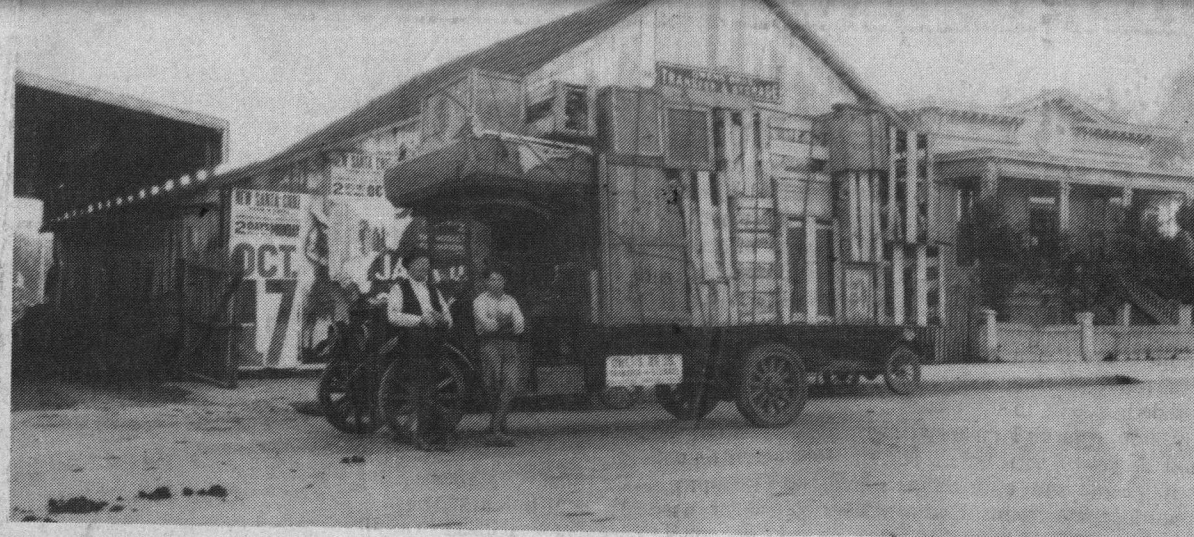




In his hauling days, Tom Lorenzana worked with Dave Owens, left, driving Dick and Doll around 1904. Old Laurel School is in the background.



By 1916, Owens had a truck, an old Federal. Notice the circus poster on the barn. This was Cathcart Street.

# Tom Lorenzana's memories go back ... back ... and back

By MARGARET KOCH  
Sentinel Correspondent

**O**LD memories die hard. And Tom Lorenzana's memories are spiced not only with hard work in the early days of Santa Cruz businesses, but with his grandfather's tales of Tiburcio asquez, the California bandido.

But places change. When Tom came back to Santa Cruz after nearly 60 years' absence, he hardly knew the place. And many of the Lorenzana oldtimers were gone.

So was the Lorenzana barn out Blackburn Gulch way, where the bandit hid out more than once; also gone was the barn behind the adobe house on North Branciforte Avenue that Tom remembered as a boy.

One of his forebears, Jose Lorenzana, with a wife and 10 children, lived in that adobe during the late Mexican period of Alta California history. Another relative, Jesus Lorenzana, son of Matias and uncle of Tom, lived on Evergreen Street for years.

It was Matias Lorenzana, Tom's grandfather, who aided Vasquez when a posse was hot on the bandido's track. And when the chase got too hot for comfort, Matias and one of the Perez boys are said to have hid Vasquez under a load of straw in a wagon and driven him into San Benito County where he had several hideouts.

Vasquez was later winged in a shoot-out and eventually was tried and hanged in San Jose. Macho to the end, his last words on the scaffolding were "Make it quick!"

**T**HE Lorenzana family was fairly early in Alta California. Jose Lorenzana was living at Villa de Branciforte in 1845 with his wife and four children. Macedonio Lorenzana, a Spanish soldier out of San Francisco, was even earlier at the Villa in 1828 with his wife and five children.

In 1845, while serving as alcalde (a sort of combination judge and mayor), Macedonio had a second set



Bill Lovejoy/Sentinel

Tom Lorenzana, at 90, hauls in memories for those who take time to listen.

of eight children by (we presume — records are sketchy) a second wife. Matias, Tom's grandfather, was one of the first five children. Tom's father was Mike Lorenzana, and his mother's maiden name was Harriet Howell.

Tom's roots go back a few years. By the way, in some records the name is spelled "Lorenzara," but Tom goes by Lorenzana, and he should know. He was born in Santa Cruz on July 30, 1895, on Laveaga Street which is now named Benito Street. In those days, the Branciforte area across the river was still called "Spanish Town" by local oldtimers.

By the time Tom was old enough and big enough to hold the reins, he

was driving teams and wagons loaded with anything that needed hauling.

Hauling, or teaming as it was called, was big business in the small town of Santa Cruz. Everything from eggs to chickens, wood for stoves, lumber for building, gravel for roads, barrels of lime, loads of tan bark, coal and bricks made right here on the Potrero, even houses occasionally moved at the measured clip-clop pace of the horse.

"It was a nine hour day for \$3, hauling gravel and sand out of the river bed (San Lorenzo) and we made four or five trips a day," he recalls.

He also hauled chickens and eggs from Live Oak, what he still calls

"chicken alley," to downtown Santa Cruz, and coal which came into town on ships, to the merchants who sold it to the housewives.

"Hinkle's Cash Store and Williamson and Garrett," he says.

Then for a time, Tom went up into the Santa Cruz Mountains where he hauled grapestakes, posts and firewood three miles down the Mountain Charley Road to the railroad depot at Glenwood. There it was loaded aboard the flatcars and sent to San Jose and San Francisco.

"That paid \$4 a day for two trips. I was working for Pete Locatelli, driving his teams. It took four horses to pull one of those big wagon loads. And we had those rings of little bells rigged up on the wagons. Roads were

narrow. There wasn't much traffic, but we had to let people know we were coming so they could get off and let us by."

That was 1910 and 1911 when Tom was 15 years old and doing a man's work.

It was all tough work. But perhaps the sand and gravel hauling was the worst. There was no bridge at River Street and the wagons had to ford the

since, the most recent being last year when the Poznanovichs purchased it.

Tom goes there regularly to see them and to pore over the old pictures that bring back so many memories.

"That's Bob Bloomer," he says, pointing to a driver in one of the old photos. "Look! There's Dick and Belle and my brother-in-law." (Dick

## A glance at history

river, which could be dangerous at times.

**F**INALLY, he went to work hauling for Bert and Dave Owens who had ten teams of horses pastured next to Calvary Episcopal Church where a large barn also was located. Tom worked for the Owens brothers until 1918 when he left Santa Cruz for Northern California lumber mills.

"The Owens started their hauling business from a big barn at Cathcart and Front Streets about 1900," he recalls. "When that barn burned, they moved to the present location — right here — but they kept the horses up by the church."

The business stayed on their hands until the late 1930s, when they sold. It has changed hands several times

and Belle are the horses.)

"We're delighted to be able to identify these people," Mark Poznanovich says. "And we realize the value of this collection. It is going to be preserved."

Poznanovich himself is from an old "hauling family" in the Fresno area. He has had copies made of all the pictures, some are framed and hung on the walls of his office. He intends to present the collection to the county's Octagon Museum.

Tom, who lives just a few steps away on Chestnut Street, worked with most of the men in the photos more than 60 years ago. During the years he was away from Santa Cruz, he always dreamed of coming back and in 1976, he retired and returned. After all, his roots are here and it's not every oldtimer who has memories like his.