

NOTICIAS

Santa Barbara Historical Society



Fernand Lungren

FERNAND LUNGREN
DON GASPAR OREÑA
FREDO OF SAN JULIAN RANCH



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Study of an Indian on horseback.

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QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Fernand Lungren

By CHARLOTTE P. MYRICK

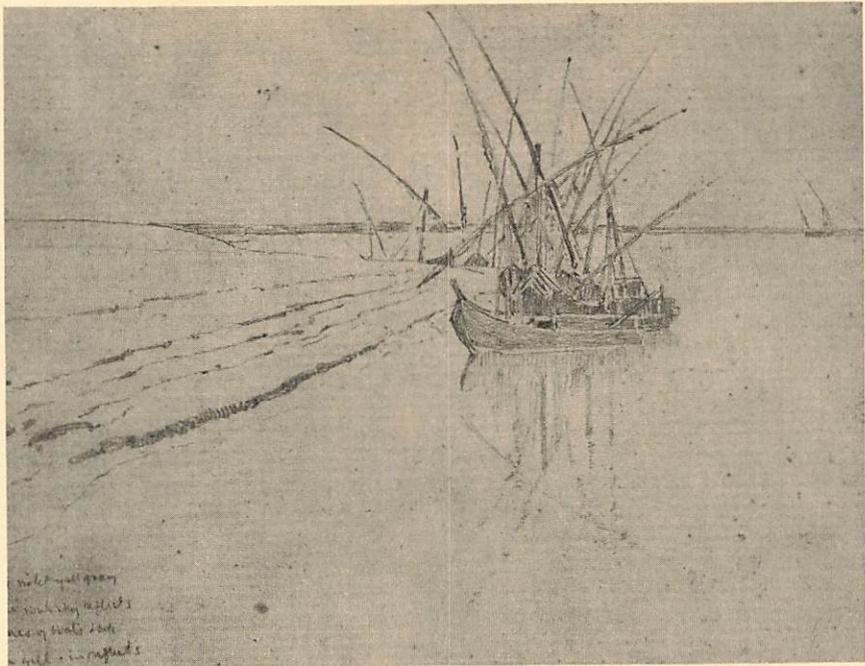
Visitors to the main Santa Barbara branches of the Crocker Citizens or the United California Banks are certain to have admired the paintings which adorn their walls, and some may have wondered by what manner of man these were painted and how it has come about that they are hanging there. The artist whose works are so generously represented was Fernand Lungren, whose 29 years of residence in Santa Barbara comprised the happiest and also the most tragic periods of his life. Because of the former, a space of time when he lived in perfect harmony with an utterly congenial wife who inspired him to great creativity, he had formed such an attachment to Santa Barbara that he bequeathed this large collection of desert landscapes to the people of this city, hoping to enrich their lives by sharing with them his own inspiration and experience.

Of Swedish ancestry, Lungren's forbears had immigrated and settled in Maryland in mid-17th century where subsequently Fernand was born in Hagerstown, November 13, 1857. His doctor father moved the family to Toledo, Ohio four years later, and here Fernand matured, developing strength of character, independence of thought and great integrity. Along with these ran a strain of moodiness, and depressions were to seize him from time to time throughout his life. Another constant factor in his make-up was his love of drawing and painting, a talent which revealed itself early and which was strong enough to cause him to seek the career of an artist despite discouragement and lack of support from a greatly revered father. He left college at the age of 19, working at a variety of uncongenial jobs to maintain himself while practicing his drawing. A year later found him in New York City where sketches submitted to St. Nicholas, Scribners and other magazines were considered worthy of acceptance. He continued his work as an illustrator for a number of years, and as his skill increased so did his reputation until he stood with the top artists in that field during the ten years that came to be known as the "Golden Age of Illustration." Assured now of a livelihood, he experimented with a number of media of which pastels were his favorite for

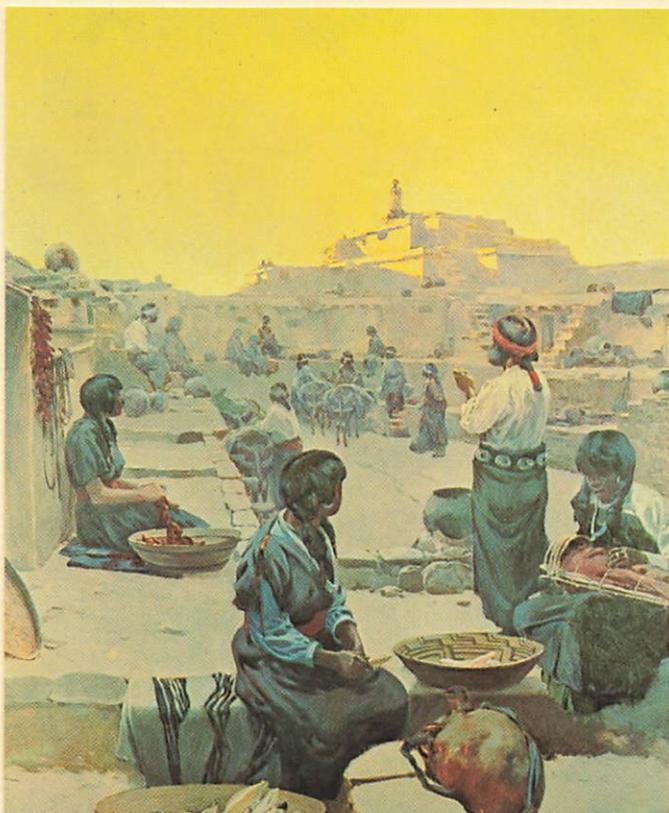
the time being. A series of pastels of the city streets with their new lighting, in the rain, belong to this period. He later declared that he was the first to see the beauty in these scenes, all of which won him praise and recognition.

Lungren's next venture, this time assisted by his father, took him to Paris where he had a brush with academic training, but feeling that the art schools taught only a sterile sort of proficiency and tended to stifle originality he abandoned it summarily, a decision he later came in some measure to regret. Introduction to the work of the French Impressionists made a tremendous impact on him and opened his eyes to the possibilities of painting from nature. He eagerly attempted this when he went with a group of artist friends to Grez-sur-Loing near Fontainebleau. However, the summer passed with a feeling of nothing much accomplished and such advantages as he had found in France lost their appeal to him.

In the early 1890s he returned to America depressed and out of funds but before long he happily accepted a commission from the Santa Fe Railroad to paint scenes of the West to be used in their publicity. During the six months spent in New Mexico and Arizona he came to feel a great attraction



Along the Nile.



Sunrise in the Pueblo.

for this part of the country—it gave him a sensation of peace and a feeling that this was where he belonged. He liked the Indians and the Indians liked him, so much so that the Hopis made him an honorary priest of their Badger Clan. As such he witnessed arcane ceremonies in their kivas, secrets which he never revealed throughout his life. With restored spirits and new faith in himself he sketched and painted day after day—mesa villages, pueblos, fiestas, dances—Indian life in all its phases with its richly colored background, always exercising a conscientious adherence to truth as seen through his sympathetic eyes. The accompanying sketch of an Indian scout represents this period during which his note books were filled with drawings of Indian figures in characteristic apparel and attitudes. Later as the spirit of the desert sank more deeply into his conscious and unconscious mind he came to omit human figures, but he never lost his affectionate understanding of the Indians. To his gratification the Santa Fe was greatly pleased with the series.

In 1895 he returned to New York and, as he later related to a Santa Barbara friend, was passing a photographer's studio one day when his eye was caught by the likeness of an exquisite blond young woman, and pausing

to study her face he decided then and there that he wanted her for his wife. To make a long story short he was able to meet and to woo this very girl, Henrietta Coffin. They were married June 15, 1898 and in his "Nichi" he found a depth of love and companionship that not only inspired and comforted him but enriched his contacts with old and new friends alike through his wife's warm outgoing nature.

One of their first adventures was a trip to Europe. In London an exhibit of his vivid western scenes aroused some skepticism in the minds of Britishers whose eyes were attuned only to the dull and drab colors of their city, but when Lungren soon thereafter painted such truthful representations of their own environment that his talent for veracity was proved, the tide was turned and soon his works were included and admired in many exhibitions. As always his wife's fine mind, simplicity and beauty appealed to all who met her, and, although he was not much given to outward expression, his pride in her was boundless and his dependence upon her increased day by day.

A major event in the lives of the Lungrens now took place. They were invited by a newly made friend, H. S. Wellcome, to accompany him and a lady in whom he was interested to Egypt on an excursion up the Nile, a trip of six months duration. All in all this was a thrilling experience although they were beset by a variety of ills and misfortunes. But it gave Lungren an entirely new set of subjects to paint, and his sketches with the aid of his remarkable memory were later developed into a series of beautiful pastels which were well received in London. One of the original sketches made on this trip is reproduced here.

The very pleasant life among friends and fellow artists continued for several years, but when Lungren felt an overwhelming longing to return to the United States and particularly to the West they left England. It was three years later that he arrived on the scene in Santa Barbara. Meanwhile he had exhibited his work on numerous occasions and had sold many pictures. In spite of his success he rather resented the fact that juries composed of artists and other critics controlled the selection and hanging of the pictures in an exhibition. A rejection was a terrible blow and he was rarely pleased by the reviews following an opening. If they praised his work he felt that they were condescending and if they were critical he was gloomy for days—in any case he felt that most critics were not competent to pass upon the work of artists. Consequently he made very little effort to exhibit his paintings, a tendency that increased as he sold more of his pictures through his own studio. Certain things angered or annoyed him—thunderstorms or even a heavy rain affected his spirits and many a sketching trip was ruined for him by bad weather so that he would return home in a dismal state of mind.

By 1907 he and his wife had settled in Santa Barbara and were soon building an adobe studio-house for themselves in Mission Canyon. Life was then at its happiest. He and Mrs. Lungren made many congenial friends, their home was warm and hospitable and Lungren's underlying generosity found scope. He introduced his wife to Death Valley and to other desert areas for which he had already formed an emotional attachment. That she shared his delight in the majesty of the mountains and the shimmering beauty of the desert enhanced it all for him. He sketched what he saw with his infallible mastery of drawing and later at home in his studio developed these sketches into large and small canvases. As the spirit of the desert became



Water carriers of Cairo.

more and more a part of him he conceived the idea of painting it in all its possible phases, making a sort of documentary record of its qualities—its freedom, its breadth, its silence, its mystery and its sense of eternity. He planned to bequeath this series of paintings to the people of Santa Barbara. With this in mind he became reluctant to part with any of them, he charged high prices and preferably sold only to friends or to people who he felt could properly appreciate them. To some of his close friends he presented his pictures, happier in doing this than in selling them for a lot of money. On some occasions tears would come to his eyes as a favorite scene left his studio.

Much could be said about Lungren's interest in the beginning of the Santa Barbara Community Arts; it was his constant dream to make apprecia-

tion and enjoyment of art available to the laity, the non-critical observers in the community. It was with this in mind that he returned time and time again to the desert to paint, and it should be noted that desert travel in those days was not a matter of driving swiftly in a comfortable car over paved roads as it is today but entailed much time, physical stamina, fatigue and sometimes actual peril. This he accepted willingly in order to share with the "everyday man" the beauties he found in the desert's various moods and to enrich life for others with its inspiration.

Along in 1915 his wife's health began to fail and Lungren lived through the next months in an agony of apprehension as she grew steadily weaker until in 1917 death finally took her away from him forever. How can a few printed words convey the shock that completely shattered him or the grief that sapped his mind and continued to torment him to the end of his days? In his despair he often believed himself in contact with her and sometimes in a gathering of friends would excuse himself to go to commune with her. His devoted and understanding friends pulled him through this valley of utter despondency and eventually he resumed his painting, though now with a feeling of urgency in order to complete the desert series before he too should go.

Serious health problems now beset him, particularly trouble with his eyes which presented a formidable obstacle to achieving his goal, but in spite of this he made some of his finest desert scenes during this period. He had learned to pick out the essential details which gave a picture its sense of reality and to emphasize these while suppressing those of little or no importance. As he himself said "—In every phase of nature, as in every human being, there is that illusive, intangible but real something we call the soul" and it is that soul that he strove to interpret on canvas.

He was now approaching 75 and ailing. Knowing that his days were numbered he directed his attention to the disposition of that portion of his life work which remained in his studio. He drew his will naming his friends George Owen Knapp, Bernard Hoffmann and William R. Varick as trustees. The purposes of the proposed trust are so characteristic of the man, that it seems worthwhile to quote a part of his will.

"As my artistic efforts seem to have given a large number of people considerable interest and pleasure, the expression of which by them has been a great source of happiness to me, it has seemed well, through the instrumentality of this trust, to preserve in one group those pictures remaining in my studio and gallery to be held permanently for the use of the people of the City of Santa Barbara and its vicinity, in memory of my wife and myself, in appreciation of the happiness we found in this community, with the hope that this provision will result in as much pleasure to the community as I have in making it. No man can do more than his best and when this takes the form of an honest and sincere endeavor, while failing as he must to achieve his highest aspirations, he may perhaps pass on in part to others some suggestion of the joy he has had through things seen and felt; and the sharing of this joy by inadequate but hopeful records must be his reward."

Lungren died on November 9, 1932 and unfortunately complications soon developed in his estate. Because his death occurred within 30 days of the date of his will the State of California intervened and the charitable bequests and trusts were nullified. The final decree of distribution awarded

the paintings to the State with the provision that they should be placed in the possession of the Santa Barbara State Teachers College as a permanent exhibition never to be removed from the City of Santa Barbara. The University of California became successor to the State Teachers College and when the University moved its Santa Barbara branch to Goleta the requirement that the collection must remain within the city caused new complications.

In 1960 the University approached the Santa Barbara Historical Society to explore the possibility of transferring the collection to the Society. At that time the Society had no facilities for handling and exhibiting such an extensive collection. However, with the spacious new quarters about to be occupied the Society is now in a position to accept such a collection of art of the Southwest and at its May 1964 meeting its board of trustees voted to authorize its attorneys to seek possession of this valuable group of pictures. If this is accomplished these great representations of the spirit of the desert and of the West will have found a congenial, appreciative home where they may be enjoyed for years to come. However, some deterioration has developed during the three decades since Lungren's death and funds will be needed to provide for framing, restoration and preservation. In the meantime some of the pictures continue on temporary display at the two banks previously mentioned.

Don Gaspar Orena

By ROBERT EASTON

DON GASPAR ORENA
1824 - 1905

(Don Gaspar Eugenio de Oreña y Gomez de Ascandon)
Un gran caballero distinguido, nacido con talento abundante
(Distinguished gentleman — endowed with real ability)

Rancho Los Alamos de Santa Elena

Tierra Adorada y Historico

(Land venerated for generations)

For three generations vested in

The Family of Oreña.

The Oreña and De la Guerra families, of Spanish nobility, originated in the north of Spain, in the Cantabrian Mountain Section of Castille or, as the Spaniards say, "Eran Montañeses". This section was never invaded nor conquered by the Moors. The Behetrial (district) de Oreña. This was the area in which the inhabitants had freedom from subjection to any Lord. Francisco Ramirez de Oreña, in the beginning of the XV Century, served the King of Spain in the army against Portugal and her allies.

At the age of 17, Don Gaspar went to Cadiz to study medicine, a career he did not finish. The lure of the sea proved too strong. The spirit of Colum-



Don Gaspar Orena.



Maria Antonia de la Guerra Orena.

bus beat in his veins! At last came the day—now growing into manhood, and contrary to his father's wishes, he planned to sail from Cadiz "as there are so many ships—America is not far away".

Don Gaspar's father, Lorenzo de Careña Ortega, counseled with himself—"Gaspar has an uncle in California". The father caught the spark of adventure from the son and addressed a letter to Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, Comandante del Presidio, Santa Barbara, in Alta California.

In 1840, Don Gaspar reached Boston and met his cousin, Dona Ana Maria de la Guerra, daughter of the uncle to whom he was going. She was the wife of Alfred Robinson. After three more months of sailing, during which he passed through Tierra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan, he landed in Valparaiso, Chili. After a brief stay at Lima, Peru, he made his next stop at Mazatlan and accepted there an offer of employment for one year with Don Miguel Machado.

We next find Don Gaspar in Honolulu meeting with his cousin, Miguel de la Guerra, whose wife, Trinidad Ortega, was a famous beauty who was called familiarly "Primavera"—"Springtime". (Spring Street, in Los Angeles, was named for her.) She was the granddaughter of Sergeant Ortega, Pathfinder of Fr. Junipero Serra.

Sailing along the coast that binds the shore like a ribbon from end to end, Gaspar was conscious of the long chain of mountains that formed the background of the unending picture that was California. Little wonder that both Russia and England had tried to wrest this land from Spain! It was but a few months since the Russians had gone. The sea otter had been hunted along the coast almost to the point of extermination. The Declaration of the

Monroe Doctrine had completed the discouragement and had forced the withdrawal of the Russians. The Czar's government had lost interest in the California Colony. All this Gaspar learned as he dined with General Vallejo at the Comandancia in San Francisco. In writing to Governor Alvarado, as his face had grown grave, the General has said, "Ahora sea por Dios. (Now it is for God to decide). We still have a greater danger threatening us. The Americans are coming in faster than we think. I fear soon there will be another flag".

La Casa Grande, Santa Barbara home of Don Gaspar's uncle, Don Jose de la Guerra, was surrounded by an orchard located on what was to become Laguna Street near its junction with Cota Street. Marvelous fruit of all kinds was produced in this orchard. Maria Antonia de la Guerra (daughter) had lived in Casa Grande from childhood to maturity.

Don Gumerciendo Flores and guests arrived at Casa Grande for the daughter, Maria Antonia's, first evening party. At this party appeared the young French Consul, Cesario Lataillade, able and handsome. Don Gaspar now made his first meeting with Cesario and unknowingly walked into his destiny.

Cesario Lataillade was born in Biarritz, France, in 1819. He spent some years as a young man in Lima, Peru. In 1841, he was appointed French Consul in Santa Barbara; and here he met Maria Antonia de la Guerra and was married to her in 1843. They lived in Casa Grande, and so Cesario's life became interwoven with that of Gaspar.

Santa Barbara now was raised from the status of "Pueblo" to that of "Presidio". Gumerciendo Flores, following Don Jose de la Guerra, became Comandante in 1842. He received Don Gaspar and proposed a toast, "A la madre España" (To Mother Spain) in Sherry 90 years old. Don Gaspar proposed a toast to California. Gumerciendo Flores was a man of sterling quality, the last Comandante from Mexico in Santa Barbara.

Don Jose Antonio Aguirre, another man to become important in Gaspar's life, had come from Spain to Santa Barbara in 1836 with the business of a trader. In the year 1843, Don Gaspar left with him for Lima, Peru, having a super-cargo right to trade. On July 9, 1844, Gaspar set out from Lima for Santa Barbara. A year later, August 26, 1845, largely on account of the vessel leaking badly during the entire passage, he arrived at Monterey. The voyage to Lima had been most successful financially for him, for this voyage brought him more than \$5,000. This was the beginning of his future life. Gaspar never forgot his friendship with Aguirre and, in later years, he proved his gratitude in a magnificent way.

Jose Antonio Aguirre and Don Gaspar returned from Lima to Santa Barbara to witness great changes politically as regards to all of California. Dona Maria Antonia de la Guerra (mother) had died, leaving La Casa Grande with Don Jose, a lonely figure at 64 years of age. Maria Antonia, the daughter, was the wife of Cesario Lataillade. Governor Micheltorena had brought from Mexico to Santa Barbara as soldiers a gang of ruffians and criminals, an act that was deeply resented by the Santa Barbarans. Gaspar remained at Casa de Aguirre as guest of his friend, Jose Antonio Aguirre, for two years, which period wrought a great change in Gaspar's personal appearance. He was not a handsome man to an unusual degree—a tall figure with the appearance of strength, both mental and physical, and with "joie de

vivre". At this time, 1848, news was received of the final independence of California from Mexico under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The Stars and Stripes now prevailed over California.

Again Don Gaspar longed for the sea. In the schooner "California", of the Mexican Government, Don Gaspar sailed for Lima. The Captain of the ship was John Cooper, a citizen of California, whose half-brother, Thomas Larkin, had been United States Consul for California, the man to whom is due much of the credit for the prevention of the British from taking California. After a visit with his old friend, Don Miguel Machado at Mazatlan, Gaspar proceeded to Lima for the sale of his cargo of tallow. In return, he bought such goods as luxuries, which he knew the Californians wanted. Over the opposition of Don Gaspar, his old friend, Miguel, on account of the death of his wife, placed his entire stock of goods on Don Gaspar's ship. Gaspar accounted for all these goods to Machado—several thousand dollars in value.

Gaspar disposed of the cargo of luxuries with great financial success. Now he was able to turn to those other projects he had wished to do upon his first arrival in California on the June morning of 1842, namely, to own vast acres of land and hundreds of head of cattle. Now, six years later, only 24 years of age, he was well on his way to the realization of his dream. In a short time, Don Gaspar entered into partnership with Cousin Maria Antonia and Cesario Lataillade, buying a one-half interest in three ranches: La Zaca, Alamo Pintado, and Corral de Quati. A partnership was formed with Cesario, in 1848, to sell cattle to the gold miners in Northern California. Don Gaspar and Cesario often hunted bear and deer on these ranches. Both men lived in Santa Barbara and rode, with trusted Indian boys as bodyguards, to the ranches over the San Marcos Pass. Both men often attended Mass at Santa Ynez Mission.

Maria Antonia, now the mother of two children, had a few years of happiness with Cesario Lataillade. His death occurred by an accidental rifle shot from a loaded gun on which he was working. He died on April 12, 1849, at the age of 30 years. Antonio was now a widow at 22. A posthumous child was given the name of Cesario, for his father. Don Gaspar handled the estate of Cesario Lataillade with characteristic care and integrity, as well as the expedition to the mines.

Now Don Gaspar had a fortune of his own and he determined to buy more land. However, love of the sea prevailed along with his wish for a large ranch. He "set his heart" on La Espada (the sword), 16,000 acres on the sea, where he might make his home for the next few years. From Espada Ranch, where he lived in simple Spanish austerity, he gave great assistance to the crew of the "Yankee Blade", wrecked on Point Arguello about 1850. Though 18 persons were drowned, his Indian boys, in canoes saved many.

Now occurred his trip, on his best horse, "Alcanzan" (to overtake or to beat) from his La Espada Ranch for his bride in Santa Barbara. Inland from La Espada Ranch, he passed La Gaviota (Seagull) named after a place in Patagonia, and also Rancho San Julian—similarly named—belonging to Maria Antonia's father. He changed horses at Dos Pueblos, leaving his "El Alcanzan" to rest until his return. "Vaja con Dios" (God be with you) shouted the paisanos as he resaddled. He came to his new Santa Barbara house on La Calle de Estado, which gradually was being furnished. For five years since her husband's death Maria Antonia had kept strict mourning. She had depended on Gaspar in all her business affairs. Now she could give

him love. On January 4, 1854, they were married at Mass on his feast day. The following day, the union was announced to the family. There followed the three days of Fiesta de los Reyes—the Wedding Feast.

Don Gaspar took his wife and her two children to his just completed new home. Antonia was eight years, and Cesario, whom henceforth he regarded as his own, was five. Gaspar's first child was born two years later and was given the name of Leopoldo. Then followed Dario and Orestes. Later, there were Arturo, Serena Roas, and Acacio Maria Teresa. Maria Antonia and the children were enchanted with Rancho La Espada, and so it became their favorite home.

In the Spring of 1858, Don Jose Antonio de la Guerra, the father of Maria Antonia, passed away. Although a Spaniard, he had been beloved by all his people. At 79 years, he had stood, sword in hand, against the ruffians who would have seized the Mission. In death he was honored by the Franciscan Order. The Requiem Mass, at the Mission in Santa Barbara, has never been equalled in pomp and magnificence. With his death, there began the disintegration of Don Jose's great land holdings, having an estimated total of over 200,000 acres. The largest ranch was "Simi", in Ventura County.

At this juncture, Don Gaspar, not feeling entirely himself, wished again to see his parents as well as to consult a Dr. Bullo, an eminent physician of Paris. Maria Antonia was saddened by this, as, with five children, her sailing with Don Gaspar was impossible. After installing the family safely in the Santa Barbara home, Don Gaspar sailed from New York and reached the Isle of Wight on June 12, 1860. The record of his stay in Spain and Paris is not set down in detail. However, it is recorded that, after a "quick examination", Don Gaspar was assured that organically he was in perfect condition; but that he was being subjected to nervous pains due to overwork. He was advised to have frequent nourishment with salt water baths. "He paid a fee of \$4.00". With abundant purchases in Paris of laces and jewelry for Antonia and toys for the children, Gaspar arrived home amid shouts of glee and tears of happiness at Christmas time, 1860. He found that Jose Antonio Aguirre had died. The old order was changing.

In 1864, a great drought prevailed throughout California, with the loss of hundreds of head of cattle to Don Gaspar. Many were forced to relinquish the livestock industry entirely. In the meantime, the home at La Calle del Estado had burned. Don Gaspar built another home near Casa Grande. (The present adobe on the corner of Anacapa and De la Guerra Streets, presently known as "Lewis' Antiques.") At a later date, a new home was built on five acres near the Mission, known then as La Casa de la Mission. (The site of the present Roosevelt School.) Don Gaspar became Sindico (treasurer) of the Mission, spending much of his time with the Friars in the years around 1865. Then, with all the young members of the family in college at Santa Clara or in the convents at Oakland, Maria Antonia and Don Gaspar moved to San Francisco, to be near the children.

Don Gaspar had become owner of Rancho Los Alamos de Santa Elena in 1874. Originally, it was a grant of 48,000 acres given by the Governor, in 1836, to Jose Antonio de la Guerra. The Cuyama Ranch was accessible only via the Cuyama River Canyon. Three weeks time was required for oxen to haul lumber from Gaviota to the ranch. Don Gaspar was undaunted by these obstacles. In those days, freight transportation was provided by "el

carro." This equipment consisted of 3½-foot wheels cut from sycamore tree trunks. The hole in the center was burned with a red hot iron and then soaked in the estero to cure. Charcoal and tallow were used as a lubricant on the axle. When a loud, squeaking noise was developed, the cry would come: "Mas cebo, mas cebo!" "Cebo" consisted of the mixture of charcoal and tallow.

In the intervening years, Gaspar had sold Ranches Corral de Quati, Zaca, San Julian, and Espada. From the nine estates, or ranches, which he and Antonia had owned, they now kept only two—Cuyama and Los Alamos de Santa Elena. Gaspar began to leave administration and care of the ranches to his two eldest sons, going to them only once or twice a year. He was mindful of the Spanish proverb, "Bajo el ojo del amo engrada el Caballo". (Under the eye of the Master the horse fattens, or, under the eye of the Father nothing is overlooked.) Gaspar remained largely in Santa Barbara or San Francisco.

In the summer of 1889, a courier arrived at Santa Barbara with a message to Maria Antonia from Pablo Margarita, Major Domo at Cuyama Ranch: "El Patron (the Boss) has fallen from a horse and has broken his leg." Antonia left at once in a carriage with a doctor and a priest. It was a long and difficult journey. Meanwhile, Pablo Margarita and Ramon Espinosa had carried Don Gaspar some miles to the ranch house, and had given him rough and effective treatment. Ignacio's (ranch foreman) treatment proved effective. The doctor re-banded the leg and Padre Jaime O'Keefe laughingly said: "Gaspar, you do not need me yet, I see." After many restless weeks in Santa Barbara, Don Gaspar and Antonia embarked on the "Santa Rosa" for San Francisco, to spend the winter there.

Life now entered a new phase for Antonia and Don Gaspar, the American Phase of 1890. They were forced to accept this change but remained forever Spanish, with unbounded hospitality at their Geary Street home. Don Gaspar was a familiar figure in the banking circles of San Francisco. With wide-brimmed Spanish hat and aristocratic, well trimmed beard, he was never known to have contracted a debt. Prior to 1871, no bank had existed in Santa Barbara. During those years, Don Gaspar had had many requests for loans throughout the State. In the driest year and the year of the Eastern panic of 1877, Don Gaspar had called on the early banker, Mortimer Cook ("Cuk"), and said, "My account is at your disposal." (\$100,000 in gold).

Returning to the Santa Barbara home, Don Gaspar retired to private life, giving the entire administration of his properties to his sons. Don Gaspar died at his last home, 230 West Victoria Street, August 3, 1905. Maria Antonia, in retirement, survived her husband by 13 years. She never spoke English, not even to her doctor or her priest, although she knew the English language. This was her protest against the country that had wrested her homeland from Spain.

Don Gaspar

In the era from 1845 to 1900 of our great State of California, here lived a man of unlimited capacity for achievement on a high level of importance, guided by a zeal for land. At all times, he was firmly mindful of strict accountability in all things, his duty to all of his family, his Church, and his fellow man. The imprint of his life will stand.

Fredo of San Julian Ranch

By INES DE LA GUERRA DIBBLEE

He waves his right arm in a sweeping gesture.

"Cuando yo vivía en las lomas" (when I lived in the hills).

It is a sort of refrain carrying back to the rolling hills under the open sky. It says,

"The hills and I . . . we know!"

It tells of close and friendly contact with the hills in the many years of lonely (perhaps happy?) life of the shepherd. Clouds, winds and rain to heed. Sunrise and sunset to obey, lengthening or shortening the hours of grazing for the flock. The moon, the flight of birds—his calendars. In the behavior of tiny animals and insects, seeing the signs of early Winter, of good rain or a dry year. He makes a sun dial with his hand and tells the time of day. He loved his animals. They knew it, he says, and loved him in return.

As he moved about with his flock, sometimes he had a hut to live in; but in the summer months, more often he lived under a tree. Provisions came from time to time from the ranch house, but in Winter the roads washed and became impassable. When his supplies, shared with his faithful shepherd dog, diminished and all the jerky and bacon were gone, after saying a prayer for forgiveness, he killed a sheep and with carefully saved-up flour, baked bread in an oven hole in the ground, and brewed tea from wild mint leaves (mountain tea he called it) or from sun dried skins of oranges and orange leaves. Sugar he substituted with his camp-made honey. For light he twisted a saturated woolen rag into a tin filled with mutton tallow. What could hold a candle to that? When his camp was under a tree, the fog dripped on him from his burlap canopy and streaked his face with red from his colored quilt. Fredo is half Indian, so perhaps he liked that. But he is not, Indian like, tall and slim, he is short and stocky and round like his beloved hills, has kind sleepy eyes and a rolling walk. Indian-like he is in his unbreakable stubbornness and in his patience.

Like many children of his day, Fredo never went to school. His mother, he says, taught him his prayers and had taught him to recite the alphabet when he was a child, but he did not know how to read.

Fredo says he was about fourteen when he came to the ranch. There he helped in the kitchen and in different outside jobs, and after some years, began his life in the hills as a shepherd. By this time he regretted not knowing how to read. He made up his mind to learn. From a primer a pal had given him, he saw the alphabet in large and small letters, and followed them, reciting from memory. But how was the sound of words put on the paper? Here was the mystery! He began to study the sounds of the letters one at a time. The first was the "M" from the "ma-ma" of the sheep and the little lambs. "P" was from Papa, "R" was in the Vivora (rattle snake) and the "S" was there too. Then he would slowly draw the letter he was studying and connect the sound. "U" (pronounced oo in Spanish) was in the wind "oo oo" and in the cooing of the turtle dove. Sometimes he would work on a single sound for days, listen for it and dance it. "X" ("exis" in Spanish)

was in the sound of his dry fire sticks—two sticks crossing, “X”—the cross. Each sound had its special gesture as well as form.

At night with his flock safely enclosed in the corral and with his dog by his side, he would look up at the sky and make the letters with the stars.

Finally he knew he had the alphabet “in the head.” Now for the words. As his first word he took his own name, Alfredo. “A”, the beginning of the alphabet, the beginning of me, the beginning of everything! For “L” he lifted both arms on high singing “Alleluiah, Alleluiah!” “F” he says, is Indian, and crouching makes an earthy, fire sound. And so on with the rest of the letters. He sang and danced his name, then he spelled it quickly A-L-F-R-E-D-O, Alfredo and then he *wrote it down!*” Another day, another word, and mastered that. He says he would “practice” when he was out with his animals and that sometimes men from the ranch returned saying, “That Fredo, his is crazy, crazy!” and he was only spelling.

There was an Indian, aged a hundred and two, at Las Cruces who used to sit around for hours with an old newspaper in his hands looking at it steadily. “For a long time” he told us, he would look at the words and then suddenly he would know what they meant. Those who knew him well said it was true. We never put him to the test, but he evidently did get something from his “reading.”

Compared to this, Fredo’s method was very academic but it is a fact that after many months in the hills, he *could read!* and to a very limited extent write, slowly and surely,—his name quickly and with a flourish.

Shearing took place twice a year at the ranch home. In the Fall and in the Spring for the long wool. Fredo would be there, all importance, wanting to talk to everybody at home, along with the other shepherds and their flocks. Some twenty shearers, all Paisanos from around, would come, and the wool-barn, a lofty, bat-and-owl haunted place, became alive and cheerful. Much chatter, clatter of shears, bleating of sheep, running and stumbling on the wooden slatted floor. Some shearers held the sheep firmly between their knees like a man playing the cello. *Tras’, tras’, tras’*, go the shears, and the fleece with its soft white padding unfurls to the floor. After a certain number of sheep were shorn, came the fumes of hot sulphur and lime being prepared for the dipping which followed immediately after the shearing. One by one the sheep were urged to pass through a little gate, and from there would slide and plunge into the steaming bath. Along side of the trough, the men with long crooks would hold up the heads of the frightened animals to help them along as they swam single file to the further end where they would run up on a slatted way into another corral. There they remained until taken to their respective camps.

Sometimes we were allowed to help with the crooks. We liked that. The smell of steaming sulphur, the shouts of the men separating the bleating animals who would crowd and stop the proceeding, the laughter and the warm sunshine made it all very exciting.

Some men sheared as many as one hundred sheep a day. At a table a shearer presented his bundle of wool for each animal and was given a *ficha* (chinese copper coin) to be redeemed for four and a half cents later. In the Winter evening, the men fell to gambling the *fichas* and sometimes the best shearer, being a poor gambler would lose all the benefit of his day’s labor to the good gambler. But that is like life—*verdad?*

In the evenings of Spring shearing, the men would set around outside and, to the tinkle of a guitar, sing old California songs, amorous and plaintive. Invariably Fredo would be drawn into a dance in the moonlight with wild cries of Indian words and war whoops that made them all laugh and applaud.

All that is over. There are no more sheep on the ranch. No more carts crawling down to Gaviota, piled high with their five hundred pound bales of wool to be shipped at the little wharf to San Francisco. No more hillside pictures of grazing flock, or distant bleating of lambs, or echoed yodeling of Basque to Spanish shepherd from the hills at dusk.

The cattle remain, and at Rodeo time, when they were still held with Paisanos, there was much gayety and laughter in the evening by the open fire in the old adobe refectory. Fredo, delighted with an audience (he seldom rode with the vaqueros) would declaim and dance more sedately, with gestures round and elegant, and sudden emphasis of heels, in a dramatic pause, upon the flagstone floor, smiling and pleased with the attention drawn to himself.

The rodeos continue, but with few Paisanos, and Fredo sits in a corner, quietly smiling and listening to the Americano cowboy stories.

After sheep were given up, Fredo became gardener and all around farm hand occasionally taking over the kitchen when, at the busiest of times, the cook would leave! Fredo, once more important, giving orders and for once, on time—the men helping out and laughing at his jokes and highly seasoned food.

In some ways Fredo was good with his many jobs, but willful and independent, taking his own time to the exasperation of every major-domo who would threaten to fire him, but somehow ended up letting him go his way; and year after year, Fredo was there doing the odd jobs that nobody else found time to do. His title as a ranch hand was indefinite. When he was taken in to Lompoc to vote and asked to name his occupation, he hesitated, then said, "Assistant superintendent of the San Julian" and so he was registered.

Fredo was very proud of his vegetable garden. He says he has "the good hand" for growing-things and, as with his animals, gives them collective and individual attention, talking especially to the fragile and weak with apparent success. In speaking English he gives gender to everything, as in Spanish. Onions, pumpkins, watermelons are feminine and he endows them with further personality, "That vine (on the hillside) it not her fault if she did not bear, nobody care for her and she wither away." Of his rows upon rows cabbages unused: "These poor creatures, so wellgrown and handsome—and they have no destiny!" And fondly holding up huge Spanish onions: "Just look at them, parecen gran Senoras!"

When packing a sack of vegetables to send away he tells them goodbye, urges them to adjust themselves and make room for their companions and have a comfortable journey. Then he ties up the sack, wipes his forehead and waves his hands in the air—"Das all right, I raise some more, I have plenty of land."

He says "all the vegetables are good, God made them for the health, but the garlic and onion make everything the king-dish (a la king?), and

the garlic good for lungs, ear-ache, cold heart and give big strength. The garlic is esencia of the earth. The garlic is one mystery of nature." The smell of the skunk, he says, also cures bad lungs. "Breathe, then wash face in water of Castile roses." He sells the gall of the skunk to the Chinaman cook, also rattle snakes for "very good medicine."

Fredo knows the names and uses of all the herbs and is medicine man for the ranch crew. They have many a good laugh at him with his notions in prescribing according to the moon, the flight of birds, the seasons, and so forth; but come a pain or an ache, and a patient is quietly consulting Fredo with apparently good results.

"Vino" was Fredo's capital weakness. Even before prohibition, he had in reserve his home brew, fermented apples, fruit peelings, prunes, juices of wild berries, lemon extract, and, his pals say, a bit of horse medicine.

I remember one time, on a picnic at Jalama, we had taken Fredo to barbecue the meat, which he did to perfection. He was always delighted to go along but, especially so, to go to Jalama, for there was always much vino to be had there. Old Jalama was the most beautiful place on the ranch. Some hundred and twenty years before, the Franciscan Fathers from Spain had settled there with their Indian helpers building the old Lompoc Mission about two miles away. They had chosen Jalama as a favored spot to live in. And, indeed, it must have been a joy to them after their day's work out in the hot open country (always chosen for site of missions) to return to the fragrant coolness of the great oaks and sycamores and streams and willow trees. Fig trees, orchards, vineyards and olive trees, the Padres had and, of course, they made good wine and olive oil. Now there remained of the old, a few tall pear trees, parts of the vineyards, some sturdy olive trees still bearing, and the ruins of one of the adobes. And perhaps,—there lingered under the high arching branches, so gently filtering the sunlight, and in the magic incense of wild growth and of unmolested earth, something of the peace, something of the spirit of those valorous lives that these same trees had sheltered, carpeting the ground for tired, sandaled feet.

At any rate, it remained "a favored spot" with us. Juan, the man in charge, (he was always called Don Juan by the men at the ranch) a fair-skinned, dark-eyed Spaniard, with his two-inch vaquero heels and red scarf, was a colorful personality. He was always glad to see us, would build the fire, bring out his guitar, bowls of well-cured olives and a goodly supply of wine which he made from the old Padres' mission grapes. He always sat with us at our picnic-spread table, often relating some adventure or some old time tale, all of which added to our merienda enjoyment. The vino part of it was Fredo's special delight.

Well, to return to Fredo (Fredo minus "our muttens") on this particular occasion, probably while we were listening to one of Don Juan's adventures, he must have discovered and tapped Don Juan's wine-keg for he showed signs of having indulged in more than his picnic ration. The only thing to do, before he got too happy, was to send him home, which we did, hoping he would not interfere with his horse's sense of direction. Hours later, on our way home, we found him propped up against a tree trunk fast asleep. We roused him, saying—"Fredo, que sucede?" He replied, "Oh, I get off to rest (probably rolled off with the saddle) and my horse, when I

get on again, he no want to go. He just back, back, all the time." We looked around and there was his horse tied to a limb, with the saddle on backwards.

On all ranches rain is, of course, the great concern as the winter months approach. One year when the rains were very late and sorely needed, the major-domo asked:

"Well Fredo, are we going to have rain?" Fredo replied:

"The owl, she pass by,
The frog he croak,
The ducks altogether they fly,
Pico gota rheumatism in the left leg,
And the other leg it don't feel well.
When he geta in the right leg
Gonna rain like h-e-l-l!"

And some winters it did. Fredo tells about one winter when it had rained for weeks, steadily. The roads and bridges washed out, the winds slashing the trees and cutting with cold, the cattle mired and lost. Finally, one afternoon it cleared. In different directions the men were sent out on horseback to investigate bridges, roads, cattle, and so forth. Fredo on his horse was off looking for strayed cattle. Making for a certain canyon he went across the fields, passed barrancos and long lonely stretches, crossed a roaring stream and began climbing the hills. On the summit of the second ridge, the wind came up, blew off his hat, and the rain began, first a few drops, then a downpour. The sky blackened. Just beyond lay the canyon, dark and silent;—it was too late. Further effort was useless. He turned back. With his bare head bent against the pelting rain, he left the homeward way to his horse. The storm increased, a violent wind came up slashing the rain in all directions. They came to an unfamiliar crossing, Fredo couldn't see beyond for now they were in complete darkness! Were they perhaps on the wrong trail? Bewildered, he turned in another direction. His horse halted. Fred urged him on; a few yards,—a little more,—and his horse began to mire! Then he called out and prayed aloud for help as he had done once when he was a little boy and frightened. Suddenly, as in a lightning flash, a few feet away, he saw the luminous figure of a man mounted on a white burrito. It did not speak, just pointed back in the direction from which Fredo had turned, and disappeared. Before Fredo could think or even wonder, his horse had reared, leaped and cleared! He followed the indicated direction, the ground was firm again, he knew all was well and continued slowly but surely and safely home. He tells this little story with much gusto and swears by all the saints that it is true.

By this time, everyone who came to the ranch wanted to see Fredo and to talk to him. His popularity rather went to his head. Will Rogers was one a Fredo's heroes. Among others, he had come up for two or three days at Rodeo time. Fredo, who didn't go about with the vaqueros, didn't realize it was he until too late. He was very indignant and hurt that he had not been told, nor been presented to Will Rogers, saying:

"I read him every day in the papers," (a short skit then appearing)
"He is One Big Man, but if I had talk to Will Rogers, maybe I tell him he doesn't know!"

Time and warnings from the major-domo did not improve Fredo. Rather he became more and more difficult. The day came, when in spite of sentiment of "Old Faithful" the new foreman, all for modern ways, vigorously dismissed him. The impossible had happened. Fredo was leaving!

With all his faults, his willfulness held no violence or resentment. The ranch had been his home. Seeing it was irrevocable he accepted his dismissal quietly, said "Adios" to his pals, and came around to say goodbye to us. There was something pathetic in his stiff bright shoes, his heavy watch chain and new straw hat. He talked along, thanked mother for her many little gifts, and so forth. She listened quietly, then said: (I think it was the shoes that moved her) "You go now and see the town and have a good rest, and after that, we shall be in the Santa Barbara home. You would like to be gardener there?" His face twitched, he was silent, just twisted the hat he was holding by the brim round and round and pretended to look at the hills in the distance. Mother asked him if he liked the idea.

"Oh, si! Si Senora! Gracias — con mucho gusto — I shall be there. (Pulling out his watch and consulting it) "That will be the first of the year."

On the first of the year, there was Fredo, and became gardener in the home at Santa Barbara. He seemed happy enough but subdued. A mere garden could never take the place in his heart of the hills and the animals or even "the life-giving ones," the vegetables.

In time, much to our loss and sorrow, the good Cuban-Chinese cook, "Toto," who spoke a fluent Spanish of his own, (no English) and who had been with us "Since Always," died. Our efficient maid (from Spain), also with us for several years, took over, but alas, became engaged, married and left us. And what a difference it made. Trying to replace them, impossible! Between times Fredo helped out.

Times changed, taking much that was good. Finally, sister and I, being alone now, installed Fredo as cook and maid, a one-day a week gardener being easier to find than a cook. For better or for worse, Fredo would be there. So again, he became all around house man, going with us in the summer to his old stamping ground, the ranch. Not very efficient was he for the home but a fairly good cook, with his own notion about food which had to do with the seasons and the moon. For himself, he sizzles everything in oil and garlic, says that well-fried things give more strength (no doubt that will be a theory some day). At any rate he knows not indigestion. Proudly hitting his chest, he says, "I have no 'decease.'"

Apparently he never turies. He says it is because he never hurries. "Americanos alla time hurry, hurry. Take the time! God made the time, and He make time all the time! Time is the baston (walking stick) of God. He never run!" He practices what he preaches. Nothing can make him hurry. Guests or fixed hours mean nothing to him. He doesn't even pretend to hurry (that might help) but like a rock, he cannot be moved around, just gradually rolled. Once he establishes a habit, he hates to break his rhythm. Around the noon hour, we are usually out in the garden somewhere, he rings the little bell from the verandah to let us know that lunch is ready. Sometimes at the lunch hour, we would both come into the dining room and sit at the table. He would see us there, swing past us to the verandah and ring the bell.

When Fredo first began as cook his kitchen aprons would all too quickly become impossible, so he would quietly pick out an apron, nicely ironed, and

put it away in a pantry drawer, and—bearing a platter or soupturine, appear in the dining room in one of our Spanish maid's elaborately embroidered aprons, tied above the absent waist line,—the heavy lace points dangling above his shoes. Nothing daunted, on another occasion it would be a dainty square with ruffled edges, naively tied low to give length. His argument being that any apron was better than no apron at all.

With his clumsy hands he handled china with loving care and broke less than all the maids and cooks before him. He had a sort of affection for his pots and pans—was compassionate with an old perforated "olla" that had given years of good service and made many a savory dish—"She is tired and weak, poor thing,—I will mend her and she can live a little longer."

We tried to instruct him about taking messages on the telephone, but when someone asks for one of us, he usually replies: "You want to talk to it? I go call it." Later he became bolder and when interrupted with too many calls, he would say, "He gone ranch, long time, maybe three weeks." From Ventura he had a letter one day giving him some sad news in his brother's family. He went to the telephone and called: "You telephone girl? Yes? All right, you give me far away, I want to talk to my relations in Ventura." After further struggling he accepted help reluctantly.

In time much of his old gaiety came back. When we gave him a nice "get-up" clock he had been wanting, (when he thought we were not looking) he put it on the center kitchen table and danced around it. Dancing was his great pleasure, dancing and the beautiful girls. After his Sunday's outing he talks about dancing and promenades on the "water-break" with the girls and tells how "crazy they are about me." Sister said to him,

"You be careful Fredo, maybe those girls just take your money away."

"Oh, I know," he said pleased and smiling at the thought of them, "God made them that way." We had no further argument for that.

He excuses himself in some way for not going to church on Sundays but considers himself "very Catolico." Perhaps because he really loves his church, has a great pride in it, and although Christmas, Holy Week and Easter are his only church-going days, twice a day, without fail, around the noon and sunset hour, he stands before the statue of the Virgin in the upstairs hall, makes the sign of the cross and sings his "Ave Marias" with great devotion. At first we used to peer around and watch. Out of the corner of his eye somehow he would always see us, straighten up proudly and continue. Nothing was allowed to interfere with this ritual. After a while it became as much a part of the day as the sound of Mission bells for the Angelus at noon and evening. Of a late afternoon, friends with us in the garden have asked if the chanting they heard was from the priests at the Mission.

Fredo never lost his habit of talking to himself, acquired no doubt from years "en las lomas." Especially when he has something on his mind, he holds long and animated conversations with himself, with arguments and gestures. It is his way of "studying" the question and coming to a decision.

His English is limited but in Spanish he applies many a clever adage, and words like "profound, crystalline, wisdom, universe," and so forth, are in his vocabulary with often quotations from the Bible.

"You should not leave," he said in Spanish to me, "those delicate vases

on the mantle piece in that unequilibriumed position . . . Equilibrium — equilibrium is the great thing in life!”

Always difficult and wanting to run the house, every so often, Fredo became impossible and was definitely dismissed. “Oh, very well” he accepts the dismissal with, for him, a sort of alacrity, and disappears. But what he really does is to take his troubles out into the open, goes off somewhere in the garden “to study” them. We see him, seemingly consulting the clouds or the hills in the distance, and after a while, quietly watering or planting some vegetables. The next morning he appears with the breakfast trays as though nothing had happened. For the following week or ten days he is quite docile and angelic.

He is always ready to go to the ranch. They all hail him and are glad to see him, although hardly any of his paisano comrades are there. He becomes something of his old self again with his jokes and tales, but shakes his head at the way things are carried on now-a-days. From passing vendors he buys fruits and candy and distributes generously all around. One day, from a peddler selling copies of famous paintings, he selected a “Christ in the Garden of Olives.” Terrible coloring—we suggested a milder-toned Turner. It didn’t appeal. Then a colorful “Ballarina.” He liked that, looked at it and smiled, but shook his head and went back to the first picture.

“No,” he said, “I take this one. I like God.”

On our way down from the ranch, as we passed the Rio Grande Oil Fields, Fredo waved his right arm, saying “When I herded sheep on that land, the only holes in it were squirrel holes. The sheep, never did they want to drink the water there. If I had been more smart — but in those days, nobody want the oil.”

In Spanish, two persons bearing the same name call each other “tocayo” an impersonal fraternity. Of an afternoon, good old-timer, Alfredo Gutierrez, goes by exercising polo ponies, sees Fredo in the garden, and says “Que hay Tocayo!” Fredo hails back heartily. They talk, discuss the problems of the day, but invariably revert to the good old times, relaxing into anecdotes and laughter. In an interval of silence on a warm summer day, their leisurely voices carry, carry as nothing else does, as can no elaborately draped and costumed “Spanish Fiesta,” the charm that was yesterday! A memory, a treasured memory but gone forever. How strangely “past” it must seem to these two pals.

Accepting life, Fredo goes along apparently strong as ever, smiling and talking to himself, stolid and tranquil as the hills.

Reading now, is his relaxation and pleasure. He is proud of having taught himself to read. He says, “Yo solo! (I alone) yo solito, with the help of the stars.” And in some way he associates the letters with the elements. He looks forward all day to his evening paper.

He says, “I study the history, I study the world. Now there is much trouble. President Roosevelt is a good man. If he would give me a position”? He used to hope, he says, to become a deputy but now, he says, “No, deputies don’t make the speech, I like Governor more better, yes Governor, I like make big speech,” he repeats with a merry twinkle in his eye as he changes the angle of his knife on the chopping board to cut the onions finer.

Well, he knows his onions anyway. To him they seem to bring not tears, but smiles, his funny far-away smile as though he might be thinking,

"All this talk and trouble! The Hills and I, we know!"

"Chop, chop, chop!"

He was old, he moved about the garden slowly, but in his unhurried ways and gestures there was a strange vitality.

He said, "that blossoming is finished. Leave the bulbs in the earth, she will take care of them, and in the Spring, those fragrant flowers will be here again," and Spring was in me who a moment before was sad with Autumn and endings.

He said, "No, no, do not water that fruit tree any more, now it must lose its leaves; its time for giving is over." And death seemed easy and natural, and almost desirable. One of God's ways, and good.

Activity Report—Women's Projects Board

With the summer months rapidly approaching, efforts of the members have gone towards the development of plans for the fifth annual Casa Tour which will be held on Saturday, August 8 from 1 to 5 p.m. This is the major money-raising event sponsored by the Projects Board each year, the proceeds of which are used to maintain and preserve the two historic homes belonging to the Santa Barbara Historical Society—the Trussell-Winchester Adobe (1854) and the Judge Charles Fernald mansion (1863), at 414 and 416 West Montecito Street.

The tour previously has been held on the Sunday prior to the opening of Santa Barbara's "Old Spanish Days", but will be on Saturday this year, so that it will not conflict with other pre-Fiesta functions. The tour therefore, will not include the above-named historical homes. Since so many homes of interest historically are being razed in Santa Barbara, as elsewhere, the board felt that the homes chosen for the tour should be representative of the periods in which they were built, reflecting the talent of the designers and the taste of the owners, as well as being of importance in the history of the city.

Among the several houses being shown is that of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Dumas, 2010 Garden Street, which was built about 1896 by Mr. Crocker, of the Sperry-Crocker Company. It was one of five which were built in this block, and is well known locally for the beautiful metal statue of a dog which graces the lawn. (Placed there in 1903, the dog, could he but speak, could tell many harrowing experiences, such as the many times he has been whitewashed, or otherwise decorated, by Hallowe'en pranksters; or the time in 1906 when he was kidnapped, and found next morning atop the desk in school principal A. J. Adrian's office.)

The Dumas have lived here since 1947, and have retained the home in its original design. It has its original lovely staircase, beautiful old woodwork, chandeliers, windows, all in keeping with the late Victorian period. The rooms contain many choice antiques, among which is a four poster bed, a real treasure. Mrs. Robert Ingle Hoyt will be in charge of hostesses at this residence.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Smith, 1915 Las Tunas Road, is situated on the hills of the Riviera, near the El Encanto Hotel, and over-

looks the town and the channel to the distant islands. Designed by the renowned architect Reginald Johnson, it was built for Mr. Behrens in 1929. It also is of the Mediterranean style, containing fine grille work of metal, woodwork, decorations of tile and beautiful ceilings. The home is furnished with handcarved pieces appropriate for this luxurious setting. In charge of hostesses here, will be Mrs. Gene Harris, assisted by Mrs. John J. Hollister, III.

A contemporary home, built by Dr. Prynce Hopkins, educator and author, in the shadow of his former home which has long been known as "the Prince's Castle" by local residents, will be open, at 1920 Garden Street. In 1957, Dr. Hopkins, wishing a smaller residence, used part of what was, at one time, a picturesque Oriental garden as the site for his new home.

Mrs. Charles Harper will be in charge of hostesses at this address.

Mrs. Edward Bouton is chairman of the Casa Tour, and Mrs. John J. Hollister, Jr., is co-chairman.

Tickets, which will sell for \$2.50, can be obtained from any member of the Women's Projects Board, or from the Historical Society headquarters at the Old Mission, or by telephoning Mrs. Gladys Young, at the Fernald House. Mrs. Gilbert Loustalot, treasurer, is in charge of ticket sales, assisted by Miss Mary Chrisman and Mrs. Howard C. Smith.

On April 19, members of the Projects Board cooperated with Miss Pearl Chase, of the Plans and Planting Committee, in the celebration of the 182nd birthday party for the city of Santa Barbara, by holding a special Open House. More than 100 visitors took advantage of this occasion to tour the two historic homes. Members also assisted in various other ways to make this city-wide birthday party a successful event, such as helping with publicity and staffing the old Presidio adobe "El Cuartel" during the formal raising of the Spanish and American flags over the old Guards House, on Monday, April 20, and by attending the birthday dinner given in El Paseo Restaurant that same evening.

On the afternoon of April 9, a benefit dessert-bridge party was held in the Fernald House with Mrs. Ray Paine the hostess. Ten tables were set for the guests who enjoyed the afternoon in the beautiful surroundings.

Tours of the historic homes have become popular with school children this spring. Among the groups who have visited are: The Mesa Area Girl Scouts, on February 3, hostesses Mrs. George H. Finley, assisted by Mrs. Ray Paine; La Goleta Camp Fire Girls, "Kon We Ton", leader Mrs. Bryce Lovett, "Pixie Blue Birds", leader Mrs. James Howerton, "Valley Blue Birds", leader Mrs. Robert Biesecker, on March 25; two groups of fourth graders from Goleta Union School, Mrs. Richard Archer's class, on April 7, and Mrs. Harriet Baker's class, on April 28; two third grade classes, from Washington School, teachers Mrs. William Sanders and Miss Alice Gerety, on May 20, with tour hostesses Mrs. Clark Gaines and Mrs. Finley.

On April 28, the Town and Country Women's Club planned a visit to the two homes as a prelude to their meeting, as a part of their study of California history. Conducting the tour was Mrs. Finley, assisted by Mrs. Edward Bouton.

Other visitors of interest were Mrs. Preston Bixby Hotchkis, of San Marino, daughter of Fred Bixby, whose family in 1886 had acquired the Los Alamitos Rancho at Long Beach, (the former land granted to Manuel Nieto, a soldier under Gov. Fages, in 1784, later acquired by Don Abel Stearns,

and sold to the Bixby family). She reports that the old adobe, built by Nieto's son, Juan Jose, in 1804 is still standing, and is desirous of taking steps to preserve the old ranch house.

On March 31, Mr. Ed Ainsworth, author, and feature writer for the Los Angeles Times, visited Santa Barbara's historic buildings, and included a tour of the Fernald House and Adobe on his itinerary. Hosts for this tour were Mrs. Wilson Forbes, Mrs. George Finley, and Mr. Walker Tompkins.

On May 24, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Loeb, of San Francisco, new owners of a charming Victorian house on Eddy Street, made a visit to our restored home, delighting the hostesses with their appreciation of the accomplishments of the ladies of the Projects Board who have been responsible for arranging the furnishings in the Fernald House.

Mrs. Leo MacMahon, House Chairman, has spent many hours in cataloguing the furnishings of both houses, and has made an indexed card file giving complete information relative to each item displayed or in the cabinets. She has seen to the repair of many things, rearranged furniture and pictures, cleaned cupboards, closets, washed and mended baby clothes and costumes, giving time and interest over and beyond the "call of duty". Mrs. Ruth Mayer, a member of her committee, has also given of her time, as has Mrs. Gladys Young, who is the resident caretaker of the Fernald House. Mrs. Young has been especially helpful in providing fresh flowers each Sunday for the tours, and her attractive arrangements add greatly to the appearance of the rooms.

Mr. Cameron Rogers, grandson of Judge Charles Fernald, recently gave two framed pictures of his mother, Mrs. Robert Cameron Rogers (Beatrice Fernald), one in an oval silver frame, the other in a carved metal violet frame. These will be displayed in Miss Florence Fernald's room, as this is where she always kept her pictures and mementos of the family.

WILBERTA M. FINLEY

Director's Report

The decision by the Board of Directors of the Santa Barbara Historical Society to acquire the Covarrubias and Historic Adobe properties from Los Adobes Visitadores organization was an important step in the preservation of Santa Barbara's history. The purchase we hope will for all time prevent the destruction of these historic buildings. The Visitadores group will have a 49-year lease on the smaller Historic Adobe.

The Old Spanish Days Fiesta buildings will be demolished, starting September 1st, after the annual Fiesta of 1964. This will enable the Society to plan and create a garden that will tie together the two old adobes and the new museum into an area of historic significance and interest to the community.

The Staff of the Historical Society, with President Hilmar Koefod, recently paid a visit to the Los Angeles County Museum, where they consulted with one of the Directors of the Costume and Textile Division, Mrs. Holt, in regard to the design of glass cases for future exhibitions in our museum. Both Mr. and Mrs. Holt are highly regarded in their chosen field.

On June 18th the Museum Director, Mrs. Gledhill, and Mrs. Henry Griffiths, Treasurer of the Society, will attend the annual meeting of the

Conference of California Historical Societies at the U.S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, California.

Santa Barbara will be host for the Conference in 1966.

The Spring, 1964, *Noticias* is a most scholarly quarterly. While all the articles are valuable, the one by Rev. Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., "Some Observations on Santa Barbara's Early Roads", with its source material and references, could easily serve as a model for the researcher interested in writing. Clifton Smith, Dibblee Poett, Harold H. Davis, Edward A. Gilbert, J. H. Russell, and the Editor, Selden Spaulding, are to be congratulated on this, one of the best of *Noticias*. Campbell Grant has added an artistic touch to the number with his charming, delicate drawings.

Mrs. Francis T. Underhill (Carmen) was always interested in the Historical Society and its work in the preservation of history, and she was beloved by all of us. We were deeply moved by her unexpected bequest to the Society of many pieces of her husband's ancestral furniture, silver, and the painting of Mr. Francis Underhill's mother, Margaret Varnum Underhill.

Many recent gifts to the Society have been received. Space will allow us to mention only a few here:

One remarkable gift which we accepted with the knowledge of its historic interest and significance, was the donation by Father Joseph Thompson, O.F.M., of three dresses from the trousseau of Anita de la Guerra y Carrillo, including her bridal gown, and with it a letter written in Santa Barbara on December 28, 1834, by Alfredo Robinson to Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Richard Henry Dana in "Two Years Before the Mast" describes the wedding which took place on January 24, 1835. These historic costumes, worn by Anita de la Guerra y Carrillo, are in good condition and are one of the Society's treasured possessions.

The gift from Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cordero of two wrought iron lanterns designed and made especially for the front entrance of the new home of the Society. Mr. Cordero is a master craftsman in iron.

Miss Maria Lorenza Trussell made a gift of her mother's Spanish shawl, purchased in China in the 1860's by Mr. Albert Packard, lawyer and rancher, who, in one of his trips to China to promote his new silk industry in Santa Barbara, brought back to California two shawls, one for Mrs. Packard and the other for Mrs. Trussell.

The gift of Mr. J. Schwartz, owner of the Doty property, who has given much of his large personal collection of Californiana, Maps, and Abstracts of value to the Society as source material. Of particular interest is a 7- x 4-foot map made by G. W. H. Norway of 1871, which shows the partition of the Pueblo of Santa Barbara Land Grant, which extended from the Mission to Carpinteria. The map shows the name of every owner and the acreage of every piece. With it is a framed certificate by F. N. Gutierrez, Searcher of Letters, and a letter written about this historic map by Owen O'Neill. This is possibly the most valuable city map extant.

W. EDWIN GLEDHILL

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