

Peninsula Diary Mayo Hayes O'Donnell

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Wish Fulfilled

This little story as told to me by the late Miss Edith Cox, former assistant postmaster in Monterey, could well be entitled "One Must be Up-to-Date."

Marcelina Dutra could remember when the young gallants of Monterey with red sashes about the waist ran races on the Mesa back of the church. Nice girls were not supposed to look at the boys racing up on the Mesa, but rest assured that nice girls saw them just the same. And Marcelina lived until the day when nice girls went to the polls with the men to cast their ballots.

In spite of her background of old Monterey, Marcelina was determined to throw off tradition and be as modern as any, so she went to her young friend, Francisco, to be instructed in the mystery of casting a vote. On returning from her first experience at the polls, she went to Francisco to report

"Francisco," she said, "do I have to tell my name when I vote? I go into the room and there sits Blanco Diaz, looking so beeg. And he says, "WHO are you?" and me knowing him since he was born! And I says to him, 'You know very well who am I.' And I goes in and votes."

Another amusing story as told by Miss Cox we will entitle "God Willing." Let anyone who doubts the direct oversight of a Divine Onlooker in the affairs of earthly men consider the case of Otillo Torres. He was short and stocky and with no appreciable difference in size between head and neck, a true son of the soil, and more at home on the back of a horse than on his own feet.

One day down at the Sur, he went into a field to get his horse, - saying to his friend, "Esta Manana, yo voy a Monterey," (To day I go to Monterey). His friend added, as all good sons of the church should, "Si Dios quiere o no quire, yo voy a Monterey." (Whether God wants it or not, I am going to Monterey.) Such a direct challenge to the Powers did not go unnoticed, for as Otillo, the vaquero, started for his horse, it backed off from the bridle, and when after countless attempts, he finally got the bridle on and mounted the horse he was thrown to the ground. That was enough! Fat Otillo sank to his knees and with uplifted hands he exclaimed, "Si Dios no quiere, yo no voy." (If God doesn't want it, I won't go)

There up he mounted his quiet horse and rode into Monterey.

Then Miss Cox laughed over this bit of Monterey news of an earlier year when she told this story: Ismael Manjares must have had as an ancestor some bold buccaneer of the Spanish Main, for his whole desire was to go to sea. But to really become a sailor was too strenuous a task for one of manana frame of mind. So Ismael did not even go fishing, but continued to look down upon the blue bay from his little house on the hill, and long to go to sea.

So, years passed, and Ismael died. There was no money for a funeral, but he had to be buried, so a coffin was hastily and crudely built for him. It was a season of heavy rains and as the coffin with the mortal remains of Ismael was being taken down the hill in a wagon loaned by a kind neighbor, it was necessary to pass the lagoon before reaching the graveyard? The road was covered with water pouring down the gulch, and the wagon, striking an unexpected hole, jolted coffin, and Ismael into the water. The coffin was not constructed to endure such rough treatment, and at once went to pieces, leaving Ismael to float out upon the waters of the lagoon, and on out into the waters of the bay. And thus his wish was granted and Ismael went to sea.