



HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *NEWSLETTER*

SEPTEMBER 1982

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

TO PLUCK AND TO GATHER

The Latin phrase *Carpere et Colligere* which appears beneath the Historical Society of Southern California's Shield, printed on the title page of each issue of the *Southern California Quarterly*, caught our eye last week. It occurred to us that, like ourselves, some of our other members might not know what the Society's Latin motto means. An opportunity to be of service seemed to present itself.

Without too much trouble, we—i.e., Jackie Wilson—found a satisfactory translation, in the *Dictionary of Foreign Terms* by C. D. Sylvester Mawson and Charles Berlitz (1975). Not quite content, we wondered how that particular phrase became the Society's motto in the first place. The story is not so simple or straightforward as we thought it might be.

The official Historical Society of Southern California emblem, with motto, was adopted at a Board of directors meeting on July 20, 1891. It was designed by Colonel George Butler Griffin, who translated the words *Carpere et Colligere* as, "Together and to Build Together." The Colonel's Latin choice was simple and elegant. But his English version, not to put too fine a point on it, just doesn't make sense.

The motto, with Griffin's limping translation, went unchallenged for sixty-seven years. The story of the emblem, with translation, was solemnly recounted in a Diamond Anniversary Year issue of the H.S.S.C. *Quarterly*. But in the very next issue Gustave O. Arlt, then Editor of the *Quarterly*, correcting "a very curious error, made many years ago," and "unhappily perpetuated on Page 257 of the September, 1958, issue of the *Quarterly*," set things straight. He noted that Latin *carpere* means "to pluck" and *colligere* is the literal ancestor of the English "to collect." Thus *Carpere et Colligere*, "to pluck and to gather" in the Mawson and Berlitz succinct version. Or, as Doctor Arlt elegantly put it: "... a beautiful motto for a historical society, To Pluck the Flowers of History and to Preserve Them."

All of which is a pretty heady preamble to an ANNOUNCEMENT: The flowers preserved in this issue of the *Newsletter* were plucked and gathered by Betty Marsh, Peg Cassidy, Betty Southam, Jackie Wilson, and Donald Balch, as noted in initialed attributions. The Editor is responsible for unattributed articles.

ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

NATIVE PLANT & WILD FLOWER FESTIVAL . . . A GARDEN EXPERIENCE

Garden lovers and staunch supporters of Los Angeles Beautiful and the Society did not let the rain keep them away from an afternoon garden reception on April tenth, which, for an hour, was held under the protective cover of the Lummis Home. At 2 P.M., the hour appointed for the planting of a Catalina Ironwood Tree (*Lyonothamnus floribundus*, ssp. *floribundus*), the sun came into full view and the showers turned out to be but a refreshing introduction to the day. Los Angeles Beautiful's president, Bill Escherich, presented the ten-foot specimen tree to the City. It was accepted by Calvin Hamilton, Director of Planning for the City of Los Angeles.

In preparation for the event, a massive garden clean up and pruning had been conducted by volunteers of the Society and members of the Department of Recreation and Parks. New wooden benches replaced those of pink plastic. California poppies and wildflowers, sweet acacia, blue-eyed grass, ceanothus, and tree poppies were in bloom to provide beautiful color for an event which brought together two Southern California organizations dedicated to preservation and conservation.

In the words of Gail Watson, Executive Director of Los Angeles Beautiful, "I feel that the house and native garden are unique and represent a part of California history, and of the American Southwest generally. It seems to me that El Alisal would be an important attraction to visitors from other parts of this country and of the world, and especially so for the 1984 Olympic games to be held here in Los Angeles. This strong, solid, but gracious home and its native garden give the visitor a strong sense of what it was like living in this area at a particular time of history. There is no other place like it that I know of that is so accessible. How fortunate we are in Los Angeles to have this architectural and historical gem right in our midst!"

J.W.

(Activities continued on page 3)

FROM THE PRESIDENT

In two months the Historical Society of Southern California will begin its hundredth year of service to the people of California. When the Society was organized in 1883, there was no other organization in the state attempting to preserve and interpret the history of this region. In fact, the original objectives of the Society went somewhat beyond the region, embracing "all material which can have any bearing upon the history of the Pacific Coast in general and of Southern California in particular." This goal was loosely interpreted at first to include all aspects of history, including natural history and even the weather. Among the early standing committees were geology, meteorology, botany, mineralogy, and entomology.

In working toward its goals the Society has established an enviable record: a hundred years of uninterrupted publication in history and allied subjects; a pioneer role in organizing community support for the ultimately successful effort to build a county Museum of Natural History; and the contribution of an important historical collection to that museum.

The Society itself has continued to live in temporary quarters. One early historian noted sixty-four changes of meeting place in a fifteen-year period, and successive presidents have bemoaned the lack of a permanent home. At one time the Society's historical collections were "boxed up and stored in a warehouse lately built by the county on New High Street." This happened so long ago that the building is now a historic site, part of the historic area of El Pueblo de Los Angeles. For the past seventeen years the Society has had its headquarters at the Lummis Home in Highland Park (a "temporary" move), concentrating its efforts on meetings and treks, the continuance of a very distinguished publication record, and the establishment of new research collections.

The constitution of the Society remains the same. It still embraces the entire Pacific Coast, but we have become considerably less aggressive in interpreting this phrase. Our hundredth birthday celebration may be a good time to reexamine our original goals and perhaps even to think about acquiring a permanent home for the Society after a century of wandering.

If you have suggestions, I'd like to hear them.

Harry Kelsey

A PRESENT

Leo Politi, with characteristic generosity, drew and lettered a Catalogue for the Society's Exhibit of his works. We are pleased to offer copies to members or friends who may have missed it. Write to Historical Society of Southern California, 200 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles, CA 90031. Though the Catalogue is a gift, it must be mailed with a First Class stamp. We mention this.

ALISO, EL ALISAL, AND THE SYCAMORE(S): A Note

Some confusion exists about the precise meanings of the terms Aliso, El Alisal, and Sycamore. Ever alert to our Members' needs and wishes, we offer a definitive note on the subject, to settle or prevent future disputes.

"Aliso," says the Velasquez Spanish-English dictionary, a reference prominent on every good Spanish teacher's desk, means "birch, alder." Harris Newmark, commenting in *Sixty Years in Southern California* on the naming of Aliso Street, calls the word "an incorrect application of the Castilian *aliso*, meaning alder, to the sycamore tree. . . ." James D. Hart, in *A California Companion* (1978), says, "As alders grow only by water sources, early travelers often gave the tree's name to geographical sites marked by streams and lakes, and the Spanish word *aliso* (also used for sycamore) appears as Alisal in several places, e.g., Charles Lummis called his house El Alisal . . ." The Spanish noun ending *-al* means ". . . like," by extension "a place like" or "the place of." Cuernavaca, for instance, is sometimes called El Primavera, a Springlike place or the Place of Spring, in celebration of its eternally salubrious climate. Hence, El Alisal—"the place of the sycamore" or "sycamores" or "a sycamore place." The Spanish verb *alisar*, for what it's worth, means "to smooth, to polish, to plane." The sycamore is, of course, a plane tree. And, just to round out the discussion, what is the Spanish word for "sycamore"—according to Velasquez? *Sicamoro!*

Of Charles Lummis's sycamore, Harris Newmark says, "The Alisal, by the way, is built around the huge sycamore under which Greek George camped with his camels on his first arrival in Los Angeles nearly sixty years ago" (around 1858). Greek George's Los Angeles career, and the camels, too, are stories for another time. But aren't you glad that you have the Absolutely Last Word on *aliso*, *El Alisal*, and *The Place of the Sycamore(s)*?

(Oh. The sycamore that shaded you at the auction. Not the same one, we're afraid. Lummis's aliso was a big tree in 1858; the patio tree is something less than 124 years old. You can't have everything.)

D.B.

THE GARDEN

This year seeds from El Alisal have gone around the world. Dr. Leonid Enari of the Los Angeles Arboretum said that he would appreciate having seeds from the Mexican Palo Verde and the Jojoba to exchange with other botanical gardens. The result is that tiny bits of our garden are now flourishing in Europe, Siberia, China, and who knows where else. We hope that this exchange will continue.

John MacGregor, rosarian at the Huntington Botanical Garden, took a cutting from a pink rose located in a triangular bed on the west side of the Lummis garden, a rose that the Huntington did not have—and the Huntington has a lot of roses!

- from Betty Southam

APRIL DAY AT THE HUNTINGTON

What is so rare as a day in June? A day in April at the Huntington Library, Art Gallery, and Botanical Gardens, that's what, specifically April seventeenth. A large group of Society members gathered at the Pavilion for a look at the new facilities, for a special tour of the Library, and for lunch in the gardens.

We were escorted into the Friends Hall for the Program. Martin Ridge, Senior Researcher at the Library, spoke to us about Henry E. Huntington, the person, not the financier, who did more than build the first interurban railway in Los Angeles. He and his wife Arabella were interested in art, music, and literature, and they collected many valuable first editions and art masterpieces. Mr. Huntington also was interested in horticulture, and the grounds of his estate were devoted to the planting and cultivation of worldwide plant specimens.

Daniel Woodward, Librarian of the Huntington, spoke of the association of the Library with the Historical Society of Southern California, thanked us again for the donation of material, and urged us to visit the special exhibit featuring some of our gifts.*

After an introductory slide presentation of the treasures of the Huntington, docents took us through the Library, pointing out and explaining the numerous treasures on display—Chaucer and Shakespeare early editions, Gutenberg Bible, and an Audubon portfolio, to name only a few. A well arranged series of display cases documents the development and changes in literature, the sciences, religion, travel, and discovery from medieval times to the twentieth century. Displays in other cases trace the history and development of the young American Republic, its poetry and fiction, and the later development of the frontier and California. Several outstanding American and European authors are accorded special displays, among them Jack London, James Joyce, William B. Yeats, Henry Thoreau, Wallace Stevens, and Conrad Aiken.

We found the material from the Society beautifully displayed and were pleased that the public has an opportunity to catch some glimpses of local history.

Most of us had a chance to explore some of the grounds before lunch at the Patio Restaurant, and afterwards. However, with all the riches on the Huntington's 207 acres, we were hard pressed to see them all in an afternoon. A tour of the gardens was delightful on a warm April day, and a flood of flowers urged us to stay and stay. Many of us did, spending as much time as possible at one of the treasures of the Southland.

E.M.

*The gifts from the Historical Society of Southern California to the Huntington Library were described in the Library's Annual Report for 1974-75: "A group of 157 important early California documents—including papers relating to the early missions, papers dealing with the struggle for independence from Mexico, and drafts (the only ones known) of three sections of California's first constitution; several of these papers are already on permanent display in the Main Exhibition Hall. The collection

came as a gift from the Historical Society of Southern California, as did the papers (in twenty-three cartons) of Caroline Marie Severance, a pioneer in social work and the women's liberation movement, particularly during the period 1850-1875." Some of the documents are on rotating exhibit in the Library Exhibition Hall, while the rest of the collection is made available to interested historical scholars. In a letter of thanks to the Society, Daniel Woodward said, "We expect generations of scholars to consult these materials, and thousands of visitors to see selected items in exhibitions."

WITH BOB COLVIN TO CAMP COLBY

Mountain guide extraordinaire Bob Colvin promised us breakfast in the pines if we would meet him at 7 A.M. on a Saturday morning somewhere on the Angeles Crest Highway. So, very early on Saturday morning, April twenty-fourth, about thirty of us intrepid hikers gathered at an appointed meeting place and, after a fairly long car shuttle, found ourselves in a sylvan mountain glen, site of Camp Colby. Now a Methodist Church retreat, Colby Ranch once was a welcome stop for hikers in the San Gabriel Mountains.

Its proprietors, Delos and Lillie Colby, and their daughter Nellie homesteaded the area in the 1890's. They built a home, constructed ranch buildings, grew all their own food, and always were happy to entertain visiting hikers. Most of the original buildings have been destroyed, but the Methodist Church has restored some and maintains a small museum in one of Delos's cabins. Other newer structures have been built to accommodate youthful campers.

After a hearty breakfast, including fresh strawberries, we explored the camp a bit, listened to a resume of the life and times of the Colbys, paid our respects to the three of them, who lie buried near the edge of the camp, and finally set off for the return trip. A few fainthearted, or should I say faintlegged, ones went back the way we had come, but most of us followed Bob the long way back to the highway.

A couple of hours of up and down hiking brought us to a large open meadow nestled below towering granite cliffs. We appreciated the shade of the Coulter Pines as we nibbled on trail food, and the cliffs gave us a small idea of the ruggedness of the San Gabriels.

Fortified, we trudged onward, around Strawberry Peak, eventually reaching Colby Canyon. Now the trail was all down hill, as we followed the creek, passing several waterfalls and tributaries as we returned to the highway.

A few of us had to shuttle back to Camp Colby for the cars, while the rest relaxed and enjoyed the warm afternoon sun. Shortly, we all piled into cars, homeward bound, happy with the day and enriched with more of the lore of the San Gabriel Mountains.

E.M.

LEO POLITI WEEK

Leo Politi, whose life and work have been a long celebration of Los Angeles, brightened the month of May for members of the Society and hundreds of guests. From the sixteenth through the twenty-sixth of the month, the old wood and stone rooms of the Lummis Home were

(continued on page 4)

ANNUAL MEETING

On a pleasant Spring evening, May seventeenth, the Society gathered at the Athenaeum on the campus of the California Institute of Technology for its Annual Meeting, the ninety-eighth, if our pocket calculator may be trusted. Cocktails were enjoyed, by those who enjoy cocktails, on the tree-shaded patio of the gracious old clubhouse. Members seemed genuinely to enjoy making or renewing acquaintances in this informal hour, unostentatiously guided and managed by the Society's Executive Secretary, Margaret Cassidy.

At seven the party moved to the Athenaeum's main dining room for a dinner well chosen for a warm Spring evening.

Distinguished historian Rodman W. Paul introduced our speaker of the evening, James S. Holliday, author of the recently published, well received *The World Rushed In*. Doctor Holliday is, among many other things, a Director Emeritus of the California Historical Society and was the first Director of the innovative, fascinating, and solid Oakland Museum. He spoke with relish (and some acknowledged physical pain) on the subject of the people who made up the California Gold Rush, and the people—the wives and families—who stayed behind and supported the Gold Rush through long months of loneliness and family deprivation. The subject had been with the speaker (he told us) for thirty years, culminating in the parturition, last December, of *The World Rushed In*, “an achievement of transcendent proportions,” according to the Indianapolis Star, “sure to be a leading candidate for a Pulitzer Prize in history.” Doctor Holliday warmed to his subject, as did his audience, which included, besides Doctor Paul, several other distinguished historians, among whom we were pleased to notice John and LaRee Caughey, whom we don't see often enough.

It was an evening suitable to and enhanced by its setting. The Athenaeum opened in 1930 as “a membership club located on the campus whose purpose was to serve the social, cultural, and intellectual interests of its members.” The founders provided an eminently suitable environment for this worthy intention and provided in its rules that “outside organizations may use the Athenaeum if the activity is of inherent interest to the Caltech community. The activity must provide an educational, cultural, or social opportunity to an identifiable segment of the Caltech community or must contribute to the advancement of the institutional interests of Caltech as a whole.” We believe we came up to the Athenaeum's standards, and it certainly came up to, indeed it surpassed, ours.

D.B.

LEO POLITI WEEK (continued from page 3)

transformed into a bright gallery, enlivened by the colors and figures, as well as the warming charm of the artist himself, who was very much in residence for the entire eleven days. He signed books and posters patiently and endlessly, not content unless each signature was a personal greeting and a unique work of art. Now and then he stopped to do a portrait of a visitor, usually a child, who caught his fancy. Jack Smith, observing Politi among people, marveled aloud at his old friend's refusal—or,

perhaps inability—to be hurried, ruffled, or impersonal. But Leo, though hardly nonplussed, was noticeably taken aback at a Sunday reception, as he was greeted affectionately and was read letters of appreciation from Mayor Bradley and the Council, the County Board of Supervisors, Governor Brown, and, finally, on White House stationery, from Ronald Reagan (so the President signed himself). “Oh, dear,” Leo murmured in dismay, “I didn't vote for him.” It was as close to an apology as Leo Politi has ever needed to come.

D.B.

CORONADO TREK

The weather on the morning of June fifth wasn't the sort we wanted for our annual trek, this year to Coronado, but we knew that the typical overcast would burn off before we reached our destination. By the time we pulled into San Juan Capistrano for a coffee break, the sun was shining, and it stayed with us the rest of the weekend.

Our trek leader, Marcia Erickson, is an old pro at the travel business, and she had arranged a weekend that mixed historical information with fun and good cheer. Our coffee break in the old mission town was only the first of many congenial repasts, and we must have absorbed as much food as we did history during our two days in the south. After a stop and tour at Torrey Pines State Park, we proceeded to La Jolla and lunch. Then it was on to Point Loma, probably seen by Juan Cabrillo in 1542 and now a United States Historical Monument. A few hardy souls climbed up into the lighthouse for a more sweeping view of San Diego Bay, but even from the cliffs, the bay is wide and impressive. By late afternoon our bus pulled into the Glorietta Bay Inn, once the home of John D. Spreckels, where we would stay the night.

The water and sands of Coronado were tempting, and several of us got our daily exercise walking on the beach. We couldn't walk more than a mile, however, as the north end of the peninsula is a Navy base and off-limits. Strolls through the town, a visit to the historic Hotel del Coronado, or just relaxing by the pool kept us content and happy until dinner.

An elegant cheese and wine reception, hosted by Marcia and Executive Director Jackie Wilson, put all of us in the right mood for dinner, and then it was time for the day to end.

Docents from the Coronado Historical Society and additional members of our own Historical Society joined us the next morning for brunch and a slide presentation of historic Coronado. We watched the building of the world-famous hotel and heard about some of the people involved in the project. We also received glimpses of some of the homes and other points of interest we would see on our subsequent bus tour. We came away with great respect for John D. Spreckels and his contributions to San Diego and Coronado.

Our bus took us all around the island, and we saw where the famous and not so famous had spent their summers and winters. We all decided that everyone could do with a little recreation and rest in that charming spot.

All too soon the time came for the return trip to Los Angeles, and we stopped once more for refreshments, this time an ice cream cone. The bus deposited us where it had picked us up, and the 1982 Trek was history.

E.M.

GOING - GONE - WENT VERY WELL

The tenth of July was a hot, hot day—very hot. The shade of the patio sycamore at El Alisal barely protected a small portion of the members and friends gathered to participate in the Second Annual H.S.S.C. Auction. But the affair went off with nary a hitch or heatstroke. The libations offered for sale throughout the afternoon helped.

The gate opened at noon, and visitors strolled among the tables of books, periodicals, and objects offered for sale or for bids in the Silent Auction. At one o'clock, Hugh Tolford took the podium in the patio for the serious viva voce proceedings. Hugh was spelled at intervals by Don and Mike Torguson and Glen Dawson as the bidding on books, documents, objets d'art and fine old furniture continued at a lively pace. Especially notable was the work of young Mike Torguson, who not only took his turn at shouting out items for bid, but—in the heat—worked like a stevedore heaving heavy tables and chairs around for viewing. After a respite, during which visitors browsed again among the tables of things historical and nostalgic—manned by more heat resistant volunteers, the live auction resumed and continued through the afternoon.

The event was the fruit of the labors of (at least) ninety-two volunteers, marshaled and directed by Executive Director Jackie Wilson (and more volunteers). Net proceeds came to two hundred dollars more than the net of last year's auction, which was thought to have been a successful venture. For very good measure, the Society was given and has retained a Duncan Gleason portrait, two Leo Politi drawings, a watercolor and two etchings by Arthur Millier, an Abruzzi oil, and a 17th century oil portrait by J. G. Cuyp. Twenty-three prospective new members signed up. A hot day, and a satisfying one. Thanks and congratulations to all!

D.B.

GIVING

In a letter mailed to Members early in the Spring, President Douglas F. Richardson wrote:

"Please get busy *now* and decide what your donation (to the auction) will be, and *please* contact your friends. You may be surprised at the donations a few telephone calls will produce. Cash is also welcome." It's not at all too soon to begin thinking, in this spirit, of our Centennial Auction, though we won't celebrate the event until July of 1983. As we are all aware, heaven knows, the days slip by faster every year. Let us store your donation for you. All donations, of course, are tax deductible—at your valuation.

The Nation displays in each of its issues this tasteful little note: "When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*." We would certainly not suggest diverting a gift from *the Nation*, but . . .

A last word to the wise and foresighted. The Society has received from a local law firm a fascinating letter, the body of which we pass on to you:

Gentlemen:

Decedent died _____, 19 __, leaving a Will and Codicil under which he left a bequest to you of a pair of gold cuff links and a tie pin . . . Executrix of the Estate

says these items were lost or misplaced several years ago and there is little likelihood they will ever be found.

Yours truly,

As Leo Politi once said—in a different context—"Oh, dear!"

MORE ON THE GARDEN (continued from page 1)

Visitors to the Leo Politi exhibit had the opportunity to see our *Puya alpestris* in full dramatic bloom. The *puya* blossom was two feet tall, its dark green, waxy flowers appearing as if cast from metal. In mid-August some of the cacti are beginning to bloom. And the *Umbellularia californica* is in rich, aromatic leaf. Come by and pick one. Warning: these California Bay leaves are strong. The aroma of a crushed leaf on your fingers will stay with you. And should you be tempted to try some for brightening up a pot of soup, use a *small* piece of a leaf. Sunset's *New Western Garden Book* (a publication no Southland home should be without) reminds readers that too much California Bay leaf will bring on a headache. A touch, however, is not unpleasant.

D.B.

LOOKING AHEAD

The success of the exhibit of Leo Politi books, paintings, and sculpture confirmed our plan to develop changing exhibits for the foyer, museum, and dining room of our headquarters, the Lummis Home. The Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History and the Southwest Museum are lending materials and assistance for a photographic exhibit which will portray the building of this historic house, the craftsmanship and the home as an art form reflecting the culture, and intellectual and historical associations of its time.

Through our volunteer botanists, Jim Seaman and Betty Southam, our refurbished native plant garden is known to botanists of gardens of far grander scale, the Huntington Botanical Gardens and the Los Angeles County Arboretum, who feel that our one and three quarter acres are well deserving of proper interpretation.

In preparation for our Centennial, Enid Hart Douglass, Director of the Claremont Graduate Oral History Program, will conduct an oral history research project with Peg Cassidy and will organize and oversee the establishment of an ongoing oral history program for the Society.

The Society library is much in need of activity . . . We are looking for an interested person or persons to continue the work of conservation and cataloging.

WE NEED VOLUNTEERS

Since its founding nearly a century ago, the Society has depended upon volunteer support of its work and mission. So, we invite you, our members, to participate in any of the following activities:

BE A DOCENT IN THE LUMMIS HOME AND/OR GARDEN.

ASSIST IN THE MAINTENANCE OF OUR GARDEN.

LEARN TO CONDUCT ORAL HISTORIES OF LONG-TIME SOCIETY MEMBERS.

HELP IN THE PRESERVATION AND CARE OF OUR LIBRARY MATERIALS.

Please call Peg Cassidy or Jackie Wilson at 222-0546.

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Leo Politi and Douglas Richardson enjoying greetings to the artist-historian from Mayor, Council, County Supervisors, Governor, and President Reagan.

- Ellen Conried Balch photo

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OUTSIDE READING

Los Angeles magazine is a cup of tea sometimes sampled warily by readers of a historical society newsletter. But when something good comes along, we don't hesitate to recommend it. This is John Grimond's introduction to a fine article in the May, 1982, issue: "We often see our city as others see us—but those "others" are usually disgruntled New Yorkers or midwesterners awed by footprints at the Chinese Theater. However in its latest issue, London's respected *Economist* has produced an unprecedented in-depth look at Los Angeles today that finally affords us the chance to get a clear, honest view from the outside—and learn some incredible things in the process. Here, by special arrangement with the *Economist*, is that survey, entitled "Los Angeles Comes of Age." We regret that the article came to our attention after the May *Los Angeles* was gone from the newstands. But it's worth searching for.

NEW MEMBERS

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

Contributing

David C. Loring
Mrs. Scott Newhall
Daniel F. Rice, Jr.

Sustaining

Robert J. Banning
Dr. & Mrs. Carl M. Grushkin

Active

Mrs. Mary Bessent
Elaine Blaugrund
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Mr. & Mrs. David Brill
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Harold E. Johnson

Mr. & Mrs. Henry C. S. Keeton

Mrs. Duncan Kelly

Robert Lavine

Ruth A. Mayrose

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Thomas W. Patterson

Elizabeth W. Peer

Georgia Catey Petrie

Donald A. Philipp

Margaret E. Rush

Mrs. Henry J. Van de Kamp

John P. Winther

A. K. Bilbrew Library

Student

Susan De Lapa

Evelyn Hitchcock

Mark Resnick

Miki Sahfran

SOME MEMORIES OF AN OLD FRIEND

Dudley Gordon died on April 14, 1982, at the age of 84. He was intimately associated with the Historical Society of Southern California and the Lummis Home for more than thirty years.

Dudley came to California in 1928 with his wife Jean. His first job in California was as teacher of history at Beverly Hills High School; he transferred to the English Department at Los Angeles City College, where he taught until his retirement as Professor Emeritus in 1963. He joined the H.S.S.C. in 1949 and was active in Society affairs until his death.

Dudley's life-long scholastic career started late. He entered high school at the age of nineteen and graduated after three years of study, interrupted by a spate of service to his country.

Dudley had a short military career. After twice being prevented from entering the Army, due to the ravages of Spanish influenza, he enlisted in the Naval Aviation Corps. The day he was scheduled to report at Camp Spartenburg proved to be Armistice Day, thus he established a record for brevity of service in the Armed Forces. He enlisted and was discharged on the same day. Later he received a check from Uncle Sam for one day's pay, eighty cents.

Dudley held degrees from Hobart, Columbia and Harvard. He also did graduate study at UCLA, USC, UC Berkeley and at Claremont. In 1939 at Berkeley he enrolled in a graduate seminar in the Westward Movement under Herbert E. Bolton. The subject of his paper was The Life and Works of Charles F. Lummis. That did it. From that time on, he became steeped in Lummis lore.

His articles on the life and times of Charles F. Lummis have appeared in *The American West*, *Arizona and the West*, *Southern California Quarterly*, *The California Librarian*, *The Masterkey* and publications of various Corals of the Westerners. Other publications include two college textbooks, *The Cultural Assets of Los Angeles*, *Junipero Serra*, *California's First Citizen*, the text for a reprint of Lummis's *Birch Bark Poems* (a miniature) and his Lummis biography, *Crusader in Corduroy*.

Dudley was a popular lecturer on the many facets of Lummis and appeared before historical societies, service clubs, etc., wearing one of Lummis's corduroy suits. He was proud that the suit fit perfectly.



The late Dudley C. Gordon in familiar pose, relaxed in window seat of Lummis Home, wearing favorite corduroy jacket.

- David Allen James photo, 1980

Dudley's activities in community affairs included a term as president of the Southern California Folklore Society; he was a long-time member of the Historical Society of Southern California and served on its Board of Directors. He was president of the Lummis Memorial Association and of the Twenty Club (USC), a member of Corals of the Westerners in Los Angeles, San Diego and London, and a consultant in history and folklore at the Southwest Museum.

Dudley Gordon was a scholar, a teacher, and a dear man. We will miss him.

P.C.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

MEMBERSHIP CLASSIFICATIONS

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

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 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.



Hugh Tolford, Bob Zamboni, Mike Torguson, and Ed Parker work manfully in ninety-plus heat to make auction a success.
- Ellen Conried Balch photo



Elmo Gambarana and fellow Southwestern history buff browsing at sale table in rare semishade at H.S.S.C. auction. Louise O'Flaherty and newly elected Society President Harry Kelsey (in sombrero) in background.
- Ellen Conried Balch photo



Leo Politi accepts congratulations from Barbara Sargeant at gala garden reception.
- Ellen Conried Balch photo

This issue of the Newsletter is really two issues in one. "A New Dress and Under a New Plan" (See Spring '82 Newsletter) is, perhaps, overweening, but we would very much like to get our Members' response to whatever strikes you as different, new, interesting, or outrageous in our efforts. Write to H.S.S.C. Headquarters, 200 East Avenue 43, Los Angeles, CA 90031.

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

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