

# OUT TO THE WORLD FOR THIRTY YEARS

# SUNDAY CALL

MAGAZINE SECTION

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## How San Francisco, With Its Busy Life and Modern Inventions, Seems to a Man Who Has Been in San Quentin Half an Ordinary Lifetime

place to go now. They must have a dull time of a Sunday." He was put on the first car for the park. It was too big for him. He couldn't realize it some way, he said. "We always thought Woodward's Gardens was big enough for us in those days," he said. "And then there was the old Plaza. I suppose that's gone, too." He was very much delighted to be told that it was still in use, and later on, to be shown it in the same old place. "But you might think the Chinamen owned it now," he commented. "They do say that Chinatown's grown a lot in my day. It was just beginning up on Dupont street, and there was such a little handful of the Chinese that they couldn't protect themselves, and the boys on the streets used to jump them and pitch into them, too, sometimes." He walked down Dupont street and saw the closely packed buildings. He followed into Grant avenue. "Dupont street has been widened a lot since I last saw it," he said. "When he was told that the lower part of it had outgrown its old name and must now be called Grant avenue he disapproved. "Dupont street was good enough in my day," he said. "But at the Cliff he felt more at home than he did in town. The Cliff House is not the same building that he knew, but it is the Cliff House for all that, and the same pleasure resort as ever. "But it seems queer to come here on a car," he said. "We used to drive out here by way of Tyler street." It was the turn of somebody of this generation to question him then. Where in the world was Tyler street? "Why, Tyler street," he couldn't see how Tyler street could have disappeared—everybody must know Tyler street. For it was by this name that he remembered the principal driving avenue of the town—Golden Gate avenue as we know it. Returning to the water front, he stared at the vessels and ferry-boats, all so increased in numbers since he had seen them. "Where's the old El Capitan?" he said; "and where's the Chindu Wan?" They, too, had gone. "I'd like to hear the calloppo playing again," he said; "the old calloppo that used to cross every afternoon on the Chindu Wan. There used to be a crowd of kids to listen to that." The ferry system puzzled him. "What's this talk of the broad gauge and the narrow gauge?" he asked. "I never heard of more than one way to go to Oakland."

ARE those the automobiles you read about? Are they the horseless carriages? They are a wonder, sure. As a matter of fact they were cable cars standing in line at the foot of Market street, ready to march at the signal, propelled by a power unseen. But to Agglestein Castro cable cars were as new and unknown a thing as automobiles.

For he has been shut up for thirty long years, shut up within San Quentin walls, and he is beginning to find that a good many things have happened in those thirty years.

Steam has learned tricks that dazzle him. Electricity has grown up, stepped out of short frocks as it were, since he saw the last of her.

She has learned to carry cars over the San Francisco hills that he once looked upon as an invitation for alpenstocks. She has learned to carry your voice for hundreds of miles over a wire, and your words even without a wire.

She has grown as clever as the youngster that you send away to college.

Agglestein Castro came to San Francisco the other day for the first time in thirty years and he tried to say the appropriate thing. He couldn't. Thirty years ago he shot a man. That is how it came about that San Quentin got hold of him. He doesn't remember to this day that he did it; but after the meal began to work off they told him that a season keeper was dead by the work of his six shooter in his own drunken hand.

Agglestein Castro is a native of San Francisco whose name dates back to the days when fandangos and bear hunting were more important to this coast than shipping and railroading. He counted among his friends those who bore such names as Noy, Escobar, De Haro and Yulejo. The young men of these families were his fellows on the bear lassoing expeditions; they were his rivals at the dance. Most of them are dead and the rest have forgotten him.

"That's where I was born, fifty years ago," he said, pointing to the summit of Telegraph Hill. There where the old castle stands is the spot which, together with acres and acres more of land, belonged to the Castro estate.

The father was a wealthy man. He, together with two or three other Mexicans, owned over \$100,000 worth of land in the State. The others died poor, but Agglestein says that his father buried his money somewhere on Telegraph Hill.

He never told anybody the spot, however, so it is no better to be his rightful heir than to be anybody else with a spade on that hill. The father died when Agglestein was still a young man; he was known upon his own resources, and he took his mother and his sister and brother to San Diego. There he attempted to support the family on his income from sheep shearing, while his mother made tamales and his sister Querita took in sewing.

The next thing he did was to fall in love, then to be killed, to take to drink, to get very drunk to shoot a man, and to be shut up for life in San Quentin. Having been an ideal prisoner, he is now at the end of thirty years out on parole, and if he gets along alone he will have his pardon from the Governor. He is now working for Mr. Kohn at San Anselmo, where he was taken directly from prison, and it was only the other day that he made his first visit to town.

"This ferry-boat goes by a different route from what it did when I came across here the last time," he said. "I was going in the other direction," he added.

"Thirty years ago, when he crossed in the other direction, he was a young man of 21. Now, although only 50 in years, he is 70 in feeling. He is an old, bent man. He is Rip Van Winkle returned, and not even the deer know him."

"There wasn't any Tiburon then, and the boat made a long trip in a roundabout fashion and wound up at Point San Quentin," he went on.

"That's the way they took me. Up by boat here wasn't any other way to go to San Francisco from the south then. I hear now there's a train that brings you up here—two roads, aren't there? But in those days a steamer was the only means."

"After we landed at San Francisco we took the old ferry. Well, if we haven't stopped already, and it used to take the most part of the day to cross."

He was surprised at being already on this side of the water, and he was thoroughly dazed at what he saw when he left the boat. The ferry building stretched before him, maze-like with its complex exits and entrances and corridors. "Why, it used to be a kind of a shed," he said.

When he came out on the town side of it he wanted to stand back and "size it up," and had started to do so when he caught sight of the cable cars which he took for automobiles.

"They are a wonder, sure," he repeated. "When they were explained to him he gazed in rapt admiration at the pusher-no-puller." He was a little suspicious of them for all that. He mounted a car with a firm grip on the rod and he sat gingerly in his seat, as if he expected the thing to run away and wanted to be prepared to jump.

Along Market street he stared stupidly, like a dumb animal. The giant buildings were strange to him; the intricacies of street cars bewildered him; the throngs of people on the streets—driving, walking, wheeling—all confused him.

The old one-story buildings that he had known were replaced by many story office buildings, stores, hotels. Where St. Ignace Church had been a landmark, at the foot of Powell street, stores now rose and filled the land to the last inch. Where the old buildings had gradually disappeared and had given way to vacant lots, all was now filled in, packed, built full. Where empty lands lay in his day now rose the City Hall—huge, imposing, unswerving.

"What's that stone woman and 'ry to represent?" he asked as the statue caught his eye.

The large buildings almost frightened him. "Won't they fall down when the next earthquake comes along?" he asked. As he gradually became accustomed to the motion of the car he compared it with its predecessors.

"We used to ride about town in the old balloon car," he said, and grew reminiscent about the historic "balloon" that was afterward supplanted by the Larkin-street line.

"And then there was the old bobtail car," he went on. "It went out and out until it came to Valencia street, and there it turned off. I used to go to Woodward's Gardens that way of a Sunday. How are the gardens now? Must have grown to be pretty fine by this time."

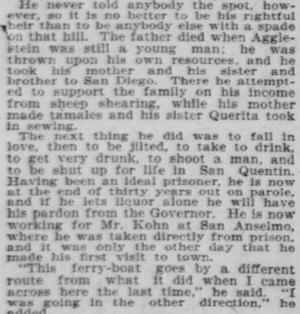
Afterward, when he was taken to the scene of the Woodward's Gardens of his memory, he stood there in deep thought.

"Gee! Here's right about where the swings were," he reflected aloud. "Didn't Querita like to swing, though. I used to bring her here of a Sunday, now and then. And the camel. Now, if there was anything on earth that little Juan liked, it was that camel. He'd rather ride it than be given a harp in paradise. I wonder if that camel's dead now, like all the rest of 'em."

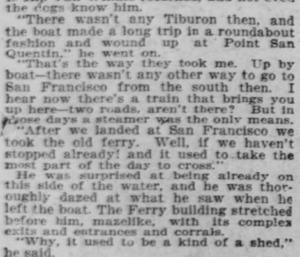
And as he turned away: "It seems too bad that the Sunday crowd hasn't any



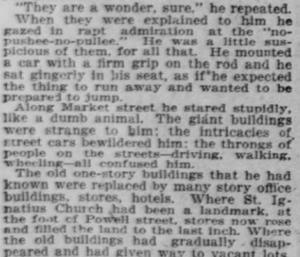
AGGLESTEIN CASTRO



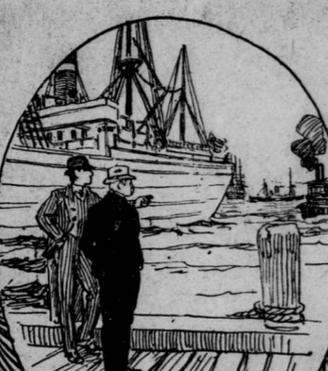
"ARE THOSE THE AUTOMOBILE?"



THE LION WALLACE ABSORBED HIS ATTENTION



THE GIANT BUILDINGS BEWILDERED HIM



HE STARED AT THE VESSELS



WE USED TO DRIVE OUT HERE BY WAY OF TYLER STREET



I'D LIKE TO HAVE FIFTY MORE YEARS TO LIVE, FOR THIS IS A HEAVY WORLD