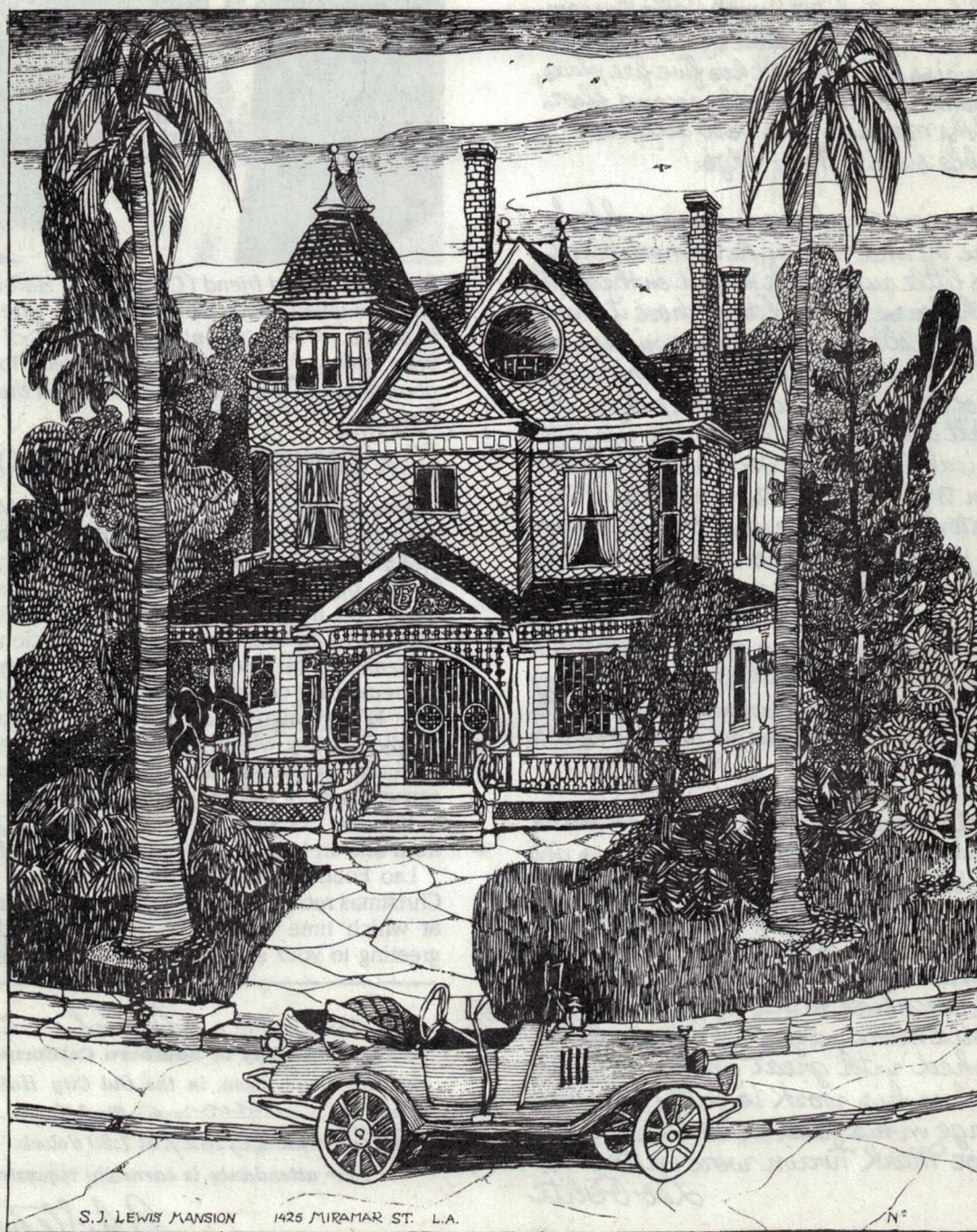


# HISTORICAL SOCIETY of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Centennial Edition

NOVEMBER 1, 1933

200 E. AVE. 43, LOS ANGELES, CA 90031





### The Cover:

The Cover for this Centennial Issue of the Newsletter is a gift from the Society's friend Leo Politi. The choice of subject, the S.J. Lewis House on Miramar Street — a Los Angeles monument, contemporary with the Society itself, still standing and accessible for viewing but less well known than some other historic buildings in the city — seemed fitting for a commemorative issue.

### Notes about the S.J. Lewis Mansion

The S.J. Lewis Mansion at 1425 Miramar St. was built by California Architect Joseph Cathor Newson. The structure is a combination of Queen Anne, Eastlake, renaissance styles. It has five fire places, five bathrooms, an elevator to the second floor. The cost of the mansion was 7600 dollars, a considerable sum in those days.

As I was drawing the home in 1955 an elderly man came by and told me he remembered Mr. Lewis's little automobile parked on the street in front of the house. The professor drove it to and from Pomona College. From his description of the car, at the Los Angeles Public Library I made a drawing of it and included it in the picture because I felt it was part of Mr. Lewis's life style. The Historical Society of Southern California has chosen to feature the Miramar Structure for its Centennial Edition even though it is one of the less known of Newson's many architectural gems built by this prolific architect during the Boom Days of the 1880's. It is so befitting to honor this man who has given us so much beauty. How can we ever forget his Bradbury Mansion and the Edward T. Hildreth residence on Bunker Hill or the Charles Sessions home on Angelus Heights, to mention a few.

In 1890 Newson wrote a lengthy thesis on architecture where he tells of his ideas and goals. He believed in building houses with space and comfort to fit the needs of the owner's life style. Use local materials to blend with the climate and surroundings in a style peculiar to this state. In essence a California home, a goal I believe he accomplished with great charm. I also believe when his work is fully known he will emerge in his field as outstanding as Tiffany or Mark Twain were in theirs.

Leo Politi

This Centennial Edition of the Historical Society of Southern California Newsletter is dedicated with love and gratitude to our Executive Secretary, Margaret Cassidy, who has served the society with diligence, fortitude, and great good humor for a quarter of its existence.



Peg Cassidy and friend (Councilman Harold Henry?) in the days when a lady wore hat, pearls, and white gloves in public. (A more recent picture would, of course, have been better. But Peg, as a subject for a portrait photographer, is about as accessible as the Dalai Lama. Sorry.)

### A ONCE-IN-A-CENTURY OFFER

A serigraph of Leo Politi's "S.J. Lewis Mansion" has been printed in an edition of 200 copies, signed and numbered by the artist, expressly for the Historical Society of Southern California. The print is a rich dark brown on heavy rag paper. Thirty copies have been retained by the artist for his own disposition. The Society is pleased to be able to offer to its members and friends the remaining copies of this limited-edition silk screen print at fifty dollars each. This is a rare, exclusive offer, needless to say, which will never be repeated. It is an opportunity to acquire a unique (in that word's purest sense) work of art while helping, at the same time, to further the Society's work. What better Christmas gift from one art-loving Los Angeles history buff to another?

Leo Politi will be our guest of honor at the Society's Christmas reception, El Alisal, Saturday, December third, at which time he will be happy to add a personal greeting to your signed and numbered print.

There will be a special meeting of the  
**Historical Society of Southern California** in Justice  
 Austin's Court Room, in the Old City Hall, on Second  
 Street, on Monday Evening,  
~~November~~ December 25, 1888, at 7:30 o'clock.

Your attendance is earnestly requested.

*B.A. Stephens.*

Secretary.



## A LABOR OF LOVE

For more than a quarter of a century, Margaret Jeanne Cassidy, with labor and love, through thick and thin, has kept our Society on the tracks of steady performance without interruption. It began this way: During the mid-1950's, Lorrin M. Morrison contracted to print our quarterlies, and gave space in his print shop on Western Avenue near Washington Boulevard to house the materials of the Society, with a few cubic feet for the secretary's office. At this time Guy Marion, a former secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, had the task of handling the Society's affairs. Upon Mr. Marion's retirement, Peg assumed his duties, and, it is certain, she never quite realized what she was becoming involved in.

It was under the influence of President Justin Turner that the headquarters were moved to the empty R.K.O. Theatre Building, at 8th and Hill Streets, rent free. Several members stepped forward to help pack and transport the numerous boxes, cabinets, and bundles of publications, with Peg supervising it all. It is doubtful that she ever got much sleep those nights — it was a bit disconcerting to discover that the Society was the sole occupant in that huge structure, destined shortly to be demolished; for Peg, it certainly wasn't a soothing cup of tea. When it became necessary suddenly to move, Peg and Bob Cowan spent hours exploring for a place, and in desperation, finally decided on El Alisal.

Those allowed into the inner sanctum in Peg's early days saw the most antiquated of all addressograph machines, the great-granddaddy of all such contraptions. What an energy-robbing creation it proved to be for all too many years! Somehow Peg managed to use it and to control it, processing the heavy mailing envelopes and sorting and typing up the bundles of *Quarterlies* to be mailed. There were days that must have been heartwarming to Peg when member-volunteers appeared and assisted with this time-consuming job.

Peg's numerous duties have covered a very large area: arranging board meetings, answering countless phone calls from students and interested callers of all ages, handling the mail and arranging the annual treks, no small feat that.

Various tour or trek leaders make trial runs and then discuss all the facts with Peg who then types up the notices; handles the reservations, cancellations, and refunds; charts buses; and pays the restaurants and other fees. Most who have enjoyed memorable treks with the Society are unaware of the time demanded to achieve the status of "being the best trek ever!" Early, early on the mornings of the trek, Peg is ready with her perennial lists and name tags, sometimes assisted by Bob Cowan, Roberta Johnson, Mary Jones, and Jackie Wilson, with some of the trek leaders dashing about. Finally, all the buses filled, she is usually the last one aboard, after locking up El Alisal, last minute checking, and closing the gates.

When things become hectic, one can hear Peg's reassuring quip, "Keep the faith, Buster!" With her never-ending store of witticisms, she shrugs off the various difficulties that beset any organization and keeps right on at her post, getting necessary duties completed.

Through it all, somehow, Peg has always found time to call families with ailing members and to reassure so

Uncle Josh Talbot has returned from Calico, where he has been doing his assessment work. He claims to have discovered a chronic mine of fabulous value.

James Germain, whose vineyard is on San Pedro street, near Kohler's, recently took 112 pounds of grapes from one vine; one bunch of which weighed six pounds and a half.

Since Woodhead, Porter Bros. & Co. have moved into their new building on Upper Main street, they are making it an object for storekeepers and hotel men to call and see them.

Eastern Oysters in every style at Pearson's, Rose Building, 269 N. Main street. Oct 14th

Edward Mecha, the man burned so badly on Tuesday, was reported doing well at the Sisters' Hospital yesterday. His severe burns are confined to one hand, his face and left side.

Crude petroleum seems to be growing in favor since the Los Angeles Mill determined to use it. Besides its economy, it leaves no ashes, and in that respect is far preferable to coal.

Best Baltimore oysters, 80c. and \$1.00 per can, received daily at Arey & Olmstead's, 110 S. Spring street. Telephone 105. oct30-tf

A TIMES reporter was informed yesterday that Joseph Williams, a member of the police force, was not naturalized, and still lacked 17 days of being entitled to naturalization. Why is he on the police force?

All persons interested in the formation of a Southern California Historical and Scientific Association are requested to attend a deferred meeting in Judge Morgan's court room, in Temple block, this evening at half past seven.

Last night was Halloween, a famous event in the history of Scotland; a night made memorable in Burns's poems and in the writings of other Scotchmen. To the

*The Beginnings. First public notice of what was to be the Historical Society of Southern California. Los Angeles Times, Thursday Morning, November 1, 1883.*

many that they are missed and will be warmly welcomed back. I, for one, was such a recipient of her kindnesses.

May she continue to enjoy the many friendships acquired through her hectic, demanding years of being the Historical Society of Southern California's most active and Jack-of-All-Trades Secretary.

—Anna Marie Hager, Past President



## MR. CHOATE'S TREE — A STORY IN THREE PARTS AND AN EPILOGUE

When one has lived from the first quarter into the last quarter of the century, it is somewhat like experiencing reincarnation. (What a statement for a life-long Presbyterian). Memories are one of man's priceless possessions. In 1904, 1905 and 1906, I often rode beside my dear father in the horse and buggy and frequently we went up and over beautiful Bunker Hill where some of the finest homes in Los Angeles were located. Many of the finest citizens lived in those picturesque grand old mansions. Later, the Angels Flight cable car became the easy pleasant way to reach the heights of Bunker Hill. Our family at that time lived on Pleasant Avenue in Boyle Heights, reached by fine street-car service.

My law office presently is located at Sixth and Olive Streets and quite often in order to keep myself physically ship-shape I walk from my office to the County Courthouse for court appearances. For the past several years as I have walked up Bunker Hill I have thought of the popular book title "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," for each time when I reach 4th and Olive Streets I can see just north of 4th Street a solitary, majestic, large, beautiful but lonesome tree (I believe it is a rubber or magnolia) hanging for its very life on the edge of the cliff with one half of its boughs overlooking the north level surface of the brow of the hill and the other half hovering southward out above the steep embankment. That ageless solitary tree is the only remaining evidence of those memorable, bygone, historic days of Bunker Hill. The tree stands as a lone witness to the early California days when one could walk to the downtown section of Los Angeles or the Plaza leisurely in a matter of minutes.

Each time I see that tree I fall into a pensive mood with thoughts of yonder years with Dad, the horse and buggy, the sweet morning air, the blue sky and the clear beautiful mountains in the distance.

Within the scheme of so-called "progress" and "development," all of those grand old homes and the cooling lovely trees surrounding them have fatefully fallen in the pathway of the Caterpillar. This is not the

time or place to recall all of the fine, successful men and women who lived in those picturesque homes at the turn of the century when the horsecars traveled from First and Broadway, opposite the Times, and up to Temple Street, then eastward out Brooklyn Avenue. Some who read this account may recall those wonderful years.

This little story is written primarily to give sentimental recognition to that Tree growing on Bunker Hill, the last and only living, unscathed reminder of nature of those years. That Tree was there and growing when I was a lad and when our horse slowly pulled our surrey up the steep grade of Bunker Hill. Presently, less than a thousand feet westward from the Tree is a towering complex of more than fifty-five stories, and numerous high rise apartment houses.

To indulge in sheer fantasy one may inquire as to how that Tree can afford to pay the astronomical tax on those blocks between 4th to 2nd Street on the Hill. Those taxes could possibly amount to \$1,000.00 an hour. However, that Tree is living on borrowed time and may never live to have to pay any taxes because it will probably be ruthlessly destroyed before the next tax bills come out. I am wondering what the environmentalists will say when this last vestige of nature falls.

For myself, I have taken a picture of that Tree as an exhibit for the records of posterity. I have also lived in that pioneering grand past which saw the birth of the Tree and now live in this computerized age where we have almost everything but have lost many of those things which inspire the hearts and minds of men.

Soon that Tree will cease to grace the hillside of Bunker Hill but memories will linger on in the hearts of some of those who remember the peaceful, serene, azure blue skies and days of yesteryears in Los Angeles. More has happened to the world in the lifetime of that Tree had happened in all of the centuries prior to the year 1900 — a staggering thought as we look both backward and forward to the critical days ahead.

December 14, 1978

Since the foregoing account was written, as of yesterday, the bulldozers were operating within fifty feet of that grand tree. The contractors indicated to me that their

(Continued on page 5)

### APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

#### MEMBERSHIP CLASSIFICATIONS

ACTIVE MEMBER .....	\$25.00
FAMILY MEMBER .....	35.00
SUSTAINING MEMBER .....	50.00
CONTRIBUTING MEMBER .....	100.00
PATRON MEMBER .....	250.00
LIFE MEMBER .....	1000.00
STUDENT MEMBER .....	10.00

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
200 EAST AVENUE 43, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90031

Gentlemen:

Please accept my application for membership as ..... member  
in the Historical Society of Southern California.

I enclose my remittance in the amount of ..... for annual dues.

Name .....

Firm Affiliation (if applicable) .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code .....

Date ..... Telephone Number .....

Sponsor .....

Dues include subscription to the Society's QUARTERLY and Newsletter. All dues, contributions and bequests are deductible under State and Federal tax provisions since the Society is a non-profit organization supported solely by membership dues and contributions.



## RECENT HISTORY

September was a busy month for the Society with three events scheduled. The fall reception at the Lummis House on September 9\* featured the unveiling of the newly restored photographic window in the Museo. The new transparencies caught the afternoon sunlight, and the completed window is a handsome addition to the living room.

The entire restoration process was a collaborative effort involving the City of Los Angeles, Information International of Culver City, Ron Kinsey, formerly of the Southwest Museum, and Judson Studios of Highland Park. The City Recreation and Parks Department furnished workers who removed the old and faded glass from the frame and a carpenter, Arthur Beddoe, who restored and rebuilt the entire outside frame. Ron Kinsey located all the original glass negatives at the Southwest Museum and worked with Information International in developing the written descriptions. Kevin Howard and Sandra Oguro from Information International printed the new transparencies and coated them with a special protective covering to insure a long life. Judson Studios installed the glass plates and delivered the windows to the Lummis House on Friday afternoon, two days before the scheduled opening.

At that point a real touch-and-go situation developed, as the city workers who were to place the window back in its niche do not work on Saturdays. A call to Riley Sloan, carpenter foreman, brought him down from a ladder at another City project and elicited a "Yes, I can come in tomorrow on my own time and install the window." True to his word he appeared, and with a good bit of help from Stewart Marsh, the windows were put in place, ready for the Sunday reception.

We were fortunate to have had so much cooperation from so many people on this project. The windows truly do add an authenticity to the living room, and all members would find a visit to the Lummis House a worthwhile excursion.

A few hardy souls showed up at the Lummis House on the 24th to provide some nurturing for the garden. The Lamorees, Betty Southam, the Marshes, and our volunteer gardener, Suzie Chamberlain with husband Harry and a friend spent a few hours pruning, clipping, and tidying up the garden. The Matilija poppies and the sages were trimmed, the olive and bay trees relieved of hanging branches, and unwanted weeds and assorted plants were dug up. Next spring the garden should be a glorious sight. Another Nurture Day is planned before

the end of the year, so keep your garden tools sharpened.

The following day, Sunday the 25th, Ward Ritchie opened the fall season of the Centennial Lecture Series with a fascinating talk on printing in California. He traced the story from its beginnings with Agustin Zamorano up to and including himself. Fine books have been a tradition in California, and we are grateful to Ward Ritchie for sharing a lifetime of dedication with us.

**\* Historical Note:** This was the afternoon that Rookie R. J. Reynolds laid down a perfect bunt in the ninth for the successful suicide squeeze that scored Guerrero, beat Atlanta 7 to 6 and sent the Dodgers to the National League Playoffs. Remember the good days!

## MR. CHOATE'S TREE —

*(Continued from page 4)*

operations stopped just short of the tree, so it may be spared temporarily.

September, 1983.

That grand majestic century-old tree on Bunker Hill in 1982, at considerable expense and the tender care of a group of ingenious tree surgeons (and their heavy equipment) was moved to the grounds of the monolithic Senior Citizens Complex, on Hill Street, between Second and Third Streets. Now that tree miraculously continues to flourish. Thus, one of God's trees has been spared. (But henceforth, God help Bunker Hill.)

— Joseph Choate

## Epilogue

At the time of Mr. Choate's first account of the tree on Bunker Hill, Jack Smith brought the story to the attention of his readers in a memorable Los Angeles Times column. Later he noted that at three in the morning on a certain date — it was at least a year ago — the tree would be moved. At least one devoted Smith reader, fantasizing a small dignified ceremony, probably with champagne and at least a string quartet, showed up at the appointed ungodly hour. He found himself alone. No ceremony. No tree. No champagne. No music. Not one soul. As far as the eye could see, no Jack Smith. Having imbibed a lot of Jack Smith in his time, he knew what to do: he sighed, left the scene, and retired to Vickmans for breakfast. He drove home through unfamiliar dawnlit streets, taking in the sights. At his front door he was greeted by a coyote. Thank you, Mr. Choate. Thank you, Jack Smith. I shall find that tree.

— D. B.

## NEW MEMBERS

**HSSC welcomes the following new members  
and encourages their participation in Society activities.**

### CENTENNIAL PATRONS

Automobile Club of Southern California  
California Federal Savings  
Carter Hawley Hale Stores, Inc.  
Patrix Chapter No. 2 E Clampus Vitus  
Mr. and Mrs. William W. Escherich  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Klatt  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lippitt, 2nd  
Los Angeles County Museum Foundation  
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macneil  
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas F. Richardson

Mrs. E. Hadley Stuart, Jr.  
Robert and Mary Helen Wayne  
Jacquelyn F. Wilson

### ACTIVE AND FAMILY

A. C. B. Bethel  
Joseph Bonino  
Jacqueline A. Christie  
Madelene Jeane Ellis  
Powell Greenland  
Dr. David Hornbeck

James Kashian  
Dr. Daniel E. Kreiger  
Roberta M. Lehman  
R. Thomas Merrill  
Stuart H. Salsbury  
Fred W. Vieche  
Gregory R. Woiral

### STUDENT

Steven F. Jimenez  
Jody Rosentsweig



**HSSC  
OFFICERS and MEMBERS  
OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS**

President ..... Dr. Harry Kelsey  
Vice President ..... Mrs. Charles A. (Lois) Markwith  
Vice President ..... Joan W. Salz  
Treasurer ..... Henry F. Lippitt, 2nd  
Secretary ..... Michael Dougherty

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Marcia Erickson ..... Marian L. Parks  
William W. Escherich ..... Donald H. Pflueger  
Dr. Judson A. Grenier ..... Mrs. Harry J. (Georgie) Van de Kamp  
P. Theodore Hammond ..... Mrs. Robert D. (Mary Helen) Wayne  
Mrs. Edward E. (Mary Lou) Harnagel ..... Raymond Ziegler, FAIA  
Mrs. Fred W. (Helen) Lawton

Executive Director ..... Jacquelyn F. Wilson  
Executive Secretary ..... Margaret J. Cassidy  
Editor of the SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY ..... Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.  
Editor of the Society's NEWSLETTER ..... Donald Balch

**CENTENNIAL  
REMINISCENCES**

I can relate to the Historical Society of Southern California in many ways. The Society was founded in 1883 — within a few months of the birth of my father, Ernest Dawson.

In 1908, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society, Dawson's Book Shop had been established for three years.

In 1933 I was a student at UCLA — then a few new buildings among rolling hills. It was the era of the big Red cars and Yellow street cars, but I had the luxury of a Model A Ford roadster with a jump seat. Gasoline was under 20 cents a gallon and parking at UCLA was free. I read California history papers for Dr. John Caughey, went skiing and rockclimbing on weekends and vacations, and occasionally worked at Dawson's Book Shop. The usual pay was \$15 a week.

Dawson's Book Shop was at the corner of Grand and Wilshire. Geraldine Kelly (Kirby) and Ellen Shaffer were selling books to Mrs. E.L. Doheny. Other customers included LeComete Davis, F. Ray Risdon, Robert Ernest Cowan, Henry Wagner, J. Gregg Layne, Robert Woods and George Fullerton. Michael Harrison's file card goes back to 1915. Other fifty-year customers include Ansel Adams, Earl Adams, Edwin Carpenter, John Goodman, Manly Hall, Michael Hurley and Lawrence Clark Powell.

In 1933 Ward Ritchie printed Dawson's Catalogue 91 with an introduction by Christopher Morley. Ernest Dawson published, "Silver Farthing," a volume of poems by Leura Dorothy Bevis printed at the Grabhorn Press. And in 1933 Tom Neal began his fifty-year relationship with Dawson's Book Shop.

In 1958 Mary Helen and our three children and I spent the summer on a camping and motel tour of the United States which included Florida and Maine. We took with us the first volume of Carl I. Wheat's "Mapping the Transmississippi West," eventually selling one hundred sets.

In 1958 the notable publication of the year was "The Malibu" by W.W. Robinson and Lawrence Clark Powell, illustrated by Irene Robinson and printed by Saul and Lillian Marks.

Historical Society of Southern California. Fortunately we have written records for research, authorship and publications as the memories of the years of travel, world, local, and personal events blur in half forgotten sorrows and remembered pleasures.

—Glen Dawson, October 1983

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

The Historical Society of Southern California is sponsoring publication of *A Southern California Historical Anthology* to commemorate its centennial. The anthology features thirty-two articles from the Society's Annual publication and the *Southern California Quarterly*. Topics include reminiscences of daily life, town planning, race relations, vigilante action, business development, sports and recreation, political crusades, smog, tar pits, and cultural phenomena; in the telling many historical myths are shattered. Most of the authors are well-known in California — e.g., Lawrence Clark Powell, Francis Weber, James Guinn, Glenn Dumke, W. W. Robinson, Sarah Bixby Smith. The book is edited by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., editor of the *Southern California Quarterly* for more than two decades. The volume, over 500 pages with sixty-one illustrations, was designed by Ward Ritchie. A limited edition of 500 copies, hardbound in slipcase, is being printed. To order a copy or for more information, write to Historical Society of Southern California, 200 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles, CA 90031.

The Historical Society is pleased to make available to its members the first copies of a new reprinted, and expanded, 1983 edition of Robert C. Gillingham's definitive history, *Rancho San Pedro*.

*Rancho San Pedro*, in its reprinted form of about 500 pages replete with photographs, maps, diagrams and other illustrations, is a notable record of the early history of a large area of early Los Angeles.

The new printing brings up to the present the history of this region since Rancho San Pedro was awarded to Juan Jose Dominguez by Spanish authorities in 1784.

What the 62 year old bachelor Dominguez wanted was some grazing land for his small herd of cattle; what he got was 16 Spanish square leagues, or about 75,000 acres which, today, include many of the cities in southern Los Angeles County, including Compton, Carson, San Pedro, Torrance, Lomita, Gardena, Harbor City, Wilmington, Palos Verdes, Rolling Hills, and Redondo Beach.

Dominguez Properties, under whose guidance and support the new 1983 edition of 3,000 copies has been printed, has designated the Historical Society of Southern California as the first outlet through which copies of the new *Rancho San Pedro* will be made available. Accordingly, the Society is bringing the new volume to the attention of all of its members before a general distribution is made to wholesalers and book dealers.

In addition, Dominguez Properties has agreed to contribute a portion of the \$27.50 retail price of each book sold to Society members as a gift to the Society. Thus, \$10 out of each \$27.50 purchase may be considered a tax deductible gift to the Society. (Copies of the 1961 edition of *Rancho San Pedro* are collectors' items, retailing at up to \$175.) Order from Historical Society of



## THE SILVER LAKE DISTRICT IN THE TWENTIES

I must have just barely turned four when my family moved to the Silver Lake district. Our house was on Elza Avenue, the last at the bottom of a hill. Beyond and behind the house were open fields. The lake was within easy walking distance, and it was encircled by a dirt road, but I don't remember that any cars ever went there. The lake lay in a basin, hills on two sides, and the hills were covered with grass of the type we kids always called "wild cats."

The street was paved, and there were sidewalks. A ditch carrying a trickle of water ran between our house and the fields where the cows pastured, and the cows came home at night right past our house. Two or three very old people would call to them as they came in, single file, and sometimes mooing.

Hardly anybody in the neighborhood had cars, but even though the milk was delivered by horse and wagon and the American Express still used horses, the day of the horse was done. There was an unused buggy in the field behind our house, and I played on it until the owner chased me off, a lady who had not yet recognized the dawn of the motor car — can't say I blame her.

The population as I remember was mixed European: I played with little Anglo-Saxon and, I suppose, Italian, Slavic and perhaps Iberian boys and girls. Those with darker skins were suspect, and I was as a matter of policy forbidden to play with them. But my mother, always a lover of children, was lax in practice, and my best friend and language mentor was little Italian Eddie, grandson of the dairy people, whose family could have bought mine out ten times over and who could boast Leonardo, Dante, Caesar, Galileo, and Michelangelo as distant cousins, though for all I know they had never heard of any of these. I do not remember any Mexican-American children or any black.

In those days the doctor still came to the house, and we enjoyed this service when my dad had pneumonia and my sister and I had the flu. My dad made seventy dollars a month working for the California Fruit Growers' Exchange (Sunkist), and I assume he paid the doctor. There was also a very attractive young nurse for a few days, and there was no such thing as Medicare, Medi-Cal, or health insurance. I think doctors' house calls were two or three dollars, but am vague about this.

Our little house and even the street it was on have disappeared in the intervening years. I have tried once or twice to find Elza Avenue but failed. I can't find it in the reliable Thomas Bros. Maps (Since 1915). I suppose progress or redevelopment has obliterated it, perhaps to put through Silver Lake Boulevard or to make the Silver Lake Recreation Center which the map shows about where our house could have been. Well, all that was a long time ago, as human lives go, and if by some magic I could go back to those childhood days, carefree, innocent, and smogless — I wouldn't.

— Oscar Littleton

The Society needs for its library *California Historical Society Publications* 31 (1952) and 41 (1962). If you have these volumes and can spare them, or if you know where hands can be laid on them, please let our staff know (213) 222-0546.



Stewart Marsh, March, 1983

## STEWART F. MARSH: SOME REFLECTIONS

Stewart Marsh died suddenly and peacefully on Wednesday, October 19, 1983. He was a prop to our Society in many, many ways and we shall miss him very much. He was a quiet man, generous with his time and labor where he thought they were needed, and without the shadow of a wish to be praised or thanked for his help.

When a good man dies, without any warning, in the midst of a bustle of what we had thought was very important activity, it sits us down to reflect. We are members of a historical society. As this blow strikes us, we are busy remembering our own individual history. Perhaps that should help us through a time like this. Most of the contributors to the work of the Historical Society of Southern California over its century are gone. Most of them were good people, who helped where they thought they were needed. Some of them were gone before any of us were born. We will be gone when our Society holds its Bicentennial celebration. And no one will care how important it seemed to us that the invitations got printed and mailed or that the hundred and one other little Centennial jobs got done, correctly and on time. They may not even know who we were and what we did this week. It's called the "historical perspective."

We know who Stewart Marsh was and what he did. And we grieve with Betty and their children that he is gone. Does it help to reflect that that's the way history works? We live and help where we think we are needed. And we die. With any luck, we will be remembered for a while with respect and affection. And we will be history. May the rest of us be remembered with the respect and affection that Stewart Marsh earned in his time with us and may we too go down in history as Good People.

### For the Record:

In the last Newsletter, the caption for the picture of the Fiftieth Anniversary Banquet placed the event in 1935. The event occurred, of course, in 1933. A "computer error," to be sure. (And there you have another way in which the computer can rescue mankind from human frailty.)



## CALENDAR

### **Saturday, November 5 10:00 AM — 4:00 PM**

Los Angeles Network for Education in Local and California History annual conference for elementary and secondary teachers. Last year's LANELCH Conference was outstanding. To preregister: send name and address to Donald O. Dewey, Dean of the School of Letters and Science, California State University Los Angeles, 5151 State University Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90032.

### **\*Saturday, November 12 9:00 AM till Dusk**

Garden Nurture Day. El Alisal. Raking, hoeing, digging, eating, drinking. (But bring your own lunch. HSSC pours)

### **Friday, November 18 11:45 — 12:15**

"Fashions Then and Now." Calabasas Historical Society Fund Raiser Luncheon. Calabasas Inn, 23500 Park Sorrento, Calabasas. \$16.00. Call Eleanor de Carteret (213) 347-1744.

### **Friday, November 18 7:30 PM**

"Trolleys, Rapid Transit, and Electric Railroads of Japan." Al Fishel. Regular meeting of Electrical Railway Historical Association of Southern California. Orange Room, Dept. of Water and Power Bldg. Cafeteria. 111 North Hope St. Free.

### **Saturday, November 19, High Noon**

Huntington Westerners Luncheon, honoring Dr. Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. Presenting Robert Middlekauff, new Director of the Huntington Library, who will speak on "The First American West." San Gabriel Country Club. Reservations \$14.50. Write Barbara Simgen, 11719 Hesby St., North Hollywood, CA. 91607.

### **\*Sunday, November 20 4:00 PM**

Centennial Lecture. Southwest Museum. "Southern California: An Island in the Land." Dr. John Haskell Kemble. Free.

### **December 1 — 4**

"The California Mission Experience: San Antonio de Padua." Eat, sleep, and work for four days with the Franciscans at this pastoral, remote mission near Paso Robles. A "hands on" experience of early mission life style. Call Dr. David Weber (213) 518-1200, Ext. 228, or L. A. Community Colleges, Community Services Educational Travel Program (213) 628-7788, Ext. 2652.

### **\*Saturday, December 3 4:00 — 6:00 PM**

HSSC Christmas Reception at El Alisal. Libations and light collation. Leo Politi will sign copies of the serigraph, "S.J. Lewis Mansion."

Historical Society of Southern California  
200 East Avenue 43  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90031

### **Friday, December 16 7:30 PM**

Electrical Railway Historical Association of Southern California regular meeting. Slide show by George Geyer on a potpourri of U. S. trolleys and rapid transit since 1960. Dept. of Water and Power cafeteria. All interested are invited.

### **\*H.S.S.C. affair**

## A LAST WORD

Where does nostalgia end and history begin? The concept of "oral history" has blurred the line, perhaps. At any rate, the occasion of a Centennial Issue seemed to call for a look back at What It Was Like in the Old Days. If the reminiscences gathered in the pages of this issue of our Newsletter represent nostalgia now, they will be history soon enough. Let us celebrate our history this month. And let us be soberly reminded at the same time that one day someone, please God, will be remembering us as part of What It Was Like in the Old Days. And may we be worthy of another historic celebration, a hundred years from now.

As usual, thanks are due. We are gratefully beholden to those who shared their nostalgia with us. Their names are sprinkled throughout these pages. And, as usual, there are those names you won't see. We thank them here and, most especially, we thank Betty Marsh because she helped and because our thoughts are with her just now.



*Nostalgia and History. Lawrence Clark Powell, Anna Marie Hager, Everett Hager, and the late Gustave O. Arlt, admiring the Hager Bibliography and Topical Index of all H.S.S.C. published works, 1958.*

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