

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

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Tranquillity on the road to Point Lobos at the turn of the century. Here is today's Highway 1 south of Carmel!

Mrs. William R. Kilmer, of Pacific Grove, was thoughtful enough to send us the following delightful first-hand reminiscence of life at Point Lobos at the turn of the century. A cousin of hers, now in her 80's and an Oakland resident, wrote it a year or so ago, mainly for interested third and fourth generation members of her family. But we all felt that members of the Association would surely enjoy Miss Black's account. Our special thanks to her for writing it and to Mrs. Kilmer for making it available.

Point Lobos 1900 by Marjorie Black

The smells that I treasure and hope that I will never forget are:
The sweet smell of pine trees in the sun or wet with fog.
The smell of wood fires—reminders of the warmth within.
The salty seaweed smell of the ocean.
The pungent smell of tarweed.
The sweet smell of wild flowers in the fields.

All these combine to remind me of the many happy times I spent on the Monterey Peninsula.

In 1900 my mother, Selma Talbott Black, my brother, William Talbott Black, and I went to Point Lobos for the first time for a summer vacation. My aunt, Harriett Talbott Vestal, and her daughters, Hattiellen and Gretchen, went with us. At that very time the Point was owned by a Mr. H. Allan. He and his family lived there in a large home. Dr. Fluno was a friend of theirs and also of my mother and her sister so the arrangements were made for us to spend the summer there.

We went by train, hot and dusty, to Monterey, where we were met by Mr. Bentley, a caretaker, who drove us to the Point. As I remember there was nothing at Carmel but a farm house. We were so excited that we didn't notice the discomforts.

Our little house in the woods was not too far from the present entrance to the Point Lobos reserve. There was a beautiful view across the fields to the Carmel Bay to what is now known as Carmel and Pebble Beach. We would run across the fields to a small beach in a cove, which we promptly named Private Beach because no one else used it.



Japanese in deep-sea diving suit. For about 25 years Japanese dived for abalone for the Point Lobos Canning Company.

There were small tide pools where we spent many hours just fascinated with the marine life. Across the water we could see the huge carcass of a whale and a Japanese abalone cannery.

We little girls were not allowed to go around the paths and trails of the main Point alone, but my brother went everywhere. One day he went to the very top of Point Lobos and couldn't turn to get back. A ranger found him, white as a sheet, and backed him down. Punishing him didn't do any good—he just thought of something else to do.

While we were vacationing here, my father, William H. Black, and my uncle, Nate Vestal, were in Alaska mining during the open season. Several summers were spent on the Point. One time we spent the entire year there because our fathers remained in Alaska.

We four children went to the little country school where we sat three in a row. (*Editor's note:* This school is the present "Little Red Schoolhouse," of course.) The other students were Mexican-Americans named Morales, whose parents had a farm in the valley. The Allan children had their own private tutor at home.

About once a week our mothers brought lunch and we ate on a high bluff behind the school. Below was Big Beach with huge waves and a dangerous undertow. For the first time in our lives, school was great fun. We learned the names of many flowers and trees and became acquainted with the sassy blue jays and large grey squirrels. In those days everything seemed so big and beautiful. Was it really??

Early one day we were awakened and told to dress quickly and go down to Private Beach for the herring run. The water was just a solid mass of tiny fish. The women in their long dresses and full long aprons walked right into the water and scooped up the tiny fish with their aprons and then emptied them into buckets. The herring, with the head and tail still on, were fried in butter and served as the main course. You have never tasted anything so delicious. In those days it wasn't so important to have a balanced meal—just be sure that it tasted good.



Carmelito Cove at Point Lobos, showing the old whaling station started there in the 1860's.



Present Coal Chute Point at Point Lobos takes its name from turn-of-the-century days when wagon teams hauled newly mined coal to be shipped from here by sea.

One night I wakened to hear a chopping sound. Mama and my aunt were chasing little crabs all over the house and chopping them up. It was an eerie sight in the dim light of the kerosene lamps. My brother Tal, who had a habit of getting into all kinds of trouble, had brought home a bucket of the crabs and left them on the front porch.

Supplies for the families on the Point were brought from Monterey. As a special treat we were allowed to go with Mr. Bentley for this long trip. We took turns sitting with the driver and flat out in the back of the wagon. It was an exciting day, but the next day was spent very quietly on the cool front porch nursing aching muscles and sunburn and enjoying the quiet soothing sounds of the surf and the wind in the trees.

One of the highlights of the year was my birthday party in the woods. A long table was set up under the trees. Wild flowers were used for decorations and a pretty crown of flowers was made for me. I felt like a fairy princess.

The guests were the Allan children, the Morales children, my brother, and my cousins. I remember the large bowls of tree-ripened fruit, fresh from the nearby farms, a platter heaped high with fried chicken, another one with four-inch ears of Yellow Bantam corn, all the extras, and of course a birthday cake. What a party—topped off with games and playing in the woods afterwards.

This whole year living at Point Lobos was the last time we had a long vacation in the area. Many, many years passed before I returned to the Monterey Peninsula.

My father had bought one of the first Model T Fords, but didn't like to drive, so he gave the car to me. After learning to drive, my mother and I took our first trip away from Oakland by car.

Heading south we drove through acres and acres of wild flowers—poppies, lupines, buttercups, owl clover, shooting stars, wild pansies, and finally sand verbenas. At 20 to 25 miles per hour it was a sight never to be forgotten.

As we came puffing (not us, but the tired old Ford) up the hill from Monterey and down into Carmel the same combination of sweet smells greeted me. How it stirred up childhood memories!

At this time Carmel was a charming, peaceful little village with attractive shops, quaint restaurants, art studios and galleries. The homes with their typical Carmel architecture and lovely gardens were a delight. We fell in love with it all. A drive to Point Lobos was a must. There was the old school house still by the side of the road and across the field the Allan home. All the old familiar paths around the Point were visited again.

On February 8, 1933 the title to Point Lobos passed from Mr. Allan to the state. It became a State Park, known as the Point Lobos Reserve. After this first trip back to Carmel, I went back many times each year. Going to Point Lobos and around the Seventeen-Mile Drive on the way home was a part of the joyous routine.

Changes—Changes—Changes!!!

The last trip to Carmel was by fast driving on the freeway, with overpasses and underpasses. Ocean Avenue was a solid mass of tourists, trippers, hippies, and cars. The real old time residents stay home during the peak hours and seasons. As usual we drove on to Point Lobos. Its beauty and grandeur remained unchanged. I don't really long for "the good old days." I am just very grateful for the happy memories.



Cosas de Interes para Los Socios

Gremlins in unprecedented numbers accompanied the production of our December issue. We thought we'd coped with all their naughty deeds by the time the very last proof was corrected. But no! *Noticias* appeared without the author's name on the memoir about the mounted troops along the Path of History in 1923. So herewith our apology to the author, Carmel attorney Shelburn Robison.

Welcome to New Members

In October: Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Conway, Mrs. Peggy T. Diehl, Col. and Mrs. Thomas G. Foster III, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Guillou, Gina Serrano, Lisa Serrano, Kent Seavey, Gerald Chandler, Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Philip R. Feir.

In November: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown, Mrs. J.H. Burk, Dr. and Mrs. George S. Campion, Mr. and Mrs. Marc J. Del Piero, Mr. and Mrs. John Edmundson, Miss Amy Geraghty, Mr. and Mrs. C. Donald Graef, Ms. Louise M. Kelley, Mrs. Mary K. Rohrbach, Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Santee, Edward J. Schneider III, Elena Andrea Schneider, Capt. and Mrs. Steven Starner, Blaise G. Stoltenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Stimpson, Cdr. and Mrs. H. O. Sudholz, Mrs. Elsa Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Van Zander.

In December: Miss Jamie Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Klaput, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Peterson, Mrs. Jane Pilotte, Mr. John Richard Powers, Dr. Elizabeth W. Trahan.

In January: Dr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Huntington, Mrs. Carrol C. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Jamison, Mrs. Dudley Laughton, Mr. and Mrs. S. Marshall Kempner, Dr. and Mrs. John A. Mitchell, Mr. Jose S. Moore, Mr. Paul Heidhamer, Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Nielsen, Mrs. L. J. Owens, Miss Marcella Pierson, Dr. Jacqueline A. Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Saunders, Linda Grant Teasley, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tubman, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Winters.

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Photograph Lovers Wanted

The Maritime Museum needs some special volunteer help. Recently a great number of photographs have been donated. In order to add them to our already comprehensive collection of ship photographs—for preservation and ready reference—volunteers are needed to help sort, catalogue, and place them in binders. Two or three persons a couple of hours a week, working with advisory assistance at the Museum, would be giving invaluable help. If you can give some time or can suggest someone who could, please call Admiral Stone, Director of the Museum, or Col. MacFarland, Deputy Director. Both can be reached at 375-2553.



Casa Joaquin Soto, on Via Joaquin off Eldorado. Built in 1827, this is one of several private adobes that will be open to the public for Adobe Tour as they have not been for several years.

An Invitation to the Old Pacific Capital

That's the theme of this year's unique Adobe Tour, honoring the one hundredth anniversary of Robert Louis Stevenson's stay on the Peninsula. Every adobe on the tour will have a special table arrangement by an internationally famous hostess. Virginia Stanton tells us that the Casa Joaquin Soto will also have a marvelous doll collection from all over Monterey County—dolls owned by such well-known residents as the late Margaret Jacks and Mrs. Fussell. Other adobes will include such admired ones as the Casa Alvarado, Amesti, Soberanes, et al. Tour will be one day only—April 28. Tickets are \$5 for adults, \$3 for students and military persons.

Warning!

The Association is still concerned over the wasted money being spent because members have overlooked giving us change of address. The Board is now wondering whether we should change the system. Instead of having undelivered mail returned, so we can try to track down your new address, perhaps we should just let the Post Office junk undelivered mail. Would make for some unhappy, uninformed members no doubt, but would save the money for better purposes. To avoid this, do please remember to send us (or phone us) your new address.

**THE EDITORS
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Memorial Contributions

Contributions in memory of Lola Crane Bishop have been received by the Association from Lola Wohler Caballo and British Motors of Monterey. In memory of the late R. Adm. Francis D. Boyle, from Commander and Mrs. William C. Stowers, Captain and Mrs. William B. Provost, and Professor Robert Giles.

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