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**SATURDAY**

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**PENASQUITAS**

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**AN IDEAL SPOT  
IS DE LUZ CORRAL**

**Just the Place for a Summer Out-  
ing—Far Away From  
the Maddening  
Crowd.**

De Luz, Cal., Aug. 23.—In this north-  
west corner of San Diego county lies  
one of the gems of nature, marred  
somewhat, perhaps, by the hand of  
man; but nevertheless as attractive a  
spot as Southern California can offer.

Leaving the California Southern rail-  
road at De Luz station one enters a  
narrow valley or canyon running near-  
by, due north, under giant oaks and  
sycamores. A fairly good road winds  
through light and shade for nearly  
three miles; then where the ascent  
grows steeper and the water course  
narrows, grades are cut along the  
mountain side until five miles from the  
station, one fairly enters the valley  
named, after an old French pioneer  
by the name of Luz (Luce) who in the  
days of Pio Pico had a corral half way  
between the Santa Rosa and Santa  
Margaritta ranchos. The ground was  
claimed by both ranches and eventu-  
ally lost to both.

Long years ago the Frenchman turn-  
ed dust. On the bottom lands and hill-  
sides where his long horns and bron-  
chos once grazed, one now finds the  
raisin grape and small orchards of de-  
ciduous and citrus fruit trees surround-  
ing neat farm houses, while in a num-  
ber of corrals sleek Jersey cattle and  
well bred horses supplant the mustang  
stock.

It was along in the last of the sev-  
enties that settlers began to occupy the  
valley. In the beginning of the nine-  
ties when the whole country was a wet  
one, the population was the largest.  
The polling list held some thirty  
names.

But the bursted boom and the oft  
repeated failure of sufficient rainfall  
discouraged many, and one by one the  
fences disappeared until now there are  
many vacant places.

Five miles from the railroad are the  
warm springs once owned by Grand-  
father Judson (father of Frank Judson,  
well known in San Diego). There Mr.  
Horton, the father of San Diego, often  
spent his vacations. The property is  
now held by D. Fairbanks of Berkeley.  
He once kept a small store and the  
postoffice, but the house is now closed  
and the postoffice moved to a private  
dwelling. There is now neither store  
nor hotel. Fallbrook, twelve miles  
away, is the nearest trading point.

From the springs the valley opens  
out like the fingers of a man's hand,  
well spread out, making it a valley of  
valleys. Streams ripple over pebbly  
bottoms amid deep shadows.

The willow, elder, cottonwood, sycam-  
ore, white oak and live oak stand  
singly and in groups, giving dense  
shade, which is extremely welcome un-  
der the summer sun.

Many trees have fallen under the  
axe and many carloads of wood have  
left De Luz station to keep up the fires  
of the boom, and the valley to the  
old timers' eyes looks dismantled, but  
to the uninitiated it is a gem full of  
the beauty of varied colors.

Peace and quiet reigns supreme, no  
screams of whistles or jangle of bells  
or motors, but here, far from the mad-  
dening crowd one finds the quiet enjoy-  
ment that is or should be the lot of its  
dwellers.

Do you want a quiet outing? Take  
your team and drive to this ideal spot.  
Have you no team? Then write to the  
postmaster for a conveyance and when  
arrangements are made pack your  
camp equipment and store goods. Milk,  
butter and eggs can be found among  
the farmers, and take the train for De  
Luz station.

**COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS**



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