

Daughter of Mattie Lacey and Arthur O. Lacey. They came to San Dimas because Mother's sister, Jennie Torrey, wife of Martin Torrey, died, leaving a baby. My father was an Opthamologist and a Barber in their little town of Norman, Kansas.

in 1902 or '03 (Grace was 10 mo. old)  
As soon as we arrived in San Dimas/they started getting pressure to open the new hotel, just to the East of the first Neher Building. They called it the A. O. Lacey Hotel. My father's parents came out shortly after, and until she died in 1918, my grandmother was very busy, sweeping the streets of San Dimas with her long black skirts and starched white blouses.

The Boarders at our Hotel were the young men who worked in the Packing House. The Tangeman brothers were steady boarders. Mr. Teague came to 3 meals a day, the other men to 1 or 2.

The Neher's were 'Dunkards', a very devout family. Mrs. Neher always dressed in black entirely, except for her white collar. Effie became a teacher in San Dimas, possibly the first grade. I always thought Mr. Neher looked so scary. Things were in the bulk in the store then, and if my father was filling a bag of crackers for you and there happened to be one that was extra big, he made Dad break it in half. He never gave you one-half ounce more than you were paying for. That was always a joke with my father, who was so generous.

I graduated from Bonita in 1920. I went to UCLA for 2 years and began to teach in La Verne. The kids were nearly all Mexican. I had had one year of Spanish at Bonita, and I had 42 of these little brats. Of course, every other kid was named "Jesus" and it was very hard for me to write that in my attendance book. These kids had never had bathrooms of any kind. They'd just go in the bathroom and use the floor, and the janitor was a real young man, as shy as I was, about being called 4 or 5 <sup>times</sup> ~~times~~ a morning to clean the bathroom. The 2nd year I taught, Mrs. May gave me \$5 a month more to teach in San Dimas. Several times a year when Dad was hauling oranges to the Packing House, it would be recess time and we went out to the street where he would toss an orange to every one of us, including the teacher!

In my 1920 Bonita class there were 4 girls and 4 boys. Mother had worked hard to make me a white organdy dress. In the excitement of graduating, I dressed hurriedly, and when it came time for us to stand up, my skirt was on wrong side out! Oh, I nearly died!