

"M E M O R Y L I K E T H E I V Y C L I N G S"

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OLD TIMES IN OLD TOWN AND SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

REMINISCENCES OF ONE WHO LIVED IN

THE BANDINI HOUSE

1898-1911

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D E D I C A T I O N

To The National Society of Colonial Dames of America Resident in the State of California, for their outstanding efforts which have accomplished so much in restoring and preserving historic landmarks, and especially for their interest in the Estudillo, Bandini, and other houses in Old Town, the birthplace of California.

## APPRECIATION

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to my good friends, the misses Mabel and Gladys Reston; prominent member of The National Society of Colonial Dames of America, for their patience and careful editing of my manuscript. I also wish to thank my lifelong friend, Mrs. Constance Restarick Withington for reading and approving the chapter on her family, "The Restarick Family". I have followed various suggestions and made corrections of unforgivable faults, but as the writing style of these three ladies is far superior to mine, I take full responsibility for any crudities and errors which remain.

I have delved into my memory and written without recourse to publications except where it seemed a necessary to mention or quote old memoirs or histories. It was frustrating that circumstances prevented me from consulting the only two survivors besides myself who lived in the Bandini house when I did. I have, however, shown the manuscript to my sister Elizabeth, (Mrs. Thomas C. Miller),

who lives in Long Beach, California, and she has approved what I have written.

I had several discussions with Father John R. Shepherd, who took time from his busy schedule to help me with matters about his family of which I was uncertain. But as he was born long after his mother, Victoria Altamirano and I were girls together, he could tell me only what had been told to him about the long ago. He did tell me, though, that it had devolved on him to dispose of family belongings, and he donated many of those to Catholic Institutions and California archives. Other than these few discussions with Father Shepherd, I have had no help in reminiscing about old times in Old Town and San Diego.

I have tried to be as accurate as possible, but as "memory" is notoriously "tricky", especially when old age attempts to depict youth, I may have slipped up in some instances and made unintentional mistakes.

To readers who may question portions of these memoirs, or have different opinions as to what actually occurred, I can only say: "To the best of my memory and belief-----!"

S. D. T.

## P R O L O G U E

The first permanent settlement in California was established by a handful of Spanish soldiers and missionaries who came from Mexico with Father Junipero Serra to found the first mission in California in 1769. They put down meager roots near the landlocked harbor that became San Diego Bay. But after a few years the mission was moved inland to what was later called "Mission Valley".

After a time new settlers began arriving and building homes, and thus was born the infant town later known as "Old Town". The new city of San Diego was established long afterwards.

These first "homes" were small adobe houses built by venturesome souls from Spain, Mexico and the United States. The soldiers, missionaries and just plain settlers suffered through stormy stages of hardship and disaster before they could gain a foothold in the new country.

As the years passed Spaniards whose families were well known in their native land arrived and soon exerted a helpful influence in the struggling little community. Prominent among these were Estudillo, de Pedrorena and others during the pre-Statehood era whose name have come down in California history.

Don Jose Antonio Estudillo came early in the century. He is mentioned in history as being descended from a Captain in the Spanish army, and as having built the famous Estudillo house in the 1820s. His children were born there and some of them lived there after he died.

History records that Miguel de Pedrorena was a young officer who came on a vessel that sailed around Cape Horn from Spain, with more or less of a stopover in Peru.

Another arrival who later became wealthy and prominent was Señor Jose Altamirano who came from Mexico. The name is of Spanish origin and has been shown as a town on Spanish maps. Old records of the Spanish in North America show a Bishop Altamirano.

The three men - Estudillo, de Pedrorena and Señor Altamirano - were of distinguished Spanish ancestry. This has been verified by genealogists and descendants who have traced the families in Spain. It is known that some of heir forebears were prominent in Old Spain and were accepted at

the Spanish court in the days of the monarchy. The three families intermarried in America and many of their descendants are living today.

We can only wonder now why these young men migrated from their ancestral homes to a strange and distant land. Perhaps adventure, the wandering instinct of earlier generations, or boredom with the old life and visions of fortunes to be made in a new land all played a part. Some suffered keen disappointment and did not thrive. But others were successful as they gradually acquired large land holdings which were counted in square miles instead of acres, and hundreds of thousands of cattle on lush hills and in fertile valleys.

As newcomers prospered the little settlement by the bay began to show improvements. New and more comfortable dwellings replaced the old adobes. Handsome furnishings were imported and luxuries were added as sailing vessels brought in eagerly awaited cargoes. Fandangoes and fiestas were held, families visited back and forth on the great ranchos, and so was ushered in the time that has been nostalgically referred to as "The Days of the Dons". Romances flourished, marriages were celebrated and large families increased the population.

One of important Spanish marriages was that of Don Miguel de Pedorena and Ysabel Estudillo. Their oldest child was born in the home of Don Estudillo, father of Ysabel, on the day the American Flag was first raised in the middle of the Plaza in 1849. As this house faced the nearby Plaza it has been recorded that the noisy gun salutes and general hilarity greatly disturbed the young mother in her efforts to bring forth her first child. This child was a girl and was named Ysabel for her mother. She grew up and married Señor Jose Altamirano, thus merging three prominent families. This marriage produced eleven boys and girls. I know all of them except the mother and a sister and brother who died before I went to Old Town.



A CONFUSION OF NAMES

In writing these memoirs, a confusion of names came to my attention. The "given" name of the Estudillo daughter who married Miguel de Pedrorena in the 1840s, was variously referred to as follows:

1. Ysabel - 2. Maria - 3. Antonia

The first child of this marriage and later a granddaughter were both named "Ysabel." It therefore seems likely that this was the name of Señora de Pedrorena, (nee' Estudillo.) However it is possible she was christened with more than one name and was known by each one at different times.

I grew up with many of her grandchildren (the Altamirano family) and knew them intimately. They often talked to the about their de Pedrorena grandparents and their mother, Ysabel Altamirano, (nee' de Pedrorena.) There was never any question about the name.

Without more research than I am in a position to undertake, the beautiful name "Isabel" with its Spanish spelling will remain in these memoirs. A great grandson assured me of its correctness.

"A rose by any other name.....?!"

S. D. T

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE BANDINI HOUSE

My sister Elizabeth and I went to live in the Bandini house in Old Town, San Diego, soon after the start of the Spanish-American War in 1898. I was nine years old, my sister two years younger. We lived there for thirteen years, until she married and left Old Town in 1911 and in the same year I went to Honolulu to live.

There were 29 rooms in the house at that time. They were conveniently divided upstairs and down so the several families who lived there had comfortable and individual quarters. The house was originally a one-story adobe with walls three feet thick. This made it delightfully cool in summer and cozily warm in winter. On a hot day if we were over-heated upstairs in the wooden structure we could go downstairs and cool off. I do not know when the second story was added.

Unlike most of the Old Town houses owned by Spaniards this house had been owned by a man of Italian descent born in Peru whose name was Bandini. History states that he was extremely hospitable and fond of entertaining both friends and strangers, and often had a house full of guests.

The memoirs of Bishop Kip, first Episcopal Bishop of California, tell of this journey via Panama en route to San Francisco in 1854. The sidewheeler steamer on which he traveled up the west coast broke a shaft and headed for San Diego Bay. A terrific storm struck the ship and it ran aground at the entrance of the bay. Passengers were removed and put ashore and Bishop Kip and his wife and young son were taken to Old Town where Don Juan Bandini, "a leading citizen in that part of California, invited them to be his guests." Bishop Kip described the Bandini house as "a comfortable one-story adobe built around the sides of a quadrangle". I never knew it as a quadrangle in shape, and often wondered when it might have been that way.

Bishop Kip further wrote that he spent "some pleasant days there" (ten in all) and "during that time had services and preached before going on to San Francisco". This would prove that there was no religious intolerance in that Catholic community. There wasn't any in my time either, nor has there ever been between my catholic and Protestant friends. Although I am descended from generations of Episcopalians, during my early childhood and in later years I have sometimes attended services with catholic friends in their beautiful churches. Some of the most inspiring sermons I have ever heard were preached by my long-time

friend Father John R. Shepherd. His mother, Victoria Altamirano, lived in the Bandini house when I did and we were dear friends as long as she lived. These two directly descend from the Estudillo and other old Spanish-Catholic families of Old Town.

A wooden frame second story was eventually added to the Bandini house and for years the building was L shaped. Inside this was a patio and in the patio was what had been a fountain, or gold fish pond, I don't remember which. It was never used for either in my time. It was built of stone but was broken in places and vines and flowers were growing inside and around it. There was a little latticed wooden structure at one end of the patio which was called a "summer house". There was a roof over it and built-in benches as seats around the inside. We had time to sit there only occasionally. I do not know when the pond and summer house were constructed.

The big house was almost completely surrounded with porches upstairs and down. We would sit on the upper front porch in warm weather and enjoy a breeze from the ocean, and view the old lighthouse atop Pt. Loma and vistas of San Diego Bay and "False Bay" as Mission Bay was then called. The latter had yet to be discovered for amusement purposes, but sometimes boating enthusiasts dared its shallow waters

and got stranded in the mud. Evenings, in the summer house or on the porches were disappointing at times when mosquitoes came out in force. We had no effective insect repellent, so either slapped at the little beasts or went in doors if they became too voracious. Fortunately they were not malaria carriers. There was never any malaria in Old Town that I remember.

There were many big old trees - mostly eucalyptus and pepper - close to the house and in the large acreage in which the house was set. Morning glory and honeysuckle grew in profusion and climbed up to and above the second story porches on the patio side. Flowers and shrubbery were abundant and I especially remember calla lilies and nasturtiums.

Many birds of countless species were frequent visitors or made their nests in the trees. Sometimes large flocks of brilliant blue-birds and golden-hued orioles would flutter in for a short visit for rest and recuperation en route to and from unknown places. All the home-town birds modestly kept their distance while the gorgeous visitors took possession and bathed and drank and checked the food supply. It was enchanting to watch them and we were sorry when they left. The tiny humming birds were always with us. They loved the honeysuckle and it was fascinating to see

them flitting in and out among the blossoms. And Oh! the mocking birds! On moonlight nights their songs kept us awake. It was truly a birds' paradise.

We constantly kept pans of water for bird baths and drinking, and these facilities were very popular with our feathered friends. The pans had to be strung on pulley wires from porches to trees and well out of the reach of cats. We were never without an assortment of cats and dogs. They got along well together except for small arguments such as when one caught a gopher and another wanted it. There would be a lively tug-of-war until one gave up with no hard feelings. The cats were good hunters and kept the rat, mice and gopher population under control. But occasionally they made the mistake of tangling with a skunk and the result was disastrous. There was little we could do to de-skunk them, so the perfume lingered on until it wore itself out.

Somehow a mother skunk got into the house and set a maternity ward in a hall closet under the front stairs. She produced several cute little baby skunks which we could only admire at a distance. We left a back door open into the patio and kept our fingers crossed and hoped for the best. When the little ones were old enough Mrs. Skunk and

her brood vacated of their own accord. Fortunately they were well behaved and caused no trouble.

The grounds around the house were large enough for both a tennis and croquet court, and these games were pleasant exercise. The croquet court was in the patio, the tennis court off to one side of the lot some distance from the house and shaded by a grove of big trees.

There were two old wells on the place. One was at the end of a wing of the building and rain water seeped in, but it was unfit for use. The other well was dry and far up at the end of what had been and still was the horse corral. Both wells had long been boarded over, but we humans never took any chances.

One day one of our cats fell in the well in the horse corral and couldn't get out. His howls were persistent and frantic before we discovered what had become of him. One of the young men who worked on the place volunteered to go down and retrieve the cat. He was lowered by a rope and to the surface. Man and cat were pretty well done in after the ordeal and the cat never went near that well again. He showed excellent judgment. Plankings were reinforced and further safety precautions taken on both wells, and there was no more trouble while I lived in the Bandini house. I don't know what has happened to those wells since then.

There were a few snakes in the hills back of Old Town, but in all the years I lived there I remember only one snake that got down into the town. I was on my way home from school one day and taking my usual shortcut across the weed patch that later became the gardens of the restored Estudillo house. And there was a long, long snake slowly slithering across that weed patch. I ran! I was too scared to look and see where that slinky reptile was going. It seems strange that the old ruins of those days were not hiding places for numerous snakes.

When my sister and I were children our favorite playground was atop the hill on the site still known at that time as "Fort Stockton". It had been established in 1848 as a military site by Commodore Stockton of the United States Navy and was named in his honor. Although it had long since been abandoned by the military, some of the old Army trenches remained as late as the early 1900s and pieces of artillery shells, bullets and other warlike mementoes could be picked up among the thickly growing cactus and wild flowers in the springtime. My sister and I had a fairly large collection of these articles, but discarded them as we grew older. We often took our dolls and playthings to this enchanting spot and pretended we were having garden parties under a stunted little pepper



tree that grew in one of the trenches. We usually went home with our arms full of wild flowers.

For years there was one small house perched on the very top of the nearby hill, and for some reason a family lived in that isolated spot. A path led down from the cottage and members of the family had a breathless trek down the narrow path to catch the early morning train en route to school or business in San Diego. It was slippery going on a rainy day.

Although the view from those hills is no doubt still spectacular the prolific cactus, the acres of vari-colored poppies, lupine, yellow and purple violets, Indian Paint Brush and other wild flowers have long since been obliterated by housing developments. I haven't seen this since it occurred, but I hate to think of it.

An annual celebration we looked forward to for a number of years was arranged by an old Englishman who, with his wife, was among those who lived in the Bandini house. His birthday was on July 5<sup>th</sup> and as he dearly loved a party, he gave himself one and invited all the rest of us. He provided plenty of ice cream and cake and finished off with a blaze of American style fireworks. The weather usually cooperated at that season, so refreshments were served outside in the patio before the fireworks were set off. The

old man enjoyed the affair as much as we did and in spite of the Fourth of July atmosphere of the festivities, the English always out-numbered the Americans.

One of these Englishmen with a delightful sense of humor, wisecracked every Fourth of July: "This is the day we whipped the British!" With a mischievous chuckle he dared us to contradict him.

The Bandini and Estudillo houses were on opposite sides of a narrow dusty street. Although the Bandini house had been lived in and kept in repair, the Estudillo house had been abandoned and neglected long enough to become the victim of wind, weather, and vandals. Much of the roof had caved in, and broken red roof tiles and chunks of adobe were scattered outside and in.

Tramps referred to as "Knights of the Road", were a common sight in those days. Sometimes we would look out of our windows in the morning and see a sleepy tramp with a pack on his back emerging from what had been his bedroom for the night on the historic Estudillo house. Occasionally one would come to our back door for a handout or ask for a job for a meal. Then he would be on his way to parts unknown. We never saw these men again, and I don't remember ever being robbed, held up or in any way molested as might have been the case in later years. We often discussed what

their history could have been to bring them to such a condition.

The rubble around the old house was a treasure trove for art work for my sister and me. We kept a stock of red roof tile and pieces of adobe, and painted water color designs of wild flowers and poinsettias on them. We even won prizes for our efforts!

CHAPTER TWO  
INCONVENIENCES

Life was very practical and demanding in my young days, and we lacked many conveniences that are now considered essential. The Bandini house had neither plumbing nor electricity when I went there, but both were installed later. We were also short of built-in heating facilities. There was a large fireplace in a big room downstairs which had presumably been the Bandini parlor, and two small grates were in upstairs rooms. None of these supplied adequate warmth and we supplemented them with portable kerosene-burning heaters. We used these mostly in our bedrooms night and mornings when dressing and undressing during cold weather.

Small kerosene hand lamps were our only lighting until electricity arrived. All the kerosene paraphernalia had to be constantly cleaned, polished, refilled and the wicks trimmed. This was my sister's and my pre-school morning chore. But woe unto us if the wicks were not properly trimmed thereby causing those detestable lamps to smoke and smudge the glass chimneys. The lamps were placed in a row on a table near the door leading out of the living room and each of us would strike a match, light the wick and take a

lamp to our bedroom at night. In the morning the lamp had to be brought back and placed on the table for the next servicing.

Cooking was done on a temperamental wood-burning iron stove which had to be rubbed with stove blacking often enough to prevent rust and heat burning. These stoves were used until gas was piped into the house. I was never a successful cook on those pestiferous hunks of iron, but we had a full-blooded Indian woman who worked for us for years and she never had any trouble with them. She was an excellent cook and a faithful servant until she died after I was grown. She was a genius at concocting mouth-watering tamales and green pepper dishes such as I have never tasted since then. Her name was J - E - S - U - S (pronounced "H A Y S O O S.") We had no trouble getting household help as Mexican and Indian girls who lived nearby were glad to earn the small amount we could afford to pay them. I have forgotten what we paid or how efficient they were, but we were not too exacting with them. They did not "live in" with us, but after they finished what we wanted them to do they went to their adobes or wherever they lived and came back when we told them to.

We never had modern refrigeration while I lived in the Bandini house - not even an ice box or ice. We had to

prevent food-spoilage as best we could, and someone invented what was called a "safe". It was a wooden frame contraption with shelves and a door. It stood on four spindly legs which had to be kept in pans of water to thwart the invasion of ants. Burlap was fastened securely over the top and sides and thoroughly moistened with cold water. The safe was placed in the best available air currents and the resultant evaporation kept the food eatable.

Our drinking water was cooled in an earthenware jar called an "olla" (pronounced O-ya) an old time Spanish type jug. But iced drinks were four miles away in San Diego. Once in awhile we had ice cream, but it had to be heavily packed in ice and brought out from San Diego, as we had no facilities for making our own.

After electricity came to the Bandini house, I bought my first appliance - an electric iron. I had that iron for thirty years. I took it with me to Honolulu and the Philippines, but couldn't use it in the Philippines because the voltage was different.

Before the advent of the electric iron, we used heavy cast-iron irons for even our most delicate fabrics. These irons had to be heated on the wood-burning iron stove and handled with care or we would burn our hands or scorch our

clothes. Altogether it was a hot day's work on a hot day in what may well be referred to as the "iron age".

At first we had no telephones in Old Town, and if our friends in San Diego decided to visit us without advance notice, the result was sometimes unfortunate if we happened to be out or were in dishabillé. Luckily the telephone was a fairly early arrival and we could receive pre-notice of an intended call. Our friends quickly learned that it was advisable to telephone. At the right time we would properly attire ourselves, get out our "best china", and prepare to serve afternoon tea. I remember an antique copper kettle for heating water on a little alcohol burner placed on the tea table. This equipment was an English import and it fascinated me. Although I broadly hinted that I would like to "fall heir" to it, someone else got it, because I never did.

In my memory no visit was ever complete in those days without "a cup of tea" as a matter of course. Our English friends were great for serving thinly sliced "bread-and-butter" with their tea. (They pronounced it as one word.) I have forgotten what we Americans served, but probably we, too, acquired the "bread-and-butter" habit as we had many English friends. This was especially appropriate for us, as we had a neighbor who baked and sold bread to augment her

family income. The demand was greater than she could supply at 5¢ a loaf. Slices of that bread, whole-wheat or white, fresh out of the oven and still warm, and generously spread with butter were preferable to the most luscious cake ever baked. Later dieticians would shudder at such fare, but we never had any ill effects from eating it. Certainly the modern bakery bread cannot compare.

If our friends could not arrange their schedule to coincide with that of our little train, it was necessary for them to rent a horse and buggy (unless they owned or could borrow one) and drive four long, dusty miles to Old Town and retrace the route to San Diego. In retrospect I marvel that they undertook it. We who lived in Old Town knew the somewhat erratic train schedules by heart and had to accommodate ourselves to them.

Transportation was primitive in those pre-auto days, and that little train is a story unto itself. A tiny steam engine pulled a train of small cars between San Diego and way points to Old town and all fourteen miles to La Jolla, the terminus. The word "commute" had yet to be invented. The engine was constructed to run either forward or backward and often did both on demand. If the cars became over-loaded with passengers, especially on Sundays and holidays with picnickers from La Jolla, and the engine



couldn't make the slight grade on tracks beside the Estudillo house, it would whistle furiously and push the whole train backward several times for fresh running starts uphill. If it still could not make the grade, all the men passengers had to get off and push and pull to gain the necessary momentum. Then the men had to sprint to catch up and jump aboard before the puffing little engine started the race downhill after its climb to the summit.

The train stopped once a day at Old Town, passengers or not, to pick up the mail sack. The post office was for a time in a downstairs room of the Bandini house, and sometimes the old man postmaster went to sleep and forget to get the mail ready. The engineer would wait and blast the whistle until the postmaster woke up, prepared the mail, then frantically ran across the intervening space and literally threw the mail sack at the conductor. All three men had large and uninhibited vocabularies and used them freely on each other, especially at such times.

The little train made several round trips a day between 8:00 A.M. and 5:30 P.M. and was laid up for the night at La Jolla. If we wanted to go anywhere before or after those hours, it was a case of "hitch old Dobbin to the shay". As we girls grew old enough to have beaux who wanted to take us to dances or the theater at night, we

were fortunate indeed, if we had a boy friend who could borrow a horse and buggy or afford to rent one from a livery stable. (The forerunner of the modern: "Dad, can I have the car tonight?") We had to be home by midnight or cause a scandal, and it was often nip and tuck to make it in time.

The first auto did not come to San Diego until the early 1900s. It was a funny little thing with a door that opened at the back and we had to climb up steps to get into it, then shut the door and sit down. As the streets had not yet been paved, the poor little car had hard going in and out of mudholes in rainy weather and dust holes when dry. Until other cars began to appear, the excited exclamation was often heard: "Have you seen the auto?"

I well remember my first ride in that auto. I was with a girl friend who knew the young man who was driving it, and he invited us to ride. In those days it would have been improper for a very young girl to be seen riding alone with a young man, so my friend and I were glad we were together. We gleefully climbed in but only rode a few blocks. Although since then I have owned many cars and driven thousands of miles, never have I had another ride such as that one!

### CHAPTER THREE

#### "JOHNNIE HINTON"

##### The Old Stage Coach Driver

After the Bandini occupancy the property was put to a variety of uses. At one time it was the headquarters and stables for the stage route between San Diego and Yuma. The big barn which had housed the horses and coaches was still there in my time, and an old stage driver, "Johnnie Hinton" still lived in Old Town. He frequently came to see us after his wife died, and as he boasted that he was an agnostic and didn't believe in the bible, he delighted in inveigling us into religious arguments. He was an American, but his wife had been of Spanish descent. She was a sweet, friendly person. The Hintons kept a beautiful plant and flower nursery and gardens not far from the Bandini house. After Mrs. Hinton's death the old man lived alone. The nursery and gardens were finally taken over by newcomers who developed them into a modern and successful business.

Mr. Hinton liked to play cards and when he came to call, he and one of the older generation would get into a lively game of cribbage. But if he wasn't winning he would be disgusted and walk out. "What's the use of playing," he would grumble, "if I can't win." He had no children and

most of his old friends were gone, so he was lonely and we always made him welcome. He died after I was grown.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### "TOM BILL"

The Vegetable Peddler

and

Shopping Problems

There are probably few people today who remember or did business with the old time Chinese vegetable peddlers. They were a law unto themselves and in retrospect seem like story-book characters. They were long ago replaced by the "corner grocery" and eventually by the flamboyant super markets. But for some years in the 1890s and early 1900s these men flourished and were a necessary part of our lives. They were especially so in outlying communiti9es such as Old Town, and they became almost part of the family.

We had a big, husky Mongolian Peddler for years. He called himself "Tom Bill" but I have no idea what his real name was. He carried both fruits and vegetables in his wagon which was pulled by a sturdy horse. He took good care of both horse and wagon, and his stock was always neat and clean and fresh.

Tom Bill came right into our kitchen and greeted us cheerily with: "What do you want today?" Often it was a

"five cent soup bunch." He would peel off a little of every vegetable in his wagon, and the standard price was a nickel. If we wanted other vegetables and fruit we paid extra, but all its prices were on a par with the "soup bunch." After the vegetables were attended to, we bought a "soup bone" and a piece of meat from the butcher who usually threw in an extra bone or two. This cost us ten cents or a little more. The bones and meat would go into a big pot of water and simmer for hours. The vegetables would be cut up and dumped in with the meat and bones and all would simmer for more hours. We then had a kettle of delicious and nourishing soup which would last for several days. It turned into jelly when cold and could be eaten either hot or cold. There was nothing synthetic about that soup. It had everything, including a built-in flavor that has never been equalled by any soup, canned or otherwise. This soup making was, of course, accomplished on a wood-burning stove, and as there was plenty of wood available fuel was no problem.

Tom Bill was always ready for a friendly chat with anyone who would listen, and at times regaled us with amusing and exciting stories. He became all wrought up at the time of the Boxer Rebellion in China. He said he was a "High Binder" wanted to go back to China to fight. He never

explained the functions of "High Binders" and probably wasn't too sure himself. I did not learn until many years later that Webster's Collegiate Dictionary gives the following description of them: "...a band of Chinese criminals in a Chinese quarter, hireable as assassins." Our Tom Bill was certainly no "Chinese criminal" and showed no signs of being "hireable as an assassin." However, he pretended to be very fierce and one time threatened me with a knife. I knew he didn't mean anything by it and it struck me funny, so I laughed. He looked surprised and with the knife poised in midair he exclaimed: "Little Susie not afraid of me!" Ever after that I was his favorite and he took special notice of me. I never knew what became of Tom Bill. Perhaps after all he went back to China and became the hero of his ambition.

When civilization came to Old Town in the form of stores, there was one grocery and all-purpose store where we could get most of the necessities of life. But when its stock ran low we had to make do as best we could until our "next trip into town," as it was called.

The various families who lived in the Bandini house finally formed a sort of cooperative arrangement and every week or so one of the hired men on the place was delegated to go on a shopping expedition to San Diego. He was given

individual lists which included everything from pins and needles to carrots and turnips. Explicit instructions went with the lists and sometimes he was required to select yardage with thread to match.

He would forthwith hitch a team of horses to a wagon and off he would go on the four mile trip "into town." As often as not he was a Mexican or part Indian and not too well educated, and it amazes me even now to think how that man cheerfully chased around San Diego to make sure he had everything as per instructions. It is still further amazing that he usually succeeded and how seldom anything had to be exchanged.

It must be explained that shopping facilities were still limited in San Diego and there was not much variety from which to choose. The nearest metropolis was Los Angeles 125 miles away, with only the Santa Fe train for transportation. We went there occasionally for vacations or to visit relatives, but no one would have attempted driving the long distance by horse and buggy on rough dirt roads.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### EDUCATION IN OLD TOWN

The only school in Old Town during my growing years was a two-story frame building a short distance from the Bandini house. Pupils arrived from all directions, but my sister and I used a short-cut. We started from our own back door, picked our way across the weed-grown backyard of the Estudillo house, carefully crossed the railroad tracks of the little train that ran beside it, then sprinted the rest of the distance to be in time for classes. It took us between five and ten minutes for the journey if we hurried.

As long as there were enough pupils there were two teachers - one upstairs and one down. I have forgotten how the grades were divided, but it was an exciting day when we naively believed we were being "promoted upstairs." Eventually attendance dwindled and the teaching staff was reduced to one teacher and only the first floor was used. For some reason that escapes my mind, I cannot remember ever reaching the dizzy heights of "upstairs." I am sure I did not flunk promotion (O, no!) so the second floor must have been phased out by the time I was ready for it. I can only remember my frustration at having to finish my early education in that downstairs room.

The heating facility for each room was a small pot-bellied iron stove that had to be stoked with chunks of wood by the pupils. When the iron turned red we either had heat stroke if we sat near the stove, or shivered if we were across the room beside a window.

Predecessors of the modern elegant "powder rooms" were two little wooden shacks in the backyard - one for the girls and one for the boys. The girls would dash for theirs in the vain hope that the boys would not see them or would modestly look the other way. Of course they did see us, and they did not look the other way. They loved watching us and unashamedly grinned at us.

When we finished the eighth grade, that was that for Old Town. For higher education we rode the little train into San Diego to go to high school or business college, as I did. I can remember only one high school and one business college in San Diego at that time, also a Normal School for teacher training, which I believe later became San Diego State. Many of us took private lessons in different subjects and were active in musical and cultural circles when we were old enough, besides earning our living. Opportunities were limited and most of us had to make out on our own as best we could. Some people who had been wealthy had lost money during the ups and downs of years, as there were

hard times and depressions then as later. I cannot remember though, that these conditions made an undue impression on me or cased me to be too unhappy except when I wanted something and could not have it because we could not afford it. In such cases I reluctantly accepted the inevitable and settled for the next best thing. My sister and I had many family friends who showered us with Christmas presents and were generous at other times. So on the whole we were well cared for and better off than other we knew.

In San Diego seventy-five years ago no one had heard of "segregation" and "integration" as we have known them since then. There were a few private schools, but we children went to whatever public schools were available with anyone and everyone. There were Mexicans and Indians and descendants of aristocratic Spaniard. There were mixed ancestral lines, as families freely intermarried. There were names such as Altamirano, Lopez, Serrano, Alvarado, etc., and others were O'Neil, Connors, Peters and even Smith. I went to school with all of these and many other. Some of my companions were descended from American soldiers, both officers and enlisted men, who had finished their service, stayed on and married local girls. Many of these "señoritas" were very attractive and fascinated the soldiers, as has been the practice from time immemorial.

In all my school years I can remember only one little Negro girl in any of my classes, and that was in Los Angeles before I went to Old Town. There was a Chinese girl in my class in business college and she was just one of us. I had a snapshot of that class for years with myself standing beside the Chinese girl, and each of us smiling broadly.

CHAPTER SIX

OLD HOUSES

AND

LANDMARKS

An Old Town brochure shows drawings of various old houses, with a printed notation under one: "The first home of the San Diego Union," and early day newspaper. This house is presumably the same small wooden structure which has been next to the Altamirano adobe ever since I can remember, and was there long before I went to Old Town and long after I left.

Some years prior to the present designation someone placed a plaque on the house describing it as the "Casa de Altamirano." This was vigorously protested by an Altamirano daughter who took her case to a lawyer in an effort to have the plaque removed. She, and others in the family, categorically stated that the real "Casa de Altamirano" was the adobe next to it and the frame house was merely a later addition for utility purposes and a sleeping place for the brothers. She told me that in spite of the expenditure of a substantial sum of money her case was never allowed in court, as those in "authority" refused to change the designation. Since then the little house has been

redesignated as shown in the brochure. I was told long ago that a house farther up the street was the San Diego Union building and not the one next to the adobe. "History" is often very contradictory and not always dependable.

I know for a fact, that years after the last Altamirano left Old Town, the two houses were still owned by the family, were rented by them to various tenants, and were finally sold for a good price. One of the tenants of the Altamirano adobe was a Mr. Getz, the first manager of the Estudillo house after its restoration in 1910-1911. He was a former theatrical manager and brought his wife and daughter to live there. His brother-in-law Mr. Best, also a theatrical man, lived with them and for a time was assistant to Mr. Getz.

This adobe of controversial identity is shown on a recent Old Town brochure as the "Pedrorena adobe." To my knowledge it was never the Pedrorena house, nor was there ever a Pedrorena house in Old Town. The reason for this is simple. It is well known that Miguel de Pedrorena and his wife Ysabel lived in her parents' home, the Estudillo house, where their first child was born and probably other children. They continued to live there after the death of Don Estudillo. Eventually de Pedrorena acquired large land holdings inland from San Diego where he established a

rancho. He moved his family to the rancho and after a time died there rather suddenly. It has been recorded that it was many years before his legal and business affairs were settled. Much of this can be found in the interesting book "The Silver Dons" published some years ago. In this book de Pedorena and other Spaniards of the era are credited with having worked intensively for the statehood of California, and their signatures are in the records in Monterey. Also in "The Silver Dons" are descriptions of the Pedorena rancho, his family and his activities in California.

The so-called "Pedorena adobe" as long as I knew anything about it, was always the Altamirano house. I do not know when it was first constructed, but I do know that some rooms were added as the family increased and included not only the parents, but also eleven sons and daughters. The house was a pleasant one-story adobe adjoining the Estudillo property and across the street from the Bandini house. The walls were the usual three-feet thick, and an outside adobe wall had been built to protect the house. A door was in the side of the wall opening into the Estudillo lot. This was convenient for neighborly visits back and forth without front door formality.

My sister and I spent many happy hours in this house with out special friends the four youngest Altamirano

sisters. Their father, Señor Altamirano, was a handsome Spanish gentleman of the old school. He was always kind and friendly with my sister and me and we loved him. We had a little yellow cat that often called o him. They became good friends and the dear old man talked Castilian Spanish to the little yellow cat. Señor Altamirano died during my childhood.

The Altamirano house contained some very beautiful mahogany furniture and a big black upright piano. We girls pounded many lively tunes on it and warbled sentimental Spanish ballads to our own accompaniments. I had my first music lessons on it. It was later moved to the Bandini house for a married Altamirano daughter who lived there with her husband, and who had had her girlhood lessons on it. She had won a prize for her performance at a piano recital in her student days. She often entertained us with the composition which won the prize for her. It was called "Moonlight on the Hudson," but its many runs and trills have long since been forgotten. The piano was again moved and this time it went all the way to Los Angeles, to the home of another married daughter, where a young grandson had his first lessons on it. This grandson became the well known Jesuit Priest, Father John R. Shepherd - a man of



whom his Estudillo-de Pedrorena-Altamirano forbears can well be proud.

I do not know what finally became of this sturdy traveler - the big, black piano - but it is hoped that it continued to be useful and give happiness to younger generations.

Besides the piano, the mahogany furniture I remember best in the Altamirano house, were several chairs and a sofa upholstered in old fashioned black horsehair. These were in the parlor. In a front bedroom which today would probably be known as the "Master Bedroom," was a big, handsome bed. Other bedroom furniture is vague in my mind, but I am sure it harmonized with the rest of the furniture in the house; all of which had been acquired during a period when the style was popular and which is now treasured by collectors.

Many years later, after the family had broken up and all had left the old home, some of the married daughters inherited the furniture and moved it to their homes. One of these daughters, Father Shepherd's mother, replaced the old horsehair with elegant satin coverings. However, she retained one chair in its original covering as a memento of what the furniture had once been.

In the parlor of the old house were hung two large portraits beautifully done in oils - one of the handsome Miguel de Pedrorena and one of his lovely daughter, Señora Ysabel Altamirano. The Pedrodorena portrait long afterwards hung in the home of a granddaughter - mother of father Shepherd - and was eventually donated by the great Grandson, father Shepherd, to the archives in Monterey. There it took its place along with the signature of the distinguished Spaniard who had worked hard for the Statehood of California. I do not know what was done with the portrait of Señora Ysabel Altamirano. However, one of her daughters who strongly resembled her, may have had it in her home after she married, but she died years ago and left no descendants.

After more deaths in the Altamirano family, most of the remaining furniture and other items were donated by Father Shepherd to the San Diego College for women, a Catholic institution in Mission Valley. Thus have valuable historical heirlooms been preserved for the interest of future generation.

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There were numerous other old adobes in Old Town when I lived there, many in a ruinous condition, but some of the better ones were lived in. We sometimes had occasion to go

into one of those if we knew someone who lived there, but on the whole, as far as we were concerned, they were just part of the scenery and we gave little thought to their history. We were too busy living our own history.

Another place of special interest in old Town in years gone by, was the little Catholic Church in which services and all religious activities were held regularly. The bells which hung on the outside and were vigorously rung to call for attendance, were brought from Spain around Cape Horn. I can still remember their sweet tones which could be heard all over Old Town, and as children my sister and I were sometimes invited by our young friends, the Altamirano sisters, to services in the little church. Eventually a new church was built, but the old one was preserved. I do not know whether it is still there, but it should be, as it was of historic importance and for many years was the only religious edifice nearer than San Diego.

There was also an old cemetery and the names of many old timers long since dead were on gravestones, some of which were broken and toppled to the ground. In the springtime wild flowers and quantities of reddish-pink "ice plant" grew among the graves, and vines climbed over the gravestones. My sister and I sometimes wandered among them, gathering wild flowers.

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After long, sad years of abandonment and slow death, the Estudillo house was going to live again. Mr. John D. Spreckels, the millionaire, became interested in halting its demise. He extended one of his electric trolley lines to a terminus between the Bandini and Estudillo houses, then had plans drawn for a complete restoration project. Mrs. Waterman, a well known architect, was given the contract and she worked daily for many months. Finally under her skillful direction the building was thoroughly repaired, the weed grown lot was dug up, flowers and shrubbery planted, a wishing well installed and garden furniture added. Appropriate furnishings were placed in the house and it was opened for visitors at a nominal fee. This was in 1910 or 1911, and as I left Old Town soon afterwards to live in Honolulu, I did not see it again for several years, and only during short visits to San Diego.

I am happy to know that in the years since then the National Society Colonial Dames of America has undertaken to further refurnish the house and has added beautiful antique furniture. They are generously rehabilitating other historical adobe dwellings in this, the birthplace of California.

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SPECIAL NOTE:

Since writing the foregoing description of the first restoration of the Estudillo house, the following has been brought to my attention.

"Some years after the restoration of the Estudillo house, it again fell into disrepair. Many years later Old Town was taken over by the State Parks System. The following is copied from Museum Houses of the National Society Colonial Dames of America:

"The State of California Park and Recreation Department has completely restored the house and garden. The National Society Colonial Dames of America in California and the San Diego County Committee of that organization have furnished it with the help and generosity of friends and members. The furnishings are English, Spanish and American antiques - some rare, all handsome and valuable.

"The chapel answered the spiritual needs not only of the early residents of Old Town. Priest from the Mission celebrated Mass here, baptized and preached. The schoolroom served the community children until an Old Town school was built."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### YOUTHFUL PLEASURES

A summer vacation my sister and I long remembered was an exciting and unusual trip away from home. Although still in our 'teens, we traveled without a chaperon and were on our own responsibility for the first times in our lives. We never took another trip of its kind, although it preceded by many years the days of rapid transit and high-speed freeways.

We had friends who owned and operated a small hotel in the little mountain town of Campo, about 60 miles inland from San Diego. This was a long distance in the horse and buggy days, but satisfactory arrangements were made and at the appointed time we set forth to spend two weeks with our Campo friends. Our mode of travel was a four-horse stage coach which left San Diego at 6:00 A.M. That meant a 5:00 A.M. start from Old Town. We were probably awake most of the night in anticipation! Our dear and ever-willing old friend, Mr. Tuffley, hitched sleepy horse to a wagon, drove us to the stage station, and saw us safely started on our journey. After a long day's drive on rough dirt roads, with many stops en route, we arrived at Campo in the early evening.

The town was picturesquely situated among beautiful old trees and grassy meadows, with some volcanic boulders scattered around. The oldest building in the community was a two-story stone structure with walls three feet thick. The ground floor was a merchandise store, the upper a social hall for dances and other festivities. Behind a counter on the ground floor, a grisly spot was shown to "green-horns" where, we were told, a fierce fight and murder had taken place a few years previously. We shivered at the lurid description, and imagined we saw tell-tale bloodstains.

Campo was near the Mexican border of Lower California, and had been officially the United States Custom Services Headquarters for the area. I do not remember whether it was still active for that purpose when we were there.

At the time of our visit, surveys were being made for the proposed San Diego & Arizona Railroad, and many high school and college young men were working on the project during their summer vacation. As men were plentiful and girls few, we were well provided with partners when the young men came to town for Saturday night dances. Daytime horseback riding left no time for boredom, and there were many happy trips around and about.

In those days girls did not wear pants for horseback riding, nor for any other occasion. Even jodhpurs for riding had not yet become fashionable. We had out-grown the side saddle, and bestrode our horses, but we wore khaki "divided skirts" which were long, bulky and bunched up uncomfortably during any ride. My horseback days ended before the pants era, and I have never worn pants, "slacks," or "shorts."

The highlight at the end of our vacation, was a well chaperoned visit to the surveyors' camp below the Border, and an evening meal with the hospitable young men at a long board table under the trees. All this was topped off with an exciting moonlight ride back to Campo. Then home again on the lumbering hour-horse stage coach and back to the hard realities of daily life. My sister and I agreed: "If we never have any more fun, this will last us for the rest of our lives." But of course it didn't. We were very young and eager for pleasures we hoped for but could not foresee.

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For many years San Diego Bay was a quiet, uncluttered expanse of water, ideal for pleasure trips especially among the younger generation. Ships of the United States Navy were sometimes visitors, and "The Great White Fleet" sent around the world by President "Teddy" Roosevelt caused



great excitement and lavish entertainment during its stay. Some ships were anchored in the bay and others in the ocean off Coronado, and all were a dazzling sight. Hundreds of boys in blue gave a sparkle to the city. It was wonderful!

It was usual then for huge log rafts to be floated down the coast from Puget Sound and slowly moved into the bay where they were broken up and sold. It was breath-taking to watch the men propel these rafts, and I often wondered why they did not fall off. Perhaps some of them did, but I never saw it happen.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company ran ships up and down the coast between San Diego and Seattle with stops at the newly developing Los Angeles Harbor, once in awhile at Santa Barbara and always at San Francisco. Later, competition appeared with the fast ships "Yale" and "Harvard" which shuttled between San Diego and San Francisco. They made better time than the railroad. In those days it was necessary when travelling by rail to transfer from the Santa Fe to the Southern Pacific in Los Angeles for further travel, with possibly a delay in making connections, as there were two separate stations and train schedules were not always dependable.

Eventually the Santa Fe inaugurated north-south through service for San Diego and the San Francisco Bay

Area. A special car was shunted from one station to another, which saved the passengers much inconvenience. Later still the famous Santa Fe "Super Chief" transported Hollywood movie stars east and west, but I do not know whether this included through service to and from San Diego.

My first steamship trip was with family friends to the Seattle Exposition in 1909. After that I made vacation trips on the "Yale" and "Harvard" to visit friends in San Francisco. One of these ships ran on the rocks some distance up the coast, but I was not on it at the time. It would have been an exciting adventure for an eager young girl, and would have added a fillip to these prosaic memoirs.

Sometimes some of our friends would charter a sailboat and invite a group of young people for a day's trip with picnic lunch on the Bay. On a moonlight night in the summer the water was often so smooth we could go out around Pt. Loma and onto the ocean. We were always well chaperoned on these jaunts.

It was a long time before there was much entertainment for us at Coronado. Most of us could not afford the balls or other gala affairs at Hotel del Coronado. Then someone, no doubt John D. Spreckels, came up with the bright idea of

establishing a summer resort which was called "Tent City" not far from the hotel. This consisted of housekeeping tents laid out in streets, and stores where provisions could be bought. A band gave free concerts nightly as well as Sunday and holiday afternoons in the out-door band-shell with seats in the open air for the audience. They were well attended, and it was amusing to see the handsome but diminutive leader turn his back on the musicians and watch the audience as he vigorously wielded his baton. I think the bank would have done just as well without him, but at least he was ornamental and the men were all jaunty in their uniforms. An old ferry boat was converted into an excellent dance pavilion and moored to the shore for convenient access. I believe the entrance fee covered the cost, as I do not remember that our escorts had to pay for each dance.

I wish to emphasize that hard liquor was never served at any of these outings. Soft drinks were probably available but even these were not important. Modern youth would no doubt consider our simple pleasures boring, but we just wanted to enjoy ourselves and each other, and did not need or want artificial stimulant.

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One quiet summer morning in 1905, the United States Gunboat "Bennington" was anchored in San Diego Bay. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion which blew up her boilers, killing or injuring half her crew. The injured were quickly taken to San Diego hospitals and received the best available cares. Two days later the 47 men who had been killed were buried in the cemetery at Fort Rosecrans on Pt. Loma. A few years after the disaster a tall granite memorial shaft was finally completed on the highest point above the graves, and could be seen far out at sea. Dedication ceremonies were held and St. Paul's Episcopal Choir, under the direction of Mrs. Sydney Hill, was invited to sing selected music. The choir had about thirty members at that time, and my sister and I were among them.

We were whisked across the bay on a United States Destroyer to a landing on Pt. Loma and driven up a winding road to the monument for the impressive service. As guests of the United States Navy we were served refreshments on board, then the destroyer whisked us back to San Diego.

A United States Admiral had come for the occasion and we were all lined up and introduced to him. A story was told afterwards that the Admiral was asked why he talked so long to a "little blue-eyed blond." Replied the Admiral: "She

was the prettiest girl aboard!" The little "blue-eyed blond" was my sister!

Although I do not vouch for the accuracy of this story, I did see my sister talking to the Admiral, and the entire experience was a thrill we never forgot.

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In a seaport such as San Diego, it was inevitable that we frequently met Navy personnel. Wives followed their husbands' ships when possible and were usually lonely and knew few people, so we were glad to invite them to our Bandini home. The Old Town novelty seemed to appeal to them, because they were always glad to come and reciprocated by entertaining us aboard their ships. It was hard to say which of us enjoyed the other more. We formed lasting friendships among these Navy people, and kept in touch through correspondence even though we did not see each other often.

There were, of course, young bachelor officers, and although they were fun to know, they were seldom in port long enough for either my sister or me to become romantically attached. Some San Diego girls married Navy men, but it was usually a rapid-fire courtship quickly followed by marriage; then the young wives were off to join the roving band of Navy women.

The Army was not much in evidence then, as the only post was Fort Rosecrans on Pt. Loma, and I believe there was a small contingent of soldiers in downtown San Diego.

Large seagoing sailing ships were still in existence at that time and came into the bay with sails gaily spread in a brisk breeze - a truly beautiful sight! In the old tradition some wives traveled on these ships with their Captain husbands and we occasionally met one. At times we visited aboard a sailing ship which was on its way to or from far distant ports. These sailing ships were more of a novelty in those days, and intrigued us far more than the steamships, which we could see any day.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SOME OLD TIMERS

"FATHER HORTON" AND HIS FAMILY

An important visitor to San Diego some time in the 1860s was Alonzo Horton, popularly known as "Father Horton." He had visions of a great city where others had not, and in 1867 he shrewdly by-passed Old Town and for \$265.00 he bought nearly 1,000 acres in what is now the heart of San Diego. An old document is proof of this transaction. He not only became enthusiastic in developing the new community, but induced friends in San Francisco to join in his project.

I do not know when the rambling "Horton House" was constructed in this tract, but for many years it was the biggest and best hotel in San Diego. It was torn down in the early 1900s and replaced by what was then considered the fabulous and modern U. S. Grant Hotel. The family of U. S. Grant, Jr., lived in San Diego at one time, I did not know them.

I never knew "Father Horton," either, as he had left San Diego or died before I went to Old Town. I knew his daughter, Mrs. Bowers and her husband, also their daughters Grace and Vyne. Mr. Bowers was for a time a Congressman

from San Diego. He made good investments in real estate (probably influenced by his father-in-law) and built several houses in the vicinity of upper Fifth Street. He gave one to each of his two daughters, and the family lived in them alternately. They would live in one and rent the other when financially advantageous. The parents and their daughters were very hospitable and entertained lavishly in whichever house they were living. My sister and I were often invited with other young people to lively parties in these houses, and a Christmas party was always eagerly anticipated.

An intriguing story was circulated during the prohibition era, that although the daughters would have like to sell one of the houses, their father had stocked the basement so plentifully with liquor in preparation for the "dry" years, that they dared not move the liquor and would not leave it for new tenants. Although I was in both houses many times, I never saw a stock of liquor in either house, before or during prohibition. After the law was changed one house was sold, and presumably what was left of any liquor was ultimately consumed.

Grace and Vyne Bowers were two of my close friends for years. They had studied with eminent teachers in Europe and for most of their lives were leading musicians and teachers



in San Diego. Grace was organist for St. Paul's Episcopal Church for many years and had a large class of piano and organ pupils, some of whom became prominent in musical circles. She went to China before the Communist takeover and taught music in the Episcopal College in Shanghai.

Vyne had a fine soprano voice and directed St. Paul's Choir when Grace was organist. She was a successful voice teacher and some of her pupils went on to fame. She was my first singing teacher, but I never went on to fame!

Grace never married, but Vyne married Sydney Hill, a later arrival in San Diego. He, too, was a singer, and after he met Vyne, sang in St. Paul's Choir. He eventually held an important position in Balboa Park which had been constructed on San Diego Hills for the 1915 World's Fair. Some years later he died leaving only his widow, Vyne. They had no children. The Bowers parents had died long ago, and the two sisters then lived together in one of the houses their father had given them. Each died at a ripe old age after a busy and influential life in the great city envisioned by the Grandfather Horton.

The new city of San Diego callously left Old Town far behind, forlorn in its adobe ruins, a sad reminder of what "might have been" had it lived up to the hopes of those who gave it birth. It is, indeed, heart warming to know that

dedicated, patriotic women of the National Society Colonial Dames of America have now undertaken the restoration of some of the old adobes, and the little Spanish town within the city that all but strangled it, may yet live again and be a fascinating example of historic preservation.

CHAPTER NINE

EARLY DAY BUSINESSMEN

GEORGE MARSTON

and

THE HAMILTON BROTHERS

Among early day businessmen who came to San Diego as young men, started in a small way and succeeded spectacularly in later years were George Marston and two Hamilton brothers. Mr. Marston owned a dry goods store and the Hamilton Brothers a grocery store. Both stores, when I first knew them, were some distance down on Fifth Street where much of the city business was then centered.

I well remember the dignified Mr. Marston standing behind his own dry goods counter and gravely measuring yardage for his customers. The Hamilton brothers in their store courteously, and one might say ceremoniously, weighed out onions and potatoes or whatever was needed. This was long before "self service" and we received personal attention no matter how small the purchase. When we girls went into San Diego to school, we took our lunches with us, but we often stopped at the Hamilton grocery and each of us bought one banana and one apple to augment our lunches. I think they cost five cents each.

As business increased and their efforts were crowned with success, both stores moved farther uptown, expanded and became more elegant. They rose step by step, eventually became buyers, and went to Europe on buying trips.

Mr. Marston's store and the well-dressed girls I knew who worked there, seemed very glamorous to me and I decided I would like to work there, too. A friend of mine who knew Mr. Marston from the early years, took me to him and introduced me. Mr. Marston talked to me in a kindly, fatherly way, and suggested that as I was still quite young, I should go to school awhile longer and then come back and talk with him. At the insistence of my family, I went on to school, but my path diverged from Mr. Marston and his store. I graduated from business college, went to work in a humdrum business office, and never made glamorous buying trips to Europe.

Many, many years later when I was living in Toledo, Ohio, I met a charming lady, a Mrs. Hamilton. She was a niece of the famous Henry Ward Beecher and a sister-in-law of the Hamilton brothers in San Diego. When she learned that I had lived in San Diego and had known the Hamiltons and the Marstons, and was also a DAR, as she was, she entertained me in her lovely home. Mrs. Hamilton had never lived in San Diego, but had visited her in-laws there. We

had a pleasant time reminiscing about San Diegans we both knew. Long afterwards I read in a DAR Magazine obituary that she had died, well up into her nineties, after of lifetime of patriotic and philanthropic activities. All of which proves that we often go through life in circles and the world isn't very large after all!

## CHAPTER TEN

### STARTING A CAREER

Salaries in that long ago time would stagger the imagination of modern workers. I was thankful to get a job fresh out of business college at \$3.00 a week as stenographer in Loring's Book Store some distance down on Fifth Street. Hours were 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. - or whatever time the little train would get me there or take me know. In those benighted days we were not called "secretaries;" coffee breaks were not even a pipe dream and a Saturday or any other afternoon off, was a rare luxury dependent on the good nature and generosity of our employer.

In this first job I was soon raised to \$3.50 a week and at the end of a year I was promoted and given \$5.00 a week. I was really on my way! Loring's was an all-purpose store that sold not only books but phonograph records, toys and office supplies. You name it - they had it - they sold it - or ordered it for you. When I was not needed in the office it was fun to go "out front" and wait on customers, but I was not paid extra for it.

Mr. Loring had a customer whose hobby was collecting Victor Red Seal Operatic records. He would order a few at a

time and argue with Mr. Loring to keep a bigger stock and a better selection. Mr. Loring tartly replied that he "couldn't get rid of the inexpensive records he had on hand, and he would be darned if he would stock up on expensive operatic records that no one would buy."

I listened to the "fireworks" and was impressed. One day, brash youngster that I was, I took the Victor catalog, made a list and sent an order on my own responsibility. Mr. Loring was furious when he found what I had done, and I almost lost my job. I think the reason I didn't, was because he couldn't get anyone else for the small amount he was paying me. But perhaps, after all, I wasn't worth more.

When the specially ordered record arrived, Mr. Loring sent word to his discriminating customer that he had a new stock. The man came in and was so delighted he bought the entire lot and ordered more. That must have been one of the times I got a fifty-cents-a-week pay raise. I could not help gloating after that when I noticed Mr. Loring was ordering a better assortment and - customers were buying them! Little as I then knew about music, I was confident I had better judgment than my boss, but I never dared try my escapade again!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

" A & T "

"OLD MISSION OLIVE" PROPRIETORS

ACQUIRE THE BANDINI PROPERTY

OTHER ARRIVALS IN THE OLD HOUSE

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At some time in the 1880s two young Englishmen arrived in San Diego. One was a Londoner who had come to San Diego a few years previously as a young officer on a sailing vessel during a period of prosperity forever after referred to as "The Boom." He became entranced with everything after foggy London - the climate, the scenery, and above all what seemed like opportunities for making fortunes. He could not leave his ship at that time, but had to sail back to London, a trip that took long months with stops en route. Upon arrival there he spread the news of the wonderful "El Dorado," and other young men became enthused, especially a young man whose family were farmers on the Isle of Wight.

It is interesting to know how these two young men got together. Each man had a sister training as a nurse in the same big hospital in London. These young women had become good friends and were glad to introduce their brothers to each other. And so began a deep and lasting friendship and



eventual lifelong business partnership. The men, Edward William Akerman and Robert Luther Tuffley, became renowned and successful founders and owners of the "Old Mission Olive Products." Their partnership name was established as "Akerman & Tuffley," but they were always referred to as "A&T."

In far away England Mr. Akerman soon kindled the spark of desire for travel and adventure in his new friend, Mr. Tuffley, and the young men decided to make it a twosome and journey together to what to them appeared to be a bright future. Whether they had definite plans as to what they would do in San Diego is not known. But by the time they arrived "The Boom" bubble had burst, the "opportunities" that had dazzled them were non-existent, and unemployed men were looking for jobs.

The problem for Mr. Tuffley was not insurmountable. Having been a farmer there was for him the land and he could at least make a living. But for Mr. Akerman, the London-born sailor, the situation was sad. However, they found a way as Britishers have done from time immemorial. In some way now shrouded in the mists of long ago, Mr. Tuffley discovered there was good farming land near the Old Mission in Mission Valley. Best of all, other English families had preceded them there and established farms, or

"ranches" as they were called, in the Valley. The two newcomers set up a partnership for farming in a small way and thus they began the long, hard climb to success.

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At this point I must digress, as there is some confusion as to what happened next. The Old Mission had been abandoned for religious purposes after secularization of all California missions, and had fallen into decay along with other missions. However, it had been my understanding that some Spanish Padres lived nearby and regularly held Catholic services. Also, there were many olive trees growing from roots brought from Spain long ago, and were still bearing crops of olives. The old time Padres had learned the Spanish method of making olive oil and curing olives and had passed their knowledge on to later Padres who sold their products in San Diego. It was also my understanding that Padres who lived there when the young Englishmen arrived became interested in the newcomers and instructed them in processing the olives.

On the contrary it has recently been called to my attention that it is doubtful if Padres were there at that time, or were making olive oil and curing olives, but that nearby Indians had learned from earlier Padres and the young Englishmen learned from the Indians. I was also told

that before the two young men could go into the olive business at the Old Mission, it was necessary for them to obtain a special permit from Church authorities who were in charge of remaining Mission properties. Whichever version is correct, it is a fact that A&T complied with all requirements. Whether they started with Padres or the Indians, throughout the ensuing years they learned the olive business from the roots to the topmost branches, and they did it the hard way.

At first they sold their products in San Diego. They hitched their horses to their wagon and rove the long miles from Mission Valley to San Diego, where they met the Hamilton Brothers who bought the olives and olive oil and stocked them in the Hamilton grocery store. Thus began a lasting and lucrative business between the English A&T and the American Hamilton Brothers. For many years A&T and the Hamiltons remained faithful to each other. Hamilton's Grocery was made the exclusive purveyor of the "Old Mission" brand in San Diego, and we who lived in the Bandini house bought the bulk of our groceries from that store. I often heard Mr. Tuffley say: "The Hamiltons helped us during our early struggles and we will always be grateful to them." No doubt it worked both ways and the Hamiltons were grateful to A&T as ever-increasing demands

for "Old Mission" products resulted in worth while profits. Thus were old time San Diegans helpful to each other.

Olives are very bitter when growing on the trees and after they are picked must go through a lengthy "curing" process before they can be eaten. In those days the "curing" was done in a special solution in large vats and then immersed in freshly prepared salt brine in big wooden barrels. They were then delivered in the barrels to the Messrs Hamilton who dipped out pints, quarts, or whatever, and sold them to their customers. This went on for years until A&T could afford to hire young men to do the driving and until olives graduated from wooden barrels into tin cans.

After long, hard work in Mission Valley the olive business showed increasing success and it became necessary to expand facilities and move to a site nearer the San Diego market. And then they learned that the Bandini property was available for lease. I do not know who had been living there prior to this, and I never knew just or when arrangements were made, but A&T acquired the property on a favorable lease, gave up farming and concentrated on olives. They moved lock, stock and the cumbersome barrels and installed them in the big barn of the Bandini house which had housed stage coaches and horses of an earlier

era. They patented the brand name "Old Mission Olives and Olive Oil" and business prospered slowly but surely.

For a few years Mr. Akerman became a traveling salesman for the Pacific Coast Syrup Company (later changed to "Tea Garden Company") and combined selling their products with his own. This introduced the "Old Mission" brand far and wide in California in a way that could not have been done otherwise. He eventually gave up the "syrupy" business and devoted his entire time to olives and olive oil.

He brought his parents and his trained nurse sister from England. An older brother came later and he prospered and became prominent in San Diego. Another brother remained in England and never came to America.

The Akerman parents brought some handsome furniture from England and installed it in the rooms they were to occupy in the Bandini house. I especially remember a beautiful old rosewood piano with brass candelabra in each side of the keyboard. At times when the light was dim, candles were lights and placed in the candelabra, which gave a very pleasing and useful effect. At a much later date this old English furniture was sold to antique dealers for fabulous prices. In fact I heard that some of them fought over it, they were so eager to get it!

The young "Will" Akerman, as he was always called, married Ysabel Altamirano of the Estudillo-de Pedrorena genealogical line, and they also set up housekeeping in the Bandini house.

Mr. Tuffley moved into another section of the house and sent for a young son he had left on the Isle of Wight. This boy, Robert, then eight years old, was brought to America by Mr. Akerman's parents. He and his father kept house together until later arrangements were made. Robert returned to England only once in his life - when his father gave him a "coming of age" trip to celebrate his twenty-first birthday.

Nellie Akerman, the trained nurse, moved on to San Francisco and as a graduate of a big London hospital, was well paid for her nursing skill. At a later date she returned to Old Town after a severe accident and surgery in San Francisco. She had to give up professional nursing, but for years was able to keep house for Mr. Tuffley and his son. She was unofficial nurse for all of us, and it was like having a doctor in the house. She never married.

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There was another addition to the Bandini ménage when tow little California-born girls and their maiden aunt, Rebecca Davis Miller, arrived in the summer of 1898, and

the little Davis girls, my sister Elizabeth and I, stayed for thirteen years!

Our father and others of the family had left North Carolina to escape the post-Civil War rigors of reconstruction. Upon arrival in California they spread around in the State, some finding their way to San Diego where one of them was elected District Attorney. There they and the Akerman family met and became good friends, especially the nurse, Nellie. Others of our family settled in the central and northern parts of the State. Our father was the third Thomas Junius Davis of his family, previous ones having been his grandfather and great grandfather. The Davis family owned plantations in the Cape Fear region of North Carolina and lived in them for many generations.

While living in Bakersfield, Father met and fell in love with the girl who was to become my mother - Susan Frances Murphy, oldest daughter of a wealthy pioneer merchant. Our parents were married in Bakersfield and my sister and I were both born there. Our mother had graduated from "Mills Seminary for Young Ladies" (later the famous Mills College.) It was then, and has always since then, been considered high class education for girls. Our mother never recovered from childbirth, and succumbed when my sister and I were too young to remember her.

Our father was then in the mining business which was active in California, and was often obliged to be away from us. We had no settled home and there was no dependable care for young children such as became available later. Father had had great difficulty in hiring the right kind of women to look after us, and it was necessary at times for us to live with relatives. Our aunt was more or less at loose ends and volunteered to care for my sister and me. A few years after she took charge, we three Americans were living in Bakersfield in one of my Grandfather's houses, when we received a cordial invitation from the English Akermans "to come to Old Town and live in the big house where there was plenty of room." We were soon on our way, and no time limit was ever set as to how long we should live there. We now had an ideal solution to our problem. We had a settled home with friends who loved us and whom we loved; we had the companionship of the Altamirano girls who lived just across the street, and we had our own living quarters. No wonder we stayed! And so we happily mingled - English, Spanish and Americans.

Not long after our arrival in 1898, a great aunt came to live with us for the last year or two of her life. In spite of her great age and total blindness, she taught me to sew and supervised my reading of the Bible. I would sit



beside her and as I read aloud, I would skip over parts I considered too long or that did not interest me. Great Aunt Becca instantly caught the omission and made me go back and read what I had left out. She knew her Bible as few ever have! Great Aunt Becca's younger sister, Great Aunt Katie, lived with relatives in Los Angeles. They were the last survivors of nine Davis sisters and brothers, and received a small annuity from the sale of "Rock Hill" Plantation, their ancestral home in North Carolina. They died within a short time of each other, never having married. There was a legend that they had "lost their sweethearts in the War Between the States." Great Aunt Becca often sang old Negro melodies to us.

Our aunt who was taking care of us died when my sister and I were well into our teens' but we were too young to face the world along. Our father never gave us a stepmother. But our dear friend Nellie Akerman realized we still needed a woman's care and at her behest and the willingness of A&T we stayed on in the Bandini house which was "home" to us. My sister was always more amenable than I was, and by that time I had acquired a "teenage fractiousness that needed a firm guiding hand. For the next few years Nellie supplied that guiding hand, lovingly, firmly and with patient understanding. She remained our

beloved friend to the end of her life and was my son's godmother. When she died, she thoughtfully remembered my sister and me and her godson in her will. Truly, the English Akermans and Tuffleys were remarkable and generous friends to the young Americans!

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When Señor Altamirano died a few years after we went to Old Town, he left four young unmarried daughters. After family consultation their older sister, Mrs. Akerman and her husband, Will Akerman, decided it was best for the girls not to live alone, but to give up the old home and move over to the Bandini house. Yes, there was still room without crowding! They were thus under the protection of their sister and brother-in-law. There were now six young girls and the young Robert Tuffley in the old house. We grew up together like sisters and a brother. There were usually twelve or more regular residents in the house, and sometimes visitors for short periods. Our father came to see us as often as his business activities permitted, and it was always a happy time. I don't know how it was done, but we never seemed to be the least bit crowded.

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The three surviving Altamirano brothers had long since left the family nest and were seeking fame and fortune in

distant parts. One brother, Antonio, found fortune if not too much fame. He went to live in the City of Mexico and married a wealthy widow. Some years later she died and left him her fortune. He eventually returned to California and was very good to his sisters. I was told he helped a young nephew through college. When he died he bequeathed his property in Mexico City to two of his sisters.

The youngest brother, Joseph, lived in San Francisco, for many years and in time retired on a City Civil Service pension. After a few years he died .I lost track of the oldest brother, Miguel, namesake of his famous grandfather, Miguel de Pedrorena, but I have the impression he did well in life.

So in the historic Bandini house were several generations and a variety of national and genealogical lines - six young girls for playmates and friends, and the boy Robert, who often teased us but was always fun. We all got along well together and I do not remember any quarrels or real disagreements. We were taught to be considerate and courteous and have stayed that way all our lives.

We girls all married according to our hearts' desires. Four of us had children - two did not. Our children played together and some became lifelong friends. At this writing (summer 1973) only three survive who lived in the Bandini

house during those years. They are an Altamirano daughter, Mary - Mrs. Livingston Barclay, my sister Elizabeth - Mrs. Thomas C. Miller, and I. We are all in our eighties. Mrs. Barclay is the last remaining grandchild of the Estudillo-de Pedrorena-Altamirano genealogical line and the last of the eleven Altamirano brothers and sisters, although there are other descendants and some great grandchildren. Robert Tuffley struggled through various youthful romances but did not marry until old age. He died after a few years and left no children.

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As the human element settled into individual lives and niches in the commodious old house, the olive business forged ahead and the "Old Mission" brand became known both at home and abroad. The first Gold Medal for excellence of product was awarded at a French International Exposition in the early 1900s. Other Gold Medals followed in America and Europe. The demand began to exceed the supply of California grown olives and other sources had to be found. In this quest it was decided to Mr. Akerman to go to Spain, the ancestral home of the olive. He was successful in this daring venture and contracted for the purchase of olives to be shipped half way around the world to Old Town. He and his wife made several trips to Spain and at times spent

months there on business matters. Mrs. Akerman, the Spanish-speaking former Ysabel Altamiralno, thus had the thrill of meeting and knowing Spanish relatives she had never previously met.

During these far flung trips, Mr. Tuffley energetically carried on the business at home. As time went on and family changes occurred, some of the downstairs rooms were no longer needed for living quarters, and were taken over for business purposes. Partitions were rearranged for more practical designs and a big front room that had probably been the Bandini parlor was converted into a convenient and well equipped office with desks, typewriter, accounting requirements and a big steel safe with combination lock.

Mr. Tuffley had been doing all the office work of bookkeeping, correspondence, billing, collecting, etc., in addition to the production responsibilities. It finally became too much for him to handle and it was obvious that professional office help was needed.

By this time I had been working at Loring's "all purpose" bookstore for more than a year. I had become bored and was eager for a change of pace. Also I had noticed that A&T had added some promising young men to their payroll and I wanted a chance at them at closer range than was possible

while I was away in San Diego all day. I didn't apply for the office job, but when A&T offered it to me I saw it as an opportunity for more than just an advancement in my business career. I would be the only young woman in a strategic office position in the factory where girls of a lesser stature were hired for bottling, canning and labeling the olive products. My acceptance was practically instantaneous with the job offer. It turned out just as I had foreseen, and not surprisingly romance came my way from several different directions. I had the coast all to myself and I did not hesitate to take full advantage of such a golden opportunity with available young men.

A&T were always generous in giving employment to deserving young men, both English and American. Many English newcomers, like A&T themselves, were adventurous spirits who had come from England in the hope of getting a foothold in a new life and were ambitious to go on to bigger and better things. Among these were members of fine English families, educated young men, who were willing to start on the lowest rung of the A&T ladder in the hope of becoming successful business men in San Diego. In due time some of them succeeded. One young Englishman who sometimes called on my sister and me, delighted us with classical music which he played on the old English rosewood piano.

Although often teased by American young men, he had the self-assurance of the wellborn Englishman, and good-naturedly gave back as good as he took.

In my case I was not anxious for marriage at that early age. I just wanted fun and romance, and that is what I got for the next six years, with some heartaches and disappointments thrown in for good measure. And then another golden opportunity came my way.

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Both A&T were foresighted and shrewd in making investments. They not only put much of their profits into building up their business, but they bought real estate in Old Town and San Diego and elsewhere, and eventually had substantial holdings. They built a completely new and modern factory for their olive business on a sizable lot they purchased in Old Town, and the Bandini property was abandoned for the new location. They continued to live in the Bandini house awhile longer, but not long afterwards built and moved into homes of their own in San Diego and Old Town.

At last they decided that they had worked long enough and were in a financial position to enjoy the accumulated earnings of years of hard work. They sold out to two of their employees who had been executives in the business and

then they retired. After that they supervised their real estate rentals and investments and enjoyed their remaining years carefree and independent. Mr. Tuffley took a trip to England via the Panama Canal, and Mr. and Mrs. Akerman often traveled to Europe and around and about the United States.

The olive business was sold a second time, but I do not know what happened to the proud brand "Old Mission Olives and Olive Oil."

After a reasonably long and pleasant retirement, the two Englishmen died and left widows in comfortable circumstances with no financial worries. Mr. Tuffley's first wife had died long ago in England, and he remarried late in life.

Both A&T had taken out citizenship papers and become American citizens as soon as the law allowed, and Mr. Akerman's parents, his sister and brother had done likewise. They were not only English, but for most of their lives they were patriotic, sincere American citizens. They voted regularly and were active in civic and philanthropic affairs, and acquired many lifelong friends.

Truly praiseworthy accomplishments of two greatly admired and highly esteemed families!



## CHAPTER TWELVE

### THE RESTARICK FAMILY

I approach this portion of my memoirs with great respect and deep humility, for I feel completely inadequate to write about a family whose father and mother exerted a most formative influence in my life and whose children were three of my earliest and dearest companions and eventual lifelong friends.

No young Episcopal priest who ever came to San Diego became more influential, accomplished more or rose higher in the religious world than the Reverend Henry B. Restarick. He was born in England on December 26, 1854. He came to America at the age of seventeen and went to Iowa, where he graduated from Griswold College in Davenport. He studied for the ministry, was ordained deacon in 1881 and was in charge of Trinity Church in Muscatine. In 1882 he was ordained priest and elected rector of a small church in San Diego, named "Holy Trinity."

In his memoirs he describes this church as "a small frame building on a bare, unfenced lot on the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> and C Streets. If crowded it would hold 100 people." The Church had had two previous rectors since its establishment in 1869. There was no rectory and housing conditions were

meager, so Mr. Restarick had left his young wife in Iowa until he could find suitable living quarters. He accomplished this in November 1882, and then sent for Mrs. Restarick. He continues in his memoirs: "I rented a small furnished house at 12<sup>th</sup> and A at \$20.00 a month. The good women of the parish filled it with provisions and on the night my wife arrived, they had a supper on the stove all ready to be served. When we drove up to the front door the ladies tactfully went out the back door and left us alone together."

In the following twenty years, with his own genius and the dedication of his devoted wife, he built this little church into what became the largest, most important and thriving Episcopal Church south of Los Angeles. In January 1887 the name was officially changed from "holy Trinity" to "St. Paul's."

As St. Paul's Parish grew, membership overflowed the little church and it was decided to build a new edifice in a more suitable location, and add a much needed rectory. The site chosen was on the corner of 8<sup>th</sup> and C Streets. With Mr. Restarick's outstanding planning and fund raising ability, money was forthcoming in cash and pledges. Plans were drawn and building was started about the end of 1886.

In a remarkably short time, the new Church was ready for occupancy. The last service held in the old Church was on Good Friday 1887. An interesting description has been given of the strenuous efforts to prepare the new church for its first service on Easter Day. Friday night and all day Saturday the work continued. "Workmen's rubble was cleared away, pews were transferred from the old building and placed on planks set up on empty coal oil boxes. Cloth was tacked on the unglazed windows," and although there seems to be no mention of flowers, I am sure members of the congregation saw to it that their new church was tastefully decorated for its first Easter service.

It is fascinating to visualize all this activity, with its rector right in the middle of everything, minus coat and probably with shirt sleeves rolled up, supervising, directing and working as hard as anyone! Knowing him as I did, I would say he worked harder than anyone else!

Then all was ready and the first service was held on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1887. It is stated that for the first time in San Diego Church history, a surpliced choir of men and boys sang on this memorable occasion. "This innovation shocked a few old conservatives," the rector wrote, "but greatly added to the growth of the parish."

Altogether a great day in the Episcopal Church and the annals of the little City of San Diego!

As the years went by and the parish grew, Mr. Restarick organized and established an increasing number of missions in connection with St. Paul's in outlying districts of San Diego County. He appointed capable churchmen as lay readers to conduct Sunday services in these missions when no ministers were available. I remember some of these men very well. In fact one of them, Mr. Tuffley, often drove by horse and buggy from Old Town to conduct services near the Old Mission and sometimes took my sister and me with him. After service we were expected for Sunday dinner by members of the congregation who were family friends and owned ranches in Mission Valley. And O, what dinners those were! There were two kinds of dessert on the table and we had to choose "which one!" It was agony, and of course I always wished I had chosen the "other one!"

My first memories of the Restarick family go back almost to infancy, as our families had been friends before I entered the scene. Mrs. Restarick was calling on one of my aunts one day, and in those pre-baby-sitter days had brought her little son, Arthur, with her and was holding him on her lap. Arthur and I were just the same age, and I seem to have been staring belligerently at the little boy.

Arthur was determined not to be outdone and stuck out his tongue at me. I don't remember my reaction, but I am sure it was not favorable. Years later, after a long and happy friendship, Arthur became godfather for my baby son, which proves that early animosities can be overcome.

Mrs. Restarick sometimes had the use of a horse and carriage and would gather up one or more of her children and drive out to Old Town. As the adults visited and had tea, we children played. There was little to amuse children in Old Town at that time, and I cannot imagine why the Restarick children could have been persuaded to come. But Constance, the oldest, told me long afterwards that she liked to come. Perhaps it was the novelty of the unusual that appealed. ("Or the buggy ride," she now laughingly adds.)

It was a different and exciting experience when my sister and I were invited to "spend a few days at the rectory." We always had a happy time. I can remember some hilarity at a Sunday dinner. There was company and the grownups were in the dining room and we children in an adjoining room. Perhaps we had become boisterous to the point of drowning out adult conversation, for I can remember Mr. Restarick's getting up from the table and without missing a word of what he was saying, he quietly

shut the intervening door, went back to the table and sat down. He did not reprove us or tell us to quiet down, and whether we took the hint or not I do not remember. But that was typical of him. In all my life I never heard him utter a real reproof to anyone. He guided, spoke gently, reassuringly, but never impatiently, nor did he ever raise his voice in anger. He was quick of understanding and generous in making allowances for what may have seemed like wrongdoing in people.

When my sister and I stayed at the rectory our young hostesses and host were anxious for us to enjoy ourselves and would ask: "What do you want to do?" Sometimes it was music with piano and singing and other times games; I don't remember what kind.

My sister and I went to St. Paul's Sunday School from the time we arrived in Old Town in 1898 until we grew up and left San Diego in 1911. At first we were pupils but were proud of ourselves when we were old enough to teach younger children. We sang in the choir as soon as our voices matured sufficiently. Friendships were formed in both Sunday School and choir, and some of them lasted from youth to old age.

I am proud and happy to say that although time and distance separate me from the Restarick children for years

at a stretch, we kept in touch our friendship remained firm.

Constance has been a faithful, much loved friend and we have corresponded regularly for years. She married into an old New England family, Withingtons, and from all I know of her children and grandchildren, they have inherited the combined Restarick-Withington talent, ability and strength of character. They are ambitious, hard working and making their mark in the world, and their forebears would be proud of them.

Arthur was one of the finest men I have ever known. He was always cheerful, brave and companionable, and it was a joy to have him for my friend. He married and had one son, who in turn, married and had three children - two of them boys - thus carrying on the family name and heritage in America. Arthur died all too soon for the good of his country, his family, and those who loved and admired him.

Margaret, the youngest, was a sparkling person with rare vivacity, wit and charm, and a sweet generous nature. She married young, a childhood sweetheart, and died at a tragically early age. She left two young daughters, and although I barely knew them, I attended the wedding of one daughter during World War II. The other daughter also married and both have children and grandchildren. So

happily the Restarick heritage continues unto further generations.

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As San Diego grew so did St. Paul's Parish under the skillful leadership and spiritual guidance of our Rector. His fame spread and his accomplishments were recognized and acclaimed by highly placed Bishops in the Episcopal Church. It was inevitable that the day was approaching when he, too, would become a Bishop.

At a special meeting of the House of Bishops on April 17, 1902, the Reverend Henry B. Restarick was elected on the first ballot, as the first American Bishop of Honolulu after it became a territory of the United States. He was consecrated in St. Paul's Church which he had literally built from the ground up - the first Bishop to be consecrated in the Diocese of Los Angeles. Four famous Bishops were his consecrators on July 2, 1902.

Young as my sister and I were, our thoughtful Rector saw to it that we were given tickets to the crowded church. Although I remember the impressive service, I was too young appreciate its significance. Soon thereafter we bade a tearful farewell to our beloved Bishop and he and his family sailed away to Honolulu.



St. Paul's was never the same to me after they left, and I cherished the hope that some day I would see them again. But I had to wait a long, long time; I had to outgrow childhood, and I had to earn my living and save the money for a trip to Honolulu before that hope became a reality.

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Long afterwards when I was grown and had become private secretary to the Bishop of Honolulu, he sometimes reminisced about the old days in San Diego. He often talked about his daughter, Constance, married and living in Boston, so far away. He would say wistfully how he missed her and how companionable she had been. One day he surprised me by saying: "When I was preaching in St. Paul's, I often used to look down from the pulpit and see the two little Davis girls sitting so quietly in their pew, and I wondered if they understood or would remember any of what I was saying."

I can truthfully say I did understand and remember some of his sermons, for he knew so well how to reach the hearts of children. To this day I can repeat word for word one of his texts, but I have forgotten how the sermon went. The text was: "Lay no up for yourselves treasure on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break

through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal." I could not have been much more than ten years old at the time, but somehow it made a lasting impression on me.

I often thought about my Bishop after I left Honolulu and not long before he died I wrote to him of my memory of the text and sermon. In his own handwriting he replied with the most beautiful letter I ever received. He told me how much he appreciated my writing and how good it made him feel. It was the last letter I received from him, and with tears in my heart I kept it and treasured it for years.

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In the summer of 1911 a girl friend and I decided to take a vacation trip to Honolulu. In those days it was very daring for two young girls to start off on such an adventure alone and unchaperoned, but we were undaunted by the dire warning of some of more cautious friends. I applied for and was granted a month's leave of absence by the generous A&T, and my friend and I sailed on the Matson liner "Wilhelmina" from San Francisco. During our brief stay in Honolulu we were the guests of our dear friend Bishop Restarick and his family.

By that time in the process of evolution, stenographers had climbed out of the dark ages and were being recognized as "secretaries." Bishop Restarick needed a secretary and offered the job to me, together with part time teaching in St. Andrew' Priory, the Episcopal School for Hawaiian girls. With fear and trepidation I accepted. Even now, I am appalled at my audacity in thinking I was capable of being my Bishop's private secretary. I was only twenty-two years old and knew little of the world outside of Old Town and San Diego and short vacation trips.

I am frank to say, I could not have had the courage to attempt it in the first place except for the amazing confidence my beloved Bishop had in me and in my capability. Afterwards, from my first day on the two jobs - office and teaching - I could not have half succeeded had it not been for the Bishop's unbounded patience, wisdom and understanding. At times when I expressed doubt as to whether I could do a certain thing, he would quietly say: "Yes you can." Somehow it sparked the confidence I lacked and I accomplished what I thought I could not do. Bishop Restarick was always like a father to me, and all through my life I learned much from him that enriched my entire future, and for this I am deeply grateful.

On the maternal side, I was devoted to Mrs. Restarick. For years she truly filled the place of the mother I had lost in infancy and did not remember. She and the Bishop gave me the freedom of their home as one of the family and I went to her with many of my youthful problems. She was always sympathetic and helpful.

To crown my life in Honolulu, Mrs. Restarick gave me a beautiful wedding reception with all the trimmings, and in her later life she asked me to call her "Mother Restarick," which I was proud and happy to do. I wrote to her regularly until shortly before she died, and she wrote to me often in spite of her long years of illness and suffering.

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In that long ago summer I had only a month's leave of absence and could not stay in Honolulu, leaving A&T in the lurch without due notice. The Bishop told me: "Go home and make your arrangements, then let me know as soon as you can come back." As always, I did as he instructed. I returned to Old Town and proffered my resignation to A&T. They found a competent replacement for me, a young widow who, I learned, stayed with them for many years. After some correspondence to and fro, satisfactory arrangements were completed for my transfer from Old Town to Honolulu and I sailed again on the "Wilhelmina" from San Francisco, but

this time I sailed alone. Even more daring than when there were two of us!

And so in the early fall of 1911 it was goodbye to Old Town and San Diego and all I had known up to that time. My life was completely changed and after four busy, happy years as the Bishop's private secretary, and teaching Hawaiian girls in St. Andrew's Priory, I went on to marriage, travel across the Pacific to Japan, China, the Philippines and-----MOTHERHOOD!

From then on it is a brand new story and is not part of these memoirs.

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F I N I S

## POSTSCRIPT

By Elizabeth Davis Miller

Two young Englishmen, Will Akerman and R. L. Tuffley leased from the Roman Catholic authorities the olive orchards which had been planted by Father Junipero Serra, founder of the San Diego Mission. Learning from the Fathers or the Indians, the process of curing olives and producing olive oil, the young men founded a company which they called the OLD MISSION OLIVE COMPANY, a name which was a natural and a good selling point. Olives were also purchased from English friends who had orchards. Mr. Tuffley managed the business while Will traveled throughout the United States buying up olive crops and promoting business.

In making the oil, a mortar about 20 ft. in diameter with a round crusher in the center was moved around and round by horses harnessed to it and the olives crushed as they patiently circled. The residue was gathered slabs and dried and used in stoves and fireplaces in the Bandini house. They made bright, lively fires, fine for cooking and for warmth. Later, when a new factory was built, the process both for olives and oil was mechanized.

Will married the oldest of the Altamirano sisters, Ysabel, and bringing from England his mother and father and sister, Nellie, he leased the Bandini house, built in the shape of an L, to house them in. Each family had its own complete apartment with bedrooms, parlors, kitchen and dining rooms and closets. A veranda ran around the house both upstairs and down. Down stairs, in one ell, there were offices and rooms where girls pasted the labels on the olive oil bottles, after the oil had been filtered many times to attain the purity which had earned it so many awards.

Mr. and Mrs. Akerman, Senior, had their large quarters, downstairs in one ell and he also had a workshop where he formed and polished beautiful objects from olive wood, which he sold as souvenirs in a small shop. The Post Office was also in this ell.

Mr. Will Akerman and his wife, Ysabel, had a complete apartment in the center of the house, upstairs, Mr. Tuffley and his son, Robbie, had a large parlor, dining room and kitchen and bedrooms in the upstairs of the other ell. Nellie Akerman, who kept house for him, and her friend Rebecca Miller and her two nieces, Susan and Elizabeth Davis, lived with him. There were stairs and entrances for each apartment.

When Sue and I went to live in the Bandini house, there was no electricity or gas and no plumbing. Water was piped outside and had to be carried into the house by buckets. It was one of my jobs to carry buckets to the rooms and to fill the olla which hung on one of the verandas where it could catch the cool breezes. Another of the my jobs was to gather up all the kerosene lamps, clean and fill them, cut the wicks and place them in the rooms we occupied, every morning before I went to school. There were no sinks in the kitchens. We put dishpans on the kitchen table and filled them with water heated in kettles on the iron stove. When the dishes were washed, the water was disposed of outside. There was an immaculately kept outhouse. Later water was piped to some of the rooms, a flush toilet installed and electricity brought in.

The lease for the Bandini house and its huge old stage coach barn, which had been used for processing olives and making olive oil, ran for 99 years. When the business became successful, the barn was torn down and a modern factory was built in an appropriate Old Mission style.



