

New York City

July 25/38

Tulita, dear old friend,
all the wonderful news you send me about dear old Monterey coming into its own, delights me and reminds me how hard I worked for the city's advancement during the years of my residence among you there.

And it has reminded me that no one on earth knows or rather remembers the ^{interesting} circumstances surrounding the placing of the historical tablet that I ^{chiefly} was instrumental in having placed on the street wall of what is now the Kimball Hotel on lower Alvarado Street.

I shall not bother with dates tonight, for I find I can't depend on my memory off hand, but I am scribbling this to you while I am resting in between the ^{4th & 8th} chapters of the historical novel that I am engaged in writing.

I intend to write an official account of the matter of the tablet for the Monterey Historical Society's archives at some future time. In the meantime, this hurried account is for you to hold, and, if Fate prevents my more detailed account, you could give this to the Historical Society for their transcription into their files.

So—
in 1912 or 14,

When I learned that the sturdy two-storey old adobe

was to be torn down and a hotel built on its site by
the bank of which that very worthy citizen, Arthur
Metcy was then president, I sought out Mr Metcy to beg
"for the life" of the old adobe. Of course I lost.
One day while it was being dismantled, I stopped to view
the interior with dismay. Soon I was joined by a quiet, sad-
mannered old gentleman in a long coat and I think, a longish
beard. I voiced to him my regret ^{at the destruction.} He echoed my sentiment
in a slightly Spanish accent. "Do you know anything of
its history?" I asked. He smiled sadly as he replied;
"More than anyone in this town does. . . . for one thing it
was the first building used by the United States officials as their
headquarters to govern Monterey when the U.S. took California."

"Oh," I said, "I thought Colton Hall was their first headquarters."
"How could it be," he replied, quietly looking up at the ^{partly} torn
out ceiling. "The American chaplain, Colton, had to have it built
before it could be Colton Hall - they had to have offices in
the meantime - and here were they were - in this the house
that my own father built himself for his young bride."

"Tell me all about it please," I pleaded.

"My name is Loney (I think) and of course that was
my father's name. The new home was just ready to move into
when the Americans took possession of Monterey. The officials
asked who owned the building for they needed offices."

Historical tablet - No 2

So they were very nice about it and asked father to let them rent it for a month or two until they could get a more suitable place. But time went on and at the end of 3 months or so my father, who was a very shy man (I think he said) did not have much English having but recently arrived as a colonist from Mexico) went to see the American officials one day as they were in council around the table. My father asked if he could soon have his house. They said they were sorry but had not yet gotten a better place. But father seemed so distressed that the Rev. Mr Colton, who was sitting with them ^{very kindly} asked him why he was disturbed. Father blurted out that if the clergyman would come out to the door he would tell him privately. The Rev. Colton did so. Father then explained that his wife was expecting her first baby and she cried all day because she feared she could not have her baby born in the home my father had built for them. When Colton told the other American gentlemen they all jumped up and came to father and slapped him on the shoulder and said: "We will get out and let the señora in even if we have to move into a barn!" So father & mother moved in - and I was born.

Mr Gomez did not know where the American officials went. He also

said that his own son was a well known
baseball player. (ask your mother or Tony about that)
I determined at once to have a memorial tablet
placed there. Mr Arthur Metz provided the money, I
provided the data, my wife, Berenda Meeker Addy the
artist sketched out the design (Miss Loney lent us a photo
of the old adobe, so that's what is on the tablet) and Mr
Lester Beronda, another Monterey artist, worked
it out in wax for casting.

Today, in Mr Emerson Knight's sketch of the town to be.
I saw the Kimball House marked and I was disappointed
not to see some of his dotted lines at that site to indicate
the Cara Loney. Please get Mr Knight's attention
about this point when next he is in Monterey.

There, keep this scrawl in a safe place and
tell your mother and your husband or the Historical
Society that you hold this bit of history for future
use, if necessary.

And now good night, old friend, for I must get back to
my novel writing.

As ever

H. Bennett Addy, F. Am. Ly &

P.S. The first
chapters of "On The Ohio"
were written in my home "Forest Haven" @
at Monterey.

(Author:
"On The Ohio")

Letter to Mrs. Tulita Boronda from
H. Bennett Abdy - concerning the
Gomez Adobe in Monterey.

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"Oh", I said, "I thought Colton Hall was their first headquarters". "How could it be", he replied, quietly looking up at the partly torn out ceiling, "The American chaplain, Colton, had to have it built before it could be Colton Hall--they had to have offices in the meantime - and here's were (!) they were - in this the house that my own father built himself for his young bride."

"Tell me all about it, please," I pleaded. "My name is Gomez (I think) and of course that was my father's name. The new home was just ready to move into when the Americans took possession of Monterey. The officials asked who owned the building for they needed offices. So they were very nice about it and asked father to let them rent it for a month or two until they could get a more suitable place. But time went on and at the end of 3 months or so my father who was a very shy man (I think he said) did not have much English having but recently arrived as a colonist from Mexico) went to see the American officials one day as they were in council around the table. My father asked if he could soon have his house. They said they were sorry but had not yet gotten a better place. But father seemed so distressed that the Rev. Mr. Colton, who was sitting with them very kindly asked him why he was disturbed. Father blurted out that if the clergyman would come out to the door he would tell him privately. The Rev. Colton did so. Father then explained that his wife was expecting her first baby and she cried all day because she feared she could not have her baby born in the home my father had build for them. When Colton told the other American gentlemen they all jumped up and came to father and slapped him on the shoulder and said: "We will get out and let the señora in even if we have to move into a barn"! So father and mother moved in - and - I was born".

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