

Walker Journal B-8

Notes on San Dimas & La Verne

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Naming of Puddingstone Falls and Canyon

May 30, 1937

Puddingstone Falls and Canyon was named by Dr. H.A. Reid, an early resident of the old La Verne, which centered on Grand Avenue north of Bonita Union High School. It was in the spring of 1887—all the people of La Verne and vicinity had a picnic that day—they met at the La Verne Hotel building on Grand Avenue (east side) and went to Puddingstone Falls, which up to that time had no name, as far as anybody knows. Just above the falls there was a hole in the bed of the stream which was hollowed out of the rock and was the shape of a big bowl—the rock in the bottom looked like a pudding containing fruit turned to stone—they spoke of it as looking like a bowl of pudding and Dr. Reid, who was present, called it a “puddingstone” and so named the canyon and falls because much of the rock was of the same formation and the name has lasted through the years. Dr. Reid was an early resident of La Verne and published a newspaper there in 1888. He and his wife were both doctors. Their daughter married a Mr. Douglas—they built a home on the west side of Grand Avenue, south of Bonita, opposite where the Bonita Union High School now stands—a big two story house. In this house their daughter Jessie La Verne Douglas was born. She was the first white child born in La Verne. Her name now is Jessie Douglas Cochrane and she lives in Los Angeles. The Douglas home was sold to Mr. Gillette and burned in January 1908.

July, 1940

I have seen the first copy of the paper published in La Verne—it is owned by Jessie Douglas Cochrane. This story has been verified by W. T. Micheal and W. Ferry and others who were at the picnic. Mrs. Harry E. Walker

The San Dimas Reservoir

Built by the San José Land Company in 1889

The San José Land Company built a large reservoir near San Dimas at Ramona and Allen Avenues. It covered twenty acres—capacity 4,000,000 gallons of water, which was to be supplied by San Dimas Canyon and was to be used to irrigate hundreds of acres of land in this locality.

The Land Company had sold much more water than they possessed at \$1,000 per inch and hoped in this way to be able to supply more water to the purchasers. Mr. William T. Micheal was land agent for the company at that time—he was also zanjero. When the reservoir was completed he was ordered to turn the water in and keep the company in Los Angeles notified as to the height of the water.

He turned in a head of 150 inches of water from the San Dimas Canyon—all seemed to be going well for several days, then one morning he discovered the water had lowered. He looked at the stand pipe and the full head was still flowing in. He telegraphed the company and Dr. Lotspiech, one of its members, came out at once. The water line was still dropping, so he ordered the water shut off. Soon there were a couple of whirlpools to be seen—one in the middle and one on the west side. When the reservoir was empty there were two tremendous holes in it, each large enough to hide a house. About this time there were reports of artesian wells suddenly appearing in the wash northwest of San Dimas, north of the Santa Fe Railroad. Investigation proved it was the water from the reservoir which had made its way through the wash and at this point had struck a natural barrier forcing the water to the surface, causing a cienega and the artesian wells. When the reservoir was empty, the wells ceased to flow. It seems that in building this reservoir, the land upon which it was built was a clay formation and it was taken for granted that it would hold water. After these outlets appeared in the reservoir, Mr. W.T. Micheal took the contract to fill the big holes. He used four teams of horses—his own, W.M. Mounts' and two others. The holes were filled with earth drawn in from east of the reservoir. After they had filled the holes and packed the bottom a little water was turned in, then with teams and machinery the bottom was packed. This was done time after time—Puddleing it was called—this was done in an effort to make the bottom impervious to water. They had planned to turn a band of sheep loose in the reservoir to assist in the process, but did not. At last the water was turned in again but the result was the same—it all ran out. So the reservoir idea was definitely given up. Later, the Williams brothers of Lordsburg purchased this property. They leveled the banks, filled in the reservoir and planted the acreage to citrus.

Information received from Mr. W.T. Micheal of Pomona, December 15, 1939. After writing the above article, read it to him and he assured me it is correct. July 1, 1940. Mr. Micheal was 85 years old March 11, 1940. His mind is perfectly clear.

How San Dimas Got Her Telephone Exchange, 1909

By Mrs. Harry E. Walker

When Harry Walker moved to his new home on the hill south of San Dimas (on what was later South Walnut St.) in 1908, he was unable to get a telephone, as he was a mile from the center of town and a long ways from the nearest telephone line. Besides, all the lines were full. San Dimas at that time was served by two lines from the Pomona Exchange. It was very inconvenient being without a telephone. Mr. Walker appealed to Mr. Parker, manager of the company, repeatedly—but always got the same answer “lines all full.” At last, in the later part of 1908, Walker said, “Is there anything I can do to get a telephone in my home?” After considering the matter for some time, Mr. Parker put the following proposition up to him. If he (Mr. W.) would see each of the San Dimas subscribers and get them all to agree to pay 25 cents more per month and get 12 or 15 new subscribers, they would establish an exchange in San Dimas and he could get a telephone in the south hills. Mr. Walker took it up with the “Board of Trade” and asked that he be appointed the solicitor. It was quite a task driving a horse and buggy around to see each subscriber—several trips being necessary at times before finding anyone at home—so he consulted Mr. Parker. He told him he could put the thing over quicker if he had a telephone so that he could make appointments and be able to see people when he called at their homes. Mr. Parker said, “I cannot give you a regular phone, but I can give you a one-way phone. You can get other people but they cannot get you.” Mr. W. said that would be fine. In a very short time he had every subscriber signed up for the 25 cent increase, except one (Mrs. McInerny) and had gotten 20 new subscribers. So in February, 1909, the Pomona Valley Telephone Company opened the first San Dimas Exchange with 112 telephones connected to the San Dimas switch board. The exchange was located in a small building on the west side of Exchange Place, just north of the First National Bank building. The first operators were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Laing. The service they gave was par-excellent. Mrs. Laing and her son died during the “flu” epidemic in 1919, within a day or two of each other. The first exchange was in a small frame building which was also the first home of the bank. The exchange was there only temporarily.

Unique Celebration of recent Lordsburg-La Verne Change
“Wedding” Typifies the Event. Was celebrated in the presence of 350 people.
“Historical Papers Read” September 20, 1917

The largest audience ever assembled in La Verne was that which attended the opening meeting of the La Verne Chamber of Commerce at the college auditorium Thursday evening. The room was crowded and many were standing outside the doors and windows.

At the business meeting, which occupied the first half-hour, an amendment to the constitution was passed changing the name of the organization from the Lordsburg-La Verne Board of Trade to the La Verne Chamber of Commerce. The papers on La Verne and Lordsburg by L.H. Bixby and W.C. Doughty respectively were listened to with much interest and are published in full herein.

La Verne
By L.H. Bixby

At the request of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, I herewith submit a short resume of La Verne, past and present.

When we came into this country in the fall of 1885, we found C.P Teague and his four sons farming 3,000 acres of the Addition to the Rancho San José—to wheat and barley; their operation extending from the northeast corner of the ranch which is the northwest corner of the G.S. Bisbee place to down in the Charter Oak District, bordering the south line of the Foothill Boulevard and extending very nearly to Azusa. In addition to the grain land, they were using about 4,500 acres as sheep pasture, leasing the same from J.S. Slauson. L.B. Goodrich owned 23 acres where the B.A. Woodford, Mrs. Broughton and Miss Linkin's groves are. W.H. Ellsworth was living just north of the above named places lying on the north side of the Baseline Road. W.S. Young was living in a small house on the corner where the I.L. Noggle lemon grove is—but no improvements. On section 36, north of Mrs. Lewis' house was a small house with an orchard of perhaps 50 or 60 trees; walnuts, peaches and apples. The Kellers were farming 160 acres east of Emerald Avenue and south of Baseline which is now in the hands of fifteen different owners. Slauson sold his holdings to a syndicate organized as the San José Ranch Company for \$150,000 and they subdivided it and sold it off to different parties. The northeast part of the property was sold to the parties who afterwards formed the La Verne Land Company. The tract was divided into lots and a few sold on contract. This Mesa country was called San Dimas taking its name from the San Dimas Canyon. When the syndicate that bought the Slauson property laid out their townsite they called it San Dimas, and when the parties who laid out the townsite on the property in the northeast corner of the ranch had to find a name, they chose La Verne.

The San Dimas School District was formed beginning at San Antonio Avenue (the south line was the north boundary line of Pomona), extending west as far as the Bisbee's west line,

thence to the south to near the Carrion place and then west again to below the present site of the town of San Dimas. The north line of the district was up in the mountains somewhere.

The first school house was built east of the wash and just east of the present school grounds. It was a rough board shed room with the roof sloping one way, to the west, and was about 12 x 20 feet. The first teacher was Robert Sallee, a brother of Stonewall and Miss Belle.

When the district outgrew the building, the site was changed to the present grounds, enlarged to two acres, and a building of two rooms built of rustic lathe and plaster and a shingle roof this time, was erected.

In this building services were held by Chauncey and F.S. Sheldon's and Mrs. St. Clair's father, who was our minister. Several years later the trustees had to add another room which made an L and a belfry and a bell graced the structure. The present building was erected in 1903 at a cost of \$12,000 for building and equipment.

C.E. Straight, M.L. Sparks and L.H. Bixby set out the first citrus orchards—Mr. Straight on the present home place, Mr. Sparks on the corner where L.E. Cree lives, and Bixby on the place now owned by Mrs. Mary A. Lewis.

The La Verne townsite had the building which is now the David and Margaret Home for Children as a nucleus for a town. There were quite a few buildings put up, three stores, the company office, blacksmith shop and planning mill. There were at least twenty residences which have mostly been moved, some to San Dimas, Lordsburg (1 store building), North Pomona and Pomona.

The second school house had the distinction of traveling both to the east and the west. Mrs. Straight, Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. L.H. Bixby and son, Edward Bixby, are the only ones of the first settlers that remain in the La Verne district; the rest have all come in since and made homes.

What has been known for so many years as the La Verne region was practically a desert before the present development, which has given this not only a national, but an international reputation; and it is a matter of gratification that the city which had the honor of being our post office, has decided to adopt the name of La Verne.

Lordsburg

By W.C. Doughty

It is recorded in the "Good Book" about 4,000 years B.C. that the Lord created the earth. He created every living creature and things thereon. He planted in the bowels of the earth certain things, and created certain conditions, which would bring about the formation of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, coal, oil, gas, diamonds, rubies, and a thousand other useful things. He made the great mountain ranges with the canyons between, with their rich sparkling waters, and with the valleys and plains below for man to develop and make bloom as the rose.

I believe that as a fond father on an Easter morn watches his children search in the hidden places for the richly colored Easter eggs, so the Great Father above sits upon His throne and watches His children search in the earth and upon the earth for the hidden treasures which He has placed there for man's convenience, among which was the site which was afterwards to become Lordsburg and vicinity, and a little later La Verne, which is one of the highest valued agricultural spots on the face of the earth at this time.

This place was so completely hidden between the mountain ranges, covered over with cactus and sagebrush and appeared so absolutely worthless that it was many, many years before man had the courage to attempt to reclaim its arid soil and the real value of the location became known.

The spot where we now are was what was known as a portion of the Rancho San José, granted on the 15th day of April 1837, by Juan B. Alvarado, then governor ad interim of California, to Ignacio Palomares, Ricardo Vejar and Luis Arenas. Henry Dalton had what was known as Azusa. These land grants were later approved by the U.S. Government, and on the 20th day of January, 1875, a patent was issued and signed by Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, and S.D. Williamson, Secretary. It is shown by the records in Los Angeles that the portion of land belonging to Ignacio Palomares at the time of his death, which occurred on the 25th day of November, 1864, supposed to be the land on which we are now located was appraised at \$7.00 per acre for 3,335 acres or a sum total of \$23,345—about the average price of a 10-acre orange grove at this time.

J.W. Lord, who was a young man in 1849 living in the east, got the gold fever and ran away from home to come to California to seek his fortune. After a very strenuous journey across the continent and after being captured by Indians and held captive for a number of days, he finally landed in San Francisco and secured the very desirable and lucrative position as dishwasher in a hotel in that place.

After a number of years he returned to the east, took unto himself a wife, brought her to California and finally located in Pasadena where he associated himself with a company of gentleman consisting of J. W. Hughes, W.L. Woodward, W.S. Arnold, and others who organized an investment company known as the Pasadena Town Company. This company bought up the lands in this locality, part of which still belong to the I.W. Lord estate, and started what was destined to become one of the great cities of the Pacific Coast and one of the great educational

centers of the world. This city was named Lordsburg in honor of Mr. Lord, one of its founders. The first thing to do in those days in order to start a town was to build a boom hotel. The saloon followed very quickly. In this case it was located in the building which stands just south of the old State Bank Building, which was named the "Quiet Place"—probably one of the biggest lies which was told, even in those days of real estate sharks who endeavored to not be outstripped.

However, what appeared to be misrepresentations in those days and the days to follow in regard to real estate were only a starter of the real truth of the matter, as we know things today. For the dreamer of dreams hadn't even a faint vision of the advancement which was to take place in the short space of time which it has taken to build this country to its present state of perfection.

Colonel Heath was one of the very early citizens of this place, owning considerable land and the building now occupied by the "Juong Hip Laundry," which was surrounded by trees and shrubbery and located on the grounds where Grandma Thomas now lives on East Second Street. Mr. Heath gave the site where the Santa Fe Depot now stands and also gave a block of land for a school house which was located near where the Mutual Orange Association has their packing house. This school house served a very large district for a number of years, reaching as far as the county line on the east. However, no one lived over there. It was one of the uninhabitable places of California at that time. The first teacher was J.A. Leaver, brother of Carlton Leaver of the First National Bank of Pomona.

On the 29th day of January, 1887, L.W. Lord, J.W. Sallee and Colonel Heath deeded to the San Bernardino and Los Angeles Rail Company a strip of land for a right-of-way for their railroad, providing they would erect a freight and passenger depot on the location where it now stands. Charley Gilbert, Secret Service Agent for the Salt Lake Railroad Company, was the first agent here and occupied a boxcar which was set on the siding for that purpose.

The hotel which is now the college, was built in the years 1887 and 1888. It was blown down while in the course of construction but immediately was continued to completion. It was occupied as a college which opened in the fall of 1891, with S.S. Garst as President and M.M. Eshleman and T.J. Nair as Business Managers.

The town was originally started between A and C Streets on Palomares Avenue, the post office being on the corner of B Street and Palomares Avenue and was in the building now occupied by Dr. Kenyon's pharmacy, which after these many years of the post office moving from place to place and the building doing the same, are located within fifty feet of one another at this time. The first postmaster was Al Cobler, followed by Jerry Carter who passed away at Oceanside a couple of years ago.

E. Barnes, now Justice of the Peace of San Jose township and living in Pomona, was the first editor in the city, publishing a paper called *The Lordsburg Eagle*, which would denote lofty ideals; and now comes Mr. Green with the *Leader*, to lead the people to those lofty ideals, while in due time no doubt, the city will reach the desired end. During the auction sale of lots in this city they were sold as high as \$1,500. However, a few lots were given to prospective locaters provided they would build on them.

M.M. Eshleman was emigrant and colonization agent for the Santa Fe Railway Company and George L. McDonald was traveling freight and passenger agent for the same company.

Among the first people to locate here were Uncle Johnie Fetzger, Da Boon, Peter Hartman, W.K. Whitesell, Daniel Rowe, David and Henry Kuns, the Sallees and Tinchers, J.C. Cross, Walter Peggram, Mr. Griggs, and the rest of us followed in close succession.

The first religious services were held in what was known as the Pioneer Building in which the Rev. Webb of Pomona preached, being of the Methodist denomination. Later Rev. Bennett of the Baptist Church of Pomona held preaching services in the old school house. The German Baptist Brethren held all of their services in the college, which was more of a Union meeting than otherwise, for everybody attended.

Frank Massey was one of our benefactors, being one of the first men to develop well water in this locality. He drilled the well now owned by the Mills Tract Water Company and used it for a number of years for a distributing system for the city's use. The city water prior to this time came from the Indian Hill Tunnels, north of Claremont, by gravity.

Twenty six years ago when the writer of this article landed in Lordsburg, the Mills Tract was a barley field. The first oranges packed here were packed on the platform of the Southern Pacific Depot by Chinamen. Later M.L. Sparks built a small packing house where the La Verne Orange Growers packing house now stands in which to pack his own fruit. The outgrowth from this small start a few years ago, is the Randolph Marketing Company's house, the Mutual Orange Growers Association and the La Verne Orange Growers Association lemon and orange house and the ice and pre-cooling plant, which is one of the largest, most modern and up-to-date houses on the Pacific Coast. The output of citrus fruit from this city this year has been 1500 cars. Among other important improvements and events which have taken place has been the building of the grammar school, the Bonita High School, the entering of the Pacific Electric Railway, the building of the four churches, the incorporation of our city, the expenditure of approximately \$100,000 for a water system, a city hall, firefighting equipment, and the paving of between three or four miles of city streets, during which time there has also been many beautiful residences erected, business blocks, stores, banks, etc.

The last, and one of the most important events to which we are all looking forward is the erection of the new college buildings, the first to be the girls' dormitory which will be started in the very near future.

Lordsburg was born in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven. It lived a happy, prosperous, upright and useful life up to August 14, 1917, at which time it passed on to a new and better life, taking on the name of La Verne. The reason Lordsburg has always been so prosperous and progressive, and La Verne will continue in the same way, is because the citizens have used the following as their motto.

Boost and the world boosts with you;
Knock and you are on the shelf:
For the world gets sick of one who'll kick,
And wishes he'd kick himself.

Boost when the sun is shining;
 Boost when it starts to rain,
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl,
 But get up and boost again.
Boost for your own advancement,
 Boost for the things sublime,
For the chap who's found on the topmost round,
 Is a booster every time.

September 20, 1917

On this 23 acres was a small deciduous orchard and vineyard, with seedling orange trees on the side of the drive.

Copied from *La Verne Leader*, September 27, 1917.

The Story of Early La Verne

Reminiscences of Pioneer Days by Mrs. L. H. Bixby

I have been asked to tell something of the pioneer days of La Verne, and this takes me back years and years to 1883.

My first impressions of this country were received from a camping trip—no automobiles then—but California was just as alluring then as it is today, tho distances seemed greater. Dr. Lyman Allen and wife (my sister), Mr. Bixby and myself, with all our little children drove from Pasadena (our home then) in a big farm wagon, bumpity bump over the roughest of road. We made our camp under a live oak tree, surrounded by low shrubbery and cactus, tho most of the land was clear. We staid several days, tramping, and driving around, over that high mesa land and up in the San Dimas Canyon. The longer we staid the more enchanted we became.

The land with a San Dimas water right was owned by a Mr. Stowell, who was then piping the water onto the mesa with a cement pipeline. Previously he had been using it on the lower lands in the San Dimas Wash.

Yes, he would sell-out all, for his price. A company was formed by Dr. Lyman Allen, W.S. Young, O.K. Young, and L.H. Bixby who bought him out. At that time all those acres and many others were leased to the Teague brothers, who year after year raised wheat and barley. Everybody knew the Teague boys. There was Jap Teague, Harve Teague, Dave Teague and Bob Teague and Dad Teague. After their grain was threshed, low clouds of dust might be seen slowly coming up the valley for shepherds came with their flocks of sheep and with their faithful dogs they herded the sheep over the stubble fields until they were brown and bare. Pomona was our only town—way down the valley on the Southern Pacific, the only railroad. One of our neighbors, Mr. Gates, a nurseryman, had the honor of naming Pomona which means goddess of fruits.

The old San Dimas School District was very large. The old one-room school house, located on the west bank of the creek at the mouth of San Dimas Canyon, had seen its best days. A new school house of two rooms was built on the present site of two acres, among beautiful live oak trees. Could those trees have been dedicated to a more useful purpose than to the comfort and pleasure of generations of children?

First Orange Trees

The first orange trees were planted by Mr. Eads on what was then called the old Eads place—a cozy nook above the school house in a little opening of the foothills. The house was a little white-washed, boarded cottage of sitting room with a fireplace, two tiny bedrooms, and a lean-to kitchen. Oleanders grew in front and there was a grape arbor at the back. There must have been a dozen large orange trees—one was a Navel and the rest seedlings. A path led through walnut and deciduous trees to a reservoir at the foot of the hills then skirted a little brook under immense old willows to its very source—a clear spring coming from the side of the hill. This was the brook that watered the trees which showed the people what could be done.

Early Pioneers of La Verne

Our school house was our Mecca—our public gathering place for all social times, church services and Sunday School in the afternoons. Our precinct voting place—for men only—was always the school house. How our school did grow in numbers! It seemed there was a perpetually increasing supply. About all the families were old-fashioned families and more of them were coming in with us. To the west were the Stevens, Youngs, Sparks, Paines, Micheals, and Teagues. To the north, over the foothills to the very mountains, were the Chappels, Boddys, Camps, and Gates. To the east, the Cumberlands, Carsons, Browns, Baynhams, Rogers, Straights, Strattons, Sheldons, Abbotts, and Lees. To the south were the Thackers, Davies, Merediths, Douglass' and others. We first added a new room to our school house but finally built an entirely new one, with a beautiful large hall for our public gathering place. The Sheldons came among us from Minnesota. Three grown sons and a daughter, who soon became Mrs. St. Clair, all settled about the father, Rev. Charles B. Sheldon, who used to preach for us. Mr. and Mrs. True the very essence of geniality, with a grown son and daughter, Mrs. Hartshorn and little True, from Illinois also settled here. The son soon married, and no one is better known among us than Mrs. Will True.

The Boom of 1886

When the Santa Fe Railroad was finished about 1886, it seemed people came to California by the thousands, and towns sprang up like magic. It was a strange idea which led investors to build a fine tourist hotel to mark the site of the new town. It was then that Claremont, Lordsburg, La Verne and San Dimas got their start.

How La Verne and San Dimas Were Named

Did you ever name a town? It is much harder than naming a baby, for when Uncle Sam says you shan't, you don't. M.L. Wicks of Los Angeles had the long end of some of Uncle Sam's red tape strings and corralled the pretty Spanish name San Dimas for his town. There he had the sign nailed on their post office, instead of the English name Mud Springs, the name by which that locality was known in those days. My sister, Mrs. Allen and I began to study geography to find a pretty name for our new town, and finally found the name La Verne. It is a French word and means "The Green." The town precinct and school district finally took the name. The town was building up with a fine class of people. Bro. Jim Fulton preached in the hall every Sunday. The late Ferdinand Davis, who afterward built so many blocks in Pomona, was our architect.

The Panic and Its Results

You remember when that great panic wave from the east came—came over the Rockies, over the Sierra Nevada's, and settled on this western slope. You remember how from east to west, north to south, honest to goodness men just couldn't meet their financial obligations.

Not one of those new towns were self-sustaining. La Verne being the last to get started, just kept on going down. Not a house is now left but the big hotel to mark the spot. Not a single empty old house with broken window panes to mar the landscape.

Later the hotel was gloriously redeemed by Mr. Henry L. Kuns, who founded a home for children in memory of his father and mother naming it the David and Margaret Home for Children. He placed it in the hands of the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Seven hundred children have seen happy days in those old walls, mothered and cared for by the gentlest of women. They have all come to the La Verne Heights School.

Making a New Start

But in Southern California the sun shines nearly 365 days and Mother Earth is always kind and good to her toilers. We people couldn't be down-hearted long. We looked up to the sunshine, we stopped and felt the warm earth. Nature whispered, "Produce, produce the golden orange. Quench the thirst of my fevered nation with your lemons, grapefruit and orange juice. For summer, I have streams and reservoirs in the earth larger than you have ever dreamed of. For winter, your mountains will protect you. I will send you a gentle breeze, a current of warm air to fan Jack Frost away." Somehow everyone had a new inspiration—to plow and plant orange and lemon trees, to dig and drill for water or get on a pipeline from some deep well.

Many Wells and Pumping Plants

Mr. Wallace was the first man to have a deep well pump. There are now so many pumping plants that La Verne is a network of pipes from different wells. La Verne has proven her name the whole year around—the green.

Lordsburg, the name of which was changed to La Verne in 1918 (1917?) with her churches and college, has felt our support in our three large packing houses, orange and lemon, and two private packing houses. Lordsburg loved us so well, that she has not only taken our name but has put us on three railroads, the post office and government maps. The half has not been told. The fine improvements all along the foothills and mountain side, Bonita (Union) High, our fine new high school, and how the children of the pioneers, both boys and girls, stood by the flag in the great World War—these would make a book of history and romance.

We are a thankful people. Thankful we live near the Pomona and La Verne colleges; glad we are on the government map; glad we live near Pomona; glad we live near such a clean beautiful beach city as Long Beach; glad we live near the seventh greatest city in the United States—Los Angeles. Surely we may count our blessings—name them one by one, and see what great things God has done.

Mrs. L.H. Bixby

Copied from the *La Verne Leader*; October 6, 1921

Note: "We publish elsewhere Mrs. L. H. Bixby's *Story of Early La Verne*. This contains material for that future historian of this section and will be read with interest by old and new residents. The editor was proprietor of the Commercial Printing House of Los

Angeles when M.L. Wicks subdivided the San José Ranch and laid out San Dimas, and printed the contracts, deeds and maps which were used in the subdivision. M.L. Wicks, a personal friend of the editor, was struck and killed by an automobile in Hollywood about a year ago.”

**Announcement
For Fair Pageant – 1936**

San Dimas

Jedediah Strong Smith – Born in 1798 and killed by the Indians in 1831.

One of the most heroic pioneers of the nation, explorer, fur trader, trapper, blazer of trails, empire builder.

The first white man to force his way overland into California—the first to cross the Mojave Desert and to negotiate the Sierra Nevada's.

Entered California at Needles November 12, 1826, coming through Cajon Pass—following the present route of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Camped at Mud Springs-San Dimas, November 26, 1820.

Pitched camp at Mission San Gabriel, November 27, 1826.

Sponsored by the San Dimas Chamber of Commerce.

La Fiesta del Rancho San José—September 20, 1936.

December 13, 1938
Notes from a talk by Joe A. Quiroz
Live Oak Canyon Road
Phone - La Verne 1541

At the home of F.G. Harbin, La Verne, California.

His grandfather was Spanish, his grandmother was French. His father came to California from Mexico in the early forties. He and his two brothers left Mexico because of the revolutions—thinking they would have more of a chance in California. With them was a Seri Indian whom his father had raised and there were others in the party also. Before reaching California they were attacked by Apache Indians and all the party killed and scalped except Joe's father and the Seri Indian. It was evening and they were probably overlooked, but they were both filled with arrows—one having six, the other seven. In the night the Indian heard a groan and found it was Quiroz. The Indian could not crawl because of the location of the arrows in his body, but he persuaded Quiroz to come to him—which he eventually managed to do. The Indian told him he would pull the arrows out of his body but he must not make any noise as the Indians might be near. It was a painful process as the arrows had been in place several hours. He finally succeeded in removing them all, then Quiroz performed the same operation for the Indian. Then the Indian, with his keen sense of smell and direction, located water. They started to crawl in that direction and reached the stream just before daylight. They each bathed the wounds of the other, then the Indian got the roots of a plant, crushed it and placed it in the wounds. By that time, it was bright daylight and the Indian said they must hide in the rocks and be very quiet until they were sure there were no Indians about. After having been in hiding for some time, the Indian nudged his companion and pointed to a shadow on the ground in front of them. Standing on top of the rocks under which they were hiding was an Indian looking in every direction. He finally went back in the hills—the Seri Indian watching him for a long distance. Then he said, "He is gone and will not be back." When they were able they left their hiding place and traveled in the stream when they could and continued on their way to California. They endured untold hardships. They lived on the roots of plants and the fruit of plants of which the Indian had knowledge. After five months they reached San Diego. From there they went to San Juan Capistrano and finally to San Gabriel Mission, near which place they have always resided. José or Joe was born only a few miles from the Mission. They lost their property, as did many others, by the unfair dealings of the "gringo" and finally moved to an adobe house just opposite the mission where they lived for many years. This house was the one in which Pio Pico, last Mexican Governor of California, was born. This property belonged to the church. Joe was altar boy for a good many years at Mission San Gabriel and sang in the choir—of which he was a life member for twenty-five years. Joe married an Indian woman of the Pala tribe—she is the near relative of the Chief. Joe is 67 years old. He knew Helen Hunt Jackson very well—she was well known at San Gabriel as well as at many towns and Indian villages. She and the wife of Don Antonio Coronel were great friends. After Mrs. Jackson became interested in the welfare of the

Indians, Mrs. Coronel went with her to all the Missions to help her gather data for her book which she planned to write—as one of her means of acquainting the people in other parts of the country with the miserable condition of the Indians and the great injustices being meted out to them. These trips covered a period of about eight months. After she had received information from most every source—there was still some data she wanted which the Coronels told her could only be gotten from the Shorbs. The Shorbs lived a few miles from the San Gabriel Mission. Mrs. Jackson arrived at the town of San Gabriel in a vehicle furnished by Mrs. Coronel. She saw Joe Quiroz and his brother on the street—she knew them well as whenever she was driving about San Gabriel she had them accompany her—so she said “Do you boys want to take a ride with me?” They went to ask their mother if they could go—when she found it was Mrs. Jackson she readily gave her consent. When they arrived at the Shorb residence—which was quite a fine place—Mrs. Jackson said to Joe “Will you ring the bell and see if Mrs. Shorb is at home?” He did and Mrs. Shorb herself answered the door, came out to the carriage and invited Mrs. Jackson in—also asked the boys to come in. José needed no urging but his brother was very bashful and they had to insist before he would go in. While Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Shorb were talking, Mrs. Shorb’s daughter, Ramona, passed the door. Her mother called her in and introduced her to Mrs. Jackson who said “Ramona, what a pretty name.” When they got back to San Gabriel, Mrs. Coronel was there and after the two women had talked for a short time, Mrs. Jackson said, “I have found the name for my book—it is Ramona.” So it was the daughter of Mrs. Shorb who really gave Mrs. Jackson the name for her book.

José went to school to Mrs. Hutchinson of Azusa. He said the town of San Gabriel was quite small but had 19 saloons. On Saturday and Sunday, the town was very large due to people coming from miles around—there was much drunkenness and lawlessness. A certain class considered the Indian no better than a dog and shot them on the slightest provocation—they always escaped by having false witnesses. José says he has seen many Indians killed—sometimes they would fall in the gutter or road—but their friends and families were afraid to go near them until Monday when the orgy was over and the people had left town. Many of those shot down were children.

He said the water they used came in an open ditch from where El Molina is now—they had to get out early in the morning and get their water for the day or they could not get any more until evening—there was a reservoir south of the Mission where the water was stored and used for irrigating the fields.

Opposite the Mission was a one-story adobe, a block long with a porch in front. There were doors from one room to the other the entire length of the building—if those who lived there were friends, they could go from one end of the building to the other without going out of doors. In the afternoons and evenings, they sat out on the porch and visited. Mr. Quiroz said he had forgotten the name of the man who built the adobe house at San Gabriel where the big grapevine is. It was built in the early sixties. Mr. Quiroz knew the man who, as a boy, went with the owner of the place to the canyon and got the cutting which is now the famous grapevine (reputed to be over 100 years old). This boy went with the owner to the place—he was dressed in a velvet

suit—his best. It was a foggy day—a heavy fog most like rain. When they reached the place where they were to get the cuttings, the man had the boy go into the brush and cut them because it was so wet—the boy got his clothes wet and muddy and was punished severely when he reached home. So he remembered the event very distinctly.

October 14, 1937

A story by Mrs. F.D. Crank of Pomona—told at the home of Mrs. Fox at Pasadena.

Mrs. Crank said, “Her father’s house—the Banberry place—was the first in Pasadena, then known as the Indiana Colony. They had driven down from Ventura and settled in the Indiana Colony when the land was divided—her father drove to Los Angeles to have his deed recorded and because he had a wagon and a team he was able to bring back the lumber and start his house—while the others had to buy horses and wagons before they could haul their supplies. This Colony was along the Arroyo Seco and each family had a wood lot down in the arroyo as that was the only fuel used there and a supply was important.” She also told the story of Pasadena’s first fire engine—all the towns were having firefighting apparatus. So the people of Pasadena felt they must be in style even tho they had never had a fire—so after much effort a fire engine was purchased. Time went by but the fire engine was not used. Then one morning the alarm was given and everyone was excited and started out in the direction of the fire—only to find the supposed fire was only the sunrise. So the engine was brought back and left standing in a vacant lot which was knee deep in weeds. In some manner the weeds caught fire and burned the fire engine up.

When Mrs. Crank and her twin sister were small they did not have many playmates. There was a winery over near Los Angeles where the Pasadena people used to go for wine. The people who owned the winery had children—so whenever anyone went to the winery they took Mrs. Crank and her sister to play with them. One time they were in the big wine cellar and were much intrigued with the big casks and wondered what the wine tasted like, so they got straws and went from cask to cask sampling it. Needless to say, the result was disastrous.

Genevieve R. Walker

History of the San Dimas Card Club 1910 – 1958

The San Dimas Card Club was organized on Friday evening September 12, 1910. A group of ten couples met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Taylor and decided to start an evening club—to promote social life in the little community and to assist new comers in getting acquainted.

The original members were: Mr. and Mrs. Elmer W. Hart, John P. Roberts, Oliver S. Tillman, George L. Yarbrough, Frank H. Taylor, Fred W. Potts, Frank H. Harwood, W.B. Ames, J.C. Strader and Lucian S. Taylor.

At this time John P. Roberts was elected president and Mrs. Lucien S. Taylor secretary. It was decided that the game to be played would be “Five Hundred.” Meetings were to be held on the second and fourth Thursday evening of each month from October to June inclusive. The meetings were to be held at the houses of the various members, and light refreshments would be served after the games.

During the first year, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts moved to Hollywood and Elmer W. Hart was chosen to take his place as president.

The following year—1911—the membership was increased with the addition of Mr. and Mrs. George Platt, John P. Campbell Sr., Harry E. Walker, Harry Winston, and Dr. and Mrs. A.R. Brown.

It is interesting to note that at this time the only other community organization, except for the churches, was the Wednesday Afternoon Club.

For a number of years following the organization, the club continued to play “Five Hundred” despite the fact that “Auction Bridge” had become the popular game. However, in 1923 the Club finally voted to abandon “Five Hundred” and join the “Auction Bridge” fraternity.

Time marched on and by 1925 the Club had a membership of sixty-eight (68) which was more than could be comfortably entertained in a home. It was at this time—after a great deal of thought and discussion—that a new polity was decided upon. The Club would become a dinner club and would meet on the first Thursday evening of each month at the Mountain Meadows County Club.

There had been doubt in the minds of some members as to the advisability of this change, but it wasn't long until it was realized that the solution had been a happy one. Suddenly there was a touch of glamour that just hadn't been there until now! Ladies wore their most lovely gowns and the men donned tuxedos for these events. Needless to say it was like a “shot in the arm” to the club.

The Mountain Meadows Country Club went all out to please and our meetings there were most enjoyable. After ten years at the Club, however, the dining service was closed and it was necessary to find a new location. Consequently for about a year each group of hosts and hostesses chose the meeting place of their choice. These included the “Los Serranos Country Club,” the “Stuart Inn,” “Fuller's Rancho,” and “Claremont Inn.” The following year the club

decided to hold all of its meetings at the “Claremont Inn.” This was a very pleasant and satisfactory choice to everyone concerned.

There were several years when some of the members felt they would like to change the game over to “Contract Bridge” while others wanted the club to remain just as it was. However, in 1953, the club voted to give “Contract” a trial—at the same time providing at least two tables for those who preferred to play “Canasta.” And now, after about five years, this is still proving to be very satisfactory.

This club is truly unique in that its members include not only the young but those “not so young.” However, they all have so much of interest in common that enthusiasm never seems to wane.

The club is now forty-eight years old and we all are looking forward to the celebration of its Golden Jubilee in 1960.

Genevieve R. Walker
January 1958

Notes: The original members living today are Mr. John P. Roberts, Hollywood; Mrs. Lucien Taylor, Pomona; Mrs. Frank Taylor, San Dimas; Mrs. Frank Harwood, Santa Paula; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walker, San Dimas.

The membership of the club has included more than 200 different people through the years. Those who held membership longer than any other couple are Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Walker—they were members for forty-four years, from 1911 to 1955.

Later called “San Dimas Dinner Bridge Club.”