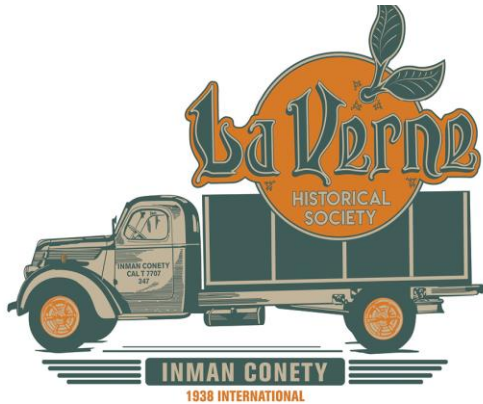


# Legacy Links



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

**LA VERNE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
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## Every Picture Tells a Story



Last August the LVHS was contacted by a Mr. Alan Jackson inquiring about the 1890s photo (above) of students at La Verne Heights School. Mr. Jackson is the great-grandson of Solomon Gates and grandson of Walter S. Gates, who was born at home on the family ranch/nursery on the east bluff of San Dimas Canyon in 1888 (about where Mills Park on Wheeler Avenue is located today). He graduated from USC, practiced law in Los Angeles, and served for many years as a Los Angeles County Superior Court Judge in Pomona.

Mr. Jackson sent part of a memoir written by Walter Gates, telling about his first day at La Verne Heights School. Walter Gates may be one of the students in the photo above, taken circa 1890s at the school.

The following account is from Walter's memoir. In the next *Legacy Links* you will read about Solomon and Walter Gates and read an account of the Sparks girls and Alice Bond, Walter's first teacher. City Historian Bill Lemon is researching these connections for our next edition.

Reading this account transported me to a wonderful earlier time. Today's complicated problems were banished while I read about a little boy's nervousness and excitement about school, and his adventures when he encountered a school bully.

### ***First Day of School***

*The big day, one of the best and most exciting in all of my life, finally arrived. It was the day that I, a six-year-old little country boy, was going to enter school, an experience I long looked forward to and, now, was soon to realize.*

*That morning Ma neatly dressed me in my best clothes, including a new blue shirt that she had made and laid away for the occasion. I proudly put on the trousers that she had made for me out of a discarded pair of Pa's old black pants. She tied around my neck one of Pa's blue neckties that she had cut down to a smaller*

size. She placed on my head the blue cap that she had purchased in Pomona a month before for this occasion.

Now quite excited and nervous, with little breakfast in my stomach, I was ready to set out on an exciting adventure that would, no doubt, be filled with happiness, joy and friendships, as well as disappointments, sorrows and frustrations. This would be, as my dear mother explained to me, just another adventure – a journey – fraught with defeats as well as triumphs. That all should be taken in stride in this new and intriguing experience in which I was about to enter. That warm, September [1894] Monday morning at 8:30 a.m. Pa, carrying my sister, Ma, my brother and I walked into the La Verne School.

Miss Johnson, the principal of the one-room, two-teacher school, introduced herself to us. Pa proudly explained that I would soon be seven years of age and that he wanted to enter me in the first grade. There was not, in those days, at that school, a kindergarten class for beginners. After Miss Johnson, whom I immediately began to like, had obtained all the needed information about me and my family, she escorted us over to the other side of the room where my teacher, a sweet, round-faced, dark complexioned woman sat at a small, square table. Books, and foolscap paper were stacked in orderly piles on her improvised desk.

Miss Johnson introduced us to the dear woman whose name I learned was Alice Bond. Miss Bond seemed to me to radiate love, kindness and understanding. I heard her tell my parents that she was from the East and that already she had fallen in love with California and its wonderful climate and its people who were, so she said, more frank and open than those from the East where she was born and had been educated.

The very instant that I met her, I commenced to love this sweet, soft voiced woman who would soon be my very first teacher. I recall her briefly explaining what would be demanded of me – study, respect to her and the principal, Miss Johnson, as well to my fellow students. To my surprise I later discovered that some

of my fellow students, both boys and a few girls, like myself, were noisy, determined and self-willed.

After Miss Bond had finished, she turned to me. “That is all for today, Walter. Be here in the morning when the 8:45 bell rings,” she instructed, as she glanced at the waiting line of parents and children opposite her table.

I courteously bowed and slowly in a clear, modulated voice replied, “Yes, Miss Bond, I will.”

My parents each bowed and walked away. My brother, who had remained silent throughout the short proceedings and I filed out of the desk lined room, one of whose walls was partially covered with a long blackboard, above which hung pictures of great Americans and their exploits.

After I was duly entered in school, we drove in our one-horse rig down to Pomona where Pa had some business to transact. After we had eaten a celebratory dinner [we called our noon meal, which was our main meal, “dinner”] at Pomona's largest restaurant that was located on West Second Street, we drove to North Pomona. This little village had formerly been named “Palomares” after the noted old Palomares Family that had once owned the whole Pomona Valley. It was located on the Santa Fe Railroad and boasted the depot where the train stopped. A so-called “dummy” ran to and from this railway point to Pomona, a distance of a little over two miles.

The dummy was a small steam operated street car that was able to carry a few passengers to and from the above-mentioned points. For many years it was operated by a man by the name of De Lapp, whom I greatly admired. When going to or from Pomona in our buggy, when this smoking, steam-powered conveyance passed us, I always waved at Mr. De Lapp, the engineer. He always, if he saw me, responded with a wave of his grimy hand. Once he answered my salutation with a short “toot” from the whistle as the motor car passed us by.

*On this particular September afternoon my parents took us children to an old railroad passenger car that stood on a side track at North Pomona. Pa tied our horse to a nearby wooden hitching post. After we had alighted from our buggy, Ma informed me that we children were having our pictures taken in the old passenger car that had been made into a photographic studio that traveled on the railroad from town to town, where it remained for varying periods. By so doing many people who were not usually accessible to photographers or studios could get their pictures taken.*

*We went into the well-furnished car and were told by the man to take our seats. I heard him tell Ma that she could wash her children's faces and comb their hair in a small compartment at the far end of the coach. Ma took us to this little washroom where we were made presentable for our first pictures. After we were washed, Ma carefully combed our hair and straightened our clothing and led us back where Pa had been seated. A few minutes later the photographer led us into another little room where his lights and other photographic apparatus were located.*

*After carefully arranging my little sister, my brother and me on chairs in a group, he started to perform antics for us which Ma later told me were designed for our benefit. That he wanted us to smile at his actions. If and when we smiled in the manner that he desired, that he would take our pictures, thereby capturing our happy expressions.*

*I guess that my little sister did not like the idea too well. When separated from Ma and placed on a little chair beside my brother and me, she started to cry. After a time, Ma managed to get her back to normal. I saw the man step behind his large camera and place a piece of black cloth over his head. Then he removed it and looked at us. Then I saw him reach for and hold up a toy stuffed monkey that was covered with bright, tinkling little bells. He loudly exclaimed, "See the monkey!"*

*I heard the short click of something, saw him a few seconds later place something over the glass tube that protruded from his camera. "A beaut!" I heard him shout.*

*I saw the scowl on my little sister's face and wondered if it would show in the picture when finished. Then I was interrupted by the photographer's raucous voice. "Now just one more for good luck," he murmured, as he repeated his previous manipulations.*

*He turned to Pa, and I heard him ask, "Can you stop by next Saturday afternoon for the proofs?"*

*"We will," my parents chorused, as we walked by another group of adults and children who were in the narrow aisle waiting to be photographed.*

*On the following morning I was up early and eager for my first day of actually attending school. Too excited, I ate very little breakfast that morning and could hardly wait for the time that I was scheduled to leave for school. I watched Ma prepare my lunch that consisted of a hardboiled egg, some salt and pepper mixed together and placed in an old envelope, two bread and butter sandwiches, interlaid with a thick coating of blackberry jam, and two sugar-covered white cookies that Ma had baked the previous evening for this auspicious occasion. This was all placed in a five-pound lard pail – my lunch container.*

*After many admonitions by Ma how I should act and conduct myself, I was told by her that it was now time for me to leave for my first day of school. With lunch pail in hand, I turned to go out by way of the dining room door.*

*"Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye, Walter?" Ma asked.*

*"Yes, Mama," I replied, as I kissed her goodbye.*

*"May God bless and keep you, my son," she murmured, as I started to leave. "And may you always be an industrious, diligent pupil – and a good boy," she moaned, as I set out on my trip to the La Verne School, with emotions somewhat confused about how I would*

*conduct myself if attacked or set upon by some of the larger and older boys.*

*On this particular morning, I took the regular road to school, instead of short cuts up the wash east of our house that I later found to be less fatiguing and more exciting. I walked a few hundred yards west until I came to the edge of the bluff, where the dusty road branched directly to the south. There I stopped for a few minutes and surveyed the wide, tree and brush covered area that had been carved out thousands of years earlier by the floods that wildly raced through the valley in the direction of its destination – the Pacific Ocean.*

*This wild area – the San Dimas Wash – had always fascinated me. That morning, as I warily peeked over its edge, I again determined that I would, when a little older, carefully explore it; furthermore, if and when I had the knowledge, would make a map of this very wash for the use of other boys who might want to hunt quail and rabbits there. This desire, I fear, was another example of my vivid imagination, which was, at times, rather difficult to control.*

*With more pressing matters ahead for that day, I resumed my trip to school. It was not too long before I approached the Sparks place – a nice, well cared for orange grove with a comfortable home and several small farm buildings. At the front of the property was a cement fountain from which flowed cool, fresh mountain water that Mr. Sparks, the owner, used to irrigate his green, thriving orange trees that produced, each year, an abundance of sweet, juicy oranges, which in those days commanded good prices on the Eastern markets where they were shipped.*

*That morning, just as I approached the Sparks place and was about to take a drink of the cool, refreshing water, the three Sparks girls, whom I knew, emerged from their front door. The girls were neatly dressed. Their father, Marcus L. Sparks, was a special friend of my parents. He was not only a hard worker, but was one of our community's finest men, a very substantial citizen and greatly respected by all who knew him. He*

*was, so Pa said, born in Wilkes County, North Carolina. He came to the Pomona Valley in 1880, worked and bought land, some of which was near the La Verne School. On the land that he owned in Pomona, he sunk several artesian wells that gave him a lot of water. This land, now made more valuable, was sold by him for a large sum. They now lived on 20 acres, one half of which was planted to bearing orange trees, one of the best groves in that part of the Valley. Mrs. Sparks, a good friend of Ma's, was a sweet, kindly woman who was adored by her family and greatly loved by her neighbors.*

*The youngest of the Sparks girls, Eva, who was about my age, asked me if I would like to walk to school with them. I accepted her kind offer and slowly walked with them to the wood frame school that was less than a quarter of a mile from their home. The girls chattered about the things that they were going to do at school and about our new teachers who would be in charge of us. Nellie and Elsie, who were older than their sister, Eva, were in the advanced classes. It was Eva's first year and she, like myself, would be in the first grade.*

*When just within a few feet of the old oak tree that was in front of and to the left of the school building, Elsie, a slight, little blond, pointed to the yard that lay west of the school house. "This is the girls' side, where no boys are allowed," she sweetly explained to me, as she and her two sisters proceeded to the door on that side of the building. "The other side is for the boys," she called.*

*Just as I started to go onto the boys' side, a dirty faced boy, whom I did not know started to block my way. "You play with girls and are a sissy. Want to fight?" he challenged.*

*Suddenly I remembered that Ma had warned me about getting into fights at school. The boy was, as I remember, a little larger than I was, but did not seem to be any stronger. I had never done any fighting, just a little scuffling with my little brother whom I was always able to handle. Pa would frequently, unbeknownst to Ma who did not like any kind of a*

*display of force, pretend that he was fighting me. All of this, of course, in fun.*

*To the boy's contemptuous challenge, I slowly replied, "Not now. Let's wait until after school."*

*To this he agreed, rather reluctantly I thought, as I walked closer to the steps that led into the school room. Before I had gone much farther I heard the bully repeat his challenge to a larger boy, who, unlike myself, did not reply, but instead shot out a swift right fist to the boy's face. The sudden, unexpected blow connected with the boy's nose that soon started to gush blood.*

*The angry pair was soon surrounded by boys who dropped their play to see what appeared was going to be a good fight. They were soon stopped by Miss Johnson, the principal. She commanded the aggressor to wash the blood from his dirty face and then for him and the lad who had struck him to report to her desk before the 9:00 bell.*

*A little boy, whom I did not know, who stood next to me after the principal's departure, blurted out, "I didn't see nothin'!"*

*I did not reply as I started to wonder if I, along with the rest of the boys, would have to physically battle my way through school. I thought that I had come here to learn to read, write, spell, do number work and learn about the rest of the world. Then I suddenly recalled my promise that I had made to the boy with the bloody nose about fighting him after school. Inwardly I hoped that one defeat would be enough that day for the young tough who made fun of me for walking with girls.*

### **New Name, New Face, New Contents**

The newsletter of the La Verne Historical Society is making history for the future with a makeover. Earlier this summer, LVHS members were asked to contribute their ideas for a new name to go with the new logo on the newsletter. The winner is: **Legacy Links**, which

anchors our past while stretching to the future. Thank you to everyone who sent their ideas.

**Legacy Links** will be produced six times a year. In addition to the President's Message, we'll add regular articles including *Making History Today*, *Remembrance*, *Rolling with the International*, *Things That Aren't There Anymore*, *Just Ask Bill*, *Once Upon A Time*, *"D" Street Dandies*, *Every Picture Tells a Story*, and *Personal Recollections*. We will include advertising, donations to the LVHS, new member recognition, minutes from member/community meetings, and letters to the editor. We will also look into embedding active links that will take readers to video clips, websites, and other external content. In the absence of a community newspaper and with current physical and social isolation, we will use **Legacy Links** to weave ourselves together in the spirit of community engagement. This year we'll invite ULV and Bonita HS students to write for us; they need an outlet too!

Make a contribution to **Legacy Links**. We'd love to hear from you.

### **President's Message: It's a New Day**

On August 6<sup>th</sup> I accepted an invitation to have breakfast with a friend and fellow LVHS member at Roberta's on "D" Street. I have not eaten outside my home since March and the idea of having a "sit-down" meal felt like a radical change. Weeks of self-imposed isolation have left me timid about venturing out for anything other than necessary errands. Dining on "D" Street provided the catalyst that has helped me think about ways to welcome community engagement back into our lives – LVHS style.

My outdoor dining adventure was followed by the August 15<sup>th</sup> LVHS Board retreat. Our summer retreat is usually devoted to finalizing the yearly calendar of events and activities. However, the active presence of COVID-19 necessitated fresh consideration of how we can safely stay connected. Our meeting via Zoom was successful – and safe. Although we cannot meet in

person, technology can rescue us from isolation and provides some programming clues. We invite you to participate in the following in 2020-2021.

- ❖ **Member/community meetings via Zoom.** Our meetings will be held on October 12<sup>th</sup>, January 11<sup>th</sup>, March 8<sup>th</sup>, and June 14<sup>th</sup> at 7:00pm. You'll be invited to join us on Zoom; it's easy and we'll tell you how to do it!
- ❖ **Neighborhood strolls.** Three houses were approved for Mills Act consideration prior to March 2020 and these will be visited and a YouTube video posted to share.
- ❖ **Picture walk and talk.** We'll introduce "*La Verne*", written by Bill Lemon and published by Arcadia, sharing excerpts and stories from the images that comprise this newest book about our city.
- ❖ **Virtual gallery tour.** Depending on the constraints imposed by the coronavirus, Ben Jenkins will present the *Citrus Roots* collection, including vintage images, crate labels, artifacts from the Southern California citrus industry, and hundreds of images now housed at ULV.
- ❖ **Rolling with the International.** Work continues on the 1938 International truck. You will receive alerts about work days and be updated with progress photos.
- ❖ **Expanded Newsletter.** *Legacy Links* will expand to six editions to promote greater community connections.
- ❖ **Virtual Home tour.** This spring, we'll visit inside and outside a beautiful house in La Verne.
- ❖ **Fourth of July Parade and Old Timers Potluck Picnic** – maybe, just maybe in July and August 2021.

*The LVHS has scheduled its fall member/community meeting for October 12<sup>th</sup> at 7:00pm to talk about your ideas for LVHS activities in 2021. Look for an*

*email inviting you to join your LVHS friends safely via Zoom.*

## **Making History Today: Dining on "D" Street**



**Deodar trees appear to be growing in the middle of "D" Street but they are placed behind the K-rails to remind us that it is "pedestrians only" between Bonita and Third**

If you have not visited "D" Street between Bonita Avenue and Second Street, consider an adventure in outdoor dining at any of the eateries on the block. Members of the La Verne City Council, downtown merchants, and ULV came together to create opportunities for visitors to enjoy a meal and socialize safely – in the street.

By late June, the coronavirus restricted and then shut down indoor dining. Beginning in early July, a weekend experiment was launched by closing "D" Street to automobile traffic and parking. The ULV offered parking behind Mainiero Square and the downtown merchants brought out chairs and tables, spaced for safe physical distancing. K-rails closed off each end of the block and several deodar trees in large wooden crates added a sense of permanence.

The outdoor dining experience is under monthly review. Come enjoy dining on "D" Street at any of several establishments, walk around the corner to the Fourth Street Mill, or cross Bonita to Chase's.



Parking is easy. Support local merchants and think about the spirit of collaboration that made it possible to get out of our houses and let someone else do the cooking!

### Rolling with the International

Restoring the 1938 International truck is moving closer to reality. Directed donations expanded the general fund by almost \$2,000 and t-shirt sales added \$920. The LVHS board approved \$2500 from the fund and the process of restoration has begun.

Our Project Director Erik Chaputa will remove the cab and fenders, pull apart the chassis and remove the tires and axles, then sandblast and weld any cracks in the frame. After powder coating, the chassis will be re-assembled with new running gear, brake shoes and cylinders, and a brake booster assembly for easier handling. New tires and axles will smooth the ride. Dents in the cab and fenders will retain their vintage look but rust and metal surfaces will be buffed out and sealed.

Once basic repair is complete, the bench seat and wooden flatbed will be replaced. Plans are being developed to install fold-down bench seating for additional passengers on the bed.

Through monthly email messages and newsletter updates, we'll keep you informed of our progress. Donations continue to be deeply appreciated, and our t-shirts are your reward for \$20. Please call Sherry Best at 909/596-4679 or email her at [sbest@lavernehistoricalsociety.org](mailto:sbest@lavernehistoricalsociety.org) for details.

### Donations Keep LVHS Strong

The LVHS benefitted from several recent donations. Since the last newsletter, the LVHS has received the following items:

- Orange grove artifacts donated by Linda Fallon, including pamphlets on how to pick

oranges and lemons published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture Cooperative Extension, a citrus recipe booklet, and a vintage orange squeezer;

- Documents found in a barn on the corner of "E" and Second Street and donated by John Roseman (former ULV professor) & Glenda Walther, including an agreement dated 1898 by David Kuns to sell land in Lordsburg to James Loney for \$1500;
- An original LVHS-sponsored home tour brochure donated by Gerald Trudeau;
- 125 copies of *The Gem of Lordsburg: The Lordsburg Hotel/College Building 1887-1987* written by Marlin Heckman and donated by Shirley Heckman;
- Copies of the Bonita High School *Echoes* yearbook (1907, 1909, 1910, 1912, 1913, 1917, 1919, 1944-1946) and La Verne College Lambda yearbook (1950-1951) donated by Mark & Penny Gillette on behalf of Penny's mother.

It takes time and effort to preserve these precious items and then contact others to donate them. Your generosity makes it possible for others to enjoy the legacy of Lordsburg/La Verne. One day they will be displayed in LVHS pocket museums somewhere in La Verne, and for now they are being kept safe.

*The Historical Society of La Verne was organized in 1969, dedicated to Lordsburg/La Verne history and saving our environment. Have photos, letters, or artifacts from our past? We'd like to hear from you.*



### Citrus Roots Comes to La Verne

Recently, the Citrus Roots: Preserving Citrus Heritage Foundation transferred its impressive collection of historical documents to Archives and Special Collections at Wilson Library, the University of La Verne. Now located on La Verne's main campus in eastern Los Angeles County, this impressive collection includes historical newspapers, photographs, books,

artifacts, and much more detailing the citrus industry in California. Materials from the collection date back to the early-19<sup>th</sup> century and the days of William Wolfskill, an American who planted one of the first orange groves in Los Angeles in the 1870s. The collection touches on a variety of topics relevant to modern citrus agriculture, including frost protection, pest control, and transportation. The University of La Verne is excited to make these materials available online, in museum exhibits, and in the *Citrograph*. Dr. Ben Jenkins, archivist at ULV, will lead a guided tour through portions of the collection in an upcoming virtual gallery tour sponsored by the LVHS and the Hillcrest community. A sample of digitized documents from the collection is available for viewing at <https://digitalcollections.laverne.edu/>, under the “Citrus Roots Collection” link.



**This image shows La Verne, the “Heart of the Orange Empire,” as it appeared in the 1940s, when orange trees were a dominant feature of the landscape.**

For more information about this collection, contact Benjamin Jenkins at [bjenkins@laverne.edu](mailto:bjenkins@laverne.edu).

Faculty at ULV competed for this collection against other higher education institutions interested in the citrus industry and agriculture, including UC Riverside and The University of Redlands. Thank you ULV!

### **At Home? Now is the Time for Restoration**

Tired of Netflix, Amazon Prime, and Hulu? Done with puzzles and books? Endlessly checked your email, Facebook feeds, and Next Door? Refreshed from your

nap and ready to get out of your chair? Maybe it’s time to consider home improvement/restoration.



Home improvement retailers are getting big business from people who are turning to their houses for inspiration and activity. Basic materials are readily available and the innovation of YouTube provides instruction on performing almost every skill. Beyond standard projects, however, you may have become frustrated by a fruitless search for custom or restoration products or a craftsman to perform that tricky “fix” you don’t want to tackle.

Search no more. Check out the *Old House Journal* annual sourcebook or subscribe to the journal at <https://my.oldhouseonline.com> for products spanning many ages and architectural styles. Explore cabinets, countertops, appliances, fixtures and fittings, tile, flooring, furnishings, curtains, carpets, lighting, doors, hardware, wallcoverings, paint, millwork, roofing, garden products, and more.

The LVHS is adding to your restoration interests by developing a *Craftsman Resource Directory* which we plan to post on the LVHS website and on Facebook. We will accept recommendations from La Verne residents who have used the services of organizations and craftspeople. We will not use YELP or Internet searches to create this directory. Although we will try to stay as local as possible, we will also promote out-of-state businesses that meet a specific need. For example, John and Sherry Best re-built the front porch piers on their historic La Verne home and wanted to match the original Hanawalt block foundation as closely as possible. We worked with “Classic Rock Face Block” in Fort Wayne, Indiana and were delighted with the result.





The rock face block gets placed on either side of the front steps (above) and flanks the finished porch steps (below). It's a close match to the original Hanawalt block foundation



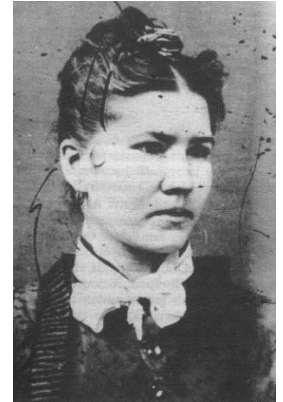
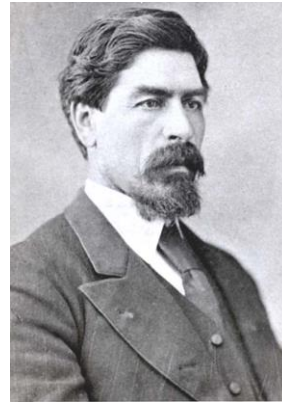
Please contribute to the LVHS craftsman resource directory. Send your input to Sherry Best at [sbest@lavernehistoricalsociety.org](mailto:sbest@lavernehistoricalsociety.org). Thank you!

### Bringing LVHS Pocket Museums to You

The LVHS Pocket Museum project is on hold, awaiting opportunities to deploy the display cases to businesses throughout La Verne. Arranged by theme, the displays tell the story of Lordsburg/La Verne from the time of the Mexican land grants to the present day.

Californios Ygnacio Palomares (1811-1864) and Ricardo Vejar (1802-1881) were granted almost 23,000 acres of land by Mexican Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado. Named Rancho San Jose, the land had been confiscated in 1834 during secularization of the Spanish missions in California. Part of the land once belonging to Mission San Gabriel Arcángel, the rancho encompassed many cities in the San Gabriel and Pomona Valleys, including present day La Verne.

Jose Dolores Palomares (1841-1909) was the nephew of Ygnacio Palomares. On June 1, 1882, he married Serafina Macias (1861-1959) at the Church of Our Lady of the Angels in Los Angeles. Jose Dolores built a house in what became Lordsburg in the 1880s which was moved to its present location to make way when the Santa Fe Railroad came through the area in 1887.



Jose Dolores and Serafina (Macias) Palomares are pictured above. Below is the home of Jose Dolores and Sarafina after it was moved from its original location. Serafina is seated on the porch, holding infant Rose Palomares on her lap. Rose lived in La Verne until her death at age 103 in 1997



The LVHS is fortunate to have the tool kit belonging to Jose Dolores and probably used on his building projects. The following items will eventually be displayed in a pocket museum.





Look closely at the whetstone on the previous page to see that it's top is marked with the initials JDP. It would have been used for sharpening the blades of Palomares' tools such as knives, hoes, chisels, and plane blades.



The hay hook at left was used to maneuver hay, straw, or other baled animal feed. The design of this hook likes those in present

day use.

The box maker's hatchet was handy in the growing



citrus industry. The ball peen hammer was essential in metal work.

Palomares would have used this leather punch to fashion or repairs harness and other leather work.



This plumb bob was attached to a line and hung to achieve a straight vertical line. This double pulley block and tackle rig (below) was probably used to hoist bales of hay and other heavy loads into a barn.



The Palomares tools are stored in a leather case with metal corners and latches.

