

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, FULLERTON

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Community History Project

ARTHUR J. McFADDEN

Personal Recollections of Early Orange County

O. H. 154

Jim Sleeper and Stephen Gould
Interviewers

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ARTHUR JAMES McFADDEN
ca. 1960

PREFACE

Dad was a down-to-earth person. He believed the best of everyone. He trusted everybody. He didn't tell us what to do, but he might say something from his own experiences. He had the light touch--also a great sense of humor.

Dad was a sportsman and loved to fish and hunt. He said he had killed ninety-nine deer in his lifetime. His office at home had trophies on every wall. My mother hated the smell of fish, but he would bring lots home. Dad and Mama made many trips to Mexico, camping and visiting friends. They also traveled all over the world.

He was on my many boards: as a director or as president. His law education was very valuable to him in his activities.

My brother Robert was killed in World War II, and this was a great disappointment in Dad's life. He had planned that Bob would follow him in his directorships as well as continue to run the ranch.

What a memory Dad had! He could quote from a German story he learned in school, and he was frequently reading in a Spanish-English New Testament. He liked to talk to Mexicans. Dad was a raconteur! He would tell stories about hunting and fishing and hold a whole roomful of people spellbound.

Both my father and my mother believed in a college education. Even during the Depression, each child received as much education as he or she desired. Dad believed everyone should take a vacation every year. He also said, "Always speak to strangers, they may become your friends."

Annabel McFadden Rasmussen

Vita for Arthur James McFadden

Arthur James McFadden was born in 1881, the son of an Orange County pioneer family. He was a graduate of Santa Ana High School, Pomona College, and Harvard Law School. Mr. McFadden was in private practice for two years, then heeded his physician's advice and changed to ranching. He became a skilled producer of citrus, persimmons, avocados and walnuts. Mr. McFadden was considered instrumental in the orderly growth of marketing agricultural products throughout the state.

He served as president of the following associations:

- Council of California Growers
- California State Board of Agriculture
- California Chamber of Commerce
- National Council of Farmer Cooperatives
- California Walnut Growers Association
- Persimmon Growers Association
- Irvine Valencia Association
- The Irvine Company

He was a director on the board of the following companies:

- Southern California Edison Company
- Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company
- Diamond Walnut Growers
- California Fruit Exchange

Mr. McFadden was a regent of the University of California for sixteen years, and trustee of Pomona College for more than forty years. He received honorary Doctor of Law degrees from both of these institutions.

Mr. McFadden was married to Anna Kelso, who died in 1952. They had five children: Robert, who died in 1945 in World War II; Mary Hinds, who died in 1975; Edith Lindsay, Flora Stafford, who died in 1989; and Annabel Rasmussen. Mr. McFadden married Mabel Henderson, who died in 1977. Mr. McFadden died in December 1975, at the age of ninety-four.

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O. H. 154a

ARTHUR J. McFADDEN

Interviewed

by

Jim Sleeper

on

July 6, November 1, 1967 and May 23, 1968

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, FULLERTON

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INTERVIEWEE: ARTHUR J. MCFADDEN

INTERVIEWER: Jim Sleeper

SUBJECT: Personal Recollections of Early Orange County

DATE: July 6, November 1, 1967 and May 23, 1968

S: This is an interview with Arthur J. McFadden by Jim Sleeper on July 6, 1967, for the Oral History Program, California State University, Fullerton.

What are your plans now? Are you just going to kind of bum around?

M: Oh, well, I've got the ranch out here and I've got another ranch up in northern California. I guess looking after them will keep me occupied.

S: That will keep you busy.

M: Yes.

S: Do you still get down to Mexico once in awhile?

M: Yes. [Thomas] Tom Robertson's wife [Dorothy] was Ed Utt's daughter. You know who [Charles Edward] Ed Utt was.

S: Oh, yes, the peanut king.

M: "Santa Ana Double-Jointed Hump-Backed Peanuts."
(laughter)

S: Well, I've seen old pictures, you know, of the old Parade of Products.

M: Yes.

S: He used to have a float, a big horn of plenty with all these peanuts pouring out.

- M: Tom Robertson was born in Mexico down [around] Michoacan. There was an American colony down in there . . . that's in the state of Sinaloa and they sent their children, the ones that could afford it, up to Santa Ana to go to high school. A whole lot of them did.
- S: Oh, is that right? Is this down around Topalobampo or one of those places?
- M: Well, Topalobampo is a port of the town, yes.
- S: Yes. This would be around Guasave or one of those towns.
- M: Guasave is down about fifteen or twenty miles further. Well, anyhow, Tom's got a village nine miles this side of Ensenada in lower California, San Miguel Village. He and Dorothy Utt, his wife, live there. My son [Robert] married their daughter, so we've got a mutual grandchild.
- S: Very good.
- M: My son was killed during the war.
- S: Yes, I know that. Speaking of your kinfolk, Robert was your father?
- M: Yes.
- S: Who was Archie?
- M: Archie was his older brother, he was the oldest one of the bunch. There were four brothers: Archie, James, John, and Robert. My father was the youngest.
- S: I see, and these are all uncles of yours, is that it?
- M: The other three were all uncles, yes. Archie had two boys and three girls. John was president of the Santa Ana Chamber of Commerce when he died an untimely death, and Will was assessor for the Imperial Irrigation District. [He] had a ranch down in the Imperial Valley. He died about five or six years ago. The girls are all . . . the oldest girl is still alive. She lives up in Menlo Park. There's just one child left of my uncle Jim's two children and one from my uncle Archie's five. [There are] two out of Uncle John's, the oldest and the youngest, and two of my family, so there's seven of us.

- S: Well, you made a bigger dent on the population than the Sleepers did, I think, because I'm the last of the line there.
- M: I've got thirteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, but darn few of them live in Santa Ana.
- S: How about that. I haven't even started. Tell me, because this is kind of the anniversary of the death of James Irvine, [II], when did you first meet him? Do you remember?
- M: Well, I moved out on the ranch in 1906 and he didn't come down here as much those years as he did the last twenty years of his life by any means. My father had known him very well when I was a small boy back along about 1900. They'd been fellow directors on several smaller oil companies. Remember, that's about the time in history when they hit a lot of oil up around Bakersfield. [There were] a number of small oil companies and they were directors in some, so they'd known each other since I was a small boy. After I moved out here, I have no recollection as to when I first got acquainted with him, but like most multimillionaires, when he was down here, everybody who came to see him wanted something. That's the reason they came to see him. I didn't want anything and when he was here I usually made a trip over and had a visit with him. He appreciated it very much because he had the chance to talk with somebody who wanted nothing.
- S: Didn't have his hand out.
- M: Didn't have his hand out, and it was quite an advantage to him. We both had the same predilections, that is, we both loved to hunt and fish. But, as he remarked to me a couple of years before he died, one day he says, "Mac," he says, "you and I are next to the luckiest men alive." I said, "I know that, but just what are you thinking about?" He said, "We both love to hunt and fish and we've lived through the golden age of it in California." And he was right.
- S: So right. I know he liked to go bird hunting. Was he a pretty good shot?
- M: Oh, well, I don't know how good a shot he was with a rifle and I'm a rifle hunter. The only thing I ever shoot with a shotgun is ducks. There's no ducks anymore, not in this country.

- S: No. Didn't you tell me one time that you used to hunt out here on Myford [Road] somewhere, or that you'd shot ducks.
- M: Oh, I shot a mallard drake one time out of a buggy coming down, what's the freeway now, [Santa Ana Interstate 5], right down where Myford Road turns off because the other side of the highway was a tule and willow swamp.
- S: Down by the information center?
- M: Yes. It was right in there somewhere that I shot this mallard and, of course, the area where the [Orange County] airport is was a big lake nearly every winter because the water couldn't flow into upper Newport Bay. There's a ridge in there and it'd accumulate in there as soon as it started to rain and stay all winter. Then, in the spring, when the water drained out of the swamp, why, then this water would gradually flow back over to the river bottom. It was right on the same level and up through the head of the bay. The water, of course, drains out into the bay now.
- S: While I think of it, we were talking one day about whether old J. I. really had a sense of humor or not. Remember the story about the sugar beet factory when you said there was a slight aroma or something there? What was that again?
- M: (Laughter) Well, there wasn't a slight aroma, it was a terrible smell. They were taking the water just as it came out of the factory and using it to irrigate with down here in the lower runs. So one of the times when J. I. was down here I came over with a car and took him out for a ride and I took him over there where it was the worst. I said, "Now, just sniff this wind a bit." He got out of the car and he sniffed a little and said, "Oh, why, that don't smell bad." I said, "You're making money out of that," but I said, "I'm trying to raise a bunch of kids and put them through school on the free air of heaven and it smells awful to me." (laughter) He laughed, but that was the last time they ever irrigated there. They figured some other way to use the water so it didn't get to smelling.
- S: (Laughter) Everybody that you talk to has a different impression of him. Was he really a shy man, do you think?

- M: I don't think that he was particularly shy, but he was certainly not a mixer in any sense of the word. He had very few friends, but after you became a real honest to god close friend of his, he was as good an associate as you could ask for and he talked over anything that came in his mind with me. The last twenty-five years of his life, it was just as if I had been his brother. I suppose that Brad[ford] Hellis and I were the two closest friends he had the last twenty-five years that he lived in southern California. In fact, I'm sure of it.
- S: Was he sort of standoffish because the people were always trying to get to him? Is that it?
- M: Well, I don't know as to that. Of course, he wasn't standoffish with me at all.
- S: No, certainly. Many people think that Mr. Irvine was a little on the grouchy side, a little gruff. Did he have any sense of humor at all?
- M: He had plenty of sense of humor and he wasn't that way at all with his close friends.
- S: This was kind of a defense mechanism or something.
- M: Yes, which anybody else would've had under the circumstances.
- S: Yes. Well, I'm sure they were always trying to hit him up for something.
- M: Oh, sure. There was no doubt about that, but I didn't. I went as his guest on a trip up in British Columbia where he belonged to a fishing club about seventy-five miles southeast of Kamloops, and we stayed there about a week or ten days until we got fed up on the fishing. We'd load the boat every time we went out and then we moved over twenty-five or thirty miles. There was a little hotel on a public lake and other lakes in the neighborhood and the fishing wasn't . . . compared to what you get around here. We fished there for another week or so and enjoyed it very much. Then, to show you that he was an honest to god, 100 percent fisherman and a very expert one, up there where his club was, why, he caught half again as many fish as I did because he put two flies on his line, which I'd never done. Then when he moved over to this other place where the fishing was considerably more difficult, why, I caught as many or

more fish than he did because it was the kind of fishing I was used to, you know.

S: I see. Yes.

M: But, he enjoyed one just as much as the other. Then he went up to my lake that [Horatio] H. J. Forgy and I owned together up just south of Lassen Park. We'd go to the ten acre lake in the front yard there that H. J. and I made after we bought the land. The fishing there is very tough, if you catch ten fish a day, you're doing swell. He enjoyed that, as far as I could see, just as much as he did the fishing up there [British Columbia].

S: Maybe it was a little more of a challenge to him.

M: Yes. His expertness came in very handy there.

S: As I understand, he was rather temperate, is that right? I mean, he did not drink, did he?

M: That's right. He never drank at all.

S: And did he smoke?

M: No, never did either one.

S: Was this because of religious scruples?

M: No, I don't think so.

S: He just didn't acquire a taste for it.

M: No, and I think he thought it was better not to. Up there at my place, about half the time we were there, there was just the two of us there and, of course, I did all the cooking and we set the table and washed the dishes and everything else. He enjoyed it just as much as he did at the club where everything was handed to you on a silver platter, as far as I could see.

S: How about that. I understand he was quite a card player.

M: Well, I don't know. I guess we played cards on these trips, but just as a matter of course, and it didn't make any impression on me one way or the other.

S: He seems like a very interesting person. What were some of his pet peeves? Did he ever get steamed up over anything?

- M: Well, the only time I can remember that he got thoroughly fed up was when he was negotiating with the government over this [Tustin] lighter-than-air base. I don't know how long it had been going on, but we were together down here and he says, "I'm completely fed up with this. You take it over." (laughter) I don't think we were here in the office, I think we were out on the ranch for some reason or other, and I said, "Shoot, Mr. Irvine, I have no connection with the Irvine Company." He said, "That doesn't make any difference, you take it over." So I took it over and he was very happy with the outcome. I got them to . . . I couldn't get them to move the darn thing at all, but I got them to agree that we should have access to, and the use of, all the wells that we had on the territory, which was several of them. They were using the water to irrigate these orchards right around here.
- S: Well, that must have annoyed him because some of that was pretty good ranch land, farm land.
- M: Yes, all of it was.
- S: And the [El Toro] Marine [Corps Air Station] base, too, of course.
- M: Yes. Well, I don't know anything about the Marine [Corps] base. Of course they took it several years before they did this other [lighter-than-air base].
- S: Yes.
- M: But he talked over all those things with me just as if he knew I was interested in everything on the ranch and he talked them over of his own volition on practically all of them.
- S: Did he ever have any hobbies besides his hunting and fishing?
- M: If he did, I don't know what they were.
- S: Apparently, he did read quite a bit. I just wondered if he had any collections. I've heard about his Indian baskets.
- M: I don't know that he did. I doubt it, because I've got a few Indian baskets that I picked up at [the] Klamath River and I don't know that he even knew I had them. He might have shown more interest in them if he'd known it. (laughter)

- S: Tell me, did they ever have any ranch celebrations here in the old days? Did they ever get together, ever have any dances or Fourth of July parties?
- M: No, the only parties they had were the Fourth of July parties which he put on, I think, for seven or eight years down where Irvine Cove is, where the Irvine family are building the lots nowadays. He invited, oh, maybe a 150 local people, [who could] more or less be considered old-timers now, and they had a good time.
- S: Did he ever have any favorite expressions? I talked to him when I was a little kid, but I don't remember.
- M: I don't remember if he did, but they couldn't have been noticeable because I was with him a lot, you know, and I'd have remembered.
- S: Did he ever tell jokes?
- M: Oh, he did [the] same [as] anybody else would, but I don't remember.
- S: I see, OK.
- M: (Laughter) We went over to a lake from this place where we went to after we got done fishing at his club, and he said, "I'll go on the lake one way and you go on the other and we'll cast out. If either one of us finds a place where the fish are biting, why, stop there till the other one gets there and then we can fish there." So we started around the lake, and I guess I got about . . . I don't know whether I went the long way around or the short way around, but anyhow, just across the lake from where we left the car we found a place where the fish were biting pretty well and within a few minutes we were both there. There was a man who had a shanty on this lake and one boat. J. I. had agreed to take the boat that day and when we got there some other guy got there ahead of us and had the boat. We thought we were out of luck, but we just caught fish on that point till hell wouldn't have them. Then this fellow on the boat came and anchored off fifty yards from shore and fished out in front of us, but he didn't catch as many fish as we did. The next year, J. I. told me, "You know, I went back to that lake, and I walked clear around and fished and fished there and I couldn't catch a fish to save my life." (laughter)
- S: Oh, is that right? Got them all.

- M: I don't know what the conditions were, but they were apparently just right when we were there.
- S: We were talking one day about the Tomato Springs bandit [Joe Matlock] and I'm going to do a story about that one of these days. Do you remember any of the people that might have been in on that?
- M: I remember myself.
- S: You remember yourself?
- M: Yes, I was uptown when the thing happened.
- S: In Santa Ana?
- M: In Santa Ana.
- S: How did you find out about it?
- M: Somebody on the street told me about it. At that time, Alec Jeffrey was running a blacksmith shop [in Irvine] right where Jeffrey Road crosses the [Santa Ana] freeway and Alec was with me, so [he] and I got in the car and beat it out of here. I had a Springfield rifle and a .30-.30. I got them both and gave the .30-.30 to Alec. I was used to shooting the other one. We went up there and there were, oh, I don't know, forty or fifty people, maybe there weren't that many, but it seemed like that many. Some of them were lying down behind cactus patches and some of them were standing up, and we went by the body of the deputy sheriff this guy had killed.
- S: [Robert] Bob Squires.
- M: Squires, whom I'd known for years, and I proceeded to lie down behind a cactus patch because I figured the people that were behind the cactus patches . . .
- S: Were going to last a little longer.
- M: They knew what they were doing. Well, we hadn't been there five minutes. . . . Oh, a fellow, John, who was a deputy sheriff from Huntington Beach, he was an impulsive bugger, and within five minutes, why, he hollered out. He says, "We can't wait around here. Let's go down and get him." He got up and started down to where this fellow was supposed to be in the gulch, and everybody else got up and went, too, including ourselves. I didn't want to get shot, but I didn't want to be called a coward still less, so I went. I suppose

I went twenty-five or thirty yards and a way up [in] this place I saw a black spot that I thought was the guy. Well, I suppose it was 250 yards up. I had a telescope sight on my Springfield and I pulled down on this and shot. I hit the thing center and a black cloud of smudge went up from my bullet. It was a blackened log. It wasn't a man at all. Well, I worked my lever and shoved another shell in and just as I was in the middle of it, this damn fellow was less than 50 yards from me coming down this gulch. Before I could get my rifle up to my shoulder, some guy with a .32-caliber gun hit him and killed him. Thank God, because I'd have blown him wide open in two more seconds without any possible question, because I was anxious enough to kill him after seeing Bob Squires. I wouldn't have hesitated a second, and if I could hit that black stump at 250 yards, I could have bored that guy. No question about that.

S: Didn't one of the Culvers get hit?

M: It wasn't "Humpy" [Frederick Mead Culver].

S: No, it was "Gimpy" [Willard Culver].

M: No, it was either a cousin or a brother of his [who] lived over in Orange. He wasn't seriously injured, but he was injured all right. I forgot the name of the deputy sheriff that was jailer then, but he and I cut the clothes off of this guy and the only mark on him was where the fellow had hit him with the .32-caliber.

S: Didn't some of the members of Company L of the National Guard come out, too?

M: I never saw them. I don't know. I've always been thankful to the grace of the Lord that somebody else did it [killed Joe Matlock]. (laughter)

S: Did you ever come into the little town of Irvine in the old days when it was just getting started?

M: Well, I moved out here in 1906 and I, of course, was very familiar with it from then on.

S: Tell me, did you ever meet Kate Munger [who ran the Irvine Country Store]?

M: Only a couple of thousand times.

S: Is that right? What kind of a person was she, anyway?

M: Well, she was a very able business woman.

S: A pretty sharp business woman.

M: Yes, and a very pleasant woman to be with. She married, oh, what's his name? His father owned that ranch right across the main street from Uncle Jim's ranch.

S: She married a guy by the name of Corneleus one time.

M: That wasn't the name of this guy. He went to Occidental College, and his father owned the ranch right across from Uncle Jim's, right across Main Street. Of course, he didn't buy it until Uncle Jim was an old man, but he owned it at that time.

S: What are some of the major changes on the ranch here that you can put your finger on? I suppose all of the houses.

M: The first few times I went across the ranch down here at Culver's Corner [Culver Drive and Trabuco Road] there was another road [Highway 101] that pointed straight toward the . . . where the road goes over the hill into Laguna Canyon. [It] went across the railroad track and down to Laguna Beach, the shortest possible way to get to Laguna. Of course, that road has been abandoned for sixty years, I guess. But for many years afterward, if you traveled in a plane up in the air, you could see the mark on the ground, the discolorization where the road went across the bean fields. It went right through what we called "Bean Town," which is halfway between Jeffrey Road and Sand Canyon Road.

S: Do you know who had the first blacksmith shop down there in Irvine?

M: As far as I know it was Alec Jeffrey. Alec was the oldest of the Jeffrey boys.

S: Yes. He had it at his ranch, didn't he?

M: No. He built there. Afterward, he bought the second place that's on the northeast side of the railroad track. When J. I.'s father died, he left five pieces of approximately 112 [acres] apiece. Two on the east side, the southwest side of the railroad, and the other on the northeast side. Alec bought, his dad bought, the piece next to Jeffrey Road and then Alec bought the piece that was in between where Brad Hellis and those folks own now. Alec had a blacksmith shop for several years, a

machine shop on a piece of the land that they bought there that was just on the northeast side of what's the [5] freeway now.

S: Didn't Newmark and Edwards have a warehouse down there? It was a grain house for barley, and my understanding is that it burned down.

M: That was before my time. We bought this place where I own it now in 1900 and it was before that.

S: Oh, is that right?

M: Yes. We inherited a bee ranch that was about a mile above San Juan Hot Springs, and we used to go down there once or twice a year. I was going down with my father in the horse and buggy, which, of course, was the only way there was to go in those days, and when we got right here where these roads all branched at Culver's Corner, there was a badger trying to dig out a squirrel. I got out of the buggy and pulled a shotgun out and I killed this badger. (laughter) In those days, that would have been about 1890 or along in there, prior to the time that there was any farming down on the ranch, there was a big draw like at Tomato Springs [that] came out of the hills. There was a strip about 200 yards across that ran clear over to what we called Barranca, San Diego Creek, that had cactus and sumac and wild tobacco on it, and then there was grass in between. I suppose there were four of those or so. There was one here at the mouth of Peter's Canyon and then a big one at Aliso Creek down where Leisure World is, of course. Then there were a couple or three more on the ranch.

S: I didn't see you at the old-timers' picnic.

M: Well, I had intended to go up there, but . . .

S: They didn't have very much publicity this year. It's too bad, but there were a number of old-timers up there. Can you remember the first time that you went to Irvine Park? It was probably Orange County Park then.

M: Well, I spent the summer of 1906 up in Silverado Canyon. We owned a house up there.

S: Oh, did you?

M: About two miles above where [Joseph] Holtz's ranch was, and, of course, I went back and forth through the park every couple of weeks that summer.

- S: Was there anything there at the park then?
- M: No. It was just a nice grove of live oak trees. Where the dam and the lake is now, was a big sycamore grove, a beautiful grove. Where the dam is, there's a rock dike [that] goes underneath across there and the water all came to the surface. I've been in that swimming hole several times. Exactly where the dam is now, of course, that's a mile and a half or so above where the park is.
- S: Yes. Was there ever any evidence of old houses around the park that you can remember?
- M: Not that I ever saw. There may have been. Of course, Judge [Joseph] Pleasants was the sole inhabitant in those days up there.
- S: Yes. What kind of a person was he?
- M: Oh, he was a swell old man. I remember I was coming out with my wife and daughter and it was in the fall. We'd had quite a big rain and I met the judge coming up with a spring wagon. He said there was a greenhorn tried to cross the creek down about where the park is now with a team and he got drowned. He says, "My advice to you would be to go over the hill up [by] Modjeska's [Canyon] and out by El Toro." So I turned and went over that way; got home that way. Took about half a day to do it, but then it was perfectly safe and [there] wasn't any traffic on the road. (laughter)
- S: Were you old enough to remember when they hanged that guy [Francisco] Torres, Madame Modjeska's foreman?
- M: The guy that they strung up on the telephone pole on the northeast corner of Fourth and Sycamore?
- S: Sounds like you were old enough.
- M: I was. (laughter)
- S: (Laughter) Is that right? That was quite an affair.
- M: Yes.
- S: This guy must have taken off after he killed [William] McKelvie and they chased him around.
- M: I don't remember much about it. I wonder what year that was.



Arthur J. McFadden
ca. 1890



Arthur J. McFadden

ca. 1900

S: [It was] 1892.

M: Well, I was in high school then. No, I wasn't either. I was still in grammar school. The year of 1892 I went to school over in Tustin and I went back and forth on the streetcar. The car barn was on the north side of Fourth Street, oh, just east of where Baker Street is. I went down there every morning and took this mule car over to Tustin and went to school and came back. I was going to school at the central school building in Santa Ana which is where the YMCA [Young Men's Christian Association] building is now. The sixth grade was in the library building which was a little room right next to the furnace, and if anybody could go there and come in and out without catching their death of cold at least once a week. . . . It was different for me. I couldn't do it, so I quit and went over to Tustin.

S: So you became a Tustin Tiller.

M: Yes. I graduated from high school in 1898.

S: Did you go to Harvard Law School?

M: Yes. I graduated from Pomona [College] in 1901 and I graduated from Harvard Law in 1904, three years.

S: Did you ever practice law?

M: I practiced law for about a year and a half and then had ulcers in my stomach. The doctors told me I could be a live farmer or a dead lawyer, so I made the switch.
(Tape is turned off)

S: What about Mr. Irvine's bargaining powers. Was he tight?

M: After a deal was once made there never was a man in the world that was more generous and had more feeling for the other fellow's job and point of view than he did. In carrying out the agreement, you couldn't have made any criticism of him at all.

S: He was a hard bargainer then.

M: He was a hard bargainer, I can illustrate that. I had to bore another well. My well went dry on my ranch and I figured we were going to have to bore a deep one and it was going to cost quite a lot of money. Mr. [Ralph] Mitchell was then superintendent of the ranch and I talked to him about it. I said, "I ought to talk to

J. I. about it, but I don't want to go over your head." He said, "Go right ahead. It doesn't hurt my feelings any." Bob Jeffrey of the Jeffrey family, had just bored that well up at the corner of the freeway and Jeffrey Road and Bob had a whole lot more water than he needed. He wanted to make a deal with Mr. Irvine, to sell him an interest, so Bob and I went up together. We made an appointment with J. I. and we met in his office, which is up where the Irvine Company office is in San Francisco. Until this past year, [it] was right across from the Palace Hotel. We spent all forenoon figuring out the bargain which wound up that I was to get the well bored and then whatever water I got out of the well in excess of what I needed to irrigate my eighty acres, he'd pay that share of the cost of the deal. As it turned out he paid about three-quarters of it, because we got a dandy well. That's our well down at the northwest corner of my ranch and across on the west side of Valencia Avenue. Then I said, "Well, we got mine done, there's no reason why I should stay here, I'll go out to the park this afternoon." J. I. said, "No. You stay and act as Bob's attorney." (laughter) Bob said the same thing, so I said, "OK." We spent the afternoon and we finally made a perfectly satisfactory deal for Bob Jeffrey and Mr. Irvine for that well. As we were leaving in the evening, why, Myford [Irvine] said to me--he'd been there all the time--he said, "I've been with Dad on hours and hours of bargaining, but I've never been with him when he was up against a harder boiled egg than you are." (laughter) But, he enjoyed the day and everybody was happy.

S: He probably would have enjoyed it. Did he really have a feeling for the land?

M: Oh, I think so. I think his whole life, the latter part of it, was tied up in this ranch and the improvement of it. (laughter) We had a funny thing happen right after they built the dam up above Irvine Park. [He] wanted to get [Irvine Lake] stocked with fish, so I got ahold of two of the [California] Fish and Game Commission deputies and they came out here to the ranch. The office had moved over.

S: Yes, where the lab is back here now.

M: Over on this side, as I remember it. I guess we spent two hours "chewing the rag" with these guys. Their attitude was that they owned every fish in California and that they wouldn't allow anybody to transport any fish or stock any pond on his own land or anywhere else

unless he allowed public fishing. He'd have to allow a mile of public fishing on the Irvine lake or they couldn't stock it. He said, "I tried that once on a place I owned an interest in up in northern California and I had to have three men to keep the place going the way it should be and never again!" We couldn't get to first base, and so I finally said, "Well, I guess we've done all we can do boys, we'll call it a day." So we shook hands with them and they left. I went back in and I said, "Mr. Irvine, didn't you say you were going fishing up to Alaska in about two weeks?" He said, "Yes," and I said, "My advice is for you to go ahead up to Alaska and maybe by the time you get back, the lake will be stocked." (laughter) He got a kind of funny grin and said, "That's good advice, I'll do it." As soon as he was gone--Rick Walker¹ had just sold his sporting goods store--so he and I borrowed a tank wagon off of Horace Stevens and went up to Tom Robertson's ranch in Simi Valley where he had about a ten acre lake. It was stocked with blue gill and bass and we spent most of the day fishing up there. We caught eight or ten bass and a bunch of blue gill and we put them in the tank as fast as we caught them. When we got to the middle of the afternoon, why, we drove [back] down and drove up to [Irvine Lake]. [We] backed up to the edge of the water and opened the spigot at the back of the tank and let the water and the fish go out into the lake. And you know, those doggone bass had eaten about half of those blue gills in that tank while they were sloshing along coming down here in the dark.

S: Is that a fact?

M: They're not a very sensitive fish, apparently, but they did fine. There were all kinds of little fish in there the next year and I've never had a line in the lake, wet a line in the lake since.

S: Tell me, is it true that Mr. Irvine got arrested one time for fishing in one of his own lakes? I'm sure you've heard that story.

M: Yes, it was true.

S: Where did that happen, anyway?

M: That happened in the very early days up in Peter's Canyon Lake. I'm sure sorry I wasn't with him because I'd have demanded a jury trial and got us both acquitted without any question. (laughter)

- S: That's something. Did you ever know Ted Jolley?
- M: The name sounds familiar.
- S: He was an old-timer around here. Did Mr. Irvine have any pet peeves that you can recall?
- M: No, I don't remember that he did.
- S: Just people putting the bite on him more than anything.
- M: That was just an everyday occurrence with pretty near everybody, so it didn't make any impression that was particularly noticeable to his friends.
- S: Were you ever over here at the house at any social affairs in the old days?
- M: I probably was. I had Mr. Irvine and his wife up at my house for dinner once or twice and I'm sure I've been to some of them here . . . the impression hasn't stayed with me particularly.
- S: Somebody said once that he even threw a couple of fish in the swimming pool over there. I don't know whether there's anything to that.
- M: I don't know. (laughter)
- S: Did you know Mrs. Irvine?
- M: Quite well.
- S: Oh, did you? What kind of a lady was she?
- M: Well, she was a very forcible woman and quite public spirited and quite aggressive. (Tape turned off)
- S: Tell me, what kind of person was Mr. [Christopher] Krause [the manager of the Irvine ranch]?
- M: Well, he was a very forcible person and most people thought he was very arbitrary. I never tangled with him but once or twice. One of those times I went over his back to Mr. Irvine and got 100 percent what I wanted and it tickled J. I. very much. (laughter)
- S: Apparently not all of the tenants really loved Mr. Krause from what I can gather.

- M: No. That was very noticeable. He was very unpopular with the tenants compared with Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Hellis.
- S: Was Mr. [Charles] French still living? He was the first manager you know. What kind of man was he, or should I ask? (No comment recorded at the request of Mr. McFadden). We were talking earlier about Glenn Martin and it is said that his first flight was from McFadden's pasture. Now, exactly where would that be?
- M: Well, McFadden's pasture, the northeast corner of McFadden's pasture is the southwest corner of Delhi Road, now Warner Avenue, and Main Street.
- S: Did you ever do any hunting here on the ranch outside of birds? Did you ever do any deer hunting here?
- M: Every year for the last five or six years, I've gone out the first day of the season and killed a deer over in these hills. I killed one over on this side before we started going over there. I'll miss it this year because I'm going up to Alaska in a couple of weeks, but I'll be back before the season's over. Maybe there will be one left. I used to go down when I was a kid going to school. Of course, I was raised down at Newport and we'd take a boat or we'd drive down to where the arches are now and unhitch our horse. [We would] tie him up and feed him a bale, and rent a boat from a fisherman that had a shanty there, and then row down to Rocky Point, which is the middle of Corona del Mar. Then we'd go up one of those canyons and back. The limit of quail was fifty a day in those days and I don't think we ever went without getting a limit apiece. (laughter)
- S: How about that. Did you ever get up in the mountains? You mentioned that you lived up in Silverado for awhile.
- M: Yes, the summer of 1905.
- S: What was up there in 1905?
- M: Well, there was a German family that lived about half way down from our house to where Joe Holtz's walnut orchard was right at the mouth of Silverado and that was it.
- S: Oh, is that right?
- M: Yes.

S: Were there stores?

M: There were no stores. No human being lived there. All the place up where [the] Silverado mines were was completely deserted and those two families were the only ones that lived there.

S: At one time they had that Carbondale down there below where the coal mines were.

M: Yes.

S: Was there anything going on there?

M: That was all over before that. I can remember going up to the coal mine when I was a kid six or seven years old with a man who was hauling coal down to Santa Ana with his lumber wagon and team. He got a wagon load of coal and brought it down here. That was the only connection I ever had with the coal mines.

S: Have you ever been in Trabuco Canyon?

M: A good many times, but it wasn't like it is now.

S: No. What was it like in the old days?

M: Well, there wasn't anybody that lived there, even on the mesa, except your dad's farm. Your granddad farmed up there for a few years, I don't know how many, then he moved down and farmed where Culver's Corner is here for a year or two.

S: Yes, that's right.

M: We camped out when I was a kid nearly every summer, [with] Uncle Archie usually. He had two boys that were about my age, so I went along with them, but we usually camped in some of the canyons in the foothills that are this way from Trabuco. The rabbit and quail hunting was much better there than it was in Trabuco.

S: Did you ever see a bear in this part of the country?

M: Not here. I shot one up in northern California and one's all I'll ever shoot, because they're a poor, innocent animal and I don't believe in shooting them.

S: What about lions in this part of the country? Did you ever see one?

M: I shot at a lion as we were coming out of San Juan Hot Springs Canyon right where the narrows is, just below the hot springs. This lion was just across the canyon from us and I shot him with a .22 rifle. Of course, he went for the Colorado River immediately. (laughter) I killed a lion up in the back side of the San Bernardino Mountains once. There were two males fighting over a female and my partner and I got the two males. The female got away. Then I saw a lion once up above Barton Flats in the San Bernardino Mountains, and I saw a lion sitting on a log up in Mendocino County once when I went up with my dad and Clarence Cruikshank way back in the 1890s when I was just a young kid. I was just starting out fishing. I didn't have any gun. So that makes one and three, four, five lions that I've seen here besides one that came and tried to steal a deer from us down in lower California. No, it wasn't in lower California, it was down in Sinaloa, down below Michoacan, [Mexico]. So I've seen six lions and I've known people that lived in the mountains all their lives and never saw one. (Tape turned off)

[Mr. Irvine] had a collision down at the corner of Bryan Street and Culver Road. Nobody got hurt, but it did damage the cars a little bit.

S: Yes. What did he think about driving?

M: I don't remember his ever saying anything about it. He just took it for granted the same as you and I do.

S: I guess so. (Tape turned off)

M: We had some very bad fires out here in the early days while I was a kid going to grammar school.

S: Brush fires?

M: Yes. Brush and grass, and [they] burned the whole country over. We lived out west on west Fifth Street west of Bristol, and I can remember getting up on top of the tank house and you could see the fire down here, but I never had any personal connection with them. (Tape is turned off)

S: Now, we're going to talk about the Sepulveda adobe here on the ranch. Where do you think it was now?

M: It's just west of Lane Road [now Main Street], and there was a tenant's house that was almost on the same site. There's a little rise there. It's just southeast of

where Jamboree Road goes on over toward the [Orange County] Airport. There was a little rise in there. The adobe was on this rise and so was this tenant's house. They've just put a big ditch, you know, along the west side of Jamboree Road and I think that they went right through the place where the house was.

S: Is that right?

M: I'm going to go over there and notice it, because when the [San Diego 405] freeway is finished, which will come along there . . . My opinion is that we should make a one acre public park there and put up a historical monument.

S: It's not exactly where the old cattle camp was, is it?

M: No, no, it's on the north side of where the green strip was, where San Diego Creek ran through.

S: There was an old tenant house there of some kind.

M: Yes. It's only within the last two or three months that the house has been taken down.

S: Oh, is that so?

M: Yes.

S: We ought to check that out.

M: Yes, you better do it.

S: That's kind of a vague place in people's minds, but we should mark it.

M: Maybe it'd be a pious idea to get in the car right now and go over and look at that place.

S: We might. Have we got time?

M: Oh, I've got plenty of time.

S: Well, if it's not too late, let's do.

(Later at the adobe site)

S: What is this from Jamboree, about 100 yards, a 150 yards?

M: [About] 175 to 200 yards.

- S: About 200 yards south of Jamboree off of Lane, east of the ditch.
- M: Maybe not quite that much. (Tape turned off) It used to be a lake every winter.
- S: Did the bay actually used to come up in here?
- M: No, no, not in historic time. (Tape turned off) [We should have an] historic marker right in here and put it in a one acre park. Nobody would ever know whether that was on the exact spot. (Tape turned off)
- S: Has there been anything found that looked like adobe?
- M: Oh, no. It was perfectly level the first time I ever saw it. (Tape is turned off) Once in the middle of winter there was an eight horse team out in the flat, plowing.
- S: Was it Billy Jeffrey?
- M: Billy Jeffrey. I had my Springfield with me and I got out [with my] Springfield in my hand. [There] was a flock of geese about half a mile high going over and Billy reached out his hand. I handed him the Springfield and Billy pointed it up at those geese and pulled the trigger. Well, those geese came down deader than a boiled mackerel and I'll bet it [one] bounced that high when it hit the ground. We looked at him a little bit and Billy handed the rifle back and says, "That's nothing for me." He couldn't have done that again in a thousand years. (Tape turned off) I guess we've done about all we can do. (Tape turned off) When I was a kid, I don't suppose I was over four years old, my father and mother were riding back and forth to Newport. The old landing was there where the west end of the bridges were, you know, going to Corona del Mar, and we drove over here. It was in the early summer and [we] got out and went over there and picked ourselves all the wild blackberries that we could eat.
- S: Is that so? Just about where the University [of California, Irvine] is now?
- M: Well, in the low place this side of that. (Tape turned off)
- S: My God, that is a fire, isn't it?
- M: No, it's just a red . . .

- S: Well, it's certainly shiny. A plane on fire! It looks like it's going over the university. It is an airplane crash. He's going down and going down fast. Yes, watch him hit. That's all she wrote for that plane.
- M: You can't see the plane now at all, can you?
- S: No, it's just west of Signal Peak, I guess. So you think he hit above Bonita Canyon?
- M: Yes.
- S: Well, he sure went down like a rock. Smoke is beginning to come up behind the hills there. Just behind that ridge. They are sending the helicopters out that way. (Tape turned off)
- M: They had an automobile wreck down there at [the] Irvine warehouse once. A train ran into it, too. One [man] was killed and one [man], I worked on, wasn't too badly injured. I put a ligature around his arm and twisted it. A couple days afterward he told me that the doctor told him that that ligature saved his life. (laughter)
- S: Very good. I guess that was a bad crossing, that old Irvine crossing by the warehouse.
- M: Oh, yes. They had a great big picture there of the breakers down at Laguna and people would be "rubbering" at that as they turned on the track not paying any attention to what happened. I was in the office of the warehouse talking to one of the men who was manager there for twenty-five years, and we saw these guys stop. They were from Nebraska. We saw them stop and look at this picture and heard the train coming along the far end of the warehouse. [We] saw them start up and we knew just what was going to happen before it happened. You've gotten enough out of me, haven't you?
- S: Well, I do appreciate all the conversation and the old stories. This has been an interview with Mr. Arthur J. McFadden on July 6, 1967. (Tape turned off)

In retrospect, there are several corrections. The location of the San Joaquin adobe as described by A. J. McFadden, who was seventy-seven years old at the time, was just west of the irrigation ditch along Lane Road. It will apparently fall directly in the path of the San Diego Freeway, and the area involved is immediately north of the rise. There is a sort of a hump, and somewhat to the northwest of the previous tenant's home you can still see the ground where the foundation was. As far as the aircraft crash, it was presumably a Marine Corps jet that was flying in a westerly direction from the El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, going over the University of California, Irvine. As it was flying along in a direct line, it suddenly became almost totally involved in orange flame. It looked like a flying orange rocket and a good bit of black smoke began pouring out of the tail assembly. In a few seconds it simply nose-dived and went toward the ground. The plane disappeared somewhere behind the university. This would be west of the transmitter which I believe is Signal Peak, and Mr. McFadden ventured that it probably went into Bonita Canyon. Shortly thereafter, several strong puffs of black smoke appeared on the horizon, on the hill line of the San Joaquin hills. A few minutes later, of course, a number of Marine aircraft began to converge on that point.