

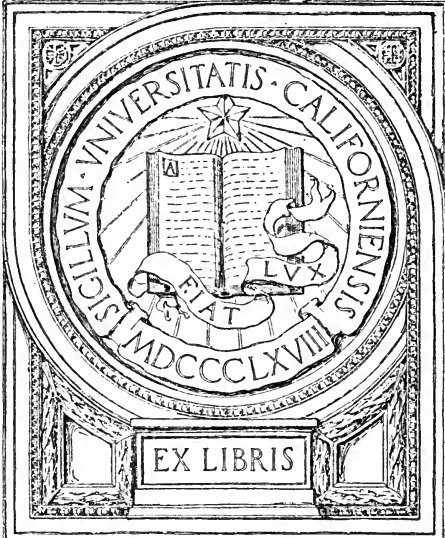
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THE FIELD GLASS

GYP SYING

G. M.



DENRICH PRESS
Chula Vista, California
1917

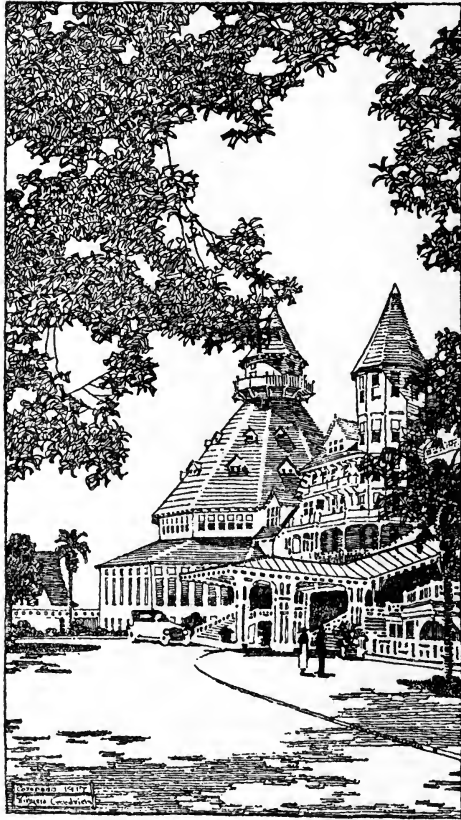
THE UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

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Class of 1907

NO. 1001
1918

"GIPSYING"



“—perched here on the edge of the sea—”

THE
WINDMILL

I



HE went just because, when we tried to leave him in the lobby of the hotel, he had smiled with a shade of wistfulness (discernible to the ladies) and said, with one hand on Gasoline's shoulder, "I shall be a bit lonely out in this strange and ungodly country. It would make me very happy to have you all here with me."

So what would you? Every Californian has a warm spot in his heart somewhere,—even your real estate agent; and we feel responsible for the tenderfoot. Besides, he



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was a Philadelphian and a very superior being, and The Cautious Lady's third cousin by marriage. ("Some close relationship!" Gasoline commented laconically. "Third Cousin must feel that he is in the bosom of his family." Somehow the disrespectful name stuck, in spite of The Cautious Lady's reproof and the amused protest of the gentleman in question.)

We therefore packed our suitcases and drove over to the hotel, trying more or less successfully to feign the manner of millionaires. "Only," said Gasoline, "I don't like to be taken for the chauffeur."

At dinner that night VG wished to know quite suddenly why Third Cousin thought our country "ungodly."

"Because," he smiled, "I feel it in my bones that I am going to be bewitched, totally against my will and better judgment. I have always been told that Californians were liars; and, to tell the truth, I expected as much from the preposterous claims in your advertising stuff. No spot could be as perfect as you say this is. But now that you have got me here, and hustled me across the

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bay into this strip of loveliness, a paradise of trees and flowers perched here on the edge of the sea, where by all the rules of nature there ought only to be sand and rocks, I begin to suspect that it is not deception that you practice, but the black art."

"There *is* a sort of witchcraft about southern California," laughed The Cautious Lady. "I felt it when I first came. But years ago I ceased to struggle against it. It doesn't really hurt one, you know."

"So you like the hotel?" The Man of Affairs asked.

Third Cousin spread out his hands. "I sit here in hopeless admiration," he said. "We simply do not do this sort of thing in the east. There a hotel is a hotel, and here—"

"And here," The Man of Affairs went on, "it is more like one of your best clubs back home,—at least this one is. You do not get the hotel atmosphere at all, you observe."

"Why no," he agreed, "neither in the perfect service you get nor in the whole effect of the place. Just take this room, for example. What wild whim ever

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prompted a *business* man to spend on this woodwork the thousands that it must have cost? The thought is staggering. And all for droves of people who doubtless seldom look above their plates."

We sat at one end of the long dining room, the door by which we had entered preposterously far away. VG raised her eyes to the solid paneling of the walls and ceiling, darkening slowly with age. "It *is* rather fine," she said.

We who live in San Diego take Hotel del Coronado as a matter of course. ("Perfect mouthful of a name!" Third Cousin had grumbled with a wry face as we came over on the ferry.) It lies spread out across the bay, self-satisfied, resplendent, something to be accepted placidly like the courthouse or the street-car system. We know that it is the center of our social doings; that the newspapers would pine and languish without it. We take it as a matter of course that our charity balls should be held there and our fashionable musicales; that the place should swarm delightfully at all times with young officers and old officers; that the ferry should be filled

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with the big silent cars of wealthy people stopping at the hotel, leaving scant room for our ice wagons and little Fords; that all the young people in town who are smart or wish to be flock over to Coronado to watch the tennis, golf, and polo, in the happy belief that they are thereby rubbing elbows with the smart set; that all year through the newspapers should chronicle the arrival and publish in delightfully informal fashion the doings of all manner of exhilarating people, from English noblemen to Indiana novelists and sportsmen from Honolulu. But as to the place itself and what it is really like, we seldom give it a thought.

Something of this we conveyed to Third Cousin, as well as the perfunctory information that the hotel had been built some thirty years ago,—when San Diego was still a struggling, booming little piece of insignificance,—with great difficulty and at a stupendous cost; and that ever since then the town had been endeavoring to live up to it.

Third Cousin laughed. "It is doing very well," he conceded.

It was in the tea garden that afternoon that he asked a question that all tourists



“—you can walk—”

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ask as a matter of form. (The tea garden, by the way, moved him to genuine raving. "A perfect Japanese fairyland!" he exclaimed. "How were they ever able to make a thing so exquisite?") "And what do people do here in their spare moments?" he asked.

We replied somewhat in unison.

"You can swim, in the plunge, the ocean, and the bay," I began; "you have only to cross the road from one to the other. And you can go yachting, rowing, canoeing, motor boating, bi-planing, or aqua-planing on the bay—"

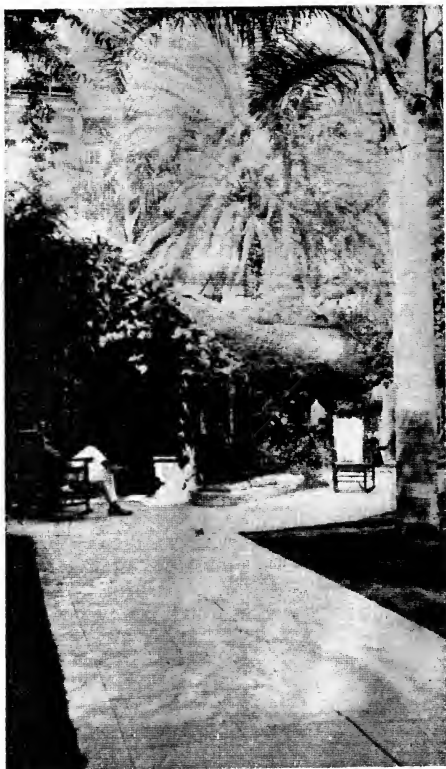
"Or go in for fishing," went on Gasoline, "all kinds, from dabbling off the pier here to real deep sea fishing out beyond the point. Tuna, and all that."

"And you can walk and dance," VG went on with the list, "or go over to the country club, and play polo, golf, and tennis. We have some corking matches. McLaughlin—"

"Or ride horseback," I droned on.

Third Cousin raised his hands in dismay. "My dear children!" he protested. "I am super-middle-aged. These things are not for me."

VG started to tell him crisply that if



“—to dawdle in the checkered sunlight of the patio—”

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he would use his eyes a bit he would see that in this part of the world they are for much older men; but The Cautious Lady interposed soothingly, "Or you can go over to San Diego—it takes only twenty minutes—and shop, or visit the Exposition and the parks, and attend concerts and the theatre, and some of the really fine lectures—"

Her last word started The Man of Affairs. "Or," he said hastily, "you can lounge around the hotel right here. It's darned comfortable, you know." He loved to dawdle in the checkered sunlight of the patio with a magazine and a comfortable chair. "You can read here, and write letters in some peace. Or sit on the verandah and listen to the orchestra. Then, when you want to, you can go into the casino for bowling and billiards. Just make yourself at home generally, you know. This is one place where you are allowed to, and nobody bothers or stands around staring."

We lapsed into silence, more or less winded. But still Third Cousin looked vaguely unsatisfied. After a pause Gasoline remarked mildly, "And of course you can always motor."

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Third Cousin turned, a gleam of sudden interest in his eye. "Motor? Yes," he exclaimed, "but is there any place to go?"

Is there any place to go, with over four thousand miles of the most beautiful roads in the country at our very door! We shouted aloud in the joy of our discovery. He was a kindred spirit. We could get out the car and take to the trail again, showing him our old haunts, exploring new ones, making him an excuse for the thing we wanted most to do.



“—and take to the trail again—”



II

OUT by the old mission we sat in the weeds at the top of the hill and gazed at the poor tumbledown thing. The first of the chain, it has a right, I suppose, to its look of unhappy old age. The crumbling walls still retain some measure of their charm; but unless the restorer hurries he will find only a heap of adobe.

We were on our way to Linda Vista, and had only paused a moment for a glimpse at this, San Diego's oldest landmark. Once more on out through Murphy Cañon, we told Third Cousin something of San Diego's enthusiasm over the cantonment. At first it was a bit of a disappointment. Camp Kearny then was only a great smear of dust against the sky, darkened by the swearing workmen and long lines of mules. By October, we were told, it would be transformed, and thousands of young Americans might be seen training to serve their colors.

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Handkerchiefs to noses, we departed right gladly, and turned over to the coast and La Jolla, where Third Cousin was entranced with the cliffs and dark caves. The latter, he said, were not unlike the Blue Grotto at Capri. We had heard this comparison before, but it always pleases us. Standing high up on one of the cliffs, we watched the throngs of bathers in the sheltered cove below. La Jolla has a little colony that is loyal all through the year; but in summer the place swarms.

Hurrying back to the hotel, woefully late for lunch, we were almost annoyed at Third Cousin's interest in the adobe hut and ruins scattered through Old Town. We did point out to him the old Estudillo house, where Ramona was married, but regretted our graciousness the next moment, for he *would* stop. While the rest of us sat outside and laughed at the sad-eyed Mexican children that at a word of encouragement clambered happily over the machine, The Cautious Lady took him in and showed him the old Spanish house and garden, typical of California in another day and age. Though the place is some-

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thing of a museum now, it has not lost its atmosphere. It was quite as interesting to him as Tia Juana, the little Mexican town across the border, where we took him not many days later. (The bumpy, rutty roads there may have discolored his vision.) He gave only a passing glance at the big race track where, during the season, there is a good bit of gaiety, and perchance wickedness, of a sort. All the way back to the hotel we told him lurid stories of opium smuggling and the dark midnight activity of the police. But he was unimpressed, and showed more interest in the idea of a bath and a change of linen.

"This hotel is so peaceful and quiet that I would hardly know another guest was here," he said contentedly, later in the evening, as he joined us in the patio.

"That is partly because of size," said The Cautious Lady. "Here, for instance, there may be a dozen or more people in this court besides ourselves for all we know." As a matter of fact we heard a woman's occasional laugh from the other side of the big garden, and the glow of a cigar through the trees. But our little



"—entranced with the cliffs—"

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group was left unnoticed and undisturbed.

"I take it that the place is patronized mainly by elderly people?" Third Cousin queried after a time.

"Come into the ballroom and see," VG suggested.

It was Saturday and there was dancing. Elderly people most certainly there were, fox trotting and sitting in the sun-parlor surrounding the huge circular floor; but there were more pretty girls and tall young officers.

Third Cousin showed so much interest in the latter that we took him next day up to the naval training camp at the Exposition. As we went over on the ferry we pointed out to him North Island, lying across the bay from San Diego, and told him of the government aviation school there, and of how a vast deal of attention was being centered on the place in war circles. Social circles, too, I might have added, but thought better of it. At all hours the hum of the aeroplanes can be heard, flying over the bay and city. San Diegans no longer so much as raise their eyes to watch them.

The whole town swarms with soldiers

The Field Glass

and sailors; for, as VG remarked, there are five big camps of them here, all within a radius of twenty miles. Those that are quartered in the Exposition grounds will not soon forget their luck. Third Cousin wandered through the place for hours; we could not pull him away. He seemed to find all San Diego's parks charming, perhaps because they are not formal or too highly cultivated. "You are wise not to try to do the sort of thing that we do in the eastern parks," he said; "for though you could do it quite as well and perhaps better, we could not do this at all."

His remark somehow reminded us of Grossmont, where most certainly people have done something unlike the east. There celebrities do not flock together and build their perches on a rugged mountain, high above comfortable mankind, putting themselves to no end of bother just for the sake of the view. Without more ado we drove out with him and made the climb, noting that Madame Schumann-Heink peered from her back window as we passed. The road is good, and one ascends and descends by different routes, a fact

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which cheered the Cautious Lady more than a little.

At the summit we must needs climb the last high boulder, glad of the hand rail that helped us up the slippery thing. From the top we saw the country spread for miles on all sides of us; the lovely little lotus-filled lake at the foot of the hill, on through El Cajon valley to the mountains beyond; and, to the west and south, the ocean and the Mexican hills.

"I should like to come up here sometime during a heavy rain," VG mused at length, eyes half closed. Gasoline started the car. "You'll come on foot then," he said grimly.



"—that helped us up the slippery thing."



"—still standing sturdily on the highest bit of ground"



III

THE moon was full the night we saw the young theosophists play "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The brilliant lights of the little temple that served as stage were hardly needed. We had seen the play before in this same luminous setting, with these same beautiful young actors; but we sat forward tensely in our seats until the last fairy had danced out of sight down the cañon. Not till then did Third Cousin move. "I can never see it again under a roof," he said.

The Greek theatre is smaller than the huge one at Berkeley; but it is, if possible, even more exquisitely beautiful in its setting of vivid green, with the ocean booming up through the cañon. The international headquarters of the theosophists are at Point Loma; — beautiful buildings, and acres of still more beautiful grounds. There they conduct their schools and colleges and bring up their

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children, tending quite strictly to their own business, receiving all visitors graciously and freely, but keeping their own counsel pretty much.

"Let their tenets alone," the Cautious Lady replied to Third Cousin's first question. "They help to make life lovely."

As we waited for the long line of machines ahead of us to get into motion, he cleared his throat and spoke almost hesitatingly. "Would you think me very much of an old fool," he said, "if I asked you to drive out to the end of the point with me again tonight?"

We had taken him there one afternoon a week or more before, and his very silence had shown the depth of his impression. The experience moves one, but not to words. On three sides of the huge cliff the water had glittered in the sun, an illimitable stretch of blue. Across the bay the city had risen in the pale tints of a Jules Guérin print, the mountains behind it piled range upon range until the Cuyamacas faded into haze.

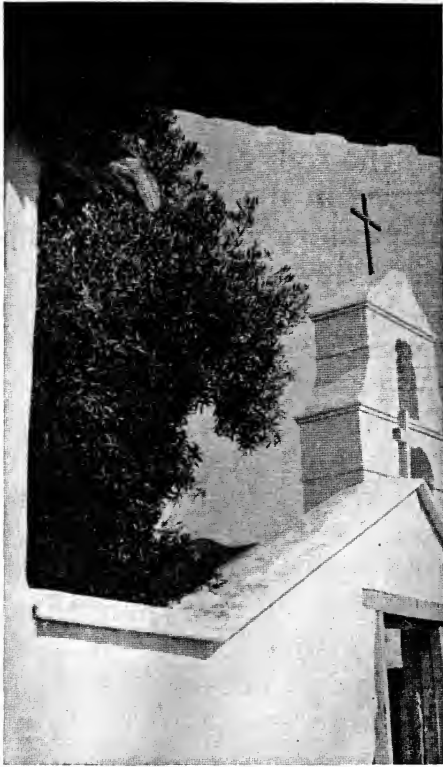
Tonight the road was bewitched by moonlight, and the old lighthouse, still standing sturdily on the highest bit of

The Field Glass

ground, seemed pure white against the blackness of the cliffs. Its modern successor winks its colored lights out over the water from a spot close down to the shore, at the foot of the point.

We stood at the edge of Suicide Cliff (some dark story must go with the name) and looked down over the bay. A steamer was rounding the point, and the harbor was full of lighted craft of various sorts. We had little difficulty in picking out the hotel and the long string of twinkling lights that meant Tent City. In the other direction, far out in the ocean, we could just see the dark specks of fishing boats,— a great fleet of them. Next morning, if we chanced to wake early and glance out of our bedroom windows, we might see them coming in through the fog.

We were almost home before Third Cousin spoke. "You have not exaggerated that drive," he said; and added, perhaps half a mile farther, "I suppose you would if you could."



"—celebrated its hundredth anniversary that month."



IV

LITTLE Pala Mission celebrated its hundredth anniversary that month. For three days and nights the Indians and their white friends prayed, feasted, and danced in honor of the event, while newspaper reporters walked about and moving picture men turned their cameras.

All day long we had rubbed elbows with dirty Indians, sticky, perspiring, smelling frightfully of garlic and other strange Mexican things; first in the rude little chapel where Father Doyle conducted the service, the Indians kneeling devoutly on the floor, while two dozen or more Americans, some fashionable, some curious, others sympathetic, stood in a group by the door; then, at the barbecue, where The Cautious Lady shuddered and Third Cousin was amused, but at least the Indians and their dogs were happy; and later, when Juan Sotelo Culac, the Rincon Indian feather dancer,

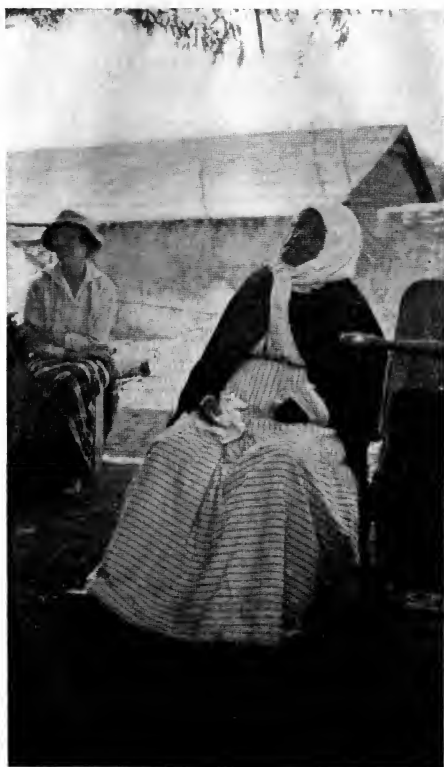
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did his la ta-ta-huila in the middle of a dusty circle of stamping, growling, chanting Indians, pressing forward in one great breath-destroying mass.

Warm we were, and dirty; but the experience was worth such slight discomforts, — though The Cautious Lady pronounced the baby show a distinct disappointment, and took more interest in photographing the indifferent grandmother of one of the sticky contestants.

We drove down to Vista that night; the seventy miles into San Diego would have too long delayed the hot water and soap we needed. At the clean cool inn we tumbled into bed like sleepy puppies, and ate next morning a well-nigh incapacitating breakfast.

We had dragged Third Cousin up to Pala without apology or excuse, setting our alarms for four o'clock, and hurrying out in the chill of early morning in order to be in time for high mass at the quaint little chapel. We expected him to be interested but hardly enthusiastic; for there is nothing spectacularly beautiful about the trip. But something of the magic in the clear air, or the sweet tang of the shrubs growing in the winding



"—indifferent grandmother of a sticky contestant."

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river valleys, or the dense tangle of California growth through which the road sometimes cut, must have got into his blood; for all the next day he asked questions about our back country and the mountains.

Since he was really interested, we took him over to San Luis Rey, at one time the most flourishing of the missions. Though it has been restored and is quite prosperous, it is still beautiful; and the graveyard has happily been left untouched.

A barefooted Mexican friar guided us through the building, showing us a few of the relics of the place, a little book of Father Peyri's, and some of the huge old choir missals, beautifully illuminated on parchment, and heavily studded with brass. ("They look like hope chests!" I heard VG hiss into The Cautious Lady's ear. Our guide caught the last words and smiled pleasantly. "Ye-es, a small trunk," he agreed.)

Brother Giles was most courteous and patient with us, a rather talkative and heedless group of pilgrims, I am afraid.

That night, back once more at the hotel, as we drank our coffee in the lobby



Brother Giles almost escaped from the picture.

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and listened to the music coming from the mezzanine floor above, we wondered what had become of Third Cousin. He had disappeared since dinner, and it was not until late in the evening that he joined us again.

"I have just made a most extraordinary discovery," he said, seeking to surprise us with something we had known all along. "The gentleman I have been talking to so much is John Hernan, the manager of this hotel. Such a thing had not occurred to me. A most interesting man, with original ideas about his work; I like him. Did you know that the Montessori school here at the hotel is his own project?"

"That is only one of the many things he does for the youngsters," The Cautious Lady replied. "I wish that you could be here in the winter and see the Christmas tree that he has for all the children in Coronado, small Japanese and negroes as well as 'poor little rich girls'. The delight they take in being all mixed up together is amusing. As a rule I pity hotel children. Poor little things! Restless, bored, missing all the wholesome side of life. But here it is very different;

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the little ones can be quite happy and healthy. Really, I can truthfully say that I have never seen another hotel where I would be willing to keep a small child for a week."

"Yet the little pests never seem to be around," The Man of Affairs breathed thankfully.

"Good enough reason why," VG answered with indignation. "They are off enjoying themselves where they can't be contaminated by grown-ups."

"A hotel manager with ideals," Third Cousin mused, still thinking of Mr. Hernan.

"You will find a few such here in California," The Cautious Lady told him; "men who get the best out of their work. They are often of widely different types. I hope you can meet more of them before you go back; Frank Miller of the Mission Inn, Edward Davis at Mesa Grande. They are sometimes scholars as well as gentlemen."

Third Cousin was impatient to begin preparations for our back country wanderings (albeit hopelessly ignorant in the matter of machines and California travel); and with the aid of road maps secured

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from Mr. Hernan (who is more than kind to the motor enthusiasts stopping at the hotel, — and there are many of them, asking for all sorts of favors; the hiring of machines for them at the garage, the making of reservations at the various wayside inns), we laid plans and discussed routes far into the night.



V

WE got into the mountains long before the first freshness of the morning was gone. After one good grade, that lifted us suddenly high above the placid farming country we had just come through, we sniffed a heady freshness in the air that made us happy in the mere feel of the road beneath us and the spread of the sky above. To rush pell-mell at our wanderings in this headlong fashion is not much like the gypsying of our sometime ancestors. But perhaps the spirit of the thing is less modernized than the flesh.

Stopping at the Willows to fill our thermos bottles at the spring and exchange jokes with the good natured Walkers, we cast an appreciative eye at the dense shade of the big oaks; but it could not tempt us from the open road. On up Veijas grade we hurried quite heedlessly, little caring what happened if we but made the real mountains



“—in the mere feel of the road beneath us—”

The Field Glass

and the big trees first. I suppose The Cautious Lady cared; but nothing *did* happen.

There may be those who cannot sense the almost delirious charm of Descanso and the Cuyamaca mountains. Poor weak spirits; let them go! I imagine San Diego is full of old salts who cannot bear to leave the sea for an hour. But there are some few living creatures obsessed with a craving for both extremes. They ought surely to live in San Diego, where the ocean is in sight, and the mountains in reach of their feet.

There are several big tree-shadowed ranches at Descanso, where one may stop for an hour or a month. (Usually the former time, with longings after the latter.) But Mr. Hernan had had a lunch put up for us at the hotel, — such an extravagant, toothsome lunch; and we knew quite well that, no matter how long we might be delayed by engine trouble or possible blowouts, we would eat at Cuyamaca. As a matter of fact we reached the lake quite easily by noon; but, wavering helplessly among a dozen or more tempting spots, we finally kept on to a certain high, not-far-distant place

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we knew, where one may sit in the dry grass beside the road and look down on the Salton Sea, a mere shimmer in the distance. We sat there, peaceful, loath to move, until driven forth by a sudden stream of huge red ants. They would, I am convinced, turn up inopportunely in Paradise!

Loving the Cuyamacas too much to deface them or risk the destruction of even one old sycamore or towering pine, we burned all our trash, forcing Gasoline to squat in the road with the canvas water bag until the last ember of our lovely lunch had been extinguished. (We tell this not to laud ourselves, but to encourage others to like uprightness!)

We passed through Julian, the apple country,—but it was too late for the blossoms and too early for the apples,—and stopped for fresh water at Pine Hills Lodge, where we had difficulty in getting VG away; for she scurried about madly with sketchbook and kodak, in despair at being torn from so much good copy. (She says that word does not apply to an artist's profession.)

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It *is* heartbreaking to be dashed helplessly from one delight to another. The way to travel through this country is on foot, with a pack mule somewhere discreetly in the background. Neither Gasoline nor The Man of Affairs agrees in this view. And Third Cousin looked scornful. "Walk," he protested, "in a country like this? Why, it's a motor paradise. I had no idea that we would find such perfect mountain roads. Poway—that *is* the name of the amazing grade you took me over last week, is it not?—is a triumph of engineering."

To tell the truth, we are proud of our roads in this county.

We had half thought of going on to Warner's Hot Springs that night, though the ladies voted determinedly for Mesa Grande. Gasoline, with a masculine desire to explore new fields, held out for Warner's until I remarked somewhat disingenuously that Mesa Grande was cherry country.

We got to Powam Lodge in the long-shadow time of the afternoon, when everything was glorified, and quite fell in love before we had time to get out of the car with Prince, the fat old collie,



"—scurried about madly—"

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who keeps his nose skinned digging for squirrels, but takes time to meet every guest with grave hospitality. Fine old fellow; it would be unendurable not to find him there. But that is how one feels about everything at Powam Lodge.

Third Cousin stared incredulously at the polished floors, the beautiful rugs, the grand piano, the books and magazines. To find hot and cold water and a perfect dining room service at a lodge some sixty miles in the mountains astounded him. "I wish you could see some of the country inns we have to put up with at home!" he exclaimed.

He had protested warningly against being kept overnight at "some miserable shack of a hotel". "I think you can be comfortable at Powam Lodge," The Man of Affairs had replied mildly. We explained in due time one of the peculiarities of southern California, the fact that scattered throughout the country, however far one may penetrate, there are inns or public ranch houses, comfortable, clean, hospitable, — some of them masterpieces of imagination, as at Mesa Grande.

When we went up to our rooms that

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night we found in each of them baskets of the big red mountain cherries, with cards bearing our names, the gifts of the owner and his charming wife. Third Cousin was speechless. "Where do people learn to do such gracious things," he cried. "Is there something in the air here that makes them grow differently, or is it really magic?"

I should have eaten those cherries had I died for it!

Mr. Davis is the Indian man of the county; not because he isn't a perfectly upright American, but because he, more than any other not of their own race, knows the Indians and understands them, and can make them come to him and obey like little children. One can learn much of history and of psychology at his lodge.

Considerably before we were ready to leave we took to the road again, and were plunged forthwith onto an astonishing grade of such surpassing loveliness that The Cautious Lady's natural fears were lost in delight, and only once did she recollect herself in time to get out and walk over a bad turn. Gasoline was unnecessarily amused.

The Field Glass

He acted as if he, and not the Almighty, had put something over on her.

At the foot of the grade, when we had crossed the Santa Ysabel creek, we stopped to let Gasoline rest. He had driven us at a snail's pace, with his foot on the brake, for fourteen long miles. Those who are poor-spirited and craven and prefer smooth comfort to esthetic delight may go to Mesa Grande by another route!

We went on down through Ramona, a hot little hole (begging the forgiveness of the inhabitants), and the dense tangle of San Pasqual cañon beyond, where Kit Carson's men fought their battle with the Mexicans; a wild spot, full of poison oak and rattlers, mayhap, but lovely!

We did not stop at Escondido, a thriving little town in the middle of a pretty valley, but went on to Vista for lunch (we are getting into the habit of eating there), with an eye to the cool breeze that always filters up that valley.

You see, we had gradually been working back to the coast. I sniffed its salt on our return with the same joy with which we had greeted the mountains.



"—meet Spanish romance—"



VI

SOONER or later we again drifted up to the Mission Inn. Third Cousin *had* to see it, — although he did not know that! We wanted him to walk in unwarned, as we once had. Well, the experiment was successful. We saw Philadelphia decorum meet Spanish romance and go down before it.

While he wandered about, satisfied but inarticulate, we undertook to see a bit of the surrounding country this time. Riverside never allows itself to go to seed. The lovely drives, the parks, the orchards, the city streets are all in order. But I like our own country better; I should miss its wildness and ruggedness at Riverside.

One evening just before dinner Gasoline, VG, and I climbed Mount Rubidoux. We started out decorously enough in the machine; but following a sudden whim of VG's left it at the foot of the grade and scrambled up the trail

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that short cuts to the top in some twenty minutes. The machine road offers one of the easiest climbs in the state, I fancy. It is wide and smooth, with a comforting little stone fence at the edge. But that evening we felt like playing pilgrim.

While one climbs it, Rubidoux is a scraggy thing like any other California mountain; but at the top it emerges suddenly in a splendid pile of rock. We sat for a long time at the foot of the cross, watching the valleys around us change under the sunset.

The cross is for Father Serra; and getting up to go, we read its inscription in the fading light:

Fra Junipero Serra
1713-1784

Dedicated
April 26, 1907

By

Rt. Rev. Thomas James Conaty
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles

In the presence of
Many People.



"—emerged suddenly in a splendid pile of rocks."

The Field Glass

All good things come to an end, and one clear morning we started for Los Angeles, feeling very pleasantly toward the world. But through some mistake,— I dare not even yet say whose,— we blundered onto the wrong road; and not until we reached Claremont did we manage to turn over to the Foothill Boulevard, that entrancing stretch of perfect highway beloved of speeders and timid people (for somewhat different reasons!). By that time we were quarreling quite violently. Words ran high. It was a good quarrel, the first we had had since Third Cousin joined us. We enjoyed it.

We went on to Los Angeles not speaking, less appreciative of the charms of Pasadena than we might otherwise have been! But at luncheon we were revived somewhat.

The Cautious Lady loathes Los Angeles. She hates its noise and confusion, its narrow streets, its reckless drivers, its peculiar traffic laws and indifferent policemen. We did not linger there.

But it was fairly late in the day, nevertheless, when we started; for VG



"Pretty fair," we agreed easily—

The Field Glass

had delayed us in the pursuit of various small feminine necessities, the purchasing of which she went about with great cheerfulness and leisure. Trusting that speed cops and arrest were remote possibilities, Gasoline gradually sank lower in his seat and indulged to the full his long repressed desire, — though with one incredulous ear turned toward the back seat, where The Cautious Lady for once was sitting. But she and Third Cousin talked too busily to notice.

"She doesn't know how fast I'm going unless she sees the speedometer," grinned Gasoline, and speeded up another notch.

"Uncommonly fine road," Third Cousin interrupted once to remark, when mile after mile of the smooth highway had slipped behind us.

"Pretty fair," we agreed easily, blasé on the subject of roads. To us, the coast highway between Los Angeles and San Diego, marvelous as it is, with its prosperous orchards and pretty towns, is rather tame.

We stopped for a few minutes at San Juan Capistrano, that loveliest of the missions, glad to have seen it before



"—that loveliest of the missions—"



"—for a Touchstone and his Audrey—"

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dozen or so building sites up on the hill, only to hear that it has already been sold to some eastern millionaire or artist.

Del Mar roads ramble at will. We wound about in them, lost to a sense of direction, lost to a sense of everything but our ever recurring delight in the cliffs and the ragged trees and the blue water below us. Many spots have one of these charms; Del Mar has them all.

All manner of houses are tucked away among the trees; a tiny Japanese affair plucked bodily from some art shop; the squat and rambling California bungalow at its best; a huge and formal country residence done elaborately in cement. And everywhere trees. One woman has cut a hole in her roof that a great old eucalyptus may grow on undisturbed. Would that all our city fathers had her vision! In due time we took Third Cousin over to the Stratford Theatre, rejoicing in his exclamation of surprise. Greek theatres, amphitheatres, stadiums abound in southern California. But Stratford is a spot set aside by nature for pageantry, a perfect background for a Touchstone and his Audrey. Man's work is hardly visible.

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"I should not stir one step from here," Third Cousin said almost regretfully at luncheon, "if I had not come to think of Coronado as home, and the hotel there almost as my own. It's a deuced bother to have so many places pulling at your heartstrings at once. You should be content with one And they are so preposterously good to you there," he added as we drove away, looking back at the big inn in its setting of gorgeous cannas.

Once more on our way into San Diego, we stopped for a moment at the top of Torrey Pine grade. To some, this grizzled cliff, with its freakish, wind-torn trees, is one of the most loved spots in the county.

The sun shone that morning! The stretch of road between Del Mar and La Jolla was a thing to move one to silence, poetry, or tears, according to temperament. In the spring the hills are green, and lovely with huge patches of yellow mustard. But in August the ocean is a deeper blue if possible, and the Maxfield Parrish cliffs stand out even more clearly against the sky.



VII

WE were down on the breakwater. The Cautious Lady, Third Cousin, and I. We sat on the rocks and watched the little green crabs scabbling about in a pool at our feet.

"You will never forget this place," she said.

"You need not remind me of that fact," he replied sharply. "The memory of it will haunt me until I come again. I shall be unfit for a man's work."

He had lingered on through the summer and fall, loathe to go, running up I dreaded to think how much of a bill. We had gone on many jaunts into the back country, or Mexico, or up the coast; sometimes coming back to Coronado for the night, sometimes staying away two days, three days, a week.

Charmed and amazed at the climate, he at first refused to believe that it could be so perfect all through the year.

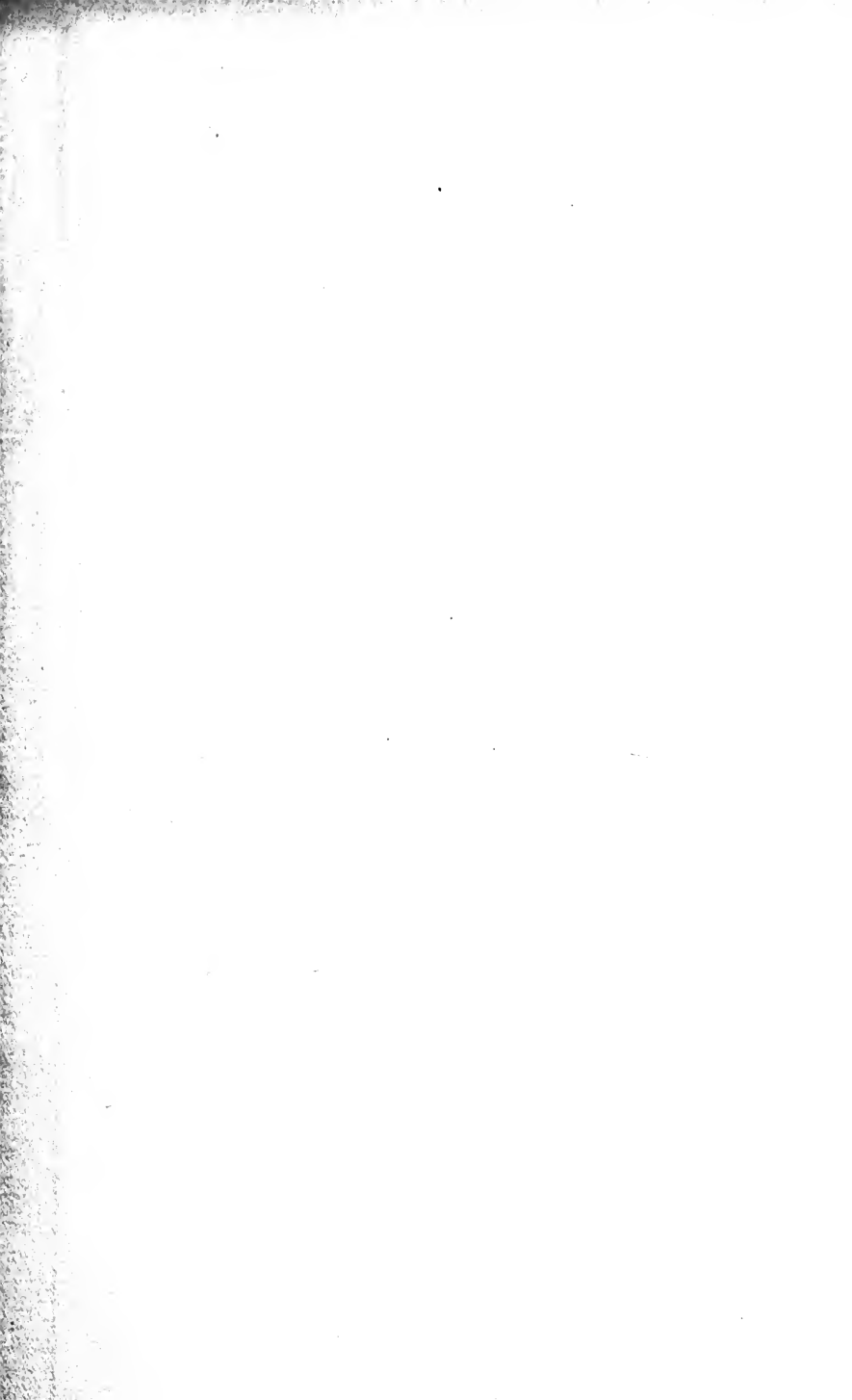
The Field Glass

But as the weeks passed he gradually came to admit it.

"I never want to go back," he said. "I shall have rheumatism all winter in Philadelphia." He began to talk about lots and the cost of building.

But now certain letters had come and he was leaving on the afternoon train.

As we walked across the sand to the hotel it may have been fancy of course, but I thought he cleared his throat unnecessarily hard as he looked back over his shoulder toward Point Loma.



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