Fall 2006

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Charlie Chaplin Ate Here:

History-Making Restaurants Past and Present

Noticias de Monterey

Monterey History and Art Association

These outstanding restaurants have been selected to represent four unique communities of the Greater Monterey Peninsula region. Each in its special way exemplifies the hospitality celebrated by visitors to this area for over 200 years. The community spirit of these historic establishments has helped make this issue possible. The Editor encourages readers to reciprocate with their patronage.

Vol. LV No. 4 Fall 2006

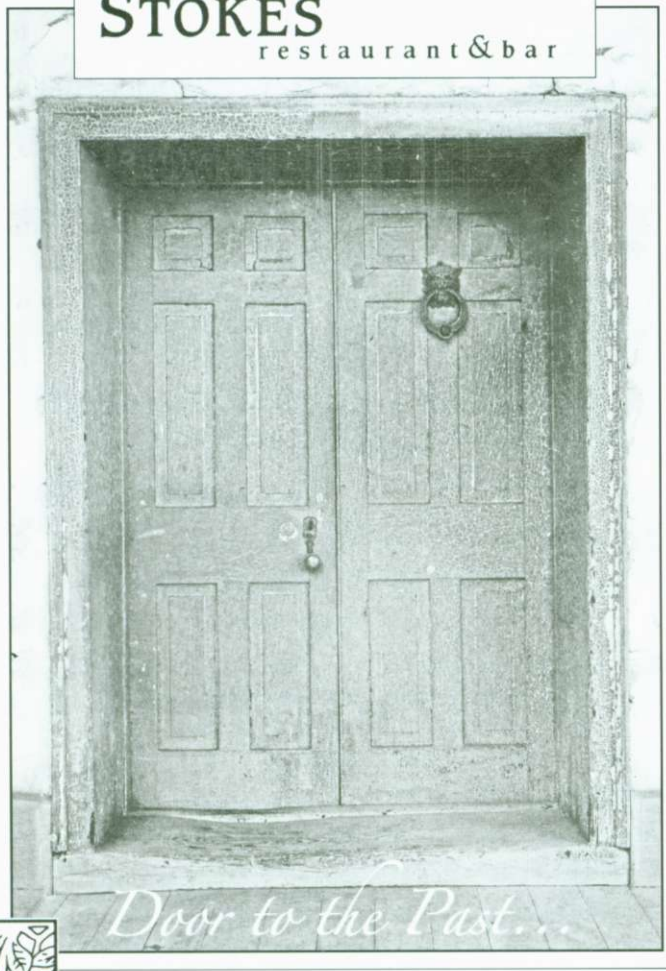
NOTICIAS DE MONTEREY

(Formerly Noticias del Puerto de Monterey)

Detail from Pop Ernest's Menu by artist Jo Mora.

In Monterey...

STOKES
restaurant & bar



Stokes Restaurant and Bar, *which occupies one of Monterey's most venerable residences, recently celebrated its 10th anniversary. In the 1830s, Englishman James Stokes married the widowed Josefa Soto de Cano and together they expanded this single-story adobe for their six offspring. Home during the past century to many prominent Montereyans including beloved hostess Hattie Gragg, and longtime location of Gallatin's Restaurant, this welcoming hostelry is a locals' favorite for all occasions.*

On Cannery Row...

Forty years ago, the founding owners of **The Sardine Factory** *chanced their luck on Cannery Row when it was nothing but a wasteland of departed dreams. Their talent and vision are apparent in every unique room of what has long been recognized as one of our region's premier dining spots – and the first step in the owners' revitalization of what has become a world-famous tourist mecca.*

In Pacific Grove...

food, fun...

fandango

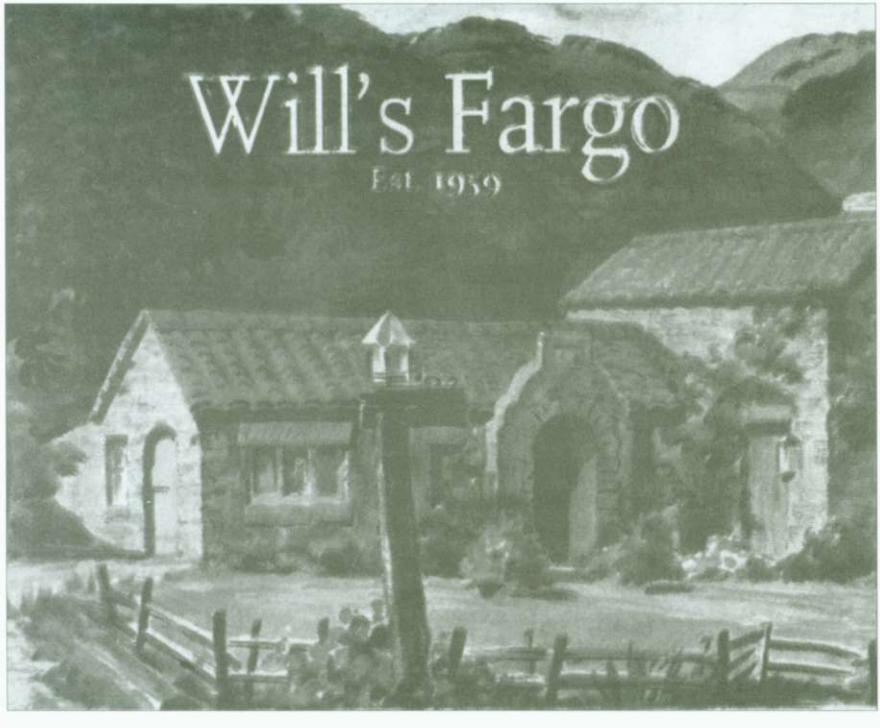
for your sunday brunch,
luncheon, or dinner

Although it can't really compare in age to Pacific Grove's venerable Victorians, **Fandango's** *location gives the impression of having been on the scene since before the first Chautauqua. The rustic charm of the décor fosters this agreeable illusion, as does co-founder Pierre Bain's venerable lineage. Since 1737, the Bains family have been hotel-keepers and restaurateurs in the south of France.*

In Carmel Valley...

WILL'S FARGO

Dining House & Saloon



For 25 years, **Will's Fargo** *has extended a Western-style welcome to visitors who have hitched their horses for a lunch or dinner stop. At this choice indoor-outdoor eatery, which has recently become part of nearby Bernardus Resort, the brass plaque on the door still draws a chuckle from observant guests who read that "On this site in 1897, nothing happened."*

"Charlie Chaplin Ate Here"
Pop Ernest's Abalone and Seafood Restaurant

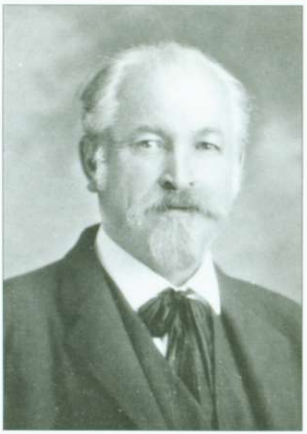
A Memoir by Carl Doelter

My father, "Pop" Earnest Doelter, was born in Kehl, Germany in 1865. When he was a young man, he started roaming the world. He worked in hotels and restaurants in New York City and eventually in California, where he met Veronica Schmolke Herrnkohl, also born in Germany in 1865. She sang light opera at the Tivoli and Orpheum theaters in San Francisco. When her troupe left San Francisco for Portland, Oregon, my father followed and found work in one of the exclusive clubs as a steward. My parents were married in Portland, where I was born in 1891.

I was about a year old when they returned to Marin County, where Pop was the steward at the Pacific Yacht Club in Sausalito. Later he had his own business, the Trŏcadero in San Francisco's Stern Grove, named after a famous spot in Paris. Pop's restaurant became the meeting spot of choice for city officials as well as the sporting and business communities. Pop subsequently worked at the old Cliff House and later started businesses in Stockton and Gilroy.

In 1908, "Pop," with my mother and the five of us kids left Gilroy, where he had managed the Central Hotel, and moved to Monterey. With our various dogs, parrots and monkey, Dad, Mom, Ernest Jr., Vera, Minnie, Otto and I moved into what we called the Caspar Hotel because Charley Caspar was the proprietor. It was the old St. Charles, which eventually became the Mission Inn.

Veronica and the five Doelter children behind the family's Capp Street home in San Francisco, c.1900. Unless stated otherwise, all illustrations are courtesy of Patricia Doelter Sands, daughter of the author.



Ernest and Veronica Doelter.

Pop Ernest in 1934 with signature fez and examples from his collections of German beer steins. Rey Ruppel photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #82-31-07.

The Great White Fleet at Monterey Harbor in 1908. President Teddy Roosevelt had the US fleet painted white for greater visibility from shore, then sent it to San Francisco with a dual purpose: to make a show of US naval power in the Pacific, and to discourage the post-earthquake scapegoating of people of Japanese descent. Pat Hathaway photo, #76-44-01.

Monterey was pretty exciting after Gilroy. It was "Fleet Week." Admiral Evans' big Atlantic Fleet had come around the Horn and was sprucing up at Monterey before sailing on to San Francisco.

Pop bought a share of the little restaurant and bar next door to the hotel. The former owners, all tired out, were happy to quit as soon as we stepped in. Everyone in our family helped in the restaurant: Ernest Jr. worked as cook along with Pop; Mother and I were in the dining room; Vera was the cashier.

The restaurant did a good business, and soon we had to have more help—extra waiters and a bartender. The bar and restaurant got a new name—Café Ernest (pronounced "Café Ernst" by the locals)—although almost no one called our father by his given name; everybody just called him "Pop."

We left the St. Charles and lived in the restaurant building while looking for a home in Monterey. Before long we moved into an old Mexican-era adobe that was still standing on Calle Principal, which back then was known as Main Street.

Along with my brothers and sisters, I attended school at Colton Hall, Monterey's only grade school at the time. Later we transferred to the San Carlos convent school where, in addition to our regular course work, Vera and Minnie studied music, while Ernest Jr. and I took a business course.

I left school in 1911 or so, and continued working in Pop's restaurant, which did mostly night business. Vera was still working as cashier. It was around this time that she met her future husband, Walter Stokes, who was also working for Pop.

In 1912 or 1913, the City of Monterey raised the cost of liquor licenses to a price that Pop didn't figure he could afford, so we all moved to San

Francisco. The family split up because we each had to take different jobs. Pop got a job as headwaiter at the "Old Poodle Dog," a well-known French restaurant. Ernest Jr. and I worked at the St. Francis Hotel—Ernest as cook's helper and me as bus boy in the dining room. Ernest Jr. and I got jobs at that big hotel thanks to Victor Heitzler, chef at the Hotel St. Francis. He and Pop were good friends because they came from the same hometown in Germany, near Strasbourg in Alsace.

The following year, Pop and I worked at the Hoffbrau Haus, a well-known German place located underground at Fifth and Market Streets. It was here that Pop first introduced the famous abalone steak, during the Pan-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, which lasted over a year and brought two million visitors to town.

Later Pop found a partner and together they opened their own restaurant in the Hotel Fielding on Geary Street. It was a nice place, but the high rents and the overhead costs of help made it unprofitable to carry on. Meanwhile, my sister Minnie married Fred McMurray from Gilroy, who had been my violin teacher. Fred went on concert tours that took him to the East Coast and many other places, and Minnie traveled with him.

Pop made another try with a little restaurant on Sutter Street in San Francisco. I worked with him as waiter, and my brothers Ernest Jr. and Otto worked as cooks. We featured Monterey Bay abalone and mussels, which were shipped to us by Mr. A.M. Allen, who owned Point Lobos back then. Mr. Allen had a crew of Japanese divers collecting the abalones. They also operated an abalone cannery. The shipments did not always materialize due to high tides and rough weather, leaving some customers disappointed, and the business failed again.

Interior of Café Ernest, downtown Monterey, 1910.

Cousin Irwin in front of the family "shack" at Point Lobos, c.1918.

In early 1916 we all moved in separate directions once more. Vera and her husband Walter Stokes went to the Oakland area, where Walter worked in the shipyards. Otto joined the Merchant Marine. Ernest Jr. first worked in the shipyards and later joined the Merchant Marine. Pop and Mother moved back to Point Lobos. I went to Eureka with some other guys my age and worked as a waiter at the Hotel Vance.

Mother felt very much alone at Point Lobos, so Vera and her little daughter Lois joined her there. Pop was still in the abalone business, getting fresh abalone from Mr. Allen's Japanese fishermen and preparing them for the big hotels in San Francisco, where they were in great demand.

Pioneering Japanese abalone divers at Point Lobos. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views Collection.

The author at the front during World War I.

Meanwhile, war broke out with Germany and I was inducted into the army. After a few months training, my regiment was sent to France. Then, after a few months of additional training, our infantry division—the 91st—went "over the top" in the Argone Forest. Although Pop and Mother were both from Germany, they felt fine about me fighting against the Germans because both had come to the United States in their younger years.

In 1919, after the war was over, we were all reunited with Pop and Mother at Point Lobos. It was then that Pop bought the Monterey Boating Club from Mr. Frank Booth, who had set up the first big sardine cannery next to Fishermen's Wharf in Monterey.

It was just a big empty shell of a building when we bought it, with large cracks in the floor of the kitchen where waves would splash in at high tide, but the upstairs

The author opposite the family's Monroe Street residence in 1919, after the armistice.

Pop Ernest's restaurant angled toward the beach at the foot of Fishermen's Wharf. The white-walled complex above is Booth Cannery, Monterey's first fish-packing plant. March 1938 photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views Collection.

portion, where we would be seating most of our customers, was solidly built of Monterey Cypress.

We all went to work cleaning the place up—Pop, Ernest Jr., Otto, Walter Stokes and I. The whole place had to be rewired and new plumbing installed. Even the door knobs had to be replaced, not to mention adding a hardwood floor in the dining room.

All these repairs took a lot of financing. Pop went to leading local businessmen Tom Work and Ed Gross for help, but they turned him down. "Who is going to go down to that dirty waterfront to eat?" they asked. After we opened, Mr. Work and Mr. Gross were among the first to show up. They preferred the "fisherman's lunch," which was cheaper because we served it downstairs in the kitchen.

Fishermen's Wharf in those early years was not cluttered up with restaurants and gift shops like it is now. There was only "Sonny Boy" Vellis's directly across the way from us and a few fish markets selling seafood cocktails, so we were rather unique.

It wasn't long before Pop's many friends from the San Francisco area were coming on weekends to enjoy a meal in our upstairs dining room, along with all the artists, writers and poets from Carmel and Monterey, who once again made Pop's restaurant their meeting place. These regular customers included poets George Sterling and Charles Warren Stoddard, writer-reporter Jimmy Hopper, painters Armin Hansen, M. Evelyn McCormick, Isabelle Hunter, E. Charlton Fortune as well as Josephine Blanche from the Hotel del Monte Art

The earliest known photograph of Pop Ernest's on the Monterey Wharf, c. 1920.

Interior of Pop Ernest's with wall murals, river rock fireplace, and mementos of the sea.

Gallery, the Theodore Crileys from Carmel Highlands, and many more whose names I have forgotten over the years.

With George Sterling, these friends were the originators of the famous "Abalone Song." Dozens of original verses appear in Pop's guest book. Souvenir hunters ripped out some pages, but the book still contains many autographs of early movie stars like the great Charlie Chaplin who made it a "must" to come over from Hotel del Monte to eat at jolly Pop Ernest's.

At first we all worked together with Pop. He, Ernest Jr., and Otto ran the kitchen, while my mother and I were in the dining room. Monterey was then just a summer tourist town. The busy season was July, August, September. As the season opened up, we would get busier and have to hire more help. Once the season slowed down, we had to let most of the extra help go and carry on ourselves.

In 1922, local contractor J.C. Anthony built a house for us on Monroe Street, near Jefferson. Actually, I should say that Mr. Anthony assembled the house, because it was made of pre-fabricated sections. There was even an article in the newspaper about it.

Eventually, the entire family lived within one block. I lived at home with Pop and Mother. Ernest Jr. and his wife lived next door, and a few doors down were Otto and his wife and their two boys, Fred and Robert, Pop's favorite grandsons. Vera and her daughter Lois Stokes were just around the corner. The 1920s were good years for us.

From the late 1920s up to the mid-1930s, Pop no longer did much of the hard work like cooking over the red-hot range. But he still did all the abalone preparation every morning, and in the afternoons and evenings he would meet and greet the guests as they arrived. People from all walks of life came from miles away to meet him. He always had a cheerful word for everyone. He would invite generals and admirals as well as raw recruits to "have a meal on me." He also extended the invitation to local office holders and his many friends from down the coast.

In the 1930s, during the Great Depression, things got a bit slower, but we still had the Hotel del Monte and Pebble Beach crowd, who were good spenders. However, since this was the Prohibition Era, we had no liquor or wines to serve this well-heeled clientele.

The building that housed Pop Ernest's converted into Cerrito's. Photo by Pat Hathaway, 1970. Cerrito's burned down in August of 1975.

Pop Ernest's Abalone and Sea Food restaurant viewed from the harbor in 1937. Ted McKay photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #85-50-04.

Custom House as viewed from the balcony of Pop Ernest's, framed by Chinese paper lanterns and geraniums blooming in abalone buckets.

BILL OF FARE

COCKTAILS

Oyster	30c	Crab	30c
Lobster	40c	Shrimp	30c

SOUPS

Abalone Chowder	25c
Abalone Nectar	25c
Clam Chowder	25c

SALADS

Crab Salad	60c	Crab Louis	75c
Lobster Salad	75c	Lobster Louis	90c
Shrimp Salad	60c	Sliced Tomatoes	20c
Lettuce and Tomatoes	20c	Lettuce	15c; (two) 25c

FISH

Fresh Daily

Filet of Abalone, Tartar Sauce			85c
Lobster, Tartar Sauce			75c and $1.00
Filet of Sole, Tartar Sauce	50c	Cracked Crab	60c
Oysters, fried or stewed	60c	Halibut	50c
Mackerel	50c	Sea Bass	50c
Salmon	50c	Rockcod	50c
Sandabs	50c	Scallops	50c

POTATOES

French Fried			15c; (two) 25c
Julienne	15c	Lyonnaise	20c
Saute Hashed Brown			20c

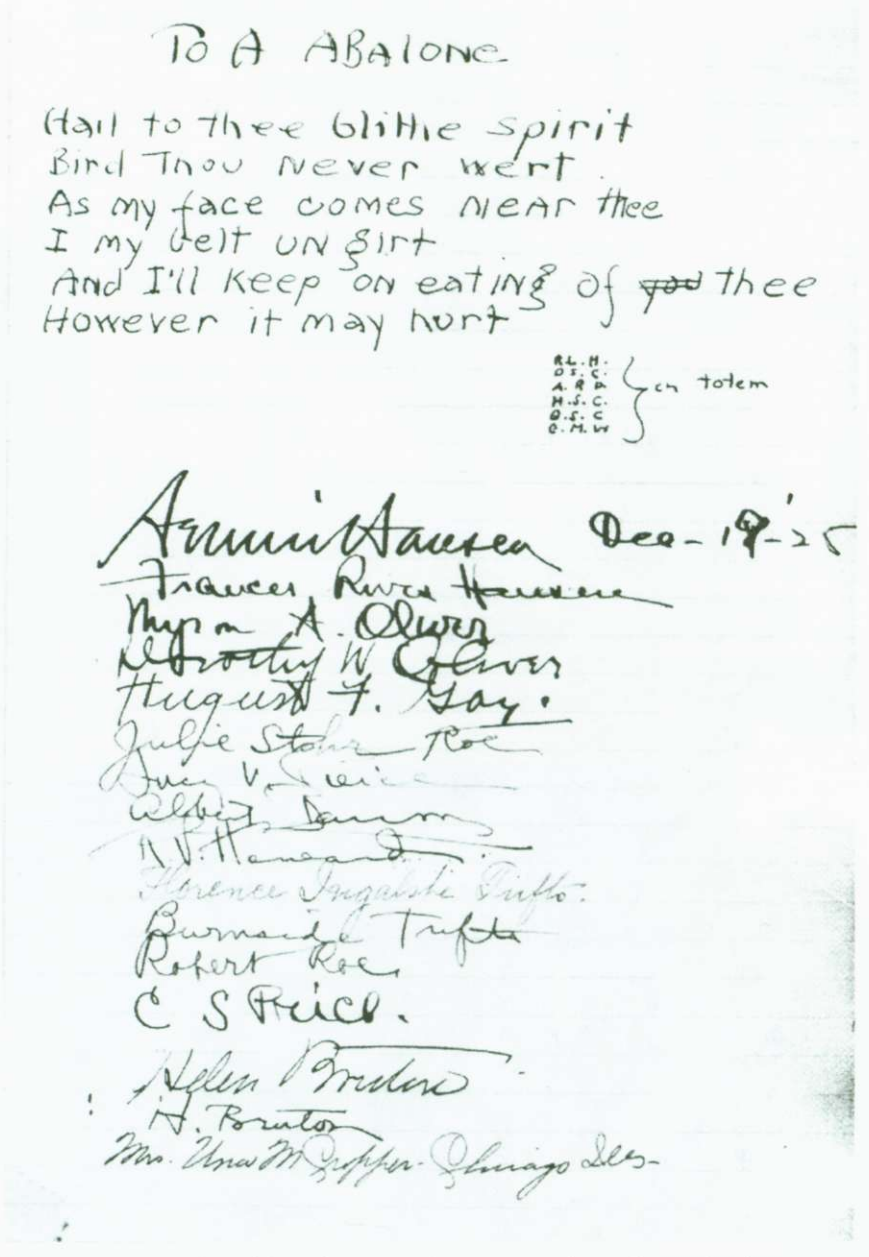
DESSERTS

French Pancake	50c	With Rum	75c
Rum Omelette			75c

BEVERAGES

Coffee 10c Tea (pot) 15c Milk 10c

A Single Portion Served for Two Persons 25c Extra Charge



To A Abalone

Hail to thee blithe spirit
Bird Thou never wert
As my face comes near thee
I my belt un girt
And I'll keep on eating of ~~god~~ thee
However it may hurt

R.L.H.
O.S.C.
A.R.D.
H.S.C.
O.S.C.
C.M.W.
} en totem

Armin Hansen Dec - 19 - 25
Frances Rivera Hansen
Myron A. Oliver
Dorothy W. Oliver
August F. Gay.
Julie Stohr Roe
Lucy V. Pierce
Albert Daum
H.V. Hansard
Florence Ingalsbe Tufts
Burnside Tufts
Robert Roe
C S Price.
Helen Bruton
H. Boruton
Mrs. Una M Tupper Chicago Ills.

The restaurant's abalone dishes often inspired guests to try their collective hand at poetry. The group of diners who signed Pop Ernest's guest book on December 19, 1925 included leading Monterey artists Armin Hansen, Myron Oliver, August Gay, Julie Stohr, Lucy Pierce, C.S. Price, and Helen Bruton.

Finally, when Prohibition was repealed, Pop enlarged the restaurant and put in a bar. We could serve wine again, and we all learned to mix drinks—mostly Manhattans, martinis, and hi-balls. For the most part, drinks were only served to guests who were dining with us. We didn't have a bar trade, nor did we wish to have one. Pop would tell the drinkers, "The town is full of bars; go find one."

Pop suffered the cruelest tragedy of his life when our youngest brother, Otto, passed away in 1929. Pop, a very affectionate family man who always wanted us all to be together, would never recover.

By 1933, he was seriously ill. Pop was a very big man who at one time weighed almost three hundred pounds. He tried going on a diet, but could not stick to it because he always enjoyed a good meal.

Pop made a trip to Gilroy to see his old friend Dr. Clark, who saw how serious his illness was and sent him home saying, "There is nothing I can do for you." Examination by another doctor showed that he had cancer of the liver and stomach. This doctor did not share his diagnosis with Pop; he only told Mother and me. Although he was in great pain, Pop would still drive down to the restaurant and sit out on the porch greeting the guests and chatting with his many friends.

In November and December of 1934, the busy holiday season, Pop stayed home with a trained nurse to look after him. On December 27th, he took a turn for the worse, and early the following morning, he passed away. Dr. Mast Wolfson was in attendance, and Mother, Ernest Jr. and I were at his bedside.

The great oil tank fire of 1924, caused by a lightning strike, threatened the Monterey wharf and Pop Earnest's. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #82-29-29.

It was a very large funeral with many well-known Monterey businessmen acting as pall-bearers. All our relatives from San Francisco were there. Pop's passing was a great shock to Mother, who was herself suffering from high blood pressure at the time. A few years later, on June 16, 1937, she also passed away. My sister Minnie Brown was with her at the time.

In 1935, I married Eileen Smythe. We lived on Ripple Street in Pacific Grove, but I still went regularly to the old Doelter home on Monroe Street to take care of the gardens and feed Pop's favorite dogs—two German shepherds who lived on for a couple of years. After Mother's death, I sold the Monroe Street house, since it was too big for our small family—just my wife, me, and our baby, Patricia.

My brother Ernest Jr. and I continued to manage the restaurant, just as we had been doing. Ernest did all of the bookkeeping and looked after the kitchen while I worked nights, along with the two or three waiters who had been with us for years. By this time, Mike's, Angelo's and several other restaurants had opened on Fishermen's Wharf, as well as several more seafood stands and gift shops.

During the 1940s, business was very quiet in the winter months. At times it was unprofitable to operate at all, even though we cut down on the help and did most of the work ourselves, so we started closing down from November to late February. We reopened for the Washington's Birthday holiday, which was a very busy time because of the three-day weekend. Between then and the start of the summer season, we'd open on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, depending on the weather, since so many of our customers were tourists and hotel guests from the San Francisco Bay area. We put all the money we made during the busy summer months back into the business to carry us over the slack winter season.

We had some trouble with our hired help around that time, since the unions would not let them work overtime without extra pay. On many nights when guests arrived near closing time, we were forced to turn them away because the kitchen staff would not work overtime. No matter what time we closed, I was always the last to leave the restaurant, since I "made the cash" and also cleaned up the bar and pantry in order to be ready for the next day.

In the early 1950s, my brother Ernest began to complain of poor health and started staying home more, although he still did all the buying and bookkeeping for the restaurant. In 1952, when Sal Cerrito made an offer to buy the restaurant and liquor license for $20,000, Ernest and I decided to accept. We signed the papers in Eugene Harrah's office, and the following evening, I had to tell my waiters that we were closing for good. I felt very sad to say goodbye to them, since several had been with us for so many years. Sal Cerrito lost no time in remodeling the place. He cut the dining room in two, and put in a bar and a cocktail lounge. Although he changed the name to Cerrito's, most people still called it Pop's.

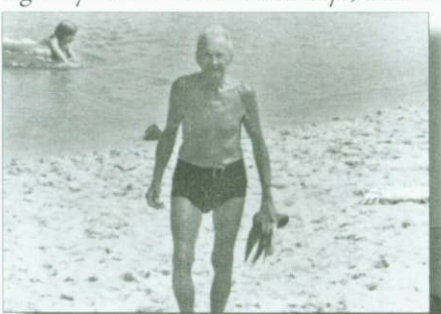
Ernest and I had divided between us the several paintings that had been given to Pop and Mother by local artists as well as photographs, guest books,

and Pop's collection of German beer steins. But there was a lot more stuff there, because the restaurant had been my second home. That was where I kept my little rowboat and all my fishing tackle, not to mention all the various collections I had gathered during thirty-two years of beachcombing, and my travel souvenirs.

I was pretty sad to leave behind my rocks, seashells, whale bones, ships' name plates, bells, lanterns, and so on. Every day I wanted to take something home—at least my oars, ropes, life preservers, fishing rods and reels—but our place in Pacific Grove was pretty small, and there just wasn't room. So Mr. Cerrito's brothers, who called it all junk, hauled it away by the truckload.

After we sold out, my brother Ernest pursued his hobbies of repairing radios and TV sets. He often complained of not feeling in good health. I noticed that he did not do much walking and seldom went on trips. I found that I missed the people at the restaurant, and that I had still a few more years of work left, so I stayed on at Cerrito's as a waiter. Later they made me a bartender—which I didn't enjoy, since it meant that I had to be indoors most of the day.

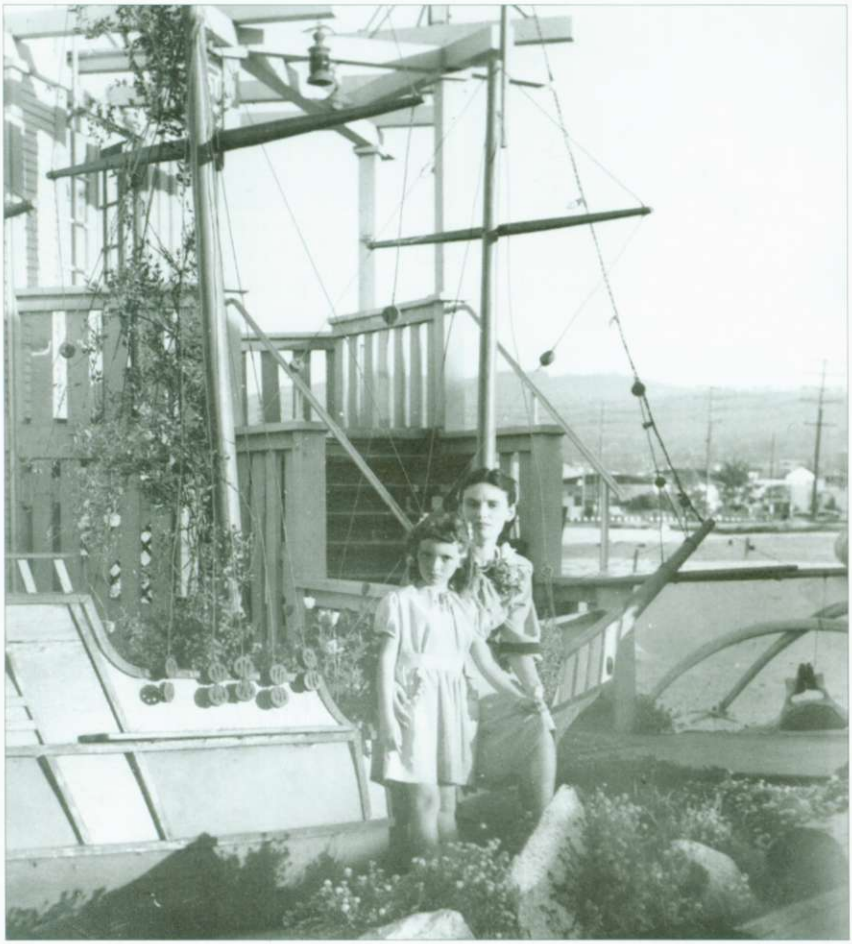
I also enjoyed working the big banquets and the Bing Crosby Tournament clambakes held at the Monterey Fairgrounds. At the restaurant, I was the one who would answer our customers' requests for local information. But as the years passed, so did many of the old-time friends from Pop's day. I cut down to working only weekends and holidays, then eventually left Cerrito's to work



The author emerging from his daily swim in Monterey Bay, displaying his catch of the day, and with his siblings: from left, Ernie, Vera, Minnie and Carl.

as an extra waiter at Neil de Vaugn's on Cannery Row. My last job was as banquet waiter at the Mark Thomas Hotel. When I found the work too hard for my age, I retired for good. My hobbies are taking a daily swim in the bay and fishing, but lately I seem to be slowing down on both.

The Editor has adapted this memoir from an undated handwritten original gifted to the Monterey History and Art Association in 2005 by the author's daughter, Patricia Doelter Sands. It is published here for the first time, prefaced by background regarding Pop Ernest and his wife that Carl dictated to his wife Eileen towards the end of his life.



Unless otherwise credited, illustrations – including cover photos of Charlie Chaplin and Pop Ernest – derive from two family albums gifted to the Monterey History & Art Association by Patricia Doelter Sands, who can be seen below with her mother Eileen Doelter at the entrance to Pop Ernest's Seafood Restaurant 1947.

Cademartori's in Four Locations

Rita Cademartori
in Converstion with Editor Julianne Burton-Carvajal

Flor de Monterey

My father, Paul Cademartori, was born in San Francisco to a couple who were both originally from the Genoa region along the Italian Riviera. In 1908 he married Nora Cevasco, another San Franciscan of Genoese descent. My sister Alma came along in 1909 and I followed in 1913.

In addition to his retail clothing business in Oakland, my father built homes in that city. Working with an architect, he also began building in Monterey and the Hatton Fields area of Carmel. My parents liked this area and decided to make their home here.

At the suggestion of friends, my father decided to go into the restaurant business. The first location of Cademartori's Italian Restaurant was in the Flor de Monterey building overlooking Lake Estero. That building still stands at the corner of Mesa Road and Fremont Street, which was called Mission Street at that time because it led to San Carlos Cathedral, the original mission.

Completed in 1926 as part of a newly beautified "gateway to the Monterey Peninsula," the two-story building was designed in the Spanish style by its owner, Jane Todd, who had recently visited Spain. Built by local contractor S.H. Hooke, it originally housed a florist shop called Flor de Monterey, run by Jane Todd's son. Also on the premises were a bookstore,

The Flor de Monterey building at the corner of Fremont Street and Mesa Road upon completion in 1926. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views Collection.

Casa Serrano on Pacific Street circa 1932, before Cademartori's expanded. This and the photographs that follow are courtesy of Rita Cademartori.

a coffee shop, and an office for building contractor J.C. Anthony—who, from his temporary home and work yard on the property to the rear (now Cypress Garden Nursery), had been refurbishing the handful of surviving Spanish- and Mexican-era homes on the Monterey Mesa since 1921.

The second story of Flor de Monterey featured an apartment, which was where we lived from December of 1927, when Dad opened the first Cademartori's. Alma and I worked as servers while Mother helped with the bookkeeping and general supervision. Later, when Alma's first husband, George Carter, ran the Flor de Monterey flower shop, she worked there with him for a time.

Cademartori's, which specialized in ravioli, was successful enough that, by 1932, we had outgrown Flor de Monterey and were looking for a larger site. Eventually, the Flor de Monterey location would become the popular Biff's El Estero restaurant and nightclub, which lasted into the 1950s. At some point, the space also

Paul and Nora Cademartori at the rear of the building before expansion.

Florie Serrano drives Rita and companions past the new telephone building on Franklin Street c.1928.

apparently housed an automobile dealership, but for many years now, it has been home to Myrick's Photographic and El Estero Car Wash. Recently, the building got a well-deserved face-lift that brought it closer to its original appearance, though of course in the 1920s its stucco surface was white rather than the currently fashionable "Tuscanized tan."

Casa Serrano

For our next location, we chose Casa Serrano on Pacific Street, a single-story adobe built when Monterey was still part of Mexico. According to recent research, Florencio Serrano, newly emigrated from Mexico in 1834, was probably the third owner, after the English seaman John Carpenter and Thomas Oliver Larkin, the prominent

Cook and dishwasher behind Casa Serrano.

This frame and stucco addition to Casa Serrano was built after Prohibition ended in 1933.

American merchant and US Consul to the Republic of Mexico. In 1836, Serrano and his Monterey born bride Rita de la Torre completed the modest single-story adobe, with its attic accessed by an outside stairway, and raised six children there. For many years before and after the United States annexed California in 1846, Florencio Serrano conducted a school on the premises, in Spanish, for the offspring of both Californios and the newly arriving American families.

When we leased the building from the Serrano descendants, it naturally needed quite a bit of remodeling to suit the needs of the restaurant. The first requirements were an indoor kitchen, which we added on the southwest side, and a large dining room, separated by arched openings, which we added on the northwest. With the repeal of Prohibition in 1933, we attached a new stucco building to the south end, facing Pacific Street, where we

Paul Cademartori seated at a table in the dining room, below a family portrait.

Front room of Cademartori's Casa Serrano; owners Paul and Nora standing at far right.

marketed Montebello wines along with our homemade ravioli and tagliarini.

Dad always employed cooks and dishwashers from Italy, working with an agent from San Francisco to hire his staff, and the job always included a place to live on the premises. Our own house during this period was not quite that close to work, but almost. We lived in a former railway depot that had been moved to Pacific Street. The distance between it and Casa Serrano was only the width of a vacant lot.

Among our regular customers were several well-known figures from the Monterey artists colony, including Evelyn McCormick, Arthur Hill Gilbert, William Ritschel, and Armin Hansen, who became a friend of the family.

After fifteen years at Casa Serrano, our growing clientele prompted us to find a more spacious location. Ownership of Casa Serrano remained with Florencio's descendants until 1956. In 1959, the Monterey History and Art Association purchased the adobe in order to preserve it

Rita in front of the adobe.

from destruction. It served as their headquarters for several decades and currently features a growing collection of period art and artifacts, including three rooms dedicated to the work of artist-sculptor Jo Mora.

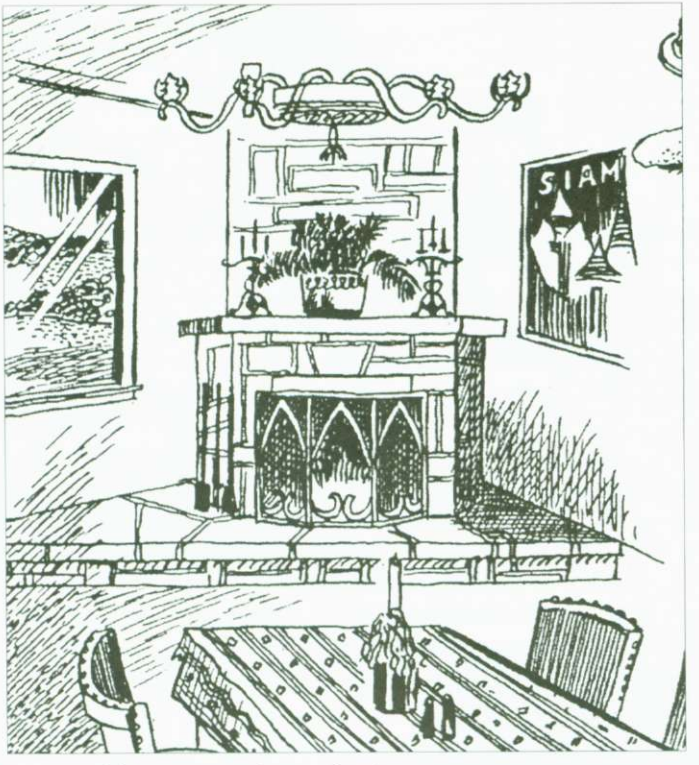
Cademartori's at the Stone House

We decided to move out to the Monterey-Salinas Highway and purchased the old Stone House on Rancho Saucito, five miles north of town, in 1942. Constructed of native stone in the Old World style that my father was seeking, the "manor" had been started in 1916 by Charles Ryan, a sculptor and stonemason as well as a rancher. The building remained unfinished when we purchased the property.

We learned that the parcel had been granted to Graciano Manjares on May 23, 1833 by the Mexican-appointed Governor José Figueroa and that, in the American era, Rancho Saucito was successively owned by two Scottish immigrants who became major local landowners, David Jacks and Thomas A. Work. In cultivation since Spanish times, a portion of the grounds was still referred to as the Old Pear Orchard. Indeed, a number of pear trees were still producing in the meadow when we acquired the property. A shopping center has recently been constructed where the orchard once stood.

Although we continued to work at our Pacific Street location through 1946, our family moved out to the new location. We lived in the upstairs area now known as "The Library because we wanted to be on site while realizing our plans for enlarging the existing stone buildings and improving the grounds. Mr. Ryan had added a number of rare trees over the years, and we wanted to add additional enhancements, especially to the area around the

Cademartori's at the Stone House on Highway 68; drawing from a restaurant brochure.



Above: Drawing of dining area with stone fireplace.
Below: Rita and Alma beside the hand-blown glass fountain that they acquired on a visit to the Venetian island of Murano.

pond, in order to ensure that our guests enjoyed beautiful, spacious views through the restaurant windows.

The patio and grotto were already in place, constructed by Mr. Ryan, but Father worked with the DeMarias, renowned stonemasons from Carmel Valley, to expand the stone walls and create the wishing well. Father also drew up plans for adding dining rooms, a banquet room, and a congenial bar for our customers as well as a big kitchen and an on-site men's quarters for our staff of fifteen. Ryan's studio and guest house would eventually become our living quarters, and we planned to turn the long, cool underground storage area into a wine cellar stocked with both California and imported vintages.

Because of wartime restrictions on construction, we had to wait until World War II ended before completing our remodeling plans, which finally got underway in 1946, with DeWitt Appleton as our contractor. Father did not live to see the results because he passed away in 1945, Mother followed him three years later, but at least she was able to enjoy the inauguration of Cademartori's at its third location. By coincidence, our grand reopening on January 7, 1947 coincided with the first Bing Crosby Golf Tournament on the Monterey Peninsula, so we had as many customers as we could handle. And both our parents had a permanent presence in the restaurant's new location, because Armin Hansen painted wonderful portraits of each of them for us.

By this juncture, Alma had married for the second time; her new husband was our longtime chef, Arnaldo Andreazzi, a native of Tuscany. Our father had lived in Italy from age 12 to age 17. He and Mother made one trip there together—in 1922, when Alma and I were children. They always wanted to go back again but never found the opportunity. After 1949, Alma, Arnaldo and I began traveling to Italy regularly, visiting his family near Lucca, making excursions to other parts of the country, and always searching out new recipes as well as special decorations for the restaurant like our beautiful Venetian glass fountain.

Over the years, we expanded our menu to include lasagna, cannelloni, and gnocchi. The soldiers returning from the European front wanted to eat spaghetti and more spaghetti. Later we added lasagna verde al forno and other more unusual regional treats. We were also the first restaurant in the Monterey area to install an expresso and capuccino machine.

Casa Maria

In 1959, Monsignor Michael Sullivan of Mission San Juan Bautista approached us about relocating Cademartori's to the parish social hall, across the garden from the church and overlooking a portion of the old Camino Real that connected all the California Missions. After careful consideration, Alma, Arnaldo and I agreed, based on the establishment of a three-way partnership.

Casa Maria

Luncheon

NOON UNTIL 2 P.M.

$4.75

Tomato Juice, Green Salad

or

Soup: Chicken Broth or Minestrone

Entrees

Ground Beef with Grilled French Bread

Veal Cutlet Milanese with Spaghetti

Casa Maria Salad, Bleu Cheese Dressing

Ravioli

Spaghetti with Meat Balls

Cannellone - Our Specialty (15 min.)

Cheese Enchilada (20 min.)

Ice Cream Sherbet Fruit

Coffee or Tea

Entrees a la Carte - .50 less than Luncheon Price
Served with Green Salad

Milk or Sanka .25 extra

Child's Lunch

Twelve and under

Soup, Entree and Ice Cream . . . 2.75

A La Carte

Tomato Juice	.40
Minestrone - bowl	2.50
Chicken Broth	.75
Marinated Bean Relish	2.50
Tossed Green Salad	3.00

Sandwiches

Sea Scallops	
Steak Sandwich on Toasted French Bread	
Grilled Abalone Steak on Toasted French Bread	
Corned Beef on Rye Bread	3.00
Ham, Cheese or Tuna	3.00
Salami Sandwich on French Bread	3.00

Lettuce or Potato Salad served with Sandwiches

Coffee, Tea, Milk, Sanka	.50
Sherbet, Ice Cream or Fruit	1.00
Spumoni	1.25

Minimum Charge Per Person 2.50

California sales tax will be added to the price of all food and beverage items served.

We closed the Stone House location, which today is occupied by Tarpy's Road House, and just two months later opened Cademartori's Casa Maria, which was at the time the only restaurant located on the grounds of a California mission.

We built a house for the three of us in San Juan, but after Arnaldo died in 1972, there was just Alma and me. When our business partnership was interrupted in 1979 by the death our partner Silvio Bottini, we decided to sell our share to the remaining partner, Michael Cook, who kept the restaurant running at that location through the 1990s.

The Church has now reclaimed the building. While attending an event there recently, I was pleased to hear it still being referred to as Cademartori's Casa Maria.

Rita and Alma Cademartori at Casa Serrano. Charles Heidrick photograph, c. 1940.

Remembering Hermann's

Janet MacLean Jones
In Conversation with Editor Julianne Burton-Carvajal

My father, Harold MacLean, grew up in San Francisco and served in the US Navy during World War I. When he came to Monterey in 1929, he was selling real estate and insurance. My mother, (Edna) Joy Anthony, was an elementary school teacher. They met when he was canvassing the faculty at her school to see if he could sell any insurance policies there.

His marketing strategy might be frowned upon today, but Miss Anthony didn't seem to object, and not too many months went by before marriage was on their agenda. They decided to wait until his Standard Oil stock hit a target high, but instead, in October, the entire stock market collapsed, ushering in the Great Depression. Agreeing that it made no sense to wait any longer, they were married in December at St. John's Chapel on the grounds of Hotel Del Monte, with three generations of Anthonys and two generations of MacLeans in attendance.

Mother continued to teach until I came along five years later. During that time, she was the principal breadwinner for the Anthony family, which consisted of her mother Edna Wright Anthony; her father, the builder J.C. Anthony, who was recuperating from a heart attack; her aunt Edith Anthony, a retired high school teacher; and her English-born grandmother Mary Ward Anthony.

At that time, the intersection of Alvarado and Franklin Streets was the most important in town, proud possessor of the city's first traffic light. (It wasn't until 1950 that the street became one-way.) My father did his banking in the handsome Spanish-style building on the northwest corner, currently a Wells Fargo branch. One day Mr. Hughes, the bank president, called him over to ask whether he had any experience in the restaurant business. The answer was no, but that didn't stop Mr. Hughes from pulling a set of keys out of his desk drawer and handing them to my dad.

"Why don't you give it a try, young man? Hermann Bullock, owner of Hermann's Restaurant just across the street, has left town rather abruptly, and the bank hates to see the property go unused. After all, we hold the lease."

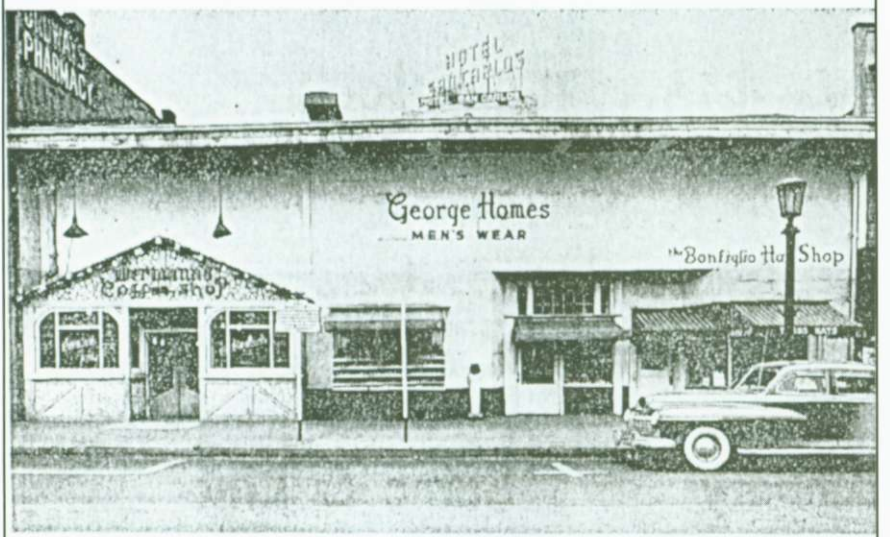
"Hermann's? You mean that hamburger joint across the street?"

Dad was incredulous. But the Great Depression had set in, the market for real estate and insurance was virtually non-existent, and no other options were on the horizon, so Harold MacLean became the proprietor of Hermann's Inn at 380 Alvarado Street. He went on to run the place for over twenty-five years – through the Depression years, World War II, and most of the 1950s.

The famous
Spanish Adobe

Casa Rodriquez-Osio

Built in 1819



Originally a two-story adobe with an overhanging balcony, Casa Rodriquez-Osio was built in 1819 by Don Jacinto Rodriquez, successively lieutenant and alferez in the army, celador of the Custom House (1836-46), and delegate to the first Constitutional Convention (1849), and later acquired by Don Antonio Osio, twice customs administrator (1828-30 and 1832-42). The House was a center of gaiety for the delegates, who enjoyed themselves at parties and dances night and day. The last night of the convention was celebrated here so successfully that some of the delegates could not tear themselves away. The Constitution was therefore brought to them to be signed, with the guests at the party as witnesses.

Still famous in Monterey

FOR ITS PRESENT OCCUPYING ESTABLISHMENTS

Hermann's	George Homes	Bonfiglio
Coffee Shop	Men's Wear	Hat Shop
380	378	376
Phone 8882	Phone 5383	Phone 6741

ALVARADO ST. — MONTEREY

This 1940s ad from the Monterey Herald *summarizes some of the building's history.*

"Jack of All Trades" Harold MacLean sweeps the front walk as car dealer Cliff Jones exits the restaurant. Unless otherwise noted, all illustrations are courtesy of the Anthony-MacLean family archive.

The location was part of the Rodríguez-Osio Adobe, since restored for the Monterey Chamber of Commerce. The adobe was home to Jacinto Rodriguez, an army lieutenant who was guardian of the Custom House from 1836 to 1846 and a delegate to the 1849 California Constitutional Convention. Antonio Maria Osio, Customs administrator from 1838 to 1842 and author in 1851 of an important history of Alta California, is also associated with the building.

Dolores Pinto de Osio was related by marriage to the Rodriguez family. As a young woman, she witnessed the signing of the Constitution and in later years insisted that the document was actually signed at the Rodriguez Adobe rather than at Colton Hall because many delegates were reluctant to disrupt the post-convention fiesta there. The table on which the signing took place remained in the adobe for several decades, until it was purchased by the Jacks sisters and later gifted to Colton Hall. Historian Mayo Hayes O'Donnell, who retold this story in a 1963 *Herald* column, dated the Rodríguez-Osio adobe from the 1820s.

In 1976, the year the Monterey Chamber of Commerce moved into the newly renovated building, John Woolfenden's extensive article in the *Herald Weekend Magazine* filled in a good deal of the history. He emphasized that from 1906 to 1920, when Prohibition was declared, the posh El Adobe Saloon was located on the premises. Offering fine oil paintings, silver-plated champagne coolers, mounted animal heads, a games room, and free lunch buffet, El Adobe was "patronized by the town's most distinguished citizens." The restaurant's inventory, rediscovered in the early 1970s, listed all the

During the 1930s, the interior of Hermann's Inn in the Rodriguez-Osio Adobe still sported the Bavarian look and an all-male clientele.

furnishings, assigning them an aggregate value of $17,000. Woolfenden's account notes that El Adobe was replaced by Vinings Meat Market and then by Hermann's Inn.

When Dad took it over, Hermann's consisted of a counter with thirteen seats, plus six four-top tables along the opposite wall, so the total capacity was just thirty-seven customers at a time. There was a full kitchen in back and also a fry station up front behind the counter. Canned goods were stored on the second floor, where Dad had a tiny office and the staff had a spot for changing into their uniforms.

The wood-paneled "Bavarian" interior was dark, as befitting a pub where men traditionally drank beer with their hats on. Of course, Prohibition was still in force when Dad took over, but the wait-staff as well as the clients had always been all-male, and Dad followed that tradition–at least for the first decade.

Hermann's was a twenty-four hour a day operation, seven days a week. It never closed. Johnny Baca, the chef Dad hired, must have liked the job because he ended up staying a very long time. Rae Crandy, another long-term employee, was the morning fry cook. Ted Wasson covered the fry station afternoons and evenings.

The breakfast crowd started arriving around six am. A number of Hollywood movies were being filmed in Monterey during those years and Guy Curtis, who scheduled the crews, would bring them in to Hermann's for breakfast before each shoot. Later, little old ladies would spill out of tour

Fruits and Juices

Apple Sauce, Apricots, Figs, Grapefruit, Nectarines, Peaches, Pears or Prunes - .10
Fresh Fruit in Season with Cream - - - - - - - - - - .15
Orange or Pineapple Juice, Small - - - 10c; Large - - - - - .20
Tomato or Grapefruit Juice, Small - - 10c; Large - - - - .15

Breakfast

Ham, Bacon or Sausage and 2 Eggs (any style) - - - - - .40
Ham, Bacon or Sausage and 1 Egg - .35
Hot Cakes or Waffle with Ham, Bacon or Sausage - - - - .40
Snail and Coffee - - - - - .20
Doughnuts and Coffee - - - - .15
Toast, Jelly and Coffee - - - .20
2 Eggs - .30; 3 Eggs - .40
2 Eggs (Poached) - .35

Toast, Etc.

Toast - - - - - - - .10
Milk Toast - - - - - - .25
Hot Cakes or Waffle - - - - .20
French Toast with Sweet - - - .40
Hot Cakes or Waffle with Ham or Bacon - - - - - - - .40

Sandwiches

Hamburger - - - - - - .15
Hamburger and Egg - - - - .25
Cheeseburger - - - - - .25
Hamburger and Bacon - - - - .25
Hamburger Royal - - - - .25
Double Hamburger - - - - - .25
Frankfurter - - - - - - .15
Egg - - - - - - - - .15
Liverwurst - - - - - - .20
Ham (Hickory Smoked) - - - .25
Fried Ham or Bacon - - - - .20
Denver Sandwich - - - - - .30
Pimiento or Roquefort Spread - .15
Ham or Bacon and Egg - - - .30
Bacon and Tomato - - - - - .30
Ham and Cheese - - - - - .30
Salami - - - - - - - .20
Imported Swiss Cheese - - - .20
Imported Sardine - - - - - .30
American Cheese - - - - - .15
Tuna - - - - - - - - .15
Peanut Butter - - - - - .15
Abalone (in season) - - - - .30
Corned Beef - - - - - - .20
Cube Steak - - - - - - .30
Grilled Sandwiches, extra - - .05

Salads

Fruit - - - - - - - - .35
Lettuce - - - - - - - .30
Potato Salad - - - - - .35
Combination Vegetable - - - .35
Pineapple and Cottage Cheese - .30
Sliced Tomato, or Lettuce, Tomato - .30
Crab - - - - - - - - .50
Tuna - - - - - - - - .35

Suggestions

Fillet Mignon - - - - - 1.00
Steak (Sirloin) - - - - - 1.10
Club Steak - .80; Rib Steak - .90
T-Bone Steak - - - - - - 1.25
Cube Steak - - - - - - .40
Hamburger Steak - - - - - .45
Abalone Steak (in season) - - .60
Imported Sardines, Potato Salad - .50
Frankfurters and Sauerkraut - .35
Lamb Chops, 2 - .75; Pork Chops, 2 - .70
Pork Chop (1) and Egg - - - .40
Fried Ham, Bacon or Sausage with Hash Brown Potatoes - - - - .40
Ham, Bacon or Sausage and Eggs - .40
Ham, Bacon or Sausage and (1) Egg .35
Two Eggs Fried, Boiled or Scrambled .25
Two Poached Eggs - - - - .30
Plain Omelette (2 eggs) .30; 3 Eggs .40
Ham or Bacon Omelette - - - .40
American Cheese, Onion or Tomato Omelette - - - - - - .40
Minced Ham and Scrambled Eggs .40
Eggs Vienna - - - - - - .80
Bowl Chili and Crackers - - .20
Hamburger Spread with Chili and Beans - - - - - - - .35
Crab Meat, Sliced Tomatoes, Potato Salad - - - - - - .50
Hash Brown Potatoes - - - .15
Soup (a different soup each day) - .10
Chowder - - - - - - .15
Extra Steaks Cut and Priced to Order

SAMPLE LUNCHEON

Soup — Coney Island Clam Chowder a la Carte - 15c
Served with Luncheon or Sandwich - - - 10c

Entrees

Baked Fresh Sea Bass with Tomato Sauce - - 40c
Fried Fresh Monterey Halibut, Tartare Sauce - - 40c
Monterey Abalone Steak, Tartare Sauce - - - 60c
Roast Leg of Lamb with Mint Jelly - - - - 45c
Baked Corned Beef Hash with Fried Egg 40c; Plain 35c
Frankfurters with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad - 35c
Boiled Beef Tongue with Spinach - - - - - 40c
Minced Ham, Cheese or Mushroom Omelette - - 40c
Hamburger or Fried Ham Spread and Spanish Beans - 35c
Baked Pork and Beans with Rasher of Bacon - 35c
Cold Plate Lunch, Potato Salad and Drink - - - 50c

Sandwiches

Hermann's Cheeseburger and Sliced Tomatoes - - 30c
Hot Roast Leg of Lamb, Potatoes and Gravy - - 35c
Toasted Tuna Fish or Crab and Asparagus Tips - - 25c
Hickory Smoked Ham, Corned Beef, Liverwurst or Swiss Cheese, Rye Bread and Potato Salad - - - 30c
Toasted Pimiento or Roquefort Cheese Spread, or Toasted Peanut Butter and Jelly or Cold Smoked Tongue—4-Way Loaf——and Hearts Celery Salad - 25c

Salads

Combination Fruit or Vegetable - - - - 35c
Cottage Cheese with Pineapple or Pear - - 30c

Desserts

Home-made Pies—Cake—Ice Cream—Sherbert—Fruit - 10c

Coffee, Tea, Milk, Buttermilk, Chocolate - - - 10c

Pastry - Dessert

Pie or Cake, per cut - - - .10
Snails or Doughnuts - - - .10
Baked Apple, Whipped Cream - .15
Pie a la Mode - - - - - .15
Ice Cream - - - - - - .10
Chocolate, Strawberry or Butter Scotch Sundae - - - .15

Drinks and Beverages

Milk, Coffee, Tea, Buttermilk - .10
Chocolate or Postum - - - .10
Ovaltine - - - - - - .15
Coca Cola (bottle) - - - .10
Glass Beer - - - - - .10
Western Beer, bottle - .15; Eastern beer, bottle - - - - .20

Please Procure Check From Waiter . No Service Less Than Ten Cents

→ WE REMAIN OPEN ALL NIGHT ←

buses to order three-minute eggs and dry whole wheat toast. (It seems like the breakfast preferences of little old ladies haven't changed much, and I should know, since I guess by now I am one!)

Starting as early as 11 o'clock, shop girls from up and down the street would come in for lunch, and so would the bank tellers from across the way. Businessmen dropped by for coffee and a snack throughout the day; some of the business crowd took their dinner with us. In the evenings, high school students would stop by after a movie or a game, or on their way home from a dance. In the days before World War II, it was said that most parties on the Peninsula ended with the same suggestion, "Let's go down to Hermann's!"

Known for good food and fast service, Hermann's was a popular spot with the soldiers training out at Fort Ord.
The minimum purchase was 10 cents. Staple items included hamburgers (15 cents), cheeseburgers (25 cents) and sandwiches of tuna, egg salad, or liverwurst. A special signature item was a New Orleans-style salad of hot deep-fried prawns on chilled iceberg lettuce. The dinner menu offered at least half a dozen entrees ranging from 35 to 60 cents, plus a daily special: meatloaf on Wednesdays, corned beef hash on Thursdays, fish on Fridays, and so on.

The Tuesday special was "Nana's Enchiladas," hand-made from scratch by my grandmother Edna Anthony, who learned how in the early 1900s from Paulina Valdez. This lady, who may have been one of Monterey's Mexican-era descendants, helped out in the early 1900s, after my mother and her brother were born. The cobblers, made on the premises by our chef, were served with real whipped cream.

Dad always gave honeymooners a free breakfast or lunch. Of course they remembered the occasion with great fondness and came back to eat at Hermann's whenever they were in town. They would always tell us, beaming, "We had our honeymoon breakfast here five (or ten, or fifteen) years ago."

New Year's Eve was always a big night. When the Hotel Del Monte crowd descended on Hermann's after they were done with their honking and tooting, Dad would be there to greet them, all dressed up for the occasion in his swallow-tail coat. Celebrities who visited over the years included Hollywood stars like Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jean Arthur, and Oliver Hardy as well as sports greats like boxing champion Rocky Graziano Hawaiian surfer Duke Kahanamoku and swimmer Johnny Weissmuller.

In 1933, when Prohibition ended, Dad ordered several kegs and announced that he would be pouring free beer. As he later recalled for an article in the *Herald*, "We just opened the spigot in the morning and continuously moved glasses under it, never shutting it off until we ran out that night. That was the biggest day Hermann's ever saw. We were jam-packed from morning to night."

World War II caused a shortage of male labor because the guys were all joining the armed forces. The character of the restaurant changed when Dad had to hire female staff. The regular beer-drinking crew couldn't line

up along the counter as before because it just wouldn't be a proper working environment for the "girls."

In 1950, when I turned fifteen, I started waitressing at the restaurant. Some of my parents' friends disapproved, warning that I might meet the "wrong kinds of people." My parents' attitude was just the opposite: they felt it was good for me to meet people from all walks of life.

At first the other waitresses were rather chilly toward me, assuming that I would get special treatment as the boss's daughter. They made sure to save me the jobs nobody else wanted, like filling the catsup bottles. It was Rae Crandy, the morning fry cook, who taught me how to be a waitress: how to take orders according to seating position, how to stack the dishes and clear the table in a jiffy, how to write up the ticket whenever I could grab a spare second. Hermann's was not the place for leisurely dining. Dad's philosophy was that if we couldn't get our customers in and out in fifteen minutes, we weren't doing our job.

Weekends and summers, I would get up at 5am and have my breakfast at the restaurant before starting my shift, which lasted from six o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon. During my mid-day break, I would walk down to the beach or get together with friends before heading back to the restaurant to work the dinner shift. After that, maybe I'd go out on a date or to a ball game. (Oh, for the energy of youth!) I loved working at Hermann's, and stayed on until I went east to college at age eighteen.

After the surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, homes and businesses were required to remain dark during specified hours due to the risk of night bombing raids. But Hermann's had been a round-the-clock restaurant for so long that no one could remember the last time the door had been locked, or the whereabouts of the keys that Mr. Hughes had given my father a decade earlier. In order to comply with the curfew order, Dad had to call in a locksmith!

Everybody ate at Hermann's, as local folks will testify to this day. It's impossible to remember all the regular customers, but several come to mind, including Mr. Woodward from the *Herald*; the Trenners, two generations of policemen; Julian "Spike" Graham, official Pebble Beach Company photographer, and his wife Gwenn, Public Relations Manager at the resort. George Carter, owner of Flor de Monterey, the florist shop around the corner on Franklin Street, was one of our regulars, along with the barber down the street and the guys from the nearby automobile dealerships. Ramon Oliver, a frame maker who was following in the footsteps of his father Myron and his grandfather Joseph, was a regular, as was roofer Charlie Frost. Judge Ray Baugh was another loyal customer, as were Judge McMenamin and his brother, the owner of the Mission Inn. Lee Harbick, long-time editor of the Pebble Beach-sponsored magazine *Game and Gossip*, and Wilma Campbell, owner of a fine ladies' clothing shop in Casa Munras, were among the elegant businesswomen who frequented the restaurant.

Janet MacLean and pet in front of the MacLean family home onEl Caminito del Sur, c. 1945.

During the war years, an increasing number of the soldiers stationed locally were black. I remember Dad wondering what his regular customers would say in response to his commitment to an open door policy. One evening he came home and announced that he had served his first black customers. "What did the regulars have to say about it?" we asked apprehensively. "Absolutely nothing," Dad replied.

Between the Great Depression and wartime shortages, it wasn't easy to stock the restaurant and make a go of it. My grandfather J.C. Anthony turned the backyard of the house we all shared on El Camino del Sur into a vegetable patch. What he grew went into the pot, both at home and at Hermann's.

At some point we began to raise own chickens, as our great grandmother Mary Ward Anthony had done when the family first settled in New Monterey in 1887. I liked the times when our whole family would go down to the depot at 7pm to meet the Del Monte Special and claim our half-dozen boxes of newly hatched chicks, but I remember feeling quite put out when my grandfather turned my playhouse into a chicken coop.

In 1943, Dad bought a ranch in Carmel Valley that we dubbed "Rancho Notso Grande." The property was on the south side of the Carmel River, across from where Quail Lodge is today. Its owner was a very wealthy, debonaire gentleman who happened to own most of Rancho San Carlos and had developed the portion that Dad bought as a gentleman's farm. It had a small orchard, a house for the hired men, and a five-car garage. Joe, a Carmel Indian, lived in the bunkhouse.

We added a bathroom and fireplace to the end garage bay, turning it into a weekend getaway for Mom, Dad, my younger brother Donald and me. Another bay became a huge walk-in refrigerator. Dad organized a system that seemed to me a model of wartime thrift; today we might call it sustainability. He had all the leftovers from the restaurant scraped into large drums that he hauled out to the ranch in his beat-up Rambler station wagon. There all the unconsumed food would be cooked up and fed as slop to the pigs, who would in turn become food for the family or the restaurant.

Our Anthony grandparents lived full-time in a small stone cottage on the ranch, where they supervised the raising of both animals and crops. They also butchered pigs, cows and chickens on the premises. I remember Mom and Dad disagreeing about whether Donald and I should be allowed to watch

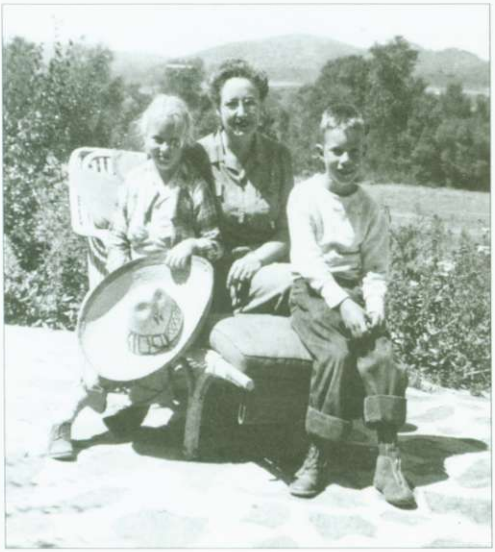
the proceedings; we were the ones who decided that we should. As a child, I didn't understand why the wartime rationing program forced us to turn in everything we produced on the ranch, only giving us back a small portion of it.

During the war, Mother started the Gray Ladies at the hospital for injured but ambulatory soldiers at Fort Ord. Working under psychiatrist Dr. Eric Berne, who subsequently became quite famous as the author of *Games People Play*, the Gray Ladies were older civilian women who walked the floor doing what they could to make the patients more comfortable and encourage their healing process.

Mother persuaded Dr. Berne to let the Gray Ladies work with the severely traumatized patients, the ones referred to as "shell-shocked." Every Wednesday, with help from Dad, she arranged for a group of them to come to our house, which had a huge backyard with a barbecue fireplace that you could just about stand up in. Dad supplied food from the restaurant, and all the GIs came on a bus—in their army-issue pajamas, with their orderlies—for a big barbecue picnic. Many of the men wrote thank you letters and several kept in touch for years afterwards, becoming very special friends of the family.

In 1957, once my brother Don and I were grown, Dad decided to purchase Homes' clothing store for men right next door to Hermann's, in the adjacent section of the Rodriguez-Osio Adobe. He sold the restaurant to Rae Crandy, whom he called his "oldest and most loyal employee," and named his new business MacLean's Men's Wear.

The urban renewal process was getting underway at the time, changing the face of Monterey's downtown forever. Dad refused to believe that the construction of Del Monte Shopping Center would pose a threat to his business; he was convinced that Montereyans in general and his customers



Joy Anthony MacLean, daughter Janet and son Donald at their Rancho Notso Grande in Carmel Valley in the early 1940s.

in particular would remain faithful to the Alvarado Street shops. But his optimism turned out to be misplaced, and in 1967 he ended up having to close out all his clothing stock at a huge loss.

By 1964, sensibilities had changed, and illustrated *Herald* articles were describing the façade of the modernized Rodriguez-Osio adobe, and specifically Hermann's Bavarian-style entrance, as "bizarre." The Urban Renewal Agency decided that the building should be restored to its original appearance by restoring the ground floor exterior, reconstructing the overhanging second story wooden balcony, and stripping away all the interior remodeling.

In May of 1973, at the request of Mayor Al J. Madden and under the leadership of president Robert E. Ross, the Monterey History and Art Association voted funds to restore the building, subject to agreement with the City of Monterey on the terms of a long-term lease. In 1976, newly renovated under the direction of architect Francis Palms, the Rodriguez-Osio Adobe became home to the Monterey Chamber of Commerce, as it continues to be thirty years later.

Hermann's was such a locals' place that it appears (although shorn of its second "n") in John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row*, the beloved novel that he nostalgically penned in New York City in 1945 as part of his own post-World War II therapy. As Steinbeck tells it in Chapter 17, Doc Ricketts was headed to San Diego to collect some sea creatures at low tide. Before heading south, he made a memorable stop:

> *In Monterey before he even started, he felt hungry and stopped at Herman's for a hamburger and beer. While he ate his sandwich and sipped his beer, a bit of conversation came back to him. Blaisdell, the poet, had said to him, 'You love beer so much, I'll bet some day you'll go in and order a beer milk shake.' It was a simple piece of foolery but it had bothered Doc ever since. He wondered what a beer milk shake would taste like. The idea gagged him but he couldn't let it alone. It cropped up every time he had a glass of beer. Would it curdle the milk? Would you add sugar? It was like a shrimp ice cream. Once the thing got into your head you couldn't forget it. He finished his sandwich and paid Herman. He purposely didn't look at the milk shake machines lined up so shiny against the back wall. If a man ordered a beer milk shake, he thought, he'd better do it in a town where he wasn't known.*

Hal MacLean was known in Monterey. He was an outgoing, gregarious man, a "joiner" who belonged to the Rotary Club and the Masons, was president of the Bar and Restaurant Owners Association, and served on the Monterey Peninsula Board of Education for fifteen years. He sang in a men's glee club and was also something of an athlete, helping to establish the annual Washington's Birthday swim in Monterey Bay in 1939.

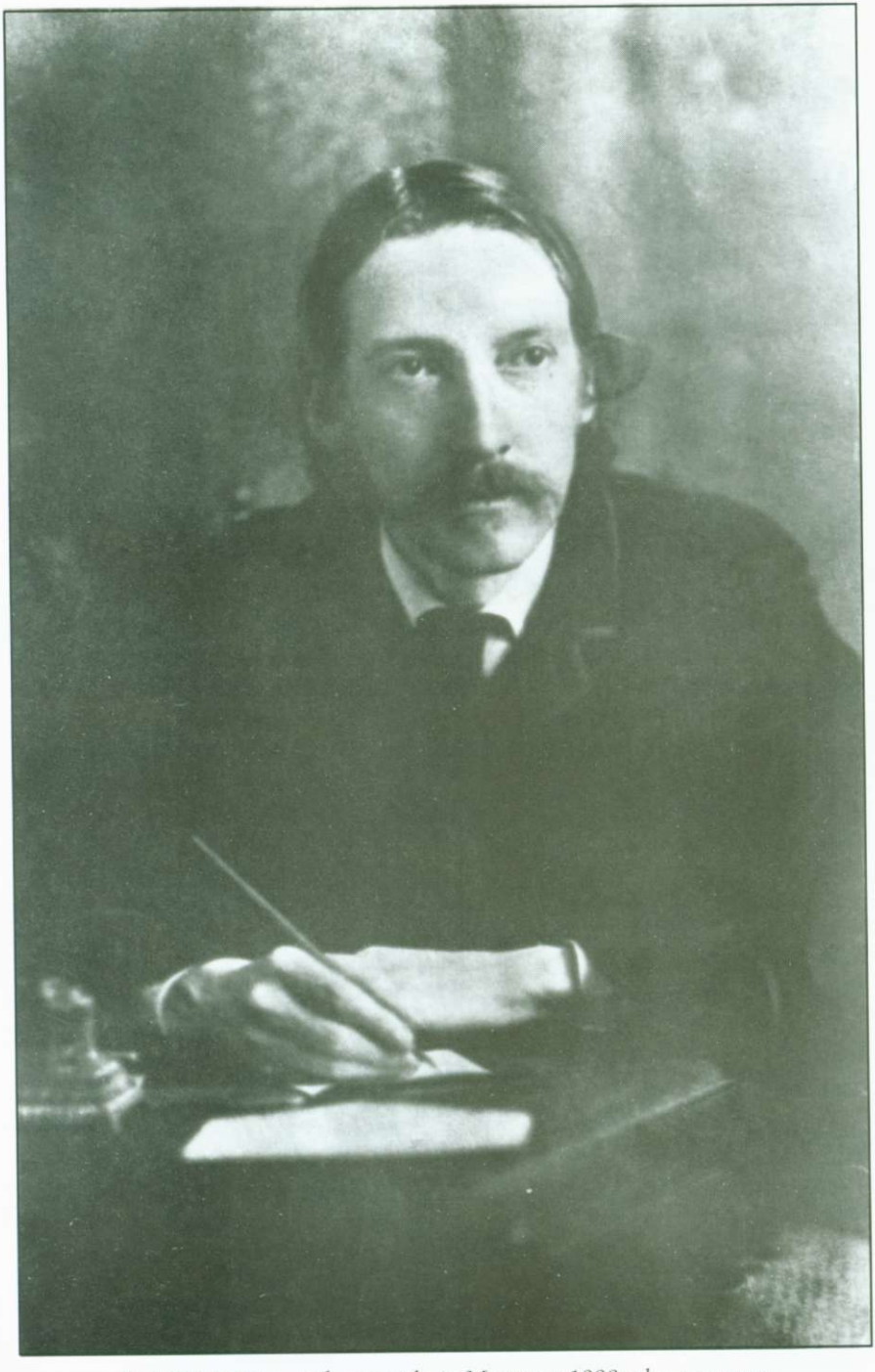
He played golf as often as his other responsibilities allowed. An undated clipping from the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* credits him with dreaming up

one of the area's most popular sports events, the Pro-Am. In the spring of 1946, as president of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce, he suggested attracting a major golf tournament as both a tourist attraction for the slow time of year and a source of nationwide publicity for the Peninsula. The idea was taken up by Ted Durein of the *Herald*'s sports department, acting on a rumor that Bing Crosby was no longer going to hold his popular Professional-Amateur tournament at Rancho Santa Fe. S.F.B. Morse, head of the Pebble Beach Company, joined the campaign, and the tournament moved north the following year.

In 1949, when Monterey celebrated the centennial of the gold rush and the California Constitutional Convention, Hal MacLean officiated as president of the Chamber of Commerce. That was the year that all the shop fronts on Alvarado Street got spruced up under the supervision of the eminent interior designer Frances Elkins. Dad cooperated by having the overhanging neon sign "Hermann's Coffee Shoppe" temporarily removed. Mrs. Elkins even had the pavement painted with real gold for the occasion. Decked out in period dress and top hat, I'm sure Dad was in his element, whether making a speech or riding in the parade.

I remember that they built a "hoosegow" at the corner or Franklin and Alvarado, just a stone's throw from MacLean's Men's Wear and Hermann's. Any man who was not sporting a beard or a mustache risked getting thrown in jail and having to cough up some dough if he wanted to be released. Hal MacLean with his mustache, like Doc Ricketts with his beard, must have fit in just fine. And of course I have no doubt that–had he only been asked–my congenial father, ever the perfect host, would have countenanced Doc's beer milk shake experiment without blinking an eye.

Hal MacLean waves from a horse-drawn carriage during the 1946 centennial flag-raising parade along Alvarado Street.



In 1879, RLS spent four months in Monterey; 1880s photo courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #93-73-17.

Simoneau's at Monterey

Robert Louis Stevenson

A place does not clearly exist for the imagination till we have moved elsewhere. The tenor of our experience, one day melting into another, unifies into a single picture. Out of many sunsets, many dawns, and many starry rambles, we compound a glorified quintessence... Hence it is that a place grows upon our fancy after we have left it, taking more and more the color of our predilections, growing—like our childhood—daily more beautiful through the cunning excisions of oblivion until it means at last like the remembered countenance of a friend.

We know what the eyes are to the face; the inn where we dined is similarly all important in our memorial picture of a neighborhood. It was the center of our explorations, to which we still returned. It was the first highlight of an evening when we reentered, blinking, from a woodland ramble. It was there we went to eat when we were hungry, to be warmed when we were cold, to talk when our spirits mounted. And it was there, over the digestive coffee, that we reviewed at night the toils and pleasures of the day.

A chronic wanderer, when he looks backward, counts his rosary of inns. On the chart of his earthly pilgrimage, he beholds his airy effigy arriving about sundown at one inn after another in every quarter of the world. There he unslings his knapsack; there he descends ungainly from his omnibus; there he dines by the chimney where the snow-wind was hooting; there he breakfasts, with open shirt, under the green trellis at the garden end. It was always from an inn that he departed, and towards an inn that he fared further forth.

Out of all my private recollections of remembered inns and restaurants, one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. And I believe it, other things being equal, to be unrivalled. I am grateful, indeed, to many a swinging signboard, to many a rusty wine-bush, but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some inns were beautifully situated, some restaurants had an admirable table, some were the gathering places of excellent companions. But take them all in all and not one can be compared to Simoneau's at Monterey.

In the front, it was part barber's shop, part bar. In the back, there was a kitchen and a dining room. The intending diner found himself in a little, chilly, bare adobe room, furnished with chairs and tables and adorned with some oil sketches roughly brushed upon the wall in the manner of the painters at Barbizon and Cernay. The table, at whatever hour you entered, was already laid with a not-so-spotless napkin and, by way of hors d'oeuvres, with a dish of green peppers and tomatoes, pleasing alike to eye and palate.

If you stayed there to meditate before a meal, you would hear Simoneau all about the kitchen, now rattling among the dishes, now clearing a semi-

Jules Simoneau stands in front of his combined store, barber shop and restaurant. A corner of the Cooper family adobe is visible at far right. This location is now Simoneau Plaza. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views Collection.

military chest with a "hroum-hroum," a drumming of his fists, and a snatch of music.

Out of the single window, you beheld a courtyard, with a well, and hens and chickens, and stacks of empty bottles; on the other side of it, a very massive and crumbling adobe outbuilding. It was a storied building, one of the oldest on the Pacific coast: the prison of Monterey, where many a poor soul has slept his last night, and where padres, long since dead themselves, wrestled by the hour with those about to die.

I have sat out there in the courtyard long times together, among the bottles or beside the well, for the sake of the warming sunshine, and—strange as it may seem—I never had the smallest visiting of inspirations from the neighborhood of that grim relic. I forget to what trivial use it had by then fallen, but it looked placid, like a browsing cow.

There were two set meals a day for which our polyglot society assembled. Although rarely more than two of the same race together, we were rich in pairs, with two Frenchmen, two Portuguese, and two Ligurians. With Spanish, English and French, the sound of our talk was like a little Babel. But whatever tongue might be the speaker's fancy for the moment, the oaths that shone among his sentences were always English.

By survival of the fittest, the English oaths are destined to an immortality of service. Nothing in French, and only carrajo in Spanish, can struggle long for their existence in the company of our rugged, fierce and pithy execrations. And again, in whatever language the sentence might be couched, the western expletive "you bet" would be thrown out hoarsely in the midst. This friendly

synthesis of tongues put everyone at home. We spoke neither English, Spanish, nor French; we spoke Simoneaudean, the language of our common country.

François the baker filled the chair of precedence, his light eyes shining clearly under his rugged brows, his halting Provençal tongue sometimes wandering back upon old days in Chile or Brazil, sometimes uttering projects for the future of his joyous return to France and his family. Our supper was his breakfast and our breakfast his supper, at which—after his long night's work and perhaps a glass of absinthe—I am bound to own that he shone like the red sunrise among our starlit, morning faces.

Frank, the Italian fisherman, usually took his meals among his fellow fishers, in a wooden house on stilts at the pier's end, redolent of nets and fish and apples and country wine on the tap. Yet when things went well and the "take" was large, Frank would join our company in the adobe parlor. He had served on the Italian Lakes in Garibaldian days, and Garibaldi was always "my old man" with him, each of the three words rolled out with rough Italian gusto. Frank was the most politically-minded man I ever knew. Unredeemed Italy was his pillow-thought, and he waded after his nets at sunrise with the concerns of an ambassador. Foreign politics, as the matter of a prolonged conversation, ranks among the dullest. But Frank had a way of personifying the European nations—Mr. Rooshia, Mr. Prooshia, and Mr. Owstria—which made the subject wonderfully lively.

Jules Simoneau chats with artist and fellow Frenchman Jules Tavernier, who lounges against the Mexican-era adobe jail that stood adjacent to Simoneau's store. Photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway's California Views Collection.

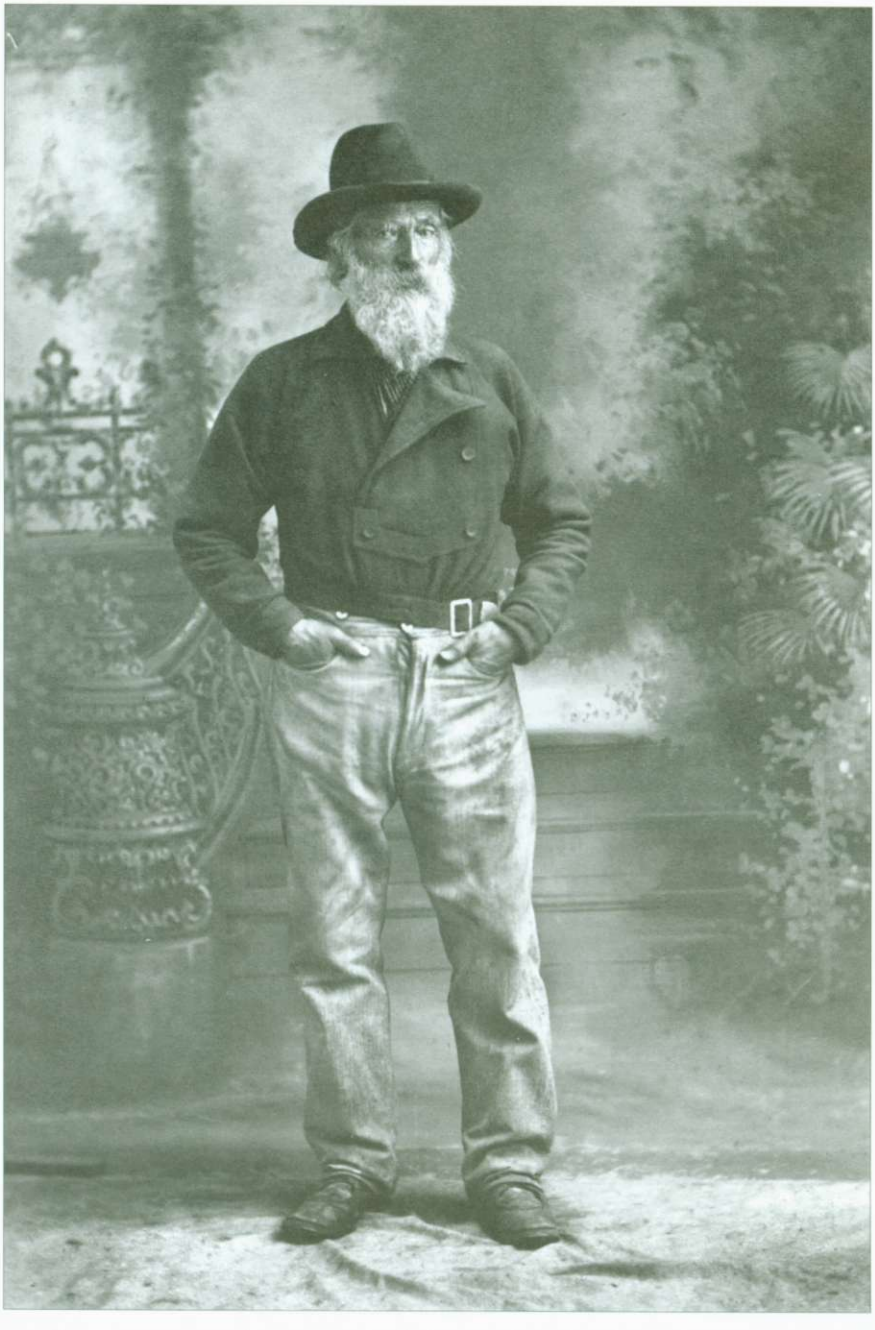
Finding that I could pronounce Italian, he would bring Italian journals up to Papa Simoneau's and set me reading aloud while he, with a cigarette in his big fingers and a perfect fire of interest in his eye, sat drinking in the diplomatic items, scandalously mispronounced and delivered as a reader usually delivers things of which he understands about a third. It was only the other day that the reason of this mania flashed across my mind: Frank, the critic of Mr. Prooshia, had been denied the benefits of an education.

Frank had a younger man who came with him, a Ligurian called Dutra, notable for little beyond pleasant looks. The elder Dutra was a regular boarder, principally distinguished for singing Mexican serenades and trying vainly to teach me Mexican courtesy. I could never so much as learn to lend my cigarette with the proper and, I must add, sensitive and graceful maneuver. This Don A (I have forgotten his name) was a solemn gentleman—who, I was led to understand, had squandered a fortune in the pursuit of gallantry. He was equally unsuccessful in his attempts to teach me Spanish, but he made a very grave figure at the board and gave our gatherings a flavor of respectability.

The captain of the Carmel whalers, a fierce, sensible Portuguese, joined us from time to time when he was in town on business. Once or twice, there came a melancholy example of a French savant, in search of beetles or plants, a man so filled with his own superiority that he could not address a fellow creature without offering or at least implying insult... And only once in my time (once was enough) there came down from his rancho in the mountains an incredible Swiss boy in the best spirits, I suppose, that were ever enjoyed by man. He broke dishes, he bawled, he told us stories of his wife (and he was newly married), he sang, he played on various instruments, most of which he broke. In short, by the time I took my way homeward, the neighborhood of the Monterey prison house echoed like a Bedlam, and the next morning, the whole company was pale and taciturn. As for the Swiss, if I am not misled, he took home to his mountain bride a notable headache and an empty purse.

The editor of the newspaper, Crevole Bronson, was not frequently a diner, but he was a hanger-on of our society, attracted by the character of our mirth, which, for Monterey, was intellectual. Bronson and his attendant youth slept in the office of the journal in an atmosphere of printer's ink. The youth set up the exchanges, while Bronson, composing stick in hand, poured forth the leading articles. He had a disinterested love for polysyllables and knew a great many. I can see him still: a very stout, large-faced, brown man with handsome eyes, leaning slightly forward against the case, the composing stick balanced in his hand, his spirit placidly pursuing longer works.

His delight in the material of the art showed a rudimentary faculty. I cannot say that Bronson could write, but he wished to write, and he had an idea of style. The Monterey paper was a losing business; its principal revenue was paid in kind by advertising shopkeepers. One after another the editors wrestled for a while and then sold the paper, press and all, for something less than they had paid for it.



Jules Simoneau continued to receive inscribed copies of his friend Stevenson's latest publications, posted first from Europe and later from the South Seas. Sorillon studio portrait c. 1890. Courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views #86-15-1.

Nor was it even amusing to conduct. The greater part of its columns were devoted to the exchanges and the advertisements by which it lived. The only original matter which awoke much interest was in the form of personals. In such a journal, these take one of two classic forms: either "Jack Smith came over Tuesday from Tres Pinos where he is doing a hardware business. He was looking splendid, and left a bottle of whiskey at our office. Call again, Jack!" or "It is not true that Alejandro Gomez lost his way going home from the fandango." The first ministers to the vanity of Jack, the second to the mirth of Alejandro's friends. But to a man of literary aspirations, the field is somewhat narrow, and Bronson chafed against the boundaries like Bonaparte in Elba. He never mentioned the word "ambition," but he scarcely concealed his disappointment as he hurled polysyllables, somewhat vaguely, at the Monterey public.

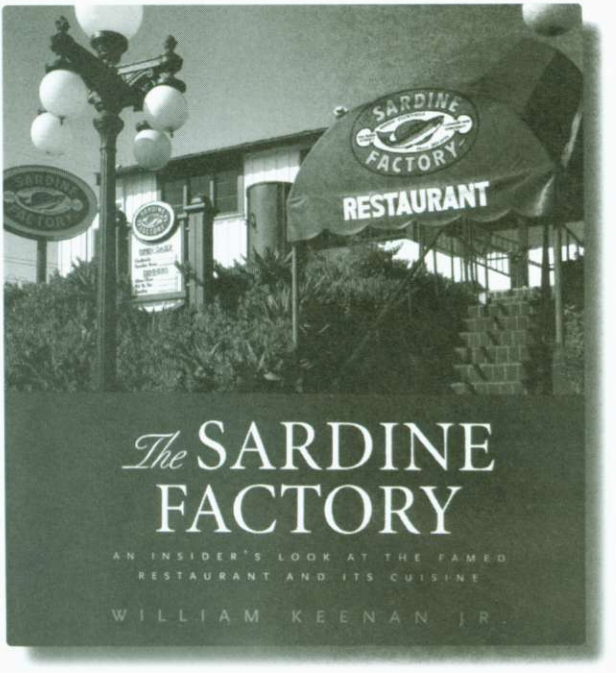
All this time I have said nothing of Papa Simoneau himself. Upright as a boy, he was always in his waistcoat and shirtsleeves, with a rough, trooper-like smartness. He vaunted his dishes if they were good, and was himself the first to condemn if they were unsuccessful. Red-hot in a discussion one moment, playing his flute with antique graces the next, or shamelessly hurrying off the other boarders so that he might sit down to a game of chess with me. The man had been most things—from businessman to navvy—and kept his spirit and his kind heart through it all.

I ask myself if I shall every again sit down nightly with a pleasanter society, or if any human speech will ever sound more familiarly in my ears than the Babel in that room beside the prison. For one thing, I am very sure that I shall never find another landlord like my Papa Simoneau. I was the spoiled child of the house. When my appetite failed, he broke his heart to find me dainties. If there was anything delicate in Monterey, Papa Simoneau was sure to have some of it laid by for his favorite boarder. And the talks that we had upon all subjects divine and human, the studies that we made in chess, the long pleasant evenings in the corner by the stove!

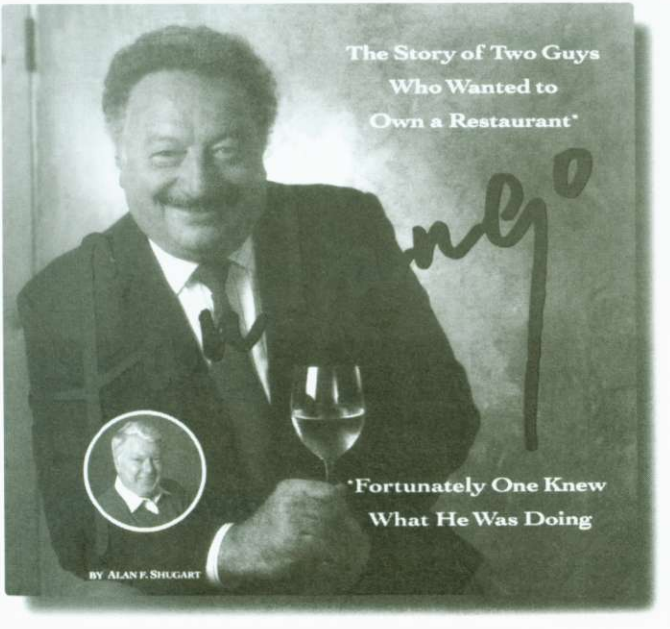
Once when I was three days confined to bed, I was wakened daily before sunrise by the cheery voice of Simoneau—I can hear it still—hailing me in the grey morning from the street: "Stevenson, comment ça va?"

O mon bon Simoneau! The candles are blown out, and the shadows fall early round the prison, and we are all scattered to the four winds of heaven. And you yourself, as they write to me, are gone somewhere vaguely into the south, among the sand and the tarantulas. I cannot even send you this word that your kindnesses are still remembered!

Date of composition unknown. First published by James D. Hart, editor of From Scotland to Silverado *(Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1966, pages 172-178). Hart came across Stevenson's uncorrected manuscript in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University. Reprinted by permission, with minor editorial adjustments.*



Good Reads about Great Dining Spots



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Sunny Boy Velis's Pilot Seafood Restaurant, at the entrance to Fishermen's Wharf, was frequented by John Steinbeck and Ed Ricketts, who inspired the character of "Doc." Charles Z. Bailey's 1941 photograph courtesy of Pat Hathaway, California Views # 92-70-007.

From John Steinbeck's *Sweet Thursday*

Sonny Boy is truly the only Greek born in America named Sonny Boy. He operates a restaurant and bar on the wharf in Monterey. Sonny Boy is plump and getting plumper. Although he was born near Sutro Park in San Francisco and went to public schools, Sonny Boy has single-handedly kept alive the mystery of the Near East. His perfectly round face hints Orient Express and beautiful spies. His bushy voice is congenitally confidential. Sonny Boy can say "good evening" and make it sound like an international plot.

His restaurant makes friends for him and supports him. Perhaps Sonny Boy, in one sense, wears a long black cape and dines with Balkan countesses where two seas kiss the Golden Horn – but he also runs a good restaurant. He probably knows more secrets than any man in the community, for his martinis are a combination of truth serum and lie detector. *Veritas* in not only *in vino* but regularly batters its way out…

"This way," said Sonny Boy. He led Doc and Suzy to a round table in front of the stone fireplace. A pine fire crackled and sent out its fragrance. The table had a centerpiece of wild iris. The bread sticks stood like soldiers in their glasses. It was the best table in the house – private, but downstage and well-lighted…

Doc held Suzy's chair and then popped the champagne cork and smelled it.

Suzy said, "Can I have it?"

"Of course."

Suzy put the cork in her purse and took an iris from the vase.

"Do you like champagne?"

"I love it," she said and wondered what it would taste like. And she did love it.

–from Chapter 23, first edition 1954; reprinted by permission.

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