

Hathaway Ranch Museum



News From the Ranch



Summer 1999
Volume 9, Number 2

Members in the News

JOSIE RAMIREZ is a recipient of the "Older American" award.

GEORGE MINNEHAN was re-elected to the Santa Fe Springs City Council with a plurality of votes.

MOLLIE TESCHLER was quoted in the Whittier Daily News as being "tickled to death", along with most members of the city, by the selection of Fred Latham as the new city manager.

Airing their views recently in the "Letters to the Editor" column in the Whittier Daily News were **LUIS FRANCO, JOE RAMIREZ, FRANCINE RIPPY,** and **HAROLD G. RUMMEL.**



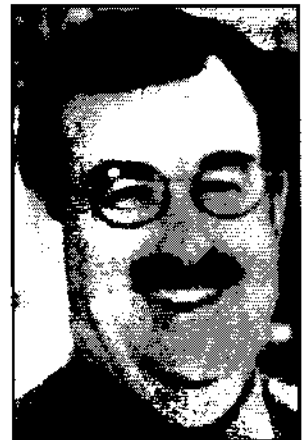
Carrie Long shown with her husband's Navy uniform, which she donated to the museum.

Fred Latham

New Santa Fe Springs City Manager

Fred W. Latham became the fourth city manager in the 42-year history of Santa Fe Springs when he was appointed by the City Council to replace Don Powell who retires in July after 19 years as city manager.

Latham began his career as an intern with the city in 1973. After high school he attended California Polytechnic University, Pomona, where he received a bachelor's degree in political science and public administration. Before he could receive his graduate degree in public administration from the University of California, Los Angeles, Latham received a chance from the California League of Cities to intern at Santa Fe Springs. He accepted the internship and never left.



Fred Latham — New SFS City Manager

Born in Arizona, Latham was raised in Indio by his parents, a Methodist minister and a school nurse. He met his wife to be, Linda, while they were in high school and they were married when both were college seniors. Linda is now the director of outpatient services for the Los Angeles Centers for Alcohol and Drug Abuse in Santa Fe Springs. She will interact with the community and with City Manager Latham on a professional level.

Councilman George Minnehan said that Latham is an excellent choice by the council. "He has the capability of making a great city manager and has the interest of the city at heart".

We Goofed!

The Newsletter which we sent out this spring, 1999, retained "Winter, 1999" on its letterhead. This one should read "Summer, 1999". We know that time sometimes seems to stand still, but it doesn't go backwards.

New Members

Dorothy and Don Bayless
 Alvin and Bonnie Rhodes
 Jose and Miriam Rojas
 Lisa Roman
 John and Cary Twyman

Museum Schedule

Except during major holidays
 the weekly schedule is as follows:

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday & Friday

Tours & Activities 11:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

First Sunday of Each Month

Tours & Activities 1:00 to 4:00 P.M.

Lifetime Members

O.K. Flood	Thomas Scott
Nadine Hathaway	Ray & Phyllis Stenson

HATHAWAY RANCH MUSEUM GUILD

Youth (high school or younger)	\$1.50
Individual	\$3.00
Family (two adults & minor children)	\$5.00
Business	\$10.00

"Angel" Membership Categories

Supporting	\$50.00
Sustaining	\$100.00
Lifetime	\$500.00

Make checks payable to Hathaway Ranch Museum, 11901 E. Florence Ave., Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670

Notice of membership dues are sent on a twelve-month basis. Donations are tax-deductible in the amount allowed by law.

The MUSEUM GUILD supports the aims and activities of the HATHAWAY RANCH MUSEUM, a 501(c)3 nonprofit corporation dedicated to preserving and presenting the eras of farming, ranching and oil development in early Santa Fe Springs.

HATHAWAY RANCH MUSEUM NEWSLETTER

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Telephone	(562) 944-6563 or (562) 944-7372

This Newsletter is a general news journal and solicits articles regarding the general interest and the technical aspects of historical maintenance or restoration. Submissions must be sent to the Hathaway Ranch Museum, 11901 E. Florence Ave., Santa Fe Springs, California 90670.

Generous Members

(Since acknowledgment in the Spring, 1999 Newsletter)

Rodger Applegate	Ruth and Jack Gray
Mrs. Kenneth Ball	Clinton O. Harris
Amat and Mary Ann Barcelon	Don and Jane Houser
Dorothy ;and Don Bayless	The Meche Family
Mary Bessent	Louise Thorson
Sheila Cantrell	Mollie Teschler

Change of Address

Mrs. Ruth Grams
 11701 Studebaker Rd. Rm. 29
 Norwalk, CA 90650

Ethel Eckels
 1428 S. Marengo Holt #30-B
 Alhambra, CA 91803

Jean and Meredith Hathaway
 161 Acacia Ave.
 Oroville, CA 95966

Remy and Kara Hathaway
 2 Townsend St. #I-805
 San Francisco, CA 94107

Sarah Rippy
 15838 Youngwood Dr.
 Whittier, CA 90603

Volunteers

The following people gave time to the museum
 during the first quarter of 1999.

Frances Agapoff	Frank Moody
Mary R. Bertucci	Betty Putnam
Mildred Carlzen	Josie Ramirez
R.A. Gibson	Francine Rippy
Jeanne Grant	Slats Seeley
Elizabeth Hathaway	Melvin Smith
Jean Hathaway	Ray Stenson
Jesse R. Hathaway	Mollie Teschler
Karen Hathaway	Louise Thorson
Loline Hathaway	Joyce Virmala
Meredith Hathaway	
Remy Hathaway	
William Hathaway	
Richard F. Hathaway, Jr.	
Jack Johnson	
Carrie Long	
Henry Lynn	
Frank Martinez	

Martin Cole

By Walter Wilson

Martin Cole was born on July 24, 1904 in Toulon, Illinois. Even though the local newspaper listed another town as his birthplace, Toulon is the place he always listed as his hometown. Martin was the oldest of nine children, a large family consisting of eight boys and one girl. Martin told Walter Wilson that his mother actually gave birth to twelve children, but only nine of them lived past the birthing stage.

His elementary school education took place in a one-room schoolhouse, with all 8 grades held in the same room. Martin graduated from Toulon High School in 1922, alongside his next younger brother, Cecil. From a very early age Martin was an adventurer who, along with his younger brother, Cecil, would venture from home to explore the surrounding area. Martin showed an interest in airplanes very early in his youth, an interest that was enhanced when he and Cecil, once hitchhiked to Peoria, Illinois, to witness a demonstration of the airplane by Charles Lindbergh.

After graduation Martin drifted about hitchhiking to several distant parts of the country. One trip to Alaska resulted in Martin writing a book titled "Adventures in Caribou Land." On another trip he found himself in New Orleans, where he stayed at the YMCA and went to church. During this visit he met Ruth Buniff, and made a date with her for Easter Sunday, 1932. In a few months Ruth told Martin that she would marry him if he had a job. Shortly thereafter he got a job at an ice plant and they were happily married.

When World War II came along, Martin enlisted and was commissioned, rising to the rank of Captain. His wartime assignments included being in charge of several CCC camps. When Martin was discharged in the late 1940's, he, Ruth and their son Alan, moved to Riverside, California. Martin held several jobs in private industry and then was named the curator of the Pio Pico Mansion in the early 50's. During his eighteen years in the employ of the State of California as Curator, he researched in detail the history of the last Mexican governor, writing an authorized history of Pio Pico. This book was recognized by several authorities as the only writing on the subject that was considered to be true and authentic.

Martin became a leading aviation writer, his intense interest in aviation spanning several generations. He was a personal friend of General Jimmy Doolittle, who wrote the prologue for one of Martin's books. He retired in 1970 and lived with Ruth at 10367 Starca for the rest of his life. The ensuing years were taken up with reading, writing, and traveling.

Aeronautical interests, it seems, were part of the Cole family. Martin's four brothers, Lester, Arnold, Marion and Duane, formed the Cole Brothers Flying Circus, which, as a team, won the world aerobatic championship. His brother Duane was a three times world aviation acrobatic champion, and was also a

founding member of the Experimental Aircraft Association. Duane, as an aerobatic instructor, taught many prominent clients, including King Hussein. Duane's wife and son were pictured on a LIFE Magazine cover in which Duane's son was shown piloting the plane in which his mother was wing walking.

Jack Johnson

Ranch hand Jack Johnson was given credit in the May 16 edition of the Orange County Register for helping a group of fourth and fifth grade students from the Ethan Allen School in Fountain Valley construct a full-sized model of a prairie schooner. This wagon is a covered wagon like the one the pioneers rode to travel west.

Johnson's contribution was finding an authentic wheel base. This one measures about 59 inches wide, which sets the scale for the rest of the wagon. The Hornuth family at Orange Coast Lumber donated the wood for the wagon. The students are members of Guy Foresman's class and had visited the Hathaway Ranch Museum last year, where they observed a covered wagon.

The students studied a lot about the pioneers and the journeys they took, and they also learned after building their own wagon that it would not be a comfortable way to travel across the country. "They would be sitting on hard seats crossing bumpy roads", said one. "There would be too little room, with lots of stuff to cram inside the wagon."

On its test run, the students teamed to pull their wagon across the field at school. "It was hard because it was very heavy, even with six people pulling." They were planning to re-create their own version of the Oregon Trail. Larry Nelson, with Larry's Ponies in Artesia, was donating the use of two draft horses to pull the wagon.

All the students think that this is a fine way to study history.



The Hathaway Ranch's covered wagon.
Photo by SFS Christian School student.



"To understand today you have to search yesterday"

Pearl Buck

Memoirs of Elnora Young

Elnora Young, an octogenarian who has been both an employee and a volunteer at the Hathaway Ranch Museum, was raised in a small portion of Baldwin Park known as Vista del Valle (Valley View). Recently she put her memories of the area on paper for the benefit of her children and grandchildren, but was soon deluged with requests for copies of her memoirs. So, we here at the Hathaway Museum now share with you some of Elnora's memoirs, many of which we have in common with her.

Standing outside at our place we could hear the streetcar crossing over the San Gabriel River on its bridge. Before Christmas, Mother would go to Los Angeles alone. When she was expected home we would listen for the streetcar to cross the river. Then we would go out front to watch for her coming down the street. A few times we went on a trip with her to see the Christmas decorated store windows. I hated to see the P.E. streetcars discontinued.

Mr. and Mrs. Ito farmed the land from the west property line of our place on Center, from Los Angeles Street on the north to Palm on the south, except for two houses on Palm east of Walnut. The land belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, whose house is still on Los Angeles Street. The Pierces did eventually put in a paved street (Walnut), which deteriorated, leaving the street filled with lots of potholes. When I learned to ride Daddie's big bike without holding on it was fun to ride up the street and miss all the potholes. I did make sure no cars were in sight.

Another sound I enjoyed back then was the roar of the lions during feeding time at the A.L.G. Barnes Circus Winter Headquarters in Baldwin Park. They were located just below us and a little way west. Mother, Ruth and I walked to one of their performances. Once in a while, when the weather and the winds were just right, we could hear the lions from Gays Lion Farm in El Monte, but we never did go there.

In those days airplanes were a rare occasion, so when we heard the sound of one we would all run out to see it. I can't remember the name of the biggest plane (at the time) that flew over on its "Maiden Voyage". It came from the West. We heard on the radio it was on its way, so we went out and waited for it. Boy was it BIG! After it passed, we had a big wind for a few minutes.

Cars were also few and far between on our street, since it only went to Palm. If they came as far as our place, where were they going? There were only two more houses on our street, one across the street and one above it.

Carlson's house was way back from the street. They had an orange grove that went to Palm from the small lemon grove across the street from us, which belonged to Shols' who had chickens. The Carlsons' also had a barn on the property. At one time people had a berry patch below that which had Youngberries and Boysenberries. On our side there was mostly home gardens, though I do remember quite a few orange trees around Webb's house. Now it's houses and more houses.

Mr. Shea was in the egg business. He collected eggs from the chicken farms. At his place he had the most beautiful gigantic Black Walnut tree. Under it was the egg house. He told me one time that if the eggs weren't washed, he could keep them for months. Washing the eggs takes their natural protection away. The tree furnished enough coolness and the breeze would come up every afternoon around 1 o'clock p.m. It came up the San Gabriel River from the ocean. Boy, did I hate to see that tree cut down because it was in the way of a builder!

Mr. Wheeler had a horse that Daddie got to plow our place. Later Daddie had to get the Steel's horse down from across the tracks. Wheelers had a beautiful grape arbor outside their back door. We got a lot of Eastern Concord grapes from them.

Chores! My sister and I always had chores to do. One was to feed the chickens and ducks each night, and gather the eggs. For a day or so before Easter, there would be no duck eggs. We placed our baskets on the side porch near the steps. Along with a candy egg would be a colored duck egg. A few times for Easter we had Peanut Brittle Baskets made by the Jackson Candy place on Covina Blvd. (now Baldwin Park Blvd.). They had a stand in from their home in a closed-in area."

When Daddie killed a chicken, he'd scald it, then Ruth and I got the feathers off. One time I was given the job of cleaning one for eating. I only did it one time. No more for me!

In cold weather there was wood to bring in for the wood stove, our only heat, which my folks liked.

Before I was in the sixth grade, Ruth and I were doing the washing. We had an Easy Washer with a spin dryer on the side. From the wash water you put the clothes in the dryer, turned the dial for the water to go back in the washer, rinse in the stationary tub, back in the dryer, with the water sent back to the tub. Ruth did the rinsing and I hung them on the line. We used Fels Naptha Soap bars that had to be cut up. I think I did that. One day in school in 6B one of the girls was bragging about helping her mother with the wash. We had been doing it at least for a year.

Summertime was berry picking time. Daddie had Youngberries, Boysenberries, Raspberries and Thornless Blackberries. The Thornless Blackberry was a long berry and when you found one that was really good and ripe all the way up it didn't get in the baskets, it was eaten. Really Good. Then we had one Blackberry bush which Daddie kept small. This you sat beside on the ground and picked to eat. I learned that if they were nice and purple on the stem end, they were really tasty, so we saved them for last.

There were apples to be picked from our gigantic apple tree. It was a Banana Apple. Made delicious pies and applesauce. Some could be 4 - 5" across. I'd divide the area, pick up one area at a time, counting the number of apples. Not long ago I decided that it was good exercise for helping with my weaving, as you do a lot of counting while weaving.

Continued on page 5

Elnora Young *continued from page 4*

Every summer we helped with the canning of fruits and string beans. Mother liked the Kerr Economy Jars, a wide mouth jar, not like the regular wide mouth jars. They had their own special lids (not available anymore) which were held on with clamps that were not attached to the jar. When sealed, the clamps were removed.

Mother peeled most fruits, so we sat and peeled and peeled. Then the fruit was packed in the jars, the number of jars counted so you knew how many ½ cups of sugar to dissolve in water. This was divided among the jars, then filled with plain water. They were cooked in a canning pressure cooker.

Soft fleshed plums were canned whole and the sugar was ¾ cup per jar. The skins were pierced with a gadget Daddie made. I still have it. I cheat on the amount of sugar used on both measures and gave up peeling except for peaches. And when I do peel, the peeling goes in a pot with the too ripe, etc. fruit for nectar. This is cooked until tender, then put through a food mill, then canned or frozen. No sugar goes into this.

Our applesauce was just the apples in quarters or less, canned with sugar and cinnamon. There was none of the pureed or washed up stuff.

We have a seedling plum that is a soft fleshed plum on the order of the Green Gage plum, but purple. These make wonderful nectar. I cut off each side of the pit, cook all, then "pearl dive" for the seeds before putting in the food mill.

In the 1930's Baldwin Park had fairs. Mother entered the canned fruit and also some flowers. We still have the ribbons she won.

For our graduation from 8th grade at Central School we had the largest class to graduate – 35 pupils (1931). Then on to Covina High School. Again we had the largest class to graduate – 135 pupils. Our class took in the towns of Baldwin Park, Covina, West Covina, Charter Oak and Irwindale. This school was torn down and built at a different location.

In high school we wore middys and skirts. For my freshman year I had one skirt and two middies. That year I grew much taller. The skirt was the pleated type on a slip type top. During the year, the top was extended, but by Easter the skirt was well above my knees. After Easter we could wear wash dresses.

Valley View has its own water company. There was a big high tank at the southwest corner of Los Angeles St. and Merced. Daddie was on the water board for years. Warner Acres also had a well. This was above Los Angeles St. We still have our own water company. When the pump would stop, Daddie was the one to fix it, and also for raising and lowering the pump, depending on the water level. For a number of years I was the secretary; even reading the meters. At the well there was a wild cherry tree. We sometimes had some of the fruit.

The Home Bakery was on the north side of the tracks east of Maine and the Shulti's building. Mr. and Mrs. Ceranski were the owners of the bakery. They came to the United States after Mr. Ceranski learned the bakery trade in Poland, starting at age 8. He lived in the bakery, sleeping on sacks of flour. It was a ways from his home.

They made butter cream bread. When we had a cow, the milk was put in the milk pans to cool. The cream would rise to the top. We'd slice off a slice of bread, gently place it on top of the cream, taking up a lot of the cream, and enjoy.

On Saturdays, he made bear claws and snails that took a butter pastry. During World War II, Mrs. C. tried to get him to use margarine (you had to color it then). NO WAY!!! He finally had to, though. At Christmas time he made Pfefferneuse, the little hard pepper nut cookies. Nothing like the ones in the stores now. They were hard, but oh so good.

Besides waiting on customers, I wrapped the bread, iced the cinnamon rolls (dip your hand in the icing and smear it over them), sugared the doughnuts and washed the top of the pies with beaten up eggs before they were baked. I also learned how to make Parker House rolls. Mr. C would make a long roll of dough about 1" thick. Then "whack, whack, whack", he cut small pieces of dough. You took one per hand and rolled them into balls, then lined them up in a row and with a wooden dowel, he rolled from the center so that the center was thin and not the outside edge. They were folded, then with the heel of your hand, you "sat" on them at the fold, and set aside to rise for baking.

The oven started out as a wood burning oven, but was converted to gas. It had one small door. You placed things in it with a long handled paddle, and took them out by using the same paddle.

In the 1940's the streetcar didn't always go beyond Baldwin Park. There was a motorman who had a short layover in Baldwin Park. He always came into the bakery for snacks. Once in awhile I'd go into Los Angeles and he was on duty. I would get a big wave from him. It was quite interesting to work there.



From the Cresson School, Lisa Lee's 4th grade class enjoys refreshments at the Hathaway Ranch Museum.

A TALE OF TWO RIVERS

Researched by Virginia Mathony

In the very early 1800s, the San Gabriel River in Southern California was a wandering stream. With few people settled in the area, the river was free to roam wherever it made a path in the soft, sandy earth. As people moved north and westward, they settled near the river, since water was necessary for their livelihood. But as the San Gabriel changed its course, it often created problems for those who settled along its banks.

The Rio Hondo River originally was a small branch of the San Gabriel River; a deep stream fed by springs near the town of El Monte. When it joined the San Gabriel River, it aimlessly wound its way southwest through ranches and farmlands on the way to the Pacific Ocean. In those days, there was plenty of water in the rivers throughout the year, but during the rainy season, floods were not unusual.

Between the end of December 1867 and January 1868, the rain was unusually heavy. The San Gabriel and Rio Hondo Rivers reached flood stage. As they raced toward the Pacific, they cut through the sandy ground undermining their banks, and spreading muddy water over the terrain as they swallowed up much of what was in their paths.

The San Gabriel ran through El Monte, destroying fences, covering farm land with sand and gravel, and washing arable land down stream. It overflowed its banks between El Monte, near what is now Workman Mill Road, and where it met the San Jose Creek. Here the waters divided. Part stayed on course, flowing southwest, passing under the Montebello Bluffs, to join the Los Angeles River and flow into the Pacific Ocean. The rest of the water used the San Jose creek as a channel and flowed toward Pio Pico's Ranchito on County Road (now Whittier Boulevard), and then continued in a south easterly direction spreading across

the land and making a new channel.

Pio Pico built his adobe in 1852; it was about a mile from the San Gabriel River. He intended to build the city of Picoville on his 93,000 acres of land. To bring irrigation water to Picoville, he had a ditch dug from the San Gabriel to his property. This irrigation ditch provided an excellent path, in 1868, for the flood waters, which turned east at that point. Pico's adobe was in the path of the flood waters. He lost 200 acres of his land as well as most of his adobe which he rebuilt a year later.

On down toward Los Nietos the flood waters rushed, chasing families from their homes, marooning some on drifts of debris and others, who climbed trees, waited for hours until help came to rescue them in newly made boats, some provided by Christian Sorensen, a shipbuilder in San Pedro.

The James King family lived on Kings Lane (now Washington Blvd.) They had no knowledge of the rushing waters until a Mexican worker knocked at their door and warned them. When James King saw a three-foot wall of muddy water rushing toward their house, he immediately swung his wife and baby William onto one horse and pulled William's step-sister on his own horse with him. They managed to keep ahead of the flood waters as they headed for higher ground.

The nearest ranch was that of Charles and Harriet Strong on County Road (Whittier Boulevard). They stayed there over night. The next morning, this wild waterway calmed down and drained into a new riverbed which was known as the "New" San Gabriel River. The water that followed the regular course farther west, was known as the "Old" San Gabriel River. Old maps show both rivers. In time, the Old San Gabriel became the Rio Hondo River as we know it today. As rivals, the two rivers continued to flood the land from time to time until an effort was made to control them and keep them both within their own boundaries.

SNAPSHOTS FROM AROUND THE RANCH!

Taken by visiting Santa Fe Springs Christian School students



Left: Circa 1930s hay bailer formerly used on the Hathaway Ranch.



Shown above are 3 models of unrestored Cletrac tractors, all lined up for display in the back yard of the museum.

Below: Miniature drilling rig built by J.I. Hathaway in 1928.



Above: Case Steam Tractor brought to the Ranch in the 1950s