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CLYDE ARBUCKLE

By Erna M. Holyer

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Introduction

In the early 1960s, while earning credits for my American High School Diploma and Associate in Arts degree, I was referred to Mr. Arbuckle's history classes offered through San Jose Adult Education.

A newcomer to the Santa Clara Valley from my native Bavaria, Germany, I found myself in a classroom filled with men and women. A tall man stood at a slide projector. The room went dark and purple images appeared on the screen. Fading slides showed wagon trails and western scenes familiar to emigrants who trekked to California in the mid-1800s.

This could have been a dull class, but it wasn't, thanks to the instructor's colorful narration, humorous quips, and questions from the floor.

Intrigued by this historian/teacher's personality, I remained in contact as a student, writer, friend and fellow teacher. Over the years, our paths crossed many times. I met his family, interviewed him, and dedicated one of my latest books, California Journey (Review and Herald, 1997) to this fine teacher in gratitude. Let me share with you my impressions of Clyde. I hope they reveal glimpses published articles may have missed.

The Teacher

Over a period of nearly forty years, Clyde Arbuckle came to my attention as a teacher, motivator, consultant, family man, and voracious reader.

The teacher expressed this philosophy: "Teaching is a mission. You never give your knowledge away. You never lose it, but others pick it up too."

Once the slide projector purred, he transported me into a past animated with fascinating characters, interesting places, unique events. My notebooks, scribbled in the meager light of the projector, are filled with details of the Westward movement, early California, and the Santa Clara Valley of yesteryear.

This teacher was no stuffy historian. His humor and gift for storytelling delighted history buffs and credit students alike. Questions popped up from the floor. "Who is...?" "Why is...?" "Where is...?" "When was...?" W-words indicated more than casual interest. Questions received prompt answers. (Amazingly, this teacher addressed students by title and last name. In the dark, he recognized the voices of his students and recalled their names.)

"What did it take to receive a Mexican land grant?" one student asked.

"Requirements were threefold. An applicant had to have Mexican citizenship, be of the Roman Catholic faith, and be known as a sober and industrious person," Mr. Arbuckle explained.

"If there were no honey bees in California until 1853, what pollinated the blossoms?" another student asked.

"Pollinators before the honey bees were the wind, moths and insects. It worked!"

"What does Saratoga mean?" somebody wanted to know.

"Saratoga is an Iroquois word for 'a friendly gathering place' or 'scum-coated-waters.' Take your pick!"

His lively presentation elicited delighted chuckles. I still smile at quips like, "Ladies and gentlemen, his Scottish heart popped out of his undershirt." Or, "Ladies and gentlemen, this woman had more horses than other women have strings of beads." Or, "Ladies and gentlemen, it was a humdinger of a celebration."

On the evening of January 20, 1964, a gale howled outside the classroom and rain drummed against the windows of the Herbert Hoover Junior High School on the southwest corner of Naglee and Park Avenues. Sensing the students' divided attention, Mr. Arbuckle worked the weather into his narration and brought the focus back on history. All it took was this

statement, "The three wettest years on record were 1849 to 1850, 1852 to 1853, and 1862 to 1863," to unleash a barrage of new questions.

He went to the heart of his subject. Whenever he acquainted his classes with a person of bygone days, he quickly established that person's character.

"Peter Burnett, an honest man, paid back a debt of $15,000 plus $14,000 in interest.

"Henry Miller, the man had great intelligence and was not a miser.

"Sarah Winchester was as sane as you and I. She and others deserve to have their image corrected."

He urged us to dig for truth and warned of errors found in certain books. Term papers, with bibliography attached, formed part of his course. Students studied a minimum of three book-length sources. "For accuracy," he insisted.

Across the top of his graded paper, the student found red-penciled comments written in Mr. Arbuckle's distinctive handwriting.

On my "Hymn to a Pioneer's Wife" he wrote, "A good paper, but a little locale and specification of outside events would have given it a lift from near soliloquy. C.A." On my "Mission Chain" he wrote, "You covered the facts well but had a little difficulty with structure--as the partial editing shows."

My husband, who took several of Clyde's classes, found the following comment on his "Russian Columbus": "You covered the facts well with only a few rough spots here and there." On Gene's "Piedmont" Mr. Arbuckle wrote, "A good paper. A little human interest, personal action, would have made it perfect. In other words, it's close to scientific. C.A." On my husband's "Mountain Meadows Massacre" the teacher wrote, "This is a good paper. You've covered the facts well, with only a few rough spots. C.A."

One of my term papers, "John Sutter, Immigrant, Pioneer and Benefactor" received no comment. A boldly underlined capital "A" confidently rides across the cover page. He gave "A"s to all of my husband's and my own term papers. The graded papers show detailed page-by-page editing, proving that this teacher gave unstintingly of his time. "Education is a mission, not a job," he stressed.

He praised students who did outstanding work. "Ladies and gentlemen, this woman wrote the best treatment on broken Indian contracts I've ever seen!" he told the class, adding that, "An immigrant who had only six years of schooling in Mexico wrote a great account of the Donner Party."

He was particularly proud of students who wrote books on historical subjects. Mary Branch, for example, detailed the DeAnza expedition in her Valiant Journey (Academy Guild Press, Fresno, 1966).

Not every term paper earned an "A." My creative writing teacher in adult education, an author with several published books to her credit, received a "C" and allegedly complained about the low grade in her classes. During an evening recess at the old Hoover school, Mr. Arbuckle strode toward me and faced me squarely. "Mrs. Holyer, a C is all I could give her. She simply didn't do her research, and I couldn't let her get away with it. Why, she wrote fiction!" His voice sounded more clipped than usual and his eyes blazed.

Why this emphasis on accuracy? "Errors get picked up and are passed on," he explained.

The Motivator

As a motivator, he planted seeds. In the classroom, while taking students on a journey of discovery, he pointed out the significance of historical landmarks and pressed for their preservation.

He alerted students to things they hadn't thought about before. Students made the following observations, "You learn more in a single class session with Arbuckle than you learn all week. You go home and look up the globe or the encyclopaedia. You discuss things. He arouses interest."

He talked at length about New Almaden, describing tall smoke stacks, hidden mine shafts, an overgrown cemetery and the mine manager's house, Casa Grande. Since he made the place and

its past sound exciting, I scribbled a note to myself: "Explore New Almaden Mine Area for a book possibility." I had forgotten the note when I wrote not one, but two books set in the New Almaden area. Shoes for Daniel (Southern Publishing, 1974) and Reservoir Road Adventure (Baker Book House, 1982) might not have a local setting without the seeds Mr. Arbuckle planted.

He sent students to historic places and urged them to study the past on location. Fired by his enthusiasm, my husband and I drove up and down California and visited every mission for my "Mission Chain" term paper. We hunted for Sutter's Hock Farm on the Feather River (and found only a gable end remaining) and visited Sutter's Fort in Sacramento for my paper on Capt. Sutter. To this, I added day trips to Mission San José and San Juan Bautista. For years thereafter, we stopped at every historical landmark and visited old cemeteries in the Sierra foothills.

Clyde Arbuckle alerted me, a recent immigrant, to Germans who had left their mark in California. I felt uprooted in the American West until he pointed out that my countrymen had blazed a trail and left their names on street signs in San José long before I arrived.

"Take Heinrich Kreisler, alias Henry Miller," he tantalized. "Heinrich was the son of a German butcher. One day, the boy herded his father's cows and fell asleep. In a dream, he saw many, many cows, all of them wearing a strange brand that

looked like a double H. The boy had read about America and this is where he went. He landed in New York and heard of California. A fellow by name of Henry Miller had purchased passage via Panama, but couldn't go. Heinrich went in his stead, and the rest is history."

The Consultant

I found the consultant when he was curator of the Statehouse Museum located at the Fairgrounds. He was busy, evaluating somebody's manuscript. He had been working through the noon hour, yet he graciously honored the appointment I had made ahead of time.

"People approach me to correct their manuscripts," he commented as he left his desk. "When I see a lack of research in their work, I drop a manuscript and tell its author, 'I'd like to see this more documented.'"

Seemingly without hurry, he led me to old branding irons, saddles, rawhide thongs and, last not least, el libro de registro, the original Brand Book of Santa Clara County. He answered every question in his polite and thorough manner. The upshot of my visit was "Badge of Honor," published in California Today (Sunday supplement of The San Jose Mercury News), Sept. 20, 1970. The article on Santa Clara County's cattle brands was later reprinted in the national Frontier Times, and picked up by the Library of Congress for reproduction in Braille.

The Family Man

At his home in the Willow Glen area of San José, I met the FAMILY MAN. In Clyde Arbuckle's case, family included generations, I quickly realized.

The late Hank Calloway, an Argonaut and editor of The Trailblazer, quarterly bulletin of the California Pioneers of Santa Clara County, recalled the following: "During the many years I attended Mr. Arbuckle's MAEP class, I've been impressed by the influence his devoted widowed mother had on his life. Rarely during a session has he ever omitted reference to a family happening she had voiced."

Molly Arbuckle gave birth to William Clyde on April 11, 1903, with the help of Dr. George Fowler. Clyde was the youngest of her children by William Goodrich Arbuckle, her second husband. Hank Calloway stated, "Clyde was born on the 400 block of Jackson Street in Santa Clara. This location, we are told, identifies the 50 yard line of the Santa Clara High School football field."

Born December 1, 1858, Molly was the daughter of Ben and Mary Ellen Gordon. Ben was born December 20, 1824, in Lexington, Missouri. Mary Ellen, nee Pyle, was born March 30, 1828, near Covington, Illinois. The couple met on a pre-goldrush wagon train travelling from St. Louis to Sutter's Fort, in 1846. On December 16, 1851, they married in San José.

"My grandfather was tops," Clyde stated, and proudly showed the photo of a full-bearded man with sharp, penetrating eyes, a stately Scot. "'As honest as Ben Gordon was a proverb in San José,'" Clyde intoned. Grandmother Mary looked like a sweet little lady. "What a temper she had!" Clyde exclaimed.

Ben Gordon left a deep impression on young Clyde. Hank Calloway stated in a letter of April 11, 1977, "He [Clyde] remembers his mother telling of his grandfather hunting bear in the Evergreen County. It was his mother's job to make lard out of the bear fat."

"Grandfather died with his boots on as behooves a pioneer," Clyde related. "He was killed by a bull, pinned against a fence. He walked away from the fence, into the house, laid down and expired. Mary found him. Evidently he did not tell her what happened. What a gentleman! Wanted to spare her anxiety." (The accident must have occurred March 22, 1908, the date Clyde gave as the day of his grandfather's death.)

Ben Gordon and his wife owned a ranch in Milpitas and a townhouse in San Jose. Their daughter Mary Ellen, called "Molly" because there were so many Marys in the family, first married a Gordon, to whom she bore eight children. Widowed, she married William Goodrich Arbuckle, a widower with five children.

In her second marriage, Molly Arbuckle gave birth to a boy, Glenn. "My brother Glenn was allegedly the first baby born in this county in the new century," Clyde observed. "My brother

Glenn died from scarlet fever when he was 19 months old. We used to have epidemics of scarlet fever here, every winter, every year. Epidemics of scarlet fever, smallpox, chicken pox, measles, and something called 'scarletina.'

"There used to be different colored signs on the houses for quarantine," Clyde continued. "If you had smallpox, you had a deep yellow sign. If you had measles, you had a white sign. Chicken pox was a light yellow sign. Scarlet fever was a deep red sign. Scarletina, probably some strep ailment, was a light red sign. At the time my brother Glenn died, our house had the red sign along the doorway.

"One of my Gordon brothers had smallpox and he had terrible scars on his face. But I never had any of those diseases. My mother had been vaccinated some time before I was born, and boy, it took on her! She had an arm like that." (A gesture accompanied Clyde's comment.)

Molly kept the family's pioneer past alive. "My mother's people were Southeners," Clyde stated in a taped interview. "Mother's people came here in 1846. At the start of the Civil War, my mother, then almost four years old, went back with our people, in 1861, by wagon, down to the Colorado River at Yuma, across Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, up through Arkansas and to Jackson County, Missouri, to Independence and then to Lafayette County to Lexington, where Grandpa was born. After they'd looked around, were satisfied or dissatisfied with whatever they saw,

they came right back to California. So my grandparents and great grandparents on both sides of Mother's family crossed the Great Plains three times. They came back to California by the same route they followed in 1846. My mother made the round trip.

"My people were a long line of Scots," Clyde informed me, showing the clan's tartan, a piece of fabric he had purchased on a trip to Scotland. "The Gordons have been in this country, in Virginia, since 1738. The Arbuckles were there at the same time, Prince Edward County."

Knowing that he valued his Scottish ancestry, I remembered Clyde during my 1994 stay in Edinburgh. Walking along the famous Royal Mile, I hunted for a postcard depicting a splendid bagpiper and sent it to San Jose. Upon my return home, the telephone rang. It was Clyde, thanking me profusely for the "wee fine" card.

How did the Arbuckles compare to the Gordons? I asked. "My father was a widower with five children, all of whom had reached maturity but one, Roscoe, the one they called 'Fatty Arbuckle.' I came from the second crop," Clyde stated. "I didn't know my Arbuckles so well as I do the Gordons. You see, the Gordons were all here."

What was his father like? "My dad travelled around, I think more than pleased my mother. He was always on the move. He was restless. He owned a ranch here for a while and he worked on that. Then he opened up a restaurant and he worked on that. He

sold the restaurant and...." He hesitated before adding, "The Gordons were stable, right here on the land. The Arbuckles perhaps were more adventurous."

Clyde's father died in Los Angeles ca. 1918, while visiting. "I never did have all the particulars. He was with the eldest Arbuckle sister at the time. Nora never did give me the cause of death," Clyde commented.

What was his mother like? "My mother had what it took! If I am ever half a man that she was a woman, why! Mother was left a widow twice with a house full of children both times, and she never complained. All she asked was to work. She wouldn't ask her folks for a thing."

An outdoor snapshot shows Molly, a heavyset and sorrowed looking woman wearing an unpretentious dress. A studio photo shows William G. Arbuckle in his finest, striking an elaborate pose. Other photos, taken in the 1920s, depict a tall young man, fair-skinned and sporting a shock of blond hair, smiling somewhat shyly at the camera.

This was the young Clyde Helen Fisher met, the girl from North Dakota, who became his wife for life. They married on August 7, 1932, a week after his mother died.

"Marrying Helen was the smartest thing I ever did!" Clyde exclaimed. "Why, fifteen wives would have a hard time beating Helen." He credited Helen with giving him "professional direction." She nudged him toward a career as historian.

Things were tough for the young couple. Hank Calloway elaborates, "Married at the peak of the depression he [Clyde] relates how hiking the nearby foothills was a family recreation. 'We were too poor to do much else.'"

Helen delivered a son, Jim, and a daughter, Susan. Clyde appeared proud of Susan. Of Jim he said, "My son is the greatest cook. He has cookbooks all over. Why, Jim would qualify as a chef at the Fairmont! He bakes beautiful brown bread with a crust."

But Jim acomplished more than baking bread. A bicycle racer with a number of medals to prove his excellence, he remembers calling his dad from Louisville, Kentucky, in 1976, informing Dad that he had just won the Silver Medal (Second Place) in the National Cycling Championship.

"Not bad," said Clyde.

Jim's culinary skills seem to stem from his mother, Helen, who received many blue, red, and white ribbons for her baking exhibits at the annual Santa Clara County Fair. A friend of the family knew that Helen kept her own sourdough in the refrigerator, made quiche, was a terrific gardener, and put up fruit from the Arbuckles' backyard trees.

Helen's ribbons, and published articles she had written and illustrated with her own photographs, were on display at the couple's 50th wedding anniversary party held Sunday, August 8, 1982, in Saratoga. My husband and I were among the 150 invited

guests. Hank and Laura Calloway, Dick and Gertrude Barrett, Bill and Mary Mueller, Judge and Mrs. Yanemoto, Theron and Frances Fox, Pat Loomis, Leonard McKay, and others had come to honor the golden couple.

The bride of fifty wedded years wore a lovely white dress consisting partly of the original wedding gown. A yellow rose graced the lapel of Clyde's black suit. He stood just inside the door for the reception. Tall, posture perfect, white mustache neatly trimmed, he appeared younger than his actual age.

When the day heated to a sizzle and some guests moved outside to catch a breeze, Clyde endured his formal wear with dignity. I watched in amazement as he addressed each person by name and related past happenings on a day so hot it made younger people wilt.

Guests used to seeing him in khaki shirt, pants, and the wide-brimmed hat that became his trademark, remarked that they missed his "field clothes."

Of his hat, he told them, "My family wore this style hat in the 1880s. The hat keeps the sun from the tip of my nose and keeps the sun from the back of my neck."

After all toasts were said and the party broke up, I saw that Clyde's pink face had paled. He was, after all, nearing 80 years of age.

Ten years later, he was still physically active. A Willow Glen neighbor stopped at the Arbuckles' house shortly after

Clyde's big 90th birthday bash. "When I went into the kitchen, Jim was baking some French country bread in their original 1930 something stove," the neighbor commented. "I wondered where Clyde was, then spotted him outside digging their vegetable garden. Clyde showed me around a good old-fashioned utility garden with flowers, vegetables, fruit trees, the clothesline and even the family cat."

The Voracious Reader

One day, on entering his home, a white, board-and-batten structure with green shutters and flower-filled window boxes on quiet Franquette Avenue, it hit me that Clyde was a VORACIOUS READER. Bookshelves lined the entire south wall of the front room and spilled over into the hall.

All along, the TEACHER had pointed out books. The MOTIVATOR recommended printed sources. The CONSULTANT referred information seekers to helpful published materials. But it wasn't until this day, July 5, 1972, that I realized the extent of his reading.

"I was born into a family of bookworms," he explained. "You see, the Gordons were bookworms. Mother was a bookworm. Mother would read to us and we children would read to one another and memorize poems. I would sit on the floor, bare legs under the woodstove, the cat on my lap, and lean back in the folds of my mother's skirts." He smiled at the memory. "And that

is the way poor people such as we were passed the winter evenings in the greatest of comfort."

A former schoolmate at the Santa Clara Grammar School remembered, "Clyde was such a bookworm, we thought he was a sissy. He always had his nose in a book. But he was head and shoulders above us. Clyde was smart."

Clyde wistfully recalled hours when he read books and magazines by the light of an oil lamp. Smiling, he mentioned that he was about 5th grade when he recited "Why Coyote had Yellow Eyes" on the school stage.

The boy mulled over his reading while going about his menial tasks, such as pulling weeds for "a dime or two bits in the springtime." He never forgot the loathed "fillary" (alfileria), a pervasive weed in the Santa Clara Valley. Later, when studying Willet Lynn Jefferson's A Manual of California Flowering Plants and following the studies of a leading botanist, he was no stranger to plants, "whether indigenous or imported." From morning glories to "fillary," he had encountered his share of weeds as a boy. "A study of history includes a history of the environment," he would stress many years later.

An MAEP teacher invited Arbuckle to a party she was giving for her students at Campisi Court in the early 1970s. "I had decorated the front room with blue, bell-shaped flowers I'd picked near Almaden Reservoir," she recalled. "I had no idea what the flowers were called, but they matched my decor exactly.

The moment Mr. Arbuckle entered, he saw the flowers and exclaimed, 'Brodeia, California natives!'"

Reading and spelling skills helped the young teen to secure his "first real job," that of typesetter at the Santa Clara newspaper. The money helped his mother, who took in washing and scrubbed floors. "Mother did any honest work to support her brood," he stressed. To this, Hank Calloway added, "This learned man never lets you forget the fact he earned a living with his arms and back the hard way."

When Clyde's first child was expected at San Jose Hospital, April 14, 1935, he was reading Bertrand Russell in the waitingroom, according to his son.

"Mr. 'A' was not one to waste time," Calloway stated. "In his years with the Wells Fargo and American Railway Express [as a teamster] he nourished his lunch breaks with history editions."

A passion for history and a thirst for knowledge prompted Clyde to buy books when he could ill afford the expense. He'd rather read than eat. Calloway observed that Clyde knew that at times he shouldn't have purchased books because money should have been spent for family groceries.

But Clyde treasured the wisdom and knowledge found in books and made good use of his reading. "Seneca's 'Yield to the temporary to achieve the ultimate' is one of the greatest lessons I ever learned," he emphasized.

"Books are my tools," he told Calloway. "Like any good craftsman, I take pride in my equipment. On rare occasions have I loaned my books." Hank Calloway, whom Clyde called "Henry," confided, "Mr. A. takes me on walks and even offers to lend me his precious books, his 'tools.'"

When Clyde showed me the family's Bible records, he apologized. "I cannot show you Grandpa Gordon's Bible because the termites got it." The loss was deeply felt.

Clyde became a compiler of facts and a gatherer of data. "History is like a painting," he said. "You look at it, but don't see all the detail at once. You discover." Mastery of details enabled him to research, write, and complete his crowning work, Clyde Arbuckle's History of San José (Smith & McKay Printing Company, 1985).

In a telephone call of April 4, 1977, he mentioned having completed seven pages of Civil War. Weary from his intensive research and rewrite efforts, he admitted to "almost feeling trapped." But, he quickly added, "Lincoln said, 'It is a poor man who doesn't do more today than he did yesterday.'" In true Arbuckle style he added a light-hearted quip, "And today, Lincoln would say 'women.'"

In my mind, I conjured up the typical narrating pose he struck at such moments. His face glowed and his eyes had that special twinkle that seemed to say, "We're sharing a funny story and we're enjoying it. Isn't it so, Mrs. Holyer?" Being the

gentleman he was, he'd always use a person's title and formal name. A Santa Clara artist managed to capture his expression in an oil portrait for which he posed.

To detail the history of San José, Clyde disciplined himself to read the handwritten old documents in the original language of the town's Spanish settlers. He aimed at getting the fine points, which are easily lost in translation. His written Spanish contains the proper accent marks in all the right places. His spoken Spanish rolled off his tongue without diphtongs or Anglo give-aways.

"Why, in my youth, I associated with lots of Spanish speaking kids," he explained. But he also bothered to study the grammar. He took "School Spanish" for half a year, "Enough for a dedicated student."

Evenings, "Papa kept the portable typewriter going at the kitchen table," Clyde's son, Jim, remembers. "He kept ploughing ahead. Every so often he ripped the paper from the old Underwood, tossed it in the wastebasket and started over. He was persistent. Perfection was a big thing with him."

During a banquet on April 4, 1974, Clyde Arbuckle, celebrating his 25th year as adult education instructor, received MAEP's coveted "Second Mile" Lefoli Award. San Jose News columnist Dick Barrett, who had known Arbuckle since 1928, told the audience, "Clyde never ceases to amaze me with the way he can reel off names and dates. It is almost as though he had

lived the period right from the beginning of the settlement of the state and seen it all happen. With Clyde it's all at the tip of his tongue."

CONCLUSION

A pioneer family, voracious reading and keen personal observation fueled the showmanship Clyde Arbuckle expressed in words. His unique flair came across to generations of history lovers. Enthusiasm for his subject and a zest to share it with others made him a dynamic promoter of Western history. Almost until his death on January 10, 1998, at the age of 94, he shone in a spotlight of his own making. He was a flamboyant historian, an individualist, a self starter who left his mark.

That he observed, researched and recorded the transformation of his native valley from "Prune Bowl of the World" to "Silicon Valley" is just one of his accomplishments.

Perhaps his gravestone should read, "If you have knowledge, let others light their candles by it."

The End

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(taken during telephone conversations, chance meetings, landmark dedications, luncheons, festive gathering in his honor, Almaden Pioneer Days, and visits to the Arbuckles' home.)

2. PERSONS

Clyde Arbuckle, San Jose Historian

Jim Arbuckle, Clyde's son

Helen Arbuckle, Clyde's wife

Dick Barrett, Columnist, San Jose News

Hank Calloway, Editor, The Trail Blazer

Mary Mueller, Organizer, Argonaut Tours

Jan Paull, Willow Glen Resident

Esther Talbot, San Jose native born 1906

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Clyde Arbuckle

Milestones

Born in Santa Clara, Calif., April 11, 1903

Typesetter

Teamster

Record-winning Bicyclist

Banjo Player

Member, Masonic Lodge

Married Helen Fisher, August 7, 1932

Son, Jim, born 1935

Daughter, Susan, born 1936

San Jose City Historian

Adult Education Teacher

Curator, San Jose Historical Museum

Leader, Argonaut Tours

Santa Clara County Ranchos, published 1968

History of San José, published 1985

Died in San Jose, Calif., January 10, 1998

Mr. James Arbuckle
and
Miss Susan Arbuckle
Earnestly Solicit Your Company
At a Reception to Honor Their Parents
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Arbuckle
On Their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
Sunday August Eighth
From Two to Five O'Clock in the Afternoon
At the Saratoga Foothill Club
30399 Park Place
Saratoga, California

No gifts please

R.S.V.P. by July 29.
Mrs. Fisher 289-1700
Mrs. Supran 378-8414—

L. to R.: Jim, Helen, Clyde Arbuckle

50th Wedding Anniversay

August 8, 1982

Photo by Erna Holyer

L. to R.: Helen Arbuckle, Clyde Arbuckle, March 24, 1977
Roberto Adobe Landmark Dedication
Photo by Erna Holyer

L. to R.: Susan, Jim, Helen Arbuckle, August 8, 1982
Photo by Erna Holyer

CLYDE ARBUCKLE
History of the American West
Research, Editing, Writing
988 Franquette Avenue
San José, California 95125

Erna:

This is the footnote article that I mentioned to you several days ago.

Tell me what you think of it.

Clyde

GRANADA. La Cartuja. Serie 45 Nº 447
Coro de legos
Choeur de frères lais
Laymen Chorus
Chor de legos

5/7/85

This is where you can find the Spanish point of view on California history. Also in libraries churches and official records. Many many thanks for your kindness & help and to make the trip better.

Clyde Arbuckle

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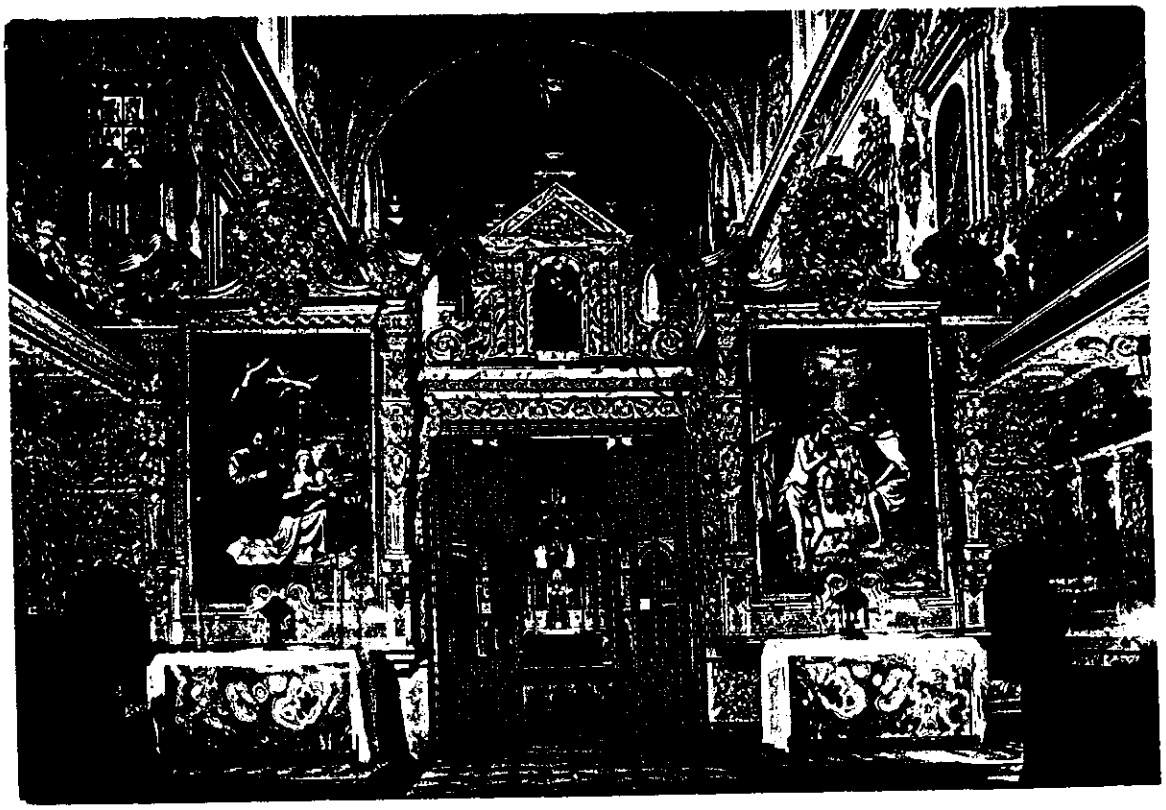
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