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LEGEND OF THE ARROWHEAD

(Editor's Note: The following legend appeared in the June 17, 1876 issue of the San Bernardino Weekly Times and is, perhaps, the first legend of the Arrowhead to appear in print. The story has been edited to omit several introductory paragraphs which do not pertain to local history and to omit later references to the introduction.)

THE tourist visiting the valley of San Bernardino, approaching it from the East or South, or West, cannot fail to have his attention attracted by a curious landmark called "The Arrowhead." Sheer up against the face of a precipitous cliff, it stands out bold and distinct, and is visible from a distance of many miles. It is an exact representation of the traditional flint head of an Indian's arrow. The earliest Spanish settlers of this region found it perfect on their arrival but none of them, nor from any of the later comers among other nationalities, either Gentile or Mormon, have I ever heard any attempt to account for this singular scar upon the mountainside. Its extent, embracing perhaps forty acres, and its precision of detail forbid the idea that it was the work of the hand of man.



I had abandoned the hope of gratifying the curiosity with which it, in common with all who beheld it, inspired me, when in my rambles among the adjacent canyons, I happened to come upon an Indian Rancheria, the solitary occupant of which was an old man whose shrivelled countenance and snow white hair and extreme infirmity betokened a very old age. I endeavored to draw him into conversation, but was for a long time repulsed, not rudely, but with a dignity and gentle firmness which would not have been out of place in the courtly halls of hereditary rank. During my travels in Arizona nearly twenty years ago, I

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