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LOS ANGELES

• FROM • THE • SIERRAS •
• TO • THE • SEA •



"La Reina de Los Angeles"

Marion Holden Pope

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS BY
MARION HOLDEN POPE

POEMS BY
CHARLES FARWELL EDSON



Class F869

Book L8P82

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Los Angeles

From the Sierras to the Sea

Etchings and Drawings by
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Typography by Taylor's Printery

Our Sierras

Prisoned in icy kiss, the ocean mists
Whiten Sierra's peaks of
rugged stone

Then melt in joyous crying of the clouds
And all the glory of the fiery sun.

Our human city with prophetic eye
Looked to the good of men for years
to come;

Gathered the crystal drops in reservoirs
Then slipped them down through concrete
and through steel.

The mighty mountains store for good of all
What dewy clouds take from the willing deeps;
Sweet air-filled drops, Almighty's distillate
That swells the seeds, washes man's filth
away

For thus the living water comes to bless
Then turns again to breast of Mother Sea.



Old Pine

W. W. Alden, 1907

Cahuenga Pass

This was the King's Highway where
Dons of Spain

Caported on their richly saddled steeds;
Where creaking, rough carretas, oxen hauled
Went slowly through the pass in calm
content.

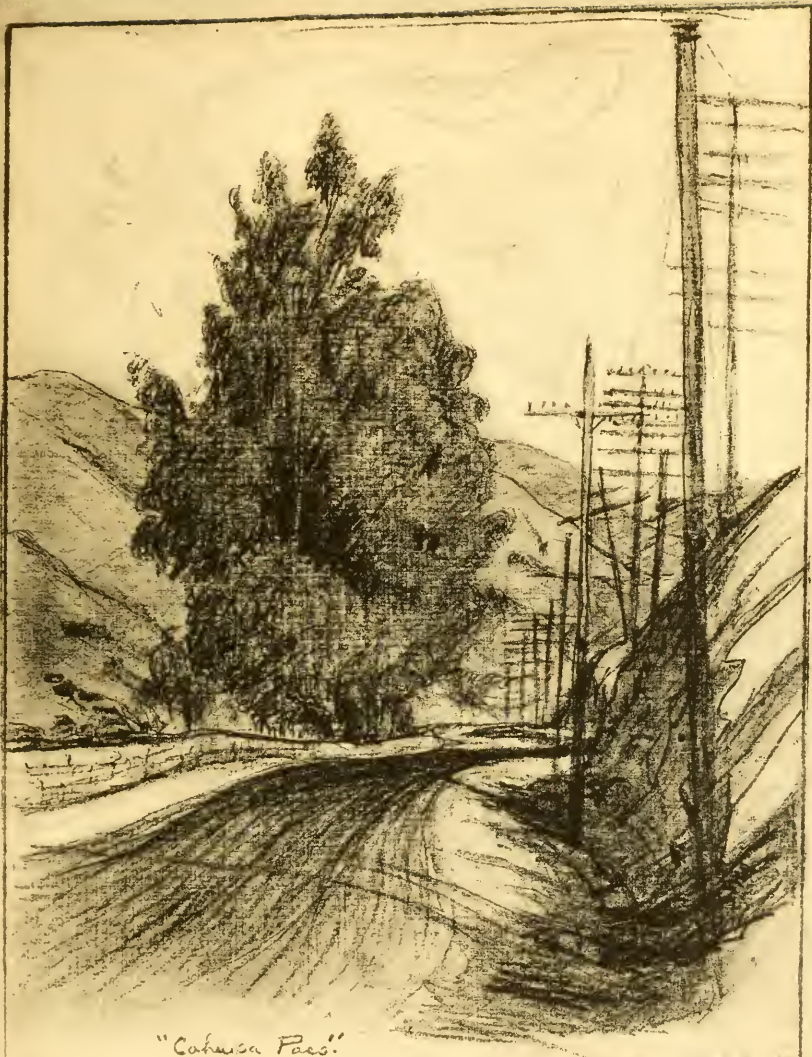
The pious Padres in their gray-cowled gowns
Walked on this way with not a thought of
self

Save that expressed in Mission good of all
That soon went down before Man's
selfishness.

The King's Highway the Padres gave to us
And we, high priests unto a great ideal
Made Queen's Highway by giving women
rights

That had accrued through Man's fight to be
free.

Thus each trail widens to a flowing road
Where all Humanity can go in peace.



"Cahuya Pass"

1901

In San Francisquito Canon

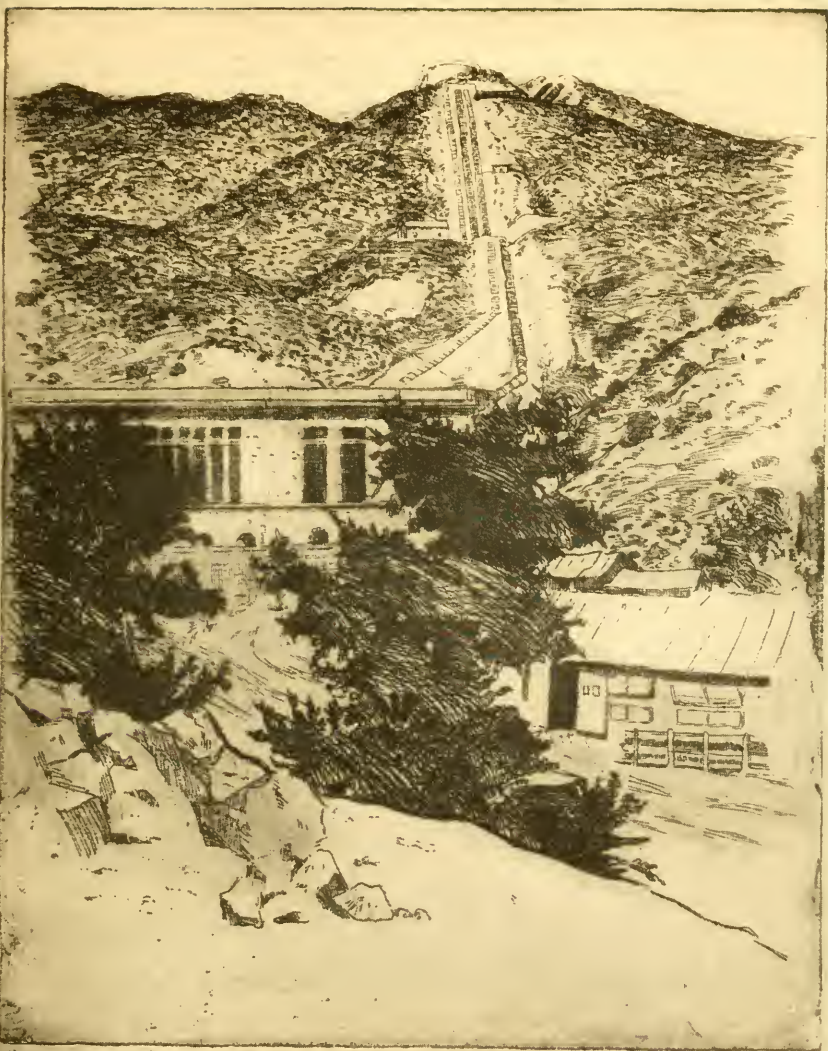
Our bold dreamers with a torch of Hope
Spotted an honest man in time of need;
Asked him to build a mighty aqueduct
And here it stands in perpetuity.

His Irish honesty burned in the breasts
Of all who followed him in confidence
And God's white coal will give to this fair
town

Light, heat and power with the water flow.
No greater monument was ever raised,
Running from High Sierras to the Sea
And future generations of our blood
Will bless the men who made this city, Free!

=====

In this wild canon yellow grains of gold
Were first found by a Californian.



Old Power Plant "San Vaming to ..."

J. Mason & Holden

La Brea

More than a hundred thousand years ago
Huge monsters roamed these thickly
wooded hills;

Were caught in asphalt beds, held unto death
And we can reconstruct their skeletons.

Another hundred thousand years some life
May reconstruct the bony frame of Man;
Will wonder how it lived and what it ate
For they will live and feed upon themselves.



La Brea

Museum of Paleontology

Southwest Museum

“Watch your Archeology alive”

The founder of this mausoleum said
And in the quiet of these plastered halls
The bones of many pasts are kept on view.
We build our sturdy palaces of stone
To outlast all the buffetings of time
But hardly have we boasted in our pride
Before our dreams are scrap-heaped,
useless piles.

Nothing endures but Life's evolving round
Of growth, decay, to fertilize new growth
And from the lush urge of our eagerness
A larger humus rots to fecundate.



the Court. West. ...

... ..

Municipal Golf Links

Men live like rats in modern offices,
Burrowing all around the cheese of
trade;
Slavers and Slaves to ugly God of
Greed
Who play at golf to ease their frenzied
minds
Then lift their eyes to life-renewing hills
For further strength to toil and grab again.



"The Great Lakes" - Griffith Park -

Marion Holden Pope -

Buena Vista Street Bridge

Here flows the river of Los Angeles;
The railways run beneath the arching
bridge;

Elysian Park, a rest cure for the soul
Guards the wide gate that lets the tourists
in.

The patient footman, soon forgotten horse,
The auto trucks, the costly motor cars,
Street cars, steam cars, aeroplanes pass by
For so we go on land or in the clouds.



"Buenos Aires Bridge"

North End Broadway Tunnel

A Poor, old, lost adobe hugs the hill;
All of the friends of youth have passed
away;

The plaster has begun to leave the walls
Above the common realty sign, For Sale.
The shining cars speed fast beneath the hill
Where Fremont flew the Bear Flag of
this State

With Stars and Stripes of these United
States

To tell to all the world our coast was Free.
Yet custom, breeding, tie us to a wheel
That is revolved by shaft of antique laws
Run in the woof of temporizing codes
And theologic creeds that know not Christ.
The Past and Present! Will the Future
dare

Cut through dense walls so that we learn
The Truth!



"North End Boatway Tunnel"

Manhattan - Hudson - River

La Reina de Los Angeles, 1781

The Forsters, del Valles and the Picos,
Sepulvedas, Morenos, Coronels;
The Lugos, the Serranos, Alberas
Were called to mass by these old mission
chimes.

The Plaza was alive with prancing steeds;
Gay Senoritas smiled behind their fans
In black mantillas brought from far-off
Spain,

For Church and State held their Fiestas here.
But now the jangling street car drowns the
bells;

The Plaza circle swarms with Mexicans;
The old church draws up closer to Fort Hill
As though it feared this touch of modern life;
And well it may for God is but a name
Where minted metal rules the world of men.



La Rue de la Justice

Museo de San Carlos

Main and Fourth Streets

Up and down the crowded streets they go,
Hard rock men who built the Aqueduct;
Muckers and concrete mixers, rough
and strong,

Well browned by dry Mojave's burning sun.
The Interurban cars block narrow Main
And glaring picture shows and bold saloons
Mulct lonely men in from the silences
Where circumstances make or break a man.
Salvation Army and the Volunteers
Sing raucous hymns to turn them toward
the Christ;

God knows they need it in this moil of greed
Where we quote men in terms of stocks and
bonds.

Men and the Game! A snatch for die-stamped
signs!

And all one gets is Food, some Clothes and
Sleep!



January 1, 1900 - New York

Marie H. ...

Central Square Fountain

The haughty pigeons beg so daintily;
They strut and coo just like us common
folks;

The sunlight rainbows each round falling
drop

Of water that is splashing in the pool.
And here men sit and argue while they sit;
Condemn the Government, the way of it;
Settle the great, complex affairs of State
To their content, such is Democracy.
The air of Freedom is so sweet and new
That all they sense is right to criticise.

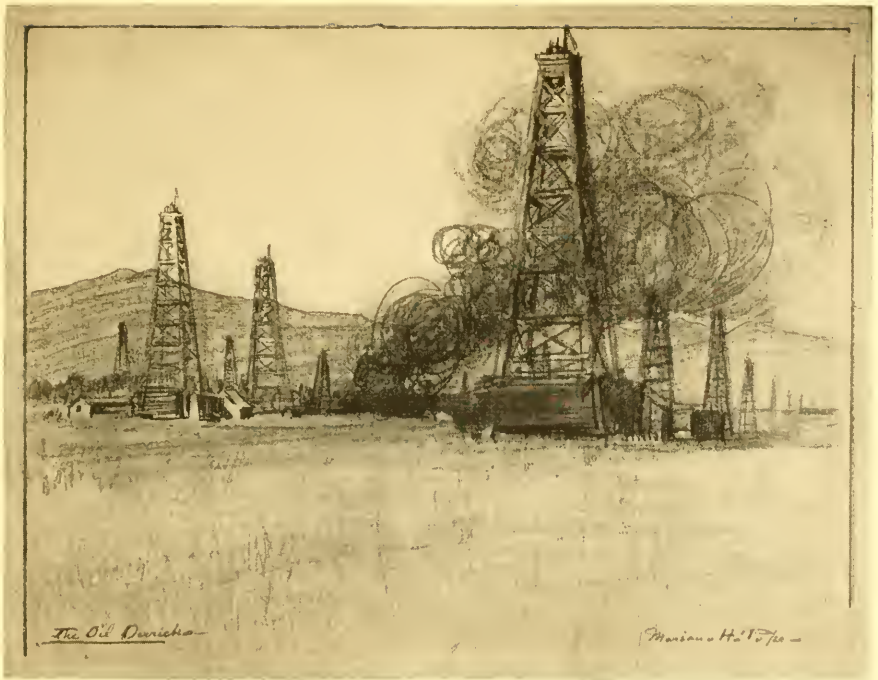


Central Square, Honolulu

Wm. L. G. ...

Oil Fields

The derricks stand, bald monuments
to trade;
Up through earth's crust we pump
the hidden oil;
Rush here and there with force it generates
And wonder at the earthquakes in our wake.



The Oil Derrick

Mariano H. T. Jr.

Down Broadway from Temple

Blindfolded Justice sits, a sombre thing
In courts of men who quibble over Law!
Here also are the records of our age
In written books of transfers and of trades.
Far down the street an outgrown City Hall
Where our wise Solons talk efficiency.



Down Spring from Fifth

They called it Primavera, those old
Dons
Whose language is rippling, tripling
song
But when the Gringos came they named it
Spring,
A closed and unresponsive substitute.
This is the bankers street where men of
might
Build marble office piles to house their
wealth;
Make slaves of men with paper chains of
bonds
That run for tens of years, so they be safe;
And yet this business world of ours has
need
Of all the printed forms that stand for gold;
Bills of exchange, the daily checks of trade,
The give and take through central clearing
house;
We play our parts, lenders and borrowers
Until Almighty God strikes balances.



The Alexandria 1/4 Spring Street,

Mason, H. L. 1872.

Central Square

The happy trees wave in the sea sent
wind
Drawn from the up-draft of the heated
plains;
The weary people throng the cement seats
To catch a breath of country in the town.



Central square

Wm. H. Halden, Peoria

Second Church of Christ, Scientist

The slow evolving progress of mankind
Is marked by broken shackles, every-
where

And now the Science of the things Christ
taught

Is laid down for the use of those who care.
Unselfish Christ who owned no foot of land!
Loving the poor who had such need of it!
Driving the money-changers with a scourge
When they defiled the holy Temple steps.
But this creed stands for Life's Duality;
The He and She of nature's graciousness
And giving Christ love with no thought of
self

Will make a heaven of this coin-mad earth;
His Law of Service fused in glow of Love
Will let the light through sombre veils of
creeds.



The Temple of the Home

In all the lands that front the mighty sea
Stretching from stern Gibraltar to Suez
You find old temples, ruined or in use
To varied Gods, queer products of mens
faiths.

But we, new worshippers at modern shrine
Pray to that God who formed this scheme of
things;

The clean creative urge that blends some two
To reproduce, that their kind live again.

With light of Love the altars are ablaze;
The acolytes of Joy swing incense rare;
The good High Priests of Knowledge chant
a mass

Caught from the Angel Choirs of Poesy;
The temple bells are happy childrens songs;
The holy records, imprint of our souls.



Up Broadway from Seventh

This is the woman's street and day by
day

They throng the walks in ginghams
and in silks;

Dainty and debonair, lonely and rich

They ride in limousines or walk on foot;

Poor weary mothers dragging worn-out
boys;

A flock of school girls down from L. A.

High

While far beyond in clear-cut afterglow

The veaceful mountains marvel at our haste.



Up Broadway from South

Walter Stone

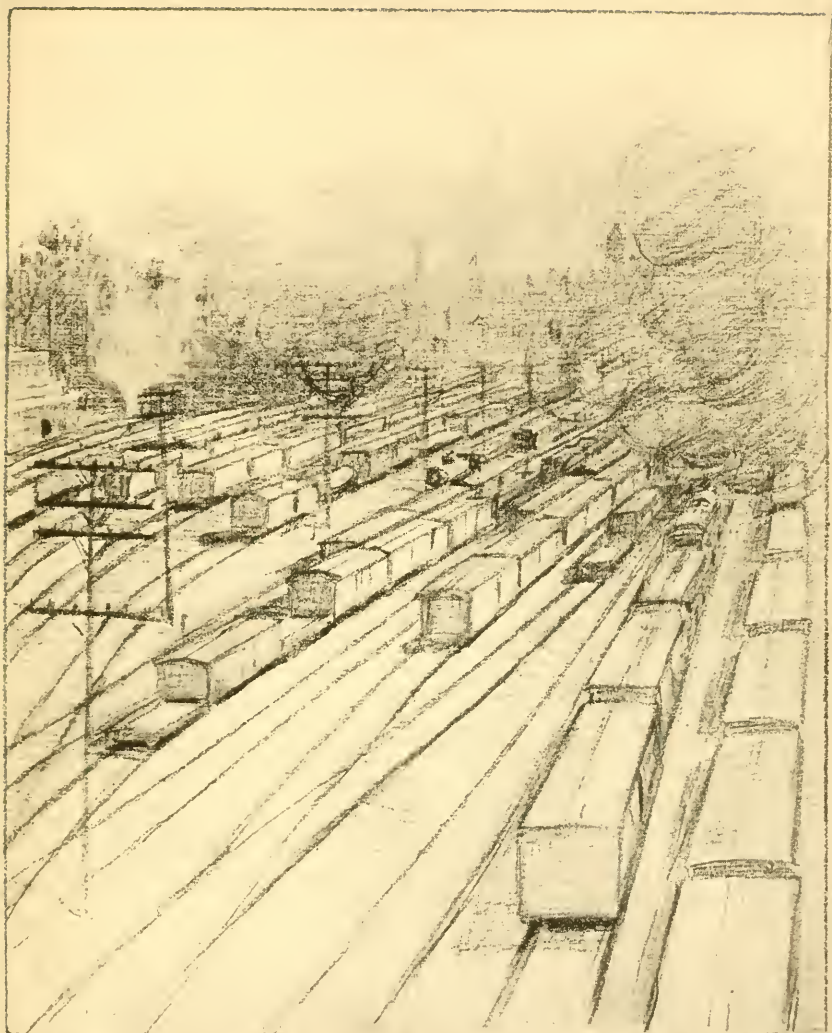
Railroad Tracks

The modern steel Trails come at last to
camp
Here by the sandy, washed out river
bed;

Linking us all to each far land of earth
With chains of Finance, Commerce and of
Trade.

And in this greater Brotherhood of Man
Will grow a New Earth, born to Human
Needs;

Not bound by steel but ministered for Him
Who taught the Wondrous glory of The
Love!

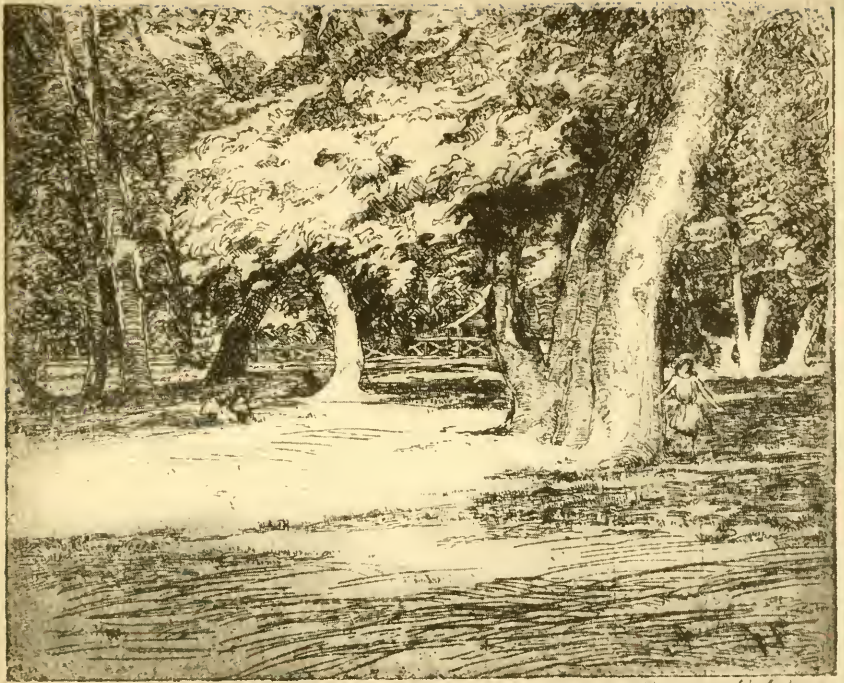


The Southern Railway tracks.

Martin, 5/10/10

Sycamore Grove

Under the live oaks shade the mockers
nest;
The sprawly sycamores lift from the
wash;
The city din is lost in nature's calm;
The wildwood bids the nervous people wait.



Sycamore Grove

Miss M. H. Hoyle

Elysian Park

You climb the rain-washed sandstone on
a knoll

Past spidery gumtrees swaying on
thin stems,

Beyond the grey-green spruces in a cleft
Of hills. Far off the hazy mountains stand
Serene and calm in waning light of day;
The scented wind from out the fragrant pines
Caresses each tired cheek with touch of balm.
The little dirbs (wee minstrels of the sky),
Sing jocund songs of all earth's good to
man.

Soft-footed night steals up the still ravines,
Leaves you alone, at rest, in peace, with
God.



Universal City

Past of a thousand years, built yesterday!
Shell of a dream, reborn at mere
caprice!

A mushroom growth from spawn of bagaries
Thrown to the winds by poet alchemists.
The movie stars shine in this firmament
Fixed for a fleeting time upon Life's screen;
Silent as yet, but soon Art's witchery
Will catch their voices for posterity.
All far-off lands are brought before your
gaze;

Hobos and Kings upon equality
And each quaint phase of God-made earth is
here

Seen through a film, not darkly, but alight;
The World a Stage! Humanity the Play!
And no drop curtain falls until Life dies.

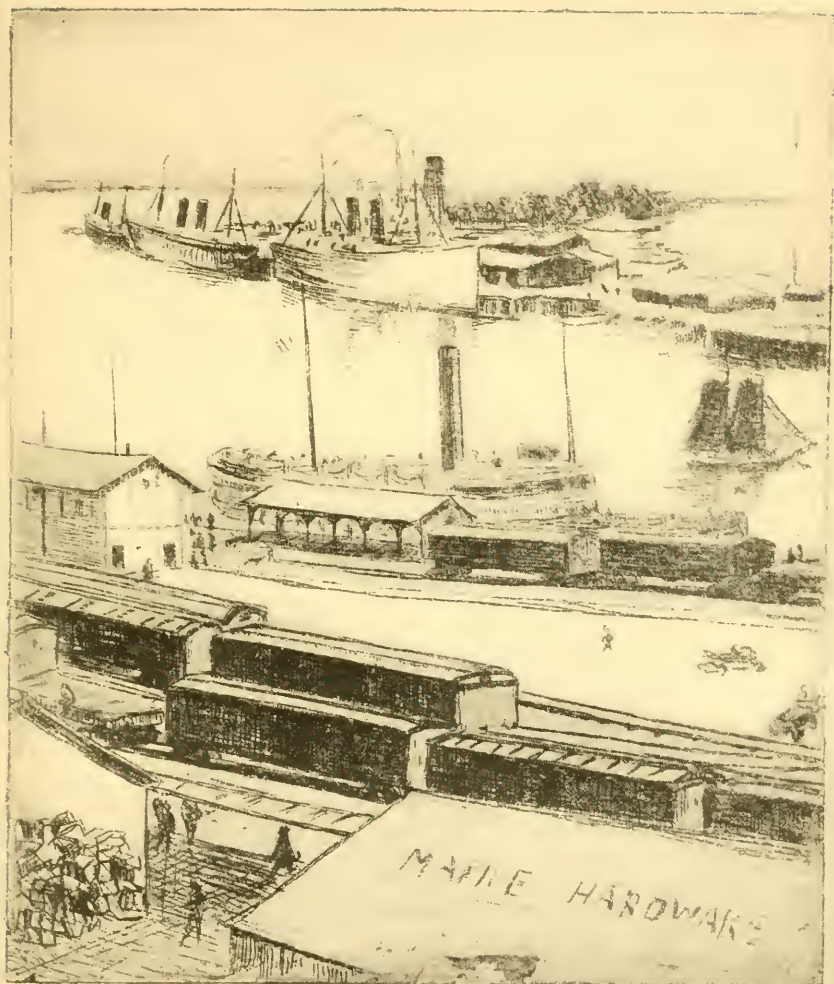


Inner Harbor; San Pedro

They sucked the age-deep silt through
tubes of iron
And made new land to hold the
warehouses

Built by a strong municipality
To save for all the unearned increment.
The cargo boats and steamers of the lines
Ply up and down from far Alaska's cold
To torrid Panama's tremendous gash
And each pays some small tribute to this
port.

So good Saint Peter saves the souls of men
With yellow gold, our standard of this life.



The Keeper of the Light

I See strange sights from out my steel-
ribbed shaft;
The fishing boats by hundreds seek the
deep;
The white-winged pleasure yachts flit on the
bay;
The moving picture sailors plough the main
With land-legs that are fearful of the sea;
The stately boats that carry passengers;
The lumber schooners down from Oregon;
The mighty liners up from isthmus way;
The sugar boats from Honolulu's shore;
The warships with our flowing Stars and
Stripes.

But more than this I see the bay alive
With boats on boats in cargo to all lands;
A greater fleet built in this good southwest
Where men and women are forever free.
The ocean waves broke high above my light
Driven by southeast wind in misty blasts
But in the haze that covers distant plains
A finer people grows than earth has seen.



The Harbour

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