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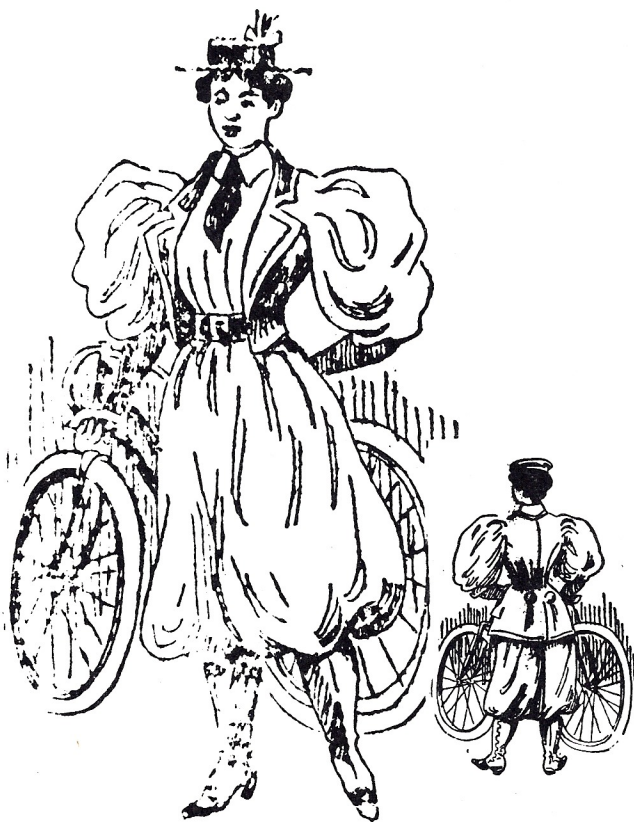
TRAILBLAZER

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE CALIFORNIA PIONEERS
OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY
INCORPORATED 1875

Volume 19

November 1979

Number 4



A CYCLING AGE

WHALE BLAZERS

SAN JOSE, Sept. 20, 1892: — Work on the Post Office building at San Fernando and Market Streets had started. This construction was in accordance with instructions from Supt. Wolcott. Wolcott announced stonecutting machinery would start the next day having already received the stone from the Greystone Quarry at Almaden. The granite used came from the quarries at Raymond, then in Fresno Co., now in Madera County. Total cost of the P. O. was \$90,000, now a Historical Landmark.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 1892: — It appeared to be a sour grape affair for the girls employed to pack them for the Mann & Lee Packers. The wages paid was three cents per box. The girls claimed this was too low, insisting they were expert packers and could not realize fifty cents a day at such an outrageous rate. When the ladies marched out in a body, the owners readily met the group's demands of four cents per box.

Nov. 16, 1892: — Laying the Post Office Cornerstone — Imposing ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the Masonic Order. The Fifth Regiment Band led a procession with members of the local lodges following.

SAN JOSE, Nov. 1892: — "There no doubt has been more lives of children saved from death from whooping cough by the use of onions than any other known remedy." This was the startling claim by Dr. Gunn of his miraculous Onion Syrup as an effective means of breaking the cough. The genuine article was provided by C. W. Fisher, druggist.

Dec. 1891: — A decorative Christmas looked promising in private homes as more and more homes in the larger cities were illuminating trees with electric lights.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 1894: — Millie Christian must have been a most remarkable freak according to reports. Millie supposedly had two heads and sang duets, alto and soprano, with her two mouths. This interesting personage was exhibited at First and San Carlos Sts. where she attracted and entertained amazed visitors for the sum of fifteen cents.

Uncle Mark

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Trailblazer,

In New York City I lived in an area steeped in history, and historical novels were my favorite reading.

The tree under which the Indians were supposed to have sold Manhattan Island was only a couple of miles away. The "Post Road" (Albany Post, I believe it was), started just a block away from my home. It was the first federally financed thoroughfare to carry mail.

I worked at the southern tip of Manhattan, where, before the coming of immigration regulations, people reaching this country would disembark from their miserable ships and just started walking—the Irish, Chinese, Jewish groups, Turks, Italians, ad infinitum, each heading to areas their predecessors had settled. Thus we had many areas where these people continued their native customs and it was interesting to browse through them—it was safe to walk alone anywhere in those days.

When I came to California as a G. I., I made an attempt to become involved in California history, but the enthusiasm was shortlived.

My father's family was somehow related to the first Mark Hopkins, at least that is what I was told in the early '30's. The State of California advertised for heirs about that time, and if none were found, the money was to have gone to the state. As I remember it, one person was entitled to his entire fortune. She could not be found, nor proved deceased, either.

Had the latter developed, my father's family supposedly would have been entitled to a large share of his estate. I never got excited about it, but the older folks did. Without proof of death, or whereabouts of her heirs, I presume the state claimed the money.

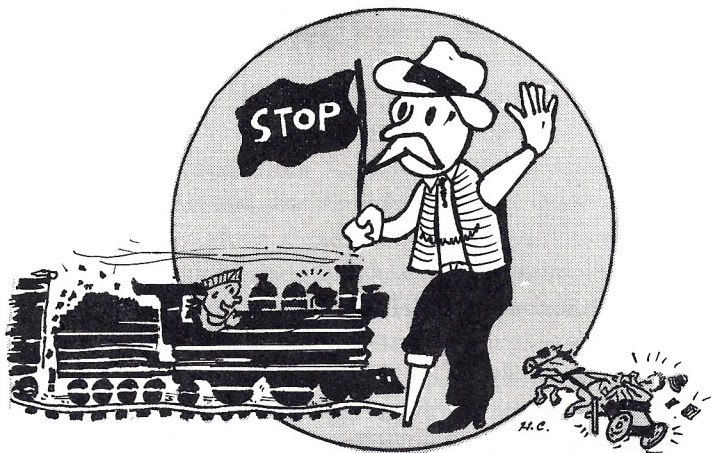
I never got excited about it, really . . . even to the point where I asked a wealthy relative to buy me a Chrysler Roadster then, and I would relinquish any rights I had when the time came to her.

How much of the foregoing is fact or fiction, I don't know. Of course the Indians' tree is still there as well as the Post Road, long since abandoned by the mails. As to "Old Uncle Mark," as I heard him called, stands out in my mind as being real.

Joseph Mount, Santa Clara

Non-Stop George Clark

BY RALPH RAMBO



It was the year 1892. The scene, approaching darkness shrouding the tall redwoods. Breaking the mountain silence came the faint click of iron wheels and the hiss of steam. The faint gleam of a headlight peered around a sharp curve in the narrow gauge track. It was a small Baldwin locomotive with diamond shaped smokestack, a South Pacific Coast train having passed through the villages of Alma and Lexington, coasted homeward toward the town of Los Gatos.

On this downhill grade the train and its string of flatcars had gathered the usual excess speed and the engineer pulled the whistle cord with echoing blasts of signal warning.

In answer, an alert brakeman, George Clark, sprang to his appointed task. He raced along the twisting, swaying line of cars applying the brake wheel at the end of each car. This was the era of link-pin couplings and no air brakes. Man power was required to slow down a train.

One brake wheel failed to respond to his frantic efforts. In straining desperation, George thrust his club between the brake wheel spokes to gain leverage. The club snapped, the wheel flew off its rod and George was hurled from the car against a sloping embankment. He rolled back under the train. His right leg was severed below the knee. In shock and bleeding profusely he lay trackside throughout the long night. But came morning he was still alive. An early morning track-walker found him and sounded the alarm. With the best that pioneer surgery allowed, good care and his powerful constitution, George survived. After months of recuperation he was fitted with the customary wooden peg leg of the period.

With his usual cheerfulness George resumed life or at least a railroad life. The railway company had immediately offered him the position as crossing-guard. During this era in San José, before automatic gates or overpasses, all railroad street crossings required a guard with a red flag to warn vehicular traffic of approaching trains. One of George's stations was at the dangerous Emory-Stockton Avenue crossings. He was comfortably sheltered from the weather by one of those standard little "kiosks" identical in size and shape to the then prevalent rural out-house.

But then came that day of morbid coincidence! With two trains approaching from opposite directions bearing down on the crossing, George frantically waved his red flag at a wagon dangerously approaching. Hampered by his impediment he inexplicably stumbled, fell across the tracks and his left leg was severed!

Thus George's railroading days were now definitely ended, ended after those long years that had started as a boy serving as roundhouse wiper and oiler at \$14 per month. Indeed George must have endured bleak hopes for his future. But he had friends, one friend in particular.

John Roll was then considered this area's most popular and efficient County Supervisor. He held a record of seven consecutive elected terms in office for our west side Fourth District. John Roll was a good man. He knew George's tragic story and he had practical, non-charitable plans for his future.

He appointed George as roadmaster, inspecting the district's roads, bridges, culverts and water tanks for our then dusty, two-way Stevens Creek Road (that undreamed of, future roaring boulevard of today.) George was provided with a neat buggy and horse. True, George made frequent stops to heartily pass the time of day with his growing multitude of friends, farmers and orchardists.

And so, as a small boy 75 years ago I finally met George. At that time I knew nothing about his previous dramatic biography. We were driving, horse and buggy, to San José. We stopped at the Meridian Corners horse-watering trough fronting the Blackmar Saloon. There George sat, buggytop down, with a large laprobe covering his lower extremities. This puzzled the small boy as it was a torrid hot summer day. Nor did I then understand his jocular remark when my father queried him with a "How you been, George?" and he replied cheerfully, "Fit as a fiddle, Frank, still mighty glad I wasn't born with THREE LEGS!"

George had lost his legs but not his heart or humor.

A CYCLING AGE



When an enterprising chap imported 100 bicycles from France in 1880, little did he suspect the venture would develop into a remarkable American mass movement.

To the delight of many early day Santa Clara Valley outdoor enthusiasts the bicycle hurriedly offered a fashionable new way to socialize and a dandy gadget to tinker with.

By the early '80's San Joseans were already fascinated by cyclers who sallied forth on their hard tired Pope-Columbia "ordinary" or "highboys" as the big wheels were then known. When the more adaptable safety bicycle and talked about pneumatic tire was introduced to San Jose in 1894, the craze caught on. The immediately popular safety bike proved easier to ride and control, especially for the ladies.

As the bicycle population increased so did racing and riding clubs with memberships as high as 325. San Jose's enthusiasm lured anxious arrivals such as the Garden City Cyclers, San Jose Road Club, Columbia Cycle Club and the Ladies Cycling Club.

Other parts of the county to peddle in line were the Campbell Cyclers, Mayfield Wheelmen, Tribune Cyclers of Gilroy, Saratoga's Clover Leaf Club, Mt. View Cyclers and Santa Clara's Franklin Road Club. Published reports as to owners of wheels in the county were quoted as high as 3000 in 1894.

One of the most progressive clubs and oldest in the area was San

Jose's Garden City Cyclers, later the Wheelmen, organized in 1884. The San Jose Historical Museum calls attention to this group who were tops in promoting track racing and hosting events for other clubs. Trophies and ribbons at the Museum today attest to the valley's superb contribution to American Bicycle competition.

Adding to their accomplishments the Garden City Cyclers, a corporation, broke ground in July 1894 for their elegant club building on San Fernando St. between First and Second. Here on the entire upper floor prevailed a billiard room, baths, gymnasium, dining, reading and trophy rooms, all luxuriously furnished. Reposing on plush chairs and lounges the relaxed cycle member could read or gaze up at a \$2500 chandelier while anticipating a festive dinner. O. A. Hale's Store occupied the street level.

For our non-racing society, proper cycling dress was in order. Men sported swanky blazers, short jackets, knickerbockers, knee length stockings, leather gauntlets and peaked caps. The ladies offered styles in divided skirts or bloomers, sporty jackets with leg-o-mutton sleeves over well starched skirts with rompish collars, bow ties, tan leather leggings and a jaunty head dress.

The San Jose Herald of 1894 hailed the local ladies as expert road riders. By September 1893 the calico bicycle belles had already established their own riding club. With sober minded approval they simply called themselves, Ladies Cycling Club. The girls boasted an active membership that included meetings, moonlight runs and picnics. Their emblem of a wheel and crescent was a familiar sight along our Gay-Nineties cycling pathways.

Until 1890 the tricycle or velocipede remained the only vehicle for respectable women to treadle. Gradually the ladies mastered the two wheeler with dropped frames even though it was still considered improper and dangerous. An 1895 issue "Cycling for Ladies" actually urged women to abandon tricycling.

A short lived moral issue had flared on the questionable bloomer riding garment donned by Mrs. George Owen, wife of a Hale Store official, who was said to be the city's first "bloomer girl." The city buzzed with excitement when she rode tandem with her husband about the city. However, it wasn't long before the lady cyclers and a calmed down citizenry endorsed the practical attire.

Yes, cycling's once daring bloomer garb and the spirited bicycle fraternities have since departed, but the grand old cycle movement, with new frills, continues to flourish.

H. C.



Donald O. De Mers, Jr.

On October 13 in the community of New Almaden a ceremony was held to honor Laurence and Martha Bulmore for their contributions to Santa Clara Valley history. Laurence was past president of the Pioneers and with his wife, Martha, gathered together an outstanding collection of artifacts relating to the history of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines.

The ceremony, sponsored by the Mt. Charlie Chapter of *E Clampus Vitus*, named a park along Alamitos Creek for the Bulmore family, which had been extensively involved in the mining of quicksilver in the area for the last half of the 19th century. Robert Bulmore, Laurence's father, was the last superintendent of the mines before their closing around 1900.

The park, built through the efforts of Jim Arbuckle and the local chapter of *E Clampus Vitus*, was funded in part by the Pioneers. Our support of this project returns only in small part the enrichment that Laurence and Martha Bulmore afforded to the history and people of our County.

* * * * *

HISTORICAL ESSAY CONTEST ALERT: — Our annual Historical Essay Contest is scheduled for next spring. Two categories of awards are proposed: Secondary (high school) and General which includes College and the general public who care to participate. Deadline is April 30, 1980. More details will be in our February issue.

WEST COAST MARITIME HISTORY: — Persons who wish to submit papers on the early role shipping contributed to Pacific Coast development, 1849-1935, are asked to contact the Program Committee, Maritime History Conference, History Dept., San Jose State University, San Jose 95192. Your theme can relate to lumber, trade, whaling, immigrant traffic, labor, etc. Deadline for submission of topics is May 1, 1980.

Mrs. Sedoris Daniels informs us that she was born in Astoria, Oregon in 1903. "My fame," she says, "is being the first baby to have had to ride in an automobile there." Mrs. Daniels' late husband, Thaxter N. Daniels started teaching in San Jose's first Junior High School in 1925.

After serving fraternalism for 71 faithful years, the Masonic Temple in downtown San Jose was recently demolished. Fitting ceremonies were held on Sept. 30, 1979 at the new Masonic Temple on Masonic Drive for the opening of the old Temple's cornerstone. The long interred tin box placed in the cornerstone on March 14, 1908 contained rosters, proceedings of the Grand Lodge, documents and names of the Hall Association directors who had bought the South First St. property. An interesting side light to the event was that our Pioneer, Henry Eitzert made the tin box when he was a very young tinsmith in 1908.

The Bulmore Park dedication at New Almaden on Oct. 13 had all the lively ingredients of an old time pay day at the mines. The multiple plaque unveiling revealed the long years of sharing by the Bulmore family to this first mining site in California. Meaningful greetings were extended to Mrs. Virginia Lord and Bartley Bulmore, the daughter and son of the late Laurence Bulmore. It was also a grand sight viewing State Landmark No. 339-1 embellished in part with "---In cooperation with the California Pioneers of Santa Clara County---". The Trailblazer, too, extends a debt of gratitude to Scout Troop 211 for their outstanding output in this grand endeavor along with our brethern of Mt. Charlie Chapter 1850 of *E Clampus Vitus*.

Welcome New Members

Rose E. Bouckout
Hartley R. Church
Dorothy Clark
Helen Conti
Tony N. Conti
Providenza E. Dalton
Sedoris J. Daniels
Lois Davis
Paul Davis
Christine Dully
Eugene Dully
Irene Endersbee
Norman Endersbee
Marion Eustice

Marcelene Gaskin
Rita Grimm
Elliott W. Guild
Helen Marshall
Edna Hambro
Marian L. Hobbs
Elise Jones
Vance Jones
Elmer L. Klein
Lou Anna Klein
Ruth Lasich
Grace Madriago
James L. Madriago
Leland A. Marks
Emma Mountain

Charles J. Murphy
Sarah Murphy
Theresa M. Paganini
Virginia Paradise
Harriett E. Reid
Joseph Salameda
Agnes Solari
Leo Solari
Marie Torbett
Jennie Vierra
Joseph P. Vierra
Dorothy A. Viken
Mary J. Wheatley
Martha Whitmer



Beyond the sunset

Marie M. Jacklin
Anna S. Johnson

Edward O. Johnson

William Malkason
Virginia H. Williams



TOURING WITH THE CALIFORNIANS

Here are some of the exciting trips planned for a great future.

On a Sunday afternoon in February look to attending a colorful CHINESE PLAY, followed by a CHINESE DINNER in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Early in April, after Easter, dwell about a trip to SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA including two nights at the Historical Del Coronado Hotel in San Diego, the Wild Animal Park near Escondido, overnite at Lawrence Welk's Inn, the Huntington Gardens, Gallery, and Museum in San Marino, and much more!

RESERVATIONS for the above trips BEGIN at the December 1st Luncheon.

At the March Luncheon sign up for a GRAND CANYON Tour early in June 1980 led by our champion tour guide, Austen Warburton.

THE ALPINE ADVENTURE, Sept. 11, 1980: — Reservations are now being taken—quite a few have already signed up. We expect this to be a leisurely, enjoyable trip and not an endurance test. Send for your brochure (include stamped, self-addressed envelope) now and look forward to seeing such places as the "Romantic Road" in Germany, Munich, Heidelberg, Salsburg, Innsbruck and Lucerne. The highlight is the PASSION PLAY in the Bavarian Alps village of Oberammergau. There is nothing else like it in the world. It is a unique production of over 350 townspeople who rehearse for two years. It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. If you don't see it in 1980, you will have to wait until 1990!

FOR TOUR RESERVATIONS: Call Ruth Gross at 294-9830 between 9 a.m. and noon Monday through Friday ONLY. When confirmed, make check payable to "The Californians" and mail to 100 Serena Way, Santa Clara, CA 95051.

How many of our touring Californians remember our late Gertrude A. Bernhardt who was one of the originators and director of our early tour program? Gertrude directed over 200 tours when our membership numbered just 150 and 500. Bustling with enthusiasm, she did what she loved most. "Am I busy," she often rejoiced, "and I love it." This devoted lady passed away on Thanksgiving Day in 1967 at the age of 83. Her father operated a grocery store on First and Post at the turn of the century. Her brother, William, also in the grocery business, was a former San Jose City Councilman.

NOTICE

PLEASE CHECK YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD. Does it have 1979 on it? You are too nice to lose. Dues for 1979 become past due after December 31, 1979.

Dues for 1980 are now payable (\$3 each).

Financial Secretary, John Clark, 1900 Emory Street, San Jose, CA 95126. Phone 294-3176.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS ARE AVAILABLE New active members upon payment of \$1 initiation fee will have the option of paying the \$3 yearly dues or purchasing a \$45 Life Membership, (\$75 for husband and wife subscribing at the same time).

The same Life Membership privileges are extended to present members.



CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Christmas MENU

Baked Ham
Jello Salad
Mashed Potatoes
Vegetable
Desert * Coffee



Christmastide
Entertainment
Featuring the
Popular
San Jose State
University
CHORALEERS



Please USE THE REAR PARKING LOT. Thank you

Our 85 year or older Pioneer members to be honored at our Dec. 1st Luncheon. A special table will be arranged along with a little surprise too. Please contact Frances Fox at 293-1879 for this seating.

P. O. BOX 8208
SAN JOSE, CA 95155

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