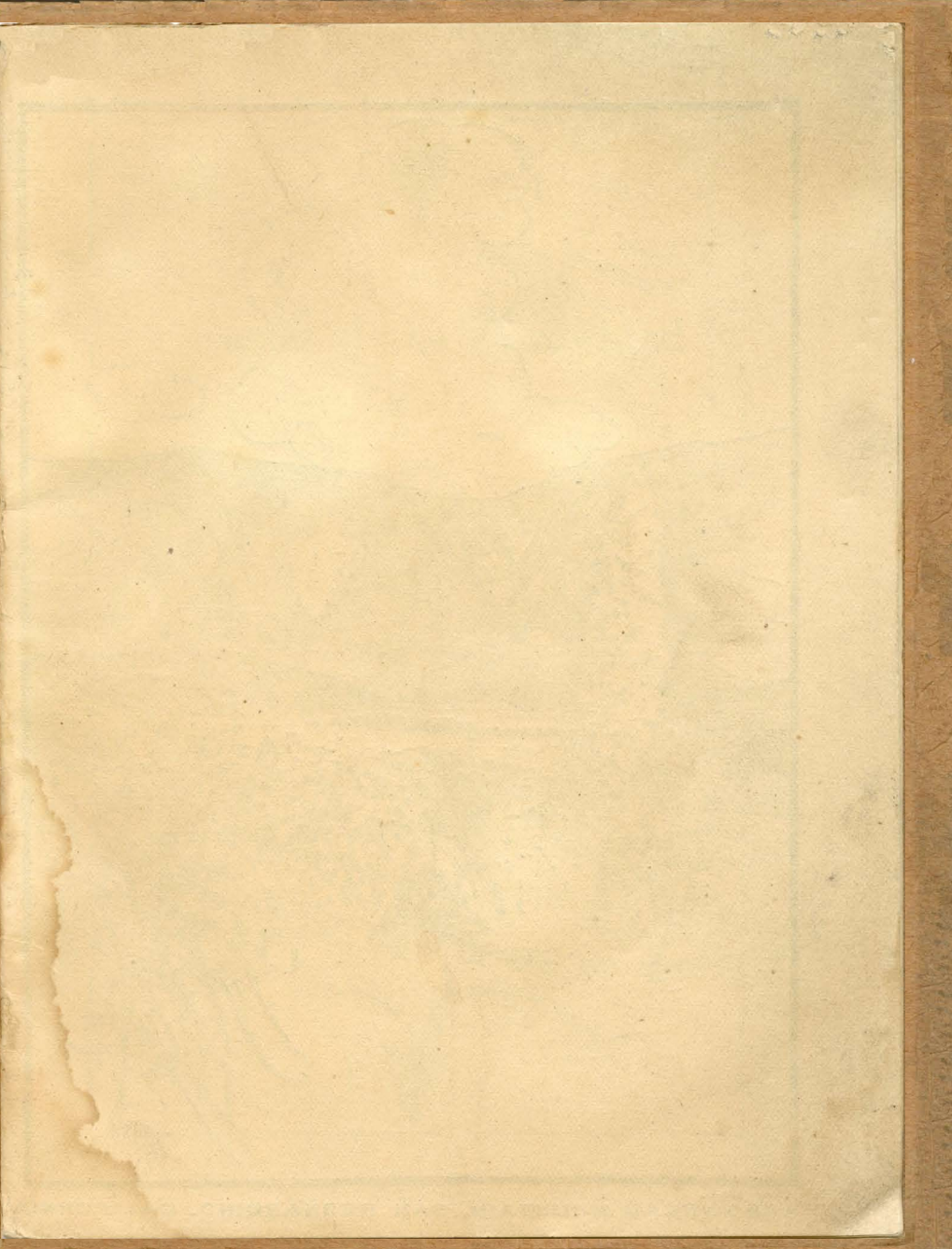


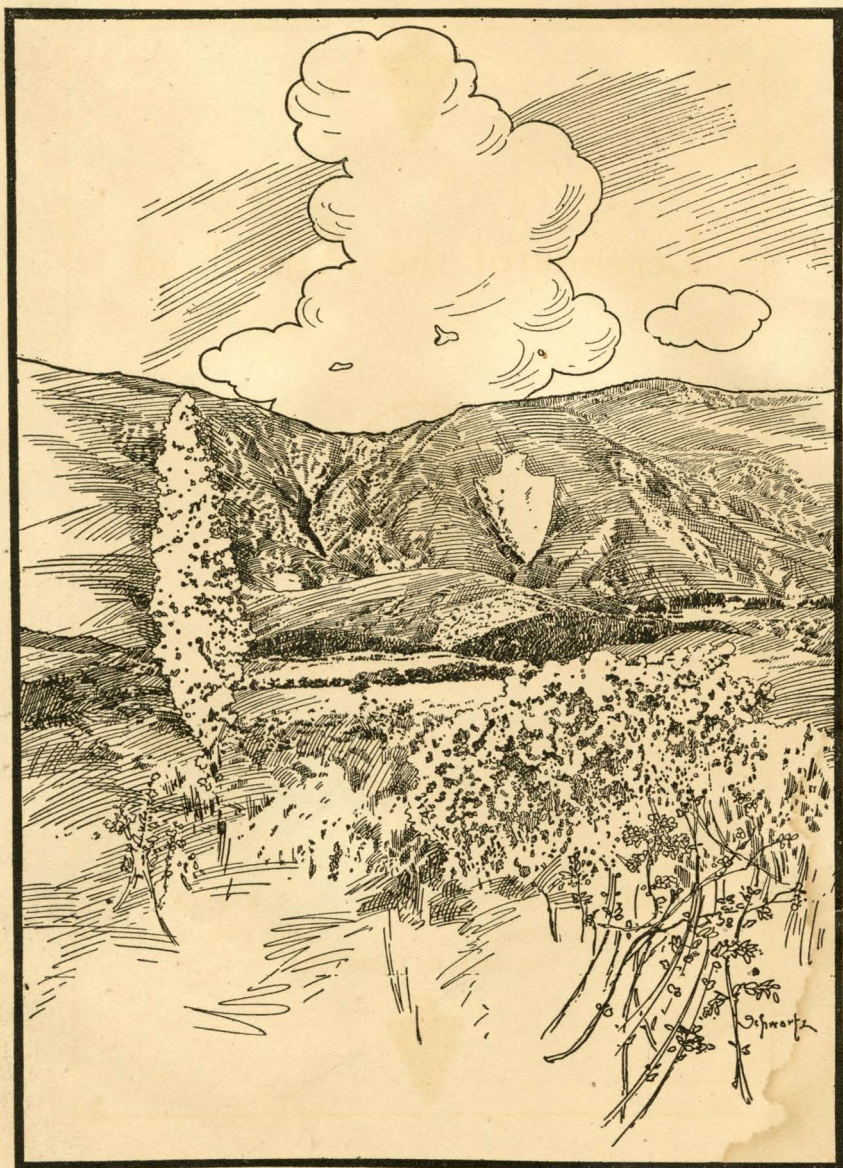
# THE SIGN OF THE ARROW HEAD











ARROWHEAD MOUNTAIN, SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA





# Legends of the Arrowhead



Issued by the Passenger Department

San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake  
Railroad

FRED A. WANN,  
General Traffic Manager,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

T. C. PECK,  
Gen'l Pass. Agent,



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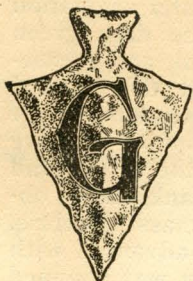
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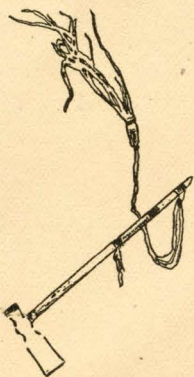
GENERATIONS of men have wondered concerning the formation of the marvelous prehistoric landmark known as the Arrowhead, so clearly pictured upon the mountain side, six miles northeast of San Bernardino, California,

and visible from the trains of the Salt Lake Route for a distance of fifteen miles.

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

In the belief that the general public knows scarcely anything concerning this strange formation, which the Salt Lake Route has adopted as its official trade mark, these legends are now collected for the first time, and presented in book form, in the hope that the subject matter will prove of interest to its readers.

By actual measurement, the Arrowhead is 1375 feet long, and 449 feet wide, comprising an area of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  acres, and the material of which it is composed is different in formation from adjacent parts of the mountain, consisting



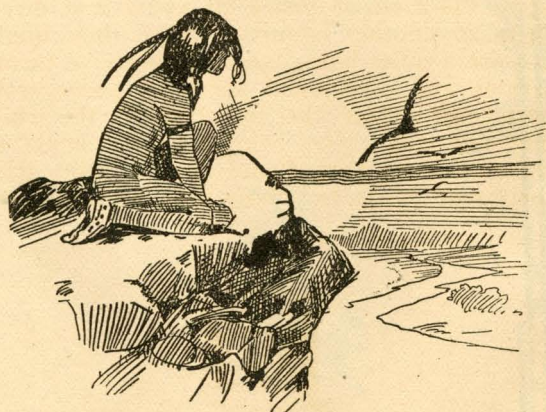
chiefly of disintegrated white quartz, and light gray granite, and supporting a growth of short white sage and weeds. This lighter vegetation shows in sharp contrast to the dark green growth of surrounding chaparral, and greasewood. Not a few believe that this natural mark was made by a mountain cloudburst. A great volume of water was supposed to have struck the earth at the top of the arrow, and rushing down formed the shank, then obstructed by some accumulated mass of debris, it overflowed on each side and advanced with terrific force, until this overflow was confined by entering the wedge-shaped configuration upon the mountain side, and the point of the arrow was shaped. The wonderfully formed symbol, so distinctive a feature of the locality, is plainly visible from all the trains of the Salt Lake Route. This fact induced the management of the road to select this unique emblem as the official sign of the system, and the simple Indian arrowhead is now adopted and recognized as the identifying mark of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad.







COMING NEXT

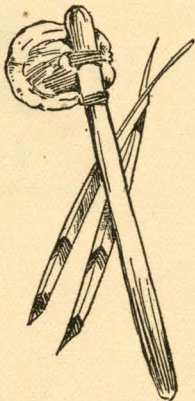






THE primitive savage, thoroughly steeped in superstitious lore, invariably associated the Great Spirit with the production of any unusual natural phenomena, hence from the descendants of the Coahuia Indian inhabitants of the San Bernardino valley, comes this explanation of the origin of the Arrowhead.

In the days of long ago, the Coahuias dwelt across the mountains to the eastward near the San Luis Rey Mission. Now, 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. Thus for many years they lived unhappy and in constant fear, until at last the persecutions could no longer be endured, and at command of their chief, the tribesmen gathered in council for the purpose of calling upon the God of Peace to assist and direct them to another country, where they might acquire a quiet home land. Impressive incantations and ceremonial songs of peace were performed under the direction of the chief medicine man. Now being a gentle people, so the tale runs, they found special favor with the Great Spirit, by whom they were directed

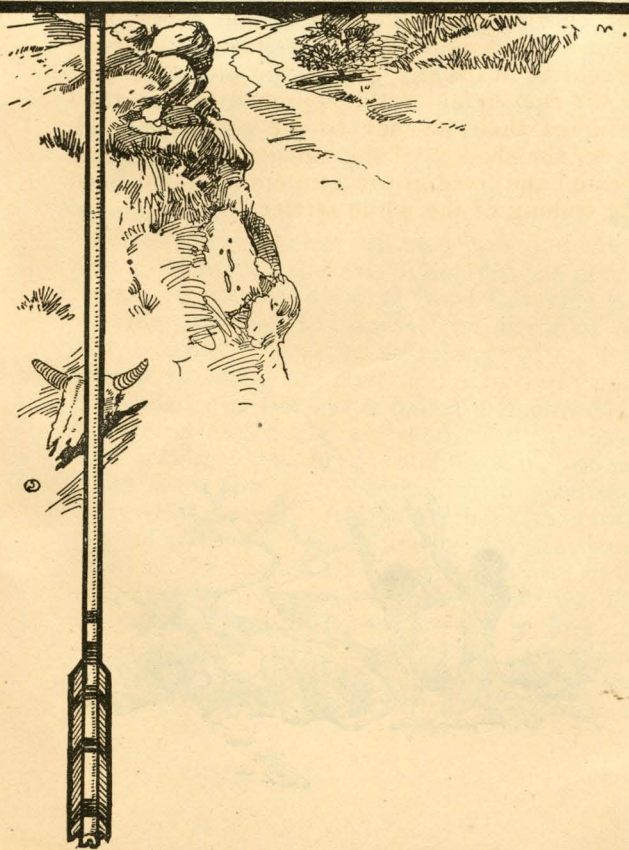


to travel westward, and instructed that they would be guided to their new home by a fiery arrow, for which they must be constantly watching. Accordingly the tribe started upon the journey, and one moonless night when the camp sentries had been posted with usual injunctions to be watchful, there appeared across the vault of heaven, a blazing arrow, which took a course westward, settling upon the mountain, where the shaft was consumed in flame, but the head imbedded itself, clear-cut, in the mountain side. The camp was aroused, and while yet the morning star hung jewel-like in the sky, and a faint gleam of light in the east heralded the approach of day, they resumed their journey to the promised land, under the shadow of the mountain, where they located and lived in peaceful contentment until the coming of the white settler.





# THE GUACHINA INDIAN LEGEND









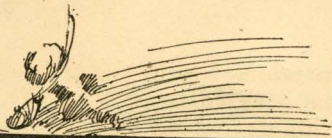
GES and ages ago, this legend runs the Indians inhabiting the beautiful San Bernardino Valley, called by them Guachina, a "place of plenty," waxed strong and prosperous because of the fertility of the soil and the abundance of the streams that watered it. They were mighty in the land, and becoming selfish and proud in their arrogance forgot the All-Ruler, the bestower of their abundance and power. Then was the Great Father displeased at their ingratitude and thereupon sent down upon this people a hot, fierce Spirit from the Sun-land, who blighted their vegetation, drank of their streams until only the sand beds were left, and drained their lakelets till only salt and bitter waters remained therein. Then did the people gather in council, building huge fast fires and making offerings to appease the anger of the Great Spirit. But the scorching blast continued, parching the land, and all green things shrivelled, the hot earth baked and crumbled, the herds and flocks perished, the Sun monster leaving only heaps of bleaching bones. Then were the people visited with pestilence and with famine. Although they constantly prayed and made peace offerings for the abatement of the fury of this consuming heat monster, their supplications were unanswered. The wailing Indians at length driven to dire extremity, knelt with outstretched arms and bowing to the ground, offered to make any sacrifice—even to the forfeiture of the most



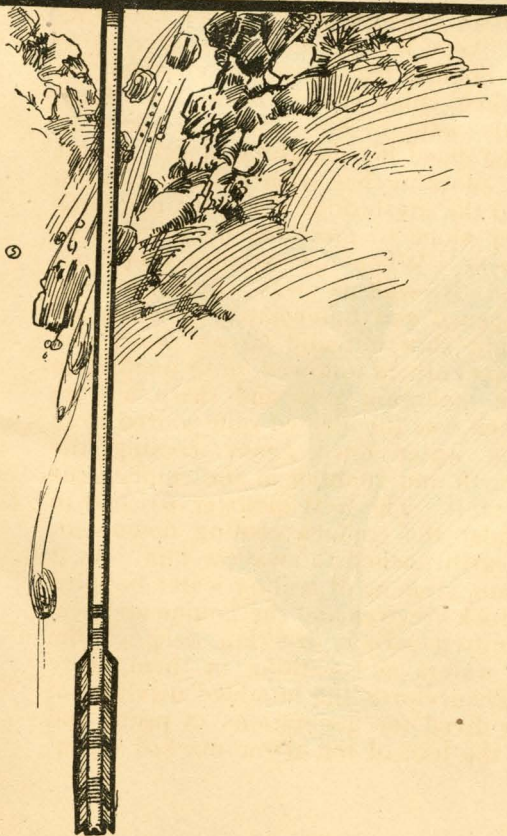
precious life in the tribe—if only relief might be granted them from the deadly visitation of this devouring pest.

Now the chief is alleged to have been father to an only daughter, Ne-wah-na, by name, maiden of the new moon—the fairest and most beloved of all tribeswomen. Finally in answer to this last appeal, a voice floating from out the broad expanse of the skies bore this message: “Give Ne-wah-na as an offering to heaven.” Silence fell upon the stricken Indians, as their chief, rising from his devotions slowly went to his wickiup. There he carefully wrapped his daughter in her richest robes and adorning her with golden trinkets, obedient to the mysterious voice, led her forth leaving her alone to meet the fiery wrath of the destroyer. When the sacrifice was completed and Ne-wah-na was consumed the heavens opened and immediately a white arrow of light shot out and struck down the heat monster; others followed, until finally one struck the mountain side and there left its mark. Then was the blessed rain poured from above, the water once again cooling the parched earth and running in the empty beds of the streams. The heat monster writhed in agony, under the copious cooling downpour, until the earth opened to swallow him. As it closed again, streams of boiling water bubbled from the rock crevices and the famine and pestilence smitten people drinking deep of the steaming waters and bathing in them, were healed. Thenceforth the humbled dwellers of the valley lived for generations in peace and plenty at the foot of the arrow marked mountain.





# ANOTHER COAHUILA LEGEND

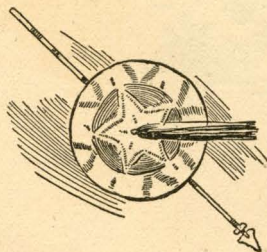








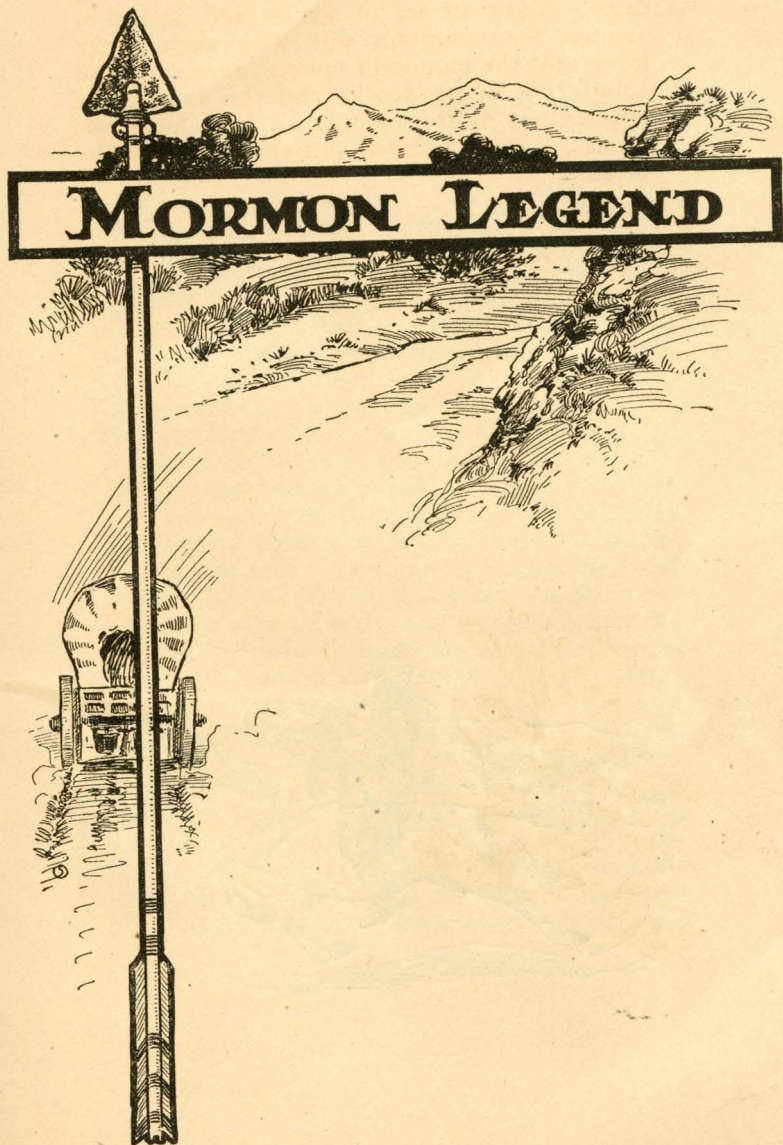
AGES ago, when the Evil Spirit dwelt in these mountains, the Coahuias were a race of giants. Now the Evil one took supreme delight in making life miserable for them. His favorite form of amusement was to roll down from the mountains huge boulders upon their rancheria and to pour drenching floods of water over the valley. The Indians naturally enough became weary of these mischievous attentions and wishing to arrange some sort of truce, one autumn day after the Evil One had been especially active, they decided to seek a council with him. So the giant Indian chief called the Sacred Eagle, after first placing a white dove's feather in its beak, to ascertain if the time was most propitious. That revered bird having so signified by soaring far aloft to the mountain stronghold of the Evil Spirit and returning with the white feather of the dove, a score of the most powerful Indians scaled the mountain side and the council occurred. After some discussion it was agreed to play a game of cards for entire possession of the valley. The Indians chanting a good luck gambling song were fast winning, when the Evil One becoming en-

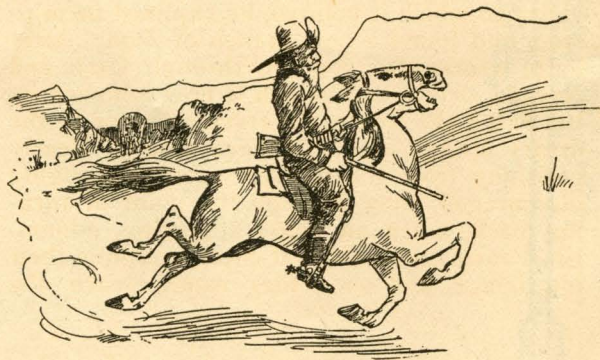


raged, seized an ace of spades and dashed it against the mountain side with such angry force that the mountain opened, receiving him spluttering in its depths and the sulphurous hot springs at the mountain's base bear evidence of his continued presence beneath the rocks.







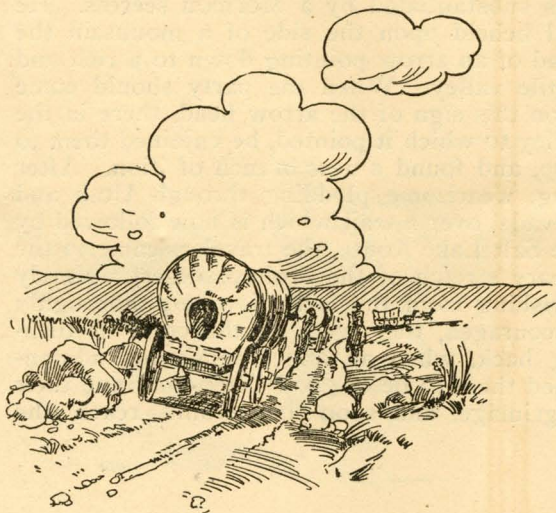






FROM the Mormons has likewise developed a solution of the mystery of the arrowhead. It is related that when in the year 1851, Brigham Young desired to found a colony which was to be a resting place to the saints coming to this his city of Zion, from Europe and Australia, he sent out a party to select a location. Before his band of disciples started on their quest, however, he told the two leading elders of a vision that had appeared to him and which was substantiated by a Mormon seeress. He had beheld upon the side of a mountain the head of an arrow pointing down to a rich and fertile valley. When the party should come upon this sign of the arrow head, there in the valley to which it pointed, he enjoined them to stop, and found a new branch of Zion. After long, wearisome plodding through Utah and Nevada, over a trail which is now followed by the Salt Lake Route, the travelers came to the dreary stretch of the Mohave desert. Nearly perishing from the lack of water, thoroughly discouraged, they were on the point of turning back, when an angel appearing, admonished them to be of good cheer, continue their pilgrimage, and soon they would reach the

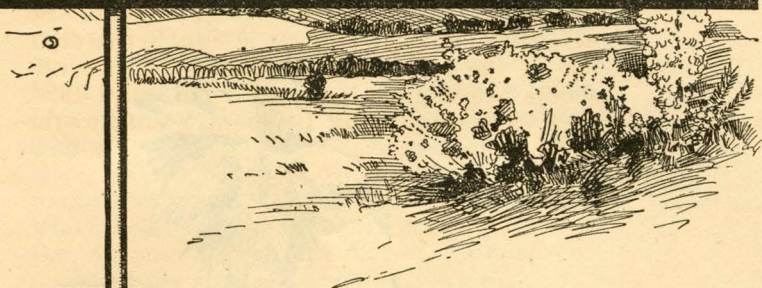
land of their reward. The following day they came to Cajon pass, and from there viewed the beautiful San Bernardino valley. The elders, beholding the great white arrowhead, defined against the dark green background, recognized this as the valley of their leader's vision. So here they settled, founding in San Bernardino, one of the most healthy and prosperous off-shoots Mormonism ever put forth, until 1857, they were recalled by Brigham Young to the city of Zion.

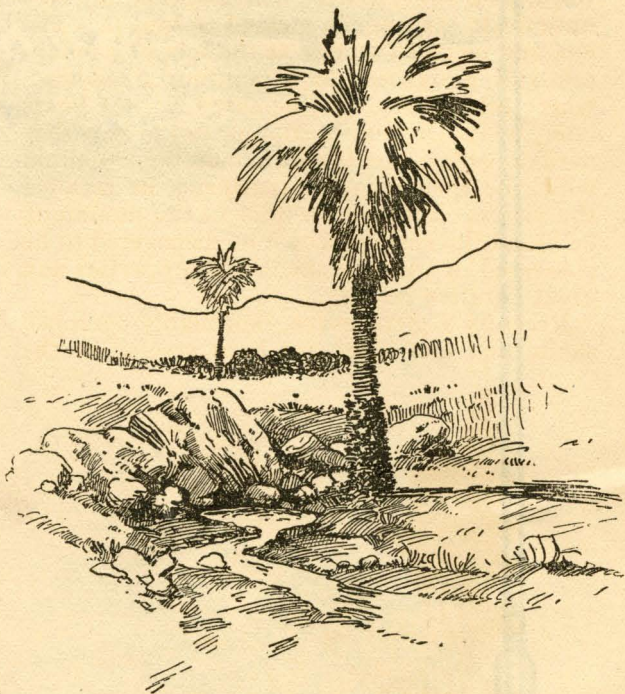






# DR. SMITH'S STORY





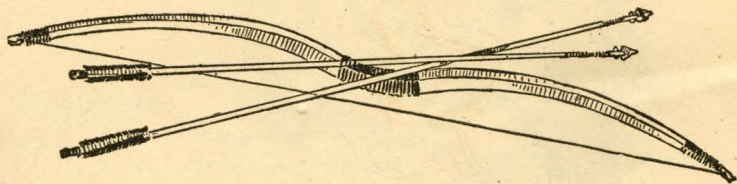


**D**OCTOR D. N. SMITH, who about 1858, sought to improve the boiling sulphurous springs at the base of the mountain, had his own arrowhead story to tell. According to him, when a young lad, at a time when his father, who was a sufferer from consumption, lay sick unto death, an angel appeared to him in a vision, and pictured a place at the foot of a mountain side designated by a pointing arrowhead, where his father might be cured. Some years later, when Dr. Smith, coming to the San Bernardino valley, saw the sign upon the mountain which he then named Arrowhead, he recalled the vision. Visiting the foot of the mountain, he found the springs which he discovered to be possessed of valuable medicinal properties and great curative powers.

Recently a picturesque, thoroughly equipped sanitarium and hotel has been erected at the

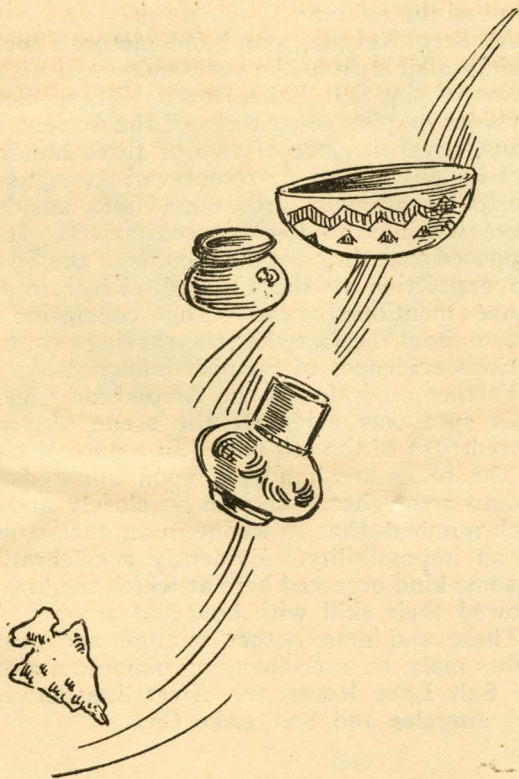


base of the Arrowhead with a corps of skilled physicians in charge. Commodious bath-houses have been built where the curative powers of the hot waters and the mineralized mud are given full scope in healing mankind. The Springs are thirty-six in number and vary both in character and temperature. Literature dealing directly with the springs and their curative powers will be furnished on application to Arrowhead Hot Springs, Arrowhead, California, or to any agent of the Salt Lake Route.





# Traces of the Early Indians





OTHER Indian relics are found along the Salt Lake Route, showing that the country recently opened up by this line, although new to the pale-face, was in the time of long ago, the home of the red man.

At Rox, Nevada, stand the pictured rocks, plainly visible from the car windows of all the trains of the Salt Lake Route. These hieroglyphics or picture-writings of the ancient Indians, cover a space of two or three hundred feet in length, and represent various signs of the zodiac, animals, birds, etc. Historians date these writings as 1540 approximately. It is supposed that they are the records of the Spanish expedition to the Colorado River in the above mentioned year. This conclusion is drawn from the fact that the carvings contain various evidences of Spanish influences.

Farther on is found the Arrowhead Cañon. This spot was evidently the scene of some sacred rites of the red men. In a narrow cleft of the rocks are hundreds upon hundreds of Indian arrow heads shot in so closely and in such numbers that to wedge in another would be an impossibility. Evidently a celebration of some kind occurred here at which the braves showed their skill with bow and arrow.

These and many other strange and grand sights make an ever-changing panorama along the **Salt Lake Route**, the direct line between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City.





THE PICTURED ROCKS, NEAR ROX, NEVADA





For additional copies of this booklet, as well as Utah, Nevada and California literature, address M. DEBRABANT, General Agent, 290 Broadway, New York; G. M. SARGENT, General Agent, 202 South Clark Street, Chicago; A. WALDBAUER, General Agent, 311 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.; J. H. BURTNER, District Passenger Agent, 169 South Main Street, Salt Lake City; or,

*F. A. WANN,*  
*Gen'l Traffic Manager*

*T. C. PECK,*  
*Gen'l Passenger Agent*

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA









