

RANCHO SAN RAFAEL

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When the Campbell-Johnstons Came to San Rafael

By Elinor and Irvin Ashkenazy

*In the 1880s, a wellborn Scotsman and his wife acquired
a vast ranch along the west bank of the Arroyo Seco.
With their three sons they presided over their rural "fiefdom."
Today only tiny Johnston Lake and the Church of the Angels
in Pasadena recall those lively days*



Church of the Angels about 1900, and
in a view looking north in 1892



Men handling the teams at the stable



An afternoon on Johnston Lake



First house built on the ranch



Family and friends gather for picture-taking



AT ONE end of the vaulted nave of the Episcopal Church of the Angels in Pasadena, California, three large banners hang side by side. One is the Stars and Stripes, the second the Christian flag, while the third the British Union Jack.

The latter attests to the national origin of the denomination and honors the Englishwoman who built the church on what was then the San Rafael Ranch. Frances Campbell-Johnston dedicated it in 1889 in memory of her late husband, British diplomat Alexander Robert Campbell-Johnston. (The hyphenated name comes from his mother, of the Clan Campbell, and his father, Sir Alexander of the Clan Johnston.)

Grandson of the last British governor of colonial South Carolina, Alexander Campbell-Johnston had inherited a fine talent for the management of foreign estates. By 1880, when he and his wife arrived in California, he and several of their ten sons were already managing extensive ranchlands in Australia, South Africa and Liberia. In California new domains were being carved from the enclosed empires of the Spanish and Mexicans. Entrepreneurs from across the continent and half a world away were streaming westward, seeking a slice of the golden pie. But the Campbell-Johnstons did not come empty-handed. They brought with them financial capital and hostages to fortune: three of their sons, Augustus, twenty-two; Conway Seymour, twenty; and Alexander Napier, fifteen. With them, they planned to sink roots in the new world.

The Campbell-Johnstons took their sons, studying vast areas before finally settling their bets on the Carlotta ranch in Madera County, near the foothills of Fresno. Thus established, they put their three sons in charge and sailed back to England and to their ancestral home in Annandale, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

In 1883 Alexander Campbell-Johnston and his lady returned, this time to check out news of a land

boom reverberating out of Southern California. Now past seventy, a heavy-set tweedy man with gray, bristling brows and a short gray beard, his native brogue varnished over by the accents of Whitehall and Mayfair London, Alexander Campbell-Johnston was the very model of a wellborn Scottish gentleman. His eye for the main chance, keen as it was, was tempered, however, by proper Caledonian caution. He was not a man to invest before investigating.

Details of arrival are sketchy, but presumably he and his wife got off the train at Los Angeles where the streets were thronged with wagon traffic and even an innovative horse-car line. Eventually they arrived in Garvanza, a pleasant hamlet of some 300 residents (now part of Highland Park, a Los Angeles suburb) which overlooked a twisting canyon, the Arroyo Seco (Dry Wash). Not that it was all that dry; a silvery vein of water wound for miles toward a junction with a purling rill dubbed the Los Angeles River.

Garvanza (a corruption of garbanzo, the wild chick-pea that grew here in pink-flowered profusion) boasted a post office and a weekly four-page tabloid newspaper, *The Garvanzan*. Once, as far as the eye could see, the land had all been part of the Rancho San Rafael, a vast fiefdom granted in 1784 by Governor Pedro Fages to Jose Mariano Verdugo, an officer of the presidio of San Diego. But long before the arrival of the Campbell-Johnstons, great sections of the old rancho had begun to change hands.

Don Julio Verdugo, grandson and heir to Don Jose, had mortgaged 114,000 acres of the rancho for less than \$3,500. Bad crops and poor management forced an eight-year delay in any repayment. By that time an usurious rate of interest (commonplace in those days), plus costs, had raised the debt to nearly \$60,000. Don Julio saw most of his land auctioned off for one dollar an acre. Eventually a large portion of it was

subdivided and sold to Benjamin Dreyfus, a German immigrant, and Prudent Beaudry, a French Canadian and former mayor of Los Angeles.

Prudent deeded his share to his brother Victor who, together with Dreyfus, found a canny customer for their entire 2,300 acres: Alexander Campbell-Johnston. The new owner immediately anglicized the name of his portion of the great rancho to San Rafael Ranch and sent for his sons to help him take over.

Its boundaries ran north and south along the western palisades of the Arroyo Seco, and west for several miles to a massive sandstone landmark the natives called Piedra Gorda (Fat Rock). The promontory's aquiline profile has earned it the current name, Eagle Rock, which is also the name of the Los Angeles suburb it borders.

Within the perimeter of the ranch rose ridges and rolling meadowlands, flowered with creamcups and baby blue-eyes. A mile north of Garvanza, a foothill of the San Gabriel Mountains lifted its head a thousand feet, the highest spot on the San Rafael Ranch. Poppy Peak, as it is still called, was lit each spring with a conflagration of California poppies. In 1963, the Diamond Jubilee issue of the Highland Park *News-Herald* envisioned what early Spanish sailors must have seen looking landward to its distant summit, incandescent with sunlit bloom: "Like molten gold flowing down the mountain slope, Poppy Peak was God's glory in the kingdom of the dons."

To its new laird, the ranch was an exotic contradiction of desert highlands and rocky bluffs, with marshy swales lush with grass, reminding him of the lonely moors and braes of his native Dumfriesshire. "Aye," he must have said on more than one occasion, "like Annandale itself."

And so the San Rafael Ranch became known, too, as Annandale, a name by which part of its former area is still known.

His wife, Frances, no doubt could see the resemblance. Gentle, intel-

Continued from page 16

ligent, as flexible as steel, as persistent as a compass needle, she brought with her wherever she went a devotion to both church and Britain as bedrocks of society.

From Scotland and the English countryside Alexander Campbell-Johnston brought over a burly crew of herdsmen no less tough than the native California cowboys with whom they worked. Later, to manage the San Rafael Ranch Company, he hired Robert Lindsay, son of his cousin, the Reverend Henry Lindsay, canon of Peterborough Cathedral.

WITH THE ranch stocked and fully manned, Alexander Campbell-Johnston possibly thought that he had re-created an Annandale that would last as long as the one described in the motto under his family coat of arms:

*Within the Vale of Annandale
The gentle Johnstons ride;
They've been here now for
a thousand years,
A thousand more they'll bide.*

They began building as if they fully expected to stay a thousand years in the valley of the Arroyo Seco. Stables, barns, bunkhouse and corrals were constructed, and a windmill built to pump water from Johnston's spring bubbling up from the bottom of the arroyo to be stored in a cistern atop the palisades. The arroyo itself was a wild, tree-shaded canyon cradling a limpid, sweet-flowing stream, the haunt of raccoon, deer, opossum and, on rare occasions, a bandit or two. It was here, near the west bank of the Arroyo Seco that the Campbell-Johnstons established the center of their ranching operations, laid out their 2,300-acre private kingdom, and made of it a little bit of Britain.

In addition to the spring, there burbled through grassy meadows a crystal brook that soon became Johnston's Creek. Partially piped underground and out of sight, the stream today still feeds an ornamental lake east of Avenue 64 between La Loma Road and Burleigh Drive in

Pasadena. Privately owned by adjacent householders, it is no longer adorned by the sheep and cattle that once drank there, but by a variety of waterfowl, wild and domestic, enjoying handouts from passersby, few of whom—if any—know why it is called Johnston Lake.

Originally hardly more than a pond, its waters held by a dam of brush and mud, it was an oasis in the semiarid hunting grounds of the Gabrieleno Indians. Spanish and Mexican trappers also roved the arroyo, capturing alive wildcats, cougars and bears for the fighting pits of Los Angeles. They even built an arena for these bloody "sports" on the very spot where the Rose Bowl now stands in the arroyo.

In Mayor Beaudry's day the land was planted largely to vines whose grapes supplied the winery he'd built in the little valley beside the pond. A country lane called Mountain Road (now Avenue 64) ran north from Garvanza for nearly a mile to dead-end before a massive foothill of shale and sandstone.

Beaudry was forced to drive his wagons to market by an impossible path over a ridge and down a bluff to Mountain Road. He decided that the best way to gain easier access to the road was by tunneling straight through the huge foothill.

He began construction in 1876, cutting through 480 feet of solid rock, the tailings providing a roadway to the tunnel. The rocky debris also served to build up the dam, enlarging the pond into the lake it is today.

SHORED by stout timbers, Beaudry's tunnel was high and wide enough to accommodate a loaded hay wagon. Nearly half a century was to pass before it finally surrendered to time and the wreckers—giving way to make room for Burleigh Drive—the cut exposing marine sediments laid down by an ancient sea.

But in the youth and heyday of the San Rafael Ranch, the tunnel could almost be likened to the magic rabbit hole through which Alice fell

en route to Wonderland. At its eastern end it opened into an enchanted valley set with a sparkling lake amid fields of grain, vineyards and orchards. About the lake were flocks of sheep attended by a Scottish shepherd and busy sheep dogs. Ranch hands working about the barns and corrals and cowboys tending cattle on distant slopes were generally large young men whose exotic accents—Scottish, Yorkshire and Cockney—dominated the verbal scene. There were others, more indigenous, including caretaker Felipe Estrada, who is remembered to this day by Pasadena businessman Herbert V. Nootbaar as "a great little Yaqui Indian."

An old clipping that appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper of unknown date was quoted decades later by the late C. F. Shoop in the *Pasadena Star-News*: "Walking from Los Angeles toward Pasadena, the street [Mountain Road] turned to the right and a few yards further I saw the mouth of a tunnel—a tunnel through solid rock . . . and emerged in a valley . . . containing no less than 1,000 acres. . . . In the distance all sides of the valley rose the mountains . . . the only entrance being a tunnel from which we had just emerged. . . . We found the overseer's house and a burly, broad-shouldered Englishman came out to meet me. There was an immense stable there with a hundred or more dogs; dogs of all sizes from terriers to bloodhounds. . . .

"Near the center of the valley situated on an eminence overlooking the surrounding country, we saw the Campbell-Johnston homestead. . . . we heard the deep baying of hounds and a few minutes later an English bull terrier snapped at our heels. A young Englishman came from the house with a whip. He quieted the hounds and sent the bull terrier howling through the cornfield. . . . In the yard were flowers and plants and a lawn tennis court, and the music of a piano, undeniably played by many line hands. . . ."

Continued on page

The young Englishman who quieted the hounds was undoubtedly Alexander Napier, while the masculine hands playing the piano were likely those of the most artistic and enterprising of the three brothers, Conway Seymour. (In 1915 he sailed for England for service in World War I and, together with his wife, was drowned off the south coast of Ireland by the torpedoing of the M.S. *Lusitania*.)

The oldest brother, Augustine, eventually acquired Alice, an English migrant, as their housekeeper and, the fullness of time, married her in spite of a scandalized wagging of tongues among the local social elite. It may be said that Alice became a Campbell-Johnston, guarding the family interests with a sharp andalous eye and outliving them all.

WITH THE ranch in full operation, Alexander and Frances Campbell-Johnston returned to Britain, leaving their American enterprise in the hands of their three sons.

The boys' openhanded life-style, it is said, was maintained by tightfisted business policies. Since their most immediate source of income was from grazing fees, signs advertising pastures were placed far and wide: earlings \$1 per month. Cows \$2 a month. Thoroughbred Jersey Bull "the Herd." Service by the bull five dollars extra per cow.

The old pasture book kept by the Campbell-Johnston brothers and ranch manager, Robert Lindsay, can be found today in the rare book collection of the Huntington Library in Marino. Inside its front cover, what all who rented might read, is a section of the 1878 California Code which states that, until grazing charges are paid, a rancher has a lien on all livestock to which he has provided pasture.

Several hundred cows usually grazed the rolling grasslands. Those whose board bills became unreasonably overdue were confiscated without ado—all quite legally, of course. Some either became part of the ranch or were sold to a Los Angeles

butcher for whatever the meat and hides would bring.

Another source of income was from the ranch's vineyards. The San Rafael Winery was noted for a special vintage of Angelica; its original price to dealers made a profit at twenty cents a gallon.

The brothers brought with them a British taste for riding to hounds and a Scottish passion for golf. Indeed, their weed-cleared course on pastureland predated the more formal golf courses of Southern California. They were forced, at times, to share it with a few belligerent bovines, which, according to local historian, Donald W. Crocker, "created more of a hazard than the sand bunkers."

The first clubhouse of the Annandale Golf Club, an imposing structure, was built only a stone's throw from that original pasture course, and the new course itself embraced the pasture links, greatly expanding the facilities. The club moved to more spacious quarters and better links and the old clubhouse was later occupied by Highland College. But it had been abandoned the past few years, and in August of this year bulldozers demolished the seventy-year-old building, leaving only the dreams of those who remembered its former elegance. Motorists driving along Avenue 64 will take for granted the changes and forget that they are passing a bit of history.

A toll bridge, built by the Campbell-Johnston sons in 1889 near the site of the present-day La Loma Road bridge, was a wooden span wide enough for a horse and wagon. It gave more ready access to the ranch and some of its property already being subdivided into tracts for "fine rural homes with ample ground" as one advertisement put it. Completion of the bridge was celebrated with proper eclat, including toasts to Queen Victoria.

For many years John Ramsey, a Civil War veteran, collected the toll. Reports put it at amounts varying from five centavos to twenty cents and more, depending on the type of vehicle. No charge was made for passengers or for the large wagon that was sent to Pasadena each Sunday to bring its citizenry to worship at

the Church of the Angels. Until the arroyo was bridged, the only route was a bone-jarring plunge over a rocky path down one side, across the creek, and up the opposite embankment.

The toll bridge was replaced early in the 1900s by a wood and steel bridge constructed with public funds and free to all. The ranch area still had Garvanza as its post office, and not until the big Colorado Street bridge was built in 1913 did annexation to Pasadena become feasible. San Rafael Heights was annexed in 1914, Annandale in 1917, and Cheviotdale Heights, another large and hilly portion of the ranch, in 1923.

CONWAY earned additional social honors among the local enclave of British expatriates and native Anglophiles by helping found Pasadena's Valley Hunt Club. Elected master of hounds, he led many a charge of Hunt Club riders in bowlers, breeches and divided skirts, galloping through the Arroyo Seco behind a pack of hysterical hounds pursuing some wily fox or—if their trails crossed, as they often did—an astonished coyote. Arroyo-wise riders wore good luck charms against the disastrous mischance of overtaking a querulous cougar or, even worse, a grouchy grizzly.

Its members no longer ride to hounds, but the Valley Hunt Club continues to be one of Pasadena's most prestigious social clubs.

The arroyo at this pristine time, before its waters were confined in cement, was a fun place not only for fox hunters. "There was excitement in the wild, untrammelled Arroyo Seco," Almeda Hill Breeze, a retired art teacher, fondly recalls. "We explored from Devil's Gate south to the old Santa Fe Railway bridge in Garvanza. Wild grapes and cucumber vines, watercress, minnows and polliwogs—they were all there. In the fall, holly and mistletoe; in the spring, wildflowers. And where did we have Sunday school picnics? Under the toll bridge, of course."

Whole families spent vacations along the creek, fishing and bathing in deep clear pools. One family even brought along the family cow to en-

Continued on page 61

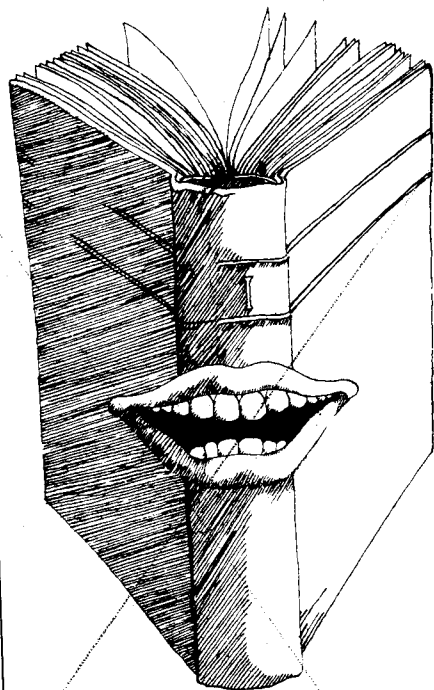
Books of the West

WITH so much of the American Bicentennial celebration focused on the eastern seaboard and the 13 colonies, it is refreshing to find a book that offers a wider view of the continent, and shows how important a part the West in both its known and unknown aspects played in the ambitions of the European powers, as well as in the hopes of the new American nation. Larry L. Meyer's **Shadow of a Continent: The Prize That Lay to the West—1776** (American West, Palo Alto, \$14.95) does precisely this in a series of ably written and wide-ranging chapters packed with historical detail and personal interest. As Meyer observes, the New World was not really all that new in 1776 after two and a half centuries of sporadic exploration and settlement by Spain, France, England and Holland, and he traces all the attempts of the white man to discover and hold the new land. Much of the initial impulse was based on seductive myths—legends of cities of gold and easy waterways leading to the Pacific—and Meyer illustrates them with the shifting geography of the cartographers at their drawing tables inventing rivers and lakes and trying to decide whether or not to make California an island.

The original inhabitants of the land were themselves influenced by the Europeans. Once they had supplied themselves with horses, the Plains Indians enjoyed a brief season of glory. Meanwhile, the Pueblos maintained an uneasy partnership with the Spaniards, and in the Far West the early missionaries were making converts through a variety of means. Meyer displays the complexities of these relationships with a sure and skillful hand and shows how the very nature of Indian life, with its local independence and tribal conflicts, made any kind of unified stand against the invaders impossible.

On the face of it, either France, with its early dominance of the Mississippi Valley, or Spain, long established in the Southwest, should have taken the continent. The British came

late, but they brought their own kind of independence and, as Meyer acutely points out, a turning point was reached when they began to think of themselves not simply as colonists but as Americans. He shows the founding fathers as men of vision, aware of what the West could mean, though many of them felt that their backs were to it. He singles out Jefferson as the most important figure actually facing West, conscious of its



possibilities and eager to take advantage of them.

A number of excellent maps show the phases of western development, indicating what was known of the country at specific periods and what remained terra incognita. The text itself is generously illustrated with a great variety of pictures, some contemporary with the period, others the romantic interpretations of individual artists. One of the most remarkable of the latter is Jan Mostaert's painting of Coronado's conquest of Acoma, with the New Mexican landscape rendered in traditional Flemish style.

Meyer's achievement is distinguished and satisfying, written with a lively sense of phrase and narrative. *Shadow of a Continent* will appeal

to the general reader, the professional historian, and to everyone with an interest in the West and the role played 200 years ago in shaping the nation.

The relationship and contrast between Mexico and the southwestern area of the United States, though sometimes stated in such terms as the feminine, mystic, instinctive Mexico as distinct from the masculine, practical, rational America, can hardly be completely set forth in quite such simple terms. But such a statement at least provides a starting point, and a number of books appearing recently play on and around the theme, suggesting the complexity of the interaction and its promise of depth for both writer and reader.

As its title indicates, **Mexico Mantic: The Coming Sixth World Consciousness** by Frank Waters (Swallow Press, Chicago, \$10) stresses the mythical in the past and predicts new states of awareness for the future. As one would expect, the author

The Man Who Killed the Deer offers a highly individual and sensitive reading of history, equating the Mayan Great Cycle with our own world, and to end soon and to be transformed into a new age, the Sixth World. Waters bases his conclusions on the mystic readings of space and time in ancient traditions and brings to bear upon them Jungian psychological insights, contemporary research in anthropology, astronomy and current astrology, using, among others, the work of Velikovsky and Gurdjieff. Most of this lies outside my fields of competence, but the book will appeal to readers who have responded to works as varied as Yeats' *A Vision* and Ouspensky's *Terrestrial Organum* and *In Search of the Mysterious*.

Another tradition of mysticism—the Judeo-Christian—is discussed in Fray Angelico Chavez' **My Penitential Land: Reflections on Spanish Mexico** (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, \$12), a study

Continued from page 57
are a supply of fresh milk. At night campfires, torches and lanterns would wel the arroyo like a fairyland.

Early in January 1888, some five years after they'd established the San Rafael Ranch and returned to Britain, Alexander and Frances Campbell-Johnston recrossed the Atlantic and the American continent to see how work on the ranch was progressing. They found the herds and flocks flourishing, the vineyards promising other fine vintage, and sales going well in a long-planned program of development. Their boys, ranch manager Robert Lindsay, and all hands joined in welcoming their long-ent *patrón* and *patrona*. Lee Yun, Chinese cook, outdid himself in preparing the reunion dinner.

The food cannot be blamed for Alexander Campbell-Johnston's indisposition shortly thereafter. He was twenty-six years old, had lived a prosperous life, and wandered the world on his own behalf and in service of his queen and country. The last time he saw his wife and children in California was, perhaps, one too many. His illness was brief. He died at the ranch house on January 21, 1888.

Frances Campbell-Johnston wanted to leave that wild, hard land and take Alexander's body back to Britain. It must have been at her intention that her three sons remained to work the ranch while she accompanied the remains alone on the long voyage around the Horn to England. There, in London's Brompton Cemetery, Alexander Campbell-Johnston was finally laid to rest.

Her grief soon flowered into a plan of perpetuating the memory of her husband by building a church where the people of Garvanza could worship. The spot she had in mind was then an undeveloped area which she and family warned her was "far out in the country" and difficult to reach. But Frances Campbell-Johnston, while a gentle woman, possessed an iron will uncorroded by fully chosen the site for her church and would not be moved. While in England she consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury Arthur Edmund Street, one of

the eminent architects of his time. Street drew up plans for a classic jewel of a church, with a square, forty-four-foot bell tower, all built of stone. The church, while not a replica, is reminiscent of centuries-old Holmbury Saint Mary's Church near Dorking in Surrey, England.

MRS. CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON returned to California and, after the groundbreaking ceremonies, spent months driving about in a buggy, canvassing the countryside for families who might provide her new church with a proper congregation. As the Reverend Dr. Thomas W. Haskins reported in the *Los Angeles Churchman*, October 1889, "She went about over the hills and down into the arroyo . . . ministering to the temporal needs of such as required it." By the time the church was ready for consecration she was godmother to forty-six newly baptized children.

She selected the name, Church of the Angels, and laid the cornerstone on Easter eve, April 20, 1889. Thereafter she was a regular observer of the construction, her favorite post a seat between the nearby twin sycamore trees, an ancient pair that local residents called El Consuelo (the comfort).

Made of red stone dug from the San Rafael Ranch, the church is faced with light buff sandstone quarried from the San Fernando Valley. The altar and all chancel furniture are veneered with wood made from two huge olive trees, over 100 years old, given by the Franciscan fathers from the grounds of the San Gabriel Mission.

The chancel is filled with the beauty of a magnificent stained glass memorial window fifteen feet high depicting the miracle of Easter dawn. (That it arrived undamaged from London via Cape Horn was in itself a miracle.)

Most such windows face east toward the rising sun, but this one looks west. The church's present rector, Father Hugh Percy, suggests that the window's western orientation arose out of Mrs. Campbell-Johnston's feeling that it was more in keeping with the poetic idea of the soul's direction. Her husband had, she said,

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GOLDEN STATE AND VENTURA FREEWAYS

"gone west," had he not?

The Church of the Angels was completed in September 1889, and consecrated on the twenty-ninth of that month on the Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels. Today, the church is within easy sight of the drivers who travel Avenue 64 daily.

Frances Campbell-Johnston, her dream realized, sailed back to her home in England. She died there on November 21, 1893.

A garden in the shape of a heart, adjoining the church grounds, was designed as a memorial to her. At its upper end, enclosed within the circle of a low, white, wrought-iron fence is a sundial thirty feet across. Bronze numerals are fixed to the ground along the fence's inner circumference. In the center stands an angel carved of white stone, bearing a cross which casts a shadow on the numerals along the ground, from one hour to the next. A block of stone in front of the fence bears this inscription from Matthew Arnold:

NOT 'TILL THE HOURS OF LIGHT RETURN
ALL WE HAVE BUILT DO WE DISCERN

The Church of the Angels today is the official chapel of the bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles. On January 6, 1971, the church was declared a cultural landmark by the Cultural Heritage Committee of the City of Pasadena. It has outlived by some fifty years the last male Campbell-Johnston in California. Today, the only relative of Alexander Campbell-Johnston still living in the area (in the house in which she was born) is his cousin, Elisabeth Lindsay Stevens, daughter of Robert Lindsay, the ranch manager.

When Augustine died September 28, 1920, the operation of the San Rafael Ranch came to an end. As a parting gift—a kind of cultural heritage in itself—the ranch company presented to the Church of the Angels its bronze dinner bell, once heard over the fields and now, hanging from its post, a nostalgic reminder of its pioneer past. But save for the charming little lake that bears its patronymic half, the name Campbell-Johnston has vanished from the map of California.

WHAT'S UP DOWN UNDER?

Continued from page

chased the woolly little maverick until we caught it, then plopped it over the fence where it belonged. As mother and young one trotted happily in the sunset, we felt glad that we were not on an organized bus tour, which would have deprived us of our Golden Samaritan sidelight.

How do you cope with automotive trouble on the road?

Both Tasman and Avis furnish lists of garages and service stations where their cars can be repaired. In addition, New Zealand and Australian national automotive clubs provide roving cars along the main highways to help stranded motorists.

We had no trouble on our trip. I did talk to a New Yorker who ran out of gasoline between Mittagong and Picton in Australia. A passing motorist gave him a lift to a service station five miles down the highway and another headed in the opposite direction returned him to his car.

"I always thought Aussies were brash loudmouths who didn't give a damn about anybody else," the New Yorker said. "Those two friendly guys changed my mind."

Is it possible to rent cars for shorter periods than the fly-drive package?

Indeed it is. In Sydney, for example, the yellow pages of the telephone book list forty-two automobile rent-a-car agencies. One well-known world-wide company's rates are typical: According to size, horsepower and manual or automatic transmission, Fords and Holdens ranged from \$1.75 to \$4.80 per hour, \$8.35 to \$24 per day, \$56 to \$143 per week plus kilometer charges and insurance.

In New Zealand, however, rental rates are considerably lower, in some cases less than half those charged in Australia.

So that's how it is—driving Down Under. When friends ask me about it, I assume they're worried not about the drive-on-the-left custom. For them I have a standard answer.

"Doesn't bother me a bit, whether in Great Britain, Australia or New Zealand. But I'd be terrified if I knew there was another American in my car coming toward me."