

## THE ARROWHEAD

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An impenetrable mist shrouded every surrounding object. Hour after hour passed in gloom and dread. The captive chief and prophetess were not to be found. Search was abandoned and despair seemed to have taken possession of the camp. Suddenly as if by enchantment the cloudy curtain rolled away and there, where you could see it, the form and impress of the mysterious messenger from the Great Spirit stood out clear and distinct against the hill. Before them in all the vernal beauty stretched out the lovely valley, now, alas, the abode of a race to whom we are but as strangers and unwelcome guests. At its base welled up the boiling streams which to this day remain and which were used for centuries by my now fast vanishing race for the health of the tribes. Upon its apex stood the sybil and her lover and by their side a shining form who waved a golden wand. Slowly they faded from the sight of those who gazed, but ere they vanished, her voice was heard

like softest music, breathing a sad but sweet farewell. She bade her people return to the simplicity of their pastoral life, charged them to be hospitable to strangers and charitable to each other. The Great Spirit, she said, had promised her a home in the Sunset Land with her lover. She would not, she said, bring a stranger and an alien into her father's lodge.

...That it occurred just as the old gentleman related it, does not admit of a doubt, for the mark of the Arrowhead can be seen any clear day without the aid of a spy-glass. Corroborative evidence of the main facts in this somewhat singular case can be found in the indisputable fact that the whole region east of the San Gorgonia Pass, where the scene of the earlier transactions related in the veracious narrative is laid, was at one time an inland sea from which the waters have long since receded. And there are unmistakable evidences of the existence at a remote period of a transverse chain of hills running from north to south about midway between Whitewater and the Colorado. As near as I can figure it up the site of the City of Seven Palms was the original location of the battlefield where the dwellers by the river made their last effort to obtain the victory over the simple-minded people of the Whitewater plains. In this, however, I may be mistaken as I frequently am.



## STURGES

(Continued)

enough I can't remember even one of them. Perhaps this was because the school was so violently oriented, "macho" as they would call it now, in its daily confrontations between the male students that there was no time left to dwell upon the mystery of the feminine sex.

Now the City Council is trying to decide whether or not to tear down Sturges' auditorium (the rest of the school will be demolished) or make it a center for cultural projects. Most of our city's artistic groups, including our own City of San Bernardino Historical Society, through the efforts of our Advisory Consultant, Thelma Press are fighting to preserve this as a part of our local heritage.

The issue will come before the City Council at our City Hall on April 21st, unfortunately before this issue of ODYSSEY goes to press. We will report later on what happened.

We must all be vigilant and fight to save what's left of our historic past.

...FH