



"Don Francisco Lopez was often called by his nickname, *Chico*."



"A daguerreotype was taken of me in my beautiful new clothes."

THE AWAKENING OF PAREDON BLANCO UNDER A CALIFORNIA SUN

— By —

FRANCISCA LOPEZ DE BELDERRAIN*

Standing as a great sentinel, overlooking the already established City of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, the great Paredon Blanco¹ thrived, flourished and produced manifold crops for its earliest inhabitants. Now Los Angeles was in its infancy, but life was there and around it. It was an industrious, home-loving life with its purposeful, manifold, wholesome and co-operative activities.

In 1826 there sat in the Council Chamber, officiating as Alcalde (Mayor) of the town of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, the illustrious Claudio Lopez who came to Alta California with Fr. Palou in 1773. His son, Esteban, acted as a councilman. Don Claudio not only served his community well officially, but gave more than forty years of his life assisting the missionaries to Christianize the aborigines of Alta California and to open up the country. In this way he helped to prepare a way for the prosperous development and growth of this fair land.

Being a good judge of land values, Don Esteban Lopez established his home on Paredon Blanco (White Bluff) ten years later. The land was granted to him by the Los Angeles Ayuntamiento on Sept. 28, 1835.²

Don Esteban's possessions on the east side of the river embraced many acres, some of which he divided among his children, reserving for himself and his second wife³ that

* The author is the great-granddaughter of the famous Claudio Lopez y de Mora, who when a very young man assisted the missionaries in instructing the Indians in arts, crafts and agriculture, and who for over forty years was manager of San Gabriel Mission. His family was connected with the distinguished Lancaster family, known as Alencaster in Spain and Mexico. The paper is a distinct contribution to the history of Los Angeles. It proves that industry and agriculture were not confined to the great ranchos. Several facts are significant, the successful attempt at horticulture, on the outskirts of the Pueblo, the first successful attempt of raising cotton in the state, the making of fillgree jewelry, an old art of Spain, and an ancient art of Mexico, the purchase of Indians as slaves at a very late date, and the active commercial intercourse with San Francisco during the fifties.—Note of Publication Committee.

1. Paredon Blanco (White Bluff) so called by the early Californians because it was covered with a fine white sand. The section is now known as Hollenbeck Heights.

2. Recorder's office, Book 4, p. 39, 411.

3. Children of Esteban Lopez and his first wife María del Sacramento Valdez; Four sons; Francisco, Julio, José, Antonio, Geronimo; four daughters; Concepción, Catalina, Josefa, Manuela. There were no children by the second marriage.

part between what is now Third and Fourth Streets. He built his home on the bluff about thirty feet south from the present site of Third Street. The house, built of adobe, faced the west, overlooking his possessions. Although modest in structure, it was comfortable. Immediately after the completion of his house, he began to prepare the land for the setting out of fruit trees and vines.

In a short time prosperity smiled on all sides and welcomed the foreigner. Soon after, Don Esteban established his younger son, Don Geronimo, on a piece of land south of where 7th street runs to-day. There Don Geronimo built an attractive house and cultivated the land in orchard and vineyard. Two children were born to Don Geronimo in this home, one of whom, J. J. Lopez, has been superintendent of the Tejon Rancho for over fifty years, ever since 1873. At that time the ranch was owned by General Edward F. Beal.

North of the home of Don Geronimo, one of his sisters, Manuela Lopez de Ruiz⁴ had her house, an orchard and a garden. Another sister, Josefa Lopez de Carrion, built her house on the spot where the late Mr. Hollenbeck's residence stands on the edge of the bluff. She cultivated the lands below. Her son, Saturnino Carrion, sold the property to Mr. Hollenbeck about the year 1874. Don Saturnino then bought a large tract of land near the city of Pomona, where his children still live. Another daughter of Don Esteban, María de la Concepción Lopez married Don Ygnacio Palomares, owner of the big Rancho de San José, the site of Pomona. Another daughter, Catalina Lopez, married Dr. George Joseph Rice of Boston, Massachusetts. In 1835, Dr. Rice took his family east. With him went also his seven year old brother-in-law, José Antonio Lopez, who did not return until a young man. When speaking of the east and his voyage around the perilous Cape Horn and to Alaska, his stories read like a fairy tale, especially his account of the shipwreck and his miraculous escape with the passengers

4. At this house, she conducted one of the first boarding schools in Southern California (1838 to 1851). Among her pupils were Francisco and Luis Palomares, sons of Ygnacio Palomares, owner of the Rancho de San Jose. My sister, Juanita Lopez Warren Lazzarevich, also learned her first lessons in Aunt Manuela's school. She is now over eighty-five years old, but she relates with relish the mischievous behavior of these early California schoolmates.

floating for hours upon sugar casks and other wreckage. He told such marvelous tales that the Californians called them *mentiras* (lies).

In the year 1837, Don Esteban gave his son Francisco Lopez,⁵ *mi padre*, a large tract of land as a wedding endowment. The land was next that of his father. The two properties were divided by a narrow water ditch. It took Don Francisco but a few years to transform the wild stretch of land into a veritable paradise. Don Francisco did not only look after his orchard and vineyard, but managed other affairs at the same time. In the autumn of 1849, he began to export grapes to San Francisco. His were the best and ripened earlier than any other in this part of the state. These grapes were sold for ten dollars per hundred pounds. After a while the crops were sold for several years in succession to Don Mateo Keller, who came to Los Angeles in 1850. Later, an Italian, named Trabucco, a merchant from San Francisco, bought the grapes and superintended the packing himself. In 1859, another merchant from San Francisco named Gilmore got a contract for the exportation of the grapes and directed the packing. Don Francisco also made wines from the grapes that were left and brandy from the sugar cane.

In 1851, Don Francisco had a contract from Mr. Phineas Banning for hauling freight from San Pedro to Los Angeles, using in this contract a train of over twenty-five *carretas* (ox carts). He also furnished lumber for building and took building contracts. He brought the lumber for Don Benito Wilson's home from a saw-mill which had been established in the San Bernardino Mountains.⁶ Some time in the early fifties, Don Francisco and Don Mateo Keller planted a field with cotton on the west bank of the river, south of the Wolfskill tract in the southwest part of the city, which yielded a fine crop. Not finding a market for it in California, the industry was abandoned. This was the first successful attempt at raising cotton in the state.

5. Francisco Lopez was often called by his nickname, *Chico*. He married Maria del Rosario Almenarez y Ceseña.

6. This house was built on Mr. Wilson's Lake Vineyard Rancho, now a part of the Santa Anita Rancho (Lucky Baldwin estate). Originally, the property was part of the San Gabriel Mission lands. After secularization, it was granted to Claudio Lopez.

Don Francisco built his first house at the foot of the bluff; it was a large house of five rooms, built of adobe, and here some of his children were born. Nearby were the granaries, workingmen's quarters, tool rooms. There was, also, a *plateria* (silver smith shop) where two men made silver and gold filigree jewelry. The house had a long, wide corridor and in front was a large, shady grapevine arbor, the floor of which was kept covered with white sand. Many a joyous re-union took place in this charming arbor.⁷

In the year 1855, Don Francisco enlarged his already extensive holdings by the addition of a twenty-five acre orchard with all kinds of profitable fruit trees, sugar cane, and a vineyard. This property adjoined the original tract on the north side, extending his land north to Aliso Street, now Summit Avenue, and on the east to where Pleasant Avenue now runs. He acquired several other parcels of land by buying when good opportunity to do so was afforded.

Don Francisco's second house was built in the year 1858 on the high bluff, the site being seventy feet from the edge of the bluff. Here I was born. It was built of adobe and faced the dear, blessed town of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles. The house had five spacious rooms, all nicely finished. The ceilings were of white canvas, adorned with pretty designs. Light-colored wood was used for the floors; the walls were white. A mopboard six inches high ran all along the walls of the parlor. It formed the base of a deep border about two and one-half feet high, imitating brown marble, headed by a brown moulding making a nice finish, and also serving as a protection for the wall, as the chairs were placed close to the wall. This room was about thirty feet long. It had two doors of exit, a French door with heavy wooden shutters. This faced the town. Besides the bolts, there was an iron bar which was laid across at the middle of the door on the inside. There were two large windows with twelve panes each. Since then I have taken a great dislike to paned windows with so many sharp corners. These windows had stout shutters. At each end of the parlor, a door opened into a bedroom. These had

7. An arbor or *ramada* was a common feature of California country houses.

only one window each. They were like the other windows, with the addition of heavy iron bars, painted green. All of the woodwork on the outside of the house was painted green. The east door opened into the dining room, from there to a large corridor. At the north end there was a capacious pantry, next to it a baggage room. The house had a *brea* roof. Many houses in the town were roofed with *brea* (pitch) brought from the site of the Hancock Park pits, where the prehistoric animals were found. One day, after visiting the County Museum, I went to see my very aged Uncle Geronimo, who used to have oxen for the hauling of the *brea*. I told him among the anti-diluvian animals, I saw the heads of two oxen. With disgust, he exclaimed, "Before the flood, indeed! What will those scandalous gringos say next—those are simply the heads of the poor oxen I lost in the *brea*, the heads of my Pinto and my Hercules!" Later, the *brea* was torn off and a shingle roof was built over it, high enough for a spacious garret which was well utilized for storing fruits for winter.

Pears, apples, pomegranates were buried in white sand on shelves along the walls; also vegetables, and fine big bunches of ripe grapes hung on nails from the rafters, which would keep fresh until late in the winter. The principal rooms opened out on the long, wide corridor with fine red brick floor, supported by stout pillars entirely covered with different kinds of vines, the Passion flower predominating. These vines, in their growth, interlaced so as to form a thick, protecting rendezvous for numerous small birds. Linnets, robins, and tiny humming birds in their bright plumage flitted in and out, sucking honey from the Passion flower, and made music the livelong day. This porch used to be our schoolroom. Here, we, with two or three neighbors' children, learned our first letters. We had a nice old lady for our teacher, and here, too, we studied our catechism, and learned to say the Ten Commandments by heart. The porch was cool and shady, and screened from the wind by the vines. It made a lovely schoolroom. Here on this porch it was the custom, in the evenings, and especially in summer, for all the servants to kneel down and join in

prayer while my father said the Rosary for the family in the parlor.

Thirty feet away from the front of the corridor, there stood a grand old pepper tree decked with a profusion of great bunches of tiny creamy blossoms and here and there bright bunches of its red berries, forming in all a huge bouquet. Our home was exceedingly pleasant, as it stood fronting the grandeurs of the west and its sublime sunsets. Land made ready by the power of God for human hands to embellish! Embellished by the courageous civilizers that came with the immortal missionaries.

On the north side of the yard was a deep well which produced delicious, cool water, but there was just enough water for the use of the house, as the strong current at the bottom of the well would stop up the well with sand which had to be removed often. By the well, in later years, there stood an enormous acacia tree. It called the attention of everyone to it because of its size. When in bloom it would become covered with huge bunches of cream-white aromatic blossoms.

When a very young child, one morning I went down to the orchard for a stroll, when Miss Charlotte, Miss Maria Boyle's maiden aunt, called me to come over to see her flower garden. It was a fine garden indeed!

A narrow ditch with running water divided my father's orchard from Mr. Boyle's. Their flower garden, the finest fruit trees, and their most exuberant grapevines, started from the border of this little ditch.

It seemed to me that everything that grew on the other side of the ditch was better than on our side. The big bunches of purple velvety grapes half hidden under luxuriant leaves looked more tempting than ours, and of which I could easily have helped myself, but my mother's early training taught us to hold other people's goods as sacred, so all I could do was to feast my eyes on them.

Going by a row of trees, I noticed some small plants with tiny pink and white blossoms set around the trunks of the trees. They seemed exquisite to me and their innocent-looking calyx took my eye and held me spellbound

to the spot. This was the first time I had seen a daisy.

Miss Charlotte looked back and saw me standing intently admiring the dear little flowers. She asked me what was the matter, and my only explanation was "Pretty! pretty flowers!" That was all I could say in English.

She came back smiling and picked a little bunch of them and put it in my hand. It made me very happy. Further on we went by an acacia tree in bloom and I thought it was a beautiful tree, and there were many tiny acacia plants growing from seeds that had dropped from the tree. Encouraged by Miss Charlotte's kind liberality, I asked her if she would please give me one of those little trees. (She could understand Spanish a little.) They were just about seven inches high. Very graciously, she pulled up one, pressed wet soil on the root, and wrapped a fig leaf around it. When my memorable visit was over, I went running up the bluff to show mother my highly appreciated presents. Then it occurred to me to plant the little tree by the well, and it grew and grew and I gloried in seeing it grow. It stood by the well over fifty years, to my knowledge. When father's homestead passed into other hands, father asked the new owner to spare the tree, as his daughter had planted it when she was a little child, and the tree was spared.

In this short article I will try to portray as truly as possible what I remember of the old home on the bluff where I was born, so I will go back to the year 1864. Despite the lapse of time, I will picture myself a small child again standing on the high bluff, and run my eyes once again, as of old, over that part of the valley that lay between the east side of the Los Angeles River and Paredon Blanco (White Bluff), later called Boyle Heights, now Hollenbeck Heights. From there, I see the landscape as it looked at that happy time, entirely covered with all shades of green, from the delicate Nile to gorgeous emerald. I could tell from the distance the kinds of fruit trees each patch grew from the shade of the leaves. The vineyards were at a distance, fields of corn, wheat, barley and alfalfa gracefully waving in space. A large sugar-cane patch,

with its long slender leaves glimmering in the sun (it was the species of which white sugar is made). Nearer to the bluff were the orchards with a great variety of fruit trees, too many to enumerate. But though these trees were too numerous to specify, I will not forget to identify my favorite trees, the ones that bore my best liked fruits. These were visited more frequently by me than the rest, when in season, and sometimes before—then hard punishment was administered, invariably accompanied with the unsavory castor oil. I can see the immense apricot trees—thickly covered with their glossy verdure, sprinkled over, as it seemed, with round, mellow, golden fruit, they made an admirably beautiful sight to rest one's eyes upon as they stood to the left of the principal avenue that led into the orchard, while numbers of mocking birds filled the air with their wondrous songs. Then the delicious aroma of the peaches would draw me on—they were not large, nor attractive, but oh, how sweet, as were all the fruits the missionaries brought with them to Alta California! There were rosy-cheeked pears, *de San Juan* (St. John), so called as they ripen about the 24th of June, St. John's day. There were oranges, lemons, sweet limes, citrons, walnuts, pomegranates, almonds, apples, mulberry trees, plums! The Mission figs when so ripe that their skins crack, are rich, but have never seemed as good to me as when I ate them sitting on a high, stout branch of the tree hidden by the huge protecting leaves. There were long rows of these trees along the border of the *zanja* (water ditch) that ran along the foot of the bluff. Nearby was the flower garden, where the white and pink moss roses, lilacs, snowballs and hollyhocks towered above the lilies, verbenas, marigolds, violets and daisies. In some parts along the *zanja* there were real thickets of sweet-scented Rosas de Castilla and other kinds of roses. Here and there a bed of *azafran* (saffron), another of *anis* (anise) and flax.

There were two baths by the side of the *zanja*, one, near the house, and the other in *la huerta de medio* (the middle orchard). The baths were made of wood lined with tin. The water from the *zanja* filled the baths by means

of a flood-gate and the water from the baths filled a pool below, which was used for swimming. In 1850 my father bought two slaves, a boy and a girl, Yuma Indians, from Colorado, for five hundred dollars in horses. He brought them to our home. The girl was a very good swimmer and taught my sister to swim. I was too small then to learn. This girl is still living. She grew up to become a very fine woman, very pious, and married one of the men who worked in the orchard. I do not know what became of the boy, for he ran away when he was about twenty-five, and we never heard from him again. A small glimmering *arroyo* (creek) which divided the land into two parts, east and west, made its way over the whitest sand and pebbles I have ever seen. This *arroyo* was bordered with thickets of willows, elder and other small trees.

At the northwest end of the orchard was another sugarcane patch from which molasses and *panocha* in big quantities were manufactured. The sugarcane itself found profitable markets among the Mexicans and Chinese, in fact everybody liked to chew it and extract its delicious juice. The *trapiches* (sugar mills) were built about 150 feet north-east of the house. They were a rude contrivance worked by a horse hitched to a pole, the horse going around and around, working the *trapiches* so that the cane was crushed and the juice ran into a wooden trough, from which it was taken and put into huge kettles and cooked until it got to a certain consistency, then it was poured into round moulds about two inches deep carved out on long thick planks which were placed on hard, level surfaces. When the contents of these moulds were hardened, they were taken out and packed for export. Sometimes we children were allowed to sit up late and wait for the syrup to cool.

Nearby were the *tapeistes*, twenty feet long by three feet wide, set up on posts four feet high, made of *carrizo* (California bamboo), where all kinds of fruit were dried by the sun. My mother was a most efficient woman, supervising the work of drying these fruits, also vegetables, and making delicious jams, which were cleverly done up in corn husks like the

tamales.¹ The jams would keep for years in these receptacles. An herb called *cha* grew in abundance in the orchards. It was similar to the plant from which the Chinese make their *cha* (tea) and the Californians years ago called tea *cha*. Now they use the Spanish word *te*. The vessel in which *cha* was prepared for use was called *charera*. The herb grew wild in all of the orchards and nearly all of the settlers made tea from it by steeping the leaves in boiling water.

But my mother obtained a recipe for the preparation of the leaves in a more scientific manner. The entire plant was washed, the leaves picked and put through a steaming process, then rolled in the hands while still moist, after which they were dropped into a wooden vessel (*batéa de pálo*). When dry each measure was mixed with a certain number of dried orange blossoms, which gave the tea a delicious, aromatic flavor. It was also valuable medicinally, being a heart sedative. (It resembles the orange pekoe tea of today). The tea was used in the home and sent to the stock ranch, called El Rancho de Chico Lopez, which is about seven miles south of Elizabeth Lake, then La Laguna de Chico Lopez, for the use of the vaqueros.

The seed of the *cha* was black, about one-quarter of an inch long, crowned at the upper end with tenacious stickers. The Americans called them Spanish needles. This home product was delicious, and once played an important part for the government. During the latter part of the Civil War, several valiant Southerners, probably originally from Texas, as the Californians called them *Tejanos*, became dissatisfied with conditions in El Monte, where they had settled with their families. They were dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, and the presence of so many Northerners and Federals filled their souls with ire. They decided to seek a new home, where they could breathe pure Democratic air. They moved to a little valley in the Tehachepi Mountains.² Rumors reached the Federal headquarters that the Southern Mountaineers were collecting arms and recruiting an army for an attack on Los Angeles. Orders

1. These were sent to the ranch for the vaqueros' lunch.

2. Near the present town of Tehachepi.

were received by United States Marshal H. D. Barrows, requiring an investigation. The Southerners had made the threat that the first Republican daring to enter into their domain would be hanged from the highest oak tree! No revenue officer would accept the task of venturing into the stronghold. Finally my brother-in-law, William Crossman Warren, United States Deputy Marshal, ventured to take the risk. He determined to disguise himself as a peddler. Knowing of the store house of our *hacienda*, he went to my mother and begged for some of her good things.

My father's large spring wagon was soon loaded for the adventure. There was a large chest filled with my mother's famous *cha*, dried fruits and the delicious jams in their corn husk coverings in the shape of tamales. Although but a small girl at the time, I remember well the wagon, covered with a brand new canvas, and the brave officer holding the lines of the team of strong horses, which might carry him to his death. He drove away with my mother's blessing, and we watched him disappear around the corner.

The peddler arrived at the settlement and received a warm welcome, as all of his kind did at that time. He travelled from ranch to ranch, finding each home built of large, square logs, all warm and cozy. Evidently for the simple reason of inspiring respect, each home had a miniature arsenal, and the men never ventured out without a rifle, pistol and knife secured to a well-filled cartridge belt.

The people were hospitable, open-hearted and enjoying prosperity. The only discordant note Deputy Warren heard was the hatred still expressed for the Republicans, and a threat to hang the first one who would invade their domain. Of course, Warren agreed with them, but a little shiver sped down his spine at the thought of what would happen to him if the Southerners might suspect his identity! Soon, his investigation was made and his load sold at good prices. The women asked him to come again. They said they wanted more *cha*, as it was the best they had tasted. He did not linger for it was not safe for a Republican and a federal officer to be around the vicinity. They had defied

any man to collect revenues from them. And so far as deponent sayeth no one ever tried it!

Having an empty wagon and a down hill road to travel homeward, the horses feeling gay, Warren sped along, not feeling entirely sure that a bullet might not come whistling from his deceived customers in the Tehachepi. He hustled along to Willow Springs, a station on the Mojave desert, where he rested the horses a bit, then hastened to Elizabeth Lake, where he arrived early in the afternoon.

He made an astonishing record for the trip and was received as a hero, his speed being as highly praised then as Lindbergh's is now. He spent the night at Elizabeth Lake, breathing easily again.

He was received with honors by the Marshal and the citizens of Los Angeles when he arrived at dusk the following day with the cheering news that the warm-hearted Southerners were not planning any attack, were hard-working and honest, and all that they wanted was to be left strictly alone to live as they pleased.

About a hundred feet south of the house was a sixty foot room where wine casks containing several kinds of wine, manufactured on the premises, were kept. Close by was a shoemaker's shop where a Mexican made shoes, chamois leather shoes being his specialty. The workingmen's quarters were next; the stable followed and the corrals and dairy were at the southeast end, quite a distance from the house. A large number of cows were milked and the product distributed or used in cheese making. There were several pigs of the finest stock penned back of the corrals and fowls of all kinds were had in abundance—turkeys, geese, ducks and guinea hens.

On the hills between Pleasant Avenue and Evergreen Cemetery grazed a band of horses and hundreds of sheep and some goats. A boy and two shepherd dogs tended the sheep, which were brought to their fold at dusk.

In the year 1863, Don Francisco took a band of horses, mules and cattle to sell in San Francisco, which brought him good profit. While there he purchased a carriage and set of silver-trimmed harness of French manufacture, just

unloaded from a French merchant vessel, for which he paid three thousand dollars. It was the handsomest carriage in Southern California. Often, I remember, at the age of five or six years, watching with great admiration the artistic painting and coloring on the outside of the carriage doors. There were scenes of castles, gardens and beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. The soft blue broadcloth cushions, the pretty silk fringe in pastel colors that bordered the inside of the top, the embroidered straps that hung on both sides of the back seat, the silver buckles and hub screws! And how I loved to get in the carriage, after I was dressed for the afternoon, and sit on the soft cushions, and sometimes I would fall asleep.

Another incident of my childhood comes to my mind. In the autumn of the year 1862, my sister Juanita's husband, William C. Warren, had to take a prisoner to San José. He planned to remain north a few weeks, take my sister on a pleasure trip to San Francisco, and visit his brother, Stafford, who lived on a farm in Alvarado. The morning they were leaving for their trip, the family gathered to bid them good-bye. A spring wagon was to convey them to Wilmington, where they were to take the steamer, *Senator*, for San Francisco. Suddenly, a supreme decision seized me to visit San Francisco also. I began to cry and plead, but no attention was given me. When the horses started I was standing between my father and the hind wheel, I screamed with all my might, and entwined my little arms around the spokes of the wheel. In an instant, Father grabbed me, and called to their driver to stop the horses—but not before I was about to turn around with the wheel!

Comprehending my determined and soulful desire, Father kissed me and told Mother to let me go. Mother protested with the ever feminine protest that I did not have suitable clothes, but Father said to get what I needed, and putting his hand in his pocket drew forth two twenty-dollar gold pieces which he gave to my sister with the command that she buy nice clothes for me as soon as San Francisco was reached. In a short time Mother came back with my travelling necessities tied up by the four corners in a large

brown silk handkerchief. She climbed on the stirrup to put on my jacket and tie my bonnet securely. A kiss and off we went! Not another bit do I remember of the trip until I was on the *Senator* and had made friends with a little black dog, who, in turn, would run after me and I after him. One day my sister was very seasick. My brother-in-law felt he must look after her but he did not want to leave me alone. He conceived the idea of keeping me out of mischief by giving me a responsibility. He told me to sit absolutely still and watch the prisoner! The prisoner, by-the-way, was a good man, whose offense was only a business affair. When my brother came back, he found me on the same spot, my eyes fixed upon the prisoner, my small body rigid with nervous anxiety, and the little black dog sitting on his hind legs intent upon solving the situation.

As soon as we arrived in San Francisco, my sister bought for me a pretty old-rose French challie with an embroidered band around the edge worked in pastel colored silks, a fine black velvet jacket, and ribbons to hold back my curls. The crowning touch was an ermine collar and muff. A daguerreotype was taken of me in my beautiful new clothes, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself upon achieving this trip when an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in San Francisco and I was hurriedly sent home.

In the year 1858 the widow of the late Don Esteban Lopez advertised for sale her part of the land the Ayuntamiento had granted to her husband on September 28, 1835. It happened that a new arrival in town was seeking a site suitable for a home. The new arrival was none other than the affable and jovial Irish gentleman, Mr. Andrew Boyle. He saw the land and took a fancy to it. In a short time the widow had delivered the key of the adobe home to Mr. Andrew Boyle, who soon after moved into his new home with his family, Maria, his only child, who married William Workman, and her maiden aunt. In 1862 he commenced the manufacture of wine. The labels on his wine bottles bore the name of Paredon Blanco.

In 1876 Mr. W. H. Workman, who married Mr. Andrew Boyle's daughter Maria Elizabeth, conceived the idea

of subdividing a large tract of land from the bluffs eastward for settlement, which he called Boyle Heights in honor of his father-in-law.

My father followed suit, but the men whom he commissioned for the subdivision of his land took advantage of his honest and trusting nature, and hurled him into bankruptcy. The subdivision, a tract of seventy acres, is now called Brooklyn Heights.

And now no longer do the spreading vineyards of those colorful days lie at the foot of the white pebbled and majestic Paredon Blanco (White Bluff). Gone are the orchards, its waving fields of grain, the shops of the thrifty shoemaker, goldsmith and the pliers of other trades, who sang joyful melodies as they worked, with happy responses from innumerable singing birds. Even the topography of the lofty bluff is changed as it has been terraced for a street.

No sign is left of my childhood home. It is now inhabited by colonies of people of all nationalities, the Russian predominating, so it is called the Russian Colony, from Summit Avenue on the north to Third Street on the south.