1990

Los Gatos centennial pageant

Kathryn Morgan
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LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

**A Research Paper
Presented to
The Faculty of the School of Education
San Jose State University**

**In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
Plan C**

**By
Kathryn Morgan
August 1990**

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ABSTRACT
LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT
by Kathryn Morgan

The thesis examines the research, writing, and production of an outdoor historical pageant which was part of the town of Los Gatos, California's centennial celebration. It explains that the Pageant was a revival of a town tradition, how the historic research about the characters and incidents in the Pageant was undertaken, how the outlining and writing of the various drafts of the Pageant proceeded, and gives information about how the Pageant was produced and performed. The thesis also includes the final script, copies of letters, local newspaper reviews written after the production, and a copy of the Pageant's program.

Research revealed a colorful cast of characters and historic train of events which lent themselves well to dramatization, including Indians, mission-building priests, settlers on a Mexican land grant, loggers of local redwoods, railroads, historic fires, and highlights of the twentieth century.

Advisor: Dr. Alice Scofield
San Jose State University
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PREFACE

This thesis was a creative project, Plan C. Yet, unlike many creative projects, it was designed to solve a problem (which is explained in Chapter One), and it also required extensive historical research (Chapter Two). Also, much essential information is provided in Chapter Two, which explains the genesis of the research and writing procedures. It summarizes the historical research which was done over a period of one and a half years and is necessary to explain the veracity of the Pageant itself in Chapter Four. Chapter Three is designed as a handbook for someone else who wants to do similar research and a similar project. As a result, Chapter Three makes frequent reference to Chapter Two.

Similarly, as this project seemed to fit well into the traditional thesis formula to this extent, it was decided to add the traditional evaluation in Chapter Five, since a Pageant, like any theatrical performance, is evaluated by the audience and press.

In sum, even though this thesis was a creative project, Plan C, it fit well into and seemed to require the traditional five chapter format of a research thesis.

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Chapter One

INTRODUCTION

Introduction

Americans in the 1980's live for the most part in large urban areas or in suburbs which are much more anonymous than the small settlements or towns of our past.

The successive creation of larger economic units by the coalescence or absorption of smaller units has enabled civilization to give its citizens greater material comfort; it has also. . . destroyed individual significance in living for the majority of such citizens (Kariel, 1964, p. 17).

Few now live in the farm country or small towns where the majority of Americans lived in times gone by. " . . . it signals a disturbing evolution toward a 'mass society'" (Cigler, 1983, p. 45-46).

Even fewer know very much about the past history of places where they live--assuming they do not live in a new housing development which HAS no past history. They drive the neighborhood streets with no idea of what the street names signify or why those particular names were chosen. They attend the neighborhood schools, often learning little or

nothing about the school's name, founders, or past history. They usually know little about the pioneers, the founding fathers and mothers, of their own area. When an old building is demolished, they do not know what history is lost with that building.

Novelist Louis Auchincloss complains angrily that 'The horror of living in New York is living in a city without a history. . . All eight of my great-grandparents lived in the city. . . and only one of the houses they lived in . . . is still standing. That's what I mean by the vanishing past' (quoted by Toffler, 1970, p. 55).

The very landscape of a modern urban or suburban area is usually so changed to accommodate modern housing, streets, parking lots, shopping centers, and trees and plants chosen for popularity, instant color, or ease of maintenance, rather than their appropriateness as being native to the area, that present day inhabitants literally cannot often recognize in an old drawing or photograph the original lay of their own land as it once was.

Another factor that contributes to Americans' losing their past is that, right from our beginnings in colonial days, we were an extraordinarily mobile society.

Political scientist Daniel Elazar describes the great masses of Americans who 'have begun to move from place to place within each [urban] belt . . . preserving a nomadic way of life that is urban without being permanently attached to any particular city' . . . Between March 1967 and March 1968 . . . 36,600,000 Americans . . . changed their place of residence. This is more than the total population of Cambodia, Ghana, Guatemala, Honduras, Iraq, Israel, Mongolia, Nicaragua and Tunisia combined. It is as if the entire population of all these countries had suddenly been relocated. And movement on this massive scale occurs every year in the United States. In each year since 1949 one out of five Americans changed his address, picking up his children, some household effects, and starting life anew at a fresh place. Even the great migrations of history, the Mongol hordes, the westward movement of Europeans in the nineteenth century, seem puny by statistical comparison (Toffler, 1970 p. 78).

We have moved away from our own relatives, ancestors, ancestral homes, states, countries, and even continents. In this process much freedom is gained, but much of our past and sense of rootedness is lost.

. . . In addition to his links with other people, we may speak of the individual's relationship with things. We can single out for examination his relationship with places. . . . It is this abbreviation, this compression that given rise to the almost tangible feeling that we live, rootless and uncertain among shifting dunes (Toffler, 1970 p. 8).

Also, in this century, more than any which has gone before, change is all-consuming and extraordinarily rapid. As Toffler says:

. . . The final, qualitative difference between this and all previous lifetimes is the one most easily overlooked. For we have not merely extended the scope and scale of change; we have radically altered its pace. . . . a stream of change so accelerated that it influences our sense of time, revolutionizes the tempo of daily life, and affects the very way we 'feel' the world around us (Toffler, p. 9).

In the first few pages of his eye-opening book, Future Shock, Toffler employs a wonderful simile to describe the unprecedented rate of change in modern life: ". . . the racing rate of change that makes reality seem, sometimes, like a kaleidoscope running wild" (p. 155).

And the rate of change is speeding up dramatically. C.P. Snow, the novelist and scientist, comments on the new visibility of change today: 'Until this century. . . social change was so slow that it could pass unnoticed in one person's lifetime. That is no longer so. The rate of change has increased so much that our imagination can't keep up' (Andrew, 1978 p. 112).

Thus, traditions often do not count for much in twentieth century America. The past, old people, traditional architectural styles, even the family itself, and traditional Judeo-Christian religious beliefs, upon which so much of our past culture was built, are being swept away (Cigler, 1983 p. 149).

In place of traditional economic and personal choices are choices which favor the now, the future, the latest, and the trendiest. Indeed, present day Americans are much less bound by their past, but they are also much more alienated in their present.

Many city dwellers had lost the sense of belonging to a warm community. For a time many newcomers to big cities managed to cling to relatives or friends from 'back home.' As they moved out of these nuclear groups, they were often lost in an unfriendly crowd (Watson, 1976 p. 121, 122).

"To be a fully developed person one must have a place in some community. One must be able to communicate thoughts and feelings to others and to receive their ideas in return" (Watson, 1976 p. 122).

This tendency to erase the past is even greater on the West Coast of the United States, which was settled at least a century after most of the East Coast, and especially in California, where, other than in its central valleys, life tends to be very fast paced, restless, and non-traditional. In California the independent small towns are being swallowed up; either they are annexed by larger cities or they become, like Cupertino and Campbell, California, squeezed in cheek by jowl with San Jose's anonymous urban sprawl so that they have little autonomous power and are, to an outsider, virtually indistinguishable from San Jose.

Therefore, the idea of a small California town celebrating its Centennial, and specifically celebrating it in summertime with a traditional outdoor centennial pageant, would seem to many to be a "hokey," old-fashioned, "boring" (the single adjective most used by American teenagers) idea compared to the sophistication and allure of modern entertainment or summer amusements (e.g. shopping mall expeditions, summer camps or spas, cruising (Santa) Cruz, acquiring a deep, skin-

damaging tan, video arcades, the ubiquitous monopoly of the Century theaters, vacations in Hawaii, Mazatlan, New Zealand, or Tahiti).

Background

The inhabitants of the small Central California town of Los Gatos, a largely affluent community of 27,000 situated in Santa Clara (a.k.a. Silicon) Valley, 50 miles south of San Francisco, ten miles southwest of San Jose, in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, were for the most part as oblivious of their town's past as most Americans are. For instance, most residents knew that "Los Gatos" means "The Cats" in Spanish, noted the ubiquitous cats on Town stationery, or logos, and when attending local high school football games cheered at the cartoon-like antics of the high school mascot, the Wildcat, but had no desire to know more.

It is this ignorance, apathy, rootlessness, and loss of the rich tapestry of the past in Los Gatos that this proposal addressed. In August of 1987 Los Gatos was a hundred years old. Two of the main goals of concerned citizens of the Los Gatos Centennial Committee were that local citizens be informed about their town's past and that Los Gatos revive its traditional summer Town Pageant, begun in 1919 and held frequently until 1947, moribund ever since. Almost every summer for

nearly thirty years, many of Los Gatos' senior citizens, children, tradesmen, and housewives painted sets, made costumes, and re-enacted its past for a large audience in a natural outdoor setting on the Town pageant grounds (featuring a natural amphitheater, trees, and even a waterfall) of a summer's evening.

Now the old pageant grounds were a weed-choked vacant lot, the amphitheater was covered by the new Civic Center, the waterfall had long dried up. The only memories of the pageant were mention of them in the little read History of Los Gatos, by Dr. George Bruntz (former Los Gatos High School and later San Jose State College teacher of social studies); some hilarious old black and white photographs of citizens dressed up in ten gallon hats, blankets and feathers, or chaps and sombreros; and in the memories of the few "old timers" who still remembered acting a part as an Indian, priest or Spanish ranchero in the Pageants of long ago.

In 1984 this writer was asked by a Los Gatos Town Councilman to join the Centennial Committee. As the Committee was apportioning different tasks among its members, the writer volunteered to write and direct the Pageant because of her knowledge and love of Town history and of drama. This offer was enthusiastically accepted.

Problem Statement

Evidence from discussion among Centennial Committee members provided evidence that few people in Los Gatos knew about important characters or significant events in the Town's century of history. And as a result: 1) There was widespread unawareness of what the Centennial Pageant was to celebrate, which could well lead to little interest in participating in the Pageant, and 2) few Los Gatans were able to appreciate the wealth of historic allusions in home and business names, street names, and Town traditions.

For example, most inhabitants of Los Gatos were unaware of the fact that Los Gatos has a Spanish name because the first Europeans to set foot in this area were in the exploratory De Anza Expedition in 1776, the very year that virtually every schoolchild knows what went on in far away Boston and Philadelphia. Most Los Gatans had heard two or three garbled legends (printed on local saloon napkins and the like) about the town's being named for once numerous wildcats but did not know that the name was given us by our very first European settlers, pioneering on an original Spanish land grant which comprises most of present day Los Gatos. Most Los Gatans knew of, or frequented, the popular local Mountain Charley's Saloon and had heard references to

Mountain Charley being the survivor of a grizzly bear attack but knew little else about this idiosyncratic and enterprising founding father and what he suffered in the attack that scarred him physically and emotionally for the rest of his life.

Many Los Gatans knew vaguely that the small, unprepossessing, rectangular, stone building below the Main Street overpass is an old place called Forbes Mill. Yet most knew virtually nothing about its builder, James Alexander Forbes, survivor of a pirate attack in South America, author of the first history of California, and "con man" extraordinaire (Wulf, 1985 p. 58 and Interview, 1986).

Many Los Gatos children attended Louise Van Meter Elementary School yet knew very little about Miss Van Meter, a feisty, courageous educational reformer who was one of the first advocates of kindergarten. A Los Gatos family living on Jones Road usually did not have the any idea that their street was named after Zachariah ("Buffalo") Jones, pioneer logger of the redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains, a teetotaler who allowed his loggers to have no alcohol in camp.

Most Los Gatans who shopped in Lyndon Plaza or drove down Lyndon Avenue have known vaguely that there used to be a Lyndon Hotel in town, but they didn't know that its remarkable founder, John

Lyndon, arrived in California with 60 cents in his pocket and became a self-made millionaire, that his brother James was a Santa Clara County Sheriff, that before it was torn down, the hotel hosted President Benjamin Harrison, actress Hedy Lamarr, author John Steinbeck, director John Ford, and actor Charlie Chaplin.

Research Purpose Statement

It was be the purpose of this research to: find all available historical information about the significant characters, events, and places in Los Gatos history in order to: write and direct an accurate (yet also entertaining and fast paced) Los Gatos Centennial Pageant, which would bring to life these characters and events in dramatic form, give new generations of Los Gatans the experience of participating in a community enterprise, and educate (while entertaining) a large audience of Los Gatans.

Research Questions

1. Who were the most important and/or interesting characters in Los Gatos history?
2. What were the most important and/or interesting events in Los Gatos history?
3. What was the chronology of these characters and events?

4. What were the available resources (books, articles, local historians, "old timers," etc.) where the above information could be found?

Operational Definitions

1. Centennial: one hundredth birthday or anniversary.
2. Pageant: a historical play with a large cast and broad sweep, traditionally held in an outdoor setting.

Limitations

1. Research findings could be only as well-researched and accurate as the historical books and articles consulted.
2. The old Pageant grounds were no longer a feasible site for the Pageant. The best feasible alternative was to hold the Pageant on the front lawn of Los Gatos High School, which featured a knoll for a stage, trees and lawn, adequate parking and electrical power, a central location virtually across the street from the old Pageant grounds, and the traditional outdoor setting.
3. It was decided to do secondary historical research, not primary research (except for two interviews with Los Gatos longtime residents).
4. It was decided by the researcher and the Centennial Committee that the pageant could run no longer than three hours.

Therefore, many historically important characters and events, and virtually all information concerning the outlying corners of Los Gatos as opposed to the central or downtown area, had to be cut from the Pageant.

5. Due to cost and cast exhaustion factors, as well as relative scarcity of Town population in the summer months, it was decided to limit the Pageant to two performances only, a Friday and Saturday.

6. Due to the fact that a chief goal of the Pageant was to entertain and educate the children of the Town, it was decided to hold the performances as early in the evening as possible.

7. It was decided to keep the Pageant affordable for all Los Gatans of every age and economic level and charge nominal ticket prices even if that meant a smaller budget.

8. Though the History of Los Gatos mentions them virtually not at all, and though most historic pageants tend to treat them only in relationship to the coming of the white man, it was decided by the researcher to devote a significant segment of the Pageant to the lifestyle and mythology of Los Gatos' local Ohlone Indian tribelet, the Tamyen, and re-enact that era as authentically as feasible.

9. Native Ohlone Indian women wore nothing above the waist; the men wore virtually nothing at all. In the interests of not becoming an "R" rated Pageant and losing our audience under thirteen years of age (though gaining a lot of publicity for the Pageant), it was decided to pretend it was winter in the Ohlone scenes and have the adults wear facsimiles of traditional winter capes and the males wear loincloths (and non-traditional brown tights)!

Delimitations

1. The centennial anniversary of Los Gatos' incorporation as a city took place on August 8, 1887. The pageant would take place as near to one hundred years from that date as possible. Thus, the Pageant would take place toward the end of summer, when large numbers of the population were out of town or previously committed.

2. The researcher/writer/director had no control over the fact that August of 1987 would be cold and windy.

3. The local historians interviewed were knowledgeable but seldom unbiased.

4. The budget was a restriction. Monies raised by Centennial fundraising events and granted by the Town Council totalled \$20,000. We could not exceed our budgetary limits.

5. Time was, as ever, a restriction. There were two and one-half years to research, write, pay necessary royalties or contact contributory historians for permission to use them as sources, get Centennial Committee feedback, edit, publish, gather a production staff for, hire a sound and lighting firm for, audition a cast for, costume, make sets and gather props for, make up, publicize, and rehearse the Pageant.

6. Only one complete book has ever been published about the Town, The History of Los Gatos, by Dr. George Bruntz. Therefore, other library research had to consist of newspaper articles and a few books of reminiscence. Of the few local historians, only one was scholarly, organized, dedicated, and available.

7. Because historic slides were to be included in the program, the performances had to begin at twilight at the earliest so that the slides could be easily seen by the audience.

8. Musicians were limited (because the school band was on summer vacation) to our composer/conductor and his partner, hired musician friends of theirs, and the high school drum major.

9. Far fewer males than females tried out for the Pageant. Consequently, many male parts had to be cut, rewritten, or neutralized.

Statement of Significance

The researcher/writer/director has had a lifelong love of writing, of stories, of the past, and of the theater. In addition, she has taught at Los Gatos High School for almost 22 years and has come to know and love the Town and three generations of its citizens.

In this age of rapid, consuming change, ignorance of the past, apathy toward tradition, destruction of historic buildings, and transformation of historic sites, she wanted to bring Los Gatos' past, the past of a rare intact small town, back to its people. Through the Pageant Los Gatos citizens could know the oak and redwood forests that were here before any humans, the Native Americans that lived here so peacefully, the daring Spanish explorers and dominant Spanish priests, the Mexican settlers, the loggers, entrepreneurs, builders, and businessmen, as well as re-experience the floods and fires, depressions and celebrations, of our past.

Local history could become significant to all, not just a few. Citizens could come to know that behind many of our place and street names are important, real people, and events. Ordinary townsfolk could become acquainted with and attached to Los Gatos historic characters

and buildings so that they would feel a pang at all the reminders of them that have been lost and act to prevent any further loss.

Those who worked on or acted in the Pageant would have the rare experience of working hard together, both sexes and all ages, as a single community, to achieve a sense of family and place as they created a show together. These volunteers could learn a rare lesson in contemporary society, that it is still better to participate than to be a passive observer.

The audience could recognize many connections between history and present day Los Gatos. They could laugh a lot, share watching the Pageant as a family or group of friends, and realize that sometimes live entertainment is better than television or the movies because it provides an immediate personal connection from performers to audience.

It is, after all, a significant thing to try to contribute, in a small town way, to our knowledge, to the theater and music, to historic preservation, to the understanding of how a tradition started, and why it is important not to let it die out, and to afford people a chance to celebrate, work together, show off, and share.

Chapter Two

REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

Introduction

Synopsis: Americans in the twentieth century were increasingly losing touch with their roots and past, especially in the relatively new and fast-paced state of California. Specifically, Los Gatos, a small town in Central California, was approaching its Centennial, in August of 1987, with widespread ignorance of the Centennial in particular and the significant people, events, and places in their town's past in general.

The purpose of this project was to investigate the town's past via library and historical research, historical reading, and interviews with local historians and long-time residents, in order to write the Los Gatos Centennial Pageant accurately and bring the town's past back to life in dramatic form in a traditional outdoor Pageant to be performed on the front lawn of Los Gatos High School in early August of 1987.

Methodology

The researcher thought it logical to begin by acquiring the only published book about the town's past, The History of Los Gatos, by Dr. George Bruntz, reading it thoroughly, and underlining names or events

which seemed of unusual significance or interest with the aim of researching them further.

She then contacted Los Gatos' best known historian still actively researching its past, a man with a well-established reputation for accuracy, organization, and "doing his homework," Mr. William A. Wulf, in hopes of acquiring his yet unpublished manuscript about early Los Gatos history, getting his opinion about other sources to investigate, conducting a series of interviews or discussions with him about the Pageant, and using him as a consultant on the accuracy of the Pageant which would emerge from the research. Mr. Wulf also gave invaluable information from his own experience about which historical sources he had consulted had proven accurate and helpful, and which had not.

One of the research librarians at Los Gatos Library, Mrs. Jean Krcik, offered to help, and she was delegated to look into all pertinent information about important people or events which took place during the year of Los Gatos' founding, 1887, both in Los Gatos itself and in the larger world, including San Jose, Santa Clara County, California, the U.S., and the world at large, in order to glean the most pertinent, interesting, or significant information for use in the Pageant's prologue. Her research included microfilms of local, San Jose, and San Francisco

newspapers, and even The London Times. She also used the historical reference books in the library (such as The Book of Dates and California's Spanish Place Names), the file of materials relating to previous Town Pageants, and an inventory of the contents of the San Jose City Hall cornerstone, which was laid down in 1887.

A computerized search was not conducted because, first, at the time the researcher was without any resources with which to do so, and second, she was convinced that with such a narrow, localized subject that her best resources would be with local libraries, educational institutions, historical organizations, and historians. She did not think a topic so tiny in scope would have found its way into databases.

The researcher also consulted the head librarian at Los Gatos High School for resources she deemed pertinent or helpful.

Also consulted were back issues of The Los Gatos Times Observer, which had been saved since 1885 if they pertained to Los Gatos history, Pageant history, the Centennial, the founding of the Town, or highlights of the Town's first hundred years.

Other resources were at the researcher's disposal as former President of the Los Gatos Historic Preservation Society, including her copy of the Santa Clara County Historic Resources Survey.

As time allowed, she interviewed local "old-timers," one a native Los Gatan retired teacher at Los Gatos High School, and one octogenarian whose young family had lived and grown vegetables on the present site of Los Gatos High School and shopped in downtown Los Gatos in the 1920's.

For the railroading history of Los Gatos, the three books of Bay Area railroad buff and fascinating public speaker Bruce MacGregor were thoroughly read.

For the history of Los Gatos' first human inhabitants, the Ohlone Indians, the researcher consulted: one of the few well-known books on the subject, The Ohlone Way, by Malcolm Margolin; Margolin's bibliography; and local Los Gatos historians. She also obtained an interview with a surviving Ohlone descendant, Ms. Rosemary Cambra, who is active in preserving the history of her people.

She then consulted with a subcommittee of the Centennial Committee, the Historical Advisory Committee, a small group consisting of local historians, a local newspaperman specializing in Los Gatos history, and history buffs. She asked them for both resources they would recommend and their own opinions on significant events or people to include or follow up on.

The researcher happened to take a short class and field trip about California Author John Steinbeck, and the facilitator of that class, a Steinbeck aficionado and collector of historic information about him, filled her in on some specifics of Steinbeck's years of residence in Los Gatos, both in a small adobe in what is now Monte Sereno and on a ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Presentation of Literature Review

Newspapers

Local research librarian Jean Krcik conducted the newspaper research specifically to investigate what items of note happened in Los Gatos' Centennial year, 1987, and what information of note appeared in articles or columns about Los Gatos history in the local papers. She investigated all old clippings and microfilms in the Los Gatos library archives during the first quarter of 1987.

In addition, information was used from two Los Gatos Weekly articles, one of January 7, 1987, called "Happy Birthday Los Gatos" and one of July 9, 1986, called "One Hundred Years of History."

Historic References

The History of Los Gatos, by Dr. George Bruntz.

Dr. Bruntz, who has been a resident of Los Gatos since 1930, was a history teacher and Director of Adult School at Los Gatos High School for 16 years, and a social science professor at San Jose State College for 19 years, until 1965. He has been listed in Who's Who of American Scholars.

The History of Los Gatos concentrated on local history after 1880, and his sources for the book included the clippings and newspaper columns of local realtors W.R. and Clarence F. Hamsher, longtime friends of his, back issues of the Los Gatos Times, News, and Times-Observer newspapers, interviews with "old timers" still articulate when he was researching for the book (from approximately 1969-1971), interviews and information from descendants of historic Los Gatos individuals or families, consultation with colleague Ted Schweitzer on the high school history faculty and with administrators of local schools, information supplied by the Town Clerk, especially minutes of Town Council meetings, and references made by local librarians. He also consulted with members of the local Chamber of Commerce and the Los Gatos Museum Association.

Dr. Bruntz conducted his research and wrote the book "in response to popular demand," to quote his introduction, and at the special urging of Charles Clough, who published the first editions of the book.

The book deals primarily with information he gleaned about early local industries, roads and railroads, newspapers, government, utilities, police and fire departments (as well as crimes and fires), businesses, schools and the library, churches and cultural organizations, service groups, parks, and the effects of the two world wars on the town.

A History of Early Los Gatos and the Santa Cruz Mountains, an unpublished manuscript by William A. Wulf.

William Wulf is the aforementioned much respected local historian with whom this researcher consulted throughout the project. He concentrated on territory largely unexplored by Dr. Bruntz, namely Los Gatos' early history, including geography and geology before human habitation; early Indian history; the Spanish Mission period and its precursor, the first exploratory expedition by Lt. Col. Juan Bautista De Anza in 1776; the first industry in the area, logging; the settlement by two Mexicans on the land grant, Rancho Rinconada de Los Gatos, which was to become much of the area of modern Los Gatos; the first roads

through the area; first American exploration under J.C. Fremont; local legend Mountain Charlie McKiernan, entrepreneur and survivor of a grizzly bear attack; early mining; stagecoaches; the builder of Los Gatos' oldest surviving building; first hotels; and first recorded natural disasters.

He conducted his research entirely as a hobby/obsession because of his intense interest in history. His search took him not only to the local library, museum, and public offices but to archives of the local Jesuit monastery, the Novitiate, to countless newspaper files and microfilms throughout the county, to documents in Sacramento, and to historic libraries such as the Bancroft at U.C. Berkeley. His research began with an interest in railroads during his childhood (in the 1940's) and continues to this day.

He conducts his research with an emphasis on documentation, corroboration from other sources, accuracy, and organization. He rejects colorful stories if their sources are doubtful in favor of verifiable, provable history. He goes to original sources whenever possible and carefully documents his findings, as well as organizing files of pictures and written documentation that could be a small library in themselves, all of which he keeps in his home, as well as donating copies to the Los Gatos Library and the Los Gatos Museum.

Railroads

The South Pacific Coast, by Bruce MacGregor.

The research was conducted by lifelong railroad buff MacGregor. He sifted through all available South Pacific Coast Railroad (SPC) documentation, talked to and borrowed heavily from others with paintings or photographs of engines, factories, roundhouses, crews, etc., of the old SPC, and it wasn't easy. To quote McGregor's preface:

The trail is sixty years cold. What is left behind of the railroad today--moldering tunnels, scattered and often mutilated remains of cars and depots, and even objective records and accounts--falls under the heading of industrial archeology. Research for this book indeed proved to be a job of archeological reconstruction. Pieces of freight car bodies burned in mountain canyons were measured and photographed; old photographs were gathered, one at a time, and painstakingly copied and identified. The credibility of the finished effort is due to the alertness and skill of a small number of interested specialists who refused to take existing source materials for granted, and gathered, screened and edited many times the amount of material that appears here . . . (1982).

The South Pacific Coast Railroad, MacGregor will hasten to explain, is NOT the giant Southern Pacific Railroad that eventually came to dominate Central California. It was a narrow gauge railroad, the brainchild of a feisty silver millionaire, James A. Fair, who was determined to break the stranglehold of the Big Four. This obscure but colorful little railroad was chosen for study because it was the first railroad to link Los Gatos to the rest of the world, bringing its fruit produce to market, and the redwood logs from the Santa Cruz Mountains down to port.

MacGregor's research was done in the mid to late 1960's, covering the Bay Area from San Francisco down the Peninsula and Bay to Santa Clara County, and west through Los Gatos, the Santa Cruz Mountains, and Santa Cruz.

The chief findings, which ended up as scenes in the Pageant, were MacGregor's vivid portraits of the SPC's founders, wily James Fair, and his unscrupulous "good right fist," Hog Davis; his description of the birth of the SPC with a rough map "traced in the oily sheen of an index finger" on the mahogany bar of the Collins Saloon in San Francisco, when Fair persuaded Davis to be President of the new railroad while Fair provided the front money; and a scene showing the climax of the expensive and dangerous work blasting the railroad through six tunnels

in the Santa Cruz Mountains to get from Los Gatos to its terminus in Santa Cruz. Known as the Tunnel Explosion Scene, it was to become a highlight of the pageant.

Books about Local Indians

The Ohlone Way, by Malcolm Margolin.

Margolin, who worked for the East Bay Regional Park District for three years and has written several guidebooks to the area, is a Berkeley writer who researched Indian life in the San Francisco and Monterey Bay areas in the mid 1970's. He wrote the book because there was, at the time, virtually nothing in writing about the reticent Ohlones. Most of his research was library and document research, but not interviews with Ohlone survivors or "oral histories." This fact has led to some resentment of the book on the part of some of the Ohlone descendants themselves. The Native Americans do admit, however, that as the Ohlone people were reluctant to answer Margolin's inquiries, since they had been "burned" by white interviewers in the past, Margolin had little else but library research to go on (Cambra, 1986, Interview).

Margolin described the Ohlone's distribution into hundreds of tiny tribelets, their nomadic way of life, their dependency on the acorn and grass seed, their birth, child rearing and marriage customs, informal

government, lack of experience of or desire for warfare, their spiritual life, death and burial customs, and the fragmented life of the Ohlone in the last two centuries.

The Costanoan Indians, Robert Heizer, editor.

Heizer, who teaches at the University of California at Berkeley, put together this "assemblage of papers on the language and culture of the Costanoan Indians who in aboriginal times occupied San Francisco . . . and Santa Clara . . . counties" in 1974, under the auspices of a grant from the De Anza College Continuing Education Student Association.

His findings included the ethnohistory of the Costanoans, a glossary of Costanoan words, transcripts from an interrogation of missionaries in 1812, and miscellaneous translations of Costanoan songs, myths, and personal narratives, as well as paintings and drawings depicting the early Costanoan (the Spanish name for the Ohlone).

Other Sources

Other sources were referred to but not in depth. They are listed in the bibliography.

Interviews

Pete Sorensen, lifelong Los Gatos and retired Los Gatos High School teacher, March, 1986.

Josephine Effirot, octogenarian and resident of Los Gatos since the 1920's, June, 1986.

Rosemary Cambra, surviving Ohlone descendant and Indian rights activist, August, 1986.

William A. Wulf, meticulous Los Gatos historian, January, 1985 - June, 1987.

This researcher conducted the interviews of the preceding subjects at their Los Gatos homes in order to get some firsthand accounts and, as Sorensen put it, fill in some of "the gaps that Bruntz had left because he didn't talk to everybody, not by a long shot. He relied more on library research and a few friends." The interviews were conducted by asking about important nearby landmarks, contemporary people, and significant events remembered, taking notes, and requesting or trying to get corroboration wherever possible--pictures, documents, historic references, etc.

Major Findings

First, the information gathered began to arrange itself into one of six major time categories or eras in Los Gatos history:

1. Pre-history of the original landscape and its native American settlers and how their lives were radically changed by the arrival of the Spanish and the California mission system.
2. Settlers and explorers when Los Gatos was part of New Spain and later independent Mexico.
3. The first Americans, loggers in the Santa Cruz Mountains and ranchers in the foothills and Santa Clara Valley.
4. The era of expansion of physical links in the chain of civilization, toll and stagecoach roads, and railroads, which made it possible for Los Gatos' first businesses to expand and create the nucleus of a town.
5. Early years of the new town of Los Gatos--first crises and landmark events.
6. Los Gatos in the twentieth century, which had to be simplified and ended in the 1950's for purposes of the Pageant so that it would not get bogged down in details upon which there was yet no historical perspective.

These groupings proved very relevant because they evolved into the six chronological acts of the pageant. The important, dramatic, or colorful people and events of each of these six eras would become the

characters and scenes in each act. Secondly, then, the major characters and actions in the play emerged from the mass of material studied:

From Margolin's work on the Ohlone emerged, after much reluctant cutting, the four scenes which typified the Ohlone story and lent themselves to dramatization: (1) a typical Ohlone village work scene, especially showing the women performing the many-faceted task of making stored acorns into acorn mush, for the acorn and oak tree were the staffs of life to the Ohlone; (2) men coming home from the hunt; (3) a re-enactment of an Ohlone myth about the beloved Coyote, told to children around a campfire; (4) an interview with two old Mission Indians after their culture and most of their tribe had been destroyed by the coming of the Spanish.

The second major findings related, then, to the Spanish: scenes showing the marching of the De Anza exploratory expedition, the Ohlones' first meeting with the Spanish, and the establishment of Mission Santa Clara and conversion of the Ohlone to Christianity.

It is well known by many Los Gatos that the land upon which the town sits was originally a Mexican land grant, called La Rinconada de Los Gatos (Corner of the Cats), settled by Los Gatos' first pioneers, Jose Hernandez and Sebastian Peralta. Findings that were very helpful in

fleshing out these settlers were made in talking to and reading the works of Bill Wulf. He knew valuable vital statistics about the two men who built Los Gatos' first building and named the Town. Jose Maria Hernandez was born in San Jose in 1810. His first wife, Maria Gertrudis Ines Ciprian, was also a San Jose native, born August 4 of the same year to Leocadio Ciprian, a former resident of Mission Soledad. Jose and Maria were married at Mission Santa Clara on August 24, 1830. Together they had nine children, many of them born in their Los Gatos adobe. Maria died in that adobe giving birth to their tenth child on August 24, 1852. After two years Jose remarried, to Maria Expectacion Pena, at Mission Santa Clara, on January 9, 1854, and she bore Hernandez six more children. After the builder of Los Gatos' historic flour mill, James Forbes, cheated Hernandez by never paying him the promised \$4 per acre for part of the Hernandez/Peralta rancho upon which he hoped to build his mill, Hernandez was forced to move to Baja California. He eventually moved back to Alta California to the town of Todosantos (now Concord), where his son owned the first general store, and died there between 1870 and 1880 (Wulf, albums in historical collection).

Sebastian Fabian Peralta was born at Mission Santa Clara on January 21, 1791, the son of Pedro Rigaldo Peralta, who was from the

presidio of Tubac (in Arizona or New Mexico) and nephew of Luis Maria Peralta, who owned the historic Peralta adobe in San Jose. His mother, Maria del Carmen Grijalva, was born at Mission Dolores in San Francisco. Peralta and Hernandez became friends and later partners not only because they worked together as surveyors but partly because they became brothers-in-law; on June 17, 1831, Peralta married Gregoria Ciprian, the sister of Hernandez' wife. However, they had no children, and Gregoria died only six years later, on October 17, 1837. Several years after that, Peralta married widow Maria Josefa de Paula Sepulveda on January 22, 1846, at Mission Santa Clara. They had two children. One died just months before Peralta, who, at age 67, succumbed on December 19, 1859. Cause of death may have been the same disease that carried off his child (Wulf, albums in historical collection; some information taken with permission from the work of Beverly Peralta Quadros).

Mr. Wulf also helped the researcher make findings about how Hernandez and Peralta acquired their land grant. During the 1830's Mexico was gradually losing its hold on Alta California. Many residents, sensing this, wanted to acquire legal title to land under the Mexican government before that government faded away, leaving them with no

legal claim on the land. On December 21, 1837, Hernandez, who, along with Peralta, had a great deal of experience surveying lands in the area of San Jose, joined a citizen committee in San Jose which would suspend the granting of new pueblos or land grants until they had adopted a plan to apportion new ranchos. The plan was needed because several people had been claiming the same land. A year later Hernandez and Peralta laid claim to Rancho Rinconada de Los Gatos and began to fulfill the requirements for legal claim to the land, by building and living in a residence there, and cultivating and enclosing the land, as well as introducing livestock to it. Having met the requirements, they received the land grant on July 23-24, 1839, from the Prefect of the First District of San Jose de Alvarado, representing the Mexican governor in Monterey, capital of California under Mexican rule (Bruntz, 1971. p. 5; Wulf, 1985, p. 10).

When California was taken over by the United States, Hernandez and Peralta had to re-claim their land under U.S. law. On January 15, 1853, in the Office of the United States Land Commission in San Francisco, Peralta appeared as a claimant. With the help of a deposition given by witness Jose Fernandez (apparently no relation to Jose Hernandez), Peralta and Hernandez were granted the right to retain

ownership of their rancho under U.S. jurisdiction (Wulf, p. 54-55; Wulf, albums in historical collection. Taken from "Transcript of the Proceedings in Case No. 386, Sebastian Peralta, et. al, Claimants, vs. The United States, Defendant, For The Place Named, "Rinconada de los [sic] Gatos." Located at the Bancroft Library, University of California, at Berkeley, California. Pages 164 ND, Page 13, [15], 164 ND, Page 16, [16], and attached Dizen [map]).

An earlier and more dramatic threat to ownership of the rancho was a finding that became a scene in the Pageant, when Hernandez mortgaged the ranch to raise bail for his robber brother, and then his brother jumped bail. Fortunately, the brother was found and hanged, and the rancho was saved (Wulf, Interview, 1987).

A further finding which became a scene in the Pageant was the confrontation between Peralta and noted California explorer John Charles Fremont, who apparently stole a horse from Peralta and ordered Peralta peremptorily out of his camp when Peralta entered to accuse him of the theft (Wulf, 1985, p. 31).

Findings important to scenes about Los Gatos' first industry, logging of Santa Cruz Mountain redwoods, were the facts that Branham Road, still a link between Los Gatos and San Jose, was named after the

area's first logger, Isaac Branham, and that his successor, Zachariah ("Buffalo") Jones, was a teetotaler who was very strict with his hard drinking logging crews (Wulf, 1985, pp. 36-37, 68).

Of great importance were findings about Los Gatos' best known businessman, who built the oldest structure still standing in Los Gatos, Forbes Mill. James Alexander Forbes was great fun to characterize once Bill Wulf told the researcher such details as that Forbes was for a brief period a pirate off the coast of South America, where he suffered a saber cut, and that he was a fortune hunter who would stop at nothing to get a few dollars ahead, including selling nuns a property of his without mentioning to them that he had a \$20,000 lien on the property, and neglecting to pay Hernandez the \$4 per acre price for the land (part of Hernandez' historic land grant, Rancho Rinconada de Los Gatos) upon which he built his mill (Wulf, Interview, 1985).

A second legendary Los Gatos character, immortalized by the thriving present day Mountain Charley's Saloon in Los Gatos, was Mountain Charley McKiernan, remembered mostly for surviving a ferocious grizzly bear attack. A detailed newspaper interview of the physician who attended Charlie after the attack provided all the colorful details the Pageant audience wanted to hear (Wulf, Interview, 1986).

Evocative family pictures (one of which was reproduced with live actors in the Pageant) of the prominent Lyndon family added valuable information, as did a "Wanted" poster put out by Santa Clara County Sheriff James Lyndon about his pursuit of an ax murderer who got away on a bicycle, and some heartrending slides of the day in 1963 when the historic Hotel Lyndon was bulldozed down.

Also of value was information provided in Dr. Bruntz' book about spirited confrontations between teetotallers and drinkers, which provided the basis in the pageant for some confrontation scenes between the habitués of the Hotel Lyndon Bar (can can girls, bar girls, loggers, the aforementioned ax murderer) and the disapproving Daughters of the American Revolution (Bruntz, 1971, p. 62-64).

Information in The History of Los Gatos about the two great Los Gatos fires (of 1891 and 1901) provided the researcher with all she needed to construct a set that duplicated the original business where the fire started, the character of an Innocent Bystander (who was thrown 20 feet by the blast), and Firefighters Number 1, 2, and 3 (one played by the local fire chief), in helmets and long red underwear, who became the Keystone Kops element of the Pageant (Bruntz, 1971, p. 83).

Dr. Bruntz also provided the scenario for Los Gatos' only Presidential visit, by President Harrison in the 1890's, as well as typical programs at the Los Gatos Opera House (resulting in the Opera House montage scene, a pastiche of Juliet, Madame Butterfly, and a Hamlet), and valuable vital statistics about Los Gatos' most notable surviving Victorian homes and business buildings (Bruntz, 1971, pp. 106, 127).

The miniature railroad that still runs through Los Gatos' Oak Meadow Park and the County's Vasona Park, the Billy Jones Wildcat Railroad, was dramatized with data provided by historian Bill Wulf, who knew and idolized Billy Jones as a child and provided much touching information about him.

Chapter Three

HANDBOOK TO RESEARCHING, PLANNING,
WRITING, AND PRESENTING A CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

Introduction

Synopsis. Americans in the twentieth century are increasingly losing touch with their roots and past, especially in the relatively new and fast-paced state of California. Specifically, Los Gatos, a small town in Central California, was approaching its Centennial in August of 1987 with widespread ignorance of the Centennial in particular and the significant people, events, and places in their town's past in general.

The purpose of this project was to investigate the town's past via library and historical research, historical reading, and interviews with local historians and long-time residents, in order to write the Los Gatos Centennial Pageant accurately and bring the town's past back to life in dramatic form in a traditional outdoor Pageant to be performed on the front lawn of Los Gatos High School in early August of 1987.

Proposed Research Design and Methodology. The type of research was, of course, a kind of historical research. The researcher was first seeking all available information or sources of information about

the past of Los Gatos, California. This would include all published or unpublished general works on Los Gatos and other works in the local library on items of special interest garnered from the general works. It would not include every newspaper article or reference in every other work in the library. It would also include information considered important in the eyes of living Los Gatos historians.

Standards used in looking for information. From this vast pile of unrefined information would be sifted out the most important people, places, or events, the most interesting of them, and the ones which most lent themselves to dramatization. Even these valuable nuggets would then have to be scrutinized for the biggest and most glittering of them, for research time was limited, and the running time of the Pageant was limited to three hours maximum.

Methodology/Procedures

First the researcher procured and read carefully, with underlinings of potential characters, events or scenes for the Pageant, the best known general sourcebook, The History of Los Gatos, by Dr. George Bruntz. Then she scoured the local library for other general sourcebooks (finding none), perused microfilm and newspaper articles on events, people, or places already known to her or mentioned in The History of Los Gatos

as important, for further details, and looked at the file on past Town Pageants to see what had been done previously. For the first historic section of the Pageant, the part dealing with our first inhabitants, the Native Americans, the researcher delved into the best known general work, The Ohlone Way, by Malcolm Margolin.

Next she consulted with all local Los Gatos historians which she knew of through her contacts at Los Gatos High School and more particularly the Los Gatos Heritage Preservation Society and evaluated which few of them would be best to help her. The next step was to supplement research with interviews as time allowed.

Once all this information was gathered, the next step was to decide on which events and people merited inclusion in the Pageant, in what order to put them, and into which acts of the Pageant. The first draft, or outline, of the Pageant was begun. Then the outline had to be evaluated as to how it would play dramatically.

Drafts two and three emerged, and the writer obtained feedback from historian Wulf and the Special Events Subcommittee and Historical Advisory Subcommittees of the Centennial Committee, the volunteer group of Los Gatos citizens who were overseeing all Centennial activities.

The next step was timing: estimating the time to introduce and have a scene or two with each important character or event in the outline, how long would the Pageant be? Obviously, the next step, since the estimate was that there was enough material for a one-week mini-series, was to cut, cut, cut until only enough material for a three-hour Pageant emerged. The Pageant went through several drafts at this point. Then the writer timed the Pageant with a stop-watch and submitted the emergent draft to the Special Events Subcommittee, historians, and editor-friends for review.

At this point the research part of the project ended. Methodology for other aspects of producing and directing the actual Pageant that emerged are referred to briefly in the following timetable but not elucidated in detail, since they no longer involved research.

Note: Further information about how and where this researcher began, which would be of help to any researcher, is in Chapter Two of this thesis.

Procedural Timetable

<u>1985</u>	Began monthly meetings of Centennial Committee.
	Obtained approval from Dr. Alice Scofield to do Pageant for

Masters thesis in Education with Emphasis in Writing.

Plan C: Creative Project. Continuing meetings and phone calls with Dr. Scofield.

Began basic research: Reading and underlining History of Los Gatos, other books and manuscripts, doing first library survey. Read scripts of previous Pageants.

Began weekly or bi-weekly interviews with best qualified historian Bill Wulf at his home/personal museum.

Began collecting historical slides for Pageant.

January Met with Centennial Committee regarding consensus of general content, tone, and length of Pageant.

Learned to use word processor (essential!).

Submitted first draft of Pageant, an outline, to Centennial Committee and its Historical Advisory and Special Events Sub-committees.

Summer Took Independent Study Class from Dr. Scofield. Held conferences and submitted to her first drafts of pageant.

1986 Decided on time and location of Pageant.

Continued collection of historic slides.

Summer Reserved Los Gatos High School front lawn, Main Building, and Auditorium from late May through mid-August of 1987 for surveys, rehearsals, set up, performances, and clean up. Use permit obtained.

Did interviews with retired Los Gatos High school teacher Pete Sorensen; with octogenarian Josephine Effiot; and with Rosemary Cambra, descendant of local Indians.

Finished draft two of Pageant and discussed with Centennial Committee. (Draft two was an outline plus conceptual idea of plot and dialogue for each scene.)

Submitted draft two to Dr. Scofield.

Began preliminary search for professional light and sound companies.

Fall Made preliminary contacts about Pageant and other Centennial events with local newspapers, schools and service clubs.

Obtained help from local librarian on supplemental research.

Presented to Town Council \$20,000 budget for Pageant.

December Participated in centennial entry in Los Gatos Christmas Parade.

Gave information to local papers for 1987 preview editions about the Pageant.

1988

February Took sign-ups at Saratoga folk dance class for dancers for Pageant.

Spring Appeared at meeting and party of Los Gatos Heritage Preservation Society, giving a plug for, and circulating sign-up sheet for Pageant.

Took bids for light and sound.

Found producer.

Made personal contacts at local schools for student and teacher sign-ups.

Made arrangements with local police to block off street in front of high school for performances.

Continued meetings with local musician-composer Neil

Hogan regarding music for Pageant.

Found members of Production Staff (costumes, make-up, assistants to producer and director, publicity, photography, tickets.

Obtained approval for drafts 3-10 of Pageant. Had draft 11 reproduced as script.

Edited and organized into both script and slide trays the slides for the Pageant.

Interviewed with Bill Allison, director of dramatic extravaganzas for local Baptist Church.

Late May Outlined tasks and for all at first Production Staff Meeting.
Began additional independent study class for this summer with Dr. Scofield. Continued meetings and phone calls with her.

June 24-30 Auditions, cast, and crew sign-ups.
Contract for light-sound company.

July Rehearsals five nights per week.
Desperate search for semi-professional actors for narrator and other key mature male parts.
Production and consultations/meetings.

Interviews with local papers and television stations.

Cuts in Pageant as running time was too long.

August 6 Dress Rehearsal.

Cast photos.

August 7 and 8 Performances.

Cast party.

August 9 and 10 Strike set and clean-up.

Universe and Sampling Procedures

The universe for this research project was all known significant historical data about Los Gatos, California. The sample of this universe from which the researcher primarily drew consisted of: the sole general published work on the topic, The History of Los Gatos; the unpublished work of the scholarly Los Gatos historian William A. Wulf; selected Los Gatos Library research, information provided by the Historical Advisory Subcommittee of the Centennial Committee, and selected interview subjects whose knowledge seemed like it would supplement the written material.

Provisions and procedures for selection of sample. It seemed logical to start with the best known general work, to supplement and in many cases amend it with the knowledge and documentation of by all

accounts the best informed, best documented, most organized, and careful Los Gatos historian, Bill Wulf. Wulf was one of this researcher's insurances against inaccuracy. In addition, supplemental information and corroboration was obtained from the Los Gatos Library from research librarian Jean Krcik. Then the resulting script was overseen by the Historical Advisory and Special events Subcommittees of the Centennial Committee, all knowledgeable about Los Gatos history. Thus, many checks were placed upon the research to ensure accuracy and fairness.

Data Gathering Tools

Books (both The History of Los Gatos and Bill Wulf's unpublished manuscript) were given to the researcher as a contribution to the research. The researcher already owned The Ohlone Way, and the books on the Los Gatos Railroads were lent on long loan from the Los Gatos High School librarian, which was an enormous help, as they were all out of print.

Notes.

A. Lynn Longa granted the writer access to notes for her as yet unpublished work on famous Los Gatos families. (Since Ms. Longa subsequently moved to South America, the Pageant may have been the only use of her research.)

B. Interview notes. No one single instrument was used as a format for collecting interview data. The interviewees and their areas of expertise were too different. So each interviewee was asked what he/she remembered most vividly, what corroboration in form of documents, scrapbooks, pictures, etc. he/she could provide, and about known important events or people he/she would be likely to have been close to.

C. Notes from Historical Advisory Subcommittee. During the generation of idea stage, notes about their ideas for important events, people, or other data to include and their ideas for sources were submitted at a meeting by all members of the Historical Advisory Subcommittee.

All notes were filed in an accordion file by subject.

Xerox copies. Xeroxes of pertinent newspaper or microfilm files were provided by librarian Jean Krcik.

Pertinent selections of books or articles the researcher found were xeroxed and filed in an accordion file by subject.

35-millimeter slides. Since it had been the intention all along to use historic slides on a giant screen during the Pageant, historian and interview subject Bill Wulf set up his copying apparatus, and as the

researcher and he discussed past events, places, and personalities, he copied them from his sources onto 35 millimeter slide film.

The Los Gatos Library personnel provided additional pictures from their excellent historical collection for copying onto slides.

Procedures for Collection of the Data

Much of the data had already been gathered, either in published books, unpublished manuscripts, newspaper articles, or notes for a book soon to be published. This information was read, underlined on the original or on copies, and marginal notes were made whenever the researcher discovered a significant person, scene, or event, or one which would lend itself especially to dramatization.

Supplemental research data from librarian Jean Krcik had all be xeroxed from its original source, and the most interesting data or that which corroborated or supplemented already obtained data was underlined.

During interviews with Bill Wulf, the researcher took notes using a clipboard and notebook paper. Other interviews were recorded in the same manner.

Research showed that two big sections of the Pageant required acknowledgement of and consultation with two published authors, since

important scenes of the Pageant would be drawn directly from their works. One was the aforementioned author of The Ohlone Way, Berkeley author Malcolm Margolin. The other was local railroad historian Bruce MacGregor, author of four books on the South Pacific Coast Railroad, the first to go through Los Gatos. The researcher wrote to and telephoned both authors. Scripts were sent to them for feedback; royalty arrangements were made with Margolin; both were invited to come and to sell books at the Pageant.

The researcher discovered that, due to the flexibility of the word processor, data did not really have to be put on 3X5 cards or otherwise transcribed in order to be arranged and prioritized. Instead, she could make a rough outline of scenes from her various sources, going through each book, manuscript, xerox copy, or piece of notebook paper one by one and plug in each bit of data in roughly the desired order. Then the information could be rearranged, cut, or supplemented at will. First this was done in topic outline form, then in scene outline form, and finally in the form of stage directions and dialogue.

As more detailed drafts of the Pageant were written, wherever gaps appeared in probable location, mood, appearance of a character or

set, or dialogue, additional research was done and the additional information plugged into the draft.

Procedures for Analysis of the Data (in terms of the research questions)

1. Who were the most important and/or interesting characters in Los Gatos History? Every character mentioned in the historical data was evaluated in terms of his relative importance to local history. Analysis included evaluation of factors such as: was this character well known enough by the general populace that the audience would be expecting him in the cast and want some juicy details about him? Were there present day landmarks, place names, sites, or street names referring to this character that the audience could relate to and appreciate an explanation about? Were anecdotes about this character uncovered that would especially lend themselves to dramatization--anything especially exciting, humorous, or epic? Was this character central to critical or very early events in the Town's history, or was he of importance to the Town for an extended period of time or in more than one way?

2. What were the most important and/or interesting events in Los Gatos history? Historically recorded events were analyzed in terms of factors such as: Were they central or basic to the Town's beginning or present day structure? Did famous people figure in them? Would they

lend themselves to big movements by a lot of people--crowd scenes, parades, et cetera? Were individuals in the audience likely to have heard of this event, or, better yet, remember it and wax nostalgic over it (e.g., riding the Billy Jones Railroad as a child, hearing about the Memorial Day parades, marching in the Los Gatos Christmas Parade)? Could two events use the same or only slightly modified stage sets?

3. What was the chronology of these characters and events?

Chronological information was analyzed to order the scenes accurately. However, the researcher departed from strict chronological order if events would play more dramatically out of order. For instance, during the first moments of the Pageant the Narrator set the scene around the high school setting for the Pageant as it was 100 years ago. Then, the first scene of the Pageant was a re-enactment of August 8, 1887, the date of the incorporation of Los Gatos. That scene was then interrupted in mid-course by the narrator, who protested that history in Los Gatos began much earlier than its incorporation date. The Pageant then flashed back to Los Gatos' first human inhabitants, the Native Americans. Only then did the Pageant proceed in chronological order.

4. What are the available resources from which the above information can be found? Analysis of these historic resources was fully explained the Chapter Two.

Data Analysis

The data analysis is in the script of the Pageant itself, which is part of this thesis. (See Chapter Four).

Chapter Four

THE SCRIPT OF THE
LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

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CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

By Kathryn Morgan

Running Time: 3 hours

Key: *Means show a slide of this

((Material in double parenthesis was cut from final pageant but left in for reader information.))

Prologue

Newspaper carriers march down center, possibly side aisles, carrying papers--possibly Centennial issues of Los Gatos Times-Observer and Weekly.

PAPER CARRIERS: Extra, extra, read all about it! Los Gatos celebrates Centennial! Happy Birthday, Los Gatos! Our town a century old!, etc. [They will not say this all at same time but shout at random.] Get your red hot Centennial issue, etc.

Then down center aisle comes Centennial banner, followed by musicians playing "Happy Birthday."

People yell, "Happy Birthday, Los Gatos!" "Happy Centennial!", et cetera out of English Office windows and throw confetti and/or streamers, let loose a couple balloons.

In the midst of this melee, the folksy narrators, a Los Gatos old timer and his wife, casually saunter on stage from front door of high school building to center stage. He wears a baggy sweater and trousers, suspenders, carries a pipe in one hand and a newspaper under his other arm, and carries half specs in a pocket. On stage waiting for him is an old fashioned rack or stand, on wheels, laden with newspapers the narrator will need.

NARRATOR: Good evening, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children of Los Gatos. All this fuss here is because one hundred years ago this week Los Gatos was born; it was incorporated as a city. What was going on in the

world in early August of 1887? [He casually puts on his specs and begins to leaf through a copy of the San Jose Mercury.]

NOTE: Narrator delivers the following with folksy pauses to put on and look over his specs, smile, chomp on a pipe, look around, fold the paper, et cetera. Use as a model the Stage Manager in "Our Town" or Hal Holbrook in "Mark Twain Tonight."

NARRATOR: Well, first, on the world scene [He appears to be reading front page], a Mr. Daimler produced the first four-wheeled motor car that year. So maybe if we had started working on Highway 85 THEN, we would have had it by now . . . Let's see, Sigmund Freud was practicing then in Vienna . . . Over in England Queen Victoria was celebrating her Golden Jubilee--fifty years as a monarch of the British Empire.

((Let's see, in the national news, the country already had a public debt of over one billion, six hundred million dollars . . . so you could see where that was heading. And in the 1880's a great publicity campaign brought thousands of people to California. So many came to Southern California in 1887 that a land boom occurred. [Looks up at audience over his specs] Does this sound familiar? . . . Well, let's get a little closer to home, here. What was happening in our own Santa Clara County in 1887?))

Stanford University was founded that year. And up to our east there on the summit of Mt. Hamilton range, Lick Observatory was built. People used to take stagecoach trips up to see it. The County Asylum for the Chronic Insane was built at Agnews. A sure sign that our county was becoming civilized. But in spite of that, the late 1880's were a beautiful time in our county's history. We were known as the Valley of Heart's Delight. This was part of the era of fruit and nut orchards--apricots, citrus, almonds, plums, and prunes.* In the spring the thousands of trees blossoming white and pink brought excursions down from San Francisco just to breathe it all in and look at it.

Now let me give you a picture of what it was like right in the immediate vicinity of where you're sitting.

[During next paragraphs, Narrator gestures or points toward each landmark as he mentions it.]

For one thing, the high school wouldn't be here for another thirty years. This was all open land with a lot of oak trees on it. The high school was soon to be a wing of the old grammar school on University Avenue--Old Town, to you newcomers.

The Methodist Church* across High School Court was here, though; it was the first church in Town. Father down Church Street, the Spanish looking building with the law offices in it--that was the old Presbyterian Church.* Looked like a Gothic wedding cake.

And that old stone building* down beyond the lower playing field by the footbridge over the freeway--that was definitely there. It's the oldest building we have left, Old Forbes Mill.

There was no freeway over there by the mill, of course. Instead, we had Bunker Hill Park,* green and trees and the old picnic grounds. And right through the middle of the park flowed Los Gatos Creek, not boxed in concrete the way it is now, but running free from the Santa Cruz Mountains.

((Well, now to the papers that can tell us the IMPORTANT news: What was going on in LOS GATOS at this time a century ago? [Pretends to peruse the back page.] Let's see here, for those of you who have priced property in Los Gatos recently, I see that a Mr. Hayselden built four cottages on Broadway Avenue that year. For sale . . . \$1200 each. On a slightly grander scale, the year of our founding was also the year that the Novitiate college was started by the Jesuit order up on the hill there.))

[Looks through paper in vain.] But where is the biggest news, of the birth of our Town? [Picks up another paper.] Well, it begins many issues back, at the beginning of the decade, really. By then we had a narrow gauge railroad going through town, a school, a flour mill, hotels, and other businesses. There were growin' pressures to become a town. So our forefathers [cue enter forefathers, pretending to talk and gesticulating, from stage right] outlined our boundaries, sent a petition to the County Board of Supervisors, and held an election. There's newspaper editor W.S. Walker coming up to announce the results.

SCENE I: Election

From steps of unknown building [front facade of high school, near a front column and lamp post], newspaper editor W.S. Walker, in sleeve garters and eyeshade, announces:

WALKER: "On this day a vote was taken on the issue: Shall Los Gatos incorporate as a bone fide 6th class city, yes or no? The results are in, ladies and gentlemen. [Murmur from crowd.] The vote is . . .

[Scene freezes.]

NARRATOR: Now hold it, hold it right there. We can't really start here. The real history of Los Gatos started long before this day, birthday or no.

[Scene fades out, everyone still in suspended animation, mouths open in suspense.] When and how and with who did civilization first begin in Los Gatos? Who and what LED us to our birthday a century ago? Let's sweep back still further in time, to the real beginnings of Los Gatos' human history.

ACT I. THE WAY OF THE OHLONE AND EL CAMINO REAL OF THE SPANISH

NARRATOR: Long, long ago, maybe twenty or thirty THOUSAND years ago,* the first human wanderers came to our state. ((Those who came to the central part of what would become California gradually settled into hundreds of isolated tribelets. Much later, the Spanish called the first Central Californians "costenos," the people of the coast. American settlers anglicized it to Costenoan. Two centuries later, people looking for a Native American word called them Ohlone, after the name of one of the tribelets.)) But the tribelet that wandered to our South Bay here, to our valley, our creek, our foothills, called THEMSELVES the Tamien. Tamien was their phrase for "the people." We still use the Tamien word for "hummingbird," one of their gods, when we say "Mt. Umunhum."

The land of the South Bay Area* (p.10) in those days was so fertile, so rich in animal life, so temperate, that before the coming of the Spanish we had the densest Indian population north of Mexico.

[Narrator picks up book]

Let me quote from the very fine book The Ohlone Way, by Malcolm Margolin: "A great period of peace and stability, so rare in human history, helped shape the Ohlone way of life. during this time the tribelets . . . developed an intimacy with their land--an intimacy which is almost inconceivable to the modern mind."

[As narrator begins reading, slides fade out, scene fades in to:]

SCENE II: Tamyen Village Introduction

[Tamyen village under oak tree. Dried grass domed huts (roundhouses), at least one life size, one in foreground. Granaries (cylinder shaped, looking like baskets on stilts, and full of acorns). A cooking fire, baskets, several grinding mortars and pestles. Costumes: topknots or short hair. Facial tatoos. Some goatees and mustaches on men. Pierced ears with short reeds stick in them. Women in capes from waist up. They wear skirts of dried grass and deer skin and necklaces of abalone shells, clam shell beads, and feathers. Camp by creek/marsh in Vasona Park area, surrounded by oaks. Sweatlodge entrance stage left.]

NARRATOR: [continues reading] "It is mid-afternoon of a clear, warm day, . . . A group of children are playing an Ohlone version of hide-and-seek. . . . Here and there an older person is . . . napping in the warmth of the afternoon sun. A group of women sit together grinding acorns. (Holding the mortars between their outstretched legs, they sway back and forth, raising the pestles and letting them fall again. The women are singing together, and the pestles rise and fall in unison.) The singing of the women and the synchronized thumping of stone pestles create a familiar background noise--a noise that has been heard by the people of this village every day for hundreds, maybe thousands, or years."

[Singing and pounding continue as background noise throughout first part of this scene. Women act out the following as narrator continues. Small spotlight highlights each activity as it is described.]

NOTE: NEXT PARAGRAPH TO ACCOMPANIMENT OF WOMEN SINGING SIMPLE, LYRICLESS ACORN GRINDING WORK SONG TO ACCOMPANIMENT OF SPLIT-STICK CLAPPERS.

"The preparation of acorn mush was a woman's daily occupation . . . ((A woman removed several handfuls of acorns from her storage baskets. She hulled them . . . by hitting them with a hammer stone, and peeling off the shells. Then she put the kernels into a stone mortar . . . and pounded the acorns with a long pestle. . . . For the Ohlones this was the sound of their village, the sound of home. . . The women put the acorn flour into a basket and 'poured large quantities of water over the flour to leach out the bitter tannic acid.' To cook, ' a woman placed the flour and some water into still another basket—one so skillfully made that it was watertight. Since she could not place the basket directly on the fire, she heated some round stones in the fire. When a stone was hot, she removed it from the fire with two sticks, . . . and dropped it into the acorn mush. She stirred constantly with a looped stick or wooden paddle to keep the hot stone from burning a hole in the basket.')) She cooked it until she had thick acorn porridge. [The Narrator puts down Margolin's book and watches the scene.]

[As Narrator inconspicuously moves himself out of center stage further stage left, just stage right of big oak, boys run out from eucalyptus grove stage left, run up hill and onto stage, around huts and playing children and sleeping old folks toward the women preparing the acorns. The boys carry bows and arrows, snares, and dead animals they have caught (rabbits, squirrels, a few birds). They are loud, shouting, showing off and laughing. They show the women what they have caught. Littlest boy runs up to his mother.]

LITTLEST BOY: Mama, mama, I have caught my first animal. I caught it myself! Look! [Holds up tiny, tiny animal. Laughter.]

TAMYEN MOTHER: It is an enormous beast, my son. What is it?

LITTLEST BOY: [Proudly] A baby rabbit! [More laughter. Littlest boy becomes downcast, begins to pout.]

TAMYEN WOMAN #1: [Pat's little boy on shoulder] It is small, but it will help to feed us.

TAMYEN MOTHER: How fat it looks!

LITTLEST BOY: [Perked up and proud again] I caught it for your cooking pot, mother. [Hands mouse to her.]

TAMYEN MOTHER: Thank you, my little man.

TAMYEN WOMEN #2: Your son is becoming a hunter. Like the other boys, he will help his tribe.

[Boys hand their quarry to the women, receive pats and praise from women. Then they gather around littlest hunter, praise him, run off together stage left.]

[Spotlight focuses on man lying center back of village scene, covered by blanket of hide. The Herb woman is brewing some tea for him and walks over to him carrying the hot cup of tea.]

HERB WOMAN: Father, you have followed all directions for using this tea from the clematis vine, and you shall soon be well. [Sick man drinks tea gratefully.]

NARRATOR: Besides the wise Herb women, there were Shamans.* They also healed the sick. But if you did something wrong, they could shoot poison into you. They could influence rain, transport themselves instantly, even transform themselves into grizzly bears, which made them immortal.

[Fade-out slide. Fade-in to village.]

TAMYEN WOMAN #3: [Rises from cooking fire, walks to other groups, calling] Dinner! Dinner is ready! Come and eat.

[The sick man is helped to the dinner area; old people wake up from their naps and are helped to the dinner area; children and the boys come scurrying in. All gather in small groups around the houses, talk, and laugh; each family takes a basket of corn gruel, each person dips two fingers in, and slurp up the rich mush. Females sit on one side of the fire, males on the other.]

SCENE III: The Acorn Harvest

NARRATOR: As the people eat the acorn porridge, several of them think back to the wonderful acorn harvest that past October.

[Fade-out from eating scene and fade in to small oak trees stage left, which will represent an oak grove at harvest. Several families with collecting rights have left the village and headed for their oak grove. As narrator continues, villagers enter from village area and act out what he narrates.]

NARRATOR: "Everyone participated. Boys climbed the trees to shake the branches; men knocked the acorns down with long sticks; and everywhere there were women stooping and picking over the acorns on the ground. They snapped off the caps and dropped them into large, conical burden baskets."

"To the Tamyen, to all the Ohlones, the oak trees were alive and had a power of their own. Everything did: people, plants, bows, pestles, baskets, and certainly trees. Everything had a personality, power, and magic. . ."

As Mr. Margolin put it, "The Ohlones . . . lived in a world perhaps somewhat like a Van Gogh painting, shimmering and alive with movement and energy in ever-changing patterns. it was a world (of) thousands of living, feeling, magical things . . . a world of great poetry, often great humor, and especially great complexity."

[Fade-out harvest scene. Fade-in back at dinner scene.]

SCENE IV: The Coyote Story

[Back at the dinner made from the acorn harvest, the villagers are finishing up. The children return to their games and the old people to their rest. The women clean up after dinner. The men return to the sweat lodge on serious business. The sick man returns to his bed, but, feeling better, sits up there. This scene must be choreographed. Let audience view village after dinner for a bit.]

[Lights dim, campfire grows brighter. Many villagers, especially children, happily gather around an old man at what formerly served as the cooking fire. As villagers gather around, talking and laughing, lights dim further, so that all that can be seen of the village is the spotlight area of the campfire, the old man, and his eager audience.]

As this happens, the **NARRATOR** says: Now it is story time in the village. What story will it be tonight?

[Old man makes an announcement. Everyone laughs, nods, claps.] Ah, good, tonight it will be a story about Coyote, the Ohlone's favorite god. Coyote is mercurial, raunchy, sexual, and smart. Like our modern cartoon Coyote, he is both wily and ridiculous. Tonight's story will be from a tribe which, like our Tamyen, lives under the shelter of the great oak trees. [Fade-out on narrator.]

STORYTELLER: Listen well. Coyote lived with his old grandmother. One day he bid his grandmother goodbye and went away on a visit. [Spotlight moves from storyteller to center of the Ohlone stage left area, where the story will be enacted. Storyteller can still be seen at side of spotlight area, telling the story with great enjoyment and making his own gestures. Coyote pretends to greet his neighbors, sits down to eat with them. All the rest of this story is acted out in pantomime as entranced children watch in foreground, backs to audience.] They fed him sour acorns. He liked them and asked, "How do you make sour acorns?" So they told him how to prepare them. "You put a little water on them and press them down and about two days later you look at them, and they will have become sour." But Coyote would not believe that this was how one did it. He said, "I think you are not telling me the truth, and you do it some other way." They said, "No, that is the way we do it." But Coyote

thought they did not want to give away their recipe. He kept asking how the acorns were REALLY made. After a while they got tired. So when he said, "No, no, how are they REALLY made?" they decided to play a trick on him. They said, "Well, if you want to know how they are REALLY made, we will finally tell you the truth. We take all our acorns, almost our whole year's harvest, down to the river and put them in a canoe." Then Coyote said, "Aha! Then what?" "Then" his neighbors went on, "after you load them onto the canoe, you paddle way out into the middle of a big, deep lake." "Yes, yes?" said the Coyote. "Then, when you are above the deepest part of the lake, you tip the canoe over and drown the acorns." "Drown the acorns?" "Oh yes, it is the only way to get sour acorns," answered the neighbors, secretly snickering. "All right," said Coyote naively. "Thank you for telling me your secret." "Oh, it was a PLEASURE. How clever of you not to believe our first story." Oh yes," bragged Coyote, "I am very clever." The neighbors laughed behind his back. "Then," they said, "after all the acorns are drowned, you paddle back to shore and start walking along the shore. There you will find hundreds of new acorns, all sour and delicious." Coyote clapped his hands, bid his neighbors goodbye, and raced home to try it. He ran to his grandmother and told her about the sour acorns that he liked. The old woman shook her head. Then she laughed. But when Coyote began robbing her granary and filling up her basket with her best acorns [Coyote really begins doing this with one of the granaries center stage], she got angry. But no matter how she pleaded with Coyote, he would not believe his wise old grandmother. Finally, as he continued to load the basket, she hid some of her acorns from him. He loaded her beautiful acorns into the canoe and paddled off. He rowed and rowed until he got to the deepest part of the lake. Then he tipped the canoe over and watched with a foolish grin as the whole year's harvest sank to the bottom of the lake. Then he righted his canoe, rowed to shore and stepped out of the canoe. He confidently began to look for his magically sour acorns. He looked and he looked. He got more and more crestfallen and hungry. But no magical acorns did he find. Days passed. Coyote began to feel faint. He went into the sweathouse to keep warm. Then his grandmother thought, "He is in the sweathouse; now I am going to cook those acorns I saved." And she cooked the acorns. Coyote began to smell them from the sweathouse. He ran out. The old woman hid the acorns. "What are you cooking, Grandma?" he asked [drooling and rubbing his stomach]. "Nothing." "I smell acorns." "How can that be? You DROWNED all the acorns.

FOOLISH one!" Coyote broke down. "Yes, I am a foolish one indeed not to listen to the truth when it was offered to me." He began to cry. His grandmother took pity on him and showed him the bowl of hot mush. He embraced his grandmother and said, "I promise after this to listen to those who are wiser than I." And then he began to eat, then hug the oak tree with gratitude, and then eat some more, now a happy and a wiser Coyote.

[Spot fadeout to storyteller. Storyteller bows, audience cheers, laughs, and claps. Then everyone begins to disperse, and the campfires begin to grow dim.]

SCENE V: The Spanish Arrive

[NARRATOR reads from large tome.] Coming toward the Tamyen village, until now so timeless and untouched, was a group of men who would thrust the Tamyen into the heart of our eighteenth century. It was March 25, 1776. Trailing into what they would call the Santa Clara Valley came the Spaniards of the De Anza Expedition.

[Cue for the expedition to begin slow trek from the rear of the audience up the center aisles toward the narrator. Franciscan friars in brown sackcloth bound by rope, sandals, tonsures. Mules. Muleteers with spurs and whips. Spanish soldiers in armor, capes, helmets, plumes, boots, some carrying muskets or pistols. Horses. Pack animals. The Spanish flag, pennants.]

Led by Lieutenant Colonel Don Juan Bauista De Anza, the exploratory force was on its way from the Carmel Mission to Mission San Francisco de Assiz. Traditionally, historians say the expedition passed through Cupertino, which is why the boulevard and college are named after Senor De Anza. But our noted historian Bill Wulf has found a diary which indicates that they may well have camped right down there [points] on Los Gatos Creek. He has found a diary by the expedition's chaplain, Padre Pedro Font. [Calls out to one of the Franciscans in expedition] Padre Font? Would be please share with us your diary entry from that fateful Monday?

PADRE FONT [coming from line up to podium, diary and quill pen in hand]: Of course, my son. Here, let me see [opens diary]. "March 25. At

4:00 p.m. we halted by a creek on Llano de los Robles" [looks up], the Plain of the Oaks. Right down there by the creek. [points] "Along the way many Indians came out to us. On seeing us, they shouted amongst the oaks and then came out . . . running and shouting and making many gestures as if they wished to stop us and signaling to us that we must not go forward. Although they came armed with bows and arrows, they committed no hostility toward us . . . (they shouted and talked) very loud and fast, although we understood nothing of what they said, and so they continued for about a league when all but a few of them went away. Then finally, little by little, even those left us, and we saw them no more." [As the Padre reads, this scene is acted out, with the hunters spotting the Spanish while in the small oak grove far stage right.] [Font stops reading] Pardon, senior, I must rejoin my people. [He makes sign of cross over narrator.] Bless you, my son. Adios. [He rejoins line of Spanish.]

[Meanwhile, Ohlone villagers are carrying on with their daily tasks, all unaware of the approaching Spanish. De Anza mounts front steps and, with a sweep of his arm, signals the horses and soldiers forward. Then the Spanish overrun Ohlone village. Shouts. Screams. The Ohlones grab what they can and disappear. Spaniards help carry off rest of Ohlone village set until nothing remains. Over portal of high school spot highlights a cross and the Spanish flag. Mission bell sound effect.]

SCENE VI: The Old Mission Indians

[Old Mission Indian man and woman emerge from behind oak tree, step out in front of it far enough to be seen by audience. They wear crudely woven mission cloth. They are bent and sad but dignified.]

OLD MISSION INDIAN MAN: And so my people were almost destroyed. We left our homes under the oak trees and were forced behind Mission walls.

OLD MISSION INDIAN WOMAN: The men must stay in one building. The women and girls must stay in another. [She puts her hand on the arm of the man.] I could not stay with my man. [She bows her head in sorrow, her hand still on the man's arm.]

OLD MISSION INDIAN MAN: Some of the young men ran away and hid in the mountains. [He points toward Santa Cruz Mountains.] My own son ran away to be free. [He pats his woman's hand on his arm.]

OLD MISSION INDIAN WOMAN: Yet the Tamyen fought little. We feel it in our hearts that war is wrong.

OLD MISSION INDIAN MAN: But the Spanish had many warriors, many guns. And even more than the guns. The sicknesses which the Spanish brought with them. We had never known such diseases. Especially the children. Only two in the Mission lived more than three winters.

[As they speak, a friar and a soldier march officiously out of portal of high school, the soldier carrying a musket, the priest carrying a cross or his rosary.]

OLD MISSION INDIAN WOMAN: My own daughters. Such a fever. [She puts an arm out to the oak tree for support.] We could not save them.

OLD MISSION INDIAN MAN: We are very sad; our people were once around us like the sands of the shore--many, many. We are all that is left of our people. We are all alone.

FRIAR: [Makes sign of cross over Indians.] Come, my children. You must return.

[Friar and soldier firmly escort old Indians back into mission. As they mount steps to go back into mission, the narrator comes back on stage from stage right and says:]

NARRATOR: [still reading tome] Aiming to build a Christian utopia in the wilderness, the fathers made the Ohlone wear woven cloth, give up their animal gods and dreams, and with great labor till the earth for food, while heaps of acorns rotted all around them, like the spirit of the Ohlone himself.

One civilization was overcome and lost, yet another civilization was founded and flourished, and brought to our area a language, a religion, a

culture which has been part of it ever since. The Christian religion, agriculture, the missions which still grace our state, the founding of the Pueblo San Jose, our county's name and the name of our town, all came with the Spanish. [Mission bell sound effect.]

Santa Clara Mission* was founded the very next year after the De Anza Expedition, in 1777. ((The redwood for the mission came from Los Gatos. Probably from low-lying hills near the creek.))

Who was Santa Clara, this lady that the mission, our valley, and our county were named for? She was Saint Clare of Assisi. A witty, beautiful girl from a rich and noble family, she lived a frivolous, fashionable life. Suddenly, at 17, she was converted by her friend, Saint Francis of Assisi, for whom San Francisco was named. She founded an order so strict, so poverty-stricken, that even the Pope asked her to relax the rules. But she wouldn't.

SCENE VII: Father La Suen Building El Camino Real

NARRATOR: Also with the Spanish came roads as we know them, and all the communication and settlement that comes with roads. How did El Camino Real, the King's Highway, the road of the missions, come to pass through Los Gatos? Well, it began in August of 1791, with a Franciscan named Father Lasuen,* the President of all the missions of California. He was on his way back from checking out the site for the Santa Cruz Mission. The Indians, who had of course known trails over the mountains for generations, recommended a shortcut back over the Santa Cruz Mountains. They said it was "rougher but more direct." Father Lasuen took it. It was the route of present day Highway 17. "Rougher but more direct." That's Highway 17 all right.

[Enter procession from back of audience.] Then Father Lasuen had Indians repair and improve the road, and it became the regular route over the Santa Cruz Gap. It became part of the pathway of the Spanish government and the Missions: El Camino Real.

[As the narrator speaks, down center aisle come El Padre Presidente La Suen, shouting and gesticulating in Spanish, a surveyor, friar with map,

mission Indians with pickaxes, shovels, et cetera, fixing road. All exit into high school double doors. Mission bell sound effect.]

ACT II. NEW SETTLERS

NARRATOR: Like I said, with roads came settlement. After the Spanish government was overthrown in Mexico came the era of Mexican Ranchos in Los Gatos. Our first non-Indian settlers were ranchers from Mexico. Names of Hernandez and Peralta. Y'know the historic Peralta adobe in San Jose? It was owned by the uncle of our Peralta. Well, both men lived in San Jose and helped survey the nearby lands for ranchos. They found one area they loved and applied for a land grant from the Mexican government for what they called "La Rinconada de Los Gatos," "The Corner of the Cats." "Cats" being the wildcats that roamed the area. So Hernandez and Peralta named our town! The rancho was an area of one and a half leagues (about 6600 acres) just on the east side of Los Gatos Creek. In fact, Hernandez and Peralta built the first building in Los Gatos, a tiny adobe.* They had to build a house and farm the land as conditions of ownership.

They came in 1839 and settled there by the creek, raising sheep and cattle among the oak trees and still existing encampments of the Tamyen, who lived peacefully side by side with them. Hernandez' first wife, Maria Ciprian, was the first woman of the new settlers to bear children and raise a new generation in Los Gatos. On August 24, 1852, a hot day, like today, in giving birth to her tenth child, she died in that little adobe. After a time, Hernandez married again and fathered six more children by his second wife.

[Fade-in foreground of slide to Hernandez scene]. Folks, try to imagine life in that tiny building with 16 children. You can understand why Peralta eventually moved out to his own place. Here we are in 1850 when Hernandez and his family are going through a crisis. Peralta is there on a visit, and Hernandez is complaining to his old partner . . .

SCENE I: Hernandez and Peralta

[Against backdrop of colored slide of Hernandez-Peralta adobe, on front porch. Enter Peralta and Hernandez family, including pregnant Senora Hernandez, carrying stools and stuffed lambs.]

HERNANDEZ: Sebastian, I cannot believe what has happened!

PERALTA: What is it, my friend?

HERNANDEZ: Do you remember my brother Mariano, that no good, that dog, that robber?

PERALTA: Si, the one who keeps robbing gold miners?

HERNANDEZ: That is the one, curse upon our mother that he is. Well, last week he was in jail again.

PERALTA: No! What for this time?

HERNANDEZ: Another robbery. This time he stole . . . \$20,000! And killed the man he robbed!

PERALTA: No!

SENORA HERNANDEZ: Si! And here we are working to raise our children, ranch our land and be respectable. Now that no good thief had the nerve, the NERVE to ask Jose . . .

PERALTA: What?

HERNANDEZ: Well, he sent me a message to bail him out. And he is my brother, in spite of everything. So I did it.

PERALTA: How much?

HERNANDEZ: \$10,000! I have mortgaged the rancho!

PERALTA: Santa Maria! Our rancho!

SENORA HERNANDEZ: And here we are in this tiny adobe and I with the ninth child on the way. [Children start to fight.] Antonio! Maria Francisca! Stop that!

HERNANDEZ: And then, and then . . .

PERALTA: What?

HERNANDEZ: He escaped! He jumped bail!

PERALTA: No! [He claps his hand to his forehead.]

HERNANDEZ: They are about to foreclose on our rancho. We will lose the livestock, everything! [Peralta reacts with shock, ~~wife starts cursing in Spanish~~, kids start screaming, sounds of cattle moos and sheep baaing. Pandemonium. Fade-out.]

NARRATOR: Looks like Los Gatos was wiped out before it got started. But wait. There's more to this story.

SCENE II: Same as Before. [But Hernandez is alone on the porch, playing a guitar. Very melancholy Mexican rancho theme.]

PERALTA: [Rushing in from stage right excitedly.] Jose! Jose! We are saved!

HERNANDEZ: How? What has happened, Sebastian?

PERALTA: Mariano has been caught!

HERNANDEZ: [Skeptical] Again?

PERALTA: And hanged!

HERNANDEZ: [More skeptical] Again?

PERALTA: But this time a priest did not save him, like in Monterey. And this time, this time the rope did not break!

[Senora Hernandez and children rush out from behind adobe.]

SENORA HERNANDEZ: [Carrying towel in hand] Is it true?

PERALTA: It is true, Maria! [Senora Hernandez gives thankful gesture to Heaven.]

HERNANDEZ: Holy blessed mother be thanked! La Rinconada de Los Gatos is safe in the hands of my children!

[The three adults embrace, kids jump up and down, and cheer. One child hugs mother. The men embrace. Fade-out.]

NARRATOR: Almost all we have left of our first settlers are names: La Rinconada. Hernandez and Peralta Avenues up near Glenridge Avenue. Los Gatos. But whenever you visit Vasona or Oak Meadow Park and ride the Billy Jones Wildcat Railroad, remember that the circle of track goes right around where the Hernandez-Peralta adobe was. Seems like we ought to have a monument there: "Here is the site of the first building in Los Gatos, built in 1839 by Jose Maria Hernandez and Sebastian Fabian Peralta, the men who named our Town."

SCENE III: Fremont

NARRATOR: Now during the same time as Hernandez and Peralta, one of the most illustrious adventurers and explorers in California history passed right by their adobe on his way through Los Gatos. He was none other than the flamboyant John Charles Fremont. It is December of 1845.

[Fade-in to camp scene.] On an exploring and mapping expedition of California, Fremont is camped south of San Jose in the Santa Teresa area. And, my stars, who is that tearing into his camp? Why, it's our own Sebastian Peralta!

[A canvas tent, kerosene lantern, rifles piled up in front of and canteens hanging from tent, et cetera. Swaggering upstage of the campfire is John Charles Fremont himself, in full uniform, handsome, with sword and shiny boots. From stage left, the Hernandez-Peralta adobe site, stalks an angry

Sebastian Peralta in same costume as last scene, with addition, perhaps, of a sombrero or broad brimmed hat.]

PERALTA: [to startled adjutant] I demand to see your commander!

[All in camp react to his anger. Fremont slowly, dramatically turns to face Peralta and replies.]

FREMONT: My good man, you now have the honor of ADDRESSING the commander. I am he, Captain John Charles Fremont. How dare you barge into my camp like this! What is it?

PERALTA: Just outside your camp I see a horse. She is MY horse.

FREMONT: Indeed?

PERALTA: [Undaunted] Yes, Captain Fremont. She looks just like one of mine that is missing.

FREMONT: [striding closer to Peralta] And what does this animal look like?

PERALTA: She is chestnut with a white mark on her chest.

FREMONT: Sir, all of my animals, with the exception of four obtained from the Tulare Indians, have been bought and paid for. The particular animal you claim was bought and paid for in the United States of America, not stolen from peons in this wilderness.

PERALTA: Senor, I am no peon. I am owner by land grant of Rancho Rincon . . .

FREMONT: I have no time to deal with the complaints of every straggling vagabond who may chance to visit my camp. You are trying to obtain animals under false pretenses. Leave my camp! Immediately!

[Peralta, enraged, steps toward Fremont. Fremont signals to his men. They begin to surround Peralta. Peralta looks around, sees the situation, and stalks off.]

PERALTA: I shall complain to the Alcalde about this.

FREMONT: I shall be happy to send him a letter myself. And you are lucky to have escaped without a severe horsewhipping. Out!

[Peralta leaves, slowly, his back straight and head high. Fade-out as men clap Fremont on the back, laugh; he swells visibly.]

SCENE IIIb:

[Fade-in back at Hernandez-Peralta adobe scene. Peralta is just rushing into the scene. He speaks excitedly in pantomime to Hernandez and Senora Hernandez. They react openmouthed. From the campfire scene march Fremont, swaggering in the lead, and his parade of men. They spy the Mexicans, point, laugh, jeer, make rude gestures. Wife cries. Hernandez comforts her. Peralta shakes his fist at Fremont. Fremont and men parade arrogantly by.]

ACT III. LOS GATOS' FIRST AMERICAN SETTLERS

SCENE I: Logging

NARRATOR: So the Mexicans and the Tamyen were thrust aside by the third great influx into the Los Gatos area, the Americans. They brought the first industry to Los Gatos, the logging of the redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

[Spotlight reaches top of redwoods. Another big spotlight back on center stage. Enter three loggers from behind bit oak tree. They carry ropes and [if we get one] a giant two-man saw.

LOGGER #1: Mr. Branham, look at those trees! [Points to redwoods in back.] [Loggers begin moving down center aisle toward redwoods.]

ISAAC BRANHAM: My Lord, look at the size of them!

LOGGER #2: Mr. Branham, we'll make a fortune on those!

ISAAC BRANHAM: I'll start my mill right here! Come on, boys!

LOGGER #1: There are millions of 'em!

LOGGER #2: And they're huge!

ISAAC BRANHAM: Let's clear cut every tree! Get every one. And burn what's left over. Let's go!

[They advance on redwoods. Blackout. Saw sound effects. "Timber!" Sound of giant tree crashing down. "Yahoo! She's down! Look at all that lumber! We're rich!" Pause.)

NARRATOR: This new wealth all began with Isaac Branham's tiny sawmill.* It grew into the town of Lexington, on this side of the summit of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Why, Los Gatos first EXISTED as a place for the teamsters to live, and for the logs to come through on their way to port.

People who lived up at Lexington* in those days said that after the logs were cut, it looked like the moon. And when the rains came--it was a muddy, sliding nightmare.

There's Branham's tiny sawmill.* Seems incredible that it brought down so many giants.

SCENE II: Branham Sells Sawmill to Jones

[Backdrop: slide of sawmill. Branham and 3 loggers saunter in, very macho, from stage left. Jones and his wife enter, very stiffly and uprightly, from stage right. They meet center stage right area, in front of slide.)

BRANHAM: [to loggers) This must be them. What dudes! [Loggers nod, smirk.] [to Joneses] Excuse me, you must be Mr. Zachariah Jones?

JONES: [Primly, sourly] Uh, yes, yes, and this is my wife, Mary.

BRANHAM: I'm Isaac Branham, the man who's selling the sawmill. Welcome to our little logging camp here. Pleased to meet you. [He shakes hands with Jones, then Mrs. Jones, who curtseys primly and smiles a stiff smirk as though her face would crack.]

JONES: Well, Mr. Branham, let's not drag out the formalities. Here's the money in exchange for your mill. [Pays over money.]

BRANHAM: [after riffling through money] It's all yours, Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Best redwood timber in Central California. So long, men. Nice workin' with you. [Bids goodbye to men who ad lib goodbyes, tips his hat to Mrs. Jones, who smirks again.]

LOGGER #3: [Producing a bottle] Have a drink for the road, Mr. Branham.

BRANHAM: Thanks. [Takes a slug, winces, goes "ahhhh".] Good luck to you all. [Saunters off stage right. Meanwhile, Joneses register horror at sight of bottle.]

JONES: Men, come here. There'll be a new rule now that I am in charge of this operation. [Grabs bottle from logger.] Absolutely NO drinking in camp. None! [Men are aghast. Jones hands bottle to Mrs. Jones.]

MRS. JONES: Filthy, degrading habit. [As she says this, she dumps contents of bottle on ground.] Disgusting.

LOGGER #1: [To other loggers.] My God, now we'll have to go into saratoga just to get drunk. [All freeze in characteristic poses. Blackout.]

NARRATOR: We still remember our first logger, Isaac Branham, when we drive Branham Lane from Los Gatos to San Jose, Up off College Avenue here in town lies Jones Road, named after the teetotalling logger, Buffalo Jones.

And Jones built our first mountain school, Lexington School, so our mountain children could learn.

SCENE III: Forbes and Forbes Mill

[Bagpiper strolls onto scene from stage left, wanders over to stand by the musicians or farther stage right if necessary, so his piping can be a background to narrator's introduction.]

NARRATOR: From Inverness, Scotland, came one of the most enterprising and best known of all Los Gatos' founding father, Mr. James Alexander Forbes. He built the oldest surviving building in Los Gatos,* the old stone building down beyond the lower playing fields there, the old Forbes Mill. Mr. Forbes looks* pretty upright and uptight, doesn't he? Ah, but in his youth he emigrated alone to Argentina, got caught in a war between Argentina and Brazil, became a pirate, got a bad saber cut in a fight, went around the horn, was on a whaler wrecked off the Galapagos Islands, sailed as fourth mate to Hawaii, to the Sea of Japan, and finally to San Francisco. Then he married the daughter of the majordomo of Mission Santa Clara* and lived there. By the way, that picture is probably the oldest picture taken in the county--in the 1850's. Forbes lived in that little addition left of the Mission.

In Santa Clara he was the first to see the wealth in the Almaden and Guadalupe cinnabar mines. Forbes wrote the first history of California. He wheedled and bribed the Jesuits down from Oregon to start the University of Santa Clara. Eventually the Jesuits had to pay Forbes \$11,000 to get him out of Mission Santa Clara so they could use it. Partly with that money he built,* in 1852, a grand mansion in Santa Clara. When he later sold it for \$8,000 to the Sisters of Notre Dame, he didn't mention that it had a \$20,000 lien on it. Ah, here comes James Alexander Forbes himself.

[Enter Forbes, redheaded but balding, dressed like a dandy. He walks in thoughtfully diagonally from stage left rear, goes downstage to edge of hill, appears to be gazing off into distance. Fade-out bagpipe music.]

FORBES: [to self] Ach, look at a' that wheat growin' in Santa Clara Valley now. There must be money to be made off it somehow. Wheat. Flour. Flour! [Snaps fingers.] I can start a flour mill! Over on Los Gatos Creek would be parrfect--water power. [Rubs hands together greedily.] I can use stones fra the creek for the buildin'. Let me talk to Hernandez.

[Walks purposefully stage right. Reprise Hernandez adobe set.*
Hernandez sits on stool with guitar. Enter Forbes.]

FORBES: Senor Hernandez, I dinna wish t' waste time. [Shakes hands perfunctorily.] How many bairrrns have ye?

HERNANDEZ: Bairns, senor?

FORBES: [impatient] Children, man!

HERNANDEZ: By the blessed mother, I have SIXTEEN senor. And almost no money.

FORBES: My good man, ah'm aboot' make ye a deal ye canna' rrrefuse!
[Fade-out]

NARRATOR: Four dollars an acre! And at that Forbes never did pay Hernandez for the property, and Hernandez had to move to Baja California. But Forbes built his mill in 1854. Let's take a look at the mill in action.*

SCENE IV: Trouble at the Mill

[Superimpose scene over slide of mill.] [Forbes strides onto stage, powerful, well dressed, looking like his picture. He begins to have a Scottish temper tantrum, yelling at his hapless foreman.]

FORBES: I'll no' have it! Will ye look at that' miserable water pressure? Ne matter what I do, 'twill not come right. Did ye not increase the fall height of the water as I told ye?

FOREMAN: [Cowed] Yes, Mr. Forbes. I . . .

FORBES: Well, a lot o' good has it done me. A daft person could see there is ne difference. Am I right then?

FOREMAN: Yes, Mr. Forbes. I . . . [Another workman comes rushing in and up to Forbes.]

WORKMAN: Mr. Forbes, I just came from the station and . . .

FORBES: Well?

WORKMAN: The price of the flour is still falling sir.

FORBES: What?!

WORKMAN: Well, sir, the flour from Sacramento ad San Jose is so much cheaper, and . . .

FORBES: Ah, what is the use? Ahm goin' BANKRUPT, I am.

BANKRUPT. What will become o' me and all m'bairns?! [He puts head in hands. Workers look at each other and shrug or shake heads. Fade-out.]

NARRATOR: Poor James Alexander was a real grind, wasn't he? Well, all attempts to raise the water pressure failed, and so did Forbes' Mill. Forbes was declared bankrupt in 1856.

SCENE V: The End of Forbes

NARRATOR: He ended his days in a cottage [fade in to cottage--same set at Mountain Charlie's cabin, later. Rocker. Toward the rocker totters the bent, old figure of Forbes, wearing a shawl.] in Alameda, surrounded by damp and fog. [Fog special effects if possible. Foghorn sound effect. Waves. Forbes stares into space, shakes his head, coughs.]

FORBES: [In old, cracked voice] Ah couldna' find gold or cinnabar. Ah couldna' rrraise the water pressure in that worthless mill. Ah tried everything', and all for nought. [Coughs, gasps. Fade-out to sound of coughing, waves, foghorn. Silence.]

NARRATOR: Forbes died in poverty in 1881. He's buried in Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland. He sought fortune ruthlessly, yet it eluded him in the end.

The old Mill survived Forbes himself. Finally Mr. J.W. McMillan and W.S. McMurtry bought it. Called it Los Gatos Manufacturing Company. The Mill became a woolen factory, then an ice works. Regretfully, the main building was torn down at the turn of this century. The annex became a P.G. & E. substation, a youth center, and almost finally, a derelict pile of rocks. It was saved* [Picture of Forbes Mill Museum today.] by Mrs. Mardi Gualtieri Bennet, concerned townspeople, the county, and lot of other good people. So now we have a museum in our oldest surviving building. Go see it. Nice place.

Now that we've told the story of our most famous forefather, let's take an official Centennial 15 minute break. Drinks are . . . Items for sale are . . . Restrooms are . . .

INTERMISSION

SCENE VI: Mountain Charlie and The Attack

NARRATOR: Now, Forbes was one of our first memorable Los Gatos characters. But he sure wasn't the only one. Lots of 'em. You'll see. The next one was yet another gentleman of Celtic descent; this time an Irishman. We know him as Mountain Charlie McKiernan. Charles McKiernan was an energetic man of tremendous toughness who came to us via New Zealand, San Francisco, and the gold mines at Yuba and Feather River, where he had made and lost thousands in gold dust and ended up as a muleskinner. Finally, in 1851, he came to our Santa Cruz Mountains and laid claim to acreage roughly where Highway 17 crosses Summit Road today.

[As the narrator is speaking, Charlie has sauntered across the stage. He is a broad-shouldered, stocky, powerful-looking man in buckskin, hatless, tanned, laden with a rifle, canteen, a captain's chair, and a portable sign.] By a great stroke of luck, or piece of conniving, Charlie's property was located so that every logging wagon heading down to Los Gatos had to pass over it. So Charlie was hired by our first toll road company. Charlie happily collected tolls from the loggers.

[Logging wagon lumbers on stage, bells tinkling, wagon creaking, horses' hooves clomping. Stops at Charlie and his sign. Charlie, leaning back nonchalantly in this captain's chair, points haughtily to the sign. Driver expostulates. Disgustedly reaches in pocket, pays toll, lumbers offstage, cursing. Charlie laughs obnoxiously.]

However, Charlie lives on in the legends of Los Gatos not for his entrepreneurship, but for an encounter with a species that used to terrorize this whole area—a species known as *Ursus Horribilis*, the grizzly bear.

[As narrator speaks, Charlie cleans his rifle, loads it, prepares to go hunting.]

[Enter Taylor from stage right, rifle over his shoulder.]

CHARLIE: Howdy Taylor.

TAYLOR: Howdy, McKiernan. Ready to catch some deer?

CHARLIE: Always am.

TAYLOR: Let's go.

[Charlie has put on his buckskin coat, his powder horn, and taken up his rifle. They exit the cabin stage left.]

SCENE VII: Mountain Charlie Attacked by Grizzly

[Charlie and Taylor stroll unsuspecting toward oak tree. Huge bear lumbers on stage from stage left, seen by audience but not by the men. Bear slobbers, knocks over trees with one hand, et cetera. Kind of a grizzly Rambo. Men spot bear.]

CHARLIE: Let's try to go around him to get a good shot.

[Taylor nods. They move upstage toward big oak tree. Bear heads in same direction. Bear and men accidentally meet behind oak tree in front of high school.]

TAYLOR: [Climbs tree, shouts.] Charlie! Oh my God! Up here! . . . Too late!" [Shoots] "It glanced off! [Reloads frantically.]

[Screams, growls. Tufts of hair and pieces of Mountain Charlie's clothes fly out from behind oak tree. Charlie races out from behind tree with bear in hot pursuit. Charlie hits bear over head with gun. Gun falls apart. Bear keeps coming. Charlie and bear disappear behind tree. More agonized screams, debris flying. Bear crashes off, growling. Silence.]

TAYLOR: Charlie? . . . Charlie?

[Moans, cries. Taylor races down tree, helps Charlie out from behind it. Blood pours from left side of Charlie's scalp and from his forearms.]

CHARLIE: [screaming] My God, I can't see! Taylor, help me! I can't see!

[Taylor helps the stricken Charlie stage right, to cabin.]

SCENE VIII: After the Attack

[Go to inset of Charlie's cabin, Charlie writhing, Taylor applying pressure rags, giving Charlie whiskey. Bloody rags everywhere.]

CHARLIE: [delirious] Her jaws . . . her breath . . . Crunched right down on my forehead and eye. I put my arms up over my face, but the bear grabbed my arms . . . his tusks . . . his teeth . . . they went all the way through my arm . . . all the way through.

[Doctor tears in, with a satchel and assistant. He dictates to assistant as he examines Charlie. Doctor is grossed out and amazed himself.]

DOCTOR: Over the left eye and nose part of the os frontis has been torn out. Tears deep into left eye. Front part of head mangled. Sight has returned to both eyes, but left eye muscle seriously damaged."

CHARLIE: Doc, I know my scalp's gone. Give me a silver plate. I want a silver plate in it.

SCENE IX: Doctor's Interview (NOTE: THIS SCENE SHOULD BE SHORTENED.

[Fade-out on cabin. Doctor shaking his head, carrying his satchel, walks toward stairs center stage. Down stairs from portal of high school comes a reporter, who intercepts doctor. They ask silent question. He nods.

DR. INGERSOLL: [Stands upstage and up a stair or two from reporters and addresses them while they have backs to audience.] Well, gentlemen, I have never seen any wound like it. You may be sure there were very slight hopes for Mr. McKiernan's recovery. Dr. Bell and I inserted the plate, resewed the ripped and shredded muscles. Mr. McKiernan's bravery and stamina were remarkable. We did the best we could. But the disfigurement--well, you can imagine. [Shakes head, goes "Tch, tch, tch."]

REPORTER: Doctor Ingersoll, was the silver plate kind of pioneering technique? I understand Charlie was rather proud of that. The man with the silver skull and all.

DR. INGERSOLL: [Rather impatiently] No, no, that's just Irish blarney. After one week the plate was irritating the surrounding tissue so much that we removed it--against Mr. McKiernan's most vociferous objections, I can assure you. Eventually the wound healed, but his left eye always turned up, and there was that terrifically scarred flap of skin over the depression the bear had made.

REPORTER: [Hastily, a little nauseated] Uh, thank you, Doctor.

DR. INGERSOLL: Not at all, not at all. [The doctor's assistant comes running up to podium and whispers to Dr. Ingersoll.] Oh, yes, yes. Allow me to present Dr. A.W. Bell, my colleague. He has recalled some other data of note about the case.

DR. BELL: [Rather self-important, fast talking, wimpy.] Well, about one year after the attack and operation, Mr. McKiernan came to see us again, suffering from terrible head pains. We operated right there in the National Hotel. Mr. McKiernan said later that he imagined he was back hunting in the green hills of Ireland. [Irish fiddle chord.] [Dr. Ingersoll entreats him to get on with his point.] . . . Well, we opened up the skull and we found a

deep seated abscess about two inches deep, under the first lobe of the brain. Incredible. Complete recovery. The patient claims he suffered no loss of memory or brain function whatsoever.

DR. INGERSOLL: [Smiling.] I have heard that Mr. McKiernan has embroidered the matter a little and claims that inside we found a . . . tuft of grizzly bear hair.

REPORTER: Thanks, Doc. These are just the gory details we wanted to get.

DR. INGERSOLL: Any time. Amazing case. Glad I could be of service. Oh, here, let me leave you my card. Just in case you should go wandering about the Santa Cruz Mountains . . .

[Exit doctors through entry to high school. Reporters look at each other, shudder, shake heads, one looks at card, then pockets it. Fade-out.]

SCENE X Charlie Recovered

[Fade-in to exterior of Charlie's cabin (turned around from interior.) Charlie is back in his chair, with his sign, waiting like a vulture for drivers to come by so he can collect tolls. Only difference is that he now wears a hat pulled low over his eye. Stagecoach edges on from stage right. Drivers register dismay at sight of Charlie.]

DRIVER #1: My God, he's back. Now we can't go two yards without his collecting money from us again.

DRIVER #2: That bear didn't do half good enough. What's it take to do that man in?

[After collecting toll, Charlie scares kids in stage at his cabin by showing them his scar.]

CHILD #1: EWWWW!

CHILD #2: It's all purple!

CHILD #1: Did you see it kind of pulsate up and down?

[Screams as stage rolls off. Charlie laughs. Fade-out on Charlie and cabin as stage proceeds to center stage or a little past. Kids are still recovering and pantomiming being grossed out in back seat.]

DRIVER #1: That goldurn Charlie! He doesn't always win out, though.

DRIVER #2: What d'yuh mean, Henry?

DRIVER #1: I heard tell that one of the first groups to pass through his tollgate was a circus. [Children listen transfixed.]

DRIVER #2: A circus goin' over Summit Road?!

DRIVER #1: Yep. Had two elephants in it too. Named Albert and Victoria. The circus owners wouldn't pay the toll. Charlie said then they couldn't go through. Circus folk threatened to turn the elephants loose on Charlie's property and throw him off the summit . . . Well . . . Charlie let the circus go through tollfree.

[Drivers and kids (and horses) cackle in satisfaction as stage rolls off stage left.]

NARRATOR: Good old Mountain Charlie. We have only a few reminders of him left: The road at the intersection of Highway 17 and Summit is Mountain Charlie Road, roughly where he collected his tolls. The giant wood statue outside Mountain Mike's Pizza on Santa Cruz Avenue across from Alpha Beta—I bet you thought that was Mountain Mike! Wrong. Mountain Charlie. And, of course, Mountain Charley's Saloon is named in his memory. He'd like that.

**ACT IV: THE TOLL ROADS AND COMPLETION OF THE NARROW
GAUGE RAILROAD. LOS GATOS BECOMES A TOWN.**

SCENE I: Introduction

NARRATOR: Now Mountain Charlie helped introduce a whole new era to Los Gatos, the era of real roads. Logging wagons needed them to get down from the Santa Cruz Mountains to Los Gatos. In 1857 the first road company had been formed. [Cue for road workers--with shovels, pickaxes, et cetera. to start building road in from stage right.] Named--are you ready for this?--the Santa Cruz Gap Turnpike Joint Stock Company. You can imagine what they went through cutting the first real road from the Summit all the winding way down to Los Gatos. But after it was done, why they made a fortune! You know what they charged to use the toll road? For a two horse team . . . forty cents! And for a fully loaded eight horse team . . . one entire, genuine U.S. dollar! Now, when the teams lumbered, so to speak, down from the mountains, the place where they'd collect the tolls here in Los Gatos is called The Toll House to this very day. It's on South Santa Cruz Avenue near Wood Road. And next to it now looms the Toll House Hotel.

[Road crew gets to Toll House set--as much like real Toll House as possible. They tip hats to Kennedy on front porch, dust off hands, exit behind cabin set.]

NARRATOR: There's Mr. James Kennedy. Built the place in 1857, and he collected the tolls for years. But after twenty years the toll road was paid for. And Kennedy and the company owners were supposed to STOP collecting tolls. Make it a FREEWAY, you see. But the owners had collected \$137,000 in tolls over those 20 years and didn't want to stop. They had a good deal going.

SCENE II: The Teamsters' Revolt

NARRATOR: One day in November of 1877 the teamsters had had enough.* It was a long, steep, dusty way from Lexington down to Los Gatos with a full load of redwood. There were brake failures and near

misses, despite the warning bells on the horses' harnesses. And today yet another hardship faced the teamsters.

[As he speaks, sound of Hames bells, wagon wheels, horses' hooves are heard approaching. Line of logging wagons, teamsters atop them, full loads of milled redwood boards in back, files across stage from stage right. Lead wagon stops at Toll House. In front of house, perpendicular to audience, sits big--but light--toll gate. Mr. Kennedy comes out to toll gate, raises his hand in "stop" signal.]

KENNEDY: How many horses you got here altogether, Shepherd?

SHEPHERD: [Sullenly, maybe pretending to spit tobacco juice over side of wagon.] Oh, about 6 [less than there really are. Horses try to hide behind each other.]

KENNEDY: Well, I count 8 [or whatever number there really are]. That's four two-horse teams. [Horses and teamsters look chagrined.] That's \$2. [Holds out hand for toll.]

TEAMSTER #2: John, that's too much. [Teamsters murmur among each other.]

SHEPHERD: I reckon that to be \$1.60, Kennedy.

KENNEDY: Rates just went up again, Shepherd. Two dollars.

[Louder murmur from teamsters.]

SHEPHERD: GoldDURN it, Kennedy, this road's already paid for. Why're the prices goin' up again?

KENNEDY: Company's orders. Pay it or turn around and go right back up the mountain, logs and all.

SHEPHERD: By God, I WILL turn around. [Does so. Then quickly gets down, hooks logging chain around toll gate, and remounts wagon.]

KENNEDY: What the heck are you doin', Shepherd?

SHEPHERD: What I should'a done long ago! [Slaps reins, cracks whip.]
 Giyup, Daisy; come on, Pearl! Let's go!
 [Mules begin to pull toll gate down. Other teamsters begin to ad lib "All right! Look at that! Good idea, Shepherd!" et cetera. Kennedy looks on in shock. Gate comes down, is dragged part way across stage. Teamsters cheer.]

KENNEDY: My God! I'm getting the boss! [Races into toll house.]

[Shepherd drags gate toward edge of hill. Other teamsters kick at gate as it slides by them; some spit on it. Continued cheering. At edge of hill a couple of teamsters unhook chain from gate. Boss and Kennedy run out of toll house.]

TEAMSTER #3: Throw the gate into the canyon, Shepherd! Get rid of it!
 [Other teamsters yell, "Yeah, yeah!" and the like.]

BOSS: No, no! Stop that, you fool! That's private property. [Rushes up eye to eye with Shepherd. Puffs out jaw and chest.] It is the property of the Los Gatos Joint Turnpike Stock Company!

[Laughter from the teamsters.]

SHEPHERD: Is that so? [Shepherd and another teamster slide gate over edge of hill (work out which hill--away from audience! Probably stage right down hill or steps.) Boss grabs for gate, yelling, almost follows it down the hill. Two teamsters grab him in time, pull him back from edge. Loud cheers from teamsters.]

BOSS: Take your hands off me! Oh my God, it's gone! My beautiful toll gate! You'll pay for this! [Derisive boos and catcalls from teamsters.]

TEAMSTER #2: Mister, we HAVE paid for it. For the last twenty years!
 [Yells of affirmation from other teamsters.]

TEAMSTER #3: Let's go through boys. It's a FREE road now! [More cries of affirmation. Teamsters are having a great time. Rowdiness rules. All load up, drive by toll house where gate used to be, cheering, waving fists in air, whistling, cracking whips, and exit by going down hills then

down center aisle and out back, cheering all the way. Sounds of bells, wagons, hooves. Boss and Kennedy stare after them in disbelief. Owner shakes fist at them. Fade-out.]

SCENE III: The Stagecoach

NARRATOR: That was the end for the toll roads. The road from the Summit has been a freeway ever since. And as for Kennedy, after he died, his wife bought about 350 acres northeast of town, and Kennedy Road was named in his honor.

Also nearing its end was the era of the stagecoach. Back in 1858 old Billy Hall started the first line. And on the stage line, you could go--by George --you could go from Santa Cruz through Los Gatos and clear on into San Francisco in only ONE day! [As narrator talks, a stagecoach, titled "Hall Stagecoach Line," painted bright yellow, appears back center aisle, spotlit, starts loading luggage and passengers.] The stage would depart from Santa Cruz. [People wave goodbye. The stagecoach starts sedately up the center aisle toward the stage; stagecoach sound effects.] Before the long pull up the Santa Cruz Mountains to the summit, the four-horse team would be changed to a six-horse team.

[Stagecoach gets to bottom of hill on front lawn of high school. Two more horses run in and get in front of original four horses. They pull diagonally up hill toward stage left. Horses neigh. Screams. Whip cracks.] When they finally got to the Summit, good old Mountain Charlie would collect the toll. [Mountain Charlie reappears, collects toll, lifts hat, shows scar. Passengers scream, stage pulls away.] Then the stage descended the north side of the mountains on the toll road of the Santa Cruz Gap Turnpike Joint Stock Company. [Coach has passed paved area in center of stage and starts down the hill diagonally back toward center aisle. Horses neigh. Screams.]

After half a day, it would finally pull into Los Gatos at our first hotel, Ten Mile House, right next to the Toll House on Santa Cruz Avenue. [Stage stops in front of narrator.]

[The Narrator leans down toward coach and says,] "Welcome to Los Gatos, folks." [Some passengers reply gratefully, climb down, straighten hats, stretch, groan, rub rear ends, claim luggage, and march into front doors of high school. As they go, narrator says:]

Other stages ran from the Santa Clara Railroad depot to Los Gatos and Santa Cruz and back. And the drivers loved to see who could make the fastest time. A favorite contest was for two stagecoach drivers to race each other to the bridge that crossed Los Gatos Creek in Los Gatos Canyon, a narrow wood bridge with no guardrails. Sometimes the losing coach ended up like this.* [Leave slide on screen during runaway stagecoach scene.]

[The stagecoach, now a little way down the center aisle, is hurried by a "Hayah!" and crack of whip from driver. The coach starts going faster and faster; sound effects of horses' hooves, wheels, screams, shouts get louder and louder. Stagecoach careens down center aisle and out back. Sounds of screams, horse neighs, crack, a pause, a big splash. Perhaps a single wheel careens from back down center aisle.]

[A beat up stagecoach driver staggers in from back, stares at wheel, shakes his head, makes negative gesture toward stagecoach offstage, and continues up aisle toward stage, limping and wiping face with big red handkerchief. He carries a whip. He continues toward "Ten Mile House" sign, looks at narrator as he approaches, shrugs, shakes head, and limps right up stairs and into double doors of high school.]

NARRATOR: One of the drivers who had his share of accidents was a Mr. Rockyfellow. Yes, Rockyfellow. Finally he got disgusted, left stage driving altogether, and worked at the Ten Mile House where life was more peaceful.

Of course, the Ten Mile House wasn't the only hotel in Los Gatos. One big, fancy one,* located right down the street where Mr. Ed Burke's Los Gatos Athletic Club and Main Auto Parts stand now, was a beauty called the El Monte Hotel* built in 1881 and burned to the ground in 1909.

Also, a lot of people in town still remember the Rex Hotel, just down Main Street the other direction. Folks used to call it the Beckwith Block.* Built after the huge fire of 1891, which destroyed most of East Main Street. All

brick, with intricate brick pattern work and two huge bay windows. Now called Beckwith Apartments, it still houses people in downtown Los Gatos.

But the queen of all Los Gatos hotels was the Hotel Lyndon.*
 ((Remember Los Gatos' very first hotel, the Ten Mile House? The one built right on the north side of the Toll House for the stagecoach passengers? Well, a man named McCobb took it over and became our first postmaster. McCobb had big plans. He wanted to name our town Cobbsville. Pretty corny. Didn't take.))

SCENE IV: John Lyndon

NARRATOR: Then in 1868, someone bought the hotel property and a hundred acres around it in the heart of downtown Los Gatos. The buyer, one of our true founding fathers, was a remarkable man named John Lyndon.* Came to Los Gatos from Vermont. Landed in San Francisco in 1859 with 60 cents in his pocket. Started out driving oxen wagons up in Lexington. First day on the job he tipped the wagon over. Decided to go into business instead. Started a little grocery with a partner. After three years bought out his partner at a profit. [As narrator speaks, Lyndon appears on one side of stage. Portly. Walrus mustache. Substantial. Watch chain. Swagger. As narrator mentions each business, Lyndon goes into a primitive door representing it, comes out with big bills in his hand. Swaggers happily to next door.] Bought the hundred acres and the hotel. Then, when the railroad wanted the land for its depot and right of way, he sold it to them--under two conditions: they would pay him a good price for the land, and they'd move his hotel across Santa Cruz Avenue, where it stood for 86 years. He subdivided some of his land for the first housing tract in Town on Broadway Avenue. He owned a lumber yard so people could buy the lumber to build the houses he'd sold them the lots for.

In the evenings he could go home to his beautiful Victorian house* up in the hills off Santa Cruz Avenue at Wood Road. Called Lyndon Heights. Or he could visit the house of his brother, James, who'd come out from Vermont in 1869. James' house* was below Lyndon Heights on the corner of Santa Cruz Avenue and Broadway. There* they could sit on the front porch with their devoted families. That's James in the upper right and John in the top row left. A happy family portrait.

SCENE V: Lyndon Portrait

[Lyndon pockets his money, strolls over to front porch set. Greets and joins the scene of Lyndon family on front porch--in exactly same pose and costumes as the slide just shown.]

[Photographer with old camera under blanket, holding up container of flash powder, says, "SMILE! CHEESE!" All freeze for a moment, in as close a replica of slide as possible. POOF!]

PHOTOGRAPHER: Good, good. [Moves to side stage. Puts equipment away. Fade-out slide.]

JAMES: Wait, wait, my dears! Before you all scatter, I have a little news for you now!

LYNDON FAMILY: What, what is it, et cetera?

JAMES: Well, I've decided to run for Sheriff of Santa Clara County.
[Exclamations and good luck wishes from family. Fade-out of front porch.]

[James walks to political platform, draped in red, white, and blue bunting. Sign descends: "Lyndon for Sheriff in '94!" Crowd, including family, surrounds platform.]

JAMES: And my fellow citizens, I promise to keep LAW AND ORDER in Santa Clara County!

CROWD: Rah, rah, rah
Biff biff, biff
James H. Lyndon
Our next Sher-iff! [repeat].
[Cheers. Lyndon acknowledges applause.]

NARRATOR: That was an actual campaign slogan, folks. But Lyndon won the election anyway.

[Lyndon puts on gun and holster, has silver star pinned on him by Judge (Narrator). Raises right hand to swear on Bible to take oath of office. Handshakes, congratulations from family.]

JOHN LYNDON: Come on over to my hotel, James, and we'll celebrate.
[Fade-out.]

SCENE VI: Hotel Lyndon Bar Scene

NARRATOR: Now the Hotel Lyndon was not only beautifully* built in the New Orleans Colonial style, but it was also a watering spot.

[Fade to scene at Hotel Lyndon bar. Bottles, wood, mirror, stools. Bartender in white apron, handlebar mustache, hair slicked back and parted in middle, wiping bar and serving drinks. Eager, thirsty customers, mostly teamsters or loggers. Stage for dance hall girls. Some of the girls mingle with customers.]

[Enter John Lyndon, greets customers. Then enter Sheriff James Lyndon.]

JOHN LYNDON: James, James, sit down and have a drink. It looks as though you need it.

JAMES LYNDON: I sure do.

JOHN: What's wrong, brother?

JAMES: I'm on a murder case, and an ugly one. [Customers are silent to listen, hands to ears, leaning forward.]

JOHN: Indeed! What happened, man?

JAMES: Well, over in Campbell a man by the name of Dunham apparently killed 6 people. Some of them relatives. [Reaction from customers.] Some he shot, and some he got . . . with an ax. [Louder reaction from customers.]

JOHN: An ax! My God. What are you doing about it?

JAMES: Well, we're putting up a \$10,000 reward. Here, here's the notice. [He takes out notice and reads:] Wanted. For first degree murder on six counts: James C. Dunham, dead or alive. Suspect is 32 years old, five feet 11 inches tall [vary this description depending upon casting of person who plays suspect], has short features, large mustache. Last seen wearing black suit and bowler hat. He is an expert bicyclist and may be on wheels. Wire all information at my expense. Signed on this 26th of May, 1896, James H. Lyndon, Sheriff.

[Ooohs and ahhs from crowd. A person exactly matching the description takes one last swift drink, sneaks out, mounts bicycle, takes off.]

[Lyndon posts notice on wall, with back to escaping suspect.]

JOHN: I think you need to relax a bit, James. Stay awhile and watch the show. [James assents, sits down.] [On dance hall stage, with melodramatic piano accompaniment, an 1890's dance, can-can finale. Customers get louder and rowdier. At end a couple teamsters try to crawl up on stage. Sheriff Lyndon escorts them out. Gradual music and light fadeout.]

NARRATOR: Ah, the good old Hotel Lyndon. Her facade changed,* but she stayed on. A lot of notable folks dined there. Hollywood star Hedy Lamarr* used to stay frequently when she visited her children, who went to Hillbrook School. When John Steinbeck* lived in Monte Sereno, after he wrote The Grapes of Wrath here, and it was made into a Hollywood classic--well, the director John Ford and his friend, the immortal Charlie Chaplin, visited Steinbeck, and the three of them went to the Lyndon for a meal. Governors, royalty, and an American President, as you will see, all stayed at the Lyndon. She saw a lot of history, from the railroad era to the 1960's.

Incredibly, we lost the Lyndon in 1963.* Townspeople stood around it and wept as the bulldozers took her down.** [Bulldozer and destruction sound effects.]

So the Lyndon is gone now. Only the name lives on, in Lyndon Plaza. But the Lyndon family isn't gone.* There's John holding his grandson Lyndon Farwell, who would be a leader in his father's electric and phone companies. The late Father Lyndon Farwell was Lyndon's son; so's local

businessman Jim Farwell. At his Mountain Charley's saloon, the columns that support the bar are from the Lyndon mansion* in the foothills, where Lyndon surveyed. [Slow fadeout of slide.]

SCENE VII: The Origin of the South Pacific Coast Railroad

NARRATOR: Well, what about that land the railroad bought from John Lyndon to put the depot and tracks on? That land where our post office and Town Plaza stand now. (Picks up a copy of South Pacific Coast.) The story of the railroads and Los Gatos is one of strong, shifty personalities, bitter rivalries, foresight, hard work, financial risk, and danger.

The Los Gatos railroad story begins in 1875, with a railroad called the South Pacific Coast.

Here, let me quote MacGregor's book South Pacific Coast. [Reads while scene fades in, an upgraded version of the Hotel Lyndon bar set.] "On the glossy top of the Collins Saloon's mahogany bar, watering spot for dapper San Francisco . . . businessmen . . ., a line was etched in the oily sheen of an index finger."

[One man is James Fair, hardy, robust, ruddy, curly haired, full bearded, flashy dresser, corpulent type A personality. See picture in South Pacific Coast, page 35. His bar companion is Hog Davis, wiry, short, bull dog like, with mutton chop whiskers. See picture, same page.]

FAIR: [As he excitedly traces out map.] Look, man, we can go from the lower end of the Bay, down to the docks at Alviso, then turn south and aim straight for Santa Cruz. We can stop at San Jose near the New Almaden quicksilver mines. We can go through this little berg in the boonies called Los Gatos. We can stop where they load redwood at Lexington. Then over the summit. On the other side there's more timber, blasting powder, wines. I hear there's coal and oil. Then, boom, down to Santa Cruz, where everything is shipped out. [Fair stops to sip whiskey, explains some more in pantomime.]

[Enter a prissy looking Victorian lady and a gentleman escort, strolling in from stage right, pausing in front of bar.]

STROLLING LADY: And who is James Fair?

STROLLING GENTLEMAN: Big miner in the Comstock Lode back in Nevada. One of the richest men in California. Every month his mine turns out ore worth about four and a half million dollars! [Lady puts hand to cheek, gasps, and looks at Fair, impressed.]

FAIR: [Getting excited and a bit drunkenly apoplectic.] Good God, don't you see it, man? And in Santa Cruz, there are the tanneries, the fishing, the powder works, and the TOURISTS, THE PLACE WILL BE A GOLD MINE FOR TOURISTS!

DAVIS: Yes, Boss, I'm beginning to see. What about . . . ?

STROLLING LADY: And who is the other gentleman?

STROLLING GENTLEMAN: He was Fair's good right fist in Virginia City. Retired to raise thousands of pigs. For that, and other qualities too swinish to mention [Lady reacts prissily], he is known as Hog Davis.

[Lady fans herself with fan and hurries gentleman offstage.]

FAIR: Davis, we can make this little railroad into direct competition for the Southern Pacific Railroad and the damned Big Four.

DAVIS: Okay, Mr. Fair. I'll be President. They'll have to include you in the Big Five by the time we're through! [Spits into spittoon. Sound effect of Ping! Slosh! They toast in whiskey and laugh uproariously. Fade-out.]

NARRATOR: So the building of the South Pacific Coast Railroad, the railroad that would link Los Gatos to the rest of the world, began.

Well, let me quote from the San Francisco Chronicle of June 2, 1878. [narrator reads from front page] Banner headlines: "Through to Los Gatos!"

["Orange Blossom Special" railroad music begins in background, low and slow at first.] By special invitation from President Hog Davis to all the influential men in Northern California--legislators, county supervisors,

capitalists--a crowd of 2000 chugged south to Los Gatos. [Train sound effects, long whistle, steam, music rises in volume.] They arrived at the Los Gatos Depot at half past three in the afternoon, hungry, but triumphant.

SCENE VIII: The Narrow Gauge Railroad Reaches Los Gatos

[As narrator speaks, Los Gatos crowd begins to gather in front of depot--recreate scene in South Pacific Coast, page 202. Men in frock coats and hats, ladies in long dresses with parasols, frolicking children in knickers, baby carriage and surrey (from Los Gatos High School's spring musical "Oklahoma.") Then the train pulls in. Music rises. The passengers cheer, wave handkerchiefs, liquor bottles, derbies. Los Gatos crowd cheers in welcome.]

NARRATOR: It was a happy occasion. But then, as the passengers gathered hungrily around the free lunch and beer, something happened to remind us that Los Gatos was still a rough frontier town. You see, the Chinese railroad workers lived down by the depot, at the end of what is now Montebello Way. And while the VIP's were scrambling for beer . . . [Excited, half drunk VIP's notice Chinese people, including women and appealing little children, gathered around, perhaps asking politely for some of the lunch, first yell at, then start throwing stones at the Chinese. Chinese run toward left of depot, toward their homes.]

INJURED CHINESE GIRL: Grandfather, I've been hit! [Clutches head; blood pours down.]

[Then a very dignified Chinese elder approaches railroad President Hog Davis, who is about to address the press.]

CHINESE ELDER: Mr. Davis, I must protest. Rocks have been hurled at my people.

HOG DAVIS: [looking at press] Nonsense, hogwash! [Tries to hustle elder out of way.]

ELDER: Many are hurt and bleeding. Mr. Davis, our people work faithfully for railroad, risk lives for railroad every day . . .

DAVIS: [Motions to henchmen, who hustles elder away. He turns to press corps with phony smile.] That? Oh, nothing, nothing. Just a trouble-making worker. Now, gentlemen, our arrival here in Los Gatos is just the beginning! At this very moment our work crews are constructing three tunnels through the Santa Cruz Mountains.

SAN JOSE MERCURY REPORTER: Mr. Davis, how much is this mountain construction costing you?

DAVIS: This monumental engineering task is costing the South Pacific Coast \$20,000 per mile! But we shall persevere, and soon the people of Santa Clara Valley and Los Gatos, both those who wish a pleasant weekend at the seashore and those who wish to ship their farm products and lumber down to our fair state's third busiest port, will be able to travel by rail all the way to SANTA CRUZ! [Cheers.]

REPORTER #2: Mr. Davis, sir, how long do you anticipate it will be before we can go through to Santa Cruz?

DAVIS: Oh, not long, young man. Within a few months we shall be through TO THE COAST! [Cheers.] Well, it is time to bid farewell to fair Los Gatos, now our SOUTHERN TERMINUS [cheers], and to our passengers, on your return journey I have given instructions to the engineer to travel at FULL SPEED! [Cheers. Passengers board, hoisting a few bottles of beer. Wave goodbye. Los Gatos crowd cheers and waves. Train starts off slowly. Train starting sound effect. Railroad music begins to rise to full volume and full speed to climax. Train pulls out of depot, picks up speed and tears off stage at back of audience down center aisle. Screams. Passengers clutch hats. Exit to grand finale of "Orange Blossom Special." Only a couple of old railroad workers are left in front of the depot.]

RAILROAD WORKER #1: I tell you, Zeke, Davis did more than just gloss over that Chinese mess.

RAILROAD WORKER #2: What else?

RAILROAD WORKER #1: He didn't tell them reporters the half of how hard it was to get the railroad through those Santa Cruz Mountains. The chief engineer of the railroad made some bad mistakes.

RAILROAD WORKER #2: I heard the chief engineer was Davis' own nephew!

RAILROAD WORKER #1: Right. He was just a kid. Didn't know that our mountains are made outa shale. It slips and slides all the time. Didn't even know about the earthquake fault, for cryin' out loud.

RAILROAD WORKER #2: You know, that ties in with some rumors I heard. They're tryin' to hush it up, but I heard it was real bad up at the Summit . . . [Fade-out.]

SCENE IX: The Summit Tunnel Explosion

[Fade-in to mouth of summit tunnel under construction, 12 by 12 redwood planks--See color picture of tunnel mouth in South Pacific Coast--a Portrait. Possibly see original by Mike Kotowski. Flickering candlelight, bare chested, sweating Chinese work crew, white foreman. Baskets of rock, pickaxes, dust. Enter veteran blaster and young rookie.]

J.W. HIGHLAND, VETERAN BLASTER: Okay son, here's how it works. All we're doing now is blasting and clearing.

FOREMAN: Come on boys, Let's get to work. [With a groan, workers follow foreman into tunnel and disappear from sight.]

ROOKIE: What do they do in there?

HIGHLAND: First they hold the drill bit against the rock with tongs. Then they hit it with a sledge hammer [sledge hammer sound effect]. Then they twist it a quarter turn and hit it again [repeat sound effect] until a twelve-inch hole is cleared. Next the powder boss pours black powder into the drill hole. Then he touches off the fuse, watches for a few seconds to make sure it will burn, then gives the command to clear out. [Loud, panicked, "Clear out!" emerges from tunnel, followed by Chinese command,

"HIWAH!" Crew and foreman race out of tunnel mouth, take cover. Huge explosion. Debris pours out of tunnel mouth. Rookie hides in panic. Veteran laughs at him. Then workers cautiously move in with baskets to clean up.]

ROOKIE: [Shakily, coming out of hiding] H-how much do you clear in a day of that kind of work?

HIGHLAND: Oh, on a good day, maybe ten feet.

[Crew goes back into tunnel. Sound of sledge hammer, then explosion. Crew rushes out. Then, as they begin to head into tunnel, hissing sound of gas.]

CREW: Gas!

FOREMAN: [Sniffing and making a face] Smells like petroleum!

[Gas sound increases. Conferences between foreman and another white man. They head into tunnel, still talking.]

[Foreman emerge from tunnel.]

FOREMAN: Boys, we've got to flash this heading. Come on, boys. It's safe now. I think. [Heads toward tunnel. Stops. Turns back toward boss.] Boss, I want my time. I quit.

BOSS: But why, man?

FOREMAN: I smell a calamity in the making here.

BOSS: Don't be so lily livered. You make good money here.

FOREMAN: Money can't buy my life. And the Chinese don't make hardly nothin'. I want my pay. [He collects money and walks off. Boss scratches head, then calls over another white man, M.C. Highland, who is lounging around at side. Meanwhile, crew emerges from tunnel with baskets of debris, then await orders, perhaps some squat on haunches, get drinks out of dippers.]

BOSS: Highland, come here. I'm making you foreman and givin' you a raise. Here. [Hands Highland the torch.] You know what to do?

HIGHLAND: Yes, boss, I know. Let's go. [To Rookie] Come on, kid. Let's see what's goin' on here.

[He holds up unlit torch, motions to men, disappears into tunnel mouth followed reluctantly by crew and last of all by Rookie. Sound of match striking, terrific explosion. Flame pours out of portal.]

NARRATOR: It was an incredible explosion. The report was heard for miles. Fifty feet from the tunnel mouth, a ten-ton compressor was flipped over. Flatcars were tossed into the air and thrown together.

[Rookie staggers out of portal, burned beyond recognition. A few horribly burned Chinese follow him. Finally Highland. Moans. Screams. Burned crewmen collapse, are put on stretchers and carried off.]

BOSS: Quick! Get some pushcars in there and go after the others. Get an emergency call out to San Jose!

[People rush about in panic. Boss puts head in hands. Fade-out, first to sinister red tunnel mouth, like mouth of hell, then completely.]

SCENE X: Aftermath of Explosion

[Slow fadein back to tunnel mouth scene, daylight.]

BLASTER #1: God almighty! I never seen nothin' that awful.

BLASTER #2: I heard that when Highland was told that all his hair had been burned off, he just said, "Well, doctor, that will save me having to pay the barber for some time."

BLASTER #1: Did they ALL die?

BLASTER #2: The whole crew. The kid too. I don't think they ever will stop that leak. This whole Summit operation gives me the creeps.

[Fade-out first to tunnel mouth, glowing sinister red again, then completely.]

NARRATOR: And so at great cost Los Gatos was now accessed by railroad. It was joined to the world. The owners of its mills, hotels, businesses, and homes were ready for Los Gatos to become a town. Now we come back to where we began, when our townspeople were voting to incorporate. Back to Scene I. Remember Scene I? Editor Walker was about to announce the election result? Sure you do. But now you see how the Tamyen, the Spanish, the Mexican settlers, the first Americans, the loggers and teamsters, the road companies, stagecoaches, hotel owners, and railroad men, how they ALL helped get us to where we are today, to August 8, 1887!

NOTE: WE SWITCHED REPRISE AND DANCERS TO GIVE STAGE CREW TIME TO MOVE GIANT TUNNEL SET OFFSTAGE DURING INTERMISSION.

REPRISE ACT I, SCENE I: Election

[On last line begin fadein to Scene I on one side of high school front steps, as all are still frozen in time, waiting in suspense for the election results.]

WALKER: [Exactly as he said this much, much earlier.] On this day a vote was taken on the issue: Shall Los Gatos incorporate as a bone fide 6th class city, yes or no? The results are in, ladies and gentlemen. This vote is . . . against incorporation: 44. [Boos] For incorporation: 126! We're a town! [Cheers, whistles, embraces, founding fathers shake hands, kids run around.]

NARRATOR: All right, folks. Let's celebrate! Yeehaahhh!

[Music to "Cumberland Square" begins. Enter folk dancers. Do "Cumberland Square." Exit.]

NARRATOR: On this happy occasion, let's take time out for our second and last intermission.

INTERMISSION II

ACT V: THE NEW TOWN OF LOS GATOS

NARRATOR: We finally made it to being a Town. The Board of Trustees took office. Started meeting on Mondays in a basement. Just like the Town Council does now. Enacted the first Town Ordinances. You couldn't go faster in town than 12 miles per hour. Couldn't herd more than 500 sheep across Main Street Bridge. My favorite is Ordinance #75. [Reads it.] It provides for the burial of dead animals and, quote, "the ARREST of chickens, geese, . . . hogs, . . . goats, . . . cows, and horses if found upon . . . private property without consent of owner."

First big battle in town was over another ordinance. In 1888 a special meeting of the Board of Trustees was called.

SCENE I: Prohibition Wars

[Fade-in to Board meeting, stage right. Upstage, the Lyndon bar doubles as counter for Board of Trustees, who are in session. Crowd is mumbling. At the podium addressing the Board is earnest teetotaller #1.]

TEETOTALLER #1: [A stern lady] And so, gentlemen of the Board, we are here to witness the final consummation of the act by which Los Gatos is to be freed from saloons!

[Cheers, sign waving from crowd. Chairman of the Board pounds gavel for order. Gradual quiet.]

CHAIRMAN JOHN LYNDON: But, Madam, you do not realize that to outlaw saloons would mean the loss of much revenue to the Town.

[Boos from crowd. Gavel, Teetotaller #1 sits down, waving parasol.]

CHAIRMAN LYNDON: We have heard enough debate. I shall call for the vote. Clerk, please read the proposed ordinance.

TOWN CLERK: [rising] Proposed ordinance 24 states that it is unlawful to establish within the limits of the Town of Los Gatos any tippling house, dram shop, cellar, saloon, or bar where spirituous, malt, or mixed liquors are sold.

[Cheers from crowd. Gavel.]

CHAIRMAN LYNDON: All those in favor signify by raising your hand.

[One by one three Trustees raise hands. Trustee Wilcox reluctantly raises his hand. Only Lyndon holds out. Teetotaller #1 rises, threatens Lyndon with parasol. Scowling, Lyndon raises his hand.]

[Crowd rises and cheers. Fade-out.]

NARRATOR: But this didn't settle the issue. In 1889 a petition was presented to the Town board.

[Fade-in back to Town Board meeting. Board members and Clerk look exhausted, are slumped over counter. At the podium addressing them is Pro-Salooner #1.]

PRO-SALOONER #1: So we earnestly request repeal of Ordinance 24. You cannot ignore these signatures, gentlemen: Zeph Macabee, Edward Yocco, Drs. Robert Gober and Frank Knowles, and Trustee Wilcox of your own Board are among them.

WILCOX: Yes, my signature is there. Our Town is losing business because of this narrow-minded ordinance.

PRO-SALOONER: [disgusted and angry] Let me just read you the sign I put up on my lot. Wanted: 1500 suckers--to buy this vacant property in this rank, rotten, rusty, dull, dead, dry town before we lose it for taxes. You may apply here. Died: Los Gatos. Cause of death: PROHIBITION!

[Boos from teetotallers on one side of audience. Cheers from loggers and teamsters on other side of audience. Rise in volume. Sign waving. Beginning of confrontation between the two sides. Gavel. Quiet.]

CHAIRMAN LYNDON: Order, order! All right, we'll put it to a vote of the town. Clerk, please read the proposed ballot measure.

CLERK: [rising, looking weary, tie askew, reads in tired voice] Shall the Board of Trustees license the sale of intoxicating liquor?

[Shouts of "NO," "YES" from crowd, who is on its feet. Fade-out.]

[Fade-in center stage, front entrance to high school. Crowd marches center stage, rowdy as ever. From out double doors of high school come two earnest looking people.]

PROHIBITION RALLY M.C.: And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce to you from Palo Alto, California, the only dry city in the state, none other than the President of Stanford University, Mr. David Starr Jordan! [Cheers]

PRESIDENT JORDAN: Citizens of the progressive Town of Los Gatos, on election day, what shall the harvest be? Temperance, which produces sobriety and advancement? [Cheers from teetotalers.] Or the encouragement of public drunkenness? [Cheers from Lyndon Bar crowd.] Think of what is expected of us by our wives and children--think what we ought to be as patriots and Christians. Think of the husbands and brothers and sons sinking down into drunkards' graves every year! [Cheers, sign waving.]

PROHIBITION RALLY M.C.: The results of the election are in! The vote is: In favor of granting licenses to saloons: 169. Against: 199! We are a dry town!

[Cheers. Fade-out. Crowd then quietly exits in the dark through front entrance of high school.]

NARRATOR: That battle went on for years. In a way it's still going on. Thank goodness there was no controversy over our main industry in Town. Everyone thought it was a benefit to mankind: growing and preserving fresh fruit. Big employer in town was Los Gatos Canning Company* on Santa Cruz Avenue. Canned prunes, apricots, whatever other fruit was around. Inside, maidens all dressed up* for the occasion would cut and

sort fruit hour after hour for a modest wage. Outside, vast trays of beautiful fruit* would dry in the sun. Square of color and fragrance spread out over the valley. Why, I bet some of you folks right out there still remember cutting cots in the summer time.

SCENE II: Almond Grove

NARRATOR: That area just west of Santa Cruz Avenue is called Almond Grove* [slide of orchards, serves as backdrop to next scene] because four men planted 20,000 almond trees there. Bean, Nicholson, Wilder, and Bachman were their names. Here come Nicholson, Wilder, and Bachman now.

[Onstage march the three men, from stage right, behind screen. Two carry a small almond tree in can, one a spade, a watering can, et cetera. They start to plant tree.]

NICHOLSON: By George, Wilder, I hope THESE trees survive the bugs.

WILDER: I know, Nicholson. We're gonna be bankrupt if these bugs don't stop chomping up the leaves.

BACHMAN: And leaving worms in the fruit. Yuck!

[Enter John Bean also from stage right behind screen. He charges in like cavalry saving the settlers from the Indians, brandishing his sprayer.]

BEAN: Gentlemen, we are saved! Observe my latest invention!

NICHOLSON: What is it?

BEAN: It is, Mr. Nicholson, my high pressure spray pump!

WILDER: You gonna give our trees a shower with that thing?

BEAN: My dear Mr. Wilder, I am going to spray them with a fine, deadly mist of pesticide from my double action force spray pump here.

BACHMAN: That's great, Bean! What do you call that contraption?

BEAN: [Holding sprayer proudly aloft] Bean Magic #1!

[Others ad lib happy congratulations to Bean, stand around happily while he sprays the trees. But suddenly, one of the trees falls over in utter collapse. Men register dismay.]

BEAN: [Rushing to tree and examining foliage.] I don't understand it! The insects are gone.

NICHOLSON: [also examining the fallen tree, at its roots.] Aha! It was . . . GOPHERS!

ALL OTHERS: GOPHERS! OH NO! [Enter Zeph Macabee, carrying a green Macabee gopher trap in his hand.]

MACABEE: Gentlemen, I could not help but hear your calls of distress. I have the answer to your problem. I created it in my basement. [Holds up trap.]

WILDER: [Skeptical] What is that? Looks like you made it with wire and some pliers.

MACABEE: As it so happens, Mr. Wilder, I did. But it works.

[Another tree collapses.]

BACHMAN: My Lord! Mr. Macabee, let's try it. We're desperate!

MACABEE: Allow me, Mr. Bachman. [Sets trap in pretend hole behind tree. All watch in suspense.]

[Sound effect: WHAP! Men recoil. Trees spring upright again. Men gather around Macabee and shake his hand, clap him on back, cheer. Fade-out.]

NARRATOR: Mr. Bean there did real well. His son-in-law, D.C. Crummey, built a fine house* which still stands at 33 Glenridge Avenue.

And D.C.'s son, John Crummy, founded Food Machinery, now the international corporation of F.M.C. From Bean Magic #1 to F.M.C. The American Dream.

And Zeph Macabee had tremendous success. He sold the traps in his old barbershop on Main Street.* Then they moved to 110 Loma Alta Avenue where they still hand wind the wire. In continuous operation for 87 years. You got gophers in your lawn? Go down to the hardware store. You can still buy a Macabee trap. Tell 'em Zeph sent you.

SCENE III: The Great Fire of 1891

NARRATOR: Of course, human ingenuity couldn't prevent every disaster. Fires took a terrible toll in Los Gatos. One of our worst started in this building [fade in on flat of town businesses] on East Main Street, E.E. Place's Furniture and Undertaking Establishment. Fire started in the dead of night on July 27, 1891.

[Night watchman, carrying a flashlight, walks cautiously on stage, watchful, sniffing, suspicious.]

The night watchman discovered it. [Watchman notices glow from one window, smoke drifts out. Watchman stiffens, races off stage yelling, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" continuously.]

NARRATOR: He raced up the tower of the First Presbyterian Church--remember, the Gothic Wedding Cake up Church Street, there? He rang the church bell furiously. [Furious bell sound effects.] But the fire spread. [More glow in windows, flickering. More smoke. Enter Innocent Bystander from stage right, moves curiously to center of set, scratching and shaking his head.] In the Richardson Hardware store cartridges exploded. [Cartridges exploding sound effect.] Then in McMurtry and Lee's store explosives stored in the back took off. [Sound of shellfire, like battle in World War I.] In all the windows the glass broke. [Glass breaking sound effect.]

[The explosion knocked a bystander 20 feet. [Bystander hurls himself off stage, backwards. Lands on rear. Slowly gets up, rubs head, staggers off. Narrator helps him up and offstage.]

[Firefighters rush in wearing long underwear, helmets, and boots.]

FIREFIGHTER #1: We gotta stop it before it gets to the bridge!

FIREFIGHTER #2: Yeah, the buildings are even closer together over there!

FIREFIGHTER #3: It could get the train depot!

FIREFIGHTER #1: And the Lyndon Hotel!

FIREFIGHTER #2: Come on, men!

[They rush toward stage right, form bucket brigade, pass buckets from hand to hand, pretend to throw water on burning building. Fade-out.]

SCENE IV: Aftermath of Fire

[Fade-in. Dim gray light of morning. *Slide of the morning after the Great Fire of 1891. Smoke still drifting overhead. Three filthy, exhausted firefighters, one carrying a paper, stagger in.]

FIREFIGHTER #1: Well, at least we saved the bridge.

FIREFIGHTER #2: And all of West Main.

FIREFIGHTER #3: But look at that. [They turn to face backdrop slide.] Everything from the bridge to Church Street, a smoking wreck!

FIREFIGHTER #1: What does the Los Gatos Mail say, Ed?

FIREFIGHTER #2: [Reading] "This disaster proves once again that Los Gatos needs a new water system, a Fire Department and an up to date fire alarm system hooked up to a real fire bell."

FIREFIGHTER #3: You know, I've heard that J.D. Farwell says he can provide one.

FIREFIGHTER #1: Isn't he old John Lyndon's son-in-law?

FIREFIGHTER #3: Yes, the fella behind the phone, gas, and electric companies.

FIREFIGHTER #2: Well, I hope he can get us a bell. We can't afford another fire like this. [All gaze glumly at backdrop slide as fadeout.]

NARRATOR: In 1899 up went the bell on a wooden tower near the Hotel Lyndon, and the townspeople hoped they were safe from the specter of fire.

Speakin' of bells, the tower in the Los Gatos Grammar School* [slide of grammar school and tree], on what is now University Avenue, began ringing in 1881.

One of the most popular, feistiest ladies there has an elementary school named after her now: Miss Louise Van Meter.* There she is with her first grade class in 1896. She taught at the grammar school for 35 years. One of the first educators to advocate a kindergarten. Fought for it at board meetings in 1888. No one wanted to fund it, but she didn't give up. Got it in 1916. Quite a fighter for what she believed in for children.

Another beloved Los Gatos landmark* went up in 1891. The famous building with the witch's hat tower at the corner of Main and Santa Cruz. we call it the Corner Drug Store now. Beautiful building.

SCENE V: Memorial Day Parade and Visit of President Harrison

NARRATOR: All these landmark buildings on the main streets of Los Gatos have seen a lot of parades marching by. We like parades in Los Gatos. [Cue music and parade up center aisle.] Ah, here comes one of the best of the 1880's, the Memorial Day parades honoring our Civil War Veterans. There they are in their Civil War Uniforms, the Grand Army of the Republic! And the ladies marching behind them are the Daughters of the American Revolution!

[Band starts playing, "Stars and Stripes Forever" as narrator says, "Grand Army of the Republic." Starts softly, rises in volume. This is also the cue for the Memorial Day Parade tableau to begin marching in from back. Proud old men in remains of Civil War Uniforms. Big flags. Little flags. A band with tubas and lots of brass and drums of all kinds.]

[Women and children in 1890's garb, waving little flags, march up the other center aisle, cheering, yelling, "There's Grandpa!" "Hello, Grandfather!" "Doesn't he look grand?" and the like. Whistles. Children skip and jump. Arm waving. Salutes. As the approach half way up the aisle, narrator voices over:]

NARRATOR: And on May Day, 1891, we had another reason for a great parade. President Benjamin Harrison chugged into town. [This scene begins to chug in at front of stage right. See Bruntz' book, p. 106, for re-enactment tips. Parade will gather in front of this scene, some mount steps and join scene itself, to be the crowd at the Presidential visit.]

CROWD MEMBER #1: Look, there's President Harrison's train!

CROWD MEMBER #2: President Harrison! Hurrah!

KIDS IN CROWD: The Pwesident! Yeah!

CROWD MEMBERS 3,4,5,6: HAR RI SON! HAR RI SON! [Repeat as instructed.]

[Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, and Mayor John Lyndon (a little grayer and balder than previous scenes) wave from flatcar decorated with red, white,

and blue bunting. Harrisons wave. Mayor Lyndon holds up hand for silence, which gradually is achieved.]

MAYOR JOHN LYNDON: Ladies, Gentlemen, and children of our fair town, it is my singular honor to present the most distinguished guest ever to stay at my hotel, none other than Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the President and First Lady of the United States!

[Cheers, flag waving, et cetera. Harrison acknowledges cheers, Mrs. Harrison waves modestly.]

MISS ANNIE READ: [Young, nervous, blushing.] Mr. President, sir, on behalf of the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor of the Los Gatos Presbyterian Church, it is my honor to present you with these flowers. [Presents basket of flowers to President, curtsies.]

PRESIDENT HARRISON: Thank you, my dear. They are lovely. [He takes flowers, kisses her on cheek; she blushes and runs back into crowd.]

CROWD: How sweet! What pretty flowers!

[Two little children toddle toward Mrs. Harrison with a gigantic basket of oranges wrapped in cellophane, tied with giant red bow.]

TWO LITTLE ORANGE PRESENTERS: [In unison] Mrs. Harrison, for you we have a luscious basket of Los Gatos Oranges."

MRS. HARRISON: Thank you, darlings. They look delicious. [She takes basket, pats one of the children on cheek, smiles, whispers something to the President as children run off flatcar (with help from Mayor) and back to their mothers in the crowd.]

PRESIDENT HARRISON: [Steps forward and raises hand or arms for silence.] Gracious ladies, kind gentlemen, and beautiful children of Los Gatos, Mrs. Harrison and I are most touched by your hospitality and will often think back on your kindness in this fair foothill town when we have returned to the White House. Thank you all, farewell, and God Bless America!

[He bows, waves. Draws Mrs. Harrison closer and both wave. Crowd cheers wildly, arm, parasol, and flag waving. Kids jump up and down. Train pulls back out stage right as President and First Lady wave goodbye, crowd waves in return. Music rises to crescendo as President pulls out.]

SCENE VI: The Broadgauge Railroad Comes to Los Gatos

NARRATOR: A red letter day for Los Gatos! But wait, don't go away, folks. [Motions to crowd, which is starting to disperse.] We'll need you again in just a few minutes. Make yourselves comfortable. [Crowd looks at each other, shrugs, cheerfully acquiesces, seats selves on lawn, surrounding narrator and looks up at him as he continues.]

The months after President Harrison's visit, a nagging problem began to get worse for our fruit growers. [Crowd murmurs assent.] Why don't some of you tell us about it?

NICHOLSON: [In farmer's garb, he gets up, saunters stage front, near narrator.] You see, the narrow gauge railroad that comes through Los Gatos here—it's a good little railroad, but it's the only one around. Everything else is standard gauge, see? Alfred, you tell 'em.

WILDER: [Saunters up, has grass blade in mouth, spits it out.] So when we ship our crops to San Jose, they've got to unload every blessed prune crate and put it on a broad gauge car.

NICHOLSON: And the railroad charges us for it. [Crowd murmurs indignantly.]

WILDER: We can't compete anymore. [Crowd murmurs sympathetically, "Ahhhhh."]

NICHOLSON: Here, I got this week's Los Gatos Mail. Listen. "The people of Los Gatos must present every argument possible to the Southern Pacific Company to get a third rail into the Gem City—that's us, Los Gatos—into the Gem City in time to handle the grape crop." [His voice rises on last line. Crowd claps, cheers, agrees.]

NARRATOR: [To crowd] Folks, you will be happy to know that the Southern Pacific Railroad finally agrees with you.

[Reprise "Orange Blossom Special" starts slowly, softly.] On August 31, 1895, the first Southern Pacific Broadgauge railroad train chugged into Los Gatos. And here it comes now. [Enter train. Train sound effects. "Orange Blossom Special" gets louder, crowd rises, cheers, gathers around incoming train (actually the same train used to represent Narrow Gauge, but reversed engine flats to it's now black, looks like locomotive in Bruntz' book, p. 38.) More arm and flag waving, et cetera.]

[Mr. Skinkle and his introducer stand on platform in front of locomotive; introducer raises hands for silence. Crowd quiets down.]

NICHOLSON: [Downstage, turned 3/4 to audience, excitedly to fruit grower #2.] This is great! No more loading and unloading fruit!

WILDER: Yahoo!

[Irate, stern matron in crowd turns to fruit growers and says, "SHHHHHH!"]

[Fruit growers hush, produce a bottle--of fruit wine, of course--and start drinking happily.]

MAYOR LYNDON: On this auspicious occasion I wish to introduce Mr. S.J. Skinkle, President of the Los Gatos Board of Trade. Mr. Skinkle. [Polite applause.]

MR. SKINKLE: [A very flowery Victorian ham.] Ladies and gentlemen, now that the Southern Pacific Railroad has graced us with its nobly sized, silver track, we may surely call ourselves the Gem City of the Foothills. [Mild cheers.] Yes, when you grow tired of the fogs and the raw chilling winds or burning suns of other less favored places, let your minds revert to this beautiful city amongst the hills . . .

[Introducer interrupts him by tugging on sleeve, points to watch.]

MR. SKINKLE: --Er--I thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Our local fruit, luscious product of our local orchards, is now loaded, and it is time for our first broadgauge locomotive to depart with its fragrant shipment. Let us bid it a JOYFUL FAREWELL.

[Final frenzied cheers, hat throwing, arm and flag waving, jumping up and down on part of younger members of crowd, fathers lifting children up to see. "Orange Blossom Special" rises to climax, accompanied by train sound effects, as train departs up center aisle to back, with crowd marching or skipping enthusiastically behind.]

ACT VI: LOS GATOS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

NARRATOR: And so the Southern Pacific Railroad took us into the twentieth century. Supposed to be a great century of progress. Hm-mm-ph. Progress. First momentous event of this century was the Great Fire of 1901.* While the fire of 1891 wiped out East Main Street, this one destroyed a lot of WEST Main.

And, remember our super advanced fire bell? Its tower caught fire, collapsed, and the 2500 pound bell crashed to the ground. [Horrendous crashing bell sound effect.] One of life's little ironies. Cracked in three places. But they erected a new STEEL tower on University Avenue behind St. Luke's Church, next to what is now Old Town.* Hung the bell up there. Served us many years. Rang the noon hour. [Bell sound effect continues to end of this paragraph.] Rang the curfew every night at nine, to get the stray cattle and stray children off the streets. They say the three cracks just gave it a deeper tone.

But the old bell got outmoded. We put in a siren. Got a new firehouse* on Tait and West Main. It's our Town Museum now, a' course. So in 1947 the old bell was taken down. Ended up in Lodi* in front of the [narrator's voice drips with sarcasm] Chicken Kitchen Restaurant on Highway 99. [Shakes his head.] But our bell has recently been saved from its foul fate. Our own Mr. Andy Kinyon bought it. Made it a Centennial gift to the town. Lions Club brought it back here. Local people got it put

up in Town Plaza. It's a birthday present for all of us. Thank you. [Deep, dull bell sound effect.]

((Some other things changed in the twentieth century. Los Gatos Canning Company was bought out by Hunt, moved down to the corner of Saratoga and Santa Cruz Avenues.))

Our first historically designated home was built in 1901. Built on Overlook Road by Frank McCullagh, one of our founding fathers. After a bit he decided to remodel. House* was to be a replica of San Miguel Mission. Architect was a big shot from San Francisco, Willis Polk. Very gifted. Used to wear capes and throw tantrums. Wanted a new interior courtyard. So he hired two mule teams, hooked one to each end of the house, tore it in half, and built a courtyard between the two halves. ((later our beloved Dr. Horace Jones and his wife lived there. Now owned by Misters Arzie and Stonesseifer, owners of the Los Gatos Porch.))

Also in 1902 East Main Street was graced with Ford's Opera House.* [slide of it under construction]. There it is going up, along with the Rankin Block across the street. You may know them now as Opera House Antiques and the building at the corner of Main street and Montebello Way where the Chamber of Commerce is located.

The Opera House was built by railroad station agent E.L. Ford and his wife.* There they are with their daughter in front of Engine #15. So after a day at work at our depot,* Agent Ford could cross the street and go down East Main to get a little entertainment in his own building.

The Opera House became the cultural center of our town. Lectures, Chautauquas, high school graduations were held there. And, of course, there were operas and Shakespeare.

SCENE I: Opera House Montage

[A spot on exquisitely gowned Madame Butterfly, who totters in, sings two or three bars of "Un Bel Di" and sadly totters out to fadeout. NOTE: alter this to a well-known opera piece, depending upon what singing talent you have available.]

[Fade-in to drop or slide of Opera House stage and curtains (see Paul Dorsa's picture). Each performer will perform a few bars or lines on one side of stage, then black out while next performer appears on opposite side of stage in spotlight.]

[Enter Hamlet and Juliet from either side of movie screen, Juliet stage left and Hamlet stage right. Juliet is innocent and lovely. Hamlet is an experienced, aging, down-on-his-luck or alcoholic Shakespearean actor, once great, now relegated to playing small towns like Los Gatos, who intones in much inflected Shakespearean tones (from his diaphragm) part of the soliloquy from Hamlet. Wears all black. Very melodramatic.]

[Spot on Juliet, stage left.]

JULIET: [reading hands out] O Romeo, Romeo! [Hand to brow]
Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny they father [fling one arm downward] and refuse they name [fling
other arm downward];
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love [hand to heart],
And I'll no longer be a Capulet [holds up hand in "stop" position].

[Spot fadeout on Juliet, fadein on Hamlet stage right.]

HAMLET: [contemplating skull] To be or NOT to be, that is the question.

[Spot fadeout on Hamlet, fadein on Juliet, stage left.]

JULIET: What's in a name? That which we call a rose [sniff imaginary rose] by any other name would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called [hand to cheek].

[Spot fadeout on Juliet, fadein on Hamlet.]

HAMLET: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer [hand to brow]
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, [clutches chest as though shot]
Or to take arms [clenches raised fist] against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing [cut off gesture] end them? . . .

[Spot fadeout on Hamlet, fadein on Juliet.]

JULIET: Good night, good night [wave dreamily].
Parting is such sweet sorrow. That I shall say
goodnight till it be morrow. [Blows a kiss.]

HAMLET: For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, [cringes with
hands in front of face] . . .
But that the dread of something [raises forefinger]
AFTER death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will [clutches brow in puzzlement]
And makes us rather bear [clutches stomach] those ills we have
Than fly [makes flying gesture with the arm not holding Yorick's skull] to
others we know not of?

[Blackout.]

NARRATOR: It all happened at Ford's Opera House, now Opera House
Antiques.* We are tickled pink that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dorsa have bought
it and are going to restore it to its beautiful original brick facade.*

Also early in this century, we got a nifty new mode of transportation, the
Interurban* [slide of interurban on Santa Cruz Avenue] Trolley cars.
1904. Carried freight, mail, fruits, vegetables, and happy travelers between
all the nearby cities. [Clickety clack sound effects.] You could ride to
Alum Rock Park and have picnics* [slide of closeup of interurban car].
Heard one ran away once, heading down the hill on Saratoga Avenue into
town. [Clickety clacks accompanies by screams.] Roared into town.
Dumped its passengers right into Los Gatos Cemetery. [Final screams.]
No one hurt, though.

And now, for our news wrap up, we have famed Los Gatos newscaster
Wilber Winchell!

SCENE II: Wilber Winchell and "Highlights of Los Gatos in the Twentieth Century"

[Enter Wilber Winchell in double breasted suit (preferably pin striped), slicked back hair, 1930's glasses, carrying sheaf of news bulletins and giant headed mike, old fashioned. He enters from stage right and stands stage left of screen, spotlit.]

[On the screen appears slide made to look like title of old newsreel,* entitled "Los Gatos: Highlights of the Twentieth Century." Scene begins to flicker like old fashioned film as the next slides are shown. Movietone newsreel theme song—a bar or two. Sound of tickertape.]

WINCHELL: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Wilber Winchell here with this century's news highlights.

First in the news,* in 1905 the graceful stone arches of the fifth Main Street Bridge rose over Los Gatos Creek. Surviving earthquake and flood, it stood until torn down in 1955 to make way for Highway 17.

Another top story.* On this very site in 1908 Los Gatos High School was built. In Mission Revival style, the first building stood where the present school library is.

In 1913* Los Gatos' first Town Hall was erected upon the site of the present day Civic Center front lawn. When the Town outgrew the aging Town Hall, a bitter debate raged about the feasibility of preserving the landmark building. Finally it was declared, according to one spokesperson, "impossible to move and dangerous to keep." It was demolished in 1965, and many still lament its passing.

In 1919 a memorable tradition started in Los Gatos: the Town Pageant. In a special interview we spoke with the writer and director of the very first Los Gatos Town Pageant, Mr. Wilber Hall. Let's go to that interview now.

((Note: Wilber Hall scene possibly cut or summarized by Winchell.))

[Fade-out Winchell. Fade-in stage left to Wilber Hall (inspired, melodramatic, slicked back hair, tiny mustache, bowtie, makes a lot of exaggerated gestures) and radio interviewer in trench coat, hat with press

card in it, holding a paper of interview questions. They stand behind a giant stand-up mike, 1930's style. This scene flickers also.]

INTERVIEWER: We are standing here on the site of the old Los Gatos Pageant grounds, off East Main Street behind the Civic Center property. Beside me is none other than maestro Wilber Hall. [Hall simpers.] Tell me, Mr. Hall, what were the Pageant grounds like it 1919?

HALL: Well, they were simply MAGNIFICENT. We had this oak-covered setting in a natural amphitheater or bowl against the foothills. The stage was on the foundations of an old winery. And flowing stage right was a lovely waterfall!

INTERVIEWER: Tell us a little about Los Gatos' first Pageant, Mr. Hall.

HALL: It was entitled [he clasps his hands together in ecstasy] A Pageant of Fulfillment." Its theme was no less than a symbolic story of earth's creation down to the present day. In addition to this epic production, the program on Pageant Day included a band concert at Town Plaza, a baseball match between the Bean Spray Pump Company team and the Los Gatos firemen, the two best teams in Santa Clara County, an automobile parade, refreshments at the Hotel Lyndon, and a street dance in the evening.

INTERVIEWER: It must have been a wonderful day for you.

HALL: It was the most exhausting and inspiring day of my life. I went on to create other pageants, and I regard them all as magnificent group efforts.

INTERVIEWER: Thank you, Mr. Wilber Hall. Now we return to our studio.

[Hall waves wimpily. Fade-out and fade-in to Winchell. Return of ticker tape sound effects.]

WINCHELL: 1920. Mr. E.E. Place buys the splendid Victorian Coggeshall Mansion* on North Santa Cruz Avenue for use as a mortuary.

After decades as a Town landmark, the Place Mortuary is purchased by the Chart House.* Unsubstantiated sources claim that the bodies were embalmed where the restrooms are currently located.

1922.* The famous CATS, Leo and Leona, are erected by sculptor Robert Paine, who spent a year sculpting the two poured cement felines, each 8 feet tall. Paine began the task by sketching big cats at the San Francisco Zoo. Here* they grace the entrance to the estate, located south of town off the Los Gatos-Santa Cruz Highway, of two local poets, Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Leo and Leona have become SYMBOLS of Los Gatos.

In 1928 Mr. Raymond J. Fisher* came to Los Gatos as Principal of the Grammar School. Eventually a dedicated Superintendent, Fisher did not retire until 1959.

In the 1930's an organization moved to Los Gatos which had its origins as a mission to rescue Chinese girls who had been sold into SLAVERY. Still helping children* in trouble is the Loma Alta Avenue Ming Quong school, Chinese for "radiant light." Each June a delicious event, the Strawberry Festival, is staged for Ming Quong's benefit.

That is all for "Los Gatos Highlights of the Twentieth Century." Tune in for "Low Points of the Twentieth Century," to follow. This is Wilber Winchell, saying, "Good night and good luck." [Reprise Movietone theme.]

[Fade-out of Wilber, flicker, and tickertape sound effect. Fade-in on Narrator sauntering down center steps. He speaks, then leans against big oak tree during Billy Jones scene.]

NARRATOR: Well, I'm afraid it's about time for the Great Depression. Hit Los Gatos, a' course. Hard on the orchardists and businessmen. Here's what Santa Cruz Avenue looked like in the '20's.* Pretty dead. Got bad enough there were hobos sleeping under Main Street Bridge. Red Cross helped them out. The Cats people, Ms. Field and Mr. Wood, never turned a vagrant away from their estate without some food. And they got a lot of help from this humane man, police chief Lyman Feathers.* He opened "Hotel Feathers," where unemployed itinerants could get supper, a

place to sleep, and breakfast. So by helping each other out we got through the Depression.

Course then along came World War II. Over 400 men from Los Gatos, maybe some of you right, out there served in the armed forces then. . . Thank you. Locally, our big concern was Civil Defense. Here, let me show you. [From behind podium narrator takes out and dons a white helmet with red and blue "CD" in a circle on front. Brandishes a flashlight and shovel.] The Civil Defense wardens went around patrolling blackouts and watching out for invasions of Japanese sailors from the Pacific. We feared they would invade Santa Cruz, march over the Santa Cruz Mountains and attempt takeover. But, like the man said, the only thing we had to fear was fear itself. Luckily.

In the Post War era we also had to survive the flood of the century in 1955, just before Christmas. [Rain, splashing, thunder sound effects.] The water was almost to the top of Roberts Road Bridge and almost to the top of the arches* at Main Street Bridge, which was sinking a foot an hour. You had to drive to Campbell to cross the creek. The water was pouring over the spillway up at Lexington Dam, and they say the roar was terrific.

ACT III: Billy Jones and the Wildcat Railroad

NARRATOR: A much gentler roar is the chugging of the Billy Jones Wildcat Railroad,* the miniature train we can all ride at Oak Meadow and Vasona Parks. Who was Billy Jones? He was a mountain man, born in Ben Lomond in 1884. [Fade-in to scene of narrow gauge train far stage right.] Started as an engine wiper for the Southern Pacific. [Billy's there in scene wiping engine. Dressed in striped overalls, denim shirt, engineer's cap, red neckerchief, gloves, boots.) Then engineer. [Billy climbs into cab, chugs off toward stage left.] Drove a lumber train from Boulder Creek through Los Gatos. Used to court his future wife on the way. At Wright's Station, at the Summit, he'd stop for water. [Jones stops engine.] His sweetheart, Geraldine, was a schoolteacher there. She would come over to the tracks with the lunch she'd made him. [Enter young woman in 1918 type dress, apron, carrying picnic basket. She and Billy enact scene that narrator describes. They wave when they see each other. Smile.] She'd give him his lunch, they'd exchange tender words, he'd bid her farewell,

and off he'd go down toward Los Gatos. [Narrator pauses between each of the previous phrases so actors can act it out. Fade-out of scene as Engine reaches stage left. Train sound effects accompany scene.)

NARRATOR: [Wanders over by screen during following paragraph.] Well, Billy and Geraldine got married, and they lived in a house at the corner of Winchester Boulevard and Daves Avenues. He'd drive an engine during the day, and in his spare time, he built the miniature railroad in his back yard for their little boys. He ran the tracks around his 9-acre orchard, and on weekends any kid in the valley could ride. Any money they left went to charity.* There's smilin' Billy in his back yard, the money pot in the background at right. The happy eight year old beside Billy his Los Gatos Historian Bill Wulf. Billy gave benefits for clubs. Played Santa Claus for County Hospital. He was a kind, good hearted man.* [Portrait of Billy from lobby of Town Council Chambers]. But both his sons were killed in action in World War II; his wife died; and he himself died of leukemia. When told he had 2 weeks to live, first thing he did was pay all his bills. He was 83 years old. Been an engineer for 71 years.

In 1970, thanks to Bill Mason and a host of service clubs and volunteers, the track was laid between Oak Meadow and Vasona Parks, and in a sense Billy still* [picture of railroad now plus train whistle sound effect] gives rides to all the kids in the valley.

Since those days of Billy and the railroads, our connections, our links to the world have shifted from the railroad track to the highway. World's a lot closer now. Biggest changes in Los Gatos in the '70's and '80's were growth and pressures to become just a suburb of Silicon Valley. It's gettin' harder and harder to keep our small town. And our hillsides. And our past.

SCENE IV: Reprise--Curtain Call

[Note: RATHER THAN NARRATOR, HAD MEMBER OF EACH SCENE ENTER CENTER STAGE AT HEAD OF HIS GROUP, SAY CURTAIN CALL LINE. ALSO, IT PROVED UNFEASIBLE TO HAVE MOST PROPS BROUGHT IN WITH CHARACTER FROM ALL DIFFERENT PROP TABLES. JUST DID THE IMPORTANT OR

CONVENIENT ONES OR ONES CHARACTERS TOOK CARE OF
THEMSELVES.)

We've seen that past come to life again. We've seen the Tamyen, who were here first and longest.

We've seen the Spanish explorers, soldiers, and priests [cue] usher in the age of the missions. [Enter the Spanish, including Fathers Font and La Suen. Majestic parade. Fathers carry crosses or icons or something. Make sign of cross every once in awhile. Spanish flags and pennants wave. Sound of Mission theme music. Mission Indian Man and Woman follow dejectedly at rear. They pass in front of narrator, curve left, stand upstage of mostly sitting Indians, who are now all downstage.]

We've watched Senors Hernandez and Peralta [cue] build their little adobe and settle by the creek on Rancho Rinconada de Los Gatos. [Enter Senor and Senora Hernandez in lead, arm in arm, she no longer pregnant but carrying a baby, wearing Mexican shawl. Both men in Mexican hats. Peralta behind carrying small child. Other children follow, some carrying baby lambs—or realistic stuffed ones. Kids skip and jump.]

We've seen John Charles Fremont [cue] swagger in on his missions of exploration for the Americans. [Fremont nonchalantly swaggers in, with hat, sword, and all, from behind slide screen, blows on fingernails, buffs them against his chest, and assumes a noble statue type pose stage right of narrator.]

We've watched the redwoods along the creek and in our mountains [cue] go down to build our first industry, our missions, our Victorian houses. [Loggers enter.]

James Alexander Forbes [cue] has lost his mill before our very eyes. [Forbes comes out, Forbes yelling (in pantomime), red in the face, waving fist, tearing hair finally pushes chin into fist.]

We've watched survival in action in the figure of tough [cue] old Mountain Charlie McKiernan. [Mountain Charlie tears in far stage right, hanging on to his hat, followed after short pause by bear.]

We've been spectators at the teamsters' [cue] revolt against the toll house. [Teamsters enter from far stage right carrying toll gate, grinning, cheering, waving fists in air. Pulling on other end of it, trying futilely to wrest it away from teamsters, is James Kennedy.]

We lived through the era when our Town Plaza looked like this.* There are the South Pacific Coast tracks and depot, the grand old Hotel Lyndon across Santa Cruz Avenue, and the unchanging Los Gatos foothills, the backdrop for our town, between.

Look, here come the Lyndon Brothers. [From stage right they enter, John with an elegant walking stick and elegantly holding a cigar in the other hand, James drawing, cocking and whirling the barrel of his six shooter. They sit in rocking chairs in front of Hotel Lyndon, chat, and look around them with a smug, proprietary air. Dance hall girls can-can on. Bicyclist bicycles on.]

We've seen the railroad [cue] connect Los Gatos to the world. [Chinese workers enter, with picks and shovels. Foremen follow them with dynamite sticks in hand. Then the replica of train chugs in from stage right, below hill, with Billy Jones at engine, waving. Fair and Davis wave from passenger windows. President Harrison and wife wave from their flatcar. Train chugs to stage left below hill.]

[As train proceeds, crowd of train greeters, G.A.R. men, Miss Annie Read and Orange Presenters, flags, et cetera enter stage left to welcome them, cheering and waving. Train and crowd meet at bottom of hill stage left. Crowd gathers in front of train, turns to face audience, waves.]

We've seen our founding fathers [cue] call for the election that made us a town 100 years ago. [Enter Walker, all founding fathers introduced at election scene, from entrance door to high school. Walker waves the election results. Folk dancers gather on either side of founding fathers.]

We've fought the Battle of the Barroom [enter Prohibitionists, Teetotallers, pro-Salooners, David Starr Jordan, Prohibition Rally M.C., Councilman Wilcox, et cetera.]

We've recalled the era when Los Gatos, and the rest of the valley, was covered with blooming, [cue] fertile fruit trees, and we were called The Valley of Heart's Delight. [Enter John Bean with sprayer in hand, Zeph Macabee with gopher trap in hand, Nicholson, Wilder, and Bachman with their small, fake fruit trees.]

We've seen Los Gatos [cue] go up in flames and heard the tolling of our newly returned firebell. [Enter Watchman, firefighters.]

We've seen the arts and culture [cue] come to Los Gatos with Ford's Opera House and our first town pageants. [Enter Opera House characters--Shakespearean actor, tenor, Madame Butterfly.]

We've viewed [cue] HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Enter Winchell, reporter.]

We've met our beloved engineer, Billy Jones! [Enter Billy.]

We've seen Los Gatos grow and change over the last hundred years. For instance, where the railroad depot and tracks used to lie is now our post office and Town Plaza; where the Hotel Lyndon used to stand is now Lyndon Plaza. Let me show you* [slide shifts to picture of modern day Plaza and Lyndon Plaza.]

But in spite of the changes that come with time, in spite of great pressure from traffic and development, Los Gatos is still a town, and it still has its traditions.

SCENE V: Christmas Parade Grand Finale

Two of our most beloved traditions happen at Christmas time. So, boys, we need our Town Christmas Tree in the Plaza. [Boys start wheeling in from stage right a replica--smaller than life, probably from a nursery--of Los Gatos Christmas Tree.] That 50-foot cedar tree was planted by the Los Gatos History Club. Thank you, boys--and History Club.

Well, every year a little ceremony happens. And remember, people of Los Gatos, that whenever you carry on a tradition, all these people from our

past, [makes sweeping gesture with both arms toward all the characters on stage], all these people who are a part of us, they're all silently watching.

[Enter parents and excited kids. They stand facing tree, with backs to audience. Enter Mayor from stage right of founding fathers. He stands stage left of Christmas tree.]

MAYOR VENTURA: This Town Christmas Tree symbolizes all that's good and all our community aspires to. It represents our traditions, our city as a community of caring people, and provides a message to our children of hope and love. It stands for the joy of our celebrations and holidays. Through good and bad times Los Gatos has been a town, a community for one hundred years. Through fires, crises--and even success--this community has always worked together. Perhaps that is the most important lesson to be learned from our Centennial Christmas. A Merry Christmas to all! [Throws the switch in his hand.]

[Tree lights up. Our miniature tree should be strung with vertical strings of lights, just like the big one. Everyone ooohhs and ahhs. Kids jump up and down. One child turns to face audience.]

CHRISTMAS KID: [He/she should be very little and very cute. He/she waits until audience is quiet.] Look, everyone, here comes the Chwistmas Pawade! [Crowd turns and becomes audience for parade.]

ALL CHRISTMAS KIDS: Yaaaaaaaayyyyyyy!

[Down center aisle, accompanied by Christmas music, comes a miniature contingent of the Los Gatos High School Marching Band with banner; a float or two from Centennial Parade, Christmased up a bit; Indian Guides and Princesses, the Boy Scouts who served refreshments at intermission. Use some of our pageant vehicles, decorated for Christmas. Santa Claus brings up read, crying "MERRY CHRISTMAS!" They march up center steps, wave at narrator and audience. Christmas music reaches its climax, ends.]

[Bows for orchestra and Narrators.]

NARRATOR: Well, folks, it's time to say goodbye. We've made it through a hundred years. All of us here from Los Gatos' past and Los Gatos' present want you to remember us. Help keep Los Gatos a Town. So that when the year 2087 comes around, our grandchildren can say, "Los Gatos, Happy 200th Birthday. We're still here!"

THE END

(Until the Bicentennial)

Chapter Five

EVALUATION

The purpose of this thesis, a creative project, was to research, write, and perform a Pageant as part of the celebration of Los Gatos' one hundredth birthday. The evaluation of such a project consisted of 1) the writer's response to the production after it was over, and 2) the response of those who participated in and attended the Pageant, including the local press. What follows are 1) the researcher/author's considerations of what would be changed if the Pageant were to be revived or what might be done differently by someone else doing a similar project, and 2) unsolicited responses from participants, members of the community, and local newspapers.

What Would be Changed

First, the Pageant should be cut from three hours running time to two hours, especially in the lengthy passages of the narrators. The 1980's attention span, especially of children, is too short for a three-hour production. Also, the problems in casting and rehearsing are just too enormous in a three-hour show.

Secondly, the sound (crucial) and lights were NOT good because the director chose to go with a local, cheaper product instead of a professional. The local company did not have adequate personnel or equipment (unbeknownst to the director, he used the worn out, inadequate equipment belonging to the high school). So, be ALERT to second-rate jobs before it is too late to change.

Finally, the director would ignore theater tradition and be on a headset to the stage manager during each performance rather than just being a member of the audience. When the tunnel explosion did not happen, she would get immediate feedback as to WHY and tell her cast what to do next. When the Town Christmas Tree did not light up, she would not be sitting helplessly in the audience. Be IN CONTROL.

Community Response

Other, more positive evaluation is contained in Xerox copies of local news response and reviews of the Pageant and in unsolicited personal notes and letters written to the writer/director after the Pageant. This evaluation made the research, writing, and production of the Pageant entirely worthwhile in the end.

All of the following notes, articles, and letters are numbered. Below are brief descriptions of the authors and their connection with the Pageant or with the Town of Los Gatos.

1. Note from Lucille Hogan, local realtor, former dancer, and choreographer of the show-stopping can-can number in the Lyndon Hotel Bar Scene.
2. Note from well-known local actor Fred Hassett, who played several key parts in the Pageant.
3. Note from Pageant producer Mickey Benson.
4. Note from Pageant cast member Lea Frey, who teaches Foreign Language at Fisher Junior High School in Los Gatos.
5. Article from Los Gatos Times-Observer.
6. Article from Los Gatos Weekly, by local history buff and member of Los Gatos Museum Association Robert Aldrich.
7. Letter from Kathy Anderson, local elementary school teacher.
8. Letter from Mary Martin, high school parent and member of Los Gatos Art Docents.
9. Letter from Gail Hartinger, audience member and mother of one of the Pageant director's most outstanding former students.

10. Letter from Maurice Tripp, local historian and founding member of the Board of Trustees of the Forbes Mill Museum Association.

11. Note from Dr. Ellsworth Welch, former science teacher at Los Gatos High School.

12. Note from community member and high school parent Lucy Amico.

13. Letter from Mrs. Eleanor Sherry, former P.T.A. President at Los Gatos High School and former Member of the Board of Trustees of Los Gatos-Saratoga High School District.

14. Chamber of Commerce newspaper column from Los Gatos Times-Observer.

15. Letters to the Editor appearing in the Los Gatos Times-Observer, written by Pageant Writer/Director Morgan, by Rebecca Bryant Gore, sister of one of the Narrators in the Pageant, and by Dale and Marilyn O'Toole, local business people and former high school parents.

16. Letter from Terrence Towner, Superintendent of Los Gatos-Saratoga High School District.

1.

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8/7/87

In appreciation
and with
respect and
admiration
for bringing
Los Gatos
another Pageant.
Lucille Hogan

2.

Kathy:

To help point
your way to even
bigger successes
It's been fun!

Fred

Thank You

For all your kindness and
patience with me, for always
being willing to listen to me
and, most of all, for allowing
me to share a most
incredible, theater experience
with you. An experience I
wouldn't have missed for the
world — and will never
forget. Thanks, Mike

To Kathy — for
making a once in a
century experience become
a reality. With love for
all your kindness &
consideration to us all.

I'll never forget
Los Angeles' hundredth birthday.
A Cast Member

2,000 residents attend the Centennial Pageant

By Iver Davidson

Pageants should have a lasting place in our town's life. The Centennial extravaganza of history, drama, comedy and music staged last weekend on the front lawn of the high school was not fine theater by any measure, but it was genuine, homegrown fun, as much in keeping with a small-town atmosphere as the church social, Christmas parade and spelling bee.

Some 2,000 people — 700 on Friday, 1,300 on Saturday — watched as 90 of their neighbors tried their hands at acting while backstage another 40 manned the lights, sound and props. A pageant is traditionally more spectacle than theater; this production was like the ancient ritual of passing down history from generation to generation using rote stories and songs.

Opening night suffered more production problems than Saturday's edition: spotlights had trouble finding their targets (leaving the beginning of many skits in total darkness), and mikes were late in being activated. The major disadvantage of Friday's performance was the numbing wind which, by the second intermission, had blown a full third of the audience back to their cars, and throngs more to the nearby Seven-11 for hot coffee.

Problems with a sound

effect produced the evening's biggest laugh. In the skit in question, miners descended into a tunnel while the mine boss waited outside. Twice the miners were forced out of the tunnel by explosions. After their third entry into the tunnel, nothing happened. The mine boss waited, the audience waited. Co-narrator Mary Foster queried the boss, "How long do they usually stay down there?" Narrator Paul Dolan hinted at how dangerous mines are, what with explosive gases and all. Finally, Dolan ran over to the tunnel's mouth, held his hands up to his mouth and shouted, "Boom!" The miners tumbled out.

Standouts in the production included the band (select members of the Los Gatos High Band and Pep Band plus the Joplin-Sweeney Orchestra), Minty Brown's excerpt from the opera "Madame Butterfly," and the Can Can Girls (Sheri Sylvester, Kerri Mauldin, Victoria Emma, Joy Upshaw, Michelle Eynck, Denise Shawlee and Courtney Frisch).

After more than a month of rehearsals, the cast and crew were as close as a family, noted writer/director Kathryn Morgan. Morgan would like to do it all again — just not right away.

"To anyone else considering putting on a pageant, I'd say, expect more work than you can ever imagine, and more satisfaction than you could ever wish."

A scene from the Centennial Pageant.

The town pageant recreates history

By Robert Altrich

Not even a cold August wind could dampen the joy of the 1987 Los Gatos Town Pageant.

From the reading of a telegram from screen star Olivia de Havilland to the Christmas-parade finale, the centennial pageant unrolled the town's 100-year history Friday night in front of Los Gatos High School. The performance was repeated before a still larger audience on Saturday.

Viewers occupied most of the more than 1,800 chairs on the high school lawn Friday. Despite the chill, which drove some home early, the audience gave Kathy Morgan's show a warm reception.

The pageant got underway as Morgan, the author and director, welcomed the audience and read aloud a telegram from former Los Gatos High student de Havilland: "May this be the happiest celebration... warmest regards to all," it said in part, after recalling earlier town pageants.

Paul Dolan and Mary Foster as "Mr. and Mrs. Narrator" guided the audience through the interwoven threads of Los Gatos' past as it was narratively and dramatically portrayed. Performers moved up the wide center aisle to the front steps of the high school, or moved in from the sides as a spotlight picked them out.

Dolan, with his booming voice, had no trouble being heard, nor did Foster. Historian Bill Wulf, who had assisted Morgan with research and

photographs, brought as a guest Saturday James Loyd Lyndon, 74, who was introduced to the audience. Lyndon enjoyed the pageant, Wulf said, where he saw his grandfather, Sheriff James Lyndon and the sheriff's brother John portrayed on stage.

John Weldon Lyndon and James Lyndon were only two of the many real historical characters who sprang to life Friday evening.

A few "bugs" were corrected Saturday night. On Friday a tunnel explosion failed to explode; Dolan drew a laugh when he stepped forward, waved his arms and shouted, "Bang!" Mayor Brent Ventura's effort to light a Christmas tree failed Saturday. But audiences cheerfully overlooked the few snafus.

A crowd-pleaser was the Lyndon Hotel bar scene. Can can girls Sheri Sylvestre, Kerri Mauldin, Victoria Emma, Joy Upshaw, Michelle Eynck, Denise Shawlee and Courtney Frisch kicked up their heels.

In the same bar, James Fair (Fred Hassett), the Comstock millionaire, and railroad builder Hog Davis (Bob Nengendank) loudly proclaimed the future of a line through "that little burg in the boonies they call Los Gatos."

Earlier, a prologue, with a band, dancers and newsboys calling out "happy birthday, Los Gatos" introduced the pageant story.

An election scene saw W.S. Walker of the Weekly News (Jim Risdal) interviewing founding fathers A.E. Wilder

(Bill Chivers), Zepf Macabee (Dennis Byron), James Lyndon (Tom Shaler) and John Lyndon (Richard Brinson). Then followed three scenes laid in an (Oh)lone village, depicting the life of the Indians on Los Gatos creek, prior to the advent of the white man.

The DeAnza expedition (David Ybarra as the explorer) arrived—by way of the center aisle—for their first peaceful confrontation with the Indians March 25, 1776. Padre Font (Alex Mitlin) told how the Indians received them. Brinson and Perry as an old Indian couple pathetically related how the tribe was decimated.

Not exactly kindly was the pathfinder John Charles Fremont (Fred Hassett) who scornfully refused to give up a stolen horse claimed by Sebastian Peralta (Risdal) who, with Jose Hernandez (Ybarra), had settled a Mexican land grant, La Rinconada de Los Gatos east of Los Gatos creek. Senora Hernandez (Juanita Smith) bore five children to her husband, who already had 11.

Act three portrayed the logging industry and the building of roads and Forbes Mill. Isaac Branhams (John Jaramillo), Zachariah "Buffalo" Jones (Brian Mann) and James Alexander Forbes (also portrayed by Mann) came to life again. Teetotaler Jones and his wife (Joan Fests) would have no drinking by workers. "Doggonet!" exclaimed a workman, "now we got to go to Saratoga for a drink!"

Following an intermission, Mountain Charlie McKiernan (Joel Har-

risson) was pursued around—and around—the oak tree by an angrily roaring grizzly bear (Dan Sylvestre) and attacked. Dr. Ingersoll (Chivers) and Dr. Bell (Shaler) told the awful details of Charlie's injuries to a news-hungry reporter (Tyler Hintersbach).

Trotting "horses" hitched to stagecoaches or wagons were amusingly portrayed, with bells jingling, by Irish Mc, Teegan Fox, Tiffany Ross, Courtney Frisch, Samantha Clapp and Robin Shaver.

Teamsters John Jaramillo and Daniel Hingle staged an angry revolt against tollhairs, to the dismay of toll-road boss Hassett, "Mr. Rockyleflow" (an actual stage driver of the time) was played by James Nelson.

The narrow gauge railroad reached Los Gatos (1878), welcomed by both sober and drunken VIPs. A dignified Chinese (Bun Lum) was driven off as he protested exclusion of the Orientals from the ceremonies—they had, after all, built the road.

Founding fathers and a crowd celebrated as editor Walker announced the election vote—120 to 44 in favor of becoming a town—as the fourth act ended.

Following a second intermission, "the new town of Los Gatos" appeared. A struggle over prohibition involved the Lyndon brothers, trustees Wilcox and Wilder, pro-salooners brought in the D.A.R., against teamsters, loggers and similar thimby types. Scarcely had the dust settled on

that dispute when another crisis loomed: bugs were eating the citrus trees. As Messrs. Nicholson, Wilde Bruchman discussed the problem, Bee came to the rescue with his new spru-pump, and Zepf Macabee went after gophers with his newly invented trap (Beane Gaby Schlob; Macabee: Dennis Byron).

As the great Los Gatos fire of 1891 swept the town, firefighters Hal Chase, Dennis Moore, Doug Sportleder and Dan Sylvestre (real-life firemen) battled the red-hot blaze.

Act five saw another memorable day in Los Gatos history, when President Harrison (Frank Hubbard) and Mrs. Harrison (Judith Ann Henderson) visited. And another great day, Sept. 7, 1895, saw the arrival of the first broad-gauge train.

The final act portrayed Los Gatos in the 20th century. Samantha Clapp as Juliet and the hard-working Hassett as a booz; Hamlet, with Minny Brown singing from "Madame Butterfly", offered an Opera House montage.

Ending the pageant, the Los Gatos Christmas parade came in all its glory even including Brother Korte as Santa Claus.

KCAT taped the show for presentation to the library.

Producer was Mickey Benson Lucille Hogan directed choreography Technical director was James Chip man, stage manager Angie Amato and costumes, Janet Panigietti.

8-8-87

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Dear Kathy,

My family and I want to thank you and everyone involved with the project. You did a remarkable job of putting our history into a fascinating program.

It is people like you and your staff that make our town so special.

Thank you for your time and effort. The love you have for our town certainly shows through the work you do.

Sincerely,
Kathy Anderson

8 August 1987

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Dear Kathy -

Your program was just
 spectacular!! That only did
 we learn a lot about the
 history of Las Vegas, we en-
 joyed the special effects,
 costumes, acting, etc. etc.
 and especially the script.
 There was such attention
 (cont.)

(cont.)
 to detail and authenticity and
 the whole production was
 obviously done with a lot of
 love and care -

Thank you so much
 for your magnificent con-
 tribution to the Centennial!!

Sincerely,
 Mary Martin

MADAME MONET AND HER SON

Auguste Renoir, 1841-1919

Ailsa Mellon Bruce Collection

National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

August 9, 1987
Dear Mr. Morgan:

Well and I wanted you to know how
very much we enjoyed the Centennial
Exposition last night. We do appreciate
you devoting so much time and energy.
We are very glad to have a person like
you in our town and school.

We hope you found some time for
yourself too. You can relax and watch
you a great school year 87-88!

Best wishes,

Pat Hurlinger

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Dear Kathy:

You did your self and your
community proud. It was a
great show. My compliments!

You are a terrific lady. I hope
you never tire of doing whatever
you tackle with a fine sense of
excellence and you never
feel afraid to dream big enough
dreams to stir excitement in
others.

With warm good wishes.

Ch. Davis

Dear Kathy,

Your pageant was great &
what a lot of work!

Elis Welch

August 8, 1987

Dear Miss Morgan,

On behalf of my
family, I want to
congratulate and thank
you for "The Pageant."
It was a wonderful
project that put all
the pieces of history
together. Though I grew
up in "next door" Campbell,
I learned so much.
You are very talented.
Respectfully, Lucy Amico

William S. Cherry
16255 Jacaranda Way
Los Gatos, California 95030

August 10, 1987

Dear Kathy Porcupine -

Just had to tell you how
fabulous your Paperwork was -
We were truly delighted to
attend - You did a remarkable
job and we are all so proud of
you - The writing was superb - and
the production excellent - My

Daughter Chris danced 10 years
with the West Valley Ballet - with
Doree Coby and others - and I know
what a production like that means.

But even more important was
the great feeling it gave to all us
Hos Cottins - there was much
joy in the audience as well as
with the whole crew of you -

I saw Brian today and I
was raving about it and he
gave me your address so I
could tell you myself.

Eleanor R. Sherry
16255 Jacaranda Way
Los Gatos, California 95030

Marge Buttersbach has promised
to lend me the script one
day - while I have many times
read all about "Our Town" &
still just learned what
Ummunum (ep^s) means - and I'll
been looking at that mountain
for 33 years -

So, our real thanks for
all your loving efforts - &

understand it was your Master's
Project - It should have
earned you a Ph.D. - at the
~~given~~ ^{least} minimum -

You are a treasure and
we are indeed fortunate to have
you in our midst -

Sincerely

Edward Sherry

PS And I saw people I haven't seen in
years to boot - Wasn't the music
exceptional?

FOND THOUGHTS on the Centennial celebration. Applause for the Pageant and all who made it possible, certainly one of the highlights of the Centennial celebration. Kathy Morgan did a tremendous job as writer, and the lighting and special effects were great. The night I was there on Friday, the chilly wind and cool temperatures took their toll on the audience, although I understand it was more pleasant for Saturday's show. Geri de Moss and Sandy Louthian are to be congratulated on the Centennial Parade, as is chair Frank Bonacorsi for a real old-time spectacular, representing some real pioneers of our community and some of the classiest classic cars around. Nikki Clapp should take a bow for her efforts to coordi-

Narrators worked hard

EDITOR:

I haven't given enough public recognition to the Pageant's stars and mainstays, our narrators, Mary Foster and Paul Dolan. Not only were their parts enormous and demanding, not only did they spend countless rehearsals screaming cues at distant actors and staying in the cold and wind later than anyone else, but they endeared themselves to actors and audiences alike with their good humor, naturalness, intelligence, tears (as when Mary's voice quavered at every mention of the Hotel Lyndon's destruction, which she really did witness and weep over) and quick wits (I awarded Dolan the Light at the End of the Tunnel Award for his taking charge after an endless wait for railroad tunnel sound and special effects which never did explode, who will ever forget his purposeful strides from the podium to the front of the tunnel, his gestures of an umpire signaling, "You're out!" and his magnificent yell of "BOOM!" whereupon the explosion victims emerged from the tunnel holding their stomachs with laughter and the play could go on?

Thank you, Mary and Paul

well you portrayed the wise, experienced, loveable stars and anchors of our Centennial Pageant.

Gratefully,
Kathy Morgan
Pageant Writer/Director

Happy birthday Los Gatos

EDITOR:

Last Saturday evening (Aug. 8) I thought for a moment I was on a movie set, where the full moon rose dramatically over the redwood trees to shine grandly upon a pageant where "home-town folks" were celebrating the centennial anniversary of their home town.

Entire families — great aunts, grandpas, toddlers, moms, dads, and, yes, young lovers — sprawled on blankets across the entire span of the high school lawn.

My big sister was one of the narrators for the pageant. She and her partner Paul were enthusiastically describing Los Gatos' 100-year history. It took me back almost half a century to when she first pushed me on stage at her school to recite a Christmas poem — back to when townfolk really did get together to celebrate events on school lawns.

and many happy returns!

Rebecca Bryant Gors
San Jose

Special thanks to Morgan

EDITOR:

Special thanks to Kathy Morgan, cast and crew for providing a very entertaining and memorable evening. Obviously a huge effort went into the pageant production but the excellent history lesson was truly enjoyable and worthwhile.

Dale and Marilyn O'Toole
Los Gatos

Letters are welcome any time. Please write on a local topic. They should be signed, typed and double-spaced, and must be received by the T-O by noon the Thursday prior to the date of publication.

The editor reserves the right to edit for clarity and brevity.

Send your letters to: Editor, Los Gatos Times Observer, 236 N. Santa Cruz Ave., Suite 105 A, Los Gatos, CA 95030.

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16.

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(408) 354-2520

Terrence M. Towner, Ed.D.
Superintendent

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August 10, 1987

Ms. Kathy Morgan
142 Wheeler Avenue
Los Gatos, CA 95032

Dear Kathy:

Congratulations on the tremendous Los Gatos Town Pageant! My wife and I attended Saturday night and thoroughly enjoyed the show. Much of what you did will never be recognized or known by the people watching the show, but having been involved in theatrical work previously, I know what goes on behind the scenes. This effort was a marvelous touch to the Los Gatos Centennial Week.

Thank you so much for your work. It's a pleasure to number you among our many excellent staff in the district.

Sincerely,

Terrence M. Towner
District Superintendent

TMT:lta

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APPENDIX A

PAGEANT PROGRAM

COME SEE THE LOS GATOS TOWN PAGEANT

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8
8
7

1
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8
7

BRENT N. VENTURA

PENROSE, SMITH & VENTURA
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

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Los Gatos, California 95031

Writer and Director
Kathryn Morgan

Four threads in Kathy Morgan's life are interwoven to create the fabric and pattern of Los Gatos' Centennial Pageant.

The longest thread is a love for stories and plays. Listening to her mother read "Heidi" and "Robin Hood," plotting wedding spectacles starring her sisters' stuffed animals, narrating fashion shows and plays for neighborhood children, her interest grew to writing skits for her seventh grade classmates to perform, directing her first plays in eighth grade, and scripting and directing a Girls' League Mother's Day pageant entitled (gasp!) "Motherhood: A Universal Task" in her senior year in high school. Adult roles have included Los Gatos High School Spring Musical parts as a foot-stomping hillbilly grandmother in a melodrama, femme fatale Madame Dubonnet in "The Boyfriend," a ruthless stage mother in "Babes in Arms," as well as the yearning Mrs. Gibbs in an amateur production of "Our Town," Mrs. Santa Claus at Los Gatos High School Christmas Dances, producer of Los Gatos High School's "Guys and Dolls," and various dance roles in the Parent Student Teacher Association's notorious "Fractured Follies."

The strongest thread is a love of words and writing -- short stories, travel journals, diaries, poems, parodies, postcards -- anything.

The most binding thread is a growing involvement with the close-knit community of Los Gatos, as teacher, community preservation activist, member of a citizens' task force to revise the Town's General Plan, President of the Los Gatos Homeowners and Los Gatos Historic Preservation Association, and Town Planning Commissioner.

The most enduring thread is a respect for historic and cultural preservation in a time when "old" has come to mean "obsolete" rather than "venerable."

"The history of Los Gatos is so full of import, tragedy, fascinating characters, triumphs, wars, ironies, humor, and endurance that it is worth recreating for all its citizens to see and think about. Into the warp and woof of the Pageant for Los Gatos have been woven much learning, time, experience and love."

LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

Written and Directed
By
Kathryn Morgan

Produced By
Mickey Benson

Narrator
Mary Foster

Narrator
Paul F. Dolan

LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

CAST LIST

ACT I

Prologue, Election, The Way of the Ohlone, and El Camino Real of the Spanish

Dancers.....Native California Dancers
Newsboys.....Tony Panighetti
Cameron Watts
Drum Major.....Brent Henry
Band Members.....Select Members
of L.G.H.S. Band & Pep Band
Plus Joplin-Sweeney Orchestra
Mr. Narrator.....Paul Dolan
Mrs. Narrator.....Mary Foster

Scene I THE ELECTION

Editor W.S. Walker.....Jim Risdal
Founding Fathers:
A.E. Wilder.....Bill Chivers
Macabee.....Dennis Byron
James Lyndon.....Tom Shafer
John Lyndon.....Richard Bimson

Scenes II and III TAMYEN VILLAGE

Littlest Boy.....Cameron Watts
Young Hunters.....Jason Auble
Jason Risdal
Tony Panighetti
Tamyen Mother.....Emerald Hathaway
Tamyen Woman One.....Barbara Baggerly
Tamyen Woman Two.....Barbara Jordan
Tamyen Woman Three.....Dot Perry
Herb Woman.....Marge Muttersbach
Tamyen Maiden.....Jennifer Bray

Acorn Grinding Song Arranged By Emerald Hathaway

Scene IV THE COYOTE STORY

Storyteller.....Richard Bimson
Coyote.....Tony Panighetti
Grandmother.....Barbara Baggerly
Neighbor.....Barbara Jordan
Tamyen Child.....Chistabelle Reynolds

Scene V THE SPANISH ARRIVE

Lt. Colonel De Anza.....David Ybarra
Padre Pedro Font.....Alex Milutin
Soldier.....Shannon Smith
Muleteers.....Tom Shafer
James Nelson
Padre La Suen.....Marty McCormick
Horses.....Teegan Fox
Robin Shaver, Samantha Clapp, Tiffany Ross,
Courtney Frisch, Trish Ng

Scene VI THE OLD MISSION INDIANS

Old Mission Indian Woman.....Dot Perry
Old Mission Indian Man.....Richard Bimson

ACT II

New Settlers

Scenes I and II HERNANDEZ and PERALTA IN CRISIS

Jose Hernandez.....David Ybarra
Sebastian Peralta.....Jim Risdal
Señora Hernandez.....Juanita Smith
Hernandez Children.....Jenni Sylvester, Jason Risdal,
Jason Auble, Cameron Watts, Jennifer Bray, Tony Panighetti

Scene III FREMONT

John Charles Fremont.....Fred Hassett

ACT III

Los Gatos' First American Settlers

Scene I LOGGING

Issac Branham.....John J. Jaramillo
Loggers.....P.J. Jaramillo and Dan Hingle

Scene II BRANHAM SELLS TO JONES

Zachariah (Buffalo) Jones.....Brian Mann
Mrs. Mary Jones.....Joan Festa

Scene III FORBES AND FORBES MILL

James Alexander Forbes.....Brian Mann

Scene IV TROUBLE AT THE MILL

Foreman.....Tom Shafer
Workman.....James Nelson

Scene V THE END OF FORBES

INTERMISSION I

Scene VI INTRODUCTION TO MT. CHARLIE

Mt. Charlie.....Joel Harrison

Scene VII THE ATTACK

Taylor.....Shannon Smith
Bear.....Dan Sylvester

Scene VIII AFTER THE ATTACK

Scene IX DOCTORS' INTERVIEW

Dr. Ingersoll.....Bill Chivers
Dr. Bell.....Tom Shafer
Reporter.....Tyler Muttersbach

Scene XI CHARLIE RECOVERED

Child 1.....Brian Chase
Child 2.....Jennifer Sylvester
Stage Drivers.....Brent Henry, James Nelson
Stage Passengers.....Lynne Doyle
Jennifer Emma

LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

CAST LIST

ACT IV

The toll roads and the completion of the narrow gauge railroad. Los Gatos becomes a town.

Scene I INTRODUCTION

Scene II THE TEAMSTERS' REVOLT

James Kennedy.....Don Reichel
Shepherd.....P.J. Jaramillo
Teamster 1.....John J. Jaramillo
Teamster 2.....Daniel Hingle
Toll House Company Boss.....Fred Hassett

Scene III THE STAGECOACH

Stagecoach driver (Mr. Rockyfellow).....James Nelson
Stagecoach driver 2.....Brent Henry
Horses.....Trish Ng, Teegan Fox, Tiffany Ross
Courtney Frisch, Samantha Clapp, Robin Shaver
Stagecoach Passengers.....Brian Chase,
Lynne Doyle, Jenifer Emma, Jennifer Sylvester

Scene IV JOHN LYNDON INTRODUCTION

John Lyndon.....Richard Bimson

Scene V LYNDON PORTRAIT

James Lyndon.....Tom Shafer
Lyndon Family.....Linda Sylvester, Dan Sylvester
Joan Festa, Grace Ross, Irene Panighetti
Janet Panighetti, Fred Hassett, Tom Shafer,
Brent Henry
Photographer.....Paul Dolan

Scene VI LYNDON HOTEL BAR SCENE

James C. Dunham, bicyclist-murderer.....Dave Bloom
Can Can Girls.....Sheri Sylvester, Kerri Mauldin,
Victoria Emma, Joy Upshaw, Michelle Eynck
Denise Shawlee, Courtney Frisch
Bar Girls.....Linn Myer, Judith Ann Henderson, Sue Byron
Bartender.....Dennis Byron
Loggers/Teamsters.....John J. Jaramillo, P.J. Jaramillo
Daniel Hingle

Scene VII ORIGIN OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

James Fair.....Fred Hassett
Hog Davis.....Bob Negendank
Gossipy Victorian Man.....Frank Charles Hibbits
Prissy Victorian Lady.....Ellen Graff

Scene VIII THE NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD REACHES LOS GATOS

Drunken VIP's.....Shannon Smith, Don Reichel
Sober VIP's.....Bill Chivers, Fred Hassett
Injured Chinese Girl.....Trish Ng
Dignified Chinese Elder.....Bun Lum
Chinese Workers.....Lawrence Thoo, John J. Jaramillo
Chinese Women.....Linda Sylvester, Nani Hogan
Chinese Child.....Lillia Panighetti
Reporter.....Tyler Mutersbach
Railroad Passengers.....VIP's, Lynne Doyle,
Jenifer Emma, Brian Chase
Crowd at Depot.....Joleen Callahan, Barbara Baggerly,
Linn Myer, Judith Ann Henderson, (as bar girls)
Shirley Dorsa, Lea Frey, Megan Frey, James Nelson
Tom Shafer (as Sheriff) Richard Bimson
(as John Lyndon), Grace Ross, Daniel Hingle,
P.J. Jaramillo, Nancy Bloom, Megan Bloom, Fran Devlin

Railroad Worker 1.....Louis Contreras
Railroad Worker 2.....Joel Harrison

Scene IX THE TUNNEL EXPLOSION

M.C. Highland.....Don Reichel
Foreman.....Tom Shafer
Chinese Workers.....Lawrence Thoo, John J. Jaramillo
Railroad Boss.....Frank Charles Hibbits
Rookie.....Brent Henry

Scene X AFTERMATH OF EXPLOSION

Blaster 1.....James Nelson
Boss.....Frank Charles Hibbits

REPRISE ACT I Scene I

Editor Walker.....Jim Risdal
Founding Fathers and Crowd.....Bill Chivers,
Gary Schloh, Tom Shafer, Richard Bimson
Folkdance....."CUMBERLAND SQUARE"
Folk Dancers.....Loui Tucker & John Burns,
Barbara Karlan, Al Lampell, Frank Chan,
Charlie Walton, Terry & Mary Lanier,
Bert & Marianne Fry, Sharon Bramblett,
Jim Brooks, Lee & Roberta Bowman,
Argo & Nina Gherardi, Pete Siemens

INTERMISSION II

ACT V

The New Town of Los Gatos

Scene I PROHIBITION WARS

Teetotaller 1.....Lynne Doyle
Town Clerk.....James Nelson
Pro-Salooner 1.....Bob Negendank
Trustee Wilcox.....Paul Dolan
Chairman John Lyndon.....Richard Bimson
Trustee James Lyndon.....Tom Shafer
Trustee Wilder.....Bill Chivers
Prohibition Rally M.C.....Stacy Stewart
Pres. Jordan.....Jim Risdal
Audience and Prohibition Crowd.....
Daughters of the American Revolution.....Joleen Callahan,
Grace Ross, Jane Holland, Ellen Graff,
Irene Panighetti, Lea Frey, Megan Frey,
Shirley Dorsa, Barbara Baggerly, Linda Sylvester,
Stacy Stewart, Joan Festa

Teamsters, loggers, drinkers

against prohibition.....John Jaramillo, P.J. Jaramillo
Daniel Hingle

Dance Hall Girls and Bar Girls.....Victoria Emma,
Michelle Eynck, Courtney Frisch, Kerri Mauldin,
Denise Shawlee, Sheri Sylvester, Joy Upshaw

Scene II ALMOND GROVE

Nicholson.....Shannon Smith
Wilder.....Bill Chivers
Bachman.....Paul Dolan
John Bean.....Gary Schloh
Zepf Macabee.....Dennis Byron

Scene III and IV THE GREAT LOS GATOS FIRE OF 1891 AND ITS AFTERMATH

Firefighter 1.....Hal Chase and Dennis Moore
Firefighter 2.....Doug Sporleder
Firefighter 3.....Dan Sylvester
Innocent Bystander.....James Nelson

LOS GATOS CENTENNIAL PAGEANT

Scene V MEMORIAL DAY PARADE AND VISIT OF PRESIDENT HARRISON

Grand Army of the Republic..... Bill Chivers,
(Civil War Vets) Bob Negandank
Don Reichel, Paul Dolan, Gary Schloh,
Dennis Byron
Daughters of the American Revolution..... See Above
Celebrating Crowd..... Darcy Parker, Jenni Sylvester
James Nelson, Gabrielle Feldman,
Amy Flynn
Pres. Benjamin Harrison..... Frank Charles Hibbitts
Mrs. Benjamin Harrison..... Judith Ann Henderson
Miss Annie Read..... Tiffany Ross
Little Orange Presenters..... Lillia Panighetti, Erin Blakley

Scene VI THE BROADGAUGE RAILROAD COMES TO TOWN

Mr. Skinkle..... Fred Hassett
Introducer (Mayor John Lydon)..... Richard Bimson

ACT VI

Los Gatos in the Twentieth Century

Scene I OPERA HOUSE MONTAGE

Juliet..... Samantha Clapp
Hamlet..... Fred Hassett
Madame Butterfly..... Minty Brown

Scene II WILBER WINCHELL AND HIGHLIGHTS OF LOS GATOS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Wilber Winchell..... Shannon Smith
Wilber Hall..... Louis Contreras
Interviewer of Wilber Hall..... Tyler Muttersbach

Scene III BILLY JONES AND THE WILDCAT RAILROAD

Billy Jones..... Louis Contreras
Geraldine Jones..... Stacy Stewart

Scene IV REPRISE..... FULL CAST

Scene V CHRISTMAS PARADE FINALE

Mayor Ventura..... Brent Ventura
Christmas Parents..... Barbara Harrison, Irene Panighetti
Barbara Baggerly, Doris Risdal, Karen Chase,
Jubie Jaramillo, Sharon Watts, Jane Holland
Christmas Kids..... Cameron Watts, Brian Chase,
Michael Chase, Kari Byron, Summer Byron,
Lillia Panighetti, Erin Blakley, Giselle Romero,
Nicole Romero, Matt Henderson
Littlest Christmas Kid..... Tommy Harrison
Drum Major..... Brent Henry
Santa Claus..... Brother Korte
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Finale "One Step Closer to Paradise"

Chorus:

One step closer to Paradise

You can see it in my eyes.

Gazing out o'er the valley and the hills

I'm just one step away from Paradise.

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**Producer
Mickey Benson**

Mickey comes to the pageant with not only a deep love of the theater (she played Mother Nature in the second grade) but many years of experience in a variety of functions. She has a degree in Theater Arts from San Jose State University as well as a Secondary Teaching Credential. She has acted with both the San Jose State University and Los Gatos/Saratoga Community Theaters, San Jose Civic Light Opera, San Jose Theatre Guild, Actors Repertory Theatre playing roles from Greek drama to Shakespeare to melodrama. She has been playing the part of "Grandma" for the last five years in the San Jose Dance Theater's production of the "Nutcracker." Mickey directed for Actors Repertory Theater, San Jose State University, San Jose Theater Guild and Saratoga Drama Group. Pageants are not a new experience for her. She wrote and directed Easter and Christmas pageants for Sacred Heart Church and a Christmas play for Underdog City. She has served as a director with Los Gatos/Saratoga Community Theater and with Actors Repertory Theater.

A long time resident of Los Gatos, Mickey has been a member of the Arts Commission of Los Gatos for the last five years -- last year serving as chair.

Throughout the course of this production, Mickey has stressed the importance of JOY. If everyone who is participating enjoys the experience, then everyone who sees the pageant will enjoy it and in later years she hopes that the grand Centennial Pageant will be remembered with pleasure and most of all, JOY.

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Narrator
Paul F. Dolan

Paul Dolan has been a professional stage actor for twenty years. He performed "The Ritz" as Abe for a 42 performance run at the Victoria Theater in San Francisco. He also performed for the San Jose Stage Company in "Of Mice and Men" as the Boss and "A Streetcar Named Desire" as the Doctor. Other performances include "Champagne Promises" for Center City Theater Works, "Evita", "Follies", "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" for San Jose Civic Light Opera and "West Side Story" for West Valley Light Opera.

In addition, Paul has appeared in numerous television productions such as the "Starman" series for ABC, "When Moments Count" and "Crimestopper" for KNTV and "Charlie's Place" for PBS. He has also been involved in commercial advertising as an actor, model and voice-over for such companies as Paul Masson Winery, Atari and Roaring Camp Railroad.

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In September, 1899, the Town Board of Trustees of the Town of Los Gatos approved the purchase of a 2500 pound fire bell to be located near the intersection of Main Street and Santa Cruz Avenue. The purpose of this bell was to notify volunteer firemen of any fires within the Town as well as sounding three taps at noon and again at nine o'clock curfew.

This bell served the Town until 1951 when the famous "bullhorn" was installed at the fire station at Tait and Main Streets. The old fire bell and tower were subsequently sold to Mr. Pollard for the display at his chicken restaurant on Highway 99 near Lodi.

In late 1986, Andy Kinyon, a former Los Gatan, now living in the Sierra Foothills, "discovered" the bell, and traded painting for it. With the financial help of the Los Gatos Lions Club and the Town of Los Gatos, the bell has been returned to our community. A committee of volunteers was formed to secure Town approval of drawings for a suitable historic bell tower to be constructed in the Town Plaza.

The projected cost to do this is \$35,000. To date, some contributions in cash, labor and materials have been received. We ask for your financial support in the form of a non-taxable contribution to make this a reality. It is very fitting in this centennial year to return this FIRE BELL to its original location where it can once again provide enjoyment by its ringing and be a constant reminder of our Town's illustrious past.

We seek your support!!!!

Yes, I want to help!!

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Mail to: Centennial Fire Bell Fund, 110 E. Main Street, Los Gatos, CA 95030

**Narrator
Mary Foster**

Mary has been involved in the theater for the past 10 years. She has acted in plays for West Valley, De Anza, Theater West and The Opry House. She has also presented Mother Goose Story Time for KCAT and conducted poetry workshops at Lexington School and Elmwood Rehabilitation Center. Childrens' parties and singing telegrams are specialties of Mary's where she has portrayed Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and a host of other characters.

Mary has resided in Los Gatos for 26 years. She has been Mother Goose in the Christmas parade, has worked on promotions with the Chamber of Commerce, and been involved with the Christmas tree lighting ceremony and the Senior Citizen's Day Care Center.

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Production Staff

Assistant to the Director MARLENE LAMB	Assistant to the Producer MARGIE SCHU	House Manager JEFF HOFMANN
Choreography LUCILLE HOGAN	Costumes Head: JANET PANIGHETTI BARBARA HARRISON CLAIRE CHAPATTE GRETCHEN SHANROCK ELLIE WATSON SHARON WATTS	Hospitality JUDY BLANDING
Make-Up Head: EMERALD HATHAWAY Assistant Head: SHARON LAKIN		Make-Up Crew DON FULT LOUISE COLLINS
Make-Up Design JUANITA SMITH	Wardrobe LORRAINE ROKOVITZ	Music JOPLIN & SWEENEY
Parade Manager BARBARA JORDAN		Ushers VICKIE. WENDELL
Props Head: DENISE SHAWLEE JEAN KRCIK NAN HOGAN FLORENCE BELL MARIO FERRITO	Photography JOHN BARNES STEVE LUCAS	Program NIKKI CLAPP SARA ANDERSON KATHY KRITZER KATHY TUTTLE
Sales Table EMMA VARGO & CENTENNIAL FUNDRAISING COMMITTEE	Posters BETTY PESTKA	
	Publicity CHATHAM FORBES	Tickets DEBISTUART NANCY GREENFIELD KELLY MORRIS

Technical Staff

Technical Director JAMES CHIPMAN	Production Stage Manager AUGIE AMATO	Assistant Stage Manager GWEN BURROW	Assistant Stage Manager CICIE HAYES
Sound Board Operator JAMES CHIPMAN	Sound Effects KATHI KRITZER	Light Board Operator BECCA KRUPPENBACHER	
Master Electrician ROB KOONTZ	Assistant Sound Effects BETTY PESTKA	Slide Operator JOHN BARNES	
Follow Spot Operators KRISTEN HOPF TRACY BUETOW CHRIS BRADBURN LISA LIGHT	Sound Electrician NANCY BAKER	Scenic Designer AUGIE AMATO	
	Technical Assistants SHANNON JORDAN ROBIN REYNOLDS	Light and Sound Designer JAMES CHIPMAN	
Special Effects Designer JAMES CHIPMAN	Complete Technical Services Provided By OMNI-TECH PRODUCTIONS		

Set and Stage Crew

Scheduling: Mrs. June Meserve Doug Meserve Chad Meserve	Crew: Junniper Murray Charles Beilin Mario Ferrito James Hedrick James Wiegandt	Jim Klem Wendell Ross George Scott John Baker Brad Ferris Charles Kallko	Andy Moore Matt Fishman Mahala Snyder Bob Bahromipour Bill Hoef Emily Stern	Mary Crompton Lea Wardner Kevin Mitchener Kip Green	Carpenters From Lions Club: Chuck Stewart Bob Helwig
---	---	---	--	--	---

Orchestra

Music Director, Guitar.....	Neil Hogan	Piano.....	Barbara Souza
Violin, Mandolin.....		Drums.....	Roger Pease
Banjo, Penny Whistle.....	Greg Burger	Bass.....	Norman Pingrey
Oboe, Accordion, Penny Whistle.....	David Wheeler	Bagpipes, Penny Whistle.....	Bob Castner

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Special Historical Consultant
and Photographer.....William A. Wulf
Audition Videos.....Joel Harrison
Folkdancer Liason.....Barbara Karlan
Program Layout.....Linda Eng
Poster Art and Program Cover.....Jack Wilson

Heartfelt thanks for all your help to:

Dr. Alice Scofield	John Baggerly
Jean Krcik	Callie Brophy
Deborah Ventura	Centennial Committee
Bud Christensen	Josephine Effirot
Malcolm Margolin	Bruce MacGregor
Los Gatos High School	Ted Simonson
Sandy Warren	Pat Langley
Loui Tucker	Guitar Showcase
Joplin & Sweeney Music	Musson Theatrical
Emerson Shaw	Forbes Mill Museum
Joseph Glasner	Karen Randall
Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce	Mardi & Chalo Bennett
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Town of Los Gatos	Jack Wilson
Bob Bryant	Los Gatos Police Department
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