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ODYSSEY

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HISTORICAL & PIONEER SOCIETY

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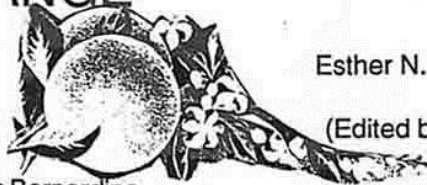
JANUARY TO AUGUST 1994

OUR FIRST ORANGE SHOW

Written by

Esther N. Hancock Littlefield in 1965

(Edited by Nick and Linda Cataldo)



A quiet small town called San Bernardino held its first Orange Show in February, 1911. This was quite a celebration for the southern city. A large tent was at the northernmost corner of 4th and "E" Streets. The show featured many oranges from the towns all around San Bernardino. They had boxes of oranges crated up all around the tent. There were pigeons, chickens, ducks, and turkeys. In addition, there were vegetables, many small collections of grains, and rocks consisting of mining materials.

I believe that we had two shows in the tents until the wind did some major damage and a new building was built at the corner of "E" and Mill Streets. This new building was a good size place where we would have future shows. It seems that it would always rain during the show. The ceilings of the building were always beautiful, and so were the displays of sacks filled with oranges filled high.

It seems as if the show was better back then or maybe it seemed that way to me because there wasn't so much to see---no radios or television ---in those days.

The Orange Show became an annual event except for the few years during the war when the show wasn't held, largely due to gas rationing and safety precautions. During the happier times, however, the big outdoor carnival had hot dog stands, popcorn, a variety of hats, whips, and pennants. Many kids in those days decorated their bedrooms with those Orange Show pennants.

The first shows had confetti scattered around. In addition, both "E" Street and Third Street were covered with it. The store windows were dressed up for the show. Many had large beautiful oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and tangerines. The ladies of the town came out in their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)

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MEMBERSHIPS

Individual \$25.00 Student \$10.00
Life \$500.00

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City of San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society
P.O. Box 875
San Bernardino, Ca. 92402

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Dr. R. Bruce Harley, Dorothy Inghram



HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS

There will be no meetings during the months of July and August. The meetings for the months of September and October are as follows:

7:00 P.M., Thurs., September 1
RON SINGERTON, a local educator who has been actively involved with Civil War reenactments for many years will enlighten us with a fascinating presentation on what it was like to be a soldier during the Civil War.

3:30 P.M., Thurs., September 29
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

7:00 P.M., Thurs., October 6
MARILYN CRAM DONAHUE, well known author and who is a descendant of the pioneer Cram family, will take us back in time with a wonderful talk on what life was like during the early days in the San Bernardino Valley.

3:30 P.M. Thurs., October 27
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

HISTORICAL FIELD TRIP

Meet at 9:00 A.M., Saturday, October 8 at the Mojave River Valley Museum in Barstow. We will then caravan to our destination--- the Tecopa --Shoshone area where we will see traces of old pioneer trails and pioneer roads from the 1800's. People will have opportunities to camp out if they wish.

EDITOR'S COLUMN

On October 1, 1993, a very prestigious award was bestowed upon a woman who has given so much to the people of San Bernardino for many years. On that day the Awards Committee of the California Historical Society presented the Award of Merit for Historic Preservation to Beryl Holcomb.

An educator in the San Bernardino City Unified School District for many years, Beryl was very instrumental in saving Warm Springs

School---initially established in 1854 and which still remains as the oldest continuously operating school in the city-- from the wrecking ball before she retired from teaching. She has since be extremely involved in reaching out to elementary school students by emphasizing the importance of knowing about one's local history with the annual Fourth Grade "It Happened in San Bernardino" essay contest.

In addition to being an active member of the City of San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society for many years, Beryl has been involved with a host of activities regarding local history with the Women's Club of San Bernardino, especially with coordinating the docents for the Society's Heritage House Tours.

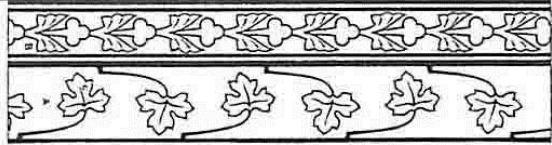
Congratulations Beryl on a most deserving tribute to such a wonderful person.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY FIELD TRIP

On Saturday, October 8, The City of San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society will be offering to the public free of charge a guided tour of one of the most historic crossing points in California that were used by early pioneers. We will meet at 9:00 A.M. at the Mojave River Valley Museum in Barstow and will caravan to our destination which will be in the Tecopa--Shoshone area (a few miles east of the southern portion of Death Valley National Monument). Well known Mojave Desert author historian Cliff Walker, will be our tour guide. He will show us traces of the Old Spanish Trail traversed by mule caravans in the 1830's and 1840's, the gold rush route taken by the 49er's, wagon ruts still embedded on the Mormon Trail used in 1851, and much more! For those that would like to camp out, Cliff knows a wonderful place for that.

For more information about the trip, please contact me at (909) 887-0567 or write to Nick Cataldo, 6804 N. Ventura Court, San Bernardino, Ca., 92407.

Nicholas R. Cataldo



IN MEMORIAM

During the past few months two of the earliest members of the City of San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society whose hard work and dedication helped our group evolve into what it is today have passed on.

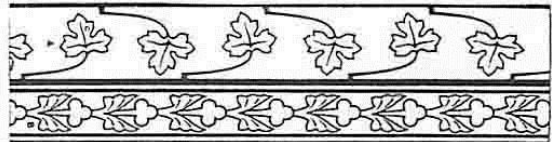
The first of the two to leave us was well known local historian, author, and artist, Hazel Olson who died of heart failure on March 22 at the age of 71. In addition to being one of our society's earliest members, Hazel contributed much to preserving the history of Colton. She designed the Colton centennial logo in 1987, was director of the city's museum, founder of the Colton Area Museum Association, and a member of the Historic and Scenic Preservation Commission. She authored a history of Colton entitled "As the Sand Shifts in Colton, California".

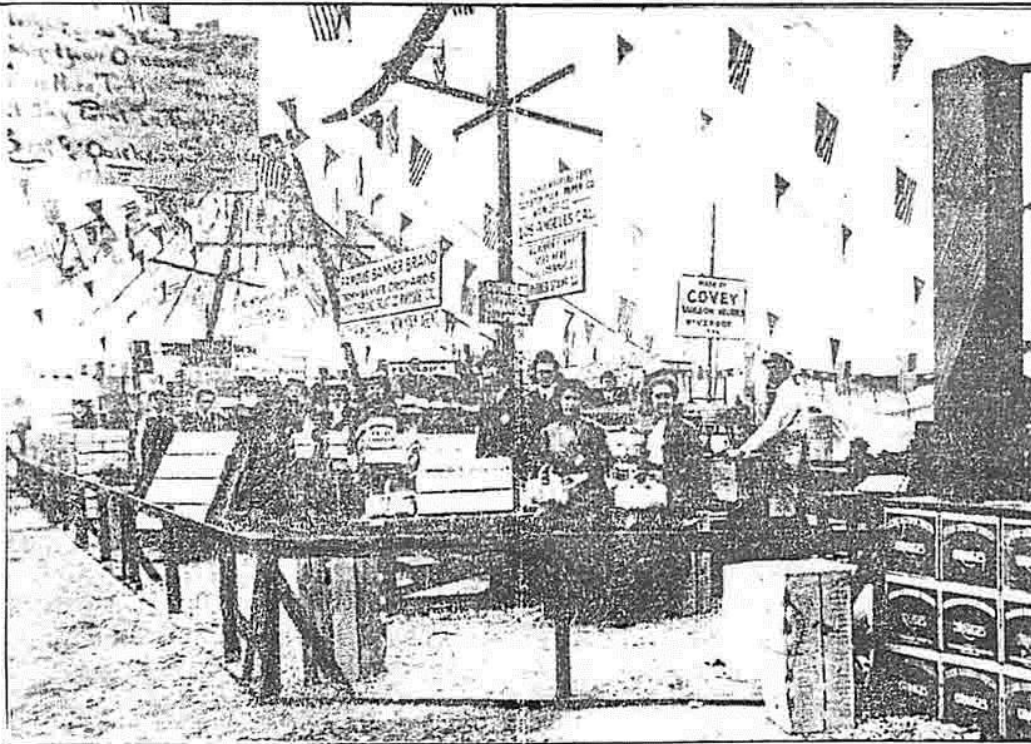
Hazel, who was named citizen of the year by the Colton Chamber of Commerce in 1990, painted more than 200 pictures of historical events and county homes and buildings.

Our other Society member to pass on was Fred Ratzlaff who died of a heart attack on June 7 at the age of 68. A lifelong resident of San Bernardino and self-employed mechanic for 30 years, Fred was very proud of his role in helping keep our local heritage alive. He was a member of our Society's Board of Directors for many years and was a past president of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

Our heartfelt condolences go out to the families of both Hazel and Fred.

Nicholas R. Cataldo





("Our First Orange Show", cont. from page one)

Above: First National Orange Show. Sutherland Fruit Company booth.

new spring hats. The baking of cakes, pies, and pastries---all of which contained fresh citrus fruit-- were displayed in down town as well as home made candy. There were booths containing a variety of goodies or advertising in front of the local businesses.

Our town has grown over the years. This will be our forty- seventh show. Many out of town visitors came during the show. Our newspaper, THE SUN -TELEGRAM, printed our visitors' names and who they were visiting. This was San Bernardino's yearly program..."THE ORANGE SHOW".

The Orange Show has grown year after year. The old show building was burned down. The new one and many more new additions have been added. The auditorium, cafeteria, and race track have all come in as well as a large parking space. The grounds and the pool helped to make it a grand show place. I have enjoyed many, many Orange Shows. The citizens of our town for many years have given their time and

efforts to this cause. A great empire has grown from a small show.

The oranges of the valley are not as good as they were years ago. Many trees have been taken out for the new homes. Oranges were much larger many years ago. I have wondered if gasses have not been good for the citrus. I hope in the future that California can produce citrus again in some of our desert lands.

The early settlers all had several trees in their yards for home use. My grandfather started some orange trees and a lemon tree in the yard of his home on West 9th Street. The trees were from the first trees from Riverside. One of the seeds from the old lemon trees produced one of the largest lemon trees I have ever seen.

My Grandfather's family settled in San Bernardino June 5, 1854. This was a small Spanish town with not many white people. Everyone was planting and making a new home here. Farming was a life they had to do. The people raised their crops. Around 100 years

1890

Ingersoll & Esler Co.
The Pioneer Liquor House

1911

—Established 1896—

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C. MEYER

INFORMATION

The National Orange Show opens Monday night at 7:30 and will remain open until Saturday night at 10:30 P. M. Doors open daily at 10:30 A. M. Program commences at 2:30 P. M., lasting until 5:30 and from 7:30 until 10:30 P. M. Entire change of program every afternoon and evening.

Any visitor interested in orchards will kindly register at the Entertainment Headquarters just outside the main entrance, where they can secure the desired information and literature.

Lost articles should be reported at the Headquarters of the Entertainment Committee and persons finding articles should leave same at Entertainment Headquarters.

Persons wishing to send oranges to their Eastern friends should place orders with the Sutherland Fruit Co., who are at this time packing a very fine grade of fruit at a very reasonable amount to advertise Southern California.

PLACES OF INTEREST

Arrowhead Hot Springs can be reached by electric car and is located eight miles north of the city.

Urbita Springs, Harlem Springs, Highland, Redlands and Colton can be reached by electric car.

City Park, located on corner of Sixth and E streets.

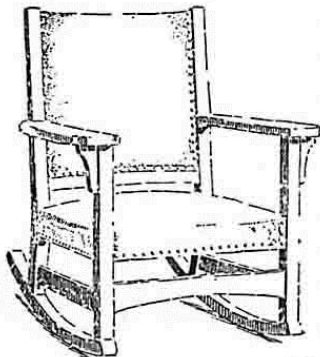
Meadowbrook Park, located on East Third Street.

Chamber of Commerce, across the street, where Secretary will furnish literature descriptive of the City.

A beautiful booklet of San Bernardino County can be secured free of charge at the Evening Index Booth and order taken for the National Orange Show Magazine, which will be printed immediately after the Show. Don't fail to get one.

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J. T. BOLLONG

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Home 201



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San Bernardino, Cal.

N. B. Hale Established 1874 M. G. Hale

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AND ENGRAVERS

310 D St.

San Bernardino, Cal.

ago, Grandfather took his eggs, butter, cheese, honey, and produce into Los Angeles by horse and wagon. This was done in exchange for sugar and other things such as shoes and sewing materials. There was the old stage coach which ran out 5th Street and passed Grandfather's first homed which was in Lytle Creek. The flood about 94 years drove them to higher ground on West 9th and Muscott Court.

I remember all the barnyard fertilizer was used for groves. The old smudge pots were a mess. Your face and clothes were so black after a smudging of a few days. The white animals were a sight. From a Native Daughter of San Bernardino.



*Grandpa
Joseph Hancock*



*Grandma
Nancy Bemis Hancock
Wife of Joseph*

(Excerpt from SUN Newspaper, March 16, 1994)

ORANGE SHOW ADOPTS A NEW MONIKER

"In an effort to improve its recognition with newcomers to the Inland Empire, the National Orange Show changed its name to the NATIONAL ORANGE SHOW EVENTS CENTER".

The former NATIONAL ORANGE SHOW festival has been renamed THE CITRUS FRUIT FAIR AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. (In this publication we may still refer to the ORANGE SHOW as the ORANGE SHOW.)

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS

YOUR 1994 MEMBERSHIP IS DUE. PLEASE SEND YOUR CHECK TO: City of San Bernardino Historical & Pioneer Society 465 W. 49th Street San Bernardino, CA 92407

(The general membership is only \$25 per year with publications)

HERITAGE HOUSE

OPEN

2ND TUESDAY AND SATURDAY

12:00 TO 4:00 PM

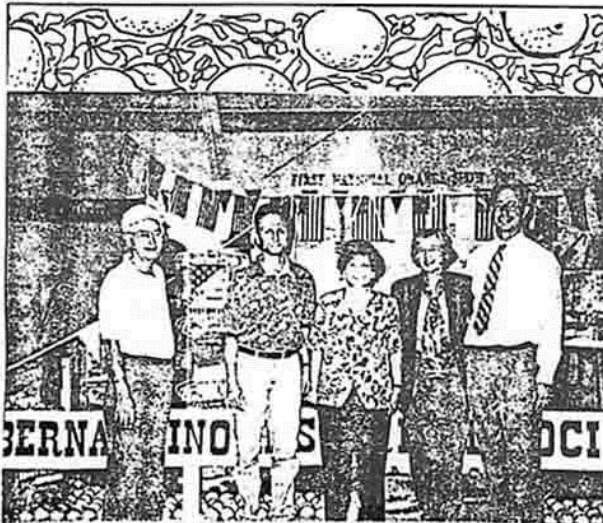
OPEN OTHER TIMES FOR TOURS BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT*

*Fee charged for special tours.

NATIONAL Orange SHOW

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

By Carol Dunbar



1994 NATIONAL ORANGE SHOW "CITRUS FRUIT FAIR AND MUSIC FESTIVAL"

For the fourth consecutive year the City of San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society had an exhibit at the National Orange Show's "Citrus Fruit Fair and Music Festival". This year's entry, which focused on the "resurrection" of the first National Orange Show in 1911, was a tremendous success once again. Our Society was awarded by the Orange Show judges with a "Red Ribbon" second prize accompanied by a check for \$1,800.

Many thanks to the following members who volunteered their time for either putting the exhibit together or for being on hand to provide historical information and answering questions regarding our exhibit and our society: Linda Cataldo, John Cataldo, Chris Shovey, Wayne Heaton, Larry Sheffield, Bob Mc Avoy, Russ McDonald, Bruce Harley, Mildred Hudson, Dick Molony, Thelma Press, Richard Pope, Johnnie Ralph, David and Yvonne Wood, Jim Hofer, and Ron Singerton and his art students from San Geronio High School.

Nicholas R. Cataldo

It was March, 1953--the 38th National Orange Show was upon us. One of the show's high spots was the world's biggest baking contest. There were 110 contestants, 55 baking orange cakes, 55 baking lemon pies. I had been in the previous one; and was determined to enter this one--and win!

A side benefit for the contest was free admission for contestants and a friend; so my girl friend went with me to help carry my ingredients, mixer, tools, and etc. My entry was an orange sponge cake--one of my specialties.

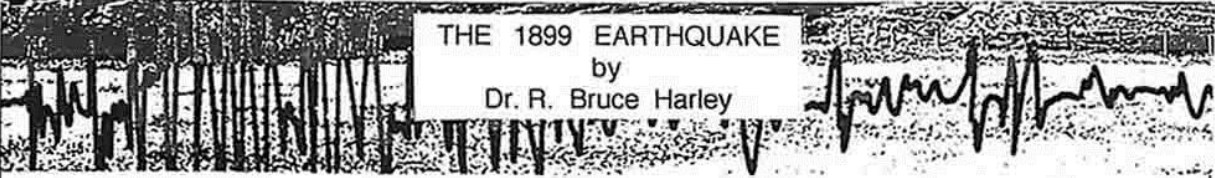
Each one of us had a portable sink, work table and gas stove. Since the bake-off was in Swing Auditorium, it must have been an awful job setting up all those stoves and etc.

Needless to say, I was a bundle of nerves. That huge room; all those fellow contestants clattering bowls and pans, sifting, measuring and beating! Too late I realized that the worst recipe I could have picked was a sponge cake; as it takes longer than a regular cake. We had a flat two hours to mix, beat, bake, and ice the finished cake.

I started sifting, measuring, and beating, and trying to concentrate, when, to my horror, a terrible din broke out! The stage was filled with Scotch bag-pipes blowing as if their lives depended on it! It was unbelievable!

Finally, miraculously, within two hours, I set my iced cake on the judging table. To make a long story short; I won an electric juicer; which was wonderful as I lived on an acre with sixteen citrus trees!





THE 1899 EARTHQUAKE
by
Dr. R. Bruce Harley

That California has long been called "earthquake country" is well-known. However, the effects of these periodic temblors on Catholic structures is worth noting, particularly in the case of St. Boniface Indian School and its surrounding area. The school had to face numerous obstacles in opening its doors in 1890, but the quakes of 1899 and 1918 nearly brought an early closure one-third through its historic existence. Church officials were well aware of structural effects from earlier California quakes but nevertheless to save money built the school of adobe bricks, using an architectural plan previously drawn for a wooden building at St. Joseph's Indian School in Indiana. (This structure, dating from 1888, is still standing).

The very first mission in Alta California had soon experienced an earthquake. On August 28, 1769, the Portola Expedition proceeding from newly-founded San Diego up the coast had reached the Santa Ana River when four violent shocks occurred. This episode caused the men to name the stream secondarily as, "Jesus de los Temblores", a phrase incorporated into San Gabriel's formal name as Franciscan padres had not been manning the coastal missions very long before a truly major disaster struck in December 1812. At that time a series of temblors heavily damaged a number of mission compounds including San Juan Capistrano, La Purisima, Santa Barbara, Santa Ynez, San Buenaventura, and San Gabriel.

On July 10, 1855, an earthquake shook the San Bernardino area but without serious damage or loss of life. Eighteen months later occurred what was probably the strongest temblor to hit California since the arrival of Europeans. The "Fort Tejon earthquake" was felt the entire length and width of the state. Fort Tejon was located at Tejon Pass in the Tehachapi Mountains. The quake ruptured the ground for at least 275 miles along the course of the San Andreas fault. Warm Spring School in San Bernardino was cracked and later replaced by a wooden building. Augusta Joyce Crocheron, while living in Salt Lake City in 1885, wrote an article in a Mormon magazine about the 1857 temblor as based on her diary kept when she was a girl in San Bernardino. She wrote:

Can anyone who has ever experienced an earthquake, overcome a dread of its recurrence; or mistake the signs that are usually premonitors of its coming? One pleasant morning I was searching through garden paths for roses, for the breakfast table, when the air seemed to hold still, not a breath stirring. I heard a far off smothered, rumbling sound, that I scarcely noticed, for I thought I was growing dizzy, and not understanding why I should feel so, I



The original main building of St. Boniface. It was damaged by an earthquake in 1899 and destroyed by a second quake in 1918.



Diocese of San Bernardino Archives



Students sit at their desks at the Industrial Indian School St. Boniface

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND:
ST. BONIFACE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL 1888 - 1978

137 pages with numerous photographs of events and people.

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1450 NO. 'D' STREET
SAN BERNARDINO, CA 92405
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\$12.00 BY MAIL

started for the house. As I stepped across a narrow stream, the opposite bank seemed first to recede from me, then instantly to heave upward against my feet. As this threw me from my equilibrium, the water emptied out on either bank, and hearing an Indian's voice in loud supplication, I turned and saw our Lothario on his knees, the ground rising and falling in billows around him. At the same instant I saw my parents and sisters clinging to large trees, whose branches lashed the ground, birds flew irregularly through the air shrieking, horses screamed, cattle fell bellowing on their knees, even the domestic feathered tribe were filled with consternation. Voices of all creatures, the rattling of household articles, the cracking of boards, the falling of bricks, the splashing of water in wells, the falling of rocks in the mountains and the artillery-like voice of the earthquake, and even that awful sound of the earth rending open-all at once, all within a few seconds, with the skies darkened and the earth rising and falling beneath the feet-were the work of an earthquake. It passed-we rejoined each other, thankful that life was spared, and looked around with trembling, upon the scene, where utmost terror had reigned. Said father, it is scarcely time to congratulate ourselves, another shock may occur with half an hour. In suspense we waited, and it came. Then the skies cleared, the air moved with cool, swift wings, the stream ran clear, and the earthquake's spell had passed. When we ventured to walk around at a little distance from the house, we found, about twenty rods away, a rift in the solid ground, a foot wide, a hundred feet long, and so dark and deep, we feared even to measure it. One man watched the course of the earthquake, with calm, untroubled wonder on his face. At last he spoke: "It is the grandest sight I have ever seen; thank God."

The next major quake occurred just before midnight of February 23, 1892. After the earth shook for two minutes, there were frequent aftershocks during the rest of the night. No damage was suffered, but "occupants of brick buildings made hasty exit in summery - looking garments" according to a news account. One reporter, under the headline, "California Quakes Never Hurt Anybody", declared flatly that "The recent quake was the heaviest ever known in southern California, yet no injury ever was done to persons or property...."

The San Andreas fault was named in 1895 by the noted geologist, Andrew Lawson, for San Andreas Lake located on the San Francisco peninsula. Later that same year, Father Hahn, principal of St. Boniface School, came much closer to a prediction than the San Jacinto reporter three years previously by noting:

On September 23 at 9 p.m. a thunder - like roaring through the San Jacinto mountains announced that the earth was trembling. It was a veritable earthquake and more shocks were felt during the night. It was really a dismal warning. How easily and how quickly may God visit us if He chooses to do so. Earthquakes in Southern California may yet bring about a calamity. There are many evidences of volcanic revolution in days gone by. Better build a good frame house, and keep your conscience clear. It will be the right thing in any event.

A forerunner of the next "big one" occurred on July 22, 1899. A temblor near Cajon Pass covered the highway with fallen rock for almost half a mile. Also, the road in Lytle Creek Canyon was blocked by landslides in many places. San Bernardino, Highland and Patton had the greatest property damage.

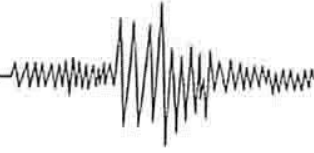
Five months later, Father Hahn's calamity struck. At 4:22 a.m. on Christmas morning, 1899, a quake damaged both church and civil property extensively from Banning to Pala along the San Jacinto branch of the main fault. The Indian school lost the third floor of the main building, and the Pala mission was wrecked. All adobe homes on the Cahuilla and Santa Rosa Reservations were destroyed, and religious artifacts were smashed in the latter's mission chapel. The news stories concentrated mostly on the deaths of six squaws at Soboba, but fortunately newspaper man Hahn had started a school paper in 1895 and thus was able to provide his own more complete account of the catastrophe as follows:

The week of December the 17th to December the 24th, was a week of storm and cold for Banning. Sunday afternoon, the wind was abating gradually, until the holy night, la noche buena, gave a kind of calm to very one. It was a rather warm night. The stars and after a while also the moon shone bright and clear on the pure blue firmament, changing the night almost to a day.

The midnight services at St. Boniface's School were held as usual. Music and song, rendered so well by the soft, melodious voices of the Indian Children, cheered up every inmate of the school. The Rev. Father O'Dowd sung the nightmass and gave a nice befitting exhortation to those attending the services. The writer directed the children's choir. Down stairs in the dining room a Christmas tree containing little gifts to the little ones was expected to make them happy. After services, the children were told to go to their beds, to have a quiet, peaceful sleep, and so everybody retired in happiness - the happiest Christmas night ever spent in the Banning school!

The calm of the night though was to be disturbed. At twenty two minutes past four, at which time every clock on the place was stopped, a severe earthquake shook up every inch of the earth's surface near the San Jacinto mountains.

Perhaps an hour before the actual serious shock took place, the writer of these lines was awakened by his faithful dog Nat. The sagacious animal no doubt heard the subterranean thunder, more or less perceptible during an earthquake. So when an hour later the tremendous shock came, it was at once recognized what it would mean. The priests' house, a frame building, moved to and fro and there was a crashing and squeaking as if everything was bound to be crushed to pieces. Our first thought was of the large brick building. Quickly - in less than a minute - dressing, we rushed over to the brick school house which was harboring that holy night seven sisters, fifty girls and about forty adult Indians, who having come to attend midnight services, slept in a large hall on the first floor. At the entrance on the north side, all the girls, carrying blankets and pillows on their arms, were just about to leave the building for safer quarters somewhere which they were



unable to designate exactly. "Stay where you are", was the command. They obeyed.

When the earthquake dominated, the whole building rocked like an object hanging in the air.

All the inmates were either on the first or on the second story except a few, and they were in a perfectly safe place. There was imminent danger in the third story and in the garret. In about a dozen places the ceiling came down with a tremendous crash. The worst happened to the high-altar in the chapel, where, as ornaments, candlesticks, statues, flowers etc., were placed upon. The statue of St. Joseph came down, being knocked to pieces; the same happened to the bookstand, to the candles etc.; although the chalice, which was left on the altar from the first to the second mass, remained untouched. In front of the altar were strewn about on the floor candles plastering and remains of whatsoever was broken and thrown off the high altar.

The most serious damage was done to the front of the school. The four walls stood the ordeal well, but the elevation in the center of the large building's front, was moved two inches, and bricks, casing and shingles from the gable fell down to the ground.

When all this took place, every one had risen from bed. One big girl, Esperance Brittain, at the first crash, knelt down in prayer, the others followed her example. All thought they were doomed to die. Another girl, a visitor to the school, cried out: "My sins are not forgiven; I will not be saved!" Also the Sisters were frightened. Their dormitory is exactly below the chapel, where the greatest crash came from. "Kneel down," said one of them, "we will be crushed to death." The two girls, Magdalena Leo and Ursula Munolla, who were faithfully at their post in the kitchen, preparing Christmas breakfast for their fellow pupils, ran out of the building and knelt down to pray in the open air. The motion of the earth's surface was so great as to throw a lamp from the altar a distance of ten feet, and even to spill the milk, standing on the basement's floor, one of the milk pans being almost emptied. How during these fearful two minutes no one was hurt, not even scratched can only be attributed to the sincere prayer, which is always accepted by a merciful God.

When the respective directions had been given to the girls, we went at once, to see what the boys were doing in their large dormitory in the boys' school, which is a frame building. On entering their hall, every one was sleeping cosily and those whom we asked whether they noticed the earthquake, were astonished that any such a thing had happened. Also the good confrater, sleeping in the same building with the writer of these lines, said, he only noticed a slight "quake." Brick buildings are in danger during an earthquake, frame buildings are safe.

As the girls were all excited, orders were given to clear the debris in the chapel and sacristy. Then the second mass was celebrated as if nothing had happened and the Christmas morning, fervent prayers were poured out before the great and powerful Lord of heaven and earth.

At ten, solemn highmass was sung, many Indian visitors being present. At two P.M., the Christmas gifts were distributed to the happy children, and little as they were, they were the cause of sincere rejoicing. Benediction at three P.M. closed the religious services of the day.

During the distribution of presents, two dispatches arrived. One was of a good friend of the school, saying: "Six Indians killed at Soboba by earthquake. This town (San Jacinto) and Hemet in ruins." The other one ran thus: "To Adelina Lugo (a pupil at the school): Ten Indian men and women killed; We are all right. Severiano Torte."

The reports published the next day, Tuesday 26th, in the daily papers, confirmed the two dispatches. The Indians at Soboba were assembled in an adobe building, when by the earthquake the walls gave way and fell upon the people within. Some of those present escaped unhurt, six were killed and a dozen more injured. The killed and injured were old women and but a few men. Some were horribly mangled.

All the brick houses in San Jacinto and Hemet are more or less ruined. Damage about fifty thousand dollars, as in small cities buildings are not so costly.

There were no white people killed, but a few injured and many narrow escapes. When the first shocks were felt, the inhabitants ran out of the houses, and when the last shock, being the severest, came, no one was inside to be hurt.

The Taquish Mt., an extinct volcano, the many hot springs near San Jacinto, the desert and the mountains, also the disorderly arrangement of rock in the mountains are sure indications of a volcanic condition of this part of Southern California. After the earthquake the artesian wells were giving an increased amount of water, and the papers state that geysers are now to be seen between Hemet and San Jacinto.

The excitement was the greatest in Hemet and San Jacinto. The trains brought hundreds of people from neighboring places, even from Los Angeles, to the afflicted district. To see a city made desolate by an earthquake is a sad curiosity.

With classes scheduled to begin again after the 1899 holidays, the principal moved quickly to provide space after losing the top floor of the school. The chapel at the rear of the main building was converted to classroom space. A frame structure was soon erected on the front campus for religious services and dedicated in March 1900.

When the next earthquake hit on April 21, 1918, the remaining floors of the first building were wrecked beyond economical repair. In a brief time, funds were raised and a new block wall structure erected. This sufficed until 1969 when the school moved to a new campus south of the neighboring city of Beaumont. All buildings on the old campus were razed by 1974 because of the continuing threat of earthquake damage to old unreinforced structures.

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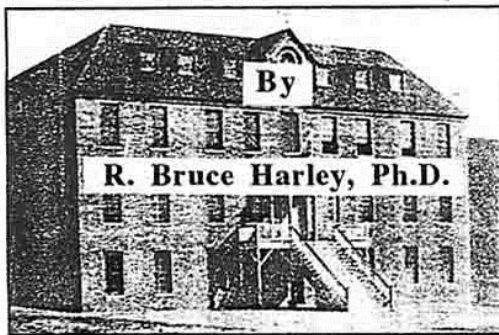
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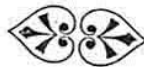
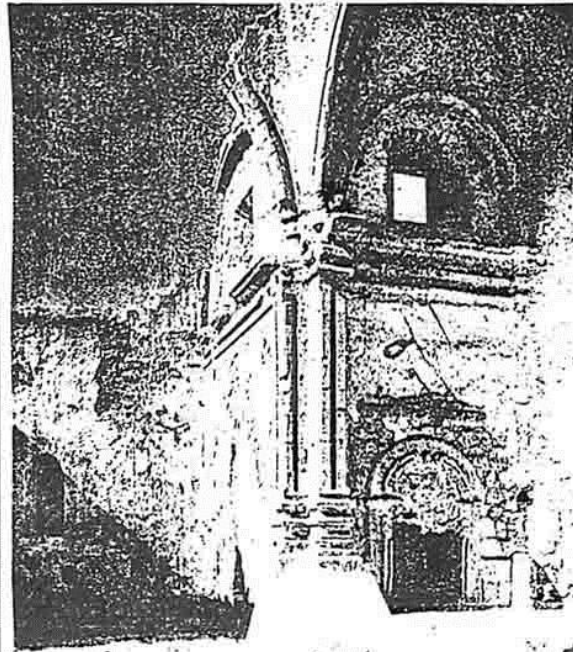
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SCHOOL 1888 - 1978**



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CORN PONE AND JOHNNY CAKES

By

Russ McDonald

In the early frontier days of English America lending a little corn to new neighbors was a rare occasion. Corn was the staple food and long remained the primary crop. Each farmer watched their own crop anxiously for the 'roast'n' ears. In the first years, with little ground cleared, a turnip patch went in one corner of the cornfield and a watermelon patch hid in the center. At harvest time all the men and boys gathered for a neighborhood corn husking.

To these starch-starved folks the fresh green corn was eaten in a kind of ecstasy. They still ate it when it reached the half-hard state that is neither green corn nor grain by crumbling the kernels on a homemade hand grater.

When it became too hard for the grater, the settler broke it up into the hominy block, or mortar for crushing kernels that had been hulled by soaking in lye. The hominy block was usually made by burning a round-bottomed cavity into one end of a three foot log. The log was stood on end and the corn, placed in the hole, was pounded with a ten foot long pestle. The six inch thick pestle was hung at the end of a limber pole called the sweep. Two people working together would bang the pestle down and letting the sweep limb pull it up again at each stroke.

Really hard corn required the use of a hand mill or quern, and even this produced a coarse flour that often had to be re-ground several times.

There were a number of ways to cook the corn, nearly all of them originating with the Indians. Hominy, even today, is treated with a violent lye to soften the hard outer shell, then washed thoroughly and again after removing the hulls. The hominy softened and became snowy white when boiled. It was good with bear or pork gravy. "Hog and hominy" was the basic food on the early farms following the first clearings.

The other corn meal was simply boiled as a mush. Throughout early America, an average of six nights a week the supper was mush-and-milk, or when the cow was dry, mush with maple syrup or molasses.

Johnnycake and corn pone were for breakfast and the noon meal in that order. Both were made as thin batters with sour milk or buttermilk, or in a pinch, water and soda and salt and whatever kind of shortening was available. If an egg was on the place, it could go into the pone but not properly into the johnnycake, which was supposed to be quite dry that would keep well for the traveler. The original name was "Journeycake."

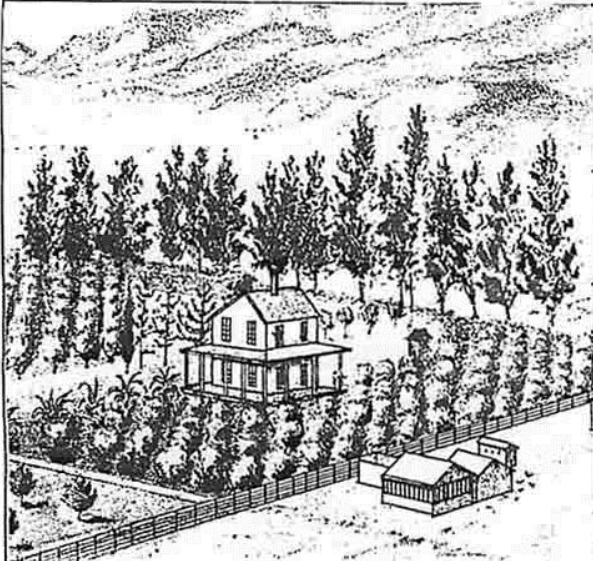
Johnnycakes were cooked slowly in a skillet next to the fire but not over it. If a pan was lacking, a flat stone would serve. The completed cake was no more than an half inch thick. The same batter could be thinned a little and fried in a skillet as "cawn dodgers."

The pone was baked in a lidded iron kettle, left in the hot ashes on the hearth overnight. If she was fortunate enough to possess a real bake



kettle, she used that. It had three legs and instead of covering the rim of the pot, its lid was inside, resting on a ledge an inch or so below the rim. This permitted her a better job by covering the lid with hot coals. The corn pone was soft and succulent in the center but it's thick crust was almost as hard as the pot it was cooked in.

While corn was the essential crop, the farmer added wild game to the family menu. Meat of almost any kind was likely to be cooked as potpie. It might be called more of a stew with dumplings. Potpie was "spoon meat," needing no dissection at the table, and its leftovers could be stretched with other ingredients and re-heated to as good or better on the second day.



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by Joan H. Hall

Inland valley history 1883-1934

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\$22.00 includes tax & postage

It has been said that hogs will not be permitted to be kept in the territory to be annexed after such annexation. Such a statement is absurd and is only a joke.

12-27-90

SAN BERNARDINO GUARDIAN, APRIL 18, 1868 THE CAJON PASS TURNPIKE

The undersigned, desirous of visiting the land of his birth, the land of his childhood in the good old State of Massachusetts, to behold once more the old oak tree, the rippling brook, the orchard, barn and the old fashioned farm house in which he first breathed the breath of life -- would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has leased his Toll Road in the Cajon Pass, to the enterprising gentlemen McKenney and Mathews, for the term of one year, they taking possession on the 25th and are to keep the road in good repair. He takes pleasure in recommending these gentlemen to the traveling public, as men of integrity, ability and enterprise.

This road is twelve miles in length, crossing the entire range of the Sierra Nevada, and like all other mountain roads is subject to damage by floods. The proprietor has spared no pains in keeping the road in repair at all seasons of the year. No road in the State is kept in better condition, and the Toll, which is as follows, is below that of any other:

Wagon and pair of animals	\$1.00
Each additional span of animals	.25
Man and horse, or pack animal	.25
Horse and Cart, or Buggy	.50
Loose cattle & horses, per head	.05
Sheep	.03

In retiring from the Road, he wishes to return his sincere thanks to the public, for their liberal patronage for the last six years.

San Bernardino, April 16, 1868 John Brown

WEEKLY TIMES INDEX
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890

A valuable horse belonging to I.R. Brunn, which was injured by a runaway horse of Dr. Hazlett, died on Saturday from its injuries.

Now that the Pavillion is completed and the paving of streets is continued, it is time to lay some sidewalks of cement or bituminous rock in the residence portion of the city

WILL THOSE WHO REAR KENNELS OF WORTHLESS CURS AND SEND THEM HOWLING THROUGH THE STREETS, JUST TO MAKE OUR CITY WEAR THE AIR OF CONSTANTINOPLE, KINDLY CONTINUE THE WORK BY LEAVING THE WEEDS TO RUN RIOT OVER THEIR PAVEMENTS AND FRONT YARDS, AND THEIR FENCES AND GATES TO ENCUMBER THE SAME? BY ALL MEANS, LET THERE BE UNIFORMITY IN MAKING DECAY PICTURESQUE

Pioneer

Page



MYSTERIOUS AND MALIGNANT

 A Coupe Driven off to the River
 Bottom, and its Interior
 Slashed to Ribbons
 With a Knife.

They were holding the usual high jinks at the Rose cottage of First Street last night near midnight. Wines flowed, the beer-bubbles winked themselves into staleness; clouds of noxious incense, after being piped through the lungs of brazen creatures, issued forth again, propelled by an oath. Ribaldry was at its nightly work and threatened to keep it up till morning, when a sudden change came over the spirit of the revellers.

It appears the Nels Hansen, who owns a handsome coupe, had driven several of the fleet youth of this city to the house. They were inside, when Nels on starting to return home with his vehicle discovered that it was gone. He was more than astonished at this state of affairs. So were the painted lorettes and their "friends" who rushed out to assure themselves that the coupe had really disappeared. Hanson at once reported his loss to Deputy Sheriff Brown and Constable Faris, who immediately started to recover the vehicle. There were told by someone on the road that the coupe and horses were seen dashing along at a furious pace preceded by a buggy drawn by a white horse. They thought that they knew who were in the buggy and they drove to Redlands to arrest one of the suspected parties. They found him, and he admitted he had been in the house in question a few hours before, but protested that he knew nothing of the missing coupe. He offered to return with them or be locked up the Redlands for the night. The officers felt that he could not be the man they wanted and left him for the night.

Meanwhile Hanson, the owner of the coupe, followed its tire prints in the road, out along the Santa Ana River bottoms some five miles from town and there standing under the bank were his horses tied by a rope to a tree. But the vehicle was in a state of demoralization. The seats had been cut with a sharp knife into strips, one of the doors had been pulled off and the lining had been slashed repeatedly with some sharp instrument. It was a cool piece of malicious vandalism of diabolism was the manner in which the coupe had been treated. It could not have been the work of any sane man, and the sequel goes to show that it was not, for Marshall Thomas was over at Redlands this morning, satisfied himself that the party interviewed by the officers last night had nothing to do with the affair, and then going to the spot where the horses had been tied up on the river bottom he saw foot prints which he followed back to this city. Inquiry developed the fact that a supposedly insane man, wearing no hat, was seen last night in this city and afterwards on the road which the stolen animals had taken. Marshall Thomas, accompanied by the City Marshall of Redlands, is now on the hunt for this individual and thinks he will run him down before many hours.

 (WEEKLY TIMES INDEX, DECEMBER 9, 1892)

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The notorious outlaw, buys his guns and his revolvers and all his camping supplies at Shafer Bros. second hand Store, No. 343 Third Street, San Bernardino, Cal.

(San Bernardino Daily Courier, January 29, 1894)

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Fire Department Historical Restoration and Museum

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HISTORY OF THE SAN BERNARDINO FIRE DEPARTMENT

- JUNE 22, 1865--MEETING AT THE PINES HOTEL--FORMED THE "FIRE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION"
EQUIPPED WITH 4 LADDERS, 4 HOOKS, 24 BUCKETS, A FIRE BELL, AND A SPEAKING TRUMPET
CONCERT NETTED \$103 THAT SUMMER
- EARLY 1866--FIRE HALL AT 3RD AND C ST(ARROWHEAD)
- EARLY 1871--COMPANY DISBANDED PROPERTY AND EFFECTS SOLD. PROCEEDS GIVEN TO HENRY SUVERKRUP & INVESTED FOR THE COMPANY
- OCTOBER 3, 1878--MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD COMPANY--ENG. Co # 1 FORMED
WITH ASSISTANCE FROM TOWN TRUSTEES AND CITIZENS A HAND PUMP ENGINE AND HOSE CART WERE PURCHASED
VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT CONTINUED
- DECEMBER 3, 1889--PART-PAID DEPARTMENT UNDER CHIEF DAVE WIXOM
- 1889--HORSES "FRANK AND SAM" REPLACED HAND DRAWN STEAMER. HOOK & LADDER Co ADDED
- 1890--WATER SYSTEM WITH HIGH GRAVITY PRESSURE HOSE WAGON--BUILT IN SAN BDNO.
- 1891--ELECTRIC SYSTEM--TOWER BELL, HOUSE GONG, INDICATOR, AND 6 ALARM BOXES ADDED
- 1896--HOSE WAGON UNDERWENT CHANGE--1ST BALL BEARING APPARATUS ON WEST COAST
- 1907--NEW FIRE HALL--4TH NEAR D ST
- 1910--FIRST MOTORIZED--POPE-HARTFORD HOSE WAGON
- 1911--FIRST FULL PAID CHIEF--FRANK STARKE WITH 3 PAID FIREMEN AND 15 VOLUNTEERS
- 1921--STATION 2--7TH & L ST.

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<p>Co. Reception: Wm. McDONALD, Sr., J. HAYES, N. B. HALE.</p>	<p>Co. Floor: I. MORTON, Wm. McDONALD, Jr., M. J. HAYES.</p>

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Sample, by mail... 5 cents | Six, by mail... 25 cents
One Dozen, by mail... 35 cents
One Dozen, by express... 40 cents

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE LIFE OF DR. P.M. SAVAGE SR., F.A.C.S.

By
Philip M. Savage Jr., M.D.

Dr. Philip Savage Sr. played a very important part in the affairs of San Bernardino from 1910 until his retirement. The following are some of the events of his life that hopefully will give those interested some idea of his powerful leadership ability in general and his great ability as a surgeon.

Dr. Savage was born in 1889 in Tulare, California. He had four brothers and a number of sisters. His father was a dry rancher who hired many men to cultivate, plant, and harvest wheat. The area covered thousands of acres from Tulare along the borders of the sometimes wandering bed of the Sacramento River to north of Fresno.

When it rained at the right time of year my grandfather was by far the richest man in the Sacramento Valley. He knew that it certainly did get adequate rain many of those years. He banked (during the rich years) adequate money to operate again after the dry years.

My father grew up in a family with a strong work ethic instilled in all the boys and girls. After graduation from highschool, he went to the University of California for one year premedical study where he got excellent grades. In addition to his studies, he played center on the varsity football team as well as put the shot and threw the hammer on the track team.

The next year my father was accepted at Cooper Medical College for the three year program given to the training of doctors in those days. During his third year, he married my mother, Bernice Roberts.

Everything was moving smoothly for my parents until the great 1906 earthquake. Because of this travesty, my father had to miss the last two months of his medical training. My mother (with me very obviously inside her uterus) was given 15 minutes to get out of their apartment as



(Left to right) Philip M. Savage, III, Philip M. Savage, Jr., and Philip M. Savage, Sr.

they were going to blow it up and did so as part of a backfire effort.

With no place to call home, my mother slept on the grass of Golden Gate Park for three nights before my father got passage on a ferry boat to Oakland where we were put on a pullman car and given a good meal. The train made regular stops three times a day and we were given free meals by local townspeople.

But back to my father's career. The president of Cooper College knew that my father had an internship at the Fresno County Hospital and so mailed him his diploma at a later date.

The doctor responsible for that hospital had a private practice in Fresno where he was very busy. My father was the only intern. When he got a puzzling case he would call the doctor and

most often was told what to do. He just had to do the best he could when it was major surgery. His job was to assist the doctors and often set a lot of bones himself as there was a skating rink next door to the hospital. After the one year internship he took the three of us to Chino where he became the doctor for the sugar beet factory at no salary!

There were a large number of workers at the factory, mostly of Mexican origin. They knew that they could not get work for the next year unless they brought a form (which my father had to sign) to the factory stating that they were reliable and had paid their doctor bills.

Many times my father got cases beyond his ability to handle. He knew that there was a doctor in Pomona who was Mayo trained. By talking to him on the phone he would find out what to do or would send the patient to this doctor, Dr. J.K. Swindt.

Dr. Swindt and my father became close friends. Eventually he followed Dr. Swindt's advice and went with him to the Mayo Clinic. Because Dr. Swindt had been such an outstanding student, Doctors Will and Charley Mayo gave my father the right to wear a cap and gown, look over their shoulder and watch any surgery going on. Because of that special privilege in working with two doctors, my father made it a point to spend two weeks every other year at the Mayo Clinic.

San Bernardino County Hospital, Circa 1928



Once when I was a teenager he took me along. I watched the surgeons form the balconies. I was happy to become acquainted with Will and Charles Mayo. After I became a doctor I also went to Mayos for post-graduate work.

The Mayo brothers felt that there were too many surgeons operating for fees and not necessarily for the patients' welfare so they decided to upgrade the standards of surgery.

A system of membership was soon formed that carefully screened out the fee operations. Dr. Swindt, Dr. Clarence Toland, and my father were the charter members for southern California.

As a patient and close friend, Sam Pine, chairman of the Board of Directors of San Bernardino County, moved to San Bernardino and got the job of doctor and manager of the county hospital for my father who was by then a good surgeon and was also allowed to have private patients.

By 1910 my father decided to build a home for our family. He picked a lot on what was then considered to be the north edge of San Bernardino. It still stands at 445 Seventeenth Street.

My youngest brother, Dave Savage, was born on our Seventeenth Street home. There was sage brush to the north of us up to Highland Avenue. Farther north there were palm trees, orange trees, and some olive trees.

Dr. Savage had retired from the San Bernardino County Hospital and begun his private practice on the second floor of a building across the street from the California Hotel in San Bernardino, which he continued very successfully until his final retirement. He and a "very English" doctor by the name of Mills were the only two really competent surgeons in all of the San Bernardino/Riverside areas.

When the Japanese bombed Hawaii, our military thought that they would eventually move in on California. Warnings about possible evacuation circulated in San Bernardino. Soon aircraft guns were set up on the roof of the California Hotel and many wires were strung back and forth to the Platt Building. Within a few days troops and tanks filled the park north of the

Hotel. It was a very disruptive time for San Bernardino.

Though very busy with his practice, my father was active in community affairs of his city. He was a member of the Rotary Club, served on the board of the Chamber of Commerce, and was active in many other city affairs.

One day a man by the name of R.D. McCook told my father's nurse that he wanted to see him. This puzzled my father but he said, "Show him in."

R. D. McCook told my father that he was a banker from Iowa and had three brothers in the banking business who were backing him as they wanted to have a bank in California. He had been in San Bernardino for a number of weeks visiting prominent businessmen such as Leslie Harris and many others. All had assured him that Dr. Savage was one of the most honest and respected men of San Bernardino. He wanted him to be on the board of directors of a new strong hometown bank of San Bernardino.

My father answered that he knew nothing of banking. McCook replied, "Of course, I know that, but you'll learn." They met once per month and reviewed all the important loans. Each director got a \$20 gold piece. (I wish that I had one of them now. They have become very rare and valuable to collectors.)

Dr. Savage practiced his medical and surgical expertise most of his career but there were two intervals. One was during World War 1 when he enlisted with plans to go overseas.

He was trained at the Twin Cities area--Minneapolis, Minnesota---and then ordered to New York for embarkation. Instead, he acquired that terribly lethal influenza of those days. He tried to get aboard ship but a sergeant was taking temperatures on the gangplank and turned him back.

He had no memory of the next several days but finally became conscious and found himself in the hopeless ward. They only had doctors for the patient with a chance to get well. After a prolonged illness and with the war coming to a close, he returned home.

The other interval was in the 1930's when my



Nurse's Home, San Bernardino County Hospital in 1927

father, at the insistence of my mother, got a Dr. Sprague to cover his practice. He took his wife, James (my younger brother), Meredyth (my sister), and me for a full three months tour of Europe. His strong personality got us the best of accommodations all the way.

My father arrived home in the midst of a deep depression of finances and found he had lost most of his net worth. For the next three years he fought being forced into bankruptcy. He saved his 100 acres of orange groves in East Highland and finally paid off all creditors at lower rates.

Most of the banks in San Bernardino closed their doors and never reopened. Long lines of people formed trying to remove their funds from R.D. Mc Cook's strong bank.

My father had always carried a month's income in his fat wallet due to his being very busy with performing surgery and starting on the line nearest the payoff window, he showed every third or fourth person his wad of money. He told them that this bank was solid, sound, and very safe. He then went to the deposit window and deposited well over \$1000. A large number of those in line dropped out and went home. They knew Dr. Savage to be true and honest. The bank was saved and stayed open.

The strength of Dr. Savage's personality was amazing. When he walked into the Rotary Club meeting (late as usual), whatever was going on would stop. People whispered and pointed until he got seated and finally the meeting went on.

I could relate many incidents to illustrate the strange power of my father's personality but I will mention about one in particular.

My mother again wanted to see Hawaii, so, as he did not want to fly in those dangerous aeroplanes, my father finally agreed to go on a ship that made regular round-trips to and from Hawaii. They had reservations to return on its next trip back to San Francisco. However, the ship was old and had sprung its drive shaft on its return trip where it was put in dry dock for repairs.

My father tried to get tickets on another ship but they were not available. Though he didn't want to fly in aeroplanes, he decided to get tickets on a four engine plane (I think it was a 707). When the plane came out above the clouds, he was notified that the captain had invited him to come to the pilot's compartment.

This puzzled him but he went. The captain said, "You are Dr. Savage I see by the roster. Would you like to take the co-pilot's seat?"

He would and he did. "I thought you might enjoy a visit with your pilot."

Well, my father started asking questions. He found out how to read all the indicators on the panels. He then found out about the thoroughness of the pre-flight check.

Next he questioned in regard to ditching such a plane be in the ocean--with all of the motors okay and down to two and one and what passengers were expected to do in all cases.

Finally, he asked my father to return to his seat as he needed the co-pilot to help him get down through the cloud cover.

Though previously total strangers, they were close friends when they parted. Somehow this pilot, on seeing Dr. Savage, liked my father and so invited him forward.



Clarets for medicinal use at Braunschweig's.

Every variety of Wine and Liquor for medicinal or other use at Braunschweig's.

Jamaica Rum for medicinal use at Braunschweig's.



3-31-80

PIONEER PAGE (CONT.)

Weekly Times-Index, November 7, 1902

GROCERS WILL CLOSE EARLY

From this date, all grocery stores will close at 7: PM, except on Saturday and on Santa Fe paydays. This move is one that has been earnestly desired and is hailed with delight.

AN UNGRATEFUL WOMAN

We read the other day of an elderly farmer who had this criticism to make of his wife: "I've spent enough on that woman to buy three farms, an' yet she'd ruther go off to some meetin' than say at home an' help me dress a hog!"

LYTLE CREEK HAS DIAMONDS

From Monday's daily:

A bed of diamonds--that's what has been discovered in Lytle Creek Canyon. They are so minute as to be hardly seen by the naked eye, but look rather like a bluish powder.

Royal
BAKING POWDER
 Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders--They Destroy Health



Courtesy City of San Bernardino Historical Society

San Bernardino, California, about 1880. After a life of travel, Hannah Rebecca Perris made her home there between 1875 and 1895.

Hannah Rebecca Perris

A REMARKABLE PIONEER

Fred T. Perris became celebrated in the history of Southern California by surveying San Bernardino County, developing artesian wells, and bringing the railroad into San Bernardino on railroad tracks he engineered over the Cajon Pass. Perhaps the most dramatic pioneer exploits in Perris' family, however, belonged to his mother, Hannah Rebecca. To say the short, stocky woman had a strong will and self determination would be an understatement. She probably traveled farther than any other woman of her time, and she certainly traveled more by covered wagon than any of her contemporaries.

She was born Hannah Rebecca

By RUSS McDONALD

Spiller in Gloucester, England, on May 30, 1820. Her father was Simon Spiller, her mother was the former wife of Lord Summers Cox. Her mother's one child by Lord Cox, Rebecca's half-sister Sarah, later married James A. Ashley, governor of Ohio and wealthy slave owner.

At the age of fifteen, Hannah married Thomas Perris. They had seven children, Fred, George, two Emilys, two Fannys, and Margaret. One Emily and one Fanny died at an early age. Thomas owned a successful furniture store, and Hannah Rebecca joined him in operating the business. They might have remained

in England except for the siren cry of gold—not from California but from distant Australia. In 1850 Thomas Perris took his family and sailed to the British colonies, "down under."

Thomas did some prospecting but finally saw that his knowledge of manufacturing and selling furniture was more likely to make money than the pick and shovel. He bought a store in Melbourne and eventually became wealthy. During that time Fred, the eldest son, studied civil engineering.

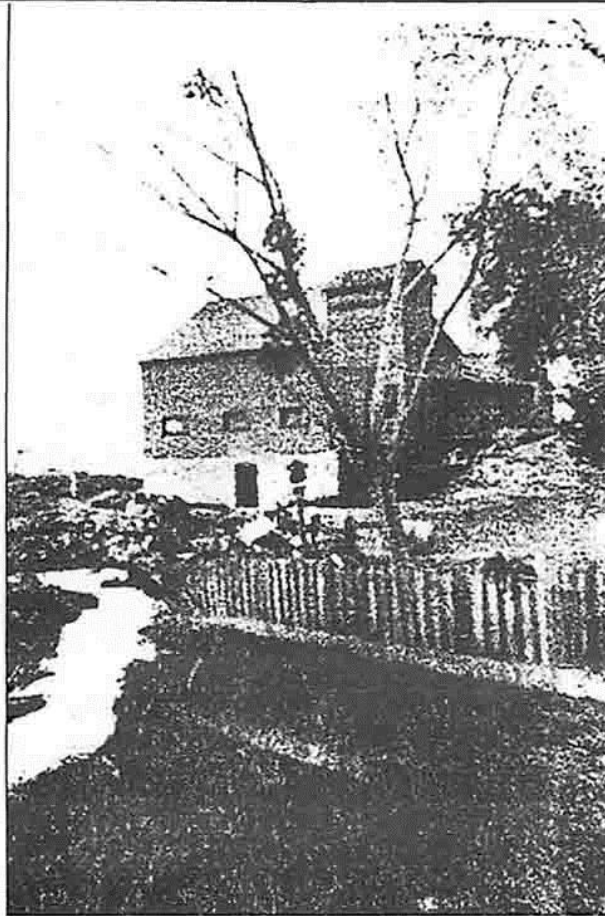
Another event was about to change Hannah's life as much as gold fever had. The Mormon church was sending missionaries to various lands, not only seeking con-

verts to the Church of Latter Day Saints but to recruit craftsmen for the growing Salt Lake City, Utah. Elders John Murdock and Charles W. Wendall arrived in Sydney, Australia, on October 20, 1851. Six months later they visited Melbourne, 600 miles to the south. Most of the citizens were too concerned with gold to become very excited over religion, but Hannah Rebecca took time to attend the camp meetings, and the things she heard impressed her. She tried to interest Thomas in the meetings, but he showed no desire to attend. After several weeks Hannah Rebecca decided to be baptized; she tried to convince her husband to do likewise and make the long journey to Salt Lake City.

MORE missionaries eventually arrived and Elder Wendall was released from his assignment. He organized a company of forty immigrants and they left

Australia on April 6, 1853. One of the immigrants was Joseph H. Ridges, who later built the magnificent tabernacle organ in Salt Lake City. Another was Hannah Rebecca Perris. Thomas Perris had no desire to dispose of his business, but he told Hannah he would perhaps try to join her a little later. He never did, nor did she really expect him to when she took the children, who had also become Mormon, and sailed for California.

The ship passed the Fiji Islands, sailed to Hawaii, then made the long journey to San Pedro, California. Hannah and the children, after having first sailed half-way around the world from England to Australia and now spending another three months on the Pacific, swore they would



Courtesy City of San Bernardino Historical Society
A Mormon gristmill at San Bernardino. The mill was built in 1852, the year before Hannah Rebecca Perris arrived from Australia.

never again go to sea.

They landed in 1853 and learned that the new Mormon outpost in the San Bernardino Valley was succeeding. Even though Brigham Young had opposed founding the mission in sinful California, he recognized that such a station was necessary for the incoming Mormon immigrants from Australia, the Pacific Islands, and even Europe by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich had left Salt Lake City in March 1851, followed the hazardous Spanish Trail, and reached the San Bernardino Valley on June 11, 1851. By 1853 the valley was a prosperous farm and lumber mill region. Some Paiutes still raided the area, but the Mormons continued living in their

large fort.

Hannah and the children joined the group in San Bernardino. Because Fred had been trained in surveying and engineering, he soon found employment while he finished his education.

IN 1854 Thomas Perris died in Australia. The following year Hannah Rebecca married Matthew Stewart in a church ceremony called "sealing." A son, Matthew, was born in 1856. They would have remained in San Bernardino, but Brigham Young issued a recall order and in 1857 most of the Mormons in the valley went to Utah. On the trip Hannah first experienced traveling by wagon train across the desolate and treacherous country between San Bernardino and Salt Lake City.

The fifty-team wagon train snaked up through Cajon Pass and crossed the Mojave

Desert at fifteen miles a day. After several weeks it reached a small and insignificant Nevada watering hole called Las Vegas, where several Mormon merchants were mining for material to manufacture gunpowder. From there the emigrants traveled to Saint George, Utah, then north to Salt Lake City.

On the journey, Hannah's fifteen-year-old daughter, Fanny Jane, met twenty-year-old Mansfield C. Jennings. A romance followed and when the wagon train reached Las Vegas on December 29, 1857, they were married. The couple settled in Beaver, Utah, while the Stewarts continued to Salt Lake City. Hannah Rebecca had another daughter, Mary Inez, on May 22, 1858.

By chance, Hannah Rebecca read

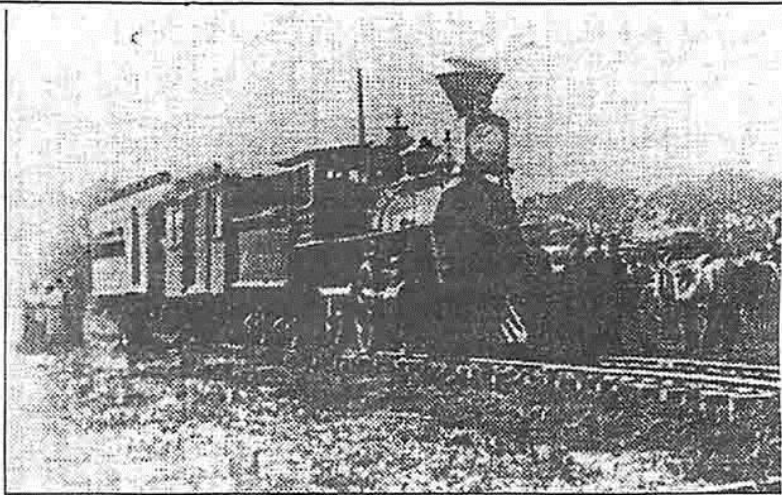
an East Coast newspaper, rare in the territory, and discovered an article about the search for heirs of Thomas Perris's huge estate. The article said his wealth had been transferred to the Chancellery of the High Courts in London. Hannah Rebecca once again prepared to travel.

Matthew and Hannah Rebecca outfitted a prairie schooner and began their trip east, climbing the slow route through South Pass and the crest of the Continental Divide in the Wind River Mountains. By then Hannah Rebecca had become experienced with covered-wagon travel. She knew as much as her husband about using only seasoned lumber for wagons and putting the iron tires on wheels with a bolt and nut in each felloe, or wheel segment. By using that method, when the spokes began to work in the hubs a leather shim could be placed between the rim and the felloes, then tightened with the bolts. Travelers used that system when no streams were available to soak the wheels and keep the wood expanded.

FOR RIVER crossings, Matthew and Hannah Rebecca had the foresight to have high stakes installed on each corner of the wagon frame. The well caulked wagon bed could be unbolted, then raised a foot or more from the supporting bolsters and reanchored to the stakes for fording deep water.

But even with experience, the journey was still hard. The family traveled along the Mormon Trail to Fort Bridger, Wyoming, then to Laramie, across the Midwest to Nauvoo, Illinois, and on to the Stewart family home in Perryville, Ohio. Matthew and Hannah agreed that she and Fred would complete the journey to England while he remained behind with the other children.

Hannah and Fred continued by wagon to New York, and on November 29, 1859, they sailed for Liverpool aboard the steamship *Thornton*. She remembered her vow not to sail again but at least this was



The arrival of the first passenger train at San Bernardino in 1883, on tracks that Fred Perris engineered.

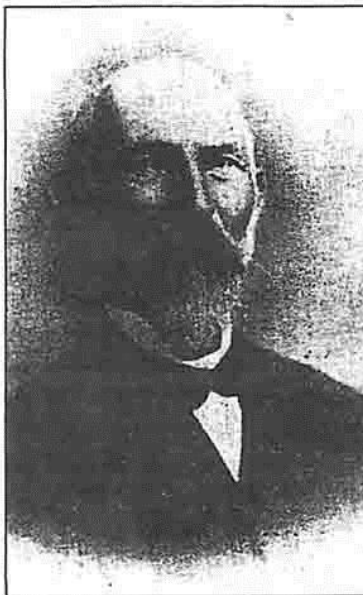
a steamship, more comfortable and faster than a sailing vessel. In England she soon learned that settling the estate would require a long wait, so she sent for her husband to join her. Due to conflicting English and Mormon laws, the couple had to remarry in England before Hannah Rebecca could receive the half of the estate that Perris had willed; he willed the other to his and

Hannah Rebecca's children, after her death.

They remained in England for two years and another daughter, Sarah Annette, was born. Fred, now twenty-two, married his childhood sweetheart, eighteen-year-old Mary Annette Edwards, and she accompanied the family to America. They returned to Vanwert, Ohio, where Hannah gave birth to another son, Herbert Lloyd. When the Civil War broke out, Matthew Stewart went to fight for the Union; he never returned and the family assumed he was killed.

When the fighting ended, Hannah Rebecca moved to Pacific City, Iowa. Dissatisfied with living with some of Matthew's relatives, however, she once more loaded her children onto a covered wagon. With Fred to help her handle the team and a four-foot by ten-foot prairie schooner, she headed west.

Hannah Rebecca joined a train of emigrants from Nauvoo on the Mormon Trail. The captain of the train spoke harshly of hostile Indians and mountain and river crossings. He warned about rain, hail, cholera, lame mules, washouts, prairie fires, lost horses, dust storms, and alkali water. In spite of all that, he said they had to cover 2,100 miles in four months—between April rains and September snows—averag-



Courtesy City of San Bernardino Historical Society
Fred T. Perris.

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Russ McDonald.

ing seventeen miles per day, lest they wind up like the Donner party.

Some changed their minds about making the journey but most, along with Hannah Rebecca, voted to go on, no matter the dangers. She passed through Council Bluffs, Iowa, and started across the wide open plains. Somewhere along the trail Herbert Lloyd contracted the dreaded cholera. The virulent Asiatic plague had moved up the

Mississippi Valley from New Orleans. It spread its horror of diarrhea, vomiting, fever, convulsions, and death along the trails from Independence and St. Joseph, Missouri, and onto the lowlands of the Platte Valley. Only the higher elevations of the Rocky Mountains could stop the disease, but hundreds of pioneers never made it that far. Sometimes the larger wagon-train campsites required entire cemeteries.

The disease killed Herbert Lloyd, and with no lumber to build a coffin, Hannah Rebecca had to do what so many others had done. She dug a shallow grave in the hard earth and wrapped her son's body in a blanket. She stomped on the earth to pack it down, placed rocks on top of the grave, and prayed that Indians would not mutilate the body, or worse, wolves dig it up.

The wagon train lumbered along at the usual fifteen to eighteen miles a day and finally reached Fort Laramie. Near the fort they drove past hundreds of abandoned wagons, some broken down from the hard use of previous owners.

On entering the gates of the fort, Hannah Rebecca was pleased to find her daughter and son-in-law, Fanny Jane and Mansfield Jennings,

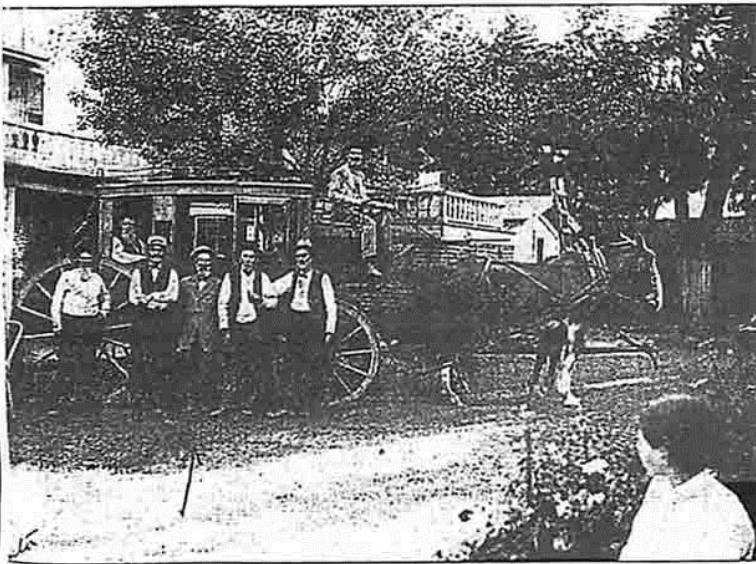
waiting for her. They joined the rest of the family on the remainder of the journey, past Independence Rock and, seventy-seven miles beyond that, the Ice Slough where a bed of ice remained all year just a foot or so beneath the sod. There emigrants cut blocks of ice for the water barrels.

The train climbed a range of rounded mountains and entered the thirty-mile-wide gap of the Wind River Mountains on a slope so gradual that, except for cold temperatures at night, many emigrants did not realize they were at the 7,000 foot summit of the South Pass at the Continental Divide. Beyond was Fort Bridger, then the Wasatch Range, where once again Hannah Rebecca saw the colossal kettle of the Great Basin with its white sands and clay wastes shimmering in the heat waves.

MOST PEOPLE would have been content to settle, but Hannah Rebecca grew restless, and in 1874 she again loaded a wagon, took the children, and crossed Nevada and Truckee Pass to reach San Francisco. Finding little she liked there, Hannah Rebecca turned south, probably at Fred's suggestion, and by 1875 she was again in San Bernardino.

Hannah Rebecca remained in San Bernardino for the next twenty years, the longest she had ever stayed in one place. In 1895 she decided she wanted to live with her daughter, Fanny Jane. She sold her house, said good-bye to Fred and his family, and once more moved to Salt Lake City. That time, however, she traveled by train on some of the tracks her son had engineered.

In her lifetime Hannah Rebecca had crossed oceans and continents, climbed the high trails of mountain ranges, and traveled across the uncharted vastness of deserts, always with determination and willpower. Probably only age stopped her travels. She remained in Salt Lake City until her death at age eighty-one, April 4, 1901.



Courtesy City of San Bernardino Historical Society

A photograph taken at the Perris home about 1875. Fred is standing in center.

PIONEER PAGE (CONT.)

NOW, YOU STOP

The report came from San Bernardino last night..... that a couple of very respectable Riverside gentlemen were put off the Santa Fe train at Rialto, trying to dead head their way to Los Angeles. Information gathered later corrected this report, the facts being that they had mistaken the train going to Los Angeles for the Riverside one. The conductor behaved very politely and was not at all discourteous, telling them they could get off at Rialto, with the option of walking back to San Bernardino or Colton or anywhere they liked, and this these two worthies did well and painfully over the long trestles, the older supporting the younger lest he might get dizzy. On approaching San Bernardino considerable caution was necessary, as groping about in the dark they might have been pounced upon by the police and run in for tramps. One of these gentlemen could have given references to respectability as he is known to be at present a member of the grand jury sitting at San Bernardino. Too bad about the darkness with an electric light on every other corner.

There is always a gang hanging around the corners of third and E worse than any other place in the city.

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There has no doubt been more lives of children saved from death in croup or whooping cough by the use of onions than by any other known remedy. Our mothers used to make poultices of them or a syrup, which were always effectual in breaking up a cough or cold. Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup is made by combining a few simple remedies with it which make it more effective as a medicine and destroys the taste and odor of the onion. Fifty cents. Sold by F.M. Towne, druggist.

Weekly Courier, Saturday, December 10, 1892.

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LOST.

LOST—COLT'S PATENT REVOLVER, 14-IN.
barrel, on Arrowhead toll road Sunday
night. Finder return to W. A. Borpen's grocery
store and receive \$5 reward. 9-18-31

TOWN TALK

That sidewalk in front of the motor depot is not repaired as yet.

The Columbian Carnival netted \$148.50. Good for the W. C. T. U.

Buy your groceries at Joe Marks, who keeps the only first-class line in the city.

The bids for the second story of the court house will be opened next Monday.

THE COURIER is the leading daily of the county, and the best advertising medium.

The board walk on B and Fourth street is a big improvement to that portion of the city.

THE COURIER was in error in stating there was no high mass at the Catholic church last Sunday.

It wouldn't do for the fellow who despoiled Nels Hansen's coupe to have Nels get hold of him.

Keep your doors and windows fastened down, as tramps are plentiful and some are very sneaking.

Call around at the American Auction house and see those fine angora goat skins.

When you are up Third street, drop in and see Folks & Eckert at the Magnilia.

For rent, a five room cottage, good artesian water and a stable for one horse. Inquire at this office.

What is the matter with the Los Angeles Express that we do not get it on our exchange list?

A large force of carpenters are at work on the new addition to the Christian church.

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