

Legacy Links



**PRESERVING OLD LA VERNE'S
ENVIRONMENT:
MAKING HISTORY FOR THE FUTURE**

LA VERNE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Every Picture Tells a Story

In fall 2020, *Legacy Links* published an article about the first day of school, written by Walter S. Gates and sent to us by his grandson, Mr. Alan Jackson. The following chapter from Walter's memoir is about growing up on a ranch where Mills Park and Wheeler Avenue are located today. Transport yourself back in time with this lovely recounting...



Our San Dimas Canyon Home

I loved our old dry ranch of 480 acres that lay at the mouth of the San Dimas Canyon in what is now within the city limits of La Verne, California, in the beautiful and historical San Gabriel Valley in sunny Southern California. The Gates Ranch was situated on the east rim of the canyon, an area known as the "Mesa."

Our house, small commercial nursery and barn were clustered on the Mesa at a place called by us and other local settlers the "Edge of the Bluff." From this vantage point we could look westward into the dry San Dimas Wash, a great chasm scoured out centuries earlier by raging waters cascading down from the 10,066-foot-tall Mount Baldy. To the south lay a beautiful, majestic valley whose principal city — Pomona — was named by my father, Solomon Gates, in 1875. This valley in the 1880s was covered with luscious vineyards and flourishing orange and lemon groves that had replaced the prune and peach orchards that once grew there. In those days Pomona Valley was true to its namesake — the Roman goddess of fruit trees and orchards.

Here, in this wild, stark but beautiful setting, stood our old five-room house. It was a board and batten structure, built by my father in 1883 or 1884 with the

help of skilled carpenters, and was, in its day, considered a good house. My father paid these men \$2.50 per day, then the going wage for a ten-hour day's work. That old house, the Gates home for many years, was the setting for many events, some that were exciting and others that were extremely tragic.

To this fairly new home, Solomon Gates took his bride, a short, slim, olive-complexioned woman who was largely of French descent. Pa, a successful nurseryman, was, at the time he married on March 17, 1886, not yet 41 years of age. Ma, whose maiden name was Margaret Elizabeth Boner, was 29.

On the evening of Friday, March 19, 1886, as Sol and Maggie Gates drove up to their new home from Los Angeles, some 35 miles away, in a horse-drawn buggy, strange thoughts about being a rancher and nurseryman's wife swirled through Ma's tired mind as she beheld her new home. Ma looked off in the direction of her former home in the bustling city of Los Angeles, then back at her new home in the somewhat remote wilds of San Dimas Canyon. She affectionately turned to the slender, sandy-complexioned man who boasted a full beard of red whiskers and looked into his gray eyes. "Sol," she tearfully pledged, "I know I will like it here, even come to love it."

"Sure, you will Maggie," Pa replied, as he tied his horse to a hitching post that was firmly anchored just outside their house. Then Ma reached up to Pa, placed her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Sol, I love you. I will strive to be a good and dutiful wife, and I hope to be a good mother to your children whom God will send to us, if and when He answers my prayers."

Just then, Sing Lee, a Chinese employee of Pa's strode into sight. "Come here, Sing," said Pa, "and meet my new wife, Mrs. Gates. It will be up to you to look after her when I am away on business." "Glad to meet you, Missy Gates. I care for you good," Sing responded, as he left for the barn to care for the tired horse that had just made the 14-hour drive from Los Angeles.

Three months after my parents were married, Ma thought that God had answered her prayers about her desire for a child. She and Pa joyfully chided each other as they tried to guess the gender of the new arrival who was due at or about Christmas. Ma, who always prepared for coming events, started to make baby clothes from the materials purchased at the little dry goods store in Pomona. Her wishes were for a little girl, who, so she thought, would be more companionable than a rambunctious little boy who would always be getting into mischief out on a ranch that provided so much open space to roam free and explore.

As the time approached for the birth of their first child, Ma worked many hours preparing for the new member of the family. Then, four months after she knew that she was pregnant, at a little after midnight, after a hard day's work canning pears, she suddenly awoke in bed with stabbing abdominal pains. She woke up Pa and told him that she might be going into preterm labor. Pa got up, put on his clothes, lit their kerosene lamp, and observed Ma writhing in pain.

The nearest doctor was five miles away in Pomona. Pa would have to get someone to stay with Ma before starting out on the long ride to fetch the doctor. He told Ma to remain calm and that he would go for Mrs. Marshall, their nearest neighbor, whose home was a mile down the road. There was no one else on the ranch whom Pa could ask to stay with Ma while he went for Mrs. Marshall. Sing Lee, his ever-faithful Chinese employee, had taken a few days off and had gone to Chinatown in Los Angeles to visit his cousin who had recently arrived from China. Pa dashed out to the barn, placed a bridle on his buggy horse and struck out riding bareback into the night for help.

After reaching the Marshall place and explaining to them the situation, Mrs. Marshall quickly dressed and rushed out of her house to where Pa's horse stood. Pa helped her onto the barebacked horse, then he leaped on in front of her. His black horse, Frank, which had

once been a racehorse, slowly walked up the hill. At the top of the hill, Pa hit Frank in the flank with the end of the loose leather bridle reins, and old Frank started on a wild gallop. Mrs. Marshall wrapped her arms around Pa's waist as his black steed dashed homeward.

They reached home and Pa quickly dismounted. He pulled Mrs. Marshall from the sweating black horse, and they were soon in the house where poor Ma was groaning and calling out, "Help me, Sol! I am dying! Help me!"

There they found Ma and, next to her, a dead, expelled, well-developed fetus, lying in a pool of blood. Pa made a fire in the kitchen's wood stove and heated some water, while Mrs. Marshall prayed over Ma and tried to quiet her fears.

They soon had Ma washed and cared for in a manner that would have done credit to a physician of that time. Mrs. Marshall made some coffee and prepared some food for Ma, who must have been quite weak, but who said that she was feeling a little better. Pa wanted to go to Pomona and fetch Dr. Henderson, the family physician whom Ma had consulted when she first learned of her pregnancy. But Ma told Pa not to bother and that she would soon be fine. Then she lapsed into a sleep.

Ma awoke about two hours later and, as if in a dream, asked, "Sol, where is our baby? Is it a girl?" "Yes, Maggie. But she was born...." "Dead!" my grief-stricken mother cried. "Yes," Pa whispered. "Her soul is in heaven," Ma sermonized as Pa's gray eyes filled with tears. "Where is her little body? Please bring her to me."

A few minutes later Pa brought in a small wooden box that contained the body of a dark-complexioned baby girl. On her tiny head was raven black hair just like Ma's.

"I want to go get the doctor and the undertaker, Maggie," Pa suggested. Ma touched the soft black hair

of the lifeless little form that lay in the plain wooden box. "No, Sol, we will not bury her little body in a public graveyard. We will bury her on our ranch. Mrs. Marshall, bring me my Bible."

Pa held the little wooden box and the lifeless form that now rested on a bed of brown satin close to Ma's bedside. Ma took the Bible from the hands of her neighbor who was weeping. Then Ma, her eyes filled with tears, read the Twenty-Third Psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. . . ." Then Ma's lips moved as if in silent prayer. A few minutes later my poor mother quietly said, "Amen."

"Sol, please bury her by the side of that big boulder in the sycamore grove. You know, the one that we used to sit on and talk over our plans for the years that lie ahead."

When I was just a little fellow, Ma and I used to take walks up in the grove where her first born was buried. Often, she pointed out the spot to me, marked by a huge boulder. I promised Ma that I would never tell anyone where the grave was located, and I never did.

When Ma was strong enough to ride in the horse-drawn buggy, Pa took her to see Dr. Henderson in Pomona. They fully explained the situation to the doctor. He assured them that they had done the right thing about the burial of the premature baby. But he did scold Ma for working too hard and not calling on him more often during her pregnancy.

A few weeks later, Ma, now fully recovered, started making plans for the approaching Christmas. Each day she would feed their large flock of bronze-colored turkeys. One winter evening as they sat around the fire in the brick fireplace in their best room, the sitting room — the parlor, they called it — Ma started to tell Pa a plan that she had for the approaching Christmas.

Pa listened patiently, and then replied, "Don't forget, Maggie, that a short time ago you were a pretty sick

woman.” “Not anymore,” Ma joyously chirped, as she placed another stick of oak wood in the fireplace. “Very well, Maggie, I will do my part to help you carry out your somewhat devious scheme,” he promised and settled back in his chair with a copy of the Livingston Seed Catalog, reading about a new variety of tomato that had proven to be of excellent quality and a fine producer.

“Not only will we be doing something nice for our neighbors, many of whom are far away from family and may be quite lonely at Christmastime, but something good may come out of our little plan,” Ma argued.

“Oui, cheri. Yes, sweetheart,” Pa tenderly agreed in French which he spoke quite fluently when an English word would not convey his intended meaning. “But will your plan work, or will it backfire?”

“Just wait and see, Sol.”

Walter Gates (pictured below in the 1920s) is the author of this memoir and we thank him and his grandson Alan Jackson for this wonderful opportunity to travel back to an earlier time in La Verne’s history.



The next edition of *Legacy Links* will feature an article about the Marcus Sparks family, whom you may remember were mentioned in the first installment from Walter Gates when he recounted his first day at La Verne Heights School.

President’s Message

Winner, Winner... Have Some Dinner (or Breakfast or Lunch)

The La Verne Historical Society has promised a reward to the early birds for membership renewal and we are as good as our word. The following members were “early deciders” for joining the La Verne Historical Society in 2021 and have received a \$20 gift certificate from **Roberta’s Village Inn**:

Spencer Shwertz
Peggy Redman
Marlene & Bill Morgan
Don & Gaynel Kendrick
Lorie & Gerald Wright
Betty & Brian Tracy
Jeffrey & Jenny Jolly
Bob Kress
Barbara Smythe
Margaret Bohlka

A gift certificate was mailed to your house with our sincere thanks for supporting the LVHS.

We continue to shelter and stay safe without face-to-face programming, but the LVHS is helping to support a project to provide virtual education and entertainment. In partnership with local TV stations in La Verne and San Dimas, different city organizations are collaborating to create videos that will feature such topics as private and public art, garden and historic home tours, past photography of the cities along the foothills, and other topics of interest. The video series will be titled **“In Our Backyard: History and Culture of the Citrus Belt”** and will be posted on the LVTN (La Verne) and KWST (San Dimas) sites. We’ll link the connection to the LVHS Facebook page and website. PLEASE – If you have an idea about where we could film, or are willing to host a garden or home tour, contact Ken Pucci at kpucci@laverne.edu or Sherry Best at sbest@lavernehistoricalsociety.org with your ideas.

A video interview of Bill Lemon and Sherry Best is now available for viewing on the LVHS website. Google La

Verne Historical Society and click on the "Event Videos" button on our main page. Scroll through the videos until you reach our newest creation: "An Insight Into the Making of Images of America: La Verne." The video is also available on YouTube at <https://youtu.be/yHstGHKxtro>. Review La Verne TV's weekly schedule by clicking <https://lvtv3.org/airing-a-show/>.

Although we are all living through rough times, it is possible to remain creative and connected. The LVHS will continue to deliver education and entertainment about our slice of paradise east of Los Angeles.

Sherry Best, LVHS President

Just Ask Bill

In this column, Bill Lemon reaches back in time to tell us about the Mountain Spring Ranch above San Dimas Canyon, which offered resort accommodations to visitors escaping to the clean dry air believed



to be so efficacious for persons with consumption (tuberculosis), a scourge of the early twentieth century. Visitors coming to California for health reasons could have stayed at this hostelry owned by Lewis Hillard Bixby, one of the first settlers in the area. The advertisement below would have been a powerful inducement to stay in La Verne.



Barry asked:

Hi, I'm a long time North La Verne resident and had my first look at the remains of the resort in Mountain Springs Estates. Do you have historical information for the resort?

Hello Barry: Here is what I found about the Mountain Spring Ranch from a 1914 article in the *Los Angeles Times*. My research source is Newspapers.com. Sounds ideal...

Elevation 1500 feet. A quiet place in the mountains on a point overlooking San Dimas Canyon. A beautiful auto ride of 35 miles from Los Angeles along foothills and through lemon and orange groves.

Bungalows have every comfort. Good ranch table. Spring water. Canyon has running stream. Ideal place for rest and recreation. Reservations for bungalows should be made in advance. Rates \$2.00 per day. Single meals 50 cents. No housekeeping. Meals served to auto parties by arrangement.

Automobile meets cars by appointment at Lordsburg Station of Santa Fe and Pacific Electric. Fare to Lordsburg \$1.25 round trip. Fare from Lordsburg to Ranch \$1.00 for one person or 50 cents each if more than one.

Address Mountain Spring Ranch, R.D, Box 84, Lordsburg, Cal. Both phones 665.

The photo below, undated and unsourced, is in the LVHS database.



The advertisement for “Mountain Boarding” invites us to suppose that Mountain Spring Ranch was originally owned by L. H. Bixby, but there is no factual connection between the two. If you know of documentation connecting L. H. Bixby to the ranch, contact the LVHS. We’d love to close this loophole!

Bill also recalled:

In 1977, I purchased a 1970 Ford F-100 pickup to begin a gardening service. I called on a teacher friend who was also a very experienced mechanic, to rebuild the engine for me. He was living in a mobile home on the ranch, serving as a caretaker. There was a large barn on the property where he did the work on the truck. He did an excellent job and I put another 100,000 miles on it before I sold it. I haven’t seen him for years but I may be able to contact him and find out some history of the property.

Bill will bring us an update on Mountain Spring Ranch if his research proves fruitful. In the meantime, the contemporary photos provided by Barry Gammell (below and top right) depict the remains of a reservoir and the barn on the Ranch property.

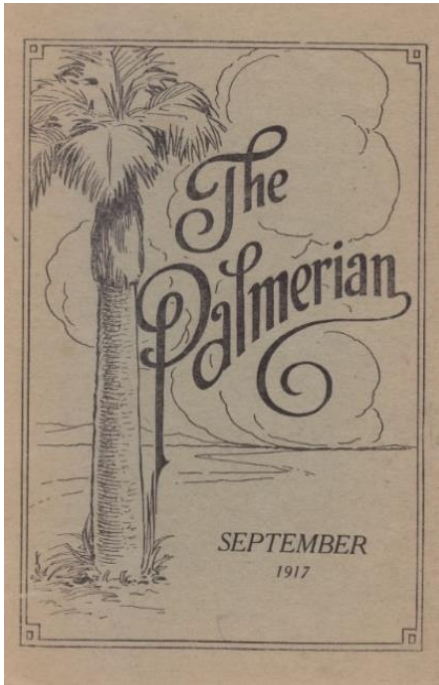


We’ll hear more about Mountain Spring Ranch in the next edition of *Legacy Links*. The remaining buildings and other relics of the Mountain Spring Ranch are located above the current Mount Springs Estates at the top of Wheeler and Mountain Springs Ranch Road in North La Verne.

When La Verne College was NOT La Verne College!

Who knew that La Verne College (later to become the University of La Verne) was briefly called Palmera College?

In 1908 the Church of the Brethren took over the operation of Lordsburg College and the next year it was decided to publish a journal under the title *The Lordsburg College Educator*. In 1913 there was a petition to change the name of the school to Palmera College and the *Lordsburg College Educator* was changed to *The Palmerian*. In 1914 the institutional name was challenged in court and a judge decided that it should remain Lordsburg College which it did until 1917 when the name of the city changed to La Verne. In 1919, *The Palmerian* was replaced with a new publication called *The Campus Times*, which continues to be published. This cover is from the September 1917 edition of *The Palmerian*.



The following description hints at the initial enthusiasm that greeted the college name change:

Palmera (meaning palm and symbolizing victory and rejoicing) is the chosen name. The name is beautiful and has a significant meaning and the students welcome it with rejoicing. Already a new life has inspired the school and realizing that the new name will be in large measure what they make it the students have resolved to make it good. One motto is now before the College people and that is "Watch us Grow."

An article in the February 18, 1914 edition of the *Pomona Progress* revealed the contentious nature of the name change from Lordsburg to Palmera College and back again, as follows:

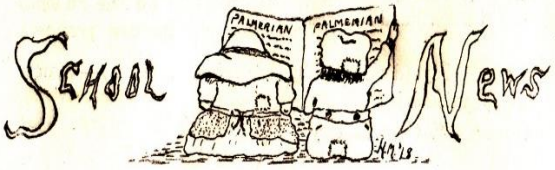
For a number of months a change in the name of the college of the Church of the Brethren at this place has been agitated. The majority of people in town, it is said, preferred the old name of Lordsburg college. Those who have been so insistent on the change were those who had only recently been connected with the school and did not consider the terms of the old Lordsburg Hotel company, which had so generously given the property to the church, according to statements.

I. W. Lord, for whom Lordsburg was named, is the only surviving member of the company and very much objected to the change in the name.

The matter was brought up in Judge McCormick's court yesterday and the decision of the judge was against the change, so the school will continue to be known as Lordsburg college.

Those who so much desired the change in the name and fully expected it to be accomplished had chosen the name of Palmera for the school and for the last several months used it. This decision of Judge McCormick will no doubt be a great inconvenience and disappointment to them.

Published monthly (excepting July and August), an annual subscription to *The Palmerian* was 50 cents. This page gives details of the semester beginning:



Sept. 4.—Enrollment for the first semester for the first year of LaVerne College, was conducted.

Sept. 5.—Dr. Montgomery of the University of Southern California gave the opening address, at 10 a. m. Enrollment was continued in the afternoon.

Sept. 5.—The Faculty gave the students a warm reception in the auditorium. Any one present who didn't get acquainted could not blame the Faculty.

Sept. 6.—Between 80 and 90 have enrolled and with many more to come, it is expected the enrollment will reach the 100 mark.

Sept. 6.—The obedient Freshmen donned their blue overalls and did a very commendable job of cleaning off the basketball court.

Sept. 7.—The academy babes attempted to hold a class meeting, and judging from the noise they must have had a lively meeting. One member said they didn't accomplish much as they only elected one of their presidents!

Sept. 8.—A number of the Dorm boys went snipe hunting! One poor Freshie, by the name of Webster (not Daniel), held the sack for a few dreary hours. He was not fortunate enough to get any snipes, but he got plenty of experience.

We suggest this as a motto for the Freshman class: "Better be a crab in the ocean than a whale in a fruit jar."

A good many of the students are taking advantage of the splendid opportunity of hearing Billy Sunday preach in Los Angeles.

Materials from this copy of *The Palmerian* were donated to the LVHS and originally owned by Olive Hesp, the Assistant Literary Editor of this edition. Newspaper articles excerpted to provide background information and the sense of the seriousness with which the name change was addressed were furnished by Bill Lemon.

Remembrance

The La Verne Historical Society continues its remembrance of residents who are lost from our community, but whose contributions live on. We are grateful to have known you. The following tributes are not organized by chronological order of birth or death.

Remembering Berkley Davis (1932 – 2020)



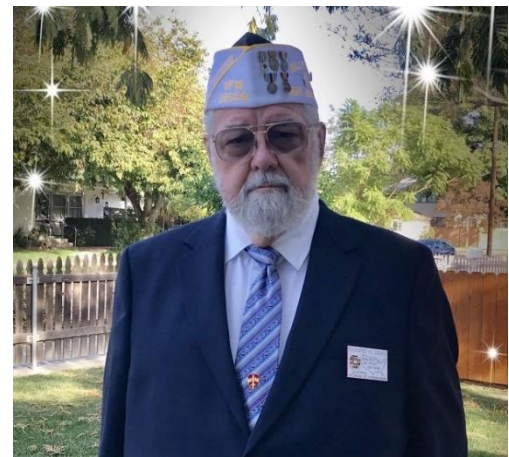
Berkley and Jerry Davis celebrated their 69th wedding anniversary in July of 2020. They dated for 3 years before they were married in 1951. Jerry was blessed with loving and being loved by Berkley for more than 72 years. Berkley was a caring, loving, friendly person. Her father died an accidental death when she was 13. She had some serious health issues in her mid-teens. Early their relationship they were discussing her positive attitude. Jerry remembers that she told him that we can't control all that happens to us, but we can choose how we react. We can choose to be miserable or we can choose to be happy. She told Jerry that she was choosing to be happy. Jerry decided that he wanted to marry this teenager someday. She shared her positive, caring, friendly attitude with all she met.

They had the opportunity to go to various places and share their understanding of the love of God as shown to us in Jesus. Wherever they went Berkley continued to reach out to friends, family and acquaintances with her love and positive attitude.

Berkley is survived by 4 children and their spouses: Donald and Linda Davis, Anita and Randy Cook, James and Denise Davis, and Thomas and Elizabeth Davis. She is also survived by 21 grandchildren including their spouses and by 12 great grandchildren.

Written by Jerry Davis

Remembering Richard Davis (1945-2021)



Richard Davis was born in Covina and graduated from Bonita High School in 1962. He worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company until his enlistment in the Army in 1965 where he served a tour in Vietnam as a specialist for the 147th Hillclimbers. After he ended military service, Richard returned to the railroad and then joined the City of La Verne in 1972, ultimately retiring as the City's Water/Sewer Supervisor in 2004.

Richard was a proud member of the VFW Post 12034 "Band of Brothers" in La Verne. In 2017, when he served as Post Quartermaster, the post was awarded All Post State and All American honors. He and Lois, his wife of 30 years, dedicated their time on countless Christmas mornings and other holiday events as Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus. Richard's hobbies included woodworking, art, motorcycle riding, hunting, fishing and playing guitar. He was extremely active with La Verne Little League and for many years

he enjoyed coaching his son's baseball teams. He was a man of few words, but certainly had a way of making you laugh with his endless stories and quips.

Richard was a proud husband, father, grandpa, and friend. He was a man of faith and an active member of the Calvary Baptist Church in La Verne. He was an active member of the La Verne Historical Society and helped at many of its events. He is survived by his wife Lois, two sons Cory and Gary, and four grandchildren.

**From Cory Davis and from adjournment comments at the
2/8/21 La Verne City Council**

Remembering Ben Hines (1935-2020)



Ben Hines was born in 1935 in Oklahoma and moved with his family to California in 1945. Ben graduated from McFarland High School in 1954 where he lettered in three sports and his love of baseball flourished. He met the love of his life, Wanda Bengé, in high school. Ben and Wanda married in 1955, and Ben attended La Verne College. During these years, Steve, Bruce, and Kristi joined their family. After graduation, Ben went on to coach at LVC as head baseball coach and defensive football coach.

Ben's baseball team won the NAIA championship in 1972. At La Verne his teams won more than 500 games as Ben guided his teams to postseason every year from 1968-1980. When La Verne rejoined the Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Conference (SCIAC), his teams went 137-25 in conference play including five straight from 1976-1980. Ben had the joy to coach

his sons, Steve and Bruce, at La Verne, and watch his daughter, Kristi, play basketball and tennis.

In 1980 Ben joined the Arizona State coaching staff. From there he worked with the Angels minor league team, before joining the major league teams of Mariners, Dodgers, and Astros. During his tenure with the Dodgers from 1984-1993, Ben was the hitting coach for the Dodgers when they won the World Series in 1988.

Ben was honored by many for his skill, talent, and ability to coach others. He was inducted in the American Baseball Coaches Hall of Fame, La Verne College Alumnus of the Year, the NAIA Hall of Fame, as well as having two fields named for him, the McFarland High School and University of La Verne Ben Hines Fields. Ben wrote a book, *The Swing's the Thing*, which highlights the mechanics used in hitting. Sixty-three of his former ULV baseball players went on to play professional baseball.

Ben was a friend to many, and his story-telling skills, made him a popular person at the dining table at Hillcrest, where he and Wanda retired. He was a loving and sensitive man who cared deeply for those he loved. He and his wife, Wanda, celebrated their 65th anniversary in 2020. La Verne is proud to recognize this amazing man.

**From the *Pomona Valley Daily Bulletin* with additions by
Peggy Redman**

Remembering Bob Hoover (1930-2020)



Robert (Bob) Hoover was born in Albany, Oregon and died peacefully in his sleep at home in La Verne. After his birth he lived with his parents Harley and Nella, his brother Mervin, and his two sisters Clara and Esther. He attended elementary school in

LaComb and then moved with his family to Albany where he attended junior high and graduated from Albany High School in 1949.

He was invited to attend La Verne College and arrived for Fall 1949. He met and dated Vera and they married in August 1951 in Wenatchee, Washington. He continued college and graduated in 1953. His teaching career began in Fall of 1953 and ended 38 years later after teaching many years in elementary school, Goddard Middle School, and Glendora High School. During those years he also worked with the Glendora Recreation and for many years ran a Summer Day Camp for young children at Camp Cahuilla in the Glendora mountains.

Bob was passionate about nature and camping, inclusivity, education, and lifelong learning. He participated in Kiwanis, Boy Scouts, CORE teen encounter, La Verne Planning Commission, and was an active member of the La Verne Church of the Brethren with Vera. After retirement, Bob's life was full with nurturing his grandchildren by helping them to discover nature, attend their activities, and be their biggest supporter. In his later years Bob was thrilled to welcome great grandchildren Finnley (4) and Milo Robert (2), to the family.

Robert is survived by wife Vera, son Dan (Pam) and daughters Kay and Dena. His grandchildren include, Jeffrey (Kitzia), Jake, Kyra, Jerry, and Zak and a step grandson Jamie.

**From Church of the Brethren memorial service and
furnished by Vera Hoover**



Tech Support Needed

The LVHS needs your help with maintaining its website. Bill Lemon, LVHS Vice President and a Family and Local History Researcher, regularly posts on Facebook, maintains a column in *Legacy Links*, and pitches in to answer questions posed about everything "La Verne." He also maintains the website, but would

welcome someone to help with this aspect of our organization. Bill will provide training for our GoDaddy based website.

Ode to Smudge Pots

The following poem appeared in the January 2021 *Hillcrest Happenings* and celebrates an important artifact of La Verne history.

Smudge Pots by Bob Doud

On cold nights in La Verne
you can smell them still:
the ghostly gas of smudge pots
keeping the fruit unfrozen
through the dark and bitter hours.
Also protected are railroad switches
From ice and metal freezing.
Once used in war to confuse
enemy planes low for strafing.
Tricky to ignite, these pots,
only rarely they explode.
Made jobs for students,
who filled pots with kerosene,
or scraped away creosote,
feeling chilled in orchards.
Prizes empty pots provide
for teams and athletes local.
Trophies that celebrate tradition,
props to the citrus economy.
Choofa, choofa, choofa:
the puffing of the pots.
Lemons and mandarins make no sounds
nor smoke when left alone.

La Verne 2020

From start to finish, 2020 was momentous for the world. From the COVID-19 pandemic to state and national elections and increased activism for social justice, America experienced a dramatic year.

Your experience in 2020 is part of this important moment in history, and we want to hear you tell it in your own words.

Archives and Special Collections at the University of La Verne wants to save your story as part of its [La Verne](#)

2020 Project. The archive wants to save photographs, written material, videos, and all documentation on the experiences of ULV students and community residents in 2020. Relevant items of interest include:

- Journal entries
- Blog posts
- Social media posts
- Photographs
- Audio recordings
- Video recordings
- Written or recorded statements reflecting your experiences

Any material you submit will help tell the story of La Verne in this year of change. To submit material to the La Verne 2020 Project, please click [here](#).

If you have any questions, or would like more information, please contact Archivist Benjamin Jenkins at bjenkins@laverne.edu. Become a part of La Verne's history by sharing your 2020 story.

Meet Betty Tracy



Betty Tracy will be assisting Membership Chair Brenda Gonzalez. Membership declined in 2020, possibly due to the pandemic, and Betty will help by giving gentle reminders to those members who may have forgotten to renew.

Betty is a Professor Emeritus from Cal Poly Pomona having cofounded and becoming the first Department Chair of the Apparel Merchandising and Management program. Prior to that, she directed the interior design program on campus and her students were responsible for designing rooms in Showcase Houses. She is on the Board of Pace Setters, the university

She and her husband, Brian, raised their two children in La Verne and have lived here for over forty years. She has served on the board of her homeowner's

association. Betty enjoys spending time with her three grandchildren, traveling, and needlepoint. She looks forward to meeting more LVHS members.

A Visit to the Octopus's Garden

In the nineteenth century railroads were referred to as "the Octopus", a negative reference to the reach of their tentacles into every corner of American life.



On Monday, March 8th, at 7:00pm, Dr. Benjamin Jenkins will entertain us with a presentation entitled "Octopus's Garden: Citrus, Railroads, and the Emergence of Southern California". In this presentation, he

will focus on the connection between the citrus industry and railroads, clearly an important part of La Verne's early history. The meeting will be scheduled via Zoom and LVHS members will be sent a link for viewing a week before this event.

Dr. Jenkins is Assistant Professor of History and Archivist at the University of La Verne. He teaches United States and California history and he directs the Public History Program. He received his Ph.D. in Public History at the University of California Riverside, in 2016.

Membership: We're Coming to Get You!

January was the start of our annual membership drive. A yearly membership is \$20 for individual or family memberships, but we also offer student memberships for \$10 a year and life memberships for \$200. If you are tired of writing a check every year and plan to stick around for a while, the life membership may be the way to go. Besides earning our undying gratitude for your support, your generosity will be recognized in our newsletter. If you'd like to upgrade your 2021 membership to lifetime status, contact Sherry Best and she'll help you out.