

T U R N O F T H E C E N T U R Y
R E C O L L E C T I O N S

BY

Lucy Lockett

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CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS IN SANTA ANA --- 1896

Written in 1979 by Lucy Hill Lockett

"Mamma, come here, Lucy's peeking at the Christmas tree", nine year old Viola called out.

Lucy's reply, "I didn't see much because I held my hand over one eye". I had gone by the partially open double sliding doors leading into the parlor from the dining room.

But what I saw was enough to be exciting because in front of the tree on the floor sat three large German bisque dolls beautifully dressed and I knew one would be for me.

At noon on Christmas day we had a big roast turkey dinner when my Grandpa and Grandma Hill and Auntie, Grandma Hill's sister, Eliza Leavitt who made her home with them, came to our house from their home two blocks away at 1202 N. Main Street. Our home was on the corner of Spurgeon Street and Eleventh Street, formerly called Park Place.

After the dinner we went into the parlor to have our gifts from the tree. For several days previously we had strung pop corn and red cranberries for decorations, along with store bought tinsel and card board pictures of angels and children for decorations.

We children learned Christmas poems and songs and had a little program to entertain the grown-ups. It kept us kids in suspense much longer.

Then the time came for gifts from the tree and among them the beautiful dolls, Rose for Viola, Lily for Nellie, five years old, and Daisy for me, Lucy, three years old. Each doll had a complete wardrobe which Auntie had sewed and worked on for the past several months.

My brother, Albert, seven years old, was not forgotten and received a German bisque "Uncle Sam" doll in authentic costume. He was pleased, but not as excited as he was with his iron toy fire-engine.

Grandpa had many nephews and nieces who called him "Uncle Sam" as his name was Samuel Hill. He was a very civic-minded and patriotic man and appreciated the significance of being called the same name as the symbol of our great country, the United State of America. So he was glad to give his grandson the "Uncle Sam" doll.

The day before Christmas we four kids went to the home of our Grandparents and hung up our stockings around their fire-place.

Then in the evening we all went to the church to the Sunday School Christmas program and tree which was loaded with gifts. The teachers gave gifts to each pupil and each class had a gift for their teacher and many gifts for the minister and his family. Santa Claus appeared causing lots of excitement. He was one of the Deacons, Mr. H. E. Smith whom we all recognized by his size and voice. He handed out bags or small boxes of candy to each one present; an exciting time for all the kids.

Christmas morning we went to our Grandparents and had our stockings with small gifts; always a large red apple in the toe and always a pretty handkerchief and small toys. No oranges for us, such as children in the East get for Christmas as we had plenty oranges on trees in the back yard.

Such is the joy of Christmas in Childhood days.

what happened to my doll, Daisy?

I played with her for many years. Then in 1956 she went to the Doll Hospital, was re-strung, fingers repaired and a new wig made, partially from my hair which had been cut off and saved over fifty years previously, and partially from naturally curly hair cut from my daughter, Helen. In 1978 I gave Daisy and her clothes to my daughter, Mildred, who lives in San Carlos, California. Daisy sits in an antique child's rocking chair in her living room by the fireplace.

OUR MOUNTAIN TRIP

(The Hill Family Camping Trip to Bear Valley
San Bernardino Mountains
August 30 to September 19, 1899)

Written in 1977 by Lucy Hill Lockett

"We're going camping in the mountains for three weeks", Papa and Mamma told us one summer. We kids had never been to the mountains except Orange County (Irvine) Park; just seen them from a distance. We had been at the beach all summer and this would be quite a change.

Papa and his cousin Theodore (Ted) Tarbox of San Bernardino previously had taken several short camping trips in the mountains and Papa was anxious for all of us to go there.

Ted had come from Xenia, Ohio in 1889, lived in Santa Ana for a short time and worked at our family's Hardware store, S. Hill and Son in the tin shop part. He moved to San Bernardino, worked in Santa Fe Railroad Shops and also in citrus orchards there and lived with the Ives family in Highlands. He had enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1898 during the Spanish-American war. Later he was discharged from the service after seven months, but reenlisted after our camping trip. He was sent to the Philippines where he died of disease soon afterward. He was a bachelor about forty-five years old. Ted was a fine leader and guide for our trip.

Then in August, 1899, Ted fixed up a wagon for camping with two horses to pull it. It contained two tents, dutch ovens, cooking and eating utensils and food. We took bedding in gunny sacks on the train to San Bernardino along with our camping clothes. There were eight of us beside Ted, Papa, Mamma, Viola, Albert, Nellie and me, Lucy, and Mamma's two sisters, Emma and Hilda Axelson. Papa and Albert went up to San Bernardino on the train

on August 29 to help Ted get things ready. The rest of us went on the morning train the next day to Highlands, east of San Bernardino, arriving at 12:30 and went to the home of friends of Papa and Mamma, the Austins. We changed our clothes and left the ones we wore on the train at their house.

At 2 o'clock we started in the wagon up the mountains and camped at the "Dutchman's" that night. All slept on the ground under the stars, women and girls in one long bed, the two men and boy in a smaller bed. Before we went to bed Mamma put the usual mitten on my left hand trying to cure me of the bad habit of sucking my thumb. I was so ashamed to wear it every night and have the others see it, that by the end of the trip and home again I was cured and never had to wear the mitten again. We saw many falling stars which fascinated me as I had never seen any before. About 10 o'clock we were startled by a mountain team coming down which we thought at first was a loose cow or herd of sheep that might run over us. We kids were really scared.

The next day we went to Fredalba Park walking behind the wagon most of the day as the road was steep and the load too heavy for the horses to pull. Fredalbo Park, a mountain camp ground, was named for Fred and Albert Smiley of Redlands who established the camp. We camped there until Wednesday, September 6. As we stayed in various camps, Emma and Hilda read some books, embroidered doilies and wrote a few letters to their "boy friends". There was no post office in the mountains but they expected to send the letters by passing campers going down the mountains and they did. While at Fredalba we went over to the saw-mill and watched the process of making logs into lumber. From Manzanita Point there we could see Riverside, Redlands, San Bernardino, Highlands, Mentone, Colton, Perris, Arlington and Corona.

As we went up the mountains and from place to place often Ted and Papa would be walking ahead and stop and say, "Come over to see the view into the valley". It became a well known family saying for years after, "Come up and see the view". No smog in those days. We thought we were on top of the world.

At Fredalba Park someone had made a spring house to keep their food cool. It was made of rock walls and a partial rock floor with a cold stream of water from a spring running through the center. It made a big impression on me as I had never seen a spring before. We used it while camping there.

On September 6 we went to Bear Valley by way of Green Valley coming into Bear Valley at the northwest side. We reached there at 7 in the evening, a long hard day, walking most of the way. The present road was not built then. The next day we rested and improved our camp. There was a quarter inch of ice on the water in the wash basin that morning. Our meals were very plain, mostly potatoes and onions and hot biscuits made in the heavy iron Dutch oven.

On Friday, September 8, we went to Holcomb Valley where we saw the old abandoned stamp-mill which crushed and ground the ore containing gold into a fine powder. There had been several gold mines in the area.

Sunday was Albert's 10th birthday but I don't remember any celebration about it. We went up on the hills and got spruce gum from the trees where it oozed out of the bark. We chewed it but it wasn't very tasty.

One day we went to Bluff Lake and another day to the dam which holds back the water to form Big Bear Lake. There was practically no water in the lake as it was at the end of the dry summer season and that lake water was used

for irrigation of the San Bernardino Valley citrus orchards and farming. We walked across the top of the dam and climbed on the rocks at the side.

On Wednesday, September 12, we started home by way of Hunsaker Flat where we stayed three days. Before we left home Mrs. Robert Flook, a neighbor in Santa Ana, told us their family of Mr. and Mrs. Flook and daughters, Jessie and Eva, had recently returned from the mountains. She said when we reached Hunsaker Flat to look for her bed which she had fixed when they camped there. So we did and found it, a great pile of brake ferns to soften the hard ground. Brake ferns grow about three feet high, covering the ground in many places and when cut and piled make an excellent mattress. We also hiked down to Deep Creek one afternoon while there.

As we walked along one day we met a man driving toward us in a wagon and stopped to visit. He said he lived in a house not far away. Soon we came in sight of the house with an animal in the yard and I said, "There is the man's house with his deer in the yard". The rest of the family laughed at me as the animal was a burro. They often reminded me of that incident.

On Saturday we started for Squirrel Inn but went three miles beyond and camped at Camp Lincoln. Monday we came down the mountains to Highlands. We had gone up the mountains by the City Creek road and came back the Arrowhead road. We drove by the Insane Asylum (State Mental Hospital) at Highlands and on to Mrs. Austin's where we had baths in her tank house and put on our clean clothes which we had left there three weeks previously. In the evening we went to Highland Sulfur Hot Springs.

We arrived at home in Santa Ana on Tuesday, September 19, on the 10 o'clock train, having left Highlands at 7 A.M. going around by Redlands. Emma and Papa took 60 Kodak pictures on the whole trip which we have as a remembrance of a wonderful mountain vacation.

MY EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF NEWPORT BEACH

- ABOUT 1896 to 1903 -

Written in 1967 by Lucy Hill Lockett

FISH EVERY DAY

"All Aboard", hollered the conductor of the Southern Pacific train as Papa swung up on the last car as it slowly rolled from the depot on the wharf at Newport Beach. Seven o'clock in the morning was the time the train left the beach taking the business men and other passengers to their various interests in Santa Ana. How hard it was for Papa to pull himself away from the biting fish out on the end of the wharf, eat a bite of breakfast and run for the train. When the fishing was good, which was most of the time, Papa would get up at 4 A.M. and take his bamboo pole which stood leaning up against the side of our house and hurry out on the wharf to get a good spot to sit and fish. The best place was on the southeast corner and down the east side. On the southwest corner the current and wind blew the lines toward the piles, covered with barnacles, and tangled the fish lines.

Albert fished almost every day, too, often going early in the morning and fishing with Papa. They both could clean fish in fast time and, since mackerel was the most common variety, we all ate enough to give us a permanent liking for it. Other varieties sometimes caught from the wharf were rock-cod, bonita, skip-jack, halibut and Spanish mackerel. Nellie and Viola fished too, but most of my experience as a child was fishing with a drop line through the large cracks and knot-holes in the wharf. I was "dizzy-headed" and could not fish over the edge as the others did. I wondered what I would have done if I had caught a fish larger than the hole, but that never happened as I usually just caught mackerel or

little flat fish we called pumpkin seeds.

What excitement when someone caught a yellow-tail and the boys hollered "Yellow, yellow, haul him in Rube". People ran from one side of the wharf to the other watching the yellow tails being hauled in and begging mackerel from friends to put on their lines for bait to catch the big fish. Mackerel, rock-cod and bass were forgotten in the excitement, to try for yellow tails. Papa wouldn't want to go up town these days, but business called and we would swing up the steps of the last car.

Not all the fishing was done on the wharf. Mr. Albert Dixon and other fishermen put out to sea through the breakers before dawn every morning in dories with the men using oars to propel the boats. Mr. Dixon came with his family in 1894 and he was the Dean of the Fishing Industry. Every evening about five o'clock Mr. Dixon would go down on the beach with his large net on a sled drawn by his horses, his two boys, Joe and Lewis, always helping him. He would put the net in the dory and row out through the breakers about one-quarter mile, letting out the net as he went and come back to shore one-fourth mile down the beach. The horses would be hitched to both ends of the net and gradually pull it in and capture the tiny fish to be used for bait the next morning. We kids watched the nets come in and liked to help catch the squirming, slimy little fish. Often there were a few larger fish, too. The fish caught each day from the dories in the ocean were shipped on the afternoon train to Santa Ana and Los Angeles markets. How well I remember long racks of cleaned fish hanging in the cool shade under the wharf, then put in large wooden boxes just before train time and loaded in the baggage car. We kids didn't miss a thing to see or smell around the wharf.

WATER

Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink or to use in cooking or domestic use except what was brought down from Santa Ana in a water tank car hitched onto the end of the train about twice a week. The early summer homes were all built close to the wharf on account of the necessity of carrying the buckets of water. The water was run from the tank car into a big tank on the wharf near the depot. The people lined up with their buckets, turning on the faucet in the tank to fill them. The boards under the faucet were always wet and cold and slick and as we always went barefoot, it was a slippery place to stand. Albert had a continual job of carrying buckets of water, but we had the closest house to the wharf on the east side, so it was convenient.

The houses were built in the sand with board sidewalks in the front of the row of about six houses on the east side of the wharf. I remember the Copelands and the George Wrights were neighbors along the board walk and further back from the ocean front were the Hossmers and the McMillans. More summer houses and the Big Hotel were on the west side along the board walk, among them the Thomas, George Edgar and Hawley families; also George and Henry Peabody's General Store and Post Office. The bath house at the Big Hotel was operated by Mr. Emmett Brockett who had been the first store-keeper and postmaster. Mr. Brockett had built the second house in Newport and Mr. William Schirmer who was wharfinger for the McFaddens built the third house. The first summer house had been built by my Grandfather, Mr. Samuel Hill in 1890. It was a one room dwelling with cloth curtains which could be pulled on overhead wires to separate the space into rooms. After about ten years this was inadequate for our family and the

old house was moved back to another location and Papa had a new house built in the same location as the original house just east of the wharf.

There were no plumbing facilities in any of the houses, but the largest bath-tub in the world was just a few steps out the front door. Also near our front door and next to the wharf was a stack of surplus wooden wharf piles which had been placed there to be ready for use in replacement after a storm. We kids spent many hours swinging and jumping on the logs, as we called them. The ocean washed up and under the logs at high tide and left the ends high above the sand, so they teetered and made an ideal place to play.

Our house was built on top of the sand on piles up high like on stilts. Sometimes we played "house" with our dolls under the house in the shade. There were no trees or shrubs at Newport except occasional sand apple plants on the hummocks of sand. Auntie, Miss Eliza Leavitt, Grandma Hill's sister, made jelly every summer from the sand apples. I remember Mrs. Copeland had red geraniums in pots on her porch.

WHARF AND RAILROAD

Every day as Papa went up town he took a wicker basket on his arm to bring fruit and other things from home including the mail and newspaper when he came back on the evening train. How we four kids loved to meet the train just before supper and waiting for Papa and anxious to see what he brought in the basket. Often it was cold as we waited and sometimes we would bury each other, all except the head, in the sand to keep warm.

As our beach home was next to the wharf on the east side, we could wait at home until we heard the train whistle as it crossed the bay on the bridge. Usually we were up at the depot waiting with other people often putting our ears down the track to listen and feel the vibration of the train wheels. Mr. Lawrence Wilkinson was station master and slept in a room at the depot because he had asthma and could sleep better near the water.

The wharf and railroad were built in 1888 by the McFadden brothers, James and Robert, of Santa Ana and not for pleasure, but for business. Lumber schooners came down from the north, tied up to the wharf as the railroad tracks ran out to the end, unload directly to the flat cars with the use of a donkey engine. Often as many as eight or ten ships were waiting at one time to unload their cargo which was shipped to Los Angeles and other places in Southern California. The Southern Pacific Railroad bought this privately owned line in 1899. How we kids enjoyed watching the activity on the wharf and I'm sure often got in the way of the men. After the Southern Pacific bought the railroad the passenger train from Santa Ana ran on Sunday as well as week-days, so now more people were on the beach.

The train made two round trips daily, leaving Newport about 7 A.M. and 4 P.M., arriving back at the beach at 10:30 A.M. and 6 P.M. carrying passengers as well as a baggage car. The fresh fish went back daily in the baggage car at 4 in the afternoon. Freight trains carrying lumber back to Santa Ana went often. The water tank-car came back to the beach on either train, passenger or freight.

The railroad tracks, after crossing the bay on a bridge, gradually went up on a dirt fill to the level of the wharf where the station was located. Sloping ramps made of board were on each side of the wharf down to the level of the sand and board walk. The tracks went on out to the end of the wharf where the ships were tied to be loaded and unloaded directly from or into the railroad cars. Before the wharf or railroad were built the lumber was floated to the beach and picked up and put in wagons to haul to Santa Ana. They spread straw, weeds and sunflowers on to the sand to help the teams pull the wagons with loads of lumber. The lumber came from Washington and Oregon. One ship was named "The Newport". Young men and boys worked on the sailing ships and were glad to be in port occasionally. Mamma would tie up bundles of Sunday School papers and other reading matter and Viola would take them to the boys on the ships who were very glad to get them and Viola liked to visit with the boys. A smooth board about 12 feet long and 4 feet wide was used to slide the grain sacks from the railroad cars to the ship. When not in use it was left on the wharf and all the kids around had lots of fun sliding on the slick, polished board and wearing out the seat of their pants.



Camping Crowd

Front - Albert, Nellie, Lucy & Viola
Back - Pliny Hill, Hilda Axelson.
Anna Hill and Ted Farbox



Silverado School House



Summer Home, Newport Beach, 1897



Train Depot and Wharf at Newport Beach

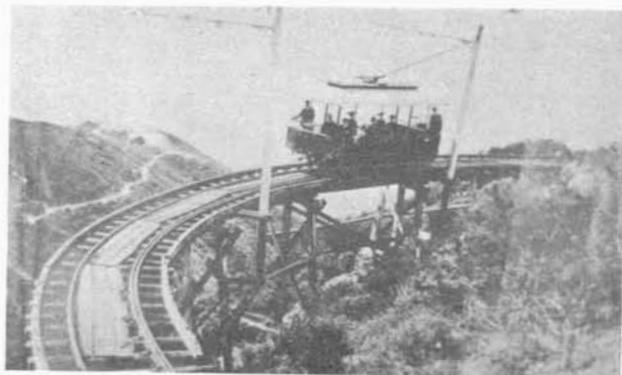
BAYSIDE AND ABBOTT'S LANDING

Two ways to reach Bayside and Abbott's Landing were by boat, rowing or sailing, or by horse and wagon just after high tide along the hard sand by the bay. Before 1898 several homes were built at Bayside, located near what is now the center of Balboa, by the E. E. Keech, Bennett and Tubbs families. In 1908 these were moved nearer the bay front.

Abbott's Landing was a small pier built out in the bay west of the Bayside homes, now the location of the ferry crossing to Balboa Island at Palm Street. Mr. Abbott bought land from the state as swamp and overflow land. He planted some trees and sold part of his land further east on the peninsula to Joseph Ferguson.

For two summers Grandpa and Grandma Hill and Auntie camped in a tent at Abbott's Landing, before building the house at Newport on the ocean front next to the wharf.

There was a wagon road to Newport Beach from Santa Ana paralleling the railroad tracks through Paulerine and Harper, now Costa Mesa, both of which were just sign boards on the railroad. The wagon road crossed the bay on a narrow bridge east of the railroad bridge. The horse corral was further along towards the wharf. Mr. Brockett tied up the horses and fed them while the owners spent the day on the beach.



Mt. Lowe Transportation
Pacific Electric: Incline Car (Echo)
Surface Car

ROCKY POINT EXCURSION

"Next week we go to Rocky Point for a day's excursion", Mamma would say one day and the once a summer trip to the magic spot was almost here. We planned for it days in advance; my aunts, Emma and Hilda would come down from Santa Ana on the train to go with us and Papa would stay at the beach that day. We packed a lunch, took our bathing suits and all walked over to Uncle Sam's boat landing on the bay where we rented a large row boat for the eight of us. Emma helped Papa with the rowing and others also tried to help. We used an oar at the back to help steer a straight course.

Uncle Sam was a Portugese sailor who settled at Newport and lived in a little room he built on his pier. He had a few row-boats to rent and a place where other people could tie up their own private boats. The only privately owned boats I can remember were the ones of the E. E. Keech family who had a summer home at Bayside. They came in a sail boat every few days, tied up at Uncle Sam's pier and carried semi-johns for their water which they got at the Newport Wharf. Uncle Sam liked kids and let us fish off his pier with a drop line and bent pin, using raw potato for bait, trying to catch crabs and sometimes a small minnow. We loved to watch the crabs at low tide around the pilings of his pier and would poke at them with sticks.

Papa planned our outing on a day when we could go down the bay with the tide going out and come back in the afternoon with an incoming tide. We rowed as far as Bay Island where Papa let us kids out of the boat to walk across the island and picked us up on the other side. Mamma said she thought that would be a nice place to have a house, only thinking it was large enough for one house.

Today there are twenty or more houses there.

We stopped at Abbott's Landing, west of the houses at Bayside, now Balboa at Palm Street, where the ferry goes across to Balboa Island, for a rest and to look around. Papa's friend, Mr. Joe Ferguson, had a house there. Then we were off for our next stop about half-way between Abbott's Landing and the end of the peninsula to have a swim in the bay. Papa made a dressing room for us by sticking the two pair of oars in the sand and stretching sheets which we had taken with us, between them. Such a novelty and fun to go in the clear, blue water of the bay with cockle shells and clams under foot.

The final stretch of rowing was on to Rocky Point, now named Corona Del Mar. The current was strong in the channel, but with two people rowing it was accomplished easily. We ate our lunch with relish in the shade of the rocks, then ran around and explored the rocks and caves and pretended we were Robinson Crusoe on a deserted island as we were the only people in sight. In the afternoon we rowed back to Newport with the tide and returned the boat to Uncle Sam. Such a wonderful, happy day for all.

Depot and wharf - July 4, 1897

SUNDAY

Sunday was always a happy day because Papa could stay down at the beach with us. By eight o'clock we were in our bathing suits racing out to the ocean, the only time in the week Mamma and Papa went in bathing. Papa was a good swimmer and took us out far in the big breakers. What fun we had! Mamma didn't swim but enjoyed splashing in the breakers. Let's not forget Romeo, our little pug dog who rather dreaded the weekly ritual because Papa took him out in the breakers, let him loose and he had to swim back. He didn't waste any time getting back to shore while some of the fleas got washed off in the process.

Sunday School time was at 10:00 o'clock. We put on clean, freshly ironed clothes and shoes, the only time in the week we wore them, and walked along the board walk to Sunday School. This was held in an octagon-shaped wooden building with white-washed walls inside and out. It was not on the ocean front but near the Sharps Hotel and Grandma Salter's drug store and home. Dances were held on Saturday nights and the waxed floors were still slippery for Sunday School the next morning. So we had fun sliding with our shoes on the shiny floors. Each Sunday a young student preacher came down from the Methodist School of Theology at U.S.C in Los Angeles to practice his training on the summer residents at the beach. Today as I sing some of the gospel songs as "No, Not One" and "Sunshine in the Soul" which were favorites, it seems such a short time since we learned those at that beach Sunday School. Sometimes we kids attended church services with Papa and Mamma.

Often on Sunday there would be a crowd on the beach and always on the Fourth of July,

young blades with their girls. As they lay around on the beach fully dressed, often money, keys or watches would fall from their pockets. Later, Albert, Nellie and I would dig in the sand hunting and often finding valuables.

EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES

We moved down to the beach in June each summer as soon as school was out. Mamma packed all our clothes, sheets and towels in gunny sacks which went in the baggage car on the train along with her sewing machine. Mamma went up town occasionally and bought dress material to make our school clothes while we were at the beach.

The usual time to go bathing was at eleven o'clock in the morning, after the train had arrived with daily visitors and people had a chance to change into bathing suits at the bath house on the ocean front by the hotel. By then the fog had cleared, and the sun was shining, and a gentle ocean breeze blowing. Such bathing suits they were - home-made, from woolen material, with bloomers underneath a knee-length dress. The women and older girls wore stockings, too ragged for other wear, and canvas shoes and sometimes hats to shield from the sun. No wonder so few learned to swim. Some boys and men and Shirley Thomas swam and were admired by the little kids on the beach. No life guards were needed with so few people, but occasionally an adventurous soul would venture too far, often become panicky and the call quickly sounded for Frank Sharp, a good swimmer, who readily went to the rescue.

Frank and Ethel Sharp were the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sharp who owned and operated the Sharp's Hotel which was back from the ocean front and man working on the wharf lived there. It had been moved in from San Juan-by-the-Sea. We could hear the bell ring for meals and see the men hurrying along. Mrs. Sharp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Salter had a small frame house near the Sharp's Hotel and she had a small

apothecary shop in her front room which was an attraction to us kids. On the shelves, among the various patent medicines and herbs, were rows of glass jars containing candy - peppermint sticks, hoarhound, gum drops, lemon drops and pink and white lozenges. Grandma Salter, as we called her, was always so friendly and glad to sell us a penny's worth of candy anytime.

"Let's go pick up shells", I would say to Nellie and off we would go and gather many, especially after a storm. We would use them as doll dishes, the scallops and clam shells as plates and the long white ones as spoons. Then there were the snail shells, the spindles or spirals, the cones, some with a hole in the top which we called tents and occasionally a lovely cowrie shell. Often we would find sand collars and sand dollars which were a dark purple and hairy when still alive, but grey-white and brittle when washed up on the sand.

We did the usual beach past-times, building sand castles, playing jump rope with the long strands of sea-weed, and wading in the ocean.

Clams made good eating as a chowder and often at low tide Papa and Albert took a bucket and spade and dug clams far out from the shore. Occasionally we gathered the tiny clams about thumb-nail size, cooked them in boiling water to pop open, then picked them out with a finger-nail. It took many to make a mouthful and we ate as much sand as clams.

Mamma thought children should learn something useful along with such play, so each day during the summer we each were required to sew by hand one quilt block. It was a lesson in patience for me as I didn't like to sit still and was anxious to get out to play.

Summer was over all too soon and we would move home again in time for school in September. It seemed so quiet the first day or two as we missed the roar of the breakers on the beach and the chugging of the train on the wharf.

AIR MEET AT DOMINGUES FIELD

Written in 1978 by Lucy Hill Lockett

In the Spring of 1910 Papa took Nellie and me to see the airplanes flying in the air meet at Domingues field, north of Wilmington. We rode on the Pacific Electric big red car from Santa Ana to Watts where we transferred to a Long Beach car and got off at Domingues Field.

This was a large open space with no trees to obstruct the planes. We sat on wooden bleachers and were thrilled to see an occasional flimsy plane take off the ground and soar about one hundred to two hundred feet in the air, go around in a circle over the field and then land. A crowd of several thousand people watched the planes with some anxiety for their safety.

We took a sack lunch with us and ate as we sat on the bleachers. We thought of the air meet as just entertainment, similar to auto races at Corona and never imagined the future of aviation as we know it today.

We returned to Santa Ana late in the afternoon on the big red car, excited to have seen this show.

TO THE RACES

Written in 1978 by Lucy Hill Lockett

The City of Corona was the scene of Auto Races for several years. The central part of the city is a circular area, one mile in diameter. This circular street, Grand Avenue, was the location of the races. Crowds of people came from all over Southern California to see them.

One Saturday in 1913, Papa drove our Model T Ford and took Nellie, Viola, Grace Parker and me to see the races. The ride up winding Santa Ana Canyon was pretty and enjoyable with water in the Santa Ana River along the road. We took a picnic lunch and sat on the grass on the inside, safer side of the track to watch the races while we ate.

Nellie had arranged to meet her boy friend, Orson Lolmaugh, who lived in Redlands and rode his motorcycle that day. Nellie walked to the Santa Fe Railroad Station where they met, then both joined us on the grass. Nellie was much more interested in meeting him than watching the racing cars.

Barney Oldfield and Teddy Tezlaff were two of the race drivers. It was exciting to watch the speeding cars which were so different from modern racing cars.

It was a fun day for all of us.

SILVERADO SCHOOL DAYS

Written by Lucy Hill Lockett in 1978

September 13, 1915 was my first day of teaching at Silverado Canyon School. Just five little children at the beginning, then three more, Evelyn, Vernon and Alice Schultz, started school. They lived in Williams Canyon and walked over the mountain on a path their father made for them.

I boarded with the Joseph Holtz family, the closest home to the school. Three of their children were pupils in school, Joseph, Alban and Marguerite. Others were the two Mauerhan children, Raymond and Dorothy, who lived at the Alsbach place with their Mother two miles up Silverado Canyon above the school. Children living in Rabbit Canyon were too far away to attend school. A month later Clarinda Honey came to live with her Grandmother and attended school until Christmas vacation. School closed then for the winter on account of rain, high water in the creek and poor crossings. I transferred then to El Modena School where I taught sixth grade.

The Holtz place consisted of a walnut orchard, chicken farm and cattle grazing. They had seven milk cows and I watched them milk and run the separator, all new experience for me. Water for irrigating came in a sheet metal pipe line from the creek further up the canyon. This had been built by my Father's sheet metal shop at the S. Hill and Son store in Santa Ana. The line crossed the entrance to Ladds Canyon on a high trestle.

Mrs. Holtz was a good cook and I enjoyed the plain food. Their friends did too, and often came from town to have lunch with them, especially on Friday. The Catholic priest was one welcome guest. There were four Holtz children

and another one expected in a few months. So after about two months I began boarding with the Bernetts in Black Star Canyon. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett and baby boy lived near the mouth of the canyon. He raised pigs which roamed around the adjacent hills. One day there were eleven new little baby pigs which I liked to watch. Mrs. Barnett, the former Carrie Yoch, grew up in Santa Ana and I had known her and her family always.

While living with the Holtz family I bought a riding horse, Babe, from Bob Shaw, Jr. and had many fine rides on her. One day I accompanied Bob Shaw, Sr., the local Fire Warden, on an all day ride up Ladds Canyon, five miles each way. There was no trail but we followed the dry creek bed. We saw Mr. Holbrook's bee stands and equipment. Another day I rode my horse down to get the mail at the County (Irvine) Park where it was delivered. It was ten miles each way and in addition I rose up to William Canyon and took their mail to Judge and Mrs. Pleasants who lived at the mouth of Williams Canyon facing the Santiago Canyon Road.

After I began to board at the Barnett's, I rode my horse to school every day, four and a half miles each way.

The wooden school house had one room with a wood burning stove in the corner and a bucket of drinking water with a dipper on a shelf in the entrance way. Out houses were behind the school house, one for boys and one for girls. In the morning I made a fire in the stove and swept the floor in the afternoon. The kids cleaned the black boards. We played games at noon after eating a sack lunch.

In the evenings when I lived with the Holtz family, we would visit at the table as we finished supper and often have a friendly religious discussion. They were devout Catholics and had limited knowledge of the Bible.

I was a Baptist and as a result of our discussions it deepened my faith and beliefs. Their priest gave them permission to buy a Bible and that is one thing I got in their mail box at the County Park when I rode my horse there that day.

My horse threw me over her head one day in a sandy spot in the road, but I wasn't hurt and got up and rode on and never told anyone.

Mrs. Holtz taught me to crochet and I did some fancy work in the evenings and read some books by oil lamp light, no electricity. I visited the various neighbors; Parish, Gillogly, Pleasants, Alsbachs and Shaw families. I spent one night in the Schultz home in Williams Canyon and one night in the Shaw home in Black Star Canyon. That night I slept in a former chicken coop away from the house with Mrs. Shaw. All the people in the mountains were very friendly and I had supper with several. Bob Shaw, Jr. took me for rides on horse back and also with horse and buggy. Mrs. Shaw gave me two rabbit skins she had treated, but were still stiff. I made them into a little fur collar for my sister Phyllis.

Often we had visitors at school, Mrs. Schultz, Mr. Bob Shaw, and the school board from El Modena, who were Mrs. Jones, Mr. Stone and Mr. A. M. Robinson. The Orange County Grand Jury made an inspection one day.

I went home to Santa Ana almost every weekend as Papa or others came for me and took me back on Sunday afternoon. I missed one day of school attending the wedding in Hemet of my brother, Albert and Lucile in November, but made it up on Saturday. I also missed one week in November when I attended Teachers Institute in San Diego and had a good time with friends.

The canyon and mountains were a beautiful place with trees, shrubs and running water in the creek, so peaceful and quiet, away from city life. I loved to sit by the stream and read. It was especially lovely in the afternoon going back to Black Star Canyon as I rode my horse, facing the pink rock cliffs above the creek. I sold back my horse for which I had paid \$40.00 to Bob Shaw, Jr. for \$55.00.

One of the highlights of the school term was the Halloween party at the school. I made a jack-o-lantern from a pumpkin and we had the usual decorations, games and refreshments appropriate for the occasion. It was a fun time for the children and me.

December 17, 1915 was the last day of school. I told them all good-bye and gave the kids Christmas gifts. It had been a rich experience for me.

A WINTER DAY AT MT. LOWE

Written in 1978 by Lucy Hill Lockett

One day in the winter of 1909 Papa took Nellie and me to see snow on Mt. Lowe. We rode on the big red Pacific Electric car from Santa Ana to the Pacific Electric Terminal at 6th and Main Streets in Los Angeles, where we transferred to the Pasadena car, then to an Altadena car and up a lovely canyon. Then we boarded a cable car which was on a steep incline. One car went up and one car went down, passing at the halfway point. The cars were open, no roof, and seated about 20 people. The view was lovely and it was cold as we rode up the mountain.

At the top of the incline was ECHO MOUNTAIN HOTEL. We got off the cable car and boarded a surface electric car for the rest of the ride. This was also an open car, but with a roof and the track was on a gradual incline, going through the trees, around curves with snow under the trees and in the shade.

We arrived at ALPINE TAVERN at the end of the line. It felt good to stand by the big fireplace and get warm.

I wore a winter coat of Mamma's as I did not have a heavy coat. It was much too large for me but kept me warm and that was what I needed.

We played in the snow, made snow balls and just enjoyed seeing it and being able to play in it.

We ate our sack lunches sitting by the fireplace and after playing some more in the snow boarded the car and returned to Santa Ana the same way we had gone up the mountain. Snow was a novelty to us and to be in it for a day was exciting.

Several years later in the Spring of 1914 when I was attending Normal School in Los Angeles, I went with a Nature Study Class to Mr. Lowe. When we reached ALPINE TAVERN we hiked by trail to the top of Mt. Wilson, part of the time through snow. We saw the observatory and other buildings there, then hiked back to Mr. Lowe, a distance of about sixteen miles, round trip. We returned to Los Angeles by the Pacific Electric cars, tired, but it had been a fun day.

During the first week of January, 1917 Will and I spent part of our Honeymoon on a trip to Mt. Lowe, having been married January 1, 1917.

LUCY CHRISTINE HILL LOCKETT

Lucy Christine was born February 21, 1893 in Santa Ana, California, daughter of George Pliny and Anna (Axelson) Hill.

She graduated from Santa Ana High School, attended the University of Redlands, graduated from the Los Angeles Normal School and taught school for one year.

On January 1, 1917 she married William Bate Lockett, a citrus grower of Villa Park. He died in 1973.

Their six children are: Gordon L. Lockett; Ruth Stearns; Mildred Harris; Margaret Mathews; Helen Gearhart; and William P. Lockett.

Lucy has fourteen grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

The Ebell Club of the Santa Ana Valley is proud to have Lucy Lockett as a member and the "Our Heritage" Section wishes to thank her for sharing her "Turn of the Century Recollections".