When José Juan came here
there was no Bakersfield—
no stores there
and just one saloon.
The only store in that vicinity
was kept by a Jew named Hirschfield
at Panama (a town near Bakersfield pacá).

There were no courts or jails—
lá pistola era la corte
and the man who shot first
won the dispute.
The country was full of bad men—
gunmen and gamblers.
José Juan andaba con them a little
because he had to or be shot.
He knows the caves where they hid—
Francisco Gámez and the other bad men.

José Juan was here
when the old courthouse and jail
were built in Bakersfield—
about forty years ago.
When the railroad came,
the town grew rapidly.

There were lots of Indians here
in those days.
About 50,000, José Juan estimates.
And now there are only 40,
he exclaims.

Ya se acabó la raza. [Now the race is finished.]