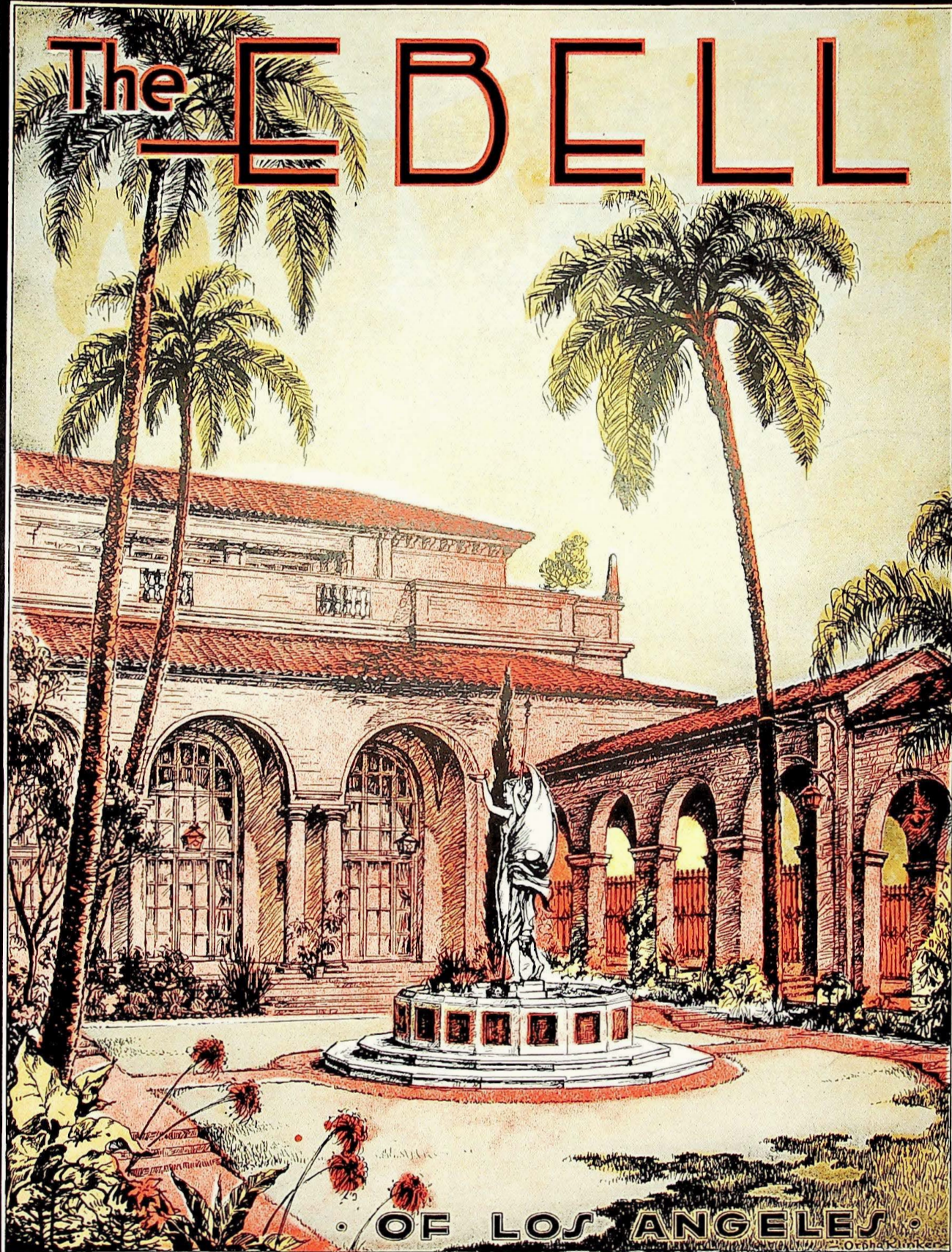


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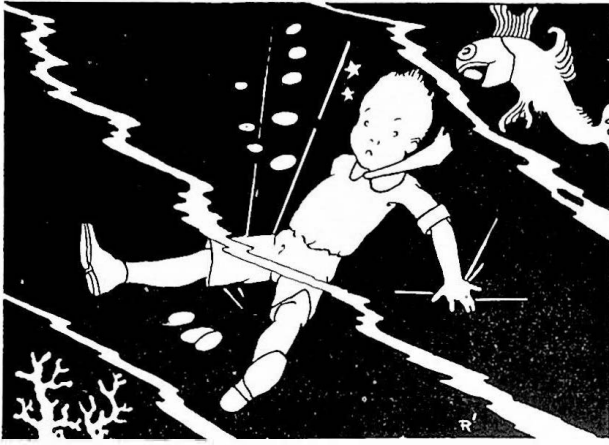


• OF LOS ANGELES •

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No. 12 25c

1931



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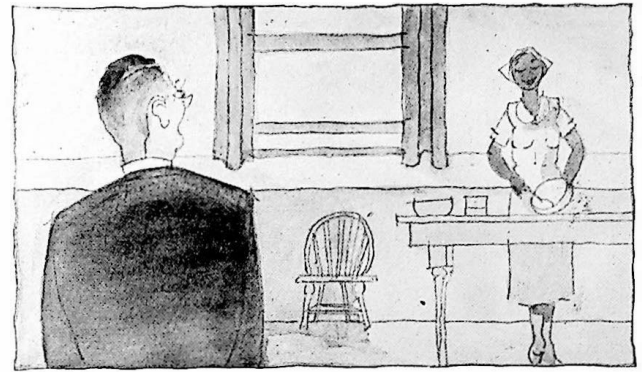
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THE EBELL FOR LOS ANGELES

EBELL

Magazine of the Ebell of Los Angeles

Vol. IV SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 12

MRS. CHARLES F. RATHMAN.....*Editor and Manager*
EVELYN BENOIST.....*Advertising Manager*

The magazine is published monthly by the EBELL OF LOS ANGELES, with editorial offices at the clubhouse, 743 South Lucerne, Los Angeles, California. Telephone ORegon 4164. The advertising and printing offices are at the WETZEL PUBLISHING CO., INC., 336 South Broadway. VAndike 7736.
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WHEN FELIPE DE NEVE founded El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles, his action was the result of a carefully arranged plan. Carlos the Third of Spain, prompted by suggestions from De Croix, had sent to Governor De Neve an imperial recommendation for the establishment of the pueblo. The Governor's ideal was to recruit settlers skilled in farming and building and to allot to each his share of land. His simple and worthwhile program did not materialize but the idealism and perseverance of this man live in the spirit of progress of our great city of today.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the rise to supremacy of women's work and the wonderful banding together of women in organizations for social service. While Los Angeles harbors the largest clubs of the General Federation of Women's Clubs the great ascendancy of the woman's club movement and its almost boundless influence can hardly claim inspiration from the womanhood in Felipe De Neve's little band of settlers. Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes in her *California Missions and Landmarks*, lists eleven families, among them five Indian and five mulattress wives. From this sordid beginning, Los Angeles, after a century and a half under four flags has built up an enviable reputation for the work of its women.

It has been intimated that the city lacks in the fine joy of possession and inspiration of traditions because so many of its citizens are comparatively recent additions; that what might be termed "Iowa-mindedness" prevails. To this same "Iowa-mindedness" must be ascribed the unprecedented growth of the club movement. These women but followed in the footsteps of those pioneer women, who with courage unflinching and hardships untold, played such an important part in the drama of civilization. Just as they helped to make the land a good place in which to live, the club women have made it a better place in which to live and to their co-operation we may look for the work that will make our state the best place in which to live.

The Ebell of Los Angeles was founded in the same spirit of idealism, its object being, "a united effort toward harmony and that broad culture which comes through service to others," that Ebell might be a living factor in the advancement of the community.

From the early beginnings of "placing seventy pictures, several casts and hanging baskets in the Amelia Street School," to its present effectual Scholarship program, and its prompt and whole-hearted endorsement of all progressive educational movements, its interest in our public schools has been unflinching. Ebell can count among its altruistic work for Los Angeles schools a number of "firsts": contributing to the salary of the first home teacher in the Amelia Street School; the establishment of a model bungalow and day nursery at the Utah Street School; heralding the modern school cafeteria by helping the penny kitchens; furnishing the first open-air study room in the city schools at Ann Street and supplying a dental clinic and seed potatoes for the children at the Settlement School.

This band of women, far-seeing and resolute, early sought to prevent children from being deprived of their birthright of natural childhood. Through every page of Ebell's records runs the recital of efforts toward better administration of juvenile delinquency. During the early years a hard-earned two hundred dollars was contributed each year to the Juvenile Court, and supplies for the day nurseries and beds in the Children's Hospital were financed. Very early a protest against child labor and contaminated milk was registered.

This company of determined optimists worked for industrial and international arbitration, endorsed the participation of California in the Centenary of Peace for English-speaking Peoples, petitioned the President to appoint a National Marketing Commission and to establish a Woman's Bureau, and demanded the abolition of billboards along our scenic highways and equal pay for equal work.

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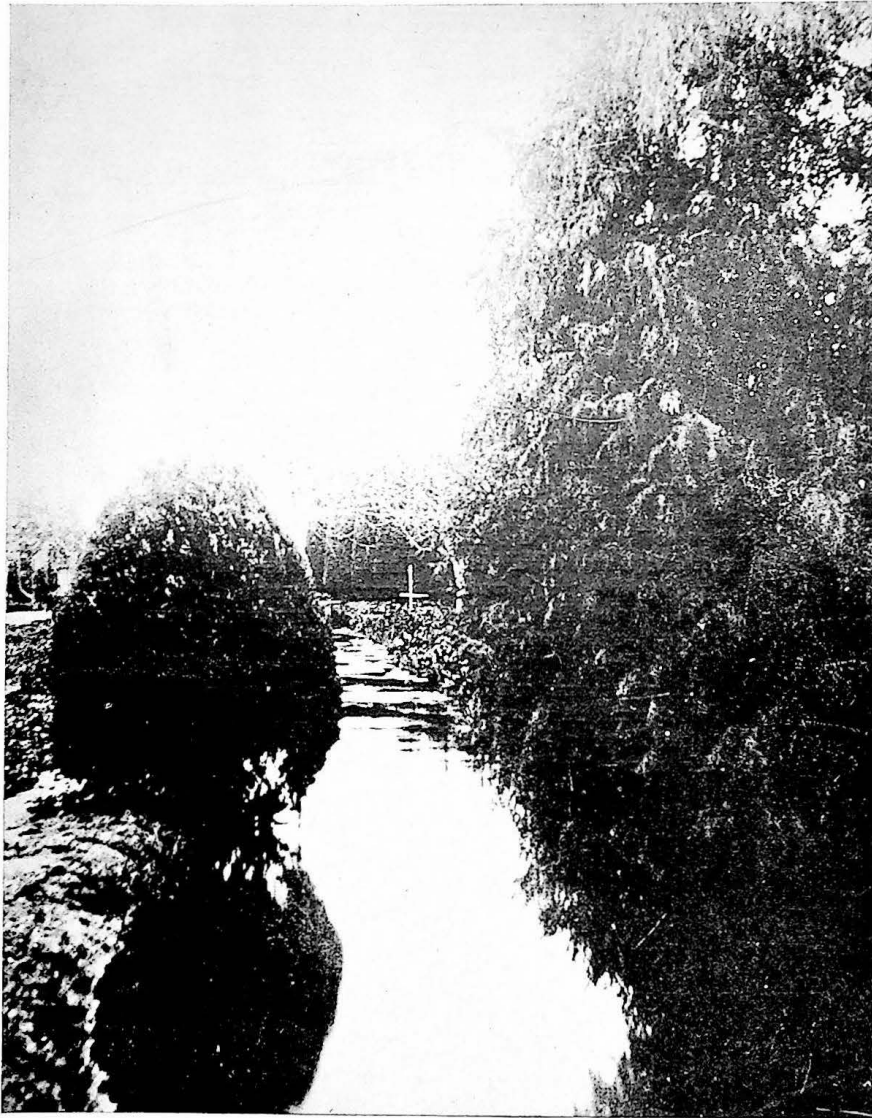
Its members pledged themselves to work together for civic betterment and civic righteousness. One of the early resolutions presented to the Woman's Parliament of California the advantage of a state Federation of Women's Clubs, asked the appointment of women physicians in state institutions and the *preservation of the great trees*. Thus early did we seek to protect our heritage, the forests and natural beauties of the land, and all through the pages we find contributions and support for the movement that culminated in the Save the Redwoods League.

Constructive charity which has now crystallized into our Practical Relief Committee and Ebell Rest Cottage Association, consisted in contributions to innumerable city, county and state philanthropies, to maternity and rest hospitals using the organizations already formed as an outlet for our gifts. In cases of national and international disasters Ebell was among the very first to contribute to famine, earthquake, fire or flood victims. Its war memories are too poignant and too recent to dwell upon the great accomplishments of those burdened years.

Just as the founding of Los Angeles by Felipe De Neve was not a mere happening, so the organization of the Ebell—for Los Angeles, was not a mere happening. This union of forces and influence was not for a few years but is part of the great plan of progress. The scenes of the world change. What our ancestors saw and felt we shall not see or feel. What they achieved it is denied us even to attempt. The West is the Almighty's reserve ground and as the world is filling up, He is turning even the old arid plains and desert places into fertile acres.

This Ebell Club of earnest women whose motto is "I serve," have definite plans for the future and its long record of accomplishment insures the continued efforts of The Ebell of Los Angeles for—El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles.

—THE EDITOR.



THE OLD ZANJA THROUGH PERSHING SQUARE

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

OUR LOS ANGELES

MRS. CHARLES S. CRAIL

WHEN LOS ANGELES celebrates her birthday on the fourth of September with the Fiesta, all the citizens will thrill with pride that they are privileged to be part of this great City of the Angels.

The prestige of those who are native sons and daughters will become a little more pronounced, like the California poppy in a garden of less colorful flowers. Those who came from other localities will rejoice that their judgment in selecting this city for their home has proved sound even beyond expectations, just as one rejoices over an investment which brings in larger returns than were anticipated.

Women, especially, are proud of Los Angeles for the many avenues of interest afforded to them and for the part which they may play in civic endeavors. There are numerous clubs, both large and small, and fine club houses distributed over the city like flowers in a garden which attract the gay butterfly and the busy bee and whose fragrance permeates the encircling atmosphere. Women have had and are having a large part in the affairs of our city. Discriminations are not made against them and they are accepted as co-workers in any line of activity they choose to follow. We have had a woman superintendent of schools, women serve on the board of education and the various commissions which are a part of the city administration. We have our successful business women, attorneys and judges.

Los Angeles is fast becoming a style center and we may choose our wardrobes from the smartest models at prices ranging from the lowest to those charged for exclusive foreign models. Paris labels are being replaced by those from Bullock's Wilshire.

Mothers of children revel in the opportunities for mental and physical development ever present in the community. There are beautiful schools and colleges which are comparable to the palaces of olden days where the families of lords lived in lonely splendor, supported by large numbers of serfs equal to the number of young people who now attend these schools for instruction and recreation under specialized supervision.

Day after day of sunshine permits the youth to enjoy the many parks, beaches and recreational centers provided by our City Fathers, where our boys and girls

store up the rosy tints and strong sinews of healthy bodies.

One may take one's choice of religions here, as the types of religion and philosophy are as numerous and as variegated as the flowers which fill the gardens.

Works of art are being added daily to the public and private galleries of our city. Artists, writers, musicians and philosophers are being drawn here by the cultural advantages, just as particles of steel are drawn to a magnet which sends out its electrical current.

Splendid music is to be heard the year around from our talented orchestras, the Bowl concerts, Philharmonic and Grand Opera seasons. Opera and theatrical productions in our municipal theatre at Griffith Park forecast the development of a civic interest similar to that in long established European communities.

Like the persons who are her inhabitants, our city has her faults but we, the citizens, are responsible for that. In the early history of Los Angeles is recorded the expulsion of four families as "useless to the community and themselves." As a gift to our city on the occasion of her 150th birthday, the citizens might resolve not to be "useless to the community and themselves" and take a deeper interest in her affairs. We might become as well acquainted with her advantages as we are with the rules of contract bridge; we might visit the museums and art galleries, and attend the concerts as regularly as we do the movie theater. We are sure to see and hear something of equal interest. We might become as familiar with the qualifications of the men and women who are administering the affairs of our city as we are with those of the football team. We might take as much care to see that they are the right persons as we give to the selection of our dressmakers or our dentists. Not enough of us realize that *we* are the city and each one has a responsibility towards the welfare of the community.

The Fiesta will have performed a notable service if from it each of us shall feel a closer affiliation with the functions of the city government and a better appreciation of the many advantages available in our satisfying, salubrious City of the Angels.

THE EBELL

of

LOS ANGELES

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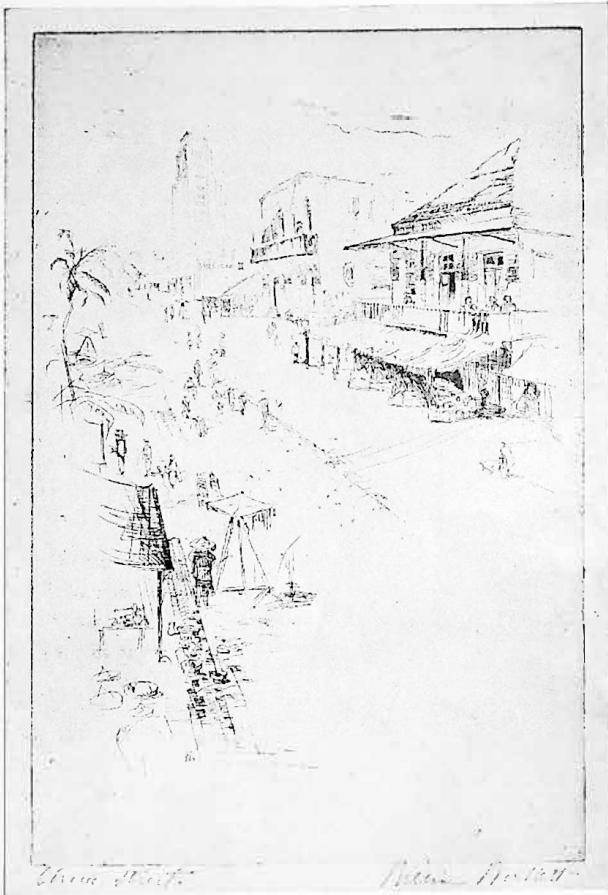
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FELIPE DE NEVE

THE FOUNDER OF LOS ANGELES

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY



IN THIS memorable year of the commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Los Angeles, surely, and perhaps above all things else, the Founder of the City should be borne in grateful and reverential memory.

Don Felipe de Neve, third in line of the Spanish Governors of California, and to whom fell the immortal glory of driving the stakes and rearing the rafters of the Wonder City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels in the year 1781, was in almost every respect a really great man.

It was "by order of the King" that Don Felipe founded Los Angeles. Spain's plan for the colonization of California

was three-fold. First, the Missions were to be established; second, presidios were to be erected not only to protect the Missions with troops, but also to repel possible invasion from enemy nations; third, pueblos or towns were to be established.

It is well known to the world and to history with what striking success the first step in the three-fold plan was carried out. Twenty-one Missions were founded with utmost success between San Diego and Sonoma. These vast establishments served not alone as shelter houses of God in which the native Indians were converted to Christianity, but they were also hives of industry. The Indians were taught to work and to work well at fifty-four different European trades. They became faithful herdsmen and skilled agriculturists causing the desert to blossom as the rose. The fig and the vine were planted and orchards of orange and lemon trees. And as though that were not enough, the natives were taught the finer things of life—music, painting and sculpture.

The second step in the plan was also carried out to a certain extent. Various presidios, in which troops were garrisoned, were planted along the coast.

It may be in the nature of a coincidence that as far as the pueblos or towns were concerned in the three-fold plan, only three were ever founded "by order of the King." These three were Santa Cruz, San Jose and Los Angeles.

The capital of California in 1781 and for long years afterwards, was Monterey. And it was there that the King's order was sent to Don Felipe, directing him to found a pueblo "three leagues westward from the Mission San Gabriel Arcangel."

And so, one day late in August of the year 1781, Don Felipe fared forth from Monterey with a cavalcade of his brown troopers to carry out the orders of the King. The party put up for a day and a night at San Gabriel Mission and then, accompanied by a procession of Indian neophytes and the padres of the Mission they marched westward nine miles. When they reached the spot where the Old Plaza of Los Angeles now stands they laid out the square or plaza of the new city. Volleys of musketry were fired. The proclamation of the King was read and a Te Deum was sung. The date was September 4, 1781.

When the day and the deed was done the stars shone down from the dim night skies upon a new city which has come to be in our day the Wonder City of the world—El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES COMMUNITY CHEST

Outstanding business and civic leaders of Los Angeles are enlisting in positions of active leadership for the coming Community Chest campaign. Addison B. Day, this year's campaign chairman, who is himself President of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation, declares that this is the year when every one must do more than give passive indorsement of the Community Chest effort.

In line with other revolutionary departures from "drive" methods of the past, President Joseph Scott has announced the

organization of an all-year public relations department with Norman Chandler as chairman. The reorganized Chest forces having determined upon conducting a continuous campaign to spread understanding of the vast variety of services which the Chest agencies are rendering, it is planned to enlist thousands of volunteers in the effort to bring about, through every educational medium, a closer partnership between the public and the social service agencies. Through this Crusade of Understanding the Chest will rely upon the generosity of those who have, to respond to the needs of those who have nothing.

LA FIESTA ~ THEN AND NOW

MRS. CHESTER CARLISLE ASHLEY



I AM quite thrillingly interested in the preparation for our La Fiesta de Los Angeles which will celebrate anniversaries of so many events that have been important in the life of our city since its founding one hundred fifty years ago, on September fourth, 1781. Saturday, September fifth, will be the fifty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the railroad connecting Los Angeles with San Francisco and the East in 1876.

Sunday, September sixth, celebrates the opening of the old Sante Fé Trail one hundred one years ago. Tuesday, September eighth, is the one hundred sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Mission at San Gabriel and the one hundred thirty-fourth anniversary of the San Fernando Mission. On September ninth, eighty-one years ago, California was admitted to the Union, and the first successful flight of a passenger plane was made by the Wright Brothers just twenty years ago.

Surely we have abundant reason to lay aside our humdrum cares and to live, for these few days at least, in an atmosphere of joyous color, excitement and action. Let us watch every parade and participate in every celebration.

How well I remember the thrill with which I watched the first Fiestas in 1894, 1895 and 1896. They were Fiestas de Las Flores, indeed, with carriages, barouches, and tallyhos covered with flowers and greens—there were no motor cars you remember. The beautiful horses, with shining silver studded harness and garlanded with flowers, tossed satiny heads as they proudly bore their gallant riders, richly dressed in velvets heavily embroidered in silver and gold.

Children from the various schools marched along carrying their school banners; Los Angeles has always been proud of her schools and her children. The Fire Departments vied with each other in elaborate ornamentation of their shining equipment, while their noble horses seemed to enjoy the plaudits of the watching throngs on the sidewalks. The most novel and the most fascinating entry of all was the gorgeous Chinese Dragon, almost two blocks long, with the attendant Chinamen running along beside to give frequent relief to those who were tossing the huge grotesque head from side to side.

The parades marched on Main Street, Spring Street, and Fort Street, now Broadway, from Temple Street south to Seventh Street and passed before the stately Queen, who with her attendants reviewed them from the grandstand in Sixth Street Park—now Pershing Square—where she was enthroned with her bevy of lovely Maids of Honor.

The first Fiesta was held in 1894, the year Ebell was

founded, following the panic year of 1893, and it brought a changed mental attitude to the people and renewed courage so that the financial depression was soon overcome, and we confidently expect a like happy result to follow our determined efforts to make this Fiesta of 1931 a success financially as well as historically and artistically.

In 1896, one of our own Ebell members, Mrs. Mark B. Lewis, was Queen of Fiesta, and in 1895 Frances Widney, now Mrs. Boyle Workman, Chairman of the Woman's Participation Committee, was Maid of Honor to the Queen, Mrs. Modini-Wood.

Recently, in going over some old records of my early days in Ebell, I came across the photograph which accompanies this article. In April, 1901, President McKinley was the special guest of the city and our efforts were redoubled to make that Fiesta a memorable one. That year, for the first and only time, Ebell had an entry—a tallyho with six horses—gaily decorated with nodding yellow mustard. We Ebell members who had the honor of riding with our President, Mrs. William T. Lewis, wore yellow dresses, black gloves and feather trimmed hats, and carried black wands tied with yellow ribbons. I treasured my wand for years, for Ebell was awarded a prize of one hundred fifty dollars.

Mrs. Babcock and Mrs. B. R. Baumgardt are on the first seat; Mrs. Lou V. Chapin, Miss Nelle de Luce Strong, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Maud Newell Wilson, Mrs. William T. Lewis and your humble scribe were others. Our club house was on Broadway near Seventh street, part of the site of the old Barker Brothers building. It was a simple, one-story frame building painted yellow, with six white pillars in front, built by our president, Mrs. Clara Baker Burdette; but we entered its portals with all the pleasure and pride that we now feel on passing through the beautiful wrought-iron gates of our splendid club house.

Our tastes were simple then but the ideals and policies of the Ebell have not changed; they have only grown with the growth of our civic consciousness, and so we are as deeply interested in the success of the Fiesta de Los Angeles in 1931 as we were in 1894 and 1901. The individual members of last year's Board have subscribed the necessary one hundred dollars for a Founder Membership in the name of Ebell and have presented the framed golden Fiesta certificate to the Club to be hung on the walls of the club house. The published list of Founder Members bears the names of about fifty Ebell women and hundreds more will have purchased season tickets to view the events in the Coliseum, through members of the Ebell Juniors, who have helped in the ticket sale.

Vive La Fiesta de Los Angeles!!!

FIRE PREVENTION

Governor Rolph has appointed the Conservation Association of Los Angeles County as the official Los Angeles County agency of the State-wide Fire Emergency Committee. This Committee is particularly concerned with the wide distribution of information designed to acquaint vacationists and users of our mountain playgrounds with the fact that during the summer and fall months we have many days in which extreme fire hazards exist because of certain meteorological conditions. The Governor's Proclamation has been posted on our bulletin board. This Committee feels that if it can reach every citizen and acquaint them with the facts, it will go far toward holding California's appalling fire losses to a minimum this year.

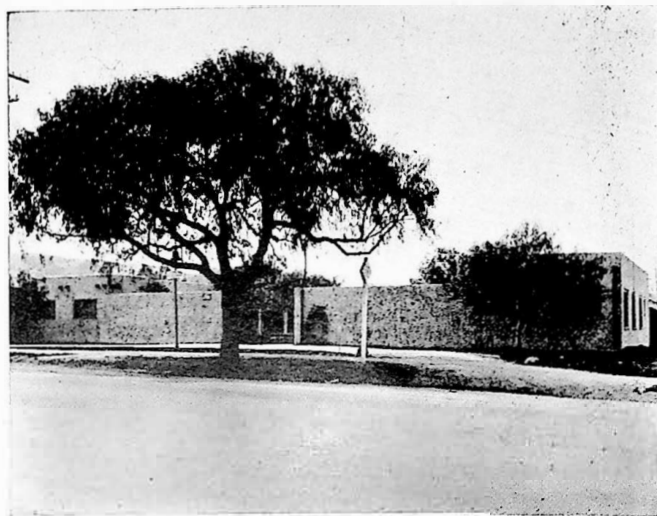
C A M P O D E C A U E N G A

MRS. ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES

QUITE an interesting and commendable activity of The Ebell of Los Angeles was the supporting of the preservation and final purchase of Campo de Cauenga. It took many years to persuade the public in general and public officials in particular, that it would be a benefit, both historically and commercially, to the City of Los Angeles and the State of California, to save this historic site.

It was at Campo de Cauenga that history was written. At this place,—No. 3719 Lankershim Boulevard, opposite the Universal Film Company's Studios,—the California forces under General Andres Pico met in conference with Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Fremont of the United States Army, and Military Commandant of California, with the result that Pico surrendered California to the United States. Here was signed the Articles of Capitulation, generally called the Treaty of Cauenga. This document is the only written agreement between officers of the California forces and the commanders of the United States Army and Navy. All other agreements had been verbal.

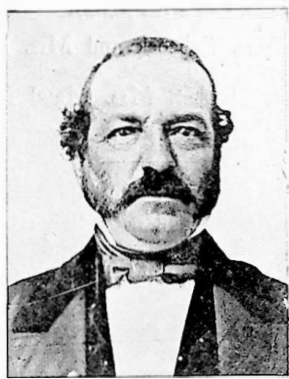
When the Californians met Fremont at Cauenga January 13th, 1847, they had less than one hundred men, no ammunition and no reinforcements to expect, while Fremont had over five hundred men with arms and equipment. The good judgment



CAMPO DE CAUENGA



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT



ANDRES PICO

and sagacity of General Pico made him realize that further resistance was futile and therefore he consented to a capitulation of the territory. Fremont in his "Memoirs" says:

"In the afternoon of the 12th we encamped at the Mission of San Fernando, the residence of Don Andres Pico, who at present is in chief command of the California troops. Their encampment was within two miles of the mission, and in the evening, Don Jesus Pico, with a message from me, made a visit to Don Andres. The next morning, accompanied only by Don Jesus, I rode over to the camp of the Californians, and in a conference with Don Andres, the important features of the treaty of capitulation was agreed upon.

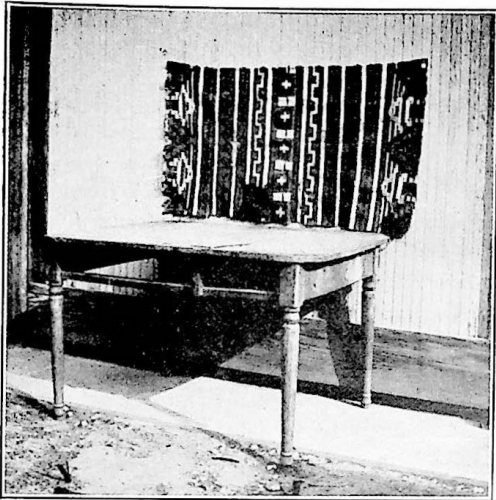
"A truce was ordered; commissioners on each side was appointed; and the same day a capitulation agreed upon. This was approved by myself as Military Commandant representing the United States and Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-chief of the Californians. With this treaty of Cauenga hostilities ended, and California left peaceably in our possession; to be finally secured to us by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848."

The Treaty of Cauenga was written by Don Jose Antonio Carrillo in both Spanish and English. The commissioners who signed the documents were Jose Antonio Carrillo, Agustin Olivera and Andres Pico for the Californians and R. P. Reading, Louis McLane, Jr., William H. Russell and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fremont for the Americans.

After the signing, which took place on the porch of the Casa de Cauenga, Fremont gave the copy written in Spanish to General Pico and he handed the one written in English to his Ordnance officer, William H. Russell, with instructions to take it immediately to Los Angeles and hand it to the officer in command of the American troops then camped in the city. The official report says that Russell took it first to General Kearney, who told him to take it to Commodore Robert Field Stockton, which he did. Commodore Stockton says in his report, that he sent the document immediately to Mr. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. The copy written in English is lost but the one in Spanish is now among the papers in Bancroft Library at Berkeley.

Many persons tried at different times to save Campo de Cauenga as a historical site and memorial to Fremont and Pico while the original buildings were in good condition, but without avail. Through neglect and the elements, the buildings gradually disintegrated and returned to the adobe from which they had arisen. In 1916, the California History and Landmarks Club took up the matter of preserving the site even though the buildings were dissolved into a mound of mud. It took seven years to complete the task, partly owing to the war and partly due to direct opposition from those who should have assisted. We feel particularly grateful to the members of Ebell, the Chamber of Commerce and the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West for their hearty and timely support. We met with opposition in the City Council but they were persuaded that it was not reasonable for a tourist town such as Los Angeles had become, to wholly neglect its historic attractions. When the facts became known to the Council that the location where the Treaty of Cauenga had been signed was used as a Dog and Cat Hospital, they decided to purchase the site and the buildings thereon as a park, and to improve it, that it might become a fitting memorial to Fremont and Pico. The sum paid was \$15,000.

Many of the members of the Ebell will remember the day of the dedication. All of the city officials, the county supervisors, club officials of the District, and many club presidents met to see the re-enactment of the signing of the Treaty of Cauenga by actors from Universal City Film Company. We brought the original little table upon which the treaty was signed from Exposition Park Museum. Spread upon it was the little old serape that had graced the table January 13th, 1847. A photographic copy of the Articles was given the actors of the cast and



TREATY TABLE

each in turn signed the documents. "Fremont" handed the paper to "Russell" and he rode away through Cauenga pass.

At the close of this little pantomime a bronze tablet was fastened against the wall of the building that stands upon the ground, where the original building stood when the treaty was signed. This tablet was the gift to the city by the California History and Landmarks Club, The Ebell of Los Angeles and

the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West. The words for the tablet had been written by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont many years before her death; as both she and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, lived in hopes that some day some one would preserve this spot as a historic site and tribute to her dearly beloved husband.

It is to be regretted that neither of the Fremonts spelled the word Cauenga correctly. Fremont spelled it COUENGA and Mrs. Fremont CAHUENGA, while the Spanish scholar Don Jose Antonio Carrillo had written it on the treaty CAUENGA. As we saved the site as a tribute to the persons, and to the event that took place on January 13th, 1847, at which time this paper was written by Carrillo, it becomes us to adopt and accept the spelling used on the treaty paper which is "Campo de Cauenga."

The original house was built in 1845 by Don Tomas Feliz. The table upon which the treaty was signed was made in 1844 by Charles Burrough, who was married the same year to Senorita Maria de las Agustias Feliz.

The Indians roaming about these hills when the first Spanish expedition crossed into San Fernando Valley in 1769, were known as the Caeue Indians and their village was called Nga, which gives the full name Cauenga. With this historic background it is astonishing that real estators or other commercial persons would attempt to change the name or otherwise eradicate it, as was so recently attempted. When this danger threatened our historic site and environment our Ebell again took a restraining and helpful hand in adding its protest to the attempt to change the name. The City Council received hundreds of protests and very promptly filed the request to change the name Cauenga or in any wise disturb the present situation.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES

HAL HOADLEY

THRONGS of vacationers, already in California for the summer are making plans to "stay over" for La Fiesta de Los Angeles, the great and gay 150th anniversary celebration of Los Angeles, September 4 to 13, and the city has put on her festive attire to greet them at her birthday party.

Bright fiesta flags, with their brilliant red for the grape, yellow for the orange, and green for the olive, appear over the city, where they will be kept flying until the last "viva" echoes through the streets. Gay sombreros, serapes, sashes and spurs have been adopted by the males as the order of the day, to be worn generally during "la fiesta muy magnifico," officials of the celebration declare. Pretty señoritas, real Spanish, Mexican and pseudo, are searching for confetti-hued boleros, *mantos espanoles* and mantillas, bringing them from treasure chests, wherein such prized mementos of the past have been zealously guarded through the ages.

And throughout the city, anticipators of the revelry are practicing for Mexican maromas, Spanish barbecues, balles and fandangos that will keep the days and nights vibrant with music; and are getting into training for the informal street dancing that will be quite the proper caper wherever dashing don and lively señorita happen to feel in the mood for frivolity.

Banks of flowers have been grown everywhere to contribute their glories to the beauty of La Fiesta; and extensive decorative plans have been perfected to transform the streets into bowers of riotous color, with bright Spanish shawls of immense proportions intermingling their gorgeousness with the gay fiesta hues.

La Fiesta will have its practical as well as spectacular and historical side. Many stage, steamer, air and rail lines are planning special rates to the affair from far and near. Hotel and travel bureaus are making preparations for a big influx, and chambers of commerce, boards of trade and fraternal organizations throughout the state are co-operating with fiesta executives for the reception and entertainment of visitors.

Notable features of La Fiesta de Los Angeles include a two-day international air meet, expected to attract six hundred flyers with three hundred fifty aircraft of all types; an all-nations tour-



namment of riders in Olympic Stadium, scene of California's Olympic games next year; a musical fiesta at Hollywood Bowl, far-famed for its "Symphonies under the stars"; water carnivals at nearby beaches; a special Spanish-California opera in the city's new Greek theatre; a gleaming nocturnal "Shower of Stars" parade and a moving picture ball contributed by Hollywood's studios; a grand review and nightly illumination of the United States fleet in the harbor; an epic of transportation parade, a historical pageant of huge proportions and the state-wide Admission Day pageant of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West.

Seven big parades are included in the ten-day schedule, in all, and there will be extemporaneous features galore, carnivals on downtown streets by night and general fiesta everywhere in town.

A M A Y A N S A G A

LAURA G. NEILLES

*To a land of fair enchantment,
 Lapped by waves of Southern seas,
 Came a Viking from the Northland,
 Borne by wings upon the breeze.
 Out of storm and stress and trouble,
 Out of hurry, waste and wear,
 To a quiet restful haven
 Came this eagle of the air.
 New and strange the foreign landscape,
 Jungle filled and forest bound,
 Set with lakes of gleaming sunlight,
 Gemlike in a golden ground;
 Towering peaks of old volcanoes,
 Ancient Spirits of the Earth,
 Wreckers of a hundred cities
 Doomed by fire before their birth,
 Circle round a peaceful valley,
 Closing in a sacred place,
 Sentinels like towering giants
 Guarding here an ancient race.
 A city built by Mayan masons,
 Crumbling in the dust of Time;
 Carvings cut by mystic artists,
 Relics of a faith sublime.
 Dwelling in this hidden city,
 To the world of men unknown,
 With ten thousand years of story
 Graven on their towers of stone,
 Lived a race of men mysterious,
 Crowned with power in ages gone,
 Fading now and swiftly passing,
 In all the world the most alone.
 In their midst the Chieftain's daughter
 Like a flower in gorgeous bloom,
 Promise of a life reviving,
 Warding off the race's doom.
 Mid the death and desolation,
 From the ruin and decay,
 Sprung this last, most perfect blossom,
 Hope and symbol of new day.
 Worshipped by her dwindling people
 As a goddess of the Sun,
 With no mate in all her city
 To be chosen as the one
 Who should wed this glorious Princess,
 Fit to kiss her regal hand,
 Equalling in princely lineage,
 Not a man in all the land.
 Then, adown the rays of sunlight,
 Slipped a bird with silver wings,
 Circling, floating, now descending,
 Came this messenger of kings.
 From its heart there stepped a being,
 Golden haired, with sky blue eyes,
 White skinned, tall, with royal bearing,
 A god descended from the skies.*

*Strange to all these brown skinned people
 Wondering, anxious, dumb with fear,
 Trembling as they lead him forward
 To the one of all most dear.
 Then begins the old, old story,
 Man and maid and love divine,
 Eden entered by the serpent,
 Jealousy and hate combine.
 As they see this god-like stranger
 Steal away their Princess' love
 Suspicion turns to murderous fury
 Towards this being from above.
 Brown and lithe the naked savage
 Lurks beneath the drooping leaves;
 Noiseless, stealthy, creeping forward,
 Sinuous the path he weaves
 Towards the cool, secluded glade
 Where the lovers plight their troth
 Unsuspecting of all evil,
 Light of heart as foam tossed froth.
 Suddenly the poisoned arrow
 Slithers through the dancing shade,
 Striking in the trunk beside them,
 Startling hearts so unafraid.
 Like a thunderclap the answer
 From the stranger's smoking gun.
 Dead the savage lies before him
 As the others turn and run.
 Changed is now the quiet haven
 To a place of hell and madness;
 Safety is the only thought,
 Happiness is merged in sadness.
 They must hurry to the meadow
 Where the great bird has its nest,
 With its wings outstretched for flight
 Towards the sunset and the West.
 Now the lifebeats pulse within it;
 Now it trembles with desire;
 Now it glides into the up-wind,
 Rising quickly higher and higher;
 Up and up into the ether,
 Leaving earth a speck behind,
 Towards the realms of life immortal,
 Past the bars of human mind.
 Love exalting, love eternal,
 Lifts them from the earth below,
 Paradise their souls inviting,
 Daring all, they long to go.*

*Above the soft, white, feathery clouds,
 On and on towards the distant blue,
 Farther and farther from earth they soared,
 Into the life beyond—these two.
 Into the light of another day,
 Into the love that will never die,
 In through the pearly gates they flew,
 Into the life beyond the sky.*

A - TRAVELING THEY GO VACATION NOTES

Mrs. Oliver S. Hershman sailed recently for Europe. She will spend two months motoring through Germany and Austria. Doctor and Mrs. Madison Jerre Keeney and their two children are accompanying her.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edgar Llewellyn and their daughter, Miss Dorothy Llewellyn, are enjoying a delightful vacation at Jasper National Park.

Mrs. Owen Humphrey Churchill is spending several weeks in Santa Barbara. Her daughter, Mrs. Pierpont Davis, and her daughters Althea and Gabriella are passing the summer at their seaside home at La Jolla.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ladd Gifford have recently returned from a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bent have recently returned from an extensive trip to South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Cowan are spending the summer in Europe.

Miss Frederica de Laguna and Miss Jessica Smith Vance motored north, stopping in the Yosemite, from which place they proceeded up the coast over the Redwood Highway to points north.

Mrs. Mabel G. Alexander and Miss Exa Kerns left on June 21st to spend the summer touring Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. MacGillivray are making an extended European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gates, Jr., are on a six months tour around the world. When last heard from they were at Sorrento.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Crandall, accompanied by their daughter Frances, are spending a few weeks in Alaska.

Mrs. Walter Harrison Fisher is motoring through the Northwest and British Columbia.

Mrs. George Harris Cook is spending the summer in Japan and China.

Miss Carrie A. Clarke is touring in the Yellowstone National Park and Zion National Park with friends.

Mrs. Edward Warren Crowell and their son are taking a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. James M. Harvey has recently returned from a month spent on the desert at El Centro.

Mrs. John W. Harris and her mother, Mrs. Thomas Ormerod, are motoring to Banff.

Miss Katherine C. Carr is spending her vacation in Honolulu and the Orient.

Mrs. Frank Paige Fay has recently returned from Honolulu.

Miss Flora Belle Houston is touring Mexico.

Mrs. George A. Hart is spending the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Margaret A. Proctor is vacationing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kenyon Burch and their son have recently returned from Zion National Park.

Mrs. Blanche B. Burmister is spending the summer in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ann S. Hathaway is on an extended tour around the world, going by way of Japan and China and returning through South America.

Mrs. Frederick E. Potts is spending six weeks in the Jasper National Park, Glacier National Park, Yellowstone and Rocky Mountain National parks.

Miss Ada A. Dryden is spending the summer in New York City and the New England States.

Doctor and Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke are spending their vacation at Coronado.

Mrs. Grantland S. Long is making an extended trip to Texas and eastern states.

Doctor and Mrs. Dwight S. Moore motored to Del Monte, Santa Cruz and the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Gunter are spending their vacation in the Sequoia National Park.

Mrs. Frank Karr is spending several weeks in Honolulu.

Mrs. Rufus von KleinSmid is on a two months trip to the South Sea Islands, visiting Samoa, Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia. Doctor von KleinSmid will join her in Honolulu and accompany her home.

Miss Mabelle B. Metcalf is spending the summer in the East, stopping in Chicago, St. Louis, Washington and then going south to Florida.

Miss Mary Metcalfe McGeagh sailed July 19th, for New York via the Panama Canal. She will spend the summer in the eastern states.

Many of our members are summering at nearby resorts:

Mrs. John E. Biby is at her cottage at Hermosa.

Mrs. Frank Viault is at Balboa.

Mrs. Samuel Clyde Arthur is at Forest Home.

Miss Margaret B. McGrath is at Idyllwild.

Mrs. Daniel Beecher is at Hermosa.

Mrs. Harry H. Quine is at Sunset Beach.

Mrs. Irving N. Wheatley is at Forest Home.

Mrs. Everett E. M. Kerfoot is at Hermosa.

Mrs. Clifford A. Wright is at Laguna.

Compiled by

MRS. JOHN A. M. ROBB,
Chairman of Club Survey.

SCHOLARSHIP NOTES

Miss Garnet Wood won fourth place in the city examinations for teachers. Miss Wood has secured a position in the High School of Bakersfield for the coming year.

Miss Annie Peterson is planning to enter school at Berkeley, in September, for a year's work that she may secure a Secondary Credential Certificate.

Mr. Thomas L. Donoghue has a position at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as accountant.

Miss Martha Miller has secured a position for the summer at Old Faithful Inn, Yellowstone Park.

Miss Orris Cook presented several of her pupils at a piano recital at Altru Studios, recently.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Marsh is spending the summer at Camp Radford.

Miss Dorothy Hovey is having a month's vacation with relatives at Piedmont, California.

Miss Maysie F. Johnson plans to spend one week at Camp Seeley.

Mr. Fred Hall has a position at Camp Seeley for the summer.

Mrs. Beulah A. Alexander, a scholarship student of 1929-1930, writes that she is having a very successful and interesting experience as home economics director with a downtown business firm. In addition, Mrs. Alexander is teaching the subjects of food and clothing in the Alhambra Evening High School.

EBELLS' POETRY PAGE

CYCLE

ADAH KLEINSMID MARR

*The lazy moon, a dangling russet leaf,
Casts green-gold shadows on a stalwart
hill*

*Rimmed by a brooding eucalyptus reef.
Gray plains are silent, and the night is
still.*

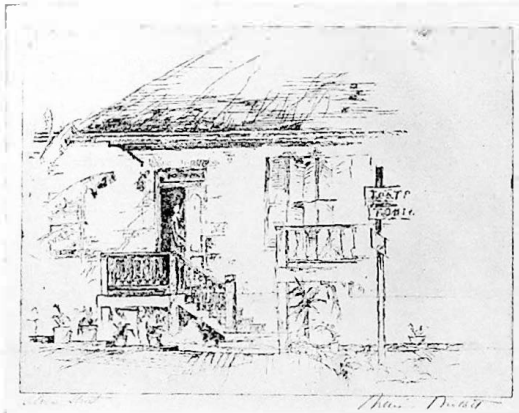
*No fickle star swings in the lonely sky,
No love-sick winds the yearning canyons
thrill;*

*There is no sound of man nor beast to try
The echoed silence. And the night is still.*

*Only the voice of God speaks to the Earth
Prophetic murmurings of unknown
things,*

*Of teeming masses she shall bring to birth
To drain her golden veins in plunderings.
He foresees cities nurtured on her breast
Whose piercing, steel-ribbed pinnacles
shall rise*

*Like Icarus, emboldened in his quest,
To touch the glories of uncharted skies.*



*The night is still until a distant throb,
Beginning faint as waves' crescendo beat,
Wells nearer, nearer like a mighty sob
To fill the throat of silence, and retreat.
Hoofs definite in metered, trampling thuds,
And husky voices hushed by muffled
oaths,
Dark faces sinister in stifling hoods,
Assault the pass the lone wayfarer
loathes.*

*What crimes arouse the quiet of the night?
What devil's purpose stirs the brigand
band
Who in their wanton ruthlessness delight
To devastate the cattle, folds, and land?
A stirrup thong, Psalter of ivory,
Embroidered gauntlet and a bit of lace,
A blood stained blade and holy rosary
Are dawn's mute evidence to mark the
place.*

*The heaven's cycle turns, the years unfold,
The land is peopled by an alien race
Who toil and toil in maddening thirst for
gold
Unmindful of the lore the hills embrace.
A hundred greedy years have come and
gone,
Again an autumn moon paints plain and
tree,
Ranchero, bandit, passing priest and don
Have walked together to eternity.*

CALIFORNA NEETA MARQUIS

*A land embracing many sun-washed lands,
Compacted of a myriad beauty stores—
Green mountain-worlds, white deserts'
flowering sands,
Seas like blue gems, and amber-tinted
shores—*

*I gather richness but to give again.
The splendors of my vast and ancient fee
I offer eagerly to the sons of men
Whose hearts can learn to laugh and love
with me.*

*I woo them from the stern and bitter
North;*

*I beckon them from out the somber East;
From want and suffering they struggle
forth*

*To sit them daily at my joyous feast;
While close upon my broad and vital breast
I clasp the toil-spent, old and sad and sore,
To bless them with the thing they prize
the best—*

*A measure of their far, lost youth once
more.*

Note: The above poem was written for
a private collection. All rights reserved.

MEDDLING MAY NEILL

*Once I staked a lily
That was meant to sway,
And spread the long white petals
To the sun's full ray;
But the pale bud darkened
And refused to bloom.
And refused to bloom.
With my foolish meddling
I had caused its doom.
Now I know the reason
For a soul gone wrong;
Someone killed a life
That was born for song.*

LOS ANGELES MRS. GUY BUSH

*In flowery robes of loveliness,
A vision fair to see,
She sits enthroned in regal state
Beside the sunset sea.
Los Angeles, Los Angeles,
The pride of all the West
'Tis thee who holds our hearts in fee,
'Tis thee we love the best.*

*We travel o'er the King's Highway,
Where pilgrim padres trod,
To make this city beautiful
An offering to God.
Los Angeles, Los Angeles,
We hear the mission bells,
Their pealing at the twilight hour
Thy ancient story tells.*

*The angels came from Heaven above
To rest on earth awhile,
And found a city wonderful
As God's own gracious smile.
Los Angeles, Los Angeles,
Their name to thee was given
For here thy happy children dwell
And earth is close to heaven.*

*The sun is on the shining towers,
The sky is blue above,
And over thee all nature smiles
In radiant peace and love.
Los Angeles, Los Angeles,
Thy children call thee blest,
To thee they raise a song of praise,
The pride of all the West.*

THE PEPPER TREE ADAH KLEINSMID MARR

*I never see a tree,
A bowing pepper tree,
But what I think her ruby beads
Are a rosary.*

*I often call her leaves,
Her leaves of filmy lace,
A mantilla which she wears
With a stately grace.*

*And when I see the rain
Encrust her hair with gems
I think it makes the loveliest
Royal diadems.*

S A L O N O F A R T

MRS. SYDNEY A. TEMPLE, *Advisor*

SELF PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS

"IF EVERY gallery of the Old World should be destroyed and the Pitta Palace of Florence were to remain untouched, Europe would still be rich in art treasures," is the verdict of one art historian.

Should the works of all artists of the past ages be destroyed and only the spirit and the works of three master-painters of the fifteenth century be left to us, we would still have a precious and immortal heritage in the accomplishments of Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo and Raphael Sanzio. Living in Florence at the same time each excelled in his particular creation; each commanded individual respect and admiration and each lived his life undaunted by the attitude of the followers of the other two—for each had his coterie of pupils and patrons whose arrogance of preference set up bitter enmity in the hearts of the three against each other.

We have reviewed the history of "Leonardo the Magnificent" and of "Michaelangelo the Melancholy." Let us close the immortal triumvirate by refreshing our knowledge of "Raphael the Meditative"—meditative by instinct, gentle in the security of hereditary wisdom, whose seal is spiritual poise.

Raphael Sanzio was born in Urbino on March 28, 1483, nine years after the birth of Michaelangelo and six years later than da Vinci. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, was an artist of reputation employed by Federigo Montefeltro to assist in the decoration of the ducal palace and was later made court painter and poet. Raphael's mother, Magia Ciarla, was a young woman of exquisite gentleness and beauty we find from a portrait painted by Giovanni of her and the child Raphael, on the back of which is a short poem descriptive of her loveliness and charm.

Two children, born previously to the parents, had died in infancy and upon the birth of Raphael his father wrote, "This child is born in purest love and sent by God to comfort and ca-

ress." Raphael was the image of his mother, who passed away when her boy was eight years old, but the eight years were treasure years in the planting and growth of serious thought toward an artistic ideal. He was held in loving arms and told of Cimabue, Giotto, Ghirlandajo, Perugino and others—men of letters and of science living in Italy in those golden days. He was infused from early childhood to express his genius in sincere and worthy accomplishments—in fact it seems that during his whole life the cloak of affection protected him from adversity; like da Vinci, his personality won for him the coveted keys of affluence.

The death of the mother naturally drew the father and son into closer intimacy, but the year had hardly passed when Giovanni married the daughter of a goldsmith, Bernadina Parte. She is worthy of mention for the infinite tenderness she accorded the boy in the next seven years of his rearing. The year following the second marriage, Giovanni died, leaving Raphael's future in the keeping of his step-mother and a priest by the name of Bartolomeo—not Fra Bartolomeo who was his friend and companion in the later years in Florence.

Giovanni had directed that Raphael should be taken immediately to Perugino of Perugia for instruction. Bartolomeo took his young charge to the studio of Perugino, who, seated at his easel at work, barely glanced up. "I have brought you this boy for a pupil," he said. "So!" replied Perugino, "I thought it was a girl."

"I have brought you this boy for a pupil," Bartolomeo repeated, "and your chief claim to fame may yet be that *he* worked with you in your studio."

Perugino parried the thrust with a smile and rose to look the young lad over—appraising him as a lovely model for work at hand.

Bartolomeo's prophecy came true, but with the happy sequence that the friendship between master and pupil was like the love of a younger and elder brother.

"Beauty, formal beauty, pure and faultless must appeal to everyone. Raphael means to us the perfection of beauty—such beauty as lies in rhythm, balance, color, form and execution." In these words lies the answer to Raphael's appeal as a painter. He was born with the wisdom of genius and was content to express it in sincerity and simplicity. Fundamental virtues he recognized as belonging to all times, and with delicate refinement he combined classic antiquity and Christian ideals. He mirrored the soul of things in a devout style but Beauty was his god and he shunned superficiality and mannerisms. When some jealous competitor complained to Pope Leo the Tenth that Raphael was lax in his religious duties the Pope waved the matter aside saying, "Well, well, well!—Raphael is an artistic Christian. He has the face of an angel and the soul of a god."

Raphael's short life was divided into three definite periods—his early training in the city of Urbino, a brilliant seat of art and letters in his childhood; Florence, the second period, represents a very active and growing time between 1504 and 1508, and the third period in Rome where he literally worked himself to death.

Raphael was twenty-five when he went to Rome in 1508—summoned by Pope Julius II to redecorate the Stanze. Bramante, the great architect of Saint Peters, is given credit for bringing his work to the attention of the Pope and some authorities state that Bramante was the uncle of Raphael, the fact is disputed however, and is of little consequence; that Bramante was his admirer and friend is certain and may have influenced the Pope in his appointment of Raphael as head architect of Saint Peters on the death of Bramante.

Raphael's success in Rome was instantaneous and lasting. He became the head of a school—a veritable court of enthusiastic patrons and pupils and his commissions were so numerous he had

time only to make the drawings—his pupils doing the major part of the painting with the finishing touches given by Raphael.

Soon after his arrival Raphael met and loved Margherita, the daughter of a baker from Siena. This beautiful girl, the "Bella Fornarina," served as the model for "Donna Velata," the "Sistine Madonna," the "St. Cecilia" and other paintings. It is said that Raphael's attachment lasted up to the time of his death and was the cause of his reluctance to accede to any appointed time for his marriage to Maria Bibbiena, the niece of the powerful Cardinal Bibbiena, to whom he was engaged for seven years. That the gentle Raphael regretted his treatment of her is shown in a slight degree by the memorial he had raised to her memory bearing this inscription, "Raphael has caused to be erected this memorial to his affianced wife, Maria, daughter of Antonio da Bibbiena, whom death deprived of a happy marriage."

Two years later Raphael died of a fever. Margherita was with him through his last illness and a messenger from the Pope bearing the last Sacrament and the Pope's benediction waited outside the door of Raphael's room until Margherita was removed. In Raphael's will provision was made for "Margherita donna di Raffaello." She entered a convent upon the death of Raphael.

At the age of thirty-seven years Raphael laid his brushes down, while Michaelangelo lived and worked to the ripe old age of ninety, and da Vinci enjoyed a busy life of sixty-seven years.

One of the regrettable facts of these men's lives is that they were not friends. The art-world was big enough for each to have been generous with the other but Rome was divided into hostile groups and tales were carried back and forth until these noble men with so much in common were thrust apart. At the death of Raphael, Michaelangelo was shocked and said, "Raphael was a child—a beautiful child, and if he had only lived a little longer he and I would have grasped hands as men and worked together as brothers." For a period of mourning Michaelangelo wore crepe upon his sleeve.

Thus we leave them. They who lift our spiritual eyes beyond the veil of mortal life into the eternity from which they received their creative genius, and gave to mankind the "Last Supper," the "Sistine Madonna," the "Pieta" and other priceless treasures.

"Praise God that I have the privilege of seeing such divine beauty as this," breathed Raphael, as he gazed upon the finished ceiling of the Sistine Chapel by Michaelangelo. And we can but breathe with him, "Amen."

PERSHING SQUARE

In 1849, Lieutenant Edward O. C. Ord made a survey of *El Camino Viejo* and his map shows Block Fifteen which is now Pershing Square. The old sandy highway clipped off one corner, now the Fifth and Hill Street corner, and an arroyo wriggled across the other corner. Ord's map remained for many years only a picture on paper and Block Fifteen continued to be only a part of the plain that sloped down from the hills. In 1866 it was officially dedicated as a "Public Square or Plaza for the use and benefit of the citizens in common."

In *The Story of Pershing Square* published by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of Los Angeles we are told, "For four years after the Council's action the square lay entirely neglected and unimproved. It remained a convenient camping ground for travelers coming in over *El Camino Viejo*. Camp fires sent up their wreaths of smoke and filled the evenings with glowing spots. The square with its high grass and mustard, also served as a place to stake out cows. In the autumn of 1870 an agitation was begun for the park's beautification. Several hundred dollars were subscribed toward an improvement fund and the Council on November 17th duly ordained that 'the association of gentlemen be allowed to fence in and ornament with fruit and forest trees the aforesaid Block.' Finally the Council had to come to the rescue with a thousand dollars before even the fence could be completed by the middle of 1872.

"With the exception of the even picket fence surrounding it

and the military array of small cypresses that lined the border inside, Pershing Square in its youth was most casual in plan. Trees and shrubs had been set out in random fashion by well-meaning donors. Grass was not planted until the municipal *zanja* had been extended to this vicinity. This latter for many years was to cross Fifth Street between Olive and Hill running directly through the Park to Sixth and thence up to and along Figueroa, furnishing citizens along its course the means from the Los Angeles River of irrigating lawns and orchards. The *zanja* with its flow of shining water, was just about wide and deep enough for small boys to jump or wade."

Our Frontispiece this month is a picture of this *zanja* and was loaned to us through the courtesy of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.

THE LIBRARY

The Library will be open from 10.00 A.M. until 12 M. Fridays during September.

*"While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have my betters here,—my books.
Fixed in an elbow chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please."*

Would you like a trip to Africa? In the Carl Akeley and Martin Johnson books you may roam through the big game country—with a camera—and see the king of beasts in his native habitat, playing with his mate and cubs; the tall giraffe—"the animal God forgot"—as he sprawls awkwardly at the water-hole to quench his thirst; the vain ostrich as he struts proudly at the head of his harem; and the lordly elephant as he tramps silently through the forest, or bathes and splashes in the river.

If you are not interested in animals, go with Janet Miller, in "Jungles Preferred," to the Belgian Congo, where she worked for three years as a medical missionary. She is full of rollicking fun and keen humor as she tells about the Africans among whom she lived, their fetishes and taboos. They consider monkey meat the greatest of delicacies, and filet of python a rare tidbit.

If you are of a scientific turn of mind, you may prefer to have Julian Huxley show you his "Africa View" as he visits the four British provinces—their schools for African youth, their agricultural and medical stations established to help the natives to a higher plane of living. He will show you the Rift Valley that cuts a great gash across Africa, and the lovely Lake Nakuru that is a vast breeding place for millions of flamingoes, whose spread of lovely pink wings is a sight never to be forgotten.

How about a "Scandinavian Summer" with Harry Franck? You may visit the comfortable and prosperous cities of Denmark and Sweden, take a steamer through the matchless fiords of Norway to the Land of the Midnight Sun, visit the cod fisheries along the northern coast. A very short stay in Iceland will suffice; it is of a lava formation so there are no trees, and it would seem a dreary place to a Californian. The beautiful scenery in Finland will be a surprise, for writers of travel books are just now learning of its attractions.

"India; the Land of the Black Pagoda" may be the choice of another. Go there with Lowell Thomas and visit Bombay and its Towers of Silence, Benares and its temples along the Ganges, Delhi with its modern Parliament buildings, and the marvelously beautiful Taj Mahal, the most splendid monument in the world. The Bengal Lancer, who lived many years in India, will explain to you the strange philosophies of the Hindu.

If hot countries do not appeal to you, go to "Little America" with the Byrd Expedition and live in snow houses, and perhaps fly over the South Pole with Admiral Byrd.

These are just a few of the advantages Ebell Library is offering you. If you don't care to travel, become acquainted with some of our notables: "Roosevelt" and his friend Owen Wister; Hamlin Garland in "Roadside Meetings"; "The Adams Family"; Walter Damrosch and his musical life; Winston Churchill, who had "A Roving Commission"; Dr. Munthe in his "Story of San

EBELL JUNIORS

PROGRAM NOTES

In these days of stress and strain and changing fashions it is always uppermost in the minds of progressive and far-seeing young women (and who are more so than our Juniors?) not solely "What shall I wear?" but also "What is going to be good this season?" Realizing that this universal major problem will be, if it has not been already, harassing each one of you, your program chairman, Mrs. Brodie Ahlport, is arranging a fashion show for the first regular meeting on the fourteenth of October. This display of the newest fall styles, which will be modeled by the Juniors themselves, will be presented in conjunction with a talk on fall fashions by one well versed in the subject. You will be surprised and delighted when you learn who our speaker is to be, for there is no one more qualified to speak on clothes than she. You will not want to miss this one, so plan to start the club year right by coming to the October Junior meeting.

SOCIAL WELFARE

The Social Welfare Committee has been hard at work during the month of August and school clothes are well under way. Nevertheless there is much sewing to be done before the opening of school and everyone interested is urged to attend the September meetings.

There has been a slight change in the date of one of the meetings, because of the fact that Labor Day falls on the first Monday of September. This meeting will be held a week earlier, on the last day in August. On August the thirty-first, the meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Dwight H. Reay, 253 South Clark Drive, Beverly Hills. CRestview 7177. The second meeting, which will be held on the regular third Monday, September the twenty-first, is to be at the home of Miss Mary Metcalfe McGeagh, 2132 Wellington Road. ROchester 8137.

New members are most cordially invited to attend.

IN RETROSPECT

Fiesta days in 1931! They reincarnate perhaps the beauty, charm and vigor of other days when they were a natural expression of the life of the people, but they hold in addition something more: an honest and sincere admiration for the strength and vision which was exerted to lay the foundations for those things which we hold dear; this added to an inevitable pride in the intervening progress for which we may have been in part responsible and of which we are certainly proud.

The Fiesta, not being indigenous to us, is more than a few days of pleasure and revelry. It is an instrument which gives



MRS. BRODIE AHLPORT

impetus to a movement toward a better knowledge and appreciation for past events. It is a means by which we may look back and see what has been lost as well as gained through our progress.

The interest caused by the Fiesta of the city of Los Angeles has given to all those connected with organizations the desire to study the history of his organization and to live for a while in its brightest phase. We Juniors want to review the history of our group, and honor those who laid its foundations and guided its progress up to the present. Then, even though we do not dance, we shall have received the benefits of the idea behind the whole movement.

March the fourth, 1921, with the late Mrs. Eleanor Joy Toll and Miss Laura Paxton as sponsors, the Junior Auxiliary was organized with a Charter membership which numbered sixty-six at the end of June. Mrs. Ralph D. Hoard, who served two and a half years, was the first President. During her term of office were inaugurated many of the functions which are now a part of the very social and philanthropic structure of the Juniors; one remembers a benefit dance and a benefit card party to raise funds to carry on their work of service, an annual luncheon, and an annual invitational dance which was discontinued in 1929-1930. At this period, however, the Social Welfare activities of the Junior Auxiliary were not separate from those of the regular Ebells as they are now.

In 1923-1924 under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Ward, President, the Juniors adopted as their philanthropic objective the California Home for Crippled Children and the proceeds from their bene-

Please turn to next page

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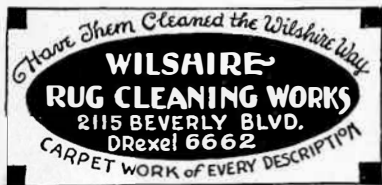
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REST COTTAGE ASSOCIATION MISS LAURA PAXTON

The doors of Rest Cottage continue to swing open and it proves a haven to those in need. At present there are several guests and Mrs. Jack Armstrong Jevne is the watchful guardian.

We extend grateful appreciation to Roy Wilcox, florist, who has given more than forty plants and shrubs to add to the charm of the Cottage grounds; another evidence of friendly co-operation which will provide beauty and will help to bring a new inspiration to our guests.

We rejoice that our much-loved and faithful chairman, Mrs. William R. Wherry, is having a well earned vacation. She joined friends at the Los Angeles Harbor and sailed northward. At Vancouver, they took passage on another ship and continued to sail northward on the inter-island trip to Juneau, Skagway, and other points of British Yukon. From among emerald isles of the sapphire sea, the snow-capped mountains and mirror lakes, wonderful glaciers and the luxuriant verdure which Alaska provides, she will return rested and inspired to extend again her warm sympathy and wise counsel to those in need.

On Friday, September the fourth, the next meeting of Rest Cottage Association will be held at 11 A. M., in the usual place at Ebell Club.

Ebell Juniors

Continued from page fifteen

fits were devoted to this cause. During this year the Juniors presented seven programs and held bridge teas to promote sociability and increase friendship.

It was during the next year, with Mrs. Charles Axiom Chamberlain as President, that the Ebell Junior Auxiliary became the Ebell Juniors; for this we are indebted to our beloved friend Mrs. William Read. In this same year the benefit card party grew into the Bridge Tea and Fashion Show with which we are acquainted, and the Junior Drama Department became a fact instead of merely a dream.

During the following year many dreams were actualized; foundations being laid, progress came rapidly. In 1925-1926 under Mrs. Loren W. Babcock, the Child Welfare Department was formed, the scope of the duties of the executive officers was more definitely planned and regular monthly board meetings were held for the first time. In 1926-1927, with Mrs. Dudley Frank as President, the Junior's annual three-act play was inaugurated and the gift fund was created. During 1927-1928, under Mrs. John A. Riddell, this fund was of sufficient size to permit the purchase of the Junior gift, "a gift which was to be a memorial of our love

and affection for Ebell represented by the portrait of Mrs. William Read, who to us was the epitome of what we found desirable in womanhood and who had done much in her many years of service to Ebell to instruct us in the need of service." Mrs. Frederick I. Richman was President during 1929-1930 and during her term two scholarships were awarded. Also, during this year the Junior Book Chamber was formed.

1930-1931 saw Mrs. Dwight H. Reay serving as President and marked another epoch in the history of the Juniors. It was during this year that the Junior age limit was raised to thirty years and that the Junior By-Laws were rewritten. The Junior Drama Section was organized to increase the extent of the Juniors' participation in this field.

The greatest part of this history is not yet written, for no matter how great the achievement there is always future progress. We are expecting it.

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Luverne, Dearest.

I've lost track of time, space and religion. We are on one of Lord Ellerman's Hall Line boats, going from Calcutta to Colombo, Ceylon. In the Hoogli river leading to Bay of Bengal, we stood on a sand bar for twelve hours. I'm sure glad I am a blonde, for I've seen enough dark skinned people to last an eternity.

We were rowed by a very high caste Indian up the sacred Ganges. At Benares we sat in the boiling sun on top of a launch to see the sights at the burning ghats. An hour after one is dead, the body is placed on the funeral pyre. A shallow trench about six feet long and two feet wide is piled with wood. Just to see the natives cutting and carrying the tree branches makes you shudder. The timbers are burnt to a glowing heat and the body placed on them. Attendants stand by to keep the embers piled up and add new fuel. When the "cooking" is finished, the ashes are scattered over the waters of the Ganges. Sometimes the cremation is not complete and the body is pushed into the river and a myriad of vultures pounce upon it and tear and rend the remains. It is ghastly!

Then within full view of this horror are the bathing ghats. We took this trip at six A. M. The bathing ghats were crowded with men, women and infants, all immersed and sluicing themselves with brass bowls of sacred water. They wash their heads, clean their teeth, throw back their heads and gargle, then scoop up great cups of water and *drink* it down. Some devout ones wade out, raise their hands to the sun and stand transfixed for

an hour, worshipping, while all around, others are washing long greasy hair and all their garments. Not fifty feet away from all this empties a filthy sewer, odorous and abhorrent.

When the bathing rites are concluded, the brass vessels must be scoured to brilliancy, to bear the sacred water to the temple. With their yards of different colored robes dripping wet, draped about them, they ascend the steps to the temple. Dogs, sacred bulls, monkeys, beggars in horrible rags and filth, await one at the temple.

The United States had better amend the Eighteenth Amendment as I do not believe I shall ever again drink water. The British have a way of treating the water and they use it as well as *eat* the fish from the river. We saw human skulls floating among the bathers. The British claim the water is rendered fit for use by a process of sulphides and other chemicals.

In Java the waiter serving our table was a Dyak. He was tattooed over every inch of his face, neck and arms, and acknowledged that he had eaten human flesh, and was very fond of monkey steaks. We were warned not to eat meat in Java as monkey is served, camouflaged in stews and hash.

I am yearning for civilization, but it has been a great trip so far. I am glad we did India although I loathe it. To me cleanliness comes ahead of godliness; for how can one conceive god-like attributes without the self-respect inspired by cleanliness. Some professedly godly ones make me feel very atheistic. Selah!

Love

LYDIAN.

(Letter to Mrs. Harry Leigh Bentley.)

Announcing

THE STANDARD SCHOOL BROADCAST *for* 1931-1932

STARTING THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH
—Standard Oil Company of California will continue its Standard School Broadcast programs for the 1931-1932 season—elementary sections, every Thursday, 11:00 to 11:20 A.M.; advanced sections from 11:25 to 11:45 A.M.

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Printed lectures, including short biographical sketches of the composers and suggestions for correlating these

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FOREWORD BY
JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY

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—that the name "Sequoia" is in honor of Sequoyah, the Indian chief who invented the Cherokee alphabet—or, that Santa Monica was originally named, "La Bahia de los Fumos," the Bay of Numerous Smokes, on account of an Indian settlement there when the bay was discovered by Cabrillo in 1542?

Your Friends Know

—whether you correctly pronounce Junipero Serra (Hoo-nee'pay-ro Sair'ah)—or Pachappa (Pa-jah'pa)—or Refugio (Ray-foo'he-o).

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The Library

Continued from page fourteen

Michele"; General Pershing; those fascinating Russian women who moved in different circles of life—Grand-duchess Marie in "Education of a Princess" and the ballerina Tamara Carsaniva in "Theater Street." Last, but not least, our own wonderful Mary Roberts Rinehart in "My Story."

If it is fiction you want, we have that too. We have about twenty of this year's output of fiction, most of them very worth while. To tempt your attention, I have woven most of the books purchased this last year into a short story which is my swan song.

"Phillipa" and "The Lone Cowboy" were sauntering down "A Winding Lane." She had been telling him about "The Days of Her Life" in "(Pre-War) America." As they crossed "The Deepening Stream" they paused a moment to gaze off into "Seven Horizons" where "Three Steeples" glimmered in the sunset glow.

"Now tell me what you have been doing in these 'Years of Grace' since we have seen each other," said "Phillipa."

"Well, 'My Story' is not 'The Story of San Michele,'" he replied. Then he gave the following details: "After returning from 'Little America,' I had a 'Scandinavian Summer'; and having heard a great deal of the 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer,' I went to 'India; the Land of the Black Pagoda.' There I met 'The Adams Family.' You know they are great travelers, having been all over the 'Good Earth.' They had been looking after 'The Education of a Princess' who lived on 'Theater Street.' She was an 'Exile' and a woman of great 'Charm,' who finally married 'A Yankee Trader in the Gold Rush' and was trying the 'Sun Cure' in California."

"Oh, that makes me think of 'Cimarron,'" said "Phillipa." "You know he had 'A Roving Commission,'" she continued, "and was always taking 'Chances.' When I asked him about his 'Africa View,' he answered: "'Jungles Preferred' every time!" He had spent 'Sixty Years on the Brazos' and never lived on the 'Highlands (of the Mind).' By the way, were you a participant in the World War?"

"The Lone Cowboy" looked very serious and after a long silence, he said: "When I recall the 'Men and Memories' of 'My Experiences in the World War' I can sum it all up in the phrase 'The Quick and the Dead.'"

Eager to turn his mind into happier channels, "Phillipa" said: "Now I am going to tell you all about 'My Musical Life' because I know you are interested." So she gave him a vivacious account of her summer with "The Kramer Girls" when they concertized throughout the Southwest.

As they said good-bye, they were agreed that these "Roadside Meetings" were much

pleasanter than when they met on "Angel Pavement." So endeth "(Roosevelt): The Story of a Friendship."

—MRS. O. P. LOCKHART,
Librarian.

OLVERA STREET

William Woollett, whose charming etchings of Olvera Street are reproduced in this issue of our magazine, is the son of William Lee Woollett who designed the beautiful new structure for the Pilgrimage Play. These etchings have charm and conception of artistic values such as place Mr. Woollett in the rank of artists of whom Los Angeles may well be proud. Ebell appreciates his courtesy in permitting us to reproduce these works of art.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. GATES C. OBLINGER

MRS. HARRY STURDY

PERSONAL INTEREST

Please send information of personal interest to the Club Survey Chairman, Mrs. John A. M. Robb, 1815 Diamond Avenue, South Pasadena. Los Angeles telephone SYcamore 1616.

MARRIAGES

CASE-DAUM. On June 15th, Mr. George Fox Case to Miss Rose Daum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Daum.

DUNNING-CREWS. On June 7th, Mr. Carroll Dodge Dunning to Miss Virginia Lee Crews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Swepson Crews.

HART-THORPE. On June 12th, Mr. Edward Whipple Hart to Miss Lois Moore Thorpe. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hart.

BIRTHS

On June 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Andrew Bacon, a daughter, Barbara Lou.

On June 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alston Brant, a daughter, Marilyn Jane. Son of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Brant.

On June 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hulbert Toll jr., a son.

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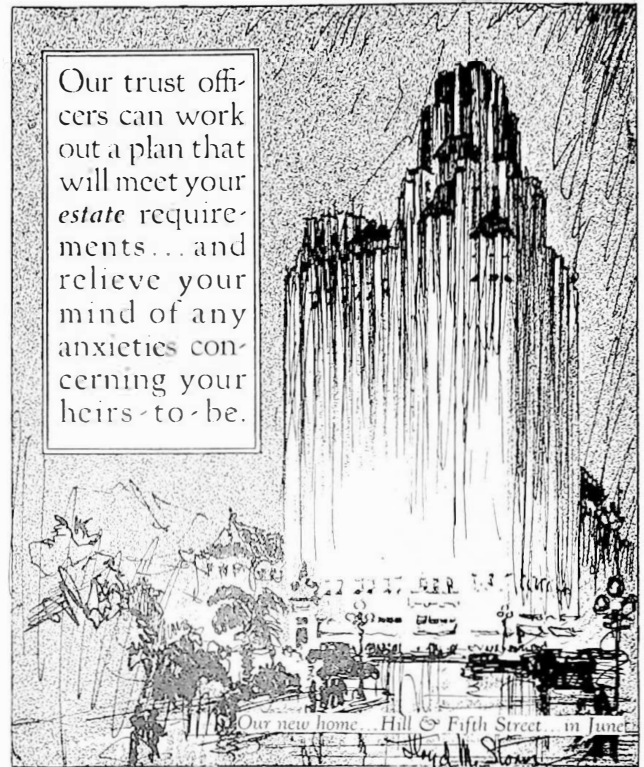
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