A HISTORY
OF
EL TORO

by

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Compiled for the El Toro Woman's Club

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Preface

In the summer of 1937 the El Toro Woman's Club asked me to write, with the cooperation of Chas. Salter, a history of El Toro. Months of illness followed, for me, and meanwhile, the Salters moved away; so that nearly a year passed before the collection of data started.

When I had about thirty pages of script ready, I thought the work was about done; but club members asked if I had told of this family or that,—of whom I had never heard! They said I must tell of the grain-farming, the old adobes, the Serranos and the Avilas, the stage robbery, the Trabuco settlers, of Anton and Marie, and so on and on. So, of course, the story grew and grew.

The geological history of the locality is so unique and so interesting that it seemed well to introduce the human record with a brief sketch of that; and the evidences of Indian occupation here are so plentiful and the artifacts found, so numerous, that a story of their life here could well precede that of Spanish, Mexican and American residents.

Hiram Whisler has a fine collection of Indian relics picked up here, which may be seen at the Bowers Museum in Santa Ana.

For the geological data and theories I have cited, I am chiefly indebted to two works: "Structural Evolution of Southern California," by Reed and Barton, and "The San Onofre Breccia, its Nature and Origin," by Alfred S. Woodford.

For our knowledge of Indian life and the record of the early Mexican settlers and the missions, we must all be grateful to the priests who accompanied the expeditions into Upper California and who founded the missions, for their faithfully kept, detailed, and interesting journals. There were the diaries of Father Juan Crespi and Francisco Garces, the missionary priest, and the voluminous record, "Missions and Missionaries," by Zephyrin Englehardt, O.F.N.

And for information about the ranchos, their owners, and the early American settlers, I acknowledge my debt to the Orange County Title Company and to the histories of Orange County with their accompanying biographies, — an early one compiled by Samuel Armor, Wm. Loftus, Chas. C. Chapman, G. W. Moore and Lynn L. Shaw, and the late work by Mrs. J. E. Pleasants; also to her article about the Serrano family published at the time of the passing of Miss Nimfa Serrano.

To Terry Stephenson I am indebted for details concerning the final engagements between the Mexican and American forces.

Many people have given of their time for interviews, and several have filled out lengthy questionnaires for me. Among these I would like to especially mention the assistance given by Mrs. Laura Wilkes, Chas. Salter, Mrs. Beatrice Freeman, Geo. N. Whiting, Mrs. Helen Bennett and her son, Harvey Bennett, Mrs. Clara McPherson Jones, Jas. Sleeper, Oscar Rosenbaum, Martin Hubbard, Maybell Whisler and Fred Rodger.

I have been astonished to find how recollections, carefully and honestly recalled, can differ. Every reader will say of some part of this history, "She has that wrong! It was thus and so!" It may have been, at that, but I have taken a concensus of recalled facts, to find the true one, and have taken pains to make verifications, when memoris conflicted.

If these records bring pleasure to their readers, I shall feel well repaid for my efforts in gathering and inscribing them.

Clara Mason Fox

CHAPTER I

Geological Story

The most interesting history of any region is to be read in the books whose pages are rock strata, which lie under its soil surface.

Our valley is in a trough that has extended along the western part of Southern California since the continent was fashioned. It was the depression formed at the junction of the Catalina land uplift and the granite-based mainland. It is called the Capistrano Embayment, because the town lies at about the center of the trough and therefore at its usually deepest part. The deposits carried into the basin by erosion from the uplifted lands were seldom less than 1000 feet in depth in an epoch, and were sometimes in excess of 4000 feet in the central portion.

The embayments sometimes included only the Santa Ana Valley, but in other submergences reached Los Angeles, and in other eras, the most of the state was under water. According to some geologists, this connected with the Cordillerian Embayment, alongside which the Rocky Mountains rose and eroded away several times, as our smaller chains have done.

The basin would be filled gradually with deposits carried from the surrounding lifts, the bay thus decreasing in extent and depth. After life had developed and sheathed itself in mineral framework, and the waters were shallow, it left a record in the sand and mud, — the shells we find in rocks which are carried down Aliso and Live Oak Creeks, and in sandstone strata in the canyon hillsides; or we find shell in such masses as to form thick layers of almost pure lime in beds in the Whiting pasture, or on the Moulton ranch. There are shark's teeth to be seen occasionally along with the shell masses.

A number of vertebrae, thought then to be a whale's, were plowed out at the foot of the Gless knoll, and a complete spine was left, by erosion of surrounding deposit, on a ridge between Santiago and Silverado Canyons.

After some millions of years of quiet, the lifted mountains would be eroded away and deposited in the hollows. Then came a time of disturbance; the basin was weighted with at least a thousand feet of accumulated rocks, sand, and mud, and the top of the lift was worn thin, so that under the stress of shrinkage of the earth's crust, a wrinkling came there again, the weighted trough sinking far down, the mountains pushing up. If the lift was slight, the slower erosion took much fine

material to the bay, laying clay and silt in the central part, and coarser sands toward the shores; if the land rose steeply to mountains, and the era was wet, erosin was brisk, and the deposit was of large rock at the shore and of smaller stones to coarse sand as it spread further in the embayment.

As each epoch's deposits were overlaid by thousands of feet of later ones, the pressure from the overlaying mass changed silt to shale or even slate; it changed sand to sandstone, and where rocks were embedded, to conglomerate, or agglomerate.

This particular section was under the sea most of the time, and was submerged while plant and animal life developed on the land about it. But there was one period of emergence in the age of reptilian animals and an abundant plant life. The climate was warm and moist, and the lush, ferny growth and animal remains laid a depth of waste which were to be future coal beds in Santiago, Black Star and Silverado Canyons; and accumulated debris of plant and animal life would yield petroleum if strata were under sufficient pressure and there were the necessary conditions for escape.

The pits at Brea are a treasure-trove of specimens of animal life at an interesting later period of development.

Of great geological interest are the San Joaquin hills at the southern end of the Newport-Inglewood Belt, — a stress-folding, as are the Santa Ana mountains, but lying differently. The belt goes from the San Joaquin hills past Huntington Beach, Long Beach and Inglewood to merge into the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains. Here are found breccia deposits, whose component rocks came from the west, from the Catalina Uplift, once a great land mass whose eastern border was near and practically parallel to that of the continent. Santa Catalina and San Clemente Islands are the only remaining visible evidence of it. The bed rock of the continent is of crystalline granite, differing from the schist of the Catalina.

That the eastern shore of that land was very high and the climate dry is indicated by the nature of the formation deposited, an agglomerate, in which the imbedded rocks are rough, not rounded, and poorly sorted, not laid in mud but in coarse sand. The blocks of rock in the breccia are sometimes twelve feet across. As the deposit spread, fanwise, from this rounded eastern shore, it spread into and partly across the Capistrano embayment, the rocks in the breccia lessening in size as it spread further. It reached about here where it merged with the deposit being laid from the east.

This is called the San Onofre breccia and San Onofre formation,

because a large mass of it is exposed there, at the southern end of the deposit. It is to be seen again in the seacliff near Arch Beach, and the exposed margin of the deposit may be seen between the white Monterey shale at the edge of our nearby hills and the red sandstone about it.

This formation has been of great interest to geologists, puzzled by its schistose rock. For a time it was thought to have been introduced by volcanic action.

Southern California finally emerged from the sea completely in late eras, when the continent had attained nearly its present form. Erosion and chemical changes from exposure have been the cause of topographical changes since. Erosion has taken away nearly all of a late clay deposit, leaving only the knolls on which our homes are built, or the low ridges on which our gum groves are planted.

There is a soil deposit here of from a few feet to twenty or more; then a well driller goes through comparatively thin layers of soft sandstone, clay or gravel, — alluvial matter deposited under differing climatic conditions. The gravel is of old stream beds, usually narrow, evidently, and of varying thickness. Through these percolates our limited supply of water.

In these old stream beds are sometimes found bones and teeth of prehistoric animals. In a pit put down recently by George Fox, at about thirty-six feet a toe-bone of a three-toed horse was found, and, with the toe bone, and also at fifty-eight feet, ribs of elephants.

The best water-bearing gravel lies at from seventy to ninety feet depth. Under that is the shale, variously described as 'blue', 'green' or 'brown', but by geologists called 'brown shale'. Local drillers have pierced this to a thousand feet, and below Capistrano, drilling, for oil, was still in the shale at 5000 feet.

This is called the Capistrano Formation and must have represented many millions of years of slow silt deposit from low land rises.

With the wrinkling of the earth crust, the strata were tilted upward with much grinding, slipping and faulting, — this last the result of a line of cleavage, in mhich one side drops sharply. These faultings are very numerous, varying from small ones to long ones, conspicuous to geologists in the San Juan hills, and in the Santa Ana mountains in the neighborhood of Capistrano where a number cut at right angles to the great Cristianitos fault.

The Cristianitos extends from the sea shore near the county line, across the hills back to Capistrano, crossing Aliso Canyon near the

Carle home, where the canyon narrows; and from there it reaches in a northerly direction for five or six miles.

This side of the fault the formation has dropped probably a considerable distance, as on this side we have the brown shale of the Capistrano formation, and in the upper, the white Monterey shale laid in an earlier era.

This mis-matching has had an unfortunate effect on the water supply for the lower lands, deflecting the underground streams at that point.

Going up the canyons to the mountain top, one crosses the tilted edges of the foundations laid in past eras. First is the white Monterey shale of a few hundred feet in thickness; then an unconformity and perhaps a bit of the San Onofre breccia merging with the whitish sandstone of the same era; then another space of unconformity passing into the red sandstone of the Vaqueros Formation, laid in the Lower Miocene era. These are seen on the top of the Modjeska grade and in 'The Sinks' below that, on the Whiting ranch, and in the beautiful red cliffs in Trabuco Canyon. These 'Red Beds' are of some 2500 feet in thickness.

Above these are remnants of the deposits made in earlier eras, — the whitish sandstone, the shales and conglomerates of the earlier Cretaceous. In the uneroded portion these two formations were of over 3000 feet thickness each.

Above these, where all the accumulations have been washed away, is the basic granite; but this is crumbling, cracking and burning in reaction to rain, frost, sunlight and heat.

About the upper Trabuco Canyon are clay beds which are quarried to some extent, — those on the Robinson ranch quite extensively. This is fine white clay used for pottery.

There has been considerable mining for minerals through the years. In the Silverado Canyon, then called Canada de la Madera, because it was so deeply wooded, silver was discovered in the early '70's by Hank Smith and Wm. Curry of Santa Ana. They staked a claim, and, Los Angeles newspapers getting wind of it, hundreds of men were hunting for the canyon in a few days. J. D. Dunlap, a deputy marshal from Los Angeles, came there to arrest a fugitive and discovered a mine that had been worked from about 1850 to '68 by Mexicans and Indians. He located it, naming it the Blue Light mine. He soon got out some rich ore. Through the years Dunlap had offers on his mine, but held on to it through a long lifetime, — of poverty, but high hopes.

A mining engineer from New York wanted the property, but located

all of the nearby claims when he could not buy that. The New York Mining Company was organized and did much mining.

Soon five hundred claims had been staked and all of the east and northeast sides of Saddleback were gophered with tunnels. A large town sprang up soon, with three hotels, seven saloons, several blacksmith shops, all the shacks lumber could be secured to build, and many tents. This was Silverado, and soon the canyon itself was called by that name. There were two stages daily from Los Angeles and three from Santa Ana.

The ore was galena, rich in silver but combined with zinc, making it 'refractory', and it could not be handled nearer than San Francisco. It was likely to be found in pockets, and the faulting, so common in all this chain of hills, made mining an expensive gamble. Mills have changed again and again and hundreds of thousands of dollars spent to dollars recovered.

A good quality of coal was found near the mouth of Silverado Canyon, and the Santa Clara Coal Mining Company formed, and here another town rose suddenly, Carbondale. The coal was hauled to Los Angeles at first, but the Southern Pacific soon claimed it as a section of 'lieu land' and the coal was taken to their line at Santa Ana. Finally the ledge of coal faulted completely and could not be found.

The Pellegrin Mine was located at the head of Santiago Canyon, just around the shoulder of the mountain from the Blue Light. From this mine ore was shipped that ran 800 ounces of silver to the ton. 'Prof.' Walter Marrow later owned, and sometimes worked, the property. Recently a flurry of interest has revived there.

In an old news report of 1879, the Santiago Gold and Silver Mining Company were developing a mine 'six miles south of Silverado in the Santiago'. The ledge on which they were working was discovered in 1878, by T. A. Darling, an incorporator of the company. They had found a two-foot fall of ore, and the assays were running from ninety-four to two hundred and fifty-four dollars to a ton. Two hundred feet of tunnels had then been run on the claim.

There are some indications of tin in Silverado Canyon, and in the Trabuco, mining was done for some years. A mill was erected there and the mine developed from about 1904 to 1906, Cordie and Ed Rodgers from El Toro, and Frank Fox, among others, working there during the time. Ore was hauled here for shipment, the mining company owning the little store house on the corner of Front and Olive Streets, where the ore was stored until a car load was accumulated.

There was a good tin mine in Temescal, on the north side of Saddleback mountain, in the late '80's, but this was bought by an English concern and closed down.

Practically every mineral can be found in the Santa Ana Mountains, but conditions make mining a gambling venture. In Lucas Canyon, to the south of us, gold has been panned for many years; in the '90's men with the prospector's fever in their veins (and for this there is no known cure) used to go and spend weeks or months there, getting enough gold for wages, perhaps, but always hoping for the strike they never made.

Quite a lot of money has been spent in Trabuco and around Capistrano drilling for oil, but no gushers or even producers have resulted.

No fortunes have been made from the precious metals, the coal or petroleum in our hills, but the clay beds are producing a fine product, quarried without risky outlay, and bringing known and steady returns.

CHAPTER II

Indian Life

The California coast has been occupied by mankind for many ages, possibly as long as has Europe. Asia and North America were connected at the north until recent ages, and evidently many migrations of Asiatics occurred, the people slowly making their way down and across the continent. Recently a bank has been exposed on the coast showing three distinct and separated strata containing records of Indian life for long periods, the skeletons and artifacts varying enough to show that they were from different peoples.

The coast Indians of historical times are apparently late comers, being in many ways unlike the Amerinds of the interior of the continent. The "Diggers," so-called by early American visitors because of their digging for roots and animal food, are dark skinned, not red; are stout of figure, peaceable, rather inert, and inclined to jokes and laughter. They fought, but only for revenge, and avoided direct battle. The Indians of the desert valleys and ranges are of other bloods, or of mixed races, the Mojaves and Yumas are a sort of mixture of coast and central tribes, the Cajuillas in the San Jacinto mountains being of Shoshonean or Apache stock, reserved, morose, pugnacious, artistic.

These tribes along the coast were later called Mission Indians, the Spaniards changing the Indian name to that of the mission of the neighborhood. Thus, the local tribe, the Acagchemen became the San Juanenos. These people were poor craftsmen, their houses being very crude huts made from the most available material, — poles of willow or any handy wood, thatched with tule, water monte, or other tough, pliable boughs, and sometimes plastered with mud for warmth. One side might be open, or if closed, had a small doorway. Journeying into the canyons for acorns and fruits, to the marshes for tule stems and roots, their habitations were temporary. They may have had their mortars in scattered places, for all their other possessions a squaw might easily carry, in addition to the harvest, for it was remarkable the load she could transport.

It seems the Acagchemen made no pottery, but were adept at basketry, althought their products were not so artistic as were those of desert and interior tribes. However, from the materials at hand they wove everything needed, — water and cooking baskets, trays, sifters, pouches, carrying nets and baskets, cradles, sleeping mats, wall covers, hats, girdles, aprons, traps, nets, storage receptacles, anything!

The carrying baskets, nets and mats were woven, nearly all the other of coiled work, using one or several reeds,or a bundle of fine material, wrapped and woven with tough sewing fibres. A bone awl was used to push the weave closely together. Yucca was a choice and very useful material, being tough and easy to handle, and smooth surfaced. They may have secured some of the century plant fibre from more southern tribes. The stems of trees and shrubs used were gathered from young growth just before it became hard and woody. The bark was stripped off and the stems were made into great bundles which they carried to camp and laid in protected places until used. Then they were soaked until they became pliable. Some roots of shrubs were used, one of the sumacs being a favorite, and these were handled as were the stems; and yuccas were plentiful and easily treated.

One harvest in which the men assisted was that of the tule roots. These were traced along in the mud by toes and fingers and carefully lifted to get as long pieces as possible. An end of the root was put in the mouth and gently rolled between the teeth to loosen the skin; and it was mumbled off in the saliva; this was spit out, and the process repeated down to the end. Then, held taut by the toes, with teeth and fingers it was separated with marvelous dexterity into strips of desired and even width the length of the root.

Material was dyed, chiefly brown, yellow and black, for decorative patterns, using charcoal and mud for black, and bark of willow and certain shrubs for yellow and brown. The strips were cooked for some time in the dying lotion, and various unpleasant mordants were used.

Baskets for water were closely woven and had a small neck, and were lined with bituminous matter or pitch. There are coniferous trees on Saddleback Mountain, and probably were some in the upper parts of all the canyons, Silverado and Trabuco having "pines" until the American claim holders cut them down. Pitch may have been secured there, or by barter. The water baskets were large, and bottoms rounded or conical, and were provided with strong fibre or hair lugs, through which a woven rope was passed, so that the basket could be carried on the back, the rope going around the forehead. A basket hat or a heavy, broad, woven ring protected the skin. There were similar baskets for carrying loads, of fine or very coarse mesh, and large flat-bottomed baskets for storage of foods or clothing.

For transporting wood, game, roots and reeds, — any large things, — they made nets of yucca or agave fibre.

Men wore no clothing at all, — perhaps a net girdle or belt

when hunting or fishing to carry the game. The women wore a sort of apron front and back, the back one of bark or a woven mat, the front of hanging strings of fibre, — dangling separately, or braided or woven together. The mature women wore necklaces and bracelets of shells, pearls, reeds or human hair braided, and decked the hair with flowers, feathers or berries, or wore these in *leis* around the neck.

These people never bathed, it seems, unless it was an occasional dip in the surf, and they were not at all particular in their daily habits.

The family household equipment was very simple, — two upright stones to hold the fire in place, some small rocks to heat for cooking, two cooking baskets, a water basket, a bladder for carrying water, a mortar and pestle, possibly a metate secured from southern tribes, and a stick to handle coals. If a bank of sandstone was near a creek, mortars were made in the stone. In the lower part of Silverado Canyon a ledge of sandstone above the stream had a double row of mortars large and small, which had been made in it.

The squaws used a pointed stick of hard wood to dig up roots, and these dibbles usually had a shoulder on the shaft, and the stone rings found hereabout are supposed to have been dropped over the stick and held at the shoulder, adding weight to the thrust; the shoulder also made a hold the foot could use to help in the digging. A stick with a crook on the end was useful for pulling rats and squirrels from their holes.

Implements were made of rock, horn, shell and hard wood. A wedge was used largely, and here the hammer was merely a stone in the hand. Chisels were of deer's horn; and shark's teeth or an edged hard stone made a point for cutting.

For weapons the Acagchemen used bows and arrows, and made javelins, knives and swords of hard wood, sharp and effective. Several mountain shrubs have very hard wood, — manzanita, mountain mahogany, and adenostoma, — variously called greasewood, chamisal, chamise, camiso. This last was a great favorite and made keen edges for points for weapons. Clubs and slings were also used in hunting. An arrow-maker must have lived for some time on the bank of the wash at the mouth of Stevens Canyon, just over the Santa Margarita line, for chips of various hard stones and broken or imperfect points show up after cultivation of the ground, or hard rains. A thin strata of hard rock lies in the hillsides across the wash; quartz and other rock could be had from the hills, and some must have been secured by barter.

Fortunately for the coast Indians, money lay at hand, — the shell along the beaches. Eat the mollusc, make money from the shell! Broken in pieces, the shell was ground on rough sandstone to fairly rounded form, which were then pieced. Strung on willow sticks, they were then rolled on a sandstone slab to perfect roundness. The longer the money was in use, the smoother and more valauble it became. A splendid greeting gift was a string of this wampum.

Southern California has few wild fruits and these are of poor quality, but the Indians ate everything they could find, — grapes, elder berries, rose pips, coffee berries, cherries, currants, holly, sour sumac, cactus. Then they gathered chilicothe seed, the bulbs of the various members of the lily family, and the "grass roots." For green food many young plants were eaten and some of the grasses. Clover was a favorite food, and the young shoots of the yucca were roasted. Miner's lettuce with a handful of the big red, very sour ants found on these hills formed a very fine salad.

The staple food was acorns. These needed to be hulled, ground and then leached of their bitterness. Pounded in a mortar, the mass was placed in willow receptacles in basins made in hummocks of fine sand, and hot and cold water was poured over, slowly filtering through and bearing away a part of the tannin. Or the meal was put in hollows in rocks and soaked in lye of ashes and water. The meal was then dried, pounded again, and shaped into cakes, which were cut into pieces and stored, or was used immediately for bread, baked on hot stones, or for mush or gruel, with the addition of anything at hand. No salt was used here, but inland tribes used alkali water or deposits, to season food.

Many kinds of seed were gathered by the squaws, who held a basket under the seed-bearing twigs or plants, pushing these over the top of the basket, and beating out the seed with a wand made like a tennis racket, or from a forked stick with inserted reeds, and a coarse cross-weaving of yucca or other fibre. A favorite seed was of chia, a very small annual sage, with seed as fine as mustard. The patience of those women! Then there were other sages, sunflower, buttercup, shepherd's purse, wild oats, and many others; and pollen of tule and willow. These garnerings were screened through woven sifters and stored for future use, or ground for the next meal. The sage seeds made a mucilaginous infusion, like flaxseed, and was a choice foundation for pinole, a nutritious soup.

Of the animal kingdom they ate practically every member, not only the deer and rabbit that white hunters seek, but everything, —

large ones down to gophers, squirrels, rats and mice. They prized grasshoppers, eaten fresh or dried and stored for future repasts. Most all larvae of insects were food for them, and they dug out angleworms, which they added to pinole or mush for richness and variety.

Aside from acorns, their chief dependence was upon molluscs, which were then plentiful along the coast, — various clams, mussels, scallop shells, abalones, and numerous small shelled things. The great heaps of shell that were found along the shore attest the use that was made of them. Fishing was done by means of fibre lines and hooks of shell or bone.

Fire was usually lighted by striking two small pieces of quartz together. The fire stick of this tribe was primitive, being merely a pointed stick, to be rolled between the palms when set in a dry piece of wood. The water in the cooking basket was heated by throwing in, one after another, the rocks heated in the fire, handled and kept moving in the water by the looped rod. Then the crushed seed, acorn meal, bits of meat, insects or other food were added, and cooked in the hot water, perhaps adding other rocks and stirring furiously with the stick. When sufficiently cooled, the produce was eaten by hand from the basket. Small game was thrown in the fire, roasted and eaten, entrails and all. Only bones were left after a feast.

A few stone pipes are found, but these were for chiefs; the usual pipe was of wood or cane. The wild tobacco, not the tall plant with the yellow flowers, which is an importation, but low annuals, were dried for smoking alone, or mixed with dried manzanita leaves. 'Pungent, peppery, and not unpleasant,' an early traveler records. Sometimes the dried tobacco was beaten fine in a mortar, wet, and compressed into lumps or plugs. The explorers were often offered a lick of the paste, from the pestle, and if the novice became violently ill, it caused much laughter. The gruel was used this way as a stimulant, for relief from fatigue.

Among the plants could be found remedies for any illness, and some of their drugs are standard. Cascara sagrada (coffee berry) is a preferred laxative. These tribes ate the berries fresh, dried them for later use, and used the bark in an infusion, — a very necessary counteractant to the acorn diet. The root of the mock-orange vine is the most violent purge known to medicine. Yerba santa and black sage are excellent remedies for coughs or colds, or any throat or lung affection. A Saboba squaw brought a bundle of black sage to Mrs. Burwell, (who, by the way, lived for a time in Trabuco Canyon) for

the daughter's whooping-cough. A night's rest, and prompt recovery followed.

The root of Yerba Mansa is a wonderful cure for sores or infected wounds. An Indian woman from the Hollywood hills, (before the days of 'movies,') asked leave to treat a child given up to die from a tubercular knee. She got Yerba Mansa roots, crushed them and applied poultices. Soon the girl was well, and her crutches discarded.

A leafless, brilliantly green bush that grows in washes, was gathered for kidney troubles, elder blossoms for fevers, and many plants were collected, of which the white people could not guess the uses. Children have been told for years that if they ate coarser foods as the Indians did, their teeth would be better. But the skeletons of older Indians found in excavations, show the teeth to be gone, or worn down, — a result, doubtless, of the sand in the food ground in the mortars. And many were deformed from arthritis, — an effect of the acorn diet, and improperly balanced menu.

The tribes of this Southern California coast were more moral, according to our standards, than were more northern or eastern peoples. There was a strict marriage observance, and they were perfectly honest, and generally kindly. They buried their dead, but seemed to have no large burial places, a few graves being here, a few there. There were several graves here, by Aliso Creek.

The principal religious ceremonies were mourning for the dead, initiation of youths reaching puberty, and elaborate ceremonies for maturing girls. Several girls went through this rite together, if possible, as it entailed preparation of a cellar room, and several days of dancing and singing, about it, the men taking the night turn, the women the day. One of these places was found back of Laguna Beach.

The initiation ceremony was held in their temple, a circular ramadas, of poles planted closely upright, and woven with pliable growth. This was open to the sky, and only the chief and initiated men were allowed to enter the structure. In these rites the candidate drank the juice of Datura, — Jamestownweed, — and this produced delirium, and sometimes death. After the youth came from the temple, he was tied on an ant-hill for a time, and then the ants were beaten off by nettle whips. He should have been a real brave after that!

Visions induced by drinking the juice of Datura were considered prophetic and divine. In difficult times a seer, or seeress, used it to learn what the future held for the tribe.

The position of chief was one of honor and dignity rather than of stern control. He was a sort of patriarch, gave advice and counsel to his people, and received envoys or strangers in his own home. In most tribes there was a leader of the warriors, who had considerable authority, but the Acagchemen avoided trouble, and seem not to have had serious difficulties with their neighbors.

They had no active sports events, but were great gamblers. They used basket placques and a sort of dice, round, squared or oblong with bits of abalone imbedded in them in patterns. Along Newport Bay an artifact is found, — a flat, rounded stone, dished in the center, — believed to have been used in a game, as it is very conveniently sized and shaped for throwing.

Instead of sport meets, they gathered at times and executed their dances. Some of these were for amusement, but most of them were a religious order. There was a dance to the new moon, animal dances, and especial ones for their rites of initiation and for girls.

This tribe has passed away, not one being left, but persons who have seen the dances at the fiestas in the fall when the tribes of Southern California visited each other, are very fortunate. Ramadas were built for the visiting tribes, and the women sat on the ground in groups, giggling like young schoolgirls. The men now have horse races and interesting games, on which large amounts of money may be staked. The dances were held in the evening usually, in a space smoothed and hardened. The old women sat on the ground on either side of the circle and chanted as the old men danced in the center. Other Indians and white spectators gathered about the ring.

Watching one of the dances, a visitor remarked to her companion that she wished she knew the meaning of the song and the dance. A fine-looking Indian behind her courteously volunteered the interpretation of the song and the meaning of the postures taken by the dancers. He was a visitor from one of the Indian schools, and he said it was a great pity that the Indian ceremonials and their tribal life was passing. None of the younger people take part, he said, and very few understand the Indian language, or the meaning of the dances. He said they called themselves Mexicans and were ashamed of their parents, and that when these old people were gone, their religion, tribal customs, and their language would pass with them.

Very few Indians were left by 1920 who could do the fire dance. One very old man from Pala executed it some years ago at the Fiestas, before he passed on to a surely happier hunting ground.

A fire was built at one side of the dancing-place, and a group of old squaws, sitting on the ground at the edge of the circle, steadily intoned as this thin old man, also chanting, danced about in the central space. At last, when the wood had burned down to coals and the old Indian had become rapt, or entranced, he danced over the fire, and with a bare foot broke the coals to small pieces an inch or more across. He then picked up one and put it in his mouth, rolling it about with his tongue, as he danced around the circle. One could see into his open mouth, brilliantly lit by the redhot coal. When that ember cooled and blackened, he broke up another, and repeated the performance, putting ten coals into his mouth. Foot, hand, mouth, — none were burned in the least! Hoodlum American youths crowded up front of the group were constantly shouting wise-cracks. What if one of these Indians had gone to a church and shouted such remarks to the minister! And would he have seen any such miraculous religious feat as this?

A younger Indian attempted it after the older one was gone, but his faith, hypnotic trance, or whatever you may guess it to be, was not powerful enough to enable him to do it. So the Hopis, at their snake dance, drop out if they lose the faith, else the snakes would bite them fatally.

A great change came into the lives of the Indians with the coming of the Padres. The newcomers were received in a friendly way, and soon nearly all the members of the tribe, — several thousand, — gathered about them, and were soon busy erecting the mission buildings and some forty adobe houses for themselves. The Indian men had always scorned work, but they set to, willingly enough, and under the guidance of the Spaniards and Mexicans, soon learned to farm and care for stock, and were surprisingly good artisans.

Life was not so pleasant at some of the other missions, the Indians not wanting to take up a life of labor, and many retreated to interior valleys or into the mountains, and according to some historians very unhappy conditions resulted when they were compelled to assist.

Instead of a brush shelter, acorns, molluscs and rodents, there were now adobe houses, bread and meat. But with the white man's abundant living, came also his diseases, and in 1801, many died from a fever, and in later years the tribe was nearly wiped out by smallpox. And with this new living they also lost their independence, and upon the secularization of the missions, they were turned adrift, like helpless children.

They attached themselves to the great ranches, and became the servants of the families, the men doing the labor outside, the squaws in the houses.

They did not have many children, and long ago the Juaneros faded from the scene.

The Americans were even less kind than the Spaniards and Mexicans had been, and the tribes who had retreated from the grants into the interior were ruthlessly driven from all desirable land, and the pitiful remnants are in reservations, on which one American could not make a good living.

Where there has been association with the whites, drink and syphilis have about exterminated them. On the Soboba reservation, a worthless parcel of land at the foot of Mt. San Jacinto, are the last members of the tribe that was driven from Warner's Ranch. All the younger generation have married with Mexicans or other races. When a stranger remarked to the doctor who looked after them that there were so few young people and almost no small children, his explanation was one word, "Syphilis."

The old people have accepted their fate, but the look of utter contempt with which they regard Americans makes a sensitive one shrivel. One of the few young women, treated unfairly at the cannery, made no protest, but burst out to a shocked onlooker, "I hate, hate, hate Americans!"

A Soboba squaw was induced by Dr. Wainwright to explain the symbolism of a large basket she had made. It was wrought with concentric rings, the smallest a dot at the bottom. She said the outer ring was her people when they came here, "under the direct smile and approval of 'Those above,' the great circle showing their power and influence. The lessening circles show where first one and then another privilege was taken from them by the Padres; then came the Mexicans, curtailing them more and more; then the Americans finishing their demoralization, to the last small circle, and the dot, all that remains of a 'great and proud race.'

CHAPTER III

Spanish And Mexican Occupation

Probably the first white men to see our canyon and the Santa Ana Valley were the members of the Portola Expedition sent by the King of Spain to find Monterey, and to explore the land so that it might be colonized and held by the crown. In the party were Don Gaspar de Portola, the leader; Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega, his fearless scout; two padres; soldiers on mules; and muleteers with the pack animals, — sixty-three in all. They traveled inland, where they might find streams or springs, and feed for their animals. They came into San Juan Canyon, and probably went up the Gobernador Canyon and camped on the hill, coming down into Trabuco mesa, where the loss of a trabuco gave the canyon and creek its permanent name. They rested there for a day, and then found their way across the ridges down our own canyon, where they came in sight of the valley, and it being St. Anne's Day the valley and the stream were given that name. A young soldier in the party, Jose Antonio Yorba, now gazed upon, and the following day would cross, the land which was to be ceded to him, and part of which is held by his descendants to this day. Camp was made here for the night, — July 26, 1769.

Slowly the party moved northward, finding Monterey and discerning San Francisco Bay. After many hardships they reached the southland six months later, again camping here at El Toro, on their way to San Diego.

In colonizing and gaining control of the Peninsula of California, the missionaries had proved to be more successful than the soldiery, so the same method was to be tried in Alta California. The government wished also to find ports where the vessels sailing from the Phillippines to Mexico might find harbor, and, too, to convert the Indians to the Christian faith. By 1775 missions had been built at San Diego, San Gabriel, and other places up the coast to Monterey. Wishing to have one between these two lower locations, Father Lasuen, with a small escort of soldiers under Lieutenant Ortego, was sent by Father Serra to start a mission in a suitable spot. A small valley 'in sight of the sea' was chosen. The Indians received them in a very friendly way, and soon a shelter was made to serve as a chapel, a cross was raised, and bells hung to call to service. Called back to San Diego by an uprising there, the bells were buried and they hurried back. The next year Father Serra himself, with two other priests and

a few soldiers tried again. The bells were recovered, and soon a ramada was built and the mission of San Juan Capistrano was founded.

The ruins called 'Mission Viejo' were long thought to be the original building, but the diaries of the founders prove the mission to have been opened where it is today.

Supplies and cattle were secured from San Gabriel, and with the help of the Indians the adobe chapel and necessary buildings were soon erected. The stone church, a marvelous piece of work for the Indians to have constructed, was not started until 1797, and was completed in nine years, but in 1812 was wrecked by the great earthquake, and services were again held in the older chapel. This is the oldest church building in California; others were built earlier but were replaced by larger buildings.

A town grew about the mission; forty houses were built by the Indians for themselves alone and there were two large storehouses of adobe with tile roofs.

By 1880 the herds had grown to thousands of head and there were 17,000 sheep. The storehouses were filled with hides, wool, tallow and grain. Woolen blankets and clothing were made here for sale to other settlements. Ships stopped for cargoes, and Dana Point got its name from Dana's book in which he tells of the loading of hides from the point.

With secularization, the mission closed, the Indians scattered, and in 1845 all of the buildings except the church were sold for $710 to Juan Forster.

Just before his death, President Lincoln restored the mission to the Catholic church.

The only grant made in Orange County by the Spanish government was to Jose Antonio Yorba and his nephew, Juan Pablo Peralta. Yorba's father-in-law, Juan Pablo Grijalva, had used the ranch since 1801 for stock, but the grant was made in 1810 to the younger men. The western and northern boundary was the Santa Ana River, and a nearly straight line ran from a point in Santa Ana Canyon through Irvine Park and by Red Hill to the western side of the bay. Olive, Orange, El Modena, Tustin and Santa Ana are all on this holding.

After Mexico gained her independence many grants were made by the Governors of California, and most of Orange County was divided into parcels, these grants being made from 1834 to 1846, — San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana to Bernardo Yorba being one of the first, and Rancho Canada de Los Olivos to Don Jose Serrano, in 1846,

one of the last. Of our neighboring ranchos, San Joaquin was granted to Jose Sepulveda in 1837, Niguel to Don Juan Avila in 1842, and Trabuco which had previously been given to Santiago Arguello, was granted to Don Juan Forster in 1846.

Rancho Niguel (variously written Miguel, Migella, Nihuil and Niguel, the last probably the correct one) was originally of three leagues, 13,316 acres. A sister of the grantee, Don Juan Avila, was the wife of Don Jose Serrano, his neighbor, and one daughter married Pablo Pryor, who bought Rancho Boca de Playa from Emigdio Vejar. This was of one and one-half leagues and lay south of the mission, along the coast. Another daughter became the wife of Don Marco Forster.

Rancho Canada de Los Alisos, on which El Toro is located, consisted of two and one-half leagues, 10,668 acres. The first house was built on the southeast corner of the ranch, on the hillside above the highway near the Aliso Creek. The Avila home was across the way, on the rise of a small hill. Here all travelers were received and made welcome. J. E. Pleasants visited at the Serrano home after 1860, and one of the Pryors stayed there with the Serranos, 'the grandmother,' when he was a child.

In the early 60's Don Jose built a new home, the building beautifully restored and cared for by the Whitings as a home and now as ranch house. The Serrano explanation of the name El Toro, applied to the ranch, and later to the town, is that the herds of cattle moved to the neighborhood of the new home, were dissatisfied, and the bellowing of the bulls heading the herds caused the Indian helpers to call the ranch El Toro.

Don Jose, the son of Don Francisco Serrano, who was alcalde of Los Angeles in 1799, was himself a man of importance, being Juez del Campo, county judge, in this district. In this honored position he was arbiter of all disputes between land holders, and had jurisdiction over the rodeos, — an almost equally important matter in that day, so devoted to the breeding and training of fine horses.

Seven sons and four daughters were born to Don Jose: Joaquin, Francisco, Reyes, Ruperto, Jose, Cornelio and Juan Pablo; Isabel, who married Juan Yorba, Concepcion, who was the wife of Raimundo Yorba, Josefa, wife of Macedonio Rias, and Refugio, who was Sra. Garcia.

When the sons of a ranch owner married they usually lived on the ranch, in the old home, or in new ones built nearby. So when

Joaquin, the oldest son, was married to Encarnacion Olivares (sister of Isidor), the adobe was built for him, which he occupied as long as the family held the ranch. This is the abode standing until recent years, on the creek this side of the Carle house.

Another adobe was built near the creek, between the Gray and Bennett ranches, for Francisco, and on the knoll occupied by the Van Whislers, was the Reyes Serrano home. The oldest home on the highway was also occupied. On the flat above the Reyes Serrano home were the race track and grounds where the rodeo was held when the Serrano family entertained. This home was of frame construction, only the out-buildings being of adobe. When Dwight Whiting prepared the knoll for building his first home here, the adobe bricks were used to fill the well.

Don Joaquin Serrano, who lived here all his life, was the father of ten children, eight of whom were sons: Alfonso, Roberto, Joaquin, Cornelio, Leandro, Jose, Francisco and Juan Pablo, and most of these were batchelors. One daughter, Nimfa, remained single also, and in later years mothered the whole family.

Don Juan Forster, a man of great influence in this section, was an English sea-captain who came to Alta California during the Spanish regime. He married a sister of Gov. Pio Pico in 1837, and for a time they lived in San Pedro where he was the first captain of the Port. In 1844 they moved to San Juan Capistrano. At one time Forster owned 12,000 acres of land, buying the land claims of Santiago Arguello, (Rancho Trabuco) and of Augusto Olivares, (Mission Viejo), the grants finally being made in his own name. In 1845 he bought the Mission and lived there for fifteen years, adored by the people as a good king might have been. The last years of his life were spent at the Santa Margarita, a splendid ranch lying mostly in San Diego County, which he had acquired.

On land between Rancho Niguel and the San Joaquin was land not included in either of these grants. Here settled Jose Antonia Maria Acuna, who had 'three beautiful daughters,' one of whom married Fred Lan Franco. Another settler was Isidor Oliveras, who lived to a great age, and rode his horse about, and broke horses to ride until he was ninety years old. He had two sons, but both came to untimely ends, so that his name was not carried on.

Of the life on the ranchos in the 'days of the Dons' we may read a great deal. It was a duplication of the feudal times in Europe, — a romantic era. The proprietor of a great ranch lived as a king, his

adobe home the center of a village, with a host of Indian retainers as servants in his home and on his wide domains. There were great herds of cattle, under a major domo, with a corporal under him, and then a number of vaqueros. Of imported Spanish strains, their horses were excellent and the greatest care was given to their rearing and training. Every move was made on horseback, the carreta being used only for elderly women, or for transportation of wool, tallow, or hides to the mission, or to the ships, where these were traded for fine cloth, shawls, or for luxuries.

In this neighborhood more sheep than cattle were raised, and wool and tallow were produced to exchange for what few things they could not produce.

Along the Santa Ana River where irrigating water was available there were fields of wheat, barley, and corn, and a mill where these were ground. Nearly all the ranch houses had vineyards and some orchard, and as much garden as they could irrigate. They raised beans, lentils, watermelons and pumpkins, among other things.

About the Serrano homes were small vineyards, olive, pomegranite, and other trees, all being secured from San Gabriel Mission originally. Some vines and trees of the original planting are living now by the second Serrano home, the present Whiting ranch house, and were about the other homes when the Wilkes family and other American families lived here.

Over El Camino Real they rode to the mission for services or celebrations, and to other ranchos for horse races, rodeos, balls, or just visiting. Visitors were always welcomed and stayed as long as they cared to.

This camino was originally the way taken between the missions, — at first a mere trail for riders or for pack trains. From San Gabriel the road came into Orange County by way of La Habra and crossed the Santa Ana River near Olive. Keeping along the foothills, it came through McPherson, or, according to other records, through Villa Park and El Modena, to Red Hill, (Cerrito de Las Ranas, — 'Little Hill of the Frogs'). However the way it came, it led to Red Hill, because the cienegas (swamp lands) extended from the bay almost to that point. Rounding the end of the marsh, the road then ran diagonally across the San Joaquin Ranch to the neighborhood of Irvine, and from there, practically as Highway #101 does today, but following natural roadbeds. Just here, near El Toro, the road lay slightly north of the present highway, but moved back again to cross

Aliso Creek where the road does now; and thence on, nearly coinciding with the present route, to San Juan Capistrano.

As the road became established it was later made the boundary line of the grants, and all the homes were built alongside the highway for convenience. The first home in Orange County, aside from the mission grounds, was built on Camino Real, on the little hill between El Modena and Villa Park, long the home of the Hoyts. This adobe ranch home was built by Don Juan Pablo Grijalva, and it is definitely located there in his application made in 1801 for the grant of nearly 79,000 acres of land, afterwards to be known as Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana, which includes the towns of Santa Ana, Orange, Olive, Villa Park, El Modena, Tustin and Costa Mesa. Ruins of this adobe were present until a late day, and below were the tallow and tanning vats. Grijalva's son-in-law, Don Jose Antonio Yorba, lived with him, and when the official grant of the land was made in 1810, it was to Yorba and his nephew, Don Pablo Peralta.

Another early home on the ranch was west of Orange and there was another below, by the river. A road ran (or probably 'strolled,' in that day) from Olive to these houses, and from the one near Orange there was a road across the valley to Red Hill, where it joined Camino Real. Riders could make their way through the swampy land from the lower adobe straight across toward Capistrano.

Racing along the crowded, noisy highway of today, one can hardly visualize the road in the days of the Dons.

In the forenoons or late afternoons a few horsemen or the occasional ox-drawn carreta moved along the way. No one was in a hurry; if parties met, they doubtless stopped and visited. No one was crowded from the road; there were no gas fumes, no noise of rattling motors and fenders, or senseless tooting of horns.

Which the happier way to travel, — El Camino Real, or Highway #101? *¿Quien Sabe?*

CHAPTER IV

Early American Settlers

Easily, pleasantly, life moved on for the Californians here. Few Americans came to this part of the country, the posts or towns near-by getting the immigrants, who traveled by boat around the Horn. Here they became merchants, traders or bankers, while the mountains about San Francisco drew the prospectors and adventurers. This was a grazing land, and Los Angeles and San Diego were the nearest settlements.

But when the United States and Mexico came to war, it was in the southern part of the province that the decisive engagements were held that ended the contest for its possession. Terry Stephenson, in the chapter on "The March to Conquest" in his book, "Caminos Viejos," has shown from old records how much our government was indebted to Don Juan Forster for its fortunate conclusion of the conflict here, and the surrender of California to the United States.

Capt. Fremont came up Camino Real from San Diego, which was already under the flag, to take over Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. While he was away from Los Angeles the Californians revolted, and, under siege, Lieutenant Gillespie gave up the city, and retired to San Pedro. He and Capt. Mervine endeavored to retake the city, but failed, and returned to San Deigo, where Gen. Stockton came and took command.

When Kit Carson brought word that Gen. Kearney had been defeated in a battle at San Pasqual, Stockton took marines and rescued the party, and the howitzer they had dragged across the continent.

Then at the end of December, 1846, Stockton started to Los Angeles to recapture the town. He had 600 men, — soldiers, sailors, scouts and a few Californians. The horses and mules were gaunt, the men ragged and mostly without shoes. The soldiers had only 200 muskets, the sailors had carbines and boarding pins, and for artillery there were six small guns and Kearney's howitzer.

But Don Juan Forster met the party at San Luis Rey with oxen and carretas to transport the equipment, and he had horses brought in, until, when they reached San Juan Capistrano, they were well mounted. Camp was made at Serra Jan. 3rd. The following day Don Juan Avila joined them at the mission, and the next night camp was made at Aliso Creek by the Avila ranch house. He and Forster helped the Americans, thinking that with them in control, a more

settled government could be had. Avila hoped to contact his brothers, and other men of influence to get them to surrender to the Americans.

Camps were made at Olive, and at Los Coyotes, it now being Jan. 7th. Here, by a chain of fortunate accidents, Forster learned that the Californians were planning to ambush the American party at the ford of the San Gabriel River. Changing their place of crossing the stream, the ambush failed, and in the confusion the Americans routed the attackers.

Meeting little further resistance the weary force marched into Los Angeles and took possession of the place, the 'stars and stripes' again floating there.

Surrender of the province was soon made by Gen. Andres Pico to Gov. Fremont at Cahuenga.

If Forster and Avila had resisted instead of aiding the Americans, Southern California might still be a part of Mexico.

California became a part of the United States, and in 1848, a state in the union. The ships rounding the Horn from the Atlantic coast were loaded with passengers, and ox-trains were soon making their way across the continent. With the discovery of gold, the north went mad. Not only the prospective settlers, but now adventurers and miners flocked in. The families seeking land moved down the San Joaquin Valley, but in the south, the fertile valleys were already occupied by land owners, and the raising of cattle and some sheep was the only industry.

But trouble was coming for the Dons with statehood. Congress had decreed that the grants made by King or Governor before the cession to the United States must be respected as legal ownership. But the state legislature, despite the opposition of many fair-mindd members, passed a law requiring the grantees to prove their titles. This was not easy to do, for in those days the King of Spain or the Mexican governors made a gift of land, and that was all there was to it. Perhaps no proper deed had been made, boundaries were vague, and thre were no recording offices. So came a period of anxiety and difficulty for these ranchers, which was to end in the loss of their property for most of them. The employment of surveyors, and of lawyers with ruinous charges, and the borrowing of money with the rates of usury, — these would have been enough, — but in 1863-64 came the most disastrous drought of which there was any record. On the racnhes, cattle were lost by the thousands, and the owners became bankrupt.

Soon the holdings were broken up and parcels were sold for

from a few cents an acre, to two dollars, as topmost price. The Yorbas and the Forsters were the only proprietors in Orange County who succeeded in keeping any of their property, although with the Yorbas it was but a small portion of the great Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana. Banks, money-lenders and lawyers reaped a rich harvest. Chapman and Glassell, attorneys, rather unwillingly accepted as payment of fees, a large tract of land in this Rancho, on which they laid out the town of Orange, — at first named Richland. This was about 1870.

Anaheim, the oldest settlement, is located on the old grant, Rancho San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana. Fifty German residents of San Francisco, forming the Los Angeles Vineyard Co., in 1857 bought a tract of 1,165 A. at $2.00 per acre, with water rights from the river; and had the land divided into fifty twenty-acre plots, with the rest a townsite. These pieces were fenced with willow poles to keep out the cattle, and all were set to grapes, with a few fruit trees.

Stafford, Tustin, Ross, in 1868, and later, Spurgeon, got part of the Yorba grant on which the towns of Santa Ana and Tustin were soon started.

Don Juan Avila deeded part of his lands to Don Juan Forster in 1865; later some to Francois Riverin, and, at about the same time, a twelfth interest in the ranch to Saul Norton and Simon Freedman, who, in turn, sold their interest to Langenburger and Dreyfus, Anaheim merchants, for $765.25. These sold in 1866 to Jonathan Bacon, for $500.00. Here arises the story that there was government land in the middle of the ranch not included in the grant.

There were also transfers of 1355 acres to W. A. and Guadalupe Forster, the latter, Avila's daughter; and the same amount of acreage was deeded to Richard Egan. Avila did not get his title cleared and a patent from the government until 1873.

C. B. Rawson bought the most of these parcels, and owned the property for a long while, it being called the Rawson Ranch.

The Serranos were similarly unfortunate. Slauson, a banker of Los Angeles, foreclosed a mortgage which he held on this rancho, and the family vacated, buying government claims above the ranch, where some of them live today. This ranch was divided into ten lots, for easier sale. A Mr. Eldred was the first to buy, and he and his wife lived in the ranch house. They induced the Wilkes family to come here, too, and in 1881 Joe Wilkes bought a thousand acres for $2,000. This was lots 2 and 3, where the town lies, extending from just below the railway to the present Whiting line in the canyon.

Included in this purchase was lot 6 or 7, or perhaps both of these, which they sold to McFadden in 1884. In this same year Dwight Whiting bought the remainder, the greater part of the ranch, some 10,000 acres, including the Eldred interest.

The Spanish grants were rather vaguely bounded by stream, El Camino Real, other grant lines, or the corners were a 'bent tree,' or a hill, and the line led in a certain direction, a certain number of varas to another site. With so much land in their possession, the owners with Spanish courtesy and neighborly regard, leaned away from any controversy over lines, so that in most cases there were unclaimed spaces between their holdings. In one of these, between Rancho Niguel and the San Joaquin, families settled while the country was still a part of Mexico. Here were Jose Antonio Maria Acuna, and Isidor Olivares, and above the highway where stands an old pepper tree lived Juan Robles on a triangular piece of 10 or 12 acres, the apex of the unclaimed area. His wife was an Acuna, — probably one of the three famously beautiful fair daughters, another of whom married Fred Lan Franco.

Juan Robles had a 'cantina' here for some years. He sold sheep and goat meat, which he kept hanging in the limbs of the pepper tree, and small home-made Mexican cheeses. Also he dispensed liquors, and had a lighted lantern on a high pole, at night, to guide the ranch workers across the open country to his place of business. Before settling this bit of land, he had had a saddlery in Capistrano, and returned there about 1889, to remain until his death.

Although the old maps make it appear so, Rancho Niguel did not touch the Rancho later called Mission Viejo. In this little strip and upper triangle, claims were taken, two of these in recent years bought by Lewis Moulton, and the last upper bit, some thirty acres, was located by a surveyor, Harry Stafford. Below these was a tract of two or three leagues, in which the mission was located, which was settled early; and in Laguna Canyon a number of claims were taken, several of which were owned by families who moved later to El Toro. This 'no grant' area extended along the beach to Salt Creek where the Niguel lands almost reached the sea. The Thurston family located there, at the mouth of Aliso Creek.

Above the ranchos, along the slopes of the Santa Ana mountains, settlers came early. To induce the Southern Pacific Company to bring their line on down the state, the government gave lavish bonuses of land; and, because practically all the territory the line

would pass through was privately owned, they were given alternate sections in all desirable land lying outside.

Quite a number of Mexican families were established in the canyons where water was available. Some of these were advised by Americans to file claims on their places, but those who did not, or would not do so, were ousted later, sometimes with no compensation, the land being claimed by the railroad company, or by settlers who found the squatters had no legal right.

In Trabuco Canyon, a Mexican, Saritez, lived on the hillside on the ranch known as the King Place, now the Andrew Joplin home. There were other residents in the Trabuco, Sadi, who was there in 1870, and one Pauli. The names (spelled by guess) might indicate Basque owners.

Samuel Shrewsbury, who introduced bee keeping in Orange County, first had bees in Villa Park but soon moved them into the upper Santiago Canyon, (for a long while called Shrewsbury Canyon). This was in 1871. Soon E. A. Honey and Robt. Hall had bees in a canyon, to be called Hall Canyon, and J. E. Pleasants had an apiary on a claim alongside Shrewsbury's.

Miller was one of the earliest settlers to locate land in Trabuco region, moving into Bell Canyon in 1872. J. C. Joplin took a government claim of 160 acres just below Miller's and had an apiary, in 1876, or thereabouts. In 1875, J. W. Sallee moved into Santiago Canyon and started the use of movable combs, and improved methods of extracting the honey. A claim was located by Isaac Harding and he had an apiary in the canyon always called by his name; and as settlers came into the mountain country, honey was to be their principal source of income. There were always a few head of cattle, and Geo. Frame, who located early in the upper Trabucos, had goats.

His brother, Andrew Frame, in 1870, took up land in Aliso Canyon, which by 1881 he had sold to Jos. Dameron, and he in turn to A. J. Cook, about 1883. Albert Staples, a brother-in-law of the Frames, got the piece afterward sold to George Harris. Between there was a claim taken by Henry Clinton, and sold to Henry Sprouse, which place passed through the hands of Horace Salters and George Fox, and is now the home of Jack Cook.

In Live Oak Canyon, early settlers were Henry Panky and Higgins, in the upper canyon; and soon this was the property of the Cranes, and then the Hallecks.

Below this, claims were taken by Levi Fickus and Jessie Cook,

his son-in-law. Fickus sold his right to Lenderman, and he to Wm. Bush, a brother-in-law of Martin Hubbard of Tustin, to whom we are indebted for many bits of information about early days. From Bush, possession passed to the Straws, who own the property today. By 1880, Dan Lyons was located on the ranch above Straw's.

Since alternate sections were claimed by the railroad, some of this land was bought from the company by the settlers and the other pieces were held by possessory claims, and sales were made merely of this 'squatters' right' and the improvements. Surveys were not made until the early nineties, when all these homestead claims were filed in the land office in Los Angeles, and proof of rsidence made, before titles were granted. Much of the surveying was done when the boundaries of the Cleveland National Forest Reservation were established.

Among others to locate early in the Trabuco region was 'Tule' Woods who had claims which went to the possession of Geo. F. Havens and Jesse Adkinson by the 80's, and of Jeff Williams, who sold to Frank Rowell. A. S. Hamilton was for a short while on the present Ed Adkinson ranch.

Jim Brown and Lew English located claims bought from them by Walter Robinson in 1883, and Des Rouse, on a claim in Belle Canyon above Miller's, had sold to John Fox in 1881.

James (Uncle Jim) Shaw had a claim above the Robinson ranch, the house being up on the hillside.

Between Live Oak and Aliso Canyon, on the ridge, were the Lee Shaw and the Groover homesteads, and above the grade crossing the ridge, was the home of the Scovilles.

By 1900 this mountain settlement was well established, everyone had bees, some stock, and fruit trees and vines for the home. On W. K. Robinson's ranch of 1260 acres, he had 30 acres in vineyard and orchard, 300 acres planted to barley, and he pastured the rest, raising race horses as well as Berkshire hogs and Jersey cattle. He hauled water for house use from the 'Medlin Spring' on the upper part of the ranch.

These people drove all the way to Santa Ana for mail and to do trading, — occasionally going down Trabuco Canyon to Capistrano on business, too. Each one did errands for all and always brought the mail to neighbors whose houses he passed. The road cut through the hills above Ben Osterman's, and then diagonally across the San Joaquin to the present 'upper road.'

Mail was brought to Santa Ana at first by stages traveling be-

tween Los Angeles and San Diego, routed through Santa Ana when the town got a good start. When the Southern Pacific lines reached Anaheim in 1875, mail was brought from there. The line was continued to Santa Ana two years later, and the town boomed. There had been two stores and a blacksmith shop, and now business buildings were put up on the street that led from the new depot to the town, — Depot St., now Fruit St. A frame hostelry, the Santa Ana Hotel, was built there, too. This year a school was started in Santa Ana, also.

Honey was hauled to Santa Ana, or to Newport Landing, where the McFadden brothers had developed a port and lumber business, — the source of supply of nearly all the lumber used in Orange County in early days. They had succeeded in getting some lumber for fencing sent directly to Newport in 1873, and the demand was so great that they soon had started the lumber business they were to carry on for years. They bought a steamer that could cross the bar and enter Newport Bay, and had a wharf on the northern shore of the bay near where the highway now crosses it. Wm. Kelley was pilot, and when not on the steamer, he worked in the lumber yard. His family lived near the wharf, and he became acquainted with the people who brought honey from Trabuco for shipment, and the mountain residents and the El Toro people whose building and fencing material was nearly all brought from Newport Landing.

Picnickers drove to the wharf and were transported across the bay to Rocky Point.

Eventually a line running coastal boats was persuaded to stop at Newport and a pier was built by the McFadden Company on the ocean front. Later they built a rail line to Santa Ana and the lumber business was located there.

A school district was formed in Trabuco about 1881; at first school was kept in a small building on the Lyons place, which was later a part of the ranch home. The second year, Straw's honey house was used as a school; then the Rowell house, and then a honey house on the Greenleaf place, — all before the regular school house was erected in the Trabuco Canyon at the mouth of the Live Oak, only recently removed, although school has not been kept in it for some years. Here came youngsters, on horseback and afoot, from as far east as Bell Canyon, to Aliso on the west, — Foxes, Millers, Joplins, Robinsons, Shaws, Rowells, Havens, Adkinsons, Straws, Lyons, Hallecks, Staples, Salters, Cooks and others.

When these children grew up, marriage ties connected nearly

all the families, so that the greater number of this generation are cousins.

Here in the early 90's came a young man from Wisconsin, John Osterman, after a year's work on the San Joaquin Ranch. He worked in the mountain ranches, and in two years bought one for himself, — the Jesse Adkinson place; and he later acquired other land there. He married into the Havens family, and his eldest sons, Ben and George, are prominent El Toro citizens.

Aliso Canyon families desired a school nearer home, so, about 1886, a school district was organized here. The Wilkes family were living here then, and, to quote Mrs. Wilkes: "There was a settlement of Americans a few miles north on the creek, — among them the A. J. Cook and Albert Staples, the John Scoville family and the Robert Shaws and Salters, and they needed a school. So a district was formed, with no house. As I was holder of a legal certificate, I agreed to teach under a sycamore tree, at $60.00 a month. Lumber was landed from McFadden's Landing (Newport) and soon a good-enough house was built and the district saved; and with earnest pupils, a good attendance led to success, for Martin Huntley became mayor of Tustin, and John Cook twice mayor of Anaheim, and became father of Bill Cook, noted coach of Junior College of Santa Ana. I taught the school for a few months when we sold our ranch . . . and moved to Santa Ana. Mr. Al Harlan then taught the school, followed by Miss Gray (Mrs. Harry Lewis now)."

One of the Sprouse houses was built where a gum grove now stands, on the present Jack Cook ranch, and school was held under a group of sycamores across the road from it. Benches were built to seat the children, and they moved back and forth to keep in the shifting shade of the trees. Mr. McFadden donated ground for a school house, which was erected on the point just below the flat to which it was later moved. Water was carried up the hill by the pupils from the spring below, near the creek.

In the first school there were two Staples children, Annie and Hattie, five Cooks, John, Jim, Susie, Annie and Agnes; four or more Serranos, among them, Isabel, Alfonso, Ninfa, and Juan Pablo; two Oliveras, Salvadar and Nicolas; two Scovilles, Charles and Annie, with Martin Huntley, step-son; and Mrs. Wilkes' two daughters, Maud and Blanche. Blanche was born in the adobe at the end of their first year's residence. She was taken to school each day to care for her there, while the twin babies at home in the adobe were looked after by a Mexican girl helper.

When Joe Wilkes bought his thousand acres, the ranch was leased by the bank to Juan Gless, for sheep grazing. Wanting to keep cattle, Wilkes was obliged to fence his portion, to keep the cows in, the sheep out. Mrs. Wilkes' father, Mr. Beckett, helped to put up fences and got things started. He had a house where the Carle home was later placed, the great eucalyptus trees there, and at the adobe being planted at that time.

The Joaquin Serrano adobe, on their land, had been used as a lambing shed, and had to be cleaned out, and the swallows' nests pulled down, and the vermin from the nests routed out with lime and sulphur; but with considerable work, the house was made comfortable, and was to be used as a residence for many years. They had no frosts, their first planting of tomatoes living for seven years, but the sheep cut the hillsides in pasturing, and the north winds brought the dust down onto them with fury!

Before the fences were completed it was necessary to watch the cattle, for they had a dairy, taking their butter to Santa Ana and trading it for supplies. One day when the little daughter Maud, about eight years old, was by the creek following the cows, she saw a bear. He ran away when he saw Maud's dog. Her father doubted its being a bear she had seen, although she described its appearance and shambling gait, he supposing she had seen a large dog. But a visit to the circus verified her belief in a real bear.

The animal Maud saw was probably the 'Little Black Bear,' who was to be the last of the grizzlies in the Santa Ana Mountains.

The bold marauder, called 'Old Clubfoot' on the Silverado side of Saddleback, and 'Moccasin John' on the Trabuco side, ranged about the mountain until the early 'nineties,' never going far down the canyons. He pillaged the apiaries, and was often seen by the miners of Silverado. They tried to get him with a heavy gun set to fire when he came along the trail around the mountain side, but they got 'Ring,' the camp dog, instead. He was finally killed in Trabuco Canyon by Ed Adkinson and William Jones, who eventually finished the few remaining grizzlies.

Two small bears were seen at times in the Ladd and Silverado Canyon, but the last big old bear, 'Old White Face,' kept to the more southern part of the mountain.

'Little Black Bear,' a female, survived the others for some years, and ranged far and wide, the lonely remnant of her tribe.

Andrew Joplin set a trap for her in Trabuco Canyon, and put

up a sign on the lower part of the trail that a trap was set. Harvey Groover and Frank Rowell, going that way, saw the sign and so were on the look-out. The bear had stepped into the trap, all right, but had dragged it into the bush. Just then Joplin and Ed Adkinson came along, followed by Adkinson's dog. Spying the bear, the dog rushed to attack him, nipping at his legs as he turned about trying to get a strike at his attacker. Joplin handed his rifle to Adkinson, wanting Ed to do the shooting so that if the dog was hurt he would not be responsible. The bear fell, the dog uninjured. And so ended the career of the last grizzly. Joplin took the pelt to Santa Ana where it was exhibited in the window of Turner's Shoe Store, drawing crowds of spectators.

There were already dams across the Aliso Creek, to make pools for watering sheep, and for small garden patches at the Serrano homes. Now, Mr. Wilkes with the help of Isidor Olivares, built another. He had planted three acres of vineyard and some fruit trees as soon as he came, but the first years were so dry that the vines died before water was got to them Then the twenty-two acre piece of vineyard was set out, six acres to mixed varieties, the balance to commercial varieties, chiefly for wine, zinfandel being one of these. From cuttings brought from France by a sea-captain, coming around the Horn, vines were propagated, which were called the French Kreuger, also the Rose of Peru. And there was a variety known as the Catalina.

By the time this vineyard came to bearing, Mr. Wilkes had sold the property, but this vineyard was known for years for its delicious grapes, and cuttings from these vines started many smaller vineyards in the neighborhood.

Peter Eschelbaugh, a German vintner, who lived on First St., Santa Ana, east of the railroad track, told Mr. Wilkes that he had not tasted water for thirty years, and was never drunk, either, so his grapes seemed good enough.

The winter of 1883-84 was very wet, the rain continuing into the summer, keeping the ground damp all the year, so, in that season, the corn grew tall and the melons were fine without irrigation, and th big new vineyards thrived mightily.

At this time grapes were the favorite planting. About Santa Ana wine varieties were set, mostly, and nearer the foothills they were all of the White Muscat variety, dried for raisins. By 1886, looking over the valley from the El Modena hill, the most of the land in view was planted in grapes, orange orchards being few and

scattered; and in the distance were some small eucalyptus groves. In that year, when the raisin industry had become the chief one in the county, a blight (called Anaheim Disease) appeared, for which no remedy was found, and in a very short while the vines were dead.

When the vineyards were found to be dying, residents turned hastily to replace them with other fruits. The first orange trees were grown at San Gabriel Mission from seed brought from Mexico. Seed or young trees from there were taken to the ranchos and other missions, and the first trees raised by the Americans were from the mission stocks. Soon varieties were brought in from many foreign countries and from Florida. Navels were introduced in 1880, and stock was budded from them.

The first orchard was of two acres, on Walnut Ave., near Santiago Creek. In the next two years several small pieces were set near Orange, and Dr. W. B. Wall planted an orchard in Tustin, to be followed soon by others in that vicinity. About Orange, Tustin and Villa Park there were numerous groves by 1886.

Many varieties were tried but the favorites were the Washington Navel, Mediterranean Sweet, St. Michael, Ruby Blood and Satsuma. Sometimes one small orchard held all of these varieties. Soon the Navel for early fruit, and the Mediterranean Sweet for a late variety were favored, but the Hart's Cardiff, brought in accidentally from Florida in a shipment of trees, proved to have better keeping and handling qualities than the other late varieties and gradually replaced them all in commercial planting. A Spaniard called them the Valencia orange, and it became 'Valencia Late' then 'Valencia,' and has taken the place of even the Navel in Orange County.

Shipping to the east was started in 1883, and by 1887, was quite an industry, the oranges by then being packed carefully in boxes, in regular packing houses, with graders, and some equipment for handling the fruit.

Aside from the region about Orange, Villa Park and Tustin where the conditions favored and there was an adequate supply of water, chief interest was taken in apricots, which were dried, and packed for shipment. These would grow in cooler sections and with less water and care.

Walnuts, too, replaced many vineyards, and acreage increased rapidly. Capistrano claims to have had the first walnut orchard, planted by J. R. Congdon in 1870. He hauled his first crop, three tons, to Los Angeles, and sold them to the Germain Company for $420.00.

Often the walnut orchards were interset with apricots to get a return much sooner.

A simple, pastoral life was lived on the ranches in the early 80's. Rawson ran sheep on the Niguel ranch, and Juan Gless and sons had sheep on the western part of the San Joaquin and on the pasture leased from Slausen on the Serrano ranch, and later from Whiting.

Only the Wilkes and Eldred families lived here then. Mail was carried by the stages for people living on or near the road, the Wilkes mail being left in the Rawson post box.

Stages had run from Los Angeles to San Diego since the late 50's, not following El Camino Real exactly, after Anaheim was started, but through that town, and across the river at the old Roderiguez crossing, north of Santa Ana to the stage station above Red Hill, where horses were changed; then on Camino Real to San Diego. The line was rerouted through Santa Ana when that city was established, and through Tustin, and out Bryant St., around the marshland to the old road. (Only in comparatively recent years was the land drained, and a road possible due South from Tustin).

Wright and Seeley owned the line in the 70's; regular stage coaches were used, made to carry eleven passengers, and drawn by two horses. The fare from Los Angeles to San Diego was $20.00, and the trip was made in two days: morning until evening with one driver from Los Angeles to Anaheim, a fresh driver taking the lines to drive during the night to Las Flores, and a third completing the trip the following day. The next stop to change horses after Red Hill, was at a station near the present over-head crossing of the railroad this side of Galivan. A spring came from the hillside there furnishing water for the station. When the grade was made for the railroad the spring was piped under the tracks. The silt brought by flood waters filled the pipe and the water ceased flowing. The accruing water in the strata on the hillside was doubtless the cause of the slide at that point, recently.

Stage trips increased in number from one to two a week, and as the years passed, to daily ones, by 1875.

With the coming of railway lines, passengers and mail were carried to the terminus, and from that to San Diego by the stages. Thus the vehicles left from Anaheim in 1875, and from Santa Ana in 1877. At that time, Henry Neill, a well-known livery stable man in Santa Ana, began operating the line to San Diego.

Hold-ups were not uncommon in the early days, and the sand-bottomed hollows between here and Irvine, near the San Joaquin Ranch line where the horses had to slow to a walk, was a favorite spot for that enterprise. The story of such an attempt when Judge Egan of Capistrano was in the stage on his way home, has been a favorite story of recall when the El Toro oldtimers get together.

When the bandit emerged from the bush and called on the driver to halt, he responded by cracking his whip over the horses and starting them on the run. The infuriated bandit fired his weapon, the bullet maiming one of the driver's hands. A Frenchman, who sat with the driver, imagined he had been hit, and not trying to stop the horses, screamed for help from Judge Egan, who managed to get out of the door of the rocking vehicle to climb over the top of it, and onto the seat, where he stopped the frightened team. Making the uninjured Frenchman get into the vehicle, he put an improvised tourniquet quickly on the arm to check the gushing blood, and drove hastily to the Rawson ranch house where the hand could be bandaged.

Travel by stagecoach, long hauls from the ranches; — all these were to end with extension of the railway lines; and the great immigration of settlers induced by cheap fares helped, too, to end the period of pastoral life in the southern end of the great Los Angeles County.

CHAPTER V

The Settlement Of El Toro

With the second railway into Orange County, competing with the first, and with the extension of a line to San Diego, great changes were coming, especially to the southern end of the county. Lively interest was taken in land along the route and speculation began. Values not only doubled, — they pyramided!

When the line was surely coming, Joe Wilkes sold ten acres for a depot site to the railway company for two hundred dollars, and the rest of block 1 and 2 to a company of promoters, Cook, Victor and Gardner, for $20,000. This was in 1886. E. D. Cook of this firm was a Santa Ana man; J. N. Victor was from San Bernardino, a director for the railway company; and Gardner was from Los Angeles. Mr. Gardner did not live long, and although his widow held his interest, the company was always referred to as 'Cook and Victor.'

Dwight Whiting, who had decided to settle in Southern California and had bought the greater part of Los Alisos Ranch in 1884, made a right-of-way conveyance to the San Bernardino and San Diego Railway Company (the name of the branch line then) on Feb. 25, 1887, which provided that the line should be completed and in operation within eighteen months.

And then ensued busy months of work, with men grading and making the road-bed, and laying the ties and rails. The cut through the hill below town was quite a job, with teams pulling plows, scrapers and wagons.

By the end of 1886 the 'Boom' was on! People went mad. Towns were laid out everywhere, with flag-marked sites for hotels, business blocks and schools. Widely advertised sales were held with clever, professional auctioneers engaged, brass bands braying, flags flying, free lunches provided and salesmen aiding at every hand. Special trains and buses were run, and a noisy, dusty, exciting day ensued.

Half of the men became real estate agents, those days, and money was made 'hand over fist,' — which was literally true, — as commissions were promptly invested in lots, which doubled and trebled in value in a few weeks.

The railroads got into a rate war, and tickets from eastern points to California sold for a few dollars. 'Immigrant cars' and

coaches were loaded to capacity and thousands came in monthly. More towns were needed!

A company of promoters bought land and laid out the town of Fairview. Putting down a well, they got warm sulphur water. So a great hotel and bath house were constructed, some other buildings put up, and railway connection made with Santa Ana.

In the older towns business buildings and hotels sprang up. Orange built three hotels, Tustin one very large one, and in El Modena, a Quaker colony which had been called Earlham, excitement foamed. Lots were plotted up to the foot of the hills and sold there at prices from a thousand dollars up. One three-story hotel was built near the little hill at the foot of the grade, and a road made to the top of it where another and larger hostelry was to be erected.

Street car lines connected the towns, and one could ride from El Modena through Orange and Santa Ana to Tustin. At first the cars were horse or mule drawn, and later the Santa Ana-Orange section, which was operated for some years, was motivated by a little engine, that, with a spiral of black smoke ascending and much put-putting, negotiated the distance. Frank Toal was engineer, conductor, guide and advisor.

Orchard lands went up beyond possible real value, for almost any location might become available for residence property, suburb to a town.

There were no pennies, and one was ashamed to use nickels, — nothing less than dimes were fitting.

By the time the railroad was operating through El Toro, the boom had come to a standstill, but at Serra a town was laid out, 'San Juan by the Sea.' Excursions were run from all over the county, and carriages and horses brought many. Property sold for astonishing prices, but deflation came in as fast as the boom had risen, and there was practically no building done.

Cook, Victor & Gardner had their townsite, Aliso City, surveyed by L. H. Taylor of San Bernardino in 1887, but too late to realize any very great profit, or to start another large town. The two blocks bounded by Front St., Los Alisos Ave., 2nd St. and Cherry were divided into town lots, as was the opposite side of Los Alisos Ave. The rest of their holding was cut into five-acre pieces with three streets paralleling Los Alisos Ave., Almond, Cherry and Lemon, and the streets above Front St. numbered.

When the rail line was operating and Aliso City was to have a

station and a post office, trouble arose over the name, which was similar to that of other stations and offices. 'El Toro' was chosen, being the familiar name of the ranch, and certainly an unusual and striking title.

The first station agent was O. D. Fairchild, and he set to work to do his part toward starting a town. He put up a two-story building across the street from the station for a store, post office and hotel, and he boarded newcomers and most of the section hands, who, at that time, were nearly all Americans. James DeLong was the first section foreman, and the first section house was located across the tracks from the present warehouse. Levi Hemenway was an early helper, as was Frank Gomez, who bought property later from Dwight Whiting, the house he built being recently moved down onto #101 Highway.

When Fairchild left, DeLong bought the store building from him and leased it to various parties, still owning it when it burned, about 1917. His first tenant was Charles Lyons, the station agent succeeding Fairchild. Lyons built the house on Aliso Ave., afterwards sold for a parsonage. After Lyons' death, following storekeepers in the 90's were David Gockley, Bob Squires and James Lucas. DeLong bought acreage also, — the ten acres above the Grays set to walnuts, which he sold to them, and three acres below the railroad, on which A. C. Carle later erected the pool hall and residence.

L. W. Coleman was a later station agent, and he, too, went into business, erecting a small building on the corner across from the station. Facing Front St. it was a barber shop, facing Los Alisos Ave., a butcher shop. In a barber's apron he shaved one customer, and another entering the other room, he changed aprons and went through and sold meat. He bought five acres and built a house, which later became a part of the Munger home.

Charles M. Salter was one of the earliest settlers in this vicinity, coming here in 1888. He bought the thirty-acre piece, which, along with other 'lost claims' had been located by Harry Stafford, a surveyor. He filed on this as a timber claim, and sold it to Wm. Brooks of Laguna. Salter bought from Brooks, and he secured the house that Wilkes had built for Mrs. Wilkes' father, Mr. Beckett, and moved it onto his land, adding to it for a comfortable home.

Soon to follow them were the Scott brothers. L. K., O. D. and Arthur, and Mrs. L. K. Scott's father, Mr. Towsley. Arthur Scott became section foreman. They moved into the Joaquin Serrano

adobe, vacated by the Wilkes family, and took over the care of the twenty-two acre vineyard. In a short while Arthur Scott bought acreage below the tracks, and his brother bought fifteen acres on Front St., building a residence for themselves and another across the creek from the first for Towsley. Here L. K. Scott lived until old age, and here his son Oscar lives today. O. D. Scott was here but a short time. The Towsley house was later moved onto the Woodhouse place.

Dwight Whiting, who had decided to settle in southern California, had bought a large part of Rancho de Los Alisos in 1884. He was born and reared in Boston, his forebears having emigrated to the colonies in 1634. When asked what part of England his father came from, George Whiting said he was glad of a chance to state that his father was 'about as Yankee as they come.'

Going to Coronado when the new hotel was opened there, he met Judge and Mrs. Keating and their daughter, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who were spending the summer there. A romance developed and Miss Keating became Mrs. Whiting, and the family spent the rest of their days in southern California.

With a railroad running through his property, Whiting resolved to do some development. California was booming, there was good soil, a perfect climate, and anything should grow here. He brought his wife and baby daughter, Natalie, to El Toro, boarding at the hotel while he put up a house on the knoll where the Reyes Serrano home had been. And soon he built a home for the Keatings also, which they occupied as long as they lived. After a short time Whiting improved the Jose Serrano adobe on El Toro Creek, and moved his family there for a stay of a year or so, when they went to Los Angeles for a permanent home, using the adobe for a ranch house.

Whiting went to England in 1889, trying to interest people there in his property and in fruit raising. A second trip was made later.

Laguna Canyon was to supply El Toro with a number of citizens and land-owners. The first of these was the Thompson family, who lived just above the Fountain Ranch, then the home of Glaud Rodger.

Thompson bought acreage on Front & Lemon Streets, and moved his Laguna home onto it. This was about 1889. Later he bought a residence lot on Cherry St., and moved his house again, this time to stay. Here his family lived until they married, and scattered. One daughter, Becky, married 'Cap' Boynton, who bought land and lived here for some time, and another daughter, Marie, married Levi Gockley. Mr. Thompson lived to a great age, spending the last few

years of his life, after the loss of his daughters, with his son Irving in Tustin.

In about a year the Rodger family followed from Laguna Canyon, buying the ten-acre piece which was to be their home for some years. This land had previously been sold by Cook and Victor to Wm. Moore, Chas. Salter making the sale at a price of $1000.00. Moore put up a small house on the back of the place, but did not stay long. Rodger moved the house forward, lengthened it, put up a two-story addition on the front, with a lean-to kitchen and porches. He built a large barn and shed, as he kept sixteen or more horses; and he moved a small building from Frank Clapp's lease to use as a blacksmith shop. When farming started he raised barley on both sides of the Aliso road, and also back of the Salter place. Rodger did much hauling as a means of livelihood with the assistance of his sons. Here his youngest children were born, and here death visited them. As the years passed his sons and daughters wed young people of the community, Ed and Cordie marrying Zimmerman sisters; Jessie becoming the wife of Will Woodhouse; Fred taking Essie Green, sister of Mrs. Geo. Bercaw, for his life partner, and a younger daughter, Dollie, marrying Will Cubbon.

Rodger put his place first to apricots, but later took them out and farmed the land awhile, raising corn and peanuts; then he set out chiefly walnuts, with a eucalyptus grove on the hill, and grapes from cuttings from the Wilkes' vineyard in front of the house. Rodger kept the place until about 1912, and spent his last days in Villa Park near his son Fred.

Soon there was a third migration from Laguna Canyon — the Stevens family, who had lived just where El Toro Canyon opens into Laguna. Stevens bought land directly across from Rodger's, on Second St., and, like Thompson, he brought his house with him. He planted the place to apricots, with an acre to muscat grapes near the bridge. Stevens sold his ranch to Butler and returned to Laguna Beach, later moving to El Modena. Three of his children married into local families, — Lillas being united to Herbert Straw, Pearl, to John Whisler, and Milo, to Ella Cook.

An early land owner in El Toro was George Healy, who in 1888 bought from Cook and Victor ten acres below the railroad. He built a temporary house of packing boxes, but did not live in it very long, soon disposing of the property.

Chas. Salter's father, Horace Salter, was one of the 'squatters' who settled in Gospel Swamp in 1871. This was a colony of Latter

Day Saints. Salter was there some eighteen years; but the courts finally decided against the claimants, decreeing that the line between the Santiago de Santa Ana and the Las Bolsas grants was the old river bed, and therefore the strip between the river and the old channel belonged to the grant. Other settlers in this strip who later came to El Toro were the Whislers, Erramuspes and Watermans.

The Salter family followed Charles to El Toro in a short while, and moved into the Joaquin Serrano adobe, where Scotts had been. After a stay of a year or so there, Horace Salter bought the canyon ranch from Sprouse. One son, Eugene, bought land near the adobe, where the ruins of the Francisco Serrano adobe stood, and a few pear and pomegranite trees. He took over the care of the Wilkes vineyard.

Horace Salter and his wife moved to Laguna Beach where they went into business. He passed away while there, and in 1905 his widow moved to Santa Ana.

The canyon place was sold to George Fox in 1901.

Eugene and Emory Salter farmed about here, and then on the San Joaquin ranch, and, later, on Moulton's. Charles Salter's wife was a Hemenway, and Frank's wife a Cook.

The building of new towns being over-done, and with no chance to start another here, Cook and Victor decided to stress the ranch value of their property, so they tried to interest C. F. Bennett, who was making a success of orange-growing in Tustin. But oranges need water, plenty of it, so, to make the venture possible, with Bennett's purchase of sixteen acres to be planted to oranges, they deeded him the water right from the uppermost two five-acre lots on the creek. Later when Dwight Whiting bought from Cook and Victor their unsold land, not wanting any part without water rights, he gave Bennett a conveyance of four inches of perpetual flow in exchange for what he held. This was in January 1903.

This sixteen acres had been planted to oranges, mostly navels, but with six acres in St. Michaels. This is Harvey Bennett's home place, on Second & Cherry Sts. Until his boys grew up, Bennett came from his home in Tustin to care for his increasing acreage here, but with his sons grown, in 1911 he built a house where some of them stayed until Harvey married Frances McDonald of Santa Ana in 1913, and made this his permanent home.

A. C. White came here early and bought from Cook and Victor two five-acre lots, on Second St. & Cherry, across from Bennetts. Being a carpenter, he built a house soon, and prunes being then a

favored crop, he set prune trees in the corners for a trial. The English people came soon after this, and White, with Zimmerman and Walker contracted for the erection of the Keating, Hoyle, Huddy and Twist homes. After the death of Mr. White, Mrs. White and her family returned to Santa Ana. Zimmerman was on the ranch a short while and then lived in the parsonage. His two daughters, Vida and Dora, married Ed and Cordie Rodger.

The ten acres above White's was bought by a Mr. Hill, a bachelor, who did not live here. 'Cap.' (Owen) Boynton, whose wife was Becky Thompson, set out walnut trees on the place for Hill, raising crops between the trees for pay. When White moved away Boynton took over the care of that ten also, living in their house. At Hill's death his property was left to a convent and was sold by this institution to Harvey Bennett.

Boynton had lived for a time near the first bridge in the canyon, just this side of the Santa Margarita line, and he did some farming on the hills about there. While living on the White place he bought land from Twist and built a house on it. Leaving El Toro, he went to Wasco; the ranch now being the property of Frank Boheim.

Wm. Kelley, who had been pilot at Newport Landing, came to El Toro and bought the Gene Salter place. Kelley got employment on the railroad and moved his house down onto a lot near the blacksmith shop. Two of his children made ties to local families — Annie marrying Gene Ahern, and Dave marrying Lillie Coleman.

The twenty-two acre vineyard by Joe Wilkes was of an irregular shape, and the three five-acre lots including most of it was bought from Cook & Victor by John Beck. He built a small house on it, but did not live there long, but sold it back to E. D. Cook and went to farm on the Santa Margarita Ranch, breaking up the land which Juaragui now tills. The family had to use water from a shallow spring, and from this contaminated water they contracted typhoid fever, and two children were all of the family that survived.

J. M. Gray, who had been section foreman in Capistrano, came here in 1901, and he and his son Warren each bought a five-acre lot from Cook & Victor, paying seventy-five dollars an acre. Later they bought the five-acre lot above theirs, and then the ten acres above that running to the Whiting line. On the first piece they bought, four acres of apricots were planted, and later walnuts were put in and the land bought from De Long was set to walnuts. As water was developed, their apricots and walnuts have largely been replaced by oranges.

One of J. M. Gray's daughters is Mrs. Alf Trapp, who lived here many years, and another daughter, Mrs. Rhodes, managed the hotel built by Cope, until it burned, when she bought adjoining lots from C. F. Bennett and put up a building of her own, which she operated for a time, and then moved it to Laguna Beach.

Water was needed for the railway station and for domestic use for the town, so a well was put down near the Joaquin Serrano adobe, (later the 'Kelly Place'), with the expectation of getting artesian water! Trials brought only disappointments so the water supply was taken as it is at present from the line of springs where the formations meet and fault. The water was piped to town in a four-inch steel line.

When the railway line was established, a stage route was opened to Laguna Beach, carrying mail and passengers. When residents of valley towns desired to go to Laguna avoiding the long drive with a team, they came by train to El Toro, and by stage the rest of the way through beautiful El Toro and Laguna Canyons. The first stage driver was Wm. Brooks, who for a time owned land here. He was followed as driver by Farnham, and then by Trefferin. This route was used for some years, but when the road was improved from Laguna to Irvine, the connection was made there.

When grain-farming got under way, Newmark and Edwards had a warehouse at Irvine; but it was a long haul to there from the grainfields in the hills back of El Toro, and from the Moulton ranch; so they decided on another smaller building here. This was built in 1893 by S. H. Cope, and for a time Sam Munger, who had been their foreman in Irvine since 1891, came to El Toro as necessary, but he decided to live here where schools were convenient for his children, and so moved here in 1896. He bought Coleman's five acres and enlarged the house which was to be the family home for many years; he also bought other lots so that he finally had the entire piece from Thompsons to Second St. The corner had been set to table grapes, and the adjoining portion on Second St. to walnuts. He then added to his holdings the ten acres on the opposite side of Cherry St., reaching to the Scott property, and also lots on Almond St., the mine store-house being on one of these and a house built by Beck on another.

Sam Munger's parents and his brother Dick and family followed to El Toro, Dick buying five acres on Second and Cherry — the present John House property. He built a house on the creek bank below the bridge. His son Ross built a house in the corner, planting

the two great walnut trees that stand there now. In later years Harvey Bennett bought this house and moved it across onto his place for the farm help.

'Grandpa and Grandma Munger' had a home on Cherry St., near the Thompson house.

Sam Munger died when his younger children were small, but Mrs. Munger carried on valiantly and raised a fine family of bright enterprising young people. She lived to a ripe old age, and spent her later years in Santa Ana. A daughter Cynthia, Mrs. Ben Osterman, is one of El Toro's favorite young matrons; another daughter, Kate, Mrs. Cornelius, lived here for several years, they having purchased the Huddy property; another daughter, Edith, Mrs. Ritter, having a home on Lemon St., the property they sold to Ben Osterman; another daughter married a brother of Roy Bentson.

Dick Munger moved to Balboa. Two more ties to a local family were made by the Mungers, Ross and Elsie Munger marrying Frances and Eph Prothero.

Property was moving slowly, so Dwight Whiting decided to have a sale to speed up buying. He advertised extensively and had handbills printed, Harvey Bennett and another lad distributing them in Santa Ana.

L. K. Scott plowed a furrow with a walking-plow along lot boundaries, which were staked and probably flagged. On a lot between the present school house and church, preparations were made for the auction and a display of products. C. F. Bennett made display tables for the products — oranges and raisins and other things (of course secured in town), which Mrs. Bennett arranged, with bouquets of geraniums for decorations.

The great day came and proved to be one of the coldest ever known in this section. The water-tank at the Station leaked and the icicles lengthened to reach the ground. Very few people braved the cold to hear of the wonderful city that was to be, the auctioneer throwing in a twelve-story hotel in facetious good measure. Although few outsiders came and only about fifty persons were present, many lots and five-acre pieces were auctioned off, anyway. Among those that Harvey Bennett remembers as sold that day were several business lots, bought by his father — two on Front Street between the Moulton's property and the corner, and two between the hall and the store, the latter still owned by the family. He also bought two five-acre lots in Block "D" on Cherry Street, above Second, now owned by his two sons.

Chappell, an Austrian, working for Bennett, bid in three five-acre lots on Lemon St., — now Osterman and Woodhouse property. And, too, at the sale, a man named Hill bid in lots 3 and 4, in Block B, on Cherry St., just above the White place.

There were probably many more that a boy would not remember. Most of the land at this early date sold at $25.00 an acre, but some pieces sold as high as $100.00.

In 1874, a young man came around the Horn and landed in Orange County, who was to be one of its leading citizens. This was Lewis F. Moulton, who had grown up in Chicago and Boston. He, like Dwight Whiting, long his neighbor ranchowner, was of Colonial ancestry. From a long line of doctors and lawyers, yet his taste was for an outdoor life, so he adventured to California. After some experience with sheep, in partnership with C. E. French, he made a try at meat handling in San Francisco, but returned to Orange County to take up sheep-raising again. This time he leased land from Judge Bacon, and bought it on Bacon's death. For a time he was in partnership with Phil Look and they leased two pieces from Rawson, but Moulton bought Look out later, and in 1895 he purchased Rawson's holdings, — by now owning some 19,500 acres. James Daguerre, who came here from France in 1874, was interested with him in the sheep, and finally they organized The Moulton Co., Daguerre holding a third interest in the ranch. With other purchases from various parties who had acquired parts of Rancho Niguel, at last the original ranch was restored; and added outside pieces brought the acreage of the present ranch to more than 26,000 acres. This is probably the only one of the ranchos intact today.

For a long while sheep were the principal interest of the company, but with the production of grain increasing, four parcels were leased to tenant farmers. On the death of Daguerre, the company turned more to the raising of cattle, and finally all of the sheep were disposed of. Part of the farmed land was turned back to pasturage; and now fine Herefords range the greater part of the ranch.

'Louie' Moulton, as he was affectionately called, was married to Nellie Gail in 1908. Unassuming, always friendly, witty, gay, unfailingly kind and generous, — there are few like him.

In his latter years he was unable to get about over the ranch, but he accepted conditions with surprising cheer, always ready for a chat with anyone, telling many humorous anecdotes, assisting all who came for aid, but not letting even his left hand know about it.

He never paraded his deeply religious feeling, but was an always faithful attendant and generous donor to his church. He passed in 1938 at the age of 83, and his funeral service was attended by a throng of his friends, and was an inspiration to all who heard the eulogies given by his pastor friends.

The Daguerre family suffered another severe blow with the death of the only son, Domingo, in the influenza epidemic of 1919. Mr. Daguerre had passed in 1911, leaving three daughters, one of these, Josephine, taking care of the business, being the very capable secretary of the company for some years.

Salistiana ('Si') Sansensenina has been a capable foreman on the ranch for many years, and Juan Serrano had charge of the cattle for some time. Ambrosia Galvan has worked for the company a long while, and of late years has lived in one of the company houses in El Toro.

The first English settler in El Toro was S. H. Cope. He did not come here directly from England, but had been living in Tustin, arriving there in 1888. He bought ten acres from Cook and Victor in 1889 or 1890, and soon built a house on the knoll — now the Waterman home. Cope was a carpenter, and so he bought other property and put up buildings for rental. One was the house directly across the railroad from the station, and another on a lot facing the warehouse, now owned by the Moulton Company, and the site of the house built for their warehouse foreman. Cope built a one-story store building there, but later took off the roof, transplanting it to a barn on his own place and added a second-story to the building, for a hotel. This was first operated by the Lyons family. Cope also put up the first warehouse for Newmark and Edwards.

Another Englishman, named Whitelaw, bought land below town and below the railroad, but soon sold it to George Martin, and he in turn to W. D. Baker.

The first English colonist on the Whiting tract was Dr. E. Petrie Hoyle. He came, not directly from England, but from Texas, where the Hoyle family were living. He bought the Whiting home on the tract, along with 300 acres. The flat was then farmed to barley by Aaron Buchheim. The grain was four feet high. When this was harvested, it yielded a splendid crop. This was Buchheim's first farming. When the barley was off, Hoyle set out fruit trees, ninety-five acres of prunes being his largest planting.

E. P. Hoyle was followed in 1894 by other members of his

family, — his father, Wm. Hoyle, his sister Beatrice, and an older sister, Mrs. Northcroft, with her two children, who visited here while her husband was traveling in the east.

Wm. Hoyle bought eighty-six acres, and promptly set out fruit trees, — ten acres almonds, forty acres prunes, and some apricots, the almonds being planted in the corner next to the highway. His home was built on one of the knolls nature had kindly placed about for homesites. The building contractors were White, Cope and Zimmerman, who built most of the houses on the tract. The Keatings and Copes were living on the tract at this time; Lyons had a store, and the Salter, Scott, Thompson, Coleman, Buxley and Kelley families were living here. The Rodger and White families came soon, and as yet there was no warehouse.

Another son of Wm. Hoyle, Norman, came to Orange County, and, after an interval spent in Capistrano, he, too, came to El Toro to help care for the big prune orchard. An expert in the care of deciduous fruits whom they hired to do pruning, told the Hoyles he was sure this climate was not suited to prunes; but the first crop was a big one and surprised and delighted everyone. Ten carloads of dried prunes, — a hundred and sixty tons, — were shipped from the orchard! But alas, no more followed, and the prune trees were dug out and replaced by other crops. The almonds also failed to bear, and their place was taken by peaches — another fruitless undertaking!

Another addition to the English colony was Capt. Geo. R. Huddy, who came here in 1893, buying land from Dwight Whiting, building a home on a knoll on Aliso Road, and planting his place to apricots, walnuts, peaches and apples. In one season he had nine and a half tones of dried apricots, and two tons of green fruit; ten tons of peaches from 220 trees; one ton of walnuts, and one ton of apples.

Capt. Huddy, a fine gentleman of the old school, had followed the sea for thirty years, first in sailing ships, between England and Australia; then in auxiliary ships, then in full-powered ones. He had taken his vessels all over the world, but his run was generally to Australia.

St. George's Episcopal Church was dear to the heart of these people, so far from the home of their youth. It was organized in 1891, and a building erected on land given by the El Toro Land & Water Co. Later, Judge and Mrs. Keating gave the glebe house

and three acres adjoining, and also Lots A and E, together 36 acres, which were planted to olives to provide a church income.

The first service was held June 7th, 1891, by the Rev. George Robinson, fifty persons attending. Following pastors were Rev. W. B. Burrows, Edw. Walters, E. J. H. Van Deerlin, D.D. A son of the Keatings, Rev. Lloyd K. Keating, officiated whenever he visited his parents. The pastor of the Orange church holds services here on certain Sunday afternoons. Capt. Huddy served as senior warden as long as he lived in El Toro, and also as lay reader. The Huddys moved to Orange to spend their final days, his ranch being sold to Walter Cornelius.

A. C. Twist, who was born and reared in London, came to Orange County with his bride in 1893. Working with E. P. Hoyle a year or two to learn the care of orchards, he bought his holdings from Hoyle, who moved to San Francisco. This was in 1896. Twist built a house on the remaining unoccupied knoll and planted more orchard until 200 acres were intrees, largely apricots, but with some almonds and peaches. From thirty-five to forty tons of dried apricots were sold each season. Here he spent fourteen busy years, finally moving to Santa Ana where he entered the firm of W. F. Lutz Co.

His 300 acres were sold in a number of parcels, — some traded to John Prothero, for his farming outfit; one piece was sold to 'Cap.' Boynton, another to Juan Gless.

Norman Hoyle married a sister of Mrs. Twist, and bought twenty acres from his father in 1901. He put down a well on the property and built a house. After eight years residence, he sold part of his land, and two and one-half acres, the site of the house, to Juan Usterez and the remainder, some years later, to Raymond Prothero. Hoyle also went to Santa Ana and became connected with the Lutz Co.

On a visit to his great-aunt, Mrs. Keating, came Dr. S. P. Freeman. This was an important visit to him, for he met and married Beatrice Hoyle, and spent the rest of his days in Orange County. They lived in the house her father had built until 1911, when they, too, moved to Santa Ana.

These English settlers, mostly professional men, made a brave effort at horticulture, — a new and strange occupation in a new land. They invested heavily, building good homes, and planting most of the land to fruit trees. This was a new undertaking in Southern California at that time, and largely experimental. This meant much hard work, study, and, in the end, loss of time and investment. Apricots proved to be the only deciduous fruit that could withstand

our warm winters and dry summers, and some of the orchards they planted have been retained until very recently.

Far from a town of any size, especially when vehicles were horse-drawn, their's was surely a simple rural life. Their recreation was from country amusements, — picnics, riding, and hunting, A. C. Twist, especially, having fine horses. The women were faithful workers in the Ladies Aid Society, and there were occasional private dances in the Wm. Hoyle home.

In 1889 Los Angeles County was divided and Orange County formed. At that time there were several families living in El Toro, and there were enough children to start a school. So a district was formed, and a school board appointed, of which Dwight Whiting was clerk.

A small rough building was hastily constructed on Los Alisos Ave., just below Second St. Benches were made to seat the children, and a small table was the teacher's desk.

Clara McPherson was elected as first teacher, and school opened about the first of March, 1890. Sixteen pupils were enrolled: Irving, Joe, Ivy, Marie and Becky Thompson; Lilla, Bill and George Lyons; Obie and Clara Pettit; Charles and John Robles; Charles and Ella Scott, Mary Millar (a cousin of the Salters) and Salvador Olivares.

Miss McPherson (now Mrs. Richard Jones of El Modena) boarded at the Charles Salter home, as did several following teachers. Horace Salter was then living in the Joaquin Serrano adobe, following the Scotts, who by that time had built homes in town. When the women folk from the adobe wanted to walk down to town for the mail, or groceries, or a visit, they had to be sure that none of the wild, long-horned cattle ranging on the Whiting pastures were about, as they seemed rather dangerous.

Dwight Whiting was then building a house on the knoll, and he and his wife and baby daughter, Natalie, were boarding at the hotel, then the only business building.

A school house was erected on the site of the present one. This was used for some years, when it was sold to the Catholic Church and moved across Aliso Road to its present location, and the larger brick building was erected.

Among early teachers were George Bryan, Minnie Hughes, Buena Senour and Betty Smith. Miss Senour boarded at the Charles Salter home and there met Robert Watt who farmed the nearby land, and a wedding resulted.

By 1895, when Fred Rodger went to school, he remembers his school mates as being, in addition to the Thompsons and Pettits of the first school term, — Nettie, Norman and Fleet White; Della, George and Willie Coleman; Domingo and Juanita Daquerre, Johnnie and Annie Beck; Dubois Squires; Belle and Willie Kelley; Milo, Lillas and Pearl Stevens; and his own sister Dolly.

Anna Buell, one of the earlier teachers, married one of the earlier station agents named Pierce.

The first tenants on the property by the railroad were the Beckwith brothers, who used the buildings as butcher shop, and as residence, for one, the other brother having a house on Olive St. When the wife of one of the brothers was killed at the crossing, they left El Toro, selling the business and house to Frank Gordon.

Following Gordon came the Clapp brothers, John and Joe, who added to their income by hauling, bringing lime and sheep manure from the Moulton Ranch for shipment.

This property was now owned by A. C. Carle, who had come here to raise eucalyptus trees for Dwight Whiting. Carle did not live on the property, but leased it to ever-changing tenants, usually for pool hall and barber shops. When Carle finished with the care of the eucalyptus grove, he farmed above town, living where the Beckett house had been, and the eucalyptus trees had been planted.

Coming with him to keep house for him, Carle's sister met and married Juan Gless. Gless had run sheep on various pastures in southern Orange County, and for a time lived in the Serrano adobe, his son John and daughter Madeline being born there. When A. C. Twist sold his holdings here, Gless bought the place which has since been the family home, his widow and son still occupying it.

Cordie Rodger bought from Stevens the five-acre lot across Second St. from his father's place. He sold it to a man named Butler, and it was later sold to Harvey Bennett. The apricots were left on this piece until about 1925, when Bennett replaced them with oranges.

When Ed and Cordie Rodger married, they bought adjoining lots on Cherry St. and built homes on them. For two years, or thereabout, they worked for the Tin Mine Company and lived on the mine property in Trabuco Canyon, hauling the ore to El Toro for shipment. Later, they got employment in the Cubbons Iron Works in Santa Ana, and sold their property here to the Grays and the Trapps.

Bert Stephenson lived in one of the houses for awhile, as the Forest Service had a station here. Stephenson then bought the two-

and-a-half acre lot across the street, from Mrs. Munger, and put up two buildings, — one for the Ranger Station, to which telephone connection was made, and one for his own residence. When headquarters were moved to Hot Spring Canyon, Stephenson sold the place to Christ Christiansen in 1920, and he in turn to Iman, who was here a short while before disposing of the property to Hiram Whisler.

One of the Rodger lots was bought by Alf Trapp, who came here from Carlsbad, where he had been section foreman. Mrs. Trapp's father, J. M. Gray, now an invalid, made his home with them until his death.

The Trapps' inseparable friends, Harry and Myrtle Froelich, soon followed them. He rented Capt. Boynton's place and farmed there, doing carpenter work as well. On the death of Domingo Daguerre, Froelich took his place as warehouse foreman, the Moulton Company building a house for him on a lot they purchased across from the warehouse, where they lived for some years, finally moving to Burbank, where he has worked for the movie studios.

Trapp moved his house up the hill and faced it on Olive St., to get away from the wash, which in storms sometimes carries quite a stream of water. He did some farming on nearby tracts, and like many early residents, did a lot of hauling. After he sold his stock, he worked in the warehouse. His older son, John, married Elaine Thomas, and father and son leased a garage in Olive, and the two families moved there, Dempsey Gould, a brother-in-law, taking over the El Toro property.

Gould had come to Serra from Illinois, and then to El Toro where he farmed nearby leases on the Santa Margarita Ranch for several years. Recently Gould moved onto the Irvine Ranch and sold the Trapp property to Van Whisler.

Another Trapp sister was Mrs. Linebaugh, who spent some time here with her daughter, Mrs. Rebecca James. Eugene James worked for the Santa Fe and was stationed at various points, but had bought from George Bercaw the house he built near the store. On her husband's death, Mrs. James brought her family and made her home here. For several years she was janitor of the El Toro school and courgeously carried on and raised a fine family.

With grain farming started on a considerable scale, and many residents having stock for teaming, a blacksmith shop was needed. A building was put up with living quarters in the back, and here

lived and worked El Toro's first smith, Ed Boxley. He was followed by Wolf Nig, and he by Frank Groover from Trabuco Canyon. The following smith was Reuben Waterman, who came here in 1898, after two years' work on the Mesa lease for Kohlmeyer. For a time Waterman lived back of the shop, his three younger children being born there. He built a barley-roller, which was a saving and convenience for local farmers, who had of necessity hauled their barley all the way to Irvine to have it rolled. Then he bought the Cope ranch, which is still their home. Their two daughters have spent their lives mostly in or near their home town; Myrtle having married Walter Tait, who bought Mrs. Jensen's property on Aliso Road. He traded this for John Osterman's farming equipment, but died in 1927, following a very brief illness, after less than two years' farming. Mrs. Tait disposed of the equipment and moved back to town, living on Olive St. She married John House in 1934.

Edith Waterman is now the wife of Oscar Scott and lives on the Scott place on Front St. For a time she was station caretaker and lived in the depot apartment.

Buying the blacksmith shop from Waterman, Pete Olds came here for quite a stay, being the local smith for fifteen years. He built a house nearby on Olive St., which has recently been purchased and improved by Elmer Whisler. Olds also built an adjoining house, now moved across the street.

Olds sold the shop to the Moulton Company, and successive Smiths were here for short periods, — Jessie Jiles, Dwight Artz and Bill Miller. But with no horses to be shod, few wagons to repair, there was so little work to be done that the shop was finally closed.

Mrs. Jensen, who cooked for a time at Barney Clinard's camp, came to live in El Toro, and bought the place now owned by R. E. Thomas. Martin Hubbard erected the house for her, which later burned. Everyone gave assistance and the present house was built to replace it. She married George Martin who owned the property later sold to Hiram Whisler.

Following James Lucas as store-keeper came John L. Gail, in 1901. One daughter, Nellie, was in the north teaching school, but Carrie helped her father in the store. They were here less than two years, but through this connection, Lewis Moulton met Nellie Gail and they were married. The Gails went from here to Moneta in 1907, where Carrie met her future husband, Fred Drews.

Coming to El Toro in 1918, Drews farmed several years in El Toro canyon. There they lost their elder son, Rudolph, a fine young

man, in a hunting accident. When Harry Froelich left El Toro, Drews came and took his place as warehouse foreman, which position he has since held, living in the Moulton Company's house on Front St.

The next storekeeper was Ed Bercaw, whose brother George was station agent. George Bercaw built the house next to the store which was later bought by Eugene James. Ed Bercaw was assisted in the store by his sister Emma, now Mrs. Panky.

The Bercaws were followed by A. A. Avery, who in turn sold the business in 1921, to Liebold. The structure was soon burned, and then Ben Osterman bought the lot and put up a new building. He ran the buiness a short while, and then leased it to his brother George, who has been there since. They enlarged the home quarters, and there, their sons have grown up to young manhood.

While H. C. Hemenway himself did not live in El Toro, his family has been well represented among its residents. Hemenway lived in Laguna, and with a man named Rogers, set out the gum grove on top the northern ridge of the Laguna hills which is so conspicuous a landmark.

Two sons farmed near here, Joe in Wood Canyon, and Bert on the land since called the 'Hemenway lease.' Bert married Lydia Buchheim, and they moved onto the lease in 1912. Mrs. Hiram Whisler is her daughter by an earlier marriage. While living on the lease, the Hemenways lost their son on the railroad crossing near the ranch house. Their daughter Ruth married Dale Trapp and lived in El Toro some years.

One of H. L. Hemenway's daughters is Mrs. Chas. Salter, an early settler of this region; and another married Arthur Hill and came here about 1902, living for a time in a house between Second St. and the Munger home. They moved to Laguna Beach hoping to benefit Hill's health, but he did not live long. After some years his widow married Elden Whisler. After an interval spent in the east, they moved to El Toro in 1935, and have bought a home here. Their son, Elden, also lives here, and father and son are employed by the Moulton Co.

After Chapell gave up his contract on land on Lemon St., it was purchased by Jas. Pesterfield, in 1903, and he set the place to walnuts. He farmed for a time in Hawk Canyon having his camp under the great oak tree, where Chas. Swartz now has his farm buildings. Pesterfield sold his property to Wm. Ritter, who set out

of oranges. Ben Osterman later bought from Ritter, ter, and set the whole acreage to orange trees.

neighboring ranch is Wm. Woodhouse, who came to this locality in 1894, baling hay with the Wheaton brothers. He farmed, too, at times with Bob Watt. This land was bare when he bought it, but he set it out to walnuts. He married Jessie Rodger, but she did not live many years. He has never remarried. For many years he worked for the Moulton Co., looking after the machinery used in the warehouse. He had the first automobile owned in the neighborhood, — a real 'gas buggy,' — brought down here by Whiting brothers. It was propelled by means of a rope or chain.

Developing water, Woodhouse uprooted the walnuts and set his place to oranges. Of late years Frank Klapatzky has made his home with Woodhouse.

Levi Gockley, whose wife was Marie Thompson, lived here for a while in the early 'nineties,' renting the Wilkes vineyard, and farming adjacent land, while he lived in the adobe. Then they moved to Galivan, living in the little house on the north side of the highway. Returning to El Toro about 1924, they lived on Olive St., and Gockley drove the high school bus for several years. Then they moved to Santa Ana, buying a home there; but Mrs. Gockley passed away in a few years, and he soon followed her.

Frank Skinner, who had farmed at Galivan, came to El Toro, and with Chas. Sweezy planted the olive orchards below the railroad tracks for a Los Angeles company. They had to dynamite the ground to make holes in which to set the trees. A house was put up for them and Sweezy took care of the young orchard. Grace Sweezy married George Lyons.

Skinner then began working for Harvey Swartz, who bought land from A. C. Twist, the old Wm. Hoyle home place. The apricot orchard on this place was one of the very last to be retained. Most of the ranch is now set to oranges. Harvey Swartz died recently.

One of the Swartz daughters married a local resident, George Stevens. The other married daughters live in other parts of the county.

When Phil Ahern quit farming with his father, and married, he brought his bride to El Toro, having secured the position of section foreman when De Long retired in 1897. For a time they lived in the Munger house that Arthur Hill had occupied, but bought a lot on Aliso Ave. and moved the house there. When Ahern was transferred to Irvine, he sold the place to Al Carrisoso.

Carrisoso was, too, a grain farmer. His wife was an Acuna. He sold the property to Wm. Grijalva, who had married the widow of Frank Gomez. The Grijalvas had a daughter and a son, the daughter marrying Cleofas Romero, but passing away soon after the birth of their second daughter.

The son, Louis Grijalva, has raised his family here in the place of his birth, and since the death of his parents, lives in the old home.

Another grain farmer to settle permanently here was Domingo Erramuspe, whose father came from France in 1869, to Capistrano, and was one of the settlers in Gospel Swamp. As a young man, Domingo Erramuspe worked for Kohlmeier, in Trabuco. Then he and a brother farmed on the Irvine Ranch. He married a sister of Domingo Etchebarria, and bought land from the Acuna estate in 1915, and built a fine home there, where he spent many years. He sold, and tried farming beans again. His daughter married Elmer Whisler.

One of Mrs. Erramuspe's sisters married Juan Etchezehar, who also bought land of the Acuna heirs. He came here in 1908. After his death, his widow sold the property to George Veeh, and made her home until her death with her brother. One daughter married John Gless, and the other, Jack Corrilla.

The Carrillos for some time lived in Aliso Canyon, having charge of the McFadden property. After the death of Mr. Carrillo, the family returned to their ranch in Verdugo Canyon.

In 1922, Domingo Etcheberria came to El Toro to farm on the Aliso Flat, after farming in Trabuco Canyon. He then bought the ranch on #101 Highway, where he now resides.

And still another grain farmer to turn to ranching was John Prothero. He had married Josephine Buchheim in 1897, and was farming on the Cubbon lease on the Moulton ranch for six years. In 1908 he traded his farm outfit to A C. Twist for the upper part of his El Toro holding, including the first Whiting home, on the knoll. Some land was also purchased from the Cook and Victor tract, bringing the ranch acreage to more than forty acres. This was then planted to walnut and apricots. John Prothero died in a few years after coming to the ranch. He left one son, Raymond, who has spent his life here. When grown to manhood he bought seventeen acres from Norman Hoyle. He married Doris Bargsten, of Orange, and erected a good home. He is interested also in the O. D. Scott ranch, and has recently purchased ten acres from Walter Cornelius.

Two of John Prothero's brothers farmed near El Toro; Eph Prothero, who married Elsie Munger, was on a lease in the Oso Canyon, and lived for a time in the adobe. Joe Prothero was on the Hemenway lease, and Wynne and George also were engaged in grain-raising here.

John Prothero's widow married Van Whisler in 1915. Whisler had lived in El Toro in 1898 and '99, working with Reuben Waterman. They have improved the ranch and grounds so that they have a lovely home here, and are also interested with Hiram Whisler and Raymond Prothero in the Scott place, having irrigation water from the well on that property. Whisler has a piece of land adjoining his brother Hiram's place, and he recently bought the Gould home.

Another member of the Whisler family to make his residence in El Toro, is Hiram, who as a young man worked for the grain farmers about here, loading grain on the Moulton Ranch in 1905 and 1906. He married Mabel Rumbould, and in 1920 bought the 'Whitelaw place' from W. D. Baker. This was then set to walnuts of two different plantings. Later these were replaced by oranges. In 1929 he bought the Stephenson place on Cherry St., and put that, too, to oranges and nursery stock. When the house burned, he replaced it with a better one. His son Elmer, who married Grace Erramuspe, and his son-in-law, Arthur Famularo, have bought nearby land and houses on Olive St., Elmer living in one, the others, repaired or remodeled, being for rental.

John House, for some years employed by Aaron Buchheim in Capistrano, bought the Dick Munger property in 1919, and brought his parents to live on it. With them came Roy Bentson, who had lived with the family since infancy. After about ten years Mrs. House became ill and was taken to Redlands to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Wheaton; Mr. House, who lived to a great age, spent his last years with his son Henry, a foreman on the Irvine Ranch, whose wife was a Whisler.

John House married Myrtle Tait in 1934, and has made the ranch his home, — recently buying an adjoining five acres from Harvey Bennett.

Roy Bentson in turn became a land-owner, purchasing the five-acre piece, across Cherry St. from the House ranch. He built a home there and set the place to oranges.

In 1920, C. E. Scott came to El Toro from Oregon and bought a home with Harry Froelich, who had moved into the house built

by the Moulton Company across from the warehouse. He opened an auto-repair shop in a part of the blacksmith shop, but later worked for George Osterman in the store. Before returning to Oregon, where he still owned property, he drove the high school bus for two school terms.

Disposing of his ranch in Aliso Canyon in 1906, — now the Jack Cook property, — George Fox spent a long interval in Los Angeles and Riverside counties, but returned to Orange County in 1923, and secured the Rodger ranch in 1926, to make it his permanent home. He developed water, and replaced the walnuts and grapes finally with oranges. For seven years he was driver of the high school bus, giving up the work in 1935.

In the late 20's Frank Judson bought a filling-station on the highway from John McNeill. Later, he purchased land nearer the Aliso Canyon Road and moved his buildings there. Beside dispensing gas and oil, Judson keeps the neighborhood time-pieces and firearms in order, — a great convenience for the community.

After operating a garage near the southern Orange County line for several years, R. E. Thomas came to El Toro and bought the 'Jensen house' from John Osterman. He brought his family here, while for a time he ran a garage at Doheny Park and another nearer here on the highway. Here the young folks attended grammar and high school, and the older ones married, the eldest daughter, Elaine, entering the Trapp family.

John Trapp and his father had a garage in Olive a year or so, but John now owns a home in Tustin and the Thomas family lives near them, ill health making it necessary for Thomas to live in town.

There has been a long succession of families making El Toro a temporary home. There were station agents, section foremen and section hands, barbers and pool hall keepers, smiths, foremen of the Whiting Ranch, and men who worked for the Whiting and Moulton Companies, and men employed on local smaller ranches, such as that of Harvey Bennett and John Osterman.

But given here are home owners and makers, and business men, who have built homes, improved the land, and built up the settlement. There are doubtless omissions but these are the most of the families who lived here long enough to form ties of friendship and of blood, and to be reckoned among 'El Toro folks.'

CHAPTER VI

Social Life And Occupation

Almost as soon as the railway was in operation here, work was started on the lime deposits in the Whiting pasture just below the racks. There are beds of nearly pure lime outcroppings here, and it is said that the lime used in the construction of the Capistrano Mission was carried from these deposits.

A Los Angeles company secured a contract from Whiting and did considerable work. They put up a kiln, but had no success burning the lime, and so constructed a larger one. But heat sufficient to melt down the kiln itself would not burn the lime rock to a powder, — it still held rocky lumps. The enterprise was abandoned and El Toro residents got the equipment for a song. Charles Salter hauled 35,000 bricks to the settlement for Whiting, and the brick walks around the Van Whisler home were laid with brick from the lime kiln.

The lime deposits on Rancho Niguel were worked for a number of years, and the hauling gave work to many local men with teams. This lime was largely shipped to the sugar refinery at Chino for use in processing sugar.

In the late 80's, low prices checked cattle-raising except on the big ranches, or in the hills. The 'boom' had collapsed and land was no longer in demand for new towns; in fact, in sub-divided tracts, lots were bought up and thrown together into acreage for orchards or farm land.

The San Joaquin ranch had been until now all pasture, mostly for cattle, but in the southern part for sheep. With the close of the decade grain farming was started, Tom Owens breaking up the first piece, a parcel lying south of the highway, the upper corner being at the point where Trabuco Road branched from Highway #101. In the angle between the roads there had been a well and windmill for years; sheep were watered there, and passing teams refreshed. Owens' farm buildings were put up across from the well, where a two-story building has long stood, once the Culver home.

The road led from Tustin by Bryant St., then across the ranch to avoid the marsh land, and that road was built up, and there were deep ditches on either side filled with tules and cattails; wild celery and all the other marsh plants grew profusely, and blackbirds warbled and circled in flocks as the teams passed along. Directing a stranger

on his way to Trabuco, Laguna, Capistrano or the Bay, he was told which road to take at 'the windmill,' later 'Culver's Corner.'

Owens was succeeded in 1888, by Jas. Sleeper, who farmed there for fifteen years, cultivating fifteen hundred acres. Other grains were probably tested, but barley was the staple for all the grain farming.

Wakeham, Cubbins, Rutherford, the Cordell brothers, Bob English and Howard Trevalia were soon farming on the west side of the road. Above the Trabuco road, Garner was first to plow up the pasture land. His camp was about a quarter mile beyond 'the forks.' More and more of this slope was farmed, — Newlin, Carpenter and the King brothers starting soon. Garner was succeeded on that lease by Henry Meyers and the McCarrol brothers. After the grain was harvested, sheep were brought down from the hills and pastured on the stubble.

The Trabuco Mesa, which is about six miles long and contains some 1800 acres of grain land, was first farmed by Ben Kohlmeier in 1894. To get the necessary machinery and equipment over the hill roads required the help and ingenuity of all the canyon neighbors. Grain farming on the Mesa and in the Gobernador Canyon was an important enterprise to El Toro, for all the grain was hauled here for cleaning and shipment. From the Mesa, each morning, four wagons, each drawn by eight horses, came over the hills to the little town, returning to the Mesa to be loaded at the piles, and brought down to the camp in the canyon, for the next morning's start.

Kohlmeier farmed here until 1903, when Sleeper and Adams took the lease. There was a trial of red oats as a crop but they smutted so badly that no further attempt was made for that grain. Wm. Waller was with Sleeper awhile, and when Sleeper quit farming, he continued alone. When Waller quit, the mesa was returned to pasture for some years, but is again being farmed.

The 'Aliso Flat' was first plowed, in 1895, by John Cook. Following the Cooks were Mont Jackson and Howard Trevalia, who made their camp at the lower corner next to the O'Neill line, where it remained as long as the land was farmed. Until late years the road came down the middle of the flat, which was graced by two splendid oak trees, — perfect specimens.

After Trevalia, the Jerome brothers farmed the canyon, in connection with the Oso, Ben living here, and Bill on the upper piece. The Oso had first been farmed by Coon Cordell, and then by Cood Adams, who sold his lease to the Jeromes. Bill English bought the

Aliso lease from them, and he in turn sold to Howard Wassum and Ed King. Domingo Etcheberria was the last farmer in the canyon, the ranch having sold the flat and it is set to orchard.

By the time English took over, in 1907, beans were being planted as well as barley, 225 acres to limas, and 175 acres to barley, 10 sks. to the acre.

The Oso lease was sold by the Jeromes to Ed Utt and Sherman Stevens. Mike Stevens, who had worked for all these tenants, himself, now took over, and lived there until the later 20's, when he moved to Ventura. Since his time the land has been farmed by tenants who did not make this their home, — first Callens and now Borchard. In a canyon this side the Oso many farmers have tried a hand at barley and beans, — Oran Boynton, Fred Rodgers, Eph. Prothero, Dempsey Gould, John Buchheim and now Jack Carrillo.

In the lower part of Oso Canyon, where Beck had been, Bill King farmed, and later Juan Etchezahar, Domingo Erramuspe, and then Mike Juaregui.

The portion now known as the 'Hemenway lease' was first farmed by Al Harlan and Bill Warne. They were followed by Emory Salter, Bill Yost, Joe Prothero and Ross Munger, before Burt Hemenway assumed the lease. Aaron Buchheim then farmed there, and later, Dempsey Gould.

Above this lease the hillsides were planted by Harvey Swartz, Geo. Stevens, Pat Foley, and now by Chas. Swartz.

At Galivan early farmers were George and Charles Wheaton and Frank Skinner. Harvey Swartz was at Galivan also for a time. Part of the land at Galivan is on O'Neill and part on Moulton Co. leases.

Below town at the point where the three big ranches meet, farming has been done since Whiting and Moulton bought the ranches. Bob Watt was about the earliest to raise grain there, and then the Protheros, — John, Wynne, Joe and George, — all planted barley there, followed by Guy Wilmot and Domingo Erramuspe. Charles Swartz was the last leasor, and lost his buildings by fire while the family were in town. The land was then turned back to pasture by the Moulton Co., and Swartz came to Hawk Canyon where he has farmed since, recently buying a home site at the corner of Lemon and Front Streets.

Grain planting in small tracts was done on the Whiting Ranch about the settlement where orchards are now. Aaron Buchheim had

his first barley on Block I, and various residents had fields of grain about the town. Clarence Forbes lived in the Jose Serrano adobe, and broke up and planted the nearby land. He later raised grain on the Gomez place. But the first extensive grain farming on the Whiting land was started in 1894 by Peter Swartz and his sons, Charles and Harvey. The lease embraced about a thousand acres, which lay on the northwest part of block 10. Their camp was made in the canyon under the big sycamores, where Ben Osterman now has his home. The Swartzes harvested from eight to sixteen thousand sacks of barley a year, and were on the lease ten years.

To assist with the cooking and camp work came Minnie Leonard of Santa Ana, — to stay in the family as Mrs. Harvey Swartz.

When this lease was relinquished, the parents bought a home in Tustin and the sons farmed separately on a number of leases.

Succeeding the Swartzes came Wm. Waller and Henry Rutherford. After a time Rutherford dropped out and John Osterman took up the contract with Waller; this was in 1907.

When Waller left the Whiting Ranch to assume the lease on the Trabuco Mesa, Osterman and his sons, Ben and George, worked the land for some years. They used thirty-three mules and ten horses, and harvested for other farmers when their own grain was cared for.

Both boys were married, — Ben to Cynthia Munger of El Toro, and George to Lois Smith of Santa Ana. For a short while George farmed on Moulton's, above Salt Creek, but Ben continued on Whiting's, alone, after his father bought a ranch home in Santa Ana and moved there, giving up grain raising.

The lease was much reduced in acreage, however, since the Whiting Company put in wells and planted the canyon and hills to oranges. Ben bought some of this acreage along El Toro Creek, and has a lovely home where the farming camp had been so many years.

The land near the old Serrano home in El Toro Creek was first farmed by Clarence Forbes, who lived in the adobe. He also raised barley on the Gomez place, as did Emory Salter.

Later, the land along the upper road was leased to Jerome and Collar, who put up the buildings, since the adobe was now used as the Whiting ranch house. Domingo Etcheberria farmed the land until recently, the Erramuspes occupying the house.

The Whiting pasture along the highway was leased for grain farming for a time by John Osterman, who erected the buildings. He

traded his farm equipment to Walter Tait for his El Toro property, but in about two years Tait passed away, after a brief illness. This was in 1927. The land was not farmed much longer, and the house was rented to various tenants, lately being occupied by the foreman who looks after the stock on the pasture.

The Niguel Ranch was about the last to start extensive tenant farming. The first ground was cut with plows at the upper end of the ranch, about 1895, where Frank and Joe Clapp tilled about a thousand acres. The first camp buildings were then back on the shoulder of the hill, where there is a good spring.

Frank Wakeham took the lease next, and then Peter and Harvey Swartz came there from Whiting's in 1908. Following tenants in more rapid succession were Nelson Arnold, Bill Cook and Domingo Segura, who is the present occupant.

Below this lease was one first broken up by John Cubbon. Then succeeded John Prothero, who later traded his equipment to A. C. Twist for El Toro property. Following Twist was Gene Ahern, who had been with his father on Irvine and Whiting land. Ahern moved to Tustin where he had purchased a home, and Peter Changala took the lease. Since his death his sons are carrying on the lease.

A lower parcel of land was first farmed by Aaron Buchheim, and was later in the hands of Samuel King, but leasing was discontinued there.

On the southern part of the ranch, the first plowing was done by the Clapp brothers, who seem to have been very enterprising young men, breaking up new land, teaming, moving buildings from Laguna, and operating the pool-hall, all in their stride. When they gave up farming, the lease was taken by the McCarrol brothers, who had been on the Irvine. They were succeeded by Barney Clinard and Wm. Sexton.

In 1907, Clinard bought Sexton's interest, and farmed alone for many years, tilling two thousand acres, — one hundred and eight acres in beans and the rest in barley, from which he harvested as high as 25,300 sacks. He had fifty-four head of fine mules, in which he took great pride, and farmed until illness and death stopped him. The Plavan brothers have operated the lease recently.

El Toro canyon was first farmed by Al Carisoso; then by Fred Drews, who was there until he came to El Toro to be warehouse foreman, when Fred Nieblas took his place in the canyon.

Dry-farming is a form of gambling, somewhat like mining, but

entailing a heavier investment. In the early days of barley-raising, with a lease of a thousand acres, or thereabouts, a farmer needed at least twenty head of stock, — three six-horse teams, a driving team, and a spare or two. There must be three plows, three harrows, three seeders, — all of these to put the grain in the ground. Then, to harvest it, a header and at least four wagons. Quite an investment, those days!

Then there was help to be hired: three men to drive the plow teams, a roustabout, who was usually a blacksmith as well as general utility man; and a cook to prepare the food. This last was no small job in the '80's and '90's, entailing as it did the baking of bread, as well as the inevitable biscuit and pie. Each meal was hearty; there would be bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, with plenty of coffee, for breakfast; meat, potatoes, a vegetable, pie and coffee for 'dinner' (one never had 'luncheon' at noon); and the same for 'supper,' plenty of it! And often sandwiches were sent to men, when there were long hours between meals. Breakfast was before six, dinner about noon, and supper at all hours. The cook put in a long, strenuous day.

Plowing was started about the first of November and was usually finished by the first of February. In the early farming the teams were 'sixes,' — three tandem teams, the leaders making great arcs at the turns.

Men were out of the bunk house by four o'clock in the morniny, each man tending and harnessing his own six horses or mules. Breakfast came then, and the men were out in the fields, their stock hitched to the plow by the time it was light enough to see the furrow. At noon the horses were taken from the plow, watered at the water wagon drawn to a convenient spot, and usually fed grain, occasionally hay. A wagon from camp brought the hot dinner. Table and benches were unloaded, a shade rigged from the wagon with canvas, and the men sat at ease to eat. Plowing resumed, to continue to late dusk. Unhitched from the plows, each man took his team to camp, unharnessing, feeding, and currying them before going to supper.

All this for from $18.00 to $20.00 a month, in the earlier farming; but that included excellent board, and twenty dollars, in the 'nineties,' went as far as fifty would now.

Cutting of the grain for hay started about the first of May. To run a hay-baler, six head of horses or mules were required, teams working in relays, on the round and round. These were usually driven by a boy, and five men did the baling, — two pitchers, a feeder, a

roustabout, and the man who tied the wires. At first tents were set up for the cooks, but soon cook-wagons came into use. The roustabout was usually chef.

When the grain ripened, the heading and stacking began. The header was pulled by six horses, and was served usually by three wagons, each drawn by four horses, which transported the grain to stacks spaced apart so that three wagons could unload and get back to the machine in turn. A net-boy at the stack with a team unloaded the wagons.

Some farmers owned threshing-machines and did their own work, perhaps working also on other nearby leases. Other machines were operated by men not farming themselves. This work started usually in the early part of June and lasted until the middle of August or later.

Threshing-machines were driven by stationary steam-engines which burned straw for fuel, and were operated by about sixteen men. There was an engineer who received four or five dollars a day, a separator-man at five dollars, two sack-sewers at two dollars each, a tender, an oiler, four or six hoe-downs and a straw-tender, each getting a dollar and a half; and a roustabout and a water-buck who received two dollars. Beside the engine and thresher, the equipment included water wagons, feed racks and a cook wagon.

The roustabout pulled the separator from stack to stack with six head of stock; the straw-tender used a single team, and the water-buck pulled the engine with eight head.

In the cook wagon was a range and table and benches. After breakfast was cleared away, the wagon was moved to the spot where the threshing would be done at noon, and again, after the mid-day meal, to the stack where they would be at night. Water wagons, feed racks and the bed wagon were also moved along. The 'bed wagon,' in which 'the boys' had thrown their bed-rolls in the morning before breakfast, had all sorts of things in the back. There was always a forge, tools, ropes, and all kinds of extras for repairs.

At noon the stock fed at the racks while the men ate in the wagon. There was often a snack of sandwiches for the men while the oiler went over the machinery, and supper was usually eaten about eight o'clock. Then the weary men unrolled their bedding onto the straw and were soon asleep.

When harvesting was done, men and stock were busy taking the grain to the warehouse. Two wagons were pulled by eight horses. They were on the road by six o'clock. From outlying leases, like the Trabuco

Mesa, but one trip a day could be made, but from nearby land two trips could be managed. Barney Clinard used teams of ten mules and brought in nine hundred sacks of barley a day.

Soon after grain-farming started, larger plows and other tools were used, and teams were of eight or ten animals. Kohlmeier used forty-five head of stock, an equal number of horses and mules. He operated five plows, using eight head, four abreast; he had two wide harrows, two drills and ten wagons. There were five men employed for the plowing, a blacksmith worked at that alone, his shop being just on the edge of the mesa; and a roustabuot ,who cleaned stables, got wood for the cook, milked the cows, and carried meals to the mesa for the men at work. Wages by now had risen to thirty dollars a month.

Harvesters soon came into use where lands were sufficiently level to make them practical. These were pulled by thirty-two or thirty-six head, guided by drivers sitting on a framework high above the horses. There was needed a separator man, header man, sack sewer and sack tender. The harvester was followed by two feed racks, the water wagon having been taken out in the morning by the driver with his team. A wagon pulled by eight head picked up the sacks of grain dropped behind the machine.

Here, at the warehouse, in the early morning the wagons began arriving, and were soon lined up, sometimes twenty or thirty wagons being in the street at one time.

El Toro was a busy place in those days, the warehouse was enlarged and was open long hours, receiving and handling the grain. With so many horses and mules to be shod, wagons and machinery to be repaired the blacksmith shop was crowded with work, and since towns were a long way off, when driving a team, all men were boarded where they worked, and the local store had a great trade. Grain raising was at its height about 1895.

The climate of Australia and Southern California being very similar, early settlers found that eucalyptus trees were very easily and quickly grown here, and soon there were quite a number of small groves in Orange County, mostly of the 'blue gums,' grown for fuel.

By 1890 a craze for eucalyptus had started. Seed of many varieties had been secured and tested, and some nurseries specialized in these trees, issuing catalogues exploiting a thousand varities. In 1895, Abbott Kinney wrote a book on Eucalyptus, and the United States Forest Service took up the work of interesting people in them. In

Los Angeles the American Forestration Company was formed, offering a million dollars for a lease on land along the Owens Aqueduct. The Santa Fe Railway Co. grew them extensively, purchasing 8300 acres in San Diego County for their propagation.

As Prof. McClatchie of Caltech wrote in an article in Out West magazine in 1904: "The various species of Eucalypti are destined to play a very prominent part in the affairs of the southwest, their role being the clothing of the naked, unproductive portions with garments of beauty and utility; the tempering of the winds and the rays of the sun; the yielding of honey for the delecation of the palate and of oil for the healing of wounds and maladies; the production of fuel for the fireside and the factory; the supplying of ties . . . posts . . . piles . . . timbers . . . poles; the furnishing of material for implements, for vehicles, for furniture, and for the embellishment of our dwelling houses."

Dwight Whiting became interested, and in 1904 hired A. C. Carle to come here and raise trees for him. The house across the tracks from the station was rented, and Carle lived there and had his seed beds between the tracks and the house. He planted 'about ninety varieties for veneers, railroad ties, etc., and even for 63 acres of gums for distillation of eucalyptus oil.' Forty or fifty-thousand trees were raised.

Andy Thompson assisted Carle in the work of propagating the trees, and planting the grove, of just less than four hundred acres. They were watered from tanks for two years to get them started.

By the time these trees were grown the eucalyptus dream had faded. The wood did not prove to be good for ties, piling, or even poles, and on land that was good enough to produce other crops the trees were removed. This grove has chiefly been a source of wood supply for the community.

Another rage, almost as violent, was for olives. They, too, were supposd to grow almost anywhere, needed no irrigation, did better without cultivation, and all the grower had to do was to pick and process the fruit. There were many varieties, — the early standby Mission, and others, for oil, and larger kinds for pickling.

In El Toro the large orchards were set and cared for by Chas. Sweezey and Frank Skinner for a Los Angeles company, and the church property was put to olives.

In Aliso Canyon several acres were planted on the Scoville place, and, in Santiago Canyon, Madam Modjeska put the lower part of her land to olives.

The first plantings on the small ranches of El Toro were of deciduous fruit, prunes being the earliest in commercial orchard acreage. E. P. Hoyle and others in the English colony, and A. C. White with a small orchard, all tried prunes. After the one record crop, no worthwhile yield followed, so the trees were taken out to be replaced mostly by apricots. Almonds, apples, pears and peaches did not succeed here, either, so those were abandoned. Apricots were found to grow and bear without irrigation, and endured the warm winters.

There were considerable plantings of English walnuts, which did well, but since they are slow to come to bearing, the first industry was drying apricots.

This came in the summer when the schools were closed and all the young folk could 'work in the fruit.' The boys picked the 'cots' from the trees into pails, which were emptied into boxes holding about fifty pounds each, the picker marking his box with chalk, or with his numbered card, and, at first, for each filled box a picker received five cents. The boxes were put onto sleds and dragged to the cutting sheds, where women and girls and a few men cut them neatly in two, and placed the halves, cut side up, on large trays which were usually made from shakes. Payment was 20¢ a box, if even fifty pounds, or at the same rate if weight cards were in the boxes, and these were added at the close of day. Some were paid by the tray, — 3½ or 3¢.

When the trays were filled they were stacked on sleds to be moved to the sulphur houses, where they were subjected to sulphur fumes until the pulp should break down somewhat. The sleds were then pulled to the drying yard where the trays were spread on the ground, to dry the fruit in the sun.

Every operation required care; the fruit should be really ripe, but not soft; it should be cut evenly and placed carefully; the correct amount of sulphur used and correct time of exposure to the fumes, to break the fibre but not cook it; and exactly the right length of time exposed to the sun to dry the fruit enough so that it would keep, and yet be waxey, — never hard.

There was a field boss to oversee the picking, a man to haul the boxes to the camp, someone to look after the cutters, — usually the wife of the orchard owner, — men or boys to bring fruit and carry away trays; and the proprietor most likely looked after the sulphuring, which was an important process in drying apricots. Then there was a man in charge of the drying yard, with at least one helper. All these helpers were paid by the hour or the day.

Families came from town to work in the camps, and usually lived in tents near the orchards where they worked. It became an outing, as well as gainful employment, the young folk making enough money to buy their clothes for fall. and to purchase their school books, which was quite an item in those days when the state did not furnish books and supplies.

At night the workers got together and spent the evenings gayly, with music or games.

C. F. Bennett had bought ten acres of the Beck place, which was set out to apricots, and had other acreage, so, in the fruit season, Mrs. Bennett and the boys camped under a sycamore tree near the creek, while handling the fruit. Mrs. Bennett says it was a pleasant time at the early harvests. The Grays were living near and supplied her with milk, butter, eggs, and even bread. Game was plentiful, and mornings and evenings the boys secured their meat, so that they needed practically nothing from town. The Rias families lived in El Toro then, working for the farmers at day labor. One couple lived in the Beck house, — a cabin built entirely from matched flooring. They raised ducks and geese, which trod gravely about, even up to the very pot where dinner was cooking. When Rias arrived, tired and hungry, she served his frijoles and played the guitar while he ate.

Jose Serrey, his wife and adopted daughter also lived here then, — in the Grijalva house a while, and then in the small cabin on the corner of Front and Olive streets, where Senora Serrey passed away. He was Chilean, and she a refined woman, convent bred, well loved.

The Salter family lived in the near-by adobe and the Gless family in the farther one.

Anton worked for Mr. Bennett much of the time, and lived at that time in one or another of the houses on the Bennett places.

No record of the old days in El Toro would be complete without the story of Anton and Marie. Anton was a Yaqui Indian, and Anton was his only name so far as known, though some one said it was Anton Daniel, but the latter name may have been supplied when a second name was needed, as a friendly gesture. Marie was Mexican, — Spanish, — Italian? They did not mingle much with other residents, — Mexican or American, so little was known of their history.

Anton did wood-chopping, chiefly, in the early days, in Trabuco Canyon. But when El Toro was settled he built a wickiup of brush, cans and a few boards at the head of the El Toro Water Co. ditch, and made that his home. But there were flowers growing around

the hut, and birds sang in their willow cages, — mostly mocking birds which he trapped to sell.

All went well until he was paid for his labor, when he bought wine and they drank until it was gone. They walked everywhere, having no means of conveyance, and when they had imbibed freely, Anton herded Marie along the road home, or to their camp, if they were cutting wood somewhere. They traded hats every hundred yards or so, and had serious consultations, — probably on how they could get an advance of money for more wine. When Anton had too much drink and could not get more, he became ugly, and trouble usually resulted.

They were working in the apricots for C. F. Bennett and were living in the old Stevens house on Second St., then belonging to the Bennetts, when Anton spent his pay for drink, and in a rage cut off Marie's ear. She rushed up to the Bennett's camp, and Mrs. Bennett, Harvey's mother, bandaged the wound and hid her in the tent. In the evening Marie, though terrified, stole down to the house, and Anton being gone, she fed her chickens, then returned to the camp and Mrs. Bennett put her up for the night. Officers came down the next day, arrested Anton and took him up to town to jail. He was soon convicted of mayhem, and imprisoned; but he could not stand confinement and did not live long.

Marie continued under the care of the Bennetts, living in a little house on their place until her final sickness, when she was persuaded by Mrs. Bennett to go to a hospital. Her funeral was simple, and hardly attended, Mrs. Bennett, with a weath of red geraniums, — the only flowers she could find, — being the only woman there.

One wonders now how El Toro families managed to live while their orchards were growing and not yet in production. But life was simpler forty years ago, and a little money went a long way. Most farmers had stock and did hauling, such as of sheep manure and lime to the railway for shipment, or they cultivated land for neighbors who did not keep horses, but were employed themselves by the railway company or the ranches; or they worked on the roads, which, of course, were then built and repaired by men and teams.

Young men of the family were often engaged by the grain-farmers, plowing in the fall and winter, cutting and baling hay, harvesting the crops in the summer, and hauling the grain to the warehouse.

A couple, without children, often both worked, she as cook, and he as roustabout, or other helper. Young women assisted in homes,

in cook wagons, or fruit drying camps. There were no 'maids' then, just 'hired girls,' and they were usually as one of the family, in very many cases becoming a permanent member by marriage to one of the sons.

Every farmer had cows and chickens, often hogs, and sometimes a few stands of bees tucked away in a corner somewhere, and often the domestic well was made to keep up the spring gardens. Every woman put up her fruit and preserves, made her own bread and pastry. Staples, — flour, sugar, coffee and tea, — were the principal articles acquired from 'the store.'

Clothing was plain and inexpensive, a 'good dress' lasting a woman at least two years, suit for a man being good for several years. Children went barefoot most of the year, if not all of it, and boys always wore overalls at home and at school, some having a suit for 'dress up.'

Every member of the family had duties, the boys always doing the chores, — feeding all the animals and fowl; cleaning corrals, stables and chicken houses; milking the cows, bringing in the wood, and perhaps cutting it. Most girls had to help with the housework, and sometimes with the chores also. When clothes were all made at home, washing done on a washboard and ironing by 'sad irons' heated on the kitchen stove, all the bread baking and pastry making done there, mother needed assistance.

With no radios to furnish constant entertainment at home, no cars in which to chase to town in a few minutes, and no picture shows to attend, amusement was found at home, and a more neighborly, friendly spirit prevailed in country settlements.

Young folks gathered in a home where there was an organ, or possibly a piano, with 'fiddles,' guitars, or 'mouth organs,' and spent pleasant evenings with music and singing. And there were frequent parties, often 'surprises,' on the occasion of a birthday. And newly-weds were always greeted with a chivarari (a 'shivaree'), beating pans and gongs, ringing bells, whistling, shooting, any way to make a great din. Many cigars were smoked, much food and drink disposed of.

The Community Hall was the center of social life in the settlement. It was used for socials, 'School exercises,' dinners, bazaars, town meetings, and, most and foremost, for country dances, held nearly always on Saturday evenings, when, after a long day's work, everybody drove in from the leases and the ranches young and old to dance from about eight o'clock to anywhere from midnight to morning.

When the children could keep awake no longer, they were wrapped snuggly in blankets and put to bed in the wagons or in the anterooms.

The music was furnished sometimes by local musicians, sometimes by orchestras from town. Each year Mr. Moulton gave a big dance at the close of the harvest, and following a brush fire he always put on a dance honoring the fire fighters who had rushed to his aid.

There was the favorite waltz, and its variations, the varsovienne and the rye waltz; the schottiche, polka, and, above all, the square dances in which young and old, nimble or awkward, could participate. Several sets could be going at once in the hall, and some man who knew the figures stood in the center of the building and 'called the dances.'

Bert Hemenway and Bill English ran the dances when the grain farming was at its height, and everyone turned out. Warren Gray, and Pat Foley, who loved to do the calling, were among the last to get up the dances attended by families.

The Ladies Aid Society was organized by Mrs. Keating, and its original members were ladies of the English colony. They met for a social afternoon, and to do sewing and give assistance to those in need, — the usual work of the Ladies Aid Societies so very popular in that day.

The membership was increased by the addition of names of other El Toro settlers, and, not wishing the society to be considered a church affiliate, the name was changed to that of The El Toro Woman's Club.

The organization has always given an egg-hunt and party for the children at Easter, and a Christmas tree, with candy and gifts, at Yuletide. They have held bazaars, have given entertainments, receptions and showers, dinners for visiting agriculturists, old-timer's parties, and have taken the lead in any movement for the benefit of the community, and, as well, have always given assistance to families in misfortune.

For many years the membership was confined to residents of the precinct, but now includes those of Aliso and Trabuco Canyons, as well as all former members, wherever they may now be living.

Busy ranch women in this way keep in touch with each other, and enjoy social afternoons, spent with members in turn.

The hall was built in 1901, by the El Toro Land and Water Co., an organization of residents who bought shares at $30.00 each, and

who, desides building the hall and keeping it up, also took over the town water system and started the local cemetery.

A change in the character of farming in the region came with the development of water for irrigation. This was seriously handicapped by the short drainage basin, the effect of the great fault crossing the mouth of the canyon, and the underlying shale. Water is not plentiful and runs in narrow streams whose position and course are not possibly determined by surface contours or composition, for the overlying matter has been deposited, lifted and eroded rather haphazardly these thousands of years.

With exceptionally good, deep soil, mild winters, and considerable protection from desert winds, the district is ideal for oranges. Nowhere are to be found trees of deeper color or denser foilage.

Nearly every ranch had its domestic well with just enough water for house use and for stock and a few trees and flowers. The first wells for irrigation were also dug wells. Harvey Bennett put down one on the White place, and Will Woodhouse one on his property at about the same time. This was in 1918 or '19, and the wells were not more than eighty feet in depth.

James Pesterfield had the first drilled well, with a two-inch casing, of about thirty-five feet depth, on which he set a centrifugal pump. Other drillings promptly followed, and orange trees took the place of apricots, or were interset in walnut orchards.

Many wells have been drilled here, but costly experience proves that it is wise to stop when the shale is encountered. Raymond Prothero and Harvey Bennett have sunk wells to a thousand foot level, to be still in the shale, and from geological evidence they could have gone several thousand feet further without going through the formation.

But if the deevlopment of water is an expensive matter, and the streams are small, necessitating constant use of the water, yet the local ranchers are repaid by having the finest citrus trees to be found anywhere, and an excellent quality of fruit, most often chosen for foreign shipment.

Another change resulting from irrigation is that successful orchadists have purchased adjoining or nearby property, removing the apricots, walnuts or grapes, taking down the houses and barns, and planting the land solidly to citrus fruit. Thus Hiram Whisler moved to the Iman place, using his old home for a storehouse; Harvey Bennett had bought the White, Stevens and Beck ranches, removing the buildings and trees to plant orange orchards; Ben Osterman owns the Ritter and Healy ranches; John House doubled his acreage; the Whisler brothers and

Raymond Prothero bought the Scott place, and Prothero recently acquired the Cornelius property, the home of Capt. Huddy in earlier days. This steadily lessens the number of ranches, the number of homes.

But the change in the manner of life in El Toro is due, as it is in all other villages, to the coming of automotive traction. As the railway came and brought the settlement of small towns and ranches along its course, so the automobile and the truck have wrecked the towns, as they have the railroads which produced them.

Only barley and beans, and these from a greatly decreased acreage, come to the warehouse for shipment; so, fewer men are employed in this work, and fewer are needed to bring the produce from the leases, since a truck makes several trips a day to a team's one. Cattle are moved almost entirely by truck, as are most farm products.

Some leases are operated by men who do not live here, and a few men with tractors do all the work on a lease. For hand labor, hoeing beans or piling them, most of the workers are transported from town daily in automobiles, very few farmers ever boarding their help.

No one rides in a train, except for a very long journey, and very little goods are shipped in, groceries and supplies of all sorts being brought nearly entirely by truck. So now there is no station agent in El Toro, no telegraph operator, — merely a railway employee to look after the mail and any freight or express goods. Since Franklyn Pierce and Mrs. Evans, the station keepers have changed constantly.

No one has horses, very few have a cow or poultry, — real country life is practically a thing of the past. Every family has an automobile, or two or three, and go 'to town' almost daily, so that the barber shop or lunch counter look in vain for customers, and the grocer no longer serves ranches hiring numbers of men, which in terms of horse travel, were far from other towns.

But the most profound change produced by the automobile is in the social life of small communities such as El Toro. When other towns were far away, neighbors were intimate, meeting constantly in roadside chats or in the store, in visits, Sunday school, school entertainments, parties or dances. There was closer acquaintances, riper friendships, more romance and marriage among neighbor lads and lassies. But now the 'girl friend' probably lives miles away, and the boy jumps into his car, dashes to her home, and they go to a movie in Santa Ana or a dance at the beach. Friendships are made, not by propinquity, but by taste, since distance means little.

If parents are not attending lodge or club meetings in town, they

are most likely sitting at home alone, listening to a favorite radio program.

The automobile, electric light and heat and power, and the radio, have made life easier and pleasanter, but they have made it different, and 'country life' as it was lived when El Toro was settled, is a thing of the past.

And so ends the story of El Toro, started in boom times as a railroad town, settled by pioneering Americans and Englishmen who came onto sheep pastures and built homes, and, in a new location, made costly experiments in plantings, by trial and error to find crops that were suited to the climate and soil. That they succeeded is shown by the record of assessed valuation in the school district, — $522,575.00 in 1909, and $1,200,585.00 in 1938.

Many gave up before the goal was reached, but their struggle and sacrifice assisted toward the final success, and all the families who have ever called El Toro home cherish memories of the days spent here.

This is a spot beloved of artists, and along the way you often see them, intently at work before their easels, striving to capture and fix in paint the beauty of the landscape before them.

With artists' eyes, let us, too, look!
The little valley lies
Where low brown hills have formed a sheltered nook,
With background of the splendid rise
Of purple mountain. Eucalyptus trees,
In marching files and standing companies,
Lift stalwart shining boles
And dauntless heads against the skies.
Here, on the little rounded knolls
Old homes are set; and, richly green,
The orange groves spread golden treasuries.
Ay, truly, here we view a scene
To grace a book of memories.

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