



*Eucalyptus groves on the gentle slopes of the mesas at Rancho Santa Fe are interspersed with thriving orchards.*

*A. R. Sprague, Official Observer of the U. S. Weather Bureau at Rancho Santa Fe, points out the evenness of temperature of a 24-hour day.*

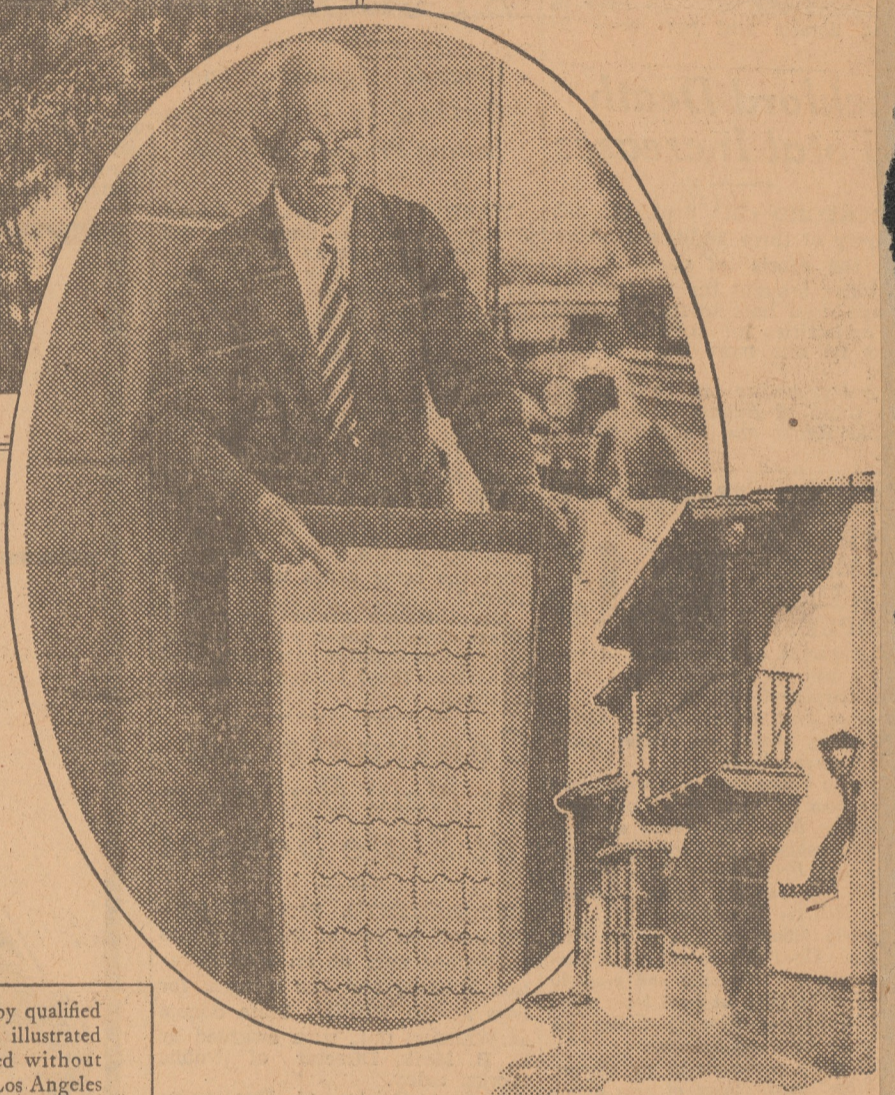
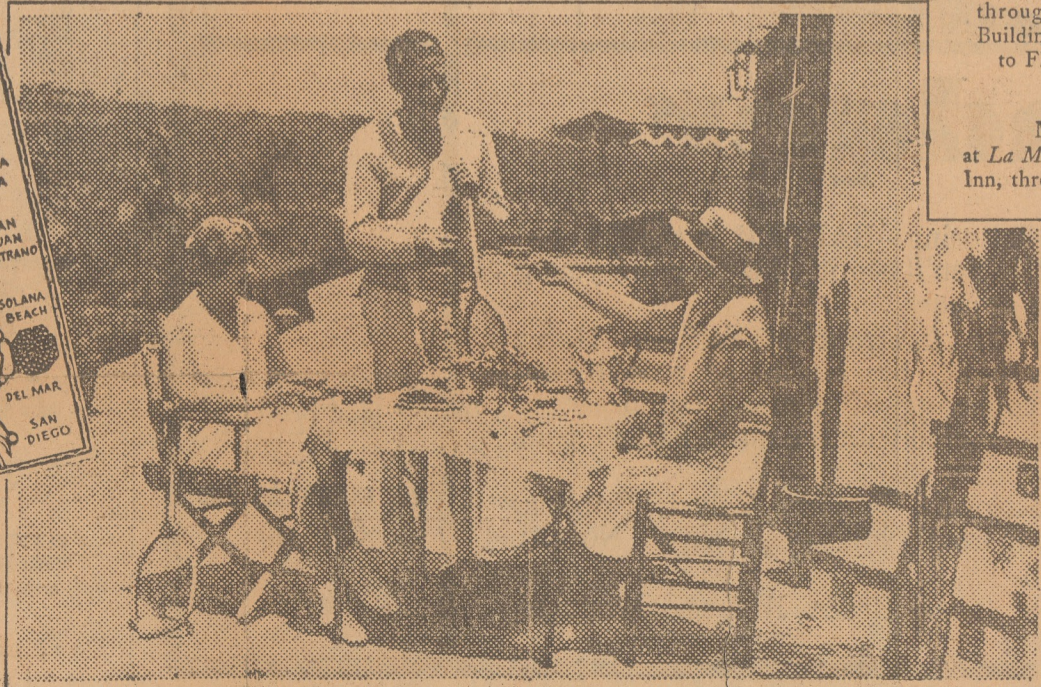
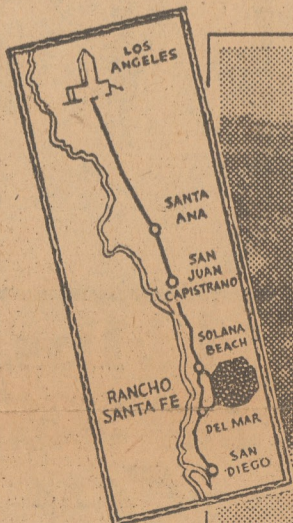
# Rancho Santa Fe

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Turn of affairs having made each for the time being a buyer instead of a seller of real estate, twenty-four realtors have either established or are preparing to establish their permanent homes in California's community of country estates.

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\* Membership in club must await membership committee's action. Cost of membership is \$600.

# Rancho Santa Fe

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# Mary Pickford, Homemaker

(Continued from Page 24)

years, until in the war with Mexico, when Americans invaded California, the last scion of the house of Osuna, knowing his cause was lost, killed himself. For years Rancho San Dieguito remained untenanted, deserted.

Now it is alive once more, and a portion of it passed to the ownership of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. The Lusardi ranch, another historical spot, has also come into their possession, so that all together their holdings amount to something over three thousand fertile, beautiful acres.

"We shan't build a large house all at once," Mary Pickford told me, "for we want to be very sure about each step. We want our house to fit the landscape, the tradition of the past, so our home is to be built piecemeal, as it were.

"We love California; it has been so generous to us that we want our place to be one of its loveliest spots. I always feel that the inside of one's home is one's own, where one may indulge in any whim, but the outside belongs after a fashion to the public, so I want our buildings to be beautiful and appropriate and satisfying.

"My dairy is going to be one of the most interesting parts of the ranch," she went on. "I shall love working with the butter and the cream, and I intend to oversee it personally. But just think of the books I must read and the things I must study before I am ready. We shall probably have a herd of Herefords, but for the dairy I shall want Holsteins and Jerseys.

"And my kitchen! I am going to make it typically Spanish, with bright old

peasant dressers and furnishings and utensils, but at the same time it is going to be as up to date with labor-saving equipment and accessories as the most modern kitchen you ever saw. I don't know how I am going to manage this, but I will, you'll see," she laughed.

"I love color, love to dress things up and make them smile and look fresh and lovely, so no doubt I shall do a lot of dabbling in paint myself. I never could see why things had to be ugly to be useful; why, just because one hasn't very much money to spend, must one be allowed only hideous things?

"And color—most women love that!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, have you seen all those lovely kitchenwares in orange and deep blues and brilliant greens and reds? Aren't they gorgeous? Even teakettles and garbage pails! I must have a lot of those lovely colorful things in my ranch kitchen."

All this time a conviction was growing within me; I felt that I could not leave California without seeing the beautiful romantic spot, this Ramona land of California; must see the old house of Osuna. And so it was arranged that I should motor down the coast and spend a whole day roaming about this beautiful Southland spot day-dreaming and investigating for myself.

Wherever Mary Pickford is, wherever her work or her interests may take her, there she contrives to surround herself with the atmosphere, the gay informality and snugness of home. There is the bungalow that resembles a tiny English cottage on the "lot" at the United Artists Studios

at Hollywood, where Mary rests and receives callers and attends to business details while a picture is in progress. Soft rugs of blue cover its floors, rose-blossomed chintz curtains its deep French windows, and bright old-fashioned posies frame its doorway. In this little home Mary Pickford has gathered many of the things she loves—charming old prints and samplers on the walls, an old doll or two, some quaint pieces of Staffordshire. Flowers are everywhere.

Pickfair, in Beverly Hills, is not the home of Doug and Mary of motion-picture fame; it is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, admired and highly respected citizens of California. It is a home, one senses, where friends are welcomed, where the fine art of simple living is cultivated. Pickfair is a lovely, exquisitely kept home, set in green terraces, jeweled with old-fashioned flowers. And everywhere, indoors and out, are evidences of Mary Pickford's love of homemaking. So many clever little arrangements—bookshelves built like secret panels, tier on tier, in such a way that thousands of volumes may be stored compactly and inconspicuously. These shelves are Mary's own invention; and because of this skillful arrangement her library invites one by the spaciousness thus attained, to remain and browse about a bit.

## Mary's Inventive Genius

ANOTHER ingenious contrivance of hers closes the screen doors instantly and silently, and still another is a beautiful mirrored panel that slides over the dining-room fireplace, shutting it from view when it is not in use.

"I never like to see a dead fireplace," she explained. "When it is glowing and sparkling it is delightful, but otherwise it is ugly, so I shut it away until it is needed."

That dining room, by the way, is exquisite; all pale mignonette green and silver, large enough for a banquet hall, although the Fairbanks prefer small cozy dinners to big formal affairs. Four or six guests, Mary Pickford declares, is the nicest number; then real conversation is possible, and "everyone can talk chummily together; most large parties mean a lot of silly chatter."

The drawing-room is furnished in charming taste—with its great soft chairs and luxurious divans, rare pictures and ornaments and priceless rugs, its flowers and books, it is a cheery, informal room.

And upstairs, overlooking the lawns and the swimming pool and the flowers and giving a vista over the valley, is her own den with her much-used desk, her favorite books, her little cushioned rocker, framed photographs of her mother and her good friends, and her sketch book, for Mary Pickford draws cleverly.

## The Prettiest Room in the House

BUT the prettiest, fluffiest pink-and-white room in the house is the bedroom of this young woman who is known the world over. Like the very heart of a rose it is, with flowers scenting it and sunshine flooding it and furniture of the loveliest and daintiest description.

The bed is gold and pink and billowy and piled with the softest of cushions in every exquisite shade of rose.

Two Spanish leagues back from the sea, as the guidebooks say, lies Rancho Santa Fé, and here on one of California's golden mornings we motored to the Fairbanks' ranch. Suddenly, we came stealing up to a blue lake, the very heart of the ranch, for it supplies water for the entire place. The pumping station, a droll little building of Spanish type, shaded by banana and palm trees, stands close by.

On the wall at the edge of the lake are the names "Mary and Douglas," inscribed in a joyful moment by their owners while the concrete was wet.

Near this site they are planning to build a group of small houses in true Spanish

style, with patios, gardens and palms. Here their ranch workers will live, and here, too, will be erected the school, church, motion-picture theater and other public buildings necessary in a model village.

From the lake the water is pumped to the young orange trees on the sunny hillsides. Eighty acres of these are watered by an overhead sprinkler system, the largest acreage in California irrigated by this method; 125 acres of Valencias are watered by the contour-furrow system.

"All seedlings for the ranch are supplied by our own nurseries," said William Smart, a graduate of the Oregon Agricultural College, who is engineer, architect and landscape gardener in charge of the estate. Under his direction miles of smooth concrete roads have been constructed.

## A Name for the Ranch

THE spot which Mary and Douglas have chosen for the house is on a high bench, overlooking the broad valleys, the orchards, the lake and the site of the Spanish village.

It affords a view of Mt. Jacinto, of Mt. Palomar, of Mt. Ramona and of San Clemente; through the gaps in the hills one catches more than a glimpse of the deep blue ocean, and far in the distance, when the atmosphere is very clear, one may even sight Coronado Islands.

"An ideal spot for a ranch," William Smart remarked. "The land is perfect in contour, not a pocket anywhere for cold air, no fear of frost, and the soil the best in the world for oranges."

In two years, he told me, the first planting of Valencias will be bearing, and then the Fairbanks will be thinking of taking up their residence there.

"And what name shall you give this charming romantic place of yours?" I asked Mary Pickford. When she replied "Zorro," it seemed to me that no other name in the world could be so apt.

"Douglas rather hesitated about it at first. He thought Zorro rather—well, sentimental or affected, but it is so very Spanish and fits so well with our ideas; and then, too, the picture was, after all, one of his big successes. Besides, how well our oranges will look branded with a big Z. So I think it will be Zorro."

A perfect name, I thought it, just as the ranch with its romantic history, its traditions seemed the perfect setting for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

## When the Guests Come

THERE, clad in the simple little frocks which she declares suit her better than elaborate garments because she is so "much more the Maggie Johnson than the Marguerite St. John type," she will carry on her adventures in homemaking.

The hospitality of Osuna's time will prevail; and when friends in San Diego or Los Angeles signify their intention of visiting Zorro a Pullman motortruck from the ranch will call for them at the end of the day and they may go peacefully to sleep in its soft beds, to awaken in the morning just in time for breakfast under the palm trees in the flower-filled patio.

Or should they come by train, a stage-coach, old-fashioned in everything but real comfort, will meet them at Del Mar and conduct them to the Fairbanks' home.

For recreation there are glorious walks along Palomar, where the ferns and trees and wild flowers grow luxuriantly. There are rides to Es Condido, the beautiful Hidden Valley of Southern California. And there is always the sea, blue and cool and inviting, to lure one to a daily swim.

And at night, when the birds of the day have gone to their nests, occasionally a nightingale may be heard. While one waits and listens, the lights along the coast begin to appear, then those in the valley below; and far away may be heard the night cries of the coyotes, mingled perhaps with the sound of the music of guitars and zithers from the Spanish village.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16, 1927

## SITE ACQUIRED FOR HOME BY FAIRBANKS

SOLANA BEACH, Nov. 16 (Special).—Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford, soon are to erect a palatial home near here, it was learned today. The White Coastal Land company, of Solana Beach, and A. H. Barlow, of La Jolla and Solana Beach, recently sold them 10 acres adjoining the townsite of Solana Beach and it is upon this tract that they will erect the home, it is reported. It also is understood that the architectural plans for the home, which promises to be one of the finest in this section of the county, already are being drawn. The Fairbanks property extends from the highway to the ocean front.

About a year ago Fairbanks and his wife made their initial purchase of San Diego county property when they acquired 1200 acres at Rancho Santa Fé. Since then, however, they have increased their rancho holdings to 3200 acres. As soon as they made their purchase they announced it would be converted into productive acreage, and to this end several hundred acres have been planted with Valencia orange trees. Additional trees also are being planted daily. Another feature at the Fairbanks property is that a large dam has been built to back up water for irrigation.

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