTHER CELESTIALS WHO WERE SLENDER IN FRAME, CHARLEY WEIGHED ABOUT THREE HUNDRED POUNDS. HE DROVE AROUND WITH HIS DELIVERIES IN A TOTALLY INADEQUATE, FLIMSY LITTLE BUCKBOARD, WHEELS TILTED OUT, READY TO COLLAPSE. HIS HOG-EARS, HOG-NOSE, LITTLE HOG-EYES, AND HIS FAT JOWLS ARE UNFORGETTABLE. AND, IF HE HAD A FRESHLY BUTCHERED, SCRAPED, SHINY WHITE HOG CARCASS IN THE BUCKBOARD, HONESTLY, YOU COULDN'T TELL WHICH WAS CHARLEY AND WHICH WAS THE HOG!

CHARLEY NEVER SPOKE TO ME BUT IF HE HAD, I WOULD HAVE FULLY EXPECTED A GRUNT OR A SQUEAL.

MY FATHER HIRED HIS PRUNE PICKERS HERE FROM THE ENTERPRISING, SELF-APPOINTED "MAYOR AND EMPLOYMENT MANAGER", CHUNG KEE. EVERY PRUNE SEASON WE DROVE OUR ONE-HORSE TRUCK TO THIS CHINATOWN AND LOADED IN FOUR OR FIVE COOLIES AND THEIR RICE, TEA, MATTING (NO BLANKETS) AND OTHER ORIENTAL REQUISITES, SOMETIMES, UNKNOWINGLY, HIDDEN OPIUM. PICKING PRUNES REQUIRES EITHER A KNEELING OR STOOPING POSTURE, QUITE NATURAL FOR THE CELESTIAL AND ALMOST UNENDURABLE FOR THE AMERICAN, (INCLUDING THE WRITER)

KOO IN THE CHINESE LANGUAGE MEANS TO HIRE OR RENT AND LEE MEANS STRENGTH, SO THE PHRASE KOO-LEE MEANS TO RENT MUSCLE. I WASN'T A BOY COOLIE BUT I RENTED MY MUSCLE FOR FIVE CENTS A BOX OF PRUNES FOR SEVERAL YEARS; ONE REASON THAT IF I NEVER SEE A PRUNE AGAIN IT WILL STILL BE ABOUT SEVENTY YEARS TOO SOON!

CHUNG'S WIFE WAS A BEAUTIFUL "PICTURE BRIDE IMPORTED FROM CHINA". SHE GAVE BIRTH TO SEVERAL CHILDREN, ALL GIRLS, MUCH TO CHUNG KEE'S DISGUST. ACCORDING TO ANCIENT TRADITION, GIRLS HAD VERY LITTLE VALUE, AND AS FAR AS CHUNG WAS CONCERNED ONLY AN ADDED FAMILY BURDEN. ONLY SONS "COUNTED."

ONCE MY MOTHER FOUND MRS. KEE IN TEARS AFTER A NEW ARRIVAL, — ANOTHER GIRL! DISGRACED AGAIN! WOW! DID MY MOTHER GIVE FATHER CHUNG A TONGUE LASHING AND THE FACTS OF AMERICAN LIFE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE SAID BUT IT DID NOT ALTER CHUNG'S FONDNESS OR LOYALTY FOR MY PARENTS. IN FACT HE NAMED THE BABY GIRL AFTER HER, — DORA! MOTHER DIDN'T MIND, — ACTUALLY ACCEPTED IT AS A COMPLIMENT! BUT THE COMBINATION OF THE NEW BABY'S NAME ALWAYS TICKLED ME, — DORA KEE.

TO A SMALL BOY, CHINESE FUNERALS WERE FABULOUS, FASCINATING EVENTS. THE SURVIVING RELATIVES USUALLY HIRED WILL LAKE'S SAN JOSE MUNICIPAL BAND TO LEAD THE PARADE TO THE CEMETERY. THE WEALTHIER THE DEPARTED, THE MORE PROFESSIONAL MOURNERS WERE HIRED. AS THE BRASS BAND PLAYED, YOU COULD HEAR THE WIERD COMBINATION OF ARTIFICIAL BUT MELODRAMATIC HOWLING AND CHEST BEATING TO THE RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC. OTHER MOURNERS SCATTERED PERFORATED, CURLED PAPERS INSCRIBED WITH CHINESE CHARACTERS. ACCORDING TO THEIR BELIEF, THE MORE HOLES IN THE PAPER THE HARDER IT WAS FOR THE DEVILS TO KEEP

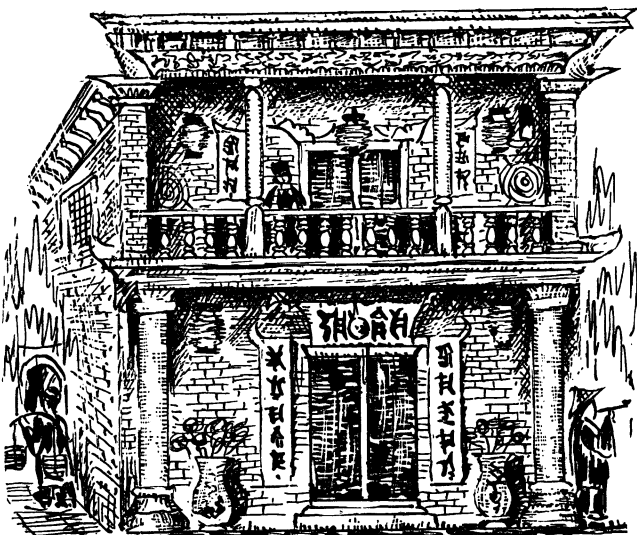
UP WITH THE PARADE. THEY HAD TO PASS THROUGH EACH PERFORATION BEFORE THEY COULD ACCOMPANY THE DEAD.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION WAS RECEIVED AT THE GATE OF THE CEMETERY WITH A VOLLEY OF FIRECRACKERS AND CLASHING OF GONGS AND CYMBALS. I SUPPOSE TO SCARE THE FEW REMAINING WITS OUT OF THE DEVILS. AS FINAL TRIBUTE TO THE DECEASED, A LITTLE BRICK ALTAR IN CENTER OF THE ORIENTAL SECTION WOULD ACCOMODATE SACRIFICES TO THE "NEWCOMER." A POPULAR OFFERING WAS A SMALL PIG WHICH, IN THE SACRIFICIAL PROCEEDINGS, BECAME ROAST PORK. TRAMPS, HOBOES AND BUMS IN THE NEARBY "JUNGLES" KEPT WELL INFORMED ON THE SCHEDULED CHINESE FUNERALS WITH THAT AFTERMATH OF SUCCULENT ROAST PORK.

I MUST ADMIT SUCH OBSERVANCE WAS NOT ENTIRELY CONFINED TO THE ITINERANTS! EVEN SMALL BOYS, — BUT, HERE AGAIN AS MARK TWAIN WOULD SAY, "LET US GENTLY DRAW THE CURTAIN."

THE MAJORITY OF CHINESE BELONGED TO BURIAL CLUBS. THEIR SUPREME WISH WAS TO HAVE THEIR ASHES JOIN THEIR ANCESTORS' FAR ACROSS THE PACIFIC. EACH MONTH THEY CONTRIBUTED A SMALL FEE. I SUPPOSE SOME COULDN'T MEET THESE POLICY PREMIUMS WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE ABOVE MENTIONED CHINESE SECTION IN OAK-HILL CEMETERY. NOW OVERGROWN WITH WEEDS AND BRUSH, IT IS LOCATED WEST OF THE CHAPEL OF ROSES, (AT LEAST IT WAS IF SOME FREEWAY HASN'T CUT ACROSS IT IN THE LAST MONTH?)

CHINATOWN WAS CALLED HEINLINVILLE BY PIONEERS BECAUSE THE AREA WAS OWNED BY A MR. HEINLIN. ORIENTALS COULD NOT OWN REAL ESTATE AT THAT TIME.



JOSS HOUSE IN OLD CHINATOWN. DEMOLISHED 1949.

MY BOYISH OBSERVATION AND STUDY OF THE CHINESE CENTERED AROUND THE ONES DAD HIRED TO PICK PRUNES. ONLY A FEW SPOKE SCATTERED WORDS OF PIDGIN ENGLISH. SIGN LANGUAGE WAS GENERALLY SUFFICIENT.

THEY WORKED TEN HOURS A DAY FOR FIFTEEN CENTS AN HOUR, PAYING CHUNG KEE TEN PER CENT COMMISSION FOR GETTING THE JOB. THEY LIVED ECONOMICALLY AND COMFORTABLY ON THIS PITTANCE, SAVED MONEY FOR THEIR BURIAL SOCIETIES IN CHINA, PAID TONG DUES IN SAN FRANCISCO, AND, OF COURSE, MARKED A WEEKLY LOTTERY TICKET, ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE GAMBLING VICES.

HOW THESE STRANGE MEN INTRIGUED ME WITH THEIR NARROW EYES, LONG FINGER NAILS, AND THEIR ALWAYS SINGLE FILE SHUFFLE DOWN THE ORCHARD ROWS TO WORK, NEVER TWO ABREAST. THIS WOULD NOT BE IN ACCORDANCE WITH ANCIENT TRADITION, A CUSTOM ESTABLISHED IN THEIR CENTURIES OLD "BOOK OF RITES." WITH THEM TO WORK WENT A LARGE TIN COFFEE POT FILLED WITH STRONG TEA DISPENSED IN LITTLE "CHINA" CUPS WITHOUT HANDLES.

I FOLLOWED THEM CONSTANTLY WITH INQUISITIVE EYE ON THOSE LONG SUMMER EVENINGS. I LOVED TO WATCH THEM SMOKE THEIR PECULIAR BRASS PIPES FILLED WITH STRONG ORIENTAL TOBACCO AND ROLL THEIR NEXT DAY'S SUPPLY OF STRANGE, WHITE PAPER, FUNNEL SHAPED CIGARETTES. THEY WERE SO CLEAN. THEY COULD PICK PRUNES ALL DAY WITHOUT GETTING THEIR FINGERS IN A STICKY MESS LIKE MINE. THEY BATHED EVERY NIGHT, A COMPARATIVE FACT I HOPED MY MOTHER WOULDN'T DISCOVER!

THEIR NATIVE LAND HABITS WERE EVER APPARENT, SUCH AS HOARDING OF FUEL AND THEIR SUPREME ENJOYMENT OF THE FEW DELICACIES THEY COULD AFFORD. PORK HEADED THE LIST. I CAN STILL HEAR THEM ASKING DAD, "MR. LAMBO, MEBBE YOU GO TOWN? YOU GET ME TWO-BITTY POKE, PLEASE?"

THEY CAMPED IN OUR ORCHARD DURING PRUNE SEASON AND DID THEIR COOKING IN HEAVY, COVERED BLACK IRON POTS HUNG OVER AN OPEN FIRE. USING ONLY TWIGS AND LIGHT PRUNE BRUSH FOR FUEL, NEVER REGULAR STOVE WOOD WE OFFERED THEM, THEY PREPARED A GOOD MEAL WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED.

THEIR STAPLES, INCLUDING CHINESE RICE, TEA, DRIED FISH, TOBACCO AND OPIUM WERE IMPORTED FROM CHINA AND SOLD TO THEM BY DEDUCTION OF WAGES, AGAIN BY THE CANNY CHUNG KEE. THE ONLY LOCAL FOOD PRODUCTS USED WERE THOSE PECULIAR, LARGE, GREEN, "HAIRY"

CUCUMBERS ABOUT A FOOT LONG, AND FRUGAL BITS OF FRESH OR SALT PORK AS AN APPETIZER.

THE "CHINESE HOME COOKING" I THOUGHT HAD A FINE FLAVOR AND I SHARED THEIR HOSPITALITY WHENEVER MY WONDERING MOTHER PERMITTED. THE FOOD WAS SUPERBLY COOKED, ESPECIALLY THE RICE, EACH GRAIN FLUFFY AND SEPARATE. MUCH TO MY HOSTS' DISGUST I BROUGHT BUTTER AND SUGAR TO FLAVOR MINE. THE CUCUMBERS WERE PEELED, SLICED, PLACED ON TOP OF THE RICE TO STEAM COOK TOGETHER WITH SMALL CHUNKS OF LEAN PORK. AFTER A FEW LESSONS I LEARNED TO EAT WITH CHOPSTICKS, GREATLY DELIGHTING MY TUTOR.



I EVEN INSISTED STUBBORNLY ON SUBSTITUTING CHOPSTICKS FOR KNIFE AND FORK WHEN I RETURNED TO THE TABLE OF MY ABANDONED PARENTS.

THE CHINESE CERTAINLY DID NOT SCORN AMERICAN FOOD! EACH WEEK MY MOTHER GAVE THEM TWO LOAVES OF HER HOMEMADE BREAD, FRESH FROM THE OVEN. I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH HEARTY ENJOYMENT. AT SEASON'S END SHE ALWAYS FOUND A BOLT OF CHINESE SILK ON THE DOORSTEP.

FAR FROM THEIR HOMELAND AND CLOSE RELATIVES, THEY WERE FASCINATED BY CHILDREN, SPECIALLY BOYS. THEY KEPT MY STOMACH CHURNING WITH GIFTS OF CANDY, MAINLY GINGER, DRIED MELON, QUEER CURLED SLICES OF SUGARED COCONUT, SACKS OF CHINESE LITCHI-NUTS, ROUND, THIN SHELLS AND KNOBBY WITH A SOFT, SICKENING SWEET KERNEL.

SQUATTING DOWN IN A CIRCLE OF THESE FRIENDLY, JABBERING "PIG-TAILED" CHARACTERS, I FELT LIKE A FOREIGN PRINCE. AND AS CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTED I WAS TREATED AS ONE. LOOKING BACKWARD, WHAT A

SCENE TO BE REMEMBERED, SO ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE TO EVER BE AGAIN EXPERIENCED. I CAN RECALL THE SMOKY, FILTERED MOONLIGHT, CRACKLING BRUSH FIRE, STEAMING RICE, CLICKING CHOPSTICKS, SMACKING LIPS, AN ORIENTAL SIGN OF GOOD MANNERS AND TO A SMALL BOY'S DELIGHT, AN OCCASIONAL LOUD, RESOUNDING BELCH, ALSO CONSIDERED COMPLIMENTARY CAMPFIRE ETIQUETTE. ALL THIS CAST A DELIGHTFUL, ADVENTUROUS SPELL OVER THE SMALL BOY, SORT OF AN ARABIAN NIGHT, ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP, TRIP TO CHINA FEELING. NOW ALL THIS SEEMS SO CLEAR AND YET SO LONG, LONG AGO.

ONE NIGHT I GOT A BRILLIANT INSPIRATION, -SPYING ON A REAL OPIUM SMOKER! WE HAD ONE ALTHOUGH HIS TENURE OF SERVICE WAS SHORT. AS THEY USED TO SAY IN DRAGNET, HERE IS THE M.O., THE METHOD OF OPERATION, OF AN OPIUM SMOKER.

A CHINESE COOLIE'S BED BORE NO RESEMBLANCE TO OURS. HE SPREAD OUT A ROLL OF MATTING AND USED A HARDWOOD BLOCK ABOUT 3'X4'X6" FOR A PILLOW. NEXT HE UNBRAIDED HIS QUEUE. THEN HE OPENED HIS SMALL, SQUARE, BLACK TIN BOX OF IMPORTED OPIUM AND WITH A LONG NEEDLE, EXTRACTED A TINY GOB OF THE HEAVY, BLACK, STICKY CONTENTS. THIS HE TOASTED OVER AN OPEN FLAME OPIUM LAMP, TURNING IT SLOWLY UNTIL IT BECAME A SMALL BLACK BALL THE SIZE OF A PEA.

HIS OPIUM PIPE WAS QUITE AN ORNATE AFFAIR WITH A BAMBOO STEM ABOUT EIGHTEEN INCHES LONG, SOME TIMES INLAID WITH CORAL, IVORY OR JADE. A SMALL COPPER BOWL WAS FIXED HORIZONTALLY TO THIS STEM.

FINALLY SATISFIED WITH HIS "COOKING", HE INSERTED THE SMALL OPIUM "BULLET" INTO A HOLE IN PIPE BOWL. IGNITING THIS SLUMBER PILL OVER THE LAMP OR WITH A LONG TAPER, HE TOOK ONLY THREE OR FOUR DEEP "DRAWS" OR INHALATIONS. THAT WAS SUFFICIENT. FROM THEN ON IT WAS NAUGHT BUT PLEASANT DREAMS.

I OFTEN WONDERED WHAT THEY DREAMED; PROBABLY HOMELAND, LOTUS BLOSSOMS, ANCESTORS, PAGODAS OR JUST CHINA'S ETERNAL PROBLEM, -ENOUGH TO EAT.

CHINESE AND FIRECRACKERS WERE INSEPARABLE. THEY ALWAYS CARRIED SEVERAL PACKS FOR USE ON SUCH CELEBRATIONS AS ADVENT OF THE YEAR OF THE TURTLE, CHINESE NEW YEAR, FIRST CHERRY BLOSSOMS, BIRTHDAYS OR JUST GAVE THEM TO SMALL AMERICAN BOYS (LIKE ME) ALWAYS WITH WAITING POCKETS. THESE

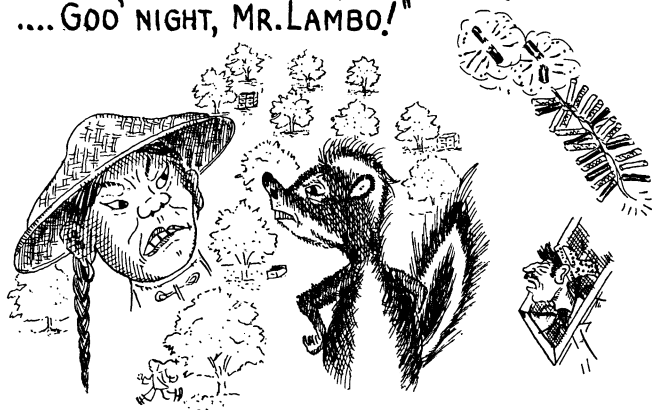


OLD CHINAMEN NEVER ALLOWED ME TO SHOOT ONE FIRECRACKER AT A TIME! IT WAS A WHOLE PACK OR NONE AND BELIEVE ME, I VOICED NO OBJECTION!

FIRECRACKERS WERE EVEN USED FOR PERSONAL PROTECTION. I MOST VIVIDLY RECALL A NIGHT WITH OUR CHINESE CAMPED NEXT TO THE CHICKEN HOUSE. A LARGE, WELL KNOWN NEIGHBORHOOD SKUNK, WHO ON FREQUENT OCCASION RAIDED OUR ROOSTING HENS' NESTS, NOW FOUND HIS ACCUSTOMED PATH BLOCKED. ONE AUGUST NIGHT WE WERE AWAKENED BY A HORRIBLE, PENETRATING SKUNKY ODOR, SLOWLY DRIFTING EVEN INTO OUR USUAL FRESH-AIR PROOF, TIGHTLY CLOSED WINDOWS.

SUDDENLY A ROAR LIKE GUN FIRE RENT THE POLLUTED AIR. DAD SPRANG FROM HIS BED, NIGHTSHIRT FLYING. HE PRIED UP THE WINDOW, RAMMED HIS HEAD ENTIRELY THROUGH THE RUSTY FLY-SCREEN AND BELLOWED, "WONG, WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOIN' ON OUT THERE?"

OUT OF THE NAUSEOUS DARKNESS CAME A MEAK LITTLE ORIENTAL VOICE, "OH, SO SOLLY, MR. LAMBO, ...JUSS FLICKLACKAS.....ME TLY FLIGHTEN LITTY BLACK PUSSY CAT.....TOO, TOO STINK!...SO SOLLY, Goo' NIGHT, MR. LAMBO!"





CHARACTERS



OUR SAN JOSE' WITH A 1900 POPULATION OF 20,000 ENJOYED ITS FULL SHARE OF UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS, UNIQUE AND DISTINCTIVE PERSONALITIES. PROBABLY WE HAVE AS MANY "CHARACTERS" TODAY BUT SOMEHOW THEY ARE NOT SO EASILY RECOGNIZED WITH OUR FAST PACE OF LIVING AND THEIR SUBMERGENCE IN OUR DENSE POPULATION.

DOWNTOWN SAN JOSE WAS THE HEART OF THE COMMUNITY. MANY COUNTRY PEOPLE CAME TO TOWN EAGER TO PASS THE TIME OF DAY AS WELL AS STUDY THESE COLORFUL PEOPLE WHO PROVIDED US WITH AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF ANECDOTES. EACH HAD A DEFINITE IDIOSYNCRASY DISTINGUISHING HIM FROM REST OF THE POPULATION. TODAY HE MIGHT BE REFERRED TO AS "AN INDIVIDUALIST" OR AS AN "ECCENTRIC." MANY OF US APPLIED FAR LESS FORMAL TITLES.

THEY LEFT AN INDELIBLE IMPRESSION ON MY BOYHOOD MEMORIES. HERE ARE A FEW OF SUCH CHARACTERS I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

The Dude

AS IN EVERY SMALL COMMUNITY, THERE WAS ALWAYS THE DUDE, A SWASHBUCKLING YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN WITH A ROVING EYE AND THE ASSUMED SOPHISTICATION OF A COSMOPOLITAN CITY.

GROOMED TO THE RAKISH CUT OF HIS PERSONALITY, HE

SPORTED A BROWN DERBY, BLUE SERGE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS WITH CUFFS SO NARROW HE HAD TO REMOVE HIS PATENT-LEATHER HIGH BUTTON SHOES WITH WHITE TRIM, BEFORE HE COULD GET INTO HIS TROUSERS. THIS WAS ACCESSORIZED WITH BROWN SUEDE GLOVES AND A HEAVY GOLD WATCH CHAIN STRONG ENOUGH TO STAKE OUT A COW DRAPED ACROSS HIS PEARL BUTTONED VEST. HE EVEN SPORTED A GOLD TOOTHPICK MATCHING HIS PROMINENT GOLD FRONT TOOTH.

THIS ENSEMBLE WAS ALTERNATED WITH A "RACE-TRACK" SUIT COMPLETE WITH SIX BUTTONS ON EACH SLEEVE. THE SUIT'S PATTERN SAVORED STRONGLY OF THE SAN QUENTIN MOTIF.

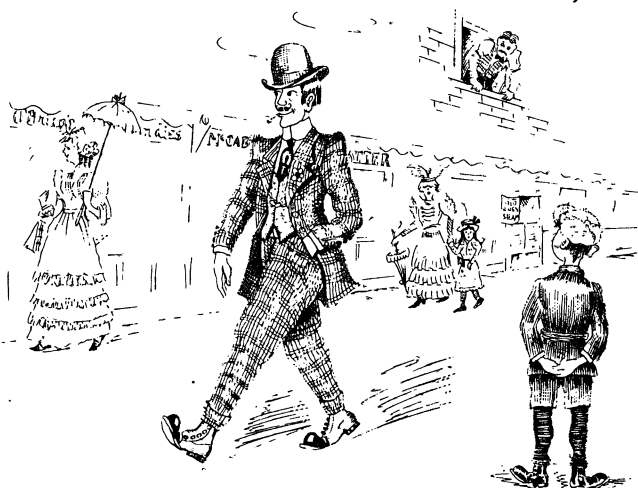
HE HIRED A RIG AT THE DASHAWAY STABLES AND OFTEN RACED THE YELLOW, SIDE-SEAT STREET CARS ON THE ALAMEDA TRYING TO ATTRACT SOME OF THE BOLDER YOUNG LADY PASSENGERS. OCCASIONALLY ONE MIGHT TIMIDLY WAVE HER LACE HANDKERCHIEF BUT MOST WERE SHYLY ALOOF. BECAUSE, IF "SHE" WERE SEEN IN HIS COMPANY, GOSSIPS COULD LABEL HER AS "FAST"!

THIS FLAMBOYANT PERSONALITY SMOKED "TAILOR-MADE" CIGARETTES, CHARMING US YOUNGSTERS BY EXHALING SMOKE FROM HIS NOSE. A FEW CLAIMED ALSO HIS EARS! HOW WE ENVIED HIS NONCHALANT DEXTERITY IN ROLLING A BULL-DURHAM CIGARETTE WITH ONE HAND!

POPULAR OPINION PREDICTED HE "WOULD COME TO NO GOOD," BUT OUR DUDE DISAPPOINTED HIS CRITICS. AFTER SOWING HIS WILD OATS AND CAME THE HARVEST, HE BECAME ONE OF OUR PROMINENT AND SUBSTANTIAL CITIZENS.

The Drinker

THEN THERE WAS OUR MAN WITH THE ALCOHOLIC PROBLEM, THE SHIFTLESS CHARACTER WITH A LARGE FAMILY WHO "DRANK." REVEALING HIS WEAKNESS, HIS PURPLE FACE LOOKED LIKE A HALF RIPE EGG PLANT. HE ONLY WENT ON OCCASIONAL "SPREES" SO HE WAS CALLED A "PERIODICAL." BETWEEN "JAGS" HE "ENJOYED POOR HEALTH," AVOIDING ALL WORK. FORTUNATELY FOR HIM HE HAD LOST THE MIDDLE FINGER OF HIS RIGHT HAND THUS EXCUSING HIM FROM PRUNE PICKING SEASON. HE CLAIMED FRUIT DROPPED THROUGH



THE GAP!

I CAN STILL HEAR THE LADIES AID SOCIETY GRUMBLING AND COMPLAINING ABOUT FIXING UP A FOOD OR CLOTHES BASKET FOR HIS STEADILY GROWING BROOD ON EVERY THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

IN ONE WAY HE DID TRY TO REFORM, ALMOST AS REGULARLY AS HE "FELL OFF THE WAGON." HE ATTENDED EACH TENT REVIVAL MEETING ON SOUTH FIRST STREET AND WAS ALWAYS FIRST TO LEAD THE SINNERS' MARCH DOWN THE SAWDUST TRAIL. WHILE OUR POOR SOUL WAS REGULARLY "RESCUED" FOR ONLY BRIEF DURATIONS, AT LEAST HE HAD GOOD INTENTIONS! AS A MATTER OF FURTHER RECORD AND CREDIT, I RECALL HE ALWAYS MADE REAPPEARANCE AT THE NEXT REVIVAL ENCAMPMENT FOR A "BOOSTER SHOT."

Five Centy

FIVE CENTY, A "SWAMPER" FOR THE TOWER SALOON AT MARKET AND SANTA CLARA STREETS WAS A FAMILIAR FACE DOWNTOWN. (A "SWAMPER" WAS A SALOON JANITOR AFTER EARLY MORNING CLOSING HOURS.)

HE WAS A LONER. HE SPOKE TO NO ONE AND LOOKED LIKE A REJECT FROM THE NEW YORK BOWERY SENT WEST ON EXHIBITION. HE WAS AN ESTABLISHED, UNDISPUTED, DISREPUTABLE PART OF OUR COMMUNITY. HE WAS SO RAGGED AND DIRTY HE WAS FASCINATING. MANY A SMALL BOY ENVIED, YES, MARVELLED AT HIS PERMANENT ESCAPE FROM THE TRADITIONAL "SATURDAY NIGHT BATH."

FIVE CENTY, A GROTESQUE FIGURE WITH MATTED, TANGLED HAIR FRAMING HIS SCARRED FACE CRUSTED WITH UNDISTURBED DIRT, OFTEN SUNNED HIMSELF LIKE A LIZARD AGAINST THE BRICK WALL OF THE HOME UNION. OTHER TIMES HE DOZED AGAINST THE ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCE OF SAINT JOSEPH'S CHURCH ON MARKET STREET. HIS FLOPPY, OUT-SIZE, MIS-MATED SHOES OFTEN REVEALED BARE TOES. HIS CLOTHES LOOKED LIKE HE HAD GRABBED UP SOME REJECTS FROM A SOLD OUT RUMMAGE SALE.

WHILE MANY PEOPLE FOUND HIM REPULSIVE, HE WAS AS MUCH A LAND MARK ON OLD MARKET STREET AS THE POST OFFICE CLOCK. NO ONE KNEW WHY HE WAS NAMED "FIVE CENTY." THE TOWER SALOON SOLD BEER FOR 5¢ A "SCHOONER." MAYBE THAT EXPLAINS THE NICKNAME.

I OFTEN WONDERED HOW HE COULD POSSIBLY EVER HAD A MOTHER OR BELONGED TO ANY FAMILY. I WAS GLAD TO DISCOVER THAT HE DID HAVE TWO BROTHERS, SAN JOSE'S

PIONEER JUNK MEN (THE RAGS, BOTTLES AND SACKS TYPE) OF COURSE OUR LOCAL MARKET STREET WITS PROMPTLY NAMED THEM THE FIVE, TEN AND FIFTEEN CENTYS. OFTEN WHEN FIVE CENTY RODE ON THE BACK END OF HIS BROTHERS' OVERLOADED, DILAPIDATED JUNK WAGON WITH HIS FEET DANGLING OVER THE END, HE BECAME PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE. HE BLENDED SO WELL, YOU COULDN'T TELL FIVE CENTY FROM THE LOAD!



ONE LADY RECENTLY REMARKED, "I CAN STILL HEAR MY FATHER CALLING AS WE PLAYED IN THE BACK YARD, 'QUICK, LOOK, HERE COMES THE FIVE CENTY AND HIS BROTHERS.' IT WAS BETTER THAN A CIRCUS PARADE."

AS THE YEARS PASSED, THESE CHARACTERS VANISHED ONE BY ONE. SOME PEOPLE SAID, "GOOD RIDDANCE," WHILE OTHERS ARGUED MARKET STREET WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME. ADMITTEDLY, OUR MAIN THOROUGHFARE HAD LOST A CERTAIN AIR OF POLLUTED DISTINCTION.

The Angler

THEN THERE WAS "THE ANGLER," POINTED OUT WITH PRIDE AS ONE OF OUR TOWN'S ATTRACTIONS. THIS GENTLEMAN, UNLIKE FIVE CENTY, WAS TALL, DISTINGUISHED AND OBVIOUSLY A MAN OF TASTE AND CULTURE. WHILE HIS CLOTHES WERE NOT NEW, HIS SUITS WERE NEATLY PRESSED AND WORN WITH AN "AIR," ACCENTED WITH GRAY SPATS, (THE FIRST I EVER SAW,) A GOLD HEADED CANE IN GLOVED HAND AND A WHITE CARNATION IN HIS COAT LAPEL. A WAXED MOUSTACHE GAVE THE FINISHING AND "CONTINENTAL" TOUCH.

ACTUALLY HIS CLOTHES WERE OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE; IT WAS HIS WIERD ACTIONS THAT INTRIGUED

OUR TOWN. WALKING ALONG AT A BRISK PACE, HE WOULD STEP OFF THE SIDEWALK TO THE CURB, KNEEL, AND LINE UP BUILDING FRONTS, PARTICULARLY THOSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AND ROWS OF STREET TELEPHONE POLES.

HE FOLLOWED THIS ROUTINE FOR YEARS.

AFTER SURVEYING THE DOWNTOWN AREA, HE ROAMED THE SUBURBS, LINING UP, ANGLING, SQUARING OFF ORCHARDS, ROWS OF HOUSES, RAILROAD TRACKS, ANY THING THAT HAD BEEN PLANTED OR BUILT. HE WOULD EVEN MOUNT THE TOP OF A DIRT PILE ON SOME NEW PROJECT AND STAND STATUE-LIKE FOR HOURS. SOMETIMES HE WOULD FROWN, SHAKE HIS HEAD, THEN MAKE A FEW PENCILLED ENTRIES IN A LITTLE RED VEST POCKET NOTE BOOK. AND SO, RATHER AFFECTIONATELY, SAN JOSEANS NICKNAMED THIS HARMLESS CHARACTER, "THE ANGLER."

PEOPLE SPECULATED ABOUT HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS HE ALWAYS REMAINED A MYSTERY FIGURE. SOME THOUGHT HE WAS A RETIRED, PENSIONED, CIVIL ENGINEER OR A CITY PLANNER. OTHERS THOUGHT OLD-AGE OR "OVER WORK HAD SLIGHTLY "TIPPED HIM OFF HIS ROCKERS".

PERSONALLY, I THOUGHT HE HAD THE IDEAL, OUTDOOR FORM OF RETIREMENT. I MISSED HIM WHEN HE FADED FROM THE LOCAL SCENE, —ALMOST AS MUCH AS FIVE CENTY.

The Veteran

WALKING DOWN SANTA CLARA STREET, I REMEMBER THE BENT FIGURE OF A LITTLE OLD MAN. HE USUALLY STOOD UNDER A SHELTERED STAIRWAY OF SPRING'S CLOTHING STORE, (NOW BOND'S, AT MARKET AND SANTA CLARA.)

DRESSED IN A FADED 1898 NAVY UNIFORM, HE HAD A RUBE GOLDBERG CONTRAPTION HARNESSSED TO HIS STOOPED FORM. ONE FOOT, WHEN TAPPED, BEAT A BASS DRUM. ONE HAND HELD A DENTED HORN THROUGH WHICH HE BLEW FEEBLE, OFF-KEY, BUGLE CALLS. THE OTHER HAND CRANKED WHEEZY, MARTIAL TUNES FROM A SAGGING HAND ORGAN TOPPED WITH HOPEFUL TIN CUP.

IF YOU STEPPED CLOSE ENOUGH TO THIS ONE-MAN MUSIC MAKER, YOU COULD BARELY READ THESE FADED WORDS ON THE DRUM HEAD:



No Sale

A SIMILIAR STOOPED OLD FIGURE OCCUPIED THE SHELTERED STAIRWAY NEAR THE CORNER OF FIRST

AND SANTA CLARA STREET CLOSE TO BERCOVITCH'S CIGAR STAND. INCIDENTALLY, THIS STAIRWAY LED UP TO THE "MOST REPUTABLE" INSURANCE OFFICES OF HALL & RAMBO, (SINCE 1898), COMPLETE WITH FIREPLACE IN EVERY ROOM. THE HIGH STOOLS AND ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS MADE ONE EXPECT TO SEE URIAH HEEP DROP HIS QUILL PEN AND WRING HIS HANDS IN "HUMBLE" WELCOME.

DOWNSTAIRS, OUR CHARACTER WAS TRYING TO MARKET AN INVENTION WHICH WOULD SOLVE THE ÉTERNAL PROBLEM OF ALL SEAMSTRESSES, A GADGET WHICH WOULD INSTANTLY THREAD A NEEDLE ON THAT FIRST JAB. I THINK HE WAS TRYING TO SNARE THE MALE BUTTON-SEWERS-ON. HE DIDN'T TRY VERY HARD AND HIS PECULIAR SALES SALES SPEEL WAS WHAT FASCINATED ME.

NEVER RAISING HIS HEAD, AS HE BENT OVER HIS MECHANICAL AID STABBING A PIECE OF THREAD OVER AND OVER AGAIN, HE DRONED IN A STEADY MONOTONE, "THREADING THE NEEDLE, THREADING THE NEEDLE, THREADING THE NEEDLE." NEVER A VARIATION OR ANOTHER WORD.

EVERYTIME I CAME TO TOWN I VISITED THIS SCENE AND WATCHED THE DEMONSTRATION IN PERPLEXED AWE. PERHAPS THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES I SAW THE UTTER FUTILITY OF THE WHOLE DEAL. I NEVER SAW HIM MAKE A SALE. I SUPPOSE HE DID. I HOPE SO. JUST THE OTHER DAY I HAD SPECIAL OCCASION TO THINK OF HIM AGAIN. HOW I WISHED I HAD BOUGHT ONE OF HIS GADGETS FOR MY OLD AGE!

Coffee Club

THE SAN JOSE COFFEE CLUB WAS A PLACE WHERE A SMALL BOY COULD PLAY DETECTIVE AND "SPY" ON HIS CHARACTERS. THE ELDERLY, RETIRED PEOPLE PRACTICALLY USED THE CLUB ROOMS FOR A DAYTIME HOME.



THE CLUB WAS A NON-PROFIT, CIVIC BETTERMENT ASSOCIATION, ORGANIZED AND MANAGED BY A GROUP OF EARLY SAN JOSEANS.

THE CLUB SERVED MODEST PRICED APPETIZING FOOD AND PROVIDED SEPARATE GAME AND READING ROOMS FOR MEN AND WOMEN. LOCATED ON SECOND STREET, THE COUNTRY PEOPLE MADE IT A FAMILY AND FRIENDS MEETING PLACE ON THEIR WEEKLY SHOPPING EXCURSIONS.

A FEW POPULAR ITEMS WITH 1910 PRICES INCLUDED: COFFEE 5¢.....SNAIL 5¢.....(NOW GRADUATED TO A SWEET ROLL AND 20¢).....BEEF STEW 15¢....BAKED BEANS 15¢ AND A LARGE (FOUR-PIECE CUT) OF PIE 5¢. I WOULD HAVE YOU KNOW THIS WAS NO "GREASY SPOON JOINT". IT WAS A RENDEZVOUS FOR NICE PEOPLE. MY FOLKS ATE THERE.

ON THE MENS' SIDE, ONE GROUP DISCUSSED POLITICS WHICH SOMETIMES RESULTED IN A WHITE HEATED ARGUMENT AND LOUD CRESCENDO VOICES. THE DIPLOMATIC MANAGER WOULD THEN SUGGEST THEY STEP DOWN TO SAINT JAMES PARK AND CONTINUE THE DEBATE. THEY OFTEN FOLLOWED HIS ADVICE. IN FACT SAINT JAMES PARK STILL PROVIDES A SETTING FOR MANY A SOAP BOX ORATION OR WORD DUEL.

THERE WAS A HEAVY PERCENTAGE OF "BROODERS" OR "THINKERS." THEY JUST SAT BACK IN TILTED CHAIRS, HAT OVER EYES AND TOOTHPICK ASLANT. I QUESTION THIS THINKING STATUS; -MORE LIKELY THEY WERE ONLY KILLING TIME UNTIL THE NEXT PLATE OF BEANS.

CHESS AND CHECKER GAMES ATTRACTED AN AUDIENCE OF ONE SMALL BOY; - EVERY TRIP. BRASS CUSPIDORS STRATEGICALLY LOCATED, FLANKED THE PLAYERS. THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, DISTRUSTFUL OF UNCALCULATED ACCURACY, SET THESE RECEPTACLES IN BEDS OF SAWDUST.

AS THE MEN PLAYED IN OMINOUS SILENCE, A COUGH OR SNEEZE RATED AN UGLY LOOK. THEY GAVE THE IMPRESSION THE FATE OF THE WORLD HUNG ON THE NEXT MOVE. TO ME, THE PLAYERS SEEMED SO OLD AND PARTICULARLY SO SLOW BETWEEN CHESS OR CHECKER MOVES, THEY COULD HAVE DIED IN THEIR CHAIRS AND RIGOR MORTIS SET IN WITHOUT ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION.

Blue Front

JOSEPH STEINING WAS OWNER OF THE BLUE FRONT HABERDASHERY ON NORTH MARKET STREET. HE WAS ONE OF SAN JOSE'S FINE "CHARACTER" CITIZENS; ATTENDED ALL PUBLIC FUNCTIONS, ATHLETIC EVENTS AND WAS ALWAYS A "SOFT TOUCH" FOR EVERY CHARITY DRIVE.

HIS ONE ROOM STORE WAS PAINTED A STARTLING BLUE. ABOVE THE DISPLAY WINDOW A PERMANENT AND BADLY WEATHERED SIGN READ, "GIANT SALE NOW GOING ON!" ON HIS IMMEDIATE RIGHT WAS A MEXICAN GROCERY STORE AND ON HIS LEFT A SALOON. SO HE PLACED AN ADDITIONAL OVER HIS LITTLE DOOR, "MAIN ENTRANCE."

HIS DISPLAY WINDOW LOOKED LIKE A MUSEUM PACKED WITH AN AMAZING ASSORTMENT, EVERY ITEM "MARKED DOWN". INSIDE THE STORE ANOTHER SIGN READ "SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICES". (LET US NOT BE TOO CRITICAL OR SARCASTIC! HAVE YOU TRIED FINDING THE VITAL NEWS ITEMS LATELY, - IN TODAY'S AD-SATURATED NEWSPAPERS?)

IF THE WINDOW SHOPPER STOOD LONG ENOUGH IN FRONT OF THE DISPLAY WINDOW HE COULD ENJOY A CONDENSED VERSION OF AN OUTDATED MONTGOMERY-WARD CATALOGUE. AMONG THESE ASSORTED ITEMS WERE HIGH BUTTON, SHARP TOED LADIES FOOTWEAR, MENS' SHOES BIG ENOUGH TO FIT PAUL BUNYAN, LONG RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR, BLACK RUBBER RAINCOATS AND RED OR BLUE BANDANA HAND-KERCHIEFS. JADE POLKA DOT BOWTIES AND "FOUR-IN-HANDS" ALREADY PERMANENTLY TIED WERE DISPLAYED ON FLY-SPECKED CELLULOID COLLARS. ALSO INCLUDED, QUARTER INCH THICK WORKINGMAN'S BRAND SOCKS AND THREE INCH WIDE FIREMEN & POLICEMEN BRAND SUSPENDERS.

FOR A SHORT PERIOD STEINING HAD ONE OF THOSE STUPID LOOKING DUMMIES ON HIS SIDEWALK DRESSED IN A CUT-RATE SUIT. IN GREAT DISGUST, HE SOON MOVED IT INDOORS.



IN THOSE DAYS SAN JOSE WAS OVERUN WITH UNLEASHED DOGS AND THE NEAREST FIRE HYDRANT WAS A BLOCK AWAY.

A FEW LUXURY ITEMS, OBVIOUSLY SHOPWORN, WERE MIXED WITH MORE SUBSTANTIAL ITEMS. STEINING CATERED TO ALL POSSIBILITIES. HE CARRIED GREEN EYE SHADES, SNAPPY ELASTIC SLEEVE-HOLDERS AND CARDS WITH LARGE TORTOISE SHELL HAIRPINS. HE EVEN STOCKED A SOILED PURPLE VELVET TRAY OF CHEAP JEWELRY; TARNISHED NECKTIE STICK PINS, WATCH FOBS, ELKS' TEETH PENDANTS; SEMI-GOLD TOOTH-PICKS, AND DOLLAR INGERSOLL WATCHES. IN OTHER WORDS, THE BLUE FRONT WAS A MINIATURE PREDICTION OF OUR GIANT DISCOUNT HOUSES OF TODAY.

AN OVERSIZE PARROT IN AN UNDER-SIZED CAGE HUNG IN THE DOORWAY. I WAS DISAPPOINTED WITH THE BIRD. I HAD THE BOYISH IMPRESSION THAT ALL PARROTS WERE ORIGINALLY OWNED BY ONE-EYED, WOODEN LEGGED SEA CAPTAINS AND HAD ABSORBED A COLLECTION OF SHOCKING, SALTY SEA WORDS. AND SO WE HAD TO SETTLE FOR THAT LIMP, "POLLY WANNA CRACKER" ROUTINE.

TWO VERY SHORT, STOUT JEWISH LADIES SAT FOR YEARS IN THE DOORWAY, FOREVER KNITTING SHAWLS. THESE LADIES WERE TWINS AND ONE WAS MARRIED TO STEINING. WHEN SHE DIED HE CONVENIENTLY MARRIED THE OTHER. YEARS PASSED AND THE SECOND ONE DIED. JOSEPH FINALLY RETIRED AND COULD BE FOUND ALMOST ANY DAY SUNNING HIMSELF ON A SAINT JAMES PARK BENCH. HE WAS ALWAYS CORDIAL AND HAPPY TO MEET HIS OLD FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS. THIS TIME IT WAS ONLY TO TRADE MEMORIES.

ANY AMERICAN TOWN ACROSS THE COUNTRY PROBABLY HAD HIS COUNTERPART, A STABLE, LIKEABLE MERCHANT CITIZEN, — A JOSEPH STEINING.



Our Lillian

IF THE NAME, LILLIAN RUSSELL, MEANS NOTHING TO THE READER, BETTER SKIP THIS EPISODE AND ITS LOCAL PERSONALITY. WE LIKE TO THINK WE ONCE HAD THIS STAGE CELEBRITY'S DOUBLE HERE IN SAN JOSE.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, WAS THE THEATRICAL ATTRACTION OF THE GAY NINETIES. HOWEVER, HER SUCCESS WAS

NOT DUE TO HER ACTING ABILITY BUT TO HER PERFECT HOUR-GLASS FIGURE.

THE FEMALE FIGURE WAS JUDGED FROM MUCH DIFFERENT STANDARDS THAN TODAY. WOMEN HAD NO LEGS! AND FURTHERMORE THIS TERM WAS NEVER USED IN POLITE COMPANY. A LADY MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY EXPOSE A TRACE OF BLACK COTTON STOCKINGED ANKLE ABOVE THE TOP OF HER 12 BUTTON HIGH SHOES. BUT LEGS? NEVER! ACCORDING TO SOCIAL STANDARDS, THE ANKLE EXTENDED ALL THE WAY TO THE WAIST!

THE WASP WAIST WAS THE CURRENT VOGUE OF THIS GAY NINETIES FASHION ELEGANCE. WITH YOUR NEXT INSECT MEETING GROUP, PLEASE STUDY THE WASP. MARVEL AT THE THREAD-LIKE CONNECTION BETWEEN THORAX AND ABDOMEN. HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED HOW LIFE CAN BE MAINTAINED WITH SUCH A FRAIL LINK? WE HAD NICE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY BOTH WASP AND FASHIONABLE LADIES AND WE EXPERIENCED THIS SAME AMAZEMENT. IF THE TAPE MEASURE STRETCHED BEYOND THE 20-30 INCH LIMIT, THE LADY'S SOCIAL POSITION WAS IN JEOPARDY.

THE FEAT COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED (FOR A LIMITED PERIOD OF YEARS) WITH A HERRINGBONE, STEEL RIBBED CORSET, LACED TOP TO BOTTOM. WITH THE HUSBAND'S FOOT PLACED IN SMALL OF THE BACK, TUGGING AT THESE LACED REINS WHILE THE VICTIM SUCKED IN HER BREATH, COULD ACHIEVE WONDERS. WHAT BULGED OR BILLOWED OR BALLOONED ABOVE AND BELOW THIS ATTAINED WAIST WAS OF LESSER IMPORTANCE. BUT IT MUST BE AMPLE. IT WAS EASY TO SUPPLY THIS AMPLITUDE. THERE WAS ALWAYS THE EVER READY BUSTLE. ALSO RECOURSE TO SEARS ROEBUCK. THE 1910 SEAR'S CATALOGUE ADVERTISED THE "H & H PNEUMATIC AIR RETAINING BUST FORM", GUARANTEED AGAINST ANY DETECTION OR PUNCTURE! FASHION EVOLUTION EVENTUALLY EASED THIS PERIOD OF TORTURED ELEGANCE WITH MILLIONS OF EXPULSED BREATHS OF RELIEF.

THE ORIGINAL LILLIAN RUSSELL NEEDED NO ARTIFICIAL MOLDING. SHE WAS GENUINE. AT LEAST SO HER ALL-AMERICAN MALE ADMIRERS CLAIMED. HERE, WE WERE NEVER QUITE SURE ABOUT OUR "LILLIAN". WERE HER ENCHANTING "HILLS AND VALLEYS" REAL OR WERE THEY PNEUMATIC?

HER IRISH FATHER WAS A PROMINENT STAINED-GLASS ARTISAN, A PUBLIC BUILDING REQUISITE OF THAT DAY. HE USED HIS LEFT-OVER COLORED GLASS WINDOWS THROUGHOUT THEIR SMALL, ORNATE STONE

HOUSE LOCATED NEAR THE PRESENT P.G&E GAS TANK OFF SANTA CLARA STREET. THIS WAS HIS SUBTLE WAY OF ADVERTISING. HAD HE CHISELED HIS NAME OVER THE FRONT DOOR, THIS TINY, COLORFUL, ARCHITECTURAL MONSTROSITY WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE A CEMETERY MAUSOLEUM GONE ASTRAY.

HE HAD TWO DAUGHTERS, OUR VOLUPTUOUS, "LILLIAN", AND HER SELDOM SEEN, DRAB, RETIRING SISTER.

WHEN LILLIAN WAS HARNESSSED FOR HER DAILY PROMENADE DOWN SANTA CLARA STREET ALL HEADS TURNED IN HER DIRECTION. HER COSTUMES, TOPPED WITH HUGE CART-WHEEL OSTRICH-PLUMED HATS, MATCHED HER FATHER'S VIVID COLORED WINDOWS IN BRILLIANCE. HER PERFUME WAS ALMOST VISIBLE, FILLING THE AIR FOR BLOCKS WITH ITS PROVOCATIVE FRAGRANCE. MANY OF THE MALE NECKS MADE NEARLY COMPLETE REVOLUTIONS RESULTING IN GUTTER WANDERING BUGGIES, SURREYS AND HAY WAGONS. RAISING HER BRIGHT RED PARASOL WAS INCENTIVE ENOUGH TO START A SPECTACULAR RUNAWAY.



"TIMING IS THE ESSENCE OF SUCCESS" HAS OFTEN BEEN QUOTED AND THIS SHE DID WELL. HER STROLL, A DAILY EVENT, WAS ALWAYS WELL TIMED AND ATTENDED BY MANY HEARTS TICKING AWAY LIKE A METRONOME AT HIGH SPEED. THIS CONTINUED FOR YEARS WITH SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS DEVELOPING THE SAME STIFF NECKS AND BULGING EYEBALLS.

SHE NEVER MARRIED OR WAS SEEN IN MALE COMPANY. GRADUALLY AS THE BLOOM WORE OFF OUR WILD IRISH ROSE AND LIKE AN AGING MOVIE QUEEN REFUSING TO RETIRE, SHE RESORTED TO COSMETIC CAMOUFLAGE. EVENTUALLY THE PUBLIC BECAME EITHER CRITICAL OR INDIFFERENT. THOSE FAMOUS CURVES GRADUALLY DEFLATED LIKE TIRES WITH SLOW LEAKS. AND WITH THE INEVITABLE EVOLUTION OF NATURE, ROLLING MOUNTAINS REPLACED FORMER VALLEYS.

FINALLY ONE DAY SOME COURAGEOUS, BOLD PERSON ASKED "LILLIAN" WHY, SOMEONE ENDOWED WITH SUCH BEAUTY, SUPERIOR CHARM AND SUCH VAST NUMBERS

OF ADMIRERS, HAD NEVER MARRIED? SHE CONSIDERED THIS PERSONAL QUERY A FURIOUS INSULT!

AS SHE TOSSED HER GRAYING POMPADOURED HEAD TO ONE SIDE, LILLIAN REPLIED IN A HAUGHTY, ICY VOICE, "SAN JOSE HAS NEVER HAD AND NEVER WILL, — PRODUCE A MAN WORTHY OF MY FACE AND FIGURE!"

AND SO, WHILE THE REAL LILLIAN RUSSELL MARRIED THREE TIMES, OUR GARDEN CITY COUNTERPART GRADUALLY SLIPPED INTO OBLIVION. TO ME, HER PERFUME, VICTORIAN GRACE AND HOUR-GLASS FIGURE (BE IT EITHER REAL OR PNEUMATIC,) STILL EVOKES ENDURING MEMORIES.

The Popcorn Man

A COLD NORTH WIND BLEW DOWN THE ALMOST DESERTED MARKET STREET AS WE THREE STOOD IN FRONT OF THE OLD SAINT JOSEPHS CHURCH. THE CLOCK IN THE POST OFFICE TOWER, SHOWED APPROACHING MIDNIGHT; TIME FOR THAT LAST "THEATER" INTERURBAN STREET CAR FOR CUPERTINO. WE HAD JUST SEEN "CHARLEY'S AUNT" AT THE JOSE'. MOM AND I STILL GIGGLED.

AS FITTING CLIMAX, THE SMALL BOY BOUGHT A BAG OF POPCORN AND FIVE CANDY "BANANAS". I BOUGHT THEM FROM MY FAVORITE "TOWN CHARACTER", GIUSEPPE, THE ONE-ARMED POPCORN MAN. HIS GAY LITTLE RED WAGON ALWAYS STOOD ON THIS SPOT. IT WAS HORSE DRAWN BUT DEJECTED JULIA WAS UNHITCHED AND STOOD NEARBY, TIED TO A TELEPHONE POLE, WARMLY BLANKETED WITH A PATCHED QUILT.

GIUSEPPE HELD HIS ONE COLD HAND OVER THE PLUME OF STEAM FLOATING FROM THE GLASS CASE OF POPCORN AND PEANUTS. INSIDE WAS THAT FASCINATING LITTLE STEAM ENGINE WHICH I SUPPOSE ROTATED SOMETHING OR HAD SOME FUNCTION OTHER THAN ITS SHRILL LITTLE WHISTLE.

WHILE WE WAITED I INSPECTED GIUSEPPE'S SIDE LINE, A SHELF OF CONFECTIONS (WITHOUT A SINGLE CANDY BAR.) A NICKEL WENT A LONG WAY THEN, IN FACT MUCH TOO FAR, GASTRONOMICALLY SPEAKING, FOR THE JUVENILE STOMACH. HIS LICORICE WHIPS SOLD FOR A PENNY EACH, ALTHOUGH FOR THE SAME PRICE YOU COULD BUY LICORICE BALLS, JUST THE RIGHT SIZE TO REQUIRE A HARD SLAP ON THE BACK OF A THREE YEAR OLD TO DISGORGE. ANOTHER FAVORITE WAS IMITATION "STRAWBERRIES", BALLS OF COCOANUT DYED AN ATTRACTIVE RED AND COMPARED TO THE "BANANAS", EQUALLY DEADLY IN REACTION.

DOES ANYONE REMEMBER, — THOSE PAPER CANDY BAGS WITH THIN RED AND BLUE STRIPES GIUSEPPE USED?

THEN WE HEARD THE SCREECHING WHEELS OF THE STREET CAR AS IT TURNED THE CURVE ON NORTH MARKET. ITS APPROACHING HEADLIGHT GREW BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER. GIUSEPPE, HIS LONG, GREENISH OVERCOAT DRAGGING THE SIDEWALK, TURNED OFF THE COAL-OIL FLAME UNDER THE PEANUT WARMER AND BLEW OUT THE LANTERN. UNDRAPING THE DOZING JULIA, HE BACKED HER INTO THE SHAFTS OF THE LITTLE WAGON AND DEFTLY ADJUSTED HER HARNESS.

AND SO FROM OUR WINDOW SEAT IN THE "BIG RED" STREET CAR, A LAST FRIENDLY ONE-ARMED WAVE FROM OUR POPCORN MAN ENDED A PERFECT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Family Skeleton

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY. SOME PEOPLE REFER TO THEM; "THAT SKELETON IN THE FAMILY CLOSET," "BLACK SHEEP" OR "THAT CHARACTER." OUR FAMILY HAD ONE, JEHU, NAMED AFTER A PROMINENT BIBICAL FIGURE BY HIS QUAKER ELDER FATHER.

WHILE JEHU NEVER BECAME PROMINENT, HE DID BECOME AN ECCENTRIC FIGURE. HIS WIERD, UNRELATED ACTIONS HAD NO BEHAVIOR PATTERN. ONE OF HIS UNFORGETTABLES IN THIS SMALL BOY'S EYES WAS THE MORNING I WATCHED JEHU *SAW HIS HOUSE IN HALF!*

JEHU LIVED WITH HIS AGED BLIND MOTHER IN A TWO ROOM SHANTY IN A REMOTE FOOTHILL DISTRICT. THEY WERE HAPPY AND DESPITE THE MOTHER'S HANDICAP, SHE WAS A SPOTLESS HOUSEKEEPER. AS A SMALL BOY, I REMEMBER WHEN SHE HEARD ME ENTER, HER ACCURATE STEPS IN LOCATING THE WOODEN BOX OF PARADISE BRAND SODA CRACKERS, THE CROCK OF BUTTER AND COMBS OF HONEY; IN THOSE DAYS AS THE BEES MADE IT, IN LITTLE WOODEN FRAMES.

PASSERS BY ON THE LONELY ROAD BOUGHT THE MISSOURI PIPPINS JEHU RAISED ON HIS SCRUBBY APPLE TREES OR THE FRESH, BROWN EGGS FROM HIS BLACK MINORCA HENS. LIFE WAS PLACID.

BUT CAME THE DAY WHEN CHANGE MUST COME, EVEN IN JEHU'S LIFE. HIS MOTHER DIED. HE BECAME A RECLUSE, AN ASTOUNDING, UNPREDICTABLE HILLSIDE HERMIT!

ON AN EARLY SUNDAY MORNING AND WITH NOT ONE WORD OF EXPLANATION, HE ASKED TO BORROW MY UNCLE'S TEAM OF MULES AND AN EXTRA LONG CROSS CUT SAW. MY BOYISH CURIOSITY MUST BE SATISFIED, I FOLLOWED AND FROM AN ADJACENT HILLSIDE AND THROUGH THE MORNING FOG, I WATCHED IN WONDER.

JEHU HAD MADE ONE OF HIS DECISIONS. NOW THAT HIS

MOTHER WAS GONE, THE HOUSE WAS SIMPLY TOO LARGE FOR ONE PERSON. ONE ROOM WAS AMPLE! AND SO, AS THE FOG DRAMATICALLY DREW ASIDE ITS CURTAIN FOR MY SPECIAL BENEFIT, JEHU MOUNTED THE SHAKY ROOF AND PROCEEDED TO *SAW HIS HOUSE IN HALF!*



THE MONUMENTAL TASK QUICKLY ACCOMPLISHED HE HITCHED THE MULES TO THE DISCARDED HALF AND DRAGGED IT TO A DEEP GULLY. THEN HE RETURNED UNCLE'S MULES AND SAW.

THE FAMILY DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO QUESTION HIM BUT BOY-LIKE, I LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG AND TOLD ALL. THE FAMILY CLAMMED UP AND FOR THEM BECAME A CLOSED INCIDENT; FOR ME, A PRIZED STRIP OF MEMORY FILM.

YEARS PASSED AND UNRELENTING PROGRESS MARCHED IN JEHU'S DIRECTION. A POWER COMPANY SURVEYED A HIGH POWER LINE ACROSS HIS ORCHARD AND DECIDED THE HALF A HOUSE STOOD DANGEROUSLY BELOW. SAFETY PRECAUTION NECESSITATED ITS REMOVAL. THE COMPANY PAID JEHU A FANTASTIC PRICE FOR HOUSE AND RIGHT OF WAY; MORE MONEY THAN HE HAD EVER POSSESSED.

THERE'S MORE. THE COMPANY BUILT JEHU A NEW SMALL HOUSE HIGHER UP ON THE HILL. A BORED WELL AND A PRESSURE SYSTEM REPLACED HIS DUG WELL, WINDLASS AND BUCKET. LECTRICITY TERRIFIED JEHU! THEY WIRED THE HOUSE AND HUNG TWO DEADLY LIGHT BULBS! KINDLY LINEMEN CHIPPED IN FOR A PESKY DAMN RADIO SET. THEN CAME THE COUP DE GRACE! A SHOWER WAS INSTALLED AND AN INDOOR TOILET REPLACED HIS COZY HILLSIDE PRIVY!

JEHU SOLD OUT AND MOVED TO A MORE PRIMITIVE REGION. THE LAST WE HEARD HE WAS HAPPILY LIVING IN A DISCARDED COOK WAGON, WHEELS REMOVED AND FULLY UNEQUIPPED.



OUTDOOR PLUMBING



NOW PRACTICALLY EXTINCT,—"PRIVIES", "OUT-HOUSES" AND "BACK-HOUSES" WERE ALL ONCE FAMILIAR PIECES OF RURAL ARCHITECTURE. FOR THE SHOCKED SOPHISTICATE ALL THREE OF THESE SHELTERS ARE STILL DEFINED IN WEBSTER'S LATEST DICTIONARY. ONCE THEY WERE THE PERENNIAL BUTT OF COUNTLESS JOKES, CARTOONS, EVEN A BEST SELLER, "CHIC SALE".

WHILE THE MAJORITY WERE DESIGNED ALONG UTILITARIAN LINES, A FEW WERE ORNATE, REFLECTING THE OWNER'S COMMUNITY STATUS. USUALLY A CRESCENT MOON WAS CUT ABOVE THE DOOR, A SYMBOL ORIGINATING IN THE MID-WEST. CURIOUS RESEARCH BY THIS AUTHOR REVEALED A MOON MEANT "FOR LADIES" AND A STAR MEANT "FOR MEN". OR WAS IT VICE VERSA? I FORGET AND WHO CARES NOW?

THE INTERIOR WAS SOMETIMES DECORATED WITH LEFT OVER WALLPAPER, CARPET REMNANT OR A SMALL RAG RUG. THIS INDICATED THOUGHTFULNESS, HOSPITALITY AND INTERIOR DECORATING SKILL OF OUR HOST.

SEATING CAPACITY WAS DETERMINED BY THE FAMILY'S SIZE. IF IT WERE A GROWING FAMILY, THE CARPENTER WOULD DEFTLY CARVE A REDUCED CIRCUMFERENCE (HEART-SHAPED) SEATING ARRANGEMENT FOR THE JUVENILE MEMBERS. MULTIPLE SEATING HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF ACCOMODATING A STEADY FLOW OF TRAFFIC, ELIMINATING ALL COSTLY DELAYS AND ENCOURAGING SOCIABILITY. SEATS WERE OFTEN HINGED SO THAT WHEN THEY WERE RAISED TO FALL BACK WITH A LOUD THUD, THE RESULTANT NOISE FRIGHTENED RODENTS, BEES, WASPS AND BLACK SPIDERS, ALL COMMON INHABITANTS.

LUXURIOUS SOFT TINTED TISSUE, AS WE SEE EXTOLLED IN TELEVISION COMMERCIALS, WAS

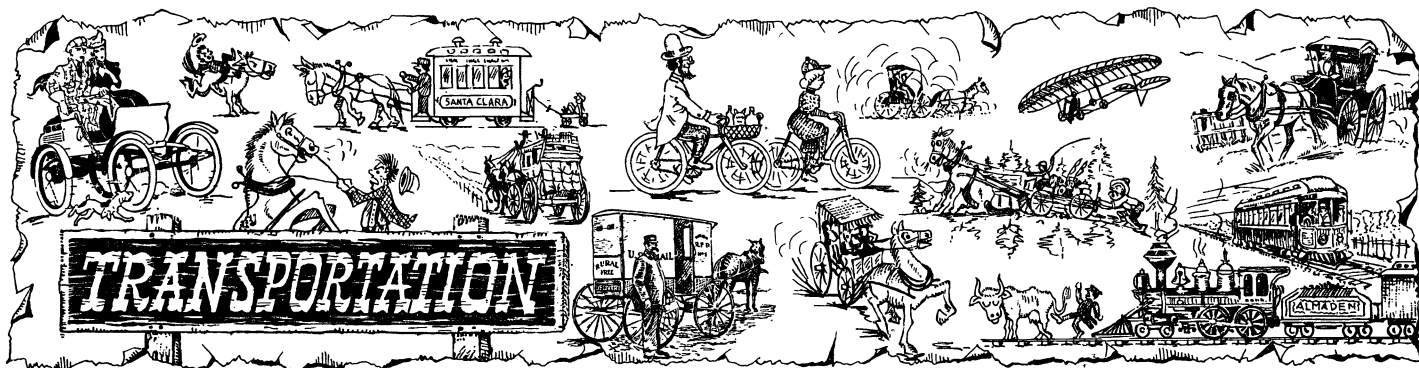
UNKNOWN. INSTEAD A SEARS OR WARD'S CATALOGUE HUNG ON A STRING ALONG WITH DISCARDED TISSUE PAPERS FROM INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED ORANGES AND APPLES. OLD NEWSPAPERS KEPT US IN TOUCH WITH CURRENT EVENTS.

THE EXTERIOR WAS PLAIN EXCEPT FOR PAINT OR WHITE WASH. A FEW PEOPLE LANDSCAPED THESE HOUSES WITH TRELLISED HONEYSUCKLE AND AS A HINT TO DELINQUENTS, A BORDER OF FORGET-ME-NOTS WAS SUGGESTIVE. THE APPROACH WAS LINED WITH WHITE WASHED "ROUND-HEAD" ROCKS GATHERED FROM NEARBY DRY CREEKS. AT NIGHT THEY SEEMED LIKE GUIDING HARBOR LIGHTS WELCOMING THE ERRANT TO HIS (OR HER) PORT OF CALL.

SOME OF THESE "HOUSES" WERE PERMANENTLY LOCATED DEPENDING ON THE EXPENDITURE OF MANUAL LABOR REQUIRED WHILE OTHERS WERE PLACED ON SLED RUNNERS, HINTING OF THE FUTURE'S MOBILE HOMES. ALL WERE MOBILE HALLOWEEN WHEN THEY APPEARED IN STRANGE PLACES, RANGING FROM SOME SEDATE PIONEER'S FRONT LAWN TO ROOF OF THE TWO STORY MORELAND SCHOOL.

GONE WITH THE WIND, RELIC OF THE HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS BEST FORGOTTEN. A CONSOLING THOUGHT FOR THE NOSTALGIC,—THE FUNDAMENTAL PURPOSE REMAINS UNCHANGED.



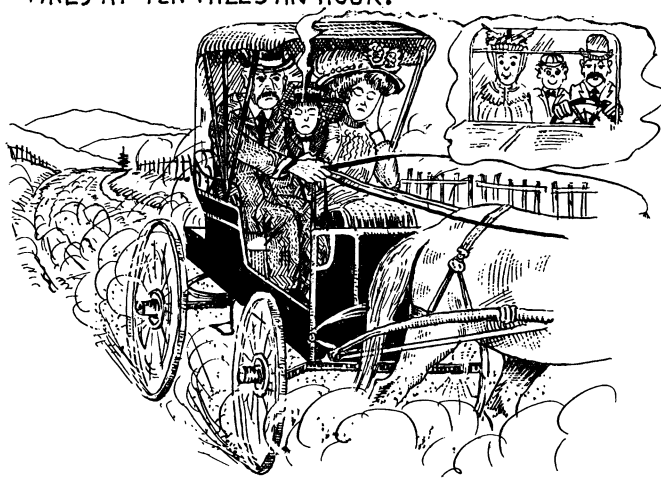


WE CAN INTRODUCE THIS SUBJECT WITH ONE OF ITS LOWLIEST FORMS, THE HORSE AND BUGGY. AT LEAST THAT'S THE WRITER'S CYNICAL OPINION. THE ONLY POSSIBLE LOWER FORM OF TRANSPORTATION, ONCE SO COMMON IN OUR VALLEY OF HEART'S DELIGHT, JUST MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE WOODEN WHEELED, OXEN DRAWN CARRETA. I DON'T KNOW BECAUSE I NEVER RODE IN ONE. ALL THROUGH BOYHOOD I DO KNOW I WOULD GLADLY HAVE EXCHANGED OUR EQUINE CONVEYANCE FOR A ROMAN CHARIOT'S VIM AND DASH. AFTER SEEING THE BEN HUR VERSION, I STILL MAINTAIN THE SAME OPINION.

MAYBE IT WAS OUR HORSE THAT SOURED ME. WE NEVER OWNED A GOOD ONE. IT SEEMED OURS WAS ALWAYS SWAY-BACKED, BONE-SPAVINED, WIND-BROKEN OR EVEN WORSE, — STUMP SUCKERS! OUR NAGS WERE SO SLOW THAT EVEN WITH A WHIP WORN TO A STUB WE COULDN'T LASH THEM OUT OF A JOG. YET ON ANY CHILLY NIGHT, THE BRUTE WOULD TURN COLTISH AND RUN AWAY WITH US. TURNING HIM UP A STEEP HILL WAS ONLY WAY TO SLOW HIM DOWN BUT IN THIS VALLEY IT SEEMED WE WERE ALWAYS FRESH OUT OF HILLS.

THERE WERE A LARGE VARIETY OF TRANSPORTATION VEHICLES, INCLUDING CARTS, CARRYALLS FOR HOTELS AND PALLBEARERS, BUCKBOARDS, SPRING-WAGONS, HACKS FOR FUNERALS, PHAETONS AND SURREYS WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP. I RODE IN ALL OF THEM EXCEPT A PLUMED HEARSE. THESE VEHICLES WERE WELL BUILT, STURDY, UNCOMFORTABLE AND HARD RIDING. DESPITE THEIR DISADVANTAGES, FEW COMPLAINED. AGAIN IT WAS THAT FORTUNATE LACK OF COMPARISON, WE DIDN'T KNOW OF ANYTHING BETTER.

HORSE DRAWN VEHICLES OF THE EARLY 1900'S CAME IN DIFFERENT STYLES RANGING FROM THE ELEGANT TO THE MEDIOCRE. THE MAJORITY WERE SHOD WITH IRON TIRES WHILE SOME ADVANCED MODELS, SPORTED BY OUR FEW "IDLE RICH", HAD HARD RUBBER TIRES, STRIPED SPOKES AND A GOLD MONOGRAM PROUDLY INSCRIBED ON THE SIDE OF THE FRONT SEAT. YOU RODE HIGH AND VISION WAS EXCELLENT. IT HAD TO BE, AT LEAST FOR THE DRIVER. OTHERWISE THE REAR HIND QUARTERS OF THE SWITCHING TAILED, FOUR LEGGED, ONE-HORSE POWER ENGINE OUT IN FRONT WOULD OBSTRUCT YOUR VIEW. RIDING QUALITIES WERE COMPARABLE TO THE PRESENT AUTOMOBILE ONLY IF YOU DROVE IT OVER A ROUGH ROAD WITH FOUR FLAT TIRES AT TEN MILES AN HOUR.



BUGGIES WERE THE COMMONEST VEHICLE. THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO HOLD ONLY TWO PEOPLE. BUT I HAD A PATENTED "FOLDING CHILD'S-SEAT" THAT WEDGED SOME GOSH-AWFUL WAY UNDER MY PARENTS LEGS. HITTING A BUMP, I CAN STILL HEAR MY POOR DAD'S PLAINTIVE, "JEEEE-RUSALEM!"

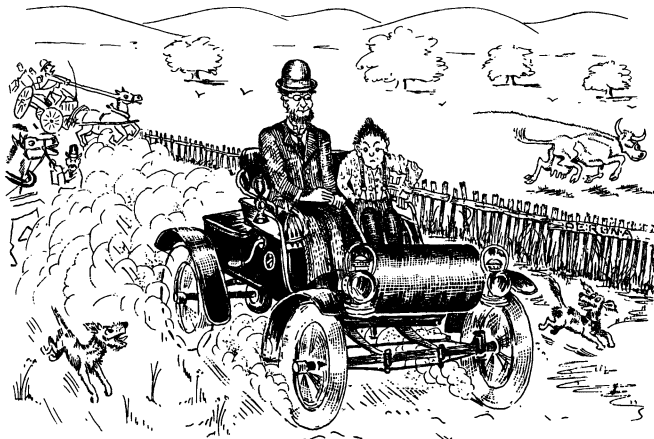


1900 HARNESS FOR "SHANKS MARES"

THE BETTER MODELS HAD LIGHTS, CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED COAL-OIL LAMPS. HOWEVER OUR SUNDAY SURREY SUNK A NOTCH LOWER AND HAD BRASS LAMPS WITH WAX CANDLES INSIDE! OF COURSE THEY DIDN'T LIGHT UP THE ROAD! I SUPPOSE THEY WERE FAINT WARNING OF OUR APPROACH. OTHERWISE A COUPLE OF FIRE FLIES IN GOOD HEALTH WOULD HAVE PROVIDED FAR BETTER ILLUMINATION.

DASHBOARDS WERE STANDARD EQUIPMENT AND GAVE PARTIAL PROTECTION FROM OLD DOBBIN IF HE SUDDENLY DECIDED TO KICK THE DRIVER INTO THE BACK SEAT WHEN HIS, (THE HORSE'S) TAIL GOT CAUGHT IN THE WHIP-SOCKET. DASHBOARDS HAD OTHER INTENDED PURPOSES, GENERALLY FUTILE.

SO "HAIL AND FAREWELL" TO THE HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS. MAY THEY ALWAYS REMAIN ONLY MEMORIES. THE WRITER PREFERS TO REVIEW THEM FROM THE COMFORT OF A FOAM-RUBBER BUCKET SEAT;— AND CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR YOUNGER GENERATION WHO ESCAPED THIS DISMAL EQUINE ERA!



FINALLY THE PUBLIC REALIZED THE AUTOMOBILE WAS HERE TO STAY AND NOT A "PASSING FANCY". GRADUALLY THEY APPEARED MORE AND MORE ON OUR DUSTY ROADS DRIVEN BY CAPPED, DUSTERED, VEILED AND GOGGLED BRAVE SOULS. YOU COULD HEAR THEM COMING A MILE AWAY AND OUR HORSES WERE FIT TO BE TIED. I MEAN JUST THAT; TIED OR BLINDFOLDED AND LED OFF INTO THE ORCHARD UNTIL THE "ONE LUNGER" PASSED US.

A "ONE LUNGER" HAD ONE CYLINDER, LIKE THE FIRST CURVED DASH, ONE HANDLE STEERING BAR OLDSMOBILE I RODE IN. IT BELONGED TO DOC DURGIN, OUR COUNTRY DOCTOR. WHEN DOC OFFERED THIS SMALL BOY HIS FIRST RIDE I WAS GREATLY ELATED;— ALSO TERRIFIED. WE DROVE AT TOP SPEED, TWENTY MILES AN HOUR, AND MY

EXCITED LITTLE NECK JERKED BACK AND FORTH IN SYMPATHETIC RHYTHM WITH EACH JERKY EXPLOSION OF THE ONE CYLINDER. WHAT AN UNFORGETTABLE THRILL! LATER DOC BOUGHT A ROUND RADIATOR, AIR-COOLED FRANKLIN, REMEMBER?

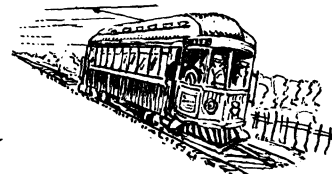
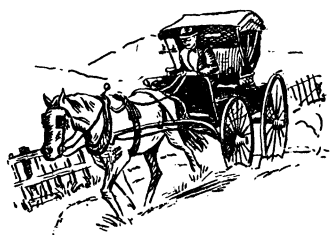
BEFORE THE MANUFACTURERS WERE WEEDED OUT, THIS U.S.A. EXPERIENCED OVER TWO THOUSAND DIFFERENT FACTORY MADE AUTOMOBILES. THE AVERAGE LIFE OF A COMPANY WAS ONE YEAR. A FEW POPULAR BRANDS OF YESTERDAY WERE STEARNS-KNIGHT, STANLEY AND WHITE STEAM AUTOMOBILES, PEERLESS, OAKLAND, MITCHELL, MAXWELL, CUNNINGHAM, HUPMOBILE, PREMIER MAGNETIC, BRUSHMOBILE, STODDARD-DAYTON, LOCOMOBILE, MERCER, STUTZ BEAR CAT, KNOX AND AMERICAN UNDERSLUNG. USE THESE TO SELF-START GRANDPA. HE CAN NAME A DOZEN MORE.

DOCTOR COLEMAN, OUR MINISTER, OWNED AN E.M.F. NAMED AFTER E.M. FLANDERS, A STUDEBAKER EXECUTIVE. THIS CAR HAD SO LITTLE POWER, THE ENGINE DIED WHEN IT PULLED OVER A GOPHER MOUND AND WAS CONSTANTLY BEING REPAIRED. FINALLY THE GOOD DOCTOR, INSPIRED BY THE INITIALS E.M.F., ADOPTED ITS ALREADY POPULAR NICKNAME AND RE-CHRISTENED IT "EVERY MORNING FIXEM."

OUR FIRST WEST VALLEY MILLIONAIRE, REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES S. BALDWIN, WHO SETTLED HERE IN 1892, WAS A GREAT AUTOMOBILE ENTHUSIAST. WE VALLEY NATIVES WERE CONTINUALLY ASTOUNDED BY THE ADMIRAL. HE HAD THE FIRST SWIMMING POOL, FIRST POLO FIELD AND DROVE A TALLYHO, THE FIRST WE SMALL LOCAL YOKELS HAD EVER SEEN. BESIDES THE MASSIVE STONE WINERY, LUXURIOUS RESIDENCE WITH SPACIOUS RACE HORSE AND POLO PONY BARN, HE BUILT LE PETIT TRIANON, A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF THE MINIATURE PALACE LOUIS XVI PRESENTED TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

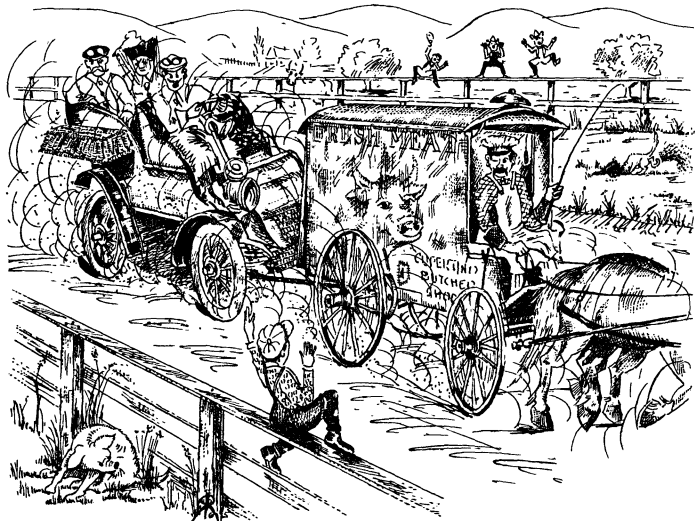
ONE DAY A HUGE SHROUDED OBJECT WAS UNLOADED FROM A FLAT CAR AT THE OLD SANTA CLARA S.P. DEPOT. WHEN UNVEILED, IT WAS AN IMPORTED FRENCH AUTOMOBILE! HE EVEN IMPORTED A FRENCH CHAUFFEUR TO DRIVE IT! I BELIEVE IT WAS A RENAULT.

THE AUTOMOBILE, A BRIGHT YELLOW, WAS SOON KNOWN BY THE COUNTRYSIDE AS THE "YELLOW DEVIL". THE THING WAS AN AWFUL SHOCK TO OUR DRIVING HORSES, LEAVING A DUSTY AFTERMATH OF BUCKING, SNORTING RUNAWAYS, UPTURNED BUGGIES, SURREYS AND HAY-WAGONS INCLUDING IRATE FARMERS AND THEIR SCARED KIN FOLK. FORTUNATELY, ON OUR ROUGH CHUCK-HOLE



STEVENS CREEK ROAD, THE YELLOW DEVIL'S SPEED WAS LIMITED TO TWENTY MILES AN HOUR AND ITS EXPLOSIVE NOISES COULD BE HEARD A MILE AWAY. THIS GAVE US AMPLE TIME TO DRIVE OUR TREMBLING STEEDS INTO AN ORCHARD OR BLINDFOLD THEM. DAD WOULD ALWAYS SMUGLY FORECAST, "THESE ABOMINATIONS NEVER WILL BE PERFECTED. THEY'RE JUST A PASSING WHIM OF THE IDLE RICH."

YELLOW DEVIL WAS CONSTANTLY BREAKING DOWN AND WE SAW THE FRENCH CHAUFFEUR UNDER THE CAR MAKING REPAIRS MORE OFTEN THAN DRIVING IT. IN THOSE DAYS TIRES HAD LITTLE TREAD AND WERE ASTONISHINGLY THIN. THERE WAS SELDOM A TRIP WITHOUT PUNCTURES AND AVERAGE TIRE LIFE WAS 2000 MILES.



THE CONSTANT ROADSIDE REPAIRS FURNISHED US WITH MANY AN ENTERTAINING EPISODE. I REMEMBER ONE DAY FOUR OF US BOYS HEARD THE YELLOW DEVIL SPUTTERING IN THE DISTANCE. QUICKLY WE PERCHED ON THE FENCE, ALWAYS HOPEFUL OF AN ACCIDENT. THIS TIME THE ADMIRAL'S APPROACH WAS UNUSUALLY SLOW, IN FACT WE HEARD A LOUD REPORT FOLLOWED BY AN ENVELOPING CLOUD OF WHITE SMOKE, THEN COMPLETE SILENCE. IMPATIENTLY WE WAITED, STILL HOPEFUL FOR THE WORST. THEN, TO OUR UTMOST SATISFACTION, WE SAW THE YELLOW DEVIL BEING TOWED, AND TOWED BY NONE OTHER THAN A TWO HORSE BUTCHER WAGON DRIVEN BY OUR FAVORITE FRIEND AND FREE BOLOGNA DISPENSER, MR. PARRISH, THE WEST SIDE

TRAVELING BUTCHER. NATURELY AND SPONTANEOUSLY WE FOUR "IMPS OF SATAN" PROCEEDED TO CHORUS THE POPULAR, DERISIVE CHANT OF THE DAY, "GET A HORSE!, GET A HORSE!, GET A HORSE!"

I CAN STILL SEE THE BE-GOGGLED, BE-DUSTERED, STIFF-BACKED BALDWIN'S SITTING STRAIGHT AS RAMRODS STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD. THE FRENCH CHAUFFEUR WAS SHOUTING STRANGE, ANGRY SOUNDING FOREIGN WORDS AT US WHILE THE ADMIRAL ADMONISHED HIM. LEANING OUT OF HIS WAGON, MR. PARRISH SHOOK HIS WHIP AT US, THEN DREW BACK, GRINNED AND WINKED.



THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD SERVED AS ANOTHER TRANSPORTATION SOURCE FOR THOSE WITHOUT CARS AND OUT OF COUNTY TRIPS. THE TRAIN TRIP THROUGH THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS TO SANTA CRUZ WAS ONE OF THE MOST SCENIC RIDES IN THE STATE THROUGH MILES OF DENSE REDWOOD FORESTS. TO THE SMALL BOY, THE SERIES OF LONG DARK TUNNELS WERE A THRILL. BEFORE WE ENTERED THE FIRST ONE, I REMEMBER THE BRAKEMAN CEREMONIOUSLY PASSING THROUGH THE CARS LIGHTING THE FEEBLE GAS LIGHTS. OR WERE THEY COAL-OIL? ONE COULD ALSO TRAVEL TO SANTA CRUZ OR MONTEREY VIA GILROY. EITHER WAY WAS A SLOW, PANORAMIC, TOTALLY RELAXED JOURNEY.

EACH YEAR OUR FAMILY OF THREE VACATIONED IN CAPITOLA; ALWAYS TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE PRUNE SEASON SO AS TO GET "RESTED UP." ONE YEAR MOTHER WENT BY TRAIN WHILE DAD AND I DECIDED TO GO BY SPRING-WAGON. WE STARTED OUT AT 5 A.M. PROVIDENTLY FORTIFIED WITH ONE OF MOM'S "LIGHT LUNCHEs", TWO SMALL FRIED CHICKENS, A QUART OF POTATO SALAD, A MINCE PIE AND TWO JARS OF COLD COFFEE SEPARATELY CREAMED AND SUGARED TO FIT OUR SEPARATE TASTES. OH, YES, AND



A HALF DOZEN LEMONS IN CASE THE WEATHER GETS "WARMISH" AND WE CAME TO SOME "NICE COLD SPRING WATER".

OUR SPRING-WAGON WAS, AS OUR PORTUGUESE FRIEND APOLOGETICALLY DESCRIBED HIS NEW AND HOMELY WIFE, "SHE'S NOT SO PURTY FOR NICE, BUT SHE'S HELL FOR STRONG!" OUR WAGON WAS LIKEWISE EXTRA STRONG AND EXTRA HEAVY, BUT OUR HORSE, AS USUAL, WAS LONG OVERDUE FOR RETIREMENT. MANY TIMES DAD AND I BOTH GOT OUT AND PUSHED THE WAGON UP STEEP HILLS. EVEN DAD ADMITTED THE HORSE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE CLIMBED INTO THE BACK SEAT AND RIDDEN. THE DIRT ROAD PASSED THROUGH LOS GATOS, THE PRESENT DAM SITE AND THE NOW ENGULFED VILLAGES OF LEXINGTON AND ALMA AND FINALLY JOINED THE EXISTING SOQUEL ROAD. THE ALL DIRT ROADS WERE STEEP AND NARROW, IN SOME PLACES ONE WAY. FOUR HORSE WOOD WAGONS IN THOSE DAYS HAD ROWS OF MUSICAL HAME BELLS ON THE HORSE COLLARS, GIVING US WARNING SO WE COULD FIND A SPOT TO PULL OFF ON ONE SIDE. NOW THESE SAME HAME-BELLS ARE EAGERLY SOUGHT BY ANTIQUE COLLECTORS.

CAPITOLA WAS REACHED AFTER TEN HOURS ON THIS FORTY MILE PILGRIMAGE FOR PLEASURE. TODAY THIS RESORT CAN BE REACHED IN FORTY MINUTES OR LESS, A CASUAL FREEWAY JAUNT. I ENJOYED THE TRIP THEN. I ENJOY IT NOW. TIRED SEAT THEN, STIFF NECK NOW, WHAT MATTER?

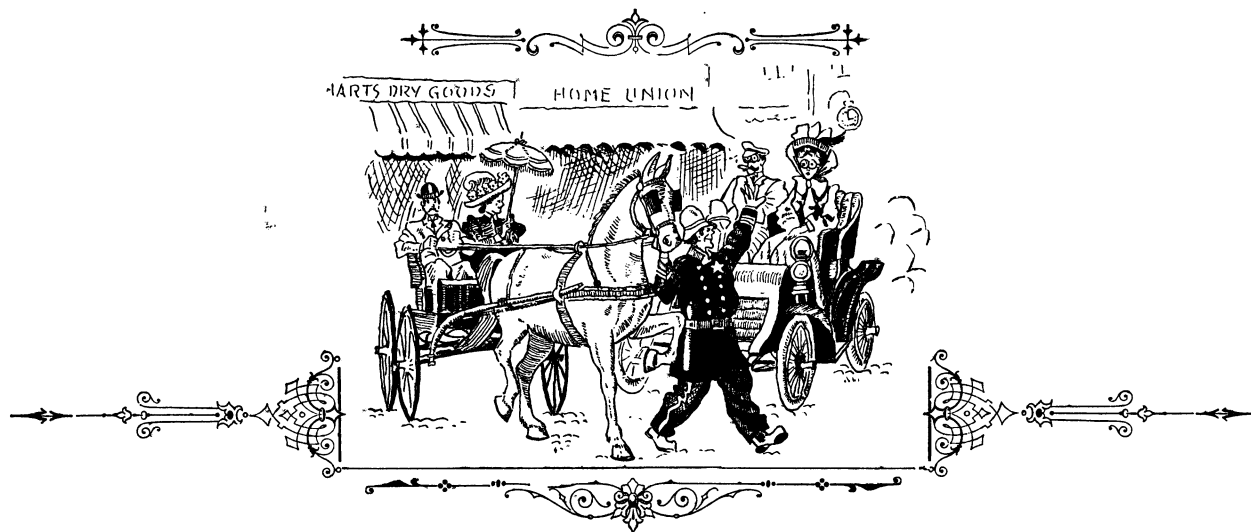
WHEN I WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD THE PENINSULAR INTERURBAN RAILROAD WAS BUILT ALONG STEVENS CREEK ROAD AND FOLLOWED A PECULIAR PATTERN. FIRST IT RAN ON THE NORTH AND THEN THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ROAD, NECESSITATED BY RANCHERS REFUSING RIGHT

OF WAY THROUGH THEIR ROADSIDE ORCHARDS. I RECALL A CERTAIN STRONG MINDED WIDOW WITH LARGE ACREAGE. SHE PULLED UP THE SURVEYORS' STAKES AT NIGHT AND DURING THE DAY SAT ON A PRUNE BOX WITH A SHOT-GUN LOADED WITH ROCK SALT. IN FINALITY, PAST HER LAND, THE RAILROAD TOOK TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD!

COMPARE THE EARLY CRUDE METHODS USED DURING THIS RAILROAD'S CONSTRUCTION IN THE EARLY 1900'S WITH TODAY'S GARGANTUAN ROAD BUILDING MACHINERY. THEN, THE GRADING WAS DONE WITH PICK AND SHOVEL AND HORSE DRAWN IRON SCOOPS KNOWN AS FRESNO SCRAPERS. THE BOTTOM OF THE GRAVEL WAGONS WERE TWO BY FOUR TIMBERS LAID FLAT, PROJECTING SLIGHTLY AT THE REAR END OF THE WAGON. TO UNLOAD, YOU SIMPLY TURNED THEM UP ON THE NARROW END AND LET THE GRAVEL SIFT THROUGH. ADMITTEDLY PRIMITIVE, THE PROJECT WAS COMPLETED ON SCHEDULE AND THE OLD VALLEY FURNISHED WITH A PER CAPITA PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENT THAN TODAY'S. THIS WAS NO DINKY RAILROAD! THE LINES SERVED WILLOW GLEN, CAMPBELL, LOS GATOS, SARATOGA AND ALSO REACHED CUPERTINO AND PALO ALTO. THE CARS, CALLED "BIG REDS", WERE CAPABLE OF SIXTY MILES AN HOUR. BUSES AND AUTOMOBILES TOOK OVER IN 1930. STEAM CARS TO ALUM ROCK AND HORSE CARS ON OUR MAIN STREETS ONLY SLIGHTLY PRECEDED WRITER'S MEMORY.

AEROPLANES WERE ONLY INTERESTING EXHIBITIONAL EXPERIMENTS WITH NO CONCEPTION OF THEIR PRESENT PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION ATTAINMENTS.

GONE ARE THE HORSE-AND-BUGGY DAYS. NOW WE GLIDE ON WINGED WHEELS, SECURE WITH SAFETY BELTS, 3 YEAR TIME PAYMENTS, AND TRANQUILIZER PILLS IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.



STUMP SUCKER

IF THIS TITLE SHOULD BAFFLE YOU, A STUMP SUCKER WAS AN EXASPERATING EQUINE OF THE HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS WITH THE FOLLOWING DISGUSTING TRAITS: HE PUSHED OR CHEWED FENCES, HITCHING POSTS AND STALL BOARDS WITH HIS LONG, UGLY FRONT TEETH ACCOMPANIED BY LOUD BURPING, BLASTING GROANS. THIS UN-NERVING, STUPID NOISE COULD GO ON FOR HOURS!

HOW WELL I REMEMBER ONE STUMP-SUCKER! LET'S SET THE STAGE FOR THE TRYING EPISODE:

PLACE....CUPERTINO UNION CHURCH.

CAST.....THE CONGREGATION (INCLUDING
A BOYISH WRITER.)

ALEX MONTGOMERY, HONORARY
MAYOR OF CUPERTINO.

ONE CHAMPION STUMP SUCKER.

TIME.....HOT, HUMID SUNDAY, JULY, 1905.

MR. MONTGOMERY, AN EXTENSIVE LAND OWNER, STOREKEEPER, POSTMASTER AND HONORED PIONEER CITIZEN, ENJOYED THE SERMON IF ONLY IF HE WERE ALLOWED TO SLEEP. THIS HE DID WITHOUT CRITICISM AS HE HAD DONATED THE LAND AND BUILT THE CHURCH! ALEX WAS A SHORT, STOUT, BALD HEADED, BEARDED IRISHMAN, SLIGHTLY HARD OF HEARING WITH AN INCLINATION TOWARD STRONG LANGUAGE. THE SWELTERING DAY AND THE CROWDED LITTLE CHURCH MADE ME SLEEPY ALTHOUGH I TRIED HARD TO STAY AWAKE. AS USUAL ALEX SLUMBERED IN THE FRONT ROW, HIS SHINY BALD HEAD NODDING TO ONE SIDE. ONLY THE MINISTER'S MONOTONOUS VOICE BROKE THE SABBATH SILENCE.

ONE OF THE PARISHONERS HAD BOUGHT A NEW HORSE. LIKE AUTOMOBILES, YOU CAN NEVER TELL HOW THEY WILL ACT WITHOUT A TRYOUT. THE OWNER TIED HIM TO THE HITCHING RACK DIRECTLY UNDER AN OPEN WINDOW NEAREST THE PULPIT! THE HORSE, A GRADE A STUMP-

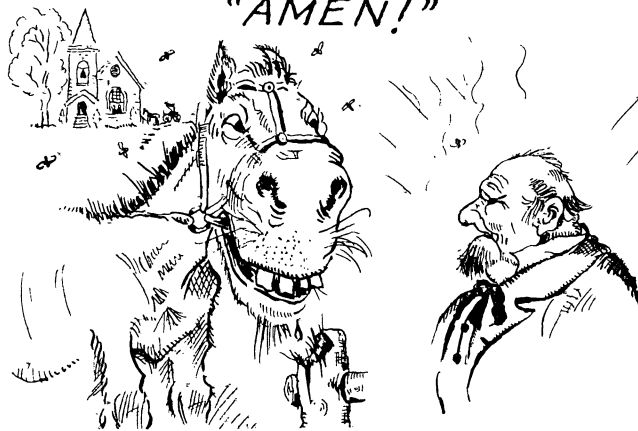
SUCKER, CHOSE THIS MOMENT TO REVEAL HIS WEAKNESS.

AS THE MINISTER BEGAN THE CLOSING PRAYER THE HORSE GAVE A WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP STUMP-SUCKING DEMONSTRATION! SUCH WEIRD GROANS, MOANS, BELCHES AND BURPS! THE MINISTER WAS LIVID BUT CONTINUED HIS LONG PRAYER, NO DOUBT MENTALLY INCLUDING THE HORSE.

THE CONGREGATION WAS PETRIFIED WITH EMBARRASSMENT WHILE THE OWNER REMAINED INCOGNITO HOPING THE STORM WOULD PASS. INSTEAD IT BECAME LOUDER AND FINALLY AWAKENED ALEX! HE WADDLED OVER TO THE OPEN WINDOW, APPRAISING THE SITUATION WITH ONE DISGUSTED GLANCE. AS FAST AS HIS SHORT LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM HE ROLLED DOWN THE AISLE LOOKING LIKE AN IRATE, OVER-STUFFED MECHANICAL BEAR. AS HE VANISHED OUT THE DOOR AN ODD EXPRESSION CROSSED THE MINISTER'S FACE BUT HE SOFTLY CONTINUED WITH HIS PRAYER. THE REST OF US FELT LIKE APPLAUDING. NOW ALL WE COULD SEE WAS THE TOP OF ALEX BALD HEAD AS HE APPROACHED THE BEAST.

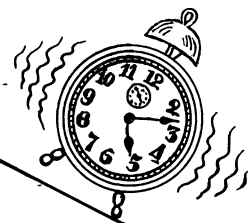
ALL EYES WERE TURNED TOWARD THE WINDOW. ALL SAW THE HORSE'S HEAD JERKED BACK AND ALL HEARD ALEX BELLOWING ROAR: *"YOU DOUBLE DAMNED, HELL-FIRED OLD STUMP SUCKER, -SHUT UP!"*

OUR MINISTER ADDED A SOFT BUT FERVENT
"AMEN!"





Shock of my life



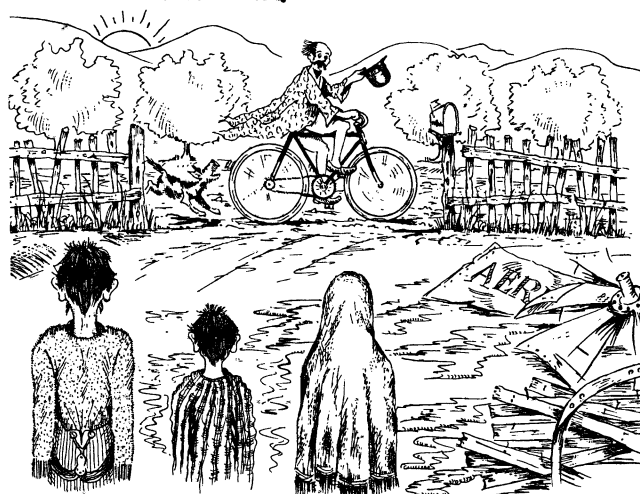
MOTHER NATURE MUST HAVE DECIDED THE OLD VALLEY WAS TOO COMPLACENT. SO SHE STAGED A ROCK AND ROLL THAT NO ONE WHO EXPERIENCED THIS MIGHTIEST OF LOCAL DISASTERS SHALL EVER FORGET. ALL OF US OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER HAS HIS OR HER PERSONAL EXPERIENCES TO WILLINGLY RELATE. HERE IS A SMALL SEGMENT OF THE WRITERS:

DRIFT BACK TO THAT UNFORGETTABLE AND HORRIBLE MORNING OF APRIL 18TH, 1906; MORNING OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE. I WAS 12 YEARS OLD AND I BELIEVE OF AN IMPRESSIONABLE NATURE. DECADES LATER I STILL COVERED MY HEAD WITH THE BEDCLOTHES WHEN SOME LESSER NIGHTLY TREMOR GAVE OMINOUS REMINDERS OF THE "BIG SHAKE." IN FACT, I BELIEVE I STILL DO.

WE STOOD, DAD AND I. MY MOTHER SAT ON THE WOODPILE, SHAWL OVER HER FACE, WEEPING. THE TIME WAS JUST PAST FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. IT WAS COLD AND WE WERE HASTILY HALF-DRESSED. NOW AND THEN THE EARTH STILL QUIVERED IN DYING TREMORS. FROM OUR FLIMSY LITTLE BOARD AND BATTEN HOUSE WE HAD RUSHED TO SEE OUR SMALL WORLD OF DESTRUCTION. AFTER YEARS OF HAULING OUR WATER IN BARRELS; ONLY THE DAY BEFORE WE HAD PROUDLY STOOD ON THIS SAME SPOT GLOATING AT SIGHT OF OUR NEWLY COMPLETED WATER SUPPLY. IT WAS A SHINY NEW AERMOTOR WINDMILL AND A FRESHLY FILLED FIVE THOUSAND GALLON WATER TANK SET HIGH ON A SPINDLY LEGGED REDWOOD FRAME. NOW IT LAY BEFORE US, A SUDDEN NIGHTMARE OF TWISTED, HOPELESS RUIN. THE WATER STILL RAN IN MUDDY RIVULETS AROUND MY BARE FEET. WE WERE STUNNED, SPEECHLESS. SEEMINGLY SYMPATHETIC; OUR DOG TED BROKE FORTH WITH A LONG MOURNFUL HOWL. DAD THREW A STICK OF WOOD AT HIM. TED QUIETED; IN FACT ALL BECAME SO QUIET, SO STRANGELY QUIET.

THEN WE HEARD A FRIENDLY SHOUT. IT CAME FROM A BACHELOR NEIGHBOR AND "CHARACTER," SETH STREET. HE KNEW MY FOLKS BACK IN INDIANA. THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING MIST, A WILD-EYED BUT SMILING

SETH WAS PEDALLING HIS OLD BICYCLE MADLY DOWN MILLER AVENUE. AND SO PASSED AN UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT! UNFORGETTABLE, BECAUSE AND DESPITE HIS MOST POLITE TIPPING OF HIS SUNDAY DERBY TO MY MOTHER, SETH'S ONLY OTHER GARB WAS A LONG, FLUTTERING WHITE FLANNEL NIGHTSHIRT AND A PAIR OF CARPET SLIPPERS!



THE TENSION WAS BROKEN. DISTRACTION CAN BRING RELIEF. MOM PERKED UP, WIPE HER EYES, SMILED AND SAID, "NOW WHERE IN WORLD IS SETH GOING?"

AND 'T WAS THEN THIS SMALL BOY NUMBLY, OR DUMBLY BLURTED OUT A FAMILY CLASSIC THAT I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO LIVE DOWN. STILL IN SHOCK I OFFERED, "DON'T YOU RECKON SETH'S OUT MAKIN' THE ROUNDS TELLIN' FOLKS WE JIST HAD A EARTHQUAKE?"

SPEAKING OF EARTHQUAKES, HERE IS MY FAVORITE UNFORGETTABLE. FOLLOWING THIS GREATEST OF ALL SANTA CLARA VALLEY CATASTROPHIES, THE EARTH TREMBLED INTERMITTENTLY FOR WEEKS. MUCH TO A SMALL BOY'S DISGUST MY PARENTS INSISTED ON SLEEPING INDOORS! VERY FEW OF OUR NEIGHBORS DID, OR ANYONE ELSE IN THE OLD VALLEY.

NEARLY EVERY BRICK CHIMNEY IN THE VALLEY WAS FLAT AND PLASTERED WALLS WERE CRACKED OR HANGING.

I GUESS MY SECRET SORROW WAS THE STABLE CONDITION OF OUR HOUSE. WE HAD WALL-PAPER ON UPRIGHT 1X12 INCH BOARDS. FOR A CEILING, WE SETTLED FOR DROOPY SHEETS OF CHEESE CLOTH WHICH WERE STRETCHED TO HIDE THE RAFTERS. A SHORT TIN STOVEPIPE POKED ITS BLACK SNOUT THROUGH A WALL AND ELBOWED INTO THE OUTDOORS. THEREBY NO DAMAGE AND THEREFORE TO MY SORROW, THE THREE OF US SLEPT INDOORS!

HOW I ENVIED OUR NEXT DOOR PORTUGUESE NEIGHBORS! IN MY BOYISH ESTIMATION, THEIR'S WAS A HOUSE CORRECTLY DESIGNED TO BE PROPERLY DAMAGED BY AN EARTHQUAKE, COMPLETE WITH BRICK CHIMNEY AND LOOSE PLASTER. THEIR ENTIRE FAMILY WAS TERRIFIED. SO THEY MOVED INTO THE BUILDINGS OF THEIR DRY YARD. THEY QUICKLY MADE AN OLD-COUNTRY, DOME-SHAPED MUD AND BRICK OVEN TO BAKE THAT DELICIOUS, THICK CRUSTED, ROUND LOAVED BREAD.

THE CHILDREN, MY EVERY DAY PLAYMATES, MY CONSTANT COMPANIONS, SLEPT IN THE SULPHUR HOUSE! I BELIEVE THERE WERE TEN, ELEVEN, MAYBE A 1906 BAKER'S DOZEN? JOE, MANUEL, ROSY, VIOLET, TONY, MARY, LOUISA, JULIA, ANNIE, FRANKIE,—WHERE ARE YOU ALL,— SIXTY YEARS LATER?

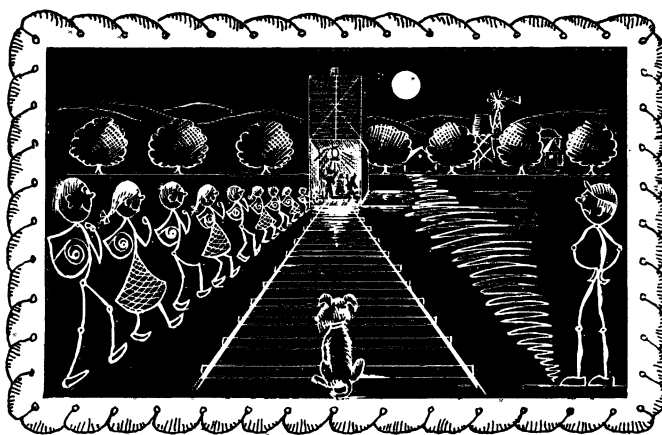
I SUPPOSE THIS SULPHUR HOUSE, THIS TIMELY, LITTLE SHELTER, SHOULD BE EXPLAINED FOR THE BENEFIT OF

ANY READER WHO IS A NEWCOMER TO OUR VALLEY, OTHERWISE THERE COULD BE NO UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT. BEFORE DRYING, APRICOTS WERE HALVED, PITTED AND SPREAD ON WOODEN TRAYS TO BE STACKED ON A SMALL CAR AND PUSHED INTO A SULPHUR HOUSE. THIS WAS A THIN BOARDED AFFAIR, ONE END A DOOR. ITS DIMENSIONS WERE ABOUT SIX FEET HIGH, TEN FEET LONG AND FIVE FEET WIDE.

WHAT'S ALL THIS MODERN COLLEGIATE HULLABALOO AND COMPETITION OVER THE HUMAN SARDINE CAPACITY OF A PHONE BOOTH OR VOLKSWAGEN? PICTURE TEN OR TWELVE PLUMP PORTUGUESE CHILDREN TUCKED, AND I DO MEAN TUCKED TO SLEEP IN THIS TINY SULPHUR HOUSE; NOT FOR A NIGHT BUT FOR WEEKS AND UNTIL ALL QUAKE TERROR HAD SUBSIDED!

EVERY EVENING I WATCHED THIS MERRY CREW BED DOWN, WRESTLING, SCREAMING, LAUGHING, QUARRELING, FIGHTING, ARRANGING AND REARRANGING THEMSELVES; ALL IN ALL A NIGHTLY CIRCUS. AH, WERE I ONLY A FELLOW PERFORMER! NOT THAT I WASN'T INVITED, URGED, PLEADED WITH TO JOIN THEM, EVEN GIVEN DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE EXTRA HALF FOOT SPACE AVAILABLE,— IF I SLEPT WITH MY KNEES BENT.

BUT MY FOLKS HELD FIRM. AND TO THIS DAY I STILL HEAR A PLAINTIVE LITTLE ECHO FROM THE PAST, "OH, SHUCKS, MA,— WHY NOT?"





TODAY'S GENERATION MAY WONDER WHAT AMUSEMENTS ENTERTAINED THE OLD VALLEY ADULTS AND YOUNGSTERS. WE HAD NO RADIO, TELEVISION, MOTION PICTURES OR DRIVE-INS. AUTOMOBILES WERE FEW AND ONLY THE ORCHARDIST WITH A BUMPER CROP OF PRUNES AND A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE WOULD SPORT A RED, FRANKLIN, MOON, DORT, OR HUPMOBILE. ONLY BANKERS' SONS AND OUR RICH SAN FRANCISCO RELATIVES WERE SEEN IN THOMAS FLYERS, POPE-TOLEDOS, PACKARDS, STEVENS-DURYEAS, WINTONS, MARMONS OR PIERCE ARROWS.

DESPITE THIS SO CALLED LACK OF LUXURIES WE FOUND SATISFYING ENTERTAINMENT AND AMUSEMENTS. PERHAPS WE HAD A GOOD TIME BECAUSE WE KNEW NOTHING BETTER. RECREATION APPRECIATION IS MEASURED ON A BASIS OF COMPARISON. OUR HOMELY PURSUIT OF PLEASURE COULD NOT COMPARE WITH THE MODERN DAY'S PASTIMES.

JUST AS TODAY OUR CHILDREN FEEL SUPERIOR WITH THEIR ADVANTAGES, WE TOO, HAD A FEELING OF SUPERIORITY OVER OUR PRECEDING GENERATION'S IDEA OF RECREATION. TO US THE ANTIQUATED DIVERSIONS OF OUR PARENTS WERE A BORE AS THEY TOLD, RETOLD AND RELIVED THE TAFFY-PULLS, CHURCH-SUPPER-BOX LUNCHEES, HAY-RIDES, MAY-POLES AND SHIVAREES. THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND OUR LAGGING INTEREST IN CROKINOLE, SPIN-THE-PLATTER, PARCHEESI, SHINNY, BEAN-BAG, OLD MAID, AUTHORS, PIT OR FLINCH. IF WE MUST HAVE EXCITEMENT, -GO THE LIMIT, -PLAY POST OFFICE.

ONE AMUSEMENT PROBLEM, SPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS, WAS A SMALL COUNTRY BOY, ISOLATED FROM PLAYMATES AND CONFINED INDOORS ON A RAINY DAY. ONE QUESTION THAT REMAINS UNCHANGED OVER THE YEARS, "WHAT SHALL I DO NOW, MA?" FORTUNATELY MY MOTHER NEVER RAN OUT OF SUGGESTIONS. HERE ARE A FEW ECHOES:

"WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH YOUR BUTTON, BIRD EGG, STAMPS OR CIGAR-BAND COLLECTIONS?.....GO OUT IN

WOODSHED AND BUILD YOURSELF A PAIR OF STILTS..... MAKE A SLING SHOT.....THIS IS JUST DANDY WEATHER TO MAKE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS! AUNT JANE LOVED THAT PADDED COAT-HANGER STUFFED WITH DRIED LAVENDER YOU AND I MADE LAST YEAR.....BOOT-JACKS ARE EASY TO MAKE AND GRANDPA SPLIT HISREAD SOME OF YOUR BOOKS AGAIN, BLACK BEAUTY, LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY OR THE THREE LITTLE PEPPERS.....I DON'T CARE! GO IN THE PARLOR AND LOOK AT THE PICTURES IN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OR EVEN DANTE'S INFERNO!

"PUT ON YOUR FATHER'S IRRIGATING BOOTS AND MY SHAWL AND GO OUT IN THE BARN. SEE IF THAT RHODE ISLAND RED'S EGGS ARE STARTING TO HATCH. IF ANY OF THE CHICKS LOOK PUNY, BRING THEM IN AND I'LL DRY THEM OFF UNDER THE STOVE....BY THE TIME YOU'RE BACK I'LL HAVE THE SPONGE CAKE IN THE OVEN AND YOU CAN LICK THE BOWL AND SPOON.....AND DON'T TROMP WHEN YOU COME IN! THAT CAKE MIGHT FALL AND I'VE GOT A BATCH OF BREAD RISIN' ON BACK OF THE STOVE."

"HAVE YOU COUNTED YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS LATELY? MAYBE YOU HAVE ENOUGH FOR A BIBLE?" OR MY MOTHER WOULD WARM THE WHOLE HOUSE WITH HER MELODIOUS VOICE, "COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS, NAME THEM ONE BY ONE," OR "JESUS LOVES ME, THAT I KNOW, BECAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO."

OF ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, WHY, AND SO OFTEN, MUST MOTHERS BE APPRECIATED ALWAYS TOO LITTLE AND FOREVER TOO LATE?

WE LIVED IN A MOST MODEST "BOARD AND BATTEN" HOUSE ON MILLER AVENUE. ABOUT 1900 MY FATHER PURCHASED TEN ACRES OF BARE LAND FROM THE 240 ACRE TANTAU RANCH. THE PRICE WAS \$75 AN ACRE, TODAY WORTH 100 TIMES THAT. NOW SPRAWLING SUB-DIVISIONS SPREAD OVER THIS AREA AND A MILLION DOLLAR SCHOOL NOW COVERS OUR TEN ACRES.

AS INDICATED I WAS AN ONLY CHILD. I FORAGED



FOR MY PLAYMATES AS HOMES IN THIS SECTION WERE FROM A QUARTER TO A HALF MILE APART. MY BEST SOURCES WERE THE LARGE PORTUGUESE FAMILY "NEXT DOOR" AND THE COYKENDALL BOYS, RACHE AND KENNETH.

MY FAVORITE COMPANIONS WERE RACHE AND KENNETH WHO LIVED ON STEVENS CREEK ROAD. THEIR FATHER WAS A WEALTHY ORCHARDIST WHO OWNED AUTOMOBILES, YACHTS, CATTLE RANCHES AND ALWAYS THE LATEST MODEL AUTO. ALTHOUGH THEIR ECONOMIC STATUS WAS IN DIRECT CONTRAST TO OUR MODEST ONE, THE TWO BOYS AND I WERE INSEPARABLE PLAYMATES. WE HAD ONE MAGNETIC BOND, OUR CONSTANT DESIRE TO INVENT OR IMPROVISE ALL OF OUR ORIGINAL FORMS OF RECREATION.

WHILE MANY OF OUR INVENTIONS NEVER PROGRESSED BEYOND THE "ANTICIPATION" STAGE, WE DID HAVE ONE PROJECT WITH RATHER A SENSATIONAL, BOYISH ENDING. WE DECIDED TO BUILD A GIANT EIGHT FOOT KITE. TO INSURE SUCCESS, WE PATTERNED IT AFTER THAT OLD DEPENDABLE THREE STICK, SIX SIDED MODEL, USING LATH FOR FRAME AND LIGHT, OILED CANVAS FOR COVERING INSTEAD OF PAPER. WE WOUND YARDS AND YARDS OF SALVAGED, HAY-BALER, HEMP ROPE ON A HOMEMADE CRANK-REEL, AS SUBSTITUTE FOR THE USUAL KITE STRING.

WE CHOSE COYKENDALL'S DRY-YARD AS OUR LAUNCHING BASE. BEFORE THE DAYS OF DEHYDRATORS, ALL ORCHARDISTS HAD DRY YARDS FOR PROCESSING FRUIT. TRAYS OF LYE-DIPPED PRUNES WERE SPREAD ON THE GROUND TO ABSORB THEIR SUN-DRIED WRINKLES AND THEIR "SUN-SWEET" QUALITIES. COYKENDALL'S HAD THREE ACRES OF DRY YARD WITH A STEEL TRACK FOR THE HAND PUSHED FLAT CARS. WE CHOSE THIS SITE BECAUSE WE SCENTED POSSIBILITIES. THE YARD HAD A LONG TRACK

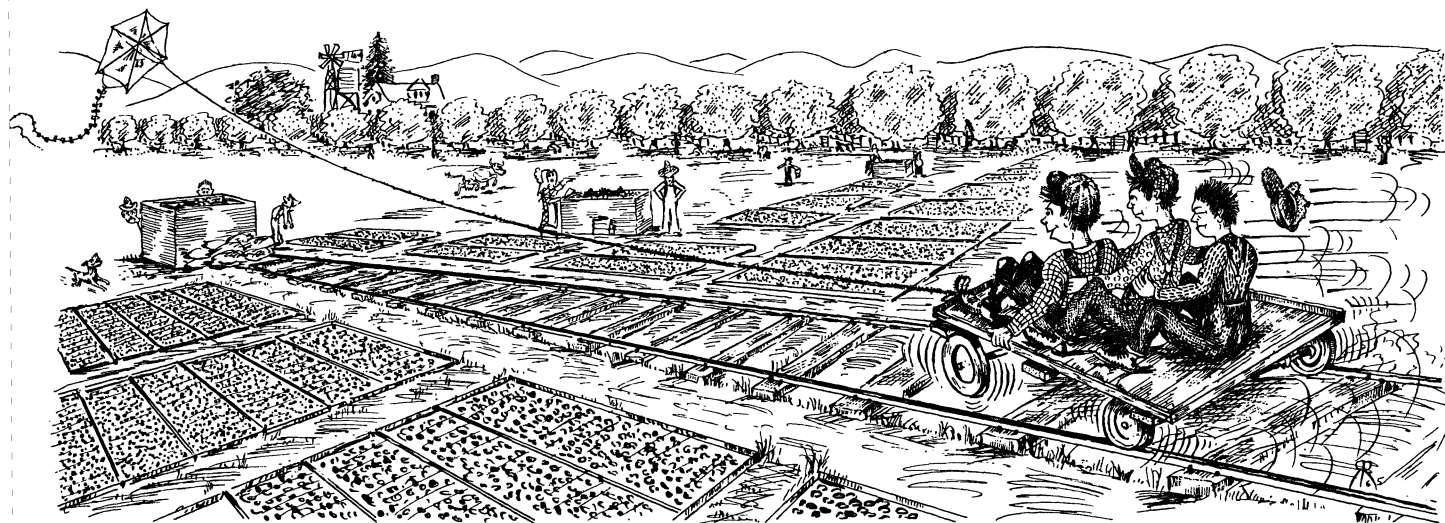
AND ONE OF THESE FLAT CARS WOULD EASILY ACCOMODATE THREE BOYS. THEN TOO, WE HAD A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE,—

THE NEARBY PRUNE PICKERS AND DRY-YARD WORKERS. IN EVERY BOY THERE IS AN ABIDING DESIRE TO SHOW OFF. HERE LAY OUR OPPORTUNITY!



WE HAD UNDER-ESTIMATED THE PULLING POWER OF AN EIGHT FOOT KITE AND OVER-ESTIMATED THE STRENGTH OF THREE SMALL BOYS. WITH SKIDDING HEELS WE, (AND THE WINDLESS) WERE STARTING TO DRAG DOWN THE FIELD. NOW FLYING HIGH, THE KITE HAD ALL THE PULLING POWER OF A SPIRITED TWO-HORSE TEAM. NOW OR NEVER! WE SOMEHOW HOOKED THE ROPE TO THE LITTLE CAR AND LEAPED ON. JUST WHY WE FAILED TO PROVIDE SOME SORT OF BRAKE, OR REASON THAT ALL TRACKS MUST END, REMAINS UNANSWERED. WE HAD BECOME SO ACCUSTOMED TO FAILURE, WE NEVER EXPECTED THE UNUSUAL TO HAPPEN. IT DID. THE WIND SUDDENLY INCREASED AND WITH IT, OUR SPEED. WHILE WE THREE VOYAGEURS CLUNG TO EACH OTHER IN DELICIOUS EXCITEMENT, OUR LITTLE CAR RAISED ITS FRONT WHEELS COMPLETELY OFF THE STEEL TRACK AND AT A 30 DEGREE ANGLE WE SCREECHED DOWN THE YARD 40 MILES AN HOUR! (AS WE RETELL THIS STORY OVER THE PASSING YEARS, OUR SPEED INCREASES. QUIEN SABE? WITH LONGEVITY FAVORING WRITER, IT MAY SOME DAY STRETCH TO 70 MILES AN HOUR!)

"CUT THE KITE LOOSE, RACHE," I YELLED. BUT RACHE WAS IN NO POSITION TO EITHER FIND OR OPEN A KNIFE! SO TOO LATE! THE TRACK WAS ABOUT TWO BLOCKS LONG WITH A STURDY STACK OF TRAYS AS A TERMINAL. THE WIND INCREASED THE CAR'S ANGLE. WE HAD NO CHOICE



BUT LEAP OFF CAR ONTO THE TRAYS OF FRESH DIPPED PRUNES. WE SKIDDED TO A BOTTOM SPLINTERED STOP IN THE JUICY FRUIT WHILE THE KITE CONTINUED ITS MERRY COURSE. FINALLY IT LOOPED THE LOOP INTO AN OAK TREE SHADING THE CORRAL OF THE PORTUGUESE FAMILY'S BARNYARD. THE OAK TREE IS STILL STANDING (I HOPE) NOW OVERLOOKING THE CUPERTINO HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD.

ONE OF MY PORTUGUESE PALS TOLD US THEIR HORSE WAS SO FRIGHTENED HE BROKE DOWN THE CORRAL FENCE AND THEIR COW NOT ONLY WAS TERRIFIED, BUT "WENT DRY" AND WAS NEVER HER GENTLE SELF AGAIN.

MEANWHILE, WE PICKED THE SQUASHED PRUNES OUT OF OUR HAIR AND ELSEWHERE! LATER, MOTHERS WOULD REMOVE THE REDWOOD TRAY SPLINTERS FROM OUR POSTERiors.

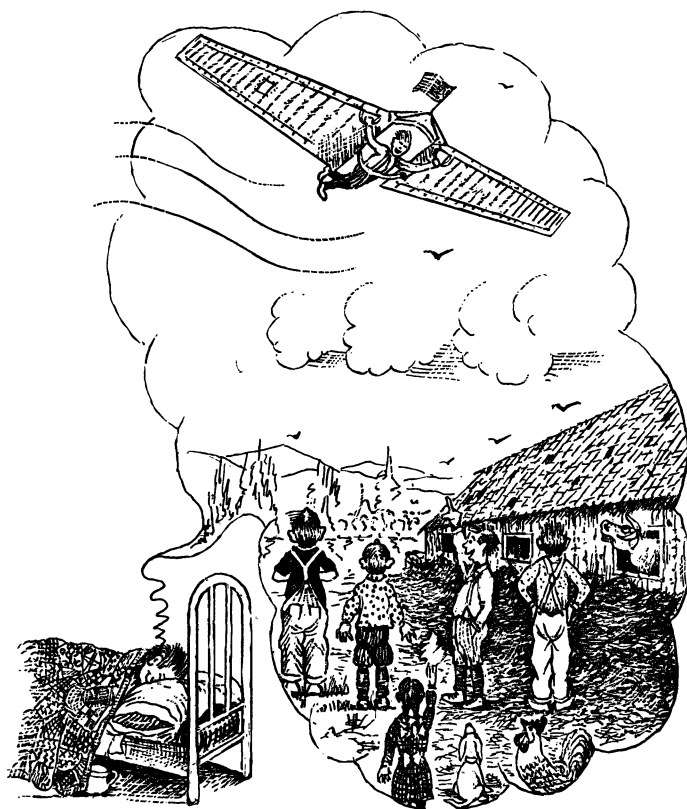
BUT WE HAD BEEN SENSATIONAL! REAL STARS! WE HAD ATTRACTED ATTENTION AND DISRUPTED ALL WORK WITHIN A MILE RADIUS. EVEN HORSE AND BUGGY TRAFFIC ON STEVENS CREEK ROAD HAD HALTED AND RURAL MAIL DELIVERY WAS DELAYED THIRTY MINUTES.

THIS DRAMATIC TRIUMPH SPURRED US TO SEEK LOFTIER FIELDS OF ACHIEVEMENT. A SHORT TIME BEFORE IN SANTA CLARA, A FEW MILES AWAY, MALONEY-MONTGOMERY HAD MADE THE WORLD'S PIONEER GUIDED GLIDER FLIGHT. THIS EVENT INSPIRED US TO ENTER THE AVIATION FIELD.

THE COYKENDALLS HAD AN IMMENSE HAY BARN WITH A GENTLE SLANTING SHAKE ROOF, JUST THE THING FOR A LAUNCHING FIELD. WE HURRIEDLY MADE GLIDER WINGS, USING LIGHT TRAY LUMBER WITH HANDY OLD HARNESS FOR WING FITTINGS AND BODY ATTACHMENT. AS WAS USUAL, WE SPENT AMAZINGLY LITTLE TIME WITH OUR "BLUE PRINTS AND CALCULATIONS," RELYING ON STRENGTH AND WEIGHT TO EASE THE STRESS AND STRAIN BUT IGNORING ALL NEEDS FOR LIFTING BUOYANCY. STILL ENVELOPED IN THE EXHILARATION OF OUR FORMER SUCCESS, WE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO BE "AIRBORNE." THE WINGS RECEIVED A HEAVY COAT OF PAINT. AFTER ALL, MIGHT WE NOT ENCOUNTER FOG OR RAIN AT HIGH ALTITUDES? THE WINGS COULD BE STRAPPED TO (MY) BACK OR ARMS, NOT TOO RIGIDLY OF COURSE, BECAUSE AFTER I HAD GAINED GREAT ALTITUDE, MIGHT I NOT DECIDE TO FLAP THEM;—JUST ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN FLIGHT BETWEEN THOSE LONG, SOARING INTERVALS?

AS MARK TWAIN WOULD SAY, "LET US GENTLY DRAW THE CURTAIN." ANTICIPATION CAN EXCEED REALIZATION.

EVERY BARNYARD HAD ACCOMPANING BARNYARD

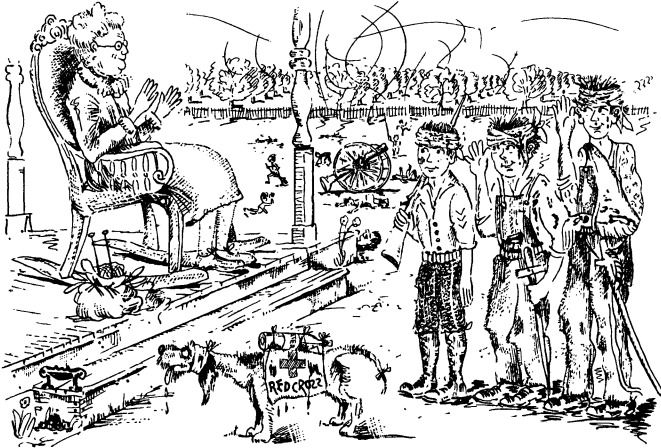


FERTILIZER. COYKENDALLS HAD A LARGE STABLE AND THE WELL AGED ACCUMULATION ALMOST TOUCHED THE BARN EAVES. AND SO THIS MONUMENTAL MANURE PILE BECAME OUR IMMEDIATE EMERGENCY LANDING FIELD. ANYWAY, WE HAD A SAFE, SOFT, PUNGENT LET-DOWN!

OUR FIASCO CANCELLED OUT THE STATURE ATTAINED THROUGH THE KITE EPISODE. OUR FICKLE AUDIENCE LOST INTEREST IN US. THIS CAN BE DISHEARTENING TO SMALL BOYS SO WE PLAYED IT SAFE AND RETURNED TO OUR ONE RELIABLE SOURCE OF APPRECIATION, GRANDMA MCKEE, RACHE AND KEN'S GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMA MCKEE WAS QUITE AGED AND LOOKED LIKE A TINY REPRODUCTION OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER SITTING ON THE BACK PORCH. WE FELT LIFE MUST BE DREARY AND DULL WITH SUCH A LIMITED VIEW. SO WE PERFORMED FOR HER ALMOST EVERY DAY. OUR DEAR, FRAIL FRIEND, SO INTERESTED IN OUR ACTIVITIES, WAS ALWAYS READY TO APPLAUD, LAUGH AT OUR ANTICS AND MAKE SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS.

HER FAVORITE PLAY WAS THE "BATTLE OF BULL RUN" WHICH HAD A FLEXIBLE SCRIPT. WITH LITTLE THEME OR COSTUME CHANGE WE COULD SWITCH TO "CUSTER'S LAST STAND." OUR ARMY EXTRAS WERE ALL MEXICAN PRUNE PICKERS' CHILDREN. SO GRANDMA SMARTLY ADVISED WE MAKE IT "NATIONALITY AUTHENTIC" AND WITH A FORT OF PRUNE BOXES, ADD "FALL OF THE ALAMO" TO OUR REPERTOIRE.



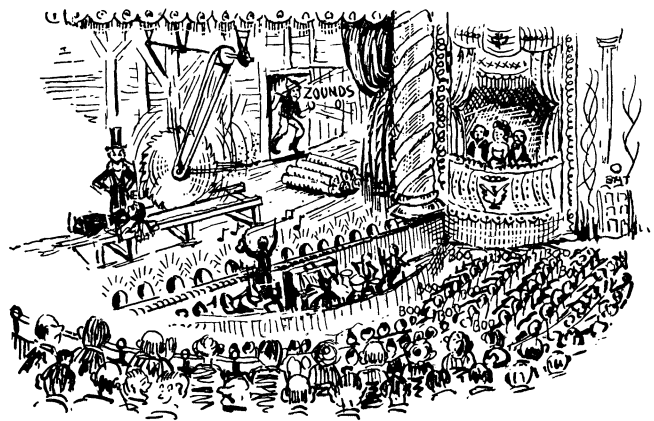
THE "BATTLE OF BULL RUN" WAS A DRAMATIC SPECTACLE. SOMEHOW, RACHE HAD ACQUIRED A '44 REVOLVER WITH A SUPPLY OF BLANK CARTRIDGES. HE SAWED OFF THE LONG BARREL SO THAT IT MADE A TERRIFIC REPORT. NEXT WE MADE A CANNON BY MOUNTING A LENGTH OF SEWER PIPE ON TWO OLD WAGON WHEELS. WITH LITTLE PERSUASION WE ENLISTED OUR ARMY OF MEXICAN PRUNE-PICKERS' KIDS TO PLAY THE PART OF CHARGING REBELS. RACHE, KEN AND I WERE SOLE SURVIVORS OF A DECIMATED UNION ARTILLERY BRIGADE. WE WERE MAKING OUR LAST STAND BEFORE OVERWHELMING ODDS. STRANGELY, WE WERE ALL WOUNDED IN THE SAME SPOT, OUR BROWS BOUND WITH CATSUP-STAINED BANDAGES.

LED BY GALLANT OFFICERS MOUNTED ON BROOMSTICKS, THE HORDES OF SCREAMING, BAREFOOT CONFEDERATES WOULD CHARGE US, THROWING PRUNES OR OVER RIPE PEACH GRENADES. AS THE SAVAGE ENEMY ALMOST REACHED THE "CANNON'S MOUTH," RACHE WOULD THRUST THE '44 UP INTO THE SEWER PIPE AND PULLED THE TRIGGER SIX TIMES. THE ILLUSION WAS PERFECT, -THE NOISE, WAR-LIKE PERFECTION. TO COMPLETE THE PICTURE WE THREW HANDFULS OF FLOUR IN THE AIR FOR CANNON SMOKE. MORE CATSUP WAS DISTRIBUTED AMONGST THE MEXICAN ARMY BEFORE THEY FELL DEAD AT THE PROPER MOMENT. BEING MORTALLY WOUNDED EARLIER IN THE BATTLE, WE THREE LEADING ACTORS FINALLY SUCCUMBED WITH PROLONGED CONVULSIONS DIRECTLY BEFORE OUR AUDIENCE OF ONE, GRANDMA MCKEE.

CHILDISH AUDIENCE, CHILDISH ACTORS, CHILDISH MEMORIES BUT OH, WHAT FUN, ALMOST FORGOTTEN, GENUINE FUN!

ATTENDING THEATER WAS A BOYHOOD HIGHLIGHT. THE JOSE, NOW SAN JOSE'S OLDEST OPERATING THEATER, WAS OUR SATURDAY MATINEE FAVORITE. HERE FOR "10-20-30¢," WE COULD SEE ED REDMOND'S PLAYERS. AS THE PLAY UNFOLDED I LIVED EVER EMOTION

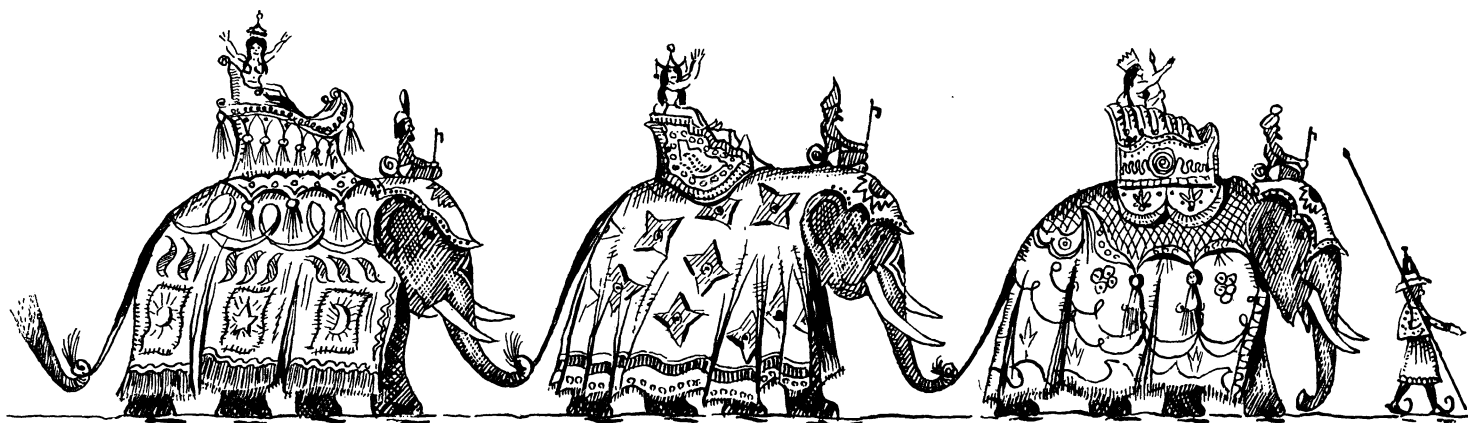
I SAW. I SUFFERED, LOVED, HATED, DESPAIRED, BLINKED TEARS OR LAUGHED UNTIL THE FINAL CURTAIN. POPULAR PLAYS MIGHT INCLUDE, "SQUAW MAN," "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS," "GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST," "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE" AND "THE LITTLE MINISTER." PLAYS CHANGED EACH WEEK AND ACTORS WORKED HARD MEMORIZING TWO HOUR DIALOGUES. TO TOP THIS, SOME PLAYED TWO OR THREE CHARACTERS WITH QUICK COSTUME, BEARD OR WIG CHANGES. BELOW US, THE BOBBING HEAD OF THE PROMPTER IN HIS STAGE PIT JUST BEYOND OUR GENIAL, POPULAR ORCHESTRA LEADER, LEO SULLIVAN, THE LAWRENCE WELK OF THAT ERA.



THE VICTORY THEATER, PATRONIZED BY SAN JOSE'S ELITE, BROUGHT THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS THE TOWN HAD EVER SEEN. INCLUDED WERE ENRICO CARUSO, SARAH BERNHARD, MAUDE ADAMS, BILLIE BURKE, BARRYMORES, DAVID WARFIELD, GEORGE M. COHAN, FAVERSHAM AND THE FINEST OPERA COMPANIES. I THRILLED TO JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S BAND, PRIMROSE MINSTRELS AND THE FAMOUS FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, JULIAN ELTINGE. THE VICTORY STAGE WAS ONE OF FEW IN THE WEST LARGE ENOUGH TO PRESENT SUCH SPECTACLES AS BEN HUR AND ITS CHARIOT RACE. (BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, WHILE ABOVE WAS IN WRITING, THIS FIRE-BUFF AUTHOR "ANSWERED AN ALARM" TO WATCH OUR ENTERTAINMENT LANDMARK CONSUMED BY FIRE.)

LET US NOT OVERLOOK OUR "HIGH SOCIETY," THAT GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED MAIDEN LADIES, THE MORRISON SISTERS, WHO ALWAYS SAT IN THE SAME BOX. IT WAS THEIRS FOR LIFE BY DECREE OF THE VICTORY'S BUILDER, SENATOR PHELAN. ALL I COULD AFFORD WAS A 10¢ SEAT IN THE TINY SECOND BALCONY. STRAINING MY EYES TO SEE THE FAR DISTANT ACTION, HOW I WISHED I HAD A PAIR OF THOSE GOLD BOUND, ABALONE SHELL ENCRUSTED, PEARL HANDLE OPERA GLASSES. I NEEDED THEM SO MUCH MORE THAN THE MORRISON SISTERS!





AFTER THE SHOW WE WALKED ACROSS THE STREET TO SHORTY HIND'S FOR A MILK SHAKE. SHORTY HAD THE VERY LATEST EQUIPMENT. HE MIXED MILK AND FLAVORING (NO ICE-CREAM) WITH ICE THAT HE HAND-PLANED OFF A BIG CAKE UNDER THE COUNTER. THEN HE FASTENED THE CONTAINER INTO A BIG WHEEL. WHEN HAND CRANKED IT REVOLVED, VIOLENTLY AGITATING THE MIXTURE. THE RESULTING PRODUCT NEITHER LOOKED OR TASTED LIKE TODAY'S FORTY CENT, KNIFE-AND-FORK THICK MILK SHAKES. BUT CONSIDERING SHORTY'S PRICE OF FIVE CENTS, I GUESS WE GOT OUR MONEY'S WORTH.



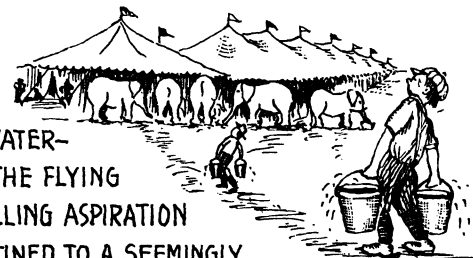
IF OUR FOLKS WERE NOT WITH US, WE MIGHT "SNEAK A LOOK" IN THE LOUVRE, A "HIGH-TONED" SALOON CONNECTED WITH THE VICTORY AND PATRONIZED BY OUR HARD-HAT, BLUE-SERGE, PATENT LEATHER SET. ALL WE BOYS SOUGHT WAS A FURTIVE LOOK AT THOSE LIFE SIZE PAINTINGS BY OUR CELEBRATED VALLEY ARTIST, A. D. M. COOPER. HIS ALLEGORICAL SUBJECTS WOULD QUITE OFTEN INCLUDE EXTREMELY WELL DEVELOPED FEMALES, EVIDENTLY ENJOYING SOME TROPICAL CLIMATE REQUIRING LITTLE OR NO CLOTHING. MY FAVORITE WAS A LIFE SIZE, TORTURED MAIDEN TIED TO A WILD BUFFALO, RACING AHEAD OF A PRAIRIE FIRE. HER SCANT CLOTHING WAS MOST ARTISTICALLY DISARRANGED. TODAY, COOPER'S SCENIC AND EARLY WESTERN SUBJECTS ARE HIGHLY PRICED COLLECTORS ITEMS.

ONCE A LIVING EXAMPLE OF AMERICANA, THIS WAS THE ERA OF BIG TOP OUTDOOR CIRCUSES, BARNUM & BAILEY, SELLS-FLOTO AND THE RINGLING BROTHERS. LITTLE IS LEFT TO REMIND US OF THESE HAPPY SEASONAL EVENTS.

GONE ARE THE OLD VALLEY BARNs, PLASTERED WITH EXCITINGLY EXAGGERATED CIRCUS POSTERS. WINTER RAINS MAY HAVE LEFT THEM TORN AND JADED BUT TO A SMALL BOY, THEIR STILL GAY, TATTERED REMNANTS WERE REMINDERS OF PAST JOY AND PROMISE OF RETURN.

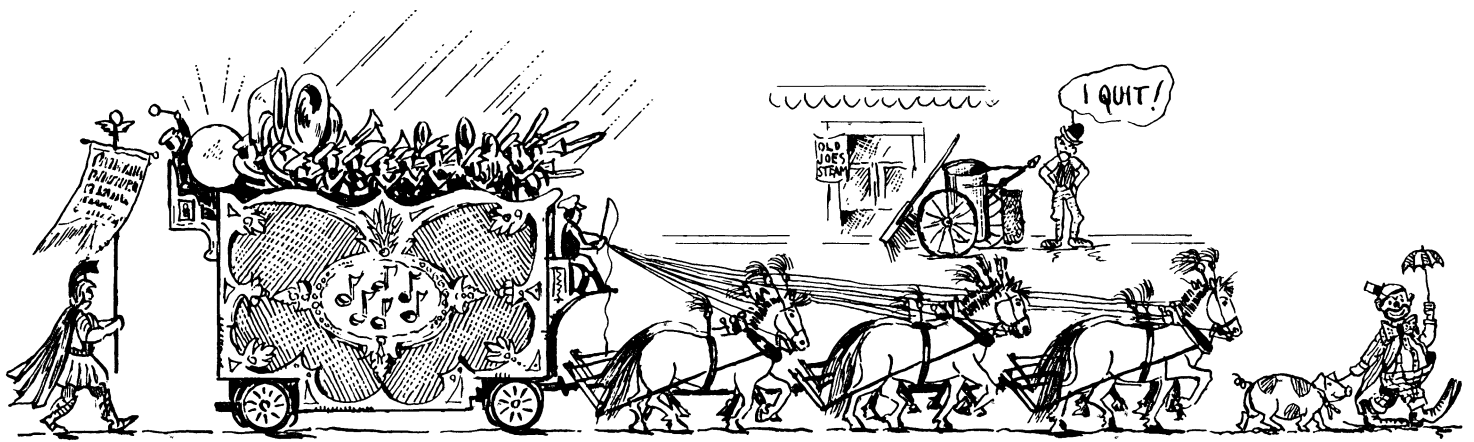
WE HAD OUR SHARE OF CIRCUS BUFFS UP AT 3 A.M.

TO WATCH THE CIRCUS TRAIN UNLOAD AT SOUTH FIRST STREET MANY A YOUNGSTER DREAMED OF JOINING AND WORKING HIS WAY UP FROM ELEPHANT WATER-BOY TO THAT MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE. WHAT THRILLING ASPIRATION FOR A SMALL BOY DESTINED TO A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS CAREER OF PRUNE PICKING!



GONE IS THE CIRCUS STREET PARADE PRECEDING THE PERFORMANCE, FREE TO ALL, INCLUDING MANY A WISTFUL FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED YOUNG ONLOOKER. WE ALL STARED WIDE EYED AT THESE COLORFUL EXTRAVAGANZAS LED BY THE MAESTRO AND HIS GAUDY BAND WAGON FILLED WITH TENT PERFORMERS "DOUBLING IN BRASS". FOLLOWING CAME A CAVALCADE OF ANIMAL WAGONS, DAZZLING QUEENS IN DARING GARB, "REAL" CHARIOTS, CALLIOPE, CLOWNS WITH THEIR SIDE SPLITTING ANTICS AND FINALLY THAT LONG STRING OF SWAYING ELEPHANTS, EACH HOLDING THE PRECEDING ONE'S TAIL BY HIS TRUNK. CIRCUSES APPARENTLY TRIED TO OUTDO THEIR COMPETITORS WITH NUMBER AND SIZES OF ELEPHANTS DISPLAYED IN PARADES. I RECALL ONE YEAR WHEN FOUR CIRCUSES CAME TO SAN JOSE, ALL OVERSTOCKED WITH ELEPHANTS. WHO REMEMBERS OUR ONE AND ONLY STREET-SWEEPER, CART, BROOM AND FRESH ROSE BUD STUCK IN HIS STRAW HAT? THAT WAS THE YEAR HE QUIT!

WE HAVE LOST SOMETHING RICH AND SATISFYING BY REPLACING THE OLD TIME CIRCUS WITH AUDITORIUM PRODUCTIONS. GONE ARE THOSE WOODEN TUBS FILLED WITH WEAK PINK LEMONADE WITH A FEW FLOATING LEMON RINDS AND A LIGHT COATING OF SAW DUST. GONE, THE BALLYHOOD SIDE SHOWS WHOSE CURIOUS WONDERS NEVER SEEMED TO MATCH THE POSTERS OR FULFILL THE "BARKER'S" PROMISES. EVEN THAT TANTALIZING "CIRCUS SMELL" IS GONE. IT WAS SUCH A PLEASANTLY UNPLEASANT ODOR, SO HAPPILY ENDURED.



IN THE EARLY 1900'S SAN JOSE BELONGED TO A STATE LEAGUE AND PLAYED THEIR GAMES AT LUNA PARK, ALMOST FORGOTTEN RECREATION CENTER ON THE END OF 17TH STREET. I REMEMBER ELMER STRICKLETT, A PITCHER, WHO HAS BEEN CREDITED WITH INTRODUCING THE SPIT-BALL, NOW BANNED. PITCHERS STILL SNEAK THIS ELUSIVE CURVE ACROSS, AT LEAST OFTEN ENOUGH TO KEEP MEMORIES OF ELMER'S WET PRODUCTION ALIVE.

THERE WAS SODALITY PARK ON SAN CARLOS STREET AT THE S.P. OVERPASS. HERE IN MUCH LATER YEARS, THE IMMORTAL BABE RUTH, ON TOUR, LOFTED BALL AFTER BALL OVER THE DISTANT FENCE, THE ONE WITH THE SLOAN'S LINIMENT AND OLD JOE'S STEAM BEER SIGN.



HAL CHASE, THE GREATEST FIRST BASEMAN OF ALL TIME, WAS OUR NEIGHBOR, AND EVEN HIS QUESTIONABLE PART IN THE BLACK SOX SCANDAL FAILED TO DIM MY BOYISH ADMIRATION. DOOMED THEN TO OBLIVION OF SAND LOT LEAGUES, I WATCHED HIM SIMULTANEOUSLY PLAY TWO INFIELD POSITIONS. NEVER HAS THERE BEEN A PLAYER TO MATCH HAL CHASE AND HIS BALL-HANDLING DEXTERITY.

MY FATHER TOOK ME TO THE BALL GAMES ALTHOUGH HE HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT BASEBALL WAS ALL ABOUT. BEFORE MOVING WEST, HE WAS A DAWN-TO-DARK, HARD WORKING KANSAS FARMER IN SOME REMOTE DISTRICT. IN SHARP CONTRAST, HERE HE WAS TO SEE CROWDS OF MEN WHO COULD ALL HAVE BEEN WORKING INSTEAD OF HEARTILY ENJOYING THEMSELVES! TO HIM, THIS WAS INCREDIBLE! I THINK HE WAS FASCINATED BY ALL THESE IDLE PEOPLE. HE LIKED THE PEANUTS AND POPCORN AND SPENT MOST OF THE TIME SIMPLY WATCHING THE CROWD. HE LEFT EACH GAME COMPLETELY CONFUSED AND STILL BELIEVING A TEAM MEANT TWO HORSES, A FOUL HAD FEATHERS AND A BASEBALL COACH REQUIRED FOUR WHEELS.

MEDICINE SHOWS ATTRACTED MANY A SMALL BOY.

BEFORE THE PURE FOOD AND DRUG ACT, ANY SO-CALLED "DOCTOR" OR "PROFESSOR" COULD PEDdle HIS BOTTLES OF COLORED WATER FLAVORED WITH ALCOHOL, QUININE OR A DASH OF RED PEPPER; "CURE-ALL" REMEDIES FOR MOST MINOR AILMENTS AND FAR TOO MANY MAJOR ONES.

THERE WERE USUALLY TWO KINDS OF MEDICINE SHOWS, WILD WEST OR INDIAN, WITH A SCANT CREW DRESSED TO FIT THE THEME. THEIR TENT AND PLATFORM WAS SET UPON A VACANT LOT AND AN AUDIENCE ATTRACTED BY A DANCER, SWORD-SWALLOWER, MAGICIAN OR VENTRILOQUIST. THEN THE "HEALER" WOULD DRAMATICALLY EXTOLL THE CURATIVE POWER OF HIS MYSTERIOUS MIXTURES. ALWAYS PLANTED IN HIS AUDIENCE WAS A "SHILL" WHO STARTED THE BUYING. MY FAVORITE "DOCTOR" PERFORMED ON A WEST SANTA CLARA VACANT LOT. HE WAS SUCH A GLIB, CHARMING TALKER, EVEN WHEN HE WAS SO DRUNK HE HAD TO SIT IN A CHAIR WHILE DELIVERING HIS LECTURE. ONE OF HIS EXHIBITS, OR TROPHIES, GREATLY ENTHRALLED ME; - A COLLECTION OF PICKLED TAPE-WORMS.

I REMEMBER TWO "BIG TIME" MEDICINE MEN, "THE GREAT FERDON" AND "KAMAMA". KAMAMA CLAIMED TO BE GENUINE THREE QUARTER INDIAN AND FORTUNATE HEIR TO MANY SECRET TRIBAL REMEDIES, ALL WITH MIRACULOUS HEALING POWER. SUCH FAKERS DRESSED IN OUTLANDISH COSTUMES, HIRED OPEN CARRIAGES AND WERE DRIVEN UP AND DOWN THE MAIN STREETS, STANDING, BOWING, FREELY THROWING KISSES TO THE LADIES AND HANDFULS OF SMALL COINS TO THE "POOR CHILDREN". AH, BUT MANY A WELL KNOWN OLD TIMER HAD HIS FINGERS STEPPED ON, IN FACT I COULD NAME A COUPLE STILL BEARING SCARS.

AGRICULTURAL PARK, NOW THE HANCHETT PARK DISTRICT, FURNISHED ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE LOVERS OF SPEED. USUALLY FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED, I WATCHED MANY OF THE RACES THROUGH A KING-SIZE KNOTHOLE IN A HIGH BOARD FENCE SURROUNDING THE TRACK. BY TAKING TURNS MY PAL AND I GLIMPSED BARNEY OLDFIELD EQUAL THE

EXISTING WORLD'S RECORD OF 60 MILES AN HOUR! IMMEDIATELY AFTER ATTAINING THIS UNBELIEVABLE SPEED THE AUTO APPEARED TO BLOW UP IN A CLOUD OF WHITE SMOKE. BUT, AS WAS CUSTOMARY, A WAITING TEAM OF PERCHERONS OR CLYDESDALES, (WHAT MATTER?) HAULED THE SMOKING BEHEMOTH OFF THE TRACK. BARNEY, PUFFING HIS TRADITIONAL CIGAR, STRODE JAUNTILY AWAY, LIFTING HIS GOGGLES AND BOWING MOST GRACIOUSLY TO THE CHEERING CROWD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT; IT WAS MY PAL'S TURN AT THE KNOT HOLE.



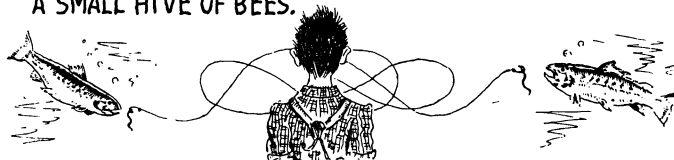
ALSO IN AGRICULTURAL PARK WE SAW BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW. BUFFALO BILL, A MAGNIFICENT FIGURE WITH WHITE BEARD, LONG HAIR, BUCKSKIN COSTUME, RIDING A BEAUTIFUL WHITE HORSE, GAVE AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE COMPLETE WITH ACTUAL FAMOUS WESTERN CHARACTERS AND REAL INDIANS. ON HORSEBACK HE WAS AN EXCELLENT SHOT, BREAKING GLASS BALLS THROWN IN THE AIR EVEN IF A FEW CYNICS MAINTAIN HE RESORTED TO BIRD SHOT LOADS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, WILLIAM CODY WAS AN OBSCURE BUFFALO MEAT HUNTER FOR THE U.S. ARMY. NED BUNTLINE, ORIGINATOR OF THE DIME NOVEL, RESCUED HIM FROM OBLIVION AND WITH ONLY PEN AND PUBLICITY, MADE HIM AN HEROIC FIGURE OF THE OLD WEST.

PER CAPITA, OUR SANTA CLARA VALLEY WAS PROVIDED AMPLY WITH PUBLIC PARKS AND RECREATION AREAS. LAND WAS CHEAP AND THIS ADVANTAGE WAS REALIZED. THESE OUTDOOR BEAUTY SPOTS WERE UNCROWDED, UNCOMMERCIALIZED, EASILY ACCESSIBLE VIA EITHER STEAM OR ELECTRIC RAILWAYS FOR MODEST 5 OR 10¢ CARFARES. POPULAR PARKS WERE ALUM ROCK, CONGRESS SPRINGS, SODALITY, LUNA, SCHEUTZEN AND THE SPARSELY INHABITED SARATOGA-STEVENS CREEK, LOS GATOS AREAS. RHEUMATISM SUFFERERS COULD ALSO FILL THEIR DEMIJOHNS AT AZULE, SODA ROCK OR GILROY HOT SPRINGS.

WE ALSO ENJOYED THE SARATOGA ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, USUALLY HELD IN MARCH WHEN THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF BLOSSOMING PRUNE TREES BLANKETED THE VALLEY LIKE GIANT WHITE DRIFTS OF POPCORN. A MINISTER, REV. EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS, NICKNAMED

"SUNSHINE," ORIGINATED THIS DEFUNCT FESTIVAL. THE EVENT ATTRACTED PEOPLE FROM ALL PARTS OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA. THE PENINSULAR RAILWAY'S "BIG RED" CARS CARRIED PASSENGERS ON "BLOSSOM TOURS" AS THEIR MANY ROUTES COVERED ALL SECTIONS OF THE SPECTACULAR VALLEY. HOW VIVIDLY I REMEMBER THE LONG PICNIC TABLES, GOOD FOOD, SACK-RACES, MAYPOLE DANCES AND ORATIONS.

UPROOTED PRUNE TREES, ENDLESS SUBDIVISIONS AND COLONIES OF APARTMENTS SPELLED DOOM FOR THIS EVENT. SOME DAY PROGRESS MAY NECESSITATE A TREASURE HUNT MAP SHOWING AT LEAST ENOUGH BLOSSOMS TO SUPPORT A SMALL HIVE OF BEES.



OPENING DAY FOR TROUT FISHING WAS THE PEAK OF ALL SPORTING EVENTS, AT LEAST FOR CERTAIN SMALL BOYS ON THE CUPERTINO WEST SIDE OF THE VALLEY. WE CROSSED OFF EACH DRAGGING DAY ON THE CALENDAR, PREPARED, PLANNED AND DREAMED WEEKS AHEAD. WE SAVED OUR MONEY TO BUY A TEN CENT LINE, A PACKAGE OF GUT HOOKS, TUBE OF SHOT FOR SINKERS, TWO LEADERS AND MAYBE A SPORTY GREEN WORM CAN THAT FASTENED WITH A BUILT-IN SAFETY PIN. IF I HAD SAVED EXTRA MONEY THAT YEAR I MIGHT BUY A JOINTED POLE AT SHILLING'S GUN SHOP ON POST STREET AND ALSO ASK TO AT LEAST LOOK AT THE WICKER FISH-BASKETS. USUALLY I WOUND UP USING A WET SALT SACK FOR THE TROUT AND SPENT THE MONEY ON A HUNK OF DRIED SALMON EGGS AND A ROYAL COACHMAN FLY HOOK. I REALLY ONLY WANTED THE ROYAL COACHMAN TO STICK IN MY STRAW HAT. IT GAVE ONE SUCH A SPORTY LOOK OF CARE FREE, WELL-TO-DO NONCHALANCE. ALSO ONE NEVER KNEW WHAT COMPETITIVELY BEDECKED FELLOW ANGLER MIGHT BE MET ALONG THE STREAM.

LIVING ON THE WEST SIDE, WE FISHED TWO SPRING-FED STREAMS, STEVENS CREEK AND PERMENENTE. UNLIKE TODAY, WITH "STANDING ROOM ONLY," WE OFTEN FISHED FROM DAWN TO DARK, MEETING ONLY THREE OR FOUR OTHER YOUNG IZAAK WALTONS.

WHEN I WAS TEN YEARS OLD I REMEMBER ONE SOLO TROUT FISHING TRIP TO THE HEADWATERS OF STEVENS CREEK. I HID MY BIKE NEAR SODA ROCK AND HIKED TO THE HIGHEST CAMPING SPOT CALLED "GRIZZLY FLAT." I FISHED ON THE WAY UP CATCHING FOUR OR FIVE TROUT WITH A (THEN AVERAGE) SIZE OF ABOUT FIVE INCHES.

REACHING GRIZZLY FLAT, I CEREMONIOUSLY



CHECKED THE ANCIENT, NOTORIOUS BUT SLIGHTLY DUBIOUS GRIZZLY BEAR CLAW MARKS ON THE BIG LAUREL TREE.

THEN I SETTLED DOWN TO ONE OF THE MAIN FEATURES OF THE TRIP, MY KING SIZE LUNCH MOTHER HAD, AS USUAL, PREPARED SO GENEROUSLY. FISHING EFFORTS COULD BE DISAPPOINTING BUT NEVER THOSE LUNCHES. IT WAS A REAL SMÖRGÅSBORD AND IF I WERE TO BE LOST, I HAD ENOUGH TO EAT FOR A WEEK. I COULD HAVE FED A SMALL HAY-BALER OR THRESHING MACHINE CREW.

ENHANCING MY DINING PLEASURE WERE MINIATURE WATERFALLS CASCADING DOWN A STEEP LITTLE RAVINE INTO BLACK POOLS OVERHUNG WITH FIVE-FINGER FERNS. HERE WAS A PERFECT SPOT TO REST, EAT AND DANGLE A LINE. FOLLOWING AN OVER-GROWN, ABANDONED LOGGING ROAD I COULD SEE A SMALL TRIBUTARY TRICKLING DOWN A STEEP, NARROW CANYON.

TO MY SURPRISE, I HEARD THE CLUMP OF HOOFS COMING DOWN THIS FORGOTTEN, OVERGROWN TRAIL. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! APPEARING IN VIEW, A GAUNT AND FORLORN WHITE MULE WAS PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE MANZANITA BUSHES. BEHIND THE LONG NECK AND FLOPPING EARS AND SITTING LOW IN THE MULE'S SWAY-BACK WAS AN ALMOST CONCEALED SMALL RIDER.

THEN I RECOGNIZED HIM! IT WAS "LITTLE DAVE", A HERMIT WOODCHOPPER, SHINGLE-SPLITTER AND CHAR-COAL-BURNER WHO LIVED AT THE SUMMIT HEADWATERS OF STEVENS CREEK. I HAD SEEN HIM AT THE WEST SIDE STORE. EVERY TWO MONTHS HE DROVE HIS MULE AND CART DOWN THE LONG GRADE FOR SUPPLIES. OF COURSE I DISTANTLY WATCHED HIS SHOPPING WITH NOSEY CURIOSITY. AS SOON AS ARCH WILSON, STOREKEEPER, SIGHTED LITTLE DAVE APPROACHING HE COULD START PUTTING UP THE ORDER BECAUSE IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME. IT NEVER VARIED, SACK OF FLOUR, SIDE OF BACON, ARBUCKLE COFFEE, SALT, SUGAR, ROLLED OATS, COAL-OIL, STAR PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO, CHIPPED BEEF, PINK BEANS AND SULPHUR MATCHES. THEN HE ALWAYS ASKED ARCH HOPEFULLY IF THERE WAS ANY LEFT-OVER DOERR'S BAKERY PASTRY. THERE USUALLY WAS AN APPLE PIE, WELL AGED AND WITH THE CONSISTENCY OF A DISCUS. LITTLE DAVE IMMEDIATELY SPLIT THIS FIFTY-FIFTY WITH HIS MULE COMPANION.

SO HERE WAS MY FIRST CLOSEUP AND DAVE FILLED EVERY EXPECTATION. HIS LEGS WERE SO SHORT THE HIGH LACED BOOTS BARELY REACHED HIS KNEES. CLOTHES

FAIRLY CLEAN BUT HIS COWBOY HAT HAD LONG AGO LOST ITS VIM AND LOOKED LIKE A WILTED MUSHROOM. HE WAS ABOUT FIVE FEET TALL AND HAD AN ENORMOUS "HANDLE BAR" OR 'WALRUS' MOUSTACHE THAT ENTIRELY OVERPOWERED THE REST OF HIS SMALL FEATURES. I KEPT WONDERING WHAT HE WOULD LOOK LIKE WITHOUT IT. BUT DAVE DID HAVE A PAIR OF TWINKLING, DEEP SET EYES, SO LIVELY ONE FORGOT ALL ELSE.

HE HAD PADDED THE MULE'S SHARP SPINE WITH A COUPLE OF BARLEY SACKS. TO ME IT STILL SEEMED SO PAINFULLY SHARP I WONDERED WHY LITTLE DAVE DIDN'T RIDE SIDE-SADDLE.



LIL' DAVE SLID OFF AND THREW THE BALE-ROPE REINS OVER A MADRONE LIMB. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT BUT EVIDENTLY HE HAD BEEN FISHING THAT TINY TRIBUTARY! I COULD NOT KEEP MY EYES OFF HIS SPORTING EQUIPMENT AND HE, IN TURN, GAVE MY OUTFIT A LONG STARE. SUCH COMPARISON EMBARRASSED ME. I WAS FILLED WITH BOY LIKE PITY FOR POOR DAVE BECAUSE THIS HAPPENED TO BE MY FLUSH YEAR. I HAD A NEW \$1.99 JOINTED POLE, A 35¢ REEL, A NEW WICKER BASKET AND THE ROYAL COACHMAN FLY-HOOK STUCK IN MY HAT HAD COMPANIONS THIS SEASON, TWO JAUNTILY DANGLING BLACK GNATS AND A 15¢ SPINNER.

LITTLE DAVE LEANED HIS POLE GENTLY AGAINST A REDWOOD. THE POLE WAS A LONG, FRESHLY CUT WILLOW SPROUT. HE HADN'T EVEN TROUBLED TO TRIM OFF SOME OF THE GREEN LEAVES! I HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH BIG BLACK HOOKS HE USED EXCEPT IN A 1900 SEARS CATALOGUE SELLING BY THE GROSS. I THINK THEY WERE DESIGNED FOR IGNORANT CATFISH IN MUDDY WATER. THEY HAD A SHORT SHANK, NO LEADER AND ONLY A ROUND EYE THREADED WITH A LINE LOOKING LIKE COMMON WHITE-STRING. I WONDERED HOW HE EXPECTED ANY SELF-RESPECTING, SPORTY STEVENS CREEK TROUT

TO GET ONE OF THOSE BIG HOOKS IN ITS MOUTH.

HE RATHER SHYLY APPROACHED ME. THIS ISOLATED, LONELY MEETING SEEMED TO TONGUE-TIE BOTH OF US. FINALLY I MANAGED TO GULP A "HELLO" AND RECEIVED A "ANY LUCK, BUD?"

I FELT SORRY FOR HIM AND HIS FISHING EFFORTS AND, WITH RELUCTANT PRIDE, SHOWED HIM THE FOUR, FIVE INCH TROUT. I HAD DAINTLY ARRANGED THEM ON AN EXTRA DEEP BED OF FERNS IN MY NEW STORE BASKET. LITTLE DAVE SAID NOTHING BUT GAVE ME AND MINE A LONG PECULIAR LOOK.

I INVITED HIM TO SHARE MY ENORMOUS LUNCH. AFTER SOME TIMID PERSUASION HE JOINED ME. HE ATE WITH SUCH GUSTO! AGAIN I WAS EMBARRASSED AND TRIED NOT TO LOOK AT HIM. THE FOOD SIMPLY DISAPPEARED BEHIND THAT PONDEROUS "WALRUS" MOUSTACHE. NO CHEWING ACTION WAS VISIBLE! MY ONLY ASSURANCE THAT HE WAS SWALLOWING WAS THE STEADY BOBBING OF HIS ADAM'S APPLE. WE DID NOT SPEAK UNTIL THE FOOD WAS ALL GONE. THEN I REMEMBER LITTLE DAVE MADE HIS LONGEST STATEMENT OF THE DAY. HE SAID, "SOMEHOW BEANS AND BACON EVER DAY GETS KINDA DULL. THIS HERE HOME COOKIN' TASTES MIGHTY GOOD COMPARISONED WITH BATCHIN' FOOD."

I THOUGHT OF MOTHER AND HOW DELIGHTED SHE WOULD BE WHEN INFORMED OF SUCH OBVIOUS APPRECIATION. IN FACT SHE WAS WHEN I TOLD HER. THEN I WISHED THAT I HADN'T! ON THE NEXT TRIP, MY BICYCLE PULLED SOME EXTRA WEIGHT. SHE INSISTED ON ADDING A CHERRY PIE AND A ROASTED HEN!

AFTER LUNCH LITTLE DAVE OPENED HIS POCKET KNIFE, LARGE ENOUGH TO CUT DOWN A SMALL TREE, AND CARVED OFF A CHEEKFUL OF STAR PLUG. HE STARTED TO OFFER ME SOME, THEN REALIZING MY AGE, JABBED HIS KNIFE IN THE DEEP LEAF MOLD TO CLEAN IT.

TURNING TO HIS DOZING MULE AND FROM THE HIDDEN SIDE, HE UNTIED A SOILED, WET FLOUR SACK. WITH A FARAWAY, VACANT LOOK UP INTO THE REDWOODS, HE RAN HIS SHORT ARM DEEP INTO THE WET DEPTHS AND FUMBLER FOR A MINUTE. NOW I KNOW THAT HE WAS MEASURING BY FEEL AND ALSO ESTIMATING SIZE OF MY BASKET.

FINALLY DAVE DREDGED OUT FOUR RAINBOW TROUT SO LARGE I TREMLED AND MY EYES BULGED! NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS HAD I IMAGINED SUCH FISH EXISTED IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS. I COULDN'T CLOSE THE BASKET LID SO DAVE TIED IT DOWN, THE TROUT TAILS DANGLING



DELIGHTFULLY FAR OVER THE EDGES, IN PUBLIC VIEW FOR MY HOMEWARD TRIP. ONE NEVER KNOWS WHO WILL BE MET OR HOW MANY UNEXPECTED DETOURS MIGHT BE NECESSARY.

SO CONCLUDED OUR MEETING. DAVE LED HIS MULE TO A REDWOOD STUMP AND WITH RHEUMATIC GROANS, CLIMBED ON. WHACKING HIS SORRY STEED WITH COMBINATION FISHPOLE AND WHIP, HE WAVED FAREWELL WITH THESE FINAL WORDS OF ADVICE, "FISH FOR THE BIG ONES, BUD, —WHERE YOU THINK THEY AINT."

THEN THE LITTLE MAN AND THE BIG MULE VANISHED INTO THE DARK REDWOODS. LITTLE? TO THE SMALL BOY, DAVE, INSTEAD OF FIVE FEET, WAS TEN FEET TALL!

WE MET AGAIN. HIS HOME WAS A LONELY CABIN AT THE VERY SOURCE OF STEVENS CREEK WHERE AN ARM SIZE STREAM OF CRYSTAL CLEAR WATER GUSHED FROM A GRANITE CLIFF. HE DIVERTED THIS NEWBORN BROOK TO WATER HIS BERRY PATCH. HE RECOGNIZED NEITHER HUNTING OR FISHING SEASONS. FOR DAVE, CIVILIZATION HELD NO CHAINS.

NEVER AGAIN WOULD I MEET A MAN WITH WANTS SO SIMPLE, ASKING ONLY FOR SOLITUDE, COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS MULE AND WHISPERING REDWOODS.



EPILOGUE

THIS ENDS MY COLLECTION OF BOYHOOD REMINISCENCE AND NOSTALGIA. I HOPE IT PROVIDES THE NEWCOMER READER WITH A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE OLD VALLEY WAY OF LIFE AND FOR "OLD-TIMERS," AROUSE PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS. READING CAN OFTEN ALLOW WELCOME ESCAPE FROM THE FAST PACE AND STERN REALITIES OF THESE TURBULENT TIMES.

WEBSTER DEFINES "NOSTALGIA" AS A DESIRE TO RETURN. FOR THE WRITER THERE IS NO STRONG DESIRE TO RETURN. WHILE THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN DAYS AND WAYS ARE GONE, THEIR PASSING NEITHER DISILLUSIONS OR SORROWS ME. TREASURED MEMORIES COMFORT AND SUFFICE.

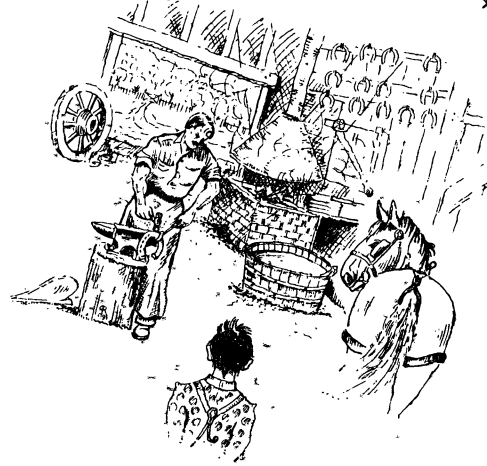
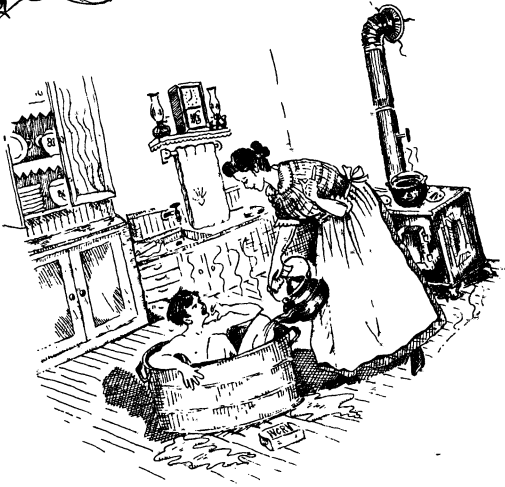
ONE OF THE LESS MORBID VERSES FROM GRAY'S ELEGY SO APTLY EMBRACES THAT FAST FADING ERA, ALMOST FORGOTTEN EXCEPT FOR THE FEW WHO REMEMBER WHEN:

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD'S IGNOBLE STRIFE,
THEIR SOBER WISHES NEVER LEARNED TO STRAY;
ALONG THE COOL SEQUESTERED VALE OF LIFE
THEY KEPT THE NOISELESS TENOR OF THEIR WAY."





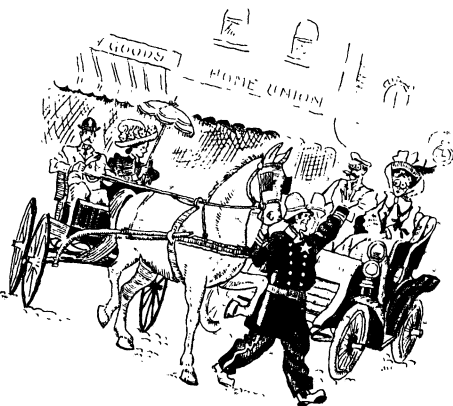
"WISTFUL THINKING"

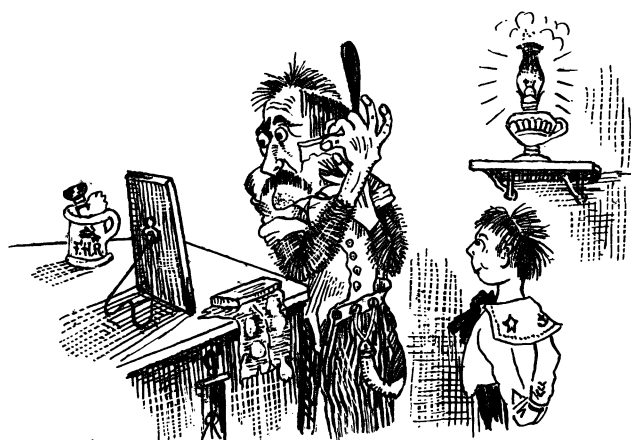


Parpoons

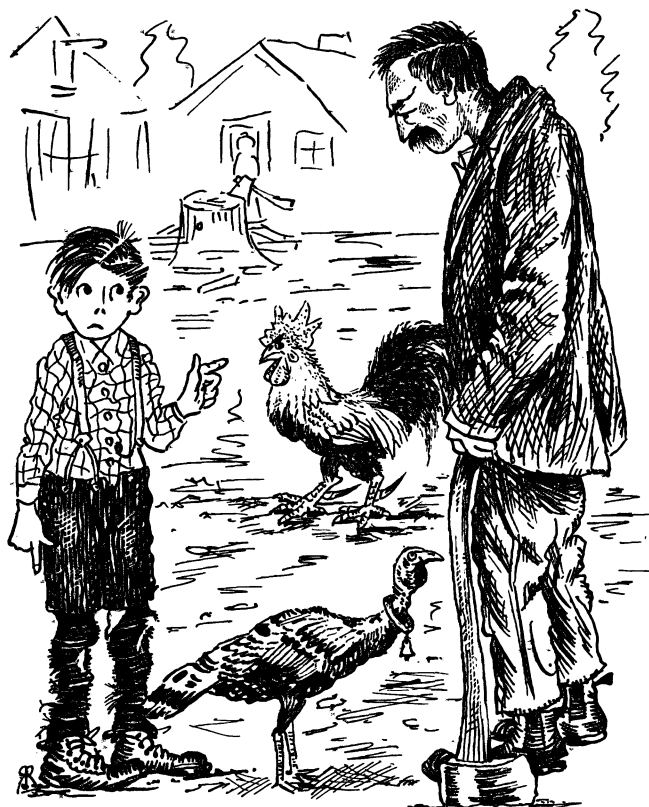
OF THE PERIOD

by R.



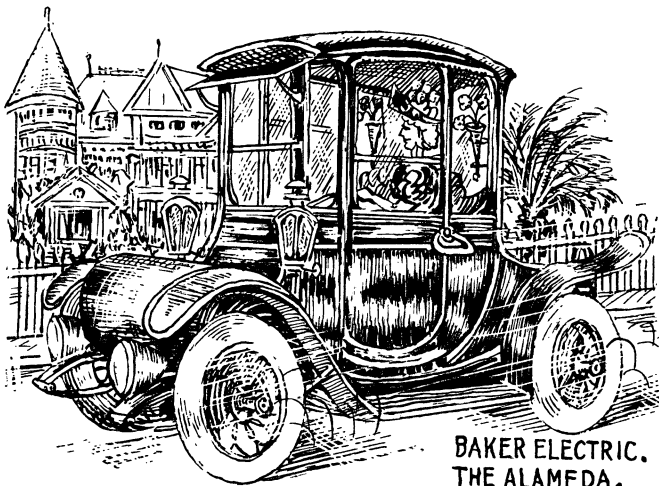


ADMIRATION

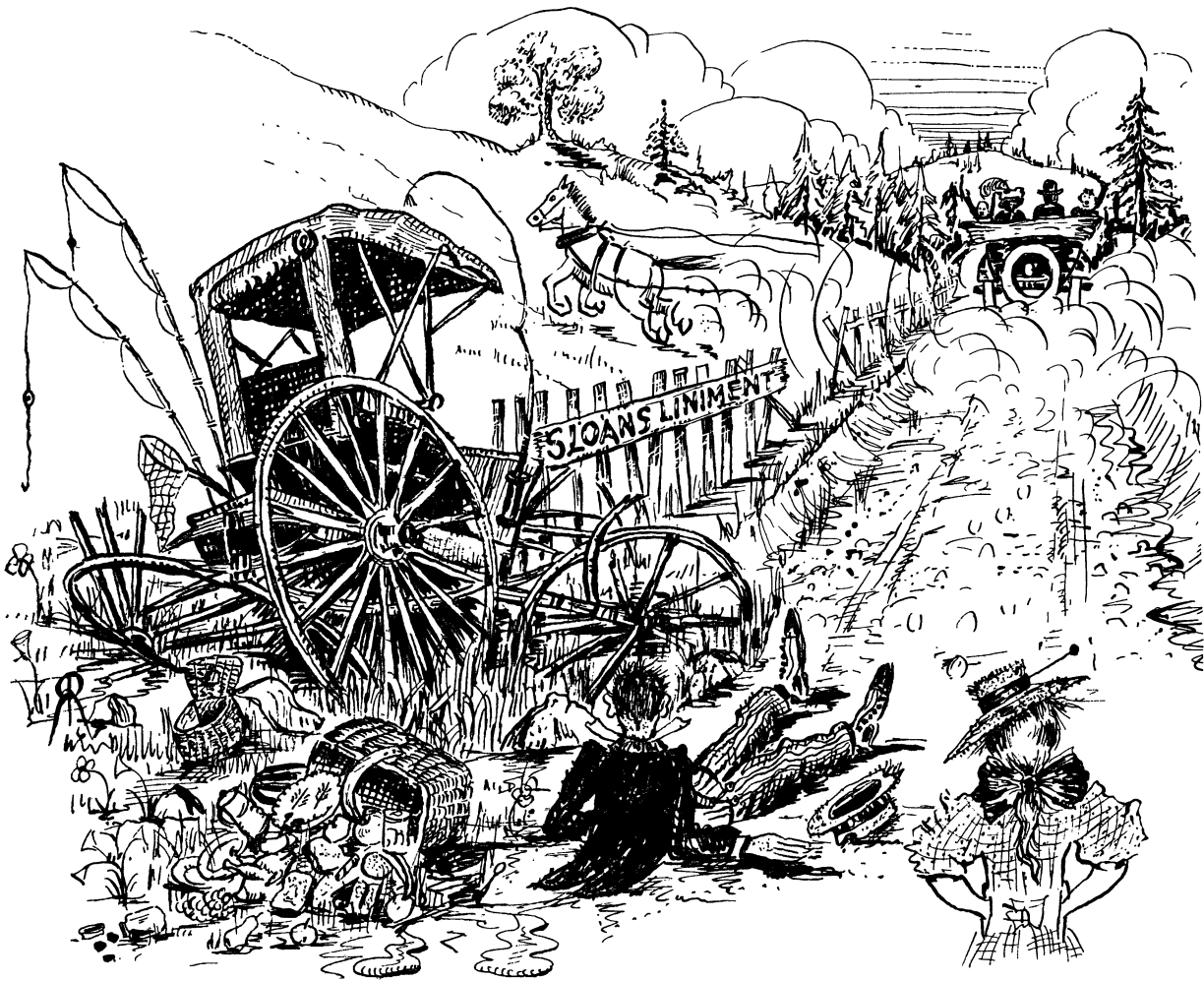


ROOSTER OR PET TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING?

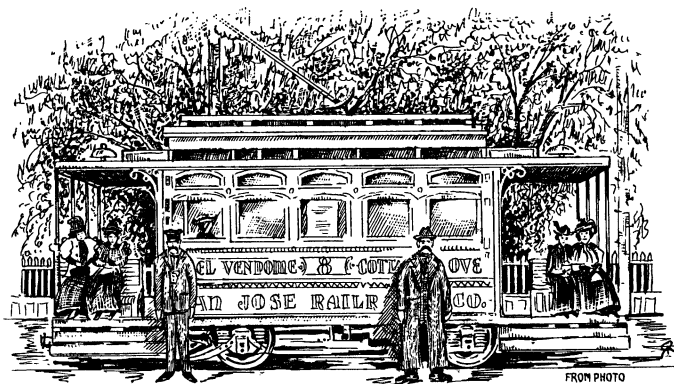
FOR SOLE BENEFIT OF CHILD READERS.....NO, LITTLE DEARS!
PRICILLA, THE PET TURKEY WAS NOT SERVED FOR THANKSGIVING!
SHE WAS A KIND, GENTLE BIRD AND NEVER SPURRED SMALL BOYS' LEGS
ROSCOE, THE ROOSTER, GOT IT IN THE NECK AND WAS HE TOUGH!



BAKER ELECTRIC.
THE ALAMEDA.

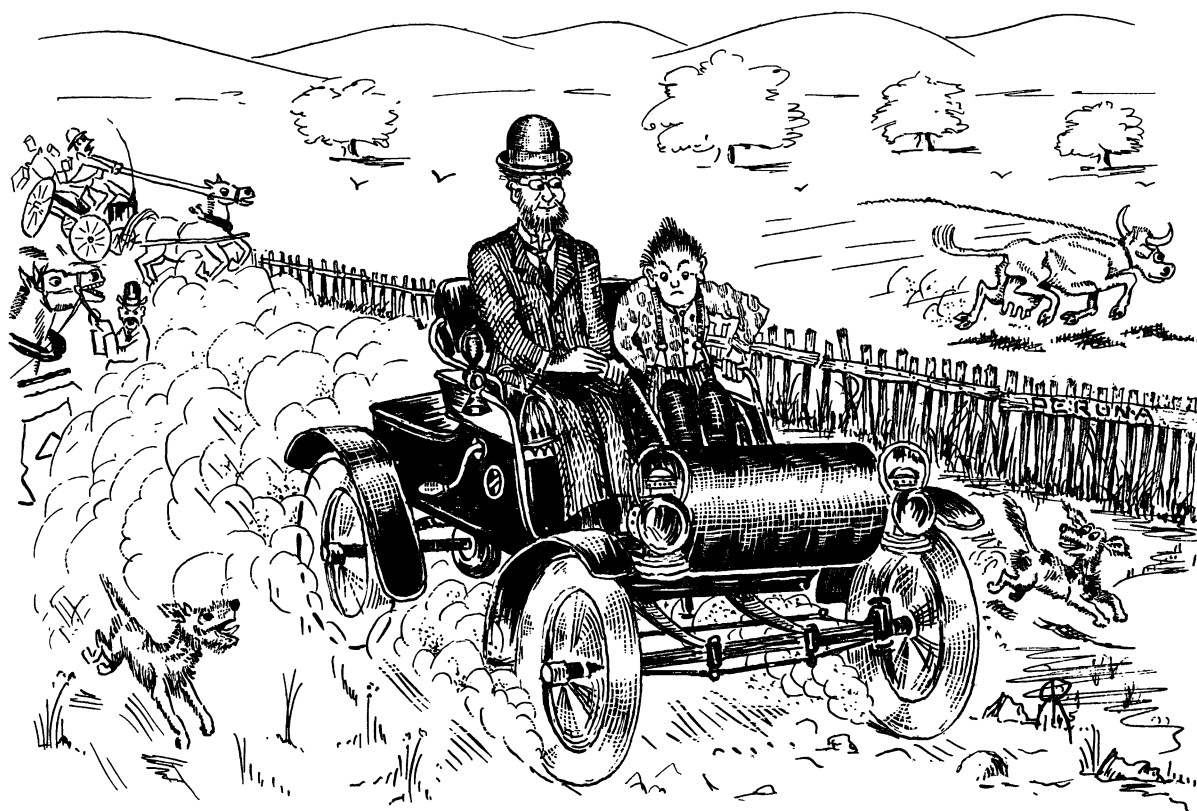


EXIT HORSE-AND-BUGGY DAYS



FROM PHOTO

FIRST-STREET TROLLEY CAR-1894 - HOTEL VENDOME TO COTTAGE GROVE



THAT FIRST AUTO-RIDE

THE VALLEY OF
HEART'S DELIGHT*
OR
I STILL
HATE
PRUNES!





INSERTED FOR READERS WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH "FIVE CENTY" AND CRAVED AN AROMATIC CLOSE-UP.

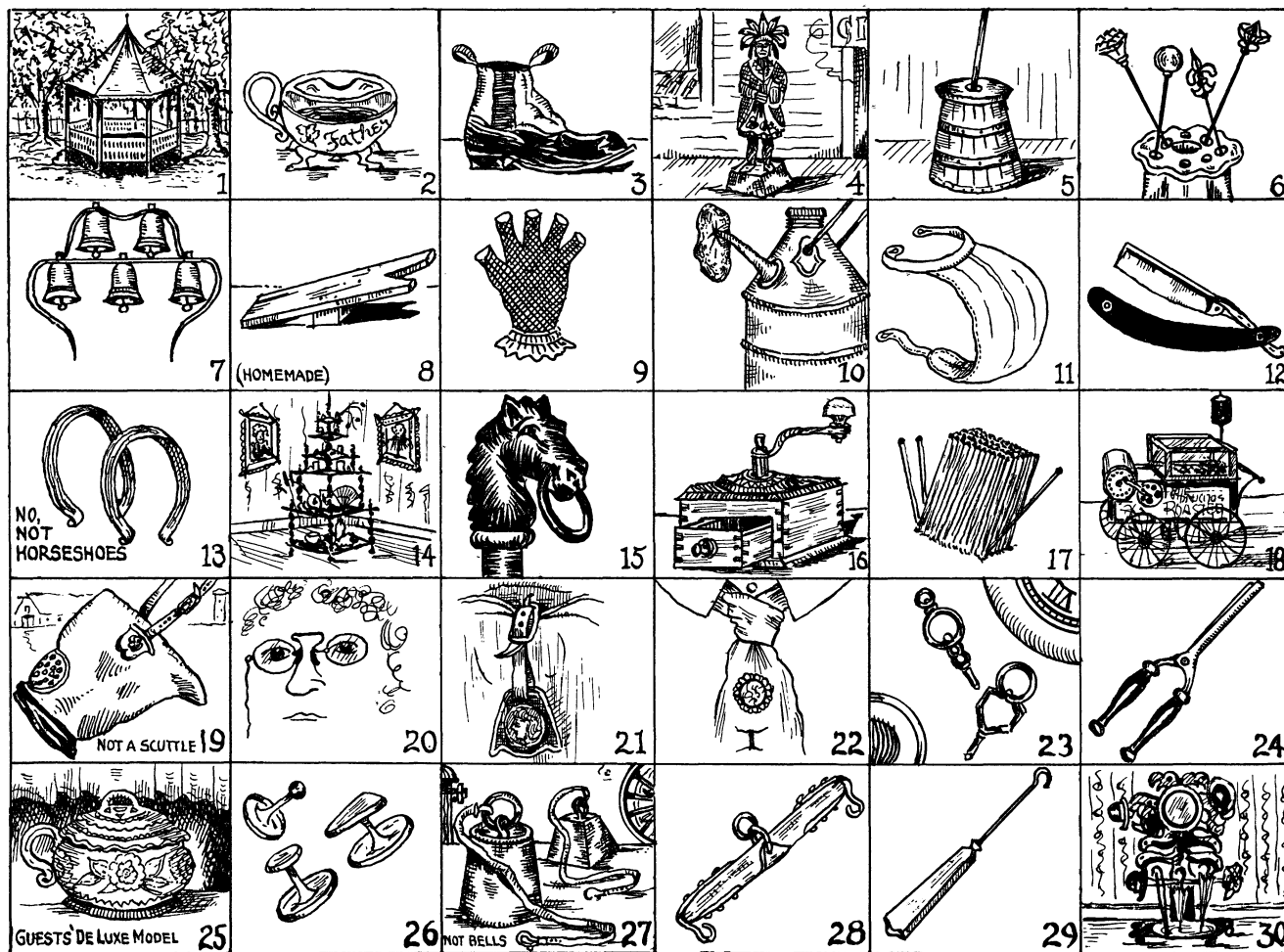


do you Remember game

TESTED YOUR "NOSTALGIABILITY" LATELY?
MAYBE YOU'RE OLDER THAN YOU THINK!
TO DISCOVER ANY FRIEND'S AGE, SIMPLY
MULTIPLY HIS OR HER TOTAL CORRECT
ANSWERS BY 2.5 (NOSTALGIC AGE!)

BELOW ARE THIRTY OBJECTS, ALL IN COMMON
USE FIFTY OR SIXTY YEARS AGO BUT SELDOM
SEEN OR USED TODAY. MOST ARE SIMPLE. LIST
YOUR GUESSES BEFORE CHECKING ANSWERS AND
YOU MUST BE SPECIFIC OR NO SCORE. EXAMPLES:
NO. 3 IS A MAN'S SHOE BUT WHAT STYLE SHOE?

NO. 17 IS MATCHES BUT WHAT KIND OF MATCHES?
10-15 RIGHT=FAIR, BUT YOUNG. 15-20=GOOD,
STOLID MIDDLE AGED. 20-25=EXCELLENT; GOT A
TOUCH OF ARTHRITIS? 25-30=SUPERB! APPLY FOR
YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY! ALL CORRECT=GRAND!
YOU MUST HAVE AT LEAST 10 GRANDCHILDREN!



1= BAND-STAND, 2= MOUSTACHE CUP, 3= CONGRESS GAITER, 4= CIGAR STORE INDIAN, 5= CHURN, 6= HAT-PINS, 7= HARNES
BELLS, 8= BOOT-JACK, 9= LADY'S MITT, 10= COAL-OIL CAN, 11= MAN'S DICKY, 12= STRAIGHT EDGE RAZOR, 13= BIKE CLIPS OR
PANTS GUARDS, 14= WHATNOT, 15= HITCH POST, 16= COFFEE MILL, 17= SULPHUR MATCHES, 18= PEANUT-VENDOR, 19=
HORSE'S FEED BAG, 20= PINCE-NEZ, 21= WATCH-FOB, 22= STICK-PIN, 23= WATCH KEYS, 24= CURLING IRON, 25= CHAMBER POT,
26= COLLAR BUTTONS, 27= HITCHING WEIGHTS, 28= SINGLE TREE, 29= BUTTON-HOOK, 30= HAT RACK-UMBRELLA STAND.





