2. Living by the Sun: An Interview with Fine Art Photographer Bob Kolbrener  
   By M. Patricia Morris

12. World War I as Seen through the Eyes of a California Doughboy: The Letters of Lt. Edward Bates  
   By Debbie Hollingsworth

18. Rabbits and Rum: The Account of a Predicament in Collecting Californiana  
   By Victoria Dailey

24. Intersections of Knowledge, Order, and Indigeneity in Colonial México: The Library of the Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco at the Sutro Library  
   By Lindsay C. Sidders

32. Remarks at the Powell Society Dinner, Powell Library, UCLA November 28, 2012  
   By Gary E. Strong

35. News from the Braille & Talking Book Library  
   By Sandra Swafford

36. Foundation Notes  
   New Additions to the Collection  
   Three Treasures Donated by Donald J. Hagerty  
   New Additions to the Real Photo Postcard Collection  
   Yellow Aster Mine Archive  
   Stacey Aldrich Leaves for Pennslyvania  
   Gerald Maginnity Takes the Helm  
   M. Patricia and Larry Morris Win Prize at Book Club of California Centennial

40. Recent Contributors

Front Cover: Controlled Burn # 1, Yosemite National Park, 1999. Photograph by Bob Kolbrener.

Back Cover: Erwin S. Chapman. A Stainless Flag, 1906. This little pamphlet was published by the Anti-Saloon League and sold millions of copies. Courtesy of Victoria Dailey.

Illustrations / Photos: pp. 2-11, Bob Kolbrener Portfolio; pp. 12-17, California History Section, California State Library (CSL) and courtesy Debbie Hollingsworth; pp. 18-22, courtesy of Victoria Dailey; pp. 24-28, Sutro Library Branch, CSL; p. 32, courtesy Todd Cheney, UCLA; pp. 36-38, California History Section, CSL.

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California State Library Foundation  
1225 8th Street, Suite 345, Sacramento, CA 95814  
tel: 916.447.6331 | web: www.cslfdn.org | email: info@cslfdn.org
Living by the Sun:

An Interview with Fine Art Photographer Bob Kolbrener

By M. Patricia Morris


“I just kept going,” Bob said. “I liked it so much that I wanted to see how I could spend every day with a camera in my hand.”
It felt like a group of kindred spirits had gathered around the table at Cox Black & White Lab, Inc., compatriots who shared an appreciation of fine photography. The group included lab owners Jeff Cox and Katherine Weedman-Cox, Sharon Kolbrener, and Foundation Executive Director Gary Kurutz. When everyone had settled in, all eyes turned toward Bob Kolbrener, who I was about to interview for this article.

The California State Library was in the process of acquiring a portfolio of Kolbrener photographs for its collection. This interview was an opportunity to announce the acquisition and to acquaint Bulletin readers with the work and career of this remarkable photographer. After seeing Kolbrener's Yosemite book, Gary Kurutz had written a letter to him many months earlier to propose the acquisition. He said in the letter, "I have studied photographs of the great valley for close to forty years and these are the finest I have ever seen." In the letter, Kurutz proposed raising the funds to purchase a portfolio of twenty photographs. He was successful in that effort and the pictures you see in this issue of the Bulletin are among the Kolbrener photographs that are now a permanent part of the Library’s collection.

Let’s return to the assemblage at Cox Black & White Lab, where for a delightful hour, I interviewed Mr. Kolbrener in the company of these good and talkative companions, who from time to time chimed in with comments and an occasional question. This is my report of what we learned that day about him and his work.

A HOBBY AT FIRST
Bob Kolbrener’s career in photography had modest beginnings in the early 1960s. In a way, the story reminds you of high tech entrepreneurs who got their start working out of a garage; only for Bob, it was a tiny darkroom that he and a friend had set up in his folks’ home in St. Louis, Missouri. He was born and raised in St. Louis and attended schools there. Looking for a way to enjoy the inclement winters in St. Louis, he took up photography as a hobby. He described how he and his friend spent many hours perspiring and processing film in the closet darkroom. “We didn’t have much knowledge. We were self-taught,” Bob said.

When his friend lost interest, Bob found another collaborator who shared his enthusiasm, one who had a better darkroom. “I just kept going,” Bob said. “I liked it so much that I wanted to see how I could spend every day with a camera in my hand.”

His hobby eventually evolved into an occupation. Starting out as a sports photographer, he soon moved into advertising. In 1969, he opened a commercial photography business in St. Louis, where most of his work was for middle-sized advertising agencies. “I loved photographing anything and everything,” Bob said. He went on to explain that big agencies were looking for photographers who specialized, who fit into a niche — fashion, food, sports, architecture. He did some big jobs like Monsanto’s annual report and a brochure for the

EDITOR’S NOTE
M. Patricia Morris has written several profiles and articles for the Bulletin and has a particular interest in California’s colorful culinary heritage and the French in the Gold Rush. Please see the Notes section for her award-winning historic costume.
Rio Grande Railroad. He photographed art objects at the St. Louis Art Museum and one time, he took the door off a helicopter to photograph land for a shopping area. “I loved that,” he said. “Every time the phone would ring, who knew what the assignment was going to be.”

A STUDENT AT ANSEL ADAMS WORKSHOPS
The same year Bob started his commercial business, he attended his first Ansel Adams Workshop in Yosemite National Park. The year before he had been in Yosemite where he visited Best Studio, which is now the Ansel Adams Gallery of Yosemite National Park. It was an unforgettable experience for him. “Before me,” he wrote in his book Kolbrener’s Yosemite, “in all of their glory were six Ansel Adams’ photographs of epic size and imagery!” All told, he returned for eight years to participate in Adams’ workshops in Yosemite and also in his Carmel Highlands home.

Over time he graduated from student to teacher. In 1973, Bob said, “I was asked to be an assistant at Ansel’s spring Yosemite workshop.” The next summer, he was invited to live in Yosemite and conduct camera walks though the Ansel Adams Gallery. “So every day, five days a week or so,” he explained, “I would take whoever would sign up — three, five, seven, nine people — and take them on an hour and a half or so photography walk.” Four years later, he taught at the spring workshop with Adams and portrait photographer Yousuf Karsh. “I just sort of graduated from student to assistant to teaching with him,” Bob said. “I had a wonderful time doing that.”

ROMANCE AT THE LAB
In the late 1960s, Kolbrener began taking time out to photograph the American West for himself. With his marriage to Sharon in 1977, he gained a life-long partner to join and assist him on these gambols in the West. They met in a photo lab. “I was doing commercial photography,” Bob recounted. “Sharon was working for a
very good studio photographer at the time. Her boss and I used the same lab to process our film. Sharon had to run over to the lab a couple times a day to pick up the transparencies that were being processed. I was over at the lab one day, and the guy who owned the lab said, ‘There is a young lady here that I would like you to meet.’”

Sharon added here that her role in the enduring union was as “wife, housecleaner, cook, and carrier of the equipment.” “What about model?” Bob asked. Sharon, also served, when needed, as the photographer’s nude model.

EXPLORING THE WEST
The two compatible nomads continued the trips Bob initiated in the 1960s. Even today, they pack the van, take off three weeks at a time every spring and fall, and head out West to take photographs. Bob described these trips in this way, “We live out of our vehicle. We are self-contained. No luxuries in it. We just have a Coleman – a two burner stove, a Coleman ice chest, and a shovel. . . . We just live by the sun.”

Sharon spoke about meal planning, “I always have a good supply of canned goods, because it could be a long time before we get to a market for fresh foods. If all else fails, we have a lot of pasta. As long as we have water we can live forever without getting to a store.”

This active and fit couple likes to hike and mountain bike on these trips. “Depending on what the sky and clouds look like, I may think about a photograph,” Bob remarked. Finishing the thought, he said, “This is where all of these photographs come from.”

FINDING HIS OWN VIEWPOINT
AND WAITING FOR THE PICTURE
Of all the scenic places in the western United States, Yosemite remains Bob’s favorite place to photograph. Since Yosemite was also a frequent subject of his mentor, Ansel Adams, one cannot help wondering how Kolbrener’s photographs of Yosemite differ from Adams’ landscapes. When asked this question, Bob answered, “They are obviously conceived the same way. I am doing the same thing in the darkroom that Ansel Adams did in 1930.” However, he said, “It is important for me to know what Ansel Adams did, so I am not retaking his photographs.” Bob’s approach is the same relating to the work of Edward Weston, C. E. Watkins, Eadweard Muybridge, and others who captured the natural forms of the region on film.

Bob also pointed out that “you can’t compare photographers of different eras. The concept or the definition of landscape then and today are very different. So I just look at it as I am part of the lineage of California photographers moving forward.”

In addition to taking care not to duplicate the photographs of others, Bob has intentionally expanded the breadth of his work. He said, “In my early trips into the American West, I was really looking for Ansel Adams-like photographs. And I realized very quickly that the great moments in nature, weather-related situations didn’t happen very often. In order to stay photographically active, I had to find other things to photograph.” Such work has included a series of nudes of Sharon, even churches, road signs, and fence posts. “Anything and everything,” Bob said.

Nonetheless, the majority of photographs in the portfolio acquired by the State Library are scenes from nature. Commenting on the essence of these photographs, Bob noted that both he and Ansel Adams liked “short term, weather-related events, where there are exciting things, and your window of opportunity is very small.” Drawing upon Adams’ system of teaching, he had learned “how to very quickly make a negative before what’s of interest in front of you, has either dissipated or changed to where you no longer have any interest in it.”

This raises a question asked by many over the years: “Boy, Bob, I’ll bet you had to wait a long time to get that photograph!” Responding with the energy of someone who possesses the fast reaction time necessary to capture a fleeting photographic opportunity, Bob said, “I never wait. You can’t wait.”
He explained at length: “Ninety percent of the time there is nothing to photograph. If it is just blue sky or little puffball cumulus clouds, I can’t show you anything that you don’t already know. Everything on the planet has been photographed. So what are we all doing out there with our cameras? What I’m doing is trying to find something in the natural world, something within me that I can combine to create a print where you go ‘Oh, my gosh, look at this!’ Because you’ve never seen what I am showing you in my print, you make the wrong assumption that I had to wait for it.”

In the winter of 2006, he and Sharon traveled to Yosemite, where they spent a couple of snowy, gray days with nothing to photograph. They were parked down by Curry Village. Bob had gotten out of the van and was walking down the road when he said, “All of a sudden, I could see a little bit of light at the base of Half Dome, just a tiny bit. I went running back to the truck.” Sharon saw him and was already pulling out the Hasselblad camera. He threw it on the tripod and proceeded to capture a magnificent photograph, which he titled “Portrait of Half Dome.” “It was just nothing — to there — to gone. Ten minutes. Either get it or miss it, and it’s never going to happen again.”

Sharon added this insightful observation, “The other thing is that you don’t know what you’re waiting for.”

SHARING KNOW-HOW
Though in the past he has also filmed in Kodachrome, these days, he produces images exclusively in black and white. When asked what kinds of equipment he uses, he named three cameras: a 100 degree wide angle camera, which uses 2 1/4
x 3 1/4 inch film; a Hasselblad 2 1/4 system with 5 lenses; and an 8 x 10 inch view camera with 5 lenses. He does not manipulate images. He clearly states on his Web site that "all photographs are created in the tradition of 'straight' photography. There is no use of computers or multiple imagery. There is no print or negative enhancement such as bleaching or intensification."

The photographs he takes require a high level of technical expertise. For those people who want to learn about how he achieves the results he does, he has always had an "open door policy." "If anybody calls and wants to come over to talk about photography," he said, "I have no secrets. That's the way we were taught in Ansel's workshops. No secrets."

**A GROWING REPUTATION**

Bob's reputation as a photographer has been expanding over the years, reminding one of the much-repeated image of a stone cast in a pond causing ever-widening circles in the water. A multi-page list of his exhibitions begins with mention of a two-man show with Brett Weston, shown in 1974 at Cypress College in Los Angeles, California. From that point forward, his work has been shown in galleries and museums across the United States, including Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York and many other states.

The first time his images were shown internationally was in 1999, when his photographs appeared at the Suwa Art Museum in Suwa, Japan. The exhibition of West Coast photographers was entitled, "Quest for Lost Image: Nudes." He has since had his photographs exhibited in China, Indonesia, Austria, Inner Mongolia, and Russia.
Bob noted that both he and Ansel Adams liked
“short term, weather-related events, where there are exciting things, and your window of opportunity is very small.”

Though his photographs may travel to faraway places, it doesn’t necessarily mean that he and Sharon travel with them. He hasn’t visited all of these foreign countries, but China is the big exception. Since 2004, he and Sharon have been to China five times, all-expenses paid, to attend festivals and exhibitions. At the Pingyao International Photography Festival in 2008, he was presented with the Best Foreign Photographer Award for black and white photographs. On the last two trips, his landscapes were featured in exhibitions, where he and Sharon attended the openings, and then he gave a talk.

It has been interesting to him that the Chinese know of Western landscape photographer Ansel Adams, photojournalist Henri Cartier-Bresson, and portrait photographer Yousef Karsh. This trio, Bob thought, was “an amazingly interesting threesome.” “Anyway,” he said, “they [the Chinese] look at me as a landscape photographer in the tradition of Ansel Adams, and they love that.”

There is another factor that heightens interest in landscape photography; namely, the poor air quality in China prevents photographers from achieving the high contrast necessary to pursue this genre of photography. It has been Bob’s experience that “their photographers are all much more street, portraiture, journalistically oriented.”

IT’S TIME TO PACK THE VAN
What is next for these two vagabonds? Their home base is California now. In 1996, they moved from St. Louis, Missouri, to Carmel Highlands. For a while, Bob continued with some commercial work, but now his focus is exclusively on fine art photography.

As they have always done, they will continue to pack up the van and explore the West for scenes of striking natural beauty to be captured and shared with the world.

A FEW LAST WORDS
The interview was over now. As the happy group around the table lapsed into congenial conversation, Gary Kurutz expressed his pleasure at having the opportunity to meet the Kolbreners. As a photo historian of repute and great enthusiasm for the art, he offered this assessment of Bob Kolbrenner’s work, “If we had a five-headed Mount Rushmore for California, I would have Muybridge, Watkins, of course you, and then I would have Weston and Adams on it.”

9/9/99, Lightning Storm, Central Coast, California.
November 6, 1918: “We are in a terrible front. Beaucoup gas of all kinds. We are in a valley, in which the Boche have excellent range with Artillery. We came here the other night, and had an awful time getting here due to the gas... Gas is mean stuff and severely effects one's bronchials when taken in the smallest doses. Mustard and Phosgene, the two worst, are used abundantly here.1

This is a description of the last harrowing days of World War I, as seen through the eyes of California doughboy, Lieutenant Edward Bates. In early November, Bates’s division advanced toward a German foe that was not ready to give up the fight, and instead, strengthened its efforts to hold back the American forces. Lieutenant Bates had no way of knowing that the end of the Great War was only days away, but it did not really matter. He could just as easily die in the closing hours of war as any other time. Indeed, many lives were lost in the intense fighting of those final, desperate days of the World War I. “Think of those poor devils that fell on the last days,” Edward writes in a letter dated November 22, 1918. “That is the curse of war.”2

These letters, and dozens of others, reside in the Bates letters collection at the California State Library.3 Charles “Edward” Harold Bates faithfully wrote to his family in Alameda, California, while serving at the Western Front during World War I. In great personal detail, Edward describes his first days of training with the 40th Division in San Diego, his travels across country to New York, his arrival in Europe, his battles at the front, the end of the war, and the Allied occupation of Germany.

This, however, is only half of the World War I story. Those on the home front also sacrificed and suffered. Families worried about their boys “over there.” The Bates letters collection is especially comprehensive, as it also contains letters from Edward’s mother, father, brothers, neighbors, and friends.4

EDITOR’S NOTE
Debbie Hollingsworth curated the exhibit, “Californians Over There: California’s Role in World War I,” at the California State Capitol Museum, where she is employed as an interpretive specialist. She earned her M.A. in Public History from California State University at Sacramento in 2012. The exhibit was her thesis project. She is also an interpretive specialist for the Center for Sacramento History.
This letter stands in contrast to the letter Edward wrote his family when he first arrived at the front lines. At that time, he possessed a cavalier attitude toward wearing his gas mask. He was grateful to have it as the war progressed. Gas masks protected both humans and animals. Even horses were specially outfitted with gas masks for protection during WWI.

Edward Bates grew up in Alameda, California, with his mother, father, and four brothers. Three of his brothers served in other branches of the military, but they were stationed far from the action in Europe. Edward studied pre-med at the University of California at Berkeley. In 1917, as he entered his senior year of study, America entered the First World War to “make the world safe for democracy.” As a university student, Edward qualified for officer’s training school, an opportunity of which he took full advantage in order to avoid the life of a regular army recruit.

He marveled at the American countryside and the crowds of people who came out to see the doughboys as they traveled by train to New York. Edward brimmed with pride and patriotism as he wrote, “It’s a great war to be in . . . and know that I will be a better man having been in it.” He shipped out in August 1918, and found himself “some-
where in France” in September.

Events moved quickly for Edward. “Of course you will be surprised when I tell you I’m right on the front line,” he wrote to his brother less than two weeks after his arrival in Europe. He accepted the reality of death and reassured his family with words meant to comfort them—and himself. “If anything happens,” he wrote stoically, “it will be because I have seen all there is to see, and fate has willed my end. That’s the way we get to look at it here and it’s the most comfortable way to look at it, for one feels confident in himself under such a state of mind.” Nonetheless, the anxiety associated with climbing out of a trench and straight into enemy fire took its toll on him, as demonstrated in one of the most poignant letters in this entire collection: “Dear all, Going over the top again tonight. So here’s goodbye in case anything happens. God bless all of you, Edward.” This letter stands out because it reveals Edward’s raw emotion: it is his good-bye note.

Thankfully, Edward’s luck did not run out that night. He survived all the subsequent fighting until the war ended with the signing of the armistice on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of November. “It was a very dramatic end for us,” he wrote to his family, “for we had been attacking for the past 3 days . . . . We got as far as a cross road on the other side of which was beaucoup Germans, wire, and etc. When we were given orders to stop. It was eleven
o’clock. No one was hurt, and in another minute many would have been killed possibly including myself for how anyone could have gotten through that wire I don’t know. The machine guns would have mowed us down.” On the other side of the world, the home front was overjoyed with the news of the war’s end. Edward’s father described November 11, 1918 in the Bay Area: “We drove to Oakland,” he wrote, “almost every auto had a lot of tin cans tied on behind which they were dragging around. The noise was terrific.”

While the nation celebrated the end of the war, this California family had one nagging worry. Did their son survive the war? The day after the ceasefire, Edward’s father wrote, “Yesterday the whole country went wild over the signing of the armistice. A holiday was proclaimed in California and it was just as well because no one would or could work.” He quickly added, “We are quite anxious to hear from you as we feel sure that you have been into the thick of it since your last letter dated October 10th.”

For two more weeks, Edward’s mother and father wrote letter after agonizing letter as they wondered if their son was alive. “God grant that you came safely through it my dear one,” Edward’s mother wrote on November 18, “We pray and hope that you came through all right,” Edward’s father wrote also on November 18. “We have been hoping against hope,” his mother bemoaned in another letter written November 22. The family feared the worst when they received no word from their son. “Yesterday,” Edward’s father wrote on November 25, “the paper says a woman in Alameda got word that her son had been killed Sept. 5, two and a half months before! They are very slow in advising the families and we are anxious about you. Mother is worrying a great deal, so to make her feel better, I cabled you today but I feel sure you won’t get it for a long time.”

Edward, of course, had no idea of his family’s anguish since he had wired them to tell them he had been transferred to the 32nd Division to serve with the Army of Occupation and was marching toward Germany. “Think of it,” he wrote on November 22, 1918, “Would you have believed that your son had been through it all and now was actually going to cross the Rhine. I can hardly believe it myself.”

Edward’s family finally received his cable on November 26. The transfer meant that Edward would not be home for Christmas, but the Bates family felt nothing but thanks that their son had survived the war.
"My own darling Edward," his mother wrote. "God has been good to us! This is certain—I only wish all the poor mothers whose sons went ‘over there’ had been equally blessed . . . . how we long to see you and hug you."16

While in Germany, Edward stayed in the homes of the people who had been trying to kill him weeks before. "These former officers and soldiers are proving themselves to be good losers and it teaches us one big thing that we have also been filled with rot and unbelievable stories concerning their home life," he wrote on December 3, 1918. Edward’s revelation concerning his former enemy’s humanity corresponds with Erich Maria Remarque’s fictional young soldier, Paul Baumer, in the novel All Quiet on the Western Front. "Why do they never tell us," Baumer cries over the body of an enemy soldier he has just killed, "that you are poor devils like us, that your mothers are just as anxious as ours, and that we have the same fear of death... how could you be my enemy." Edward, too, learned a great deal as he marched across Europe after the war’s end.

Edward safely returned to the United States in 1919. He resumed his medical studies, earned his M.D. in 1924, and practiced Ear Nose and Throat medicine in the Bay Area for forty-seven years. He married in 1923 and had a son and two daughters.

Edward Bates lived a long life and died on June 17, 1978, at the age of eighty-four.

The Bates family letters provide a rich source of historical material for researchers to study. After spending so many months reading and rereading these letters, I admit to developing a personal attachment to Edward and his family. As a consequence, while visiting Paris last December, I decided to visit the battlefields where Edward and other American doughboys stood, fought, and died. This was not a simple task since World War I battle sites do not rank high in popularity for American tourists. I had to develop my own tour. Luckily my daughter indulged me, and we embarked on a two-hour high-speed train ride from Paris to Verdun. From there, we traveled for an hour by taxicab to Meuse-Argonne and visited a private museum in the tiny village of Romagne. Normally closed during the winter, I had prearranged a meeting with the owner, Jean Paul DeVries.

Jean Paul has been collecting objects from the surrounding landscape since 1976 and claims at least 60,000 artifacts in his vast collection. He gave us a tour of the museum he has created in his barn to display the retrieved guns, helmets, ammunition, and personal items he has collected. Then we climbed into his truck and drove out into the Argonne Forest. There, we stood in the trenches and dugouts once occupied by German and American soldiers. It was a solemn experience to trudge through the leaves and mud and think about the young men who fought for their lives in battle over ninety years ago. It was not difficult to visualize, since the forest is largely unchanged...
except that the trees have grown in some since then. The trenches, front lines, rifle pits, and craters are still visible, if you know where to look, but it is not a place to visit without an informed guide since there are still unexploded shells that burrowed into the ground.

Our tour did not end with Jean Paul. We also visited the Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, located within walking distance outside of the town. The cemetery is the largest U.S. military cemetery in Europe, but the World War II American cemetery at Normandy receives four times as many visitors on a yearly basis. Impressed that two women would leave Paris on such a cold, dreary day, Jay Blount, the cemetery’s superintendent, treated us to an in-depth tour in which he described the movements of the American Expeditionary Forces and told us some of the personal stories of the men buried there. It was a moving experience to gaze out at more than 14,000 neatly lined up white crosses on the hillsides. The trip to Meuse-Argonne was the highlight of our Paris trip, and one I would never have embarked upon, if I had not read the letters of Charles Edward Harold Bates.

These letters demonstrate that it is worth the time and energy to discover the lives of those who lived through remarkable times. As a historian, the Bates Family letters left an indelible mark on me since they brought the timeless emotion and horror of war to life, and forged a connection between past and present that inspired me to think and learn more.

ENDNOTES

1. Edward Bates to “Mother,” 6 November 1918. Edward uses terms familiar to him as he fought his way through France toward the German line. “Beaucoup” is a French word meaning many, and “Boche” is a slang term for German. Charles E.H.Bates Family correspondence, Box 2275, California State Library.
3. The late Jerry Kilbride also wrote a Bulletin articles based on these stirring letters in Issue Number 70. “727 Paru Street: The Letters of an American Family,” pp. 11–14.
15. November 22, 1918 to Charles E.H.Bates Family correspondence, Box 2275, California State Library.
17. December 3, 1919 to Mother. Charles E.H.Bates family correspondence, Box 2275, California State Library.
Rabbits and Rum: The Account of a Predicament in Collecting Californiana
by Victoria Dailey

Most nonfiction books with California themes fall into familiar categories. Exploration, travel, and history are notable for such classics as William L. Manly’s *Death Valley in ’49* and Horace Bell’s *Reminiscences of a Ranger*. California fiction includes some of the most well-known books about the region—*Ramona*, *McTeague*, and *The Day of the Locust*. Illustrated books, too, have become classics, among them, Mary Austin’s *The Land of Little Rain* and Paul Landacre’s *California Hills*. But occasionally, a book defies all known categories and is an isolated, existing sui generis. Such a book is *Particeps Criminis: The Story of a California Rabbit Drive* by Ervin S. Chapman, published in 1910.

This book has long puzzled me, mainly because I did not know where to shelve my copy within my collection of Californiana. It didn’t quite fit into any category I had devised: historical accounts, travel narratives, memoirs, biography, flora, fiction or illustrated books. I ultimately settled on this last category since the book has an attractive decorative cover and fine illustrations throughout by American illustrator Harry Graydon Partlow, but I was uneasy about this choice since *Particeps Criminis* is not essentially an illustrated book. It seemed out of place alongside Prescott...
Chaplin’s woodcut books and did not sit well near Florence Lundborg’s Rubaiyat or Landacre’s California Hills. But there it remained, odd and uncategorizable.

Furthermore, I could not solve the puzzle of its peculiar title. Was it a mystery story for boys with a rabbit as an accomplice to a crime? The adorable bunnies and innocent lads on the front cover suggested as much. I struggled to comprehend this bizarre book. I began to read it, and it seemed to be an account of the many rabbit drives that occurred in California during the years of settlement and expansion.

Farmers had planted acres of crops where once had been brush and chaparral, and the native jackrabbit population increased mightily with this newfound food source. Their natural predators—coyotes—had suffered a decrease in numbers as settlers killed them off in an effort to protect their farm animals. Rabbits were endangering cash crops and they came to be regarded as pests requiring extermination.

Rabbit drives were devised as the preferred method to eradicate the furry creatures. Long, moveable fences were built along a stretch of open range or farmland. These fences were shaped into a large V, which funneled thousands of the frightened creatures into a corral. Once inside the fenced area, the rabbits were slaughtered by men and boys with clubs—they beat the rabbits to death. In the San Joaquin Valley alone, at least 370,000 rabbits were killed between 1888 and 1895. Rabbit drives, followed by a barbecue or picnic, became popular town events throughout the growing state. They were covered regularly in the Los Angeles Times. One such headline bore the lengthy title “Rabbit Drive—Azusa People Clear Their Domain of the Pest. A Wild and Wooly Story of a Morning’s Sport—Hunters Armed With Prehistoric Weapons Slaughter Their Captives Without Mercy” [LAT, August 21, 1893]. The drives even made their way into California fiction when Frank Norris chillingly described one in The Octopus (1901):

The entire line, horses, buggies, wagons, gigs, dogs, men and boys on foot, and armed with clubs, moved slowly across the fields, sending up a cloud of white dust, that hung above the scene like smoke. A brisk gaiety was in the air. Everyone was in the best of humor, calling from team to team, laughing, skylarking, joshing. . . .

Gradually, the number of jacks to be seen over the expanse of stubble in front of the line of teams increased. Their antics were infinite. No two acted precisely alike. . . . By noon the number of rabbits . . . was far into the thousands. What seemed to be ground resolved itself . . . into a maze of small, moving bodies, leaping, ducking, doubling, running back and forth—a wilderness of agitated ears, white tails and twinkling legs. . . . As the day advanced, the rabbits, singularly enough, became less wild. When flushed, they no longer ran so far nor so fast, limping off instead a few feet at a time, and crouching down, their ears close upon their backs. Thus it was, that by degrees the teams began to close up on the main herd. At every instant the numbers increased. It was no longer thousands, it was tens of thousands. The earth was alive with rabbits. . . . The line of vehicles was halted. To go forward now meant to trample the rabbits under foot. The drive came to a standstill while the herd entered the corral. . . . The last stragglers went in with a rush, and the gate was dropped. . . . On signal, the killing began. . . . Armed with a club in each hand, the young fellows from Guadalajara and Bonneville, and the farm boys from the ranches, leaped over the rails of the corral. They walked unsteadily upon the myriad of crowding bodies underfoot, or, as space was cleared, sank almost waist deep into the mass that leaped and squirmed about them. Blindly, furiously, they struck and struck.

EDITOR’S NOTE
Victoria Dailey has been buying, selling, researching, collecting and writing about California art and culture for 30 years. She has written numerous articles and catalogues on California art and artists, including Frances Gearhart, Knud Merrild, and Richard Wagner, and is a co-author of a book on early modernism in Southern California, LA’s Early Moderns. Part of her collection of Californiana was lent to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art for several major exhibitions: Made in California and California Design 1930-1965: Living in a Modern Way. She is a generous member of the Foundation and belongs to the Grolier Club, Roxburghe Club, and Zamorano Club.
following year saw Beatrix Potter’s *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, destined to become a classic, its lepine fable and adorable illustrations a bastion of early childhood literature. *Particeps Criminis* appeared eight years later.

Unlike Potter, Chapman’s book is filled with vignettes and chilling photos of rabbits being slaughtered. Chapter I begins with a description of a drive, which Chapman calls “thrillingly interesting.” But suddenly, Chapman makes a startling analogy: he compares the bunnies to innocent boys being driven into corrals of sin and death by alcohol. He states: “I point out the startling resemblances between the details of a successful rabbit drive . . . and the details of the processes by which so many of our buoyant youth are hurried to a dismal destiny . . . The rabbit drive and the boy drive! . . . The most lovely and promising boys, as they advance to the estate of manhood, become helpless, degraded slaves of rum. They are driven into a condition of degradation and ruin.”

*Particeps Criminis* is a temperance book! No wonder I couldn’t place it on my shelves, that category being entirely unoccupied, let alone imagined. Unlikely as it seems, Chapman’s intent is to force the reader to acknowledge that the wholesale slaughter of bunnies is the equivalent of innocent boys being led to ruin by liquor. How did he come to make this shocking assertion, and just who was Ervin S. Chapman?

Born in 1838 in Ohio, Chapman served as a clerk in the U.S. House of Representatives in the 1860s, married an Ohio woman, Adelia Haymaker, in 1860, and was ordained as a minister in the United Brethren of Christ in 1872 after receiving degrees from divinity schools in the Midwest and East. Later transferring to the Presbyterian Church, he served as a pastor in Ohio, Wyoming, and California, where he settled in Alameda about 1886. He became pastor at Mills College in the 1890s, lecturing throughout the state to wide acclaim for his inspiring sermons. He became active in temperance issues, and in 1898, Chapman became superintendent of the California Anti-Saloon League and editor of *The Searchlight*, its official magazine, dividing his time between the Bay Area and Los Angeles. In 1906 he authored the popular temperance tract, “A Stainless Flag,” which was based on an address he gave at a conference of 250 pastors in Los Angeles. Chapman then delivered the speech thirty times on a lecture tour of the country, and the pamphlet sold three million copies nationally. It was entered as evidence in a 1912 Senate subcommittee hearing taking testimony on the regulation of saloons and liquor.

Chapman seems always to have been fond of striking analogies. In “A Stainless Flag,” he compares an ivy vine growing against the wall of a large building to the sale of liquor, describing the vine as a “parasite, feeding upon prosperity but never producing it, a vicious poison ivy, freighting the air with the malignant germs of moral and material pestilence . . . . ”

Let us accept that a morally questionable action can be compared to a strangulating vine, but how did Chapman come to equate rabbits with boys? That analogy seems far-fetched. An article that appeared in the August 18th, 1897 issue of the *Los Angeles Times* may hold a clue. Thirty-six boys from a state reform school in Whittier had escaped, and it made for a big news story. Titled “A Dash for Freedom,” the article begins: “There was a boy hunt at Whittier yesterday evening that in many respects resembled an old-fashioned rabbit drive.” The runaways hightailed it from the school and into neighboring fields of corn and pampas grass, most heading east for Los Angeles. At least a hundred men on horseback, on bicycles, and in buggies, alerted by the school alarm whistle, began to hunt for the boys as a cordon was established around the fugitives. The article...
SANTA ANA IS SAVED.

The 13th of April marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the capital of Orange county. On that day the forces that make for righteousness scored a victory that is a fitting culmination of the preceding three years of Anti-Saloon work.

After a whirl-wind campaign of more than two weeks the people of that city, by a majority of 257, registered their verdict against the beverage liquor traffic. All classes of temperance people united in the struggle. The liquor legions vainly attempted to arrest and turn back the tremendous tide of hostility to the saloon. Women rendered yeoman's service during the campaign and on election day. Home-makers became home defenders. Unimnimated by ruffianly insults the household angels sanctified with their presence the election precincts and hailed with glory the magnificent victory.

Songs of praises and wails of anguish intermingled when the result became known. Impromptu processions paraded the streets singing praises to God, while the seven outlawed dram shops were draped in mourning. The drink demon died hard BUT HE DIED! The town went out of the saloon business and the saloons went out of existence. The black crape upon the saloon doors testified to the saloon keeper's sorrow for the loss of his many late partners. Those partners rejoiced at their deliverance from the unholy alliance and the redeemed and rescued city serenely took its place in the constellation of our Southern California prohibition stars. Pasadena, Pomona, Riverside, Redlands and Long Beach must now look well to their laurels for Santa Ana has rare and attractive charms since she has been washed quite as thoroughly as they have.

This victory enables us to place Santa Ana in the column with Yuba City and Riverside, making three county-seats in the state from which the beverage liquor traffic has been banished by law. Other municipalities are rapidly being enrolled among those which have been cleansed from the foul and belouching liquor curse and in due time, God grant it and hasten the day, our great Southern California metropolis will shake off the fetters with which she has been so long bound by the cohorts of rum and become in reality what she is in name—the city of angels.
went on to say, “A band of Mexicans joined in the chase on their bronchos and succeeded in capturing several of the youths. The reward money will keep the paisanos in mescal and cigarettes for a month.” All but three of the escapees were captured and they were sent to the school dungeon, where they faced punishment by whipping and a diet of bread and water.

Had Chapman read this article? Did it trigger an idea in his mind? It seems likely. By 1903, he expanded his popular temperance lectures to include descriptions of the rabbit drives. At a speech in Fullerton, Chapman stated that like rabbits, once boys are corralled into drunkenness, “escape from this hell is impossible” [LAT, Feb. 2, 1903]. During a speech in Covina encouraging city officials to adopt dry laws, Chapman “prefaced his remarks by a graphic description of a rabbit drive in the San Joaquin Valley, when 10,000 of the little animals were destroyed in one day. Like these rabbits are the young men of California being driven into a corral not built of boards, but drunkenness, degradation and damnation, and this by influences largely outside of themselves, the open saloon, the treating habit, and the social club”3 [LAT, May 12, 1903].

Temperance was a big issue in the nineteenth century; public drunkenness was common and the abuses suffered by women and children by inebriated husbands and fathers was widespread. Many thoughtful people advocated for the banning of alcohol, and legislation was passed in numerous municipalities prohibiting saloons and liquor sales. With the establishment of scores of new towns in Southern California in the 1880s and 1890s, “dry” laws went into effect in many of them. It is worth noting that many of the new settlers had arrived from such “dry” states as Maine, Iowa, Kansas, and Massachusetts, and they brought their temperance beliefs with them. In 1887, Pasadena became the first city in California to outlaw saloons.4 Within months, Riverside
and Monrovia followed suit. In 1888, South Pasadena, Long Beach, Orange, San Jacinto, Elsinore, and Compton went dry, and in 1889, Escondido and Pomona passed similar laws. Coronado, owned and developed by Elisha Babcock’s Coronado Beach Company in 1887–88, prohibited saloons in the fledgling town, but at its luxurious resort, the Hotel del Coronado, “the bar dispenses liquid refreshments at fancy prices.” It was the only place in town where alcohol was sold, and by 1909, the anti-saloon forces were so strong that it was feared the hotel would be forced to close. Chapman and his colleagues worked tirelessly for prohibition, and one anecdote serves to illustrate both Chapman’s character and the strength of his convictions. On a trip to Norfolk, Virginia, to attend a meeting of the American Anti-Saloon League in 1907, Chapman said that he was “too busy to see anything of the historic old town except the part between his hotel and the place of holding the convention” [LAT, Oct. 18, 1907].

Such prohibition conventions were held throughout the country and prohibition candidates ran for office, winning in some districts. Ultimately, a measure made it on the California ballot in November 1914 that would have prohibited the sale of alcohol throughout the state, and similar propositions were on the ballot in Ohio, Colorado, Arizona, Oregon, and Washington. With the exception of California and Ohio, the prohibition measures all passed, paving the way for the ultimate victory of the anti-alcohol forces nationwide when the Volstead Act was passed in 1919.

When Rev. Chapman died in Los Angeles in 1921, he must have felt a great sense of accomplishment. His long crusade had ended in victory (at least until 1933). And my quest to categorize his book is over: Particeps Criminis is the first volume in my newly formed category of California temperance books. It will sit on my shelf awaiting its brethren—but a new question arises. Shall I place the temperance books near those on California wine? Would the bibliographic proximity to Agoston Haraszthy, Frona Wait, and E. H. Rixford make Rev. Chapman uneasy? Perhaps all tempers—wet and dry—can agree with a philosophical toast from Homer Simpson: “To Alcohol—the cause of and solution to all of life’s problems.”

ENDNOTES
1. The Latin phrase particeps criminis is the legal term for “partner in crime.”
2. Chapman received degrees from Westfield College in Illinois; Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania; and Otterbein University in Ohio.
3. The “treating habit” was the custom of groups of men buying rounds of drinks for one another, i.e., treating each other to drinks, which led to group drunkenness.
4. The prohibition law initiated “The Whisky War in Pasadena,” which resulted in a change in the statute; a new ordinance, passed in 1892, allowed for the sale of wine and malt liquor (beer) in hotels, restaurants and boarding houses.
6. The State Library’s California History Section also possesses a copy of Chapman’s curious book as well as a number of titles on the temperance movement.
Intersections of Knowledge, Order, and Indigeneity in Colonial México:

The Library of the Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco at the Sutro Library

By Lindsay C. Sidders

INTRODUCTION

For two weeks in August 2012, I had the pleasure of working with the knowledgeable and helpful staff at the Sutro Library in San Francisco, California while examining just over thirty sixteenth-century printed books from the library’s Mexicana Collection. This research was undertaken for the purposes of my doctoral dissertation, which examines the intersection of indigenous education and European knowledge systems in colonial Mexican history. I am a fourth-year doctoral candidate at the University of Toronto in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, under the supervision of Dr. Kenneth Mills. This brief prospectus-article outlines the major thematic questions of my research and illuminates the ways in which the books of the Mexicana Collection—specifically those once utilized by the maestros (teachers) and estudiantes (students) of the College of Santa Cruz at Tlatelolco—contribute to my broader project.

CHAPTER I

The late Professor W. Michael Mathes, honorary curator of the Sutro Library’s Mexicana Collection, has argued that in the colonial American context, libraries—and books themselves—occupied spaces of both enlightenment and error. Moreover, he explained that the use of moveable metal type and consequent advent of the printed book in the mid-fifteenth century, allowed for “the rapid and increasingly widespread growth of literacy, and along with it, education.” The study I endeavour to make assumes that, the Americas, the discovery of which coincided with the print revolution, provides a distinctive setting for examining educational experimentation. This setting is characterized by dialogic relations with the colonial ‘Other’ at the European, religious-run Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco, in México-Tenochtitlan in the early sixteenth-century.

Ergo, as spaces of both enlightenment and error, a study of the colonial library—where European knowledge is held—and the school—where the indigenous Other mingles with that knowledge—can provide valuable insight into the colonization of México-New Spain. Simply put, the microcosm of the library of the Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco highlights the political, social, and cultural liminal-
Lithographic print of the Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco, Mexico City. The Colegio housed the first academic library in the Americas.
ity or ambiguity characteristic of the early indigenous-European encounter period. As the site of the first academic library in the Americas, the college provides an important example of Spanish efforts to reorder mundane and sacred life in the ambivalent and complicated environment of México-Tenochtitlan following the conquest; from prescribing detailed and strict codes of behaviour, including isolated self-reflection and testing, to requiring public displays of religiosity, the instructor-friars of the Colegio sought to root the Catholic world-view deeply, by way of their young, noble charges. In addition, the creation of the college and the realities of its pedagogic functioning in the early colonial period demonstrates the anxieties, expectations, and goals of the religious teachers and administrators in educating and converting noble indigenous youth to a Hispanic-Catholic way of life.

The knowledge economy of early colonial New Spain was a contested and opaque space for everyone. While shedding essential light on the breadth and value of the Colegio’s library, Professor Mathes’s work also describes the complicated circumstances of the budding print culture in the highly-surveilled, financially strapped, inquisitorial setting of colonial New Spain. Building on this work, my dissertation seeks to elucidate the interactions, tensions, and contestations of those who participated in Colegio—the colonizing European and the colonized Amerindian—with the ideas of European order, rationality, and subject-hood articulated through various official and unregulated streams—the most significant for this brief article being print culture and books.

CHAPTER II
The Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco was a school for male, noble indigenous youth. It was created through the initiative of various individuals of the Franciscan Religious Order with the support of the Spanish Crown in the burgeoning, however recently subjugated, colonial centre of México-Tenochtitlan in 1536. In the early
years of its existence, most of the teachers and administrators were Franciscan friars educated in humanist and counter-Reformation Europe. These friars were optimistic about the indigenous capacity for learning—viewing and describing the colonizing project of Spain in indivisible religious-cultural terms of subject-just. If the indigenous populations were given access to knowledge and exposed to models of correct behavior and belief, it was supposed that they would become ideal subjects and effectual Christians.

Only particular bodies of knowledge were deemed appropriate by religious and secular officials to aid in the establishment of the desired colonial order. Through the institution of the Colegio the structured and selective dissemination of knowledge was to become a powerful tool of conversion and acculturation. But which indigenous subjects were suited to be recipients of Franciscan education? The pre-contact Mexica-Aztec peoples had a sophisticated social hierarchy, complete with highly conventionalized gender and class roles; recognizing that the “civilized” and rational nature of this socio-political structure mirrored their own, early European colonists utilized the legacies of entrenched roles to legitimize power and expand the appeal of Iberian-European codes of life.

Despite exhibiting an apparent appreciation for pre-contact social stratification, Europeans in New Spain found many aspects of Mexica-Aztec political, social, and cultural life to be irreconcilable with their notions of what a rational human society should look like. Most pressing and disturbing to European sensibilities were the practice of human sacrifice and polytheism, and the lack of a text-based writing system. Debates about the essential nature of the indigenous man had been ongoing in Spain since the late fifteenth-century when Columbus first set foot in the Indies. The findings of these intellectual debates were crucial as indigenous education could only be imagined and institutionalized when
sufficient evidence existed confirming that the minds of Native Americans were rational—and malleable.

Intellectual historian Anthony Pagden writes that between 1522 and 1535 all the major texts to be cited as empirical evidence in “the ensuing debates over the nature of the Indians had been printed”; the years surrounding 1520 and 1530 mark the beginning of a major change in the direction of the intellectual life of Spain, as the social order of the world was further solidified and correlated to human rationality and order. Francisco de Vitoria, the most influential Dominican theologian of the early modern School of Salamanca and advisor to Charles V, wrote that, “the Indians were not simply irrationales or some other species of beat-men.” He argued that they possessed “a certain rational order (ordo) in their affairs,” an order that could be observed through the following details: “They have properly organised (sic) cities, a recognisable (sic) form of marriage, magistrates, rulers, laws, industry (opificia), commerce, all of which require the use of reason. Item, they have a form of religion.” A significant caveat to emerge from this understanding is the equating of the indigenous mind with that of the child. For Vitoria, his pupils, and the like-minded who followed in his intellectual footsteps, the Indian had the capacity for rational thought and learning but he was stuck in a perpetual state of immaturity without the paternalistic support and education of Europeans. Thus, educate the Indians they must, and at an early age, so that their inherent nature would over time be predisposed to rationality and order—like the model Iberian-European.

Conceived of as capable of intellectual betterment, the best and brightest of noble indigenous male children (eight to eleven years old) were chosen to become part of the inaugural class of the Colegio. Many influential individuals, like the first archbishop of México, Juan de Zumárraga (Franciscan), argued that the most efficient way to encourage indigenous people to accept Catholic doctrine and Iberian culture was to convert the indigenous nobility and have them act as leaders and models in their own communities. Thus, one of the earliest goals of the Colegio was to aid in the creation of an Indian clergy capable of propagating the mysteries and wonders of the faith. When the Mexican Provincial Councils of 1555 and 1585 decreed that Indians were too new in the faith to be ordained, the Colegio continued to function as a school of letters and theology, training indigenous youth in Latin and Spanish language and grammar, and espousing the complexities of the Catholic faith.

While the purpose of the Colegio may have been the creation of a native clergy in the early period, its greater goal and perhaps its greatest success was to facilitate the establishment of Iberian Catholic order and transform and rationalize the minds of the children of pre-Columbian nobility.

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CHAPTER III

Although there are over two hundred books that were once housed at the Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlatelolco archived at the Sutro Library, I viewed, and photographed thirty-four. They were all printed in the sixteenth-century in Spain. In my sample, the earliest text is John Duns Scotus’ *Scriptum* printed in 1522, and the latest is Benedictus Pererius’ *Commentariorum et disputatorium in Genesim* printed in 1598. Many of the texts, including the former, are highly regarded theological treatises of the medieval and early modern periods, the authors of which would have been regarded by contemporaries as influential authorities in
Every book I examined treats theology and civic life as synonymous, reflecting the mentality of the time.

Every book, save for two, were printed and annotated in Latin; the two exceptions in Spanish are a confession manual from 1562 by Martín de Azpilcueta and a guidebook for living a more perfect Christian life from 1586 by Luis de León. In addition, every book I examined treats theology and civic life as synonymous, reflecting the mentality of the time. The instructors of the Colegio conceived of their task in educating the indigenous youth as simultaneously sacred and mundane—these separations did not exist in the early modern world. Given this fact, it may seem unnecessary to mark out this separation here but it is important to note the major conceptual traps that challenge the modern researcher.

The marginalia contained in these books is scrawled chaotically between columns and in the vertical and horizontal margins (see Figure I). In addition, there is at least one book that has two full pages of doodling and illustrations—swords, birds, and faces are depicted (see Figure II). Further, many of the books I examined were damaged by water, sand, and insects but are in remarkable material integrity, surviving various tumultuous times in México (independence struggles, interventions) and the United States (San Francisco earthquake and great fire of 1906). While some of the marginalia is faded and unreadable, for this researcher, these books are preserved outstandingly, a testament to the work being accomplished by the dedicated and talented staff of the California State Library system.

There are two related premises that I suppose in my methodological approach of this source material: first, these books and the knowledge contained within act as intermediaries in the dialogic relations between student and teacher at the Colegio; and second, the marginalia that accompanies much of the printed text reveals the "routine of learning," demonstrating the techniques of "remembering and assimilating text." That is, as a responsive action to the accompanying text, annotating in the margins—"[m]arking, copying out, inserting glosses, selecting heads, adding bits from other books, and writing one's own observations"—represents methods and strategies for ordering, grappling, and comprehending knowledge.

In the context of the doctoral project outlined above, this material is a promising source for answering questions about indigenous education and knowledge systems in the early modern Spanish world. I have hopefully articulated in the discussion above that these printed books not only impart great interpretive potential but they are also highly complex documents situated in trans-temporal space. That said, like most historical materials, there are practical issues associated with using the marginalia in particular that are methodologically problematic. In this specific case, there are two significant concerns: accurate chronological dating of the marginal writing and the attribution of authorship. I am interested in the sixteenth-century when these books acted as educational aids at the Colegio; it will take great care, effort, and time to date the various scripts and hands contained in these sources to this period and institution. This is the historian's craft at its most basic—parsing out the who's and when's. Unlocking these secrets is a fruitful enterprise with exciting academic potential.

To conclude I want to draw attention to the underutilization of the Sutro's Mexicana Collection by scholars. Prof. Mathes wrote one of the only treatments of this collection and in that work he focused his arguments around the significance of print culture and the knowledge economy in the foundational years of colonization in México. So much work is yet to be done on this theme using the resources of the Sutro Library, and I hope to contribute to a greater understanding of how people and knowledge interact in colonial spaces where power is unequal and order is contested.
1. Extra special thanks to Diana Kohnte, Lauranne Lee, Nenita Mendoza, Daisy Ho, and Gary F. Kurutz of the Sutro Library Branch of the California State Library for all their encouragement, assistance, and care during and after my time in this remarkable library. I am so grateful. In addition, many thanks to M. Patricia Morris, Dr. Kenneth Mills, Dr. Nadia Jones-Gailani, Daniel Rosenthal, Stacy Hushion, and Lucas Campo Vernay for their careful consideration and editing of this article.

2. In this article I use the term indigenous to signify generally the peoples populating the Americas prior to European contact—more specifically, I am referring to the Nahuatl-speaking populations of today’s central México. The term indigeneity is used here to refer to the cultural and racial ‘Otherness’ of indigenous peoples as perceived, imagined, and marked out by an array of non-indigenous observers and commentators, particularly those of European descent.


4. Ibid., 3.

5. The rise of humanist intellectual trends in west Europe corresponds approximately with Martin Luther’s Ninety-Five Theses (c.1517) and the Catholic Church’s subsequent campaign against religious heresy and error, a period often known as the Counter-Reformation. These European currents had important implications for religious education in the New World as the Church sought to firmly define correct Catholic behaviour and belief, solidifying this effort in the declarations of the Council of Trent (c.1545-1563). Although the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) are typically associated with this period, they did not arrive in New Spain until the later sixteenth-century following the Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians who had arrived in the early colonial period. There are various theological, evangelical, and pedagogical differences between the various religious orders; these differences played out in the ambivalent terrain of early colonial New Spain, foregrounding notions of the indigenous person as contested spiritual space. The early period saw the heaviest influx of Franciscan friars, making Franciscan ideas the prominent theological influence in the early colony. See Robert Ricard, *The Spiritual Conquest: an essay on the apostolate and the evangelizing methods of the mendicant orders in New Spain, 1523-1572*, trans. Lesley Byrd Simpson (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1966) for an in-depth analysis of the differences.


7. Ibid., 68. Roughly, Vitoria was elected Chair of Theology at the University of Salamanca in 1526 and lectured there until his death in 1546. Pagden quoting Francisco de Vitoria, *Relectio ‘De indis’*, ed. L. Pereña and J.M. Pérez Prendes (Madrid, Spain: Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas 1539, 1967), 29.

8. Ibid., 104.

9. Ibid.

10. SilverMoon, “The Imperial College of Tlatelolco and the Emergence of a New Nahua Intellectual Elite in New Spain (1500-1760)” (PhD diss., Duke University, 2007), pp. 76, 80.

11. See Mathes, *The America’s First Academic Library*, Chapter 2 (pp. 12-26) for a more detailed discussion of this issue.


13. See Mathes, *The America’s First Academic Library*, Appendix I (pp. 49–74) and II (pp. 75–82) for lists of the confirmed and probable contents of the Colegio’s library.


15. These authors include individuals like John Duns Scotus, St. John Chrysostom, Francisco de Vitoria, St. Vincent Ferrer, and Domingo de Soto.


20. Ibid.
Dr. Cindy Mediavilla presented to Gary Strong the California Library Association California Library Hall of Fame Award following his memorable speech before the Powell Society.
As we gather tonight in this historic space I am honored to have the opportunity to share a few reflections with you. Each of you here this evening shares a special relationship with the UCLA Library and with me. For us to come together as we have each year, we have been able to engage in the future of the UCLA Library. Your significant commitment to the continuity of one of the most important research libraries in North America has been critical in continuing to move us into the future. That future is different from the past, and yet we build on the firm foundation of those who have come before us.

Ten years ago when I stood in the rotunda of this historic building I expressed the challenge of forging new directions as well as protecting and preserving the Library’s great, vast collections and to developing new ones. I committed to build new electronic resources and engage the Library in scholarly communication and at the same time strengthen our services to faculty and students as they navigate today’s vast and constantly changing store of knowledge and ideas.

People are the core of our community at UCLA. The Library staff is among the best in research libraries in the world headed by a core team of senior administrators who daily lead the Library. Our librarians and staff have worked tirelessly to sustain our commitment to serve UCLA’s faculty and students, build the collections that will support research and teaching, preserve the scholarly record, and create new services that engage our community. Together we have worked to develop a broad constituency of loyal and dedicated supporters who believe in the UCLA Library and its mission. Without your support we could not have accomplished what we have. We have been fortunate to have the support of UCLA’s top leadership—our Chancellor Gene Block and Executive Vice Chancellor and Provost Scott Waugh.

Collections are the core of any library, and UCLA has built massive, respected collections making it one of the greatest research libraries in the world. We believe that preserving the print collection is a high priority in this digital age as we struggle to sustain the scholarly record.

Compiling a book on reading in 1987, I asked numerous authors, librarians, and others to contribute. Bob Hayes, then dean of UCLA’s School of Library and Information Science commented:

*It is my philosophical position that the open, ready availability of information is essential to our society and culture, to our political process, to our economic well-being, to our scientific development, and to the welfare of the individual person ... information is the ultimate good. It makes it possible for people to share with each other, both now and across time. It provides the means for us to deal with social complexity without loss of individual freedom. It serves as the basis for education and individual growth.*

But we have not been willing to rest on our past accomplishments alone. With your support we have been building one of the most impressive digital collections held by any research library. These new resources have repurposed the treasures within our special collections, captured knowledge born digitally, and created new methods of access and discovery envisioned by my predecessors as they sought to “automate and computerize” the Library experience. With the launch of the television news archive and our world ephemera project, as well as the new Los Angeles electronic gateway, we have begun to harness new forms of knowledge, new content, exciting views built upon the ingenuity of our faculty and Library staff and to make it discoverable and easily accessible anywhere and anytime.

These traditional and new knowledge resources have begun to create new and deep relationships with faculty and students. The engagement with the digital humanities and with eResearch data initiatives here at UCLA and within the research library community has positioned us to continue our leadership role into the future.

The Library is an institution of continuing stability, with established and new roles and relationships to the constituencies it serves and with clear commitments to that philosophical view. I hope that this Library will continue to maintain that stability in the future and will forge relationships to the constituencies served in assuring ready, open availability to information, ideas, and knowledge.

Bob further conjectured: *... reading makes these means for communication real and more than just artifacts. The book comes to life when it is read. It affects the reader and, potentially, all to whom the reader then communicates.* The library assures that the book can live on in this way and not disappear and die. Yes, the book will take on new forms and reading will occur on new and different devices, but the fundamentals are still at play.

I speculated as I began my UCLA journey that faculty and students at UCLA would create significant amounts of new intellectual content and that the Library would need to work to determine how best to capture and preserve this invaluable resource and ensure that it is appropriately made available for use and consultation. Robust systems of full text are being developed and will be maintained alongside our vast print

**EDITOR’S NOTE**

Gary E. Strong kindly consented to the publication of his inspiring talk to the Powell Society Dinner last November. (Your editor was in attendance). Strong officially retired as university librarian at the end of 2012. When Strong served as state librarian of California from 1980 to 1991, he founded the California State Library Foundation. Since leaving the State Library, he has consistently been a generous donor to the Foundation and a frequent contributor to the Bulletin.
collections. New portals and gateways to global information have moved us forward to create appropriate interfaces with social media. New possibilities and opportunities are appearing almost daily, challenging us to identify and utilize the most suitable and effective.

I am bringing a long career to a close in a few weeks. As I reflect on the opportunities I have had over the last almost fifty years now in working in libraries (more if you count being a student assistant in the high school library), I must pause a moment to recall the long list of people who have influenced my life and my time in service.

The first in this must be my family. Carolyn is here with me tonight as she has always been by my side and my most ardent champion joined by our son Chris. Our daughter, her husband, and our grandchildren are here in spirit as they both teach; Mason is in kindergarten and Ellie in preschool. It is important they not stray from that path as these children are our future.

My parents, brothers, and sister all tolerated my nose in a book and my desire to work in libraries. I am so pleased my sister Linda could join us here tonight with her husband.

I must also mention Mrs. Bennett, my high school Latin teacher (for four years), senior English teacher, high school librarian, and drama coach (we were a small high school), who inspired me to become a librarian. To the many librarians who mentored me throughout my career and the public officials and others who allowed me to thrive doing something I loved. And to the people who have staffed the libraries I have had the good fortune to lead. They are the unsung champions of today, and I have deep respect for them.

I have been fortunate to be able to get around as I have pursued my dreams. I just realized I have flown over two million miles, visited every county in California (some several times), been in 49 of the 50 states on library business, and traveled to more countries than I can count.

I’ve stood on the Great Wall of China and in Red Square and realized how global our reach must be. I have visited libraries in the outer reaches of China, Russia, Israel, and South America. I’ve looked out of the window of the Office of the Librarian of Congress to the US Capitol, visited the White House, and delivered testimony on the Hill and in state capitals. I’ve represented IFLA as an NGO representative to the United Nations. I’ve walked through more libraries, in more places, than I can count.

I have worked under five governors in two different states, led several professional associations, and spoken with hundreds of adult learners as they sought to improve their reading skills. I have spoken to hundreds of legislators; government officials at the county, city, and state levels; and leaders within the international library community.

And during all of this time, I have been caught up in the whirlwind of change. In 1984 I funded a conference here at UCLA led by Bob Hayes on “Libraries and the Information Economy in California.” In my closing remarks, I commented:

It’s most exhilarating when the people in this State can make something happen, when they come together and produce results ... we had the opportunity to explore some new ideas and to share our own feelings and thoughts…. This is part of the process of planning. This is only a snapshot in what I think we own now as collective responsibility in ensuring that the State does the best job it possibly can in addressing some information needs, societal needs, and I would hope, some government needs.

I spoke then about the challenge of excellence. Yes, we are not burning down yet, but there are those sitting around with matches who would like to see libraries and information services at least charred around the edges a bit. We must move forward and support the UCLA Library. With your support and leadership the people here tonight will make that dream move ahead.

There are many stories I could tell, but I won’t tonight, so breathe easy. Suffice it to say that libraries change lives. Being able to read empowers one to take charge of one’s life, and to think critically and create new knowledge sets us apart in this world.

I have always believed that libraries represent a fundamental public good in our democracy. They assure the right, the privilege, and the ability of individuals to choose and pursue any direction of thought, study, or action they wish. The library provides the intellectual capital necessary for us to understand the past and to plan for the future. It is also our collective memory, since history and human experience are best preserved in writing. This Library has been dedicated to the needs of its diverse community on the campus, its advocacy and support of appropriate technology, the excellence of its collections, and the commitment of its staff to the very highest ideals of library practice.

As I now go out into this good night, I salute you and ask that you commit yourselves and your resources to the UCLA Library and its future ventures. I expect to see each of you as UCLA celebrates 100 years in 2019.

ENDNOTES


2 Ibid.


4 Ibid.
The narrator tells you whose car is in front, how far behind the chasing cars are, how fast they are going, whether the curves they are negotiating are blind or hairpin, what the hero is seeing out of the window on both sides of the car and the expressions on the faces of the drivers. It’s quite believable and complete.” Patrick Church is describing a typical car chase in a descriptive video.

He and his wife Marisa, both patrons of BTBL, had been enjoying such videos for some time, but when their source stopped distributing them, they were especially pleased that BTBL had acquired and then began loaning out the first group of 200 titles. “We enjoyed *Shrek* again, my wife’s favorite movie,” Patrick said.

BTBL’s Reader Advisors report there is lots of patron enthusiasm for these movies, and many patrons are hoping that more recent movies might soon be added. Program Manager Mike Marlin confirms that indeed he recently purchased 80 new DVD titles of movies produced within the past year and a half. The new selections should be ready for circulation by February or March 2013 if all goes well.

In other news, Program Manager Mike Marlin and Librarian Mary Jane Rayes attended the biennial National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped (NLS) in Rhode Island in May 2012. There, they had the pleasure of meeting and listening to the newly appointed Director of the National Library Service, Karen Keninger. Among Keninger’s many qualifications for this position is the fact that she is a daily user of a wide range of the information technology supplied by NLS and by BTBL as well as being a braille reader.

At the NLS meeting, Mary Jane also picked up numerous helpful suggestions, which she has used to further the development of the digital recording program here in Sacramento. As a part of that effort, volunteer Barbara Deason transferred a large group of analog recordings into digital format and began placing markers and new announcements into these recordings. When the digital files are completed, the converted books will be circulated to BTBL patrons to be played on digital talking book machines (DTBMs). At present, DTBMs are distributed to over 9,000 BTBL patrons.

The Braille and Talking Book Library staff wishes to remind *Bulletin* readers to mention our service to Northern California family or friends who could benefit from utilizing this free and vital service. More information is available at http://www.library.ca.gov/services/btbl.html.
THREE TREASURES DONATED BY DONALD J. HAGERTY

Historian and Foundation Board Member Donald J. Hagerty continued his generous year-end support with the donation of three treasures. As the biographer of the noted California and Western artist Maynard Dixon, Hagerty has acquired many wonderful examples of his work. This latest addition, however, is remarkable for a number of reasons. It is a beautiful copy of Wyndam Robertson’s *Pocahontas and Her Descendants* (1887). Maynard Dixon’s mother, Constance Maynard Dixon, was a descendant of Pocahontas. His father Harry St. James Dixon presented the Robertson book to his wife with this inscription: “one of the descendants of Pocahontas from her husband, Fresno 25 June 1889.” Harry and Constance Dixon were the artist’s parents. The front pastedown of the book includes the bookplate of Constance designed by her famous son. Mrs. Dixon annotated the volume throughout, and the leaf facing the last text page consists of a marvelous manuscript family tree beginning in 1560 and ending with the marriage of Constance to Harry. The volume is also illustrated with original albumen photographs of portrait paintings of early Dixon family members.

Because of Hagerty’s expertise in Southwestern art and contemporaries of Maynard Dixon, he also acquired and donated to the Library a charcoal drawing entitled *Reclining Male Figure* by Walter Ufer (1876–1936). Dated 1912, the drawing measures 18 x 24 inches. Born in Germany and raised in Kentucky, Ufer returned to Germany for study as an artist. Upon returning to the United States, he visited Taos, New Mexico, and found it much to his liking. In the “Land of Enchantment” Ufer became one of the “Taos Ten” and was active in the Taos Society of Artists. Ufer focused his artistic talents on capturing scenes of Native American life and the region’s comely landscape.

In recent years the Library has acquired several glass orotone or goldtone photographs (see *Bulletin* 102, pp. 16–21 for an article on orotones). Knowing of our interest, Hagerty donated a gorgeous 5 x 7 inch orotone taken on the floor of Yosemite Valley looking to the northeast. The image was taken by pioneer cinematographer Farciot Edouart (1895–1980) sometime in the 1930s. His orotone is protected by an attractive gold Arts and Crafts style frame. Born in Los Angeles, Edouart won ten Academy Awards for his work in the cinema.
NEW ADDITIONS TO THE REAL PHOTO POSTCARD COLLECTION

The Foundation continues to support the pictorial collections of the Library through the purchase of historical photographs. These purchases are financed by use fees charged to publishers and others who are using Library images for commercial purposes. This is a standard practice in most research libraries. Because the State Library is a statewide organization, the institution seeks images from all fifty-eight counties. With Foundation support, the Library has substantially increased its collection of real photo postcards. Produced in limited quantity and now rare, these 5 x 7 inch silver halide black and white images are a wonderful source for documenting small towns, roadside businesses, mining operations, bus and railroad depots, and rural California from Weed in Siskiyou County to Indio in Imperial County. To date, over 4,700 real photo postcards have been added and most are available for viewing online.

View of the Santa Claus Juice Bar, Carpinteria, Santa Barbara County. This roadside stand not only featured a welcoming Santa Claus but also the mayor’s office.

“Boating on San Fernando St. near Vine St.” San Jose, March 7, 1911.

“Moving Day in La Mesa, Cal.”, 1910, is a wonderful example of doing it yourself in the early days of motoring.

Big Rock Beach Café, Malibu, 1953. This coast highway café offered breathtaking views, cocktails, and hot cakes. It is a superb example of a restaurant responding to the motorist.
YELLOW ASTER MINE ARCHIVE

One of the strengths of the Library’s California History Section are manuscript collections documenting mining and related industries. Many of these collections dating from the Gold Rush era to well into the twentieth century consist of letters, ledger books, deeds, contracts, letter books, maps, plans, stock certificates, and photographs. Several years ago, the Library obtained a substantial archive of the Yellow Aster Mine near Randsburg in Kern County. Through Foundation assistance late last year, another important lot of material was offered and acquired. The collection now consists of twenty-four archival boxes holding nearly five thousand items. The Yellow Aster Mine operated from 1895 to 1918 and from 1921 to the 1930s. It yielded more than twelve million dollars. According to R. C. Bailey’s book on Kern County place names, the mine’s name is derived from a popular paperback novel, A Yellow Aster (ca. 1894). Now fully processed, the collection presents a superb overview of mining in that remote desert region. The following is a brief history of the mine taken from the Library’s California History Section online finding aid:

The Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company evolved from mining claims located in April 1895 in the Rand Olympus Mountains of eastern Kern County, California. It originally operated as the Rand Mining Company but incorporated in Nevada on 16 November 1897 using the name of one of its principal claims, the Yellow Aster. Principals and directors were Charles Austin Burcham, Dr. Rose La Monte Burcham, Frederic M. Mooers, John Singleton, and John M. Miller. The original stockholders also included Edward L. Mooers (son), and Frances L. Mooers (wife).

By 1901 the company had constructed both a thirty stamp mill and a one hundred stamp mill, and developed two extensive water systems to operate those mills. The Yellow Aster soon became recognized as the major producer of gold in California. But its early days were also rife with litigation, and a miners’ strike from 1903–1918 was one of the longest in mining history. The Yellow Aster was also unique in that it was one of the few major mines to be retained and developed by the original locators, and in that a woman, Dr. Burcham, was the driving force in its management.

The principals of the Yellow Aster also became involved in other local business interests, such as the Rand Mercantile Company. This “company store” served as the mine’s purchasing agent and provided consumer goods for the miners. Other business interests included the Rand Development Company, the Randsburg Telephone Exchange, the Randsburg Water Company, and The Randsburg Miner, the local newspaper. Due to these extensive business holdings, the principals of the Yellow Aster were prominent in the early history of Randsburg.

Apparently the high-grade ore was exhausted early, and its proceeds used to develop the mine, mills, and water system. The Company’s fabled “wealth” then consisted of a large amount of low-grade ore yet to be turned into profit. By World War I the use of the larger mill was discontinued due to rising operating costs and increasingly the remaining mining activity was conducted by lessees on a royalty basis. The corporate charter of the Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company was forfeited in 1934, but revived later that year, and the mine was subsequently operated by the Anglo American Mining Company. Operations ceased in the late 1930s. Currently the Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company remains a viable legal entity, and the mine is operated as an “open-pit” by the Glamis Gold Company.
STACEY ALDRICH LEAVES FOR PENNSYLVANIA

S tate Librarian of California Stacey Aldrich resigned in October 2012 to accept the position of deputy secretary for the Office of Commonwealth Libraries of Pennsylvania. Aldrich assumed her new responsibilities in Harrisburg in early November. In many respects, this move to the Keystone State represents a homecoming. She attended the University of Pittsburgh for her Master of Arts and Bachelor of Arts degrees and her parents live in Pennsylvania.

Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger appointed Aldrich state librarian of California on November 19, 2009. Previously, she was the deputy state librarian and took over as acting state librarian in February 2009 following the departure of Susan Hildreth to the Seattle Public Library. During her California tenure Aldrich led the library community through challenging times exacerbated by the “Great Recession”. As a passionate futurist, she implemented several statewide programs to make electronic resources available to all Californians. In addition, she oversaw the relocation of the Sutro Library to its new facility on the campus of San Francisco State University and the restoration of the Library & Courts Building in Sacramento, which is nearing completion. She expanded the Foundation-funded “Food for Thought” evening programs at the Library and later changed its name to “A Night at the State Library” to reflect its emphasis on Library collections. We wish her every success in her new endeavor.

GERALD MAGINNITY TAKES THE HELM

G erald Maginnity is now serving as acting state librarian until Governor Brown makes an appointment. He is assisted by the State Library’s executive team of Jarrid Keller, Debbie Newton, Brian Sala, Phyllis Smith, and David Cismowski. Prior to assuming his new responsibilities, Maginnity held the position of chief of the Library Development Services Bureau of the State Library. This bureau administers various state and federal programs, including the Library Services and Technology Act (LSTA) grant program, the Public Library Fund, the California Library Services Act, California Library Literacy Services, and the California Civil Liberties Public Education Program (CCLPEP).

Maginnity joined the State Library in November 2005 with broad experience in a variety of public libraries and cooperative library systems and became the bureau chief in May 2008. Previous work experience in California included coordinator of the Sacramento-based Mountain Valley Library System, associate county librarian in Fresno, and Vallejo branch head for Solano County Library. In addition, he has worked for the Serra Cooperative Library System in Imperial and San Diego Counties and the Lassen County Library. Prior to coming to the Golden State, Maginnity worked for libraries in Canada and Mexico, including the Main Library of the Instituto Tecnológico in Monterrey, Mexico. He received his Master’s Degree from the School of Library and Information Science, University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario, Canada.

M. PATRICIA AND LARRY MORRIS WIN PRIZE AT BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA CENTENNIAL

O ur talented and multi-faceted author and copy editor, M. Patricia Morris and her husband Larry won the best costume award at the prestigious Book Club of California Centennial Luncheon on December 12, 2012 (12-12-12). The luncheon was held in the Julia Morgan Ballroom of the Merchants Exchange Building in San Francisco—the very building in which the club was founded. Club officials encouraged attendees to dress in the style of the original members and many did. However, when the Morrices walked into the fifteenth floor reception vestibule, everyone stared with delight at the handsome couple. Surely everyone knew that they would win. Pat remarked as she and her husband started walking along California Street, they received little notice. San Franciscans apparently take historic costumes in stride. Congratulations to Pat and Larry for their imaginative attire!
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