

SAUNTERINGS IN SUMMERLAND

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649368136

Saunterings in Summerland by J. Torrey Connor

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. TORREY CONNOR

**SAUNTERINGS IN
SUMMERLAND**

SAUNTERINGS IN SUMMERLAND

BY

J. TORREY CONNOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HERNANDO G. VILLA

1902

ERNEST K. FOSTER
LOS ANGELES

~~US 34368.P.15~~
US 3259.02.5

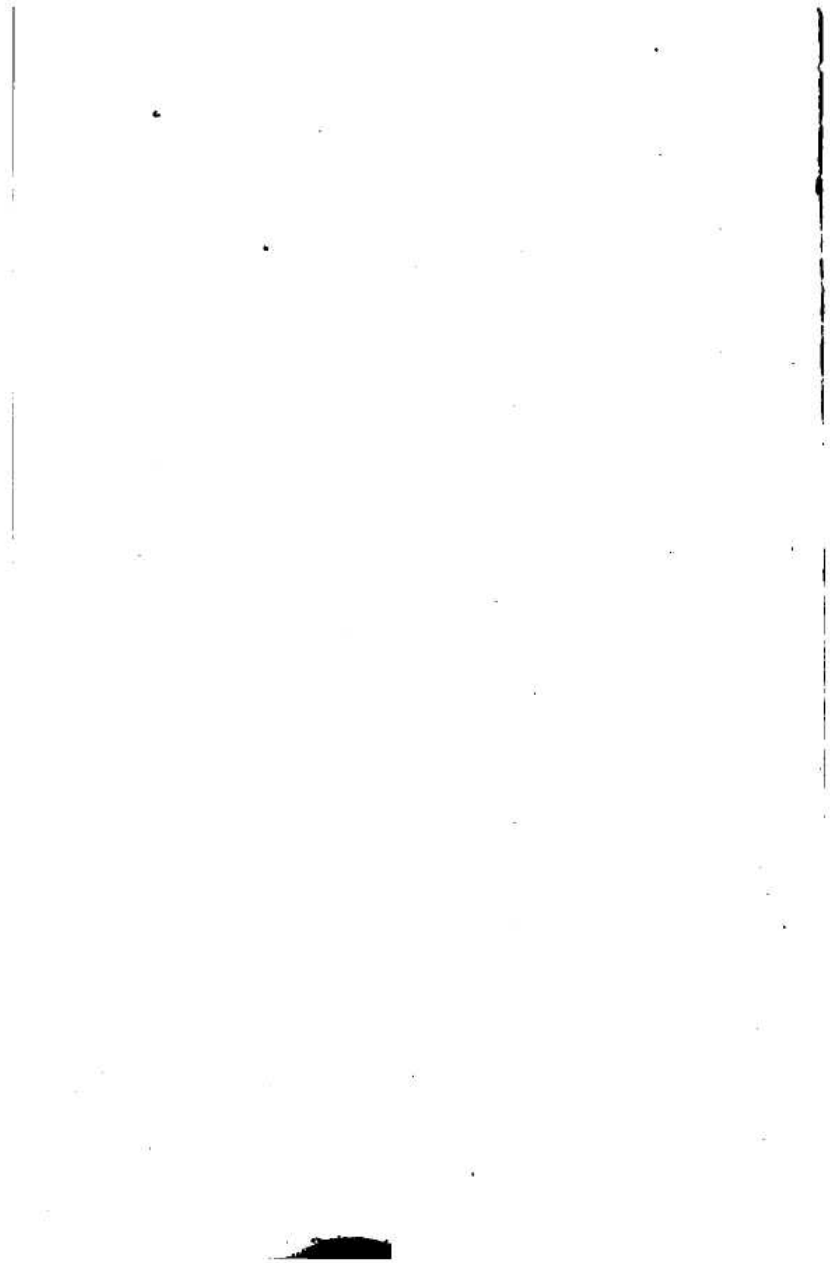


Davis fund

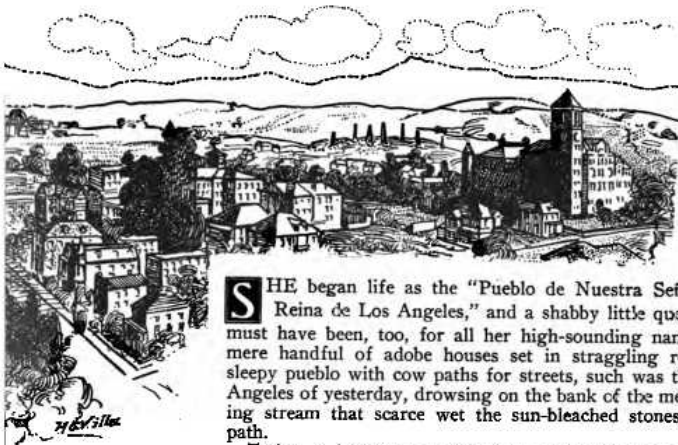
This book contains a number of selections from articles written by the author for The Los Angeles Times, The Los Angeles Herald, The Land of Sunshine, Overland, Munsey's Magazine, The Chautauquan and Demorest's Magazine.

TO
THE TRIBE OF THE WANDERING FOOT

THIS IS THE WAY THAT LEADS DOWN INTO THE BLOSSOMING VALES OF SUMMERLAND
A FELLOW WANDERER, PASSING OUT, GREET'S YOU AT
THE CROSS-ROADS, AND WISHES YOU
A PLEASANT JOURNEY



Los Angeles, Yesterday and Today.



SHE began life as the "Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles," and a shabby little queen she must have been, too, for all her high-sounding name. A mere handful of adobe houses set in straggling rows, a sleepy pueblo with cow paths for streets, such was the Los Angeles of yesterday, drowsing on the bank of the meandering stream that scarce wet the sun-bleached stones in its path.

Today a bustling, wide-awake metropolis has pushed north, east, south and west—over the hills where the vaquero tended his herds; over the gravel flats where stood the shack of the Digger; straight across the broad acres of the rancho, obliterating the last trace of the land baron's hacienda.

With all her metropolitan airs, Los Angeles is not entirely given over to modern ways; and not the least among her charms are the things that remind one of "the days that were." Palatial residences and substantial business blocks have all but crowded the adobe, with its tile roof and shaded patio, its tiny, deep-set windows and earthen floor, out of sight. Yet now and then one still comes upon a bit of sunny Spain in the midst of prosaic brick and mortar—a garden, where orange trees drop perfumed petals upon the ground; and back of this, the time-stained adobe, screened from the gaze of the curious by a growth of tangled vines, long unpruned. Always there are children with velvet-black eyes, clinging to the skirts of the mother; yet always there is leisure for the siesta, the gossip with a passing friend, the pleasant hour in the garden.

Should the tourist wish to see where La Reina began life, let him seek the quarter known as "Sonoratown." The clanging of the street car gong has silenced the tinkle of the mandolin that timed the measures of the dance; the caballero's love plaint is no longer sung beneath the grated

window; and the "corner grocery" has supplanted the tienda, whose proprietor, in no wise concerned as to the extent of his sales, would put up the shutters at noon, every day, and betake himself to his casa for a three-hour siesta. Nevertheless, this is the Los Angeles of yesterday.

Here is the Plaza, and, opposite it, the church, dedicated in 1822. One may go in at almost any hour of the day and see dark-robed figures kneeling before the altar, or sitting with bowed heads on the long benches, placed before the stations of the cross. Over there is the confessional, where the plea of the penitent is heard; and here by the door the stone font of holy water, wherein Mexican worshiper and the sightseer alike dip their fingers, if they be of one faith.

Among the households of Sonoratown may still be found those who remember the days when the flag of the Mexican republic floated over the pueblo. La señora is bowed beneath the weight of years, but she has not forgotten how she danced in the moonlight under the golden-fruited orange trees, to the trilling of mandolins; and well she recalls how, with a glance from her bright eyes, she brought the gay caballero to her feet.

"Si señor, the pomegranate blossom that Manuel stuck in my hair was not redder than my cheek, and my step was light in the dance."

Could she ever have been young! The brown cheek beneath the faded rebozo is seamed with wrinkles now, and the light step has become a waddle since last she skipped the fandango with Manuel.

But Manuel, too, has his memories. He will tell of the trials for supremacy in feats of skill and strength among the youths, when oftentime the lawless blood would be spilled as freely as new wine; of the promenade in the Plaza, head up and broad-brimmed sombrero set jauntily on one side, shoulders back, spurs jangling—all with intent to charm the pretty maiden, dueña-guarded, whose eyes interpreted the speech denied; of the serenade under the grated window with only the stars to see the red rose that fluttered down to the hand of the caballero.

