

Volume 23

February 1983

Number 1



Douglas P. Corrigan was the harum-scarum 31 year-old red headed American-Irishman who made the unlooked for landing in a battered second hand \$900 monoplane onto a Dublin airport July 10, 1938.

"I'm Douglas Corrigan," he shouted, "just got in from New York and it took me 28 hours and 13 minutes. Where am I? I intended to fly to California." From then on Corrigan went on to reap fame as "Wrong Way Corrigan." The plucky one-time barnstorming stunt man was admonished for flying 3,150 unauthorized solo miles across the Atlantic without proper sanction. Corrigan's reply, "Just an unfortunate error in navigation."

For months, doing something the "wrong way" was an American addiction. Swept by the craze, our own California Pioneers had a "Wrong Way" Irish Dinner on March 28, 1939 at Pioneer Hall. The hoped for guest of honor was to have been Corrigan, however, he mailed the above picture post card from San Diego apologizing for not being able to attend. Regardless, the sell-out affair went on as scheduled with the entire dinner being served in reverse. It started with home-made apple pie, then Irish stew and other goodies and ending with a green salad. The ladies prepared the dinner while male members in white bibbed aprons did the serving. John McEnery, Sr. was master of ceremonies and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien chairperson.

## ▼▼▼ WHALE BLAZERS ▼▼▼

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SAN JOSE, March 3, 1850: - There was ample reason to be excited. It was reported that gold had been discovered in the Coyote Creek. The rush was on! Historians wrote of: "senators, clerks, and loafers alike rushing off to the Coyote mines. Picks, shovels, crow-bars and pans had a large sale. The creek bed was ravaged inch by inch but no gold was found. In twenty-four hours the Coyote stampede was over."

SAN JOSE 1870: - The reason Second Street did not cut through St. James Park for years was blamed on San Jose's first baseball club, The Quick Steppers. Their back-stop was said to have spread across what should have been Second Street.

SAN JOSE 1892: - In their efforts to make 300 cigars in eight hours and capture a prize of \$250, two Rinaldo Cigar Factory employees fell 125 cigars short of their goal. Anyway, for their feat they were each awarded a silver medal by the owner.

SAN JOSE 1897: - Students of dentistry began pulling teeth free at the city receiving hospital under the direction of the city physician.

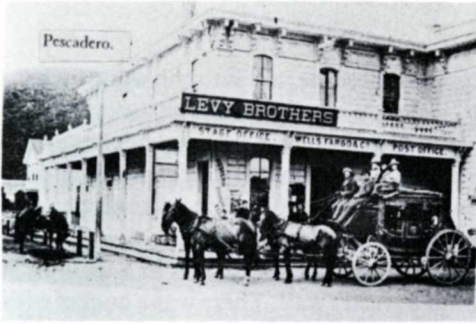
SAN JOSE 1909: - John Phillip Sousa was thrilling packed houses at the Victory Theatre with his "peerless, matchless and incomparable band."

SAN JOSE 1912: - A dispute to compel street car companies to allow dogs aboard if proper fare was paid was not making progress as conductors continued to refuse canine passengers.

SAN JOSE, September 1917: - Clyde Arbuckle of Santa Clara reported the loss of his bicycle by theft to the police.

FELTON, CALIF. 1923: - Tom Mix, the famed cowboy and his company were making a movie near here had experienced a premature dynamite blast in which Tom and Tony, his horse, were injured. Their nearby presence caused area motorists to wander over to visit Tony in his stall.

SAN JOSE 1923: - A 1924 Willys-Knight was proudly displaying its first set of balloon tires, the first to make their appearance here at Granger Motor Sales.



## OVER THE HILL TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

by Elisabeth Bean Telfer

When I was a little girl, just before the turn of the century, one of my greatest pleasures was visiting Forest Home, where my grandparents lived. It was on a quarter-section of homesteaded land, on rolling wooded hills along the Pescadero Creek, about five miles from the coast.

To get there we boarded a stagecoach at the train depot in Redwood City, California. It was an all-day trip over dusty mountain roads. Our lunch stop was at the small settlement of La Honda where we sometimes met the incoming stage, and all the horses were taken off to be fed, watered, and cared for. Fresh horses were hitched to the coaches for the afternoon trips. There were two sizes of coach used. The small one was drawn by a two-horse team, while the larger one required four horses. The stage operated daily, carrying passengers, mail, and small freight over the mountains to the coastal village of Pescadero.

My favorite driver was Sam Sloan. He was fat, jolly, and very kind to me. He let me sit outside on the high seat with him part of the way, and stopped occasionally to let me get down and walk around a little, for I was prone to motion sickness and the stage did sway a bit.

After lunch we proceeded over another range of dusty hills, through virgin forest, and finally, as the stage emerged from the edge of the woods late in the afternoon, we reached our destination and found Grandfather waiting at the mailbox for us.

We walked down to the narrow foot-bridge over the creek and on up to Grandmother's house. Grandfather had built it himself, largely from timber he felled and shaped with his axe and carpenter tools. The house was on a clearing facing the creek and the road, which were obscured by bushes and trees. On one side a path led over a shallow gully to the barn and chicken yard, and a hillside planted with hay. On the other side was the garden — currant and gooseberry bushes, vegetables, and a small apple orchard — Newtown Pippins, crispy Bellflowers, and delicious big Greenings — and, of course, the privy. Climbing roses decorated the house, and in the spring a large plot of sweetpeas, growing well over our heads, was massed together into a huge multicolored bouquet.

Behind the house a path led up a gentle slope and into the woods where the spring that supplied water for the house was located. The water was run down in a long V-shaped open wooden trough to a large wooden tank on the back porch. A tin cup hung nearby for the convenience of thirsty people. All the water used for cooking, washing, and bathing was dipped out of that tank and heated on the wood stove in the kitchen.

Part way up the hill there was a mineral spring. It was in a deep hole around which Grandfather had built a sturdy wall. There was a bucket with a long rope attached to it and to the wall, and another tin cup. Grandfather believed that this mineral water had wonderful medicinal qualities and urged everyone to drink copiously of it. The adults did, but I avoided it as much as possible. It smelled bad and tasted worse.

When I was at Grandmother's house, I slept in a room directly over the kitchen. The stovepipe went up through a hole in the floor and on up through the roof. I could look down and see what was cooking and smell the tiny new potatoes baking in the oven — the same potatoes that I had helped dig. The floor was bare except for a bedside rug which was the hide of Jersey Belle, a former cow.

My brother and I, and a pair of twin cousins who were often there with us, had wonderful times. We played at the creek for hours, wading, building towers with stones, paddling a small flat-bottomed boat, catching polliwogs and frogs, and sometimes little fish. Once we caught a six-inch catfish in a bucket. We carried it up to the house and dumped it into the water tank. Grandmother was quite perturbed when she discovered it swimming around in there and we were gently scolded and made to carry it back to the creek.

Sometimes we took our buckets and picked wild blackberries, thimbleberries, and tiny sweet strawberries that grew along the road. They were covered with dust, but we didn't care. By the time we got home we had eaten them all.

Once in a while someone would spot a chicken hawk circling overhead. Then we would rush out and shoo the chickens into their house and stand guard until the hawk gave up and flew away.

Grandfather used to go up into the woods behind the house and cut wood for the stove and fireplace. When he had a supply ready, he hitched Binny Boy to a big sledge and went up to get it. We loved to pile on and be dragged up the rough hillside.

Binny Boy was a gentle horse. His real name was Albino Bay, for his color and the one white eye he had. He let us play all around and under him. Once my cousins divided his tail in two and each hung on to a piece and let Binny drag them around.

We liked to watch Grandmother milk the cow and help her feed the chickens and gather the eggs. We picked currants for jelly and gooseberries for pie. I liked to think I was helping Grandmother churn the butter and trim the lamps. Sometimes Grandfather let me turn the grindstone while he sharpened his tools.

There was a butcher wagon that came out from town once a week. When we heard the bells on the horse jingling, Grandmother or Grandfather hurried out to the road and bought what was wanted. There was no ice. I wonder why we didn't all get sick?

Usually once during our stay we had a trip to town. That took practically all day. Grandfather hitched Binny to the surrey and we drove down to a shallow place in the creek, forded it, and went on up to join the stage road. We took a picnic lunch, and after shopping in the general store and visiting with Cy Williamson, the proprietor, and any neighbors who happened to be there, we drove on out to the beach. It was a pebbly beach and it was said that people had found moonstones there. We never found any, but we took home buckets full of pretty pebbles. There was a lighthouse nearby flashing signals to ships at sea, and a mournfully moaning foghorn anchored out from the point. After a happy day Binny Boy took us back in time to do the evening chores.

All too soon our holiday was over and it was time to go home. We would pack up and follow the path to the mailbox, and wait for the stage which would carry us back to "civilization," where we had indoor plumbing and gas lights.



## A SHADY REMEDY

Today's lively pace of air conditioned traffic tends to snub this shady sanctuary once devised for the well being of the horse and tin Lizzie traveler when there was little thought of anyone ever being in a hurry.

Our shady haven stems from a stand of California black walnut (*Juglans nigra*) south of San Jose on Highway 101 or the El Camino Real – the nostalgic still like to call the Monterey Road. The staunch trees once flanked both sides of a then docile county road in an unbroken thirty mile stretch to Gilroy.

This major ten year planting task was the feat of San Josean Horace Greely Keesling, a civic minded horticulturist and dedicated ecologist of his time.

San Jose City Historian Clyde Arbuckle states it all started about 1900 when Keesling, his family and horses suffered unmercifully from the heat on returning from an outing at Pacific Grove. This grueling experience triggered Keesling to come up with a remedy. "Plant shade," he voiced, and so he did.

Keesling at the time was the manager of the E.A. and O.A. Hayes imposing sixty acre wooded estate at Edenvale, six miles south of San Jose. The park-like properties also included extensive orchard and grain lands. In his quest for shade Keesling had the complete support of the Hayes family, publishers of the *San Jose Mercury Herald*.

Hundreds of flats containing thousands of walnut seedlings were ministered to by Keesling. The entire project received the backing of Hugh Hersman, supervisor from the Gilroy district.

Hayes Keesling, son of Horace, now 87, recently informed the Trailblazer how he as a young man in 1909 assisted with the planting. Many of the ranchers, too, along the route were part of the planting force as Hayes remembers. As a student at San Jose High School he said his father had a profound interest in plants, trees and landscape architecture.

Horace Greely Keesling, the son of Thomas Bulla and Elizabeth Hasty Keesling, was born June 26, 1855 in Mechanicsburg, Indiana. He was the younger of then Martha and two brothers, Francis and Leander. Horace was just a year old when the family moved to Minnesota in July 1856. According to a family chronicle published in 1909 by Horace, the family was still on the increase. His father purchased twelve acres for a home site in Minneapolis where Oliver N., Carrie E., and Emma E. were born. Alva Curtis did not quite make it to Minneapolis, being born on the way to Wayzata near Minnetonka.

In November 1871 the father, Thomas, and the eldest son, Francis, came to California to scout for a suitable home location. By October 1873 the entire family was settling on twenty acres on Willow Street near now Cherry Avenue where a fine home was soon built.

In 1938 this once grandiose Keesling home, built in 1878, was leveled to make way for a street extension. Mrs. Roy (Carol McChesney) Bartholomew, granddaughter of Horace, revealed to the Trailblazer how the family rescued selected hardwoods from the old home turning them into attractive book ends. Horace had worked on the home place after his high school education later moving to a nearby ranch of his own.

On May 13, 1880 at San Jose, he was married to Annie Lisle Bacon, sister of the famed actor, Frank Bacon. They were the parents of Jessie (mother of Carol Bartholomew), Homer, Ernest and Hayes.

San Jose city directories of 1887-92 list Horace Keesling as a poultry fancier and orchardist on 14 acres in The Willows near Meridian Road. Keesling Avenue today marks the area.

"I did a lot of growing up here along side my grandfather who was a dad to me also," says Carol, "after my father, George McChesney, died a young man." Carol was born and married on the Hayes estate. Her father was the station agent for the nearby Edenvale train station. She likes to recall the pleasure her green thumbed grandfather received planting, tilling and weeding his Hamilton Avenue flower gardens. Here he engrossed himself to the major aspects of flowers, shrubs and trees. His petunias and amaryllis were proclaimed at state and county showings. Santa Rosa's "Plant Wizard" Luther Burbank often called on Keesling for enjoyable talkathons on flower culture.

In 1912 Keesling was appointed editor of Farm-Garden and Orchard and California Farmer, Sunday supplements of the *San Jose Mercury Herald*, a commitment he held for twenty-eight years.

Keesling, a pioneer advocate in highway beautification, had published how highway program tests observed all over the state proved that shade was an effective agent in road maintenance. On February 18, 1923 he wrote: "It is safe to declare if every road in the county was planted to trees following the minimum distance as set by state highway commission of one hundred feet apart, that a wonderful change would be moderated as to extremes of cold and heat. The planting of trees along highways by communities has been made possible by agreement with highway officials to maintain these trees and purchase of lands for a state nursery. The expenditures for the beautification of our highways is fully justified."

Horace Greely Keesling died at his home April 8, 1940 at the age of 85. He was a long time leader in Grange circles, a founder and past president of the Flower Lover's Club.

Through the efforts of the California Pioneers of Santa Clara County and E Clampus Vitus, Mountain Charlie Chapter 1850, Keesling's walnut shade route will soon be declared a Registered California Point of Historical Interest.



Horace G. Keesling



Luther Burbank



His flowered ranch home

## WILLOW GLEN BECOMES AN INCORPORATED CITY

September 8, 1927

By a vote of 686 to 364 residents of the Willow Glen suburb decided to incorporate as a town as a means of keeping the Southern Pacific Railroad from rerouting its main line through their district. According to those who pleaded for the incorporation, the railroad could not operate within the corporate limits of the new town without a franchise from the town board of trustees. Candidates for the town board opposed the granting of such a franchise.

*In Brief*, the official publication of the Santa Clara County Bar Association, in the winter edition of 1929, recalls the election consolidating Willow Glen with San Jose and passing by a margin of 928 to 871 in September 1936. Opponents argued that the City of San Jose might allow saloons in the heretofore "dry area."

Willow Glen was the eleventh district to join greater San Jose. The prior districts being Gardner and East San Jose in 1911, Alviso Road in 1912, Stockton Industrial in 1924, Southwest Industrial in 1925, College Park, Burbank and Sunol in 1925, French Residence in 1926, White Street Industrial in 1927 and Cottage Grove in 1930. The annexations helped to bulge the population of San Jose to over 75,000.

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*Welcome New Members*

Tame E. Balasam  
Virginia E. Cozzens  
Marjorie Dart  
Phobe Davis  
Virginia A. Frazier  
Marie T. Gambrel  
George Gardin

Henrietta Gardin  
Gilbert X. Gonzales  
Rita Jean Gonzales  
Marie B. Harper  
Laura Lucero  
Tony Lucero  
Eugenia McClay  
Agnes Odegard

Helen E. Orlando  
Marguerite Parker  
Madge G. Van Horn  
Nestor Wahlberg  
Charles H. West  
Vivian West  
Florence E. Wool

*Beyond the sunset*

Louise Baille

Alice R. B. Niles



# President's Message

John W. Clark

## OUR ANNUAL HISTORICAL ESSAY CONTEST ANNOUNCED

### CASH AWARDS AWAIT WINNERS

The general public and high school students are invited to compete for \$200 - \$50 - and \$25 cash awards in the California Pioneers of Santa Clara County's annual essay engagement. Sorry, but previous first award winners of the past five years are ineligible to compete.

The essays in the English language are to be at least 3000 words and contain a bibliography. The papers may reflect on any subject, person or place concerning the history of Santa Clara County.

The categories are general public and high school levels. First prize for each is \$200, second \$50, and third \$25.

April 30 is the deadline to have essays mailed to Austen Warburton, 12th Floor, Bank of America Building, 101 Park Center Plaza, San Jose, CA 95113.

For further information please send a stamped self-addressed legal size envelope to Helen Arbuckle, Essay Contest, California Pioneers of Santa Clara County, P.O. Box 8208, San Jose, CA 95155.

### HONORS

Eadweard Muybridge, nineteenth century photographic genius, the first to freeze action in a photograph, will be commemorated for his accomplishment by State Historical Landmark No. 834 at Stanford University, April 30, 1983 at 11:00 a.m.

The Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus will officiate at the State Historical Landmark dedication.

### DUES      DUES      DUES

Your Society would be grateful for a stamped, self-addressed envelope to have your membership card returned to you. Of course, our March 5th Luncheon would be the ideal place and time to pay your \$3 dues. Always make checks payable to CALIFORNIA PIONEERS. Thank you. Meta Huber, Financial Secretary, P.O. Box 8208, San Jose, CA 95155.



# Touring With The Californians

RESERVATIONS for trips can be made by calling Ruth Gross at 294-9830 between 9 a.m. and noon, Monday through Friday. Members of the California Pioneers of Santa Clara County are given preference over guests with reservations taken on first-come, first-served basis. Reservations for MEMBERS ONLY will be accepted for the first week after each quarterly luncheon meeting; thereafter, non-members will be welcome. Subject this rule, anyone may sign on a waiting list. The right is reserved to decline or accept any person as a member of any tour.

THE CALIFORNIANS, P.O. BOX 32121, SAN JOSE, CA 95152

April 23-30, 1983: - ARIZONA with Austen Warburton Take advantage of this lively, scenic, leisured and mild western trek. Only a few stalls remain – lasso this!

June 15 to July 2, 1983: - SCANDINAVIA Space is still available on this fantastic jaunt embracing the haunts of the Vikings, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. Quaint towns with fairy-tale pastel fronts and copper roofs await you. Behold reindeer grazing while you delight in old world suppers.

Call Ruth Gross *now* for reservations for the *above* trips. 294-9830.

CANADIAN ROCKIES: - Sept. 4-12, 1983 Join our peak-watchers and picture-makers viewing glacial carved heights and gleaming turquoise lakes. Relax to a hot spring bath or perhaps an Indian parade or rodeo fair. Reservations for this outing will begin at March 5 Luncheon.

# LUNCHEON

Please Call  
**247-6606**  
Anytime so we  
can properly  
prepare

March  
5<sup>th</sup>

Louis  
Village

Menu  
Veal Cutlet  
Tossed Green Salad  
Mashed Potatoes  
Vegetable-Dessert  
Coffee \$6.50

DOORS  
Open  
10:30  
Luncheon  
12:15

\*\*Guest Speaker Bart Collins Retired Police Official

P. O. BOX 8208  
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# THE TRAILBLAZER

Issued: February, May, August, November

Editor: Henry Calloway, 1899 McDaniel Ave., San Jose, CA 95126

Associate Editor: Laura Calloway

Assistant Editor: Bill Chivers

Staff Artist: Ralph Rambo

Subscription rate to non-members ..... \$2.00 per year

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Sunshine ..... Mary Simas, Please notify for SICKNESS AND DEATHS

1722 Husted, San Jose, CA 95124      Phone 448-6102

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