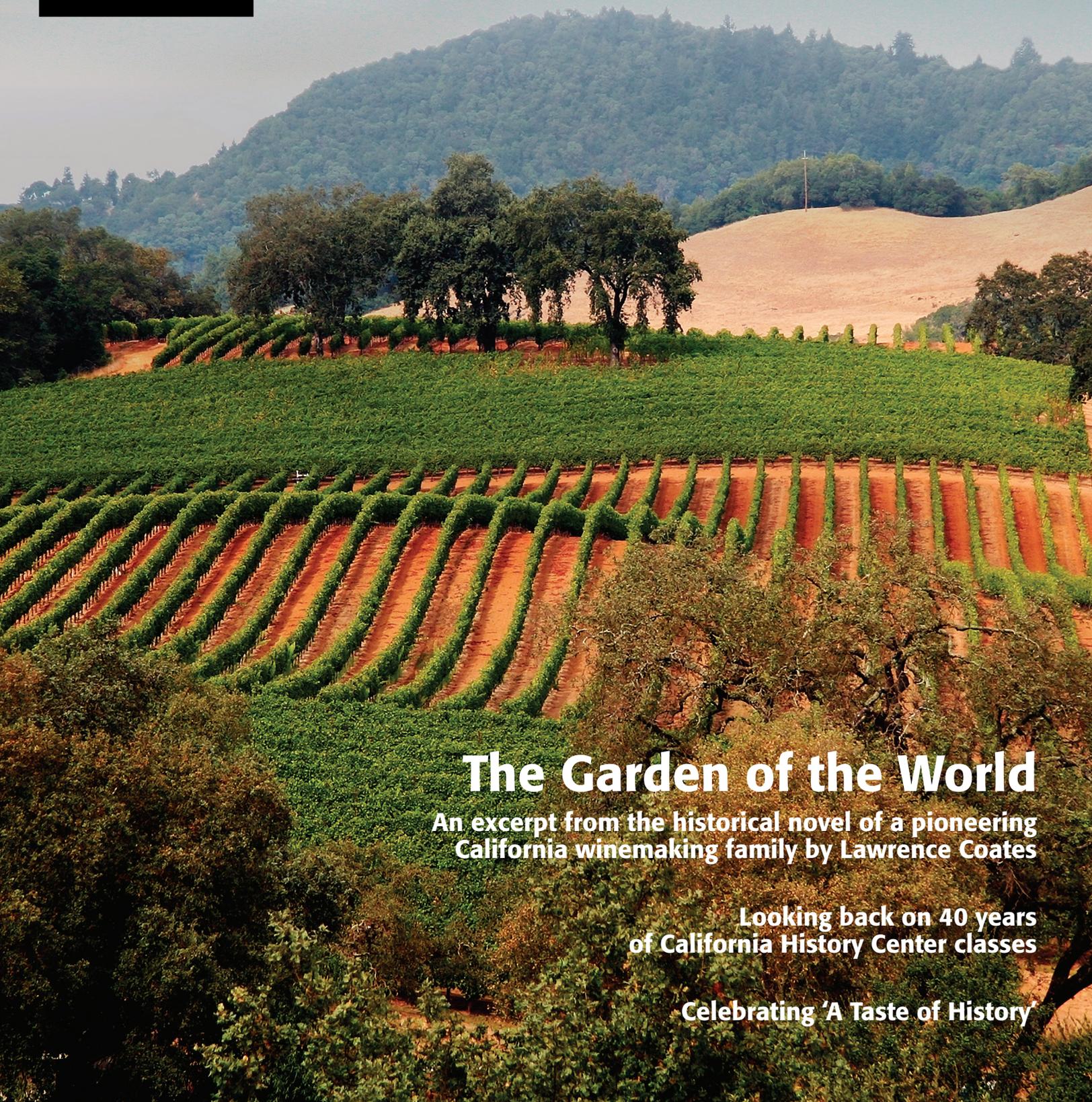


VOLUME 33 | APRIL 2012

CALIFORNIAN

*California History Center
& Foundation*

A Center at De Anza College
for the Study and Preservation
of State and Regional History



The Garden of the World

**An excerpt from the historical novel of a pioneering
California winemaking family by Lawrence Coates**

**Looking back on 40 years
of California History Center classes**

Celebrating 'A Taste of History'

Spring Calendar

APRIL

- 19 Napa-Sonoma Wine Communities class, 6:30pm, CHC
- 21 Napa-Sonoma Wine Communities field trip
- 23 1968: Turmoil and a Turning Point class, 4pm, CHC
- 27 1968: Turmoil and a Turning Point field trip

MAY

- 3 Napa-Sonoma Wine Communities class, 6:30pm, CHC
- 5 1968 Turmoil and a Turning Point field trip
Napa-Sonoma Wine Communities field trip
- 7 1968 Turmoil and a Turning Point class, 4pm, CHC
- 17 San Francisco: American Beginnings class, 6:30pm, CHC
- 19 **Lawrence Coates lecture and reception, Sunken Garden Unveiling 3:30pm, CHC**
- 19 San Francisco: American Beginnings field trip
- 24 San Francisco: American Beginnings class, 6:30pm, CHC
- 26 San Francisco: American Beginnings field trip
- 28 Memorial Day holiday observed, campus closed



JUNE

- 6 Local History through Oral History class, 6:30pm, CHC
- 13 Local History through Oral History field study
- 20 Local History through Oral History class, 6:30pm, CHC
- 29 Final day of spring quarter classes

JULY

- 2 CHC closed for summer break

SEPTEMBER

- 4 CHC re-opens for fall quarter



California History Center & Foundation

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Californian is published by the California History Center & Foundation. The magazine is mailed to members as a benefit of annual membership in the CHC Foundation. Membership categories: \$30 Individual; \$40 Family; \$50 Supporter; \$100 Sponsor; \$500 Patron; \$1,000 Colleague.

Your contribution is tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law. The value of goods received as a benefit of membership must be deducted from the amount of all contributions claimed as a deduction. CHCF members receive issues of The Californian magazine and members who contribute at the \$50 level and above also receive a yearly Local History Studies publication.

© 2012, California History Center Foundation ISSN: 0742-5465

Director's Report



Tom Izu

Insights into historic preservation

The following is an excerpt from the opening remarks made by CHC Director Tom Izu at the "Taste of History" benefit held at CHC on Nov. 5.

Tonight, I am most certain that if there is a spirit inhabiting the walls of this building, it must be ecstatic! Your presence, your laughter, the wine, good food and music you are enjoying, must bring the old house back to the days for which it was designed and built. For you see, over 116 years ago it hosted many lavish and extravagant affairs. Back then, in 1895, Charles Baldwin hired Willis Polk, the eminent San Francisco architect, who also, by the way, designed the Filoli house further up the Peninsula, and assisted with the completion of the Carolands mansion in Hillsborough, to create "Beaulieu" for Baldwin as a place to bring his bride, Ella Hobart, and to serve as their country estate and winery. As devout "Francophiles" the Baldwins wanted a formal French style garden, French style pavilion—which became known to locals as "le Petit Trianon,"—and, of course a traditional winery building. They insisted that it retain the spectacular views of the fields, vineyards, gardens, and orchards that surrounded it as well.

However, Polk also threw in a quirky addition, the two workers and guest cottages made in what was to become known as the "Mission Revival style" of architecture, a signature style that helped to add to Polk's fame. In fact, the two cottages were some of the only existing structures in the South Bay area built in this style, and years later, with the arrival of De Anza College, became the inspiration for our campus's entire architectural design and theme (look at some of the photos and you can see the distinctive arches that must have influenced our college's designers).

After the Baldwins, future owners continued this flamboyant hosting, including the daughter of the late parlor car magnate, George Pullman—her name, Harriet Pullman Carolan. Now I want you to try to imagine this one party she held here so long ago as described years later in an article published in a Sunday magazine supplement of the *San Francisco Chronicle* dated Oct. 1, 1939, and written by Mildred Brown Robbins:

"One September night in 1909 the Carolans gave a fête at their estate which sent the society editors digging in their dictionaries for adjectives. Upward of 100 guests sat at tables on

the broad verandahs in front of the residence and the terraces, winding from the house to a lake, were marked with subdued lights. The lake itself was illuminated and in the center was a fountain, a brilliant creation of electric lights and gold and silver fireworks.

"Music from an orchestra placed at a distance from the house floated over the autumn evening air and the voice of a hidden singer lent sheer enchantment to the scene.

Just at the close of the dinner a gondola was seen crossing the lake with spotlights following it from afar. At the landing three Neapolitans stepped out and sang Italian songs and then proceeded, still singing, toward the guests.

"A handsome display of fireworks lasted as long as the night did."

Where is this Neapolitan lake in Cupertino you might wonder? Well you walked right by it on your way in, as you entered our building it was directly behind you. They had flooded the Sunken Garden—imagine that if you can!

Now, back to the present... If all I pointed out tonight is how unusual and unique the remaining historic structures on this campus are, and how unusual and unique the individuals from the campus and community who worked for many years to save these structures, were, that would be enough to really set our campus, and our local community that supports it, apart from any that I know of in our entire State. But there is even more to this story that I would like to share with you now.

I believe that the Historic Corridor is unique precisely because it is part of a community college, and as I see it, part of an effort to ensure public education includes a path for all of us, right now in the present, to be engaged in building a future.

Why do I think this? Historic preservation and interpretation isn't just about the past, it is actually more about the present and future. Like a time travel paradox, it gets us to realize that we sometimes walk around in a haze, thinking that all around us the present world is static, that change happened a long time ago in a different place, to a different people, and that a future of potential great change (whether good or bad) is far, far away. But "old things" such as buildings and structures, if preserved and interpreted in an educational setting

continued on page 27

They had flooded the Sunken Garden (to form a lake)—imagine that if you can!

Spring Quarter, 1979 Schedule of Classes

April 2
through
June 20

CHC classes 1974-2012

Survivors

or lost in transit?

1. History of California
Walt Warren Hist 10 IE05-01
Days: MTThF 8:30-9:20am Room: CHC Units: 4

2. History of California
Seonaid McArthur Hist 10 IE05-02
Days: TTh 10:30-12:10pm Room: CHC Units: 4

3. History of California
Seonaid McArthur Hist 10 IE05-61
Days: T-Th 6:00-7:40pm Room: CHC Units: 4

4. History of California
Phil Grasser Hist 10 IE05-61F
Days: MW 6:00-7:40pm Room: Benner Units: 4

5. History of California
Pat Lynch Hist 10 IE05-55L
Days: Sat 8:30-1:10pm Room: L26 Units: 4

The above courses will include: Lectures and class discussion covering the political, social, cultural, and economic development of California from the Indian period to the Twentieth Century. Touring to regional historical sites may be included.

6. Heritage: Swedes in California V
Ruth Sahlborg Hist 30 IE90-61F
Days: T 6:30-10:10 Room: CHC Units: 4

Sweden in the Spring provides the backdrop for students while learning about the culture California Swedes have so persistently preserved. The Immigrant Institute in Vaxjo awaits the students arrival as does the coastal town of Karlshamn where the immigrants departed from and where Moberg is honored for his writings about them. After a short ride on the Gota Canal we move through "folk art" country, stopping in towns and villages studying items, ideas and techniques in the arts and culture for Sweden past and present. Uppsala provides not only a University with a vault of historic art and research treasures but a Cathedral dating back to the Vikings with remnants of pagan rituals. Stockholm's old town preserves the past for first hand observation and Skansen is a center for preserving the art of Folk dancing. Touring the Archipelago we complete our study tour in Sweden.

The Midsummer Festival will also be a study of this class and those not going to Sweden will continue to prepare for the Midsummer festival making their costumes and practicing songs and dances. Also they will study the use of herbs for cooking and medication used by Scandinavians which will incorporate a special field trip June 9.

Field Trip: This trip is still in the planning stages.
May 24-June 9, Sweden
June 24, Midsummer Festival

Cost: \$1675.00 includes airfare, hotel, 10 dinners, all breakfasts, land transportation and admission fees.

7. Russian Influence in California
Nicholas Rokitiansky Hist 45A IE45-61F
Days: T 6:30-9:10pm Room: CHC Units: 1

In 1812, the Russians established a settlement under protection of the Imperial Flag known as Fort Ross, which served as the farthest outpost of Russia's expansion in North America. Explore this historic fort as well as the Slavic Gate, Freestone and Occidental. Lectures and slides will offer a total picture of the Russian occupation in California.

Field Trip:
April 21-22, Fort Ross
Transportation: Individual arrangement
Cost: \$30.00 includes lodging and dinner Saturday night.

8. Heritage: Slavs in California
Elsie Matt Hist 45A IE45-62F
Days: Th 7:30-9:10pm Room: CHC Units: 1

Explore the unique and fascinating history of the American Yugoslavs. Lectures, slides, field trips and research techniques will provide the student with insights into their culture, traditions and tremendous contributions to the development of California and the Bay Area.

Field Trip:
Dates to be announced first week of class
Transportation: Individual Arrangement
Cost: \$20.00 includes transportation and lunch on field trips.

9. North of the Golden Gate

Frank Clauss Hist 45A IE45-61F
Days: M 7:00-9:10pm Room: CHC Units: 1

The focus will be the southern part of Marin County, including Sausalito, Tiburon, and the Tiburon peninsula. These communities are best known as weekend tourist attractions of special charm and have had a lively history of their own and played a vital role in San Francisco's development as anchorages for whaling ships, smugglers' hideouts, early railroads and bay ferries and much, much more.

Field Trip:
Dates to be arranged first day of class

1 - Sausalito
2 - Angel Island
Baker, C. and Cronk, L.
Transportation: Individual Arrangement
Costs: Transportation and lunch

10. The Life of William Ralston

Walt Warren Hist 45A IE45-61F
Days: T 6:30-7:20pm Room: CHC Units: 1

Often called "the man who built San Francisco" William Ralston was an ingenious, aggressive financier and entrepreneur who built the Hotel and Financial Company, the first bank in California. Ralston's life is a study in the rise and fall of a man who helped build the city of San Francisco. General Ulysses S. Grant and the history of the Ralston family, the opulence of William Ralston through a tour of the Ralston Mansion and the Palace Hotel.

Field Trip:
April 28, 9:00-5:00pm, Ralston Mansion, Palace Hotel
Transportation: Individual Arrangement
Cost: Transportation and lunch

11. History of Wine Making

Charles Sullivan Hist 45A IE45-61F
Days: T 8:20-9:10pm Room: CHC Units: 1

The Santa Clara Valley once rivaled the Napa Valley as the premier wine district in California. This course traces the rise, fall and rebirth of the premium wine industry. Two field trips lead students to help the student learn about the history of California wine. Students are encouraged to explore topics of special interest to them. The remains of the early wine industry and to the operations of those who stem from the Valley's pioneer beginnings.

Field trips:
May 19, 9:00-5:00, Osea Perrone Winery and other wine sites
June 9, 9:00-5:00, Almaden, Los Gatos Noviltate and William Wineries
Costs: Transportation and lunch



History and the sense of history are baggage that the American dream loses in transit, and it takes us a good while to realize the enormity of the loss. Sometimes we don't recognize the loss until it is irreplaceable, sometimes we catch on in time.

—Wallace Stegner, essayist, novelist, and commentator on the West

The primary goal of the classes offered by the California History Center (CHC) at De Anza College for almost forty years has been an up-close and personal examination of the complexities of the Golden State. Hundreds of classes attended by thousands of students taught by dozens of instructors have set out on their own explorations, returning with pearls of new-found insight, understanding, and inspiration. The CHC classes are distinct from traditional history department offerings because they are generated and administered by the center and more precisely because they involve "going there," or field study. This essay presents the history of the CHC classes, the impact they have had on De Anza College students, and it suggests paths to ensure the classes survive. In the past decade, the CHC programs have been cut to financial bare bones. Perhaps if we can "catch on in time," to use the words of Wallace Stegner, the courses will not end up as cast off luggage. The CHC classes make a difference for current De Anza College students, and can continue to do so in the years to come.

The California History Center (CHC) evolved at Foothill College at the same time that the Trianon Foundation was formed in the late 1960s to save the historic chateau "le Petit Trianon," on the new De Anza College campus. The saved and renovated building became the home of the California

Thirty-two courses were offered Spring Quarter, 1979. They were listed in the CHCF Newsletter, Vol. 2, Nol. 3.

by Mary Jo Ignoffo

History Center in 1979, and with its mission to save the building accomplished, the Trianon Foundation changed its goals to support the history center. The CHC is a program of De Anza College, while the California History Center Foundation is a non-profit and separate supporting entity. The Foundation owns and operates the Stockmeir Library and Archives, a renowned research collection of books, documents, photos, and ephemera related to California. Along with maintaining the collection and ensuring that it is available to De Anza students and to the public, the Foundation's other task is to support the various programs of the CHC. The relationship between the Foundation, the CHC, and De Anza College has caused some confusion and occasional conflict. Overall however, each makes every effort to support the other.

A laboratory for history

The first director of the California History Center was Walter Warren, charismatic, and a veritable idea-mill. Warren enthusiastically embraced the notion of "learning by doing" through a concept of the "history laboratory." In its first incarnation, students experimented and experienced the practice of history by carrying out research, mounting exhibits, conducting oral history interviews, and cataloging ephemera, documents and photographs. Instructors guided the students through these processes in CHC classes. A class in museology, for example, resulted in an exhibit. A class in the agricultural history of the Santa Clara Valley netted additions to the oral history collection. A carefully calibrated system of interdependent programs—classes, exhibits, oral histories, and publications—was constructed and carried out in the laboratory. Of

all the CHC activities, classes were firstborn. They spawned all the other programs.

Walt Warren recruited teachers and students alike, including UC professor Robert F. Heizer, noted for his archeological work regarding Native Californians. He taught "The First Californian" at the history center. Another early class was a four-day field study to California's most famous ghost town, the almost fully intact Bodie. Warren personally guided dozens of field trips to historic sites in California and beyond. He operated from what longtime instructor Chatham Forbes recalled as an "aircraft carrier of a desk," a vast staging platform for countless projects piled high, ready to take flight from idea to reality. "We hope," Warren once said, "to give the community and the students a three-dimensional educational experience with history by the use of field trips and exhibits."

Local topics allowed students to go in search of primary sources in nearby communities. One class description from the 1976 course catalog was called "California Documentation," and reads

Recording our regional heritage will be the emphasis through individualized instruction in the research of a topic of the student's interest. Aid in the selection of a topic, its definition, direction in the use of primary and secondary sources, development of the topic, and the final draft. Special guidance will be given in oral history preparation.

The instructor guided the student through the process of determining a topic, researching it, and writing it. Skills learned in this kind of class are exactly what four-year institutions are

"We hope to give the community and the students a three-dimensional educational experience with history by the use of field trips and exhibits."

—Walter Warren



Above: Walt Warren, notebook in hand, leads a class in San Francisco, 1978. Bodie, the abandoned mining town turned State Historic Park in the Eastern Sierra, was visited repeatedly by CHC classes. This visit took place in 1975.



Students and instructors often socialized together, with dinners out, cocktail parties, and extended lunches.

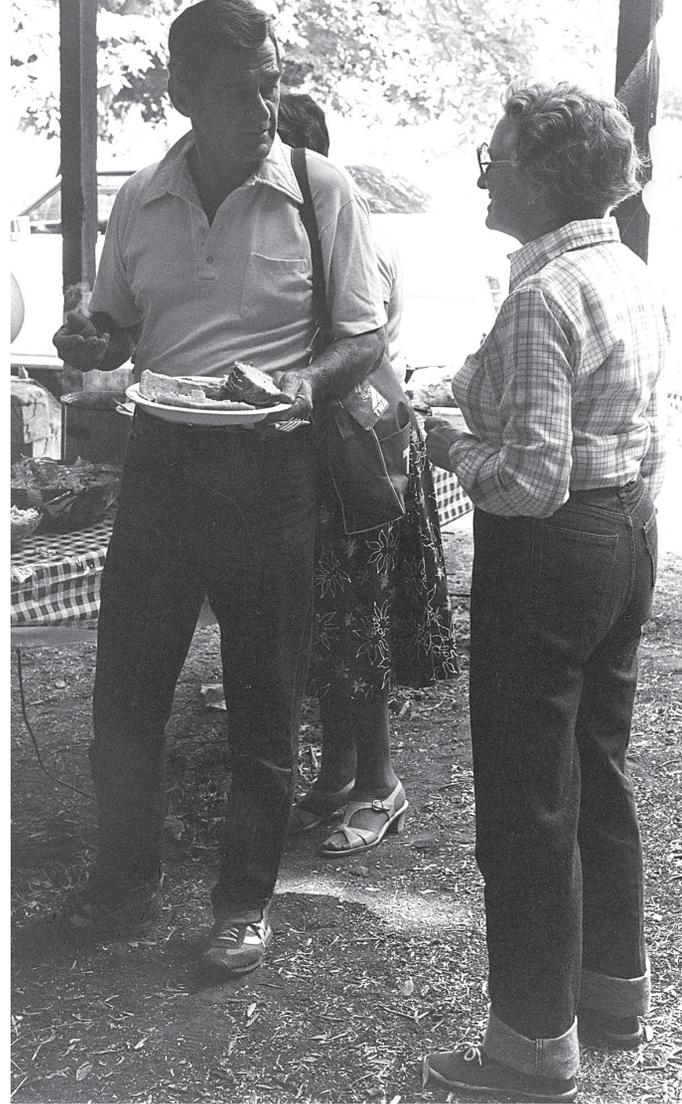
craving in new students. Currently this class is not offered.

Hundreds of student essays that came out of the CHC classes became part of an on-going collection of research papers of the Stockmeir Library and Archives. One class called “Local History Methods” resulted in a published collection of the essays entitled *Water in the Santa Clara Valley: A History* (1981). The Introduction was written by longtime *San Jose Mercury News* reporter Harry Farrell, and the Epilogue was authored by then-San José mayor Norman K. Mineta, who went on to serve in the U.S. Congress and as Secretary of Transportation in the Clinton and George W. Bush administrations. The essays have withstood the test of time, and like the other 45 books that the CHC has published to date, remains a valuable local resource.

The California History Center was funded by the Student Body Association of De Anza Evening College, some grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, and by donations from the public. The Evening College was eventually absorbed into De Anza College, and the De Anza Student Body (DASB) has continued to provide some funds. The history center issued its own registration form, handed out to De Anza students and sent directly by mail to the center’s constituents. In 1978, the fees for an evening course were \$3, and for a daytime course, \$5. If a student was registered for more than eight units the cost was \$7. The registration form could be filled out at the first class meeting, allowing students flexibility to make last-minute decisions.

Students and instructors often socialized together, with dinners out, cocktail parties, and extended lunches. Ideas for topics of the classes came from the instructors with an ear to the interests of students. Socializing was a major component, building a community of CHC supporters and participants in the classes. Brian Smith’s class “Northern Coastal Counties,” for example, requested that students bring a linen placemat and crystal goblet with china plate to enjoy a potluck feast. “One did not simply bring cheese to share,” one-time student Trudy Frank recalled, “but a well-aged brie.” Frank went on to describe other memorable classes, and she was particularly interested in Bruce MacGregor’s railroad-related excursions. Trudy went on to be a longtime volunteer at Ardenwood Historic Farm, and to this day is a loyal volunteer at the CHC.

Warren’s colleague and successor as director of the CHC, Seonaid McArthur, complemented his gregarious enthusiasm with organizational skills and attention to detail. McArthur explained, “the ‘Living History Room’ will provide a laboratory for the student to analyze, interpret



Chatham Forbes, instructor, and Mary Jane Givens, student, volunteer and former board member, converse while picnicking.

and communicate what he has learned during his course of study.” She intuited the concept and translated it to the public in a very effective way, hosting dozens of fundraising events. In 1979, the CHC moved into its own home, the fully retrofitted Trianon, a 19-century chateau-style house that had occupied the site of today’s Flint Center. Up until that time, classes were the main focus of work for the CHC staff. After the move to new and bigger quarters in the restored building, total attention of the staff on classes was divided among a variety of programs.

In the early 1980s, the general profile of the CHC student shifted from the young person working toward an A.A. degree to life-long learners, most often with a baccalaureate degree or higher. They were attracted by the field trips and camaraderie. These people did not work together or attend the same school or a common church. They were bound by a vanishing landscape and way of life. From the time the California History Center occupied the Trianon building in 1979 for about twenty years, the majority of students taking CHC classes were life-long learners.

By 1977, the CHC offered about forty classes per quar-



Executive Director Kathi Peregrin is on the stump for the CHC, 1999.

ter. That year, Kathi Peregrin was hired specifically to write and manage the production and mailing of the CHC quarterly newsletter with course descriptions. “It was mailed to all households in Sunnyvale and Cupertino,” she remembers. “This was the heyday for the center and its courses; classes were filled and students were traveling all over the state to experience ‘living’ history—sites, people, documents, events. They were learning about California’s past and having fun at the same time.”

The life-long learner had deeper pockets than mainstream college students. They could afford the costs associated with travel to destinations near and far. Some CHC classes sponsored field trips to Europe, the Caribbean, Alaska, and Mexico. The excursions were completely coordinated by the instructor, and as Chatham Forbes recalled, a “huge amount of work and responsibility.” Here is the course description for his “Spanish Roots of California History” offered for four units, and one of a dozen international trips he guided:

A three-week study tour of Spain, limited to 30 students. Travel by train, plane and air-conditioned bus to the great source cities of California history. Visits to archives, universities and the great monuments of Spain’s political, religious, economic and cultural heritage. Direct observation of the urban and rural folkways of all regions. Free time for optional activity. Oakland to London to Paris; then to Spain and return. Extraordinary student discount price of \$949.00, covers air, rail, boat and highway travel abroad, plus hotel accommodations, and life, medical and liability insurance.

An Alaskan cruise served as a comparison between the Alaskan and California gold rushes, and was guided by instructor Brian Smith. The ten-day trip cost about \$1,400, and was scheduled for August, the end of cruising season.

In 1978, California voters passed Proposition 13, the Jarvis-Gann Initiative, which even to this day remains a highly controversial amendment to California’s State Constitution limiting property tax assessments and revenues. An immediate result for the CHC was the elimination of the \$20,000 marketing budget. Most of the money had been used for the vast mailing of the newsletter and class schedule. The passage of Proposition 13 heralded not only a tightening financial belt, but also a rethinking and retrenchment. The CHC kept a good following, yet how could it inform new people about the class offerings? The number and variety of classes sustained its first sharp decline from a high of about 40 course offerings per quarter in 1977 to about 22 in 1980. By 1985 there were only ten offerings per quarter. From its inception until the passage of Proposition 13 in 1978, the class program at the CHC flourished with strong funding and enthusiasm common to new enterprises. The huge budget cut cast a pall over the CHC programs, and a 1979 newsletter indicated “new directions.” Moving into the Trianon historic building coincided with the new directions.

What accounted for the enormous popularity of the CHC courses in the middle and late 1970s? “In the last few years,” the newsletter said, “the California History Center has witnessed an awakening of this generation to ‘living history.’ The remnants of the past that surround us and give the Bay Area its unique charm and appeal, continually remind us of our own transience on earth.” Nothing sparks a sense of history like dramatic and sometimes traumatic change. In the case of the Santa Clara Valley, millions of acres of fruit orchards farmed by first and second generation Americans had been plowed under for industrial parks producing circuit boards and microchips. People grasped for perspective and grappled with ways to understand why people and places that had figured so predominately in personal memories were seemingly erased from recollection and the landscape. The significant number of people registering for the CHC courses is a testament to a piqued interest in history. Personalities and expertise at the CHC played their parts in new-found popularity of history, but the visage of Silicon Valley appearing on the landscape where apricots and cherries had showcased the “valley of heart’s delight” surely made the connection with the past more urgent. The transformation was startling. “Living history” yielded a bountiful harvest in the

Some CHC classes sponsored field trips to Europe, the Caribbean, Alaska, and Mexico.

The significant number of people registering for the CHC courses is a testament to a piqued interest in history.

late 1970s and early 1980s and local historical societies flourished in the brand-spanking-new Silicon Valley.

As farms morphed into industrial parks, many sons and daughters of immigrants also experienced an uncomfortable dilution of personal ethnic identity. Wallace Stegner used a metaphor of “uprootedness” to address the phenomenon:

“...we have to live with a cut or damaged root system, and what is worse, a root system that is always suffering new transplantings. Also, while races and cultures are naturalizing themselves on new ground, they are profoundly changing the ground itself, often more than once, and that only accelerates the spiral of social and psychological change.”—Wallace Stegner

Perhaps it is not surprising then, that so many of the CHC classes of this era were ethnic studies. “Swedes in California,” or “Slavics in California” were offered as was “California’s Caribbean Heritage,” “Japanese Legacy,” and “Italians in Santa Clara Valley.” Other classes featured Chinese, Russian, Irish, Spanish and Mexican roots.

Public historian James C. Williams came to the directorship in 1985, and at the same time the college imposed specific academic requirements on instructors. Williams explained, “we had a Latina genealogist who had been doing genealogy for many years as well as oral history. She had a degree, but it was not in history, and try as I might, I could not persuade the college administration or the faculty senate to give her a waiver for teaching a course on this very specific genealogical

topic.” During the 1980s, the CHC classes were re-assigned numbers of units and hours of lecture or field study. Those decisions limited CHC classes to two four-hour lectures with two field trips. The brevity of today’s courses do not allow for Walt Warren’s original intention that instructors guide students in writing publishable research papers. Nor are historical exhibits based on student research feasible.

Williams recently recalled that the most popular courses at that time were those related to the gold country and to wine. CHC instructor Charles Sullivan taught a variety of classes related to viticulture. His course description on “California and the Wine World” or “North Coast Wine, 1825-1983” noted that “the thrust of the course is historical, with special emphasis on the evolution of varieties... There will be wine evaluation sessions to test the product of the wineries of today’s North Coast wine industry.” Sullivan is an expert in the field and authored *A Companion to California Wine: an Encyclopedia of Wine and Winemaking from the Mission Period to the Present* (1998, University of California Press). Today’s students, some of whom are underage, would not be able to participate in this kind of class.

Jim Williams was succeeded by Kathi Peregrin, and for the first time the CHC director was not a historian. Both Williams and Peregrin were called on the proverbial carpet to defend the history center, its very existence, and, in particular, the classes. Both believed that the classes were the basis for the center’s other programs, and both resisted attempts by the college administrators to shift the CHC classes to the



Left: Writers Yvonne Jacobson and Wallace Stegner sign copies of Jacobson’s book, *Passing Farms, Enduring Values*, 1984. Stegner authored the foreword. Jacobson, a former board member, taught classes for the CHC. Above: Wine history expert Charles Sullivan was among CHC instructors with a large following.

“Short Course” non-credit and fee-based Community Education courses. Peregrin recalled that “every few years we had to ‘fight’ to keep the courses on the academic schedule. The CHC staff had the impression that the college felt the courses we offered were not rigorous enough to be offered for college credit.” In addition to defending the classes to administrators, both Williams and Peregrin had to encourage the integration of CHC faculty into the college’s history department. The college requires history center instructors to hold the same academic credentials as any faculty member, yet CHC instructors are not universally welcomed.

Another sharp decline in the number of CHC courses occurred when the State of California increased fees for community colleges in January 1993. The fee increased from \$4 per quarter unit to \$7 per quarter unit for undergraduate students, and \$33 per quarter unit for those students who have already earned a baccalaureate degree or higher. CHC publication *The Californian* in March 1993 reported, “The new fee increase had a major impact not only on student enrollment at the college, but on the classes offered by the center [CHC] during winter quarter. In fact, of the seven evening courses offered, three were cancelled for lack of enrollment, including the 4-unit general survey, History of California (unprecedented in recent times).” After 1993, course offerings hovered around six courses per quarter.

A good portion of Peregrin’s tenure and her great legacy was as a crusader for the CHC. Staffing at the CHC was cut from four to two. Chatham Forbes said, “I really admired her.

She was quite talented when she went to campus committees to persuade them to her point of view. She really developed in the job.” Kathi articulated an oft-repeated case that the center’s primary reason for existence was to be of service to students. The style and approach of the center, she argued, the history laboratory, made California history more accessible to a wide range of De Anza’s students. Recently, as she recalled these years, Kathi lamented, “In a nutshell this is the history of community college funding beginning in 1978, slowly but surely cut, cut, cut until you gut some pretty unique and wonderful programs.”

During the late 1990s through the early 2000s, the center came to rely heavily on Lisa Christiansen, an employee of the Foundation not the college, and the archivist of the Stockmeier Library and Archives. She took on many duties formerly performed by college staff. Many CHC courses were shouldered by instructors Chatham Forbes and Betty Hirsch. They favored topics like literary California, transportation, maritime history, and cultural arts. A student from that time, Jennifer Henderson, recalled taking a class called “Steinbeck Country” from Chatham Forbes.

Professor Forbes read excerpts from several of Steinbeck’s novels as well as giving an overview of Steinbeck’s life and how Salinas/Monterey shaped his perceptions. What was most memorable about this class was that, based on Mr. Forbes’ readings, I was inspired to actually read a couple of Steinbeck’s books! Also, I discovered that the character, Doc Ricketts, in

Many CHC courses were shouldered by instructors Chatham Forbes and Betty Hirsch.



Left: James Williams is shown early in his tenure as CHC executive director and De Anza instructor, circa 1985. Right: Instructor Betty Hirsch, left, and Seonaid McArthur, right, instructor and executive director, join alfresco diners, 1983.

Since about 2008, students who take CHC courses have primarily been full-time De Anza College students.

Steinbeck's book, "Cannery Row," was an actual person and my father, who lived on Cannery Row in his youth, remembers going to Ricketts' lab and looking at the oceanic specimens. This was the first time that local history made a direct connection to me. What a thrill!

And as for Betty Hirsch, Jim Williams recalled that she was "a wonderfully energetic instructor. She made fans out of some of my students who took her classes." She brought the arts into the classroom and encouraged students to see California through the lens of cultural arts. One of her favorite subjects was Jewish heritage in California. Student Merlyn Howell wrote in a journal about Hirsch's "Bay Area Jewish History," and kept precise notes on dozens of CHC field trips. Hirsch was one of her favorite instructors.

Credit is due Chatham Forbes and Betty Hirsch for "holding down the fort" at the CHC and not allowing cutbacks and red tape to deter their intentions to teach. Both worked consistently through difficult times. When the college instituted tracking instruction with "student learning outcomes" (SLOs), specific written goals for each class, Hirsch and Forbes easily complied. Their experience in the classroom made translating college requirements to their courses easy. The passion for the subjects that both instructors displayed goes down in the history of the CHC classes as living out Walt Warren's fondest dreams, and as an inspiration for those who come after. The most important beneficiaries of Chatham's and Betty's fortitude and attitude are the hundreds of CHC students they have taught.

The current state of affairs

Tom Izu, whose background is in non-profit management, was hired as the executive director of the CHC to succeed Kathi Peregrin in 2000. Since then he has navigated the perilous waters of repeated funding cuts and dramatic reduction in staffing. Indeed, only two-thirds of his CHC position is funded by the college (he spends one third of his time working for another college program). When asked about the cuts he said, "our program of local history courses had been through a lot of ups and downs due to the non-stop financial cut-backs and re-structuring that our campus has faced. I remain hopeful though, because of many efforts to keep the courses going despite extremely limited resources." It helps that Dean Carolyn Wilkins-Greene of Social Sciences and Humanities Division, is a strong supporter of the center, its goals, and its classes. Courses currently on the books for the CHC are about histori-



Field trip to New Almaden Quicksilver Museum and Park during Winter Quarter, 2012. The class examined the ethnic communities of the mining camp throughout its history.

cal sites and monuments, California's political and diplomatic history, transportation, community history (which includes oral history), and a class entitled "Significant Californians."

Since about 2008, students who take CHC courses have primarily been full-time De Anza College students. Most often these students are enrolled in a survey of U.S. history course, and at the encouragement of their instructors, take the CHC course in tandem. So a student in 20th century U.S. history may take a CHC course on California's women's suffrage movement. Or one taking 19th century U.S. history would take a CHC course on the California Gold Rush. In this way the student is able to look at a specific aspect of California history in the context of the history of the nation. The units earned by the students are transferable to the California State University system, another aspect encouraging students to add the courses.

Where did the life-long learners go? De Anza College is focused on its mission, and neither the mission of the college nor the CHC is directed toward older adults or post-degree students. They are welcome, but not the primary focus of education. Fees underscore this. Besides the per unit fee, the life-long learner is required to pay regular student enrollment fees. The cost of a 2-unit CHC class to a De Anza student would be \$48, and those students pay annual fees of \$48. The life learner pays the same \$96 dollars for just the one class. The fee structure edges out many older adults or others who find the total fees too much.

One ready supply for CHC classes is from school districts. Teachers from K-12 schools often look for classes to help them build local history curriculum. Greg Adler, a teacher who took a course this year, noted,

"It was nice to discover the CHC class offerings. I only wish I had time to take more of them. The topics are interest-



ing particularly because they focus on local history. As a high school history teacher I know this is sadly missing from our curriculum. After taking classes at CHC I have been able to start developing lesson plans that incorporate some of those local elements into my classes.”

In defense of field study

Traditional academia—and by this I mean the entire phalanx of professors, administrators, accreditation committees and registrars—sometimes looks down its distinguished nose at field trips, as if they are not quite history, not adequately academic, and absolutely not rigorous enough. Yet visiting the site of historical events allows the instructor and students together to locate and evaluate primary sources, and to determine what they have to say. Do they call for more research? Are the sources inconclusive or do they invite alternate theories? Are there more sources in other locations?

Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Barbara Tuchman underscored the importance of “going there.” As she researched World War I battle sites for her *Guns of August* (1962), she followed the path of the German army through Luxembourg, Belgium, and northern France. “Besides obtaining a feeling of geography, distances, and terrain involved in military movements,” she wrote, “I saw the fields ripe with grain which the cavalry would have trampled, measured the great width of the Meuse at Liège’s and saw how the lost territory of Alsace looked to the French soldiers who gazed down upon it from the light of the Vosges.” The study of history is vastly enhanced by a physical, visceral touching the landscape.

An example of this kind of insight occurred on a field trip to Drake’s Bay in Marin County for instructor Hugh Thomas’ “Sir Francis Drake” class. The exact location of Drake’s landing on the northern California coast during his circumnavigation of the world in 1579 has never been definitively determined. Thomas asked the students standing on the bluffs above the Marin coastline to look at the landscape, calculate

the tides, consider the season, and make a guess on the location. This kind of study cannot be undertaken in a classroom.

More recently, I taught a CHC class on John Muir, founder of the Sierra Club, advocate for Yosemite, and bitter opponent of the Hetch Hetchy dam. Our class traveled to Muir Woods—named in honor of Muir even though he never visited there. To my amazement, six of the twenty-six students had never been across the Golden Gate Bridge. Before ever entering Muir Woods and hearing a naturalist tell us about old-growth redwoods, before learning about the Marin County couple who lost favor and fortune by saving the woods, the students venturing across the Golden Gate saw more about California than any number of lectures could show. I am convinced field study has untold value to today’s De Anza College student. It inspires participation in today’s California, the politics, culture, economics, and environment of the Golden State.

Over the past forty years, CHC students have ventured to the New Almaden Quicksilver Park, where mercury mines were the first, the largest, most profitable mines in all of California. The mines are almost unknown, yet right in our own college’s backyard. To see and walk and linger there says so much more than a book or lecture. Wallace Stegner understood this, and has a character in his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *Angle of Repose*, which is set in New Almaden, make a case for “going there.” The female character, Susan, is unexpectedly invited down into the mercury mine at New Almaden Quicksilver Mine. “Wouldn’t it give you something interesting for your sketch?” Kendall asked. “I didn’t mean you could draw down there. It would be too dark. I meant it might be an experience you could write into your sketch.” The “going there” is an experience we can write into our lives.

Commentary

What would be the harm in eliminating the CHC classes? Perhaps their time has come? After speaking to students past and present, teachers past and present, CHC directors past and present, I have arrived at a few conclusions.

The CHC classes exist on life support, plugged in to an alarmingly few members of De Anza’s history department, its Social Sciences and Humanities Division dean Carolyn Wilkins-Greene, and the archivist employed by the Foundation, Lisa Christiansen. If this support vanishes, or if two or three key people change jobs, the CHC classes will not survive. It is as simple as that.

If the CHC classes do not survive we may not “recognize the loss until it is irreplaceable.” The original idea—the history

The study of history is vastly enhanced by a physical, visceral touching the landscape.

The most important reason the courses have value for today's student is that they teach a real-life method of critical thinking, one of De Anza College's main goals for its students.

laboratory with attendant programs in publishing, exhibits, and historical collections—may sound grandiose in today's tight budget environment. But if we follow the true north of the original thinking, we can find a way through present difficulties and emerge with a strong academic program that serves the mission of De Anza College and the California History Center.

The most important reason the courses have value for today's student is that they teach a real-life method of critical thinking, one of De Anza College's main goals for its students. In CHC classes, the students are presented with a variety of material, and taught how to weigh and analyze data, how to evaluate and differentiate between the plausible, the likely, and the absolute. This skill is transferable to higher education and to life.

The CHC classes accommodate a variety of learning styles. They encourage effort and success for those learning English, those with reading disabilities, and for stellar students. The small class size allows meaningful discussion and participation from all students. Interaction between instructor and student and among the students creates the community spirit that harkens from the first days of the California History Center.

Attending CHC classes encourages students to find their own role in the story of California and to participate in the myriad issues facing the state. From the environment, to historic preservation, to immigrant controversies, students are taught to draw the line from history to contemporary life. They find a place for themselves in today's California.

Almost as an aside, the students visit places beyond the campus to have a first-hand experience of California. From the Golden Gate Bridge to the Oakland Museum, and from Monterey's presidio to the State Capitol in Sacramento, in most cases, the students have never been to these places. The CHC classes expose the students to a world they may not otherwise come to know.

The CHC classes act as an introduction to history, in many ways a more accessible and user-friendly kind, one that encourages further exploration. Successful completion of a CHC class awards college units, but more importantly, it issues an invitation to creative and well-rounded explorations.

The fact that currently the CHC classes consist almost completely of full-time De Anza College students is not a bad thing. However, maintaining a good mix of young students, life-long learners, local teachers, and regional museum workers is the ideal. The range of life experience brings depth to classroom discussion. The realities of day-to-day life for current young students bring new insights to the older students, and vice versa. To find some way of maintaining a strong mix

of ages and cultures makes for better learning. It also establishes an economic diversification where the classes are not dependent upon one constituency.

There is work enough for all. To start, the CHC cannot function with a total staff of two-thirds of one person. To operate at any functional level, the center requires, at the very least, a two-person staff. This is the purview of the college, which itself has suffered dramatic and unprecedented financial cutbacks.

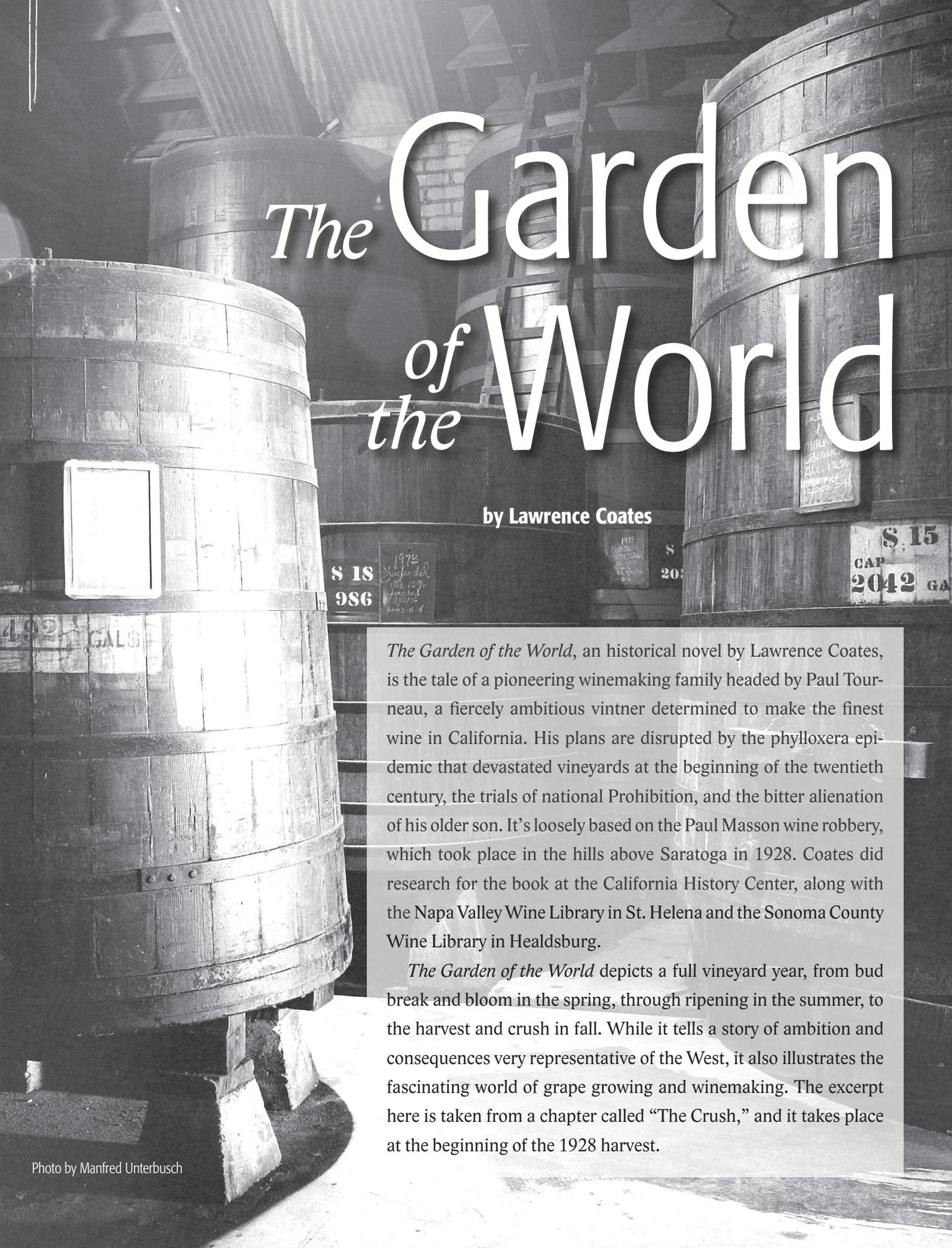
The CHC classes must be marketed in a more creative and consistent manner throughout the campus. The CHC foundation can help here to develop a list of campus centers that need to be informed every quarter what CHC classes are available to the various student constituencies—new students, veterans, the disabled, international students, ESL, etc. All of these students can benefit from CHC classes but most have almost no way of knowing that they exist. Simple marketing could save the CHC classes.

Registration and fees remain a source of confusion to current students and to those off-campus who wish to take a course. Streamlining the registration process, where students may add a CHC class to their schedules just as they do for all their other classes, would help enormously. Currently, the generally accepted “add codes” often do not work for CHC classes, discouraging enrollment. In addition, the course catalog listings of the CHC classes are difficult for many to decipher. Working out some way for life-long learners to enroll more easily would enhance the entire program.

CHC Director Tom Izu wonders what Wallace Stegner also wondered. Will we recognize the loss of irreplaceable opportunities before it's too late? “What goes on at community colleges is a product of many social forces,” Izu said, “and reflects all the big changes going on in our society—we are witnessing a major transformation right now. What this means for our local history programs in the end isn't clear yet. I hope we can figure out a way to maneuver our local history courses through this all somehow and keep them going.”

Will we “catch on in time?” ■

Mary Jo Ignoffo, a historian and author of six books, has been associated with the California History Center since 1990 when she came from San Jose State University as an intern under CHC Director James Williams. She has worked closely with every director since then producing exhibits and publications, and teaching classes. For this article, she examined original CHC records, contacted former CHC directors, collected comments from current and former students, and conducted an oral history interview with long-time CHC instructor Chatham Forbes.

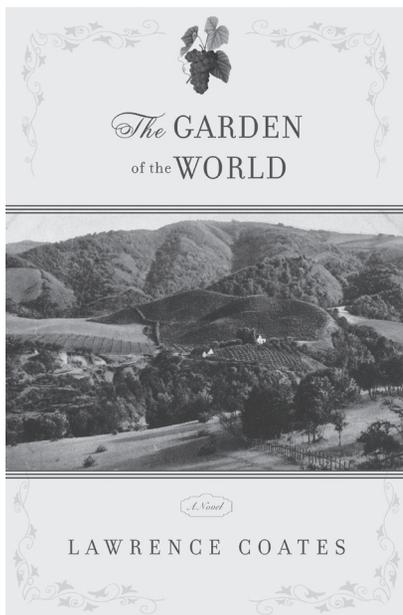


The Garden *of* the World

by Lawrence Coates

The Garden of the World, an historical novel by Lawrence Coates, is the tale of a pioneering winemaking family headed by Paul Tourneau, a fiercely ambitious vintner determined to make the finest wine in California. His plans are disrupted by the phylloxera epidemic that devastated vineyards at the beginning of the twentieth century, the trials of national Prohibition, and the bitter alienation of his older son. It's loosely based on the Paul Masson wine robbery, which took place in the hills above Saratoga in 1928. Coates did research for the book at the California History Center, along with the Napa Valley Wine Library in St. Helena and the Sonoma County Wine Library in Healdsburg.

The Garden of the World depicts a full vineyard year, from bud break and bloom in the spring, through ripening in the summer, to the harvest and crush in fall. While it tells a story of ambition and consequences very representative of the West, it also illustrates the fascinating world of grape growing and winemaking. The excerpt here is taken from a chapter called "The Crush," and it takes place at the beginning of the 1928 harvest.



Reprinted from *The Garden of the World*, a novel by Lawrence Coates, by permission of the University of Nevada Press, Copyright 2012 by Lawrence Coates.

arrived, Tourneau and Louis checked sugar and acid every day, and Tourneau had some tents set up for pickers on a flat piece of land half a mile from the winery, and spread a canopy over a large outdoor grill and oven. Since the 'teens, as more transients than locals came to pick grapes, Tourneau had found that providing a place to sleep on the grounds kept workers on through the end of the crush. When they accepted a place to stay and the food and light worker's wine he provided, they accepted a bond, an obligation to the vineyard.

He sent Louis out to gather a picking crew, now that prunes were ending, saying it was one of the jobs of a harvest manager. "You'll be doing more and more here, every year," he said. "Your grandfather will be doing less. And it will give you a chance to practice your Spanish."

Louis hadn't seen Gill after that last moment, when he was carving his initials into the tree. He had looked for him the day after, calling his name in the wood as he had done when a young boy, but there was no answer. He went by the Cash Store, and also went by the orchard where the Familia Pulido was working, spying out the window for a short white man working with a group of Mexicans. Once, he drove back to New Chicago during the day and parked at a distance. He saw one woman, dressed in black, working around the fire pit. He stayed for a time, as though he could conjure up his brother through watching, but the woman remained alone.

He hadn't seen Nancy after that night either. She'd been silent during the drive down the hill after Gill disappeared, and when he had asked her when they were going to see each other again, she'd said, "When you grow some brains" and then ran into her house. She hadn't been home anytime he'd

The wind shift came in late August that year, a shift to the north that was chill at first, but heralded the ripening Indian summer weather. The Pacific High, a pool of still, warm air, edged eastward toward the continent, and the winds spilling clockwise around it would first blow away the coastal fogs. Then, as the high pressure lapped over the coast, temperatures would rise in all the inland valleys. Under a steady heating sun, the fully formed grapes could fill rapidly with sugar and arrive at their peak in days.

Winegrowers call harvest time the crush. As the days of still, hot air ar-

called during the past three weeks, and he figured she had her mother answering the phone for her. He knew she had her mother wrapped around her little finger.



Louis turned the truck off toward New Chicago while assembling a crew and drove through the warm, still air. The dirt track to the tilting and sinking houses was clear now, compacted by the Pulido truck, and the weeds grew high and yellow alongside. But the Pulidos would be moving on soon, back to Southern California after the seasons of harvest, abandoning once again the already abandoned city. And the track would grow green and empty with winter.

Louis left the truck in the same place he had parked two weeks earlier, with Nancy. He saw Miguel stand up near the fire circle, and Francisco and Javier, but he didn't see the two women, Ana and Rosarita, and he didn't see Gill.

"I know why you have come," Miguel said. He was wearing a clean linen shirt tucked into his jeans, and his hair was slicked back, and his face shiny and pleased.

"Yeah?" Louis looked past him and scanned the camp, looking for some sign that Gill was still there.

"You want us to pick your grapes, no?"

"That's right," Louis said. "Like we spoke about."

"We just finished prunes," Miguel said. He hooked his thumbs inside his belt and rocked back and forth on his heels. "The owner there, Jacobsen, gave us a big bonus for staying through the whole harvest. You giving a bonus?"

"We give a bonus, if you stay through."

"What kind of grapes, don Luis? Mataro? Alicante?"

Louis shook his head. "We grow better grapes than that. Pinot, Cabernet, Chardonnay. We'll be picking the Pinot first."

"Better for you," Miguel smiled. "Not better for us. Alicante grows four, five tons an acre. Easy to fill up boxes. Make money fast. Pinot, one ton an acre. Slow."

Louis looked over to one of the old houses. At a window on the second floor, he saw Ana, dressed in black. She was looking down at him.

"What if I told you that an Alicante vineyard wanted us?"

"We pay a nickel more a box than other vineyards, so long as the fruit is perfect."

"We just got a big bonus." Miguel turned and walked back into the circle, and Louis followed him. "We are going to a dance tonight, at the Palm Gardens Ballroom in San Jose. They have a Mexican dance every couple of weeks."

"That's good," Louis said. "You'll have a good time."

"You think so?" Miguel stood by Francisco and clapped him on the shoulder. "Last time we went to a dance, this one was dancing with a woman who was almost black from working under the sun, who had hands rough as bricks from picking fruit off the ground. And he asked her what she did, and she said she worked in an office. And she asked him what he did, and you know what he said?"

Francisco looked down and wiped some dirt from his shoes. Louis waited, silent.

"He said he was going to start college next year." Miguel paused for a moment, then laughed. "Yes, they have a good time, lying to each other. Maybe this time he'll say he is a baseball player."

Francisco looked at his father resentfully.

"Okay, don Luis," Miguel said. "We will be at your vineyard Monday, before sunrise."

"All of you?" Louis said.

"All of us. Me, Francisco, Javier, Rosarita, Ana. All of us."

Javier moaned and stood up suddenly, and Miguel took his arm.

"It's all right," he said. "You better go now, don Luis. We'll see you on Monday."

"Okay." Louis turned and saw Ana, still framed by the window, raise her black-sleeved arm and wave at him slowly. He walked back to the truck through the blanketing heat of a late, false summer, the September heat that marked summer's end.



Gladys Finney liked to think of herself as the happy angel of her daughters' lives, hovering over their shoulders, shepherding them safely through the dating years as their confidante and advisor, and finally seeing them safely into the arms of a man who would take care of them. She had done this successfully with her first two daughters, and she planned to do the same with her third daughter, even though her husband spoiled her some and claimed that she was different. Glad had seen her daughters stop dating certain boys, of course, and she thought that what had happened with Nancy was no different. For the past three weeks, she had answered the phone, and if it was Louis Tourneau, she told him that Nancy wasn't in. Glad was a little worried that Nancy had stayed home on Friday and Saturday nights, being more of a bookworm than she normally was, holing up and reading things her father gave her. But she thought it would pass.

This Friday, Nancy was going to the movies with just a couple of her girlfriends from school, and Glad was comforted

to see her again in front of her round mirror in her bedroom, putting rouge on her cheeks. She walked into the room and looked over Nancy's shoulder at her face in the mirror.

"You look nice," she told Nancy. "You've been so pale lately."

Nancy made a face at herself. "I don't think I look nice. I think I'm just covering things up."

"Oh, no. Makeup just enhances your *natural* beauty."

"If I had any to enhance." She stretched her mouth tall into an elongated o and applied some lipstick. Then she blotted her lips several times on tissue paper. "I'm just hiding what I really look like."

"Did he make you feel like that?" Glad sat down on the edge of the bed near Nancy. "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing, Mother."

Glad didn't believe her daughter. "Yes he did. What did he say to make you feel ugly?"

"Nothing. It's just the way I am."

"Now listen here. When boys want to make girls feel cheap, they tell them that they're not pretty. And then they try to take advantage of them. Did he try to take advantage of you?"

"No."

"Hmm." She looked at Nancy, who turned away to the mirror. "If he did . . . I'm not doubting your word, but if he did, then you're much better off without him. That only means he doesn't really care for you as a person."

"He didn't do that, Mom."

"I always thought of him as a nice boy."

"He is nice. He's the nicest boy in the world."

"Then why don't you want to see him?"

Nancy looked back at the mirror and pressed her lips together, then opened them with a puffing sound.

"I just don't," she said.

"Someday, you'll meet someone *really* nice. And you'll know he's the right one, because he makes you feel just as nice. I know. I saw everything your big sisters went through."

Glad patted her daughter briskly on the shoulder.

"What movie are you going to see?"

"Lillian Gish. *The Wind*."



Later that evening, Bill Finney was working with slugs of finished type, assembling them onto the big galley plates of the offset press. Birthdays, weddings, family reunions, obituaries, ads from the stores, the real estate agents, the bank. The life of the town, laid down in

Gladys Finney liked to think of herself as the happy angel of her daughters' lives. . .

“They start turning from green to red from the stem end of the bunch, like the color is bleeding down into the grapes from the mother vine, seeping down and changing them one by one.”

comprehensible lines, in the definitive snap of the Hoe press.

Or half the life of the town, he told himself. The half that would be welcomed by his readers, by his advertisers.

When he heard the door open, he thought it might be Nancy, home early from the movies. But from the sound of the first footstep on the poured-concrete floor, he knew it was someone else. He knew precisely the sound of Nancy’s movements.

He peered around the large plates of the Hoe and saw Louis Tourneau, standing uncertainly at the doorway, one hand still on the door handle.

“Come on in, Lou.”

He stood up, and the young man walked diffidently forward.

“Nancy’s not here,” Finney said. “If that’s what you’re thinking.”

“I didn’t expect she would be,” Louis said.

“But you were hoping.”

“Maybe a little.”

Finney sat down at the keyboard of the Linotype. “Tell me something about the crush, Lou. I’ll put you in the paper.”

Louis walked to his side. “We’ll probably start picking on Monday, Tuesday the latest. My father said he knew it would come on fast once the wind shifted.”

“Grapes are sugaring right up?”

“Yeah.” Louis looked away. “Did you know that a bunch of red wine grapes doesn’t change color all at once?”

Finney looked up at him, interested. “No, I didn’t know that.”

“They start turning from green to red from the stem end of the bunch, like the color is bleeding down into the grapes from the mother vine, seeping down and changing them one by one. It’s slow at first, when the weather is cool and foggy. Then, when it gets warmer, it speeds up, and they turn from green, to reddish, to almost black. Right down to the last berry at the very apex of the bunch. Then you know that crush isn’t too far away.”

“Hmmm.” Finney was typing slowly and thoughtfully as Louis spoke. “And that’s what happened this year.”

“Yeah.”

“Thanks, Lou. I’ll put that in.”

“Okay.” Louis stood silently, watching Finney type, not making any motion to leave. When the bell above the keyboard dinged at the end of a line, Finney turned his chair to face him.

“I am sorry that Nancy doesn’t want to see you now, Lou. She tells me she’s going to get straight A’s this year, so she can go to college. And she doesn’t want to just go to San Jose

Teachers, she wants to go to Cal. Maybe it’s just that. Summer’s over, she wants to concentrate on school.”

“Maybe.” Louis frowned, looked away. “Mr. Finney, have you heard anything about where Gill might be?”

Finney shook his head. “He stopped showing up at the Cash Store about three weeks ago. Nobody in town has seen him. Pat McCarty’s upset about it. He thinks he did something wrong.”

“I went to New Chicago. He wasn’t there either. Nancy hasn’t heard anything, has she?”

“He was gone for ten years, Lou. Maybe he’s gone back to wherever he was.”

“I just can’t believe that.”

“I wish I could help.”

Louis shrugged. “Sorry to have bothered you.”

“No bother.” Finney stood up. “If you ever want to talk again, stop on by.”

“Okay. Thanks.”

“After the crush, maybe.”

When the door shut behind Louis, Finney went back to the press, but he did not immediately begin to fix the slugs of type. He thought that Louis wanted the sweet and well-ordered world, the kind world he described in his paper week by week. Louis wanted the world in accord with his wishes for it. Everybody did. Gill did too, probably, wherever he was.



Marco and Carlo ran out from between the rows of vines and onto the plat where the harvesters’ tents had been set up. It was late in the dusty and yellow Sunday afternoon, and already smoke rose from the large outdoor kitchen, and men and women were walking about, anxious for the following morning when they could begin making money again. The two boys paused and searched through the people. Each boy had half a dozen dead birds hanging from a string on his belt. The string ran through the throat of the birds and out their mouthing beaks, and a little dried blood stuck to the throat feathers, and their eyes were open and flat black. They had some grackles on the strings, with black iridescent head feathers, and brownish cowbirds, and spotted starlings with dark beaks, all stiffening at their sides.

Then Marco spotted Paul Tourneau, wearing his broad straw hat and swinging the spade he carried like a walking stick. He punched his brother in the arm.

“There he is,” he whooped.

They ran to where Tourneau stood with Louis, fumbling

their strings of birds loose from their belts.

“Look, Mr. Tournneau,” they said together.

Tournneau smiled down at them, running his hand through his tangled black beard. “How did you get them?”

“Slingshots!”

“Good.” He pointed at the dead birds with a thick, blunt finger. “Now you won’t be eating my grapes.”

As the boys watched, he dipped his hand into a pocket and brought out two nickels and gave them each one.

“Now hang these birds from the fence posts around the southeast block, where we’re starting tomorrow. A good warning for the other birds, eh?”

He patted them each on the shoulder.

“*Allez, les braves hommes.*”

They watched the two boys scurry away. The birds would be strung to fence posts by their necks, facing outward like dead sentinels. They would hang through autumn, growing light and dry as straw, until the twine finally wore through and they fell, severed, at the edge of the vineyard.

“You never would kill birds for me,” Tournneau said to Louis.

“I never liked to,” Louis said.

“No rabbits either. A nickel for every rabbit, and you would never kill a one for me.”

“I never liked to see them dead once I’d seen them alive.”

“They want to eat the same grapes that keep all of us,” Tournneau said. “You, your mother, me, all these pickers for the next few weeks. I’d see them all dead if it meant that I’d make the finest wine in California.”

He looked over the vineyard and began talking about which blocks of grapes they would be picking, and on which days, if the weather held. A few white clouds hovered over the Santa Clara Valley, and Tournneau drew his blunt squarish hands over the eastern sky, as though tracing a map of the vineyard onto the scattered clouds. In three weeks, he thought, they could get the berries off, each block picked as its sugar was peaking, and the fruit crushed and into the fermenters.

“You did well assembling a picking crew, Louis,” he said. “You worked hard.”

Louis looked south in the direction of the tree where he had last seen Gill. A dead cowbird would now be hanging on a fence post opposite that tree.

“Thanks, Papa,” he said.

Tournneau paused. “You’re not seeing that Nancy anymore, the daughter of the newspaperman.”

“No,” Louis said. “I’m not.”

“Tell you what,” Tournneau said. “After the crush, we’ll go down to Goosetown together. How does that sound?”

“I don’t know, Papa.”

“This is your harvest as much as mine,” Tournneau said. “You’ll deserve some reward. And in Goosetown, you’ll forget all about that little girl. Even a sensitive boy who won’t kill rabbits can forget things in Goosetown.”

“Okay, Papa,” Louis said. “We’ll go.”

He looked at the sky, saw the lines traced across it by his father’s hands.



The hills to the east were black and featureless, but the crests of the hills were etched clearly against a pale, pre-dawn yellow. Tournneau stood tall in the back of one of the tray wagons, and the picking crew waited on the ground at the edge of the southeast block. They were edgy and jumpy, ready to start. There were some young people from Italian families who would start school late, and a few fruit tramps who had no fixed address and who would be heading south once walnuts were in. More than half were Mexican families like the Puidos, who had been living in the States since war broke out in Mexico the previous decade. The pickers all carried the serpette, a harvesting knife with a short wooden handle and a sharp, crescent-shaped blade. Some pickers swiped their serpettes against small whetstones as they waited, and others looped a string from the knife’s handle around their wrists, so that it would stay handy while they were parting the leafy branches with both hands.

Although it was cool in the dawn, most of the picking crew wore broad straw hats against the hot sun that was coming, and many wore neckerchiefs above their collars to keep their necks from sunburn. They wore overalls or double-kneed jeans, since some of the picking would be kneeling work, and they wore long-sleeved plaid or denim shirts, sleeves rolled up over the elbow.

When it grew light enough to see, Tournneau held up two clusters of grapes. “This one,” he held up his right hand, “is the way the grapes should look. If you see any grapes that have raised up, or have been sucked dry by bees, knock them off.” He demonstrated by using his thumb to push off a grape with a slightly puckered skin.

“If you see a cluster like this, don’t pick it.” He held up his left hand and showed a cluster with some graying blotches of bunch rot, a cluster that the sulfur had missed on some wet morning during the summer.

There were harvest boxes waiting at the head of each row,

A few white
clouds
hovered over
the Santa
Clara Valley,
and Tournneau
drew his
blunt squarish
hands
over the
eastern sky,
as though
tracing a
map of the
vineyard onto
the scattered
clouds.

As the day warmed toward noon, the vineyard began to hum with bees, grown accustomed to sucking the sweet grape juice from the fruit pecked open by birds.

and Louis had already assigned rows to the various groups. The upper limb of the sun had not yet broken over the ridge, but it was growing light enough to tell good clusters of grapes from bad ones.

“Try not to let the skin of the grapes break when they drop into the box,” Tourneau said. “All right. *Allez. Bonne Vendange.*”

The pickers all took off at a quick trot, chattering and clapping their hands together to get feeling in them, and within seconds they were rustling aside leaves and slicing through grape stems. The clusters began to fall softly into boxes scraped close to the trunks of the grapevines, guided down gently by each picker’s cradling left hand. Up and down the rows of vines, the same rustle and muffled kiss of grapes falling on other swelling grapes was heard.

Louis handled the reins of Queenie, hauling one of the tray wagons, while Augusto Corvo drove the other behind Prince. They kept the wagons moving slowly up and down the allées, and pickers trotted out with full boxes, placed them on the still moving wagons, and picked up an empty box from the head of the row. The whole section of the vineyard seemed to be in motion, leaves brushed up and away, grapes falling into boxes, pickers moving the harvest boxes into place under the vines and chattering across the rows to each other, teasing anyone who fell behind as they worked their way across.

Just after sunrise, Louis’s wagon was filled with boxes mounded with black grapes, and he turned the wagon toward the cellar. Angelo, one of the full-time men, stopped picking and climbed up beside him. Louis gave the reins a short snap over Queenie’s hindquarters, and she picked up her pace, knowing the way.

The unloading area, behind the third level of the winery building, was flat and sheltered by oak trees. Paul Tourneau began taking the boxes from the wagon bed even before the wagon came to a complete halt. Louis and Angelo jumped down to help, and together they stacked the boxes where the oak trees would shade them, so the grapes would not cook in the sun before they were crushed. Then Louis and Angelo climbed back behind the horse and headed down the hill to the section being picked. Louis looked back to see his father plucking stray leaves out of the boxes and lifting clusters to inspect them.

In the section, the initial chatter and banter had slowed down, the pickers saving their breath for work, and a spirit of quiet earnestness had settled in over the vines. The sun was up now, and the air at ground level was heating steadily. Francis-

co and Miguel were working down adjacent rows, both picking grapes into buckets they then emptied into boxes chalked with a large p. There were spiderwebs crossing the dark insides of the leafy vines, and they had to brush them aside with their arms and the serpette to reach the clusters hanging there. Once, as Francisco was bringing out a cluster, a gob of web clung to his arm and spun itself up across his nose and mouth, and he dropped the grapes and began spitting and slapping at himself. Miguel laughed.

“The spiders want the grapes too. And the bees.” Miguel was one of those who always worked with his sleeves rolled down, no matter how hot it was, to lessen the chance for bee stings and spider bites.

Francisco spit once more, then picked up the cluster he had dropped. “Should I put it in the bucket?”

“Knock off any that have broken skin,” Miguel said. “They are paying us well for prime fruit.”

As Louis drove Queenie along at a walking pace, Francisco picked up a full box and trotted out to the wagon. The box weighed over fifty pounds, and carrying it made the veins on his arms stand out. Louis smiled when he heaved it onto the wagon bed and snatched two empty boxes off the end.

“Good job, Frank,” he said, while keeping the wagon rolling slowly ahead.

Francisco trotted back down the row to the vine he had been working on and dropped the boxes nearby. Miguel looked up.

“What did your friend say to you?” he asked.

“That I was doing a good job.”

“Ha ha. His job is easier.” They both looked up and saw Augusto and Louis standing in the wagons that were passing up and down the allées, seeming to float upon an unbroken layer of grape leaves, like barges on a river.

As the day warmed toward noon, the vineyard began to hum with bees, grown accustomed to sucking the sweet grape juice from the fruit pecked open by birds. The pickers simply tried to pick around them without bothering them, though some said that every picker owed the harvest at least one sting. Francisco, when he grew hungry, ate from a cluster of grapes, though they still tasted a little sour to him.

He made a face at his father. “Are they sure these grapes are ripe?”

“These are for champagne. That’s why they get picked early. Champagne that you and I will never taste. So eat now.”

Francisco ate some more grapes, not picking them off one by one but holding the whole bunch up to his mouth and

biting down, and chewing, and spitting out the pips and the rubbery skins. As he took another bite, he watched his father crouch down and reach to the center of some canes with both hands, the left spreading the leaves apart and reaching in to the fruit, the right holding the knife.

Then Miguel jerked back.

“*Chingada madre,*” he cursed.

He held up both his hands, open like claws near his chest. From his right hand dangled the serpette, and the hand was sticky with grape juice, and a fresh bee sting reddened at the base of this thumb. His left hand was bleeding, gashed in the palm by the jerking serpette.

He grimaced at his left hand. The blood was bright and shocking. It oozed out along the length of the cut and dripped down his wrist.

Francisco looked for a second, then turned and ran to the end of the row.

“Don Luis!” he called “*¡Patrón!*”

Louis reined in Queenie where she was and saw Francisco jumping and shouting. He grabbed the small first-aid kit, war surplus in a green metal box, and ran to where Francisco pointed.

Miguel was standing, waiting for him, his arm held out like a torch, and he had broken out in a sudden sweat.

“It doesn’t hurt,” he said furiously.

“Do you need a doctor?” Louis was down on one knee, flipping open the metal clasps on the kit and looking up at the angry, bleeding man standing straight and braced.

“No,” Miguel shouted. “It doesn’t hurt. No doctor.”

Louis squeezed some ointment from a metal tube onto a gauze pad and pressed it onto the cut to stop the bleeding, holding Miguel’s hand flat between both of his own. Francisco stood by watching, his long thin arms dangling by his sides, and Miguel turned to him.

“What are you waiting for? Are you making any money standing there?”

“No,” Francisco said.

“Then get back to work.”

Francisco looked at Louis, who was reaching down into the kit for a roll of gauze.

“Now,” Miguel said. “*Ándale.*”

Louis wrapped gauze around the pad to hold it in place, figure-eighting it around the thumb and across the palm. “Are you sure you don’t need a doctor?” he asked.

Miguel jerked his hand away and looked at it closely, thin-lipped and frowning.

“It’s pretty deep,” Louis said.

“It’s just my left hand,” Miguel said. “Go back to your wagon. Let me get back to work.”

Other pickers were calling for the wagon, calling for more boxes, and Louis closed up the first-aid kit and trotted back to where Queenie stood with her head down. Francisco, back at his vine, was cutting grape stems but also glancing secretly at his father to judge how he really was.

Miguel flexed his hand, and his mouth tightened. “It will be stiff tomorrow,” he said to himself. Then he picked up the cluster of grapes he had dropped, knocked off a few grapes that had shattered, and laid it in the bucket.



In the early afternoon, enough grapes had been picked for the first crush. Any grapes picked later would come to the winery sun-warmed and add too much heat to the fermentation. They would be left in boxes to cool overnight, and crushed the next morning.

Paul Tourneau gathered some of the full-time men to help, and Monsignor Roig i Verdaguer had come to give a blessing. They stood in a large semicircle under the oak tree shade behind the third floor of the winery. Louis and Angelo held wooden paddles and waited by the crusher, a large bin draped with a wire mesh screen. At the bottom of the bin, two grooved hardwood rollers would turn against each other, rotating at different rates to crush the thick-skinned grapes but leave the bitter pips whole. An opening at the lower end of the bin allowed the juice, along with the pulp and skins—the must—to drain down into the winery itself.

Tourneau picked up a box of grapes, and then lifted it easily above his head while the men and women laughed and applauded.

“When I am too weak to lift the first box of grapes,” he said, “then Louis will be master here.”

“Not for many years,” someone shouted.

The monsignor cleared his throat, and Tourneau put down the box.

“Where is Sophia?” he asked.

“Here I am.” She came into the semicircle dressed in blue and holding a silver platter with a bottle of wine and two glasses, which she placed on a table near the crusher. Tourneau pulled the cork on the bottle and poured two glasses half full.

The monsignor lifted one glass up, the crystal globe filled with a dark red wine, dense and heavy. And he smiled while those gathered lowered their heads.

“I always begin with a poem,” he said.

The monsignor lifted one glass up, the crystal globe filled with a dark red wine, dense and heavy. And he smiled while those gathered lowered their heads.

Flies buzzed around the mesh and in Louis's eyes, attracted by the fruit sugar and the sweat that fell from his face, and small, bothersome yellow jackets hovered above the grapes.

*Back of the wine is the Vintner,
And back through the years, his Skill—
And back of it all are the Vines in the Sun
And the Rain
And the Master's Will.*

"This is a happy time." He spoke in a deep and resonant voice. "When the grape begins its journey to become wine. A journey mysterious in some ways, like our life's journey. But one which ends in a great change, for some of these grapes will become the holy wine of sacrament. Like our own lives will end in knowing and loving God.

"May God's blessings be upon this harvest, upon the toilers in the field and the workers in the winery, and upon Paul Tourneau and his family, who through the years use their skill to bring the mysterious liquid, the blood of our Lord, to life again. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, amen."

The gathered people murmured "Amen," and then they lifted their heads. Paul Tourneau picked up the other glass and touched it to the monsignor's glass, and they drank. Then he put down the glass and raised the first box of grapes high over his head and crashed the fruit into the crusher. Some of the fruit split and sprayed grape juice sparkling into the air.

Louis and Angelo attacked the grapes on the mesh with their wooden paddles, mashing and spreading them against the mesh until the individual berries dropped from the stems and fell into the rollers below. Another man turned a hand crank that moved the rollers, splitting the skins of those grapes that had not been split by being pushed through the sieve. Another box was emptied onto the wire, and then another, crashing down and dropping some fruit directly down into the trough, while Louis and Angelo kept their long-handled tools scraping the grapes free from their stems and breaking most of them into skin and juice and pulp. When the screen grew crowded with stems, Louis called for a halt and shoveled the brown and twisted stems onto a large canvas tarpaulin laid out to the side. They would be plowed back into the vineyard during the winter.

Louis kept track in his head while he worked. Forty boxes equaled about a ton, and a ton of grapes would fill a one-hundred-and-seventy-gallon puncheon. Flies buzzed around the mesh and in Louis's eyes, attracted by the fruit sugar and the sweat that fell from his face, and small, bothersome yellow jackets hovered above the grapes.

"You ready for a break?" Johnny, one of the men carting over boxes, offered to take his paddle.

Inside the winery building, it was dark and cool and

fragrant, as the fresh juice and bluish skins and pulp spilled down from the crusher outside. It all fell from a wooden chute into a basket press, a tall cylinder of wooden slats with a thick disk that could be ratcheted down onto the must as needed. One man stood on a ladder and directed the must around the porcelain-covered base of the press, distributing it evenly with a long wooden stick. Free-run juice, the most delicate and flavorful juice obtained without pressing, was already seeping between the slats and pouring out through a spout at the bottom of the press and into a puncheon. Tourneau stood by the spout and dipped a small beaker into the spill now and then and held it to the light. The juice was coming out almost clear, with a faint tinge of salmon color to it.

Then the crushed grapes stopped flowing down the chute, and the man on the ladder scraped the last bits of pulp.

"Ha," Tourneau said. "The first day's crush is over." The free-run juice was still pouring, but more slowly.

"Should I begin pressing?" The man on the ladder had stepped down and was fitting the long oaken handle into the ratchet at the top of the basket press. The handle curved down so that it could be grasped at shoulder level.

"Wait for Louis." Tourneau looked up and saw the upper door let in some slanted sunshine. He blinked, and then saw his son coming down the stairs.

Louis joined Tourneau at the base of the basket press and took a sip of the free-run juice in the beaker. He swirled it around in his mouth. Berries, cherries, violets, and a tang that came from the fruit picked before the sugars had peaked, before the acids had fallen.

He nodded at his father. "That's what we want for the sparkling wine."

"Just a light pressing now." Tourneau smiled at his son. "To make it the color of a partridge's eye."

Louis joined the other worker at the press handle, and they walked it back and forth. In one direction, it moved the wooden disk down the long central screw. In the other, it clacked back on its ratchet, loudly marking their steps. As the disk pressed down onto the mass of pulp and skin, juice began to flow again out the spout, and it grew harder to work the long handle. After every turn, Louis looked at his father, waiting for the signal to stop. Tourneau held the beaker against a candle, not tasting now. The salmon tinge had deepened slightly.

"Almost perfect, now. Give it five more turns."

They clacked the handle back, and put their weight into moving it forward. The fresh grape juice spilled out. They clacked the handle back again. Louis suddenly saw the entire

vineyard in motion, all at the same time; pickers on their knees in the fields, cutting clusters into buckets and pouring the buckets into boxes. His grandfather, standing with the reins in his hands while Prince walked serenely up and down the allées and boxes were slapped onto the wagon bed. John and Angelo, emptying box after box onto the wire mesh above the crusher, himself using the paddle to separate the berries from their stems, and the juice and must falling in the gravity-flow design down into the basket press. For this moment, changing the living fruit into living wine.

“Good!” Tourneau said. He held the beaker up to the light. “Louis. Come taste and see.”

Louis jumped down from the basket press. And somewhere, his brother stood apart, exiled, and Louis felt him watching them all with his half-scarred face.

The spill from the spout had slowed, and once it stopped the grapes would be pressed into a different puncheon for some other, less-fine wine.

Louis took the beaker from his father, saw the candle turn roseate through the glass, and tasted.

“It’s good,” Tourneau said. “It’s good.” ■

More about Lawrence Coates

Lawrence Coates has worked as a Third Mate in the Merchant Marine, as a freelance journalist in Mexico, and as a high school teacher in Paris. Born in Berkeley, California, he served four years in the Coast Guard and another four in the Merchant Marine, spending time in the North Atlantic, the Hawaiian Island chain, and in the Arabian Sea during the Iranian Hostage Crisis. He holds a bachelor’s degree from the University of California at Santa Cruz and gained fluency in Spanish while studying abroad in Barcelona, Spain. He taught in the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris after completing a master’s degree at Berkeley, and went on to earn his doctorate at the University of Utah.



He has received a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship in Fiction, and his work has appeared in *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Missouri Review*, *Greensboro Review*, and elsewhere. His first novel, *The Blossom Festival*, won the Western States Book Award for Fiction, and was selected for the Barnes and Noble Discover Great New Writers Program. His second novel, *The Master of Monterey*, was published in 2003. His third novel, *The Garden of the World*, was published in 2012. After several years at Southern Utah University, Coates currently is Director of Creative Writing at Bowling Green State University in Ohio.

Meet author

Lawrence Coates

at a special event at the

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Special guest Lawrence Coates will speak about his his latest novel, *The Garden of the World*.

Books will be available for purchase.

Please RSVP to Tom Izu, 408.864.8986, or by email to izutom@deanza.edu

At the Center

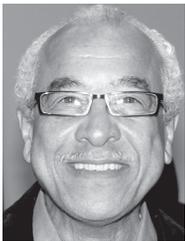
CHC board gains three members

The California History Center Foundation Board of Trustees elected three new members to its board:

Noemi Teppang Teppang is a graduate of San José State University where she majored in Social Sciences and minored in Asian American studies. Her interests are in community organizing, particularly with Filipino youth and connecting them back to the Philippines. She believes strongly that knowing family history is key in preserving culture and identity and can engage youth to become active participants in social change for their communities.



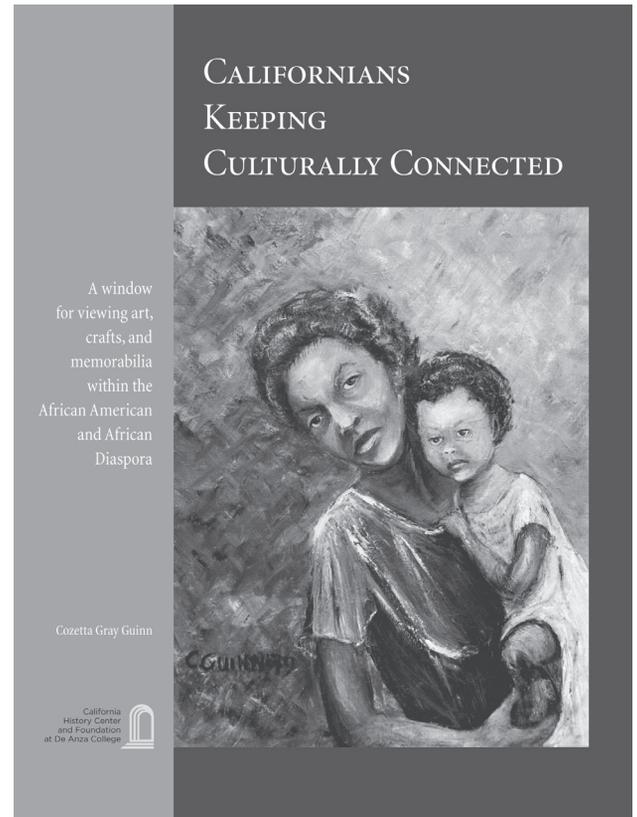
Ulysses Pichon Pichon grew up in Slidell, Louisiana, and graduated from Xavier University of Louisiana and later did graduate work at San José State University. Pichon became a reading instructor at De Anza Community College in 1976. Pichon continues to be active in supporting the SANKOFA Scholars Program at De Anza that promotes the growth of a positive historical and cultural context for African ancestry students on the campus to increase their ability to succeed in their academic work. He is deeply committed to integrating oral history work into the classroom.



Alicia Cortez Cortez is a graduate of Saint Mary's College and UC Berkeley. Cortez is currently a counselor with De Anza College and has been a co-coordinator for the college's Puente Program for the past four years helping historically under-served students succeed at De Anza. Cortez is deeply interested in history and also received a master's degree in the discipline from San José State University. Cortez looks forward to working with the CHC to capture more stories through its Silicon Valley Documentation Project.



The CHCF Board of Trustees sadly accepted the retirement of Leslie Masunaga as Trustee. Masunaga completed her final term with the board after serving for 12 years. "Leslie was our devoted expert on historic preservation and was a connection to our valley's heritage organizations. She is deeply respected in those circles and we will truly miss her wisdom at our meetings. However, I am glad to say that she is continuing on as a volunteer, assisting especially with our library/archives program," stated CHC Director Tom Izu. ■



'Californians Keeping Culturally Connected'... the catalog!

As the California History Center celebrates the tenth anniversary of the exhibit *Californians Keeping Culturally Connected*, a catalog has been published. The exhibit was a compilation of art, crafts, memorabilia and stories of predominantly African Americans living in the San Francisco Bay Area who had acquired and held on to items that kept them culturally connected to their families, friends, communities and histories. *CKCC*, the catalog, is available for \$15 at the California History Center. Look for an event with curator/author Cozetta Gray Guinn coming in June.

In memoriam

Thelma Epstein, a long-time member of the California History Center Foundation's Board of Trustees, passed away on Dec. 6. Epstein had served terms as both president and vice president of the board, and was a trustee for more than 14 years.

"We will deeply miss Thelma. She did so much for the college and the CHC Foundation, and she was an outstanding colleague and precious friend," said Carolyn Wilkins-Greene, dean of the Social Sciences and Humanities Division and an ex-officio member of the CHCF Board.

Epstein had a deep connection to De Anza College, spanning over 24 years, as an instructor and member of Older Adult Studies, the History Department, as a Faculty Association officer and advocate, as a mentor for instructors, and as a De Anza Commissioner. She continued her support of the college after her retirement in 1978.

In recent years, Epstein became an advocate for the college's "Historic Corridor" area and the need to draw attention to and support for the preservation of the historic areas and structures on the campus including the Sunken Garden, Cottages, Winery Building, and CHC building.

Epstein tirelessly advocated for saving the Cottages as historic structures and later served on the advisory committee that reviewed design plans for the rehabilitation work on the East Cottage. In this capacity, she advocated having the East Cottage contain a resource room that would provide students the opportunity to conduct community-based local history research, including oral history projects.

At a campus remembrance event held on January 31, CHC was filled with faculty, staff, and community members who shared stories and memories about Epstein and her work that touched so many people. Her husband, Ray Epstein, and two of her children, daughter Julie Rayden and son David Epstein, were present. In a memory book, individuals wrote messages such as these:

"Thank you for all of your support, your energy, and dedication to the work of the California History Center. It was a delight working with you all of these years!"

"How can we ever honor you enough for all you have given to De Anza and the California History Center? Thelma, you will always be here with us in spirit."

"Memories of Thelma's infectious smile and her indefatigable equanimity shall remain always alive with me, and all those faculty associates who have been so well mentored by her kindness."

De Anza College President Brian Murphy stated at the remembrance that the college would explore appropriate ways to memorialize Epstein. ■



Epstein had a deep connection to De Anza College, spanning over 24 years, as an instructor and member of Older Adult Studies, the History Department, as a Faculty Association officer and advocate, as a mentor for instructors, and as a De Anza Commissioner.

At the Center

'Speed City' and the De Anza connection

by Ulysses Pichon, De Anza reading and writer instructor



"Speed City," in San José, CA, March 1968.

Top, l-r: Kirk Clayton, Jerry Williams, Sam Davis, Bill Gaines, Lee Evans, Bob Griffin, Frank Slaton. Bottom, l-r: Tommy Smith, Ronnie Ray Smith, John Carlos. Photo by Jeff Kroot.

The events... the Civil Rights Movement; Martin Luther King, Jr., and his non-violent army of *everyday* black people defying policemen who attacked them with fire hoses and dogs; children blown up in churches; the murder of Emmett Till, the rise of the Black Panthers, the assassinations of King, Malcolm X, John and Robert Kennedy; the Berkeley free speech movement and anti-war activities; the S.I. Hayakawa era at San Francisco State University...

and the sounds... the Impressions urging regular folks to "Keep On Pushing"; The Temptations crooning about "My Girl"; The Marvelettes coaxing "Mr. Postman" to "wait a minute"; The Dells persuading that special lady to "Stay In My Corner"...

made the 1960s a memorable era. For San José State College, now San José State University, it was the era of *Speed City*, the renowned track and field program that sent athletes, among them John Carlos and Tommie Smith, to the Games of the XIX Olympiad in Mexico City in the fall of 1968.

At an awards ceremony, Carlos and Smith raised their fists as they stood on the medal podium as a gesture in support of human rights and black unity and power.

On Feb. 22, a Black History Month panel presented by the California History Center focused on events, teaching and learning at San José State College during this period, and on De Anza College's connection with this historic era through faculty and administrators, San José State College alumni, who brought the dynamic spirit of that time and place to their work at De Anza College.

The panel was composed of Ebenezer Hunter, former chair of African American Studies at De Anza College; Marion Winters, former counselor and diversity chair at De Anza; and Robert Griffin, former vice president of Student Services at De Anza. Ulysses Pichon, De Anza reading and writing instructor, facilitated the presentation. The panel members were all African Americans who attended San José State College during the "Speed City" years. Winters, Hunter and Griffin knew each other and pursued their studies together at SJSC. Griffin was a member of the track team and Hunter was on the football team. Pichon enrolled in the graduate program at SJSC after the other panel members had graduated.

The behind-the-scenes of the historical salute at Mexico City was addressed by the panel. U.S. Olympic team members had discussed ways of protesting the discrimination that they faced as athletes and students, and that faced blacks every day of their lives across the United States. The athletes did not come to a team decision on how, or whether, to protest, so no one but Carlos and Smith knew what was going to happen after they won Gold and Bronze medals in the 200 meter race. The Australian athlete who received the Silver medal wanted to be a part of the protest also, but a last minute decision left him out. Smith and Carlos decided to share a pair of black gloves, one wearing a right glove, the other the left, and to offer a black power salute during the playing of the national anthem. This became the predominant symbol of the Mexico City Olympic Games.

In addition to the track and field reputation of SJSC at this time, and the resulting national and international attention, the San José State student body elected African American Valerie Coleman as "Snow Queen," of the Winter Carni-

val, and later as “Homecoming Queen” and “National College Queen” of 1968 in a nationally televised contest. In transitioning the discussion to this topic, Pichon told the audience and panel that he remembered John Carlos and Tommie Smith raise their clenched fists on the victory stand in the Mexico City Olympics and how proud it made him feel, but he also remembered watching on television in Louisiana the selection and crowning of Valerie Coleman (then Valerie Dickerson) as “Homecoming Queen.” He asked the panel to comment on this because in Pichon’s mind these combined events really put San José State College on the national map. Winters said that the black students all knew each other because their community was relatively small, and everyone knew how popular Valerie Coleman was. So it did not surprise Winters that a black queen was selected at a predominantly white university. This was going to happen because Valerie was the logical person. When asked if they understood at the time the historical relevance of this event, Griffin and Hunter concurred with Winters that though they were in the middle of these happenings, there were more exciting events at the time.

When asked about the difference in environments in the sixties and currently for black students, Hunter talked about how his professor Harry Edwards, would gather the athletes on the campus and escort them to the library. There was no refusing, “he led and we followed.” Winters referred to her peers as the first beneficiaries of the gains of the civil rights movement. She said that they “owed” it to their families to succeed. Griffin told the students in the audience, “I don’t envy you.” He said that today’s students have so much technology that he and his peers did not have, that they could easily be distracted from their goals. He said that students in his day had only dances and pizza parties to look forward to, so they could more easily focus on completing their studies and being successful.

The panelists also discussed their memories of the Civil Rights movement and of campus life, the significance of the national spotlight on the university in the sixties, personal experiences of racial inequality, the “live but limited” resources of SJSC and compared their situation to that of today’s black students. This discussion was quite relevant, not simply as historical highlights, but also as a reminder to take advantage

of a world that has expanded opportunities, but which is still plagued with “institutional racism.”

In the question-and-answer session that followed the remarks of the panel, the audience of about 100 students and staff focused more on *Speed City* and the act of *historical pride*, or *defiance* as many journalists called it, of Olympic champions John Carlos and Tommie Smith. The panel as well as the audience seemed to agree that this was a defining moment, a *display of pride*, as Hunter said, to “Keep On Pushing,” to continue fighting for equal rights. It was emphasized that it encouraged not only blacks, but other people of color to be proud of who they were, to fight for rights and to become more aware of racial and other exclusive activities in our society.

The session concluded with a reminder that the discussion was being recorded and filmed for inclusion in the California History Center’s Oral History Project and that it would be available for student research. Tom Izu was introduced as the Director of the California History Center. He encouraged students and staff to visit the facility, register for some classes and volunteer to help with the Oral History Projects. ■

Griffin told the students in the audience, “I don’t envy you.”



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At the Center

'A Taste of History' fundraiser a great success!



De Anza String Quartet

A celebration recognizing the work completed so far on De Anza College's "Historic Corridor" successfully raised funds to support the CHC's oral history project, also known as "The Silicon Valley Documentation Project." "A Taste of History," held on Nov. 5 at the CHC, featured wine tasting, a string

quartet, and tours of the new East Cottage building. More than 120 guests attended and learned about the Historic Corridor which includes the remodeled Baldwin Winery Building, the East Cottage replica, the refurbished Sunken Garden, and the California History Center, also known as the Trianon building.

The event was organized with help from the De Anza Commission, the Foothill-De Anza Foundation, and the Social Sciences and Humanities Division.

"We earned more than \$13,000 from the event," said Carolyn Wilkins-Greene, dean of the Social Sciences and Humanities Division, home base for the California History Center. "I am very happy with the proceeds. This is great seed money to begin our Silicon Valley Documentation Project."

De Anza History Department faculty member Anne Hickling explained that the Silicon Valley Documentation Project would help students capture oral histories of people in our region not included in textbooks or popular media. She discussed how oral history brings to life the stories of regular people, right here, right now, in our present and is a powerful way to teach and a wonderful gift to give to the future.

Along with Hickling's talk, brief statements were made by Foothill-De Anza Community College District Chancellor Linda Thor, Dean Wilkins-Greene, CHCF Executive Director Tom Izu, and Dick Greif, president of the De Anza Commission. ■

At right, top to bottom: Carolyn Wilkins-Greene, Dean of Social Sciences and Humanities with Tom Izu, CHC Director; Thomas Ray, Dean of Language Arts with Nancy Canter, Dean of Creative Arts; Christina Espinosa-Pieb, Vice President of Instruction; Ulysses Pichon and Purba Fernandez, members of the CHCF Board of Trustees and De Anza faculty; Mike Foulkes, Director of Government Affairs at Apple Inc. with John Swensson, De Anza College English instructor; Orrin Mahoney, De Anza Commissioner and Cupertino Vice Mayor.



Thank you to the sponsors of our 'Taste of History' event

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Apple, Asset Management, Joan and Dave Barram, Brian Murphy and Susan Hoffman, Mary and Laury Smith, Dorothy and Darryl Stow, Linda Thor and Bob Huntsinger.

Wine tasting provided by: Laura Ness, Winery Coordinator, with the following wineries: Burrell School, Big Basin Vineyards, Guglielmo Winery, House Family Winery, Jazz Cellars and Poetic Cellars.

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With assistance provided by the California History Center Foundation Board of Trustees and the De Anza Commission

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Foothill-De Anza Community College District Employee Payroll Deduction:

The following employees of the college district have generously given through the college's payroll deduction plan:

Gregory Anderson,
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Rowena Tomaneng, Renato
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Director's Report continued from page 3

such as this one, make us wake up by their jarring and sometimes strange dislocation, and help us to view what we think is an immutable present with new eyes. It makes us realize that right on this spot things were drastically different and, therefore, changed and continue to change; it helps us to see that we have a role to play in making sure we critically observe, think, and act, and become engaged in the change taking place here, now, in our community, right before us.

Preservation is a way to remember the lessons of change, and to learn how to embrace it gracefully, with wisdom, concern and care. What better place to do this type of work than in a community college where we, all of us, community members, college staff and students, so dearly wish our society train a new generation to think critically, soberly, with wisdom and compassion. What better place to have a "Historic Corridor" than De Anza

College, a gateway to higher education for all regardless of income and background?

As our college president, Brian Murphy, has told me, if I may paraphrase, "If you don't have a connection to a place, if you don't understand its true history, then how can you expect students to become thoughtfully engaged and democratically active?" I realize that the founders of the California History Center over 40 years ago shared this view. One of them, Walt Warren, first executive director and founder of the California History Center, stated in 1975, "I want the student to touch and feel and virtually taste history" (Orrin Mahoney, the De Anza Commissioner who coined the name of our event this evening must have been channeling the late Warren!) The founders of the center wanted students to become so involved in understanding the history around them that they could not help but wonder about the present and their very own futures. ■

SPRING CLASSES

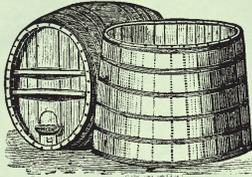
California History Center State and Regional History Academic Program

The following courses will be offered spring quarter 2012 through the California History Center. Please see the History class listing section of the Spring Schedule of Classes for additional information www.deanza.fhda.edu/schedule or call the center at (408) 864-8986.

History of the Napa-Sonoma Wine Communities

HIST-053X-95 2 units

Instructor: Chatham Forbes—chforbessr@msn.com



Beginning in Hispanic times, communities of vineyardists became established in the North Bay region. Knowledgeable Europeans recognized the virtues of soil and climate, settled in Sonoma and Napa Counties, and developed what is today one of the great winemaking regions in the world. The story of the founding personalities and their successors will be studied in the classroom and the field.

LECTURES

Thurs 4/19 & 5/3
6:30pm–10pm

FIELD STUDIES

Sat 4/21 & 5/5

1968: Turmoil and a Turning Point

HIST-051X-952 units

Instructor: Mary Jo Ignoffoignoffo—maryjo@deanza.edu

The year 1968 was a year of international turmoil. It was also a turning point for a generation of Americans coming of age while the nation engaged in war. The San Francisco Bay Area was at the forefront of an emerging counter-culture and was the scene for many of the events that made 1968 one of the most powerful years in recent history. This class will explore the political, social, and economic events of 1968, including the Vietnam War, the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy, riots at the Democratic National Convention, Black Power demonstrations at the Summer Olympics, feminist demonstrations at the Miss America pageant, and much more. This class is designed for those who would like to know more about that era as well as those who may have lived through it.

LECTURES

Mon 4/23 & 5/7
4pm–7:50pm

FIELD STUDIES

Fri 4/27 & Sat 5/5

San Francisco: American Beginnings, 1846-1856

HIST-107X-952 units

Instructor: Chatham Forbes—chforbessr@msn.com

Yerba Buena became San Francisco under the American flag, a seaport village of many ethnic groups and a wide variety of occupations. Within months the Mother Lode of the Sierra Nevada foothills was discovered; in a year the Gold Rush started, and the village began its transformation into the “one and only city” in the West. Gold-seekers from every state and many countries poured into the town. A settlement of adobes, shacks, and tents matured into frame and brick. This epic story will be told in classroom and field.

LECTURES

Thurs 5/17
& 5/24
6:30pm–10pm

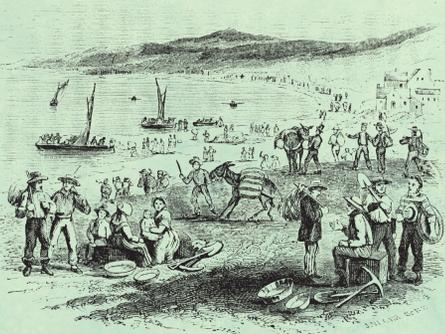
FIELD STUDIES

Sat 5/19 & 5/26

Local History through Oral History

HIST-054W-951 unit

Instructor: Anne Hickling—ahickling@earthlink.net



Learn the history of local people and communities and help capture it as you listen to and record life stories of Santa Clara Valley and Silicon Valley residents, specific topics will emerge including family life, immigration, education, employment, labor and business, along with stories from agriculture, mining, technology, the arts, and religious life. The instructor will provide local historical context as well as question development and interviewing techniques. Student field study will consist of oral history preparation and interviewing of a resident of the Santa Clara Valley. Community service credit will be awarded. Sharing of completed oral histories will be the emphasis of the last class.

LECTURES

Wed 6/6 & 6/20
6:30pm–10pm

FIELD STUDY

Wed 6/13
6:30pm