LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Roundup Brand
J. GOODMAN

SPRING 1988 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 171

Ernest Marquez Collection

The third Arrowhead Springs Hotel with the famous "Arrowhead" on the side of the mountain in the background.

The Arrowhead and Arrowhead Hot Springs

by Donald Duke

Generations have wondered about the formation of the prehistoric landmark known as the "Arrowhead," so clearly pictured upon the mountainside, six miles northeast of San Bernardino, at a place known today as Arrowhead Springs.

Although the exact origin of the "Arrowhead" is still undetermined, numerous legends dealing with its supernatural creation, combining the superstition with romantic fiction, have been extant among the Indian tribes and early settlers for many generations.

The "Arrowhead" played an important part in the location of the Mormon Colony in San Bernardino. Years ago when Mormon historian Paul Bailey was researching his *Sam Brannan and the California Mormons* in the archives of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, he found various records of visions that had been recorded by Brigham Young in his diary. "When Brigham Young decided to establish a Mormon Colony near the shores of the Pacific, an expedition was organized at Salt Lake City, which in March 1851, set forth in the direction of a gigantic arrowhead which is said to have appeared to Young in a vision. Traveling through

(continued on Page Three)

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in
Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter

Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:

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P.O. Box 80250
San Marino, CA 91108-8250

THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 2,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Frank Newton Photography

Country Doctor Robert Stragnell came all the way from Prescott, Arizona, to address the Corral.

JANUARY 1988 MEETING

Robert Stragnell, M.D., our famous country doctor, addressed the Corral about the life and times of Joseph R. Walker, who for 25 years was an eminent figure in California and western history. As one of the famous mountain men and explorers of the time, Walker has had at least three important landmarks named after him. As one of his adventures, Walker discovered gold in the Bradshaw mountains of Arizona. In due course he was involved in the development of the town of Prescott, Arizona. It is not known if the infatuation for Walker, "Gold" or whatever, led Stragnell to hitch up his medicine show and move it from Arcadia to Prescott.

Meadow Valley Wash and the southern Nevada desert to Dry Lake, the faithful colonists passed through Las Vegas Valley to the Mojave River, then south through Cajon Pass. Following the point of the famous arrowhead on the side of the mountain close to the entrance to Cajon Pass, the colonists were led to the San Bernardino Valley." The sign of the "Arrowhead" was later taken as the emblem of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad (The Salt Lake Route), which followed the Mormon trail. This line is now a part of the Union Pacific System running from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. The monthly magazine of the SPLA&SL was called *The Arrowhead.*

This famous "Arrowhead," located on the mountain, was visible from Salt Lake Route trains as they began the climb up and through Cajon Pass. About 1908 the company published a very elaborate leatherbound book about the "Arrowhead," and it was offered for sale on the trains in hopes it might answer the many questions that passengers had about this strange marking. That beautiful edition has since become a collectors item. Years later, however, before the Union Pacific had assumed control over the line, the book was published as a paperbound pamphlet and offered to the tourists on trains and in ticket offices free of charge.

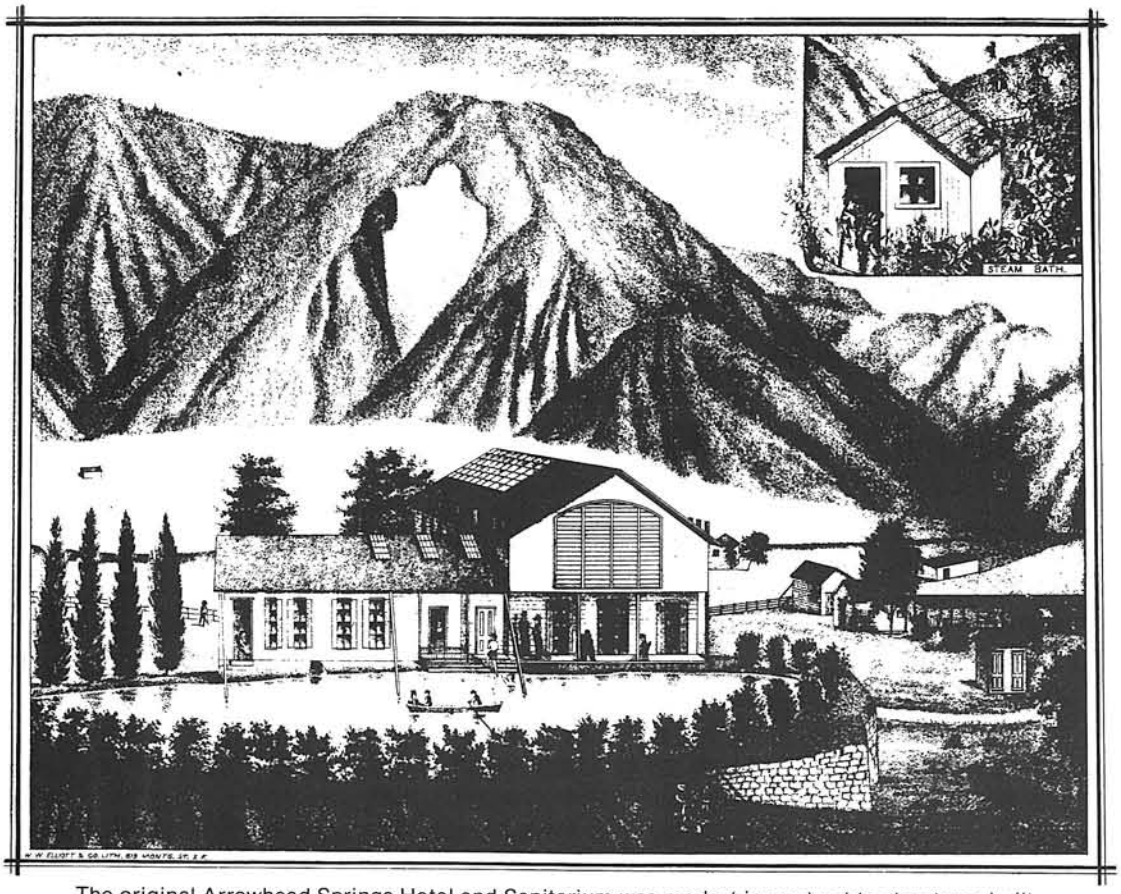
The "Arrowhead" today does not appear quite so perfect as it did at the turn-of-the-century and in early day photographs. By actual measurement, the "Arrowhead" was 1,375 feet long by 449 feet wide, comprising an area of about 7½ acres. So, in fact, it was no small formation. The strange part of the "Arrowhead" is that the rock composing the design is of a different type than that which is adjacent to it on the mountain range, consisting chiefly of disintegrated white quartz, and light gray granite, and supporting a growth of short white sage and white weeds. The lighter vegetation shows a sharp contrast to the dark growth surrounding the arrow which consists of chaparral and greasewood. What is so strange is that no other plant has been able to be grown in the white quartz and destroy the design. Apparently even though regional weeds are blown by the wind they have not secured a foothold and the "Arrowhead" has never filled in.

Local Indians of the region always believed the "Arrowhead" was branded by their God and the magical waters flowing from the base of the mark provided curative powers. Geologists, over the years, speculated that the mark was probably caused by a tremendous cloudburst. One that opened up and dumped tons of water on the mountainside. This great volume of water supposedly struck the earth at the top of the arrow, and in rushing down the mountain formed the shank, which was probably obstucted by some accumulated masses of debris, thus overflowing on each side and then advancing with such a terrific force it overflowed again, but being confined by the base it then formed a wedge shaped configuration on the mountain.

Knowledge of the "Arrowhead" is best known due to the activities of Dr. David Nobel Smith, who settled near the hot springs close to the base of the "Arrowhead" about 1858. It is not known if he was a member of the Mormon Colony or even a Mormon for that matter, but his nephew was Charles S. Elder, which is a common Mormon name. Dr. Smith recalled that during his youth his father was dying of consumption, and that one night he had a vision about the "Arrowhead" and the curative sulphurous springs boiling at its base. Smith stated that in the dream his father was very ill and lay near death, when an angel appeared and picked up his father, carrying him to this giant "Arrowhead" located on the side of the mountain. There the angel had him drink the water which flowed from the base of the mark, and in this vision his father was quickly cured. But as he further relates, his father died while he was still a young man.

Some years later, when Dr. Smith came to Southern California he settled in the San Bernardino Valley. It was then that he saw the sign on the mountain. Upon visiting the site he found the various springs at its base and discovered their great medicinal properties and curative powers. At the time there were 36 different springs close to the foot of the "Arrowhead," and they varied in taste and temperature. It is said he quickly purchased this land and subsequently renamed the area, Arrowhead Springs.

In 1863 Dr. Smith began his first property improvements by building a good road to the springs from old Mountain Mill Road. Here he put up a small house, in which he began to treat patients, and with the financial aid of a few friends he extended the improvements to include



The original Arrowhead Springs Hotel and Sanitarium was modest in contrast to structures built later. This drawing appeared in *Thompson & West History of San Bernardino & Riverside Counties* published in 1883. — *Robert Scherrer Collection*

various baths which accomplished magnetic and hygienic healing. The establishment was an immediate success and Dr. Smith's treatment of many different diseases gradually brought fame to the sanatorium beneath the famous "Arrowhead." To make his Arrowhead Sanatorium the best watering and health resort in the world, he needed a large amount of capital with which he could erect proper hospital care for invalids and a luxury hotel for tourists and pleasure-seekers.

At the base of the "Arrowhead" there were large streams of boiling, scalding water flowing from the rocks that seemed to indicate a never ending reservoir within the depths of the mountain. At Waterman's, a half mile west, another warm spring was found. Another leaped forth at Harrison's, a mile southeast. Near Arrowhead Springs was a wild, romantic canyon, that Smith thought would be an ideal spot for a large hotel. Taken altogether, these attractions and the famous "Arrowhead" constituted a locale of near perfection. Dr. Smith said, "I doubt if Arrowhead has its sanitary equal on earth, as in no instance

Doctor David Noble Smith was in his prime when this portrait appeared in the 1883 edition of *Thompson & West.* — *Robert Scherrer Collection*

has it failed to demonstrate sufficient power to cure any disease, where enough of the organ is left to perform the vital function when treatment is begun... My ancestors all died with consumption, therefore the great desire of my life has been to conquer the disease, and when but a boy of 13 years old, as my father lay on his death bed, I dreamed I would one day go to a place, pecularily marked, where I would be able to conquer this disease."

For 30 years Dr. Smith practiced magnetic and hygienic healing at Arrowhead. Over the years tourists and the ill came from all over the world to benefit from the curative waters. Between 1863 and 1888, Dr. Smith built three different sanatoriums after each had been destroyed by fire. Many successive generations have built hotels and resorts at the site.

The many healing virtues of Arrowhead Springs featured various means of therapy, the result of much experimentation. One of the most popular was a steam bath taken over a spring of actual boiling water. This proved an almost infallible cure for rheumatism, dropsy, paralysis, and other chronic disorders. There were also tub baths for the skin, and a large swimming pool (100 x 75 feet) which allowed for exercise together with the hot waters. A hot douche was available which removed local irritations or inflammations, and was good for stopping pain. A Sitz Bath offered quick relief for sex disorders. Emollient or Mud Bath was wonderful for curing scurvy, scrofula, rheumatism, fever sores, etc. An electrical plunge bath could be taken in pure cold water from snow-fed springs which was to provide the very elixir of life when followed by a sun bath.

The Arrowhead Springs Hotel became a watering place for the rich and those associated with the silver screen. In 1937 the hotel burned to the ground once more. At this time the Arrowhead Springs Corporation was formed, and among the leading shareholders were Joseph M. Schenck, Jay Paley, Darryl Zannuck and Claudette Colbert. They purchased the property and built the present hotel, which was opened on December 17, 1939.

Subsequently the hotel was sold by the Corporation to the Hull Arrowhead Company. During World War II the hotel was entirely occupied by the Unites States Navy for use as a Recuperation Center. In 1950 Hull Arrowhead Company sold

Locator map of Arrowhead Springs Hotel.

the hotel to Conrad Hilton, president of Hilton Hotels. He, in turn, then leased to Hilton Hotels, Inc., who operated it.

In recent years the San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce has a permanent committee at work trying to preserve the "Arrowhead." To deter erosion and damage from fire, cistus plants have been planted around the perimeter. These were selected after tests by Arboretum specialists showed the plant to be particularly fire-resistant. When a bale of hay was broken up around a cistus plant and set afire, hundreds of seed from the plant germinated due to its exposure to the heat, and even the original plant itself did not die. Cistus is a native plant of Jerusalem, and is 85 percent fire resistant. In 1953 four rows of the cistus were planted four feet apart around the "Arrowhead" and additional plants put in each year since.

The Salt Lake Route's book *The Sign of the Arrow Head* contains some very bizarre Indian legends concerning the "Arrowhead." I believe one would have to be an authority on Indian legend and lore to make sense out of the stories. Maybe even smoke a bowl of Iron Eyes Cody's "Knickanick" in a pipe to be able to grasp the full flavor and meaning of the tales of how the "Arrowhead" on the mountain came to pass. I found the Coahuia Indian Legend the most likely Indian tale.

The Coahuia Indian explanation of the origin of the "Arrowhead" is steeped in superstitious lore associated with the Great Spirit. It is my understanding that the Coahuias originally dwelt across the mountains to the east, near Mission San Luis Rey. Although of a peace loving

disposition, they were continually harassed by their warlike neighbors, who stole their ponies, devastated their fields and burned their jacales (huts). Thus for many years they lived in constant fear, until finally the persecution could no longer be endured, and at the command of their chief, the tribesmen gathered in council for the purpose of calling upon the God of Peace or the Great Spirit to assist and direct them to another country, where they might acquire a new homeland. Impressive incantations and ceremonial songs of peace were performed under the direction of the chief medicine man. The Coahuia, being a gentle people, so the tale runs, found special favor with the Great Spirit and were directed to pick up their belongings and head west. The Great Spirit told them they would be guided to their new home by a fiery arrow. Thus one moonless night, when the camp sentries had been posted, there appeared across the heavens a blazing arrow, which took a course further westward and settled on the mountain, where the shaft was consumed in flame. The head of the arrow had embedded itself, clear-cut into the side of the mountain. The following day the tribe resumed their journey to the promised land, and finally under the shadow of the arrow on the mountain, they lived in peace until the coming of the white man.

In 1909 the Salt Lake Route published another tourist brochure entitled *The Mountain of Mystery and the Valley of Romance* authored by John S. McGroarty. It appears the brochure is an extract from an article McGroarty published in *West Coast Magazine* the previous year. Here is a sampling of the prose. "Upon this mountain there gleams clear-cut, sharp and perfect in every outline, a great *Arrowhead* in startling emblazonment. Turn as the traveler will on the winding trails, that mighty mystic symbol keeps him in its watchful suzerainty. At length he comes directly under it, seeing, like white sentinels above it, the cloud-piercing splendor of Mt. San Gorgonio, and, still further on, Mt. San Jacinto robed eternal in monarch's ermine — the kingly outpost of the royal hills." McGroarty's pearls are enough to make anyone a believer. He also coined this poem about "Arrowhead."

THE MOUNTAINS OF MYSTERY

Some god once plucked a fiery dart
And hurled it in the hill's green heart—
Some god that, in the long ago,
The healing waters caused to flow.

Give me the mountains and their thrall
That to the dreaming valleys call;
And happy are the feet that trod
The green trails of the Hills of God.

Where in their splendor, wide and high,
The white peaks break against the sky,
There in the sunlight's golden glow
Serene rules San Antonio.

Far in the distance softly glows
Fair San Jacinto, crowned with snows,
Where deep the dawn its glory spills
Upon the Monarch of the Hills.

Domed with the blue of sunlit skies,
Deep in the breath of bloom it lies—
The vale within the mountains set,
Whose beauty none may e'er forget.

Old San Gorgonio's snowy crown
Still gleams above the good, gray town,
Where shining highways speak the fame
Of blest St. Bernard's gentle name.

O Hills of Glory and your dower
Of peace, serenity and power—
The ages pass, the centuries sleep,
But still your mighty watch you keep.

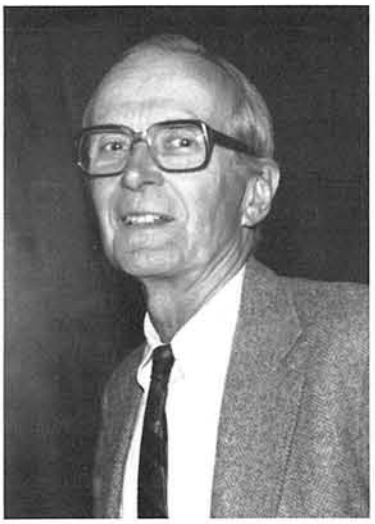
Arrowhead Springs was served by two railroads, however, neither of these transportation enterprises was the Salt Lake Route which had used the famous "Arrowhead" as its corporate emblem.

The first railroad to build to Arrowhead Springs was the Southern California Railway, a subsidiary of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, which constructed and operated the local lines in Southern California. The road built a loop track in 1887, starting and ending at San Bernardino. The loop track served the rich citrus belt cities of Redlands, Mentone, Patton, Arrowhead Springs and Highlands. Tourists quickly discovered the loop passenger train was a jewel to ride in order to see the mountains and the citrus groves. The Santa Fe quickly realized they had a winner and formed an excursion trip out of Los Angeles known as the "Kite Route Trip." This journey became one of the most beautiful one-day trips in Southern California and continued until World War I. The ride embraced over 166 miles of railway, traveling through the groves and scenes that tourists previously had seen only on picture postcards. It was unique in that not one mile of the trip duplicated another. Arrowhead Springs was one of the stops on the route. George Wharton James wrote in his turn-of-the-century *Southern California Guide Book,* "Six miles north of San Bernardino is Santa Fe's Arrowhead Station. This is the 'getting-off-place' for the world famed Arrowhead Hot Springs located at an elevation of 2,035 feet. These springs were famous for their medicinal virtues with the aboriginal tribes long before the coming of the pioneers of the white race to the coast. The hot springs burst from the slopes of the San Bernardino range one thousand feet from their base. A bench of land projects here from the mountain containing one hundred acres. Down the ravine on the east flows a mountain stream of pure cold water, while the one on the west contains a stream from the boiling springs so hot that it fills the air with steam and sulphurous gas. The mud bath is given here with great success, and it is scarcely to be doubted that it benefits more cases than any other form of bath known. On the face of the mountain, discernable for miles, is the figure of a wonderful arrowhead."

The San Bernardino, Arrowhead & Waterman Railroad was formed in 1887 to build a narrow-gauge steam dummy railroad from San Bernardino to Waterman. The tracks were built part way to Arrowhead Springs, but then diverted east to Harlem Hot Springs the following year. While there was local traffic surrounding San Bernardino, the line found little traffic in the suburbs to support its goals. Near bankruptcy by early 1895, the road was sold to the Kohl brothers who began to standard gauge the line and merge it with their San Bernardino & Highlands Electric Railway. All the electric lines around San Bernardino were finally consolidated in 1903 into the San Bernardino Valley Traction Company in order to save money. The SBVT finally finished the line through Arrowhead Hot Springs to Waterman and provided six trips daily in each direction. A hotel omnibus met each electric car and carried passengers the extra quarter mile to the hotel.

Henry E. Huntington consolidated the San Bernardino Valley Traction into his Pacific Electric Railway system on September 1, 1911. Huntington believed the line to Waterman should have never been built, but decided to make the most of it and proposed that the tracks be built directly to the hotel itself. This was never accomplished, however, but the line was extended a quarter mile in another direction in order to accommodate the Arrowhead-Puritas Water Company who wished to run a water tank-car train from Los Angeles to Arrowhead Springs. For nearly a half century, the water trains made the round trip to the springs five days a week. The crystal clear water was delivered to the Arrowhead-Puritas plant on Long Beach Blvd. Rail passenger service continued until September 1, 1932. The tank train operated until the early 1960's, when the water was then diverted to shipment by trucks.

Today tourists no longer visit Arrowhead as part of their tour of Southern California. The rich and the movie stars make their weekend flights to Palm Springs where it is smart to be seen. The curative waters still gush, but vapor and mud baths are not the "in" therapy. We still drink Arrowhead Spring Water, but it comes to us in a plastic bottle directly by truck from Waterman. Maybe a Westerner will see the angel in his dreams and be carried to the curative waters at the tip of the famous "Arrowhead!"



IN MEMORIAM
Rod Paul
by Martin Ridge

Rodman Wilson Paul, a member of this corral for many years, passed on in his sleep on May 15, after a long and courageous struggle with cancer. It is an honor to say a few things about him, perhaps personal things because I listed him among my special friends.

For the past decade, in fact until his death, I drove Rod Paul from Pasadena to these meetings of the Los Angeles corral. At the beginning, I have to confess that I felt a little awkward. Rod seemed more than a bit out of place at the corral. His Brooks Brothers suit, his narrow ties, his somewhat aristocratic eastern accent, his quizical expression, and his very demeanor seemed the antithesis of the rugged, open-handed egalitarian comradeship so characteristic of the Los Angeles Westerners. It was an entirely personal thing with me, and it took a long time before I realized that if ever a man had been misjudged by another, Rod had been misjudged by me. No member of this corral group fit it more perfectly than he.

Rod Paul loved this corral, enjoyed every evening he spent here, cherished every friendship he made, and rode home at night to Pasadena filled with good talk about the paper he had heard, the stories that were told, and men who were present. He especially liked being able to help someone who was in need of information about mining or the Mountain West in general. I was astonished, as the years passed, by the number of corral members who asked him questions that I could not have answered without a day's research at the Huntington Library or at UCLA and he casually handed out the facts, the sources, and any disagreements that historians had on the subject.

He had a fierce loyalty and possessiveness about the work of the corral members, and though he could sit down with someone and say that they were wrong on this or that fact or argue with them face-to-face, he defended the work in the *Brand Book* and the *Branding Iron*. If I had a guest at a meeting who thought the program a bit too parochial, Rod would explode. The smallest research subject fascinated him. He appreciated and understood the hard digging that brought out even the smallest valid truth.

The members of this corral tend to take each other for granted and only when a man dies do we seem to realize that he was unique and distinguished. This was true for Rod Paul. He was not only a very decent human being but also a very well-known historian. In his field there were none better.

He was born in Villanova, Pennsylvania, educated at Harvard, and taught at Harvard and Yale before joining the faculty of the California Institute of Technology, where he was the Edward S. Harkness Professor of History. He was a first-rate scholar of the American frontier, and his two major books — *California Gold* and *Mining Frontiers of the Far West, 1848-1880* — remain outstanding contributions to our understanding of the West in the nineteenth century. On the eve of his death he had completed a manuscript for the *New American Nation Series* on the West between 1848 and 1900. It will be published in the spring of 1988.

Paul's work won him many awards, including the Louis Knott Kountz Memorial Prize, the Henry R. Wagner Memorial Award, and in 1948 the annual book prize of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association. He was President of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association, and served on the National Archives Advisory Council, the Historical Advisory Committee of National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and in a host of other professional offices. He was president of

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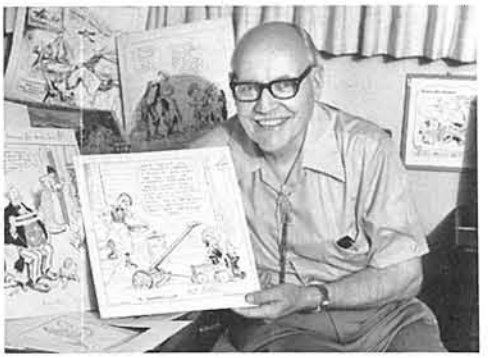
Herschel Logan, 1901-1987: A Memory and a Farewell

by Anthony L. Lehman



Herschel Logan did not quite make it to his 88th birthday, but his years were rich with many achievements. He had been a commercial artist, an author, a printer, a publisher, a notable collector of antique firearms, and a woodcut artist of incomparable talent — destined, I believe, for an enduring reputation in this genre.

But for those of us who knew this man, he will be remembered, too, as a kind, warm, and generous friend. I recall, for example, when I journeyed to his home in Santa Ana to interview him and gather other source material for what resulted in our Westerner keepsake entitled *Herschel Logan: Man of Many Careers.* Together we walked out to his studio in the back of his home — a difficult task for Herschel in the last months of his life because a fractured hip and the weakness that comes with old age meant he had to use a walker and take slow, careful steps. Once inside his workroom, so marvelously crowded with pictures, books, western artifacts, and his treasured Baby Reliance handpress, I asked to see his woodcuts, located in the bottom drawer of a tall file cabinet.

My plan was to set aside those few I admired, and then pick out one or two to purchase. However, these beautiful woodcuts, most of them depicting the rural Kansas of Herschel's boyhood, were so captivating that I ended up with a stack of nearly four dozen that I really liked. Turning to Herschel, I said, "Wow, it's going to be hard to decide which few to buy." "Never mind," he said, "take them all if you like them, they're a gift." I couldn't believe what I had heard, but Herschel was that kind of a person: open, selfless, and giving.

A final incident will reveal a facet of Herschel that perhaps not everyone saw, the sensitive, tender, emotional side of the man. Just as soon as Bob Clark called and indicated that the Logan keepsake was ready, I picked up Herschel's complimentary copies and drove down to Santa Ana with them. I had not been sure, all along, that he would even live long enough to see the publication, for his health was slowly ebbing, his body weakened, his speech faltering.

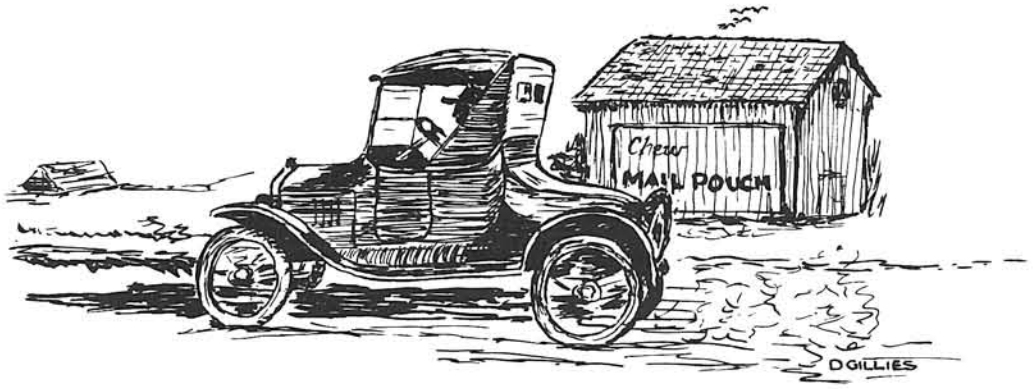
I'll never forget the smile on his face when he first held a copy of the little pamphlet in his hands. He was proud, he was honored, and he was unbelievably grateful that the Los Angeles Corral had published this tribute to him. "Tony," he said in a shaky voice, "thank you, God bless you." And then he broke, the tears flowed down his face quietly, without embarrassment, for several minutes.

This is the human being I will long remember, blessed with a wealth of personal virtues that were no less abundant than his rare artistic gifts. God Bless *you,* Herschel.

Rod Paul (continued). . .

the Western History Association. The list of fellowships he held would fill a page. He was at the close of his career a Senior Research Associate at the Huntington.

Rod Paul was not a library westerner and not a dude: he knew mining camps first-hand, he had slept under the stars, he had spent days in the saddle, and he extended his hand in friendship to any scholarly traveler who asked him for help. Like many of the college-educated miners who left New England in 1849 to hunt for gold, Rod Paul found the West a new and happy land in which to search for fortune. He found much of what he was seeking in the company of men with a similar quest. Those of you who came to know him realize that he was a true gentleman. He was also elegant: elegant in his scholarship, elegant in his personal relations, and elegant in his contributions to our knowledge and understanding of western history. He will be sorely missed by all of us.



The Model-T Coupe had a distinctive style and attractiveness not found in any other runabout. The top was easily folded down turning the vehicle into a convertible.

Tin Lizzie The Little Machine That Won the West

by Bill Miller

When it came to winning the west, Henry Ford and his Model "T" took over where Samuel Colt and Smith & Wesson left off. The 44 Colt hanging low on the hip and the slogan that "Smith and Wesson made all men equal" gave way to Henry Ford and his marvelous "Tin Lizzie." this little workhorse was the mechanized Conestoga wagon and the pack mule of the 20th century, all wrapped up in one.

It was cursed and kicked like the stubborn little "animal" it could be, just as it's four legged predecessors had been but at the same time it was also praised and cherished. Was there ever a man who owned a Model "T" that did not think his pride and joy could out perform every one else's, even though they all came off the same assembly line and the engine block came from the same mold?

This little mass-produced jewel seemed to keep going forever. In the depression years of the thirties, many of the breed were still chugging along long after they should have been consigned to the automobile graveyard. Even though they were literally worn out they could always be coaxed into one more trip. Six dollars could often buy one in good working order.

A monkey wrench, a combination spark plug and head wrench, and a pair of pliers were standard equipment that came with every car. That's all it took to take care of most repairs and adjustments. A few pieces of bailing wire were good to have along and were in the tool kit of any self respecting Ford owner.

In good weather the little engine would start right up... if you treated it right. But needless to say, it could also be temperamental. Standard procedure was to carefully set the spark lever and the hand throttle that were found just under the big wooden steering wheel. There was no foot throttle.

Next, you made sure the brake lever was pulled all the way back. This not only set the hand brake, if it was working, but it also disengaged the transmission. Then you turned the switch on for the magneto ignition system. You were now ready to climb out of the driver's seat, go around in front, and crank the engine. There was no "self starter."

If the looped wire that went through the radiator shell and to the carburator choke was pulled out just right it would start on the second pull of the crank. The later models had a choke rod mounted on the dash board. A wooden clothes pin placed under the knob would hold the choke out just the right amount to allow the engine to idle until it warmed up. Could Henry Ford have

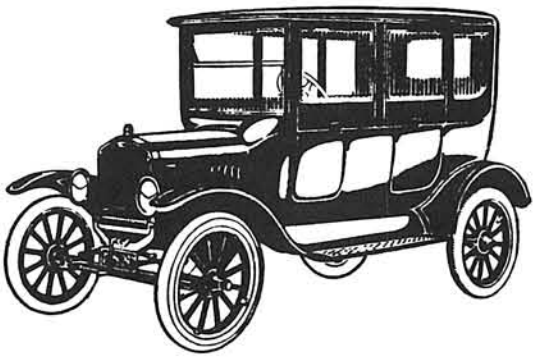
foreseen this important feature?

The lady that pulled the choke rod out for a place to hang her purse gave her mechanic fits until he finally figured out what made the engine flood. She told him she thought that was what it was for!

In cold weather this little marvel of engineering could be an exercise in futility. First you jacked up a rear wheel, after blocking a front one, because the cold oil in the planetary transmission did not let the gears fully disengage. This accomplished two things. The engine was command.

There were three pedals on the floor that operated the transmission. When the left pedal was fully depressed, it was in low gear. Half way out, it was in neutral. Let it all the way out and you were in high gear. The middle pedal operated the reverse gear and the right pedal the brake. If the brake was not working too good you could always use the reverse pedal to stop.

Servicing was direct and simple. There was no dip stick to check the oil. You crawled under the car just back of the left front wheel where



The 1917 Model-T Sedan, with its high, tower-like cab, made the driver feel that he was indeed ruler of all he surveyed. By 1917 the Ford Model-T easily outsold all other makes. Competitors considered this glass-enclosed "showcase" a fad, but the closed car was here to stay.

easier to crank and it kept the car from running over you when it finally did start.

After setting the spark and throttle levers, with the ignition switch off, you pulled the choke wire all the way out and gave two pulls on the crank. This would prime the engine. Then you quickly ran back to turn on the ignition key, reset the choke, and started cranking in earnest. That is, after saying a short prayer.

If you were lucky, the little engine would give a gasp of encouragement after a pull or two and then you began again. Prayers turned to words more expressive of the occasion as the sweat began to break out. This seemed to be most effective because sooner or later the little engine began to purr. That is, until you went around to the driver's seat to reset the spark and idle the engine. Just as you got there the engine would suddenly cough and die for no reason at all.

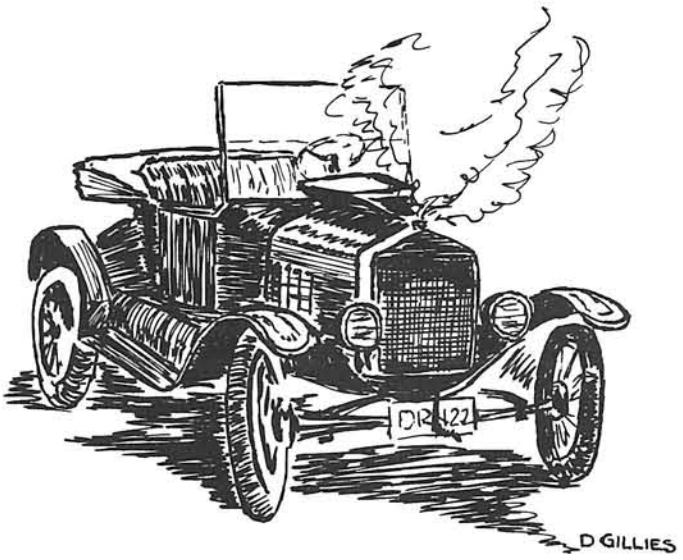
When the engine finally settled down to a steady rhythm, you removed the jack and wheel blocks, climbed into the driver's seat and took

there were two pet cocks on the side of crankcase. Open them and let a few drops of oil run out. The top one said there was plenty of oil. If nothing came out of the botton one it spelled trouble. You were out of oil.

There was no water pump as the cooling was a thermal system. The radiator had to be full or there was no circulation, hence no cooling. The driver had to stop and add water when steam started coming out of the radiator cap. He knew the water was boiling.

You sat on the gas tank, it was under the driver's seat. To fill up, you lifted the cushion and the station attendant passed the nozzle to you. They gave you a little wooden ruler marked off in gallons so you could measure when to buy gas. There was no fuel pump, the carburetor was gravity fed. On a long steep hill, if the tank was not full, you had to turn around and go up the hill backwards. This kept fuel supplied to the engine.

There was a single wiper blade on the driver's



The third edition of the Model-T was one of Henry Ford's greatest contributions to the automobile industry. Ford also had established a $5.00 minimum wage, began the assembly line manufacture of cars, and by 1927 had built over 15,000,000 Model-T's between the years 1908-1927. Sure the Model-T ran hot and boiled over at times, what car didn't in those days?

side for use when it rained. It was attached to a pivot pin that went through the windshield frame with a lever on the inside. It was operated by hand. A dampened sack of Bull Durham tobacco rubbed on the windshield made the water run off a little easier. No problem with steaming up on the inside of the windshield, the side curtains let in plenty of cold air.

Not too many extras could be bought for a Model "T." A battery ignition was available; this also let the lights burn at a constant brightness. The standard magneto ignition only provided current in direct ratio to the speed of the engine. Idle speed, dim lights. More speed, bright lights. The faster you drive, the further you could see. But of course it took longer to stop. One seemed to offset the other.

You could also buy a brake kit known as "Rocky Mountain Brakes." It was commonly said that it was the most economical brake in the world because only one of them worked at a time.

Eventually an electric starter was available to the more affluent so the engine would not have to be cranked by hand. This also saved a few broken arms. The engine would sometimes "kick" if the spark lever was not set just right, causing the crank to fly around the wrong way and do the damage.

A long trip, two or three hundred miles, took special planning. Everything was checked out. Cans of extra gasoline, oil and water were a must. A spare connecting rod carried under the seat was good insurance. It was possible to change a connecting rod on the road. You could take off the pan and pull the rod out the bottom, piston and all. You drained the oil first, saving it to put back in the engine when the repairs were made.

Spare tires were a necessity on a long trip. A can of "cold patch" to repair inner tubes and a spare "boot" or two to put between the casing and the tube in the event of tire damage was a good idea. "Blow-outs" were common. Some spare valve cores and a hand tire pump were also a must.

When Henry Ford decided to replace the Model "T" with the Model "A," many a heart was saddened. The little machine that had helped conquer the west was to be no more. The tales of the heroic exploits of the little "Tin Lizzie" are countless and legendary.

Progress is inevitable. There are new frontiers to conquer, first in the sky and now in outer space. Perhaps if the astronauts had looked a little closer when they landed on the moon they might have found a little black Tin Lizzie parked in a shadow. Did they look for tire tracks? They would have been 30 x 3½, clincher type rim.

The Oak Autograph Album

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

One of the truly great treasures at the Archival Center, Archdiocese of Los Angeles, is an album entitled *Autographs of California Pioneers.* This book measuring 17x14-inches and about 5-inches thick, contains more than 1,600 autographs (covering 1,150 individuals) of Californians and visitors to the area prior to 1849. The material is skillfully mounted on thin sheets inlaid atop the original leaves of the album. Appended to most of the entries are printed biographical sketches which the compiler excised from newspaper accounts or other early printed sources.

The individuals represented by the autographs were all pioneers in the early life of the Golden State. They were men and women who had come to California by ship (around the Horn), on foot or horseback across uncharted deserts, or by dangerous and tiresome trails in an oxcart or wagon of pre-Gold Rush vintage. Friar and scout, captain and sailor, author and adventurer, trapper and *alcalde,* lawyer and merchant, all are part of a unique collection in our western annals.

For many years, the fascinating scrapbook belonged to Ora Oak, a onetime employee of A.L. Bancroft & Company of San Francisco. She sold the album to Ernest Dawson about 1927. Charles Yale, then an employee of Dawson's Book Shop, was asked to write a comprehensive description of the album in order to enhance its saleability. In so doing, he leaned heavily on the biographical insertions for the essay which he and his assistant, Eleanor Reed, prepared for publication in Catalogue No. 53 issued by Dawson's Book Shop in January 1928. A copy of that now-rare catalogue was given to this writer by Glen Dawson, along with permission to quote liberally from its contents.

Yale concluded his lengthy description of the album by noting that, since duplication of such a work would be an impossibility, it was being "moderately priced" at $6,000. There was no dearth of interest in the book, and prospective buyers were not breaking down the door for a glance at the prized item, all due in part to the cost even in pre-Depression times. Finally, one year later, "father" Dawson had to reduce his price. Carrie Estelle Doheny purchased the album as the centerpiece of her Western Americana Collection.

In 1940, the album became part of the Estelle Doheny Collection of Books, Manuscripts and Works of Art and, as such, was presented to Saint John's Seminary in Camarillo. There it remained, a cherished historical jewel, until 1987. At that time it was moved to the Archival Center, at Mission Hills, and formed a part of the newly-constituted Estelle Doheny Collection of California.

The compiler of the album was Henry Oak (1844-1905), a native of Maine who had come to California in 1866. On his arrival he took a position as a clerk in charge of a grain warehouse in Petaluma. He later taught briefly at the Napa Collegiate Institute and then joined the staff of the San Francisco *Occident.*

In 1869, Oak became associated with Hubert Howe Bancroft's library in San Francisco, where he labored for 18 years. While there he spent

much of his time writing and editing at least 10 of the 39 volumes that eventually comprised *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft.* Unhappily, the role of Oak in the monumental Bancroft publishing venture was never adequately acknowledged by Bancroft, a factor which deeply embittered his long-time New England collaborator.

Oak was an avid autograph collector. During his tour of the California missions in 1874, for example, he interviewed a number of prominent personages such as Benjamin Hayes, Cornelius Coe, Alfred Robinson, Andres Pico, B.D. Wilson and J.J. Warner. And, in every case, he sought and was given either an autograph, a document, or a letter for his personal files. Later on, whenever an important individual came to the library, he left behind something for the Oak collection. It can easily be seen how a man of this diligence came to acquire such a varied and exquisite collection. Everything about this volume indicates the methodology of its compiler. The contents are neatly mounted, carefully cross-indexed and minutely researched. The sketches, mounted next to the autographs, subsequently became the basis for the pioneer register and index which began appearing under the name of Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1885.

Oak divided his 266 page album into categories. The first entries are those of the earliest settlers in California. Twelve pages are devoted to men who came to the area between 1814 and 1830. Among this distinguished group was John Gilroy (born Cameron, who took the name Gilroy to avoid arrest and the possibility of being sent back to Scotland), an honest, good-natured sailor-*ranchero*, one who proved to be as powerless in the hands of the land-lawyers as were the natives themselves. He lost all his property and cattle, but lived on to see his *ranchero* become the site of the flourishing town bearing his adopted name.

Another of this group was William E.P. Hartnell, a man of affairs whose generosity and openheartedness kept him in financial difficulties. Arriving in 1822, this outstanding figure was a rancher, custom collector, educator, visitor of the missions, interpretor and translator.

Then there were Robert Livermore, William A. Gale, Daniel Hill, John R. Cooper, David Spence and James McKinley — to enumerate but a few of the many whose names awaken memories of pioneering times.

The missionaries also occupy a prominent section in the album. *Primer inter pares* would be Fray Junípero Serra (1713-1784), founder and *Presidente* of the California missions. Actually there are two Serra autographs, one clearly dated at San Carlos de Monte-Rey, July 17, 1774. Others included in this section are Fermin Francisco de Lasuén, Estevan Tápis, Jose Sêñan, Vicente de Sarría, Mariano Payeras, Jose Sánchez and Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno who later became the proto Bishop for the Diocese of both Californias.

There are eleven pages in the album concerned with the other missionaries, three devoted to the friars who came to California from the Apostolic College of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe at Zacatecas. Priests, clergymen and chaplains are next considered and among them are Walter Colton and John Nobile, the founder of Santa Clara College.

A listing of California's Spanish, Mexican and Military governors begins on page 34, a notable assemblage from Jose Joaquin Arrillaga to Richard B. Mason. Evidence of Oak's meticulous care is shown in his section covering pioneers living

Fray Junípero Serra, O.F.M.
Founder of the California Missions
(1769 - 1784)

Fray José Sánchez, O.F.M.
Upper California Missionary
(1804 - 1833)
President of the Missions
(1827 - 1831)

in 1855, for whom he made careful cross references to the native Californians, the pioneers of 1825-1829, 1830-1840 and each succeeding year to 1848. He thus provided an index to those whose autographs are found elsewhere in the album.

The Graham Affair (1840), the Bear Flag men, the Hijar and Padres expedition, Stevenson's regiment, the Mormon colony (with Sam Brannan as its prime leader), the Constitutional Convention, the Donner party and the Hudson's Bay Company, each with its full complement of important signatures, ably depict instances of diplomacy, intrigue and bravery in the history of the Golden West.

Placed under the heading "Episodes of California History" are signatures which bring to mind such incidents as John C. Fremont's ride, the discovery of gold by Francisco Lopez (1842), the *Star of the West,* smuggling and the historical background of Bret Harte's *Story of a Mine.*

Seven pages are given over to autographs and biographical sketches of early authors who recorded California's history, heroes and scenic wonders. This listing would of course include Fray Geronimo Boscana, who wrote about the Indians at San Juan Capistrano Mission; Alfred Robinson whose *Life in California* (1846) was issued with Boscana's work; Walter Colton, author of *Three Years in California* who was an interesting figure as *alcalde* of Monterey; Joseph Revere, a young lieutenant whose adventures and observations gave him material for his *Tour of Duty;* Eugene Duflot de Mofras, the young French diplomat whose varied experiences occasioned *Exploration* (1844), together with Edward Vischer, William Dane Phelps, William Thomas, William Taylor, Samuel Ward and Felix Paul Wierzbicki whose literary work made them outstanding figures in western history.

Among the hunters, trappers and explorers whose names are recorded in the album are Christopher (Kit) Carson, his brother Moses, James Clyman, Isaac Graham, Ewing Young and George C. Yount. There are remembrances of over 75 Spanish, Mexican and foreign traders who visited the Pacific Slope. Outstanding of these are Alpheus, Francis and Joseph Thompson, John Parrott, Fred Macondray, Thomas Larkin, William Gale, William Leidesdorff, Jose Bandini and Jose Aguirre.

The autographs of vessel masters, supercargoes and agents, sailor-visitors and naval settlers occupy 14 full pages. There were such personages as John Cooper, the trade rival of Hartnell & Company, who made many trips up and down the coast; Edward McIntosh, who came with Cooper on his trip to California in 1823, Lansford Hastings of the *Tasso;* James Hedge of the *Monmouth;* Mariano Malarin of the *Senoriano* and Henry Mellus, agent for Appleton & Company are just a sampling.

Physicians, lawyers, journalists, printers, secretaries, surveyors and lumbermen are assigned 13 pages in the album. In the first group are such names as John Griffin, who came to California with Stephen Kearney and was later in charge of the military hospital at Los Angeles; John Marsh, a misunderstood and somewhat maligned fellow whose chief interest appears to have been that of seeing California brought into the federal union and James L. Ord, who arrived in about 1847 as a surgeon with the Third United States Artillery unit.

Among the lawyers were George Hyde, *alcalde* of San Francisco, Charles T. Botts, member of a leading law firm and a delegate to the 1849 Constitutional Convention, together with Lewis Dent, a well-known jurist in the Bay Area.

Among the prominent names in the state's printing history was Agustin V. Zamorano, publisher of many imprints emanating from the Spanish press of California; Walter Colton and Robert Semple of the *Californian,* the first newspaper and E.P. Jones and Edward C. Kemble of the Los Angeles *Star.*

Spanish and Mexican officials are well represented. They include the Argüello family — Jose Dario (father), Luis, Antonio, Gervasio and Santiago (sons); the Carrillo family — Jose Raimundo (father), Anastasio (son) and Raimundo (grandson), together with Joaquin (cousin) and the Estrada brothers — Jose Mariano and Jose Raimundo.

Remembered for his romantic "march to the sea," William Tecumseh Sherman also had a claim to fame in California history, as well as a place in this album. Bancroft felt that Sherman "reached a higher position than any other pioneer named in this register." With him in this section of the album is Edward O.C. Ord, known for surveying the area that became metropolitan Los Angeles. Those prominent in the state's political affairs are such legendary figures as James Alexander Forbes, Manuel Castro and Gabriel Torre.

The pages devoted to capitalists and those connected with islandic affairs can be passed over with scant notice, but the next section is important because it deals with pioneer women of California. Among the first of them is Mary Kinlock (wife of George), who came from Scotland before 1830. Her autograph, beautifully written, is one of several including Josefa and Mary Carson, wives of Kit and Moses B. Carson. Others are Rachel Larkin (wife of Thomas O.) and Mary Paty (wife of John).

United States and Mexican naval commanders are featured as well, attesting to the part played by men of the sea in those times. Montgomery and Page, Lavalette and Stribling, Thorburn and Watson for the Americans; Malatin, Araujo and Narvaez for the Mexicans are indicative of the officers whose names appear.

John Bidwell stands tall among the migrants to California, as do his three companions R.H. Thomas, George Henshaw and Michael Nye. Practically all those who joined what was later known as the Bartleson Company are represented in this album. Examples are Josiah Belden, David Chandler, Henry Brolaski and Joseph B. Chiles.

Those whose names adorn valleys and mountains, lakes and rivers, towns and countrysides and streets and avenues were avidly sought out by Henry L. Oak. Among them are Juan Alvarado, Edward Kern, Pio Pico, Jonathan Stevenson, Robert Stockton, John Temple, Ignacio Martinez and Jaspar O'Farrell.

German, French, Irish, Italian, Scotch, Russian and English pioneers occupy seven well-filled pages, each recalling the cosmopolitan character of the population in those early days. Those names read like a modern telephone directory — Alder, Behn, Bolcof, Douglas, Ehrenberg, Fleury, Prudon, Rubidoux, Sainsevain, Wrangel — men of diverse nationalities who, through their military connections, their love of adventure and their search for new fields of commercial enterprise, visited these shores and played a role in the establishment of new communities.

Of the native Californians, there are autographs of practically every important family... the Guerras, Lugos, Estudillos, Picos, Pachecos, Ortegas, Sepulvedas and Vallejos. From page 201 onwards to the end of the album, the arrangement is totally geographical — first the San Diego military officers, friars and citizens; the Los Angeles merchants and officials; then representatives from Santa Barbara, Purisima, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Cruz and, finally, San Francisco. Thus completely and amply are the centers of population from the missions of the south to the city of the north systematically played out.

Covering the outlying *ranchos* of the interior, the last pages of the album contain autographs and sketches of men notable in the annals of pastoral California. Chief among these is John Augustus Sutter, the German-Swiss trader who changed the face of California by his discovery of gold.

They are all here in this magnificent album — those valiant men and women who came from all parts of America and from many foreign countries to lift California high upon the crest of worldwide acclaim. They came to be part of the American dream.