

starting elevation of around 1,000 feet to over 6,000 feet at the crest of the grade. As the road through Cajon is paved, the riders had to dash along the so-called "soft-shoulder" on the side of the highway. "Hard-shoulder" would be a more correct term in this instance! Adding to the natural peril of the ride, the shoulder was only a few feet wide in the more dangerous sections of the highway where an unsteady hand on the reins might easily tumble both

horse and rider over the nearby bank to almost certain death hundreds of feet below on the floor of the canyon.

Nine horsemen, one of whom was an expert lady rider, participated in the event. They finished the rough ride in 2 hours and 25 minutes which is quite amazing time, considering the fact that the Santa Fe Super Chief does not make the run in much less time than that! Mr. Holladay and the *Life* photographer and writer followed the riders all the way through and used roll after roll of fast film in recording the changes of mail from one rider to another and the other colorful episodes en route. One of the San Bernardino horsemen lost his horse just before he was supposed to get the mail pouch but an extra steed, brought along in the event something unusual should happen, was quickly pressed into service. Otherwise the ride went through without further incidents of an unusual nature.

Promptly at 7:45 A. M. on October 9th, the last pony expressman hove into sight of the Argonaut's Club breakfast—held on the main street of San Bernardino as the first event of the Covered Wagon Day's celebration. To the cheers of over 3,000 spectators he galloped down the pavement and reined in to a stop before a temporary post office set up especially for the occasion. Here he handed over the pouch to Assistant Postmaster Fred Carr who opened it and

delivered special letters of greeting to the dignitaries present in the crowd.

Thus closed another chapter in philatelic history—a chapter that grined both local and national interest in the "hobby of kings." All those who cooperated so wholeheartedly in staging the colorful ride should receive a much deserved round of applause. Events of this nature serve to make the layman more aware of the present interest in philately and its general wholesome reputation. The October 20th, 1947 issue of *Life* carried the complete story and pictures of the ride and they presented it beautifully. It is only regretted that the whole project was organized in less than two weeks time, because the Arrowhead Stamp Club had to await the arrival of official permission from Washington. Otherwise, all philatelic publications would have been advised in ample time for any collector to have the opportunity to secure a cover for their collection.



Fredric Holladay, President (left) and Oliver Laughhead, Secretary, of the Arrowhead Stamp Club before the temporary post office erected for the pony express ride.



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## BUTLER

(Continued from Page 37)

in 1911, summer vacations and weekends were enjoyed there. Mr. Butler had the road from Big Bear to the desert built while he was on the Board of Supervisors. It was named "Johnson Grade" in honor of a man who lived halfway up the mountain, but is now known as "Cushenberry Grade."

After leaving the County Board of Supervisors in 1917, Butler turned over the management of the Bank of Needles to his brother, J. Henry Butler, who has served as Bookkeeper and Cashier, and moved to Los Angeles. (He remained on the Bank's Board of Directors and, from 1920 until 1929, sold off his many interests in and around Needles. The Bank of Needles was sold to the San Bernardino Valley Bank in 1924, which was later closed in 1931.) The move greatly saddened Butler, as Needles was where he had spent the happiest and most rewarding years of his young life. In Los Angeles he bought a few apartments and in 1938 invested in property at Cardiff-by-the-Sea and, during the next few years, owned a hotel, shop, and several small homes there. He sold it all during WW II when travel restrictions made it difficult to properly oversee his holdings.

George Eugene Butler, then residing at 1027 Manzanita Avenue in Los Angeles, died on November 18, 1947, at the age of 71. He was survived by his wife, Worth Hervey Butler, who died on January 1, 1968; two daughters, Joanna B. (Mrs. Wayland A.) Chapman and Georgia B. (Mrs. John) Lambert, and five grandchildren.

children. Mr. and Mrs. Butler had three children; a son, Worth Hervey, and two daughters, Joanna Rhodes and Georgia Eugene. Mrs. Butler and the children often spent their summers in Santa Ana at her parent's home. After Mr. Butler bought some property at Big Bear Lake