

Journal B-2 (Mrs. Harry E. Walker, 1935)

Schools:

San Dimas School District of Los Angeles County was formed in 1875.

Information received from Mr. William T. (Toots) Martin and his son, Tom Martin, on September 8, 1935 which was Mr. Martin's 91st birthday. In 1868, Mr. W.T. Martin bought a claim on the west side of San Dimas Canyon, next to the mountains and next to that of Charley Cunningham—whose place joined Mr. Martins on the west. Mr. Cunningham came in 1868 also. Mr. Martin bought his land from a man by the name of Way.

Mr. Martin was in the “bee business.” He lived here until 1871 when he moved his bees to a location S.E. of Indian Hill—where Claremont is now and there pre-empted 160 acres of government land. This country was practically desert—he was the only white man there—his neighbors were all Indians who lived in brush tepees. They spoke Spanish aside from their own language but they did not speak English. Mr. Martin's son, Robert, was born here. Mr. Martin was the first settler in what is now Claremont and his son Robert was the first white child born there.

When Mr. Martin went to Indian Hill he was in partnership with a man by the name of Hill. Mr. Martin rented his place in San Dimas to a man by the name of Reeder. He received his first year's rent but when Mr. Martin went for his second year's rent, Mr. Reeder said “Mr. Martin, I think I own this land and there is no rent due you.” It was necessary for Mr. Martin to go to law before he could get it straightened out and was able to put Mr. Reeder off the place.

In 1873, Mr. William C. Martin, better known as “Uncle Billy,” sold a hotel he had in El Monte and purchased the place from his son “Toots.” It was 160 acres on the west side of San Dimas Canyon near its mouth.

Mr. W.C. Martin (Uncle Billy) lived there until 1887. After selling the land to the San Jose Land and Water Co., he moved to Pomona. Mr. Martin said that when he and his father owned the ranch there was a natural cienega on the place—they dug it out so they had a nice pond of water always—above the cienega was a nice spring which supplied plenty of water for domestic use.

After the place was sold to the San Jose Land and Water Co. they were so anxious to increase their water supply that they dug a ditch taking the water from the cienega, causing it to dry up. But, so far as Mr. Martin knows, the spring was left as it was.

When Mr. Martin came to the mouth of San Dimas Canyon, there were but two other families here—the Charley Cunningham’s before mentioned and the Cyrus Burdick family—that lived west of the Cunningham’s. Both of these families had come here that same year—1868. Cyrus Burdick lived on the place now owned by Mr. C.C. Warren. Cree Burdick was born here. She later became the wife of Professor Brackett. The Charles Cunningham place was purchased by Mr. John A. Stevens in 1879 and is now occupied and owned by his son, A.L. Stevens.

There was a man by the name of Garcia who lived on the mesa east of San Dimas Canyon—on what later became the Eads place. In the early seventies a man by the name of James Chappell moved into the San Dimas Canyon. There were no laws then protecting our forests and Mr. Chappell cut the wood in the canyon, hauling it out and selling it as one means of livelihood.

Mr. W.C. Martin—“Uncle Billy”—was always interested in the education of the children. He had been responsible for the establishment of a school district at El Monte so that his own children would not have to walk four miles to school. He had come to El Monte in a wagon train from Red River Valley, Texas in 1853.

“Uncle Billy” felt that the children of the settlers here should have schooling so he was instrumental in having the San Dimas School District formed in 1875. “Uncle Billy” was one of the first trustees but “Toots” does not know who the others were. As there had to be three trustees he surmised that Charley Cunningham was one and perhaps Mr. Chappell was the other one. Before the district could be formed and the school established it was necessary to assure a daily attendance of eight pupils at the school.

Mr. Martin does not know how many it was necessary to have in the district or the size of the district itself. “Toots” Martin was living east of Indian Hill with his family at that time and had three children of school age. The nearest school was at Palomares, near Ganesha Park. So his three children spent the school days of the week with their grandparents the W.C. Martins and attended school in the San Dimas district. He does not remember the names of the first pupils but said the Cunningham’s had two girls that he remembers and the Chappell’s had children and there were three of his own. The first teacher was a Mr. A.A. Green who lived somewhere in the locality of what is now Pomona.

The second teacher was a Mr. McPherson. He lived in a little shack about where the San Dimas Park is now. The place was later owned by Peter Taylor—a Civil War veteran—he was

later a resident of San Dimas. The third teacher was J.J. Bodkins and he lived on the east side of San Dimas Canyon. Then there was a Miss Helen Shrode of Duarte, Miss Anna Martin of Los Angeles, and Miss Georgia M. Freeman, daughter of Parson Freeman. All the women teachers boarded with “Uncle Billy” Martin. Tooch [also recorded as Toots] did not know the order of these later teachers and neither did Tom. But Georgia Freeman was teaching in 1882 and was Tom Martin’s teacher. She gave him a book in that year with her name and the date of the gift written in it—which Tom showed to me. (He thought that Miss Freeman married a Mr. Cate.)

Mr. Martin says the first school building was located north of the San Dimas Park—between Cunningham Canyon (now Ham Canyon) and San Dimas Canyon, above where they came together. It was on the east side of Cunningham Canyon. Mr. Martin says he can show me exactly where the school was located if I will take him up there someday—which I hope to do soon.

Genevieve R. Walker (Mrs. Harry E.)

1936 – William T. (Toots) Martin—More information about the San Dimas School District.
Received Friday April 17, 1936.

In order to definitely locate the site of the first school building in the San Dimas School District which was formed in 1875, Mr. Walker and I took Mr. (Toots) Martin, 91 year old pioneer of Pomona, to the mouth of the San Dimas Canyon, Friday April 17, 1936. The ranch which Mr. Martin formerly owned now belongs to Mr. M.B. Curtis and is known as the Laurelette Ranch. Mr. Martin owned this ranch in 1868—when there were only two other families in this vicinity, the Charley Cunningham family and the Cyrus Burdick family. They both lived to the west of Mr. Martin, the Cunningham Ranch joining his on the west. When Mr. Martin and later his father owned the ranch there was a splendid spring on it, which flowed from one to one and a half inches—there was plenty of water. There was a natural cienega east of the spring. The Martin’s dug a reservoir or pond in the cienega and always had a nice pond of water—it was not very deep—and always contained about the same amount of water—it was fine for the ducks and geese which they raised. The water for domestic use came from above the cienega. While living on the ranch in 1868 or 1869, Mr. Martin planted 24 seedling orange trees east of the cienega and at a lower level he dug regular post holes and crowded the roots of the

trees into them. The trees all lived and thrived and many are still standing today, apparently in excellent condition. Without a doubt this is the first planting of citrus in this district.

Mr. William C. Martin, father of Toots, bought this ranch from his son and lived there until 1887 when he sold it to the San José Land and Water Company. Mr. Cunningham's ranch joined that of Mr. Martin's on the west. Between the two homes there was a small canyon known then as Cunningham Canyon. Later a man by the name of John Ham lived in this canyon. He changed the name to Ham Canyon, which name it still retains. Mr. Martin knew John Ham.

Mr. Martin says the spring in Cunningham Canyon was a good one and still is—it was known then as Sycamore Spring because it was in a clump of sycamore trees. Mr. Cunningham's house was on a bench of land on the hill west of Cunningham Canyon. The Martin house was near this cienega on the east side of the canyon—the houses were about 400 yards apart.

Location of First School House.

The first school house in the San Dimas District was located downhill from each of the houses on the east side of Cunningham Canyon among the sycamores—it was nearer the Cunningham home than the Martin house.

In those days the road followed the hills above the San Dimas Wash and crossed Cunningham's, running by the school house. The next canyon west of Cunningham Canyon was known as Burdick Canyon in the early days—it is now known as Sycamore Canyon. Mr. W.C. Martin (known as Uncle Billy), father of "Toots," was instrumental in having the San Dimas School District formed in 1875 and was one of the first trustees. The district extended as far east as where Claremont is now.

"Toots" Martin was in the bee business having about 200 stands. In 1871 he moved with his family to a place east of Indian Hill, north of what is now Claremont. He had a partner there—a man by the name of Hitt. They marketed their honey in San Francisco. When the school house was built in San Dimas Canyon, Mr. Martin's three children, who were old enough to attend school, spent the school days of the week with their grandparents in the canyon and went to school.

Genevieve R. Walker (Mrs. Harry E.)

Mr. William T. (Toots) Martin died April 23, 1936, less than a week after making the above trip. G.R.W.

The first school building in the San Dimas School District (According to George Cunningham, who was one of the first pupils in this first school)

The first school was held under a big oak tree on the Dr. Cunningham place—this was the John Stevens place later.

In 1875 a small school house was built—it was about 12 x 20 with seats around the walls and a dirt floor. This building was used from 1875 to 1889. The Dr. Cunningham house and the W.C. Martin home were about 400 yards apart. The school house was downhill from each of these houses—on the east side of Cunningham Canyon, among the sycamores and nearer the Cunningham home than the Martin home. Water was from a spring under a large sycamore tree about 300 ft. from the Cunningham home—a wooden barrel was the casing.

No one seems to remember the names of the first pupils—there were eight to begin with—there were three Martin children, John, Tom and Carrie. The Cunningham children were Sona [or Zina—see Pioneers], George, Lincoln, Margie & Lucy—they may not all have been of school age. Then the Chappell's. In 1881—9 boys and 3 girls enrolled.

San Dimas School District formed 1875. First building located in Cunningham Canyon from 1875 to 1883.

Teachers

1. A.A. Green – 1875 to 1876
2. Mr. McPherson – 1876 to 1877
3. J.J. Bodkin – 1877 to 1878
4. Miss Anna Martin – 1878 to 1879
- 5.
6. Miss Helen Shrode – 1880 to 1881
7. Miss Georgia M. Freeman – 1881 to 1882
8. Mr. Williams – 1882 to 1883

School was closed in 1883. Mr. William C. (Uncle Billy) Martin and his son William T. (Toots) Martin were there to close it. In the fall of that year school was held in the Eads home, a four or

five room dwelling—school was held there for three weeks until the small school house was built east of Marshall Wash on Baseline just east of the present La Verne Heights school building. This building was a shanty, built about 12 x 20 ft., with a lean-to roof. It had iron seats with a place for the books and an ink well—all of which the pupils thought was wonderful. Mr. Robert Sallee was teacher from 1883. He lived in Live Oak Canyon, about four or five miles from the school, and drove back and forth each day. This building was used for two years—until a new building was built on the present La Verne Heights site.

Some of the pupils who attended school in the San Dimas School District in the earlier years were:

The Cunningham children

The Chappell children—two boys, Will & Robert

The William T. Martin children—John Martin, Tom Martin, Carrie Martin

Bill Stevens, Flora Stevens

Jeff Sturm, Alice Sturm

Warren A. Paine

Lee Stanchfield

Sam Beecher

Etta Young

Pedro Perris (Spanish)

William Monroe

Two Alvarado girls

Josie Scott, Mandy Scott

Jenny Glen

Most of these were after 1883.

1. The Cunningham children were Sona [or Zina—see pioneers], George, Lincoln, Margie (Mrs. Teagle) and Lucy (Mrs. Russell)
2. The Stanchfield children were Lee, James, Louis, Anna, Alfonzo, Lola, Adelina, Henry, Clara, Mark & Beatrice
3. John Stevens children—Will, Al, Ed, Charles, Flora (Mrs. Goff) & Mable (Mrs. Midgley)
4. F.H. Paine children—Warren A., Hathie H., F.J., & Lilia Francis

5. William Chappell's children—James, William, Frank, Mollie, Alice, Kate, & Bertha
6. Robert Chappell's children—Fred, Ed, & James
(William & Robert Chappell are the sons of James Chappell)

Some of the Pioneers who lived between Dalton and Live Oak Canyons and north of what is now Foothill Boulevard in the early 1880's—some of the sources of my information:

Mr. Warren A Paine
5007 Eighth Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. W.T. "Toots" Martin
Mr. Tom Martin—his son

Carrie Martin Ward (Mrs. E.F. Ward—daughter of "Toots")
958 N. Mentoe Ave.
Pasadena, Calif.

Mr. George Cunningham
1470 Emory St.
San Jose, Calif.

Alice Chappell
Cor. San Luis Obispo Drive and Juniper St.
R.F.D. Chino, Calif.

Viola Shrode Norman (Teacher, Sister of Helen Shrode Daniels, 1880-1881)
R.F.D. #1, Box 490
Monrovia, Calif.

Mrs. Dallas M. Cate
(Nee Georgia M. Freeman)

R. 1, Box 907

Rivera, Calif. (1881-1882)

Mrs. Margy [also spelled Margie] (Cunningham) Teagle (is blind)

Montgomery St.

Pomona, Calif.

Mrs. Lucy (Cunningham) Russell

San Bernardino, Calif.

Pioneers

Some Pioneers of 1880-81.

Those who lived between Dalton and Live Oak Canyons and north of the Base Line or what is now Foothill Blvd.

1. James Ballard – bachelor—later married. Made living off bees and wood. Sold out and moved to Los Angeles.
2. Mr. & Mrs. Depew – and two sons. These boys traveled over five miles to school. One of these boys was considered quite a hero from the fact that he kept a mountain lion at bay while his brother went for help and guns to kill it.
3. Mr. Volonga – bachelor, living bees. His place was in the hills back of the Cunningham place.
4. Miss Elmira Eckles – An outstanding woman—very peculiar in many ways. She was a graduate of the Minnesota State University. She dabbled in oil painting and sculpturing. She was a Civil War nurse. She, however, turned to frontier life and cattle and hogs were her main pursuits. She was winner of many blue ribbons for her cattle and hogs. She also took first prizes for fancy sewing and butter making and had some reputation as a writer.
5. Mr. O'Donnell – bachelor, later married. His place joined the Cunningham place. Sold out claim to H.N. James. Mr. James walked back and forth from Pomona every day to protect his right to this property. It was a distance of nine miles each way. However it seemed that some law was not fulfilled and a man by the name of Tinkham jumped the claim. There was a long and bitter lawsuit which was finally won by Mr. James. However this divided the neighborhood and on different occasions bloodshed was narrowly averted.
6. Widow Cunningham – Her living was made by means of hogs, cattle, horses and grain. She had three sons—Zina [sometimes recorded as Sona], George and Lincoln—and two daughters Margie (later Mrs. Madison) and Lucy (later Mrs. Russell).
7. Widow Schuler – Means of living was hogs, cattle, horses and grain. Her sons were Ely, a Deputy Sheriff, and John. Her daughters were Mrs. Pete Gotts and Eliza.
8. Mr. John Stevens – bought his place from Dr. Chas. Cunningham. Cattle, hay, grain and fruit were his means of livelihood. His sons were Will, Al and Ed. He had two daughters, Flora (later Mrs. Goff) and Mabel (later Mrs. Midgley).

9. Mr. Peter Taylor – bachelor, married later. He was a Civil War veteran and a carpenter by trade. His mother, Grandma Taylor, was opposed to instrumental music in church. Mr. Taylor sold out, 160 acres for \$30,000. He held key to canyon road and had thirty (30) inch riparian water right. This was considered a big sale at that time. His place was where the San Dimas Park is now. He came to California in the early seventies—settled at the mouth of San Dimas Canyon. After selling out there he moved to Etiwanda in 1878. He married a widow, Nellie H. (Miner) Grindle in 1884. Came to San Dimas in 1889. Died here in 1890.
10. Uncle Billy and Grandma Martin – Came from Red River, Texas in 1853 and to the San Dimas Canyon in 1872. They were southern people, very religious. Came across the plains in early days in a covered wagon. Grandpa Martin always walked with a cane and liked to call on the neighbors. He always wanted to sing a couple of songs out of Gospel Hymns before he left. Grandma Martin was a fine type of southern womanhood. Very hospitable and always glad to see you. She ran a sanitarium for consumptives and always had a house full. She smoked a pipe in the evenings and played an accordion for the youngsters. The evening was always closed with song and prayer. The windows shut tight, the doors closed and the keyhole stuffed with cloth to keep you from catching cold. Aside from boarders—hay, fruit, honey and hogs were their source of income.
11. F.H. Paine and his wife, Maggie E. (Stevens) Paine – They homesteaded 47 acres of land near the mouth of San Dimas Canyon. This land was supposed to be desert land, but later proved to be valuable water bearing land and was sold for that purpose to a Glendora water company for the sum of \$10,000. The family moved there in 1882 and moved to Pomona before 1900. The family lived in a tent for over two years after coming to the canyon. Finally a house 12 x 20 was built. Water was hauled in barrels from the Taylor Ranch about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile away for over a period of two years before a well was dug. This well was the deepest in that section at that time—60 feet deep—but a bountiful supply of water was found. Their children were Warren A., a son, and Hathie H., a daughter. Later two children were born on the homestead, Fred J., a son, and Lilia Francis, a daughter. Mr. Paine developed the first water well of any depth in the mouth of San Dimas Canyon. Much discouragement was encountered before water was obtained. In 1887-1888 there was considerable trouble over water rights in the San Dimas Canyon and bloodshed was narrowly averted on more than one occasion. A man by the name of Stowell was the first to use cement pipe to pipe water out of the canyon and around this centered a lot of the

trouble as to prior-rights. This place also had three small shafts on it which were said to be old mines. This however is only legend. (Information from Warren A. Paine.)

12. John Chappell [Sometimes spelled Chappel] – bachelor, later married. He sold out to J.W. Fulton.
13. Robert Chappell – Sheriff of Los Angeles Co. He lived at the mouth of San Dimas Canyon. His sons were Fred, Ed, and James. He farmed and hauled wood to Los Angeles.
14. John Haines – bachelor. He was a miner and prospector and is supposed to have found rock in Cunningham Canyon that assayed \$40,000 to the ton. After the assay was made he was unable to locate the spot. Having so much faith that it existed, the Martins and Chappells grubstaked Mr. Haines and hired others to assist in finding the mine—and they prospected for it for years. Many others joined in the search but it has never been found. One day there was a report that the mine had been found. When the report reached Lordsburg every businessman & student—in fact most of the population—made a break for the canyon. It was a false alarm, they had just struck showings of gold.
15. Grandpa and Grandma Chappell – lived about three miles up the San Dimas Canyon. Wood and apples was their income. They sold out and went to Pomona. Mr. & Mrs. James Chappell came from Texas by wagon train to El Monte in 1868. Moved to San Dimas Canyon in the early seventies. Moved to Pomona after the big flood of 1884. Sold the place to Dunnigan and Heathman.
16. Solomon Gates – bachelor—he later married and had two sons and a daughter. One of his sons is now Judge Walter S. Gates of Los Angeles. He was one of the outstanding pioneers of the valley. His suggestion of the name Pomona for the town of that name was accepted and he was given a lot in Pomona. He was a nursery man. He had the first orange grove of any size. It was ten acres of seedlings. He also had the first hot-house heated by steam and covered with glass. Many rare and valuable plants were in his yard. Many of the large eucalyptus trees throughout the valley were from his nursery. He also had the first painted house.
17. Miss Martin – Old Maid—she later married Mr. Douglas of La Verne.
18. Mr. Lester – married a Mrs. Taylor. He lived north of where the La Verne school is now, on what later became the Hillard Bixby place. He sold out to a man by the name of Stowell, who was the first man to pipe water out of San Dimas Canyon.

19. William Chappell – the son of James. He farmed the Dunkelberger Ranch north of La Verne in 1882, coming from El Monte. He had three sons—James, William and Frank—and four daughters—Mollie, Alice, Kate and Bertha. Their income was derived from wood and hay. He later moved to Pomona where he died in 1920.
20. John Fink – bachelor. He was a farmer and did team work. He lived just west of Live Oak Canyon.
21. Perris – Spanish family. Had only an adobe house in this section. Old timers.
22. J.L. Crane – Grandma and Grandpa Crane. They made their living off wood.
23. McCarthy's – Live Oak district near Live Oak Canyon. They farmed, sold wood and raised bees.
24. Mike Scanlon – United States Marshal—had four children.
25. Jones and Denison – Bees their livelihood.
26. Joe Sallee – pioneer school teacher, married.
27. Mrs. Beecher – widow. Had a son named Sam. Their income was derived from farming and stock.
28. Mrs. Sturm – widow of Civil War veteran. Had a son, Jeff, and a daughter, Alice.
29. Mrs. Stanchfield – One of the early Spanish pioneers. Had three sons—Lee, James and Louis—and a daughter, Anna.
30. Pete Gotts – was a son-in-law of Mrs. Schuler. He and his wife lived north of the Schulers.
31. Henry Crampton – lived north of what was later the William True place.
32. Beecher –
33. John Ham –

Mrs. Walker – 1894 to 1900

I first became interested in California in 1893 when I visited the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. California had displays that were just out of this world to an easterner—that type of publicity was very different to anything we had ever seen. A Mr. Wiggins (I think it was) was responsible for these displays. He certainly was adept in creating a desire to see California. However I had no idea at that time of ever seeing it—except perhaps in the far distant future.

My husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I.N. Walker, had been spending their winters in California since perhaps 1887. Their itinerary was Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Mr. J.W. Walker, a brother of I.N., came to Los Angeles in 1888 and in 1890 purchased a 40 acre citrus grove in San Dimas—also the building (built for a hotel) as a home. That focused I.N. Walker's interest to Los Angeles County. The more he saw of it the more interested he became. In 1892, on a visit to his brother in San Dimas, he was so enthused with the beauty of the section that he bought an 1100 acre tract of land south of the town. He loved it—and always declared the Garden of Eden must have been there because no place could be more beautiful. The Cal-Poly campus, the Puddingstone Dam and most of the lake are now on this property.

After buying the property he was anxious to have orchards planted and water developed. His son Harry and I were married in November 1894 and as neither of us had been to California his father thought a wedding trip there would be an ideal one. Arrangements were made for us to come out here and stay at least a year—perhaps longer—and Harry would superintend the planting and take care of the ranch.

On our way to California we came through the dry uninteresting part of W. Texas—but what did it matter, we were on our way to beautiful California. At last we came to California—dry endless desert—must be some mistake. Then we reached Indio—now everything was going to be alright. Around the depot was a little park with palms and grass, but after leaving there more and more desert—then nightfall. I was so disappointed.

We reached Los Angeles in the wee small hours of the morning on Thanksgiving 1894. The ride to the hotel was not too exciting—I was still feeling pretty low. We went to the Westminster Hotel, which was the best in Los Angeles at that time. It was located at Fourth and Main Streets and really was lovely. The next morning I looked out of the window and I could not believe my eyes—what I saw was so beautiful—more beautiful perhaps because of my

disappointment of the day before. Opposite the hotel on Main St. were the homes of Colonel James Howard and Governor Downey. Their grounds took up about one-half block. Their homes were not so large but were lovely. There was a low stone wall in front of them—topped by a low iron fence. The grounds were beautiful with lovely trees and quantities of flowers and grass. To complete the picture a rose had climbed to the top of a tree and was full of blossoms. My spirits rose—this was the California of my dreams, this was really Thanksgiving.

We spent a few days in Los Angeles taking all the trips and seeing the sights. Then we sent a telegram to the uncle in San Dimas saying that we would be out for the day on such a train. We arrived as per schedule—there was no one there to meet us. When the agent found where we were going, he handed us a telegram and asked if we would deliver it—it proved to be the one we had sent a few days before and the depot was only two blocks from the house. The depot could be seen from most of the houses—and always when the train stopped everyone looked to see who was getting off. So the relatives saw us at once and met us before we were half-way to the house. They too were from Kentucky so the welcome was a hearty one. As I have said the hotel building was their home—it was large but with all their lovely furnishings it was indeed attractive.

We had come for one reason—to see the house we were to live in. We had been told by Harry's parents not to expect too much, that it was a new country and things were very primitive and we might not want to stay.

Coming out on the train from Los Angeles I saw all kinds of God-forsaken looking shacks along the way—so I was prepared for most anything in the way of a house. Imagine my delight when I saw the house—it was one of the loveliest six room cottages you could hope to see, located less than 1/2 block from the J.W. Walker home. This house was the first dwelling house in San Dimas, build by the San Jose Land Company for their land agent. It was well built, had high ceilings and was finished throughout with redwood. It had recently been purchased by an aunt of Harry's who expected to spend her winters in California so we rented it from her. She had it newly papered throughout for the bride and groom—all this was a happy surprise. We went back to Los Angeles to get the furniture for our house and did not return until about the middle of December.

You will be interested to know what my first impression of San Dimas was. When we arrived at the station, I was too surprised for words. There had been no rain for months and

everything was dry and parched and dusty. I have always contended that the dust was ankle deep but my husband declares I stretched it some. However, it seemed that deep to me—in those days our skirts touched the ground and woe to anyone who showed an ankle. I took a look around—not more than a dozen houses in sight, north, east, south and west—and some of those were empty. To say I was disappointed puts it mildly. Then I thought—well, perhaps Harry was just as disappointed as I was, but too good a sport to complain and I made up my mind not to show the white feather—if he could take it, so could I. I knew we did not have to remain. After we went back to Los Angeles it rained—a real California rain—rained off and on for several days so it was almost two weeks before we got back to San Dimas. And what a transformation—everything was green, the mountains were covered with snow, no dust, it was beautiful and I have loved it from that day to this.

We both had left large homes in Kentucky so our little cottage looked and seemed like a glorified play house. However it was not long until I found it was just about all I could manage with my lack of experience—it was a challenge and I met it—so it was always fun in spite of all the ups and downs. When we went to housekeeping we had no water under pressure, no gas, no electricity, no telephone, no ice, and cooked on a wood stove. The kerosene lamps were my pet-peeve for years because it was a long time before we had anything else. We had water hauled in barrels—finally we had a cistern built and kept it filled with water which we drew out with a pail on a rope—finally we got a pump which was a great help. As time went on I was able to get a meal without forgetting to put wood in the stove and letting the fire go out. Harry was a great help so I got along fine but he had his difficulties too—his business had been so different.

We came to San Dimas several years after the boom had collapsed—I have an idea it could be called the zero hour in the life of San Dimas. There were about 125 people here when we came—about half of them were children teenage and younger. The people living here then were an exceptionally fine class of people—they were mostly well-educated with high ideals. Some were English, some Canadians, and others from different parts of the United States. They had come with great dreams for the future—then the bubble burst and left most of them short of money without much relief in sight. By the time we arrived they were beginning to take a new lease on life—the orchards were beginning to bear but there were many difficult years ahead for many of them.

When we came there was no one our age except 4 or 5 young bachelors. But everyone was so wonderful to us that we did not seem to miss those of our own age.

We remember many of the little things that happened. One very rainy evening our doorbell rang—when Harry answered it, there stood a man with raincoat and hat—a lantern in his hand—with 2 beautiful bouquets of roses—one for the bride and one for the groom—he was wet so would not come in but wanted to see the bride. I went to the door, he looked me over with the lantern and approved. He had walked clear across the town at night, in the rain, to bring those flowers.

Then on our first May-Day in California, in the evening the doorbell rang—no one was there—but a May basket was on the doorknob. This was repeated 6 or 7 times—and each time a May basket. There were a couple of loquats in one as well as the flowers—the first loquats we had seen. Later the mother of these children told me how they had worked for days making them.

The women of San Dimas were a busy lot—but they always found time to be nice to others. They would stop by with a loaf of homemade bread, a glass of jelly, a few cookies or a few flowers. As I have said before, these mothers were busy people but, if you stopped by there was always time for a cup of tea served in the grand manner. Of, if they had a little spare time, a few would get together and read Emerson or Shakespeare—always something worthwhile.

From our house on the north side of First Street—looking north, not a building, just the mountains; one building to the west; to the south, 3 buildings two blocks away. So you can see we had no neighbors. We did our shopping in Pomona. A vegetable Chinaman came from Azusa once a week—I loved to hear his call, “cabbagee, lettucee, stling beans, stlaw-bellies, what you want Miss Valk?” On Chinese New Year he always brought gifts—large magenta colored silk handkerchiefs, small embroidered white silk ones, candy and odd shaped nuts. On a cold morning I would say, “It is cold this morning, John.” He would say, “Three shirty coold, Miss Valk.” We got our berries for canning from Mr. Mullendore of Covina. And such berries—he would take the orders—when he delivered them, they were there by the time we were up in the morning. Every berry perfect.

Our house faced the square where the forestry buildings and Sheriff’s office is now. Then it was a field with many different wild flowers in season, with birds galore—quail, doves, and in the early morning we would hear the cheery notes of the meadowlark and occasionally see

a roadrunner. The mockingbirds were a joy—one used to sit on our chimney and sing night after night—he came back year after year. Then in the early spring when the wild geese flew north, they went over San Dimas—there would be hundreds in the flocks—as they neared the mountains they would circle and circle until they were high enough to fly over the mountains, honking all the while. Sometimes they would pass over at night and would waken us with their honks. Harry used to go duck hunting east of Brackett Field, which was so swampy that he was sometimes frightened in jumping from hummock to hummock. While speaking of birds, once when Harry was in the pasture he saw a group of buzzards around a dead animal—one so large it looked like a man standing in their midst. It was a condor.

Wind—Each year about Thanksgiving time we would have terrific winds from the northeast—these were called Santanas. They would blow for 2 or 3 days—always accompanied by an electrical condition which was very disagreeable. The tumble weeds were blown everywhere, piling up against any obstruction they met. On Christmas morning 1899, we had an earthquake. Our first experience—it was frightening to say the least.

We had to provide our own entertainment. The J.W. Walker home was always available with its 30' x 40' living room. Some of these get-togethers took in the entire valley—they came from Glendora, Azusa, La Verne, Claremont, and other places. They came in wagons, in buggies, on horseback, and bicycles. Everyone having a good time—there was a lot of talent available, so these get-togethers were worthwhile.

North of San Dimas there was a canyon, second to none in beauty, with wooded slopes and 4 beautiful waterfalls and a crystal clear stream. We used to have picnics in this canyon, particularly on the 4th of July, and everyone in the town attended—old and young. Every available means of transportation was used. It was quite a trip, we crossed the stream 50 times before we reached the favorite camping ground. Sometimes we had picnics at Puddingstone Falls, another beautiful spot. Sometimes we had evening picnics in the wash on moonlit nights. The men would arrange for the big campfire in the daytime—in the evening we would take our food, baking the potatoes and making the coffee after the fire was lit. Then there were camping trips in the mountains and other simple joys too numerous to mention.

There were no churches in the early days. The Episcopalians went to Covina; the Methodists, Baptists and Catholics went to Pomona. Sunday School and sometimes church services were held in the school house. In 1895 a Baptist Church was organized, largely through

the efforts of Mr. J.W. Walker and Mr. W.M. Martin—they were also the financial standbys for years. There were 12 Charter Members—Harry and I were the youngest of the lot—and are the only Charter Members living today. We were members of this church for 25 years—since then members of the Community Church.

In 1896 we build a church—by this time there was a membership of 35—most of the new members coming from Lordsburg, La Verne and Covina. In those days the janitor work was done by the ladies of the church, taking their turns. There were two evening services each week, so there were always lamps to be cleaned and filled.

These are some of the things that come to mind as I think of our days in California from 1894 to the beginning of the 20th century. We have been privileged to spend more than 60 glorious years in this “Land of the Heart’s Desire.” There have been sunshine days, gray days and black rainy days—but as I look back through the years, all I can see are the sunshiny days.

We arrived in California on Thanksgiving Day and we have never ceased to be thankful for all the blessings that have been ours. The one we appreciate most is that of having each other and still being able to enjoy life.

Lordsburg Hotel– 1926

Boom Period – 1886 to 1888.

Practically all of the important towns in Southern California, outside of Los Angeles, have or have had some vestige of this period in the form of a boom hotel. By far the largest of the hotels constructed and still standing in practically the same condition as when it was built, is at La Verne and will soon be destroyed to make room for the progress of the community. For years it has been the home of a Brethren College.

The hotel company was incorporated in June 1887, during the period when La Verne was boomed under the name of Lordsburg, after I.W. Lord. During the winter a terrible windstorm blew all of the framework down and it had to be erected again.

Windstorms of great intensity swept across the open spaces of the San Gabriel, San Bernardino, and Pomona Valleys often in those days, and it was not unusual to have frame buildings blown down while they were in the course of construction.

The bursting of the real estate boom in 1888 slowed up the development of Lordsburg, but in 1889 the hotel and all unsold lots were sold to a colony of Dunkers. For some time the hotel was allowed to stand unused and it is said it never had an overnight guest.

In 1890 *The Southern Californian* had its offices in the building and boastingly printed the following: “The largest, most elaborate and costly building occupied as a printing office south of San Francisco in this state is that of the *Southern Californian* at the Lordsburg in this valley. The building cost \$90,000, it occupies an acre of ground, is four stories high, and has 126 rooms. It is one of the most complete buildings in this region, being furnished with plate glass windows, electric bells, a \$1,600 elevator, oak and cherry stairways, hardwood floors, marble mantles, oak doors, bathrooms, wide hallways, and wide piazzas.” Late in 1890 the Dunkers took over the entire building and established a denominational school which, in its earlier days, had a severe struggle for existence. School was opened in the building in 1891. In 1912 the first college courses were given and in 1914, when the name Lordsburg was changed to La Verne—upon the request of La Verne District Citrus Growers—the college became known as La Verne College.

The old hotel has served every purpose of the institution until the present day. Regal suites that were fit for a king or queen in 1888 have been used as laboratories, the original hotel office has been the office of a college president and other rooms have served as classrooms. This

week will witness the passing of the old when La Verne College moves from its hotel building into a new \$150,000 administration and classroom building. The hotel will soon be destroyed wither by a wrecking crew or will be burned as a spectacular feature for a Hollywood motion picture firm. (It was torn down). It is interesting that the unique history of the old Lordsburg Hotel building has been duplicated in several other instances.

George Savage – Mrs. Harry E. Walker

Race Track – 1904

In 1904 a group of men got together and organized a Gentleman's Driving Club. They all owned good horses. They built a mile track—this was built according to specifications, properly banked, etc. It was a fine track. It was built on land belonging to Porfirio Yorba and the Vejars. (On the east line of the Yorba property and the west line of the Vejar property.) It was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile southeast of the Santa Fe Station at Lordsburg. The races were never advertised but were always well attended—men and women both attended—and there was always a circle of horses and buggies as well as other vehicles around the track. No money was given as prizes—instead horse blankets, buggy whips, lap robes, etc. It was all for sport. Some of the men were Porfirio Yorba, Porfirio Palomares, Julian Carrion, Harry Walker, Frank Vejar, John Furek, Henry Mace, Nash Garcia, C.E. White and others. Harry Walker was president.

This was considered a very fast track. Peter Zenez [nothing more recorded]

1894

M.L. Torrey, wife & family – Northeast corner of Bonita & Walnut.

John Mason, wife & family – Southwest corner of Bonita & Walnut.

Mr. Collon (C.C.) – North Walnut St.

Ed Wheeler –

J.W. Walker, wife, daughter, husband & child – San Dimas Ave. between Bonita & First.

Tom Gore, wife and family - Second Street, south side between San Dimas Ave. & depot.

J.W. Anderson, wife and family – Northwest corner bank & Bonita.

Mrs. E.H. Brownlee and family – Southeast corner depot & Bonita.

Ed Durgan – North side of Bonita, west of depot.

Billy Abdail – North side of Bonita, west of depot.

James Judson, wife & family – Southwest corner San Dimas Ave. & Commercial.

Bowman Scott, wife & family – North side of Commercial, west of San Dimas.

_____ Bowers, wife & family – North side of Commercial, west of San Dimas.

C.P. Teague – Cienega Ave. east of Walnut at Santa Fe tracks.

D.C. Teague and family – South side Cienega Ave., east of Walnut St.

Billy Micheal, wife & family – North side Cienega between Walnut & San Dimas Ave.

James P. Johnstone, wife & family – South San Dimas Ave., south of Cienega, west side.

A.A. McLean & wife – Southeast corner of Cienega & Cataract.

Mrs. Taylor and family – South side of Cienega, west of Cataract.

John Minor – South side of Cienega, west of Cataract.

George Platt, wife & family – North side of Cienega, west of Cataract.

W. Ferry, wife & family – East side of Cataract between Cienega & Covina Blvd.

A.M. Teague & wife – South side of Covina Blvd. at Cataract.

_____ Cannon – South Amelia, west side between Cypress & Covina.

_____ Brock, wife & family – Northwest corner Cypress & Covina Blvd.

John Reese, wife & family – North side of Cypress, west of Amelia.

_____ Kinny & wife – North side of Bonita, west of town [?]

Miss Jordan – South side of Bonita, west of town [?]

Wm. Bowering, wife & family – South side of Bonita, west of town [?]

J.B. Smith, wife & family – Lone Hill

Basque sheep herder (Farraut) – East side of North San Dimas Ave. on [?] of hill.

_____ Stowell –

_____ Hartman –

Eli Shuler –

_____ Stevens –

_____ Cumberland –