



More Visions of Arcadia:

A COMMUNITY ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Gary A. Kovacic



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More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology

This second anthology of essays and photographs provides a fascinating and informative collection of reflections, remembrances, recollections, and a few myths about the City of Arcadia, California, told from many different perspectives.

While a lot has remained the same since the first anthology was published in 2003 to celebrate Arcadia's centennial, some things have changed. Ours is a dynamic community. This new anthology brings us a bit up-to-date, and celebrates many of the elements of our hometown that are unique and precious. The experiences and perspectives of the authors are varied. Some are long-time residents, others are relatively new arrivals. Some have moved, some have returned, and some never left. Arcadia will always be home for some; for others, it was a stop along the way. But for all, Arcadia has meaning and memories that fill these pages.

The chapters of this book cover over a century of life in Arcadia; from farms, wood-frame schoolhouses, and horse trails to a state-of-the-art hospital, performing arts center, and light rail system. You will read about departed department stores, restaurants, programs, and organizations. You will experience traditions that have passed into the ages and others that have stood the test of time. You will meet well-known personalities, helpful neighbors, dedicated volunteers, inspiring teachers and coaches, beloved friends and family members, and seemingly common men and women who have overcome uncommon challenges. You will visit favorite neighborhoods, parks, venues, and events. You will confront intolerance, racism, and insecurity; and embrace acts of kindness, courage, and service.

You will pedal up a steep hill, march in a long parade, ring a bell, dance around a maypole, hit a line drive, win a stakes race, and celebrate the centennial. You will survive wars, medical operations, and hurricane-force winds. You will even learn to cook a famous dish—recipe included.

Hopefully, this new anthology of essays and photographs will help preserve your memories of Arcadia and spark many new ones. For, as long as our memories survive and civic virtue prevails, our remarkable community of Arcadia will continue to abide.

About the Editor



Gary A. Kovacic has lived in Arcadia since 1952 and is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1969). He is currently serving his fourth term on the Arcadia City Council (1996 to 2006; 2008 to 2016) and has served five terms as mayor (including being one of the Centennial Mayors in 2003). His other community service includes president/CEO of the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation, board member of Foothill Unity Center, Inc., and volunteer coach of Arcadia High School's Constitution Team. When not editing essays, he practices eminent domain and land use law in Los Angeles. Gary and his wife Barb have two children (daughter Kelly and son Casey) and live in the Village area of Arcadia. He is also the editor of *Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology*, published in 2003 to celebrate Arcadia's centennial.

Credits: The postcards on the front and back of the dustcover are from the collection in the Arcadia History Room at the Arcadia Public Library. The map of Arcadia on the endpapers is courtesy of the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden.



- 1 E J BALDWIN'S HOME
- 2 SIERRA MADRE
- 3 SANTA ANITA STATION
- 4 HOTEL (TRUSSARDI)

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF ARCADIA AND SANTA ANITA TRACT

- 5 FLORAL FARM
- 6 H.A. UNRUHS RESIDENCE
- 7 WINERY
- 8 MONROVIA

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. CIRCA 1883



Huntington Drive looking west from First Avenue, Arcadia, 1947.

Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

————— *More* —————
Visions of Arcadia:
A COMMUNITY ANTHOLOGY
Edited by Gary A. Kovacic

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*This anthology is once again dedicated
to
Arcadians past, present, and future*

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Preface



Credit: Tony and Florence Kovacic

Opening Day, Arcadia National Little League, 1961.

PREFACE

by Gary A. Kovacic

It has been ten years since my first collection of essays—*Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology*—was published. The impetus for that initial project was logical. Arcadia was about to celebrate its centennial and I thought we needed to put something in writing to commemorate that accomplishment. Both writers and readers liked the idea, and the community embraced the limited number of books published.

So, why a second anthology a mere decade later?

First, there was a desire in the community to write and read more essays about the past, present, and future of Arcadia. Or, at least that is what I thought when I proposed the idea. Many people commented about how they enjoyed reading the initial *Visions* book, and others were downright depressed that they had missed the opportunity to be published. When the first month or so of this new project produced only a handful of essay proposals, however, I had my doubts. But we clarified the assignment, geared-up the publicity a bit, and twisted a few arms. The result was more essay submissions than the first anthology and many more photographs. The robust response required a lot more work to put this book together, but I hope you will find that it was well worth the effort.

Second, I enjoy the process of giving Arcadians, old and new, a forum to express their thoughts. It is rewarding to help people find their voice about a subject I care deeply about, my hometown of Arcadia. Many cities have a so-called “one city, one book” reading program, where the residents read the same book. This is my modified version of that popular program, where Arcadians write their own book. It is a more intimidating exercise, full of insecurity and writer’s block, but the end product is a fascinating and informative collection of reflections, remembrances, recollections, and a few myths told from many different perspectives. Although printed in black and white, an anthology like this truly represents the colorful fabric of our diverse community.

And, finally, while a lot has remained the same over the course of ten years, some things have changed. Ours is a dynamic community.



The 2010 United States Census reported that Arcadia had a population of 56,364, an increase of 3,310 residents compared with the 2000 Census. In ten years, the “Asian” population had increased by 38.4 percent from 24,091 to 33,353, and became the majority population at 59.2 percent. The “Hispanic or Latino” population also grew from 5,629 to 6,799, an increase of 20.8 percent, while Arcadia’s “White” population decreased from 24,180 to 18,191, a drop of

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24.8 percent. The total adult population (18 and over) grew at a rate of 8.3 percent from 40,700 to 44,074, a bit more than the 6.2 percent increase in the overall population.

Looking at applications for single-family residential design review in Arcadia, the number of cases each year between 2006 and 2012 has averaged exactly 100, with a high of 123 in 2011 and a low of 78 in 2009. According to the city's development services department, 2013 will likely see about 120 to 125 applications for single-family residential design review. Since 2003, the city has averaged about sixty single-family units demolished per year with most, if not all, of the demolished units becoming a new home site. In terms of additions and alterations to single-family units, the city has been remarkably consistent, issuing an average of 262 building permits per year.

The average size of new homes in Arcadia in 2013 is approximately 4,500 square feet and we consistently see new homes on average-sized lots (around 10,000 square feet or so) being sold in the \$1.5 to \$2 million range or more. Larger lots produce even higher market data. Since the early 2000s, the city's comprehensive architectural review process and sophisticated design guidelines have produced what many believe are well-designed homes throughout the city, not just in the northern neighborhoods that have long been governed by established homeowners associations and their architectural review boards. However, the permitted size of new homes continues to be a point of contention throughout the city and even on the city council.

While development of single-family homes never really slowed during the recent recession, multi-family and commercial development did. Recently, multi-family developments have re-emerged given the easing of credit and the demand for condominiums with units selling in the neighborhood of \$1 million. Very few multi-family projects were proposed between 2008 and 2011, but the city currently has six or seven projects (over seventy units) in various stages of development. However, this does not necessarily equate to an increase in population. The historic pattern has been to replace demolished units with a like number of units or even fewer units.

On the horizon for commercial development are two major medical office projects in Arcadia representing 110,000 square feet of office space. This appears to be a direct outgrowth of the expansion and success of Arcadia Methodist Hospital. The city continues to issue around 125 to 130 building permits each year for additions and alterations to commercial structures and several new commercial structures are added each year. There is also a relatively recent proposal to replace an aging motel across the street from the racetrack with two new high-rise hotels (210 rooms) and a fifty-unit luxury hotel condominium development. And, although the demise in California of community redevelopment agencies made the process more difficult and time-consuming, the city's

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“successor agency” was finally able to ink a deal with the local Mercedes dealership to expand the size of its facilities and enhance its operations.

Santa Anita Park is now going through a major refurbishment of portions of its iconic grandstand. The closing of Hollywood Park added two more months of racing in Arcadia, and the return of the Breeders’ Cup in 2013 will focus the entire thoroughbred horseracing world on our town for a second straight year. The mid-decade failure to bring to fruition the Caruso development proposal for the south parking lot was a blow, but hopefully these other developments as well as auxiliary use of its expansive grounds bode well for the future of our beloved racetrack.

The new business improvement district voted in by the downtown commercial property owners, coupled with the construction of the new Arcadia Gold Line station, will hopefully help invigorate that area of town. Many would like to see similar momentum and vision along Live Oak Avenue and portions of Baldwin Avenue and Duarte Road.

New public construction has kept pace with private development. Not a campus in the Arcadia Unified School District was left untouched thanks to Measure I, the \$218 million bond measure that passed in November 2006. Bond proceeds have enabled the school district to modernize classrooms, install state-of-the-art technology, construct new learning and administration facilities, renovate the high school’s stadium and track, create a beautiful performing arts complex, and, in a joint project with the city, build a new gym at Dana Middle School.

With two completed and two in process, four bridges in Arcadia will have been built or renovated to accommodate the extension of the Gold Line through Arcadia. This includes a new bridge across Santa Anita Avenue, which was funded entirely by the city with Measure A (an \$8 million bond measure that passed in April 2006) and transportation funds.

Technology has also changed the way we live and do business in ten short years. Home office permits in Arcadia now number over 1,360. Although the *Arcadia Weekly*, *Mountain View News*, and the city’s own newsletters seem to have been able to maintain their modest sizes, the once bulky *Los Angeles Times* and *Pasadena Star News* have become much skinnier versions of their former selves. News and information are instantly available on-line, with the police, library, and other city departments utilizing websites, blogs, Facebook, Twitter, Nixle, and other platforms to inform the public. Instead of large three-ring binders, city council members now bring to their meetings tablet computers that contain the agenda and volumes of staff reports and attachments. Land lines, letters, and even cursive writing seem to be things of the past.



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We are not a perfect community. Even though the city has enjoyed balanced budgets and healthy reserves over the last decade, financial pressures, unanticipated emergencies, aging equipment and infrastructure, and unfunded state and federal mandates are constant challenges. Our housing is getting less affordable, especially for young families looking to buy a home in Arcadia. There also continues to be a demand for viable residential alternatives for older Arcadians looking to downsize and stay in our community.

Cultural issues and language barriers can hinder efforts to come together. Discussions continue about appropriate commercial signage and the mix of uses. It is not unusual to see a seemingly fine house demolished and replaced with a larger, more expensive house that often remains vacant for months, if not years, after being sold, creating a human void within the neighborhood. Crime rates have decreased substantially, but the city council recently authorized the hiring of a new police officer to handle quality of life issues such as illegal maternity homes and massage parlors.

Although our city and its residents largely escaped the devastating effects of the recession, many in the area did not. Homelessness and unemployment in the San Gabriel Valley have taxed the resources of local cities and civic organizations.

Volunteers are the life-blood of our community. But, it can be hard to find people willing to serve. Many of the “usual suspects” (the ones who were always there to chair a committee or organize an event) are either gone or getting older, and new generations of Arcadians need to find the time, energy, knowledge, and inclination to get involved. When Alexis de Tocqueville travelled to America from France in the early nineteenth century, he found a truly unique spirit of association. He admired greatly the willingness of Americans to come together with compassion, commitment, hard work, and generosity for a common purpose. He found a society that knew that the government couldn’t and shouldn’t do everything for its citizens. We can always use a little more of that attitude in our town.



However, as you will read in the pages of this anthology, despite our imperfections, we continue to be a “more perfect” community. Sure, we are different than we were ten years ago, but, in most respects, we are just as great or greater. Arcadians remain very proud to live in Arcadia and for good reason.

Our beautiful neighborhoods are safe, friendly, and full of trees . . . as well as peacocks. Our commercial areas and restaurants are varied and vibrant. Our public services and programs are second to none. Our schools and students are outstanding. Our property values are high. Our population is intelligent, hard-working, generous, and richly diverse. The good works that the good

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people of Arcadia volunteer to do are evident every day at our police and fire stations, our senior center, our recreation department, our public library, our museum of Arcadia heritage, our schools, our hospital, and at the many service organizations, clubs, auxiliaries, foundations, youth groups, and faith communities that support these and other vital institutions. Time and again our voters have stepped-up and passed ballot measures to support our schools, build a bridge, improve a commercial district, enhance street lighting, and make our community better.

In 2013, “state-of-the-art” not only defines Arcadia’s classrooms, performing arts center, hospital, library, police and fire departments, traffic monitoring devices, water system, and community programs; it accurately defines our community. And, speaking of the arts, where else in our valley are you going to enjoy truly exceptional musical performances at an arboretum, racetrack infield, city hall lawn, library auditorium, performing arts center, church sanctuary, and halftime show—many during the same week—and never leave town?

Yes, Arcadia is an extraordinary community that continues to be enhanced by new perspectives, new ideas, and new energy. As we embrace our future, we should not define Arcadia by its differences. Rather, we should celebrate our community for its accomplishments as we continue to work together for the common good.



This new anthology celebrates many of the elements of our hometown that are unique and precious. The experiences and perspectives of the authors are varied. Some are long-time residents, others are relatively new arrivals. Some have moved, some have returned, and some never left. Arcadia will always be home for some; for others, it was a stop along the way. But for all, Arcadia has meaning and memories that fill these pages.

You need go no further than the “You know you’re old school Arcadia if you remember . . .” Facebook page, which has over 2,400 members, to experience the passionate pull of the past. Almost minute-by-minute posts and comments discuss what was, or still is, good and not so good about our community. Memories hold a power that can last a lifetime; whether it is of a success or failure, a joy or regret. And, it is not surprising that one’s perspective often reflects one’s generation. An example from the Facebook page is enlightening. For many who lived in Arcadia in the 1960s or earlier, the A&W is sorely missed. Arcadians of the next few decades lament the closing of Celia’s El Loco. Current residents love the new bento box establishment. All fondly recall hanging-out with friends and family at a drive-in after school or an athletic event. Interestingly, all three of the above-mentioned restaurants had the same address and occupied the same

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building on South First Avenue. And so it goes; members of each generation embracing those memories that are most relevant, vivid, and meaningful to their lives.

My memories of growing up in Arcadia are just as relevant, vivid, and meaningful. But, so are my memories of being a newly-wed in Arcadia, a new parent in Arcadia, a new Little League coach in Arcadia, a new mayor in Arcadia, and a new senior citizen in Arcadia. Heck, I have fond memories of events that took place in Arcadia last week.

That is what makes a project like this so much fun. It is fun to see pen put to paper (or keystroke put to screen) as we remember the past, savor the present, and anticipate the future. It is also fun to find photographs to complement those stories. As I was sifting through a box of loose photographs at city hall for this book, I came across a small black and white snapshot that was camera-dated “Dec 63.” It was of a coach facing a seventh grade Arcadia Recreation Department basketball team getting ready to play before a Lakers-Warriors game in an empty Los Angeles Sports Arena. And there, at the end of the bench on the right, was . . . me. Although I still have the program from that Lakers game and a yellowed *Arcadia Tribune* article about our game that misspelled my name, I had never seen the photograph before. It brought back memories I had forgotten, and now cherish.



Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Arcadia Recreation Department youth basketball team at Los Angeles Sports Arena, December 8, 1963.

Preface

On occasion, I think back to lyrics from Simon & Garfunkel's "Bookends Theme," the song played at the end of a slide show at the senior assembly for my graduating class at Arcadia High School in 1969:

*Time it was,
And what a time it was,
It was . . .
A time of innocence,
A time of confidences.
Long ago . . . it must be . . . ,
I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories;
They're all that's left you.*

Hopefully, this new anthology of essays and photographs will help preserve your memories of Arcadia and spark many new ones. For, as long as our memories survive, and civic virtue prevails, our remarkable community of Arcadia will continue to abide.

November 16, 2013
Arcadia, California

Chapter 1



Our Memories



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Huntington Drive east of Santa Anita Avenue during the holiday season, 1959.

MOMMA'S STORY: GROWING UP IN ARCADIA (1926 - 1944)

by Rosemary Reuter

I was two when my family moved to Arcadia from Sierra Madre in 1926. My parents were Wilson and Rosalie Dougherty, and I had three older siblings: Jane, James, and Jack. Our new home was on California Street, halfway between First Avenue and Second Avenue. The neighborhood consisted of small, mission-style homes on deep lots. Many lots were vacant and covered with wildflowers such as lupine and poppies. Giant blue-gum eucalyptus trees lined the narrow one-lane street. Having no sidewalks or curbs, the street was paved in the middle and dirt ran from the pavement up to every home.

Several other children lived on California Street. We picked wild flowers and played kick-the-can. When we played hide-and-go-seek, we often hid in the new growth of those blue-gums. We didn't have a radio until the 1930s, so we listened to *Amos and Andy* on our neighbor's radio until we finally got one. We all gathered around every week to hear *One Man's Family*. In the evenings my father told us Bible stories.

Our home was half a block from First Avenue School, known then as Arcadia Grammar School. It included first through eighth grades. Because of my age, I began school in January, so I was called a "half-year." One day, Jean Raudenbush, who lived on Diamond Street, came over and asked my mother if she had a little girl who was going to school. That's when I met Jean. We walked to First Avenue, got on a bus, and rode to the little brick kindergarten on South Santa



Jack, Jane, Rosemary, and James Dougherty in front of their home at 138 California Street, Arcadia, circa 1928.

Credit: Rosemary Reuter

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology



Credit: Rosemary Reuter

Doll Day at kindergarten with teachers Miss Such (left) and Miss Mark (right) and Rosemary Dougherty (third from left), 1929.

Anita Avenue, where the former Santa Anita Elementary School is now located. Our teachers were Miss Mark and Miss Such. I met Josephine Garcia and Lois Christopher there, too. These girls have remained my friends all my life.

First grade meant standing in line at the back southeast entrance of Arcadia Grammar School. Mrs. Hill was my first grade teacher. In 1932, I recall the children talking about the presidential election of FDR as we waited to enter the building.

One day, my brother Jack and I were building a clubhouse in our backyard. We looked up and saw a little girl standing by the cypress hedge and looking at us. I went over and asked her if she wanted to play. That was Audrey Sumrall and we played together every day from then on.

Audrey had Shirley Temple paper dolls. I didn't have store-bought paper dolls, but I could draw. So, I was able to make good paper dolls and lots of dresses for them. The girls at school always asked me to make paper dolls for them.

As time went by, Audrey and I spent a lot of time at the public library on First Avenue above Huntington Drive. We would also walk up to the train station to see actors making movies at the little depot. Among the stars whose autographs we got

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were W. C. Fields, Cary Grant, and Gracie Allen. One day, Gracie called Audrey and me over to her trailer and gave us each an orange. That was a big deal.

Like many children, I was too young during the Depression to realize that my parents were struggling to provide for us. Milk disappeared quickly; we had to wait until Mr. Gates, the milkman, delivered again since he only came several times a week. We didn't have a refrigerator; nobody had one. We hung our ice card in the window to let the iceman know that ice was wanted. Our iceman, Mr. Mann, could tell how much ice we needed depending on how the card was hung. All the kids in town followed him around and got little chips of ice. That was a real treat. He had big tongs that hooked into the ice, and he'd chip off a block for us and carry it to our icebox. In the winter, we used a "cooler," which was a small cupboard built into the wall right off the kitchen. It had a little door that we kept closed, and cold air came from under the house into the cooler. It worked, although we never had many leftovers.

We didn't have supermarkets then, just little corner stores. In those days, many merchants drove up and down the streets selling their wares. They had a bell or a certain type of horn to let people know they were coming. A fish man came by sometimes. He had a little enclosed truck with ice and fish in the back. Mother went out when she could afford to buy fish. The Helms Bakery truck came by with bread, cakes, and other baked goods. Mother also got supplies from the Jewel T man, who had coffee, sugar, talcum powder, and other things. When the Watkins man came—he sold vanilla and spices—he came in and displayed his wares on a piece of black velvet he spread out on the floor. Everything looked so nice against that velvet. Jane, Audrey, and I went in and watched if we were around. Mother knew what she could spend. There were probably many times she couldn't buy anything.

There was no plastic, but we did have waxed paper. We used it to cover leftover food and secured it with a rubber band. There was nothing like Tupperware, Saran Wrap, or Scotch Tape.

Small farms dotted the neighborhood. My father had chickens and incubated eggs in a small homemade incubator. There were enough eggs for our family and Mother sometimes gave eggs away. We also had a vegetable garden, an apricot tree, walnut trees, and an avocado tree my father grafted. I remember being out in the garden with him when he was chopping up the earth with his shovel, getting ready to plant tomatoes, beans, and summer squash. We got corn at the big fields on the corner of Live Oak Avenue and Santa Anita Avenue.

Church played a big part in our lives. We drove into Los Angeles to a small Covenant church until our neighbor, Mrs. Funk, heard Daddy singing and invited him to sing in the choir at the Community Church, on the northeast corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Huntington Drive. That was the only Protestant church in town and eventually became Arcadia Presbyterian Church.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology



The Community Church, on the northeast corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Huntington Drive, was later cut in half and moved to the corner of First Avenue and Alice Street, circa 1920s.

When I was pretty small, sometime in the '30s, church members determined that a larger facility was needed and there wasn't enough room for expansion on the current lot. Mr. Harper and Mr. Hopper figured out how to move the building to the corner of First Avenue and Alice Street. The church was cut in half and transported to the new property. My brother Jack and I stood on the corner at First Avenue and watched the sections go by. When they got it all down to Alice Street, they placed the sections some distance apart and enlarged the church by adding a new middle.

Arcadia had many orange groves during my childhood, and I remember the smudge pots and the black air in the winters. By the time Audrey and I walked the half block to school, our necks, faces, and clothes were black. It wasn't a daily occurrence, but when a freeze threatened, the smudge pots were essential to save the citrus.

I graduated from eighth grade in January of 1938. During the evening ceremony, a panel of graduates sat at a table and presented a miniature world summit. I was Madam von Hindenburg, the representative from Germany, Josephine represented Japan, and another student represented Italy—making us the Axis powers. Because I was so nervous, I kept my eyes on Miss Rinde while I gave my speech.

There were a lot of vacant lots between California Street and Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte ("MAD") High School. Our walk took us over the train trestle that spanned the Fifth Avenue wash and we always hoped a train wouldn't come along. Sometimes hoboes were camped under the trestle.

The draft was going on before World War II began. James didn't want to be

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drafted and have to fight in the trenches, so he joined the Navy Air Corps. All the other boys we knew followed his lead: Jack, Lowell Hopper, Kent Kuester, and Bob Schadel all became officers.

On December 7, 1941 (my senior year in high school), I was on the front porch with Jack. Wesley Leeper came by and said, "Did you hear the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor?" It was a sad day with big implications for our family and our community. We were immediately at war. The government declared we would "wipe them out in four weeks."

The Japanese in our area were all rounded-up. Most of them were farmers and had strawberry fields, but they didn't get to sell their property. The land south of Live Oak Avenue was all strawberry fields and orange groves. I didn't ever mention the war to any of my Japanese friends at school . . . one day they were just gone. The "half-years" had no graduation ceremony; they only received their diplomas. I don't know if the Japanese "half-years" even got to graduate.

Santa Anita Park racetrack was transformed into an assembly camp for the Japanese. Cheap barracks were quickly constructed, and the sun came in right through the walls. Because her friend Esther was there, my sister Jane was allowed to visit and take her some things she needed, such as soap. The Japanese were moved to Manzanar and other internment camps before I graduated from high school in June, 1942. It was a really hard time because people were afraid of other people.

At school, kids marched around the stage in patriotic flag-waving plays. We were taught that, if we had any brothers, sisters, or anyone in any kind of military service, not to talk about it so that people could stay safe. The West Coast was worried about being bombed. By the time I went to Whittier College in September of 1942, everyone had blackout curtains so that no light could shine through at night.

After Pearl Harbor, all food, canned goods, and supplies were rationed. Suddenly we couldn't get any butter. We had to have ration tickets to get shoes, and we couldn't get any more shoes until we were issued another coupon. We had sugar coupons and, if we were going to can food, we could get a little extra sugar. We couldn't just go buy everything. Gasoline, tires, and women's hosiery became scarce.

After the Japanese were relocated, Santa Anita Park racetrack became an ordnance training center, where soldiers worked with machines, weapons, and equipment. The parking lot became a little community with streets between the barracks. I dropped out of college and got a job at Camp Santa Anita, working in the message center. Orders came in for all those going out into war zones. I wrote the names on orders for people going overseas, stapled them together, and put them in cubby holes, sort of like a post office. Soldiers came in to ask for their orders at our two windows.

The offices where I worked were in the grandstand. If I walked out of my office

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door to the west, I could look right onto the racetrack. There were also some buildings out in the center of the track. Everything there was part of the Army.



Credit: Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage

Army offices at Camp Santa Anita, 1943.

Enlisted men and officers of all ranks were stationed at Camp Santa Anita. Since we were close to Hollywood, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and a bunch of lesser stars came into the base to entertain. Bandleader “Skinny” Ennis had an office near our offices, and he put on programs for the soldiers. I always got to go to the performances.

I worked at Camp Santa Anita until the beginning of 1944. It was closing as a training camp, all the people I knew had been shipped out, and I was to be married soon.

Rosemary Reuter (nee *Rosemary Dougherty*) has lived in Arcadia since 1926. She and her husband John raised their three daughters in Arcadia. She is an accomplished artist and enjoys gardening, reading, and birding. She has served the Arcadia community in various capacities all her life, most recently as co-president of Friends of Arcadia Public Library. Several of her paintings are currently on loan to the Arcadia Historical Society.

MY ARCADIA LIFE IN THE 1920s

by Roberta Ramsell

Arcadia was just a few months shy of becoming twenty years old when I was born there in June of 1923. It was mostly agricultural with a population of about 2,300, and was just starting to be subdivided into family lots.

Since this is about my family living in Arcadia in the 1920s, here is how we got here.

My parents, Joseph Urban and Barbara Leopold, were part of the wave of immigrants to this country from Europe in the early 1900s. They both came from Austria-Hungary; my father in 1903 and my mother in 1904. They met in New Jersey, were married there in 1905, and had their first home there. My two sisters were born there. My parents attained United States citizenship in 1909. So, my sisters and I were all first-generation Americans.

My mother's brother and other relatives had earlier immigrated to New Jersey and then moved on to Southern California. They sent my parents postcards and Los Angeles newspapers extolling the weather and opportunities here. In April 1920, my father declared that he had shoveled snow for the last time, so their home was sold and the family took the train to Los Angeles, California.

My sisters Tillie (13) and Emily (9) were most impressed by train travel—the white tablecloths and vases of flowers on each table in the dining car and fingerbowls for their use. They had fun climbing into the berths in the Pullman sleeping cars. My mother kept them busy with crocheting and embroidery while traveling. They arrived in Los Angeles at the old Santa Fe Railway station and were greeted by all the relatives who had come there to welcome them.

In 1923, after living in Los Angeles and Highland Park for a couple of years, my parents decided to make their next home in Arcadia. They purchased a one-acre lot from the R.H. Schwartzkopf real estate office in Arcadia for \$1,700. This was for Lot #8 at 519 Fairview Avenue in the recently opened Fairview Tract located between Baldwin Avenue on the west and La Cadena Avenue on the east, between Huntington Drive on the north and Duarte Road on the south.

Later in 1923, the Cuccia family opened the Peach Orchard Tract, which was part of their property on West Duarte Road. Lots there sold quickly on Camino Real Avenue, Leroy Avenue, and Naomi Avenue from Holly Avenue on the east to El Molino (now Lovell Avenue) on the west. On Fairview Avenue, my parents had a two-bedroom house built with a garage in the rear. They moved into the completed house shortly before I was born there on June 2, 1923. My sisters Tillie (16) and Emily (12) helped my mother take care of me that summer.

In September, Tillie started her senior year of high school at the old Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School in Monrovia and Emily started eighth

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grade at Arcadia Grammar School on First Avenue (now First Avenue Middle School).



Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

Eighth grade class, Arcadia Grammar School, 1923.

When I was a baby, my mother would send my sister Emily to walk over to the Tucker family home on the corner of La Cadena Avenue and Duarte Road. They had a cow and Emily would buy milk for my bottle. Mrs. Tucker, apparently a midwife, had assisted my mother at my birth before the doctor came to sign the birth certificate.

My father, who loved gardening, soon put in a backyard garden of vegetables, fruits, and a berry patch. After I was up and walking, my mother would dress me in my rompers and send me out to roam the berry patch and eat my fill.

There were railroad tracks behind our property, but below Huntington Drive, that ran from east to west. My sisters remembered seeing early movies being filmed on freight trains that ran there. These tracks were not for the Santa Fe Railway or the Southern Pacific Railroad, but for a lesser known railroad company that later went out of business.

When my family moved here, my father was working as a sewing machine mechanic for the Nubone Corset Company in Los Angeles. After Tillie graduated from high school in 1924, she drove into Los Angeles with my father and worked

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in the office where he worked. Their work there lasted a few years until corsets were considered unhealthy and went out of fashion. The company went out of business, leaving both my father and sister unemployed.

My father then developed an egg-delivery route. He canvassed the more affluent areas in both Pasadena and South Pasadena for customers who would buy fresh eggs from him. He sold eggs from the chicken ranches in the Arcadia area. The route proved quite successful and he had many satisfied customers. My mother would “candle” and weigh the eggs in the evening before their delivery the next morning to ensure that they were fresh and sized correctly.

Meanwhile, my sister Tillie decided to look for a local job. She worked briefly at a real estate office on Baldwin Avenue and next tried reporting for the local *Daily Arcadian*, going door-to-door asking for local news for the newspaper. She was paid by the number of words she wrote. When my father realized how little she was being paid, he suggested she look for a better paying job in Los Angeles, as she had taken all of the business courses available in high school. After locating a job in a doctor’s office downtown, she could walk to the corner of Baldwin Avenue and Huntington Drive and take the Pacific Electric Red Car to work.

I remember a particular washday while we were on Fairview Avenue when I was about two years old. My mother had an old electric washing-machine that involved emptying both the wash water and the rinse water from the machine into a wash tub. This left the surrounding floor quite slippery. Standing nearby, I spied a shiny glass bottle on a high shelf above me. As I reached for it, it slipped out of my hands and fell to the floor as I fell to the floor too. The bottle broke and a piece of glass entered my left cheek as I landed. Of course I screamed, which brought my mother running to rescue me. She was most upset and held and comforted me on the back porch before getting me to a doctor. Instead of taking stitches over the cut, he just taped it closed since it was so close to my eye. I still have this “identification mark” to this day.

When I was about two-and-a-half years old, I “ran away” on my “kiddie-car.” It had no pedals. I remember being on La Cadena Avenue heading north toward Huntington Drive. I must have heard a train coming on the tracks behind our property and waited for it to go by before I could cross the tracks. I waved at the engineer and he waved back at me as the train went by. My worried family finally found me at Huntington Drive and Holly Avenue.

Another time, I took off in the opposite direction toward Baldwin Avenue. This time they found me at Baldwin Avenue and Duarte Road looking in a store window. I must have had a spirit of adventure!

Or perhaps I was just lonely as there were no playmates in the neighborhood and we had no radio or telephone in our home. So my family was my entertainment, my mother at home all day and my sisters coming home from school and father from work were the events of the day. Life was much simpler then.

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While we were still living on Fairview Avenue, I remember how upset my mother was when she learned from neighbors that a young boy in the neighborhood had died while playing with explosives with a group of boys who had climbed over the fence into the old vacant World War I balloon school. A few years ago, I related this to some of the docents at the first Arcadia Historical Museum. Bob Perkins, one of the docents who was born in Arcadia in 1917, said he also might have died in the explosion. He had planned to go with the boys that day, but his father insisted he stay home and help him lay the concrete floor for their chicken coop!

By the time I was three years old, the family needed more room as Tillie and Emily were now nineteen and fifteen. Property prices were still rising in Arcadia so our Fairview Avenue property was sold at a profit. My parents then bought a one-acre lot at 516 Walnut Avenue (later called Longden Avenue) east of Fifth Avenue and north of Live Oak Avenue. Here we had a three-bedroom house built, with chicken coops in the rear as my father planned to try the chicken-raising business. After trying this for a year or so, he felt it was too competitive here and gave it up.

My father then relied on his European apprentice education and previous work experience. He found his “niche” as a sewing machine mechanic and attachment maker in the Los Angeles garment industry. He soon established an excellent reputation for his honesty, integrity, and wonderful mechanical skills.

Since Tillie was also working in Los Angeles, she and our father rode to work together in our Maxwell automobile as it was too far for her to walk to the nearest Red Car stop. My mother would allow me to wait for them to return at the front of our driveway. While I was waiting, I would attempt to climb the lower trimmed-off branches of the palm trees planted on Walnut Avenue but I never succeeded. I would get so excited when I finally saw the Maxwell approaching. My father would always stop and let me sit on his lap down the long driveway. He always carried a bottle of Horlicks malted milk tablets in his coat pocket. These were his between-meal snacks. I would always look forward to these treats and, when we got out of the car, my father would always let me have one.

There were Japanese truck farmers living across the street from us. They lived in a small house at the rear of the property. They raised produce, some of which had to have whitecaps placed over them during part of their growing season. My mother commented on how neat and clean their children always looked when they went to school.

On Walnut Avenue beyond Sixth Avenue there were groves of California walnut trees that apparently produced a good crop of walnuts.

For groceries, my mother had to drive to Monrovia and I went along with her. We had two cars by this time. Piggly-Wiggly was one of the first grocery stores to provide baskets to the shoppers so that they could pick out grocery items

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themselves. Sometimes we would also stop at McFeeley's Bakery further south on Myrtle Avenue. Ice would be placed on the running-board of the car for the trip home for use in our ice-box. We would have to postpone these trips whenever Huntington Drive and Duarte Road to the east of us were flooded in the winter.

On the way home from the grocery trips in the spring, I would notice California poppies blooming on the many vacant lots in Arcadia. My mother would stop the car and let me out to pick a bouquet for our home. Sometimes we would also stop to pick some of the yellow blossoms from the acacia trees that had been planted on several Arcadia streets.

If my mother had to go someplace without me during the day, my sister Emily would take me to high school with her. This was when I was about four years old. I got to sit in her seat with her and eat with her and her friends in the school cafeteria. I remember the large thick white soup bowls used to serve soup. Her friends complimented Emily on how well I behaved and she related this to our mother when we got home. I hope it was true.

My father planted corn on the part of our lot west of our driveway. When my parents bought this lot they were told that in later years the city planned to put through a street there. That is where Lenta Lane is now. Meanwhile, I enjoyed running through the rows of corn and pretending to be lost.

One year, an Arcadia work crew started laying pipes in our street. My mother let me sit on our front lawn to watch them. Just a few years ago, I read that Arcadia was replacing those same pipes, which I discovered were the first water pipes on that street.

I also remember going to the movies with my family at Arcadia's first movie theater on the south side of Huntington Drive between Santa Anita Avenue and First Avenue. I don't remember the main movie but I do remember the cartoons featuring Felix the Cat and Betty Boop. Nostalgic Betty Boop items still seem popular today. The Arcadia Theater had been built in 1924 and burned down in about 1941.

During our time on Walnut

WEEKLY PROGRAM
New ARCADIA THEATRE

Friday and Saturday, June 6 and 7—
PICTURES AND VAUDEVILLE
A James Kirkwood picture, **EAGLE FEATHERS**, and
THREE ACTS VAUDEVILLE, including a mind reading
and mystery act.
No advance in price for these evenings.

Sunday and Monday, June 8 and 9—
Laurette Taylor, in
HAPPINESS
This is a Metro picture which closes a long run at the
California Theater, Friday night. The next night and the
night following it comes to Arcadia.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 10, 11 and 12—
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK
A Metro picture with Marrion Davies. The new \$15,-
000 Robert Morton will be installed and will be used for
the first time with this picture.

ADMISSION TO ALL THE ABOVE SHOWS:
Children, 10 cents; General Adult, 30 cents; Loges, 40c
Huntington Drive at First Street
Arcadia, California

*Advertisement for motion pictures and vaudeville acts
at the new Arcadia Theatre, 1924.*

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Avenue, my parents planted some of the popular flowers of the day. A Belle of Portugal rose in the courtyard on the east side of our house as well as a Cecile Brunner rose. In the backyard, we had a yellowish-orange blooming lantana. Its blossoms apparently appealed to the many small “skipper” butterflies and I spent much time trying to catch them between my fingers, but was never successful.

In about 1928, the economy was starting to head toward the 1929 stock market crash. My parents had made some bad stock market investments and were about to lose their home. However, they were able to trade their Walnut Avenue property for a duplex in Hollywood. We moved there after Emily graduated from high school in June of 1928, and I started kindergarten in Hollywood in September. Had we still lived in Arcadia, I would have started kindergarten in the newly completed Holly Avenue School.

We lived in Hollywood until 1932, and then moved to Alhambra where I grew up. I graduated from Alhambra High School in 1941 and married my high school sweetheart, Roy Ramsell, in 1944. Our two daughters, Katherine and Christine, were born while we were living in our first home in Sierra Madre. In 1960, we bought our present home on Ardentale Avenue in Arcadia. We were married for twenty-one happy years until my husband passed away from a heart attack in 1965. I continued raising our daughters and later worked for the Arcadia Unified School District for fourteen years as secretary to the assistant superintendent of elementary curriculum from 1974 to 1988

Roberta Ramsell was born in Arcadia in 1923 and lived there until 1928. In 1960, she returned to Arcadia to raise a family. She has been a life member of the Arcadia Historical Society since 1987 and a member of the Friends of the Museum since 2001. She enjoys volunteering at their many events.

CRAZY PRECIOUS MEMORIES OF EARLY ARCADIA

by Arly Barton

The year was 1934. My parents Carl and Estella Kophamer were looking over fifteen acres in Arcadia at 2509 S. Santa Anita Avenue. They thought about renting it to farm the land. The land stretched westward from Santa Anita Avenue to El Monte Avenue. They stood by a walnut tree looking at the large tin barn that my mother thought would make a nice chicken house. Carl thought the wood barn would be a nice place to have horses since it had a hay loft too.

Suddenly Estella exclaimed, “Carl, that whizzing sounded like a bullet!” Carl replied, “Yes! I heard it, too!” Estella looked and said, “Look, over there! A man, he has a gun; quickly, Carl, let’s go! The sun is shining on the gun and he’s aiming right at us!” They left. Fortunately, the bullets whizzed past them and landed—thunk, thunk—in a walnut tree in back of them.



Credit: Arly Barton

Estella and Carl Kophamer, circa 1960s.

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The next day my father walked over to Palm Drive to locate the house from where the person was shooting. The son of the man who was shooting came forth and apologized. His father had been in World War I and came home from the war a shell-shocked Army veteran. He thought he was still in the war and shooting at the enemy. The son told my father that he would make sure that his father would not shoot at them anymore.

Eventually, we moved into the house at 2509 S. Santa Anita Avenue. It was built in 1906. I was enrolled into sixth grade at Holly Avenue School. My father bought two large work horses. I named them Collie and Beauty. I fell in love with Beauty. She was huge. She weighed 1,500 pounds but, oh, so sweet and gentle.

We also had a cow that my parents purchased for the purpose of having milk and being able to make butter. Since my dad didn't have enough money to buy a milking stool, he would sit on a rock to milk the cow. Mom also raised chickens, including a Plymouth Rock chicken that would always show up around milking time to share a snack with the cow.



Credit: Arly Barton

Carl Kophamer milking his cow at 2509 South Santa Anita Avenue, Arcadia, 1939.

The neighbors lived on El Monte Avenue at the end of the dirt road that ran from our house on Santa Anita Avenue to El Monte Avenue. They raised rabbits in cages. That was their business, a rabbit farm in a walnut grove along the old dirt road. Their son loved to sing opera music and turned on the radio loudly as

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he fed the rabbits. Arcadia was a quiet place to live in those days. We could hear his voice singing and the music playing loudly through the walnut trees where their rabbits were in cages. Their three daughters each had their own pet goat. My brother Morry had a pet goat, too, and named her Mary.

After school was out, Morry, the three neighbor daughters, and I decided to have some fun and have a goat race down the old dirt road. Each of the four goats had halters and lead ropes. I bridled my horse, Beauty, and climbed on her bare back. Morry and the three girls lined up their goats and hollered “Ready!” I had Beauty into a fast gallop running past the wood and tin barns. Beauty’s heavy hoofs pounded the old dirt road, making the earth shake. As we quickly approached, the goats panicked and took off so fast that Morry and the girls couldn’t keep up with them. The goats ran away with the lead ropes flying wildly in the air as they tried desperately to get away from Beauty and me. We were all breathless when we finally rounded up and caught the goats. They were scared. Huffing, puffing, and bleating baa-aa-aa baa-aa-aa!! What fun we all had though! We were laughing so hard! The expressions on the faces of the goats were priceless. While still laughing, we all said, “Let’s do it again!” And we did!

Oh, what crazy precious memories!

Arlowyn “Arly” Barton was born in Sterling, Illinois, to Carl and Estella Kophamer, a farmer and housewife. They moved to Arcadia in 1934 where Carl began Carl’s Sweet Corn. Arly, who became the manager of the sweet corn stand, soon became known as the original “Corn Girl.” Arly and her husband Bill also settled in Arcadia and raised four children. Arly began her own horse-drawn carriage business in 1969, carrying countless brides and grooms, celebrities, and political figures including Arcadia mayors and city council members. Her vintage carriages, dating from 1860 to 1910, made many special appearances including several Pasadena Tournament of Roses parades, once carrying Shirley Temple Black as the grand marshal. She is a life member of the Arcadia Historical Society.

RAISING FIVE CHILDREN ON A FARM IN ARCADIA (1950 - 1960)

by Marilyn Goulard

My husband was called back into the United States Army during the Korean Conflict. During his tour of duty, we lived on a 750-acre farm near Camp San Luis Obispo with a Shetland pony, chickens, a goat, and a barn cat. When our family returned to Arcadia, we needed to find a new residence to accommodate our growing family. The Lower Rancho was not ready to accept our menagerie, so it was time to go farm hunting.

We found a perfect parcel on Orange Grove Avenue, a most unusual find that had a large corral, tack room, hay barn, stables, and, oh yes, a home on it, too! We considered ourselves as stepchildren to Santa Anita Oaks as we were farming on the north side of the avenue. We happily became city farmers and moved in with children and animals. The “back forty” soon became home to two Shetland ponies, several goats, Bantum chickens, rabbits, and pigeons. The children were able to ride their ponies up the bridle path on Santa Anita Avenue as there were fewer cross-streets back then. They even begged to ride Dolly, the favorite pony, to school just like *Little House on the Prairie*.



Credit: Marilyn Goulard

Enjoying life on an Arcadia farm, circa 1950s.

There were daily chores for the children, but they didn't complain. It seemed the fun they had with their friends and each other made the milking of the goats, cleaning the barns, feeding the animals, and other chores much easier. And our yard was always overflowing with children. I was a stay-at-home mom and often was the designated babysitter.

One day, a peahen found our yard and decided this could be a good place to raise her family. She proceeded to lay seven eggs and became a setting peahen. Of course, the children were fascinated, and then devastated, when “Mrs. P” had enough of this farm life and took off to her Arboretum home. The kids thought that we should buy an incubator for the eggs, but the problem was solved naturally. Two Banties were nesting at this time and so my “farmer” husband put the seven

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eggs under the two little hens. They were able to help hatch four of the eggs. It was quite a sight to see these little hens herding around babies that soon were bigger than they were. Unfortunately, two of the babies became victims of predators, but two reached independence age. We contacted the Arboretum to return them to home, but they were rejected. At their suggestion, we got in touch with a preserve in Alabama and they were thrilled to receive two new beautiful residents.

As the children grew, so did the animals. At one time, we had four ponies, three goats, a calf, chickens, skunks, parakeets, Guinea pigs, pigeons, dogs, and a cat. One day, the Arcadia city manager made an unexpected visit. Our fourteen-year-old son was home alone, finishing his chores. The man said he had received a phone call that there seemed to be quite a few animals at our address and he requested a tour of the farm. Our son, a very personable teenager, eagerly showed him EVERYTHING . . . even the five skunks that had wandered into the yard and were now caged and fed chicken wings and backs every day.

The city official handed our son his business card and told him to have his father call his office first thing Monday morning. It was Friday and it was a very long weekend for the family. We were sure we would have to get rid of our Arcadia farm. Oh dear, the children were very upset. It was a gloomy Monday morning as the children left for school. Of course, Dad phoned the given number as soon as the city offices opened. After the usual pleasantries, the city manager assured my husband that all was well, saying: “Dr. Goulard I have never seen a better kept yard with so much going on. I wish more families had the privilege of raising children this way. Maybe you should get rid of a few pigeons, otherwise, CONGRATULATIONS and keep up the good work.” And, that we did.

In the ensuing years, laws were passed that restricted homeowners from keeping farm animals in residential neighborhoods. The children were growing, our farm population was dwindling, and it was time to say good-bye to our farm. What a wonderful time to live in Arcadia. Our five children all have wonderful memories of growing up in Arcadia on the “farm.”

Marilynn Goulard and her parents originally moved to Arcadia in 1931. She attended Arcadia schools through the eighth grade and graduated from Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte (“MAD”) High School in 1940. An earlier essay about her life in Arcadia as a child was published in “Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology.”

MID-CENTURY MEMORIES

by Mary Boucher Murphy

I was born February 25, 1942. That's when I began my "residence" in Arcadia, California. The night I was born, my dad (Ernie Boucher) had to drive my mother (Dinny Boucher) all the way into Los Angeles to Queen of Angeles Hospital when the entire area was in a wartime blackout! I still remember later seeing blackout curtains in our home at 200 E. Haven Avenue at the corner of Second Avenue.



Credit: Mary Boucher Murphy

Dinny and Mary Boucher and dog Patsy, August 1942.

Dad purchased that house around 1941 for \$2,000. I have many fond memories there such as the iceman delivering ice and, of course, the milk man delivering wonderful bottled milk. I remember my mom wrapping up her garbage in newspaper and burning everything else in the incinerator in our backyard.

We lived right across from the "wash." Our backyard was really an extension of the wash with not much soil and lots of rocks, so the ground wasn't very susceptible to growing much of anything. Mother built raised gardens filled with good soil so she could plant her "Victory Garden." Also, in those days, when driving on Colorado Boulevard heading to town, the road dipped down into the wash and cars drove over wood planks. Later a bridge was built.

People would use the wash from time to time to dump rubbish and trash. One day, my mother spotted a load of beautiful colorful objects being dumped in a pile. After the truck left, she went over to investigate and found what looked like a left-over explosion from a glass factory. She brought home several pieces of these beautiful colorful "rocks" of glass. We had those around for years. I still

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remember the shapes and a rainbow of colors - blues, greens, reds, and oranges. The kids loved to head over to the banks of the wash and watch the river rage after a big rain storm, being careful not to step on lizards and horny toads on the way.

I remember driving up Double Drive with my dad on Sundays. We would go all the way up to Chantry Flat where you could see the ocean from some of the pull outs on the road. Double Drive later became Santa Anita Avenue. Back then, both directions of traffic drove on each side of the road separated by a grass and dirt median where the stable horses from the Santa Anita Stables would ride.

Across the street from us lived the Berrys; wonderful people who could bake like you wouldn't believe . . . cakes, cookies, everything. Mrs. Berry's father "Pop" raised chickens and I used to love to visit! They later opened their own bakery on First Avenue. Another family moved in, the Alutins. Julia was a classmate and her two older twin brothers each owned a black 40-T Coupe. I remember seeing them parked out in front of the garage, side by side.

My dad became an Arcadia city councilman and one of his projects was to develop the wash into a park. I don't know the exact year the park was completed but it is now called Eisenhower Park. We spent many hours there enjoying the playground and, during the summer, craft classes were held for children to enjoy various art projects. Easter provided a massive egg hunt with the "golden egg" to be found.



Credit: Mary Boucher Murphy

Fire at Foothill Boulevard and Second Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1953.

One year in the early '50s, there was a fire across Foothill Boulevard at the corner of Second Avenue. Dad drove me up there in our 1950 black Pontiac to watch it. It was pretty scary, but was put out before it burned too many acres. At

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the corner of Fifth Avenue and Foothill Boulevard was a market. It had everything I wanted . . . comic books, pickle barrel, and of course a candy counter. Also at the corner of Foothill Boulevard and Second Avenue was a Mexican restaurant, but there was nothing much else in the way of businesses in that area during those days.



Credit: Mary Boucher Murphy

Opening day at Ernie Boucher's Shell gas station, 79 W. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, circa 1945.

My dad owned and operated a Shell gas station at 79 W. Huntington Drive at the corner where the Red Car tracks crossed Huntington Drive and went into Los Angeles (now Santa Clara Street). The old Pony Express Museum was right across the street. Dad offered full service and tire-recapping and had the contract with Santa Anita Park for its vehicles. I remember going over there with him in his Ford Model A, in which he had converted the rumble seat into a truck bed and painted the doors black and white zebra strips. He got to know many jockeys and trainers over there and when race season was on, if he had a couple of bucks, he would head over in the afternoon to place a bet or two. One day, Dad went over to the track and came home with \$400, a lot of money in the '40s! My mom was so happy!

I remember Dad telling the story of a bookie operation that was eventually discovered by the police. Just around the corner from Carpenter's restaurant and drive-in was a large two-story house with an attic that looked across the road to the finish line at the racetrack. Apparently with binoculars they were able to determine which horse was going to win and placed the winning bets.

The racetrack certainly dominated Arcadia when it was racing season. Dad was friends with a fellow named "Bob" who printed up "Bob's Tips." I remember going over to Bob's house in Monrovia one day and heading down to the basement where he had his printing press all set up, printing out the cards with his tips.

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Later, Dad ended his lease with Shell Oil Company and invested in “The Dog House,” a chain of small fast food dine-in cafes. Unfortunately that didn’t work out, and he later sold his property to a Ford dealership, which is now the location of the Mercedes dealership on Huntington Drive.



Credit: Mary Boucher Murphy

Dinny, Mary, and Ernie Boucher, July 4, 1947.

My education started at First Avenue School with kindergarten, first, second, and third grades. Morning assemblies were filled with song. The boys would play marbles out by the baseball field. The girls loved to play hop-scotch. Fourth and fifth grades were up at the brand new Highland Oaks Elementary School where hop-scotch and skirts with poodle appliqués and lots of petticoats prevailed. Arcadia High School was just being built. For whatever reason, there was not a school for sixth grade, so we were assigned a section of the brand new classrooms and were excited to be going to our new high school as sixth graders. We were, of course, separated from the high school kids, but it was exciting anyway. Seventh and eighth grades were back at First Avenue School (at that time those were the only grades) and then as a freshman I went to the new Arcadia High School.

My parents were quite involved in various clubs and organizations when I was growing up in Arcadia. My mother taught in Duarte and then San Marino, grade school and then high school, as an art teacher. In addition to being a city councilman, Dad also belonged to the Toastmasters. Their meetings were held

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at a hardware store on Huntington Drive. This hardware store had a basement. I wonder how many other stores at that time utilized basements and if any still do today. My dad also belonged to the Optimist Club and later my mother formed the “Opti-Mrs. Club.”

Downtown Arcadia was a thriving area with lots of wonderful shops. I remember the record store where mother would allow me to purchase a new 45 rpm record once a week. “Earth Angel” by the Penguins and “Tweedle Dee” by LaVern Baker were favorites and, believe it or not, I still have those records! At the Buster Brown Shoe Store, you could step into a foot X-ray machine, look down at your feet and shoes, and make sure your toes fit properly.

In 1956, my folks sold the Arcadia house for \$12,000 and purchased in a new development in Duarte on Mt. Olive Drive above Huntington Drive. It was a nice home on two acres of land for all of \$26,000. My dad quickly became involved in community affairs and as a city councilman helped to incorporate Bradbury into its own town. In the '70s, he became mayor. Bradbury was the first city in all of Los Angeles County that did not have any businesses, and our street became part of the city.

When we moved to the new house, the paved street ended just a few homes up from us. The kids would ride horses up the dirt road all the way to the top of the hill to an old abandoned avocado ranch where one family still lived. We were surrounded by orange and avocado groves everywhere those days. And now, after leaving Arcadia, I was attending Monrovia-Duarte High School, Arcadia's rival school, graduating in 1959.

Mary Boucher Murphy lived in Arcadia from 1942 to 1956. After a career as a technical illustrator and engineering draftsman, she attended Chouinard Art Institute where she met her husband Tom. They married, raised four children, and were free-lance artists for various retail and aerospace companies. They now live in Hawaii, where Mary is a real estate agent and Tom teaches at the local high school. Mary keeps up with the market in Arcadia and Monrovia and “might be returning to my wonderful roots in Southern California one of these days.”

AN ARCADIA SUMMER DAY THROUGH THE EYES OF A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD (1958)

by Earl Albert

I have only good memories growing up in Arcadia; some sweeter than others. One I will recall now is of an event repeated several times during the summer of 1958. It involves a slightly rebellious pre-adolescent, either alone or in a group, taking a walking tour from the Santa Anita Highlands to what was then (and probably still should be) called Downtown Arcadia.

The first stop is where Highland Oaks Drive morphs into First Avenue. The service station on southwest corner has a very tempting soda pop machine, where a dime gets you a Bireley's Orange or Delaware Punch. But you have to drink it there, or leave a three-cent deposit on top of the machine. Who wants to carry that glass bottle around anyway?

On down First Avenue, just past Colorado Boulevard, I look across the street at Ollie Prather's Arcadia Body Shop. We are a little in awe because Mr. Prather always tries (and often succeeds) to enter a racer in the Indy 500. Who could tell back then that within a very few years it would be impossible for an individual to join that event, now accessible only to multi-million dollar racing teams?



Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"

Ollie Prather's Arcadia Body Shop at 326 N. First Avenue, Arcadia, 1960.

Onward, past the Arcadia Public Library (sorry, no studying today), crossing Wheeler Avenue, and through the back door of Thrifty Drug Store at the northwest corner of Huntington Drive. We head straight to the lunch counter for a nickel Green River soda and a twenty-five-cent grilled cheese sandwich.

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Credit: Jim Hayes

The back door of Thrifty Drug Store at northwest corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1950s.

Enough on the food already. Out the front door, across First Avenue and east on Huntington Drive, we walk to Shugert's House of Toys, not filled with electronic marvels, but rather ten-cent rubber figures of cowboys, soldiers, or Disney characters, or cast metal cars for a quarter. But no buying, only browsing today. We don't need to drag a bag of goodies back up that long hill.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Shugert's House of Toys at 113 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, circa 1950s.

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Okay, back west on Huntington Drive to the Arcadia Music Mart and a more serious mission. I might buy reeds for my clarinet and saxophone, or pick up a 45 rpm record of my latest all-time favorite song. But again today, I am just a “lookie-loo,” maybe admiring a shiny brass cornet or checking out sheet music for the exact words of the Everly Brothers’ “Bird Dog.”



Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"

Arcadia Music Mart, 21 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, 1960.

Well, by now the cheese sandwich has worn off, so over we go to Leo’s Penny Burger where fifteen cents gets you the namesake or, for twenty-five cents, a full-sized burger.

But all good things must come to an end. Homeward bound back up First Avenue. The last major stop is at the non-descript joint just west on Colorado Boulevard, where thirty cents gets you a good-sized chocolate malt. Then across the street to the liquor store on the northwest corner. Drop a dime and get five Tecola Sticks so I can leave a telltale trail of melted wax all the way home.

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Credit: Arcadia Police Department

Arcadia parking enforcement officer marking tires along East Huntington Drive, Arcadia, circa 1954.

Yes, I have only good memories of growing up in Arcadia. I must say it was a simpler era; a time when a twelve-year old could, for a buck and change, spend an entire day doing nothing but, thankfully, being a twelve-year-old.

***Earl Albert** lived in Arcadia for the first twenty years of his life, attending Arcadia public schools and graduating from Arcadia High School in 1963. For the last thirty-three years, he has lived in Temple City, but within the Arcadia Unified School District boundaries.*

MY LIFE AND TIMES AT HINSHAW'S

by Pat Fortner Kinnan

For what it's worth, I would like to note some of my experiences working at Hinshaw's department store in Arcadia. I also worked at the Whittier store. I was hired as a sales clerk in 1953 at ninety-eight cents an hour (twice what I was making as a babysitter), working Monday and Friday nights from 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. and all day Saturday from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. During subsequent summers, I worked full-time, six days a week. I worked in infants' and children's wear and, on occasion, women's sportswear. At the time, I recall that Ship 'n Shore blouses sold for \$1.98.

I continued to work part-time until 1956 while attending Pasadena City College, living at home with my parents in Arcadia on Santa Anita Avenue. Following graduation, I was at a loss to decide what to do next. I received a call from Shirley Greiss who was head of advertising for Hinshaw's. She was looking for someone to draw artwork to accompany the copy for ads in the *Hub Shopper* and *Arcadia Tribune* newspapers for housewares, toys, garden supplies, notions, toilet seats, and other items. A professional artist drew all the fashions. I was offered \$50 per week and jumped at the chance to make real money! At nineteen years of age, that was real money to me.

I worked for the next three years, gaining a lot of experience working with Ms. Greiss, the copy writers, and many of the wonderful store employees at both



Hinshaw's advertisement in "Arcadia Tribune," 1958.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

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locations. It was truly a family business. We all knew everyone and it was a wonderful place in which to work. However, I wanted very much to complete my college education, so I reluctantly resigned my position and enrolled at Cal State LA and subsequently graduate school at USC. My career change led me into elementary education and I served as a teacher and principal for forty-four years in the Temple City, Los Angeles, and Redondo Beach unified school districts, retiring in 2007.

The opportunities provided by my years at Hinshaw's gave me direction and the confidence to move into a career of life-long learning and service to school children, many of whom lived in inner-city neighborhoods. By coincidence, in 1990, I hired a brand new teacher and later learned that her father, who had been the head of personnel at Hinshaw's, had hired me as a brand new sales clerk almost forty years earlier.

Ezra B. Hinshaw established a very professional and friendly atmosphere for the customers and the employees. He invoked high standards with his background as a Quaker, having worked as a janitor at his high school and serving in World War I in a non-combatant position. He was truly a self-made man and opened the doors for so many of his employees.

Sadly, the Santa Anita mall brought on the demise of the Arcadia store in 1991. The Whittier store closed thereafter. For thirty-eight years, both stores served their respective communities so very well. It was truly a delight to be a Hinshaw's employee for six years.

My world of work really began at Hinshaw's. It gave me a true sense of purpose for which I will always be grateful.

Pat Fortner Kinnan lived in Arcadia from 1949 to 1968. She attended Holly Avenue Elementary School, First Avenue Junior High School, and Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School. She was one lucky teen to be hired as a sales clerk when Hinshaw's opened in 1953. She is a retired educator and lives in Manhattan Beach.

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES OF A CHUBBY ESCAPE ARTIST

by Dr. Steven M. Gorelick

Before Disneyland, before the San Bernardino Freeway, and even before “Sheriff John” Rovick first put another candle on anyone’s birthday cake, my absolute biggest thrill—the biggest treat my mom could offer my sister and me—was an outing to Arcadia.

Arcadia?



Credit: Doug Hayes Collection

“Sheriff John” Rovick and Arcadia police officers gather at the corner of Huntington Drive and Baldwin Avenue for the start of the 1957 “Back to School Parade.”

By 1954, when I was three years old, we had joined the multitudes making the pilgrimage from the outskirts of downtown Los Angeles to one of the tract houses in the great San Gabriel Valley. We chose West Covina, where most of the orange groves were already gone, but from the window of the bedroom I shared with my sister, I could see one pristine orange tree that had survived in our next-door neighbor’s yard. It still produced fruit and—because the fences that would later separate each house did not yet exist—I could time Mr. Racicot’s departure for work by the sound of his car engine, run out into the cool morning air, grab an orange, and sneak past our smoking incinerator back into the house.

The orange may have been sweet and juicy, maybe not. I never found out because I would never eat it. It was the larceny and not the nutrition I was after. Besides, this was when being modern meant having absolute faith that there was nothing from a tree or from the ground that couldn’t be improved by processing, freezing, or reconstituting.

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So after a few days of staring at the orange until it began to shrivel, I would run back outside on the other side of the house and heave it into the backyard of the Los Angeles County deputy sheriff who lived several doors down.

I was, you see, an escape artist. A seeker of excitement. A wanderer.

I visited neighbors, knocked on doors, conversed with strangers, and regularly ventured across the street to my friend Ricky's backyard, where a quick climb up the greatest climbing tree ever provided an almost unobstructed view of the San Gabriel Mountains. Those mountains, we imagined, were where the real adventures took place, mountains with peaks occasionally capped with snow that we never actually ever touched or saw up close.

This was our first rule: Wherever we actually were could never be as exciting as anyplace we could go. So we looked. We explored. We collected. We sought out the forbidden, looking for nooks and crannies in which we could dig out all of the "stuff" that was supposed to be lodged in nooks and crannies. Stuff was what we lived for; stuff that needed to be found, bragged on, collected, and then re-hidden in other nooks and crannies.

All of which drove my twenty-three-year-old mom absolutely out of her mind.

One moment Steven was here. Then he was there. Sometimes he was a long way from here and hiding way over there. I may have imagined myself an aspiring Tom Sawyer, but Mom was the beleaguered parent of an escape artist, spending much of her young adulthood yelling out my name and demanding that I get down from some tree or crawl out of a ditch.

Which led to our second rule: Anything you could do above ground or below ground that got you dirty automatically trumped any clean activity at ground level. Unfortunately, this was another challenge for my mom. Five years before, she had watched Stan Chambers live on KTLA reporting the unsuccessful effort to pull little Kathy Fiscus out of a deep hole in San Marino, and on almost any day before I began kindergarten, I gave her every reason to fear that I would be the next one at the bottom of a hole.

This was a desperate woman who needed a tactic that would provide some momentary peace of mind—a way to reign in the escape artist, an adventure that would so awe and exhaust him that he would actually want to sit still.

And she found it. Arcadia. All because of my waistline.

Despite all my running around, I was quite the chunky little specimen. And at some point, finding pants that fit required—may this word be forever stricken from the English language—visiting the "husky" section of a department store. Husky sections were where you sat in a fitting room as your mom brought you progressively larger pairs of pants until one finally fit. I don't remember exactly how the sizes worked, but to this day the number 14 gives me the willies. The only comfort in the number 14 was that it wasn't—heaven forbid—16.

Which is what led to the Arcadia solution. If I promised to behave, she would

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load my sister and me into our blue Chevy and take us to a mysterious place with big streets, big stores, and big hamburgers. She left out the part about the big pants. I bit. The escape artist was ready for adventure.

I still remember the route we took the first day.

Heading north on Irwindale Avenue, we reached the corner of Badillo Street and San Bernardino Road, where the neatly manicured houses were suddenly replaced by acres of farmland. On both sides of Irwindale Avenue, I could see farm workers, heads covered with strange hats, picking lemons. They were only slightly hidden behind a bunch of eucalyptus trees, and Mom slowed the car to point out the Quonset huts where they lived. Something in the way her eyes briefly drooped suggested that this was a place of sadness, but she drove on without any further explanation.

Then, Irwindale Avenue ran smack dab into the first real highway I had ever seen. There was something majestic about Arrow Highway. It seemed like a road really going somewhere. Of course, I had no idea that we were now driving west on the last stretch of what was originally the Arrowhead Trail, an all-weather highway from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles built early in the twentieth century. To our right, we saw more farmland, and avocados were everywhere. Years later I learned that one of those avocado farms was owned by the Shepard family, whose ten-year-old son Sam would become one of the great playwrights of late twentieth century America.

Our excitement was building. Turning right on South Baldwin Avenue, we headed north to where it met West Duarte Road. We could tell it was a big city,



Hinshaw's department store under construction, Arcadia, 1952.

Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

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because now people weren't meandering. Kids weren't climbing up trees or exploring ditches. Everyone walked with a sense of purpose, looking important, thinking important things, and heading with some urgency to a brand new building on the southwest corner of Baldwin Avenue and Duarte Road.

Hinshaw's.

This would be the perfect place to remember just how exciting, how magical, a department store could be in 1953. But this is where I lose the scent. I do see men wearing hats and women in frilly dresses. But, aside from an enormous and gloriously greasy hamburger I am sure I devoured later that day at Carpenter's Santa Anita drive-in restaurant, the last thing I recall is my mom bringing me to the husky section of the boy's department and having me wait in a dressing room while she brought me progressively larger sizes.

This wasn't the end of our periodic adventures down Arrow Highway. Arcadia remained my destination of choice for the next four years, even after I learned that if Mom drove just a little farther west we could reach Pasadena, a destination with people who seemed even more important. But Arcadia also became the place where the escape artist, the adventurer, became just another chubby kid whose mom seemed to always bring him pants that were one size too small.

1957.

By now, Disneyland had opened and Sheriff John had put many candles on many birthday cakes. And because anything new was now automatically assumed to be more interesting than anything old, the year's high point was the opening of Eastland Shopping Center, crowned with an enormous, modern multi-colored sign that can still be seen from the San Bernardino Freeway. One store with a husky department was replaced by several. The joy of a fresh cooked, greasy burger on a grill was replaced by places like Clifton's Cafeteria, industrial-style franchises serving overcooked food with just enough razzmatazz to distract you from the meager portions and military-style service. Arcadia, with its old-style department stores and shoe-store x-ray machines, became one more thing we could jettison as we rushed headlong into modernity.

And if we didn't notice what we had lost, if we quickly forgot about the authenticity of a place like Arcadia, if once verdant farmland was slowly swallowed up by yet more tracts of identical homes and even bigger department stores, we hardly looked back.

Steven M. Gorelick, Ph.D., formerly the vice president of the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, is a professor at Hunter College, CUNY. He has a Ph.D. in sociology and criminology and studies and consults in the area of sudden acts of mass violence. He has missed—really, really missed—the San Gabriel Valley and would have preferred to have been in Arcadia during any of the thirty-nine winters he has lived in New York.

THINGS THAT WE LOVED THAT ARE NOW GONE

by Meredith Babeaux Brucker

It is fun to remember the good old days, especially if you were lucky enough to spend those good old days in Arcadia. Like many others, I have fond memories of the stores, restaurants, and special attractions that I visited or drove past every day in Arcadia during the '40s, '50s, '60s, and even more recent decades. These places were a part of the fabric of my daily life, and I clearly remember special moments at each of them.

I think back to a day when I needed a new pair of shoes. Of course, first off I would go to my mother's beloved Hinshaw's, which had not only a great shoe section, but also a hat section and a fur section. And my little sister used to take Cora Montgomery's "Cymballet" classes in the basement of Hinshaw's as well. Then there was a big May Company store located where the Von's corporate offices now sit. And at the mall, there was Robinsons, but also the Southern California favorite—Buffums—with its lunch room staffed by friendly waitresses "of a certain age."



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Nash's department store, northwest corner of Naomi Drive and Baldwin Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1960s.

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There were many other shopping choices. Ruth Gilb had a very exclusive little dress shop on Santa Anita Avenue, and there was another shop for elegant clothes in nearby Sierra Madre, remember Wessels? McBratney's in Monrovia had a wide variety of merchandise. Other shopping choices in Arcadia were Nash's and JC Penney on Baldwin Avenue, and Quigley's where I had my first paid employment as a Christmas vacation salesgirl.

For food shopping, there were many choices that are here no more: El Rancho, The Pantry, Shopping Bag, Market Basket, and Kenny's on Baldwin Avenue. For luscious baked goods there was Federico's also on Baldwin Avenue. And, of course, where did we go for fresh corn that tasted like none other? Carl's Sweet Corn road-side stand, naturally.



Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

Shopping at El Rancho Market, northwest corner of Huntington Drive and Sunset Boulevard, Arcadia, 1961.

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If you wanted home delivery, these vendors came down our street almost daily: the Good Humor man, the Helms man with his bread truck (if we remembered to put the big “H” sign in our window), and the “vegetable man.” Milk was left in a special compartment by our back door by the milkmen from Adohr, Supreme Dairy, Golden State, Arden Creamery, or Mountain View Dairy.

Other local stores served other needs. Arcadia Music Mart on Huntington Drive and Waltrip’s on Baldwin Avenue sold musical instruments and offered music lessons, the huge Arcadia Lumber Company served all of the San Gabriel Valley, and for children’s shoes we went to Newsom’s Bootery on Baldwin Avenue with a machine that took an X-ray of our feet. There were Ericsson’s Pharmacy, Colonial Pharmacy, Stu Henderson’s King Pharmacy, Marsh El Rancho Pharmacy, and Barron’s Emporium Drug Store. Harding’s Gardenland was on Live Oak Avenue and Better Gardens was on Huntington Drive. Children loved Jack the Toy Man and Shugert’s House of Toys for bikes, trikes, and toys. On First Avenue you could find Indian goods at White Eyes, and on Huntington Drive you could buy men’s clothing at Roy Long’s, women’s fashions at Mr. Albert, or kids’ clothes at Tots and Teens. Just recently we lost a favorite store of mine, the Pottery Barn in Monrovia . . . now that corner features fast food.

And where did we do our banking? Maybe Home Savings and Loan, Crocker Bank, First Interstate, or Security Pacific. All gone now, swallowed up and replaced by e-trading and other so-called online banking.

There were many choices of places to dine. Right near my house was my family’s favorite, Eaton’s, with its huge “EAT AT EATON’S” sign. You could be served in your car at their drive-in, at the counter in the coffee shop, or in the beautiful dining room decorated with oil paintings of famous racehorses. And next door they ran a beautiful motel with cottages around a swimming pool.

Our other favorite eatery was Carpenter’s (later known as Henry’s) where you could get “Chicken-in-the-Rough.” My mom used to call them and they would deliver the dinners . . . I can still taste the biscuits and honey, skinny fries, and fried chicken better than any I’ve ever had since.

Later, I came to love Chez Sateau, named for its masterful chef. Or there was The Great Scot in its beautiful building on Santa Anita Avenue. And do you remember The Plantation, Nobu, Moon Palace, The Trails, Barron’s restaurant downstairs, The Embers, Spires, Seafood Tavern, Cheyenne Supper Club, Magic Pan at the mall for crepes, Clown Town, or Talk o’ the Town? And in nearby Monrovia, the lovely La Parisienne and The Big Yellow House where every table got a chocolate cake. Also nearby was a favorite hangout, Woody and Eddy’s.

The A & W Root Beer drive-in at First Avenue and El Dorado Street was a teen favorite. Van de Camps featured a big spinning windmill and Bob’s Big Boy

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The Great Scot Restaurant, 100 N. Santa Anita Avenue, Arcadia, 1975.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The Pines Coffee Shop, southwest corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1937.

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was where Coco's is now on Baldwin Avenue. Other older food haunts people have mentioned to me include The Pines Coffee Shop on Huntington Drive at First Avenue, Merget's Malt Shop, Topper's, Walker's Bar-B-Q, Herbert's Cafe, Bob's Beef Burger, and Leo's Penny Burger.

And there were lots of special places to go in Arcadia. Best of all was the W. Parker Lyons Pony Express Museum where all of us learned about the Old West as we posed atop the stagecoach or wandered through the dusty collection of guns and Indian baskets. Right across the street was the Santa Anita Theater where



Owner Bob Merget and Torval Yates, Merget's Malt Shop, 111 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, 1935.

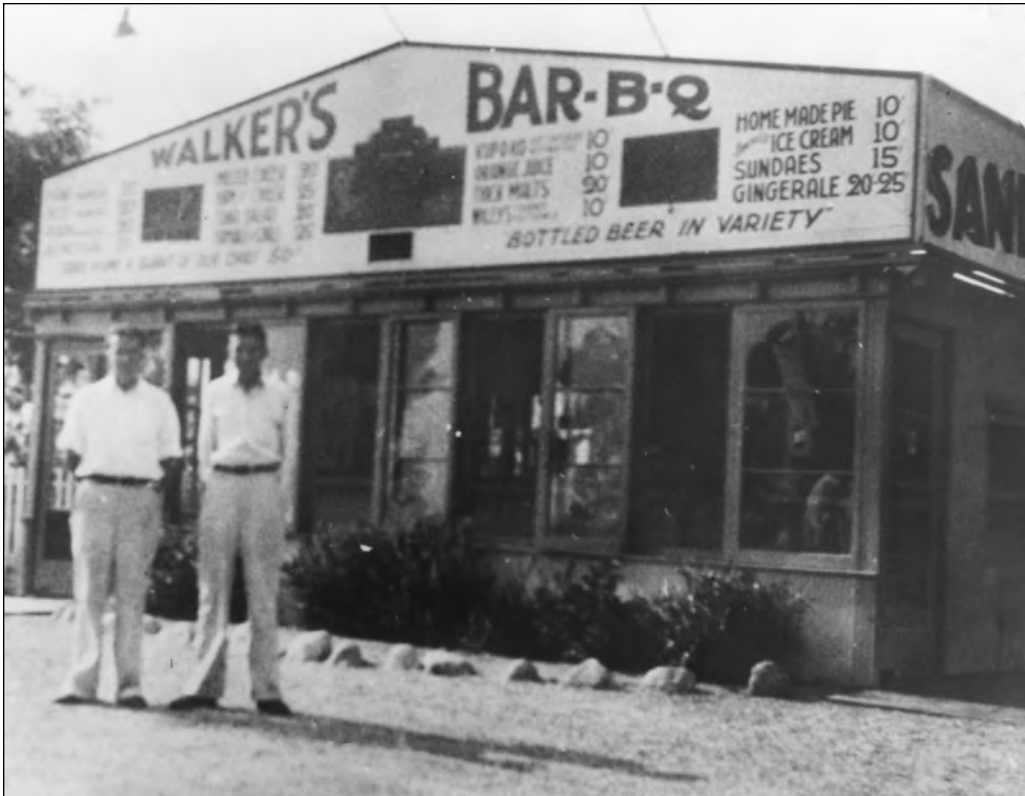
Credit: Arcadia Public Library



Topper's Drive-In, northwest corner of Baldwin Avenue and Huntington Drive, Arcadia, circa 1942.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Owners James N. Walker and Robert L. Walker, Walker's Bar-B-Q, 63 W. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, circa 1932.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Herbert's Cafe, Alice Street and Santa Anita Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1950.

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I attended many a Saturday matinee. Or, for date nights, there was the Edwards drive-in movie at Live Oak Avenue and Myrtle Avenue, a drive to Chantry Flat to see “the view,” the bowling alley at Live Oak Avenue and El Monte Street or, in nearby East Pasadena, the Moonlight Roller Rink.

We could board the Red Car and ride all the way from Arcadia into downtown LA for shopping. There were pony rides on Huntington Drive, where the Rusnak showroom now resides, or riding lessons at Miss Lesley Proud’s stable on Baldwin Avenue across from the race track. Down the center of Double Drive a constant stream of horses and riders traveled. And the horses and men of the Arcadia Mounted Police were stationed on Live Oak Avenue.

Santa Anita Park holds two special memories not related to actual horse racing. Of course, the vast parking lot was where we all learned to drive. And, during the racing season, I loved the bold black and white sticker on the windshield of our car that said AR (for “Arcadia Resident”). When a traffic cop spotted it, he would wave us right through a busy Huntington Drive intersection . . . at least that was the theory.

I don’t miss the backyard incinerators, nor the smell from the chicken and rabbit farms in the Baldwin Stocker area. But many of us will miss the Rose Parade float contests and our own Arcadia queens and their court. And I do miss the Arcadia Tribune and Catherine Mundy, who would print any family news my mother gave her. Do you remember what EL-gin, AT-water, DO-uglas, and HI-llcrest were and miss them? And the beautiful grounds and buildings of Anoakia are gone forever, but I hope are not forgotten.

There is a lesson to be learned here, as we remember some of our favorite haunts in Arcadia that are now long gone. And that is that we’d better support the beloved places and things we have now that are somewhat in jeopardy, so that they will still be here in the future:

- Santa Anita Park is the number one asset in Arcadia, but are we locals supporting it by attending races regularly and talking it up to community newcomers? The loss of the race track would leave a big hole right in the heart of this city.



Etched window with peacock motif at Anoakia, 1977.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

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- Peacocks . . . you gotta love 'em. After all, they are featured on our city seal. We have to learn to live with them and keep them happy.
- We love The Derby restaurant and we ought to go there often so it stays in business. And Rod's Grill may be a bit quirky, but it is old and we would miss it if it were gone.
- The Arcadia Woman's Club is housed in a historic old building on First Avenue where I had my eighth grade dancing lessons. You should rent it out for your weddings, parties, or meetings . . . and join the club if you aren't a member and enjoy its great monthly luncheons. And who wants to lose the Elks Club building on Huntington Drive, across from Arcadia County Park?



William O. Petersen, co-owner of The Derby restaurant, circa 1938.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

- We need to make sure we keep lawn bowling at the Arcadia County Park too.
- And we must take special care of our beautiful local public library. Buy a book from the “Friends” bookstore there, which recently donated \$30,000 in profits for children’s events at the library. Tutor the English conversation students. Take a computer class or join a book group. What with volunteers harder to come by, and e-books becoming so popular, we must make sure our library remains the strong intellectual center of our great city.

Meredith Babeaux Brucker is a graduate of Stanford University and a longtime Arcadia resident. She worked for many years at CBS on “Playhouse 90” and “The Verdict Is Yours,” and at MGM as associate producer for the documentary department. She was the producer of “Newsmakers” on KCBS and, as a freelance writer, published book reviews in the “Los Angeles Times” and op/ed pieces in several newspapers. Later she was the author of nine novels and one children’s book, and taught “Writing for Publication” at PCC and for the UCLA Writers’ Program. She also headed the PCC Writers’ Forum. She served two terms on the Arcadia Public Library Board of Trustees.

MY PERSONAL TOP TEN LONG-GONE ARCADIA EATERIES FROM THE 1960s

by Marc Sola

The decade of the 1960s was a mixed bag of political turmoil, social revolution, and classic rock and roll (my personal favorite year being 1965). However, for an Arcadia adolescent trying to navigate the personal perils of junior high and high school, it was simply an innocent time to explore the seemingly vast expanses of Arcadia. There were games to play, girls to meet, 45s to buy, and . . . culinary delights to savor. The opportunities were abundant for a kid my age, limited only by my mode of transportation (by foot or Schwinn Varsity bike) and financial position (weekly allowance of \$1.00).

Arcadia still boasts some pretty special places to eat; ranging from the classic The Derby Restaurant to the internationally famous Din Ti Fung Dumpling House, from an old favorite like Moffett's Family Restaurant and Chicken Pie Shop to a new favorite like Zelo Pizzeria. There are also plenty of chain restaurants, mom-and-pop cafes, new concepts, and old standards to satisfy every palate.

But the 1960s had an eclectic collection of wonderful places to find food and drink that are now long-gone . . . and I miss them. Here is my top ten list:

10. Vickery's Country Market (800 S. Santa Anita Avenue at Campus Drive)

- Vickery's was a cash and carry market that sold meat, fresh produce, and canned goods. It also had those horizontal refrigerated chests in which soda pop bottles rested upright in cold water. You put in a dime and then slid the selected bottle through a maze to remove it from the machine. The hard work was worth it . . . a refreshing ice-cold Nehi Orange or Bubble-Up emerged to quench your thirst.

9. Darr Liquor (210 E. Duarte Road) - The tenuous relationship that always existed between local teenagers and liquor stores will be left for another essay. But, from a culinary perspective, this liquor store was the front for a small meat market in the rear. It was run by a guy we called "Jim the Beef Dip Man," and he made the best hot beef dip sandwiches. And, being made in a liquor store, the sandwiches could also be nicely paired with a fine Butterfinger or Abba-Zaba candy bar.

8. Chow-To-Go (16 W. Live Oak Avenue) - It's hard to believe, but at one time Arcadia had only two Chinese restaurants. Now there are probably over 30 restaurants in Arcadia that serve many different varieties of Chinese cuisine. In the 1960s, however, I recall only Moon Palace on Huntington Drive and Chow-To-Go on Live Oak Avenue. Chow-To-Go was strictly takeout and, shall we say, strictly western in its appeal. Egg foo yung, chop suey, and

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fried wontons dominated the menu and were taken home in classic red and white take-out boxes.

7. **Bob's Beef Burger (218 E. Huntington Drive at Second Avenue)** - Unlike Chinese food, there were plenty of opportunities to eat a hamburger in Arcadia in the 1960s. Long-gone Leo's Penny Burger, Bob's Big Boy, Pie King, Snack-O-Rama, and Eat-at-Eaton's come to mind. But the best, at least on my budget, was Bob's Beef Burger. Close your eyes and think In-N-Out Burger . . . that was Bob's Beef Burger. In fact, the local suburban legend was that Bob and the In-N-Out guy were partners in the Arcadia drive-through, but they had an argument. Bob stayed in Arcadia, the In-N-Out guy went elsewhere, . . . and the rest is history. Anyway, at Bob's Beef Burger in 1969, the hamburgers



Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"



Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"

The suburban legend: In-N-Out Burger (1953) becomes Bob's Beef Burger (1965), 218 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia.

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were 40¢, “double burgers” were 60¢, fries were 25¢, and malts were 35¢.

6. **Santa Anita Theatre (135 Colorado Place)** - Although technically not an eatery, this movie house (which changed its name to Cinemaland Theatre in the late 1960s) served some of the best popcorn in the area. I remember seeing *Goldfinger*, *The Blue Max*, and *Bullitt* there . . . and eating lots of hot buttered popcorn.
5. **Pellegrino’s Fine Italian Food (59 E. Huntington Drive)** - The original location of this restaurant was just west of the Thrifty Drug Store at the northwest corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue. It was small and funky, with fake ivy and wine bottles hanging overhead, and a big front window where you could see the pizza dough being tossed in the air. As soon as a piping hot pizza pie was delivered to our table, we would start grabbing slices, burning the roofs of our mouths as we shoved the slices in, for fear of not getting a fair share. A pepperoni, sausage, and bacon combination pizza was my favorite. The restaurant subsequently moved down First Avenue to larger quarters, and was never the same.
4. **A&W Root Beer (422 S. First Avenue)** - How can you beat a drive-in with car hop trays? After football or baseball practice, a quart cone of root beer or orange drink could cure all ills. My favorite was the root beer freeze in a frosty glass mug.
3. **Foster’s Freeze (102 E. Live Oak Avenue)** - There will always be a battle in Arcadia over the best Mexican food take-out restaurant. Taco Lita and Taco Treat, both still in existence, have their loyal followers and signature orders. What tipped the scale for me in the 1960s was that Taco Treat was situated across the street from Foster’s Freeze, our town’s best purveyor of soft serve ice cream. Combine a chocolate-dipped cone or extra malted malt with a deep fried bean and cheese burrito, and you had a real meal.
2. **Ritt’s Ice Cream Festival (11 W. Duarte Road)** - This little-known and short-lived haven was located across the street from the Arcadia Public Library and around the corner from Bud Lyndon Swim School. After a hard day at Arcadia High, I often had the choice of going to the library to study or going to Ritt’s. I always chose the banana split.
1. **Ballard’s Meats (48 E. Live Oak Avenue)** - Ballard’s sold all cuts of fresh meat, displayed in large glass counters, and made all kinds of deli sandwiches. But the meatloaf sandwiches were by far the most memorable. Thickly sliced meatloaf was served in a Foix French roll dipped in juice or slathered with barbecue sauce. The rolls were always stored in paper, not plastic, bags to keep the crust crunchy. What made the meatloaf so delicious? I don’t know. It was reportedly a secret recipe that Ballard’s European cooks and butchers

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brought from the old country. No one knew exactly what went into the mix, but even after over forty years, I still can recall the best meatloaf sandwich ever made.

Marc Sola moved to Arcadia in 1961. He attended Santa Anita Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1969). He wore number 12 as a member of Arcadia Floor Covering, an Arcadia National Little League major league team, and was a "Penny Roller" in the Senior Production at Arcadia High. He now lives in Belmont, California and still craves a Ballard's meatloaf sandwich.

IMPACT AND INSPIRATION: AN APPRECIATION OF THE ARCADIA RECREATION DEPARTMENT

by Mary Noble

A reflection of my childhood inspires awe by the embarrassment of riches those days held. Until I left for UCSB in September of 1969, I lived no place other than my South Third Avenue home, creating a treasure trove of memories of happy, mostly carefree days of growing up in Arcadia. There are the very early memories of creating forts and trails in the head-high wild mustard weeds that blanketed the empty lots by the house, of picking a treasure from the five-and-dime store on Live Oak Avenue, and of sneaking into Mr. Scott's chicken ranch for no good reason other than we were not allowed to do so. Yes, Arcadia was home to many empty fields, a real five-and-dime, and even chicken ranches in the 1950s.

There are a multitude of memories from school days: of classmates and Valentine cards that I wish I had saved, for Gary Kovacic's would have been among



Credit: Gary Kovacic

Mary Noble (upper left) and classmates make Valentine cards in Mrs. Rutherford's fifth grade class at Santa Anita Elementary School, 1962.

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them (Thank you, Gary), of dances and plays, and, of course, of the many teachers who touched my life, first at Santa Anita Elementary School, then Dana Junior High School, and finally Arcadia High School. Within the many layers of these years lie many stories, each begging for a telling. There is, however, another Arcadia institution besides the school system that shaped much of my life while also tying together my elementary years with my high school and early college years, and even proved to influence my thirty-year career in education. The Arcadia Recreation Department provided a home-away-from-home for many hours of many days, for many years of my youth.

Though I have long forgotten what first propelled me to spend a summer's day at Santa Anita's recreation program, I know that I fell in love with whom and what I discovered there. It was the summer between third and fourth grades, I was a couple of months shy of turning nine, and after that first day, I couldn't wait to hop on my bike each morning and race the mile to the playground where the wonders of summer awaited: ping pong and caroms, checkers and chess, crafts and homemade ice cream, softball and summer track. Those summer days at Santa Anita were simply packed.

I grew up longing to be a boy. They had sports. I grew up with boys on either side of me in the pecking order of seven siblings, on a street full of boys our age, and I could throw a football and hit a baseball as well as, and sometimes better than, most of them. I wept at reruns of *Jim Thorpe, All-American* and *Pride of the Yankees* while fantasizing about athletic achievements. Had there been a feature film about the life of Babe Didrikson Zaharias, I may have viewed my circumstances differently, but I simply wanted to be a boy.

It would be more than a decade before Title IX would radically change the face of athletics for half the nation's population, but in the early 1960s, the Arcadia Recreation Department provided at least some outlet for us tomboys of the town. While my brothers sported fine uniforms when playing for their Little League teams, while they played with new equipment at lush facilities as proud parents cheered them on, we girls had neither uniforms nor spectators, only a few bats, ragged bases, and a dirt field. But what we lacked in appearances, we more than made up for with heart—lots of heart. Before the world first marveled as the Angels' Jim Abbott snagged a grounder, whipped off his glove and threw a runner out at first, there was Judy, our shortstop, who years earlier had lost a hand to a lawnmower. Before *Sesame Street* brought normality to uniqueness, while television shows portrayed the perfect lives of the Cleavers and perfect towns like Mayberry, Judy taught me that perfection lay in attitude, not appearance. Our captain and our star, her throws to first were nearly always perfect, and she frequently went a perfect four-for-four at the plate. I doubt that any MLB player could have felt any greater elation than we did after a hot summer afternoon's victory.

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Credit: Arcadia Tribune

HUNDREDS OF ARCADIA YOUNGSTERS participated in the first annual Junior Olympics track and field meet Thursday evening at the High School athletic field. Sponsored jointly by the Civitan Club and the Recreation Department, the huge meet was open to fourth, fifth and sixth graders. Teams representing each of the city playgrounds were entered, with a large audience of matching parents on hand to cheer the dedicated young competitors. Pomp and ceremony of the traditional Olympic meeting was

followed, with the banner-crossed athletes parading to center-field positions, the Star Spangled Bannersung, and distinguished guests of the Civitans, the Recreation Commission and the Recreation Department introduced. Procedure for the meet is illustrated by the photos taken by Tribune Photographer Michael Raphael, with the competitors shown in parade, the vigorous competition of the high jump, and the awarding of medals by Mrs. Raphael to the tiered winners.

Mary Noble receives top medal at first annual Junior Olympics track meet sponsored by Arcadia Recreation Department and Civitan Club, 1961.

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While my brothers' collections of dozens of athletic trophies collected dust, I cherished the single one I'd been awarded in my youth. I was girls eleven-and-under San Gabriel Valley ping pong champion, my skills having been honed by the crushing defeats Mike Larkin administered on a regular basis those summer days at Santa Anita (Thank you, Mike). Perhaps it was not quite as glamorous as being awarded MVP of an All-Star Little League team, but it was a trophy, and it had been earned. Because of the end-of-the-summer track meet sponsored by the Arcadia Recreation Department and Civitan Club, I experienced the thrill of standing proud atop the victors' podium. The view from such lofty heights is indeed spectacular. While the boys of the community had a plethora of avenues for testing their athletic prowess, I had the Arcadia Recreation Department; a gift for which I have long been grateful.

The Arcadia Recreation Department shaped not only my childhood, but also profoundly influenced my future. My summer playground days and my weeks as a camper at Camp Buckhorn acquainted me with some stellar young adults—the playground supervisors and camp counselors. Caring, kind, fun, and dynamic, their love of their job and for the young people they worked with profoundly impacted this impressionable young girl. I wanted to be like them. Less than a decade would pass before I had the opportunity to do my best to emulate these role models. During my senior year of high school, I left campus each afternoon and headed to Bonita Park Elementary School where I too enjoyed my “dream job” as playground supervisor.

The summers of 1969, 1970, and 1971 were easily among the best months of my life as I continued working for the Arcadia Recreation Department as playground supervisor and camp counselor/crafts director at various schools, Wilderness Park day camp, and Camp Buckhorn, much of the time under the guidance of the wonderful camp director George Sperry. My days were spent trying to give to the children a piece of the magic that had just a few years earlier been given to me. Evenings brought slow-pitch softball games and other recreational pursuits with my recreation department pals. We weren't just co-workers, we were great friends; a family of sorts whose influence can still be felt in my life. It was because of one of these friendships that I experienced the wonders of the Sierras on my first backpacking trip, which culminated with an ascent of Mt. Whitney by moonlight and a breathtaking view of the sunrise from the top (Thank you, Dan Damon). Those summer days laid important groundwork for my later career.

My days with the Arcadia Recreation Department were truly magical ones. I was yet just a teenager when I realized—no, I *experienced*—that a job could be so much more than merely a paycheck, that it could, in fact, be a passion; its rewards beyond dollars. I am just now completing my thirtieth year as an educator, time enough to have amassed a grand fortune. Those who say teachers are underpaid simply do not understand real wealth.

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Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Arcadia Recreation Department counselors and campers at Camp Buckhorn, Idyllwild, California, 1970.

Without my years with the Arcadia Recreation Department, I never would have cradled a trophy, nor known the thrill of standing victorious on a podium. I would not have experienced the shared joy of young teammates on a dusty diamond on a hot summer's day, nor would I have played alongside the embodiment of courage and determination. Although I likely would still have become a teacher, my experiences with the Arcadia Recreation Department have made me a better one. And without the Arcadia Recreation Department, I most certainly would have missed a spectacular sunrise.

A few years back, I received a delightful email from a young man who had been in my seventh grade class eight years earlier. He was writing from Dartmouth College and was letting me know about the impact I had had in his life. I was caught completely by surprise as he had not been one of the students with whom I had established a particularly strong bond. Or so I thought. At the end of his very touching piece, he wrote:

For this, I wish to finally thank you. I wish to let you know that your job did in fact make a difference, and that you did indeed reach many of us, and inspired us, and our successes are also your successes.

It may be long overdue, but I wish to thank the people and programs of the Arcadia Recreation Department for all the ways they impacted and inspired me.

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My successes are indeed also theirs, and although Arcadia was not a perfect place in the 1950s and 60s—a bit short on diversity and long on smog—through the lenses of my youth, it was, in fact, perfect. It was Mayberry.

Mary Noble attended Santa Anita Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1969). In her thirty-plus years in education, she has taught at every level from kindergarten through high school, and is currently loving her position as the introductory psychology teacher at El Camino High School in Oceanside, California. She has three wonderful adult children and an amazing husband (also of the adult variety). She still has an athlete's heart, still cries when watching reruns of sports flicks, but when it's "A League of Their Own," she's transported back in time to a very special league of her own. She is also happy to at last be old enough to admit to playing golf.

COMING TO ARCADIA
(HAVE GUITAR–WILL TRAVEL)

by Joe Ramsey

By 1966, my folks were visiting Arcadia from Altadena quite a bit. I had been taking guitar lessons at Arcadia Music Mart—a friend of my dad’s, Eddie Wharton, gave lessons there—so every Tuesday the family would trek down to Arcadia, drop me off for my lesson, and then hang out on Huntington Drive for an hour until I was done. Often, they would pass the time having a nice snack at Leo’s Penny Burger, which was next door to the Music Mart. Dad and Mom fell in love with Arcadia. Housing prices were quite a bit higher than they were in Altadena, but we were able to sell our place and buy a nice little three-bedroom bungalow near Santa Anita Elementary School for a whopping \$17,000. Dad told me years later that he had looked in the Oaks, but those houses were too expensive, starting at around \$40,000. Big bucks for those days! I remember the moving process. It was fun and exciting. We all loved the idea and knew it was



**ARCADIA
MUSIC MART**

Downtown Arcadia 21 E. HUNTINGTON DR. 446-3111	West Arcadia in Barron's 1271 S. BALDWIN AVE. 446-2118
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Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"

Advertisement for Arcadia Music Mart, 1966.

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the perfect time to go. I met friends the very first day I arrived in Arcadia. Lots of young people on the street . . . playing ball, hanging out. It was great.

We were right in the middle of the school year and it was understood that as soon as we got comfortable with our new digs, I would start at the local school. I would get on my Schwinn Stingray (five-speed/banana seat/electric green) and just ride all day. My Altadena next door neighbor and best pal, Bill Douglas, had moved to Arcadia a year earlier and lived on Longden Avenue. I knew where he lived was pretty close to our new house, so I tried to find his place. Searching for Bill's house, I ended up on Live Oak Avenue where I discovered many Arcadian delights: the slot car race track, the combination record shop/aquarium next door to Ballard's meat market where they sold delicious barbecue chicken wings for a quarter, the miniature golf course (full of pin ball, bowling, and baseball machines), and, last stop, Thrifty's Drug Store to score a triple-decker ice cream cone (15¢!) for the long ride home.

Finally, I would pull up to the back of Santa Anita Elementary School at the playground off First Avenue. I would just watch the kids and try to work up my courage to make my grand entrance. It was funny . . . I distinctly remember how different they looked from where I came from. Lots of paisley shirts, velvet belts, corduroy pants, and desert boots . . . and you should have seen the boys (just kidding!). I was a jeans and t-shirt guy. I knew I would have to work on that. So, I would ride and ride my bike . . . all day, all over Arcadia.

My mom would ask me, "Are you ready to start school yet?"

"Nope."

That was OK with her. God bless my mother; she always trusted and respected me. It put more pressure on me than any kind of yelling or punishment because I never wanted to let her down.

Finally, on Friday the 13th in May 1966, I decided it was time. "Children, I want to introduce you to our new student, Joe Ramsey." I sat between Scott Reynoso and Karen Sandbom. Both greeted me very warmly . . . I have never forgotten that. Karen was whispering things to me that I couldn't quite make out. She was very pretty so, naturally, she made me nervous . . . and I didn't want to look like a dope, so I would just nod and say "uh huh, uh huh." Ha, ha . . . who knew what I was agreeing to?

The first time on the Santa Anita playground, I met several kids who would become lifelong friends: Ron Johnson, Craig Miller, Charlie Maselli, and Rick Brandley. Word had circled that I was so tall I could dunk a basketball. Well, that was WRONG. And, I think they were a bit disappointed . . . but were still very nice.

Although I had come from a poorer city, our school in Altadena had very modern fixtures and equipment. Santa Anita Elementary School, on the other hand, had desks that looked like they came from the 1940s. I sat in an old chair

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attached to a desk with a wooden flip-top complete with ink well. It was weird for me . . . but I loved it. I always liked old, “antique-y” things and Santa Anita was full of them. I can even remember that the topic of study at the time was “parts of speech.” Although I had been in an advanced class in Altadena, I was way behind in Arcadia. So, I had to catch up . . . quickly. But because I came in right in the middle of the parts of speech lessons, I developed a mental block against them. To this day, I struggle to figure out what is a noun, a verb, and an adjective. Mental block! See the weird stuff that affects children . . . for the rest of their lives?

Joe Ramsey moved to Arcadia in 1966 and attended Santa Anita Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1974). He is a musician and published songwriter with music in several television and movie projects including the 1986 Michael Mann motion picture “Manhunter.” He was also the creator/guitarist/producer of the world famous novelty band, Dread Zeppelin. He owns Birdcage Records, an independent record label, and has released vinyl and CDs by Stan Ridgway, Ron Asheton of Iggy and the Stooges, The Prime Movers, and Dread Zeppelin. He recently opened Resistor Records in Monrovia.

ARCADIA MEMORIES

by Ruth Gilb

It's hard to believe that it was more than fifty years ago that we moved to Arcadia. Coming from small towns in Montana and Idaho, my husband Charles and I felt like we had found paradise in Arcadia. It was exactly the kind of town we were dreaming of.

The 1960s were a fun time for our family. We had three children full of energy. Charles helped coach our son's Little League team. I would take our two girls shopping at Hinshaw's. To get there, we had to take Foothill Boulevard to Double Drive (now Santa Anita Avenue) to get around the railroad tracks. And everyone enjoyed the carhop service at Eaton's! Remember the neon sign that would blink "EAT AT EATON'S?" My oldest daughter still grills her PB&J sandwiches just like they were served there. Swimming lessons each summer at Bud Lyndon's filled our days. And fireworks at the County Park on the Fourth of July brightened the night. And I can't forget the driving lessons as our children turned 16 in the Santa Anita Park racetrack parking lot!

The 1970s brought changes. It was time to give back to the city we loved to call home. Our oldest daughter was off to college, soon to be followed by our son, and our youngest started at Arcadia High School. Charles ran for city council and lost his first time out. I opened my dress shop. Our daughter became an Apache Princess, leading the Arcadia High School band carrying the last "A" in the banner. Charles won his second bid at city council (ultimately serving four four-year terms) and we both became very involved with the city by joining various boards and committees. One exciting (but very early) morning was when we were able to ride on Arcadia's float in the Rose Parade.

Arcadia had become a permanent and significant part of our lives. And it is important that our community, both present and future citizens, know about this wonderful place we call home. The history of our home, our city, soon



Arcadia City Council Member Charles Gilb speaking at groundbreaking for Arcadia Community Center, January 11, 1990.

Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Chapter 1. Our Memories

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Credit: Arcadia Historical Museum.

Promotional brochure for Eaton's Santa Anita Hotel and Restaurant, circa 1960s.

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outgrew the small two-room museum that housed all the past. Neither Charles nor I could think of a better way to honor the city that became our home than to help build a new historical museum. It was the best way to give back to the community that gave us so much; a way to share where we, as a community, have been, and where we are going with our fellow and future Arcadians.

I am proud to call myself an Arcadian. Throughout the years, we have lived here in this paradise, and it has never tarnished. And to know that we played a small part in preserving its wonderful heritage for generations to come brings a smile to my face and a warmth to my heart. To be able to share this vision with all has made my dreams come true.



Ruth Gilb at the Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage, October 2011.

Credit: City of Arcadia

Ruth Gilb has lived in Arcadia since 1959. She has served on numerous boards including the Arcadia Tournament of Roses, Altrusa International, Inc. of Arcadia, Arcadia Methodist Hospital Foundation, and Arcadia Welfare and Thrift. She has served as a commissioner on Arcadia's Sister City Commission and Senior Citizens Commission. Ruth is currently serving on the Arcadia Museum Commission and can be found volunteering weekly at the Arcadia Community Center. Ruth has been named Arcadia's Citizen of the Year twice; once as a sole recipient and once jointly with her husband Charles.

ARCADIA IN THE EIGHTIES

by Teri Weeks

From highlights to lowlights, the decade of the 1980s in Arcadia ran the gamut of emotions. The Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association continued with winning entries in the Rose Parade. Lovely framed photos of these winners are still housed at the Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage and the Arcadia Public Library.

The Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band continued its winning ways by retiring the sweepstakes trophy for the third time at the Long Beach Parade in November of 1983. This was the last band review parade held in Long Beach and was considered the biggest parade west of St. Louis. The marching Apaches were named top band in the state in 1983 and mentioned in an article



Credit: Teri Weeks

Sister city Newcastle, Australia is introduced to the Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band, 1982.

about bands in *Sunset Magazine*. Australia had been the destination of the band in 1982 with the great help of high school principal Dr. Richard Cordano, Charles Gilb, and Reg Mason. Newcastle was Arcadia's Sister City and Australia did not have a marching band at the time. The Apaches taught them how. It wasn't long before the Aussies were here marching in the Rose Parade too!

Sports programs in Arcadia had provided the National Football League and Major League Baseball with a number of players: Bruce and Clay Matthews, Mike Lansford, Mike Saxon, Bruce Bochte, and Todd Worrell to name a few.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology



Credit: Teri Weeks

Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band performing in Newcastle, Australia, 1982.

What fun to attend a ballgame and see a hometown boy doing well!

Also in sports, Santa Anita Park had John Henry, Gata del Sol, Sunny's Halo, and famed jockeys Willie Shoemaker, Chris McCarron, Eddie Delahoussaye ("Eddie D"), and Laffite Pincay. Santa Anita Park also was the venue for many of the equestrian events of the 1984 Olympics. These events happened with the extraordinary help of local volunteers.

People in Arcadia were also scared in the 1980s. Why? Richard Ramirez, the Night Stalker, was here. Extra caution was taken by making sure that doors and windows were locked. He started by killing two women in Monrovia and moved quickly to Arcadia and killed two more women, raped a young girl, and beat another with a tire iron. He moved on to other cities in Southern California and even San Francisco before he was caught.

The new community center and senior citizen facilities also appeared at the corner of Huntington Drive, Holly Avenue, and Campus Drive. The rose garden that was dearly loved by Monsignor Gerald O'Keeffe of Holy Angels Church had to be moved. I mentioned to Charles Gilb that Arcadia High School had an ROP landscape and gardening class and wondered if the students would be interested in relocating the roses. The next thing I knew, Charles told me that the city council gave "the move" its blessing and to "have it done" by a specified date! It happened one Saturday before the deadline. Dr. Gary Cromwell had the students on site to dig in! Carol Libby and I and a few friends rounded out the crew. The majority of the roses were replanted at various locations at Arcadia High School

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to beautify the campus.

Radio buffs will remember Arcadians Wink Martindale (“The Winker”) and Dave Hull (“The Hullabalooer”) on the air! And, who could forget Arcadian Michael Anthony and the Van Halens? Every kid in Arcadia who loved rock and roll music wanted to follow in their footsteps.

Frequently seen at the Arcadia Public Library was James Dobson, founder of Focus on the Family, busy writing his numerous articles in the quiet of a reading room.

Ahh, the '80s . . . with so many memories!

Teri Weeks was born and raised on the Iron Range of northern Minnesota and moved to California as a young adult. She has lived in the San Gabriel Valley for fifty-five years, thirty-four of those years in Arcadia. Her volunteer activities in Arcadia include twenty-six years with the Altrusa Club of Arcadia and many years at various levels with PTA, Scouting, youth baseball, and band booster organizations. She is active at her church, volunteers at Monrovia Canyon Park, and serves on the advisory board of a Pasadena-based non-profit organization.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

by Beth Ellen McGinnis Stogner

I remember many wonderful things about growing up in Arcadia, but more than “things,” I remember how I felt growing up in Arcadia. I felt safe and secure, challenged and championed, fearless and free, enlightened and loved. These feelings shaped my attitudes about life, love, faith, family, and community.

I was born at Arcadia Methodist Hospital in 1960. In 1962, my parents Edward and Lorraine McGinnis moved into what became my lifelong home on Fourth Avenue in Arcadia. Although my early childhood was marred by the untimely death of my mother, my father soon remarried my beloved second mother, Ann, and my brothers, sister, and I thrived in this idyllic hamlet.

To describe fully such a blessed life is impossible in the time and space provided, but I will share some favorite memories - and, I suspect, many of you will smile and remember some of these same things.

I remember . . . elementary school:

- Riding the school bus (even though I only lived two blocks away) - My bus driver's name was Elsie. She remembered all the kids' names and dropped me off right in front of my house.
- Nap time - We napped on plastic mats placed on the classroom floor.
- Art - We could use two colors at a time, but only if we knew what color they would make if we mixed them together.
- Being old enough to walk to school all by myself - And, we could walk home for lunch and then back to school again.
- Block parents - If the sign was in the window, we knew it was safe to stop at that house on our way to or from school if we needed anything.
- School safety monitors (or “Safeties” for short) - They twirled their badges around their fingers on a flat strap and called you out for running in the hallway and being late to class.
- Mr. Tucker, our principal - He had a long wooden paddle with holes in it in his office. My brothers could tell you how it smarted against their backsides, but not me!
- The Maypole - We danced and weaved around the colorfully beribboned pole on May Day.
- Christmas programs and canned food drives - My mom always wrapped the cans in white tissue paper and ribbon.
- Paper drives - We collected newspapers and stacked them by class.
- Quonset huts - In these odd structures by the playground, I attended Brownie and Girl Scout meetings.

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- The school carnival - We rode around the playground on a big red fire engine, with sirens blazing.
- The playground - There were swings and rings and jungle gyms, hopscotch and foursquare, punchball against the backboards, kickball and tetherball. I was the champ!
- Earthquake and fire drills - “Duck, cover, and hold!” “Stop, drop, and roll!”
- Summer recreation - Playing caroms and braiding plastic lanyard into key chains (boondoggles or scoubidou), and making tissue paper flowers.

Do you remember?

I remember . . . junior high school:

- The anchor in the quad - You had to be a ninth grader to sit on the anchor or you were in big trouble!
- Glee club and drill team
- Book lockers in the hallways
- Home economics for girls
- Wood shop for boys
- Mr. Dequer’s history class - A sign in his classroom read “If you cannot remember the past, you are condemned to repeat it.” Hmmm . . . and some did!

Do you remember?

I remember . . . high school:

- School dances - That local band . . . you may have heard of them, Van Halen . . . played at many of the dances.
- Pep rallies, football games, track and swim meets
- SATs and ACTs
- Apache Joe, our mascot
- “Lifeguarding” for P.E. - I dragged my partner (who didn’t float!) from the bottom of the school pool in a practice rescue. I later certified in CPR and as a lifeguard with Los Angeles County, and went on to work as a lifeguard in college at Brigham Young University.
- Attending my first-ever Arcadia City Council meeting for my government class - We visited the new city council chambers. Charles Gilb was the mayor and his daughter, Valerie, was in my class.
- Visiting the Queen Anne Cottage at the Arboretum and Anoakia School for my history class - Anoakia was beautiful and I mourned its loss when it was torn down many years later.

Do you remember?

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I remember . . . the library:

- Getting my first library card in 1965 - I still have it somewhere.
- Checking out as many books as we could - It was six books a week. I had to scramble to find them all at home so I could go back for more.
- Rolling down the hill in the cool green grass on the east side.
- Summer reading programs - The most coveted prize at the end of summer was a bookworm made of pipe cleaners!
- The Dewey decimal system
- Watching old movies during the summer in the auditorium - They used an old reel to reel projector and the air conditioning was heavenly. The only AC we had at home was the kind you got when you opened a window!

Do you remember?

I remember . . . Arcadia County Park:

- Swimming at “The Plunge” - The lessons were in the “little pool,” and then we graduated to the “big pool” as Mom watched from the bleachers. And, there was the distinctive chlorine smell in the locker room where we changed in and out of our swimsuits.
- Playing on the rocket ship - We climbed up the inside ladders and through the “chambers” all the way to the tippy top and then slid down the slide to the ground below.
- Easter egg hunts
- Fourth of July fireworks - Lying on our backs in the soft green grass, we gazed up into the darkened sky at the fireworks display. We felt the “boom” of the mortars and counted the seconds until patterns and colors of blue and green and red and purple and gold and silver burst wide in the sky and crackled their way down through the trees.
- Bubbles overflowing from the fountain - There was always some mischievous teenager who dropped a Salvo tablet into the basin.

Do you remember?

I remember . . .

- Air raid sirens at 10:00 a.m. - Was it Friday mornings?
- Picnics and campfires at Wilderness Park
- Hiking at Chantry Flat
- Hinshaw’s department store on Baldwin Avenue
- The Van de Kamp windmill across from the Arcadia County Park fountain
- Bob’s Beef Burger at Second Avenue and Huntington Drive
- A & W drive-in on First Avenue
- Taco Lita - Need I say more?

Do you remember?

Chapter 1. Our Memories

The sweet memories of my youth have dimmed over the past fifty-some years, and the sights and sounds of my old neighborhood have changed dramatically, but the feelings in my heart live on. New memories grow as I tell my children and grandchildren the stories of my life in Arcadia.

The house where I grew up remains largely unchanged. My father is gone now, but my mother remains the heart of our family in that same home on Fourth Avenue. Occasionally, we gather there, my brothers, sister, and me, and remember together how fortunate we were to call such a wonderful place “home.”

***Beth Ellen McGinnis Stogner** was born and raised in Arcadia, where she attended Camino Grove Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1978). After college and a career in finance, she returned to work at the Arcadia Fire Department in 1990. She currently serves as a fire administrative specialist and public information officer. Beth is married to her husband of twenty-two years, Craig Stogner, a retired Arcadia firefighter. They have five children and four grandchildren.*

GROWING UP IN “CAMELOT”

by Chuck Coulter

How fortunate it was to be brought up in the safe and comfortable confines known as Arcadia, California, particularly on East Norman Avenue during the mid-1950s and 1960s. Ours was a tight-knit neighborhood, where parents had free rein and permission to discipline each other’s kids, take us on trips, and allow us to participate in the numerous sleep-overs on Friday nights and summer evenings. In the gardenia-scented air in the backyards, we would giggle and talk way into the after-midnight hours, knowing that the daily ritual and grind of school were an eternity away. Those “sleep-outs,” as we used to call them, always consisted of midnight strolls through the neighborhood ducking into the shadows of the trees and bushes on moonlit nights at the slightest sound of a dog barking or the flash of headlights from an on-coming car!

Fourth of July was second only to Christmas in popularity. Barbeques and block parties were annual events and the Arcadia County Park fireworks were viewed from atop our roof. For days before the Fourth, we would study the Red Devil fireworks brochure that came in the mail, dreaming of the upcoming day when we were allowed to “play with fire” and create as much sulfur smoke as was humanly possible. Glow worms and snakes came right out of the ground and left their mark on the curb that lasted for years. Firecrackers and cherry bombs were illegal, but we always managed to buy or get them to satisfy that urge to create the “big bang.” We neighbor kids would salivate over “The 49er” box, but always had to settle for “The Junior.” If we begged hard enough, “Old Glory” for \$3.99 and “The Pirate” for \$4.99 were the fireworks boxes of choice. Of course, we had to endure what parents were obligated to say as parents: “You’re just burning your money up in smoke” and “Be careful not to burn yourself.” I tried not to, but always did, as sure as the fireworks brochure coming every year! Often, we made our own concoctions with sulfur, sodium nitrate, and several other chemicals purchased for 35¢ at Jack the Toy Man on Live Oak Avenue. Over the years, along with chemicals, Jack also armed us with numerous weapons such as pea shooters, pop guns, squirt guns, and my favorite: slingshots!

At Camino Grove Elementary School, we danced around the Maypole intertwining streamers and turning that grey dingy pole on the blacktop into a red, white, and green thing of beauty! I always dreamed of being selected as a prince if not king so that I could sit on the throne with my queen and view my loyal subjects dancing before me! Yes, it was just a dream as I was neither popular, talented, nor coordinated!

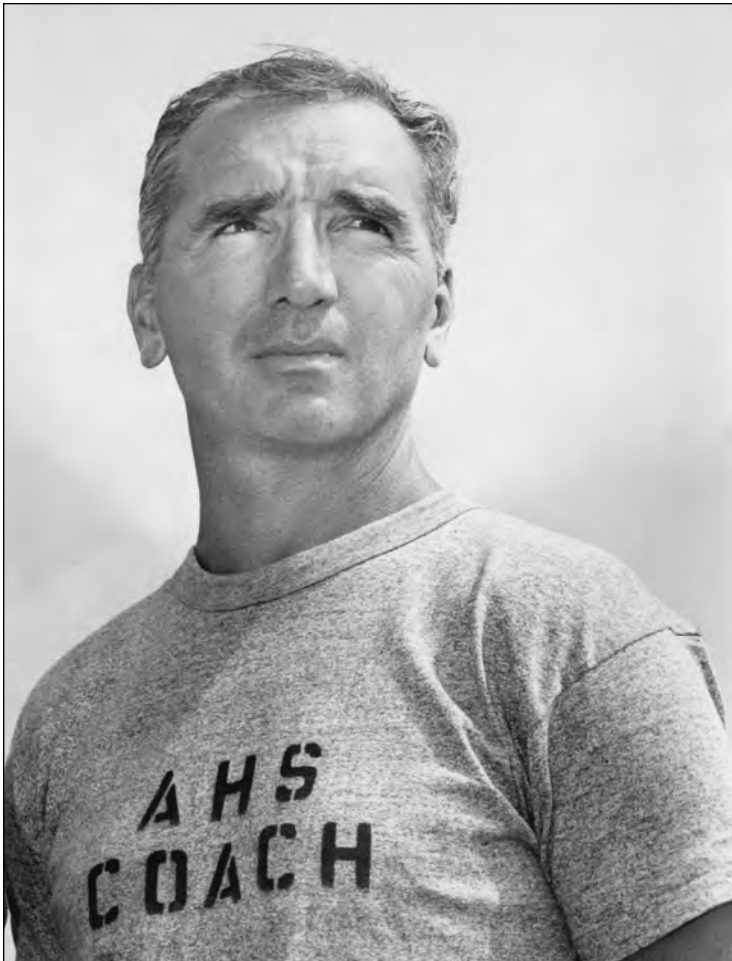
Camino Grove was also home to the annual October carnival where prizes included goldfish, red slider turtles (they usually died after about two weeks), and even cakes as we were exposed to the evils of gambling on the infamous Cake

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Walk. That too died and went away in future harvest celebrations.

The Dana Junior High School years were some of the most challenging, both in self-image as well as academia. But such were the beginnings of strong relationships made with future life-long friends Dan “Weevo” Damon, Scott Luke, and Warren “Eli” Winter. These true patriotic Arcadians would introduce and expose me to new people, peer groups, and activities. Thus began the journey of experiencing new adventures and people who would influence the direction of my life and ingrain wonderful memories and learning experiences.

Off to Arcadia High School, home of the mighty Apaches. Famous Apache alumni included Larry Zeno, Bill Seinsoth, and legendary coach Paul Duhart, all of whom I had heard about as they were etched in local high school lore. As a 10-year-old playing Pop Warner football for the Arcadia Indians, I discovered that I had an unusual knack for kicking (punting) a football. Well, I practiced for hours and hours on end and eventually became the punter for Dana’s “A” football



Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

Arcadia High School head football coach Paul Duhart, circa 1960s.

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team as well as Arcadia High School's varsity. I must admit that my practice kicks were, for the most part, much more spectacular and consistent than a few of my game performances. I was not the most popular football player with Coach Duhart or Coach Baldwin as my consistency was less than perfect! As a result of my "talent" or "non-talent," my good friend Scott Luke began calling me "The Toe" and the nickname has remained with me ever since.

During my sophomore year, Dan Damon introduced me to a church group known as "MYF" (Methodist Youth Fellowship) at Arcadia's Church of the Good Shepherd. Oh, how I did not want to go! But after going on a Thanksgiving trip to Mexico, I was hooked and fell in love with it. Of course there were pretty girls attending too, and that had as much to do with my going as anything else! I met many life-long friends and acquaintances there including Gary Kovacic (future mayor and city council member in Arcadia), Lee Grover, Tim Burks, Dave Dever, Diane Mills, Patrice Carter, Eunice Swedenburg, and others.



Credit: Scott Luke

Chuck Coulter (upper left) and MYF friends acting cool . . . and goofy, 1969.

Chapter 1. Our Memories

Over-the-line and ping-pong games late into the night were common on those carefree summer evenings during the late 1960s. During this time, I learned how to drive a stick shift VW bug. It was in the spacious confines of the Santa Anita racetrack parking lot (pre-mall) that I, and most teens I knew, came to develop driving skills.

Soon after high school, the Arcadia Recreation Department became “the place” to seek summer employment, as well as the social circle that MYF had been. I met many others through this venue. Charlie Greenstreet, Jerry Collins, Marc Mueller, Roberta White, and George Sperry were the mainstays of the department. Weeklong trips to Camp Buckhorn and the annual Penny Carnival each August were adventures in and of themselves. In addition to old friends Dan and Gary who also became fellow “Arcadia Rec” counselors, new friendships included Mary Noble, Jill Cooper, Steve Lojeski, Bill Dustin, Dave Stephens, and Paul Pfau. Day trips to Newport Beach with Dan and Paul became a weekend ritual. I mean where else would you go to dream of that perfect “10” while baking on the sand with Coppertone or baby oil?

With at least a 2.0 grade point average and a 2-S military service deferment, college was the ticket to stay out of the Vietnam War. So, college it was: Pasadena City College to be exact, thought by many to be an extension of Arcadia High! Little did I know that I would continue, on and off, in academia, for the next 25 years, attending Cal Poly Pomona (twice), Cal State LA, and Azusa Pacific (twice more!). For someone who didn’t particularly care for school, you sure wouldn’t know it by my career choice!

Chuck “The Toe” Coulter lived in Arcadia for twenty-eight years and is a 1969 graduate of Arcadia High School. After working for the Arcadia Recreation Department, he became a program director for the Pasadena YMCA. He then began a career in education at Covina High School (football coach), Wilson High School in Hacienda Heights (classroom teacher, department chair, and football, baseball, and track coach), and a middle school (assistant principal). He is currently principal of an elementary school in the Hacienda La Puente Unified School District. He and his wife Diana live in Glendora and, whenever possible, enjoy relaxing at their cabin in Big Bear.

Chapter 2



Our Traditions



Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

Arcadia Peach Blossom Festival parade, circa 1950.

TRADITIONS

by Kevin Tomkins

My wife and I were both born at Arcadia Methodist Hospital. I went to Hugo Reid Elementary School, Foothills Junior High School, and Arcadia High School, as did both of my parents. The Church of the Good Shepherd served as the place for my wedding, my parents' wedding, and my grandparents' memorial service. My great-grandparents Philip and Margaret Barron owned Barron's Pharmacy on Baldwin Avenue. My grandparents Frank and Phyllis Tomkins and Richard and Evelyn Godber, and my parents Tom and Suzanne Tomkins, were and/or are very active members of this community. My own daughter has the unique distinction of being a fifth generation Arcadian. So I have enough Arcadia history, stories and visions to fill this book three times over, and maybe one day I will sit down and do that. For now I will pass on some of the traditions that stand out to me as characterizing the Arcadia that I have grown to love.

Holiday Traditions - Though I love the lights and decorations during Christmas, it is the Fourth of July that stands out to me the most. It was swimming in the pool on a hot day at my great-grandparents' house, barbecuing hot dogs and hamburgers, block parties, and a fireworks show that always ended with my dad blowing up a trash can, or something of the sorts. Well, we started our own



Credit: Kevin Tomkins

The Tomkins 4th of July Parade with fire truck, 2010.

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Credit: Kevin Tomkins

The neighborhood gathers for the Fourth of July, 2010.

tradition about ten years ago. In 2002, the Fourth of July landed on a Thursday, and by Sunday I realized no one had left my house, or my pool, for four straight days. At that point, I made everyone get out of the pool and walk around the block. Well that is how the annual “Tomkins 4th of July Parade” began and the rest is history. Last year, we had 150 people at our house. We cook a pig, have the Arcadia Fire Department lead the parade (we usually feed them as a thank you), build a float, provide horses for the little kids, and decorate bikes, golf carts, and scooters. I dress up as Uncle Sam, and we even elect a grand marshal! The parade is only about one-half mile long and lasts only twenty minutes, so the Rose Parade has nothing to fear, but the entertainment value is priceless.



Credit: Kevin Tomkins

The annual Fourth of July parade includes vintage cars and floats, 2010.

Chapter 2. Our Traditions

Traditional Cuisine - From the bacon wrapped filet at The Derby to the pork dumplings at Din Tai Fung, Arcadia has had its fair share of fine dining establishments. But the most notable Arcadia dining establishment has got to be Taco Lita. Only a true Arcadian can appreciate the delicacy that is the bean and cheese burrito, or tell when the taco shells are fresh versus a day old, but everyone can appreciate what Taco Lita is rightfully known for: its sauce. I remember loading up my car every summer to head back to college and my last stop would always be Taco Lita. I would get some food for the road and two boxes of Taco Lita Sauce (that is 3000 packets of hot sauce). I would then proceed to sell the sauce (usually late night) for 25¢ a packet during the semester. I still to this day have people from all over the country ask me to send them some “Lita Sauce.” My only criticism of Taco Lita: why aren’t they open on Sundays?

Sports Traditions - I grew up playing in Arcadia Coast Little League. My dad was a coach and on Saturdays I would ride my bike to Windsor Field to participate in games, watch my friends compete, eat pepper bellies, and play an occasional game of over-the-line behind the left field fence. Thirty years later, I find myself coaching my own daughter’s team, spending Opening Day at the same field, and listening to the “Voice of Arcadia,” Pat Wickham, do the announcing. It puts a tear in my eye.

Arcadia’s Traditional Assets - We are blessed with all our city has to offer: Santa Anita Park racetrack, Arcadia County Park, the Arboretum, and the California Philharmonic to name a few. The hidden gem and Arcadia’s best kept secret is Clocker’s Corner. Located at the southwest part of the racetrack, Clocker’s Corner serves breakfast and coffee year-round. The food is good (and inexpensive) and the service is outstanding, but it is the scenery that is breathtaking. There is something special about a crisp spring morning, clear blue skies, the majestic San Gabriel Mountains as a backdrop, and galloping thoroughbred horses just a few yards away. When we have guests visit from out of town, it is always their favorite stop . . . and it is right in our own backyard.

Lost Traditions - Gone are Anoakia (where I went to pre-school), Edwards drive-in, Camp Buckhorn, Bob’s Big Boy, first stage smog alerts, constant race track traffic . . . OK, well maybe losing some of those things isn’t so bad. As I talk to old classmates and other long-time Arcadia residents, the one thing that made going to school in Arcadia genuinely unique was ninth grade. The fact that our junior high schools went to ninth grade made that year special. Ninth graders weren’t lost in a school with 3,000 students and seniors who were four years their elder; ninth graders were the “seniors.” Sports, student council, cheerleading, band, and drill team all had a different feel. The rivalries between Foothills and those other two Arcadia junior high schools (Dana and First Avenue) had a sense of importance that is different than it is today. At age fifteen, you were bright-eyed and eager to conquer the world. Younger students looked up to you and ninth

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grade provided the environment and opportunity for you to grow, assert yourself, develop leadership skills, and shape who you were, while still maintaining a sense of innocence that is lost when you reach high school. The academic prestige will always be a strength for Arcadia schools, but the life lesson that was ninth grade is gone forever.

In closing, Arcadia is known as the “community of homes” and despite all the changes we have seen over the years, the integrity, harmony, and tradition of our community have remained intact. Though not to disagree with the city motto, it is the people, not the homes, that make this community truly unique. For me, I can never fill the shoes of my parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents in Arcadian lore, but I can create my own traditions with my immediate family that will serve as memories for generations to come; and that is what I am doing.

Kevin Tomkins has lived in Arcadia for over forty years and graduated from Arcadia High in 1985. He is the president of the Rancho Santa Anita Residents Association and an active volunteer in the community including being a coach and board member for both girls softball and soccer.

LEE'S FAMOUS BARBECUE BEEF BRISKET

by Lee Segal

I have been making barbecue beef brisket for my family for many years. It is a recipe I developed, combining several different recipes. This brisket has become somewhat famous in the city of Arcadia. It has been served at various local events and programs, and enjoyed by numerous Arcadia residents. If by chance you have not tasted this particular brisket, now nicknamed "Lee's Brisket," a recipe is provided for you with this essay.

The history of my barbecue beef brisket in Arcadia is directly connected to the annual Arcadia Thrift and Welfare White Christmas program. Every December, for over eighty years, this wonderful organization and its board of directors have provided less fortunate Arcadia families with food, clothing, toys, and gift cards during the holiday season. The program began with classrooms in the Arcadia Unified School District collecting canned goods. Many long-time residents still remember Arcadia students wrapping cans in white paper for this special event.

I joined the board of Arcadia Welfare and Thrift in 1999. Each year, we spent many days and long hours separating and boxing all of the donated canned food items. It was hard work and we were all exhausted. The male board members were in charge of lifting heavy boxes for the families that came to pick-up their holiday gifts. When we finished distribution day at around 2:00 p.m., the women provided a much needed luncheon for the tired men and ourselves. My barbecue



Mayor Bob Harbicht (center), civic leaders, and friends celebrate Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop's eightieth birthday, May 24, 2012.

Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

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beef brisket in a crock pot with rolls became a staple for the volunteers. We all looked forward to this time to eat, reminisce, and relax. For many years, brisket sandwiches were our comfort food.

Presently, the White Christmas program does not collect canned goods; instead, we give out food vouchers. This is much less taxing and it eliminated the need for a luncheon to comfort the weary volunteers. However, when the Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop celebrated its eightieth birthday on May 24, 2012, the board hosted a Chamber of Commerce mixer and invited many dignitaries. We provided a light meal and, once again, I made my barbecue beef brisket. As always, I received raves and requests for the recipe.

So here is my famous brisket recipe. May your family and friends utilize this recipe for years to come, as a tradition and comfort food. Enjoy!

Lee's Barbecue Beef Brisket

Ingredients:

3 - 5 pounds beef brisket
2 tablespoons liquid smoke
1 package onion soup mix
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
Bottle of barbecue sauce
Bottle of sweet and sour sauce

Directions:

Sprinkle brisket with the liquid smoke, Worcestershire sauce, and soup mix on all sides. Wrap in foil and marinate overnight in the refrigerator.

The next day, put wrapped brisket in roasting pan and cook in an oven, pre-heated to 300 degrees for 4 to 5 hours or until tender. Refrigerate overnight again still wrapped in foil.

The next day, combine 1 cup barbecue sauce and ½ cup sweet and sour sauce. Slice brisket against the grain and layer in a roasting pan with the sauce. Cover with foil and heat at 200 degrees for one hour or until hot. Enjoy!

If desired, brisket can be served at this point in a crock pot with the sauce and kept warm. Serve with rolls.

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Lee Segal and her husband Mickey have lived in Arcadia for over thirty years, raising three children—Alli, Matt, and Andrew—who attended Arcadia public schools. In addition to Arcadia Welfare and Thrift, she has been an active leader and member of numerous community organizations including all levels of PTA and the Arcadia Historical Museum Foundation. She is also a member of the Arcadia Museum Commission. In 2009, Lee and Mickey were named Arcadia Citizens of the Year and, in 2012, Lee was named one of “50 Fabulous Women” by “THE Magazine” in Pasadena for her generous community support, philanthropic efforts, and commitment to her family.

PEACH BLOSSOM TIME IN ARCADIA

by Mildred Shaw

*There is a place down in the valley
It's a spot that's home to me
Any ev'ry spring its flow'ring beauty
Is a sight I love to see.*

When I met Emily Jenkins, she had a lovely tale to tell. She had grown up in Arcadia in the 1920s and was in the first graduating class at First Avenue School in 1925. She wanted to know if I had ever heard the song “Peach Blossom Time in Arcadia.” Not only had I not heard of the song, I was not aware of any significant role that the peach blossom had played in our town’s history. Emily soon corrected that notion.

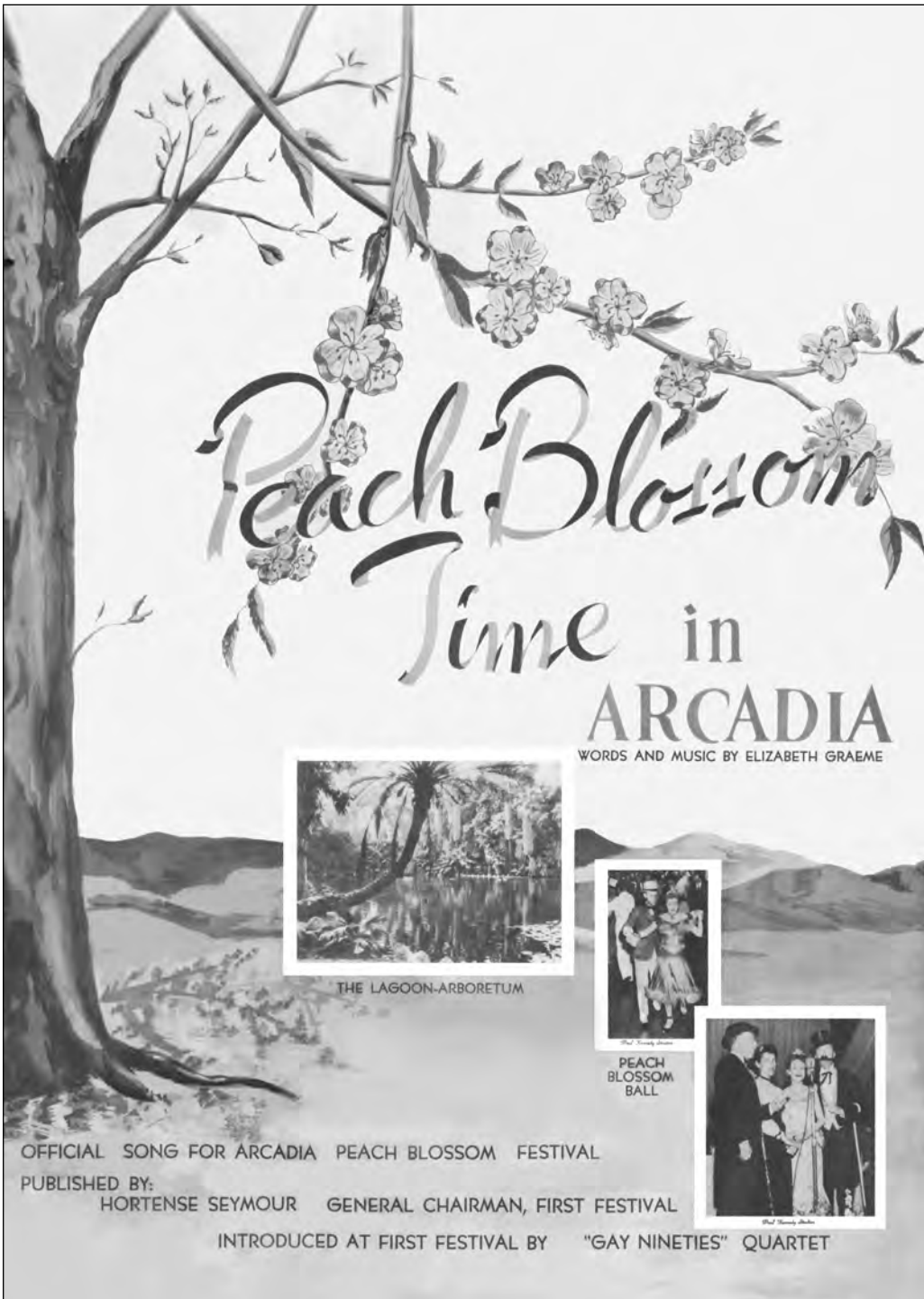
As a child, Emily’s father would pull her down Duarte Road in a red wagon past scores of flowering peach trees. In the spring, when the wind rustled the branches ever so slightly, cascades of peach blossom petals would fill the air and fall in her hair. It was a magical experience that she still vividly recalled many decades later.

*When it's Peach Blossom Time in Arcadia,
It's memory time in Arcadia,
There are old friends to greet,
There are new friends to meet
As you stroll thru the park in Arcadia.*

I also learned that from 1949 to 1951, an annual Peach Blossom Festival was held in Arcadia in March. Not only did this festival feature parades, sports tournaments, picnic lunches, band concerts, and a “Peach Blossom Ball,” it had an “official song.” The words and music for “Peach Blossom Time in Arcadia” were written by Elizabeth Graeme, and the song was published in 1949 by Hortense Seymour, the general chairman of the first festival.


As I recall, in the mid-1980s, I finally had a chance to sing the song. Edith Casey was at the piano, the one previously owned by Anita Baldwin, at the Arcadia Historical Society’s old museum. After a reception, we gathered around the piano, sheet music in hand. The words may have been a little funny, but it was, after all, our city’s only official song! As usual, the piano was slightly out of tune, but that didn’t matter because most of us sang out of tune anyway. We laughed as we sang, pretending that peach blossom petals were falling in our hair.

Chapter 2. Our Traditions




Peach Blossom
Time in
ARCADIA


WORDS AND MUSIC BY ELIZABETH GRAEME



THE LAGOON-ARBORETUM



PEACH BLOSSOM BALL



INTRODUCED AT FIRST FESTIVAL BY "GAY NINETIES" QUARTET

OFFICIAL SONG FOR ARCADIA PEACH BLOSSOM FESTIVAL
PUBLISHED BY:
HORTENSE SEYMOUR GENERAL CHAIRMAN, FIRST FESTIVAL

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Sheet music cover for "Peach Blossom Time in Arcadia," 1949.

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*It's Peach Blossom Time in Arcadia,
It's spring and there's love in Arcadia
It's heaven to see,
It's a grand place to be
When it's Peach blossom Time in Arcadia.*

***Mildred Shaw** has lived in Arcadia since 1953. She is past president of the Arcadia Historical Society and has been very active in many other community organizations including the American Association of University Women and Division 71 of the California Retired Teachers Association. She was named Arcadia Senior Citizen of the Year in 1989.*

A LUMINOUS TRADITION

by Ernie Boehr

Our family has called Arcadia home for over thirty years. We chose Arcadia because it is a “community of homes,” offering inviting, established neighborhoods and a wonderful educational heritage. Early in our tenure, we set about establishing practices . . . traditions if you will . . . that would create memories in the years to come, not only for our family, but for those in our neighborhood and community at large.

One such tradition is the annual Christmas luminary celebration, when curbs and walks of the Lower Rancho and Village neighborhoods are set aglow on Christmas Eve. We began this tradition in 1987 and, as we mark our 27th year this December, I think back to the first time we gathered with our neighbors on Hugo Reid Drive to set out a few sand-filled bags and candles, lighting them at dusk on Christmas Eve. The idea originated from a childhood memory that my wife Judy had from her early years in the Midwest. There, luminaria were distributed in the town square in exchange for a donation to some worthy cause. Likewise, our annual celebration directs all donations to local charities, and over



Credit: Ernie Boehr

Volunteers Timothy Boehr, Ian Ford, Ernie Boehr, and Christian Boehr offer luminaria to neighbor Steve Mathison, 2005.

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the years has raised nearly \$60,000 for thirty different organizations. Local business people fund all expenses, so all donations go directly to the designated charity.

As is often the case in life, you seem to receive so much more than you give. As the year races by and the Christmas season nears, neighbors check-in with us to make sure that we are “on again” for our annual celebration. Friendships have been kindled and forged on “pick up day” as participants stop by our home for their supplies, a cup of hot cider, and a bit of “catching up.” Instead of just living on a street and exchanging an occasional wave or greeting with nameless neighbors, we have laughed together and grieved together over the years, and it all began with the glow of a flickering candle.

This simple tradition has made our neighborhood, for us at least, a community. Simply put, a “house” is just four walls and a roof. A “home” is family, no matter how humble . . . or grand . . . the dwelling may be. A community is families coming together for the greater good. We have been blessed to be a part of this wonderful community. Celebrating with our neighbors over the past twenty-six years has allowed us to enjoy a sense of belonging and being together that we can only dream might be the experience of everyone living in Arcadia - this wonderful “community of homes.”

Ernie Boehr and his wife Judy have been Arcadia residents since 1982. Their children Emily, Christian, and Timothy are scattered from Olympia, Washington to San Diego. Ernie serves on the Rancho Santa Anita Residents' Association Architectural Review Board and Judy spends more time volunteering than she ever did working.

FROM MAINE TO ARCADIA: ONE CAR STANDS OUT

by Bob Green

Throughout my adult life, my wife Judy and I have owned and restored vintage cars at our home in Arcadia. I do it as a release from my day job. I work on the cars whenever I can and I drive them mostly on the weekends. I enjoy driving the cars periodically in local parades. I have also loaned the cars to close friends to use in parades in Arcadia and Sierra Madre.

One of my flashiest cars is a candy apple red '57 Chevy convertible. Several times I have used this car to drive the Veterans of Foreign Wars in the Sierra Madre Fourth of July parade. The car is so bright that the veterans had to wear sunglasses to reduce the glare from the hood. Other times, Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic and his wife Barb have driven the car in the Sierra Madre parade, as well as the Arcadia Festival of Bands and the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade. They have also used our '55 Corvette and '62 Porsche roadster in several parades. All of the parades were fun, but my most memorable ride was the 2012 Sierra Madre Fourth of July parade when I drove Gary down Sierra Madre Boulevard and represented Arcadia in a 1909 Overland roadster.



Credit: Judy Green

Bob Green picking up the 1909 Overland at the Owl's Head Transportation Museum in Maine, 2011.

The Overland is a car I bought at auction at the Owl's Head Transportation Museum in Owl's Head, Maine. I first saw the car in the museum when Judy and

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I were vacationing in Maine. The car was meticulously restored by Asher Chambers of Caribou, Maine in the 1950s and has held up extremely well. Driving the car is a virtual history lesson on early American cars and how they were built. It makes me feel like I am living in a simpler world at the turn of the last century.

In its former life, the Overland was exposed to Eastern winters and allowed to deteriorate until it was donated to a World War II scrap metal drive put on by the Caribou Lions Club. Fortunately for me, the club members couldn't bear to see the quaint little car destroyed, even to help support the war effort. Instead, the car was kept at the Lions Club and protected with the hope of someday seeing it put back on the road. After holding the car for 14 years, it was entrusted to Mr. Chambers, an avid hobbyist and a member of the Lions Club, who convinced them that he could give the car a first class restoration. He was good to his word and spent three years resurrecting it to showroom condition.



Credit: Judy Green

Bob Green, Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic, and the 1909 Overland in the Sierra Madre Fourth of July Parade, 2012.

Since buying the Overland, I have spoken several times with Mr. Chambers' daughter, Trudy Price, and have learned a lot about the car's history. Trudy's father put his heart and soul into the restoration and, as a result, the car almost became a member of the family. A life-long resident of Caribou, a small inland town near the tip of Maine, Mr. Chambers took the completed car to parades all over the upper East Coast. He even drove it in a parade in New York City where it performed flawlessly as it ran for over two hours on a blistering hot day.

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I have a number of cars, most of which are more valuable than the Overland in dollars and cents. But none has a more colorful past or more character than the Overland. I feel the spirit of Asher Chambers whenever I lift the cover to gaze at her classic lines. It would be hard to part with this particular car . . . unless it were going back to Trudy and her family. I think Asher would like that.

***Bob Green** met his wife Judy cruising Colorado Boulevard one summer night. A 1967 graduate of Pasadena High School, Bob and his family have lived in Arcadia since 1976. His community service has included chair of the vintage car committee for the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade, perennial rider in the annual Church of the Good Shepherd Mexico Medical Mission charity bike ride, and volunteer coach of the Arcadia High School Constitution Team.*

A NEW HALLOWEEN TRADITION IN TOWN: TRUNK OR TREAT

by Tony Parrille

Church of the Good Shepherd located at the southwest corner of Duarte Road and Holly Avenue in Arcadia has held a “Trunk or Treat” event on Halloween evening in the church parking lot for several years. A fun Halloween experience is provided for trick-or-treaters and their family and friends in a lighted parking lot, safe from vehicular traffic. The trick-or-treaters come from our church, our community, and our neighboring cities. It is open to all.

Church members who have signed up to participate arrive early and park their vehicles in rows. Many people decorate the trunks of their cars or the rear beds of their trucks. Halloween decorations become creative displays, often with lights, sound, or movies. And, of course, each vehicle is fully-stocked with delicious Halloween candy and other treats. One church member even dresses up like a wizard each year and brings a large telescope and ladder so children and their families can view the autumn moon. Other members bring their dogs to accompany them while they give out candy or other treats. These are some of the most popular vehicle stops for the enthusiastic trick-or-treaters.



Credit: Jean Parrille

Tony Parrille and scarecrow are ready to greet trick-or-treaters to his family’s “Trunk or Treat” display, 2012.

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My wife Jean and I try to participate every year, using tried-and-true Halloween decorations to set the mood. On a table covered with Halloween fabric, we assemble a collection of happy jack-o-lanterns, their carved faces aglow with lights. A stuffed friendly-looking life-sized scarecrow is placed in a folding chair with a pumpkin on his lap and a fake black cat by his feet. Parents use our display for a photo opportunity and pose their children in front of the scarecrow.



Credit: Jean Parrille

A Halloween photo-op at “Trunk or Treat,” 2012.

Parents enjoy fellowship with other parents, while their children dressed in various costumes visit all the vehicles to trick-or-treat. With all the available treats and feeling of goodwill, there is rarely a trick.

Since our church started this fun-filled Halloween activity, “Trunk or Treat” has grown into a special holiday tradition in Arcadia.

Tony Parrille and his wife Jean have lived in Arcadia since 1978. He is an active member of Rotary Club of Arcadia and Church of the Good Shepherd. His community service also includes serving two terms on the Arcadia Planning Commission and volunteering at the annual Law Day event at the Arcadia Public Library.

ARCADIA'S CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY PARTY IN REVIEW

by Dorothy Denne

Oh what a party we had. It lasted a year and had something for everyone. We are speaking of Arcadia's centennial celebration in 2003. Like all great parties, it took a lot of planning and preparation.

On June 3, 1997, the Arcadia City Council approved and adopted a resolution establishing the Arcadia Centennial Celebration Commission for the purpose of planning and organizing special events to commemorate Arcadia's one-hundredth anniversary of incorporation as a city (1903-2003). The city council then selected and appointed fifteen residents through an application process to serve on the commission along with one ex-officio member from city staff appointed by the city manager.

The first meeting of the commission was held on March 9, 1998, and the planning began. Committees were formed, chaired by commission members and utilizing other members of the community. Literally hours, days, weeks, months, and years of the proverbial blood, sweat, and tears went into the planning. Add a full measure of laughter, fun, and camaraderie and 2003 was ready to begin.

On January 1, the Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band stepped smartly and the Arcadia centennial float rolled smoothly in the Rose Parade in Pasadena. The centennial celebration had enthusiastically begun.



Credit: Terry Miller

Arcadia High School Marching Band steps off in the 2003 Rose Parade.

The new year also brought banners adorning light poles on major thoroughfares throughout the city proclaiming the centennial.

January 18 saw the Arcadia Community Center bedecked in fine regalia and

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filled to capacity for a special evening. A semi-formal dinner was held to recognize past city council members, commissioners, department heads, school superintendents, and other individuals who have contributed to the development of Arcadia.

The Multi-Cultural Committee of the Centennial Celebration Commission staged an old-fashioned afternoon tea on February 1, featuring a fashion show of vintage American clothing and various Chinese and Japanese costumes. The event was more that sold out, and an overflow crowd enjoyed the day at the Arboretum's Ayres Hall.

March was filled with events, beginning with Methodist Hospital's Mardi Gras Carnival. This was followed by the Arcadia Woman's Club's Centennial Civic Day Luncheon, Rotary's Pot-O-Gold Centennial Dinner, the Soroptimist Centennial Tea, and an Arcadia



Credit: Terry Miller

Community volunteers help decorate Arcadia's Rose Parade float, December 2002.



Credit: Terry Miller

Arcadia's float celebrating its centennial in the 2003 Rose Parade.



Credit: Terry Miller

Birthday greetings for the city appeared all over town.

Authors Forum at the Arcadia Public Library.

April, too, was filled with events. Highlights were the Mayor's Prayer Breakfast and a special big band concert held at the Arcadia Community Center. Attendees at the concert swayed and danced to the music of the Jack Lantz Big Band.

May began with an art show at the Arcadia Historical Museum, displaying the outstanding work of Georgette Tuttle's Arcadia High School art classes relating to Arcadia's history. The opening of the month-long show was preceded by a reception and awards ceremony. Mid-May brought the second of the special musical productions. "American History Through Song" was presented by a specially aggregated Community Centennial Chorus. Music for the event was arranged and conducted by former Arcadian Ed Lojeski. The month ended with a Centennial Business Awards Luncheon sponsored by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce.

Special centennial celebrations slowed a bit during June and July, but the months were filled with graduations, sports tournaments, a swim meet, and Methodist Hospital's Crystal Ball.

The major centennial event in August was the all-day birthday bash held on August 5, the day determined to be the official birthday of the city. The day began with a treasure hunt, complete with clever clues that guided Arcadia residents all over the city in search for Arcadia icons, past and present. The hunt was followed

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by a book signing party for *Visions of Arcadia*. The book included essays and poems by Arcadia residents, friends, and city employees, and was edited by lifetime resident Gary Kovacic. This event, held at the Arcadia Public Library and featuring most of the 130 authors, was so successful that the fire chief was just a short count from closing entry.



Credit: Terry Miller

Authors Dorothy Denne, Mary Dougherty, and Fawaz Elmasri sign copies of "Visions of Arcadia" at book-signing party, August 5, 2003.

From the library, the celebration moved to Peacock Corner, at Santa Anita Avenue and Huntington Drive, for the unveiling of the renovated peacock fountain. Then celebrants headed to the Arcadia Historical Museum for the dedication of the relocated Hugo Reid statue. From there, it was a short walk across the lawn to the Arcadia Community Center for food, fun, games, entertainment, and prizes, ending in true party style with the serving of birthday cake.

Also, on August 5, the name of Civic Center Drive (the street between the police station and Methodist Hospital, bounded on both sides by Huntington Drive) was officially changed to Centennial Way by the city council in honor of Arcadia's centennial birthday.

Attendees might commend this entire day as an annual event. Exhausted workers might question the wisdom of that idea. No one would question the success of the day.

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Credit: Terry Miller

City Manager Bill Kelly and Mayor Gary Kovacic reveal new street sign for the former Civic Center Drive, August 5, 2003

September was not to be left without an event, a grand one at that—the Centennial Grand Ball. Ayres Hall and its surroundings were turned into an elegant Greek garden, complete with toga wearing human statues. Attendees, in formal attire, ate food from Arcadia’s historic Derby Restaurant and danced once again to the music of the Jack Lantz Big Band.

October 3 was the date of one of the major events of the year, though not directly connected to the centennial celebrations. The Arcadia Police Department celebrated the grand opening of its new station, a city event certainly a milestone for the centennial year.

On October 19, the History Committee of the Centennial Celebration Commission held its fifth and final annual fall luncheon celebrating the centennial. The luncheon themes were “Good Old Days in Arcadia” (1999), “Taste of History” (2000), “Mayors’ Morsels” (2001), “Apple Pie and Egg Roll” (2002), and “Centennial Good Time Get Together” (2003). Over \$1,000 of proceeds from these luncheons were donated toward the restoration of the Hugo Reid statue.

The History Committee was a very active, ongoing one throughout the entire planning period and celebration year. It was instrumental in beginning the school district’s Arcadia history unit for third grades, and was responsible for the inception and coordination of centennial artwork by high school students that was

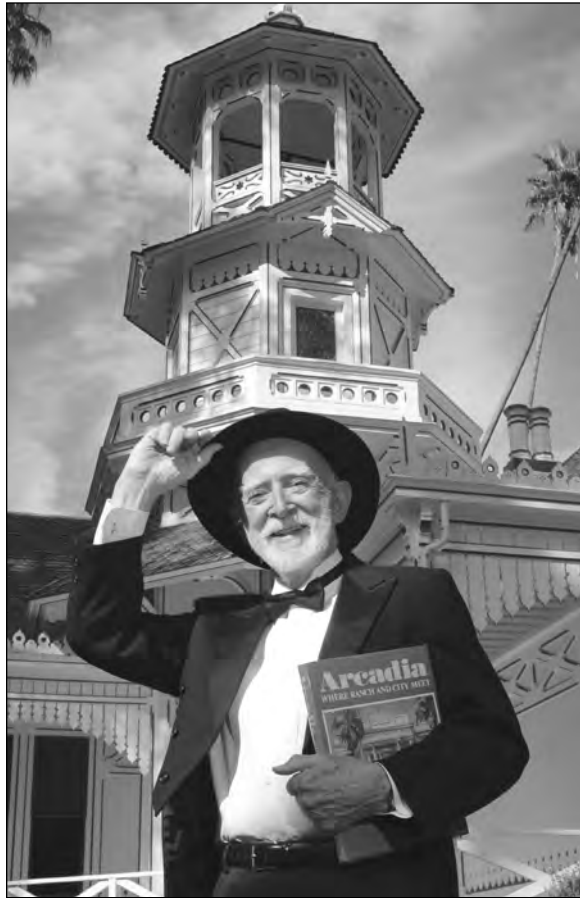
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used to produce note cards. The committee also published the *Arcadia Centennial Cookbook* and the booklet *Arcadia Snapshots of History*. Members of the committee also conducted oral histories with over ninety long-time residents of Arcadia. These histories are recorded on both audio and videotapes.

On Sunday, November 2, the city held the Lucky Baldwin Day Community Picnic at Arcadia County Park. This had become an annual event, stemming from the first Mayor's Picnic in 2001. This year's picnic carried out the centennial theme, making it the final public event of the year-long centennial celebration.

At the January 6, 2004 meeting of the Arcadia City Council, the Arcadia Centennial Celebration Commission was officially disbanded and, on January 7, a time capsule was dedicated at the annual Commissioners Appreciation Dinner.

The celebration of Arcadia's centennial was complete. Oh what a party we had!



Credit: Terry Miller

John Reuter, as Lucky Baldwin, celebrating the centennial.

Dorothy Denne was a member of the Arcadia Centennial Celebration Commission and is a volunteer for the Arcadia Police Department. She has lived in Arcadia since 1964 and writes a column for the "Arcadia Weekly," where a version of this essay originally appeared.

Chapter 3



Our Families and Friends



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Head gardener and family in front of house on the Ainsworth Ranch, just east of the intersection of Santa Anita Avenue and Orange Grove Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1916.

IT WAS A MIRACLE!

by Bob Novell

We often don't think about how special it is to live in Arcadia with our beautiful San Gabriel Mountains acting as a backdrop and border on the north side of the city. Whether it is early morning with the sun coming up, late evening with the sun setting and the mountains acting like a black shadow overlooking us, or a cold winter day after a rain when the mountains are snow-capped, the mountains are nature's gift to us and a gentle reminder that we don't live in Kansas.

For those willing to experience our mountains, our ancestors created trails (Eaton Canyon, Bailey Canyon, Mt. Wilson Trail, Chantry Flat) into our local mountains for those who seek a wilderness citizenship with its privileges and rewards, but also with its responsibilities and demands that can result from nature's stern rules.

I have been hiking in our mountains for over twenty years, often starting my hikes before sunrise with a friend, like hundreds of other fellow hikers who daily visit our local mountains. I know some of these people by name, others I don't know; but share the desire of exercising in the mountains, and enjoying and experiencing nature's offerings.

As I re-live the events of October 31, 2012, I know a miracle occurred . . .

My good friend Steve Fong picks me up at 5:30 a.m. and we drive to the trailhead at Bailey Canyon (at the east side of the Mater Dolorosa Passionist Retreat Center in Sierra Madre). It is pitch dark as we grab our hiking poles, turn on our headlamps, zip up our jackets, and begin our hike. The first part of the hike is on a paved road before we reach the dirt trail. Our hearts begin to pound due to the initial steepness, but soon we are steadily working our way upward on a very good mountain trail.

You might wonder why anyone would hike in the dark. The answer is very simple; it is spectacularly beautiful, the lights of our San Gabriel cities sparkle below us like stars that have fallen to earth, and when the sun finally decides to wake up for the day, the sky often turns a beautiful muted red. I say a quiet prayer to myself, thankful to have this day, hoping to use it wisely.

Mary Beth, Carla, and Anna are three woman who hike Bailey Canyon in the predawn hours at this time of the year as we do. They are consistently five minutes behind us in starting up the trail. We always try to push ourselves, but these woman are strong hikers, and we can hear them talking as they chase us down and pass us on the trail. On this day, try as we might to stay ahead of them, it was no different.

Forty minutes into our upward hike, we reach our turning point. It is still dark as we turn back down the trail, and our progress is steady and faster as we

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come down the trail. As we head into the last steep downward patch of the trail with Steve behind me, I plant my hiking pole as I turn a corner and literally step into space. My downward flight soon hits a steep slope, rolling and spinning, slamming against trees as I go. Yelling “oh my goodness, oh my goodness”—or perhaps something even a little stronger—I finish my ten-second fall 100 feet down into a steep canyon.

I slowly stand up thinking I can hike out but Steve has called 911 on his cell phone. He yells down to me that “they don’t want you to move.” The Sierra Madre Fire Department and Sierra Madre Search and Rescue quickly respond and I am classified as a T5 (potential neck problem). Soon, a stiff collar is put around my neck. I am carried to an ambulance and head for the trauma center at Huntington Memorial Hospital to spend the morning having tiny pebbles taken out of face and my face stitched-up. My face and top of head are battered beyond recognition; scabs on my face, head, arms, and legs take weeks to heal slowly, but my eyes and teeth are still intact. I have no broken bones, my neck is not fractured, and I am alive.

It was a miracle!



Credit: Bob Novell

Early morning hikers and friends, Steve Fong and Bob Novell.

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After being discharged from the hospital, local Arcadia doctors like Tom Miles and Dong Chang stepped forward to give me the medical care I needed, and my wife very patiently nursed me back to health. Local orthopedic surgeon John Quigley and his dog, who had been in the canyon that fateful morning, hiked up weeks later to retrieve my hat and hiking poles.

I don't know why, but it seems that it was not my time to "cash in my chips." Someone had decided that I would have a second chance to live a healthy life, something I remind myself each day as I say a small prayer.

Steve Fong and I are back hiking Bailey Canyon each week, and we encourage those who read this vignette to find some time to enjoy our wonderful mountains with friends (but don't forget to carry a cell phone in case you need help).

***Bob Novell** was born in Pasadena and has lived in Southern California and Germany. He and his wife Sharon have made Arcadia their home since 1984. He has worked as a certified public accountant, financial officer, and registered investment advisor. His extensive volunteer time over the years has involved board membership and leadership positions with a variety of organizations.*

REUNIONS

by Dodie Blair Burks

It was a hot July afternoon in 1967 when our Buick station wagon pulled up in front of a two-story white house on the newly-opened extension of West Wistaria Avenue in Arcadia. Our family of six had made the trek from Upland, only thirty-five miles east of Arcadia, along historic Route 66 (also known as Foothill Boulevard). It might as well have been 3,500 miles away as far as I was concerned. I was sixteen and left behind my best friend for life, a wonderful street full of kids who gathered every day for a game of football, baseball, or “kick the can,” and the real possibility of a boyfriend happening any day now.

My dad, an anesthesiologist at Arcadia Methodist Hospital, had been commuting from Upland to Arcadia for four years. One day, he arrived home and told us all to get in the car because we were going for a drive. He brought us to the white house and said, “Who wants to live here!” Among the squeals of delight, I was the lone dissenting vote. Thus began my life in Arcadia.

After a few difficult months trying to make new friends at Arcadia High School, things starting looking up in the spring of 1968 when I discovered the Church of the Good Shepherd and its Methodist Youth Fellowship group. We



Credit: Judy Gomez

MYF friends Tim Burks, Gary Kovacic, and Scott Luke decorating a Rose Parade float, December 1969.

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called it “MYF” for short. Suddenly I had friends again; really good fun friends! Over the next couple of years, we shared so many new experiences . . . camping in the High Sierras, traveling with forty kids in a flatbed truck through Death Valley to paint a sister church, decorating floats for the Rose Parade, a visit to Skid Row to help the less fortunate, kite-flying on beach trips, ski trips, and many other lifelong memories. Who could imagine how important those two years would ultimately be in the course of my lifetime?

After graduating from Arcadia High School in 1969, I attended Pasadena City College, and worked part-time at Hinshaw’s department store as well as Barron’s Pharmacy. Then came marriage, a move to Orange County, two children, and life far removed from the old hometown. Thankfully, my mom and dad loved Arcadia, so there were many trips back to their Wistaria Avenue home for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and more than a few visits to Taco Lita, “The Boat” at Clearman’s Village for cheese bread and red cabbage, and many frosty mugs at the A&W Root Beer drive-in on First Avenue. In 1998, we were back in Arcadia for the annual Festival of Bands. I had marched in it in 1966 as a freshman in the Upland High School drill team, and now my daughter was marching with her El Toro High School band. We were perched on a ladder on Baldwin Avenue ready to watch the high school bands march by when I saw a vintage convertible Mustang carrying the mayor of Arcadia, none other than my fellow MYFer, Gary Kovacic! The mayor of Arcadia . . . how did that happen? Where had the time gone?

I had lost touch with most of the MYF group over the years, but would catch up with a few of them every ten years at Arcadia High School reunions. By the time our fortieth reunion came along in 2009, my children were grown, I was divorced, and ready for a new beginning. As it turns out, there was an MYF reunion in the works, thanks to Gary Kovacic, Scott Luke, and Tim Burks . . . self-anointed “The Cruisers.” It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in October when we gathered at Gary and Barb Kovacic’s Arcadia home. It had been forty years since most of us had seen each other, but it felt like time had stood still. We spent hours reminiscing, reliving stories, and renewing our friendships.



Dodie Blair, Harriett Shroads, and Tim Burks at Arcadia reunion, October 18, 2009.

Credit: Ann Luke

Just like an MYF meeting of old, the chaperones were there, as well as people of all ages who had been a part of MYF. Ann Luke was snapping photos and

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downloading them all day long, and she captured one of me, Tim Burks, and our former camp counselor, Harriett Shroads. As it turned out that photo was quite prophetic.

Within a few days, photos were posted on Facebook, friendships were renewed via emails, and Tim and I began exchanging emails. He invited me to join him and the Kovacics for a bike ride down the coast to Oceanside. While I wasn't available for that, or the next couple of get-togethers, within a few weeks we were finally able to meet for dinner in Pasadena . . . without our chaperone, Mrs. Shroads. Our first date was on Halloween at Café Bizou where we talked non-stop for five hours. By the second date, we were pretty sure. A month later, Barb Kovacic offered to have a wedding in their backyard. But why rush things? We were having such a great time dating!



Credit: Terry Miller

Tim Burks and Dodie Blair in a classic ride at the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade, 2011.

We returned often to Arcadia (a nice mid-point between my home in Lake Forest and Tim's home in Ventura) to enjoy not only favorite restaurants from our past, but also an exciting new collection of delightful cuisines. We even participated in the 2011 Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade, cruising down First Avenue in a 1964 VW with a surfboard on the roof.

The wedding actually took place in 2012 on Tim's sixtieth birthday at beautiful Serra Cross Park in Ventura. Scott Luke designed the wedding invitations. And, it was officiated by a recently sworn-in Ventura County Deputy Commissioner of Civil Marriages for a Day . . . and hometown kid, Gary Kovacic.

Don't miss your next reunion! You never know what may happen!

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Credit: Ann Luke

The wedding of Dodie Blair and Tim Burks, Ventura, California, September 15, 2012.

Dodie Blair Burks moved to Arcadia with her family in 1967 and graduated from Arcadia High School in 1969. She now lives happily in Ventura, California with her husband and MYF buddy, Timmy Burks. They never miss an opportunity to get together with “The Cruisers.”

MIKE AND ME

by Steve Gewecke

It was years ago, more than I care to count, when I played and Dad coached at Windsor Field. Back then, it was Arcadia Coast Little League, and the teams were not called the Pirates, Indians, or Cubs, but El Rancho, Winchell's, or Baldwin Realty in honor of the team's sponsor. Players have also changed, from Bowman, Gamble, and Dukes, to Salazar, Meeks, and Eskridge.

I grew up in the Lower Rancho-Village area of Arcadia and met my good buddy Mike Rizzo at Hugo Reid Primary School where we both attended and where Windsor Field sits. One of the things I remember about Mike is that he was so easy to get along with; he was the guy who always made the last guy picked at recess feel like the best guy. I always admired that about Mike.

After elementary school, Mike went to St. Francis High School and I went to Arcadia High School. Then, we really went our separate ways as Mike attended Georgetown University and I ended up at USC. I occasionally thought about Mike and wondered what he was up to, especially when I saw his favorite team the Green Bay Packers or his namesake Anthony Rizzo of the Chicago Cubs play on TV.

By the fall of 2010, Mike and I had not seen each other for decades. My son

Kellen was playing on an Arcadia American Little League Fall Ball team, and I received an email confirming a practice time that went to all the players' parents. Another email soon arrived. It was from Mike and it read: "This must be the



Steve Gewecke and Mike Rizzo in 1976 (age 9).

Credit: Steve Gewecke



Mike Rizzo and Steve Gewecke in 2013 (age 46).

Credit: Steve Gewecke

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same Steve Gewecke I grew up with, our sons are on the same fall ball team. I hope to see you at the next practice Tuesday.”

Tuesday arrived, I brought Kellen to Baldwin Stocker . . . and there was Mike. It was like thirty years just went away. Our boys became fast friends, we coached a prep team together, and we had a great time because of Mike’s enthusiasm to help kids enjoy and become better players while preaching a “team first” attitude. Mike’s quality of making all kids feel good about themselves no matter what the ability level was still there, and I am grateful for that. Even though I played college and professional baseball, and have coached the Alhambra High School baseball team for eighteen seasons, I can honestly say that I have learned as much about coaching kids from Mike as he says he has learned from me.



Credit: Guy Gruppie

Coaches Steve Gewecke, Mike Rizzo, and Guy Gruppie with Arcadia American Little League 9-10 District 17 All-Star champions at Farnsworth Park in Altadena, July 7, 2013.

Like I said earlier, team and player names have changed. The one thing that remains the same is the joy that baseball brings to the kids who play at a great field called Windsor. One person who I am glad has not changed is Mike Rizzo, and that is an awesome thing. I also know first-hand that baseball brings people together, which is a real bond in the Arcadia community. How else could you explain that our sons now play on the same Windsor Field that we played on more than three decades ago, and two old friends were brought back in the process?

Steve Gewecke grew up in Arcadia and lettered in baseball at Arcadia High School. He pitched in college (Glendale College, University of Nebraska, and USC) and played professionally in the St. Louis Cardinals organization. He is a teacher and has coached the Alhambra High School baseball team for the past eighteen seasons. He and his wife Debbie are the proud parents of Kellen and Cassandra.

“. . . RINGING, SINGING ON ITS WAY”

by Sandra Jelinek

The bell choir at Arcadia's Church of the Good Shepherd made its debut at the wedding of Neil Conrad and Karen Leatherman on September 10, 1977. A gift to the church from Solveig Nelson and her son David in memory of her husband and David's father, the brass hand bells gleamed in the afternoon light. The bell choir was positioned in the balcony of the main sanctuary, looking down on the festive crowd. Olive Moody, the director, raised her arms to begin the piece and, as Carolyn Searfoss rang her A6 bell, its clapper sailed gracefully over the balcony rail and landed in the pew below. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but the bell choir finished its piece without the benefit of the high A-note.

Barbara George also recalls, “There was the time that former member Steve Wilburn had a ‘solo’ bell ring. Just one ring, but we put the pressure on him during all the rehearsals that he was going to flub it. Never missed it once during rehearsals, but of course, during the performance his moment came and there was complete silence. I think we all wanted to melt into laughter right then, but we held it together until later. We never let him forget that moment in his bell choir career.”



Credit: Gary Kovacic

The Carillon Ringers at a Wednesday night practice.

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Since then, there have been other humorous incidents, but nothing quite as dramatic. Today, the Carillon Ringers (as the group has been named) has eleven members: Leanne Baroldi, Carolyn Searfoss, Karen Cooper, Barbara George, Barb Kovacic, Sandy Jelinek, Mark Renfrew, Channing Lushbough, Jacki Raymond, Kevin Chow-Snavely, and Dave Raymond. It is an eclectic group with an age range of nearly five decades. The ringers share a love of music. Some of the group have previously performed in bell choirs or have other musical talents, but other members cannot read music. This is a challenge met ably by the current director, Carol Stephenson. According to Channing Lushbough, “Carol has taught us to enjoy and have fun making music.” Stephenson also directs a youth bell choir that performs the last Sunday of each month.



Credit: Gary Kovacic

Carillon Ringers director Carol Stephenson.

The choir practices for an hour each Wednesday evening in preparation for monthly performances during the 10:00 a.m. service. Several of its members, including our director Carol, also sing in the church’s Chancel Choir that practices for an hour and a half after bell choir practice. Choir members have joined for a variety of reasons. Some, like Karen Cooper and Channing Lushbough, have been recruited because of their previous experience. Dave Raymond encouraged his wife Jacki to join the choir with him so that they could participate in a church activity together. Barb Kovacic, who is not even a member of the church, just enjoys being with the group.

Humor is a hallmark of the practices, with Carol encouraging new members and old to just “stare at the person next to you, if you make a mistake.” Being able

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to read music is not necessary, since Carol can color code the notes for those ringers who need a bit of assistance. Counting, however, is a basic tool, to keep time to the music and to keep one's place in the piece. Learning special ringing techniques such as marts, mart lifts, plucking, and swing rings adds a challenge to certain pieces. Occasionally someone will lose his or her place and have an unexpected solo, but the group works together to help each other over rough spots. Teamwork and good will generally bring good results.



Credit: Gary Kovacic

The bells, and color code cards, of the Carillon Ringers.

The holidays are the busiest for the bell choir, which performs at the Christmas Eve service and at two services on Easter Sunday. In recent years, the Carillon Ringers have also participated in both the Thanksgiving and National Day of Prayer services sponsored by the Arcadia Interfaith Action Group, and at an Arcadia Mayor's Community Breakfast at the Arboretum.

Because of all the fun we have together, the Carillon Ringers plan to follow Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's advice in "Christmas Bells," and continue to be ". . . ringing, singing on its way" for a long, long time.

Sandra Jelinek is a retired Alhambra High School English teacher. She has been a member of Church of the Good Shepherd since 1983 and a member of the Carillon Ringers since 2009.

THE “FOBS”

by Tim Murphy

In his book *A Nation of Strangers*, the late author and professional sociologist Vance Packard theorizes that, as a nation, we have suffered a great loss of community as the result of the pervasive mobility and accompanying “rootlessness” of our society. If memory serves me, the author determined, at the time, that the average American moved from his or her home every five years! It would seem that even a professional sports franchise requires at least five years, with the same players working together, to truly develop into a powerhouse. How much more difficult this is if key players move on to other teams and are replaced with others who must learn anew the strengths and weaknesses of their teammates.

How much more time must it require for entire communities to evolve into a safe, homogenous, and desirable place to live? When neighbors move away before they have developed deep ties to their city, might this never happen?

My wife and I moved to Arcadia in 1978. My parents resided in Arcadia at the time. In 1985, we purchased my parents’ home on Monte Verde Drive where we currently live. We quickly learned that many of our neighbors had built the homes in which they had lived since the 1940s and early 1950s. There seemed to be a group of us “younger” families who moved into this neighborhood around the same time as one another. With very, very few exceptions, we all remain. Our children have gone through grammar school, junior high, and high school, gone off to college, gotten married, and begun to sink their teeth into life. Yet, each morning, when I walk outside to retrieve the newspaper, I glance at the houses around me to see that a light is on at Steve’s house, Mark is returning from an early morning workout at the gym, Lynn’s car is in the driveway, and Bob is shuffling cars to create an escape to his office. I recognize their habits and routines as I am certain they do mine. We know when things appear “right” and when they don’t, because we have observed and interacted with each other for decades. And while we may go weeks without actually spending time in each other’s company, we know the other is there and that they would help us if a need arose. There is wonderful comfort in that knowledge and a peacefulness that washes over me when I am “at home.”

It is this backdrop that drew me into a group known affectionately among its members as the “FOBS.”

Gary Kovacic and his wife Barb have been Arcadia residents for about a thousand years, give or take a few. Both have a strong sense of community and have given generously of their time and talents to make Arcadia the community that it is today. Gary has served multiple stints as a city council member and

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mayor and sat on many boards and commissions, and Barb is an unofficial ambassador for Arcadia who I am certain knows more people than the president! Well the two of them enjoy bicycle riding, on Saturday mornings particularly. In their typical fashion, they meet and greet folks while riding and draw those people into their circle, enticing them to join in the Saturday morning rides.



Credit: Gary Kovacic

Barb Kovacic, leader of the FOBS, climbing the road to Chantry Flat, 2013.

One day, I was enticed to take this ride. Sensing my reluctance, Barb implored “just this once.” That was about five years ago or more. It was like a drug addiction. We would meet in front of our house at 7:00 a.m. And those neighbors—the ones I knew would be at my side if my family needed them, but with whom I rarely engaged—those darn fools had been drawn into this entourage as well.

Living in Southern California, we enjoy the benefits of mild weather year round at a latitude of thirty-four degrees. So there are very few Saturday mornings when weather precludes our cycling excursion. Late Thursday or early



Credit: Chuck Murchie

The FOBS getting ready to hit the road, 2013.

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Friday morning, we each receive an e-mail from Barb prompting us to be in our cycling gear and ready to ride. This lady is a “spark plug” and she makes things happen! It seems that every few weeks another rider would appear on Saturday morning, having been ensnared by Barb sometime during the week. Our group has become a cross-section of Arcadia with old and young faces, and people born and raised here and others who have traveled from other states, lands, and cultures.

Well, any group that meets as frequently as we do begins to take on an identity. But we had no name for our merry band of cruisers. What did we all have in common? Well, there are a number of attorneys, but certainly we aren’t all of that persuasion. Most of us reside in Arcadia, but the “Arcadians” seemed a little broad. When one member recalled that each of us was recruited to join this group by Barb, the light went on for a moniker: “Friends of Barb.” The name stuck, but sometimes it takes longer to say it than we have, so we have shortened our group name to the “FOBS.”

The FOBS’ Saturday morning ride is normally twenty-six miles and it includes a breakfast stop. All in all, we spend about three and a half hours together. We talk about our children, politics, cycling, the weather, and generally solve one or two of the world’s, or at least Arcadia’s, major problems in the course of a morning. How lucky we are to live in this magnificent city and to have each other.

Tim Murphy has lived in Arcadia for thirty-five years. He is the former fire chief of Monterey Park and now practices full time as an estate planning attorney. He is also a volunteer pilot for Liga International (known as the Flying Doctors of Mercy), flying volunteer doctors, dentists, nurses, and other health professionals to rural México on a monthly basis.

SNAPSHOTS OF A LIFE WELL-LIVED

by Doug Hayes

My dad's life and life-long love affair with the camera were inextricably tied to his hometown of Arcadia. As I now look through hundreds of his photographs, I am struck by the many chapters of a life well-lived in service of our community and our country.

My dad Jim Hayes was born in 1922. He grew up at 814 Arcadia Avenue, just west of Baldwin Avenue and one block north of where Hinshaw's department store used to be. From an early age, he chronicled the life of Arcadia through the lens of his camera.

A series of his photos from the 1930s shows the intersection of Holly Avenue and Huntington Drive from the top of Holy Angels Church, which was under construction. The photos show the Pacific Electric trolley and the new racetrack.



Snapshots of Arcadia from Holy Angels Church, circa 1930s.

Credit: Jim Hayes

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To the south they also show barns, shed, and shops of some kind, and to the east they show the road (then called Huntington Boulevard, now Campus Drive) that ran along the south edge of Ross Field (now the County golf course). A noticeable kink in the road is still there today, where Park Avenue intersects with Campus Drive.

Other photos taken by Dad depict unique events in Arcadia's history. For example, on May 28, 1936, a pilot experiencing mechanical problems had to land his airplane on Duarte Road near Holly Avenue close to carrot fields that were tended by the many Japanese farmers in the neighborhood. After the repairs were made, the pilot and his plane were escorted westbound on Duarte Road by the local police and a group of spectators. At the intersection of Baldwin Avenue, the plane needed to turn south so the spectators and police officers gave the plane a shove to make the turn while keeping clear of the plane's propeller. The crowd continued to follow the airplane all the way down Baldwin Avenue to Las Tunas Drive. It had been determined that Las Tunas Drive was the best "airfield" because its dirt road was smooth, wide, and free of utility lines. Dad told me that as many as fifty people followed the plane down Baldwin Avenue to watch him take off and wave "goodbye." It was a simple fix and solution in uncomplicated times.

After high school, my dad served in the National Guard and was activated on Sunday, December 7, 1941, the day Pearl Harbor was attacked. The next day



Credit: Jim Hayes

Pilot forced to land airplane on Duarte Road in Arcadia is escorted by local police and spectators, 1936.

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he left on a steam locomotive pulled train out of the Monrovia station to an Army camp along the central coast of California. He was given a rifle, ammo, some food, and a canteen of water and told to defend a one-mile stretch of the coastline. After a few days, when it became clear that a mainland attack was not forthcoming, he was picked-up and the troops re-grouped.

My dad ended up in the Philippines, New Guinea, and New Britain, where there was actual action. He would later tell me about how the troops had to shake snakes out of their sleeping bags at night or sleep in a tank if Japanese soldiers were nearby. Tank combat in the area produced a haze of gunpowder that caused headaches for my dad throughout his life. Like most men and women who served in World War II, my dad would rarely talk about combat; only the funny stories of life in the military. Later, my sister and I would be beg for more stories, but occasionally my dad's face would go flush, he would look at the wall, and then get up and leave the room to be alone.

There are photos that Dad took when he was in the Pacific during the war. Most are the typical poses and buddy shots, but there were others that looked like they were from a horror movie. I am surprised that when these troops finally came home, they had families and, for the most part, were happy. I guess they lived alone with their memories.

My dad attended Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte ("MAD") High School. He met my mom, Mary Ruth Schadel (also a MAD graduate), when she was working as a teller at the West Arcadia branch of Bank of America. They were married in 1947, and lived with my mom's parents on Walnut Avenue, south of Longden Avenue. They bought a vacant lot on Victoria Drive in the Village area of Arcadia as a potential home site, but traded the lot for a Buick. Seriously.

Dad and Mom subsequently started construction of a new house at 144 Naomi Avenue, between Santa Anita Avenue and El Monte Avenue, four blocks south of Duarte Road. I still recall a photo my dad took of my mom standing by a huge pile of lumber that would become our house. The house was 900 square feet with two bedrooms and one bath. At the time, the city required a minimum area of 900 square feet for houses. I remember Dad telling me why the neighbor down the street had a bay-window in his living room. It turned out that after construction the city inspector found the house to a few square feet shy of the 900 minimum. Thus, the bay-window solved the problem.



MAD High School decal, circa 1943.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

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Credit: Jim Hayes

Mary Ruth Hayes watching her new house being built at 144 Naomi Avenue, Arcadia, 1947.

Other houses on the street were being built around the same time, and the neighborhood was full of kids our ages. Our family of four lived quite nicely in our 900-square-foot home with my sister Nancy (born in 1949) and me (born in 1950) sharing a bedroom for awhile. Then it started to get cramped and, like many other homeowners in the neighborhood, my mom and dad remodeled, adding a master bedroom, bathroom, and den (aka “family room”). My mom passed away in 1972, but my dad remained in that house until his death in 2002.

My dad always wanted to be an Arcadia police officer and, in 1947, it became a reality. Arcadia was his city; he didn’t just want to be a cop, he wanted to be a cop in his hometown. He never would have considered being a police officer in any other city than Arcadia. His starting pay was \$175 a month and the monthly house payment was \$63.

My dad’s public safety career started when the police department shared a building with the fire department at the corner of First Avenue and Wheeler Street. The hay barn across the street would later become the Sawmill (now Arroyo) Restaurant. As a new police station was being built as part of the new civic center complex in the wide median between the County Park and Santa Anita Park, Dad would take every Saturday to chronicle the construction activities. I had my first camera, a “Kodak Holiday,” so I was also able to “document” the construction as a seven-year-old.

My dad was so proud of the new police station. He laid out the floor plans and worked with the architects to make the station work more in a practical manner for department activity. The jail cells, gun range, offices, and all the small

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Credit: Arcadia Police Department

Police Captain Jim Hayes stands in the lobby of the “new” Arcadia police station, circa 1958.

tidbits that make a building flow and work efficiently were all features that Dad wanted to incorporate. He knew what the new building needed because of what the old building lacked.

Next door to the new police station site was the National Guard armory that was adjacent to a huge dirt lot that would become Methodist Hospital the following year. The construction of the hospital started before the new police building was completed. The guys at the armory would give us kids rides in Sherman tanks on the lot that the hospital would inhabit later.

As a cop, my dad knew each and every detail about who was who and who did what in our town. He would tell me about where a market used to be, who used to live in that house, and so-on and so-on. And he would take photographs.

Dad was a police officer when the officers did whatever was needed to keep the peace and keep the residents happy. When a calf got loose from the Driftwood Dairy in south Arcadia in the middle of the night, he and another officer simply did what was needed. They put the calf in the backseat of the police car with its head sticking out of the rear window on one side and its rump sticking out of the window on the other side. When they got to the police station, they tied the calf up until morning and then called the dairy to pick it up.

Being a police officer back then seemed simpler. And also being an Arcadian made Dad a favorite with the community. During the late 1950s, dad worked Arcadia High School Friday night football games. One night, a rival was in town to compete. As usual, the “visitors” bleachers were on the south side of the football field and the Apaches were on the north side. To make things a bit more tense, it was also Homecoming Night. Then some young fellow, walking back and forth on the dirt running track in front of the home crowd, started taunting the

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Apache fans with shouts and gestures before the game. According to him, his team was going to “whip” the Apaches and he was working very hard to start something with the fans. Dad walked over to the guy and told him that he would have to return to the other side of the field.

By this time the bleachers were packed and my dad’s exchange with the visitor was the only show going on as the football game had not yet started. With several hundred people watching Dad deal with this guy, the guy loudly tells my dad to “shut up” and continues walking in front of the crowd, teasing and stirring

them up. Now, my poor dad had this huge audience and many were yelling things like “Hey, Jimmy, get rid of this punk” and “Officer Hayes, what are you going to do now?” And, of course everyone was laughing. Except Dad. He walked over to the troublemaker, grabbed the guy by the neck and seat of the pants, picked him up, and threw him over a four-foot fence. The poor guy rolled in the dirt and the crowd went wild. So, Dad gets a standing ovation and the dusty young man slinks back to the south side of the field to join the other “visitors.”

Today, this “incident” would have turned into a big deal because things are much different. That’s not to say they are worse, they are just different. Arcadia still has one of the best police forces in Los Angeles County and, as it has grown and changed with society, it has done so with grace and professionalism. I was proud every day when Dad would back the police car into our driveway. In the summer months, he would leave the windows down and the keys in the ignition. Heck, nobody was going to steal Officer Hayes’ police car. That wasn’t going to happen.

Having a local policeman as a father gave me an insight to life that was a bit more “adult” than many other kids would get. I would hear about the horrors of crime, and even death. One day he had to sit me down to explain what suicide was



Arcadia Police Sergeant Jim Hayes, 1953.

Credit: Arcadia Police Department

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after a man intentionally stopped his car on the Santa Fe tracks just before the “Super Chief” hit him. Dad told me that they found the man with a note pinned to his coat. I would also hear about the wonderful acts that would happen at the hands of the police and fire personnel, such as the people who were so grateful to have been saved from an automobile accident or house on fire, or had their children rescued from a situation that had gone dangerously wrong. I would also hear about the children who had improved bicycle safety because they would learn new skills at the police “bicycle rodeos,” which were held at the elementary schools with the help of the local car clubs. And, there were also some rather humorous stories. Like the time a new driver was learning how to drive in the expansive parking lot of Santa Anita Park (not unlike many Arcadians) and her Chrysler Town & Country convertible somehow ended up in the wash. My dad had to photograph the scene for a police report. Fortunately no one was hurt.



Credit: Arcadia Police Department

The perils of learning how to drive in the parking lot of Santa Anita Park, circa 1950.

It was even “cool” to have a dad as a local cop. Other kids were proud to have dads who worked at Arcadia Lumber Company or the local Safeway grocery store, but my dad backed a fully-equipped police car into our driveway each night. And that was the coolest of the cool . . .

My dad’s love affair with the camera continued throughout his years as an officer with the Arcadia Police Department and into retirement. If you were a child in Arcadia in the last quarter of the twentieth century, and had a photo taken with your Little League team or other youth sports organization, your photographic

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Credit: Arcadia Police Department

Captain Jim Hayes taking delivery of a new fleet of Chevrolet police cars at Santa Anita Park, 1957.

image was probably captured by my dad who famously said “fuzzy pickles” just before he clicked the shutter.

Dad died in 2002. At the memorial service, ten members from the Arcadia Police Department attended and brought the department’s classic 1959 Ford police car to park at the graveside. Police Chief Bob Sanderson sang “Auld Lang Syne.” My sister and I will never forget the kindness and respect my dad’s department displayed that day.

And, in 2003, a state-of-the-art police station (made possible by voter passage of a general obligation bond issue) replaced the “new” station that my dad helped design and open back in 1958. It is hard to believe that I would outlive that station, but I did. I was honored to represent my dad and the City of Sierra Madre as its mayor at the dedication of the “newest” Arcadia police station at the site of the old armory and many memories.

Doug Hayes was born and raised in Arcadia. He attended Santa Anita Elementary School and Dana Junior High School, and graduated from Arcadia High School in 1968. During his high school days, he famously owned the most unique vehicle in town: a 1930 Ford panel truck known as “The Miracle Pie Wagon.” Doug later moved to Sierra Madre where he served as a city council member and mayor.

ONE FROM THE GREATEST GENERATION

by Pam Ruthven

My father Vernon Miller was a long-time Arcadia resident and a remarkable man in so many ways. He lived life to the fullest and touched many people during his time here with us. He passed away on March 15, 2013, having just celebrated his ninety-first birthday twelve days earlier. Reflecting on his life, I was struck by the idea that his story is truly an American story, a life that exemplified the American dream in a way that so many of his generation lived. Members of that generation—called “The Greatest Generation” by journalist Tom Brokaw to describe the generation that grew up in the United States during the Great Depression and then went on to fight in World War II—share many of the following characteristics: they embrace challenge, they love loyalty, they are frugal and hard-working, they are humble, and they approach life in an uncomplicated manner. This is my dad.

Vernon was born on March 3, 1922 in Terre Haute, Indiana, the youngest of seven brothers. His mom and dad, Oliver and Maude, moved the family to Los Angeles when he was two years old. He grew up during the Great Depression, a period in time that formed for him (like so many others) the traits that he would carry with him the rest of his life.



Vernon and Virginia Miller on their wedding day in 1948.

Credit: Lynn Bulgin

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One of the characteristics of The Greatest Generation is that it embraced challenge. Anybody who knew Vernon knows that he was a passionate (some might say stubborn?) man. Once he made up his mind, it would take an army of warriors to change it. Apparently, he was this way from a young age, since we know that he lied about his age and enlisted in the United States Army at the age of seventeen. He fought in the Pacific Theatre in World War II from 1941 through 1946, primarily in the Philippines, earning a Bronze Star medal when he volunteered to lead a dangerous mission to run communication lines behind enemy lines.

A second characteristic of The Greatest Generation is that it loved loyally. After the war, Vernon met his wife of fifty-four years, Virginia, and they were married in 1948. Theirs was a relationship in which love deepened over time. Together, they bought a house in Arcadia on Louise Avenue, where they raised two daughters. The house still stands today, much the same.

He spent countless New Year's Eves camped out on Colorado Boulevard so that his family would have a front row seat for the Rose Parade. He fought the crowds at midnight to move his lawn chairs from the curb to the blue line, making sure his girls were always in the front row for the parade.

As Virginia's health began to decline, he was a loving and supportive caretaker. When she passed away in 2003, it was a real struggle for him to find his traction again. After her funeral was the only time he ever let someone else drive the car.

Frugality, another characteristic . . . well, let's say that came easily to Vernon. No European vacations or cruises for this family . . . family vacations were spent driving to campsites with church friends. Who needs air conditioning? He simply set the thermostat to eighty-five degrees. We were the only Arcadians (to my knowledge) with a "circulating water pump"—a device designed to reduce hot water usage. He paid cash for virtually everything, eschewing any form of debt except the mortgage, which was, of course, paid in full.

With all of that said, however, his (and Virginia's) priorities were in the right place. They put both daughters through college without taking out any loans, and he was always happy to give to friends or strangers in need.

Like so many of his generation, Vernon was a humble man. He rarely spoke of his role in the war, as he simply viewed it as doing his duty. He was quietly proud of what he accomplished pursuing the greatest "hobby" of his life—coaching at Arcadia National Little League—a labor of love for over thirty years. During his coaching career, he impacted countless lives in a positive way, and to his dying day he received Christmas cards, birth announcements, and wedding invitations from former players.

His favorite participatory sport, though, was golf—in fact, you could say he was a "humble" golfer, more from lack of prowess than by design. He loved the game, but like so many of us, he never really mastered it. He did, however, shoot

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his age on one occasion; at least that is how the story was told (although family members remain a bit dubious on this point). A favorite ritual was to rise at 4:30 in the morning to “get in line” to secure a prime Sunday morning tee time at Santa Anita Golf Course. Prospective Sunday morning golfers would all drive to Santa Anita and park, waiting in their cars for the starter to arrive and book their tee time. The latest golfer to arrive left his headlights on, signaling that he was “the end of the line,” until he was replaced by a newcomer. Dad followed this ritual weekly for decades, most likely logging more time in the parking lot than he spent on the actual golf course.

Vernon worked hard all of his life—this characteristic was a big thread of the fabric that made him the man he was. After the war, he worked for South Pasadena Water and Power during the day while going to school at night to become a journeyman plumber. He worked at South Pasadena Plumbing for more than thirty years. When it eventually went out of business, even though he was old enough and could have retired, he chose to earn a contractors license and start a new plumbing business that continued for another decade. During his life, he was the sole financial provider for the family.

Physically strong, he did his own yard work until he was eighty years old. Well into his eighties, he would delight in the fact the he could drive a golf ball farther than men decades younger than he. He volunteered as a driver, taxiing the “old people” to their doctor or beauty shop appointments—people who were frequently twenty years younger than he. I was always impressed by the strength in his hands . . . big, burly bear claws that he used to great effect.

As I said at the start, along with that strength Vernon had passion, and he was passionate about so many things! His USC Trojans, the Los Angeles Dodgers, liberal politics . . . even baking! We were all entitled to his opinion, and debating with him was like watching a summer storm . . . you could see the energy gathering on the horizon then, suddenly, boom! You were in the middle of it and then, just as suddenly . . . it was both gone and forgotten.

What we will also remember, however, is the uncomplicated way Vernon went about living his life, the people he touched, and the memories he created along the way: Baskin Robbins after church on Sundays . . . weenie roasts at Huntington Beach . . . family dining at the Pie King . . . Edwards drive-in movies in our pj’s in the back of the station wagon . . . road trips with the family singing in the car . . . debates on the topic of the day. These are the memories that reside in our hearts and we will cherish forever.

When Vernon died on March 15, 2013, he left behind a legacy that each of us should strive to carry on—a legacy of hard work, humility, frugality, and simplicity. A legacy of embracing challenge, loving loyally, and (most of all) passion. These are the characteristics epitomized by America’s greatest generation, and Vernon’s life was a shining example of a life well-lived. He left

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an amazing legacy behind and he knew he was blessed.

On a number of occasions, looking back at his life before he died, Vernon said, “I’ve had a wonderful life—I’ve been very fortunate.” He left the world a better place than when he found it and for that we will always be grateful.

Dad, we miss you—but we will remember you with love—always!

***Pam Ruthven** grew up in Arcadia and attended Santa Anita Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1974). Times being what they were, Pam and her sister Lynn never played on a Little League baseball team coached by their dad. She is the chief financial officer of the Cranbrook Educational Community in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.*

MY ARCADIA MOM

Maria Sansui

My parents moved to Arcadia because my mom, like many other moms, researched and learned about the quality of the educational system here in Arcadia. Her name was Helen Sansui. Along with my dad Dean, sister Lynn, and me, she moved from San Gabriel in August 1973, away from her friends and family, to provide us with an opportunity for a strong education. New to the city, not knowing anyone, she immediately immersed herself into the community.

Soon after getting settled, she found and became a member the Church of the Good Shepherd. My mom joined the Double Rings fellowship group, the Sarah Circle women's group, and assisted the Mexico Medical Mission bike team as part of the riders support group for many years. She truly loved our church and the members of our congregation.

Always giving and supportive, she joined the PTA at Holly Avenue Elementary School when we were in school there. She served as publicity chair and also helped our teachers as a room mom. Every year at the school carnival, she was known to the kids as "The Pocket Lady" because she walked around with goodies to share, hidden in various pockets sewn into an apron she created just for the carnival.

With fond memories of all of the families who were part of the Arcadia Riptides swim team in the 1980s, under the guidance of Ray Petterson, she helped in any capacity necessary. Whether it was helping to host the two large invitational meets at the Arcadia High School pool, or being a timer during our smaller swim meets, she was always willing to assist.

At Arcadia High School, she volunteered to be a "band mom" and went to almost every parade, competition, and home football game to support the school and the kids! During the Festival of Bands parade in West Arcadia, she would tote my friends and me from the end of the parade route back to the high school in our 1979 Chevy wagon. As a member of the Apache swim team, I can't remember her missing a single high school swim meet. She was the most supportive mom ever cheering on our whole team! All our friends called her "mom" too!

Along with everything she did for us, she also was involved with the Holiday Homes Tour, fundraisers at Santa Anita Park, and the Arcadia Republican Women's Club, where she served as a member for over twenty years. She also spent fifteen years volunteering at Arcadia Methodist Hospital, making tray favors for patients who had to spend a holiday in the hospital. She did this for every single holiday from New Year's Day to Christmas, with the Valentine's Day creations being her favorite.

As much as she truly enjoyed volunteering and helping to make a difference,

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what she cherished most was time spent with her family and the great friends she gained through her involvement. Our friends were teammates on the local swim club or members of our church. Our friends were mayors and city council members, parent volunteers and school board members, local business owners and caring neighbors. These were her friends and our friends within the community; friends who shared the passion and had the desire to serve and better Arcadia.

What was always incredible to me and to our family was that no matter how involved she was in the community, she was a wife, mother, and grandmother first. I have many special memories of being with my mom. Memories that include Arcadia teas, luncheons, and fashion shows where we would wear beautiful big brimmed hats that



Credits: Maria Sansui

The Sansui Family at Dylan's baptism, July 2003.

made me appreciate her fashion sense! And even before that, as a child, I remember her reading to us and going to the Arcadia Public Library together for the summer reading program. We did art projects, cooked fun meals, and just spent time together talking and telling stories. Her patience, her contagious laugh, and her unconditional love for her family will never be forgotten by those who knew her.

When she saw her grandson Dylan, who was born at Arcadia Methodist Hospital, she was elated! I have never seen eyes sparkle like they did on that day. Her son-in-law Ruemruk also grew up in Arcadia and went through the same school system that drew her to Arcadia almost forty years ago . . . and now her grandson was going to benefit from her decision too!

My mom saw her new grandson for only thirteen months before she passed, but she saw him almost everyday and loved him in the way only a grandmother could. Since she left this world to a pain-free place in heaven, I often tell Dylan all about his "Bachan" through my stories. For, through those stories, much like this one, the memory of her love and compassion for family, friends, church, and the community continues. He knows she



Credits: Maria Sansui

Helen Sansui and grandson Dylan at Disneyland, January 2004.

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is here watching over him in Arcadia . . . his home now . . . and her home forever.

Maria Sansui has lived in Arcadia since 1973. She attended Holly Avenue Elementary School, Foothills Junior High School, and Arcadia High School. Now married with a son attending Holly Avenue, she continues to serve the community the way her mom did. She is a board member for PTA and Arcadia American Little League, and an active member of Church of the Good Shepherd.

A TRULY GOOD AND DECENT MAN

by Steve Phillipi

One of the great blessings in my life was my friendship with Paul Rooker. He was an older brother, uncle, and so much more to me. We shared many special and memorable times together. He motivated and challenged me. He made me a better person. A long-time Arcadian, Paul passed away in 2013 at the age of seventy-eight, leaving four children, nine grandchildren, and countless friends and admirers. Our community lost a truly good and decent man.

Paul and his wife, Bonnie, came to Arcadia in 1966. They soon settled in and raised their family. The Rookers were legendary in their South Ninth Avenue neighborhood (at the intersection of El Norte Avenue). Paul was an involved father, active in youth sports and the schools. His kids were athletes and cheerleaders all the way through Arcadia High School. The family also joined Arcadia's Church of the Good Shepherd and made it a home for life. There, among other fine work, Paul was a founder of a two-day bike tour that supported a medical clinic in a small town in Mexico. It, like cycling itself, became greatly important to Paul. In many ways, it defined him. It was a cause he shared with Bonnie.

Paul was a flash on his bike. Going full throttle at everything was his nature. He was said to have two speeds: stopped and all out. Paul had turned to cycling later in life after being a marathon runner. In fact, he was so good that he qualified for and ran in the Boston Marathon. Eventually the many miles of pounding destroyed Paul's knees, but that could not keep him down. He simply transformed his obsession for running into a passion for cycling.

Paul found great pleasure in spending countless hours riding endless miles along our local San Gabriel River, Rio Hondo, Los Angeles River, and Santa Fe Dam trails. His athletic position hunched over the handlebars of his bike was immediately identifiable. He cranked on, leaving his friends and any perceived challengers in the dust. Still, despite being so competitive, he inspired several others to join the sport. He was a motivator, a cheerleader. As our dear friend Steve Domier put it: "Paul was great at inspiring others. His infectious smile and encouraging attitude brought out the best in others. He got dozens of people to do things they thought they'd never be able to do."

It was because of Paul that I became a cyclist. For a few years, he had urged me to join the church's bike team on its fundraising tour from Arcadia to San Diego. It seemed to be a great physical challenge, which was why I finally accepted in 1995. On the first training ride, I thought I would die. I probably would have were it not for fellow Church of the Good Shepherd member Craig

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Lucas' act of kindness, pulling me off the trail and getting a Gatorade. But a seed was planted, and I rode that first trip to San Diego on my heavy hybrid bike. It was not long before Paul convinced me to get a road bike and to try to stay up with him. I tried but never really could.

Thanks to Paul, a passion for riding bikes was born. For the next ten years and more, no one spent more time watching the backside of Paul Rooker on a bike than did I. In addition to the annual Church of the Good Shepherd bike tour and the training rides leading up to it, Paul and the group he inspired participated in several organized rides. These included the Tour de Sewer, Solvang Prelude and Century, Wildflower Century, and Lighthouse Century. Paul always considered them races instead of mere rides. Although he would always promise that we would all stay together to the end of the ride, Paul's relentless drive and single-mindedness to complete the task meant he frequently finished well ahead of his friends. We often joked that in doing so he had missed some good scenery, including beautiful landscapes and even girls in bikinis!



Credit: Steve Phillipi

Rick Piccini, Steve Phillipi, Paul Rooker, and Steve Domier at the 2002 Solvang Prelude. Paul completed the bike ride, showered, and had lunch before his friends finished the ride.

In addition to being an impressive athlete, Paul was a true and loyal friend. I will forever remember the hours we spent at Starbucks and at the base of the Santa Fe Dam talking about our lives and times. I know confidently that he would have done anything for me. While he had a soft side, he was a tough guy. Sometimes

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he would be protective to the point of promising physical intervention if he believed it was needed, and he meant it. Whenever I faced professional challenges, Paul was there to support and encourage me. At one of my most challenging personal moments following a bike accident in which I suffered a serious injury, he was there giving comfort and assurance. I also always appreciated that he was a great mentor to my son Brad whom Paul loved as if he were his own grandchild.

It was a great blow to Paul when Bonnie passed away in 2004. The structure and purpose she had given him faded. By about 2007, Paul could no longer ride his bike. His riding friends missed him terrifically. He remained a strong supporter of the Mexico medical mission bike tour, which was held in Paul's honor in 2008. In the end, he cherished his family, friends, church, dog and Dodgers. He will be long remembered and sorely missed.

Steve Phillipi has lived in Arcadia since 1984. He served over three terms on the Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Commission. He and his wife Lori have two children—Brad and Kristen—who are graduates of Arcadia High School.

ARCADIA: A COMMUNITY OF FRIENDS

by Terry Hausner

It was June, 1979. My wife Sandy and I decided to move back to Southern California so I could help run the family business. Sandy was six months pregnant with our first child. The amount of money I would be making would be enough to allow her to stop teaching and stay home to help raise a family.

I knew about Arcadia because I grew up in Duarte and Bradbury. In the early 1960s, I had a '55 Chevy and my buddies had '57 Chevys and other similar vintage automobiles. We would drive down to Eaton's Santa Anita Hotel and Restaurant (which was located at the corner of Colorado Boulevard and Michillinda Avenue) on a Friday or Saturday night to have a burger with outdoor car service, and then cruise down to Bob's Big Boy (the one on Colorado Boulevard that used to be located just east of PCC) for dessert. We would often reverse the order, but always cruise Colorado Boulevard. The other weekend night, we would squeeze a bunch of guys into the trunk of a car and go to the Big Sky drive-in theatre in Duarte to catch a movie.

Sandy and I loved the Lower Rancho area of Arcadia. In 1979, there were some challenges to home purchase. First, we were in a housing boom and homes were selling quickly, especially in Arcadia. Adding to the difficulty were interest rates varying from 11% to 12%. People were buying homes with not just first and second deeds of trust, but thirds and fourths.

We fell in love with Altura Terrace, which used to be a part of the Eaton's restaurant and motel complex. The homes were located in the area where Eaton's had cottages and the rose garden. Although Altura Terrace was not as beautiful or majestic as other streets in the Lower Rancho area (such as Encanto, Panorama, Monte Verde, and Volante Drives, which had larger lots and large billowing trees), it had three things we liked - newer homes, a cul-de-sac, and sidewalks.

Our first attempt to buy a house on Altura Terrace failed because the home sold on the same day it was listed. Frustrated, I decided to try the home next door. I knocked on the door and asked the occupants if they were interested in selling their home. It turned out the house was owned by a group of real estate agents who had bought it on speculation that home prices would keep increasing. They came back to us and said they would sell but only at a price of \$220,000, which seemed like a lot of money in 1979. We did the deal and bought our home. But, in addition to a new mortgage, we now had a new baby on the way and a new neighborhood where we did not know anyone.

We got to know our neighbors quickly, which helped. But it was not until we enrolled Eric, our first born, at the Sierra Madre Community Nursery School that we really began to develop friendships. There we met many families

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including the Romos, Palmers, and Kovacics who, between them, seemed to know everyone in Arcadia. Sandy soon met other moms and group play dates filled the week. The nursery school required a lot of parent participation. Sandy worked in the classrooms several days a month, and I “volunteered” with other dads on Saturdays to work on the school buildings and landscaping. We continued to meet new people, many from Arcadia, when our second son Adam and our daughter Melissa also attended the nursery school. Those were some great years.

Thanks to the neighborhood kids, we soon discovered that our Altura Terrace sidewalk and cul-de-sac could be put to good use. Something called “Big Wheels” became very popular. They were like mini tricycles, built close to the ground, with a big wheel in the front and two smaller wheels in the back. The kids would roar down the sidewalk in front of our house and on towards Colorado Boulevard, and then roar back for refreshments. We also had a pink motorized Barbie convertible for Melissa and a truck for the boys. They would spend hours just driving up and down the block.



Credit: Terry Hausner

Adam and Eric Hausner cruising Altura Terrace in a motorized truck, 1988.

As the kids grew older, the cul-de-sac was a safe sanctuary to play wiffle ball, hide and seek, basketball, and everyone’s favorite: roller hockey. Many Saturday mornings, we would get a knock at our door and it would be the Suchter boys, Andy Tauer, Alex and Ben George, Jared Bohonus, Phillip and Nick Faraone, and several others asking our kids to come out and play roller hockey.

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A net was set up at the end of the street, and the kids had a great time playing games that lasted all day.

Like many families, we were involved in Indian Guides, Indian Princesses, Brownies, Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts, Webelos, and Boy Scouts. This is an area where Arcadia continues to shine because everyone is included and there is great community support for these organizations. Some of my best memories include group hikes, weekend outings, or even a whole week in Big Bear. The moms and dads were all terrific and the meetings were fun and educational. We became such good friends with the parents that we continued to have annual dinners for both Den 2 and Indian Guides well after the kids had gone off to college.

Like many parents, I also coached some local youth sports teams. I think my favorite was Arcadia Coast Little League. It was great hearing Pat Wickhem (the “Voice of Arcadia”) call the games like our own Vin Scully. He made every out a great play on the part of the defense, every hit was a line drive, and every home run should be on the front page of the local newspaper. And, if you made an out, it was only because the pitcher that day was pitching like a young Don Drysdale.

My favorite Little League levels to coach were t-ball and minors. As a coach, you did not draft the kids so much on skill level. Mostly, it was who would be a good teammate and whose parents would be fun to have on the team. Of course, everyone wanted one of the Nelson kids on their team. They were a great family, generous parents and well-behaved kids. And, more importantly, if Mary Nelson agreed to be team mom, you were guaranteed a successful season because Mary and Steve Nelson were the owners of California Snack Foods. A loss was easily forgotten with a post-game meal of cheese popcorn, caramel apples, ice tickles, and cotton candy.

I had the most fun coaching girls in t-ball. There were plenty of girls who were just as talented as the boys. In fact, I still remember Heather Gotha pitching for the Arcadia Coast Little League Major League All-Star team in district competition. Hardball. But, some girls on my t-ball team had no interest in playing baseball, which was fine with me. It was not unusual to see them huddled in the outfield without their gloves putting flowers in their hair. Soon, if you weren't paying attention, infielders would join the outfielders to discuss topics more important than baseball. The coaches would just look at each other and laugh. By the way, many of those girls are now doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers, and moms. Oh, and Dr. Heather Gotha is an orthopedic surgeon.

I am happy to say we still live in Arcadia and have many of the same great friends we first met over thirty years ago.

***Terry Hausner** and his wife Sandy have lived in Arcadia since 1979. He has been very involved with Arcadia youth sports and many other community projects.*

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

by Mabel Sonnevik

Down through the years, there were multitudes of people who my husband Milton Sonnevik touched during his time at the Arcadia Unified School District. There are two families that have been instrumental in honoring Milton's legacy as principal of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School. The Parrille Family had children at the school and Peter Amundson was a student from second grade through sixth grade while Milton was principal. Peter has a very successful refrigerated freight business. He also holds the distinction of being mayor for one year and a two-term city council member for the City of Arcadia. Both families continued to reach out to Milton and me even in our retirement. The Parrille Family has considered us as grandparents to their children. Milton's and Peter's shared Norwegian heritage bonded them very closely together down through the years.



Credit: Jean Parrille

The Sonnevik and Parrille families celebrate at ceremony honoring Milton Sonnevik's legacy as principal of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School, June 11, 2012.

Many years ago, Jean and Tony Parrille along with Peter Amundson tried to get Baldwin Stocker Elementary School or a building on campus to be named after Milton. Due to the fact that the school district now has a policy that no school or building can be named in honor of a specific person, this was unable to

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be accomplished. They kept seeking out options that would be allowed. After much diligence of getting approvals from school district officials and the current principal of the school, Jean and Peter were able to arrange for a plaque in Milton's honor to be prominently placed in the multi-purpose room at the school. It will be the focal point for all the activities at the school.

The permanent plaque was not finished, so they had a replica of the plaque that was presented to the PTA and students of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School on June 11, 2012. Peter Amundson gave a beautiful tribute to Milton. Jean Parrille held the replica of the plaque. The permanent plaque will be in bronze and many parents, students, and past teachers have contributed towards the plaque.

After the presentation that night, in Milton's honor, we all sang "Let There Be Peace On Earth." This was the song that Milton had everyone sing many times at PTA meetings and school events. There were many moist eyes due to the floods of memories for everyone. It was an amazing experience to hear people sharing with us the numerous ways Milton had influenced their lives not only during school time but also outside school time by saying . . .

- "He always greeted me at the school."
- "He knew my name."
- "He changed my life."
- "He attended my celebration outside the school when I was being honored."
- "He visited my parents when they were in the hospital."
- "He made me feel special and important."

Our family was so thankful and privileged to be able to be at the PTA awards event that honored Milton's service and legacy. After the awards assembly, the Parrille Family had many people who knew Milton come over to their house to meet us and share more stories, memorabilia, and pictures about Milton.

After twenty-six years of retirement, it is amazing that Milton Sonnevik is still loved and honored by the families, students, teachers, and extended community of Arcadia, California. It was truly a once-in-a-lifetime celebration.

Mabel Sonnevik was the wife of Milton Sonnevik for over sixty-one years. She was a successful elementary school teacher in Pasadena for twenty years where she loved to touch children's lives. She now resides in Overland Park, Kansas close to her son and daughter-in-law Ken and Carol Sonnevik. A version of this essay was originally published by The Center for LifeStory Writing, College Church of the Nazarene, Olathe, Kansas, in July 2012.

AN ARCADIA FAMILY

by Sonya Keith

The City of Arcadia has a small town feel and is the only home I have ever known. It is prized for its wealth and great educational system. My family has lived here for generations and, while they have contributed to the wealth and education of the city, it all started with a poor teenage bride in Missouri:

Fifteen-year-old Stella Yocum wanted adventure and out of her home where she was the oldest child. She lied about her age and accepted a winter coat as an engagement symbol from her older, and therefore more exciting, boyfriend who everyone called Dutch Sible. In the 1930s, the newlyweds moved to Monrovia and then to Arcadia where he had employment and she found a job in an orange juice factory. Arcadia living was an improvement over rural Missouri and it made Stella feel heady and rich. She was unaware that her small home was one of the smallest in the lush neighborhood. Residents were commonly going to work by foot or horseback and Stella felt exotic being able to drive a car until she crashed into a street car on First



Credit: Sonya Keith

Leslie (Dutch) and Stella Sible, circa 1948.

Avenue. Stella and Dutch had two children, Betty and Bob. Betty was a young mother who died young. Bob was an original “greaser”. His black hair was slicked back from his forehead and he rode a motorcycle. During the Korean War, he was deployed as a Merchant Marine.

Greaser, excellent student, and heartthrob, Bob was popular at “MAD” (Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School) and kept those friendships alive for the rest of his life. One day, his girlfriend dragged him to the hospital to visit Laurel Lou Boerstler, a thin girl recovering from polio. Before the Jonas Salk vaccine, polio was common and crippling. “Lou” was in the hospital being treated with the

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iron lung and just learning how to smoke. Modern medicine at the time prescribed cigarettes as a way to strengthen her lungs - irony of ironies. Bob fell in love on the spot. One day he was hanging out on her porch as she cleaned house. Annoyed, she asked, "Why are you spending all day on my porch?" His response was that he was hoping she would marry him.

Lou's family was from the other side of the tracks, the side that had large homes, owned property and oil stocks, and were active members of Eastern Star and Masons. They paid for much of the construction of the Masonic Temple on Huntington Drive. Her father Charles worked for Standard Oil. Mother Mildred ran a thriving florist shop catering to the wealthy socialites. Lou was the younger of two daughters. Medicine at the time was more rudimentary and her sister Caroline was hospitalized most of her life. Lou was expected to continue the life her high-achieving parents worked to provide for her. Falling in love with a poor but brilliant Bob was unsettling for her family, but eventually Mildred and Charles embraced the Sibles some twenty years later.

Bob and Lou married in her parents' front yard and purchased land on West Pamela Road where their home was hand-built by family members. They had four children in the next seven years: Judy Lou, Robert Wayne, Jr., Richard, and Tom. Lou found employment at the Pantry market and Bob worked at a gas station. He eventually opened his own station and employed his three sons while Judy worked with her grandmother Mildred in the flower shop, at Hinshaw's on Baldwin Avenue, and Julie's Bakery. The house was small and for many years had only two bedrooms. Bob and Lou slept in the living room so their children could have the bedrooms to play in and sleep.

Bob joined the Jaycees and became active in the Chamber of Commerce and the local PTA (and received a Founders Day award at Holly Avenue Elementary School some twenty years before his daughter did the same). They were a modern 1950s and 1960s family. They played sports, became Boy and Girl Scouts, joined the local Job's Daughters Bethel, had local family adventures to the Irwindale demolition derby, went shooting, and drove to the beach. When color television came around, the entire neighborhood packed into the living room of the one house on the block that could afford a set. They watched *The Wizard of Oz* and all of Pamela Road gasped at once when the scene became color. Wayne became an Arcadia High School football star. One Halloween he injured his knee. But, before going in the ambulance, he secretly passed his car keys to Judy and begged her to sneak the egg cartons out of his car without his parents finding out about his post-game intentions.

While away at college, Judy met Raymond Lloyd Keith and they married. They bought property on West Pamela Road, directly across from Judy's parents, and wanted to raise a family. Judy taught at Holly Avenue Elementary School and met Sonya, a student who had no family. Raymond and Judy adopted her.

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Two years later, a nurse from Arcadia Methodist Hospital went through Lou's check-out line at the market and asked if Judy still wanted a baby. Three days later, Kenneth came home to West Pamela Road on Easter Sunday in a felt Easter egg cover. The kids grew up playing in the streets until dark and had Arcadia childhoods similar to the ones enjoyed by Lou and Judy. They joined scouts, Kenneth became an Eagle Scout, Sonya was the Honored Queen of the Job's Daughters Bethel in Arcadia, and both graduated from Arcadia High School. Sonya is now a mother of two daughters: Jacquelyne, a college student at the University of La Verne, and Darla who is a toddler. Kenneth is married to another Arcadia native and studying car mechanics in Rancho Cucamonga.

Robert Wayne, Jr. has always been a high achiever. He was a high school sports hero, a Little League coach, holds a master's degree, and works at JPL. The most-educated of the siblings, he wisely married his Arcadia High School sweetheart Joan Petersilgie. She can still be found teaching at the high school where she is affectionately known as "Miss P." They bought a house two streets away from Robert's parents on Le Roy Avenue and raised Lauren, a lawyer, and Brianna, a psychotherapist.



Credit: Sonya Keith

The Sible and Keith families, December 25, 1989.

Richard joined the Coast Guard, went to theology school, and is living in San Bernardino with his wife Kitty. He works with young and pregnant mothers who are battling addiction. It was addiction that led Tom to his death on Pamela Road in the early 1990s.

My great-grandmother Stella lived for ninety-four years. Moving to Arcadia was the big adventure in her life. She gave Arcadia teachers, rocket scientists, lawyers, therapists, and volunteers who all carry on the tradition of loving Arcadia and seeking adventure.

Sonya Keith works as a contracted worker in the Los Angeles County Department of Public and Social Services and volunteers at MEND in Pacoima. She has a

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degree in sociology and specializes in ending homelessness and poverty. She is the mother of two daughters—Jacquelyne and Darla. When Sonya was adopted, she adopted Arcadia as her home and remains in contact with her friends and teachers from the Arcadia Unified School District.

FOOTPRINT OF AN ARCADIAN FAMILY

by Ronald W. Thee

Arcadia is not just a “community of homes”—it is also a “community of families.” It began with the Elias J. “Lucky” Baldwin family in 1903. Childhood memories are still held by adults today who love the City of Arcadia as the jewel of the valley. No city can compare with its many venues and values: Santa Anita Park racetrack, the Arboretum, a large county park and golf course, our superior school system, Arcadia Methodist Hospital, Westfield Santa Anita shopping mall, the Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage and Arcadia Community Center, a modern police facility, safe dog-walking neighborhoods, the emblematic and free-roaming peacock, multiple summer concerts, and the panorama of a beautiful foothill landscape all offer a uniqueness that makes Arcadia so special and envied.

Family

- Acrostically, the acronym for “family” to me means:

Father
And
Mother
I
Love
You.

- My parents raised their three children, three Samoyed dogs, and two Maltese/Bichon rescue dogs in the ranch-style, pastoral paradise of Arcadia.



Credit: Ron Thee

“Happy Hollow” tile created as part of the Tile Tapestry on the west wall of the Arcadia Public Library.

- Dad left Europe to become a United States citizen and successfully build his American dream as a confectionery baker in a land of opportunity.
- Mom’s family survived the Great Depression. Grandma Kovacs (a former Franciscan nun) taught them life-long frugal values of saving every penny, farming their own food, and sharing clothes and chores. They never felt they were poor, even during hard times.
- When my parents met in 1945 (their first date was at Santa Anita Park), the world was at war; but they found true love. It would last until 1994 when Dad died in Arcadia Methodist Hospital. He left us with a father’s essential moral principles of love, religion, ethical standards, volunteerism, family ties, and the wholesome value of parentage.

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Home is where the heart is

My folks had an enduring humble pride living in their attractive Arcadia house for over sixty years. Whether winning an “Arcadia Beautiful” award and a “Best Decorated” Christmas award, or being honored with a family-created tile in the Tile Tapestry on the outside west wall of the Arcadia Public Library, our house has always been home to us. And, Mom and Dad tried to preserve the character and harmony of their picket fence neighborhood with goods from placid bygone department stores like Hinshaw’s, Nash’s, Colonial Pharmacy, Van de Kamp’s windmill bakery, El Rancho Market, and local mom-and-pop shops in our hometown.

Mark Twain once wrote: “*To us, our house . . . had a heart, and a soul, and eyes to see us with; and approvals and solicitudes and deep sympathies; it was of us, and we were in its confidence and lived in its grace and in the peace of it benediction. We never came home from an absence that its face did not light up and speak out its eloquent welcome; and we could not enter it unmoved.*”



Credit: Ron Thee

“Happy Hollow” sign on front yard lamp post.

Through the pages of time, new chapters would be written and new stories would be told. As our family grew, some would leave to live in homes with families of their own. Meanwhile, the grand lady of the hollow still stands, only a bit lonelier than before. Some of her sounds could be heard no more. Yet, there is a rugged pride in her resilient grandeur as the palace of dreams and memories.

We call our home the “Thee Happy Hollow,” which has its own eclectic appellation of people and pets.

Ronald W. Thee has lived in Arcadia since 1951, when his parents bought their single family residence in the Lower Rancho, and still lives in the same beautiful home. He attended Hugo Reid Elementary School, Foothill Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1965). He is an enlisted docent at the historic Gamble House in Pasadena and volunteers at several civic venues in Arcadia including Santa Anita Park. Rescue dogs, classical music, and factual research are his primary passions.

MOTHER AND ME: AN ARCADIA EXPERIENCE

by Edith Nafie

I hadn't planned to come to Arcadia. However, it came about quite naturally. My mother and I were living together after each of us were recently widowed. At the invitation of my son and daughter-in-law, we came to California for a Christmas visit. In their concern for my mother's increasing physical care, my family encouraged us to consider living nearer to them. We spent only one day looking at housing with a real estate agent and felt that Arcadia, with its beautiful open spaces and flowers, was a special place to be. We saw a condominium complex with a lovely walkway within its confines. When we returned to Michigan, my mother said, "Let's go back. I want to live where there's the widow's walk." It was a reference to the cupola on a sea captain's home from which his wife searches longingly for her seafaring husband's return.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Edith Nafie (center) and friends celebrating Mother's Day at Assistance League of Arcadia Chapter House, 2011.

We sold two homes fairly quickly and bought the condo overlooking the walk. My mother loved to see the mountains. We shopped at the mall and enjoyed the parks in Arcadia. We especially enjoyed leisurely walks in the Arboretum where Mother loved to see the water birds. We joined the Arcadia Golden Age Club and I was privileged to serve a term as its representative on the Senior Citizens Commission. It was interesting to see how transparent Arcadia's government works when a monthly update about city affairs was given at each meeting by a member of the city council. My mother lived in Arcadia for eight more years. I have continued living here quite happily.

Edith Nafie lives in Arcadia. She is an active member of the Arcadia Golden Age Club and a former member of the Arcadia Senior Citizens Commission.

A REFLECTION

by Christian Zwicky

My first years in Arcadia began at Church of the Good Shepherd preschool and I was baptized at the church and in the Christian faith for which I was named. I strive to follow that inerrant and narrow path in my life, one of endurance, constancy, integrity, worship, generosity of spirit, and joy in obedience.

I formed life-long friendships in preschool that continued during my school years in the Arcadia Unified School District and remain solid today. I attended Baldwin Stocker Elementary School, Dana Middle School, and Arcadia High School. The school days were long and the months longer still. The years have now flown by so fast, yet the memories remain. The outstanding and solid foundation that the school district afforded me has now propelled a higher education opportunity and excellence to pursue my goals. I also played baseball in Arcadia, advancing to the pitcher position in the Babe Ruth League. Baseball became an important part of my life and I have come to know players who remain an inspiration not only in terms of sport but also in faith.

My grandfather Fritz Zwicky, an astrophysicist and professor at California Institute of Technology, pronounced: “The universe is so unique and perfect that it could not have originated by chance but was divined by flawless, creative design.” The bold visionaries are often persecuted by the establishment and its



Christian Zwicky (right) and friend at Church of the Good Shepherd preschool.

Credit: Barbara Zwicky.

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body politic that continue the siege commensurate with their failure. Only those who stand strong against the winds of opposition will forge ahead into the unknown universe and discover yet unknown phenomena. I will continue my journey not deterred by corrosive elements or bound by fossilized paradigms and forge ahead in my chosen field of economics, which is in dire need of reform from the current flawed model of consumption-based wealth. To garner the existence of a brighter economic future, one must first understand the origin of wealth and trust freedom above all else as the most equitable standard for wealth allocation, taking away the ability of oligarchs to freely manipulate wealth to put lawmakers in the most advantageous position, and therefore subsidize each other's self-serving agendas.

As a citizen of Arcadia, I am responsible to the community as advocate for those less fortunate, including those in the animal kingdom. My Eagle Scout project endeavored to address the feral, homeless, and abandoned feline problem in Arcadia, in a coordinated effort with Steve McNall, president and CEO of the Pasadena Humane Society & SPCA serving the City of Arcadia, and veterinarian Dr. Valerie Tesauro of the Tender Loving Care Clinic in South Pasadena. The feline rescue effort also extended to Santa Anita Park with the administration giving a generous donation to the Pasadena Humane Society & SPCA. I adopted several felines from the project and secured the spaying and neutering as well as permanent placement of all felines that I rescued. The feral problem is a nationwide endemic that will be resolved only through the independent action of citizens across the country and in a joint effort commissioned toward that end.

This reflection portrays the ongoing narrative from childhood to young adult and the outstanding opportunities that were afforded to me by growing up in Arcadia.

Christian Zwicky was born in Pasadena, California, and moved to Arcadia when he was eight years old. He attended Baldwin Stocker Elementary School, Dana Middle School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 2011). His Eagle Scout project addressed the feral cat problem in the San Gabriel Valley. He holds dual citizenship with the United States and Switzerland.

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Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

Arcadia's "First Settlers" float in the 1939 Rose Parade.

A DAWN IN THE WEST

by Margaux Viera

Having grown up in both Northern and Southern California, I have always loved our state's rich history. Since the passing of my beloved grandmother, Anita Baldwin Gibson, I have felt a strong need to learn more about my father's side of the family, the Baldwins. I set out on a journey that would far surpass my expectations. The discoveries that I have made along the way have been life-changing. Connecting all the dots of my lineage and the incredible people who make up that lineage have given me great strength in knowledge.

Elias Jackson "Lucky" Baldwin is a very hard act to follow. What he was able to achieve in his lifetime is remarkable. His tenacity for life and innovation inspire me to try and do more. I hope when young people read and learn about his accomplishments, they too feel inspired to do more!

Baldwin was born on April 3, 1828, in Hamilton County, Ohio. His father was a farmer and the young Baldwin took a particular liking to working with the farm's horses. Before too long, he was buying and selling horses and, by the age of 16, had established a horse trading business. Baldwin's attention turned to various business enterprises that included moving out to California in search of



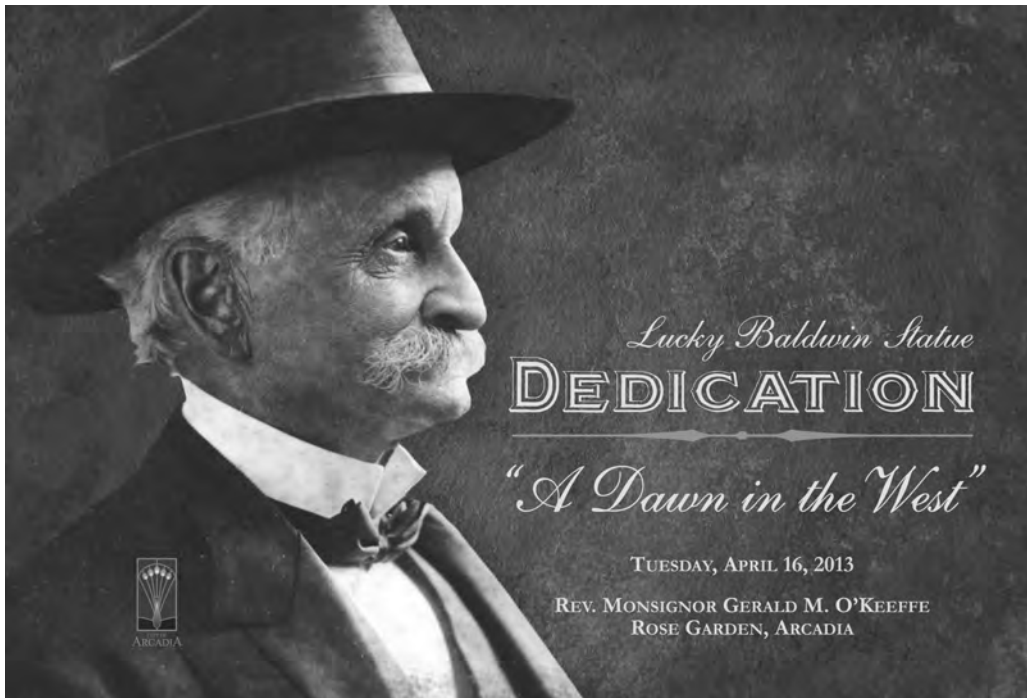
Credit: City of Arcadia

Arcadia Public Works Services Department employees installing "A Dawn in the West" statue, 2013.

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business opportunities during the great California Gold Rush in 1853. Through a series of investments in mining, real estate, and small business ventures, he amassed a fortune. One particularly fortuitous deal in Comstock shares is thought to be how he earned the nickname “Lucky.”

Baldwin made many real estate purchases that included large tracts of land in Southern California. He was convinced that the rich land of the San Gabriel Valley would be good for agriculture, and he was right. Baldwin purchased Rancho Santa Anita in 1875. He built a guest house, now known as the Queen Anne Cottage, on the ranch and promoted the area for settlement. He is credited with bringing peacocks to Arcadia, which are still enjoyed to this day. He is also considered the father of horse racing in Arcadia with the establishment of the first Santa Anita Park on the site of today’s Arcadia County Park. Baldwin established Arcadia as a town site in 1887 and, upon incorporation of the City of Arcadia in 1903, he was elected and served as the first president of the board of trustees.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Invitation to Lucky Baldwin statue dedication on April 16, 2013.

Baldwin was truly a pioneer and a visionary, and will always be known for his remarkable contributions to Southern California and the growth of the West. He passed away at his adobe home on the ranch on March 1, 1909, just short of his eighty-first birthday.

Baldwin’s daughter, Anita Baldwin, was also a very strong-willed individual who achieved much in her own lifetime. In 1919, Anita Baldwin built the first

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hospital for babies in Los Angeles. I cannot think of a more honorable thing to do than to do something for God's children. In 1930, she sold the property at 324 South First Avenue to the Woman's Club of Arcadia, another remarkable civic organization, for a clubhouse site that is still used today.

Having learned all that I know now about my family makes me very proud to be a Baldwin. In honor of my family's legacy, I decided to commission a statue of my great-great-great-grandfather. The statue, designed by award-winning sculptor Alfred Paredes, was dedicated at a public ceremony in the rose garden just west of the Arcadia Community Center on April 16, 2013.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Heather Gibson and Margaux Viera (great-great-great-granddaughters of Lucky Baldwin) with sculptor Alfred Paredes at statue dedication, April 16, 2013.

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Named *A Dawn in the West*, the statue is a larger-than-life-sized monument celebrating the visionary legacy of the larger-than-life “Lucky” Baldwin. From his vantage point thirteen feet above Huntington Drive, he surveys the realization of his vision. He stands in the transition between past and future. The ground beneath him is rough, the ground in front of him is smooth. He helped to shape this land and bring the modern world to the wilderness and, in doing so, he was part of the new dawning in the West. The word “dawn” is used to describe a beginning, but the West has always been the place of the setting sun, the end of a day. My great-great-great-grandfather faces west, but instead of seeing the setting sun signaling the end of the day, he sees a new beginning.

Elias Jackson “Lucky” Baldwin deserves the recognition for his achievements. He can now stand tall and preside over his home in beautiful Arcadia, California.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Arcadia City Council members at statue dedication, April 16, 2013.

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Margaux Viera was born in San Francisco. Her late father is a direct descendant of Elias Jackson “Lucky” Baldwin and the son of Anita Baldwin Gibson. Margaux has always had a love of the arts and history. As a young girl, she studied theatre at The Pasadena Playhouse, Stella Adler Academy, and The Lee Strausberg Institute. She went on to become a wardrobe stylist and fashion designer with her own fashion label. She resides in Southern California with her growing family. She thanks the City of Arcadia for providing additional information about her great-great-great-grandfather.

ANITA BALDWIN: WORLD WAR I HEROINE

by Dr. Dana Hicks

Anita M. Baldwin (1876 - 1939) was the daughter of Arcadia founder, Elias Jackson Baldwin. Unlike her father, Anita was an active philanthropist. The charities she applied her humanitarian passion to assisted animals, women, and children.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Anita Baldwin in uniform of the Red Star Society, circa 1917.

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During World War I, Anita Baldwin attained the rank of honorary colonel of the 117th Engineers and was the only woman selected to serve on the war board of the Liberty Fair Committee. Because Anita was a fairly private and retiring person and did not wish to call attention to herself, much of her philanthropic work went unpublicized. For example, while in Belgium at the outbreak of World War I, she made the humanitarian gesture of donating her custom-made automobile for auction. She donated the proceeds of the auction to the Belgian Relief Fund.

On returning home from her European trip in 1914, her efforts continued and escalated. Anita Baldwin offered her father's racetrack property in Arcadia to the War Department for use in the war effort. Though she generously offered the land at the outbreak of hostilities, the offer was not taken up for some time. The property was first used as a camp of the 7th California Militia before it proceeded to Camp Kearney and then on to France. Soon after, government engineers looked for a suitable site on which to erect a balloon observer school. They chose Anita's racetrack land. The Arcadia Balloon School was the only Army school on the West Coast dedicated to training balloon observers. Today the land is the site of Arcadia County Park and Santa Anita Golf Course. Anita was very proud of the men at the balloon school and made it known that she stood ready to do everything in her power to aid them. Her untiring generous efforts and philanthropic work on behalf of the men throughout the war won her the admiration and sincere friendship of the entire school.

Anita Baldwin's accolades also included the establishment of the Servian War Relief Committee and service as head of the Red Star Society. The society was a group that cared for wounded war animals either in the training camps or abroad. They also donated horses to the Army Remount Service. In addition, Anita's interest in animals was extended in service as president of the State Humane Society and the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Anita Baldwin's efforts were extended to women's and children's causes as well. She donated \$50,000 to the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in 1919 and in 1921 she donated a second \$50,000 to a new hospital for babies at California Hospital in Los Angeles. Anita gave to many charities and those she considered less fortunate than herself throughout her life. She also donated funds to the Young Women's Christian Association and provided jobs and financial support for the schooling of several women.

Anita Baldwin possessed a true humanitarian heart and was a brave, strong woman who led the way for other women to follow in her footsteps. The City of Arcadia is honored to call Anita Baldwin one of its own and continues to call attention to her as part of its proud history.

Dana Hicks, Ph.D. is the curator of The Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage.

DID HUGO REID REALLY BUILD THE HUGO REID ADOBE?

by Sandra L. Snider

A lot has changed since many of us attended Arcadia public schools! Chances are that Ulysses S. Grant is actually still buried in Grant's Tomb, but the odds that Hugo Reid built (or even lived in) the Arboretum's Hugo Reid Adobe are dwindling as advanced research comes to light. Credit Pasadena restoration architect Bill Ellinger for initiating the questions and researcher Gary Cowles for digging into Huntington Library archives to lend further credence to a likely reinterpretation for the Hugo Reid Adobe, but history is all about interpretation, and this puzzle is one of the more rewarding ones.

Chances are that a retired Australian circus entrepreneur by the name of Joseph Rowe was the owner and source of funds for the "Adobe," which still stands next to the lake at Los Angeles County Arboretum. The Adobe remains absolutely historic, including historic adobe foundations and a preponderance of historic structural blocks, but the date of origin is more likely 1854 rather than Reid's credited 1840. This would seem of little consequence in the greater scheme of all things historic, but in California, the difference between the 1840s and the 1850s is cataclysmic . . . California was a provincial outpost of Mexico until the dramatic ending of the War with Mexico in 1848 and the ceding of California to the United States in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. A mere year later, GOLD was discovered at Sutter's Creek, and a year after that California was made the 31st state in the union of the United States of America.

Joseph Rowe made a living entertaining Gold Rush crowds, and he retired from the fray in 1854 with enough money to purchase the pristine Rancho Santa Anita for \$33,000. Santa Anita's recorded 13,319 acres had been sold by Hugo Reid to Rancho Azusa neighbor and friend Henry Dalton in 1847, but even then documents noted that a small, far western section of the vast rancho was excluded from the sale. Later owners would hire attorneys to verify the altered boundaries, but current research indicates that the "original" Hugo Reid Adobe was likely constructed circa 1840 on land that is now in San Marino, just east of that city's Lacy Park ("Lake Vineyard" in Reid's time).

So did Joseph Rowe, retired circus owner, really build what we thought was the Hugo Reid Adobe at today's Arboretum? Probably, though there is some evidence that Reid constructed some version of a "house of stone" (perhaps "house of straw," depending on one's interpretation of hand written records) on the land. Others contend that a member of the vast Lopez family, contenders with Reid for title to Rancho Santa Anita, may have built the first primitive structure as proof of their own intent to settle the property. Whether Reid or Lopez,

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however, if there was a pre-Rowe adobe house at Santa Anita, it likely had little in the way of foundations substantial enough to have survived the several earthquakes that rocked the Valley over intervening years.

Joseph Rowe sold Santa Anita to Albert Dibblee and partner William Corbitt in 1858 (at a loss), and it is Dibblee family letters that cast more significant light on the Adobe construction time line. Albert Dibblee (1858) commented that Rowe “spent \$6,000 in re-building a house” and “other expenses for an orchard” at Santa Anita. Whose house was “rebuilt” and whether or not it was still standing upon Rowe’s purchase, we shall probably never know. Architect/archaeologist Ellinger surmises that anything that may have been left of a Reid or Lopez structure was likely outside of the current foundations of the standing Adobe, and this author agrees with that assessment. My further surmise is that Hugo Reid did not construct anything at all on today’s Arboretum property and that photographic records dating to the late 1870s show what was more than likely an L-shaped, 8-room Joseph Rowe Adobe (see accompanying photograph) in the condition found upon purchase by none other than Arcadia’s founder and first mayor, Elias Jackson “Lucky” Baldwin.



Credit: The Huntington Library, Art Collections,
and Botanical Garden

Earliest known view (circa 1878) of the Baldwin Adobe as seen looking south across Baldwin Lake. The long, wood frame wing parallel to the lake was razed in the late 1950s.

I am credentialed to teach history in California secondary schools, and I spent my student teaching days enjoying the fruits of Arcadia Unified School District’s broad-ranging opportunities. I had never heard of Hugo Reid or

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Tiburcio Lopez or Joseph Rowe or Dibblee/Corbitt then, but I had gained “professional student worker” employment with the County of Los Angeles during this period, and that would lead me unto a fortuitous road to Arboretum History Curator, a professional position that I held for thirty-five happy years. Early postgraduate work led to a master’s degree in history and a master’s thesis that reflected my fledgling investigations into Lucky Baldwin.

Lucky Baldwin “discovered” the Reid/Lopez/Rowe/Dibblee Adobe upon his purchase of Rancho Santa Anita in 1875, and he made the now significant decision to make this relatively humble abode his “Home Place.” The adobe wing fronting Baldwin Lake was replaced with wood siding (custom built to resemble adobe blocks); plumbing and flooring and eventually electrical lighting were added to both the original adobe and to the wood frame wing as years went by, and it soon became apparent that close friends and family spent leisure time at the Baldwin Adobe rather than the nearby guest house now known as the Queen Anne Cottage. Kitchen, dining room, pantries and servants’ quarters were part of the Adobe compound, as was Baldwin’s private suite. Mayor Baldwin, in fact, passed away in his bedroom in the Adobe Home Place in 1909, though nary a marker makes mention of the fact.

Vintage postcards of the Baldwin era give recognition to the Adobe residence and its adjacent grounds, though the Cottage (or Casino/Clubhouse as it was then known) was the architectural star of the Baldwin Ranch. Its place on



Credit: The Collection of the Arboretum Library at the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

View of the adobe portion of the Baldwin Adobe (circa 1900). Wood deck verandas surrounded the entire L-shaped structure, with columns supporting the veranda roof similar to those at the neighboring Queen Anne Cottage.

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the National Register reflects that status, as does the matching Coach Barn, but the misnamed “Hugo Reid” Adobe may soon join its illustrious Baldwin Ranch companion pieces as part of a historic core or even historic district designation. Rehabilitation of the Adobe as it appeared in its prime Baldwin Ranch days is in the early stages, but as this significant piece of Arcadia’s story emerges, we can surely look forward to not only a more accurate interpretation of our city’s heritage, but also one that more fully engages its citizens.

Hugo Reid was the first private owner of Rancho Santa Anita and thus Arcadia’s first “citizen,” and whether or not he built an actual structure on today’s city property should have no bearing on his important role in California’s story. Hugo Reid was an educated, naturalized Scotsman who embraced Mexico’s adventure in Alta California; he married a native Gabrielino/Tongva woman he named Victoria and adopted her four native children; he campaigned for native American rights and wrote extensively on topics of native culture; he represented the southern counties at California’s first Constitutional Convention, and he has gone down in history as a person of significance.

So why re-interpret Arcadia history at this late stage? Truth is better than fiction is usually the answer, and with the historically significant ADOBE, it seems that the search for truth is the message best delivered. Whatever the topic, the teacher’s response is “look it up.” Online resources are burgeoning, and more and more archival materials are becoming available to those who relish the search. Preliminary research indicates that our own founder and mayor, Elias Jackson “Lucky” Baldwin, may well have had an affinity for history himself . . . what else explains his decision to rehabilitate and live in an old adobe house rather than tear it down and cast its storied past aside?

Sandra L. Snider was employed by the County of Los Angeles as Curator of the Arboretum’s Historical Section for thirty five years, a position she retired from in 2006. Upon retirement, Sandy returned to the Arboretum as a volunteer and quickly took on administrative positions with Los Voluntarios, the Arboretum’s 300-person strong volunteer arm. She has authored three books: “Arcadia: Where Ranch and City Meet” (1981), “Elias Jackson ‘Lucky’ Baldwin: California Visionary” (1987), and “Arboretum Album” (1997), and numerous pamphlets, training manuals, program scripts, and study guides.

LEE AVENUE'S NAMESAKE

by Elinor Lee Bush

Scott Mortimer Lee, Jr., came to Arcadia in 1914, and he was Arcadia's first water superintendent. He started the town's water system of wells, and the home provided for the Lees was at the site of the Orange Grove well. He later lived at 58 Newman Avenue in Arcadia.



Credit: Elinor Lee Bush

Scott Mortimer Lee, Jr., captain of the Throop School football team, circa 1890s.

Scott Mortimer Lee, Jr. was a native of Lee's Station, Jefferson County, Kansas. He graduated from Throop School, now known as the California Institute

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of Technology or simply Caltech. He was captain of the football team while at Throop School and stated that they beat USC in those early years.

While growing up in Arcadia, I remember that Anita Baldwin, daughter of Lucky Baldwin, gave us a beautiful German shepherd police dog named Max. Anita Baldwin loved dogs and had many dogs herself.

Scott Mortimer Lee, Jr. was married to Delia Lee in 1916. They had four daughters—known as “The Four Lee Girls”—Virginia, Barbara, Elinor, and Mary Lois. They attended First Avenue School in Arcadia. Mary Lois still has a home in Arcadia.



Credit: Elinor Lee Bush

“The Four Lee Girls,” circa 1930s.

There is a street named after Scott Mortimer Lee, Jr., called Lee Avenue. He was a resident of Arcadia for forty-three years and served as water superintendent during those years. He passed away on May 13, 1958 at the age of seventy-two.

Elinor Lee Bush was born and raised in Arcadia and attended First Avenue School. She now lives in Porter Ranch, California.

SULLY REMEMBERS HIS TIME AT STALAG IV-B

by Thomas E. O'Sullivan

I was inducted into the United States Army at Fort Douglas, Utah. Subsequently, I served at Camp Bowie and Camp Hood, both in Texas, in the Tank Destroyers. Then I was sent to Louisiana State University to the Army Specialized Training Program (“ASTP”).

With the elimination of the ASTP program by the Army I was sent to the Infantry at Camp Maxey, near Paris, Texas. To be exact it was the 99th Infantry Division, 393rd Regiment, 3rd Battalion, Company K to be a “grunt,” also called a “dog face,” which were terms of endearment for infantrymen.

The 99th ended up in the Ardennes Forest. We were near the Belgian villages of Krinkelt and Rocherath.

Before dawn on December 16, 1944 the German Army started an assault that became known as the Battle of the Bulge.

We were under fire from small arms, artillery and Tiger tanks by the Germans until our capture that day. The 99th was decimated as were many other American units. The fog was so bad that Allied aircraft could not give us support during the battle. As happened with many others I became an unwilling guest of the German Army.

We were marched to Bonn, Germany. During this time I saw other Company K men, including Al Elby, a New Yorker, who later became a long time resident of Sierra Madre. We were marched past crossroads near Malmedy, Belgium, later to become an infamous spot for the murder of American prisoners. I was interrogated by a German SS Officer but he dismissed me after I continuously answered with only my name, rank, and serial number.

I have said “we” many times. I was with John McCauley (now deceased) from early in the LSU days until our return to American control after capture. John was an Irishman from Chicago.

We spent Christmas Day 1944 on a hilltop in Bonn, Germany, not in a church or around a fire, under guard in a cold warehouse. Freezing cold. I understand that the winter of 1944-1945 was the coldest in that area in a hundred years. For our spirits that particular day, we began to sing Christmas songs. The German guards joined in singing “Silent Night” in German.



Private First Class Thomas E. O'Sullivan at Camp Maxey near Paris, Texas, 1943.

Credit: Thomas E. O'Sullivan

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After Bonn we were transported eastward by train in boxcars with no heat or sanitary facilities (conditions were most uncomfortable). I will stop that description here. During this trip, which lasted several days, we were bombed and strafed by Allied aircraft. The boxcars were unmarked with no Red Cross or POW signs. The pilots had no idea of the boxcar contents.

During the few breaks in transit I recall running into fields, despite shouts to the contrary from the guards, to pick up rutabagas on the ground. We ate them as we found them, raw, dirty and frozen. A little one-eyed German guard sometimes closed his good eye to let us run to the lovely edible rutabaga. I have not had a rutabaga or turnip since then.

Eventually McCauley and I ended our eastward trip at Stalag IV B near Muhlberg on the Elbe River. On the way we passed through Halle, Leipzig and Dresden, the latter after it had been gutted by allied bombings. Literally, German guards saved us as civilians would have killed us on the spot had they been able to get their hands on the American Kriegesgefangens (we called ourselves "Kriegies").

Stalag IV B was a large enclosure with many Allied prisoners (American, British, Canadian, Australian, Polish, etc.). McCauley and I were there until we were liberated. Rumors for days were that the American army was near. One morning Russian soldiers rode in on horseback. We sat around for a few days waiting for the American Army which did not arrive. Finally McCauley and I, along with three captured English soldiers, just walked out of the stalag and headed west.

A few thoughts about Stalag IV B. Hogan's Heroes it was not. Upon arriving at the camp we were deloused, in the winter, out of doors, showered with cold water and disinfectant, standing naked. *Brr*. Rations were extremely skimpy, only a small amount of skilly (soup) and a piece of bread every day. Cigarettes, by way of Red Cross packages when they arrived, and if they were distributed, which was rare, were gold. At times there were air raid sirens but the camp was never bombed. The sirens were meant to warn villages near the camp that Allied aircraft were in the area. For some reason the sirens reminded me of V2 Rockets, better known as buzz bombs, which the Germans fired at London. If the engine on the rocket failed before it reached London, which at times happened, that meant it was coming down now. Discretion made you burrow into the ground if you thought the rocket was in your vicinity.

As we walked west we encountered German soldiers and civilians as well as Russian soldiers. All of the soldiers were armed. We frequently heard gunfire but were never bothered by anyone. This differed from our earlier trip through Dresden where bombing was still occurring. Now, in reality, the war was over. We stayed in German farm houses at night and "lived off the land." I will describe how and what we ate in another chapter. Thinking back we were really just ignored.

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McCauley thought we should go to Munich as he had an idea that his father who was with the Red Cross might be in Munich. Where that idea came from I never knew.

After wandering a few days we got to Torgau on the Elbe River, the place where the American and Russian armies met. An American colonel spotted us (we were in our uniforms with the red POW triangle stenciled on) and took us into “custody.” McCauley and I resisted a bit as we were serious about going to Munich and did not mind the countryside. We stayed where we wanted and ate what we could find. We had earlier parted with the three English soldiers.

The colonel loaded us into his jeep and took us to Halle. Then we were flown from Halle to Le Havre, France. It was the second time I crossed the Rhine River without seeing it, the first time in a crowded POW boxcar and the second time asleep on the floor of a C47.

At Le Havre we were sent to Camp Lucky Strike, an assembly point for American soldiers going home. I ran into Company K people, among them Travis Mathis, Glenn Wilcoxson, and B.O. Wilkins. I saw a few of my hometown friends from Alhambra: Jim Coakley, Roy Weiland, and Bill Mudra. Oh yes, Generals Dwight Eisenhower and Omar Bradley as well as the First Army Commanding General came through and spoke to us in a small group.

After a number of days at Camp Lucky Strike we were put on a ship. We retraced our original trip, from Le Harve, with a stop at South Hampton, England, across the Atlantic, to Boston, and then Camp Myles Standish in Taunton, Massachusetts. After many, many months together McCauley and I parted company. (He was a dear friend. We had huddled in fox holes together.) He headed to Chicago and I headed to my mother’s on Sunset Boulevard in Arcadia.

I think I weighed about 130 pounds when liberated, having weighed about 195 pounds when captured. The way I ate for several weeks after being liberated ballooned



Sully finally at home, 1945.

Credit: Thomas E. O'Sullivan

Chapter 4. Our People

<p>CLASS OF SERVICE</p> <p>This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.</p>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">WESTERN UNION</h1> <p style="font-size: small; margin: 0;">A. N. WILLIAMS PRESIDENT</p>	<p>1201</p> <p style="text-align: right;">1945 JAN 13</p> <p>SYMBOLS</p> <table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr><td>DL = Day Letter</td></tr> <tr><td>NL = Night Letter</td></tr> <tr><td>LC = Deferred Cable</td></tr> <tr><td>NLT = Cable Night Letter</td></tr> <tr><td>Ship Radiogram</td></tr> </table>	DL = Day Letter	NL = Night Letter	LC = Deferred Cable	NLT = Cable Night Letter	Ship Radiogram
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<p>THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE</p>							

Credit: Thomas E. O'Sullivan

Telegram dated January 13, 1945 informing Mrs. O'Sullivan that her son was missing in action.

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Credit: Thomas E. O'Sullivan

Subsequent telegram dated April 17, 1945 informing Mrs. O'Sullivan that her son was a prisoner of war.

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me in a hurry. I won't discuss my stomach problems for months, if not years, after I returned home. Maybe Red Cross donuts were a factor. To this day my feet are numb from frost bite, trench foot, frozen feet, or whatever you call it.

During my time in Europe I did not have a change of clothes for more than six months. From head to toe I wore the same clothing except in December when I was able to replace wet socks with new ones.

I arrived at my mother's home in Arcadia in June, 1945. I lived with her for three years until I finished college. My family lived in Arcadia for many years after World War II. My mother and sister are buried in the small Pioneer Cemetery in Sierra Madre.

As an aside, when fourteen years old, I learned to drive in the parking lot at Santa Anita Park racetrack, a huge and empty lot in those days. How many Californians had their first driving experience in Arcadia at the Santa Anita lot?

Thomas E. O'Sullivan grew up in Alhambra and graduated from Alhambra High School, Class of 1941. After World War II, he lived with his mother on Sunset Boulevard in Arcadia while attending USC. Daily he took the Big Red Car down Huntington Drive to Los Angeles and back to Arcadia.

DUTY TO COUNTRY

by Major Paul de León

My family moved to Arcadia when I was twelve years old. Coming from Louisiana, I wasn't used to the laid-back friendly attitudes, perfect seventy-degree weather, and endless mountain ranges. I remember staring in awe at the majestic San Gabriel Mountains that seemed to rise right out of our front yard. Not too long after we moved in, I decided to get a closer look. I told my mom I was going for a hike, set out on my bike, and rode up to the base of Mount Wilson. My intent was to walk the trail for a little bit and enjoy the scenery, but after reaching the third mile marker, I decided to go all the way to the top. My preparations for such an undertaking were poor to say the least. I had no water, no food, and no knife, but I made do with the many streams and berry bushes I passed on the way. When I reached the peak, I felt like a king with all of Los Angeles spread out before me. I was literally on top of the world.

I took a nap in the shade of a large pine tree at the summit before heading back down. About halfway into my return trip, I noticed it was beginning to get dark. I increased my speed a bit, but I couldn't outrun the fast-setting sun. By the time I reached the bottom, it was pitch black and I saw a scattering of dancing lights at the trail's entrance. My parents and many of their new neighbors were searching for me with flashlights and were relieved to find me safely returned. My parents' relief, however, soon gave way to anger and I was subsequently grounded for a full four months. Needless to say, confined in one's house isn't a good way to meet people and start the school year in a new place. After my sentence was completed, I decided to join the local Boy Scout Troop (Troop 103) so that I might be better prepared for my next hike.

Five short years and many hikes later, I found myself facing the final challenge of my Boy Scouting career: the board of review that would decide whether or not I would make Eagle Scout. As I nervously entered the board room, I saw sitting in the middle of the five-member panel a gray-haired, stern-looking man who was the unmistakable leader of the group. After quick introductions and some questions about my scouting experience, the man asked what was clearly the most important question of the day: How was I going to continue living the Boy Scout oath and do my "duty to country" after becoming an Eagle Scout? I mumbled something completely forgettable, but it was at this moment that I began considering a career in the Armed Forces.

That man was Gene Gaffney, a local community leader and Boy Scout volunteer with nearly five decades of service. He had helped more than one thousand boys (including Arcadia-born astronaut Steven W. Lindsey) earn their Eagle Scout awards. But his commitment to our success did not end there. When

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I applied and was accepted to attend the United States Military Academy, Mr. Gaffney congratulated me and informed me about some of the upcoming hardships I should expect. When I graduated, I received a kind letter from him urging me to “wear the uniform with pride.” And, when I was deployed to Iraq, Mr. Gaffney sent me short notes of encouragement that always ended with “may your life continue to be one of duty and honor.” Mr. Gaffney humbly served the community and always encouraged his scouts to be their best, but it wasn’t until after his death that I found out he too had served.

Eugene Gaffney entered the Army Air Corps in 1940. He flew B-29s and B-25s over the Pacific in World War II. He conducted resupply missions in C-130s during Vietnam. Even after retiring from the Air Force in 1968 at the rank of



Credit: Paul de León

Paul de León and young friend in Iraq, October 2004.



Credit: Paul de León

Paul de León during a year-long deployment to Afghanistan, September 2010.

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lieutenant colonel, he found other ways to serve his community including his volunteer work with the Boy Scouts of America.

The leadership opportunities and challenges offered to me through Scouting and multiple sport teams prepared me for the rigors of military life. The countless hours spent marching up and down Campus Drive as a part of Arcadia High



Credit: Paul de León

Paul de León being promoted to the rank of major, March 2013.

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School's marching band made me an expert at drill and ceremony in the Army. But, it was Mr. Gaffney's encouraging letters and inspirational example that gave me the strength to complete two combat deployments and over ten years in the military. Now as an instructor of English at the United States Military Academy, I have the opportunity to pass on Mr. Gaffney's legacy and follow his example by ushering in the next generation of leaders.



Credit: Gary Kovacic

The City of Arcadia continues to support its residents who are currently serving in the military.

Paul de León is a major in the U.S. Army. He lived in Arcadia from 1993 to 1999 and attended Foothills Middle School and Arcadia High School. After graduating from Arcadia High School in 1999, he attended the United States Military Academy at West Point, graduating in 2003. He served as an infantry officer in Iraq and Afghanistan, and is currently stationed at West Point where he is an English instructor.

WHY I BECAME AN ITALIAN

by Frank Perini

Looking at Arcadia today, one might never guess that this was once an all-white community. The ethnic makeup of Arcadia has certainly changed over the years.

I was born Frank Perez in East Los Angeles. At the age of six, I moved to El Monte with my family. We did farm work and raised produce for the downtown market. I attended El Monte schools and graduated from El Monte High School. A year after I got married, I was drafted into the U. S. Army. I was discharged four years later. Under the GI Bill, I attended Pacific Barber College in Pasadena, thus beginning my life's work.

In 1946, I was working as a barber in Temple City. I decided to buy a home in Arcadia. After trying to buy five different homes and having my offers rejected, I realized I was being denied because I was Mexican.

My bosses at the barber shop were two Italian brothers. They said to me, "You look Italian; why don't you change your name?" So I legally changed my name from Perez to Perini. When we looked at the next home (after the name change), there were no questions asked. We were able to buy our home in Arcadia. We were one of the first Mexican families to own a home in Arcadia.

In 1954, I opened my barber shop at 73 E. Foothill Boulevard in Arcadia. Soon after, I was asked to join the Arcadia Rotary Club. But again, I was denied because I was Mexican.

Another barber was a member of the Arcadia Rotary Club. Rotary had a rule that only one person from each professional classification could belong to a particular club. But it also had a rule that anyone who had been a member for fifteen years or more could release his classification to a new member. But the other barber refused to release his classification to me because I was Mexican.

Four years later, that barber passed away and the classification was opened up. That is when I became a member of the Arcadia Rotary Club, the first Mexican member they ever had.

During my first three years in Rotary, I was not invited to the club's social



*Frank Perini's graduation photo,
El Monte High School, Class of 1942.*

Credit: Frank Perini

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events. A member with a clipboard would go from table to table asking members if they planned to attend a certain social event. But when he arrived at my table, he would ignore me and go on to the others. I became very discouraged and even thought of quitting. I came up with the idea of standing at the front door and greeting members as they arrived at the meeting. I asked the president if I could do this and he said “yes.” So, for the next five years, I was the official greeter. The members got to know me and had no choice but to accept me.

In my first ten years as a member of the Arcadia Rotary Club, I helped build youth huts at several of the Arcadia grammar schools. We also built the first of many buildings Arcadia Rotary was to build for the Boy Scouts at Camp Trask in the hills above Monrovia. And, we built the memorial patio behind the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce building.

For the past forty-four years, I have been the official photographer for the Arcadia Rotary Club. Each year, I present the outgoing president with an album chronicling his or her year as president. As of June 2013, I have been a member of the Arcadia Rotary Club for fifty-four years. And, I am proud to say I have a fifty-four-year perfect attendance record at our weekly meetings.



Credit: Frank Griffith

Frank Perini in his barber shop at 73 E. Foothill Boulevard, Arcadia, 2013.

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Here are some of the changes I have seen in Arcadia since I opened my business in 1954:

- Santa Anita Avenue was called “Double Drive.”
- Foothill Boulevard was a two-lane road.
- There were two gas stations at the corner of Foothill Boulevard and Highland Oaks Drive.
- In the two blocks east of Santa Anita Avenue on the north side of Foothill Boulevard, there were only five buildings. There was a lot of vacant land.
- On some of the land north of Foothill Boulevard, Japanese farmers were growing strawberries.
- My first summer in business in Arcadia a huge fire started in the foothills. The entire face of the mountains was completely engulfed in flames. That winter brought a lot of rain. Tons and tons of mud came down out of the mountains. Highland Oaks Drive became a river of mud. When the mud reached Foothill Boulevard, it went east and west for a long ways. Many swimming pools were filled with mud.

And, just for the record, here are some sports that have been a big part of my life:

- Playing football and running track at El Monte High School
- Deep sea fishing
- Riding a motorcycle for twenty-five years
- Playing tennis, golf, and bowling
- Making thirty-six free-fall parachute jumps
- Fighting four amateur bouts at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles
- Taking a forty-minute glider flight
- Snow and water skiing
- Playing baseball with the Arcadia Los Padres team
- Playing softball for over forty years, retiring at the age of eighty-four.

Despite my struggles to come here, Arcadia has been my home and is the community I love. It has given a lot to me and my family, and I feel like I've given back.

Frank Perini opened his barber shop in Arcadia in 1954 after finally being able to buy a home in Arcadia. His children all attended Arcadia schools and are graduates of Arcadia High School. One of his daughters taught in the Arcadia Unified School District. He has been an active member of the Arcadia Rotary Club for fifty-four years. He also gave free haircuts for thirteen years to any graduate of Arcadia High School who wanted one at the school's all-night graduation party and sponsored Arcadia Little League teams for forty-four years.

THE HUMBLEST OF HEROES

by Rosalind Bump

The humblest of heroes. The grandfather figure. The steadfast leader. His presence is unmistakable, but not merely because of his impressive stature. Upon walking into a room of high school students, shared whispers announce his arrival and smiles spread like lightning across the room. This great man is Tom Landes, longtime band director and mentor to thousands of young musicians. After more than thirty years at the helm of the Arcadia Apache Marching Band, he retired in 2012. Mr. Landes left behind him a legacy—a precedence of excellence—that will never be forgotten.

Mr. Landes lived a life of service while at Arcadia High School; he dedicated endless time and energy to a program and people he believed in fully. There is no doubt that those who passed through the doors of MB1, our band room, left as better musicians and marchers. Infinitely more important, however, is that they left as genuinely better people. Not only was he loved deeply, but Mr. Landes never missed an opportunity to show love to those around him. He constantly spoke worth into the young people he encountered each day: to those struggling with confidence, he gave the gift of encouragement; to those needing a positive adult mentor, he was an unwavering grandfather figure; to those searching for meaning, he gave a sense of purpose.

The impact that Mr. Landes left extends much farther than our Arcadia community. Throughout the Southern California marching band world, fellow directors and band members alike have looked up to Mr. Landes. A particularly touching conversation came up at the awards ceremony of our first parade without Mr. Landes. The drum major from a different band with which we regularly compete approached our small group of student leaders. Simultaneously tentative and eager, she asked, “Will Mr. Landes still be at Arcadia Festival of Bands,



Tom Landes confidently leading the Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band into competition, 2011.

Credit: Zay Naing

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even though he has retired? I can't imagine marching down that street without the tall man in the red suit there to greet us." She admitted that she had only ever talked to Mr. Landes very briefly, right before leading her band into competition, and yet in those moments she, too, had experienced the aura of warmth that he exudes. Few individuals are as revered as Mr. Landes, and yet even fewer are as humble.

For those of us who had the opportunity to share in the events celebrating Mr. Landes's career and final year as director, it was awe-inspiring to see letters and messages come in by the tenfold from former students, parents, and colleagues alike who shared stories and memories of their time with Mr. Landes. It had been difficult to fathom tangibly the influence of a single man, but as the endless messages of thanks poured in, the magnitude of Mr. Landes' role in changing the lives of the people around him became far more apparent. Regardless, Mr. Landes made it clear that it was never about him; he accepted thanks and praise with graciousness, yet always directed the attention and spotlight away from himself.

"I am a firm believer that a team is better than the sum of the individuals," Mr. Landes often emphasized. "We are a better band than we are individual musicians." With Mr. Landes, teamwork was not an afterthought to the process, nor was it simply another ingredient in a recipe to success; rather, growing as one band family was at the core of all that we could accomplish together. Thank you again, Mr. Landes, for investing so fully in every single one of our lives.

***Rosalind Bump** graduated from Arcadia High School in 2013 and attends the University of California, Berkeley. She served as president of the Arcadia Apache Marching Band during the 2012 marching season, and played trumpet and trombone throughout her time at the high school. She has fond memories of the long hours spent at Wednesday night band rehearsals and also those she dedicated to the Arcadia High School Constitution Team.*

OUR CROSSING GUARD

by Mark Renfrew

Walking to work at Foothills Middle School affords me two daily pleasures: a one-minute commute that doesn't include the use of a car and interacting with our crossing guard Manny. Having worked in schools for thirty years, I have met a lot of crossing guards, but none like Manny.

First and foremost for Manny is getting pedestrians across the street safely. When school lets out, hundreds of students descend on the corner of Sycamore and Second Avenues to head for home. At the same time, a host of parents are arriving by car, not only to get Foothills students, but also coming south having picked up their children from Highland Oaks Elementary School. There, in the midst of mankind and machine, is Manny carefully keeping the two apart. With Manny's skillful choreography, the streets are clear of students and cars in about fifteen minutes. On the rare day that Manny is absent, the traffic backs up and confusion reigns.

But stopping traffic and escorting students is what crossing guards throughout the city do on a daily basis and thankfully they do it well. Parents owe a great debt to each and every guard who delivers their child safely in the right direction.



Credit: Mark Renfrew

Foothills Middle School crossing guard Manual "Manny" Cenicerros, 2013.

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What sets Manny apart is the enthusiasm he brings to the task. Working in a school around any holiday is always fun, but Manny brings a whole new level to the celebration. When a holiday approaches, Manny's fully-decorated beach umbrella is there to greet students, parents, and staff. Manny says he got the idea one day while walking through the 99 Cents Only Store and he's been dressing up our corner for the holidays ever since.

Manny prearranges the display in the backyard of his Baldwin Park home and gets it looking just right before he brings it for our enjoyment. Not only do the students and staff love it, so do the drivers and bike riders that pass. They honk, they shout, and they give him a "thumbs up" sign of approval.



Credit: Mark Renfrew

Each holiday Manny decorates his beach umbrella to greet those who cross in front of Foothills Middle School, 2013.

Some days can be very tough to be on duty. For three months this year, Manny suffered with sciatic pain. As he tells it, "I went through hell." But, he didn't miss a day of work because of it. That's something to say because Manny is seventy-eight years old!

Manny's given name is Manual Cenicerros. He was born in East L.A. in 1935. When he was six years old, his family returned to Mexico. Upon finishing high school in Mexico, where he learned the skills needed to be a stenographer and bookkeeper, he went to the American Consulate and applied to be in the United

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States military, but he couldn't pass the English test. He was determined to serve his country, so he enrolled in adult school to learn English and returned to East L.A. in 1955. In 1959, he was drafted into the U.S. Army. Due to the excellent typing skills he learned in Mexico, he joined the cryptology department. It was the Cold War era and Manny was sent to duty in Paris, France. There, at the United States European Command, he spent more than two years enciphering and deciphering messages. As Manny puts it, "There was nothing but brass there." Orders from Washington, D.C. would be passed through the window of the office where he and the other coders worked. He would put the message into code using a special "code box." Each month, the letters would be rotated so that a new code would be used. The secret message would then go out a different window depending on which branch of the military was to receive it.

Serving in Paris was great except that Manny had to leave his fiancée behind and he was not allowed to go back to the United States. So, she came to France and they were married in Paris. His oldest daughter was born in France. They went on to raise a family of three girls and one boy.

Manny learned of the job opening for crossing guard at the Baldwin Park Community Center. He applied in the morning and was hired that same day. They were pleased to hire a veteran. Foothills Middle School is his first job as a crossing guard.

"I enjoy the politeness of the kids, they don't take me for granted," Manny says. "I love what I do. The kids keep me on my toes, and keep my reflexes sharp. I have to be alert all of the time."

The students at Foothills love him right back:

"He is so polite and cheerful. For every holiday you can imagine he decorates his umbrella."

"When you're crossing the street he always tells you to have a good day. He's awesome!"

"Thank you Manny. You keep me safe every day!"

If you haven't seen Manny and his colorful umbrella, drive by the corner of Sycamore and Second Avenues before or after school on any holiday. Better yet, park and walk up like I do. You'll not only get the chance to see his awesome umbrella, you can also meet a terrific person.

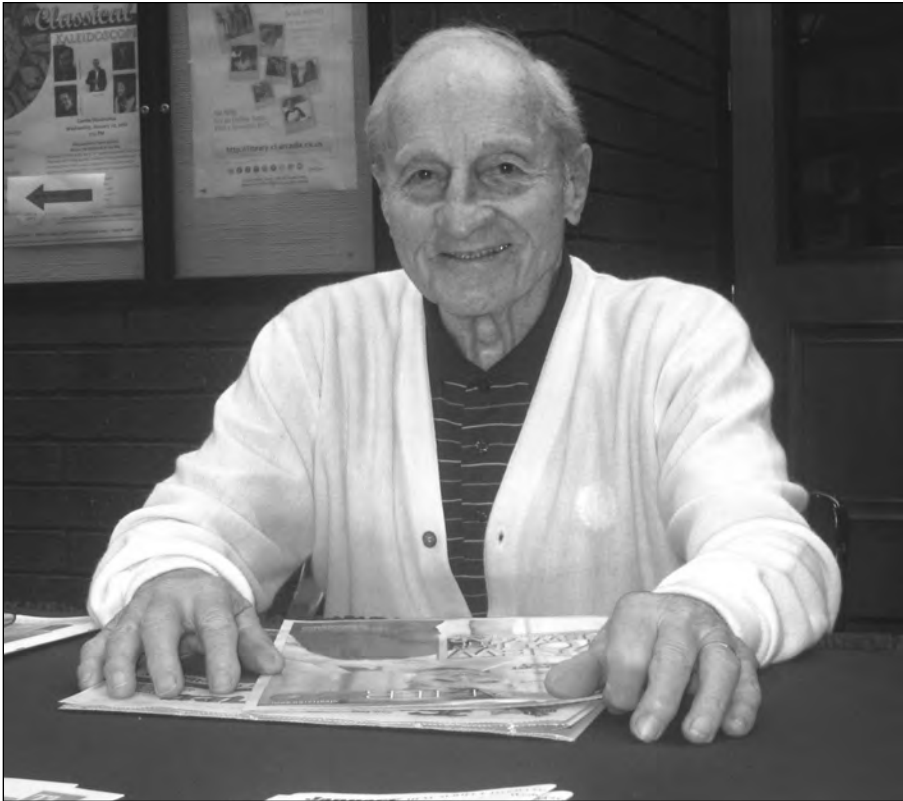
Mark Renfrew lives just down the street from Foothills Middle School, where he is a teacher, coach, and advocate for school safety.

BEING AN ACTIVE SENIOR CITIZEN

by Jack A. Lamp

During the ten years that my wife Nancy and I lived in Pasadena, just above St. Luke Hospital, I had the privilege of serving—as student body president of Pasadena City College and president of the Pasadena Junior Chamber of Commerce. I also received some very special awards—an honorary life membership in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Association and a “Man of the Year” award. We sent our two children to St. Rita’s Elementary School for their first eight grades, and enjoyed our neighborhood.

However, we decided to move to Arcadia, where we understood the schools were the finest in the entire San Gabriel Valley. We purchased a lovely three-bedroom home in the area above Foothill Boulevard, just off of Santa Anita Avenue. After spending several years making contacts with various city departments, I organized a block party for all of the thirty-two homeowners on White Oak Drive. Several years later, I was elected vice president of the Highlands Homeowners’ Association and served with president Jeff Bowen for six years.



Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Jack Lamp working at the Ambassador’s Table at the Arcadia Community Center, 2012.

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I provided a quarterly newsletter, which was well-received and brought our membership to its highest level in twenty years. We funded and installed a large sign on Santa Anita Avenue to help welcome newcomers and visitors.

The many contacts that I made throughout Arcadia with the city council, fire department, police department, city employees, Methodist Hospital, and Santa Anita Park served as a good guide to making nice relationships in the coming years. I was asked to serve on the board of the Republican Party in Arcadia, which was very active and helped me meet many other nice people in the city. Then I was invited to become active at the Arcadia Community Center as an ambassador to help welcome seniors and other guests. This program opened many new doors and I devoted many hours to projects for seniors each week. My duties at St. Rita Catholic Church each Sunday were also enjoyable, always allowing me to meet many more new friends.

Without a doubt, the greatest honor that I received was being selected as Arcadia's 2012 Senior Citizen of the Year! During my fifty-five years as a resident of this wonderful town, never did I think that the city would present me with this great honor!! All of my family and friends gave me words of praise and allowed me to understand fully just what a great city I have lived in all these many years. There was no way to thank everyone adequately; they were all so considerate and cooperative.

We all live our lives the best way we know how, which gives us the pride and satisfaction that everyone needs to live with friends and family in the town of their choice. My selection of Arcadia many years ago was the best decision I ever made, and I am truly proud to be a resident of Arcadia along with my wife and two children. My deepest "thanks" goes out to all of you who helped make those years so great!

Jack A. Lamp has been an active senior citizen in Arcadia for many years. His volunteer activities at the Arcadia Community Center include working at the information and referral front desk and serving as an ambassador. He has also served as a member of the city's Senior Citizens Commission. He was selected as Arcadia's 2012 Senior Citizen of the Year.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE ARCADIA GREAT

by Yee-Horn Shuai

M*r. Harbicht, my name is Sean Shuai. I'm a Boy Scout in Troop 138 and I need to find someone who is an elected official, judge, attorney, civil servant, principal, or teacher to discuss the constitutional rights and obligations of a United States citizen. Will you do that for me and my fellow Scouts?"*

At my suggestion, my son Sean called Bob Harbicht, who was a member of the Arcadia City Council, to solicit help on one of his Boy Scout first-class advancement requirements. Bob graciously agreed to let Sean and a couple of other Scouts come to his home and patiently spent more than an hour going over the boys' constitutional rights and obligations as United States citizens.

"Gary, my Lions Club is going to hold a student speakers contest. Will you agree to be one of the judges on the panel for the contest?"

This conversation occurred more than ten years ago between Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic and me and, since then, he has been one of the judges on the panel for most of my Lions Club's annual student speakers contests. Joann Steinmeier, former president of the governing board of the Arcadia Unified School District, has also been one of our judges.

"Sho, I am on the nomination committee of the Lucky Baldwin District, San Gabriel Valley Council. At the committee meeting last night, I recommended you to be the district chair. The committee asked me to call you to find out if you will accept such nomination."

After my brief explanation of the job description, Sho Tay accepted the job. He was nominated by the nomination committee and elected by the board to be the district chairman for 2011 and 2012.

"Yee-Horn, this is Gary Kovacic. Will you come to our annual Law Day event to be a volunteer lawyer to answer questions for those who need legal advice?"

"Yee-Horn, this is Alice Wang. Would you buy an ad in the Arcadia Chinese Association's yearbook?"

"Yee-Horn, this is Joanna Liang. Would you be the emcee for the Arcadia Chinese Association's annual senior citizens luncheon?"

"Dear Friends: With the cooperation of the Arcadia Unified School District and the City of Arcadia, Mickey Segal and Gary Kovacic have agreed to co-chair the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation, a charitable 501(c)(3) entity, and establish an endowment to insure that this facility and first-class performing arts will thrive in our community for many years. On October 27th, the Foundation is sponsoring a benefit concert to open the Arcadia Performing Arts Center and raise \$1 million to seed the endowment. Paul Anka has agreed to perform for this gala grand

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opening. We need your help to make this very special event a success.”

These communications are just a tiny fraction of what I have experienced in Arcadia. Over the years, I have met, known, and worked with many outstanding Arcadia residents; people who make Arcadia a great city in which to live.

My wife Fannie, who was pregnant with our second son Kevin, our son Jason, and I moved to Arcadia on my birthday in April 1988. When my family first moved in Arcadia, minorities still encountered some remnant bias here and there. However, most of the people I encountered were friendly and extended their helping hands to the minority newcomers. These selfless Arcadians served our city and the surrounding communities through different charitable and service organizations such as, to name a few, Arcadia Rotary Club, Arcadia Masonic Lodge, Arcadia Chamber of Commerce, Boy Scouts of America San Gabriel Valley Council, Arcadia Elks Lodge, Arcadia Chinese Association, Arcadia Host Lions Club, Arcadia Champion Lions Club, and San Marino Lions Club, my Lions Club that sponsors Boy Scout Troop 138.

Soon after moving to Arcadia, I joined the Arcadia Chinese Association (“ACA”) and stayed with it ever since. Over the years, through my involvement in ACA as a director and then the legal advisor, and also in other organizations, I have met many Chinese Arcadians who have devoted enormous time and effort to help new Chinese immigrants living in Arcadia and Arcadia residents of other ethnicities understand each other better.

Dr. Sheng Chang started ACA by for the main purpose of helping new Chinese immigrants who settled in Arcadia and promoting the interest of its members.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Volunteer attorneys and members of the Arcadia Chinese Association prepare for Law Day, 2012.

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Over the years, ACA's purpose has evolved from mainly serving its own members and Chinese Arcadians. It now helps bridge the gap between Chinese residents and residents of other ethnicities, actively participates in the civic services in Arcadia, and serves the City of Arcadia and the surrounding communities as a whole. For many years, ACA has sponsored and/or organized events, activities, and programs including, but not limited to, senior citizens luncheons, Law Day, city council candidates forums, city employees appreciation luncheons, Chinese New Year celebrations, Mid-Autumn Festival events, American Cancer Society's "Relay for Life," Mother's Day parties and talent contests, "Get to Know You" parties, and scholarships for high school students.

Due to the progressive changing of its purposes and expanding of its services, in 2002, the ACA board, led by then-president Sherry Wang, asked me to represent ACA in changing its status from a membership benefit non-profit organization to



Credit: Arcadia's Best

Arcadia Chinese Association President Joanna Liang congratulated by Arcadia Mayor Pro Tem John Wuo at annual ACA installation dinner, 2013.

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a public benefit non-profit organization. The project took a back seat for a couple of years after Sherry Wang's tenure and then picked-up steam again during the term of David Lee's presidency. In 2006, ACA accomplished amending its articles of incorporation and bylaws from a membership benefit non-profit organization to a public benefit organization and, in 2007, successfully obtained the approval of both IRS and FTB for the change from a IRC 501(c)(4) membership benefit non-profit organization to a IRC 501(c)(3) public benefit organization. For such progressive expansion of its services to the community, I applaud ACA.

The successor presidents after Dr. Sheng Chang include Jimmy Au, Teresa Hsu, S.H. Wen, Alice Wu, Theresa Hwang, Kay Tseng, Sherry Wang, David Wang, Bee Hsu, Monika Yeh, David Lee, Alice Wang, Sho Tay, Pearl Chen and Polly Ho, Edward Wong, Josephine Louie, and Joanna Liang. In addition to these presidents who were willing to shoulder the heavy burden of running ACA, there have been many directors and advisors who also have devoted enormous time and efforts in helping ACA achieve its noble purposes.

Over the years, in addition to ACA, I have also been a member and president of San Marino Lions Club, which always has many members living in Arcadia; assistant scoutmaster, chair, and scoutmaster of Troop 138, which also has most of its Scouts living in Arcadia; a member of the Arcadia Masonic Lodge; and a board member of the Measure I Citizens Oversight Committee.

From my personal observation, the residents of Arcadia are quite well-off compared with the residents of most of the cities in the neighborhood. So, in the tradition of the many outstanding Arcadia residents and volunteers who have embraced me, my family, and our community, I have a vision for ACA. It is a vision that ACA will further evolve into an organization that extends its helping hands even more to the less fortunate residents of the surrounding communities . . . as its members continue to join the ranks of people who made Arcadia great.

Yee-Horn Shuai was born, raised, and educated in Taiwan where he obtained a law degree and served as a military officer. In 1979, he came to the United States to study law at Hastings College of the Law in San Francisco. He and wife moved to Arcadia in 1988 because of the excellent school district. They raised three sons who all attended Arcadia public schools and became Eagle Scouts.

Chapter 5



Our Neighborhoods



Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

145 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia (currently the location of Matt Denny's Ale House Restaurant), circa 1953.

A DOWNTOWN WALK

by Lee Daniels Kofahl

In 1996, I moved my shop to the newly-renovated area known as Downtown Arcadia. I had been watching the redevelopment project for some time and had my eye on an empty storefront on the corner of First Avenue and Alta Street. It seemed like an ideal location for my consignment shop. I contacted the landlord David Cross and we came to an agreement regarding the rental of the property.

However, at that time, the City of Arcadia had some regulations regarding the kinds of businesses that were acceptable in the downtown district along a portion of Huntington Drive and First Avenue. A consignment shop was not in the character profile. Letters were written, meetings were scheduled, and finally Mr. Cross and I appeared at

an Arcadia City Council meeting. The result was a yes vote for my shop. Second Time Around was in! The shop has been situated on the corner of First and Alta for seventeen years now, one of the longest established small businesses in the downtown district. I have always been grateful to have my business located in the pleasant and friendly area of Arcadia.

Downtown Arcadia is a lovely tree-lined district set against the backdrop of the San Gabriel Mountains. There are a variety of shops, businesses, and services to tempt the interests of local residents and out-of-town visitors who stay at the nearby hotels on Huntington Drive.

On occasional evenings after the shop closes, my husband will meet me at the shop and we will walk to one of the nearby restaurants for dinner. One of our favorites is Matt Denny's Ale House Restaurant located on Huntington Drive,



Second Time Around (left) and First Avenue looking north from Alta Street, Arcadia, 2013.

Credit: Gary Kovacic



Matt Denny's Ale House Restaurant (right) looking west on Huntington Drive, Arcadia, 2013.

Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

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a lively spot especially for sports enthusiasts. My husband likes the BBQ ribs and the tri-tip and the steaks and the sandwiches . . . oh my! Me? “I’ll have the BBQ chicken salad with a glass of pinot grigio, please.”

After dinner as we walk back, we pass Pok-a-Dots and are greeted by a colorfully dressed mannequin beckoning us to enter this enchanting costume shop. It is packed with every imaginable costume and accessory. “Let’s see, today I feel like, perhaps, Scarlet O’Hara. Where is my emerald velvet gown and hoop



Credit: Doug Hayes Collection



Credit: City of Arcadia

*Huntington Drive in Arcadia looking east from Santa Anita Avenue.
Top: circa 1950s Bottom: 2013*

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petticoat? No, I've changed my mind. I really want to be Madonna." If by remote chance that "just right" prop you may need is not in stock, the owners Arlene and Carey will order it for you.

But let's move along. Notice the quaint lamp posts with the peacock flags, Arcadia's mascot, that establish that this is the downtown district. Just Nature Florist and Gift is a creative interior plant design shop and friendly owners David and Monica will help you coordinate living accessories for the office or home. Conveniently on the corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue is the PC Shop, handy in case my computer gets a cold and needs attention.

Let's continue on Huntington Drive before going back to the shop. Is Claro's still open? This Italian deli is one of my most favorite places. Stepping inside is like being transported to Italy—the staff, the décor, the music, the smells—Mamma Mia! They have the best deli in the area. I'm sure the reason there is no seating is that no one would ever leave. But leave you must. We go back to First Avenue. We cross to the south side of Huntington Drive, passing day spas, salons, and bars.

On the corner, across the street from Second Time Around, is Zapata Vive, a Mexican restaurant with authentic décor: Mexican tiles, adobe walls, and wonderful paintings on the wall. It is a pleasant place to unwind after work with a margarita during happy hour.

Continuing down First Avenue are gift shops, a dry cleaners, and nail and hair salons. Then just in case you haven't had enough California sunshine, stop in at Off Beach Tanning and say hello to Paul, the owner. He also has a vast assortment of sports jerseys. He is a wonderful person who has a word of encouragement for everyone.

A little further down is the charming Hyper Coffee with café tables along the front, a patio out back, and seating inside with Wi-Fi. Bring your laptop, order your morning red eye coffee, and sit down to write your novel. Or go across the street and buy a book to read from The Book Rack, the nicest used book store you'll ever find. Karen, the owner, has a wonderful assortment of used and new books, and a wonderful staff to help you find what you are looking for. If that certain book not in stock, they will order it for you.

Through the years, I have met many interesting people who stroll along First Avenue and stop in the shop. I have come to know many residents and other business owners in the area, as well as visitors from all over the world. We've laughed and cried and learned from stories we have shared. But all of that is for another story, another time.

Lee Daniels Kofahl is the owner of Second Time Around. She lives with her husband Victor in Temple City. She has four grown children and two grandchildren. She is a member of Our Savior Lutheran Church in Arcadia where she is on staff as the creative arts director.

A TRIBUTE TO TERRIFIC NEIGHBORS

by Ron Larson

In March 1977, we needed a larger house for our growing family. Thanks to my wife Cheryl's diligent research, we found a home perfect for us and our sons Greg (then 5) and Tim (then 2), and our daughter Lori (who would enter the world four months later). On moving day, Maxine van Steenwyk, our new neighbor just to the west of us, came over to our house and welcomed us to the neighborhood and brought us homemade chili for our dinner. We thought at the time how fortunate we were to have her and her husband Arn as our next-door neighbors. What began that day has blossomed into a close, decades-long friendship that Cheryl and I treasure.

Our kids enjoyed going next-door to play with Arn and Maxine's grand children during the summer months when they were visiting. They have many fond memories of the van Steenwyk family, especially how much they enjoyed climbing in the pine tree between our properties.

Arn had a passion for planting and carefully tending fruit trees. Seeing what was possible in a moderately-sized city lot, I developed the same passion. Over the years, our yard became studded with fruit trees and shrubs inspired by what Arn had planted on his property. The avocados that hang over our wall make for great guacamole and additions to salads while the oranges from our tree have added vitamin C to Arn and Maxine's diet!

I am a retired high school history teacher and I was fascinated to learn of Arn's history as a combat photographer on B-17 bombers that helped win World War II in Europe.



Credit: Maxine van Steenwyk

Arcadia World War II hero Arn van Steenwyk.

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Arn was part of the August 17, 1943 raid over the Schweinfurt and Regensburg Messerschmitt and ball bearing factories, one of the most heavily defended aerial targets of the war. That raid did significant damage to Nazi war production. However, it also resulted in a loss of over sixty planes and 552 airmen.

Arn was scheduled to fly on a particular B-17 but at the last minute he was reassigned to a different plane. He saw his original plane get destroyed on that raid. As we talked about the raid, Arn named, one by one, the buddies he lost that day. I could see long-suppressed emotions clearly visible on the face of this kind, unassuming man, pain scarcely dulled by the passage of a half century. Near the end of his life, Arn was able to use the Internet to reconnect with some of his 8th Air Force wartime buddies and see how they had fared since the end of the war. Using his finely honed photography skills, he sent some of them pictures he had taken of them during the war. In some cases, the recipient had passed away. However, some of the relatives who got those pictures sent Arn heartfelt thanks for reconnecting them visually with a loved one who answered the call to arms in history's most titanic struggle against tyranny.

After the war, Arn and Maxine settled in Arcadia in one of the tract home neighborhoods being developed here. For many years, Arn was the owner of a jewelry store, Van's Jewelry of El Monte. After retirement, he maintained an avid interest in watch repair and used his hobby skills to repair watches for friends and neighbors, including me on more than one occasion.

The bone-deep courage that sustained Arn in the skies over Europe was clearly in evidence as he fought the cancer that ultimately claimed his life. At his memorial service, I had the privilege of speaking about his life and what it meant to me. I closed with these words: "A long life is not good enough, but a good life is long enough and my dear friend had both."

Maxine's life story is also amazing. Into her nineties, she was a caring, energetic woman who helped many others in her role as a volunteer at Arcadia Methodist Hospital. She volunteered for forty-seven years, and was one of the few to earn a 10,000-hour pin for volunteer work done at the hospital. I was the grateful recipient of her volunteer skills when I had back surgery there in 1999. Maxine came to my pre-op room and helped calm this very nervous patient. She visited me again after my surgery and



Credit: Maxine van Steenwyk

Arn, Maxine, and son Philip van Steenwyk inspect their new Arcadia home on East Wistaria Avenue in 1950.

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I will always be grateful that she was there to help with the emotional part of my healing. She also helped buoy the spirits of Cheryl when she had back surgery. With occasional computer maintenance help from me, Maxine maintained an active on-line Internet presence with friends and relatives around the country. Cheryl enjoyed her visits with Maxine where they had a glass of wine while getting “caught up” with each other’s lives. Sadly, Maxine passed away in September of 2013.

Over the years, Cheryl and I, Arn and Maxine, helped each other in many ways, as good neighbors always do. We watched each other’s pets when one couple was away and we were an extra set of caring eyes looking out for each other’s property. It was such a comfort to know that friendly, caring help was just a few steps or a phone call away and that it was available as needed without asking anything other than continued friendship in return.



Credit: Maxine van Steenwyk

Neighbors Arn and Maxine van Steenwyk, 2001.

In a world when neighbors rarely have more than a passing acquaintance with those living nearby, it was such a blessing to have had Arn and Maxine as our next-door neighbors; friends we knew, cared deeply about, and in whom we had total trust. While we miss being able to share that glass of wine with Arn and Maxine, we are so glad to have had the wonderfully heartwarming friendship that surrounded the Larson-van Steenwyk homes since 1977.

This has been written with love and best wishes always, Arn and Maxine, by your appreciative next-door neighbors.

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***Ron Larson** was born in Wisconsin. He is a graduate of Monrovia High School (Class of 1959). He taught at Alhambra High School from 1966 to 2003. He currently volunteers at the Arcadia Public Library and serves as a member of the Library Board of Trustees. He credits his wife Cheryl with much of the research and many of the anecdotes for this essay. Cheryl was born in Pasadena, graduated from Pasadena High School (Class of 1963), and is a retired legal secretary. Cheryl and Ron have lived in their present Arcadia home since 1977 where they raised their two sons and daughter.*

THE FAMILIES OF PAMELA ROAD

by Craig and Mark Renfrew

As kids growing up in mid-century Arcadia on Pamela Road, we found the following to be true: we were living in the greatest country in the world and, better yet, in the greatest state of that great country. But, we took it further. We surmised that, by living in Arcadia, we were living in the greatest city in the greatest state in the greatest country. And, we finally concluded that our little block of Pamela Road, between Santa Anita Avenue and El Monte Avenue, was the greatest neighborhood in the greatest city, et cetera, et cetera. While many years have passed and most of us have since moved off of Pamela Road, if you ask us today, we will still tell you that we were right.

This belief that our neighborhood was the best was not reached by simple geography—that it was true simply because we lived there. We came to this conclusion because of the sense of community and family that the neighborhood fostered through the years.



Credit: Mark Renfrew

Pamela Road mothers gather for a baby shower, 1988.

The first group of families that became so close—Curry, Nevin, Mitchell, Callahan, Tyler, Renfrew, Humphrey, Sorci, and Ash—moved onto the street in the 1950s and 1960s. A second wave in the 1970s and 1980s brought in the Smissen, Axt, Allison, Herrington, and Kelley families. At one point, the neighborhood had at least one child at every age from one to twenty-four.

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These families spanned a mere seven houses on either side of the block near Santa Anita Avenue. The center point of the “neighborhood” could be found around the Tylers and the Mitchells whose houses were side by side on the north side of the street. The Tylers’ basketball hoop and perfectly rectangular driveway with very little slope provided the neighborhood basketball court. Fierce battles of one-on-one on up to four-on-four were waged there daily. Alternatives were games of H-O-R-S-E and 4-Square. With five kids, the Tyler family also had the greatest game cupboard that contained every board game known to man. Marathon sessions of Monopoly, Clue, or Stratego routinely ended with a phone call from a parent saying “Please send [insert name of son or daughter] home, it’s time for our dinner.” That same game room also served as the New York Stock Exchange of record trading where 45s and LPs were bought and traded. There you could trade your slightly scratched “Rocky Mountain High” by John Denver for a new copy of “Kodachrome” by Paul Simon.

The Mitchells’ front yard provided the perfect (even if a bit asymmetrical) wiffle ball field. First base was where the corner of the driveway met the curb; second base was a hole in the street, the result of a burning trash can on the Fourth of July (more on the Fourth of July in a bit); and a perfect third base line was provided by the border between the ball-eating ivy and the grass. A home run was quite a pop as you would have to hit it from near the Mitchells’ porch, across the street, and into the yard on the other side. On any given afternoon and early evening, you could find fifteen to thirty kids and adults engaged in games, riding bikes, sharing in yard work, or just sitting and talking. It’s a scene you unfortunately don’t see playing out nearly as much today in neighborhoods throughout the country.

The best time of year on Pamela Road was summer. With kids on vacation and school friends invited over, the neighborhood seemed to double in size. The Tylers’ parents Craig and Barbara were teachers and off for the summer. They would organize outings for all the neighbor kids: trips to Wilderness Park, hiking at Chantry Flat, strapping Sting Ray bikes on top of their Ford station wagon to go biking in Lacy Park. It seemed like every day was a new adventure. The only pool in the neighborhood, “Grandma Bateman’s” on the west side of the street, was also a meeting place in the hot summer months. The highlight of summer though was always the annual Fourth of July block party.

Fourth of July festivities were a full-day affair. It started early with Mr. Tyler overseeing the home-made ice cream crankers. Sitting on the curb, three abreast, taking shifts, cranking away, were the neighbor kids while Mr. Tyler made sure each had the right amount of ice and rock salt. Once the ice cream was completed and stored away for later, baseball or “over the line” games were started on the ball field at Dana Junior High. The afternoons seemed to drag as you couldn’t wait for darkness and the lighting of the fireworks. Families pooled their fireworks together, and a six-foot-ladder served as the platform for a fireworks display.

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Back then, the “safe and sane” fireworks were still legal in Arcadia and Pamela Road always had plenty. Which is not to say that they were the only fireworks we used. There was always a fair amount of unsafe and insane fireworks also. It would be a lie to say that the Arcadia Police didn’t have to make a couple patrols down Pamela Road each Fourth to check out reports of LOUD noises and rather large displays of illegal fireworks. We figured we were just being patriotic!



Credit: Mark Renfrew

Neighborhood children line-up behind “Grand Marshal” Mrs. Mitchell for the annual Pamela Road Fourth of July parade, 1996.

As years passed and the older ones began to have children of their own, the afternoon activity became the Pamela Road Fourth of July parade. Bicycles and tricycles were decorated with red, white, and blue. Someone was chosen as the Grand Marshall to lead the parade, always being pushed down the six-or-seven house parade route in a wheelchair.

Fourth of July dinner was potluck with different families supplying the side dishes. You could bring your own meat and cook it on the Tylers’ barbeque if you wished. One year there was even a neighborhood pig roast complete with the pit-cooked whole pig.

The final part of the evening was grabbing a blanket or beach chair and heading to the Currys’ front yard. There, through a clearing in the trees, you had a perfect view of the large firework display that was shot off each year at Arcadia County Park. Adventurous ones would perch atop the Renfrews’ roof and watch the park show from there. The homemade ice cream you had cranked until you thought your arm would fall off was dished up, ice-cold watermelon was sliced up and passed around, and you couldn’t imagine wanting to be any other place in the world. The Fifth of July was clean-up day, and neighborhood kids would get

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Credit: Mark Renfrew

Craig and Mark Renfrew hold an old Pamela Road sign that is now a trophy for the annual “Joan Renfrew Memorial Golf Tournament” played at Thanksgiving.

up early to search the sulfur-smelling streets for any fireworks that had not been lit, storing them away for later fun in the summer months.

Now there is only one of those families left on Pamela Road. But that does not keep us too far apart. The “neighborhood” has moved into cyberspace with all of us being on Facebook. We still get together in person from time to time at Pamela Road reunions, weddings, and, unfortunately, the occasional funeral. We tell the stories, recount the memories, and are thankful that we grew up in such a place. We know that there are probably memories of similar events on Winnie Way, Hugo Reid Drive, Hampton Road, or any other street in Arcadia during that time. But, if you ask the residents of Pamela Road, we will tell you that we grew up in the greatest neighborhood, in the greatest city, in the . . .

Craig Renfrew was raised in Arcadia, attending Holly Avenue Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1985). One of his favorite activities in Arcadia was coaching his nephews and nieces in baseball, basketball, and softball. He currently resides in Temple City.

Mark Renfrew and his family moved to Pamela Road in 1961. He also attended Arcadia public schools, graduating from Arcadia High School in 1974. After he married, he purchased the house where he grew up from his parents and lived there until he moved across town in 2001. He is an active member of Arcadia’s Church of the Good Shepherd and teaches at Foothills Middle School.

RAMONA ROAD, THE BEST BLOCK IN ARCADIA
by Bingo and Gino Roncelli

A one block long fabulous street in the Santa Anita Oaks.

We moved to Ramona Road in the summer of 1970.

There were almost thirty children on the block of sixteen homes.

Quiet. Trees. Well planted and maintained yards.

And friendly neighbors.

Fourth of July parties. Welcome home from Gulf War parades.

Weddings, funerals, and graduation parties.

We all grew up there loving our neighborhood.

As time went by, children went off to college.

And now there are only a few left at home.

Many of us have lived here for thirty or forty years and more.

In the next few years, the neighborhood will really change.

New neighbors will come in.

Our wish is that they will enjoy what we have loved.

Please keep it quiet. Respect your neighbors.

We have nurtured our trees. Trimming, spraying, and watering.

We hope you will do the same.

Honor our trees. Some of them are hundreds of years old.

After all, they have been rooted in this ground a lot longer than we have.

We have had a good life here. Life-long friends. And you can also.

*Bingo and Gino Roncelli have lived on Ramona Road in Arcadia since 1970.
Gino was a member of the Arcadia City Council from 1998 to 2000.*

A STAR AMONG US

by Joan Schmidt

Prior to purchasing our current home, we rented a house at 401 West Walnut in Arcadia after our arrival in California. We moved in on New Year's Eve, 1984, and resided there until June of 1987.

Sometime during 1985, there was a lot of excitement, speculation, and some criticism regarding a lot around the block at 413 West Longden Avenue. The original house was razed and a very large one was being built. In the mid-1980s, the rage was “ninja” movies and the rumor was that a martial arts movie star was moving into the neighborhood. Was it Chuck Norris? Maybe it was Christopher Lee? As the house was being built, many neighbors began taking walks past the house just to try to find out exactly who was moving in. When queried about the prospective tenants, one of the neighbors on Longden Avenue said the new owner was “an Asian ninja star.”



Credit: Terry Miller

The blue-tiled roof at 413 West Longden Avenue, Arcadia.

As the house neared completion, articles appeared in local papers. There were many negative comments about the blue tile roof and a small red arched bridge in the front yard. The criticism really got bad when a small temple or shrine was built on the property. I couldn't believe all the derogatory comments. I would not choose to have a Buddhist-type shrine in my front yard, but only because I am not Buddhist, but Catholic. Several of my friends have shrines to

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the Blessed Mother or statues of St. Francis of Assisi, but I never saw articles or heard negative comments about that. Do Catholic icons offend non-Catholics? Why hadn't there been whole pages criticizing our icons?

Sho Kosugi, a Japanese martial arts artist and movie star eventually moved into the home with his wife and three young children. If one goes on-line, you can learn much about Sho, the youngest child and only son of a Tokyo fisherman. Sho's martial arts training began at the tender age of six. His extensive career included martial arts and acting, and he appeared in movies such as *Revenge of the Ninja*, *Ninja III: The Domination*, *Night Hunter*, *Rage of Honor*, and *Pray for Death* just to name a few. And his sons, Shane and Kane, also appeared in a few of his movies.

Shortly after Sho and his family moved into the house at 413 West Longden Avenue, there was an extensive interview of Sho in the Los Angeles Times. Back in Tokyo, he had become sick two years in a row during entrance exams for Tokyo University. He spoke of coming to America to study, first at Pasadena City College and then Cal State Los Angeles. Sho also spoke of the location of his Arcadia house, which faced south. His spiritual advisor chose the Longden Avenue site over a few others to avoid misfortune. The home had six bedrooms: one master bedroom, one bedroom for each of his three children, a guest bedroom, and a maid's bedroom, each with its own bathroom. His office overlooked a 1,020-square-foot gymnasium at the back of the structure and there was a tennis court outside.

One night, I was washing dishes in the kitchen, and saw that Sho and his family were taking an early evening stroll. I went outside and said, "Hello." I was really surprised how friendly he was.

The negative comments and articles continued and it really saddened me. The holidays were coming close and I had ordered Swiss Colony gifts for relatives back east. Consequently, I received a sample gift pack for placing the orders. I looked at it and thought about Christmas and the season of giving. I thought about the Kosugi family moving into our neighborhood and all the negative comments about the home they had built to their tastes. Perhaps the religious shrine was their way of thanking God for their good fortune. Hadn't our country been founded so that all men and women could enjoy their many freedoms including the right to worship God as they believed?

I sent a holiday greeting card to Sho and his family, writing on it, "Welcome to the neighborhood." I also told them that their home was beautiful and "an asset to the neighborhood." After all, I thought, it was much better than a dilapidated house in dire need of paint or a yard overgrown with weeds.

The next day, I went on an errand. When I arrived home, my daughters were so excited. "Mommy, the Kosugi children came to our home. We heard the doorbell, and there they were, standing outside and they have a gift for you." I was so

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Credit: Joan Schmidt

Sho Kosugi and his family, circa 1985.

surprised. There was a “Season’s Greetings” card with the Kosugi family photo on it, and a gift that still adorns our wall today. It was a beautiful framed picture of a Japanese lady in traditional attire, really exquisite.

We relocated and eventually the Kosugi family did also. As interest in ninja movies in the United States waned, they relocated to Japan for a few years and Sho was quite successful there. Eventually they returned to the United States.

When I drive by 413 Longden Avenue on the way to the veterinarian or to visit friends, I think of Sho and his beautiful family. I also remember his kindness and how he thrilled our family with his gift. I still say that Sho and his family were an asset to our neighborhood.

Joan Schmidt is originally from Westfield, New Jersey. Shortly after her arrival in California, she began her twenty-five-year teaching career at Annunciation School in Arcadia. She also served on the Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte Town Council and received numerous awards for her community outreach. She currently lives in Monrovia and is the East Valley editor of the “Mountain View News.”

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF ALTA STREET IN THE FIFTIES

by Laurie Tait Wagoner

I came to Arcadia in the spring of 1953 from Buffalo, New York, along with my mother and grandmother. We traveled Route 66 part of the way in a well-packed Hudson fleeing the cold winter weather that my mother so disliked. When we arrived in Arcadia, we didn't venture far from the Mother Road, renting a six-room house on Alta Street just west of First Avenue for fifty-three dollars a month. We remained in that house for three years. I can't think of a better place to have spent part of my childhood.

I was almost eight when we moved to Arcadia. The children living on my block of Alta Street varied in age from two-and-a-half to twelve years old, yet despite the wide age range, we all played together. We were all children from families of very modest means and about half of us were being raised by a single parent. Out of necessity we had to make our own fun.

We thought that the County Park was our own personal playground, and countless hours were spent there either using the playground equipment or batting a tennis ball back and forth over the nets on the courts. When it was summer, we could be found at "The Plunge," swimming and diving from the time that the pool opened until it closed.

Summer evenings were spent playing hide-and-seek. We used a big eucalyptus tree in the middle of the block for home base. The parameters of our game ranged from First Avenue to Santa Anita Avenue, and from the south side of Alta Street to the alley. If we tired of hide-and-seek, we gathered for a spirited badminton game on a neighbor's grassy back lawn, or roller-skated along the concrete sidewalks.



First Avenue in Arcadia looking north from Alta Street, circa 1954 (see page 187 for a current view).

Credit: Doug Hayes Collection

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Everything we needed could be found in downtown Arcadia. Located there were a dime store and two variety stores, plus a toy store. If we traveled down First Avenue, there was a sporting goods store and a few blocks further south a hobby shop. Tots to Teen children's shop on Huntington Drive supplied all of our clothing needs. The public library, just north of Huntington Drive, was a source of ample reading material. If we grew hungry, a generous five-cent ice cream cone could be purchased at a walk-up stand located almost at the corner of Huntington Drive and Santa Anita Avenue.

The merchants along Huntington Drive and First Avenue were our special friends and we visited them regularly. Uncle Harry's Shoe Shop had an x-ray machine where we could see the bones in our feet, as well as a small merry-go-round that we were permitted to ride. Susan of Susan's Chocolate Shop could be depended on to give us a tasty sample of her confections. The Chamber of Commerce held a "Secret Shopper" promotion once or twice a year in downtown. Anyone who could correctly identify the secret shopper would be given a certificate to be redeemed at Hartzler's Shoe Shop for a pair of tennis shoes. We always made certain that we knew who the secret shopper was, for a free pair of shoes was a precious gift.

As much as we liked the merchants, it was their trash that we really valued. We dug through their discards in the trash cans behind their shops and reaped many treasures. Used store displays and damaged goods were toted home for use in our own store, which was housed in a neighbor's old chicken coop. Discarded pattern books found behind Art's Yardage Shop were cut apart to make sets of paper dolls. Large appliance boxes were hauled to my backyard and fitted together to form a clubhouse. Left-over carpet scraps provided the flooring and colorful pictures torn from magazines decorated the cardboard walls.

By early 1956, my little group of friends was breaking up. The older children now considered themselves too old to play with the group. Several kids had moved away just as I would in a few months. Soon, after moving, I lost track of most of the remaining neighborhood gang.

The house that we rented on Alta Street was torn down years ago, as were many of the neighboring houses. Replacing them are small condominium units. As a member of Las Alas Auxiliary of Assistance League of Arcadia, I still visit Alta Street to attend meetings held at the Chapter House. As I walk along the same sidewalk that I once roller skated over so long ago, I wonder if the children now living on Alta Street are having as much fun as we did back in the mid-fifties.

Laurie Tait Wagoner has lived in Arcadia almost continuously since 1953 except for three years when she married. She graduated from Arcadia High School in 1963. She is a retired elementary school teacher. For two years, she served as chair of Las Alas Auxiliary of Assistance League of Arcadia.

MY LIFE ON FOURTH AVENUE

by Dan Damon

I was born in San Gabriel and moved to Arcadia when I was about four years old. I have vague recollections of the home in San Gabriel. My only lasting memory is being stung by a bee in the backyard. As to Arcadia, my recollections are pleasant and numerous.

My mom, dad, sister Kathy, and I moved to Arcadia in 1955. Our house at 1305 South Fourth Avenue was newly-built and seemed gigantic to me. Looking at my home later in adult life, I was surprised how small the home actually was. Small as it might have been, it produced some gigantic memories and experiences.

There were open fields both down the street (towards Camino Real Avenue) and up the street (towards Duarte Road) that provided lots of running room. The fields were filled with plenty of old wooden chicken coops with very few chickens. However, we did have some farm animals in the area. On my first day of kindergarten at Camino Grove Elementary School, there was a bull running loose in the neighborhood. My mom carefully escorted me to the bus while the bull was running around. I recall an old Polaroid photo of my five-year-old neighbor Norm LeBeau quickly climbing the steps of a gigantic yellow school bus for our first bus ride to school. The bull did not make it onto the bus.

What a neighborhood we had on Fourth Avenue! With lots of kids! Everybody (boys and some girls) played together. Games of hide-and-seek, street baseball, and touch football were played and plenty of kites were flown. We could hardly wait for daylight savings time to start so we could stay out even later and play. Thank God that cyberspace did not exist! Ice cold milk in quart bottles was delivered by Altadena Dairy along with other dairy products. The Helms Bakeries truck delivered piping hot doughnuts, bread, and pastries. The Good Humor man always seemed to be around the corner delivering popsicles and ice cream on hot summer days.

We had a couple of very interesting neighbors. What occurred at their homes could not possibly take place in current times. Both homes would now be condemned as public nuisances or under current noise abatement laws. The first family, which I will call "Family A" to avoid liability, lived directly behind us. They had a huge farmhouse on a rather large lot, probably the centerpiece of an old orange orchard. Mr. A must have been rather well-off because he graded a complete oval dirt track in the backyard. He also built a small truck with a bin in the back, motorized mini-bikes, and go-carts for our use. On the weekends, the neighborhood would roar with engine noise all day and well into the night. We would fly around the track in the truck with kids loaded in the back.

Down the street was "Family B." Mr. B built his own home (I'm not sure if any building codes were in effect or enforced) on a rather large lot with

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abandoned chicken coops in the rear. They had monkeys, cats, dogs, parrots, snakes, tortoises, and other assorted critters that would concern today's Department of Animal Control. For fun, Mr. B had us kids dig a hole in his backyard. It started out small, but ended up the size of a swimming pool. We landscaped small mountains around it and filled it with water. Then we would swing on a rope attached to a nearby tree and drop into the mud. What fun! Mrs. B used to make her own bars of soap. One rainy day, her son and I decided to chuck the bars of soap, which she kept in a large wooden barrel, onto the driveway. It was one sudsy mess! Mrs. B was not a happy camper.

The Fourth of July brought on huge family and neighborhood celebrations. Our home seemed to be party central as we would gather to play ping pong and make homemade ice cream with a hand crank ice cream maker. There was plenty of burnt chicken covered with Chris & Pitts Bar-B-Q Sauce, corn on the cob, and my mom's homemade potato salad. We lit off Piccolo Petes all day. If you knew how to crimp them just right on the bottom, they would blow up after their shrill whistling came to a stop. Then came the lighting of the Red Devil fireworks followed by ice cream and pie.

Camino Grove Elementary School from 1956 to 1963 was fun. It had a large open play field to run around and a baseball diamond in the rear corner. Very few kids were driven to school. You pedaled your bike unless it was a downpour. Cub Scout and Boy Scout meetings were held in a small hut on campus. In school, we were all given small plastic song flutes because everybody was required to learn some kind of instrument as part of schooling. A flat top one-third quart carton of milk cost a whole nickel. A full hot lunch (served by real servers in uniforms) cost twenty-five cents. There would always be a large line for the hot turkey lunch complete with mashed potatoes or when hot dogs were served.

Dana Junior High School from 1963 to 1966 was also fun. That is where I met Scott Luke, a longtime friend and major influence in my life. Also, while at Dana, I spent time in the library reading about mountain climbing adventures including the 1963 American Everest Expedition. I also read Maurice Herzog's account of his climb of Annapurna. Those books were tiny seeds planted for later adventures in my life.

At Dana, I hung out with Chuck "The Toe" Coulter (a buddy since the fourth grade), Mike Bowe, and Warren "Eli" Winters who always seemed to be in need of deodorant. Together we played more over-the-line games on the Camino Grove and Dana fields than can be imagined. We could hardly wait for spring to roll around. That meant a couple of new Rawlings hardballs and possibly a new Louisville Slugger bat. We were getting larger and stronger each year, so bigger bats and larger mitts sometimes were required. It was a real treat to break-in a new leather glove by rubbing it with leather oil, placing an old ball in it, and then squeezing it under my mattress at night. We also skateboarded in the school hallways

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on long summer nights before heading over to my house for ping pong games.

Also at Dana, I can remember occasional school dances on Friday nights. I recall putting on my best sweater and dousing myself with lots of English Leather cologne (probably as an offset to Eli's lack of deodorant). I would stand by the punch bowl eating whatever snacks or cookies were offered. I was mortified at the thought of asking the girls to dance! Rejection was a big fear in my life at that time and I am certain that more than a few other guys felt the same.

By the way, on the topic of clothing, things were rather simple back then. Before the school year would begin, my parents took me to the Sears store on Foothill Boulevard to pick out a few pairs of jeans, some button-down shirts, tee-shirts, socks, and "freshies"(i.e., underwear). There may also be a trip to Hinshaw's for a nice sweater and a pair of wing tips. That was it for the year. No closet full of designer label clothes for the Damon family!

A very important part of my life involved bike riding up and down Foothill Boulevard at the base of the San Gabriel Mountains. My friends and I would pedal to Eaton Canyon, Wilderness Park, Monrovia Dam, and Fish Canyon near Azusa. Fish Canyon was the best. We would ride almost to Azusa, park our bikes, and then take a three-mile hike to some cool waterfalls. What fun we had playing in the streams and hiking our tails off. Those early excursions led to some later adult life adventures in the mountains.



Credit: Scott Luke

Scott Luke and Dan Damon return from another adventure, circa 1970.

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Arcadia High School from 1966 to 1969 was also fun, but mostly because of the people I met at the Church of the Good Shepherd youth group. Many thanks to Scott Luke who got me to join the group. I tolerated Sunday church services, but what fun I had with a bunch of wonderful kids. Road trips to Death Valley and Mexico in the back of an open flatbed stake truck with a bunch of goofball kids. Talk about risk of a major lawsuit in today's times! Nobody thought that way. The Highway Patrol would have conniptions today with that rig on the road. We also had plenty of softball games together after church at Wilderness Park. What great guys: Chuck Coulter, Scott Luke, Dave Dever, Lee Grover, Tim Burks, Gary Kovacic . . . And, I actually got to know some girls: Dodie Blair, Eunice Swedenburg, Jini Walters, Janice Salisbury, Nancy and Judy Shroads, Diane Mills, Patrice Carter . . . I could go on and on with that list of wonderful people. I actually gained confidence in interacting with the opposite sex. Wow! They did not bite!

After Arcadia High, I spent three years with the Arcadia Recreation Department. What great memories hanging with the likes of Mary Noble, Bill Dustin, Dave Stephens, Steve Lojeski, Carol Collins, Gary Kovacic, Chuck Coulter, Paul Pfau, and Debby Wells (my partner on the Santa Anita Elementary School playground) during what ultimately turned out to be the best (and lowest paying) job of my life. As an aside, my youngest daughter followed in her dad's footsteps and has spent six summers with the Santa Clarita Recreation Department.

Those hikes and scrambles in the San Gabriel Mountains ultimately led to my departing from the Arcadia Recreation Department and spending my summer months climbing all over the continental United States, Mexico, two excursions to Denali (Mt. McKinley) in Alaska, and ultimately an ascent of the north peak of Mount Everest in 1990. My climbing partner was Arcadian Paul Pfau, with whom I still share all-too-infrequent breakfasts after forty-four years of friendship and climbing adventures. Along the way, I had the pleasure of meeting some of those very climbers I read about in that little old library at Dana Junior High. It does not get any better than that!

I could go on and on. Arcadia was a safe and wonderful place to live during my time there, and I could not have had a better upbringing. It also provided me with a more than an adequate education, although I was having too much fun to work hard at making great grades. I kind of lost touch with some of the great people from my Arcadia past, but I am beginning to reconnect with a few of them. And, the one thing we all seem to have in common: fabulous memories of our hometown of Arcadia.

Dan Damon attended Arcadia public schools from kindergarten through high school, graduating from Arcadia High School in 1969. He just retired after serving as a deputy district attorney in Los Angeles County for over twenty-six years. He and his family now live in Versailles, Kentucky.

COMMUNITY SERVICE AT ITS BEST: ARCADIA'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW BOARDS

by Jim Kelly

Our city has many unique features that folks have heard about . . . from peacocks and the Arboretum to Santa Anita Park, the Westfield mall, and Santa Anita Canyon. But, how many think about the special form of community governance found in the northern part of Arcadia?

Our city's five architectural review boards ("ARBs") correspond to five very different neighborhoods, each with its own distinctive architectural vernacular and feel: the Highlands, the Upper Rancho, the Oaks, the Lower Rancho, and the Village.

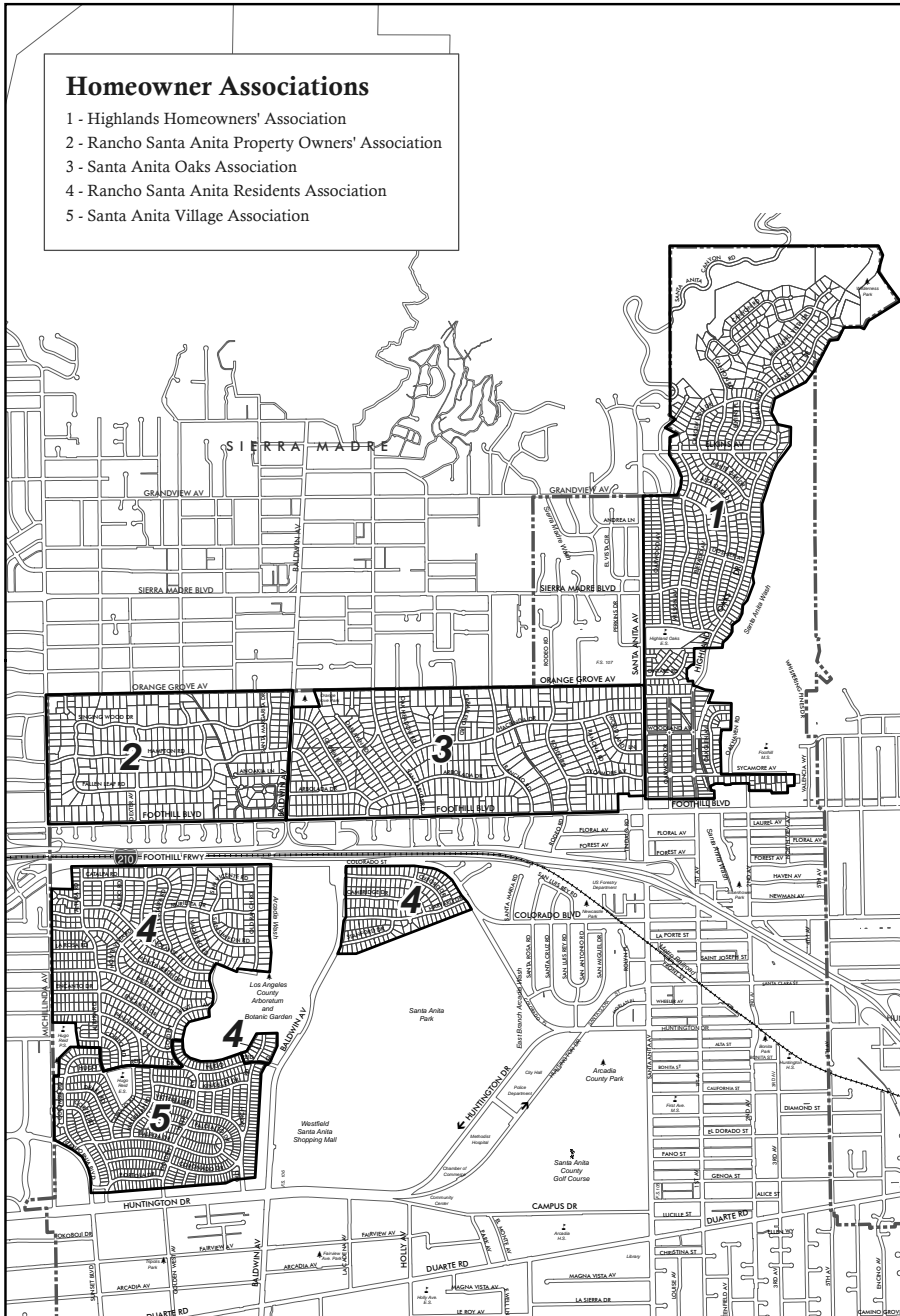
Each ARB is a duly-appointed group of individuals who agree to serve their respective communities, without compensation, as knowledgeable reviewers of proposed significant modifications to home sites within its own neighborhood boundaries. Our ARB members receive mandatory training in ethics, certify their compliance with a variety of rules and laws, keep detailed records, convene innumerable public meetings and hearings, testify before the planning commission and, when required, the city council . . . and often devote hundreds of hours each year to fairly and legally maintain architectural "harmony and compatibility" in their neighborhoods.

I have had the privilege of serving as a member of my ARB for thirteen years. With my colleagues, I have spent many late nights reviewing plans, conferring with the city's capable planners and inspectors, and meeting with homeowners, architects, and engineers. I have been yelled at too many times to count. I have tried my best to respect the rights of property owners to express themselves, while protecting the right of my community to be a harmonious, welcoming, friendly environment in which to raise families (as my wife and I did) . . . and now in which to peacefully spend my "golden years."

Many probably do not realize how demanding it is to be a conscientious ARB member. My own ARB is not, as one angry developer once said, "a coffee klatch." We (five members plus an alternate) are composed of three licensed architects, two engineers, and a retired Caltech educator. We have enlisted an architectural historian to help us define the characteristic features that make our neighborhood distinctive and harmonious. Our members also represent the ethnic diversity of our community—three Asians and three Caucasians; two women and four men. We bring a diversity of thought and experience to the community table . . . and we're proud of that.

Making decisions about architectural style is fundamentally difficult and personal. Your tastes and mine will differ. What we can agree on is that we are all well-served by a neighborhood that maintains its special charm and character—

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- Homeowner Associations**
- 1 - Highlands Homeowners' Association
 - 2 - Rancho Santa Anita Property Owners' Association
 - 3 - Santa Anita Oaks Association
 - 4 - Rancho Santa Anita Residents Association
 - 5 - Santa Anita Village Association



Homeowner Associations City of Arcadia, California



Data Sources: City of Arcadia, 2010.

Credit: City of Arcadia Department of Development Services

There are five homeowners associations in the City of Arcadia that are recognized by city council resolution. Each homeowners association has an architectural review board (ARB) that has initial architectural design review authority over the association area.

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a neighborhood in which diversity and personal choice are always respected, but balanced with care, skill, and diligence against the enduring personality and character of the architectural environment in which we are all deeply invested. Our hearings are sometimes long, difficult, and contentious. When your neighbor's proposal impacts your view, your privacy, or your sense of community, architectural review becomes very concrete and very urgent. We work hard to make decisions that are fact-based, consistent, rooted in the city's regulations and guidance, and fundamentally fair to all stakeholders.

The next time you think of the things that make our city so special, think of our architectural review boards . . . and how hard your neighbors work to maintain the spirit and value of our wonderful communities!

Jim Kelly has lived in Arcadia since 1986. He retired from Edison International in 2011, after almost thirty-eight years of service. Prior to his retirement, he was Senior Vice President of Transmission & Distribution for Southern California Edison, responsible for the operation and maintenance of an electrical grid that serves over fourteen million people with an annual capital budget of over \$2 billion. Since his retirement, he has advised or directed a number of firms in the energy field. Among his many philanthropic interests, he serves on the Engineering Advisory Boards for the University of Southern California and California State University, Los Angeles, the Industry Advisory Forum at Caltech, the Don Bosco Technical Institute Alumni Association Board, and the Santa Anita Village Architectural Review Board.

A TOWNHOME COMMUNITY OF FRIENDS

by Lee and Janalee Shimmin

Arcadia has been billed as a “community of homes” and the city’s Arcadia Beautiful Commission honors houses semi-annually for their beauty and holiday decorations. The houses have attracted many buyers over the years. Because of the excellent school system, convenient commute to downtown Los Angeles and neighboring business centers, easy access to the mountains, quality stores, restaurants, and entertainment venues, and other benefits, new families and friends want to move to Arcadia.

The city has been pressed to find adequate and affordable space to house these new residents. Those who want to live here desire a preservation and continuation of the first-class amenities that attracted them to this area in the first place. As new residents utilized our city’s large single-family zoned lots to build bigger houses, the established homeowners associations and architectural review boards had to play an even more important role in preserving the history and compatibility of our unique city. In single-family neighborhoods where there were no established homeowners associations and architectural review boards, the Arcadia City Council adopted new architectural guidelines and review procedures. Common interests were sought in our community of homes to create a community of friends.

Since the 1970s, townhomes and condominiums have been built in Arcadia’s multi-family zoned areas where single-family residences once stood. Like in single-family neighborhoods, townhome and condominium owners associations were established to deal with the issues that come with development and daily life. This multi-family development has been important because some Arcadians want to continue to live here and enjoy our many benefits, but also want to downsize. Transitioning from a single-family neighborhood to a multi-family complex, one can still enjoy the entire ambiance associated with our special city. Since the 1980s, Arcadia has become an increasingly more diverse community, and multi-family living has added new opportunities to enjoy the “wealth” produced by the knowledge of new cultures, traditions, and friendships.

Visionaries of the past believed that, by accepting all residents, a community will feel at home. Immersed in the understanding of one another and by accepting others, we find that we have common goals: safe and beautiful neighborhoods, excellent educational institutions, convenient and efficient services, and a sense of community. City government bodies reflecting historical traditions ultimately guide us as we progress toward a secure future and become a true community of friends. With our collective efforts in place, our community is set for greatness. Who would want to leave?

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Our family has lived in Arcadia since 1976 and we purchased our first townhome in 2001. This was a big move for us, from a 2,500 square-foot home on a 16,000-square-foot lot to a 1,600-square-foot townhome sharing common areas with other units. Yet, it met our desire for less space and upkeep. We could travel and enjoy the diversity of life without the burdens of being the owner of a single-family residence. What we did not know was that there would be different challenges including sharing a swimming pool, common area charges, new regulations, and closer neighbors we had to embrace as friends with common vested interests in order to tackle tasks for our new community.

We moved into our first townhome, we met a gracious lady who made us pasta, accepted us as part of her family, and explained the townhome rules and what to expect. We told her that we wanted to contribute as board members. And we did, helping to handle the bills, manage the reserves, and make decisions concerning the townhome rules and regulations. Welcome home!

When we bought our second townhome, new issues arose. We had to bail out our patio during a sudden torrential rain in November. The overflow drains shot water spouts off the roof because a drain was clogged with leaves and rocks. Other neighbors suffered leakage due to water coming through the flashing. In addition, not all the residents were on the same time schedule, so we had to endure 24/7 conversations and other noise. Other rules were also not being



Credit: Lee Shimmin

A townhome community of friends in Arcadia, 2013.

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observed. So, we had to get involved once again to resolve community concerns. By being on the homeowners association board, we were able to help maintain balance in our community by establishing guidelines and rules for all, planning social events, and even having a neighborhood watch program for our residents. It bonded our collective friendship. Welcome home!

Our townhome experiences have made us feel lucky to be able to remain in Arcadia, where a community of common walls and interests is allowed to come together to face common issues in a gentile manner and accept one another in a gracious environment. This is why we continue to believe that our hometown of Arcadia is much more than a collection of houses. No matter the size of your residence, in Arcadia you are part of a community of homes and a community of friends. Welcome home!

Lee and Janalee Shimmin have lived in Arcadia since 1976. Lee is a past president of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce and president of his homeowners association. Jan is a member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission and has served on several homeowners association boards.

Chapter 6



Our Flora and Fauna



Credit: Library, Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

Anita Baldwin's book plate, circa 1913-1939.

PARKS, TREES, AND A VISITOR

by Ron DeNino

*This is a story of a small Arcadia park and
a priceless gem that I found without even looking for it.*

Our city has a number of parks easily accessible to all. Some are huge, such as Arcadia County Park, and some are small, such as Bicentennial Park at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Longden Avenue in the southeast part of Arcadia. It was at this smallest of all our parks that I recently unexpectedly discovered a diamond, a memory of a lifetime.



Credit: Ryan Wright

Arcadia's Bicentennial Park is located at the southwest corner of Longden Avenue and Sixth Avenue.

My grandson and I walked to the park, as we enjoyed doing a couple of times a week. Being loquacious and adventurous, he quickly engaged himself in talking to other youngsters while running, swinging, and sliding. He soon forgot about grandpa, which I appreciated, because I had my book. That's right. This was my time, while keeping one eye on my munchkin, to journey to the desert or mountains, to enter the world of a poet or philosopher . . . to escape.

So, I nestled onto a bench at one of the two tables to transport my soul to

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wherever my reading might whisk it. However, no sooner had I opened my treasure than an elderly gentleman sat down opposite me. Without any introduction or fanfare, he proceeded in his very new English to tell me about himself. Having taught English learners for years, I patiently asked clarifying questions. Although he explained that he lived down the street, it was evident that he was visiting from afar. Our rugged conversation soon settled into a homage of Arcadia. He lauded our lovely city; how delighted he was to be here; how impressed he was with the mountains, this park.



Credit: Ryan Wright

“A city gem in our tiniest park.”

Then, it happened. Without any advanced notice, out of the blue, with a clear voice and direct look, he declared, “You guess how old me, what you think?” Trying to be polite, I deferred. The gentlemen then said, “No, it okay; you guess.” Being caught off guard with this curveball question, I re-examined his profile and figured him to be about eighty-five years old. Then, with the savvy of a lifetime of shrewdly and tactfully answering this type of double-edged question, I announced, “Eighty-two.” With a broad triumphant grin he proclaimed, “Ah, good, good! Seventy-eight! Now, I guess you.” Well, I got out of that one by changing the subject back to our city. Eventually, we ended our casual talk by renewing our awe of this beloved city. As he rose to leave, I remarked how Arcadia was renowned for its trees. With one last gesture, he jovially declared,

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“Yes, trees, Arcadia, good trees!”

We sometimes forget the beauty and good imbedded in our community. Reminds me of the poem “Daffodils” by William Wordsworth. He wrote, “I gazed –and gazed–but little thought what wealth the show to me had brought.”

Well, I found a city gem in our tiniest park, a visitor I’ll never forget. Funny thing, I have no recollection of what book I was so intent on reading.

Ron DeNino was born and raised in the Pittsburg area of Pennsylvania until he was seventeen years old. In 1957, his family moved to Reseda in the San Fernando Valley where he attended high school. After college, he taught and coached at a private school before concluding his teaching career as an English as a Second Language (“ESL”) instructor in the Alhambra School District. Along the way, he also taught driving and earned a master’s degree in ESL. He currently teaches part-time at Rio Hondo Community College, where he enjoys working with students from ages eighteen to sixty-eight years young. He has been an Arcadia resident since 1972.

DOG WALKERS

by Patty Murphy

My husband Tim and I have lived in Arcadia since 1978, and in the same house for the past twenty-eight years. For most of those twenty-eight years on Monte Verde Drive, we have owned a dog: first a wonderful golden retriever named Harley, and then a little beagle named Sadie. Sadie is still with us, although she is now a portly little old lady of ten. Sadie and I go walking in the neighborhood several times a week, usually in the early mornings and, as we walk along, we have come to meet other dogs walking with their humans. The dogs greet one another with their exuberant wagging tails and the all-important sniffing of each other's nether regions. We humans exchange pleasantries and address the dogs by their names, but interestingly we don't know each other's names. I guess we really don't need to; a smile and a "good morning" are sufficient.

As I mentioned, Sadie is now getting on in years and sometimes our morning "walk" is more like the morning "drag." She has to stop and rest now and then, sometimes literally stretching full out on someone's well-kept lawn. I stand patiently and wait while she nuzzles into the moist, cool grass and rolls over a few times, eventually finding the strength to move along.



Patty Murphy and Sadie, 2013.

Credit: Tim Murphy

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On two occasions, however, Sadie just couldn't go any further. At my wits end as to what I was going to do to get her back home, I decided the best course of action was just to tie her leash to a post (in the shade), run back home, get my car, and pick her up. As I was in the process of tying her to a post in someone's front yard, along came a couple I see many times walking their lovely black dog. The man, whose name I still don't know (shame on me), sat down on the curb and stayed with Sadie until I returned with my car. He said he didn't mind. He didn't want her to be alone tied to a post.

The second time Sadie couldn't continue walking, we were just coming up to the corner of Murietta Drive and Catalpa Road. I was searching around for some place to tie her leash again, when a lady came out of her house to get into her car to go to work. I asked her if it would be okay to tie Sadie up to the post in the woman's side yard, and she said, "Nonsense. Just put her in my car and I'll take you home." Which is exactly what she did.

These are the people who make up my neighborhood. They are kind and gracious, friendly and helpful. Do I really know any of them? No, I don't. But passing on the street, waving a friendly hello, knowing that these people are okay makes me feel okay too. Arcadia is an entire community of people like this, and I feel very fortunate to be living here.

Patty Murphy was born in County Longford, Ireland, and has lived and walked dogs in Arcadia for thirty-five years. She is an avid tennis player and gardener, and the grandmother of three energetic boys.

OUR WILD NEIGHBORS

by Richard Vethamani

Arcadia may be a city of over 56,000 people with easy freeway access and relatively close to airports, entertainment, and big city conveniences. I love its wide streets and tree-lined neighborhoods. Its greatest charm, however, is the wildlife . . . and I don't mean the peacocks.

My wife Shiromi and I moved into our home in north Arcadia in August of 1998. Not long after that, we received an invitation from the Highlands Homeowners' Association to attend a "meet your neighbors" breakfast at Wilderness Park. We walked to breakfast that Saturday morning thinking how wonderful it was to be so close to such amenities. We were served a nice breakfast as we met our new neighbors. Many announcements were made, but there is only one that I still remember. We were invited to enjoy Wilderness Park, but were cautioned that a few bears had been sighted and that we should exercise caution if we decided to take a walk. This was our first introduction to the wildlife in our backyard.

Sammy is our Siberian husky. Every evening, he does not request, but demands, a walk around the neighborhood. We have an agreement. Sammy gets his walk and, in return, we get a peaceful evening free from his whining and pacing. Sammy has great communication skills. When I get home, he waits for an opportune moment and begins to stretch. That's his way of saying that it's time to walk. We have had some great walks and together we have encountered some interesting wildlife.

I came home late one evening and Sammy started stretching. On our walk that evening, we encountered coyotes. I would have been concerned if they were in packs, but these were two lone coyotes. I noticed them at a distance as they came running towards us. They were running at great speed like they were racing. They were running towards us but on the opposite side of the street. As if they were on a time trial, one coyote ran by us first and then the second one followed a few minutes later. They did not bother us, but I remember thinking that it was too close for comfort.

On another evening, we had just started our walk when I noticed that something across the street had caught Sammy's attention. To my surprise, it was a bear that was walking in the opposite direction along our neighbor's elevated property line. This was our first bear encounter. Sammy was alert, but quiet. My first thought was to make it back home before the bear noticed us. We walked slowly back home keeping the bear in our sight. Just as we reached our driveway, the bear was directly across from us, about fifty feet away. We looked at each other and ran in opposite directions.

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Credit: Richard Verhamani

Sammy waits for his next walk on the wild side.

On our walks, Sammy and I have encountered many other wild neighbors besides the friendly ones that greet us. We have seen raccoons, deer, skunks, possums, and even little foxes. However, there was one close encounter that still concerns me. Not too long ago, two adult mountain lions had been seen in the



Credit: Richard Verhamani

Wildlife in the front yard, June 2013.

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area north of Grandview Avenue and on both sides of Santa Anita Avenue. As I was walking Sammy one evening, a neighbor stopped his car to tell me that he had just passed a mountain lion about a hundred yards ahead of us and that it was bigger than my ninety-pound Siberian husky. He advised me that it was not a safe evening to be out and so Sammy and I made a quick return home.

It is such a privilege to live so close to nature. The wildlife was here long before any of us. I am happy to peacefully co-exist. I am even willing to share some of my roses with the deer that I frequently find seated on my front lawn after snacking on the flora. Sammy can deal with all of them, except maybe the mountain lion. So let's keep a safe distance. The wildlife is nice, but Sammy is family.

***Richard Vethamani** has lived in Arcadia since 1998. He is an active member of Church of the Good Shepherd, a volunteer usher at the Pasadena Playhouse, and an avid bike rider throughout Arcadia and the other foothill communities.*

MY LIFE WITH HENRY THE PEACOCK

by Barbara George

My husband and I moved into our house in Arcadia on Old Ranch Road in 1980. We paid \$145,000 for it then, which at the time seemed like an awful lot of money. Prices had just exploded and houses were at least three times what they were just a few years earlier. But we looked around the neighborhood and knew that it was just the right place to be. The streets were lined with trees, the homes were set back from the street, the yards were well kept, and there was an added bonus: beautiful peacocks roamed the streets. What more could anyone want?

Don't get me wrong, I love the peacocks in our neighborhood. It is unique and they really are a beautiful sight to behold. But there is another side to the peacock story. They can be a nuisance.

When we moved into our house initially, we were excited to have a yard to landscape the way we wanted. We pulled out some old plants and went to the nursery to buy flats of flowers to plant. I spent an entire Saturday planting Iceland poppies all along the front of the house by the street. I lined them with blue lobelia. It was very attractive and, as tired as I was, I was very proud of my design and my work.

Well, the next day, I went out in the morning to admire my front yard and, lo and behold, nearly every poppy had been ripped out of the ground and was



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Arcadia's official bird in full plumage.

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lying on its side next to where I had planted it. The blue lobelia was eaten off to the nub. I ran to get my husband to show him the damage and see if he had any idea what could have caused this. We discovered it was peacocks.

Over time, I learned not to plant so close to the street and not to plant anything blue. Peacocks seem to be attracted to that color, maybe because their feathers are blue and that color attracts the females. That's my theory anyway and I have learned over the years what I can plant and what I can't with peacocks to consider.

Today, however, we have an even bigger peacock challenge. His name is Henry. He has been with us for three years now, so we finally named him. We have become so familiar with him that we actually call him "Hank." We have a beautiful liquid amber in our front yard that has just the perfect branches for a peacock to roost. Hank decided three years ago that he would take up residency in that tree. I don't blame him really. It is perfect for staying safe from coyotes at night and, from up there, you can hear his "call of the wild" cry loud and clear.

The problem is that Henry tends to make a mess (if you know what I mean) all over our driveway and front porch. We all know that a peacock dropping is



Credit: Barbara George

Even butcher paper on the window will not deter Henry.

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something you want to avoid. So walking up our driveway is sort of like walking in a mine field. You have to watch every step. The worst problem is not the mess, however. Henry also likes to peck at anything showing his reflection—particularly the bay window in the front of our house. He sits on the ledge and pounds his beak into the window for hours at a time. He hits it so hard, we think he is going to break it one of these days. We have tried everything to get him to stop: spraying him with the hose, putting double-sided duct tape with cayenne pepper next to the window, taping strips of carpet nails (sharp side up) on the ledge. Nothing deters Henry.

We even bought a “scarecrow.” It is a device that senses motion and sprays water whenever anyone or anything is in the area. It has sprayed the mailman a few times. But it did not deter Henry. We now have a motion sensor that emits a sound that humans cannot hear but evidently animals can. It is supposed to be so annoying to them that they go away. Not Henry. Maybe he’s deaf.

If you pass by our house today, you will see that we have taped butcher paper on the window so that Henry cannot see his reflection. The theory is that if Henry cannot see his reflection and has no window to peck, he will move on to another house where he can peck at some else’s window. But no. Henry is not moving on. He continues to pace the ledge of the window, mess up the driveway, and sleep peacefully in his tree every night.

So, if you have any ideas that we haven’t tried, please let us know. As much as we love the peacocks in the neighborhood, Henry has worn out his welcome. It is time to move on, Hank.

Barbara George and her husband Charlie have lived in Arcadia since 1980, where they raised their two sons, Ben and Alex. She is a long-time member of the Good Shepherd Chancel Choir and Bell Choir, and co-directed the Hugo Reid Musical Theater groups for seven years. She has taught second/third grade in Monrovia for fifteen years.

ARCADIA HORSE TALES
FROM THE 1950s AND 1960s
by Gene Glasco

With the exception of time away in military service and college, Arcadia has been my home for the last fifty-nine years. Like many small mid-century San Gabriel Valley towns, Arcadia was a somewhat ambiguous Los Angeles County suburb. Those who lived farther than maybe a radius of twenty or so miles never seemed to know where Arcadia was. I remember having mixed emotions when people would ask me, “Just where is Arcadia?” It was a combination of embarrassment (because my hometown might be perceived as some characterless component of urban sprawl) and xenophobic delight (because the unknowing would never populate my pastoral paradise and disrupt my bucolic small town bliss).

Most Arcadians today connect horses to Santa Anita Park, our iconic racetrack, but up until the last half of the twentieth century, horseback-riding denizens of Arcadia plied the streets and horse trails all around our beloved city. From the early 1900s to the late 1950s and early 1960s, riding was commonplace in Arcadia, and not limited to an oval racetrack. Not too long ago, Santa Anita Avenue, a thoroughfare already in use by automobile, was also known as “Double Drive” and equally shared with equines. Equestrians walked, trotted, and galloped their trusty steeds up and down the eucalyptus-lined median along a dirt strip “bridle path” between the north and southbound lanes of Santa Anita Avenue. Vehicular traffic gave imperturbable right of way to horses, frequently having to slow down or sometimes come to a screeching stop to allow horse and rider to cross on paved streets.

The Santa Anita Horse Barn and Corral was just north of Huntington Drive and Rod’s Coffee Shop on Morlan Place, and diagonally across from the back entrance of the Elk’s Lodge. The barn and stables were located next to the Santa Anita Bowl, a small twelve-lane bowling alley with billiard room, which is now a parking lot for the Rusnak Mercedes dealership. Those of us who did not own horses could rent a fully-saddled mount for about \$1.25 an hour. I remember them as lazy and much bigger than we were. So, depending on the horse’s temperament, we never knew if we were going to get a cooperative or capricious horse.

Horse and rider would usually leave the stables at a slow walk and amble over to the bridle path on Double Drive, where they would either head north towards the mountains into the Arcadia Highlands or south past the county golf course down to Live Oak Avenue. Those of us who were content just riding our horse at a slow pace on the bridle path were often covered in a billowing cloud of dust by riders who would gallop past us on their privately-owned horses. The

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Credit: Gene Glasco

Gene Glasco on a pony at his house in Arcadia, circa 1955.

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stable horses had their own navigation system. If they had enough, were thirsty, or just tired of us sitting on top of them, the horses would often turn around in the middle of our ride and head back to the barn on their own volition. No amount of rein-pulling or prodding would persuade them to do otherwise. The only time the horses actually trotted was when returning to their awaiting feed bag and water trough.

The horse barn and corral faded away in the late 1950s and the dirt that lined the bridle path is now a carpet of manicured grass. The shedding eucalyptus trees, arboreal legacies of Arcadia's founder Elias "Lucky" Baldwin, are gone; replaced by smaller trees that, along with grass, nicely landscape the Santa Anita Avenue median today.

Years ago, some students of teacher Oliver Beckwith's history class at Arcadia High School asked me what it was like growing up in Arcadia in the 1950s and 1960s. They were incredulous and expressed envy as they learned about a time when barns, corrals, and horses rented by the hour made up my special vision of Arcadia so many memorable years ago.



The eucalyptus-lined median of Santa Anita Avenue (shown here at Duarte Road in 1934) was often used as a bridle path.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Gene Glasco has lived in Arcadia since 1954. He attended Highland Oaks Elementary School, First Avenue Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1966). He is the first Arcadia High School graduate to serve as Arcadia City Clerk. He is a patrol volunteer with the Arcadia Police Department, president of the Arcadia Historical Society, and an active Realtor in Arcadia.

ARCADIA'S HORSE

by Meredith Babeaux Brucker

On Arcadia Avenue, near La Cadena Avenue, there is a long stretch of wood board fencing that seems out of place in this area of condominiums. When you get out of the car and peer over the fence, the sight is even more surprising. It is a sandy horse corral and, if you are lucky, you may just spot a beautiful big horse clomping around.

About once a month, after picking up my grandson at nursery school, we used to stop there with carrots or apple pieces. I'd make a loud clicking noise with my teeth and clap my hands, and a beautiful animal would slowly make his way across the large yard to hang his head over the fence and be petted and fed. This reminded me of my early days in Arcadia, where small chicken ranches and homes with large victory gardens filled this neighborhood, and horses carried their owners up and down Double Drive.

At first, my grandson was terrified. He was more used to animated animals or picture book cartoons of animals than he was to the real thing, and that's why I encouraged these visits. This was a real flesh-and-blood creature, sometimes snorting and tossing his big head, and sometimes exposing big yellow-white teeth as he bit into his treats.

I had once met the horse's owner, Arly



Connor Brucker on one of his many visits with Dusty, 2008.

Credit: Meredith Babeaux Brucker

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Barton, at a Chamber of Commerce event, and she told me the horse was named Silver Dust. Arly said Silver Dust and his brother used to pull a beautiful Cinderella carriage around Disneyland, but now “Dusty” was grieving for his brother.

Once when I took my grandson to Clocker’s Corner at Santa Anita Park for breakfast, he spotted a beautiful gray thoroughbred race horse speeding by at his early-morning workout, and he was sure that he was Dusty and kept calling to him.

On a visit in early 2010 with a bagful of carrots in hand, we encountered a tiny sign affixed to the fence. It informed us that Silver Dust has passed away on February 20 at the age of thirty-six. “We miss him dearly,” the note said. It was signed “The William Barton Family.” I was devastated.

Then recently, I looked out my kitchen window and saw two people calmly walking a horse down Huntington Drive, heading toward La Cadena Avenue. When next we looked over the Barton fence, there was the new horse installed, looking very much at home, and eagerly approaching us for a snack. Thank you Bartons for providing us with a reminder of Arcadia’s rural past.

Meredith Babeaux Brucker lived in Arcadia from 1940 to 1965 and returned in 1995. She is a graduate of Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte (“MAD”) High School, Class of 1953. She is a former two-term member of the Arcadia Public Library Board of Trustees and currently president of the Arcadia Public Library Foundation Board of Directors. A version of this essay originally appeared as a guest blog on the “Arcadia’s Best” website on March 29, 2010.

REMEMBERING THE BIRDS . . . AND GRAM

by Judith DeNino

As far back as I can remember, birds have been an important part of my life. Birds could fix anything from an upset tummy to a broken heart. Grandma Madalene (or, as I called her, “Gram”) would tell me stories about the birdies who would visit our two-story brick home in Chicago, Illinois. It began in the spring, when the birds would make their nests on the roof top of our house. When an egg or newly hatched bird would fall from the nest, the distance it traveled was usually fatal. To a five-year-old child (me), that was very traumatic. Gram would console me and help me place the tiny lifeless bird in a little box and bury it in a protected area near the house. We made a small wooden cross with some fallen tree branches and placed it on the grave. We always would say some peaceful words and a prayer for the departed little bird. This would make me feel so much better knowing we had put the fallen bird to a resting spot that I would visit often.

Gram would make a game out of rewarding me when I was well-behaved. She would tell me that the little birdies would leave me a treat at the kitchen pantry window sill after I finished my chores . . . or just because. If I had a cold and would take my cough medicine, Gram would remind me that the birdies would leave me a sweet treat, which was usually a small handful of chocolate chips. It worked! In no time, the medicine disappeared. The birds worked magic; just by



Credit: Terry Miller

Arcadia's boisterous parrots are rivaled only by the plentiful peafowl for local avian notoriety.

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mentioning them, they would fly up and pay us a visit. I always listened for the birds and, when I entered the kitchen pantry, there would be a surprise waiting for me. This ritual lasted many years into my youth.

When I grew up, got married, and had children of my own, where would I like to live? It is only fitting that I would be near birds and trees in a peaceful community called Arcadia. We have lived here in beautiful Arcadia for over forty years and are just minutes away from the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Gardens.

Gram also loved gardening and she taught me to love not only birds, but all animals, beautiful plants, and flowers. She had a green thumb and loved being in her colorful and peaceful flower garden. The Arboretum has special meaning for me because it reminds me of those tiny birds in my youth and the love I shared with my dear grandma Madalene. When I take our three children and grandson to the Arboretum, I share Gram's stories, memories, and love of nature. The beautiful waterfalls, trees, gardens, boisterous parrots, and magnificent peacocks are a big part of Arcadia's history. The Arboretum is pure magic. The Queen Anne Cottage is always a must see with the reflective pond and shelter for fowl, fish, frogs, and a variety of trees . . . and of course the birds.

Arcadia is one of the most beautiful places to live in the San Gabriel Valley. How fortunate it is for our family to say this is our home.

***Judith DeNino** was born in Chicago, where she lived with her grandmother and parents. In 1953, they moved to California to experience warmer weather and more opportunities for an expanding family that included a new brother and a sister on the way. At a young age, she loved nature, cooking, crafting, sewing, and gardening. After she married, she worked at Jet Propulsion Laboratory and raised three children in Arcadia. She is now retired and enjoys being a grandmother, gardening, traveling, and exploring the beautiful city of Arcadia, where she has lived since 1972.*

LUCKY, HUELL, AND ME

by Vince Foley

One day at the beginning of September 2002, I got a message from Peter Atkins, then CEO of the Los Angeles County Arboretum where I was a volunteer docent. Peter told me that he received a request from the producers of the TV series “Visiting . . . with Huell Howser” to film an episode at the Arboretum in a couple of days. Since Peter was not comfortable in front of a camera, and since he knew that I never met a microphone I didn’t love, he asked if I would be the Arboretum’s voice for this show.

I asked Peter what the subject of the show was to be and he didn’t have a clue. That didn’t allow for much preparation, but I of course said “Sure, why not.” I wasn’t about to pass up the chance to meet the famous Huell Howser and his beloved cameraman Louie. Louie was like Norm’s wife on *Cheers* or Niles’ wife on *Frazier*: constantly referred to but never seen.

I then got another call on September 5 telling me that Huell and his crew would be at the Arboretum in two hours! I quickly changed into my best tour guide outfit and scurried to the Arboretum in time to greet Huell and Louie. Except Louie turned out to be Cameron, Huell’s new cameraman, because Louie retired the day before! I wondered where the rest of the TV crew was and Huell said he and Cameron were it. No lighting people, no sound techs, no makeup artists, no director, no nothing! Just the two of them. And no script either. Huell played the whole thing by the seat of his pants, which I found absolutely amazing.

I asked Huell what he had in mind for the tour and he said “Anything about Lucky Baldwin.” Well, since the 127-acre Arboretum was the heart of Baldwin’s vast estate, that subject could cover any number of things. So I decided to take him on a stroll around the southern end of the property, which includes the historic structures that Lucky called home.

On the way to the Baldwin Adobe (formerly called the Hugo Reid Adobe), we passed the wickiups. He was fascinated by these structures, but they really had nothing to do with Lucky Baldwin. Actually, they are reproductions of the Tongva huts that preceded Lucky by just a few thousand years when those first inhabitants of the area stumbled upon the sag pond we now call Baldwin Lake. Huell was amazed that this very area had been inhabited since before recorded history.



Huell Howser at the Arcadia Centennial Dinner, January 2003.

Credit: Terry Miller

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Formal portrait of Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin, circa 1907.

Next came the Adobe, which is a replication of the original home built by Hugo Reid. When Lucky bought the property, he added a wing to the Adobe and this became his Southern California home (his vast empire was headquartered in San Francisco). Leaving the Adobe area, we walked around the southern end of the lake, past the foundation of the old boat house, on our way to the extraordinary Queen Anne Cottage. Huell was fascinated by the stories of the

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society elite who visited the Baldwin estate in the late 1800s and took gondola rides on the lake. I told him they didn't have to worry about the crocodiles that swam around the lake or the monster snake lurking just below the surface because those creatures didn't happen along until the filming of the many Tarzan movies and *Anaconda*. The story goes that star Johnny Weissmuller, a former Olympic swimmer, actually set a new record time when he was in the water and one of the caged crocs on the shore got loose and decided to take a swim with Tarzan.

We talked at length about the myriad productions filmed at the Arboretum, most centered around Baldwin Lake. From the Tarzan movies to the famous "Road" films (with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour) to the infamous *Anaconda* (with Jennifer Lopez and Jon Voight), all the way to *Fantasy Island* (the TV series with Herve Villachaise as Tattoo up in the tower calling out "De plane, boss, de plane." to his boss played, of course, by Ricardo Montalban). Huell remarked that he could do an entire show on just the filming that had taken place over the years at the Arboretum. In fact, that remark spawned our speakers bureau presentation of "Hollywood at the Arboretum," but that's a story for another day.

Back to the Queen Anne Cottage, Huell was fascinated by the beautiful architecture and detail of the cottage, inside and out. I explained that this was originally meant to be the honeymoon cottage of Lucky Baldwin and Lilly Bennett, his fourth wife. Unfortunately, Lilly abandoned the short-lived marriage before the home was finished, so it became the visitors quarters and Lucky himself never inhabited the Queen Anne Cottage, continuing instead to reside in the Adobe. All the meals were prepared and served in the Adobe for Lucky and his visitors alike. In fact, the Queen Anne Cottage could be called a wife's dream house—all bedrooms and no kitchen!

We then strolled up to the Coach Barn, which took Huell's breath away. He was literally blown away by the beautiful cedar paneling throughout, even on the ceilings, all imported from Northern California. He couldn't believe this is where Lucky's coach horses lived, exclaiming "This is nicer than my house!" I told him that there were worse things than being a horse in Lucky's stables. In fact, the quickest way to lose your job on Lucky's estate was to mistreat a horse or cut down a tree. Lucky didn't even allow wood to be burned in the fireplaces, since that would mean destroying one of his beloved trees. He actually developed a method of producing gas on the property that was used to light all the fixtures and fuel the furnaces and fireplaces.

Lucky's love of trees and the overall environment is what eventually led Dr. Samuel Ayres in 1947 to designate this property for development as an "arboretum," which is Latin for a "place of trees." Lucky Baldwin was one of the original "tree-huggers," and we all have benefitted by that.

We ended our tour talking about the peafowl on the property. I explained that

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Lucky imported three matched pairs from India somewhere around 1880 to adorn his new estate. From these original six came the hundreds of beautiful birds that fill not only the Arboretum but much of Arcadia with the resounding screech that some equate to a baby crying. Or screaming. Or squawking. You either love them or hate them, but they are still the bird of Arcadia, adorning virtually every official publication of the city. Even the cities of La Canada Flintridge and Palos Verdes Estates have Lucky Baldwin to thank for their respective peafowl populations.

As the program ends, Huell's voice is heard over the scene of a peacock walking by, then stopping and looking directly into the camera. Huell is urging people to come visit this spectacular but "hidden treasure" called the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, and see all the beautiful peacocks strolling throughout the grounds. My last statement on camera is, "But watch where you step!"

The episode screened just one month later, on October 4, 2002, and has rerun many times since. That he could film a thirty-minute episode in just a couple of hours on one afternoon, with virtually no crew nor script, and have it ready to screen in a month is a real tribute to a genuine television icon.

We were saddened by Huell Howser's unexpected death in January 2013. Although he never wanted the story to be about himself, he was truly a California treasure. He was so enthusiastic and genuinely excited by the seemingly ordinary things around us.

We should all be so Lucky.

Vince Foley and his wife Dolores have lived in Arcadia since 1980. He is an active volunteer in the community and currently serves as a commissioner on the Arcadia Museum Commission and a member of the Volunteers In Patrol Support (VIPS) program for the Arcadia Police Department. Huell Howser bequeathed his entire "Visiting . . . with Huell Howser" and "California Gold" archives to Chapman University. "Visiting . . . with Huell Howser" Episode 1018 entitled "Lucky Baldwin Cottage" can be viewed on-line at: blogs.chapman.edu/huell-howser-archives

THE SERPENT TRAIL

by Lynne Curry

The Waugal or Rainbow Serpent

. . . Before all this was here, there was dreaming, only dreaming and we call that Dreamtime. When the energy of dreaming grew too powerful to just be, a huge serpent came into being and it thrashed with the unlimited energy of dreams and gleaming with the first colors of the birthing planet . . .

*Leigh Adams, creator of the Serpent Trail,
on the Rainbow Dream Snake*

Deep in the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden you can enter a mythical world of serpents, whales, mermaids, and lizards by taking a stroll on the Serpent Trail. Step on the head of the Rainbow Dream Snake, gaze into its sparkling, iridescent turquoise eyes, and begin your walk on the serpent's patterned scales and marvel at the vividly colored mosaic shapes embedded in the winding sidewalk.

It is a world that speaks to children, one that encourages them to discover and explore, and to run gleefully on the back of a snake, albeit an imaginary one, from the head to the tail through the Australian section of the gardens.

"Instead of the Victorian idea that children were kept separately, what Mark Wourms [the Arboretum's former chief executive officer] wanted was something that invited children in," said Leigh Adams, the trail's creator and a mosaic artist with deep ties to the Arboretum. "So that was our mission. When we went trekking to decide where the trail would go, we wandered like children . . . We wanted kids to feel like they own this."

The story of the Rainbow Dream Snake begins tens of thousands of years ago with the oral traditions of the Australian Aborigines. The Aborigines told their children variations of the creation story: In the beginning there was Dreamtime and an enormous female snake had so much energy that it couldn't be contained. It throbbed and thrashed, creating rivers, lakes, and underground waterways; it pushed up the land, making mountain ranges and volcanoes; it forced its way through rocks hollowing out valleys and water holes.

The Aboriginal myth tells of a serpent that was exceptionally powerful, creative, and frequently dangerous, and it was a reptile that was closely identified with rainbows, rain, rivers, and deep water holes. Descended from a larger serpent in the band of stars in the Milky Way, today it shows itself to us in the form of rainbows gliding through water and rain.

Over the centuries, Aboriginal parents told the story of the Rainbow Dream Snake to their children "as a kind of cautionary tale, as a boogeyman to scare

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children into doing what they are supposed to do,” Adams explained, noting that children are warned not to go into deep water or play near big rocks at night because the snake doesn’t like either activity.

For adults, the Rainbow Dream Snake has a more complex identity. Known both as a benevolent protector of people and also a punisher of those who transgress laws, the rainbow serpent is traditionally associated with land, water, social relationships, fertility, and abundance. As the water flowed over the earth, the myth says, the reptile created yams that then grew into children.

The Aboriginal belief in the rainbow serpent reflects their cherished value as stewards of the earth. They believe that their role is to protect the land, safeguard animals’ well-being, and conserve water. The mosaic designs in the Serpent Trail, a slightly pitted, peach-colored path scored with the pattern of snake scales, capture the essence of the myth. Fish, whales, snakes within snakes, lizards, crescents, water drops, boomerangs, mermaids, a shield, and a turtle are all there and more. And the eyes in the snake’s head are those of a female deity; if you look closely at them, you can see they reflect her thoughts of food and baby serpents.

The Rainbow Dream Snake myth stretches beyond Australian Aboriginal folk tales. Adams said recent scholarly research has shown that the story spans continents and that its true origins can be found in southern Africa where the San tribe worships the serpent goddess.

How this re-creation of the rainbow serpent came to fruition in 2008 in an Arcadia arboretum—the home of the world’s largest Australian garden outside of Australia—is a heart-warming story involving the participation of hundreds of school children, members of the royal Tonga family from the South Pacific nation of the same name, and California’s government officials.

Not only was the trail’s serpent layout aimed at appealing to children, Adams said children also played an important role in the path’s creation from inception to its physical preparation. The Rainbow Dream Snake drawings of Aboriginal school children at Ayers Rock in central Australia inspired Adams in the early stages; later, between six hundred and eight hundred children spent a year painting hundreds of tiles that were fired in kilns and used in Adams’s mosaic shapes embedded in the serpent path.

The Tonga family who won the layout job of pouring the concrete and making the precisely scored, herringbone pattern in the sidewalk instilled some of their cultural heritage in the Serpent Trail. “Because they didn’t trust anyone to represent what was also their nation’s creation story, the family made a lowball bid for the job, knowing that by law the county-run Arboretum was required to accept the best offer,” Adams recalled. You can see the Tonga contribution in the smaller dotted black strip crossing the snake’s body located several yards down the path beyond the larger black “collar” circling the snake’s neck. That smaller strip’s

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design belongs to the royal Tongan family, Adams said, and is a traditional Polynesian pattern that comes from a bark cloth called tapa. She added that the family patriarch commanded that only he could be the one to lay the tiles for this smaller “collar.”

In another truly memorable incident, Adams said that after Tongan workmen poured the first twelve yards of concrete, the stakes in the ground used to hold the frame for the concrete began to move as if the snake were alive. Adams suddenly heard the big, husky Tongans yelling in high-pitched voices, “The snake is coming to life!” Startled at the time, Adams later explained the science behind what had happened: The water in the poured concrete built up on the lower end of the ground’s slope and the pressure was greater than the stakes could withstand. “When you see a

sidewalk move, it’s rather dramatic,” Adams said. “The scientific explanation comes after the initial reaction of ‘It’s alive!’”

Two other notable moments occurred when the path was finished. Fifteen to twenty-pound pinecones on the Australian bunya bunya tree, which is a tall tree with razor sharp, spiky leaves on gangly branches, crashed loudly to the ground near the trail. The tree had not fruited recently (they fruit on average every three years), but the falling of these giant pinecones was seen as an auspicious omen. They represented, according to the Tongans, “snake eggs” that showed “the power of Waugal,” one of the other Aboriginal names for the rainbow serpent, Adams explained.

Adams added that the Tongans were also delighted with the outcome of the scored sidewalk. Upon its completion, they abruptly broke out in a performance



The Rainbow Dream Snake myth re-created in the Arboretum’s Serpent Trail.

Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden



Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

A mosaic eye of the Rainbow Dream Snake.

of the Haka, a fierce, intimidating war dance traditionally done by the Maori of New Zealand before they went into battle. Despite the apparently violent cries, grunts, and vigorous movements, such as stamping the feet, Adams said the Tongans were jubilant, this was their expression of the importance of a happy occasion.

Apart from experiencing memorable cultural moments, Adams also creatively handled compliance issues with state regulations. Using an ingenious approach, Adams convinced an official to approve making a raised head for the snake instead of insisting that only a flat circle be installed for the head. Originally, state inspectors told her an elevated head was not permitted because it failed to meet handicap accessible requirements. She persisted, however, and suggested an acceptable compromise. Adams proposed using the area around the neck near the head as a “viewing platform” (where two feet imprints are embedded) to look upon the snake. The inspector agreed and Adams obtained the height she needed to make the raised snake head.

With her creation, Adams has brought a little more magic to the gardens.

So, saunter down the trail’s windy path. Walk past the ubiquitous eucalyptus trees, past the bottlebrush trees with their feathery, flaming red brush-like blossoms at the serpent’s head, and past the early black wattle tree with its low tentacle-like branches that make an imaginary children’s playground. Enjoy your stroll, look up at the trees outlined against the sky, notice the mosaics’ colors and shapes at your feet, and listen to the birds singing. But most of all soak up the garden’s beauty, energy, and tranquility for this is the magic that will keep you returning again and again.

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Lynne Curry is a writer and editor who lives in Arcadia. She has over two decades of experience living and writing in Hong Kong, Taipei, and Beijing. Her writings include everything from how to do business in China to aviation and environmental subjects. In addition to her many other endeavors, she is also an accomplished fiction and nonfiction editor. A member of the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, she too enjoys the many beauties of the Serpent Trail.

Chapter 7



Our Schools



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Arcadia city school bus, circa 1922.

SCHOOL DAYS IN ARCADIA (1933 - 1936)

by W. Bernard Marston



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Arcadia Grammar School (at present site of First Avenue Middle School) in 1908.

When I recently looked at the 1908 picture of the Arcadia Grammar School, I was reminded of the hours that I spent in the attic of that building in the fall of 1934. I will explain that later in this narrative.

My experiences in the Arcadia school district began in March 1933 when I joined Mrs. Twombly's fifth grade class at Holly Avenue School after moving with my parents from Los Angeles where I had spent the first ten years of my life. This was only a few weeks after the severe Long Beach earthquake that had left Holly Avenue the only usable school in the district. The other two schools had sustained major damage: First Avenue (K-8) needed major reconstruction and South Santa Anita, built of un-reinforced brick, was closed permanently. New buildings were put on the site many years later.

Holly Avenue School was put on half-day sessions with the kindergarten through sixth grade kids from west Arcadia attending in the morning and the kindergarten through sixth grade kids from First Avenue School attending in the afternoon. Seventh and eighth graders were accommodated in three old wooden outbuildings on the First Avenue campus. As I entered mid-term, Holly Avenue principal Mrs. Porri introduced me to a couple of boys on the school ground. I am

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still in contact with one of them seventy-four years later.

My parents had bought a home on Baldwin Avenue, one half block north of Live Oak Avenue. That was and still is the last block in the southwest corner of the Arcadia city limits. Ours was the only house on the block and from our back fence we could see all the way to Double Drive with only a Japanese farmhouse in the triangle formed by Las Tunas Drive, Live Oak Avenue, and El Monte Avenue. Also, in the quadrangle formed by Holly Avenue, Duarte Road, El Monte Avenue, and Live Oak Avenue, Holly Avenue School was the only building except for another Japanese farmhouse on Palm Drive.

Half-day sessions were continued as I attended sixth grade in Miss Holson's class at Holly Avenue School in 1933-34. At that time, the school district had only two buses: an old gray Moreland driven by Mr. Stucker and a near-new orange Ford driven by Mr. Wade. The bus drivers were also the custodians at the schools. If one of the regular buses was out of service, they dragged out an old long-retired Fageol bus. It was a really weird vehicle, with faded blue paint and a wide white stripe down each side. The roof was flat and very low, so that the kids sometimes hit their heads on the roof when negotiating the dips on Holly Avenue. It also had another unique feature: the several rows of bench seats went crosswise from side to side, with separate doors at each seat. This necessitated a unique door-locking system; a steel rod along the top of the row of doors that latched each door individually, controlled by a lever operated by the driver. My recollection is that all the doors were on the driver's (left) side of the bus, letting the kids out onto the road instead of onto the curb. Fortunately, there was not much traffic then. Today's regulatory agencies would have had a picnic with that bus!

In September 1934, I was in seventh grade in one of two bungalows on the Diamond Street side of the First Avenue School campus with Mrs. Leaver as teacher and D. Lloyd Nelson as principal. The main building at First Avenue School was still under extensive reconstruction from the earthquake damage. They were cutting vertical slots in the exterior stucco-over-brick walls and inserting steel reinforcing beams that were then grouted in place. I don't have any further recollections of that school year but the next one stands out in several respects.

By September 1935, the rebuilding was finished and First Avenue School again became a kindergarten through eighth grade school. The sixty or so eighth graders were split between Miss Rinde's and Miss Butts' classrooms. I remember Miss Rinde as tall and thin and Miss Butts as the opposite. We traded teachers for various subjects and Miss Butts' spelling bees come to mind. Several times I made it to the final elimination, but was ultimately beaten by a little Japanese-American girl, Toshiko Fujimoto. Principal D. Lloyd Nelson taught us math and history. I remember him as tall and thin, balding with red hair and a few freckles, wearing a rust-colored suit.

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Eighth grade graduating class, First Avenue School, June 1936.

We had a new physical education teacher, Mr Walter Coombs. He became principal when Mr. Nelson left but that was after my graduation from First Avenue School. In addition to physical education, Mr. Coombs was charged with reviving the woodshop. The old 1908 school building on California Street had been used for woodshop and home-making classes before the 1933 earthquake, but had been used for the eighth grade classrooms during the reconstruction. The woodshop power tools had been disconnected and stored in a corner of the entry hall. Mr. Coombs wanted to put the machines back in the shop and re-connect them. I don't know how Bob Yarbrough and I convinced him that we knew enough about electricity to rewire the band saw, table saw, joiner, and other equipment, but we soon found ourselves in the attic dealing with the old fashioned "knob and tube" exposed wiring. Most of the equipment required 220 volts and we were not too familiar with the connections, but when we finished, everything worked and the building never burned down. I am still amazed at the faith Mr. Coombs placed in a couple of twelve-year-old kids. He even arranged for us to ditch regular classes to work on it. We thought we were pretty big stuff.

The school district had an old Model T Ford pickup truck, vintage 1924-25. One noontime when all the kids were on the playground, Mr. Stucker drove the pickup onto the schoolyard and parked it between the old school building and the rear of the main building. He set the parking brake and left the engine idling as he went into the building. That is a dangerous thing to do with a Model T, which has no neutral position in its transmission, making the clutch the only disconnect.

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The hand brake lever depresses the clutch pedal when the brake is set. The ratchet teeth restraining the brake lever often become ineffective with wear and allow the brake lever to disengage slowly, thereby putting the car in gear. This was the case as the pickup started creeping across the busy school yard. Being familiar with model T's, I jumped on the running board and reset the hand brake. I don't remember if Mr. Stucker thanked me. He may have been too embarrassed.

I believe that 1935 was the first year that the Arcadia schools had an instrumental music program. The school had purchased a few instruments that were to be loaned to students. I had two or three years of piano lessons and could read music, so I applied for the trumpet and was fortunate enough to be chosen. The district also hired an instrumental music teacher. It didn't actually hire him. He was an unemployed professional musician paid by the WPA, President Franklin Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration formed to help relieve the severe jobless problems of the Great Depression. Mr. Pierre Duvall taught me and several classmates how to play the various instruments and in due course an orchestra was formed, directed by Miss McDonald, one of the First Avenue School teachers. It probably sounded pretty awful, but we performed well enough to play the processional and recessional at our 8th grade graduation in June 1936.

W. Bernard Marston is a retired manufacturer and broadcast engineer currently living with his wife in Yorba Linda, California. He moved to Arcadia with his parents in 1933 at age ten and attended Arcadia schools until graduation from Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School in 1940. He continued to reside in Arcadia after he married in 1942. From 1948 to 1958, he owned and operated a precision machine shop in Arcadia on La Porte Street. His daughter Janet Hasbrouck, a lifetime Arcadia resident, recently retired as librarian at Arcadia High School and is a member of the Arcadia Public Library Board of Trustees.

WHAT CARNIVALS AND CASSEROLES CREATED

by Carol Libby

The quiet, slumbering town of Arcadia, known primarily for its poultry trade and race track, faced a population explosion after the end of World War II. The population grew from 9,122 in 1940 to 15,524 in 1946. New subdivisions were being built throughout the city offering quality homes for families with children. Two public schools existed, which were First Avenue Junior High School and Holly Avenue Elementary School. The need for more schools was evident. Arcadians had always set high standards for schools and education, and this fast-growing community concurred. Bond issues were passed and construction began.

The chorus of hammers, whining of saws, and putt-putt of cement mixers could be heard throughout the city from dawn to dusk. Daily deliveries of building materials caused traffic jams on some residential streets and vehicles of every kind and size were coming and going every hour. On the weekends, neighborhood “foremen” gathered at the building sites to discuss the schools’ progress as well as safety measures for the residents’ activities.

Santa Anita Elementary School was built in 1947, Hugo Reid Elementary School in 1948, Highland Oaks Elementary School in 1949, and Longley Way Elementary School in 1951. In 1950, the population was 23,041 and in 1952 it reached 28,722. By now a new high school was needed and it was built in 1952. Camino Grove Elementary School opened in 1953, Dana Junior High School in 1955, Bonita Park Elementary School in 1956, Foothills Junior High School in 1959, and Baldwin Stocker Elementary School in 1966.

Most everyone agreed that more than classrooms were needed to give students a well-rounded education. Funds were needed for athletic equipment, musical instruments, band uniforms, field trips, books, and libraries. School PTAs and parent groups began plans to generate funds for these extra-curricular activities and equipment.

A wide range of fundraising projects and activities included carnivals, book fairs, paper drives, luncheon/fashion shows, spaghetti and potluck dinners, ice cream socials, and candy sales. The carnival or fiesta was the most popular event and successful. Entire families joined in to sell tickets and make the event “the best ever.”

The typical school carnival offered game and food booths, dunk tanks, cakewalks, rides, clowns, and dinners. Parents designed, built, and set up the booths and manned them, cooked the food, supplied baked goods, and searched for the most inexpensive and desirable gifts and prizes. Tops, bags of marbles, squirt guns, boxes of chalk and crayons, coloring books, paper dolls, and goldfish were among the favorite prizes. Surprisingly, most kids chose goldfish.

It was a disaster ready to happen when the goldfish container began to leak.

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Emergency procedures were in place because it happened so often. A frantic, flipping fish was quickly released back into the fish tank and a replacement was given. It was hoped the fish would make it to the fishbowl at home.

At Santa Anita Elementary School, the dunk tank was particularly popular because Ernie Herrington, the principal, and the sixth grade teachers were those who got “dunked.” The cakewalk was also a successful fundraiser. Participants walked around a circle of numbered squares while music played. When the music stopped, a number was drawn and the participant who occupied the



Credit: Miriam Carter

Principal Ernie Herrington at Santa Anita Elementary School carnival, circa 1976.

ARCADIA
People
BEA BARBARA FRASER, Editor
Thursday, October 21, 1976 Arcadia Tribune-C-1

Santa Anita PTA will have 'Happy Days'

Santa Anita Elementary School PTA will present its annual carnival on Saturday, Oct. 23 from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the school. This year's theme, "Happy Days," was selected by Daniel Stoltaban, a fifth grade student at Santa Anita.

Many activities are being planned for the carnival, including a Sock Hop, Moon Bounce, Cake Walk, Drag Races, Gold Fish Booth, Shooting Gallery and Pillow Fight. There will also be a Juke Box and Pinball Machine.

Refreshment stands will be selling hot dogs, hamburgers, pizza, cotton candy and soda.

The "Happy Days" Carnival is open to everyone and there is no admission charge. Tickets for the various races and games are 20 cents each and can be purchased at the carnival.

Anyone who wants more information may call Kathy Spinelli, chairman.

—Staff Photo by Louis Nunez

HAPPY DAYS — Mark Anderson, Daniell Stoltaban and Shannon Carter discuss the Santa Anita Elementary School PTA Carnival, "Happy Days," which is scheduled from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday, Oct. 23 at the school. Daniell, a fifth grader at Santa Anita, chose this year's theme.

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

"Arcadia Tribune" newspaper coverage of the Santa Anita Elementary School carnival, 1976.

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square with the corresponding number was declared the winner. That lucky person could choose any cake from the display. Typically, all participants received a cookie or lollipop just for entering the contest. Chocolate cakes went first. Those decorated with coconut went last. Some cakes were devoured on site. Few got home whole.

Casseroles (meat, chicken, fish, bean, and cheese) to serve twelve were the mainstay of the luncheon/fashion shows and potluck dinners. Family favorites were prepared and proudly donated for the cause. It was common for a mass recipe exchange to occur around the buffet table for “Arcadia Mish Mash” or “Tagaleriani,” perhaps “Jonny Lozetti Casserole,” or “Forget It Stew,” “Goulash,” “Lasagna,” or the all-time favorite “Macaroni & Cheese.” In some cases, a collection of the most popular recipes was compiled and sold as cookbooks, another fundraising venture. Thus, the casserole sharing experience led to a new friendship or a future neighborhood block party.

The paper drive was the most competitive of all the ways and means projects. Students canvassed their neighborhoods for sources of used newspapers. New residents were courted and cajoled into saving their papers for them, with promises for regular pick-ups. Papers were bundled, tied, and stacked in a secure place. On paper drive day, these bundles were taken to school by wagon, wheel barrel, car, or truck and placed in sections marked by classroom or grade level. Stacks were measured and recorded. Occasionally bundles moved from one area to another “by accident” when left unattended. Awards such as ice cream treats or a special movie were given to the winning group.

And, what did all this accomplish? In addition to obtaining the needed equipment and materials previously listed, an on-site library at each public school in Arcadia became a reality. Neighborhoods were brought together, unified by common goals and energized by shared successes. Families were rewarded by the many lasting friendships they made and Arcadia’s students reaped the benefits from a diverse curriculum.

In 1956, Carol Libby and her late husband Hal purchased the home that Hal’s parents bought in 1938. Her interest in Arcadia’s history began while listening to stories told by her father-in-law, Philip A. Libby, a member of the Arcadia City Council for several years. Carol has been a very active author and volunteer for numerous local organizations including the PTA, Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, and Arcadia Historical Society.

DANA MEMORIES

by Scott Luke

We moved to Arcadia in the spring of 1964. My father, who worked for Union Oil Company, was transferred from Scottsdale, Arizona to the company's Los Angeles headquarters.

My first memory of Dana Junior High School was the discovery that all the guys wore slacks, hard-soled shoes (wing tips), and cardigan sweaters and all the girls wore dresses and nylons. Prior to arriving in Arcadia, my mother bought me several pairs of J.C. Penney jeans and new Keds shoes for my debut at Dana. I'm sure that I had mom rush to Hinshaw's that afternoon to replace my Arizona togs for a new wardrobe so I would better blend in with the other students.

Like most thirteen-year-olds, I somehow managed to assimilate into my new culture and, over the next two years (eighth and ninth grades), experienced many fond, and some not so fond, memories at Dana Junior High School. Here are a few:

Mornings

Every morning right before first period, a student color guard of two drummers and two trumpet players would march in unison in their band uniforms from the music room to the flag pole in the quad. Everyone, no matter where they were on campus, would stop and face the flag pole while the American flag was raised and the quartet played the military call "To the Color." Upon completion of the music, we would race to our lockers and then on to first period.

Lunch Time

One of the older custodians, Pat Corner, would walk up and down the center of the cafeteria between the rows of tables twirling a large collection of keys attached to a chain, waiting to see which table was being the quietest. As the key chain twirled to an abrupt stop on his forefinger, he would point to a table of kids who would then spring out of their seats and "walk" (a move just short of a full sprint) to the food line.

Ninth Grade Tackle Football

I'm not sure if they still have this at the middle schools, but tackle football was the highlight of my "senior" (i.e., ninth grade) year at Dana. Pep rallies with our own home-grown rock bands, cheer leaders, and song girls culminated with after-school contests between the mighty Dana Mariners and the other two Arcadia junior high schools, First Avenue and Foothills. Each school had two teams based on "exponents" (height and weight); the "A" team with larger kids and the "B" team with smaller kids. This worked out well because lots of the

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"Dana Memories" collage.

Credit: Scott Luke

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ninth grade guys had the opportunity to play. I played on the offensive and defensive lines on the A team. Class clown Bob Lewis was our quarterback. We dreaded Coach Hatt's after-school practices in the fall heat and smog. His policy was no water during practice; somehow that would make us better football players. We never could beat First Avenue; they were considered the "tough kids" of Arcadia. But, we could beat Foothills; they were considered the "rich kids." In the Arcadia social hierarchy of the mid-1960s, we considered ourselves the "average kids" as Dana students, which was just fine with us.

Fads

I recall clothing fads sweeping through school. After Christmas or spring break, or the appearance of a new band on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, the latest fad would explode onto campus, typically worn by the "cool" kids. Whether it was a paisley, polka-dot, or Hang Ten (with a big wide horizontal stripe) shirt, padded ski jacket, desert boots, or blue tennis shoes, if you didn't have it, you would bug your mom to take you to Hinshaw's or Richard's on Baldwin Avenue, or Stoppel's on Las Tunas Avenue in Temple City. This ritual would repeat itself with every new fad.

The Transistor Radio

In junior high, our new technology was the transistor radio, a small plastic device the size of a current cell phone, that magically connected you to the many offerings of AM rock and roll. The popular local stations for us were KRLA (from Pasadena) and KHJ or KFWB (from Los Angeles or Hollywood). If your radio was pretty good, and you were a little subversive, you could also tune into Wolfman Jack on XERB (which was reportedly in Tijuana). The transistor radio in my accompanying collage has an interesting history. I was on my way home one spring day after school on my five-speed Schwinn bike (also depicted in the collage). Our house was on Ninth Avenue and, as I rounded the corner of Eighth Avenue and Magnolia Lane, I noticed the little radio lying in the middle of the street right in front of the house where Rick Albert (Arcadia High School Class of 1968) lived. Stopping my bike, I picked up the radio and turned it on. To this day, I can still remember the song that burst through the tiny speaker: "Little Egypt" by The Coasters. ". . . *She had a picture of a cowboy tattooed on her spine, Saying Phoenix, Arizona, nineteen forty-nine.*" When assembling my collage for this book, I removed the radio from a small box of random stuff that only my contemporaries would find fascinating. Our youngest son David, age twenty-five, walked by and said, "Hey Dad, what's that?" Fascinated by this archeological artifact, he found a nine volt battery, inserted it, and turned on the radio. Like in 1964, it still played! Nice little time warp, eh?

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Looking Back

All in all, my time at Dana Junior High School from 1964 to 1966 helped prepare me for the next three years at Arcadia High School and for life. Looking back, we led very sheltered, middle-class lives in Arcadia in those days, which was OK. One phone attached to a wall; *Saturday Night at the Movies* on the TV. You rode your bike everywhere; up to Arcadia Music Mart and Leo's Penny Burger on Huntington Drive, over to Darr Liquor on Duarte Road for hot beef dip sandwiches, or, if you were really feeling adventurous, all the way to Barron's drug store (complete with a record shop and soda fountain) on Baldwin Avenue. I ate dinner every night with my family, spent Friday nights working on plastic model cars, and whiled away the summer playing "shut eye" in our swimming pool with friends.

This last May, five of us got together for a little reunion. Molo, Gar, Weevo, Toe, and me. I have known these guys since I showed up at Dana in 1964. One thing that always amazes me is that our basic personalities are the same as they were almost fifty years ago, when we rode our Schwinns to Dana and stood perfectly still as the color guard played and the American flag was raised over the quad. Go Mariners.

Scott Luke lived in Arcadia from 1964 to 1971. He attended Dana Junior High School and Arcadia High School, graduating in 1969. He is a graphic artist and lives in Pleasant Hill, California.

THANK YOU MISTER JONES

by Paul Pfau

Although I didn't know it at the time, that part of my life destined to explore some of the far corners of the planet would begin with a gesture from my sixth grade Hugo Reid Elementary School teacher.

Book reports were a none-too-appreciated fact of life at twelve, and so perhaps Mr. Jones was especially intuitive in suggesting that I might enjoy Tenzing Norgay's *Tiger of the Snows*. He was graced with knowing his students well.

It recounted Sherpa Tenzing's ascent of Mount Everest in 1953, barely eight years earlier. I was enchanted as I put myself to sleep at night in violation of my parents' curfew. Under the covers, my Roy Rogers flashlight served as a mountaineering headlamp in navigating from one chapter to the next as I imagined climbing the mountain with the mostly British team.

While playing shortstop for The Shop, my Arcadia Coast Little League team, would continue to entertain, the story of Sherpa Tenzing and Edmund Hillary overcoming great odds to be the first to climb Mount Everest resonated at a deeper level. Beginning in Arcadia, this would lead to a whole stream of occurrences that inevitably included my own adventures to the world's highest mountain. In this, my path would intersect with my boyhood Sherpa hero and others from his historic expedition. It would also result in helping to bring closure to the family of legendary mountaineer George Leigh-Mallory, lost on Everest in 1924.

Perhaps for children especially does an adventure begin in the imagination. There is first the inspiration to hug Mom or Dad before the plan of how to crawl across the floor to do so is invented. And the floor itself may be important in nurturing the capability to navigate obstacles that threaten the outcome of the endeavor.

If *Tiger of the Snows* served my imagination, then boyhood days spent sneaking into the Arboretum, hiking the trails above Chantry Flat, even learning about champion thoroughbreds at Santa Anita Park proved as useful in learning to navigate the obstacles of adventures yet to come.

Living just a few blocks away, I didn't really think of it as the Arboretum anyway. It was the impenetrable jungle of Borneo or Africa that my friends and I experienced. Exotic birds and familiar peacocks morphed into flying pterodactyls. For us, there were croc-infested lagoons, Tarzan never far away, with the King's Guards ready to chase and catch us if they could, unaware of our secret tunnels to freedom and home.

And, of course, my boyhood and later friends meant the world to me in helping to shape how I would learn to live and work with others. As John Hunt, the leader of Sherpa Tenzing's 1953 expedition would write, "Life is meeting."

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He meant, I know, that those who graced his life would help to define the experiences that would come his way.

Thus was it so with my good friend Dan Damon. Still teenagers, we would venture beyond Arcadia in testing our budding mountaineering skills in the Sierra and Tetons and Northwest Cascades. Alaska and the Himalaya loomed later. Chuck “The Toe” Coulter of Arcadia Apache football fame would sometimes join us—a memorable attempt to get to Yosemite Valley one winter comes easily to mind—in continuing to nurture the toughness and common sense that we hoped would grow to define our outdoor skills. And from the Arcadia Recreation Department, there were Gary Kovacic, Mary Kay Tillman, Mary Noble, Carol Collins, Wayne Spicer, the two Marks, George Sperry, and others working together through summers at Wilderness Park in the shadow of the purple-saged San Gabriels.

Life’s other pursuits would intervene before the convergence of opportunity and good timing enabled me to lead my final expedition to Mount Everest. Returning to the Tibetan side of the mountain, this would be my fourth trip to the great black pyramid. Dedicated to the members of the 1921, 1922, and 1924 British expeditions, including the celebrated George Leigh-Mallory, our 1995 adventure would bring magical fulfillment to the journey I had begun as a child through the pages of *Tiger of the Snows*.

Perhaps best known for his “because it is there” response to the question of why he climbed mountains, Leigh-Mallory was the best climber of his day when he and teammate Andrew Irvine vanished not far from Everest’s summit in 1924.



Credit: Paul Pfau

The author’s sister and Hugo Reid Elementary School teacher Amy Webb and her son Ryan reading “Tiger of the Snows,” 1995.

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Now, over seventy years later, his grandson—also George—was a member of our team. I had invited George, an excellent climber, on the recommendation of his aunt Clare Millikan, daughter to Leigh-Mallory, and with whom I had developed a friendship through my research of her famous father's expeditions.

Over the years, the disappearance of the two climbers vaulted them to near-mythical status, with speculation that they, not Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing nearly thirty years later, were the first to climb to the top of the planet. In 1953, the feat was monumental, had it taken place in 1924 would have been little short of miraculous. These were the first astronauts, their journey analogous to space travel decades later, and the men and British nation that committed to the goal to climb the world's highest mountain shared the special sense of adventure that highlighted this Golden Age of high-altitude mountaineering and exploration.

The unfinished business presented by his family's Everest legacy, the prospect of closing the family circle tragically begun by his grandfather's death, was the force behind our George's ambition to triumph on the peak of his grandfather's great dream.

For me, sharing George's goal was heightened by my friendship with Captain John Noel, at the time one of the two surviving members of the 1924 expedition.

During a mid-1980s visit to Noel's cottage in England's Romney Marsh, I listened to the ninety-five-year-old ex-British officer tell me of his lost friends. With the rain drumming on century-old windowpanes, a wood fire cast deep shadows across an otherwise unlighted room. His clear, blue eyes glimmered in the dim light, belying his age. With words almost inaudible because of the pattering rain, he said: "When last seen, they were four hours behind schedule, nobody knows why. They were seen to be going forward, toward the top. 'Did they ever get there?' That's what people ask. They never got back, and they were never found. What happened to them is an everlasting mystery."

His friend and surviving 1924 Everest teammate, Noel Odell, was the last to have seen Mallory and Irvine, having ascended high on the mountain to support their final summit bid. Before his death, Odell met me at Cambridge's Blue Boar Inn, a tavern that his 1924 teammates had frequented and where he recounted his last sighting of the pair. "I can give very little that is convincing to anybody, having seen them as I did, definitely on their way up the snow slope."

In early May 1995, with the knowledge that his son George soon would make his own attempt on the summit, seventy-four-year-old John Mallory arrived at our base camp, also the site of the 1924 expedition. Just three when his father disappeared, this was John's first visit to Everest, himself coming full-circle to the mountain that had changed the trajectory of his life's path.

As one of the great wild places, Everest is at once beautiful and terrible, a darkly capricious mountain that rarely spares even an innocent error in judgment. After weeks of acclimatizing and building a support network on the mountain, George and two others from our team were chosen as the first to try for the summit.

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On a brilliantly starlit night the trio left our high camp, and by dawn, emerged onto the final slope. Knowing that his grandfather had taken a cherished photo to leave at the summit, George pulled the same image of his grandfather and his beloved wife Ruth from his backpack in readiness to do the same. Once at the top, and with emotion almost overwhelming, George recalled: “From my pack, I retrieved a small photograph of my grandparents and knelt down to plant it in the snow. This was a profoundly moving moment, one which symbolized the unarguable completion of a family project. No more did my grandfather’s name weigh me down.”

In all, thirteen of our members would climb to Everest’s summit and, better, safely return. Coming full-circle, bringing closure to our goals, had been at the heart of the force that forged our team’s effort and led to the closing of the Mallory family circle begun so many years before.

As I think back to my Arcadia childhood—and all the years in-between—I wonder at the mystery of how so much meaningful richness evolved for me from my teacher’s singular action. Things happening not from chaos but for a reason. Just a thread at the time, *Tiger of the Snows* sparked a lifetime of experiences, a wonderful life’s fabric woven from a majestic composition of synchronistic events.

In the end, I am indebted to my mom Phyllis and dad Glenn for settling in Arcadia over fifty-three years ago. Their decision for me and my sisters continues to have meaning for their grandchildren Ryan, Kate, and Will. The sanctity of a special place connected to the family in it is still a powerful, life-shaping chemistry.

And had I known then, I would have thanked Mr. Jones for the wealth of experiences I would be later graced to share with those I only read about by flashlight many years ago; no longer rooted in imagination, but real friends: George Lowe, Ed Hillary, John Hunt, and Sherpa Tenzing; and, too, Captain Noel, Noel Odell, Clare Millikan, and John and George Mallory, my Everest teammates. It would have made for a heckuva book report.

Postscript: Just three years after our expedition, the remains and personal effects of George Leigh-Mallory were discovered in remarkably good condition



Credit: Paul Pfau

Will Pfau contemplating the next family adventure, 2013.

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high on the mountain by another team. The cherished photo of Leigh-Mallory and his wife Ruth was not among the effects.

Paul Pfau attended Arcadia's Hugo Reid Elementary School and Foothill Junior High School. He is a graduate of La Salle High School, having walked the nearly four mile round-trip almost every day from the family home. Saint Mary's College and Loyola Law School followed, and then a career as a prosecutor with the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office. For over thirty-four years, he has also owned a business he developed to prepare candidates to pass the California bar exam. In between, and not unlike those he works with to pass the bar exam, he has led four mountaineering expeditions to the Mount Everest massif, with the walk to Advance Base Camp considerably farther than the daily trek to his beloved La Salle. He believes his Everest and other outdoor experiences a blessing in preparing him for the antics of his six-year-old son Will, now a Yellow Belt in Taekwondo. Spending time at his Montana ranch, Paul still enjoys the family home in Arcadia where his mother resides. These days, he also pays full admission, less a senior discount, at the Arboretum.

THANK YOU NOTES

by Kelly Kovacic

A while ago, I came home from a particularly long day at school to find a wonderful surprise in my mailbox. One of my advisory students, a young woman I had as a student for seven years, sent me an unsolicited two-page letter. She attached a short note to the letter saying that, after all the letters of recommendation I wrote for her, she wanted to write one for me because “you can never have too many letters of recommendation.”

Her letter included the following: *“What makes Ms. Kovacic such an amazing teacher is that she acknowledges every situation, whether good or bad, can be used as an opportunity to learn. She does not settle on textbooks or worksheets to do her teaching, but rather recognizes she is a vessel that can be used to have a lasting impact. Her lessons reach far beyond the classroom. She has taught me to believe in myself, even in the darkest of times.”*

As teachers, we send our students onto the next chapter in their lives, whether it be another class, another school, or into the world, not necessarily knowing the full impact of our words and lessons. We say “keep in touch,” but more times than not, even in the age of email, both the teacher and the student move on to the next challenge. That is why it is so special to receive a kind word from a former student. It helps validate our efforts, provides some much needed solace, and perhaps reminds us about the role of a teacher in our own lives.

I was fortunate to have many dedicated and capable teachers as I went through the K-12 public school system in my hometown of Arcadia. To honor some of the excellent teachers who played important roles in my life and in my career as an educator, I want to send out a few of my own thank you notes:

Thank you Mrs. Dudley (Second Grade, Hugo Reid Elementary School)

I remember your smile. Walking into class, I was always greeted with that smile. However, it was your daily mantra that stays with me to this day. “Do your best and never give up.” In fact, the phrase “I can’t do it” was not allowed to be spoken within the safe confines of our second grade classroom. Mrs. Dudley, you are why I teach. You taught your subjects well, but, more importantly, you helped me realize the power of a teacher’s unfailing faith in a student’s ability.

Thank you Ms. Williams (Math, Arcadia High School)

Even though I was never a very confident math student, you saw and fostered my potential. Meeting weekly at 6:45 a.m. for tutoring sessions, you were patient, caring, and unwavering in your belief that I could master trigonometry and pre-calculus. For the first time, I felt smart in math. You constantly reassured me

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that it is through mistake and practice that one reaches excellence. Perfection was never the goal. Rather, personal and intellectual growth was the target you always set for us. You made me love math so much that I was glad to have you both my junior and senior years.

Thank you Mrs. Uranga (English, Arcadia High School)

You pushed me beyond my own comfort zone and taught me how to think and analyze. As we learned about betrayal in Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, explored the nature of evidence and truth in Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, and contemplated the American Dream through the eyes of Nick Carraway and Jay Gatsby, our minds were opened to worlds beyond our own town and experiences. You helped an uncertain junior find her voice as a young woman and writer because you always believed in me and took the time to critique my work, not just give me a grade.

Thank you Dr. Onderdonk (AP US History, Arcadia High School)

I teach high school social studies because of you. You made history come



Credit: The White House

California Teacher of the Year Kelly Kovacic and President Barack Obama in the Oval Office, May 2010.

Chapter 7. Our Schools

alive and made it relevant to my life. In your A.P. United States history class, you taught lessons about equality, justice, and the responsibilities we bear as participants in our constitutional democracy. Not content to lecture simply about dates and events, you forced us to experience history. As the defense attorney, it was my difficult job to defend Andrew Jackson's removal of the Indians. As a clerk for a Supreme Court Justice, I wrote my first legal brief analyzing contract law in *Dartmouth v. Woodward*. You helped me recognize and honor the risks that women such as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Alice Paul took so that I may have the right to vote and equal opportunities. I shared my own family's history, including a trek to rural Nebraska to find the one-room stone house where my great-grandmother was born, in your famous "Personal Museum" assignment. Your calm presence, wonderful stories, and signature chuckle made me eager to come to class and kept me captivated and engaged. When the bell rang at the end of each period, I was never ready to leave.

I am the teacher I am today because of the amazing teachers who nurtured and believed in me. They took the time to improve my life, and the lives of countless others, and modeled the very best of public education. We should do it more than once a year, but at least on the annual Day of the Teacher, let's all take the time to remember and honor the great teachers who preceded us in this great profession.

Kelly Kovacic attended Hugo Reid Elementary School, Foothills Junior High School, and Arcadia High School (Class of 1996). For ten years, she taught and was chair of the social studies department at The Preuss School UCSD, a public charter middle and high school on the University of California, San Diego, campus that provides a rigorous college preparatory education to students who live below the poverty line and will be the first generation of their families to graduate from college. In 2010, she was selected as California Teacher of the Year and one of four finalists for National Teacher of the Year. She is currently a doctoral candidate at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. A version of this essay originally appeared on the Accomplished California Teachers website.

THANKFUL FOR OUR TEACHERS

by David Vannasdall

The Arcadia Unified School District is extremely thankful and proud that our teachers are the highest quality individuals who have chosen to spend their careers educating our children. These individuals represent the highest levels of professional educators one can find in any school district in the United States. Arcadia Unified has exceptionally high standards for its teachers and an expectation that they consistently demonstrate a commitment to ensuring that every student receives a value-added education in the classroom.

Each year we celebrate these teachers by choosing one to be the Arcadia Teacher of the Year. This special educator is recognized by the Arcadia Board of Education in September and not only represents his or her Arcadia colleagues through the ensuing school year but also represents the district in the Los Angeles County Teacher of the Year program.

In selecting Arcadia's Teacher of the Year, the teacher could be from any one of our schools and could teach any grade level or subject area. What is consistent with these outstanding educators are the identified characteristics of highly effective teachers:

- Strong general intelligence and verbal ability that help them organize and explain ideas, as well as observe and think diagnostically;
- Strong content knowledge in the areas they teach;
- Knowledge of how to teach others in that area (content pedagogy), in particular how to develop higher-order thinking skills;
- An understanding of learners and their learning and development, including how to assess and scaffold learning, how to support students who have learning differences or difficulties, and how to support the learning of language and content for those who are not already proficient in the language of instruction;



Credit: Arcadia Unified School District

Sandi McGrath, 2002 Arcadia Unified School District Teacher of the Year, at Highland Oaks Elementary School.

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ARCADIA UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT TEACHERS OF THE YEAR

1983	George Stapleton	Arcadia High School
1984	Ed Feldhaus	Foothills Junior High School
1985	<i>Did not participate in program</i>	
1986	Carol C. Phelan	Longley Way Elementary School
1987	Richard Salter	Arcadia High School
1988	Sherrill Root	Dana Junior High School
1989	Marsha Burkhalter	Hugo Reid Elementary School
1990	Arthur E. Farr	Dana Junior High School
1991	Richard Onderdonk	Arcadia High School
1992	Bernadine M. Spencer	First Avenue Junior High School
1993	Patricia Ann Baltz	Camino Grove Elementary School
1994	Priscilla Tedesco	Arcadia High School
1995	Karen Gollhardt	Foothills Middle School
1996	Barbara McKinnon	Holly Avenue Elementary School
1997	Michael Gordon	Arcadia High School
1998	Carolyn Chaille	First Avenue Middle School
1999	Sandy Burch	Longley Way Elementary School
2000	Tom Landes	Arcadia High School
2001	Ardelle Fisher	Foothills Middle School
2002	Sandi McGrath	Highland Oaks Elementary School
2003	Madeline Antilla	Arcadia High School
2004	Genna Helmberger	Dana Middle School
2005	Molly Dudley	Hugo Reid Elementary School
2006	Jenny Leung	Arcadia High School
2007	Nancy Adams	First Avenue Middle School
2008	Lisa Shigemasa	Baldwin Stocker Elementary School
2009	Margarita Ortiz	Arcadia High School
2010	John vanHaaster	Foothills Middle School
2011	Kelsey Brown	Holly Avenue Elementary School
2012	Talmage Jones	Arcadia High School
2013	Daniel Johns	Dana Middle School

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- Adaptive expertise that allows them to make judgments about what is likely to work in a given context in response to students' needs; and
- A willingness to support learning for all students, to continue to learn and improve, and to collaborate with other professionals and parents in the service of individual students and the school as a whole.

This list of characteristics not only describes an Arcadia Teacher of the Year designee but Arcadia teachers as a group. To give you additional insight into the kind of teacher that educates Arcadia's children, the following is an excerpt from a statement by 2010-2011 Arcadia Teacher of the Year Kelsey Brown, a fourth grade teacher at Holly Avenue Elementary School:

"I thanked [my students] for an exciting year, for being a part of my life, and for trusting me with their education. I wanted to build them up so that they could feel unequivocally fearless as they readied themselves for middle school. I wanted them to know that they were just as important to their learning process as I was to facilitating it. Children deserve to feel worthy, connected, involved, safe, nurtured, cared for, and successful. A quality teacher should challenge them, value them, and celebrate them. That is my calling, and that is what I have attempted to do 180 days a year for the last thirteen years in this adventure I call teaching!"

We are indeed fortunate to have outstanding teachers in the Arcadia Unified School District who nurture, care, and educate our students. We have a great deal to be thankful for here in Arcadia.

David Vannasdall is deputy superintendent for educational services and programs at the Arcadia Unified School District. In his position, he is responsible for the development, implementation, and evaluation of the district's educational programs and services as well as providing leadership to district staff in curriculum assessment and staff development. He started with the district as principal of Arcadia High School in 2005 and became deputy superintendent in 2012.

THE CHANGING FACE OF ARCADIA

by Dr. Joel Shawn

Take a drive around Arcadia and you can't help but notice a significant change in the look of our town. New educational buildings are springing up all over the community on our school sites. In the fall of 2006, the forward-thinking and generous members of the Arcadia community passed a \$218 million bond measure that is enabling the school district to modernize classrooms, install state-of-the-art technology in every classroom, construct new classroom buildings, replace the old stadium and resurface the track at Arcadia High School, build a high technology state-of-the-art performing arts complex, and, in a joint project with the City of Arcadia, build the new Dana Gym.



Credit: Arcadia Unified School District

New Arcadia High School Lecture Hall, 2012.

We are about two-thirds of the way through the bond program as of April 2013:

- Project work has completed at Holly Avenue, Highland Oaks and Baldwin Stocker elementary schools and First Avenue and Dana middle schools.
- A great deal of work has been done at Arcadia High including the replacement of the Apache Stadium (home and visitors grandstands), resurfacing of the track, and construction of new science, student services, lecture hall, and performing arts buildings. Work will continue for the

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next few years at the high school with the modernization of every classroom, renovations to the gymnasiums, and a reworking of the grounds including the rally court.

- Work is in progress at Camino Grove and Hugo Reid elementary schools.
- A new Arcadia Education Center is well on the way to completion on the site of what was the closed Bonita Park Elementary School at Third Avenue and Bonita Street.
- The modernization project at Foothills Middle School has begun with the placement of interim housing units that will be occupied by all students and staff beginning in the fall of 2013 for the fifteen-month duration of the project.
- Work at Longley Way Elementary School will begin in the summer of 2014.

Drive down Campus Drive and you will see the new stadium, a new student services building, and perhaps our most exciting new building, the performing arts center. On the Duarte Road side of campus you will find the new science building and lecture hall. It is exciting for us to see years of planning and hard work realized in these buildings. As we complete major projects, we have invited the community to visit and see what your generosity has created for our students and staff.

The Arcadia Unified Facilities Master Plan, which was completed following a year-long comprehensive facilities needs assessment, yielded the following goals:

- Upgrade facility accessibility and health and safety standards
- Improve support systems, utilities infrastructure, and restrooms
- Improve facilities and the environment to enhance educational program quality and attract and retain world class staff
- Provide additional classrooms to support actual student enrollments
- Improve interior classroom quality and augment instructional technology resources
- Add facilities to support specialized program needs
- Maximize capture of the district's current state funding eligibility
- Develop flexible state-of-the-art facilities with the future in mind
- Support continuation of the quality level required for Arcadia Unified School District programs and facilities to augment community value

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The projected budget for the various projects at the time of the Arcadia Unified Facilities Master Plan was:

Projected Expenditures:

Arcadia High School	\$133,760,430
Middle Schools	\$46,818,038
Elementary Schools	\$58,890,934
School Maintenance Improvements	\$629,000
Other Facilities Improvements	\$2,907,545
Total Projections	\$243,005,947

Projected Funding

State Funding	\$15,000,000
State Joint Use Funding	\$1,500,000
City of Arcadia Joint Use Funding	\$1,250,000
Developer Fees (project 5 years)	\$7,500,000
Measure I General Obligations Bond	\$218,000,000
Total Projected Revenue	\$243,250,000

We are well on our way to realizing these goals and more.

As a way to give you a preview of what this money is providing and what you will experience when you visit these facilities, I will describe two of the new high school buildings:

- **Arcadia High School Student Services Building.** This is an over 50,000-square-foot, two-story facility that includes eighteen new classrooms. A 1,250-square-foot lobby and waiting area is the first experience visitors have on entering the facility. The building houses all of the high school's administrative offices (including conference rooms, attendance, student health, counseling, special education), the career center and exploration lab, records storage, a faculty break room, and copy center. The facility also includes a brand new television classroom studio including modern control and editing rooms. Each of the typical new classrooms is about 2,600 square feet. The building includes several special education classrooms, three computer labs, two digital photography classrooms/labs, and two classroom/labs for graphics and publications. We believe the exterior design of the building, which features brick and glass finishes, blends with the other elements of the high school campus and, for the first time, creates a "front door" to Arcadia High School. The building was completed in late fall of 2010 and staff and students moved in late November of 2010.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology



Credit: Arcadia Unified School District

New Arcadia High School Student Services Building, 2012.

- **Arcadia Performing Arts Center (“PAC”).** Undoubtedly the keystone project, the one that garnered much of the support evidenced by the passing of the bond measure in 2006 with more than 66% voter support, is the Arcadia Performing Arts Center located on the high school campus. There has been a long-standing desire to have a performing arts center in Arcadia that goes back to the early 1950s when the original design plans for the high school included an auditorium. Since then, many people have worked to raise funds to build a performing arts center in our community. In 1977, the Arcadia Auditorium Foundation was formed with Charles Gilb as its president and Gloria Horstman as its secretary. Along with other outstanding volunteers like Joseph Sargis, the foundation raised funds for an auditorium that included a Walk-A-Jog-A-Thon and other events. This foundation raised funds that continued to support the performing arts in the school district for many years. Subsequently, the Arcadia Educational Foundation instigated a capital campaign and created a fund that also supported the performing arts in the schools. In 1999, Arcadia residents Gary Kovacic, George Fasching, Craig Lucas, John Murphy, and Mickey Segal even tried to purchase the First Church of Christ, Science, which was located across the street from the high school and listed for sale, to serve as a performing arts facility for the school district and the city. All of these efforts laid the groundwork for the creation of the PAC, which was finally possible with funds generated by the passage of Measure I.

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Credit: Arcadia Unified School District

New 1,200-seat Arcadia Performing Arts Center on the Arcadia High School campus, 2012.

We broke ground on the beautiful Arcadia Performing Arts Center in the spring of 2011 and completed it in mid October 2012. The opening of the PAC marked the reality of a dream held by Arcadians for decades. The opening of this remarkable facility was marked by two weeks of student performances representing every school and the district, and the gala grand opening special performance to a capacity crowd of more than 1,100 guests by the incomparable Paul Anka. And, a new Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation has now been established by community leaders to promote and support the PAC for many years to come.

It is very exciting to see each of these projects completed and to see the buildings occupied by students, staff, and members of the community. Over the course of the facilities program, every classroom in the school district will be modernized and every school will have major renovations done to their buildings and grounds. Let me once again thank the Arcadia community for committing to the excellence of the Arcadia Unified School District. You have not only entrusted us with your students, but you have also made the fiscal investment necessary to ensure our continued success by providing for world class facilities. Arcadia is a remarkable community that has an outstanding school district. We are now able to say that the classrooms and buildings of the school district are equal to the achievement of our students.

Joel Shawn, Ed.D., is the superintendent of the Arcadia Unified School District.

WINGS

by Lara Repko

It's the middle of April at the Little School and time for Mrs. Hamada to bring out the cocoons. From behind the closet door she produces an insect cage, wades through a cluster of awestruck seven-year-olds, and places it on the center table.

"These are cocoons," she says.

When I was in kindergarten, I remember jealously peeking into the first-grade classrooms and wishing that I too could be old like the rest of them, not only so that a new generation of kindergartners could look up to me, but so that I could have my own caterpillar cage.

I sit on the floor, reading a chapter book. It's about aliens. I'm having a "space" phase; all I want to do is look at pictures of space, ask questions about space, read about space. I don't even particularly like this book, but it's the only one in the class bookshelf that I haven't read. The Scholastic Book Fair isn't until June and our library day was postponed for next week. I'm stuck with this one for now. But at least it's about space.

"One day these cocoons will open up and moths will come flying out."

I turn from my book and tune in to Mrs. Hamada as she explains this to a crowd of my peers. I grimace. Moths?

The bell rings and "free time" is over. I grit my teeth in preparation for what's to come: writing. Give me a thousand books and I'd be in heaven, but the second I held a pencil and paper I wanted to choke in disgust.

Writing? I gasp, staring blankly at the sheet of lined paper Mrs. Hamada places in front of me. I chew the end of my pencil; this is not going to be easy. I gaze longingly at my usual spot by the bookshelf. I'd do anything to keep reading that alien book; anything to get away from writing about animals, rainforests, or fairy tales; anything to go back to my books. I waddle up to Mrs. Hamada's desk and peek over the wood frame to get a better glimpse of her.

Mrs. Hamada is the first person I know to split open a rock with a hammer and show me the azure crystals inside, to travel in time back to the Pilgrims, to tell me I could be an astronaut, to introduce me to Van Gogh and his Ballet Girl. I am in love with learning and Mrs. Hamada not only deepens that love but challenges it as well.

"I hate to write," I proclaim. "I hate it so much, I hate it, I hate it. Who in the world would ever like writing?"

Mrs. Hamada doesn't look impressed with my rebellion. She leans over the desk so that I can see her face from up close. Her eyes grin and I see the soft laugh lines peeking out from the inner corners of her cheeks; stories I'll never know. Cheeks soft, lips painted a fiery red, she speaks.

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“You like to read,” she notes, taking a glimpse of the bookshelf stationed at the back of the classroom. “So . . . readers like to write.”

I am horrified.

“Not me,” I demand. “I will never ever, ever, like to write ever, I promise.”

Her lip-sticked lips crinkle into a smile and she lets out a controlled laugh.

“Okay, if you say so! But one day you probably will.”

Horrified at discovering my fate, I end the conversation by turning on my heel and trumping back to my desk. She’s wrong, I think, digging my pencil into the paper. Who in their right mind would like to write? I wish I could just go back to that alien book. In fact, I wish I were up there in space myself. Maybe they just want a friend? I would travel to that alien planet and fight off the armies of space creatures to get to their leader, and I would befriend her and ask her not to invade the other planet. That would be cool. Maybe I could even join the planets together—both human and extraterrestrial—into union. Yeah, that would be cool.



Credit: Kirby Repko

Lara Repko would rather read than write, 2002.

I am lost in my imagination until the bell rings for recess. Usually the first one out the door, I find myself glued to my plastic seat. Mrs. Hamada notices, and pipes up.

“Lara how about you go outside? All the other children are going to play punch-ball and dodge-ball, if you’d like to join them.”

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Blank faced, it takes a moment for me to leave my alien story and come back to earth.

“Er,” I pause. “I’m okay, I think I’ll stay inside.”

Hoads of first and second graders pour out of classrooms like bees, buzzing in the halls about “did you buy the latest Pokémon card?” and “do you like my new N’Sync lunch box?” It’s misty outside; my favorite kind of weather, and my friends head to the tether-ball court for a game or two. All my friends are out there, I think. But somehow tether-ball doesn’t look appealing anymore. I stare at the blank piece of paper sitting in front of me. I have an adventure inside my head, but I’m afraid I will forget it. I can’t go outside. At least not now. I’ve got a story to write.

***Lara Repko** attended Hugo Reid Elementary School (both the Little School and the Big School) and Foothills Middle School. She graduated from Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy in 2012 and attends Chapman University.*

Chapter 8



Our Apaches



Credit: Doug Hayes Collection

Arcadia High School alumni Gary Kovacic (Class of 1969; mayor of Arcadia) and Doug Hayes (Class of 1968; mayor of Sierra Madre) at soap box challenge race, 1998. Arcadia's fire engine won.

THE ARCADIAN WAY

by Dr. Richard W. Cordano

It was my honor and privilege to serve as the principal of Arcadia High School from 1963 to 1985, one of the longest tenures of a public school leader in California. During that period, I oversaw many significant construction projects on campus such as the building of an Olympic-size swimming pool, the library, and the enlarged cafeteria and north gym.

I am proud of developing the “Arcadian Way” of dealing with students, parents, and the community, which created great affection and loyalty to the high school. I strongly believed in giving our teachers the freedom to run their classrooms in the way that they felt had the most impact on the students.

I gladly accepted the affectionate nickname “Dr. Cee” and helped promote many traditions that earned national recognitions and still exist today. With the assistance of the Arcadia Tribune newspaper, I started an annual community 5/10 K run (which has now evolved into the Derby Day 5K sponsored by Santa Anita Park) that produced the first all-weather track at the high school and earned major dollars for the school’s track and field program. This, in turn, led to the creation



Credit Debbie Cordano

Richard W. Cordano, Arcadia High School principal from 1963 to 1985.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology

of the nationally-known Arcadia Invitational Track Meet, which brings athletes together from all over the United States. I give a lot of credit to my team of Doug Smith and Doug Speck for helping create this event, which is one of the most distinguished track and field activities for high schools.



Credit Debbie Cordano

Arcadia High School principal Richard Cordano always thought the Apaches were #1.

The achievement during my tenure that had the largest impact on the high school's curriculum was the initiation of quarter classes as opposed to the more traditional semester courses. For its time, this was a large step forward in providing students with more choices in their high school academic experience.

I was always proud of the high percentages of students who continued on to higher education. Arcadia High School was, and continues to be, well-known among colleges and universities throughout the nation for sending academically well-prepared students. My passion was that students had the right academic training at Arcadia High School to pursue whatever dreams that they had for a

Chapter 8. Our Apaches

future career in the arts, academe, or athletics.

I placed a high priority in building the school's choral music, orchestra, and the nationally-recognized band programs, which attracted thousands of students throughout the years. In addition, I appreciated the beneficial connection between public education and athletic activities that are accessible to all students. During a transitional period when girls sports were being phased in at public schools, I helped expand athletic opportunities to the entire student body as president of the California Interscholastic Federation ("CIF") Southern Section for two terms .

My tenure at Arcadia High School was a very enjoyable and satisfying assignment, one that produced many fond memories that I cherish to this day.

Richard W. Cordano, Ed.D., was the principal of Arcadia High School from 1963 to 1985. He is a Navy veteran who served for four years aboard the U.S.S. Capricornus, an amphibious ship, in the Pacific during World War II. Upon his return from the War, he attended Pasadena City College and then his beloved alma mater, USC, where he earned bachelor's and master's degrees and a doctorate.

IT WAS A GREAT RUN

by Dave Samarzich

Often in life there are events that just cannot ever be forgotten. Maybe a wedding, birth of a child, or some other special moment that is truly meaningful to one's memories. Well with me there are two . . . and they haven't left me for the past thirty-five years.

You see I was one of those "boys of summer" who gave up his summer vacation from Arcadia High School to practice in order to play football for the legendary coach of all coaches, Richard S. (Dick) Salter. We all knew how tough the summer program and ensuing "Hell Week" before the football season started would be with Coach Salter. But by the end of the season, that misery was a distant memory because the run Coach Salter took us on was the most incredible one I have ever experienced.

We started the season as a group of young wandering generalists searching for our purpose. We ended up being Pacific League Champions in 1977 and 1978, and making it to the CIF Finals in both seasons. This feat has never been duplicated in the history of the school.

What took place during these seasons was a bonding of not only players but students, faculty, and Arcadia residents. In 1977, Arcadia High School sent an amazing thirty-five buses from our campus to wonderful Compton High School—the home of the Compton "Tarbabes"—to play in the CIF semi-finals. Police escorted the buses to and from the stadium, blocking streets and freeway ramps to provide easy access for our players and fan base as we traveled into Compton. Well, we made it out alive, surviving maybe one of the greatest defensive struggles in the history of CIF football. The 6 to 3 victory advanced us to the CIF Finals at Long Beach Veterans Stadium where we were finally beaten by Long Beach Millikan High School.

Perhaps one of the greatest teams Coach Salter coached was the Apache team that played the next year during the 1978 season. It was led by Arcadia Athletic Hall of Famers Jimmy Mohr at running back and Bruce Matthews, an offensive and defensive line stalwart. In fact, Bruce went on to not only



Apaches Jimmy Mohr (21), future NFL Hall of Famer Bruce Matthews (72), and Dave Samarzich (60) against the Alhambra Moors in a 1978 CIF playoff game.

Credit: Dave Samarzich

STRAIGHT INTO COMPTON

by Kathryn Traweek

In 1977, the Arcadia High School varsity football team, coached by Coach Dick Salter, won the Pacific League championships and, miraculously, made it to the semi-finals of the CIF playoffs. However, our opponent was Compton High School and the game was to be played on their home field. The players on their team were much bigger than most of our guys. Our team was the underdog with a very low expectation of winning.

All season long, the Apache Marching Band had performed during halftime at our home football games. I was one of nine “Apache Princesses” who performed a special dance routine in front of the band during the halftime show. When we entered the CIF playoffs, the band and princesses were invited to perform at halftime for all our playoff games, home and away. So, even though the semi-final game was to be played in South Central Los Angeles, we were going to travel with the team. For perceived safety reasons, no one was allowed



Credit: Arcadia High School “Arcadian”

Princess Kathryn Traweek proudly holding the “C” in ARCADIA, 1977.

Chapter 8. Our Apaches

to drive themselves to the game (including parents). So, in addition to buses filled with football players and band members, there were many more additional buses filled with students and parents. A long convoy of yellow Arcadia buses jammed the freeways all the way to Compton.

Upon arrival, everyone was physically searched for weapons before being allowed into the grandstands. As our band was being shown to its seats, a very large male student from the opposing school came up to me and asked, "Hey, is your band any good?" After being searched, I was a bit nervous and answered, "We're okay." He looked at me, smiled, and said "I hope so because our band sucks!" We all laughed and any tension I had felt immediately disappeared. This was gonna be FUN!

The game was very exciting. Arcadia was never ahead, but we always stayed pretty close. The Apache Marching Band performed two halftime shows, one for the home fans and one for our visiting fans. I will never forget that when we performed to the home team crowd, EVERYONE was on their feet and dancing. The crowd went nuts when the Apache Princesses ran onto the field and performed. We were not used to people paying that much attention to our halftime show, so this was a thrill for us.

Late in the second half, Arcadia tied the score. Suddenly all the fans on our side were on their feet cheering in disbelief. The energy was incredibly intense and electrifying all at the same time. Our defense held and Arcadia once again had the ball. With only a few seconds left on the clock, Arcadia kicked a field goal and won the game 6 to 3. Everyone was in SHOCK! Then our crowd went crazy, total pandemonium! No one noticed that our team had left the field, immediately escorted off and into the waiting buses. The next thing I knew, we were hurried out of the bleachers by police and onto the fleet of Arcadia buses, engines running and ready to go. As we were escorted out of town by police complete with lights blazing, I thought, "What a night!"

Kathryn Traweek was born and raised in Arcadia and attended Arcadia schools. Singing in the Church of the Good Shepherd's Children's Choir sparked her passion for music at a very young age. Since the age of four, she has participated in every church choir over the years and played violin in the Arcadia High School Orchestra through graduation in 1978. She had always dreamed of being in the award-winning Apache Marching Band and was honored to become an Apache Princess. In addition to her current involvement with several church and community programs, she is an activist for the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

RECALLING THE CASCADING FEATHER HEADDRESSES

by Jean Parrille

Before the Arcadia High School Marching Band begins its parade march, the band shouts “Apaches,” flags are twirled, and nine tall Apache Princesses flash their beautiful smiles and begin their routine to identify who they represent: Arcadia. Anyone who saw Arcadia High School’s cardinal and gold marching band parading down the street led by the Apache Princesses dressed from head to toe in full-length feather headdresses and princess outfits could not be more awestruck by the spectacle. It was an unforgettable sight, although 1999-2000 would be the last school year the Apache Princesses would wear the headdresses that cascaded down their backs.

Many high school marching bands carry a banner in front to designate their name or symbol. Arcadia High School’s banner traditionally is painted red and white, outlined with fluffy white feathers, and includes both the spelling of the name A-R-C-A-D-I-A and an Apache symbol to celebrate our community and high school. The Arcadia High School Marching Band performs at home football games, parade competitions, field shows, the annual Arcadia Festival of Bands, and many special events that have included the Presidential Inauguration parade, Alamo Bowl, Gator Bowl, and the Rose Parade.

Nine Apaches Princesses are selected each year by the band director from members of the band and auxiliary guard to carry the Arcadia banner. The girls lead the band down the street in front of the drum major, followed by 400 or more musicians and the auxiliary guard. After 2000, the Apache Princesses no longer wore the full length headdresses. Instead, they wear a beautiful beaded headband.



The Arcadia Apache Princesses and their cascading feather headdresses, circa 1999.

Credit: Jean Parrille

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The Arcadia High School “Tom Tom girls” in 1959 featured a leader with a cascading feather headdress.

In reality, members of the Apache tribe never wore full-length feather headdresses! In order for Arcadia High School to continue using the Apache name, changes needed to happen including replacing the headdresses with more traditional dress. Fortunately for Arcadia High School, permission to use the Apache name was granted by the White Mountain Apache Tribe and a bond was formed between our two communities, which continues into the present. We take mutual pride in carrying the name “Apache.”

Before the change, being selected as an Apache Princess required each girl to make her own headdress from scratch from start to finish. The princesses wore their headdresses at the band formation area from the beginning of a parade to the finish, rain or shine, hot or cold. Many former Apache Princesses still retain their headdress. The headdresses, fully feathered and made to fit each individual girl from head to toe, are treasured keepsakes. Upon completion, the headdress weighed several pounds. Bobby pins and toupee tape were used to keep the headdresses in place on a girl’s head.

When our daughter Mary Ann was first chosen to be an Apache Princess, we had no idea the hours it would take to make a headdress from beginning to end. We appreciated the Princess Leader and Princess Mom who helped teach us how to make such a historic keepsake.

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Then in 1999, when Mary Ann was selected to be the Princess Leader, I became the final Princess Mom to teach the Apache Princesses how to make their headdresses. With instructions in hand, I ordered the feathers from a supplier in Las Vegas and purchased all the other materials needed to make the headdresses. Large boxes filled with feathers “weighing almost nothing” arrived at our home. The selected Apache Princesses then learned all the necessary steps to complete their headdresses.

Hats were ordered from a supplier in New York. The brims of the hats were cut off and the caps sized for proper fit. A long, doubled piece of red felt was sewn onto the back of the caps, and measured to fall from head



Arcadia Apache Princess leader Mary Anne Parrille, 1999.

to toe. Feathers, sorted by color, were trimmed and prepared to begin the process of making a completed feather unit. White and red fluffy feathers were attached to the long, goldenrod-colored turkey feathers on both sides. Finally, a black triangle-shaped feather was put in place. Princesses and their moms would schedule times to work on constructing the feather units together.

The quills were covered with red felt and wrapped using yellow embroidery floss. The number of feather units required depended on the height of the Apache Princess; the taller the girl, the more units would be needed. Once all the feathers were fastened to the cap and red felt using leather lacing, two types of thread were used to keep the feather units aligned. Sharp needles were used to puncture the thick quills on the turkey feathers. We had to redo our daughter’s first headdress because we used too much glue, which made the headdress too heavy to be worn.

Credit: Jean Parrille

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Each headdress had a beaded headband with the letter “A” and the school year the girl was chosen. Princess Moms did the beading on the headband, which was attached to the cap, and two round medallions were added to the sides. Long, fluffy white marabou feathers were folded in half and also attached to the sides. White fishing weights were attached and hidden within the feathers to frame the girl’s face. Upon completion, the headdresses were stored and transported in containers prepared and covered in fabric and personalized with each girl’s name.

The headdress our daughter made is still used today in her sixth grade classroom where she has taught for seven years. At the beginning of each school year, she has her students share something about themselves so they can get to know each other. She then unrolls her headdress and puts it on her head and tells her students she attended Arcadia High School and was an Apache Princess leading the marching band. Her students stare at her in amazement and ask her, “Can we make one?” They have no idea of the hours involved.

Working together on the Apache Princess headdresses provided a special bonding experience, not only between the girls and their families, but their family and the community. Many people will always remember the Apache Princesses with their headdresses as we continue to enjoy the impressive Arcadia High School Marching Band today.

Jean Parrille and her husband Tony have lived in Arcadia since 1978. Her community service includes president of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School PTA, chair of the 2001 Mayor’s Prayer Breakfast, and active membership in Assistance League of Arcadia. She has received numerous awards and accolades for her volunteer service at Arcadia’s public schools, various city events, and outreach programs at Church of the Good Shepherd.

MONDAY NIGHT CHAMBERS MADNESS

by Kevin Fox

Why would thirty high school seniors, a couple of their teachers, and a bunch of local attorneys miss Monday Night Football for most of the past twenty-five years? And miss it for several hours of intense grilling about the finer points of the United States Constitution? The reasons vary depending on which group is considered, but in the end it is for the development of informed and well-reasoned citizens to carry on the experiment in self-government spanning the 224 years of our constitution.

Begun by teacher Ron Morris in 1987, and gladly continued by me upon Mr. Morris' retirement in 1999, the *We the People . . . the Citizen and the Constitution* team (also known as the "Gov Team" or "Constitution Team" around the Arcadia High School campus) has grown into a force to be reckoned with. The Arcadia High School crew has maintained a respectable record of being a California state finalist (one of the top four teams in the state) every year it has competed, a task all the more impressive when one considers the fact that each year's team is made up of all new students. There is no junior varsity to help develop talent. The team relies on the hard work and dedication of a new class of students each and every year.

Behind the success, including two national championships (1993 and 2010), a national second place (1997), a national third place (2012), a national seventh place (1991), and five California state championships (1991, 1993, 1997, 2010,



Credit: Gary Kovacic

Arcadia High School Constitution Team, National Finals, Second Place, 1997.

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and 2012), is a dedicated group of local volunteer attorneys who serve as unit coaches and dedicate hours of service to the students and their teachers. The first to get involved was Gary Kovacic, affectionately referred to as “Coach K” by the team, who started helping out when his daughter Kelly was a member of the 1996 team. Gary, despite his law practice and service on the Arcadia City Council, worked hard to bring on board others to share in the work and fun of helping awkward high school students develop into thoughtful, articulate, informed, and passionate citizens. As a result, Jim Romo, Bob Garrett, Carl Nielsen, Miriam Lopez, Bart Kimball, Steve Wilburn, Bob Green, and team alumna Karyn McCreary have all contributed countless hours to the program as volunteer coaches through the years.



Credit: Gary Kovacic

Arcadia High School Constitution Team, National Champions, 2010.

Monday nights starting in September and not ending until the competition season ends at the California State Finals in February (or April if the team qualifies to compete at the National Finals in Washington, D.C.) have become one of the most intense components of the program. The team meets in the Arcadia City Council Chambers to go through weekly dress rehearsals of the simulated congressional hearing-styled competition. Each of the six units, specializing in various aspects of the constitution, practice presenting their opening statements and then the real fun begins. Cross-examination and follow-up questioning goes on for six minutes in the beginning to as long as twenty minutes

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in the days leading to top-level competitions. Each unit of four to five students cannot get away with anything and must be on their toes as their facts and arguments are dissected and challenged by the coaches and teachers. Things start off mildly in the beginning and grow more intense and heated as the team progresses and proves it can handle tougher questions and evaluation.

The Monday following the last competition has always been the most difficult time for the students. One year, team members organized behind their teacher's back a Monday night return to the Arcadia City Council Chambers to sit in the dark and reflect together about their experiences.

Monday Night Football can wait. The real Monday action in Arcadia during the season is taking place in the Arcadia City Council Chambers where our nation's future is being built.

Kevin Fox is a social studies teacher at Arcadia High School. Since 1999, he has led the school's team in the "We the People . . . the Citizen and the Constitution" competition. His teams have won a national championship, a national third place, and two California state championships.

REPRESENTING ARCADIA TO THE WORLD

by William Perez

I rolled out of bed at 3:15 a.m. on January 2, 2012, forced down eggs, toast, and orange juice, got dressed into my band uniform, and made my way to Arcadia High School. After my mom dropped me off and said good luck, I groggily walked into the band room and my vision was instantly filled with 400+ people wearing bright red uniforms. Even though I was tired, I could feel my heart thumping with excitement because I would be marching in the 123rd Rose Parade that very day.

The buses dropped us off where the 210 Freeway and Orange Grove Boulevard meet, and we all slowly got our instruments and made our way up the on-ramp and into the line of floats and bands waiting to go into performance. We had the privilege of being near the beginning of the parade; the only band in front of us was the United States Marine Band, which leads the parade every year.

After standing in place for about an hour and a half, we finally got the signal to step off. By now my heart was pounding in my throat out of nervousness. It isn't every day that I wear a ten pound uniform and march six miles in front of hundreds of thousands of onlookers and millions of television viewers.

The most memorable moment of this parade was making the turn from Orange Grove Boulevard onto Colorado Boulevard and seeing the multitudes of people filling grandstands as far as the eye could see and being swarmed by overhead television cameras that would broadcast, and re-broadcast, my face on national television. I still remember coming home that day and watching the parade over and over again.

I remember feeling the burn in my legs and my arms by the time I reached the halfway point. I felt ready to drop dead on the spot. Most parades are less than a mile long and this one was six miles. My arms felt like jelly, my legs like noodles, and my lips were about to fall off my face entirely. This was perhaps the most arduous physical task I have ever had to complete. However, as Arcadia Apaches, we



Credit: Terry Miller

Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band in Rose Parade, 2012.

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are taught to work through hardship, to never give up, and to keep on going . . . and that was what I was going to do. I, along with every other band member, finished that parade. I am proud to say that I marched that feat.

While my memory of the cold, crisp morning on Orange Grove Boulevard and making the famous turn is vivid, watching the replays on the various television broadcasts is what made me truly realize that I was on the world stage . . . as a proud representative of my community of Arcadia. I heard Al Roker of NBC News comment on the massive size of our band, and how proud all the parents in Arcadia must be. I watched our band march on Channel 5 and even saw us on HGTV. This was a moment where our own city—the bright, cardinal red “A” emblazoned on a chest of white for Arcadia—was televised with pride to seventy million viewers. That day, we made Arcadia proud.

Arcadia has been, is, and will always be my home. I will not forget all of the amazing experiences Arcadia has given me. I love this town.

William Perez attended Arcadia schools since kindergarten and is a 2013 graduate of Arcadia High School. He was vice president the Arcadia High School Marching Band and played lead trumpet. He was also a member of the Arcadia High School Constitution Team and Senior Men and Women club. He is enjoying his undergraduate experience as a political science major at Washington University in Saint Louis.

A FOUR-YEAR STANDARD

by Miguel Santa Maria

Racing breath. The green grass of Arcadia County Park swaying with the wind as cars raced by me. The looming trees watching overhead as my feet flew under me. The peacock fountain flowing with streaming water as my own sweat streams down my face. The roaring chants of “Arcadia!” as our team sprints, hustling on our last legs towards a distant finish line. The night-lights of the park light our smiles like stars as we celebrate our victory. The breaths, the sweat, the chants, and the smiles belong to the Arcadia High School cross country team, a team representing the hard work and dedication of a diverse community. My team.

To us, the Arcadia name means more than where we happen to live or go to school; it is the home we have come to love and represent. It is the symbolic colors we fly proudly into battle. It is our standard of excellence that we religiously uphold. It is the spirit that has molded my teammates and me into men.



Arcadia High School cross country teammates and coaches at 2012 Nike Cross National in Portland, Oregon.

Credit: Gary A. Yamada

It was the summer of my eighth grade year when I first joined the cross country team. I was a greenhorn. I was a newbie who did not understand anything about running. I had never heard of the sport of cross country, but arrogantly believed that my 7:00 mile time made me a talented athlete who was an ideal fit for the Arcadia program. I quickly realized how wrong I was. My first day was hell. The longest I had ever run in my life was a mile on a dirt track. I ran six that day. Almost everyone on the team lapped me as I ran. When I returned home from the run, my legs felt torn, exhausted, and broken. Never before had I been this tired or humiliated. I felt the need to quit, but I hesitated to fill-out the resignation form.

There was something about the way the upperclassmen looked during the run; their expressions of determination as they moved gracefully made me stop and think. Coach Jim O’Brien had spouted sermons of “integrity and respect” for the “process” of development. He spoke of distant rewards and lessons that would impact my teammates and me for the rest of our lives. He spoke of the “Arcadia legacy” and the power the name held in our sport. After much pondering, I dropped the pen and decided to try out for one more day. One more day became a week. A week became a month. A month became a year. A year became four years.

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For four long, grueling years, I toiled to become stronger with the other recruits. My weak body was always under tremendous strain as I struggled to balance my running with intensive schoolwork and family issues. But it was worth it. As I ran more, I grew stronger in mind, body, and spirit.

Every day, our team would train on intensive workouts spreading throughout the Arcadia community and beyond. From the long loops around Arcadia County Park, to the high hills up Santa Anita Avenue, to the dry dirt of the city's horse trails, we trained. Through running, we explored Arcadia and became intimate with our community in a way we could never have imagined. The park, the streets, the trails all began to hold memories for us. We could see the memories of past runs in every tree, house, and person we passed. We could remember the blood, sweat, and tears we had shed into each of these places. Our training grounds were no longer the emptiness we passed on our way to school. They became homes we had poured our lives into, making our community a place that symbolized our dreams.

When we raced, we fought fiercely for the honor of our home. It did not matter what team we faced or on what level we faced them. It did not matter if other national competitors looked down on our team as a “soft” California team that was not even in the rankings. We rallied under the Arcadia banner every time and battled our enemies like seasoned warriors. We proudly bore the crimson,



Credit: Gary A. Yamada

Miguel Santa Maria congratulated by Coach Jim O'Brien at an Arcadia City Council meeting honoring the Arcadia High School cross country team, April 2013.

white, and yellow of our community as we travelled to different competitions in different states. Eventually, we proved the national rankings wrong. Arcadia made history as the first high school cross country team to ever win Nike Nationals twice, and we had done it in a brief period of three years. After our victory, Arcadia became a national sensation. We became the team to beat. Our small community became known for its brilliant success in fostering some of the country's finest high school runners. Coach O'Brien had been correct: “integrity and respect” for the “process” was the road to success. We had contributed to the prestige of the “Arcadia legacy.”

As I look back at the end of my high school career, I sometimes find myself wondering what would have happened had I made a different decision the day I

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considered quitting. Perhaps I would have had better grades from not being as exhausted every day, or perhaps I would have joined another group or found another hobby. However, as I run through the park on my daily exercise routine—as I feel the racing of my breath, the current of fast-flowing wind under my feet, and the sweat streaming on my brow—I remember the memories of four years of running. I remember the lessons of hard work and integrity drilled into me as a member of the Arcadia High School cross country team. I smile as I run forward, remembering the target that Arcadia carries on its back. I smile proudly, remembering four years of success, four years shaped in a wonderful community.

Miguel Santa Maria graduated from Arcadia High School in 2013. He was a member of Arcadia High School's champion cross country team. He also was a member of the high school's award-winning Constitution Team. He currently attends Fordham University.

Chapter 9



Our Sporting Life



Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Arcadia Recreation Department Women's Bowling League, circa 1950s.

PLAYING BALL WITH THE ARCADIA MERCHANTS

by Henry Workman

I played baseball for a team called the “Arcadia Merchants” from about June 1942 to June 1944, excepting the time devoted to high school baseball in those years. The Arcadia Merchants were what was then called a “semi pro” team. That was a misnomer. We did not play for pay and there was no charge for admission.

We played on Sundays only and did not travel. All our games were home games. Many other semi-pro teams traveled so we didn’t lack opposition. Generally, the Sunday teams were of higher caliber. Other similar teams were the Rosabell Plumbers and the Manchester Merchants. The caliber of play varied with the time of year. It was higher during the winter when real professional baseball players were unemployed and played on some of the teams.



Credit: Henry Workman

Henry Workman hits a line drive at Bonita Park, Arcadia, circa 1943.

The Arcadia Merchants were sponsored by W. A. Goodman & Sons, the best purveyors of sporting goods in Los Angeles in those days. Needless to say we had quality uniforms, bats, gloves, and such.

The only thing I remember about the field was that an elevated railroad track (I’m guessing the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway) ran close to the field, parallel to the line from left field to third base to home plate.

In the winter, two of our pitchers were professional baseball players. One was “Red” Embree, who played major league baseball for the Cleveland Indians.

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The other was his brother, whose name I can't remember. I was a catcher most of the time, so it was a thrill to catch for a major league pitcher.

Two of my teammates were also high school teammates, Joe Katnich and George Hefner. Katnich was from San Pedro, a long way from Arcadia. Hefner was from Glendale, not so far from Arcadia. I was from Los Angeles, near the intersection of Wilshire Boulevard and Crenshaw Boulevard. The point is we had a long way to go to enjoy our Sunday baseball. Also, there were no freeways then and gasoline was rationed because of the war. Joe would take the Pacific Electric Red Car from San Pedro to Los Angeles and ride with my dad or George's dad to Arcadia.

As I look back, I wish I were sixteen or seventeen again and spending my Sundays with the Arcadia Merchants. Those were happy days.

Henry Workman lives in Santa Monica and is an attorney. In addition to playing for the Arcadia Merchants, his baseball career includes the following highlights: captain of the 1948 national champion USC baseball team that played future president George H. W. Bush's Yale team in the finals, hitting batting practice pitches thrown by future dictator Fidel Castro in the Cuban Winter League, and being a member of the 1950 world champion New York Yankees.

MY HOME COURSE

by Casey Kovacic

The greatest day in my life as a golfer occurred on August 3, 1999. It was mid-afternoon and I was about to tee-off into a slight breeze, under a intermittent cloudy sky, along the rocky shoreline of the North Sea, down the fairway of the first hole, at The Old Course at St. Andrew's in Scotland.

An hour before, I had stood in short pants, t-shirt, and flip-flops in front of the Royal and Ancient Clubhouse nearly overwhelmed by the atmosphere of the cultural and historical home of golf, with no intention or hope to play. Tee times were notoriously oversubscribed and highly coveted. A casual stroll up to the wooden starter's box changed everything. There had been a late cancellation and, if I could round up some proper clothes and clubs within an hour, I could join a mailman from Minnesota, an attorney from Florida, and a real estate developer from Texas on the famous links for a full round of golf and an experience I would never forget. No worry about the time of day; the sun wouldn't set until 9:00 p.m.

I assumed I could rent golf clubs and buy some balls somewhere, but who knew that in the village of St. Andrew's I could also rent golf shoes and pants.



Credit: Barb Kovacic

Casey Kovacic and his "caddy" approach the 18th green at The Old Course at St. Andrews, Scotland, 1999.

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Within the hour, I was ready to take on the course and my American compatriots. They were at a slight advantage: older, more experienced, and had caddies with Scottish accents. I was a teenager, a high school golfer, and my caddy was my dad. Not only did my caddy have the wrong accent, he didn't know much about either the course or the game of golf. But we held our own and, by the time the sun was setting as we approached the 18th green, I had won my share of skins.

The enormous Hell Bunker, the Coffins, the Road Hole, Swilcan Bridge . . . the "Old Lady" served up an unforgettable day. I even filled a small bottle with sand from one of the pot bunkers, which I still have today.

But, none of this would have ever been possible without . . . the Arcadia Par-3 Golf Course.

This hidden treasure in south Arcadia is where I took my first golf lesson and played my first round of golf. It was, and probably still is, a little funky. For some reason, I always played with yellow or orange golf balls, and there was no need for tees because every hole had a range mat with a plastic tee as its tee box.

But the course was 18 holes, almost 2,000 yards, lighted, and forgiving. It is where I won my first, and only, golf trophy for the longest putt made in an Arcadia Recreation Department golf tournament. It is also where I spent many nights with friends playing a round of golf or, more importantly, with my grandpa at the driving range. You see, Grandpa Pete was my best friend and he taught me



Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

The grand re-opening ceremony at Arcadia Par-3 Golf Course, July 2009.

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to love the game of golf. Sitting behind me as I drove and chipped striped range balls into the darkness, he would comment about my swing, always in a positive manner, and talk about the great golfers, the great courses, and life. After an hour or so, we would then retire to the one-room clubhouse for nachos, a soft drink, and more conversation.

It took me a while to understand and embrace the charm of Arcadia Par-3. It was my home course, but when playing on the AJGA circuit, it seemed a little embarrassing to claim it as my own. So, I adopted some other course.

Now I know the power of friendship, love, and home. Now I know the comfort that memories of a warm summer evening with my grandpa can bring. My grandpa wanted me to play The Old Course one day. Little did I know that some day that day would come. And, little did I know that I would occasionally return to my old home course in south Arcadia to think about life and the man who introduced me to golf.

Casey Kovacic grew up in Arcadia and attended Hugo Reid Elementary School and Foothills Middle School. He graduated in 1999 from La Salle High School where he played on the varsity golf team. He is a public defender in Portland, Oregon.

AN APPRECIATION FOR BASEBALL AT WINDSOR FIELD

by Dr. Steve Julio

The ballpark specifications for Windsor Field at Hugo Reid Primary School are surprisingly simple, and are no different than those of the tens of thousands of Little League parks across America: sixty feet between the bases, forty-six feet from pitcher's mound to home plate, and a protective fence around the dugouts. But to a kid growing up in Arcadia's Village area, this center of the baseball universe was a complex mixture of ballpark, civic center, all-day weekend destination, and hallowed ground.

It took a recent trip home thirty years after I had last played Little League baseball to be reminded of this. During a 2012 Thanksgiving visit to my parents' home, while the several children from my and my sister's families ran around left field kicking a soccer ball, I had a nostalgic urge to slip away from the group and explore the place where I enjoyed six seasons of baseball.

Initially, I was rather astonished at the physical similarity from early 1980s to present time. Save for a few upgrades and modernizations, the ballpark had hardly changed; it stood as a childhood monument frozen in time. The first-base bleachers greeted me with their familiar aluminum thud with each rising step, and my middle-aged body still remembered how to snake itself through the three protective metal crossbars at the top, into the sitting position that provided the highest possible vantage point. Now perched above the dormant field, I watched myself, three decades removed: the go-ahead home run that earned me four Milky Way candy bars (one bar per base, of course) from a proud mother; the memorable at-bat of stepping gingerly out of the batter's box each time the pitching phenom (and, not surprisingly, future major leaguer) threw his blazing fastball; the distracted kid in center field, face completely enveloped in his glove, eyes viewing only a sliver of the scene through the webbing while the world smelled of oiled leather. I was surprised how easily these and other snapshots were summoned from long-untapped memories simply by staring out onto the field upon which they occurred.

Thankfully, the ballpark was within biking distance from home, and no spring Saturday was better spent than a day immersed in field and food. Once my six innings on the diamond were finished, I would spend the rest of the afternoon in a dirty uniform, either watching friends play their games or working the manual scoreboard behind the first base dugout (someone had to hang numbered plates for each inning; it has since been replaced by a digital scoreboard, and given how we used to jockey for the privilege of scoreboard duty, one could argue whether that upgrade amounts to progress). The afternoon would be complete with some time at the snack shop. As soon as I could count change, I was given the highest

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professional honor a ten-year old could fathom: snack shop vendor duty. Back then, the atmosphere was casual enough that all I needed to do was call through the back door for permission to start a shift, and chances were good that I would know the adult stationed at the counter, and he or she would invite me in as assistant vendor to sell snow cones, hot dogs, and of course the signature Windsor Field dish: pepper bellies. I trust that any regular snack shop customer from those days would still recoil at the notion that Fritos corn chips are meant to be eaten plain. To a baseball-loving kid, the Windsor Field of a generation ago was a bustling, carefree, self-contained Mecca.



Credit: Arcadia American Little League

Opening Day ceremonies at Windsor Field, Arcadia, 2013.

Since I last suited up thirty years ago, I have never lost my love for the game, and as I age its significance matures with me. Baseball, I think, uniquely binds the generations; it can require busy parents and energetic kids, officially organized, to play the game, but then it can also be distilled to an equally important calm, quiet essence: an undistracted parent and contented kid sitting side by side at a major league park or standing in the backyard enjoying a lazy catch (most men's reaction to the final scene in *Field of Dreams* will tell you exactly how we feel about the way tossing a ball back and forth binds the generations).

The kids who played on this field thirty years ago are presently in their prime years of mentoring their own Little Leaguers, making contributions to baseball's present and, indirectly, an investment in its future. If even a few of the current and future leaders and volunteers of Arcadia's Little League programs were blessed as children with experiencing baseball as both eventful and tranquil, as I (and hopefully my fellow players) did, I'm confident that the generational stewardship

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of Windsor Field will remain in good hands.

As I walked down the bleachers to rejoin my children playing in left field, now enlivened by my ten-minute visit to the past, I noticed the remnants of a recently-completed season: the plaque affixed to the snack shop wall that displayed final team standings and the outfield fence advertising (another post-80s innovation) of local businesses, some recognizable and others unfamiliar, incorporated since I had left town. Despite the satisfaction from imagining Windsor Field still in good use, when I mentally shifted the lens through which I viewed the ballpark—from that of carefree kid of the past to busy father of the present—the park became no different than any other sports obligation that demands the attention of weary (but dedicated) parents. Ten-year-olds never give it a second thought, but forty-year-olds know that Little League baseball needs a governing body, schedulers, umpires, coaches, team parents, groundskeepers, team sponsors, and various other volunteers, all of whom must seamlessly harmonize their efforts so that the kids' only responsibility is to learn and enjoy our national pastime.

I will always be able to claim Little League baseball at Windsor Field as an indelibly rich part of my childhood. Perhaps back then I had a cursory appreciation of good baseball mentoring, but I certainly did not grasp the scope of the selfless and tireless efforts of so many on my behalf. The best I can do at this point is offer a genuine and collective thank you to Arcadia for those many parents and volunteers, and the memories they enabled. The impact of their efforts still resonates, helping me to realize that my spontaneous visit to Windsor Field had become a reminder that the ballpark I once treasured is an enduring embodiment of a community coming together year after year to enjoy a game that will be passed faithfully and affectionately from one generation to the next.

Steve Julio, Ph.D., moved into the house that his parents still call home on Magellan Road in Arcadia when he was six weeks old. He graduated from Arcadia High School in 1988. He currently lives in Santa Barbara with his wife and four daughters, and is a professor of biology at Westmont College.

ARCADIA NATIONAL LITTLE LEAGUE WINS THE “QUADRUPLE CROWN”

by Fenton Fong Eng

Arcadia National Little League has been a traditional pastime for thousands of Arcadia’s youth and their families since its founding in 1953. Its ballpark is a jewel of a field as a baseball-only facility. Located in the southeastern section of Arcadia, Longden Field is perhaps the only ballpark in the San Gabriel Valley with all the true attributes of a classic baseball diamond—an infield with perfectly manicured Bermuda grass, actual dugouts that are lower than the field of play, a separate bullpen for pitchers to warm-up, and an outfield with a dirt warning track and permanent walls constructed of wood. A distinctive feature is “The Blue Monster,” an eight-foot high wall that looms menacingly in left field and is the Little League equivalent to the “Green Monster” of Fenway Park. Longden Field has been built, cared for, and maintained completely by volunteers, a testament of Arcadia’s parents who care about their children’s environment.



Credit: Fenton Fong Eng

Longden Field, home of Arcadia National Little League, 2012.

Another Arcadia National Little League distinction is that five Major League Baseball players competed on this “field of dreams” as boys. Those players were Chris Arnold, Steve Kemp, Todd Worrell, Pat Larkin, and Shea Hillenbrand. Their names are listed on the right field wall as inspiration to the current players.

In 2007, four teams from Arcadia National Little League also accomplished a rare feat. Two of the teams were from the minor division (9-10 years old) and the other two teams from the major division (11-12 years old). Our second place minor team and our second place major team defeated the second place teams from the other Arcadia Little Leagues to win the Arcadia City Trophy. More impressively, our first place minor team and our first place major team won the

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District 17 Tournament of Champions in their respective divisions. They were undefeated in a tournament of champion teams from twelve Little Leagues in Altadena, Arcadia, Monrovia, Pasadena, San Marino and Sierra Madre. Four champions from Arcadia National Little League! And, all four championship-clinching games occurred within a few hours of each other!

I had the fortunate opportunity to watch my daughter play for the Arcadia National Little League Major Angels. Yes, my daughter; she played baseball with the boys since t-ball as a five-year-old. I had premium seats for every game as one of the assistant coaches.

The final championship game was a nail-biter. Our opponents were the West Altadena Yankees and they jumped out to a first inning 5-0 lead. It seemed hopeless being in such an early and deep hole. But the Angels showed their never-give-up character and chipped away one inning at a time until they gained a 10-6 lead by the last inning. However, West Altadena staged a rally. They quickly scored two runs and had runners on second and third base with only one out.

Up came their cleanup hitter, who was rather large for a twelve-year-old. He crushed a fly ball to the gap in deep left centerfield. Our centerfielder and the leftfielder converged towards the ball. The leftfielder was my daughter Erika. She caught it and quickly tossed it in to the infield, but the runner from third scored



Credit: Fenton Fong Eng

Arcadia National Little League Major Angels, District 17 Little League Champions, 2007.

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after tagging up. That was two outs. We still led 10-9 and were one out away from the championship. The next batter hit a sharp grounder to our third baseman; he fielded it cleanly and tossed it to first base for the final out. The Arcadia National Angels were the 2007 District 17 Little League Champions! It was the perfect ending to our Little League experience.

Championships are great, but most importantly, my family and I had our fondest memories, learned many life lessons, and forged many great friendships at Longden Field, the field of dreams and home of Arcadia National Little League.

***Fenton Fong Eng** and his family have lived in Arcadia since 2001. He coached and served on the board of directors at Arcadia National Little League. He is a former PTSA president at Dana Middle School and Arcadia High School, and has received the PTA Honorary Service Award, Continuing Service Award, and Golden Apple Award. He is currently a member of the governing board of the Arcadia Unified School District.*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ARCADIA GIRLS SOFTBALL ASSOCIATION

by William R. Baerg

Although the Arcadia Girls Softball Association was not formally incorporated until April of 2009, girls recreational softball in Arcadia has a rich and heralded history and has been providing access to life lessons for our girls for over thirty years. But it was not always under the moniker of the Arcadia Girls Softball Association, nor was it always affiliated with the Amateur Softball Association (“ASA”). Long ago, there were four Little League organizations in the greater Arcadia area: Coast Little League, West Arcadia Little League, Arcadia National Little League, and Santa Anita Little League. Two of these leagues date back over fifty years!

Around 1999, when league consolidation seemed imminent, Little League board members Mike Daugherty and Wilma Miller (both of whom had girls in the Little League softball programs) began to organize a movement to consolidate all the girls under one Little League name. While Coast Little League and West Arcadia Little League merged on the boys baseball side, the girls softball programs of Coast Little League, Arcadia West Little League, and Arcadia National Little League merged under the Coast Little League name. Then in 2000, Santa Anita Little League sent its girls softball program over to Coast Little League and the whole Coast Little League organization (boys and girls) became known as Arcadia American Little League where the boys came from Coast and West Arcadia, and the girls were from Coast, West Arcadia, Arcadia National, and Santa Anita. Wasn’t that simple?

That league flourished and both the boys and the girls existed together under one board and one budget. That all changed in 2005 when a new district administrator was elected to California District 17 of Little League’s Western Region. The new district administrator called a meeting of past president Paul Kalemkiarian, current president Jeff Schraer, and Santa Anita Little League president Gary French. The purpose of the meeting was to announce that the district administrator intended to break up the girls softball program at Arcadia American Little League and send the girls back to their respective original leagues. All three in attendance voiced serious concerns about the idea. If that were to happen, each league would end up with only forty or fifty girls—not even enough to field full teams in the various age divisions. It would essentially cripple girls recreational softball in Arcadia.

After the meeting, rumors began circulating that the Arcadia girls were going to leave the Little League system and switch to the ASA umbrella. The rumors were true. Paul Kalemkiarian had begun a series of conversations with ASA

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officials to see what the ramifications would be if the girls joined ASA. It would take a great deal of work to switch umbrella organizations, but if it meant preserving a strong girls softball program in Arcadia, it would be worth the effort.

The prospective benefits of switching from the Little League organization to ASA became apparent during the 2006 Little League All-Star season. It so happened that two girls on Arcadia's 12 & Under All-Star team, and who had played in Arcadia American Little League all season long, literally didn't live on the "right side" of the street. For various reasons, the Little League organization has strict rules about geographic boundaries. Where you live, and sometime even which side of the street you live on, can determine the league in which you may play. Because the girls softball program was the product of various league mergers, not all the girls who played in the Arcadia American Little League technically qualified to play in the league and were therefore required to apply for formal waivers each year. In fact, some girls who played in the league even lived in geographic areas where there was no applicable Little League to join. In the case of these two twelve-year-old girls, the league had forgotten to get their waivers at the start of the season. As a result, the district administrator disqualified the girls from the All-Star team just before they were to play in an All-Star tournament. Formal appeals were made, but denied. The difficult task of telling the girls they could no longer play on the All-Star team fell on the manager of the 12 & Under All-Star team that year. That event was just the impetus the girls softball program needed to switch to ASA. The idea was that the girls should be allowed to play softball with their friends from school, church, or anywhere else, no matter where they lived.

After the All-Star season was over, a group of people dedicated to preserving the existing Arcadia girls softball program quickly met to discuss the inevitable



Credit: Bing Baerg

The Arcadia Girls Softball Association 12 & Under All-Star team at the 2009 Junior Olympics in San Diego.

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separation from Little League and to talk with the local ASA administrator about the switch. It was agreed at that meeting not to break up the girls into four separate leagues under the Little League organization, but instead to keep them together and move them all under the ASA umbrella. The board approved the separation, and the Arcadia Girls Softball Association was born.



Credit: Bing Baerg

The Arcadia Girls Softball Association 14 & Under All-Star team at the 2010 District Championship Game.

Since that time, girls softball in Arcadia has enjoyed unprecedented success. Originally ranked as a “C” league in the ASA program, our girls soon qualified as a “B” league – the highest ranking possible for ASA recreation leagues. The Arcadia Girls Softball Association has subsequently fielded All-Star teams that won the gold medal at the California State Junior Olympics in 2009, the gold medal at the California State Junior Olympics in 2010, and the bronze medal at the ASA California State Games in 2010, and were the Southern California Western District Champions in 2010. The Arcadia Girls Softball Association acquired, by far, the biggest feather in its cap when it produced a team of young ladies who went on to win the 2011 ASA National Championship in Spokane, Washington. Although it took a few years for the girls and coaches to get used to the heightened level of competition of the ASA system, the Arcadia Girls Softball Association is now a known powerhouse in recreational softball in the San Gabriel Valley, and it continues to thrive.

William R. Baerg has been a resident of Arcadia since 1995. He and his wife have three children who have attended Arcadia schools. Mr. Baerg is the past president of the Arcadia Girls Softball Association and currently serves on the Arcadia Planning Commission.

CHAMPIONS OF CHARACTER

by Gary A. Yamada

Arcadia residents cannot ignore the fact they are everywhere; ubiquitous as the famed peacock. From burning trails throughout Arcadia Park, to racing upgrade along Santa Anita Avenue or challenging traffic down Duarte Road, they are a constant fixture on the landscape of our city. These are the young men of the Arcadia High School boys cross country team. People who travel through our city cannot help but notice the frenetic pace, as well as the sheer number of young runners. Yet, casual observers do not take a second glance, let alone a first, at the significance of their dedication. What is overlooked is the fact that these boys represent one of the top cross country programs in the entire nation. This team of unassuming athletes, numbering close to eighty, remains undeterred no matter the conditions at hand. Whether it is the torrid heat of summer or the chilly winds of winter, these boys are on a mission; a quest to be the very best.

In fact, the Arcadia High School boys cross country team has fulfilled its quest and continues to strive for more. For the past several years, it has accomplished what some high schools only experience in their dreams. Measured by numerous awards and accolades, the team has earned the right to be called champions. In less than ten



Credit: Gary A. Yamada

Arcadia High School cross country team and coaches honored at Arcadia City Council meeting, April 2013.

years, these young men have put Arcadia High School on the map of national prominence.

Here is an abbreviated list of accomplishments by the team:

- Five consecutive Pacific League Finals championships
- Three consecutive CIF Southern Section championships (Division 1)
- Eight consecutive appearances at CIF state championships
- Two state championships, one second place, and two third place
- Two national championships in the last three years
- First team to repeat as Nike Cross Nationals champions
- 2012 USTAF Junior Olympic team champion

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In addition, there is a proud history of Apache runners who earned individual awards including scholarships to major universities.

To say that Arcadia's success happened overnight would be a grave misunderstanding. It takes many years to lay the infrastructure of a good program. Think of coaching legends who have accomplished this feat: John Wooden at UCLA, Bill Walsh of the San Francisco 49ers, Bob Ladouceur at De La Salle High School in Concord. All of these coaches understood the importance of carefully building a foundation for winning. Behind every successful program is a deliberate and conscious design. More importantly, this plan must be executed by dedicated athletes willing to commit to a unified vision. Arcadia High School boys cross country team (also referred as "XC") encapsulates this dedication to success.

The architect behind this dynasty is Jim O'Brien. He has been the guiding force behind the boys cross country team at Arcadia High School going on seventeen years. In addition to Arcadia, he has coached running at every level from the preps through college. Coach O'Brien is a living definition of "old school," born and bred with deep East Coast roots and sensibilities. But in the realm of laid-back Southern California living, he is often misunderstood even with his team's success. Coach O'Brien is not afraid to speak his mind especially as it relates to getting things right. Anyone who has encountered him will no doubt have a lasting impression, whether positive or not-so-positive. In Coach O'Brien's world, political correctness is a hindrance, especially when it conflicts with accomplishing goals. This attitude often places colleagues and associates at a distance. But no matter what his flaws, no one can deny his ultimate commitment to these young men. For this national coach of the year, winning championships is icing on the cake. What gives him more satisfaction is developing these student-athletes into men of integrity.

Behind the scenes, Coach O'Brien has been a mentor, teacher, instructor, motivator, and protector to many of these kids. He has been often referred to as father figure, providing direction and fostering much needed discipline. One can be misled that Coach O'Brien pushes these kids for his own glory, but nothing could be further from the truth. He sincerely gives praise to each boy for his effort and improvement, not just the top guys. What is more amazing is that he knows every single runner by name. How many fellow coaches, let alone teachers or administrators, can lay that claim? Behind the scenes is a program built on teamwork, respect, and accountability. Coach O'Brien desires these young men to be successful in their sport and, more importantly, in life as well.

In this day and age of competitive high school athletics, Arcadia High School cross country is an anomaly. A typical prep sports program will only accept players who have legitimate experience under their belt. The competition is fierce, even on the freshman team. Open positions are reserved for kids who have specialized in a sport year-round since a very young age. Without this endorsement, most

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coaches will not even extend a tryout.

The policy under Coach O'Brien is quite different. His philosophy is that any boy, regardless of experience or talent, is welcome to join the cross country team. All that is required is a commitment to the team. In fact, their mantra is printed on the back of their shirts:

The strength of the team is each individual member.

The strength of each individual member is the team.

And this is what separates Arcadia from the rest of the pack. While most programs focus their concentration on the elite runners, this program focuses on the entire squad, all seventy-five plus strong. Insiders confirm that Coach O'Brien treats the No. 1 runner equally as the No. 75 runner. Also, in keeping true to this mantra, Coach O'Brien has, on numerous occasions, dismissed athletes unwilling to respect team rules.

One of the greatest examples of teamwork was represented in the 2012 Nike Cross Nationals in Portland, Oregon. The Nike Cross Nationals event is considered the "Super Bowl" of high school cross country, where the victor is proclaimed national champion. The participating twenty-two teams earned their right to compete by winning regional qualifiers held throughout the country.



Credit: Gary A. Yamada

Arcadia High School boys cross country team wins the Nike Cross Nationals in Portland, Oregon, 2012.

Arcadia High School earned its spot by winning the California state title and faced tough competition from teams as far away as New York, Texas, and Utah. Prior to the 2012 season, the Apaches were not rated in any "Top 25" cross country polls. Even at the Nike Cross Nationals, they were not expected to finish in the top three, critics pointing out the inexperienced squad (only one senior runner) as well as the harsh conditions of the course. To make matters worse, the night before the race a torrential rainstorm fell over the Pacific Northwest and the forecast for the next morning called for windy and freezing temperatures. The so-called experts claimed a team from California could never run in the mud, slop, and cold that others considered the norm.

But none of this talk fazed the Arcadia runners. All of their hard work, dedication, and training came together at that moment. The course was a slushy mess with runners straining through ankle deep sludge. From the get-go everyone knew this was not going to be a speed race but rather a contest of endurance

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The Apaches stayed focused and refused to allow distractions to hinder their plan. At the last 1,000 meters, they were still behind but a last minute push gave them a strong finish.

At the end of the race, the boys held their heads high knowing they gave it their all. Coach O'Brien praised each runner for his valiant effort. The race itself was so tightly contested that officials took a long time to announce the winner. When the final results were announced, the entire Arcadia team broke down in celebratory emotion. Tears of joy streamed from their faces, knowing they beat the odds, silenced the critics, and earned the right to be called national champions. Although they were not the favorites, the Apaches had implicit trust, believing in each other. On a muddy field in Portland, they all came together and ran the ultimate race of their young lives.

Most people will probably agree that cross country will never be a high-profile, glamorous sport. Yet no one can deny the dedication and commitment it takes to be the best. According to estimates, there are close to 450,000 cross country runners participating in thousands of high school programs. For one school to claim the title of national champion is an extraordinary feat. To claim that title twice in three years is nothing short of amazing.

So the next time you see a battalion of runners coming through your neighborhood, make sure to give them words of encouragement, a simple wave, or even a hearty "Go Apaches." Arcadians should be proud of what these boys represent to our community both on and off the course. Keep in mind that these young men are not just national champions of their sport, but also champions of character.

Gary A. Yamada is privileged to call Arcadia home since 2002. Originally born and raised in the San Francisco Bay Area, he has come to appreciate the "small town" atmosphere of our city. He believes this is attributable to all the dedicated and caring citizens both young and old. Gary and his wife have three children who attend Arcadia schools and also participate in various community activities. He is a commercial real estate appraiser for the County of Los Angeles. During his leisure time, he enjoys playing finger-style jazz guitar, honing his photographic skills, dabbling in creative writing, and assembling prefabricated Swedish furniture.

PEDALING THROUGH ARCADIA

by Jack Mansell

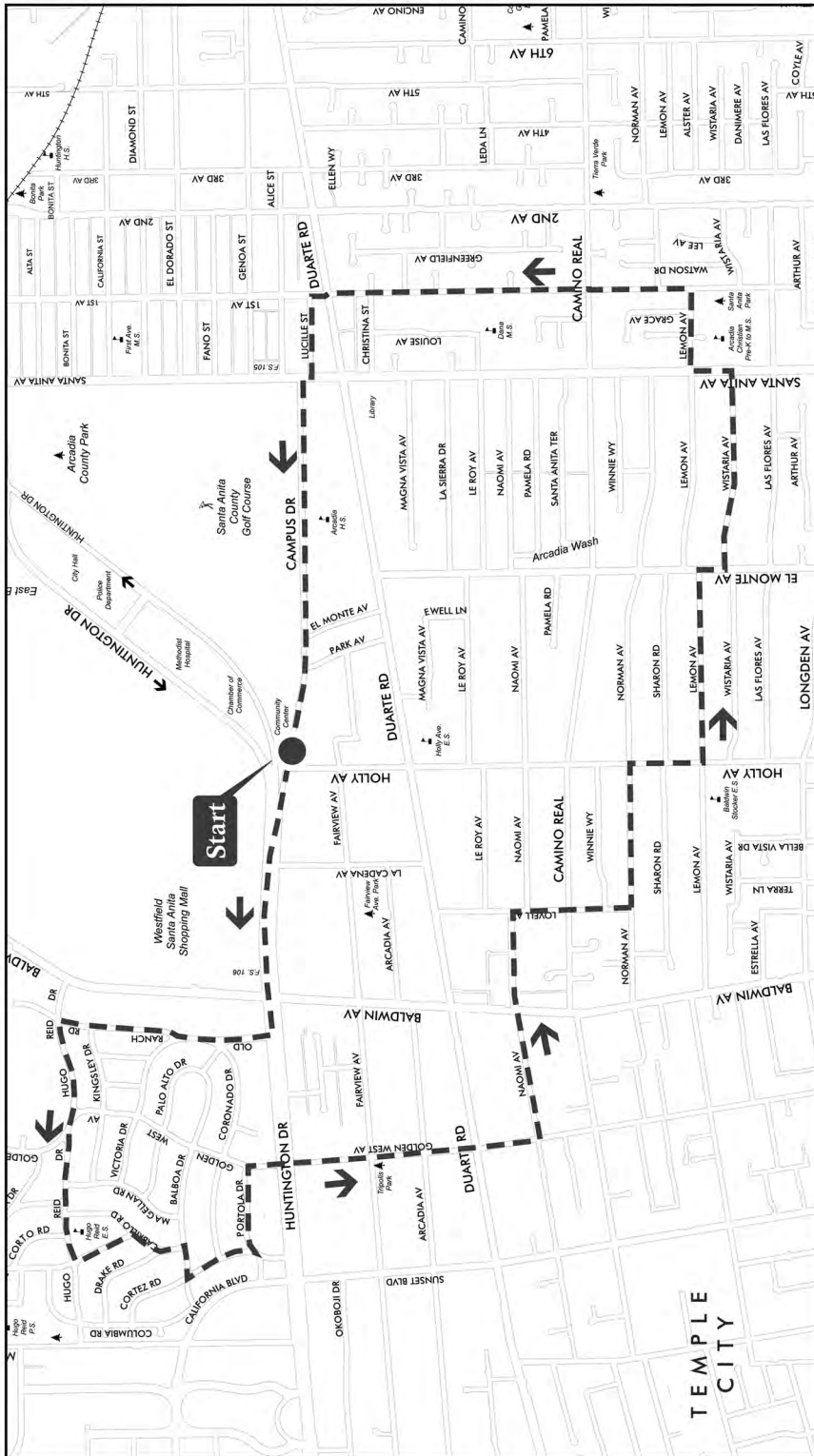
Welcome to the Arcadia mid-town loop, which has been the traditional route for the annual Community Bike Ride in Arcadia. Now is the time to dust off the bike sitting in your garage, fill up the tires, grab your helmet, and ride. Or, if you don't have a bike, this would be a good excuse to go and get one. There are several bike retailers in Arcadia that can get you started with the right stuff. Be warned, bike riding is addictive. It is fun, social, and very rewarding both in physical and mental health. Whether you get the family together, grab some friends, or just want some alone time, bike riding is the way to go.

The ride I am about to describe is a great little starter loop of 7.3 miles. It is considered a flat ride with only 220 feet of elevation gain and loss. Just so you don't think you will be climbing a 220-foot "Mt. Whitney" all at once (by the way, Mt. Whitney is really 14,505 feet), the elevation gain/loss counts every little rise and fall on the road along the way. Arcadia's annual Community Bike Ride starts and ends at the Arcadia Community Center located at 365 Campus Drive, which has ample parking for your use. If you are on your own, you can start any place along the loop and end up where you started.

To start your tour, go out the south driveway of the Arcadia Community Center and make a right onto Campus Drive. As you turn right on Holly Avenue, and then quickly left on Huntington Drive, you will notice two excellent examples of the city's public art. On your right in the rose garden is a statue of Arcadia's founder and first mayor Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin. The statue is the gift of Lucky's great-great-great grand-daughters. On your left is a centennial clock donated to the city by the Arcadia Rotary Club. As you head west on Huntington Drive, you will ride past beautiful Santa Anita Park, which is one of the nation's premier destinations for live thoroughbred horse racing and betting. You will also pass Westfield Santa Anita with its many retail outlets, numerous restaurants, and a theatre multiplex. You may remember the battle a few years ago between the mall and Caruso Affiliated, a real estate development company that had proposed a large outdoor entertainment, shopping, and dining complex in the south parking lot of the adjacent racetrack.

Stay on Huntington Drive, past Baldwin Avenue and Fire Station 106, until you reach Old Ranch Road, then make a right. Now you are in "The Village" neighborhood of Arcadia, riding on quiet meandering residential streets where you can take in life at a slower pace. Take a look around at the lovely houses and landscaping. Listen for the quietness, interrupted only by the sound of your bike going down the street and an occasional peacock screech in the distance. Say hello to the many joggers and dog walkers you may pass.

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Data Source: City of Arcadia, 2013.

Community Bike Ride
City of Arcadia, California



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Make a left on Hugo Reid Road. Did you know that Hugo Reid was a Scottish-born sailor who jumped ship in Los Angeles in 1832? He later married a Gabrieliña woman named Victoria and adopted her children María and Felipe. In 1845, he was given the 13,319-acre Rancho Santa Anita as a land grant by Mexican Governor Pio Pico that included all or portions of the present-day cities of Arcadia, Monrovia, Sierra Madre, Pasadena, and San Marino. He also wrote a series of newspaper letters that described the culture and language of the local Gabrieliño Indians. Hugo Reid Elementary School in this area is named after him.

As you ride along Hugo Reid Drive, you are skirting the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, which is in itself a destination and full of local history. It is a unique 127-acre botanical garden and historical site that is home to plant collections from all over the world, Lucky Baldwin's Queen Anne Cottage and Coach Barn, Hugo Reid Adobe, Santa Anita Depot, and summer concerts under the stars. Continue your ride past Magellan Road, Cabrillo Road, and Hugo Reid Elementary School, to Columbia Road, where you will make a left. At Cortez Road, make a left, ride past Coronado Drive, and then turn left on Portola Drive. Did you notice that many of the streets in this area are named after famous Spanish explorers? Follow the streets and enjoy life at a slower pace.

When you reach Golden West Avenue, make a right turn. Carefully continue across busy Huntington Drive and its wide median (where the Pacific Electric Red Cars used to run), past Duarte Road, to Naomi Avenue where you will make a left. Passing through this area, you may want to stop for a cup of coffee or tea, a boba drink, or a pastry at one of the local shops.

Onwards we continue east on tree-lined streets, making a right on Lovell Avenue, a left at Norman Avenue, and a right on Holly Avenue. We are now in the Baldwin-Stocker area of town, home of Baldwin-Stocker Elementary School on Lemon Avenue. The annual Community Bike Ride makes a stop at the school for water and snacks. Lucky Baldwin's elder daughter Clara married Harold Stocker, thus the school's name.

Turn right on Lemon Avenue to see the school; turn left on Lemon Avenue to continue the ride. When you reach El Monte Avenue (an excellent street for bike-riding with a dedicated bike lane), take a right and then a quick left onto Wistaria Avenue. As you approach Santa Anita Avenue, you will see the former Santa Anita Elementary School, which was an Arcadia public school for many years. It is now leased by the school district to a private school. Many years ago, the long landscaped strip in the middle of Santa Anita Avenue (once called Double Drive) was lined with tall eucalyptus trees and used as a bridle path. This street was also well-known for its flooding during torrential rain storms in those "good old days."

Make a left onto Santa Anita Avenue and then a right on Lemon Avenue,

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past the California mission style sanctuary and grounds of the Church of the Transfiguration. At First Avenue, make a left and continue north until you reach Lucile Street. Along the way, you will see the changing development in the area (from traditional one-story ranch style homes to larger two-story homes of various architectural styles and tastes). You will also pass Dana Middle School on the left with a new gymnasium that was jointly-funded by the city and the school district.

When you cross Duarte Road, you are entering Arcadia's "downtown" area. Although you will be turning left on Lucile Street, come back later to enjoy the restaurants, shops, and amenities of this re-emerging neighborhood that includes First Avenue Middle School and the site of the new Gold Line station.

Travel west on Lucile Road to Santa Anita Avenue, make a right, and then a quick left onto Campus Drive. Once on Campus Drive, you will pass the Santa Anita Golf Course on the right and the Arcadia High School campus on the left with its beautiful Arcadia Performing Arts Center. You will soon reach your original starting point at the Arcadia Community Center. Stop by the adjacent Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage to learn a bit more about Arcadia history.

Nice ride, don't you think?

I would like to cover some safety considerations and a little update on laws and bikes. First and most important is your personal safety. It is generally accepted that a good fitting, properly-adjusted helmet should be used. Legally, anyone seventeen years old and under must wear a helmet, but every rider should wear one at all times. If you are looking to purchase a helmet, there is no significant difference between a \$20 helmet and a \$150 helmet as far as safety. They both meet the same basic safety standards. Style, ventilation, weight, and brand name will determine the price. Also, the only difference between a road helmet and a mountain bike helmet is style, both are safe for street or trail.

Bikes are considered a vehicle and as such have all the responsibilities and privileges as a car. Ride on the right side of the street, stop at stop signs and red lights, and obey speed limits. Do not ride with open containers of alcohol, while intoxicated, or under the influence of drugs. Do not ride on sidewalks. Ride in bike lanes if provided and use lights at night. To indicate turning and stopping actions, use hand signals. Be aware of your surroundings, watching for conflicting traffic hazards. Ride defensively, anticipating that you cannot be seen by other drivers since it is easy for other drivers not to see or expect you. In general, obey all of the rules of the road including not using your cell phone while riding.

As a cyclist, there are two simple rules to live by:

- (1) Honor the "Lug Nut Rule": the vehicle with the most lug nuts will always win the confrontation, and
- (2) Their fault, your fault, or no one's fault, do what you must to avoid a collision.

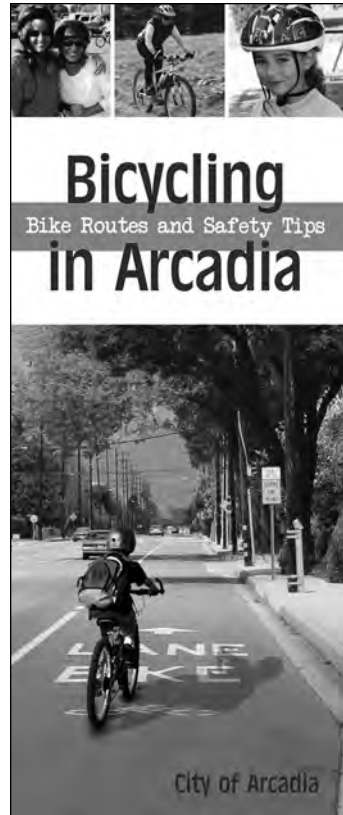
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Safety for your bike is also important. Whatever bike you ride—from a forty-year-old steel frame curb jumper to a state-of-the-art carbon fiber racing bike—if you are going to let it out of your sight for even just a minute, lock it up.

I have met a wonderfully diverse collection of people riding my bike. Everyone has to start riding someplace and the ride I just described is a great start. Once you master this route, visit the other beautiful neighborhoods of Arcadia on your bike. The city has published a wonderful pamphlet “Bicycling in Arcadia” that includes additional bike routes and safety trips. Then, expand your horizons. Arcadia is a perfect place to start a longer bike trip whether it is west to the Rose Bowl, east to Santa Fe Dam, north up to Chantry Flat, or south along the Rio Hondo and Los Angeles River bike paths to Long Beach.

Enjoy your rides, ride safe, and ride far.

Jack Mansell is a former motorcycle officer who is now an avid bike rider and advocate for bike safety. He has pedaled thousands of miles on his bike, many in Arcadia, with every mile being fun.



The “Bicycling in Arcadia” pamphlet includes additional bike routes and safety tips.

Credit: City of Arcadia

RIDING CHANTRY

by Bob Garrett

Let's do Chantry Flat!" I hear this challenge at least once a week, and sometimes I accept it. I ride bicycles with a group of friends who think "riding Chantry" is as common as a walk around the block.

As we force our stiff and often aching legs over our bikes, I ask myself, "How can a ride involving something "flat" be so difficult?" We typically start at Bean Town in Sierra Madre and meander back into Arcadia, along Grandview Avenue to Santa Anita Avenue, giving our muscles a chance to loosen and our hearts and minds a chance to prepare for what is to come.

At Santa Anita Avenue, we turn north where the ordeal begins. Leaving the Highlands neighborhood and passing the heavy yellow gate, the road begins to twist and to climb, the turns getting tighter and the grade getting ever steeper as we work our way into the canyon. As we push up the hill, cranking harder on our pedals, we can feel our breathing deepen, our back and leg muscles tighten, and our pulses pounding in our ears. Our reward is the view to come!

We watch for fallen rock, gravel, and sand, a minor nuisance going up but potentially deadly coming down. Road crews keep it surprisingly clean but rocks fall constantly. We also need to keep in mind the heavy trucks with mounted scraper blades when we return.

We often see deer grazing on the side of the road. Surprisingly, they rarely bolt, apparently understanding we wish them no harm, or perhaps sensing that with our labored breathing, we couldn't catch them if we wanted to. We sometimes get quite close, within fifteen or twenty feet, while they continue to graze, looking up long enough to recognize we are not a threat.

Some days there are low-hanging clouds in the canyon and the ride seems almost mystical. As we climb out of the mist and into the sunlight, we see Santiago Peak and the La Puente Hills far to the southeast and the tops of the buildings in Pasadena and Los Angeles to the southwest.

On clear winter mornings, the light is crystalline with almost a bluish cast that seems to magnify objects below. We can clearly make out Santa Anita Park, the Arboretum, and the skyscrapers of downtown Los Angeles, which appear much closer than on other days.

The early sunlight on summer mornings is more golden, often filtered through a light haze. Birds, maybe red-tailed hawks, drifting on thermals, signal a particularly hot day. We see the traffic building on the 210 Freeway, the sunlight reflecting off windshields foretelling the breathlessly oppressive day to come. But now, at 6:30 in the morning, the air is cool and refreshing.

About half way up the road, we stop to rest at "Chuck's palm tree." Despite

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having been chopped to ground-level by the road crew months earlier, Chuck's nurturing care during our short breaks encourages it to thrive. It has re-grown to about four feet high, almost certainly inviting another visit by the road crew and a saw. But Chuck is determined it will survive.

When we finally reach the flat, we see early-morning hikers parking their cars, stretching, putting on their day packs, and extending their walking sticks. The people in the parking area reflect the broad ethnic diversity of our community. Hikers and cyclists seemingly from all parts of the world greet one another with shared appreciation for the natural beauty of the canyon.

Chantry Flat, formerly known as Poison Oak Flat, gets its name from Charley Chantry, a prospector who began renting donkeys in 1905. He roamed the area with his dog, Patch, stayed in a tent from time to time, and grazed his stock in the area that gradually took his name. Today, there is a nicely maintained picnic area and the Pack Station General Store provides water and snacks on weekends and holidays. Chantry Flat is the beginning of a number of hikes into the Angeles National Forest but for us it is our final destination.

Although we ride up to the top of the parking area near the drinking fountain so we can tell ourselves we did the full ride, we often back-track fifty yards or so to rest at the tree stumps below the last turn into the upper parking lot. The large tree to the north, maybe a sycamore, signals the season—light bright green leaves whispering in the early spring breeze, heavy dark leaves in the summer, beautiful gold and red leaves in the fall and, in the winter, no leaves but an almost blue-grey leafless silhouette. In the light mist it is eerily magical.



Credit: Chuck Murchie

Bob Garrett (top center) and fellow riders rest at the tree stumps in the Chantry Flat parking lot, 2012.

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It is near this tree that we celebrate birthdays with cups of hot coffee, tea, and wheat scones all ferried up the hill by one of our group. Someone watching us sing “happy birthday” and then blowing out our “finger-candles” may think us an odd group, but there is nothing more refreshing than celebrating the sixty-something birthday of a good friend early in the morning at Chantry Flat.

Riding down from Chantry, we feel adrenaline, exhilaration, and respect for the consequences of even the slightest mistake. Our bikes, made of light-weight carbon-fiber and high-tech components, dive into turns quicker than a high performance sports car. Only a square inch or so of rubber on each tire grips the road and keeps us on course. The spokes are knife-shaped composite that whistle slightly as they cut through the air. As the wheels spin faster, the blades appear to meld into translucent disks.

Although gravity pulls us down the hill, our thighs burn as we lean our bikes through the turns while keeping pressure on the pedals to absorb road vibration and the shock of small stones and an occasional crack in the asphalt. We smoothly grip, slightly release, and then grip harder on our brake levers through each turn. If we let gravity have its way, we risk reaching a dangerous speed in a few fractions of a second. Our fore-arms burn, but we dare not release for fear of losing the line through the turn and drifting into the opposing lane or the rocky slope. We are also ever mindful of the possibility that rocks may have broken loose since we passed earlier, or that a car or truck may be speeding toward us.

As the road straightens, we enter the bike lane on Santa Anita Avenue where we can release the grip on our brakes, lean forward, tuck our heads, and let gravity do its will, quickly bringing us to a relatively flat grade. From there, we head home for a hot, muscle-soothing shower and then another day of work, knowing Chantry Flat awaits when friends call and we are ready for the challenge.

***Bob Garrett** has lived in Arcadia for thirty years with his wife Marcia. Their three children—Michele, Kenny, and Kelly—attended Arcadia public schools and graduated from Arcadia High School. Bob was a two-term member of the Arcadia Human Resources Commission, and has been involved in a number of community service activities including volunteer coach of the Arcadia High School Constitution Team. He enjoys riding his bicycle and hiking the local trails.*

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Our Politics



Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Dancers in front of Arcadia City Hall, circa 1960s.

THE FIRST WOMAN

by Floretta K. Lauber

My introduction into the Arcadia political scene began in 1964 when I was appointed to the Arcadia Personnel Board. Dale Turner was Arcadia's mayor and Conrad Reibold, George Forman, Robert Considine, and Jess Balser were city council members. Reibold and Balser were both former Arcadia mayors. Balser nominated me to the position after meeting me through his wife Margaret, president of the Arcadia Woman's Club in 1964. I was her vice-president.

I believe Jess Balser was more forward-thinking of women in a leadership role because of his long employment (at the management level) with the telephone company, which had a history of hiring women.

Jess Balser also should be remembered as the driving force behind sidewalks on at least one side of all streets leading to Arcadia schools. At one time, the mindset of many Arcadians was the rural look with no sidewalks. His thrust was the safety of school children who had to walk in the street to get to school. It was a hot topic debated over many months at the city council level.

In addition to his service on the Arcadia City Council, however, Jess Balser used to tell his wife Margaret how he thought we should operate the Arcadia Woman's Club. This was before I knew him and it became annoying to me. So, I told Margaret to tell her husband that we won't tell him how to run the city if he stops telling us how to run the Woman's Club! She told him and the next thing I knew, I was appointed to the Arcadia Personnel Board. I have often wondered where my life would have turned if I had not spoken up to Arcadia City Council Member Balser that day.

After about a year, a vacancy unexpectedly came up on the Arcadia Planning Commission and it was here that my life took a dramatic change. Again, Jess Balser nominated me for the vacancy. I was president of the Arcadia Woman's Club that year (1965, the club's heyday), had been very involved with community improvement projects, and was not ambitious politically. There was much speculation about my appointment. Remember, I would be the first woman to serve on the commission.

I was ready to turn the nomination down when Margaret Balser took me aside and said, "I would give my right arm for this opportunity. Don't be a fool and miss this opportunity." I respected both of the Balsers and didn't want to let them down, so after much thought I accepted. I was sworn-in in 1965, a meaningful year for me. A tall Dutchman, Bill Kyper, was chairman of the Arcadia Planning Commission at that time. He called me at home and congratulated and welcomed me to the commission. It was unheard of for a woman to

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be involved in the business of the city! My nameplate reflected my married name: Mrs. Harry Lauber.

As it turned out, with my previous experience in business, once I became acquainted with the terminology I enjoyed the challenge. I became a member of the San Gabriel Valley Planning Council and served as its president from 1967 through 1969. This turned out to be a great opportunity to learn, as the County of Los Angeles was working with the San Gabriel Valley Planning Council on its general plan and the Arcadia Planning Commission had started working on the city's general plan at the same time.

In 1967, I was nominated by my colleagues on the Arcadia Planning Commission to chair the commission. I served on the commission until 1973. I was kept on the commission six months after my second four-year term expired because we were in the final stages of the general plan and the city council wanted me to stay. There was acceptance and comradeship from the beginning.

The members of the Arcadia City Council in 1966 were D. Robert Arth, Edward Butterworth, Robert Considine, George Forman, and Don Hage. In 1968, Forman was off and Jim Helms was on. In 1972, Considine was off and Alton Scott was on.

The 1974 Arcadia City Council election was on the horizon. A group of downtown businessmen called me one night from The Derby, where they were holding a meeting. They asked me to run for the city council and promised complete support. I had proven myself as a member of the planning commission and chair of its zoning committee; we had reviewed some of the highest profile matters ever to come before the city. Redevelopment was new and very controversial (I was a strong supporter). The general plan and the re-zoning of Santa Anita Park for a shopping mall nearly tore our city apart. There were months of public hearings before the planning commission and then the city council (whose public hearings had to be moved to the Holly Avenue Elementary School auditorium because of the large crowds). Jack Saelid, from the Santa Anita Village Association, was opposed to the mall project. His theory was that the mall would pollute our air with the added traffic, and he eventually took the matter all the way to the California Supreme Court.

It was an exciting time in the history of Arcadia, and thirteen candidates decided to run in the city council election including Jack Saelid and me. The campaigning was exhausting. The three winners were Charles Gilb, Saelid, and me. Again, I was the first woman. We joined Alton Scott and Jim Helms on the Arcadia City Council. Santa Anita Park's plan finally prevailed and we broke ground for the new mall. I still have my hard hat! Two years later, in 1976, two new members of the city council were elected: Robert Margett and David Parry. They replaced Scott and Helms.

In truth, and it is something I have never addressed publicly, being the first

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woman on the Arcadia City Council was difficult. Gender equality was not the prevailing thinking. There was some prejudice toward me, and resentment of my support for redevelopment and the future mall. I had to fight to be mayor; one city council member had a plan to take over my year. A member of a women's service organization alerted me of backroom dealings. I confronted the city council member and, after the face-to-face meeting and accusation, he backed down. I was elected the first woman mayor of the City of Arcadia in 1976.



Mayor Floretta Lauber with winning drum major at West Arcadia Band Review, 1976.

Credit: Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage

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One thing that contributed to the situation was all the publicity I had received about being the first woman in Arcadia politics. We take this for granted now, but until 1974, there were few women in elected positions. It was called the “Year of the Woman” because women were starting to be elected, some in large cities such as San Jose and Phoenix. However, women were still not considered able to be political! Even the husband of a dear friend, Ernest Furst, an active community leader who knew me well, once said that he could not endorse me for the Arcadia City Council because it was just too hard a job for a woman to handle!

By the end of my first term on the Arcadia City Council, in 1978, my life had changed dramatically. My husband had become a serious heart patient, facing more open heart surgery. I was now a successful real estate agent working long hours. These factors helped me decide not to seek re-election. I had been working for the city over thirteen years. I needed to be with my husband through his long odyssey of four heart surgeries before he died in 1988. We were able to travel during these years as his health allowed.

I would not trade the years I spent on the Arcadia City Council and as mayor. The memories are priceless highlights of my life and experiences I will never forget. I will share a few with you:

- Escorted a group of fifty Arcadians on a Friendship Club trip to Merida (capital of Yucatan), Cozumel, and Cancun in Mexico. We were met by the mayor from each city and treated like royalty. They wanted me to be escorted by their bodyguards.
- Conceived and hosted the first and only Mayor’s Ball for our nation’s bicentennial. It was a great success with over 300 people attending. Seven former Arcadia mayors attended the celebration.
- Flew by helicopter from the lawn in front of the Arcadia police station to the Los Angeles County Sheriff’s correctional facility near Castaic as a guest of Sheriff Peter Pitchess. My husband and I toured the facility and enjoyed a giant barbecue. The inmates were in charge of many of the day-to-day activities including growing their own food and running their own laundry. There was also a sheriff’s training facility that I was able to go through and work on my quick draw.
- Hosted an official visit of dignitaries from our sister city of Newcastle, Australia. The receptions and private dinner parties were elegant including one at the home of Mary Fran and Bart Anderegg on Ramona Road that had an ice sculpture.
- Completed the building of Arcadia’s new city council chambers. As mayor, I received flowers and many presentations at the official opening. The design of the chambers still holds up today.

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- Asked to speak at dozens of clubs, schools, celebrations, receptions, festivals, churches, parades, pageants, and other community events including being in the Winner's Circle at Santa Anita Park.
- Attended state and national conventions where I was asked to make presentations and was interviewed on the radio.
- Helped establish the Arcadia Senior Citizen Commission with John Joseph.
- Fought and won a crusade to demand more public restrooms in the new Santa Anita Mall.
- Started the CPR program for the public.

STAR NEWS

PAGE 3-IV—PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1974

Bathroom Campaign Wins Out at Mall



FLORETTA LAUBER
Victorious

No monuments will be erected in commemoration but many people will undoubtedly be grateful to Arcadia Councilwoman Floretta Lauber who has won her campaign to have public restrooms located in the mall at Santa Anita Fashion park.

Bill Stone, general manager of the huge shopping center, has been reluctant to install restrooms, which are not required in most shopping centers, because of problems with vandals and sex perverts. He had stated his belief that the restrooms in the department stores and restaurants were sufficient.

Mrs. Lauber had pointed out that the mall is open for many public events when the stores are closed and on those occasions no facilities are available for public use.

City Manager Lyman Conrad reported to the Arcadia City Council Tuesday night that Anita Associates,

developers of the complex, had agreed to the installation of four facilities, two on each level of the mall.

One is already open to the public, and signs pointing to its location are easily visible. Anita Associates requested, and the council agreed that the facilities be constructed in phases to determine actual need and to pinpoint problems.

Stone caused a ripple of both mirth and consternation when he reported that the restrooms would be policed through the use of closed circuit television.

He assured the council, however, that television cameras would not focus on individual toilet stalls but rather on the corridors in the restroom. Fashion Park already has a highly sophisticated television monitoring system for the entire complex.

—HELEN SCHRADER

Credit: Arcadia Public Library

“Pasadena Star News” article about City Council Member Floretta Lauber’s crusade for more public restrooms in the new Santa Anita Fashion Park mall, 1974.

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Jess Balser prophesied to me shortly after I joined the Arcadia Planning Commission that I would be the first woman on the Arcadia City Council. I laughed at the notion, but history proved him right. I always regretted that both Jess and his wife died a few years apart of cancer, before his prophecy came to fruition.

My many years of experiences formed a deep love in the core of my soul for this amazing community . . . a love that continues to this day.



Credit: Floretta Lauber

Mayor Floretta Lauber joins former Arcadia mayors at the Mayor's Bicentennial Ball, 1976.

Floretta K. Lauber was born and raised in Sierra Madre. She and her husband, Harry R. Lauber, and young son Larry moved to Arcadia in 1956. They built a new home in south Arcadia, where they lived until 1966 when they bought a home on Oaklawn Road, where she resides today. In addition to serving on the Arcadia City Council and as mayor, she co-founded and served as charter president of the Alpha Auxiliary for Visiting Nurses, served as president of the Arcadia Historical Society, and was a commissioner on the Arcadia Historical Museum Commission. She is the co-founder and charter president of the Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage Foundation, which is currently raising funds to build an education center for the museum. She is also a fifty-one-year member and three-time president of the Arcadia Woman's Club, a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a sustaining member of the Assistance League of Arcadia. She is also the social editor for Beacon Media News and her "Social Whirl" column is in its seventeenth year.

MY 279 DAYS AS A MEMBER OF THE ARCADIA CITY COUNCIL

by Peter H. Ulrich

This is how it all started: “Mr. Ulrich, please raise your right hand and repeat after me. . .” With those words spoken by Arcadia City Clerk June D. Alford and my repeating of the oath of office, I began my 279 days as an appointed member of the Arcadia City Council on July 11, 1995. I had applied for the position—together with nine other Arcadia citizens—when word went out that the city council needed to appoint a replacement for Bob Margett, who had been elected to the California State Assembly. I really did not think that I would be appointed since there were several other candidates who were considerably better known than I was. We were all interviewed—some more than once—by the remaining four members of the city council: Mayor Dennis Lojeski, Mayor Pro Tem Barbara Kuhn, Dr. Sheng Chang, and Mary Young.

I did not know it at the time, but found out later, that I was actually the fourth choice. Three rounds of voting by the four city council members involving candidates Ruth Gilb, John Fee, and James Helms resulted in tie votes. Somehow, by the fourth round, the city council was convinced that I was qualified to serve and I became the unanimous choice. My first official act was to resign as a member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission on which I was in my sixth year of service.

Now, as to some of my memories of my time on the Arcadia City Council . . .

I doubt that many of our fellow citizens have any idea of the amount of reading and study that goes with the city council member job. Twice a month, not counting special meetings, on the Thursday prior to the Tuesday meeting, a police officer, cadet, or police volunteer would knock on our door and deliver a package of reading material—always several pounds heavy—to prepare me for the next city council meeting. At the time, my wife Carol and I lived in a multi-unit condominium project. I did not want our neighbors to think that I was being served with a subpoena or being investigated, so I made sure that word got around the neighborhood that I was not on the “most wanted” list.

What stands out now, eighteen years later, from my time on the Arcadia City Council? First and foremost, it was the initial help and cooperation extended to me by my fellow city council members, in particular Mary Young and Mayor Lojeski (who tragically died in July 1996 of a sudden aneurism after attending a baseball game). City Manager Bill Kelly and two of his staff members, Linda Garcia and Cindy Rowe, were particularly helpful in “educating” me as to the workings of city government.

It was not an easy time to serve as a city council member. “Challenging” would be a more apt description. The State of California had taken tax revenue from our city, causing a fiscal problem for us. (Interesting how history repeats

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itself with the state's "grab" of redevelopment funds in 2012). One of our big projects, in fact THE big project of my time on the city council, was "Downtown 2000," a redevelopment project in downtown Arcadia. Prior to my joining the city council, the original contractor had defaulted on its share of this \$8 million project and, during my time, another contractor was hired to complete the contract work. Of special note is the fact that virtually all the funds for this project came from the Arcadia Community Redevelopment Agency

There is a reminder of the completion of "Downtown 2000" in form of a sidewalk monument on the west side of First Avenue, just south of Huntington Drive. As far as I know, the listing of my name on this marker is the only "concrete" evidence of my service on the Arcadia City Council. The "Downtown 2000" project was also the subject of the only unpleasant phone call from a citizen during my time on the city council. It was after a severe rainstorm. Huntington Drive was in the process of being



Credit: Gary Kovacic

The only "concrete" evidence of Peter Ulrich's service on the Arcadia City Council.

repaved, causing traffic lanes and property access to be restricted. The caller was the owner of a restaurant on Huntington Drive and he was very upset—not that I could blame him—because ingress to his restaurant had been severely curtailed. It was on a Saturday afternoon and he had already tried to reach the mayor and city staff and apparently I was his last resort. Fortunately, I had some unlisted phone numbers of city staff and was able get staff to solve the access problem.

The one important legislation of my time on the Arcadia City Council was the addition of a new zoning ordinance establishing specific regulations for a Central Business District. It was somewhat controversial and was not finally adopted, as I recall, until after my term. I remember one provision specifically; that no office use would be permitted on the ground floor of buildings on Huntington Drive and First Avenue, it was to be strictly retail. I had some reservations about this particular restriction, but did finally support it. In retrospect, I think it was a mistake (since corrected) and it probably contributed to the temporary decline and high vacancy on those two streets.

I cannot point to any meaningful personal accomplishments during my time on the Arcadia City Council, but I do claim partial credit for one significant civic improvement, at least I think it was an improvement. I brought up the matter of

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restaurant grading, which at the time was not being done in Arcadia. I strongly felt that we should be part of the Los Angeles County Health Department grading system. It took a long time to get this accomplished: 2003. There was one other matter that had bothered me for some time, the lack of shelters at bus stops throughout the city. All of our surrounding communities provided such shelters to keep waiting passengers dry in the rain and somewhat cooler in the heat. Unfortunately, this concern of mine was not resolved during my time on the city council, nor has it been resolved to date. The reason: lack of funds.

Aside from the monthly remuneration (\$400 during my time), there are some other “perks” that go with being on the Arcadia City Council, such as the invitation to a luncheon in the Directors’ Room at Santa Anita Park, the opportunity to ride down Baldwin Avenue in a vintage car in the annual Festival of Bands parade, and being an “honored guest” at various community events. This special recognition even continues after you are out of office, as evidenced by the fact that I am still introduced (with former mayors) at city-sponsored events, such as the annual Mayor’s Breakfast.

So what’s the bottom line of my 279 days on the Arcadia City Council?



Credit: Arcadia's Best Foundation

Former Arcadia City Council Member Peter Ulrich participates in the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade, 2011.

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I enjoyed it. I also learned a lot about our local government. It confirmed my opinion that Arcadia is a great place to live, with a well-run city government and a great number of really dedicated city employees. I did not run for re-election because I had promised not to do so when I was interviewed for the position. I did not seek election at a later date because, frankly, “running” for office is not my bag.

Now, the question for the public to decide: did I live up to expectations as a member of the Arcadia City Council? At the risk of sounding self-serving, I want to use comments by two unrelated individuals. In my closing remarks as a city council member, I related that I was at a concert in Pasadena when a lady came up to me and said, “I have seen you on television. I am sorry you are leaving the council. You have done a good job.” Much more meaningful to me were the comments of the outgoing mayor, the late Dennis Lojeski, in the official city council minutes: “Peter Ulrich has been absolutely an outstanding council member the last six plus months. This gentleman stepped in, the learning curve was extremely short. He is bright, he is intelligent, he is witty. I tell you, Peter, you have been a great asset to the city, and you will be missed . . .”.

Finally, I want to give credit to my wife Carol. She was one-hundred percent supportive throughout. As I told her in my closing remarks: “Honey, we can now get our den back. We can move out all the material that I have accumulated.”

***Peter H. Ulrich** lived in Arcadia from 1975 to 2010. He retired from the corporate world in 1988 after a thirty-five-year career in commercial and mortgage banking, and currently holds leadership positions in numerous non-profit organizations including Salvation Army, Arcadia Lions Foundation, Arcadia Library Foundation, Arcadia Coordinating Council, Arcadia Chamber of Commerce, and Lutheran Church of the Cross. While a resident of Arcadia, he was a member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission, Library Board of Trustees, and Human Resources Commission. He also served as an Arcadia police department volunteer and member of the Arcadia Unified School District bond oversight committee. In 1997 and 2005, he was named Arcadia Community Volunteer of the Year. He currently lives in Duarte with his wife Carol.*

SIGNS OF THE TIME

by Mickey Segal

In 2000, I was elected to my first four-year term as a member of the Arcadia City Council. It was an interesting process, and I had a lot to learn about what happens in the city. There is a myriad of processes and responsibilities that affect department heads and members of their staff. I also needed to learn the role the city council played in running our city. It took me about six months to get an understanding of the inner-workings of the city and its city council. During that learning process, I discovered the extent to which a city council member can make suggestions and recommendations about city matters. Not only do city council members have the authority to improve our community, they have the obligation.

At the end of my first year on the city council, I was selected by my colleagues to serve as mayor. Although a one-year term as mayor is relatively short, it was clear to me that it was a great opportunity to set and accomplish goals. I considered what I could do to improve the lives of Arcadia's residents. I also asked people in passing for their input. As you can imagine, I received many suggestions, ideas, and proposals.

After considering the strengths and weaknesses of our great city, and what could be accomplished within the year, I decided that a great project would be to replace the city's old green non-reflective street signs with larger, more legible, reflective street signs. Numerous residents had complained about not being able to see the street names at night, and I was having the same problem myself. There are 348 different street names in Arcadia, and even the old-timers do not know them all.

The night I was selected as mayor, I recommended that all city street signs be removed and replaced with new reflective signs. My recommendation was reviewed by staff, cost estimates were obtained, and various designs were considered. The proposal then returned for final city council review and approval.

The estimated cost to replace all of our signs was



New and improved Arcadia street signs were installed city-wide in 2002.

Credit: Gary Kovacic

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about \$225,000. Some of my city council colleagues initially questioned the need and cost of the project. However, it was my top priority and I thought it was a project worth fighting for to improve safety and convenience for our residents. The proposal passed on a 5 to 0 vote and the signs were replaced



Credit: Arcadia's Best Foundation

Arcadia City Council Member Mickey Segal and wife Lee follow the new and improved city street signs in the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade, 2011.

Even today, eleven years later, I get compliments about how our street signs are not only attractive, but easy to read at night. And, if you look around, you will see that our neighboring cities have followed Arcadia's lead and changed their signs too.

Mickey Segal is serving his third term on the Arcadia City Council and is the current mayor. He and his wife Lee have lived in Arcadia for over thirty years, raising three children who attended Arcadia public schools. He is an active member of numerous boards including Methodist Hospital of Southern California, Methodist Hospital Foundation, Cal Poly Pomona Foundation, and the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation. He is also vice-chair of planned giving for a \$150 million capital campaign at Cal Poly Pomona. In 2009, Mickey and Lee were named Arcadia Citizens of the Year.

FACING GOLIATHS

by Barb Kovacic

On April 12, 2013, ground was broken for the Santa Anita Bridge, a new grade-separated crossing being built for the light rail extension that will run through Arcadia. It is a \$12.5 million project paid for by the City of Arcadia and its residents who voted overwhelmingly to support a bond measure to build the bridge in 2006. The bond measure was required because the Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority (a name almost as long as the route itself) determined that the street traffic on Santa Anita Avenue did not meet the official requirements that would have mandated the Construction Authority to pay for a separated crossing. Without the bridge, traffic up and down Santa Anita Avenue would need to stop every five or ten minutes to let a train pass by . . . into perpetuity.

At the ground-breaking ceremony, Arcadia Mayor Bob Harbicht said it right: my husband Gary likes to face a Goliath every now and then.

It has been interesting being the wife of an Arcadia city council member and occasional mayor. The opportunities to meet people we would not have otherwise met, and do things that we would not have otherwise done, are many and exciting. It is always revealing to scan the crowd at an election night party (we have survived four of our own) and realize that I wouldn't have known half of these people without being involved in local



Credit: Terry Miller

Chief Executive Officer Habib F. Balian, Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority, and Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic at ground-breaking for Santa Anita Bridge, April 12, 2013.

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politics. I also wouldn't have dressed up like Ming Dynasty royalty, cruised down Baldwin Avenue in a '57 Chevy ragtop, attended countless ribbon-cuttings and grand openings, been in the Winners Circle at Santa Anita Park, practiced tai chi, and dined on every type of cuisine known to man.

Anyway, back to Goliath. Gary says that he does his best thinking in the shower, which explains the length of his average shower. He usually comes up with ten or so ideas, and three or four of them are actually pretty good. And, if one or two of them come to fruition, it hasn't been a waste of water. The ideas always seem to relate to his hometown of Arcadia and range from the obvious to the obscure, from the easy to the hard. The hard ones are the Goliaths; long odds and hard work for a worthy goal.

The nice thing about being on a city council is that you are sometimes in a position to bring your ideas to life . . . assuming you can get at least two other votes. So, Gary's shower thoughts have produced projects like the Tile Tapestry at the public library, the Peacock Corner fountain beautification, changing the name of Civic Center Drive to Centennial Way, the "History Lives Here" signs around town sponsored by the city and the Arcadia Historical Society, restoring the historic tile murals at the city hall, several town forums, and annual events like Law Day and the Community Bike Ride. They also produced this book and its predecessor volume, which have given many Arcadians a chance to be published authors. A real Goliath idea for Gary was extending architectural review to the residential areas of Arcadia that are not part of designated homeowners associations. Another real Goliath idea was the Santa Anita Bridge.

In the weird world of "warrants," Santa Anita Avenue somehow didn't produce high enough traffic counts to require the Construction Authority to build the bridge. If Arcadia wanted a bridge, it would have to do it itself. Gary thought the idea of having no bridge over one of the busiest thoroughfares in Arcadia was "nuts," or something similar, and his colleagues on the city council agreed. So, in late 2005, the Arcadia City Council voted to place Measure A on the April 2006 ballot. It was an \$8 million general obligation bond measure (to be paired with \$5 million of reserve funds set aside by the city for transportation matters) to build the bridge. It required a two-thirds vote, which is a very high super-majority threshold in any election.

In the absence of any other volunteers, Gary decided to form a little committee to promote Measure A. He picked the compelling name "Arcadians Supporting a Committee for Measure A" and rounded-up some friends who felt the same about the bridge: Mickey Segal, Paul Yeh, Bob Hoherd, and Jim and Margaret Barrows. Gary wrote the ballot argument and all the mailers, Mickey helped raise campaign contributions, Bob kept track of the funds as treasurer, Paul assisted with publicity and community outreach, and the Barrows, of course, planted all the yard signs. It also helped to have the support of all five city council members,




**VOTE YES ON
MEASURE A
on April 11**

Measure A is a bond issue that will provide the additional funds needed to build a grade separation (bridge) over Santa Anita Avenue in Arcadia at a fair and reasonable cost.

When the Gold Line comes through Arcadia, we deserve something better than this!

Arcadians Supporting a Committee for Measure A
947 Coronado Drive, Arcadia, CA 91007

Arcadians deserve a safe and efficient grade separation (bridge) over Santa Anita Avenue.



Representative grade separation in Sacramento

All of Arcadia's elected officials support Measure A.

<small>Arcadia City Council*</small> Roger Chandler Gary Kovacic Gail Marshall Mickey Segal John Wuo <small>Arcadia City Clerk*</small> Jim Barrows	<small>Arcadia School Board*</small> Joann Steinmeier Jim Romo John McClain Maryann Gibson Annie Yuen
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*Offices are listed for identification purposes only.

Gold Line trains are scheduled to cross Santa Anita Avenue at Colorado Boulevard every five minutes during peak hours.

A grade separation will prevent excessive backups and delays because cars and emergency vehicles will not be forced to stop for each passing train. It will also decrease the risk of accidents.

Measure A will provide the additional funds to build a grade separation. The estimated cost to property owners is only \$6.97/ year per \$100,000 assessed valuation.

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Credit: Barb Kovacic

Mailer for the Santa Anita Bridge bond campaign, 2006.

all five school board members, a lot of people active in the community, and some of the city's largest property tax payers including Santa Anita Park and Westfield.

However, the cause was not without vocal opposition from a few residents and business owners. In fact, on March 25, 2006, the *Pasadena Star-News* ran an article about the campaign with the headline "Bridge measure is no slam dunk."

But, the little committee kept pushing and finally prevailed. On April 11, 2006, Measure A passed with 71.94% of the vote (5,982 to 2,333). Arcadia became the only city along the Metro Gold Line route to step-up and build a bridge.

Construction on the Santa Anita Bridge has finally started. It will take

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approximately seven months to lower the street in the area of the railroad crossing and build the new bridge. There will be lane closures and plenty of traffic headaches along the way, especially for the businesses in the immediate vicinity. I don't know about you, but I plan to have my car washed, pick up a morning bagel, and enjoy a Double Double during construction to support those businesses.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Rendering of future Santa Anita Bridge.

In the end, the headaches will be worth it. Traffic up and down Santa Anita Avenue will be much more efficient and safe once the bridge is completed . . . and one more Goliath will have met its match.

***Barb Kovacic** married and moved to Arcadia in 1974 and never left. Over the years, she has been involved in PTA, Arcadia Public Library Foundation, Assistance League of Arcadia, and many other community organizations. She is an active member of Church of the Good Shepherd's Carillon Ringers and the Professional Fiduciary Association of California. Besides her husband (Gary) and kids (Kelly and Casey), her passions are bike riding, raising roses, and walking her rescue dogs.*

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Our Volunteers and Organizations



Credit: Arcadia Historical Society

Members of the Arcadia Board of Realtors gather at Henry's Santa Anita at 125 W. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, 1960.

BASES LOADED WITH VOLUNTEERS

by Terry Ducich Leahy

I would like to share my story about places and experiences that helped shape my life in Arcadia, and the evolution of child to parent and the lessons I learned. The era, demographics, appearances, and people may have changed, but the culture of being involved in the schools, sports, and other extracurricular activities with your family remains the same.

My childhood home was the safe haven for all the neighborhood kids. Our huge yard was a makeshift baseball and football field. It was the place to get fed,



Credit: Terry Ducich Leahy

Terry Ducich (center) and family at her installation as Honored Queen of Job's Daughters Bethel 215 in Arcadia, 1973.

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the place where you were welcomed with open arms. My parents George and Bernice Ducich were familiar faces at Camino Grove Elementary, Santa Anita Elementary, Dana Junior High, and Arcadia High schools. They volunteered in classrooms, worked at the school carnival, proctored lunch periods, and supported athletic programs from elementary school to high school and numerous other PTA and community activities. My dad was a fixture at the Arcadia High baseball diamond. He and the other dads “dragged” the field, shouted pearls of wisdom to their sons as they came up to bat, and second-guessed the coaches from behind the backstop. The moms nervously bit their nails in hopes of a base hit, sold candy, cheered, and washed uniforms.

Weekends were spent at Longden Yards, our local Little League field, until my brothers advanced to Arcadia Pony League at Bonita Park. Team names did not include the Dodgers, Angels, and Padres, but rather local businesses that sponsored them. Perennial favorites were Whitey Star Chevron, King Meat, Vacco Rug, and Morrow Plumbing to name a few. Beyond Pony League was Colt, Babe Ruth, and American Legion baseball. My dad coached teams for over thirty years.

Much like other parents and siblings, we took our turn working the snack bars. In the 1960s, the Little League moms of Longden Yards created a popular dish, the Pepper Belly, a tasty concoction of tortilla chips, chili, and cheese. The Pony Palace at Bonita Park had one of the first deep fryers around, serving up great French fries! Working the snack bar was a comfortable place for a fan to be. You could volunteer, snatch a hot fry, and be shielded from the whipping winds and cold temperatures that tormented the night games at Bonita Park.

My parents’ friends were the same familiar faces that I would see at the ball games and school events. Years later my father’s group of buddies, a collection of former coaches and school volunteers that I affectionately nicknamed the “Coffee Commandos” (including Norm French, Vern Miller, Ray Pabon, Bill Serven, and Don Kaplan) would meet every weekend for breakfast at Rod’s Grill. Their conversation would include rehashing a ball game or specific play, remembering the good ol’ days, and recapping where the “kids” are now and what they are doing.

I have lived in Arcadia my whole life. With the exception of a side trip out of state to attend college, Arcadia is the only home I have ever known. When it came time to raise my own family, my husband Jim and I didn’t hesitate. Arcadia held such fond memories, feelings of comfort, and familiarity that we knew Arcadia was the place to be.

As soon as our girls turned five, they were registered for kindergarten at Hugo Reid Elementary School. The quaintness and security of the “little school” was the perfect place for a first-time student and mom. The PTA instantly welcomed you, enthusiastically recruiting volunteers to support their programs and teachers. Following in the footsteps of my parents, I committed to be a room mom, work on committees, chair events, and assist in the classroom. I learned

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about carpools, play dates, Daisy Girl Scouts, AYSO soccer, community programs, and of course t-ball!

Raised in a baseball-dominated family, and having a husband who also played, this was an activity near and dear to our hearts. For over seventeen years, our daughters played for Arcadia Coast Little League. In 1995, we raised enough funds to build a weather resistant cinder block batting cage at Windsor Field. It was the vision of the Arcadia Coast Little League board, which included at the time league president Jim Leahy, current city council member Mickey Segal, Dave Hess, Mike Cook, Mark Hoherd, and Gary Forillo, to name a few.

Midway through our daughters' playing years, Arcadia was beginning to see a change. Fewer kids were playing baseball and softball. Arcadia Coast Little League merged with West Arcadia Little League to become known as Arcadia American Little League. Just as in my youth, weekends were filled with ball games, tending to ball fields, taking photos for the yearbook, working the snack bar, providing treats, and celebrating victories with players and their families at Fuddruckers or Peppers. With each passing game, friendships were cemented, not just amongst the kids, but amongst the parents as well. The bleachers of Windsor Field morphed into the bleachers of Arcadia High School where the girls continued to play beyond Little League. The dads still mended fences, helped drag the field, and shouted instructions.

The "kids" are all grown now, but the baseball and softball parents still get together, much like my dad did, with those same conversations—remember when this or that happened?—and laughter usually ensues. We discuss all our kids, their successes, and their challenges, and we all genuinely care about each of them.

Looking back, I quickly realized a pattern I had recreated and enjoyed. A smile brightens my face as I relive the sentimental memories, feelings of camaraderie, and sense of fulfillment that I saw in my parents; a placeholder at the athletic venues and schools. Relationships were built on a common foundation. That common foundation, or goal, was to make our community a better place for everyone by volunteering; helping teachers, planning parent parties, chaperoning graduation events, and supporting athletic boosters, sports programs, PTA activities, school improvement campaigns, the Arcadia Educational Foundation, and the school district.

Involvement in the schools helped me understand traditions and cultures of other countries as I worked alongside parents new to our community. PTA meetings were a great source of information; a time to learn from the established parents, a chance to mentor a new parent, a way to discover school news, and an opportunity to meet the parents of your children's friends at every stage of their development. It was a time to offer your home as a place for the kids to gather, to be a fly on the wall, to whip up their favorite treats when they came rushing through the door, and to create a target rich environment for fun and friendship, just like my parents had done over fifty years ago.

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A legacy of service and involvement is something to value, something to pass on to the next generation. The takeaway is in the joy of doing something for others that also makes you feel good. No matter how old we get, our little group of friends will gather around a table at Peppers to reminisce and laugh. By keeping those memories alive and instilling that same volunteer spirit—a desire to serve and participate—to the next generation of stakeholders in our schools and extra-curricular activities, we will keep Arcadia strong.

Resources have declined, but the need for involvement is greater than ever. The rewards are priceless. I smile now as I drive up Michillinda Avenue and see Windsor Field filled with ball players, parents in the stands, coaches instructing players on the fine art of hitting and fielding, and, most importantly, families being together. Though I no longer hear the loud, enthusiastic, proud voice of Pat Wickhem on the microphone, I am happy that there is a new voice of Windsor. Parents line the field with new chalk and add brick dust to the infield just as my dad and husband did. New recipes and treats join the traditional hamburgers and hot dogs on the menu at the snack bar. Kids keep score in the booth high atop the field. And, I am pleased the American pastime is alive and well in Arcadia.

The torch has now been passed; the next group of adults has taken over. I am encouraged that the legacy of my parents and others continues to flow. For me personally, I am pleased my girls volunteer with a variety of organizations; one has even kept the sporting tradition alive by coaching on the same high school field where she played for four years. They know the value of volunteerism and care deeply about the rich traditions of Arcadia. When they have their own children, I hope they will also see the value of family time, whether it is at a ball park, gym, classroom, or some other activity. My hope is that history will again repeat itself. How lucky for any community to have bases loaded with volunteers. That is a grand slam in any game.

Terry Ducich Leahy is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1973). She and her husband Jim have been married for thirty-six years and raised three daughters in Arcadia. She has been involved with Arcadia schools as a parent volunteer since 1987, serving as PTA president at both Hugo Reid Elementary School and Foothills Middle School. At Arcadia High School, she helped develop the first Fall Preview Day and created a clothing line, called Apache Wear, to help boost school spirit. She has been honored many times by the PTA and Arcadia Unified School District for her service to Arcadia's public schools. Additional volunteer involvement includes Little League, Girl Scouts, Arcadia Educational Foundation, Assistance League of Arcadia, and the Arcadia Performing Arts Center Foundation.

HONORING THE WOMEN OF ASSISTANCE LEAGUE OF ARCADIA: SIXTY YEARS OF SERVICE

by Carol Curtis

The Arcadia chapter of Assistance League was chartered in 1954. In those days, most philanthropic organizations in the city were limited to men. A small group of prominent civic-minded ladies started Assistance League of Arcadia to serve and fund their own projects. Meetings were held in homes of members, but as the group expanded from the original thirty-four members, larger quarters were required. In 1958, the property at 100 S. Santa Anita Avenue was purchased with members funding the loans. That California ranch-style dental office was remodeled by members into a community house. By 1965, it was necessary to build an additional main house fronting on Santa Anita Avenue.

Those facilities now accommodate chapter functions, provide a meeting place and activities for three senior citizen groups, and house the Operation School Bell program started in 1969. Approximately 200 senior citizen members of the Golden Age Club, Friendship Club, and Senior Men use the chapter house each week. Annually, over 1,200 needy school children receive uniforms and clothing from Operation School Bell.

The chapter's Hospital Services program provides magazines weekly to waiting rooms at Arcadia Methodist Hospital. A relatively new program provides newborn layette supplies to mothers in need. Kids on the Block puppet teams present skits on current topics to elementary school children. Assistance League of Arcadia is looking to expand its programs even further with a pilot program to provide needed funds to teachers in the Arcadia Unified School District.

Santa Anita Debs, an auxiliary for teenage daughters of chapter members, was formed in 1958. Three years later, the Santa Anita Debs became Assisteens. Today, these teenagers are both boys and girls who may or may not be children of chapter members. These high school students learn the art of community volunteering. Among their varied activities, Assisteens give individual attention to 140 children each year through their Book Buddies reading program at the Arcadia Public Library.

Las Alas was certified as a chapter auxiliary in 1980. Its members provide comfort with teddy bears to trauma victims through local police and fire departments and hospital emergency rooms. Las Alas also does a Kids Hospital Activity Books program that provides needed diversion for children waiting in emergency rooms.

After many years of fundraising events including fashion shows, teas, luncheons, rummage sales, boutiques, and the Chandelier Ball, the Bargain Box Thrift Shop evolved as Assistance League of Arcadia's main source of income to

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support its philanthropic programs. In 1982, after years of leasing properties, chapter members purchased the old Ace Hardware store at 64 E. Live Oak Avenue for the permanent home of its thrift shop. Local residents know that the Bargain Box has quality merchandise at affordable prices. The annual holiday sale in November has shoppers standing in line to find that special gift.



Credit: Assistance League of Arcadia

Bargain Box Thrift Shop located at 64 East Live Oak Avenue, Arcadia, 2013.

From the beginning, the women of Assistance League of Arcadia were serious about their service to their community:

- Early charter members included Eleanor Kemp, Greta Lydick, and Alice Maupin.
- Lark Allen, Marillyn Knoblauch, and Carol Miller each served as chapter president as well as National Assistance League president.
- Mary Young and Floretta Lauber were elected to the Arcadia City Council and both served as mayor.
- The Arcadia Unified School District School Board has included Gloria Horstman, Carol Papay, Mary Dougherty, Maryann Gibson, and Kay Kinsler.
- Many deserving chapter members have been honored as Arcadia Citizen of the Year and Arcadia Senior Citizen of the Year.

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- Remember Bargain Box “doll lady” Juanita Morgan? She was the tireless worker at the thrift store well past the age of ninety.
- The “book corner” of the Bargain Box was Bea Chute’s endeavor. Bea was a major part of the Arcadia Public Library Board of Trustees. Books and libraries were her love and that is where she gave most of her volunteer service.
- Sue Nevin was a founding member of the Arcadia Public Library Foundation. She also helped start AYSO soccer in Arcadia.

In the twenty-first century, the next generation of Assistance League volunteers has taken over:

- Suzanne Tomkins, daughter of 1969 chapter president Evelyn Godber, is often the go-to social chairman.
- Chris Mead, daughter of 1980 chapter president Pat Wallace, has served as the chapter’s Assisteens coordinator as well as vice-president in charge of membership.
- Patsy Miller, a member since 1974, introduced very talented and creative daughter Keppie Sullivan to the chapter in 1991.
- Karen Conrad, daughter of 1988 chapter president and community leader Peggy Leatherman, has been invaluable to the chapter since 1997 and served as president in 2009.



Credit: Assistance League of Arcadia

Karen Conrad and Peggy Leatherman, daughter and mother, both served as president of Assistance League of Arcadia.

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Credit: Assistance League of Arcadia

Multi-generational members of Assistance League of Arcadia and Las Alas and Assisteens auxiliaries, 2013.



Credit: Assistance League of Arcadia

Kids on the Block puppeteers bring wholesome messages to elementary school students, 2013.

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For sixty years, the women of Assistance League of Arcadia have been volunteers in service. They have been the behind-the-scenes movers and shakers who get things done. They have been PTA presidents, AYSO commissioners, Girl Scout and Boy Scout leaders, school board members, city council members, city commissioners, and fundraisers for the Arcadia Methodist Hospital Foundation and Auxiliary. Chapter members volunteer over 27,000 hours annually in community service programs as they fulfill Assistance League's values of "Caring and Commitment in Action."

Service to the community . . . it's what we do.

Carol Curtis has lived in Arcadia for forty years. She is currently a member of the Arcadia Senior Citizens Commission, and has served as PTA president at elementary, junior high, and council levels. She was chapter president of Assistance League of Arcadia in 1997 and now serves as historian. Assistance League® of Arcadia, Operation School Bell®, Kids on the Block®, and Assisteens® are registered trademarks.

TODAY'S ARCADIA PTA

by Lee Callander

What is today's PTA doing in Arcadia schools? With over 8,500 members in 2012-13, we are so much more than fundraisers and photocopying, and we form the largest volunteer group in the city. Arcadia PTA members work hard throughout the year to ensure that all children see that parents, teachers, and fellow students care about what happens in their schools and want to work closely with the administration to provide much-needed support for a variety of programs.

We start every school year by helping prepare back-to-school materials and guide students and their parents through registration days. We provide first-day help (often accompanied by coffee and pastries) to both teachers and nervous parents, and we welcome incoming kindergarten families and newcomers to the district. Throughout the year, our volunteers manage many family involvement programs such as holiday celebrations, talent shows, and Family Fun Nights with movies or games. They record and photograph school events and organize multi-cultural events. And it's not just the moms at work; PTAs have many dads, uncles, granddads, and other men helping by serving in leadership positions, as well as the Designing Dads and Watch D.O.G.S. programs.

School health and safety are another PTA priority. Volunteers provide health screening assistance, help keep school disaster bin supplies clean and orderly, support anti-drug and smoking messages through Red Ribbon Week, and provide a constant supply of watchful parent chaperones for school dances, athletics, and many other off-campus activities. We also help school staff implement a variety of school-sponsored character building programs.

PTAs are responsible for taking action on local legislative issues. Securing adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth is one of the purposes of the organization. Therefore, PTA maintains an active legislation program. PTAs participate actively in the process through which public policy decisions are made. Our volunteers worked tirelessly to support Arcadia's 2006 Measure I and 2012 Measure A, both of which provided critical funding for our campus facilities and school district. This year, the Arcadia Council PTA was pleased to sponsor two high school students to join two teachers, one principal, and four parents at the annual PTA Legislation Conference in Sacramento, where Governor Brown's local control funding formula is the current topic of concern.

A key service that PTAs work hard to provide is up-to-date notices to families of school activities. PTAs use a variety of means to keep parents informed about what is happening on campus. Electronic newsletters, social media, websites, and listservs are the current ways we communicate with our constituents.

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Monthly PTA meetings are also excellent ways parents can meet administrators, teachers, and fellow parents to learn more and discuss current issues at their schools.

Throughout the year, our volunteers provide classroom support by assisting teachers with preparing lesson materials, organizing classroom holiday parties, and celebrating the many contributions of our teachers and school staff with treats and other kinds of recognition.

PTAs are probably best known for their variety of fundraising efforts. Nowadays, there is a greater emphasis placed on program-driven fundraising and family involvement activities, with far less on product sales. Remember all that gift wrap and cookie dough? Book fairs, restaurant or grocery store nights, walk or jog-a-thons, carnivals, Disco Bingo, silent auctions, recycling, magazine drives, and the high school snack shack, in addition to requests for direct donations, are the current ways our PTAs generate the revenue needed to support their programs.



Credit Arcadia Council PTA

Council PTA volunteers Adelle Mastro, Peggy Bray, and Donna Wood, circa 1984.

Each year, the ten PTAs in Arcadia make budgeted financial donations to community organizations that further support our children and their families: Arcadia Child Health Council, Assistance League of Arcadia (Operation School

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Bell program), Arcadia Welfare & Thrift Store (food bank), and Arcadia Community Coordinating Council (camperships). Long-standing traditions of helping those in need are carried out through the “Can You Help” program (formerly known as the “White Christmas” canned food drive) with Arcadia Welfare & Thrift and support for the Apache Toy & Coat Drive. Additionally, each PTA takes any budget surplus at the end of the school year and donates it to benefit its school.

The Arcadia Council PTA acts as a liaison between the PTAs at each school and the next level of the hierarchy, the First District PTA, as well as community organizations. Council PTA is generally comprised of PTA “veterans” who serve as mentors to their colleagues at the ten public schools in Arcadia. As we celebrate our sixtieth anniversary of service in 2013, our renewed purpose is to assure that all of the State PTA rules are followed, while making the jobs of the PTA presidents and their officers as productive and rewarding as possible at their schools.



Credit - Arcadia Council PTA

Marilyn Bryant being honored by Council PTA President Marlene McEntee, circa 1984.

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The Council PTA association members include representatives from the Arcadia Public Library, Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage, Arcadia City Council, Arcadia Police Department, Arcadia Educational Foundation, and the Arcadia Child Health Council, all of whom share information with the PTAs. News from school-based booster clubs and student organizations is always a part of PTA's agenda. AUSD Superintendent Joel Shawn and Deputy Superintendent David Vannasdall, as well as members of the school board, meet on a regular basis with the Council PTA and school PTA presidents to assure that all key issues, questions, new ideas, and planning are fully explored. Additionally, twice a year, the superintendent calls a half-day "summit" meeting for the PTA presidents, presidents-elect, and principals to set and review school-wide goals for the year.

This year, the Council PTA was proud to support the opening of the impressive new Arcadia High School Performing Arts Center by donating over \$3,000 to purchase display panels for use in the center for art exhibits and promotional displays by the dance, theater, and music departments during performances. The panels also allowed the district-wide Reflections Art Awards and Superintendent's Art Awards exhibitions to be held in this wonderful new building dedicated to all the arts.

In 2012-13, these ten PTA presidents and their school principals, as a team, decided the course for the ways volunteer hours and funds support our children, families, schools, and community:

Arcadia High School

<i>PTSA President</i>	<i>Principal</i>
Kathy Yamane	Brent Forsee

First Avenue Middle School

<i>PTSA President</i>	<i>Principal</i>
Suzanne Davis	Jeff Wilson

Foothills Middle School

<i>PTSA President</i>	<i>Principal</i>
Lisa Teraishi-Wong	Nadia Hillman

Richard Henry Dana Jr. Middle School

<i>PTSA President</i>	<i>Principal</i>
Jennifer Salas	Daniel Hacking

Baldwin Stocker Elementary School

<i>PTA President</i>	<i>Principal</i>
Alex Green	Jayne Nickles

Camino Grove Elementary School

<i>PTA President</i>	<i>Principal</i>
Jennifer Aston	Danae Popovich

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Highland Oaks Elementary School

PTSA President

Shazi Shaikh

Principal

Ilene Anderson

Holly Avenue Elementary School

PTA President

Maria Barriga

Principal

Christine Blackstock

Hugo Reid Elementary School

PTSA President

Jennifer Jackson

Principal

Tom Bruce

Longley Way Elementary School

PTA President

Vivi Wong

Principal

Sherrie DuFresne

Because of their collaboration, commitment, and hard work, this year the Arcadia Council PTA was awarded First District PTA's highest honor, the Outstanding Service Award, "for maintaining a high level of effectiveness and excellence while initiating and achieving ever higher, broad-reaching goals and objectives."

Arcadia PTA leaders continue to involve themselves in their community and look forward to the coming years with confidence that our ongoing support will keep our schools the strong centers for personal growth and academic excellence they have always been. Please join us!



Credit: Arcadia Unified School District

Arcadia Council PTA representatives meet with members of the Arcadia Unified School District Board of Education and Superintendent Joel Shawn, circa 2009.

Lee Callander and her family moved to sunny Arcadia from New York in 1995. Since then, she has been active in several community and school service organizations relating to adoption and children's needs. Most recently, she served as president of the Arcadia Council PTA from 2011 to 2013.

WELCOME TO
“BACK-TO-SCHOOL” IN ARCADIA!
by David Steinmeier

For most of us who grew up in the Arcadia area in the 1950s and 1960s, “Back to School” evokes fond memories of beginning a new school year. Going with our parents to Hinshaw’s and J.C. Penney on Baldwin Avenue just below Duarte Road, and later on to the Santa Anita Fashion Park mall, now Westfield Santa Anita, to buy new school clothes and supplies was quite an adventure. Showing off our new school clothes, paper-containing folios, and clear plastic zip-lock pouch containing new pencils, ink-bladder filled pens, and erasers to our school friends was always a game of who had the “coolest stuff.” The tough part was carrying a complete set of school books and all of this “cool stuff” back and forth to school every day. Backpacks and roller bags had not yet been invented. We could have carried our books and supplies in a hard or soft briefcase, but briefcases were not cool since our dads carried briefcases.



Credit: Foothill Unity Center, Inc.

“Back-to-School” distribution at Santa Anita Park, 2010.

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But this picture was not reality for some low-income Arcadia families. Reality for these children meant at best receiving “hand-me-down” clothes, which were often in very poor condition. These children also had limited or no access to the necessary school supplies for beginning their classes.

Fortunately, in 1954, the Assistance League of Arcadia created “Operation School Bell.” This program provided uniforms, clothing, hygiene kits, books, and later on backpacks to the children of low-income Arcadia families on a year-round basis.

In 1998, a volunteer for Foothill Unity Center, Inc. (“FUCI”) recognized the need to create a “first day of school” program for the children of their client families. That single volunteer gave a \$300 donation to conduct a trial “Back-to-School” distribution within the FUCI Monrovia headquarters. The trial program was so successful that the executive director at that time, Joan Whitenack, realized that FUCI would need much more space if she wanted to continue the “Back-to-School” program. Joan had to search the surrounding communities for donated space to collect, sort, and then distribute new school supplies. The inaugural “Back-to-School” distribution occurred on September 2, 1999 and was held at the Monrovia Armory. This one-day-only event served 325 children from Arcadia, Duarte, and Monrovia with the support of less than 100 volunteers.

On August 31, 2000, the “Back-to-School” distribution served 500 children with the help of 100 plus volunteers at the Monrovia Armory. By August 30, 2001, the number of children served at the Armory increased to about 530. In August of 2002, the distribution had to move from the Monrovia Armory to the basement of the United Methodist Church in Monrovia. Over 220 volunteers served approximately 750 children. Haircuts and manicures were provided by 70 cosmetology students from Citrus Junior College. The basement venue proved



Credit: Foothill Unity Center, Inc.

Citrus College cosmetology student gives a haircut at FUCI “Back to School” program, 2012.

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to be way too small for the size of the distribution. So in 2003, I approached Peter Siberell, director of community services and special projects for Santa Anita Park, to inquire about using race track facilities during the off-racing month of August. Peter liked the concept, so I put Joan in touch with Peter to work out the details. With Peter's assistance and passion, FUCI secured Santa Anita Park. This new venue provided a beautiful and stable location with plenty of space to distribute new school clothes, uniforms, underwear, socks, shoes, haircuts, manicures, school supplies, backpacks, and confidence to the children of our low-income families living in Arcadia and the surrounding San Gabriel Valley communities, as well as families in need working at Santa Anita Park.

In 2004, the "Back-to-School" distribution expanded to include information on valuable community resources for families and fun activities. Over time, vision screening and health services information were added as well. By 2012, the program was serving over 1,500 children! Dental screening by the USC School of Dentistry on 310 children found that more than half had serious dental problems, which can adversely affect how children perform in school.



Credit: Foothill Unity Center, Inc.

USC dental student volunteers at FUCI "Back to School" program, 2012.

The "Back-to-School" distribution is also an educational experience for our local elected city officials, school board members, school superintendents, and corporate sponsors. Since 2005, the event at Santa Anita Park includes a

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welcome ceremony to educate this special group as to the needs of our low-income families living in the San Gabriel Valley. This ceremony begins with a word of welcome on behalf of Santa Anita Park, followed by a “Welcome to Arcadia” address by the mayor of Arcadia. Invitees then give brief statements about how the “Back-to-School” program has helped their cities, especially during the 2008-2012 Great Recession. Corporate sponsors have the opportunity to present their donations at this ceremony. Tours of the distribution operations by FUCI board members never ceases to astound the invitees in terms of the planning, logistics, and passion of the staff and volunteers for their duties.



Credit: Foothill Unity Center, Inc.

FUCI Executive Director Betty McWilliams receives a sponsorship check from Marshalls, August 2012.

Perhaps one of the most amazing aspects of this event is how many individuals, businesses, foundations, and community groups come together to make the “Back-to-School” distribution successful. Without the lead sponsorship of Santa Anita Park, the distribution would not be possible. Businesses from Arcadia and the surrounding communities provide money, in-kind donations, and volunteer teams. Arcadia members of the Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation distribute vouchers for tennis shoes. Student cosmetologists from Citrus College provide haircuts and manicures. Many of the 2012 “Back-to-School” distribution’s 784 volunteers are fellow Arcadians, who still fondly remember their first trip to

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Hinshaw's or J. C. Penney for school supplies many years ago and want to ensure that all students, regardless of their means, continue to receive that same back-to-school experience. Welcome to "Back-to-School" in Arcadia!

David Steinmeier has lived in Arcadia since 1966. He serves on the board of directors for Foothill Unity Center, Inc. ("FUCI") and has been heavily involved with its "Back-to-School" distribution at Santa Anita Park and the Thanksgiving and holiday distributions at the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden. In addition, David and wife Joann, a former member of the governing board of the Arcadia Unified School District, are strong supporters of Arcadia's public school programs.

BRIDGING THE GAP IN VOLUNTEERING

by Alice Wang

Over the years, Arcadia has become increasingly diverse with many citizens of Asian heritages. While I have seen thousands of Chinese American volunteers devote their time to temples, churches, and schools, I feel there has not been the same level of enthusiasm in volunteering within our local community. I believe the main reason is the language gap. Communication is one of the most important skills among people. When communication is a challenge, it is not always easy to take the first step. It may take time to understand each other and gain trust, but it is important not to be discouraged. Misunderstandings may happen, but in the end we can work together to bridge the cultural gap.

One of my first experiences volunteering was when I joined a group called “Designing Dads” formed by Gail and Ernest Jensen in 1994 when my daughter attended Foothills Middle School. At first, it was a challenge to work with many parents who were strangers to me. I was really shy to talk to anyone because I felt my English was only good for the shoe business, not for conversation. Eighty-five percent of the time, I felt lost in conversation and could only quietly follow whatever I was told. However, I was welcomed with open arms. Being a first-generation immigrant to the United States, I felt so lucky to be in Arcadia. I was inspired to give back to the community.

When I first started volunteering, it was a challenge for me because of language and cultural differences. Because of this, I have always appreciated being part of the Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club, Arcadia Chinese Association, and Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation. These three organizations have worked hard to bridge the gap and encourage more Chinese American volunteers to participate in local community service.

When I was a member of Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club, I made many friends from Taiwan, Hong Kong, and China who were all passionate about volunteering. Whether we spoke English or not, parents were able to help the schools because there was always someone with better English to lead us. We joined the Music Club, Athletic Booster Club, PTA, and anywhere else they needed volunteers. Every time we asked school teachers, the mayor, city council members, and the police chief to join in performances for our annual fundraising nights, they were all so willing. We had so much fun together and developed great friendships.

I still remember, in 2001, we asked Mayor Gary Kovacic to play the Chinese Big Drum to celebrate Chinese New Year and he did such a great job. After the performance, his wife Barbara told me that Gary practiced every day even though

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his fingers blistered and continued practicing with his fingers wrapped in bandages. I was so touched and filled with appreciation.

After my daughter graduated from Arcadia High School in 2001 and I retired in 2003, I joined the Arcadia Chinese Association and started helping our city. Each year, through our fundraising dinners, we raise and donate money to many of the non-profit local programs such as the Arcadia Public Library's summer reading program and English conversation class, Arcadia Historical Museum Foundation, Arcadia Educational Foundation, American Association of University Women, Assistance League of Arcadia, Arcadia Thrift and Welfare's annual White Christmas program, and Foothill Unity Center.

When I first began my volunteer journey, I was embraced by strangers despite our language and cultural gap. Since then, I have had the honor to work with some of Arcadia's best including Floretta Lauber (our first female mayor), Carol Libby, Meredith Brucker, Mary Dougherty, Gail Jensen, Joyce McGregor, Norma Pontello, and City Council Member Gary Kovacic. In their own unique ways, they each helped me become a better volunteer—raising funds for a new education center, taking minutes as a board secretary, co-chairing programs for less fortunate students, and joining local leaders to support a regional food bank. With their support and guidance, I have been able to continue serving my community through many of our local organizations including Assistance League of Arcadia, Arcadia Library Foundation, Arcadia Police Department, Arcadia Historical Museum Foundation, Arcadia Chinese Association, Buddhist Tzu-Chi Foundation, Foothill Unity Center, and, most recently, Arcadia Performing Art Center Foundation.

Last year, I was honored to be chosen by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce to be Arcadia's Citizen of the Year for 2012. It meant to me that my effort in bridging the cultural gap in volunteering was recognized and it reinforced my commitment to serve our community. My family is the reason that I do what I do every day. As a new grandma, I want to provide a better future for our next generations. My vision for Arcadia is to have people of all cultures and across all generations working together through volunteering to build a better community. With this vision in mind, I am more inspired to give back and to inspire others to give back to this beautiful city we call home.



Alice Wang serving in the Arcadia Police Department's Volunteers in Patrol Support ("VIPS") program, 2013.

Credit: Kevin Lo

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Alice Wang moved to Arcadia in 1982 and is one of the most active volunteers in the community. She serves on the boards of many local organizations including the Arcadia Public Library Foundation, Arcadia Historical Museum Foundation, Foothill Unity Center, Arcadia Chinese Association, and Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation. She co-chaired the Assistance League of Arcadia's Operation School Bell and chaired the public relations committee for the Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation's MWLA program. She is also a member of Arcadia's Historical Museum Commission and the Arcadia Police Department's Volunteers in Patrol Support ("VIPS") program. In 2012, she was named the Arcadia Citizen of the Year.

A GIFT AND A BLESSING

by Rev. Dr. Philip Bertolo Wood

The former secretary general of the United Nations, Kofi Annan, said, “We have different religions, different languages, different colored skin, but we all belong to one human race.” Over the past twenty years, the Arcadia Interfaith Action Group has promoted and supported efforts to bring peace, tolerance, and mutual respect to the diverse religious communities that are intrinsic threads in the tapestry that is the City of Arcadia. Through the annual Thanksgiving services, held upon the Monday evening prior to the holiday itself, and the National Day of Prayer service on the first Thursday of the month of May, the city and all of its residents are reminded of Mr. Annan’s statement, and renewed in our universal commitment to live as brothers and sisters—one family.



Credit: Santa Anita Church

Arcadia Interfaith Action Group community service, 2011.

Christians of various denominations, Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Sikhs, Baha’is, and others meet monthly around tables of common meals and experiences to be mutually supportive of each community’s journey, to build bridges of new understandings, and to seek the day when there shall be no further hatred or violence of any form against any of God’s people. For we believe that we are not only one nation under God; we are one human race.

All this is a gift, and a blessing, of and for the citizens of Arcadia as, together, we enter into a new century.

Rev. Dr. Philip Bertolo Wood is the senior pastor at Church of the Good Shepherd, United Methodist, in Arcadia. He is also a member of the Arcadia Interfaith Action Group. He and his family have lived in Arcadia since 1996.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIRTY YEARS OF COMMUNITY SERVICES BY ARCADIA CHINESE ASSOCIATION

by Dr. Edward Wong

The Arcadia Chinese Association (commonly known as “ACA”) is a service organization comprised entirely of volunteers from our community. Its mission is to:

- Promote the learning of Chinese culture, history, language, literature, and arts;
- Support educational, charitable, and literary activities in Arcadia;
- Bridge cultural gaps; and
- Assist new immigrants to understand American traditions, citizenship, and community values.



Credit: Arcadia Chinese Association

Arcadia Chinese Association's “Get to Know You” officer installation event, 2010.

Today, the Arcadia Chinese Association celebrates achieving a milestone of volunteering and community services for thirty years. Our spirits continue to stay high. Below are some highlights from the past decades.

1980s: The Arcadia Chinese Association was established in 1982. The population in Arcadia, especially those of Chinese origin, was much lower than today. The organization’s activities were much smaller in scale. Nevertheless, a relationship between ACA members, city council members, and community leaders was established, which served as an important foundation for future involvement in the city.

1990s: In 1994, the Arcadia Chinese Association was officially registered as a non-profit organization. It elected its president and officers and increased

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membership. Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic joined the association as a permanent member. ACA issued its first yearbook in 1996. From then on, the volunteering activities and community involvement were recorded in more detail in the yearbooks.

2000s: The Arcadia Chinese Association's activities started to expand and the organization played an even more active role in supporting our community. It became a 501(c)(3) public benefit organization in 2007. It abolished its membership system and opened-up to all people who were interested in volunteering their time and effort to benefit the Arcadia community. It held annual fundraising galas and "Get to Know You" officer installation events. ACA continued to expand its support to a wide range of community organizations such as the City of Arcadia (including its city council and city manager, police department, fire department, public library, and historical museum), Arcadia Educational Foundation and Arcadia Unified School District, Methodist Hospital of Southern California, American Red Cross, American Cancer Society's "Relay for Life," Assistance League of Arcadia, Arcadia Welfare & Thrift's "White Christmas" program, Foothill Unity Center, American Association of University Women, and Boy Scouts of America. ACA also organized many annual activities in Arcadia including Law Day (co-sponsored with the City of Arcadia), Senior Citizens Luncheon, Mother's Day Celebration, Arcadia City Employee Appreciation Luncheon, Lunar New Year Spring Festival, and Asian Business Night (co-sponsored with the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce). It held Arcadia City Council candidates forums during election years. ACA also gave donations to charitable organizations in Arcadia and offered scholarships to Arcadia High School students.



Credit: Arcadia Chinese Association

Asian Business Night with Arcadia Chamber of Commerce Executive Director Scott Hettrick, ACA President Josephine Louie, Arcadia Mayor Gary Kovacic, U.S. Congresswoman Judy Chu, and former ACA President Edward Wong, 2011.

2010s: The Arcadia Chinese Association started to "cultivate and grow our roots" in Arcadia while an increased number of Chinese were making it their home. Each year, ACA organized and supported over thirty community service events. In 2012, ACA co-hosted the Arcadia Moon Festival at the Los Angeles County Arboretum and Botanic Garden for the first time. Over 1,500 people from Arcadia and neighboring cities attended the event. The organization continued to

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broaden its leadership among the Chinese people in Arcadia and motivated them to participate and volunteer in the community's mainstream activities. Two former presidents of ACA—Alice Wang and Sho Tay—were selected by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce as “Citizens of the Year” in Arcadia.

The Arcadia Chinese Association was founded by S.H. Chang thirty years ago with the purpose of promoting Chinese culture and helping new immigrants. Dedication to the spirit of volunteerism was followed and practiced by all the successor presidents including Jimmy Au, Teresa Hsu, S.H. Wen, Alice Wu, Theresa Hwang, Kay Tseng, Sherry Wang, David Wang, Bee Hsu, Monika Yeh, David Lee, Alice Wang, Sho Tay, Pearl Chen and Polly Ho, Edward Wong, Josephine Louie, and Joanna Liang. In the past thirty years, these presidents and their many officers, directors, and advisors selflessly devoted their enormous time and efforts in helping ACA to achieve its mission objectives.



Credit: Arcadia Chinese Association

ACA President Joanna Liang and ACA board members presenting Arcadia Mayor Bob Harbicht with gifts for city employees, 2013.

The Arcadia Chinese Association recognizes that the spirit of volunteerism is an important American cultural value, which new Chinese immigrants in Arcadia should learn to appreciate and practice. The association will continue to promote its spirit of volunteerism to pay back to the community. Besides promoting Chinese culture and supporting educational and charitable activities, our mission is to continue the Arcadia legacy of being the best place for us to live, cultivate friendships, and raise our children.

Edward Wong, Ph.D., has lived in Arcadia since 1993 and is a past president of the Arcadia Chinese Association. He is a board member of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce and chaired its Asian Business Night committee. He was also selected by the Arcadia City Council to be a member of the Gold Line Grade Separation Bond Citizen Oversight Committee.

THE HISTORY OF THE ARCADIA ELKS LODGE

by James R. Helms, Jr.

One evening in the late fall of 1956, a few men from Arcadia and Temple City met to discuss the possibility of establishing an Elks Lodge in Arcadia. The attitudes expressed were all positive and a second meeting was scheduled. These meetings were held under the auspices of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, Brother L.A. Lewis who lived in Whittier.

An organizing committee was formed and meetings were held in the *Arcadia Tribune* offices at the corner of Campus Drive and Santa Anita Avenue in Arcadia. That building is now an office building. Dr. Harry Mitchell and Marion F. McCartney, both Past Exalted Rulers of the Pasadena Elks Lodge, served as mentors for the committee.

The goal given to the committee was to obtain 400 applications before the Lodge would be given the right to charter. Weekly meetings were held and at each meeting more and more applications were received. Soon the meetings became too large for the space available at the *Tribune* building. The California National Guard Armory in Arcadia was secured for future meetings. That building was eventually demolished to make way for the new Arcadia Police Station.

The prime movers of the formation committee were chairman Jim Helms, Louis K. Randall, Paul Isberg, and John Hurley. All of the men who were the first officers of the Lodge participated in the formation committee. By March of 1957, the goal of 400 applications was reached and the Grand Lodge of Elks scheduled the institution of the Lodge for March 23, 1957.

The only facility available for such a large group was the Arcadia High School gymnasium. The day arrived and the sight of 400 men lined up to enter the gymnasium was impressive. The list of Charter Members constituted a "Who's Who" of Arcadia and Temple City. The Grand Lodge officers first instituted the Lodge and then installed the first officers of the Lodge. They were James R. Helms, Jr., Exalted Ruler, Cyril A. Lawrence, Esteemed Leading Knight, William C. McIntosh, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Louis K. Randall, Esteemed Loyal Knight, Ben Brown, Secretary, T. Donald Buchan, Treasurer, George Ondrako, Tiler, James P. Frazer, Esquire, Ross E. Cayer, Inner Guard, William Black, Assistant Inner Guard, and Vincent Giambalvo, Chaplain. The Board of Trustees consisted of Lee Stucky, John Hurley, Claude Hart, and Paul L. Isberg.

The Lodge held its first meeting in the Shrine Club building at 27 W. Huntington Drive in Arcadia. A rental agreement was made between the two clubs for this sharing of space. The building itself is of historic interest in Arcadia. It was erected during World War I as part of the Army Balloon School in what is now Arcadia County Park and Golf Course. There was a large swimming pool on the

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

A large swimming pool, which is now covered over for a parking lot, was part of the Army Balloon School that once occupied the site of the Elks Lodge, circa 1918.

east side of the building, which is now covered over and used as a parking lot. Many stories tell the history of that building before it became the home of the Shrine Club. It is said that it once was the headquarters of the Valley Hunt Club, and later a jam factory and a brothel.

The Arcadia Elks Lodge bought the building from the Shrine Club in 1960. The funds used for the purchase came from the sale of bonds by the Lodge to members of the Lodge. The reason given for the need for the Shriners to sell the building was that it contained a bar. The back bar of the Lodge has a history of its own. It is said that the back bar came around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel.

When the Lodge was instituted, the rules of the Grand Lodge were that only men could become members. That, of course, changed in the 1980s when the United States Supreme Court decided the Duarte Rotary Club case. Ladies now form a significant core of the Lodge membership and have served as the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Chair of the Board of Trustees.

At this writing, the Lodge has existed for over fifty years. It has become a valuable resource and asset for the City of Arcadia, both for its many and varied charitable activities as well as for its fraternal and community programs.

***James R. Helms, Jr.**, is Charter Exalted Ruler of the Arcadia Elks Club. He is a former Arcadia mayor and city council member. He has been a California licensed attorney since 1952 and continues to practice law in Arcadia.*

THE ARCADIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE STORY

by Scott Hettrick

After five years serving on the board of directors of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce, I was encouraged to apply for the CEO job when Beth Costanza retired as executive director after twelve years. Soon after being hired in March 2011, it quickly became clear to me that the job required working more hours than any job I have held; this was after I agreed to accept the lowest salary I had earned in twenty years. But it is worth it because of the opportunity to make a “living” contributing full-time to the community I adore. And, the two-mile commute is great. I ride my bike to work and many meetings.

One of the first calls I received was from the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution asking me to present the history of the Chamber to their group. Well, that meant I had to learn the history of the Chamber. History is something I enjoy doing, having been privileged to be the chair of the Arcadia Historical Society’s historical marker program ever since City Council Member Gary Kovacic recruited me to become a society board member in 2006. In fact, I had already learned a good deal of the Chamber’s history when we produced one of the first markers for the Chamber’s seventy-fifth anniversary in 2009. But there was much more to learn, beginning with the fact the Chamber is actually more than ninety years old.



Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

Arcadia Historical Society historical marker celebrating the Chamber of Commerce’s seventy-fifth anniversary.

It turns out the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce has been creating community pride through business for nearly a century, since shortly after the City of Arcadia was incorporated in 1903. The Chamber’s mission statement—to play a critical and integral role in maintaining a healthy business environment, contributing to the economic growth of the city, and enhancing the city’s image—has been relatively unchanged dating back to the original seeds that were planted in 1914. But it would be several decades before the organization would take its current official form, and decades more before it grew to its current size of more than 500 members.

Arcadia Board of Trade

The roots of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce stretch back to April 1914 in an organization called the Arcadia Board of Trade. That group of twenty-eight men is said to have been sparked to form a civic promotional organization by the spirited women of the Cooperative Arcadians (later called The Woman's Club). Each charter member paid a whopping \$1 initiation fee and monthly dues of 25¢ (to be paid quarterly).

The Board of Trade's goals as laid out in the constitution adopted at the group's second meeting were to "foster and encourage commerce, to stimulate home manufacturers, to assist in securing a market for the products, to induce immigration and the subdivision settlement and cultivation of our lands, to assist in the development of material resources and generally to promote the business interests in the city of Arcadia." The Arcadia City Council granted the Board of Trade use of the council chambers upstairs in the McCoy Building as its meeting place as of July 27, 1914. The Board of Trade quickly affiliated in September 1914 with the Associated Chambers of Commerce of San Gabriel Valley, which held its next monthly meeting in Arcadia. As the McCoy Building was not big enough to accommodate the larger gathering, the 100 attendees met in the home of O.D. Harris at Orange and Santa Anita Avenues.

The very next year, the Board of Trade flexed its muscles further by requesting in March 1915 that St. Joseph Street be oiled and graded from Santa Anita Avenue to its east extremity. The next month, in April, the Board of Trade asked that the Arcadia City Council's appropriation of \$200 for Fourth of July expenses be revoked. The City Council not only complied but shortly thereafter appropriated \$75 to pay the Board of Trade to act as the city's official promotional organization. (Twenty-four years later, in 1939, it was the Chamber of Commerce that sponsored the first Fourth of July celebration in Arcadia County Park, which drew 15,000 people.) The City Council and the Board of Trade next teamed up to split the cost of creating signs denoting Arcadia along local highways. The Board of Trade's last official meeting of record was on July 1, 1918.

"Chamber" born in 1921

Three years later, the first group calling itself the Chamber of Commerce was formed on September 19, 1921. During the 1920s and 1930s, the Chamber absorbed the members of several other local business organizations such as the Arcadia Service Association and the Arcadia Business Men's Association.

Nice Tries:

- The Chamber of Commerce tried valiantly to raise the credibility and image of Arcadia by petitioning the City Council to create the position of city

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manager in 1922 to keep up with neighboring towns like Monrovia despite a population in Arcadia of only 2,500. It would be about three more decades before Arcadia would hire its first city manager.

- In February 1926, the Chamber of Commerce tried to get a population sign of 4,000 on the Santa Fe Station in Arcadia changed to read 6,000, but the city's population even four years later was still only 5,100. Ten years later, the Chamber of Commerce tried to suggest Arcadia had grown to at least 10,500, but the census of 1940 showed only 9,112.

Chamber nuggets:

- The Chamber of Commerce provided support to the Santa Anita Riding Club's effort in 1931 to develop the bridle path along Santa Anita Avenue.
- In 1931, the Chamber of Commerce protested plans to use Ross Field (now Arcadia County Park) as a camp for the unemployed of Los Angeles County. "Directors of the Chamber are strong in their protest against such usage . . . of the field, especially in view of the fact the government is advertising for bids to remove the hutments from the well-known field," according to the *Arcadia Tribune*.

Chamber Incorporation

More than a decade after forming the Chamber of Commerce, articles of incorporation and by-laws were submitted during a December 1933 meeting at city offices, and the Chamber of Commerce finally became official with its incorporation on July 16, 1934. The *Arcadia Tribune* referred to the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce as a "live-wire" group following its official incorporation.

At this time, the *Arcadia Tribune* attributed support for the Chamber of Commerce to the organization's efforts to improve streets and the water system, plant trees and beautify homes, add street signs, support the building of everything from sidewalks, a new church, and the Pacific Electric station to a daily newspaper and factories, as well as represent Arcadia in the Rose Parade. The incorporation of the Chamber of Commerce came only five months before the first Opening Day at Santa Anita Park on Christmas Day 1934, which the Chamber promoted with "Welcome" banners for the Los Angeles Turf Club and its patrons along Huntington Drive.

More Chamber nuggets:

- The Chamber of Commerce promoted "Arcadia Day" on August 26 at the 1939 World's Fair in San Francisco and arranged to take the famous race horse Malicious to the Stockton Fair on the way to the Bay Area, which drew 166 press clippings for the horse's exhibition between races.

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- The Arcadia Chamber of Commerce created the Arcadia Peach Blossom Festival that ran three years from 1949 to 1951. The name came from 46 flowering peach trees planted on a strip of land behind the Arcadia City Hall as a World War II veterans memorial. The first festival on March 26, 1949, was combined with the dedication of the then-new city hall and civic center (still used in 2013), and included a parade featuring a team of horses pulling a stagecoach. The second festival, held on March 25, 1950, was tied to the dedication of the memorial grove and included a golf tournament, tennis tournament, and parade, followed by a “chicken picnic” lunch. The afternoon began with lawn bowling and children’s games, a Los Angeles County band concert, “Indian dances,” a folk dance exhibition, and the dedication of the memorial grove. It concluded with a Peach Blossom Ball of square dancing, ballroom dancing, and entertainment at Santa Anita Park’s paddock room and grandstand area. The third and final festival included a Peach Blossom Queen contest organized by the committee chairman of the “Jr. Chamber of Commerce.”
- In the late 1950s, the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce purchased a 1926 American LaFrance fire engine owned by the Los Angeles County Fire Department, one of only sixteen delivered to various cities in the United States. The Chamber gave it in equal shares to the City of Arcadia and the Arcadia



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The American Legion Girl’s Drum and Bugle Corps marching on Huntington Drive near Santa Anita Park during Arcadia Peach Blossom Festival, 1949.

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Arcadia Chamber of Commerce Golden Anniversary decal, 1953.

Firefighters Association. From 1980 to 1983, several Arcadia firefighters worked many off-duty hours to restore the fire engine to mint condition, matching parts and features to those of the original engine. It is currently housed at the headquarters (Fire Station No. 105 on Santa Anita Avenue) and showcased in parades and community events.

- The Chamber of Commerce had its own Women's Division for many years, which sponsored the Annual Youth Safety Run in the 1960s and 1970s.
- The Chamber of Commerce originally met at the various city hall buildings including the former marble-columned building on the northwest corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue. In the 1950s and early 1960s, the Chamber set up offices in the Bekins Building at 37 West Huntington Drive across from Arcadia County Park. However, since 1946, with the demise of the famous Red Line



Credit: Terry Miller

Groundbreaking for the unique Arcadia Chamber of Commerce building took place in 1964.

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electric railway, land had been available in the median of Huntington Drive. In 1965, on a portion of this former right-of-way, a new headquarters building was built. The unique round building became the geographic and civic hub of the city the moment it was completed. Soon after the opening, the Arcadia Rotary Club added a sunken patio that has been a much-used spot for small gatherings and events ever since.

- When the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association was dissolved in 1999, its assets including an annual Wine Shed Mixer fundraiser at Santa Anita Park were turned over to the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber continued the food and wine event at Santa Anita Park for a few years under various names, including the Festival of Food, before moving it to the Arboretum several years later and adopting the name of Taste of Arcadia. It has become the Chamber's biggest annual fundraiser with nearly 1,000 people attending each year.



Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

Taste of Arcadia event at the Arboretum, 2012.

- The Chamber of Commerce celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its official incorporation in style in July 2009, with the dedication of an Arcadia Historical Society historical marker and a visit by former Arcadian and TV game show host Wink Martindale.

Chamber in 2013 and beyond

I am pleased that today's Chamber of Commerce continues to support so many other community organizations and initiatives. It has also created two of Arcadia's signature events—the Taste of Arcadia and the annual Citizen of the Year

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and Corporate Community Contributor Awards Dinner—the latter to recognize individuals and organizations who give back to the community.

With only one City of Arcadia staff person dedicated to economic development, the Chamber of Commerce also continues to act as the city’s primary proponent of business, which generates twenty-five percent of the city’s revenue each year. The Chamber also provides the city’s de facto visitor and information center at far less than it would cost the city to do on its own. For those services and more, the city pays the Chamber a service fee that represents twenty-percent of the Chamber’s budget. The Chamber pays \$4,800 per year back to the city to lease the land on which that iconic Chamber office still stands as a landmark. Although there is no official or legal connection, the relationship between the City of Arcadia and the Chamber is so strong that Mayor Bob Harbicht said during budget discussions that he considers the Chamber “essentially an extension of the city.”

In recent years, in addition to regular events (ground-breakings, ribbon-cuttings, mixers, networking breakfasts, business expos, Chamber-sponsored trips to exotic lands, and government affairs forums) and services (providing city street maps, compilation calendars of local groups, and glossy community profiles for visitors), the Chamber’s biggest impacts on the community can be seen and felt most visibly in the Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension project. The Chamber pushed for approval of and participated in this project by working closely with legislative officials, sending many letters of support, attending public hearings, and assisting with the unique custom design of the downtown Arcadia train



Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

Arcadia Chamber of Commerce officers and representatives at ground-breaking for new medical office building on Santa Anita Park property, 2013.

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station to be completed in 2015. The Chamber also initiated the revitalization of the downtown area (preliminarily re-named the “Towne Center”) and the efforts to create the city’s first business improvement district, which was adopted in August 2013.

Like most non-profit groups, chambers of commerce all over the region and country have been suffering from dwindling funding and members, and increased challenges in recruiting and maintaining volunteers, the latter of which are a vital component of chamber activities and committees. But the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce remains strong. While other chambers have laid off all paid employees or downsized and reduced office hours, Arcadia’s Chamber of Commerce is still operating at full power, thanks in part to tens of thousands of dollars in spending cuts during the past two years. On its own, the Chamber raises five times the fee paid by the City of Arcadia to cover a budget that ranks among the top forty of more than 125 chambers in all of Los Angeles County.

With the continued support of our members and the community at large, the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce hopes to continue creating community pride through business for another century!

Scott Hettrick is the CEO of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce. He and his family have lived in Arcadia since 1991. He started the ArcadiasBest.com news web site and companion e-newsletter in 2007 and the non-profit community events group Arcadia’s Best Foundation in 2010, which created the Arcadia’s Best Patriotic Festival and parade in 2011 and the annual “One Community, One Book” programs. As a board director of the Arcadia Historical Society, he chairs the Historical Marker Committee that installed the Chamber’s seventy-fifth anniversary marker, among many others.



Credit: Arcadia Chamber of Commerce

Arcadia Chamber of Commerce ribbon-cuttings include the recent re-opening of Denny’s Diner (formerly Van de Kamp’s restaurant) featuring its iconic windmill with 586 custom light bulbs, August 2013.

ARCADIA SISTER CITY COMMISSION:
A SPECIAL PLACE AND TIME (1980 - 1997)

by Ron and Beverly Street

Lucky Baldwin, our first mayor, planted the seed in 1903 when Arcadia became our city's name. Arcadia is a beautiful region in Greece where Lucky had traveled

President Eisenhower encouraged the concept of sister cities in the 1950s, when he encouraged people from different nations to meet and get to know one another. Tripolis, Greece became Arcadia's first sister city in 1962. Newcastle, Australia become our second sister city in 1973.

Arcadia established the Sister City Commission long before we became involved. Jack Saelid, a former Arcadia mayor and city council member, encouraged us to become involved and indeed we did. Ron served on the commission from 1980 to 1988 with Mary Fran Anderegg, Claire Arth, Jack Barnes, Edith Casey, Harl Crockett, Ruth Gilb, Rosemary Scott, and Pat Wallace. Of course, everyone's spouse served indirectly too. What a wonderful group to represent Arcadia!



Credit: Beverly Street

Members of the Arcadia Sister City Commission and spouses (Bob Arth, Jack Barnes, Rosemary Scott, Edith Casey, Harl Crockett, Clair Arth, Florence Crockett, Ron Street, Mary Jane Anderegg, Bart Anderegg, and Beverly Street), 1983.

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When Ron joined the Sister City Commission, we were involved with many visits from dignitaries from Newcastle. Jack and Esther Barnes along with Rosemary Scott resided in a complex where there was a perfect reception hall to entertain many guests. Charles Gilb, another former Arcadia mayor and city council member, provided delicious produce that, along with snacks added by the commissioners and their spouses, always made our sister city guests welcome.

Dr. Richard Cordano, Arcadia High School principal at the time, graciously invited the good folks of Newcastle to provide a band for the 1984 Rose Parade. Never mind they did not have a marching band; they certainly had fine young musicians! So with amazing determination, they put together a band of outstanding musicians from several regions around Newcastle who then had to learn to march as well as play. Arcadia High's drum major was sent there to teach the art of marching.

As the time approached, residents of Arcadia were asked to house Koala Band members and their families. We requested band members, but instead received Pat and Arthur Morton, the parents of a band member. Arthur was a tall version of the actor Dudley Moore. He had us totally entertained for the days they were our guests. He had a video camera continually recording everything! To this day, we exchange Christmas cards and emails.

Before the Koala Band departed, we had a dinner for all of the Koalas, their families, and hosts in Ayers Hall at the Arboretum. Everyone enjoyed a western themed barbeque.

Bev served as a Sister City Commissioner from 1989 to 1997 with Vincent Burcham, Jean Cope, Dick Cordano, Peter Daily, Dean Efstathiou, Lorraine Fricke, James Hanner, Barbara Hopp, Jean Johnson, Jerree Lean, Joan Leathery, Dennis Lee, Monty Lindsey, Beth Wells-Miller, Tom Romano, Marie Schmitt, John Tarazi, and Robert Westfall. We entertained some visitors from our sister cities and we also looked into a possible new sister city relationship with China. The region in China that was discussed was part of a large metropolitan area that was really looking for business connections rather than people-to-people



"Koala" parents Sandie and Kevin Turner with Ron Street at Sister City Dinner, Ayres Hall, Arboretum, 1992.

Credit: Beverly Street

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connections. After many meetings, it was decided we needed to focus on our current sister cities.

On the second visit by the Koala Band to march in the 1993 Rose Parade, we hosted another couple, Kevin and Sandie Turner, whose daughter was in the band. We had a great time together! Another dinner was planned to celebrate the Koalas, their families, and hosts. Somehow Bev became the decorator with no budget to decorate!

Being a teacher at the time, Bev recruited older students to help cut out musical notes in all different sizes. We had the tables look like piano keyboards. Girl Scouts helped create paper vases from sheet music printed wrapping paper. Once weighted, they contained artificial poinsettias. Musical notes on wire traversed down each table. Everyone enjoyed the In-N-Out hamburger meals. Naturally, after hours of set-up, it was assumed there would be a lot to clean-up after the event. Well to our delight, the Koalas wanted all the decorations as souvenirs. Walls and tables were stripped clean. What a happy memory for all! Once again we have kept a long-time friendship with the Turners. In fact, they came for a visit to Arcadia in the fall of 2011.



Credit: Beverly Street

Arcadia Mayor Jack Saelid honoring Maoris from Auckland, New Zealand, at Sister City Dinner, circa 1980s.

Dean Efstathiou, communicating in Greek, corresponded with officials of Tripolis on Arcadia's behalf to open the lines of communication once again. In the fall of 1997, a group of Arcadians took a trip to Greece and the itinerary included a trip to the Arcadia region and our sister city Tripolis. We were invited to visit and be honored. Our arrival in Tripolis coincided with their holiday

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celebrating 400 years of independence from Turkish rule. It was decided that Bev would represent our city at the ceremony. A Greek friend translated a speech that Bev prepared. He phonetically wrote above each word so it would be possible to pronounce the words in Greek.

It was Bev's understanding that the audience would be intimate. Throughout the trip, Bev was coached by Helena, our tour guide, who explained that the inflection had to be just so or it could easily be misinterpreted! Our arrival was not to an intimate setting; instead hundreds of people were present. They had an interpreter ready to assist if needed. When Bev stepped up to the podium, without the interpreter and began her speech, all was quiet. Ron turned to Helena and asked if what was being said was making sense. She said, "Look back and see how all are focused on what is being said."

Radio and television personalities were trying to have Bev answer questions thinking that she would be able to respond in Greek. Now, we truly understand the phrase, "It is Greek to me!" Despite our limitations, we were all treated royally with parades and receptions. Jean Johnson and Bev placed a commemorative sister city plaque at the foot of a memorial. They in turn gave Bev a silver plaque in Greek. "Beverly Street" were the only words we could read, but their hospitality and genuine kindness was very understandable.

We have both been enriched by our Sister City Commission experience. It is sad the Sister City Commission no longer exists!

***Ron Street** is a life member of Arcadia Host Lions Club. He has been involved in the San Gabriel Valley Special Olympics advisory board, Arcadia Welfare and Thrift board of directors, and Coordinating Council. He also coached Little League and Pony League baseball in Arcadia.*

***Beverly Street** has been an educator for thirty-four years and was selected as the 1985 Teacher of the Year for Southern California. She is currently president of San Gabriel Valley Alumnae Panhellenic, vice president of the Arcadia Historical Society board of directors, president of the Friends of the Arcadia Historical Society, and a member of Los Voluntarios and the Arcadia Coordinating Council. Ron and Bev have lived in Arcadia since 1965 where they raised two sons and enjoy three grandchildren.*

A FUN YEAR AS “QUEEN MUM”

by Mikki Porretta

Not many people living in Arcadia today realize that we once had a beautiful float in the Rose Parade each year. The Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association held many fundraisers during the year to raise money for the float including the Western Ho-Down, Pageant, Santa Anita Track Work-Out Breakfast, Float Preview Party, and Coronation Ball. What is now the Chamber of Commerce’s “Taste of Arcadia” event was then the largest fundraiser for the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association. It was called the “Wine Shed Mixer” and was held on the infield of Santa Anita Park.



Credit Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage

1968-69 Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association Queen Cindy Clark (on roof of Chevrolet Impala) with Princesses Jacquie Wicken, Janis Thompson, Debbie Lewis, and Cindy Harms, West Arcadia Band Review, November 1968.

Each year, girls attending Arcadia schools would sign up and try out in front of an appointed panel of judges, mostly from other areas to keep the competition fair for the participants. A number of finalists would proceed to the Pageant where five princesses were selected for the court. The queen was then selected by the judges from the five-member court and crowned at the black-tie Coronation Ball. Each court had a volunteer advisor/organizer, usually a member of the association’s board, who helped with the clothing, hair appointments, and events. It was my privilege to be court advisor for the twenty-fifth annual court in 1989-90. Soon

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The Arcadia float in the 1990 Rose Parade.

an educator. Jennifer Worsley is a busy mom living in Monrovia. Unfortunately, as of this writing, I have lost track of Jenny Chen who was the queen of the court that year.

The court rode in the 101st Rose Parade on a four-story, full-scale version of a Mississippi river boat. It was always a source of great pride to see the Arcadia Tournament of Roses float go down the parade route each year. I always alerted all my East Coast family members to be sure to see “our float,” but January 1, 1990 was a particularly proud New Year’s Day for me. The queen and princesses looked so beautiful in their gowns and crowns, but were quite prepared for the cool weather with heavy socks and thermal long underwear underneath. No one would have been the wiser about the undergarments had it not been for the “can can” type pose they did in the staging area at six o’clock that morning!

Mikki Porretta and her husband moved to Arcadia in 1987. She is a board member and past president of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce and an active member of Arcadia Rotary and the Arcadia Association of Realtors. She is a senior real estate specialist in Arcadia.

PARENTS AND TEENAGERS HELP: THE ARCADIA TEEN CENTER STORY

by Bruce Evans

The Arcadia Teen Center was created out of concern for young teens. It was formed after the death of a young teen to drugs in 1968. The Teen Center was formed with the organization Parents and Teenagers Help (or “PATH”), and it was designed to give young teens a place to hang out while under the supervision of parents and teachers.

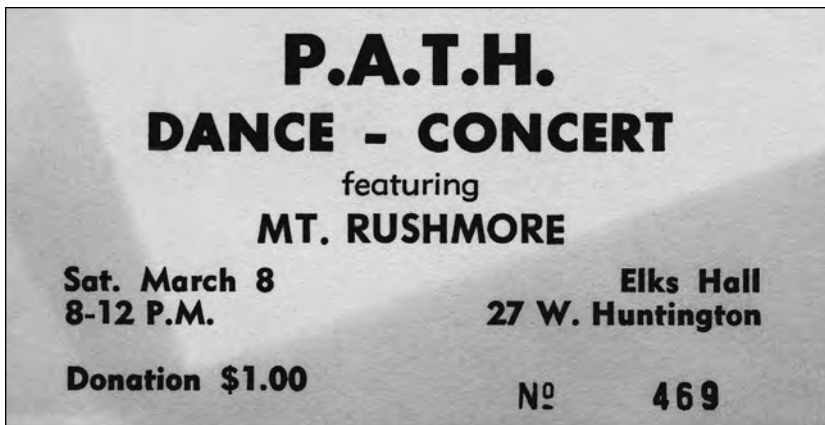
I became the first Arcadia Teen Center director after my high school drama teacher Tom Payne asked if I would like to be involved. Our first location was an upstairs dance studio on the north side of Huntington Drive between First Avenue and Second Avenue. It was open only on weekends until the *Arcadia Tribune* building became available at the southwest corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Campus Drive. This second location was perfect; being that it was so close to the Arcadia High School campus. At that time, there were not many places for underage kids to hang out, and the Arcadia Teen Center provided a place to play pool, listen to good music, and have fun. As a result, it became the happening place in Arcadia.

The Arcadia Teen Center kept evolving and eventually we opened a snack bar, pool room, game area, and chat rooms (far different than today’s chat rooms). Parents and people from the community donated couches, chairs, and tables and we eventually got a juke box and could play all the current hits. The center was free to all.



Credit: Bruce Evans

Parents and Teenagers Help (PATH) established the Arcadia Teen Center in 1968.



Credit: Bruce Evans

Ticket for a PATH dance concert, 1968.

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One of the best additions to the Arcadia Teen Center was concerts. There was a door charge for weekend concerts and that charge paid for the entertainment. As the director, I was in charge of finding the entertainment and scheduling the volunteers to work the snack bar and concert events. One of our most popular bands was D.C, Hawk. It went on to record a 45 rpm single at Living Studios, which was located in Arcadia at the corner of Live Oak Avenue and Las Tunas Drive. The band later was signed by Uni Records and was one of the first psychedelic pop groups from Southern California. We also booked Mt. Rushmore, a rock band from San Francisco that recorded two albums, for a dance concert at the Arcadia Elks Club in 1968.



—Staff photo by Jim Buckhouse

LEADERSHIP — Optimist Youth Chairman Dick Carroll presents first annual Senior Leadership Award to Arcadia High student Bruce Evans. Looking on is Optimist Club

President Jerry Bernsteain. Evans was cited for his work on campus as Assembly Commissioner and Teen Chairman for the PATH Teen Committee.

Credit: "Arcadoa Tribune"

Bruce Evans receiving Arcadia Optimist Club's Senior Leadership Award for his work with the Arcadia Teen Center, 1969.

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I was proud to receive the first Senior Leadership of the Year award from the Arcadia Optimist Club in recognition of my work with the Arcadia Teen Center. My involvement with the center ended upon graduation from Arcadia High School in 1969, but the center continued to operate successfully well into the early 1970s.

Bruce Evans is a fourth generation Southern Californian, raised in Arcadia. He attended Arcadia public schools and graduated from Arcadia High School in 1969. After a career in retail, he transitioned to the supply side and has an extensive background in new product development, sales, and marketing in the home fashion textile and housewares markets. He volunteers rescuing coastal waterfowl and is well-versed in the care and rehabbing of wild birds. He is also known for his skill as a pelican wrangler. Bruce and his wife reside in Southern California.

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Credit: Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc.

Santa Anita Park, circa 1930s.

FOR THIS JOCKEY, IT'S BEEN A GREAT RIDE

by Eddie Delahoussaye

It was the week of the 2013 Santa Anita Derby and I was walking through the grounds of Santa Anita Park, a place I'm quite familiar with since I rode horses there for most of my adult life. I was headed toward the elevators for the FrontRunner restaurant on my way to a breakfast press conference where the post positions for the big race were to be announced.



Credit: Larry Stewart

Eddie Delahoussaye at Santa Anita Park, 2013.

I had told Mike Willman, Santa Anita's publicity director, that I would make an appearance. I've always done whatever I can to help promote horse racing. I owe my life to horse racing, literally. I don't know where I'd be or what I would be doing if there were no horse racing.

Before I got to the FrontRunner elevators, I spotted my friend and Arcadia neighbor, Larry Stewart, the longtime *Los Angeles Times* sportswriter who at one time was that newspaper's beat writer on horse racing and later covered the sport for many publications as a freelancer. We rode up one of the elevators together and as we walked toward the area where the press conference would take place, we ran across Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic and his wife Barbara sitting at one of the tables. When I stopped to say hello, Gary said, "You're just the

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Credit: Larry Stewart

Eddie Delahoussaye with Larry Stewart at Clocker's Corner, 2013.

person I wanted to see. Would you consider writing a story about yourself for my book? It's the second edition of *Visions of Arcadia*."

I must admit I was a little dumbfounded. "You want me to write a story about myself?" I asked.

"That's right," Gary said. He then pointed at Larry and said, "And here's just the person to help you."

I said I'd think about it.

I saw Larry about a week later at the racetrack and he asked me if I wanted to write that story for Gary's book. I said, "You always want to stay on the good side of the local politicians, so let's do it."

So here is my story, as written in collaboration with Larry Stewart.

I guess I should start in the beginning. I was born September 21, 1951, in New Liberia, Louisiana, a town of some 30,000 located about 145 miles west of New Orleans.

I first started riding horses as a teenager in match races at bush tracks in Louisiana. I was sixteen when I rode in my first recognized race at the Fair Grounds in 1967, and my first win came six months later at Evangeline Downs. That's when my career started to take off.

Anyone who knows me knows I hate to brag about any of my accomplishments, so I asked Larry to handle that part of this story. To avoid confusion, we decided that everything would be written in the first person, even if the words are Larry's.

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So please keep that in mind and don't think of me as any kind of braggart.

While still based in Louisiana, I won riding titles at Fair Grounds, Arlington, Churchill Downs, and Keeneland. In 1978, I led North American riders with 384 wins, capped off with a win in an all-star jockey competition at Hollywood Park, a result that made me decide to move to Southern California.

When we first moved to Southern California, my wife Juanita and I lived with her mother in Cerritos. We moved into our Arcadia home on Fourth Avenue in 1981 and still live there. I've made a lot of moves in my life, mostly on the top of a horse, but I have to say the move to Arcadia was one of the best I ever made. I know it is a cliché, but we love Arcadia.

As for my career as a jockey, most people who follow the sport know I became only the fourth jockey to win the Kentucky Derby in back-to-back years when I won aboard Gato Del Sol in 1982 and Sunny's Halo in 1983.

Five years later, I won the Preakness and Belmont aboard Risen Star. I won seven Breeders' Cup races, including the 1992 Classic aboard A.P. Indy, and I won back-to-back Pacific Classics at Del Mar aboard Tinnners Way in 1994 and 1995.

One of my most memorable races was one I lost. It was the first Arlington Million in 1981 and my mount, The Bart, was a 40-1 shot. My horse got beat by a nose in the final stride by the legendary horse John Henry and legendary jockey Bill Shoemaker.

I won the George Woolf Memorial Award in 1981, was inducted into the National Thoroughbred Racing Hall of Fame in 1993, and was inducted into the Louisiana Sports Hall of Fame in 2002.

When I announced



Credit: Benoit Photo

Eddie Delahoussaye in his racing silks, 2000.

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Credit: Benoit Photo

Eddie Delahoussaye aboard Tranquility Lake, October 7, 2000.

my retirement in January of 2003, I had 6,384 victories, was eleventh on the all-time win list, had ridden in 39,213 races, and my horses had earned \$195,881,170, sixth all-time.

The decision to retire wasn't an easy one. But I felt I had to quit riding competitively due to a broken neck and a concussion I suffered in a spill at Del Mar on August 30, 2002.

The doctors said I would have to do more therapy if I wanted to continue riding but they advised against it. They said it's too dangerous. They said if I did fall and hit my head again, I could be walking around like Muhammad Ali or end up in a wheelchair. It was the right thing to do.

I still stay active in the sport, helping various charities and working as a sales consultant.

It's been a great life, and being a part of the Arcadia community has been a big reason for that.

I've met so many wonderful people and have so many friends.

Juanita and I have two children, Loren (34) and Mandy (37). Loren is recently married and works for AT&T. Mandy, as most people in horse racing know, is wheelchair-bound and mentally challenged. One of the reasons Juanita

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and I moved to Southern California from Louisiana in 1979 was because the social services for Mandy were better here. My sister Rose Ann lives with us and helps us care for Mandy.

We take Mandy everywhere—the racetrack, restaurants, etc.—and will express our love for her whenever anybody asks. We are never embarrassed. Sometimes when Mandy is in a good mood, she’ll start singing at a restaurant. If anyone gives us a strange look, Juanita will tell them, “She’s just having a good time.”

I care about my family, of course, but I also care about people in general. I got that from my father, Austin Delahoussaye, who for many years was the street commissioner in New Iberia. He was always doing favors for people. If he had an extra dump truck load of gravel, he’d go spread it in someone’s driveway who couldn’t afford it. Sometimes he’d get in trouble with his superiors, but he’d just say, “Hey, those people are taxpayers and they support us.”

It’s so easy to be kind to people and it doesn’t cost a thing. That, I guess you’d say, is my philosophy of life.

Eddie Delahoussaye is a Hall of Fame jockey who has lived in Arcadia with his family since 1981. He is only the fourth jockey to win the Kentucky Derby in back-to-back years (1982 and 1983). He also won the Preakness, Belmont Stakes, and seven Breeders’ Cup races. When he retired from racing in 2003, he had ridden in 39,213 races, with 6,384 victories and purse earnings of \$195,881,170.

FROM FRANCE TO A STRETCH DRIVE AT SANTA ANITA

by Brice Blanc

I grew up in France where horse racing is a big deal. But as a restless teenager, I wanted to get out and see more of the world. I was given the opportunity to visit the United States as a nineteen-year-old and it changed my life forever. At the time, I belonged to a jockey school in France. One of the big thoroughbred owners in France had donated money so that the top apprentice jockeys could visit various racetracks around the world. Santa Anita Park was the first on the list and I was one of the lucky ones chosen to make the journey.

Our original travel dates were postponed due to the 1992 Los Angeles riots, which was a bit scary. I wasn't familiar with Los Angeles and had to look it up on a map. I had heard of Hollywood and that was about all I knew of California. I didn't know what to expect when I arrived in Arcadia, but I remember being shocked at how beautiful it was. My first visit was only for ten days. We were on the flight home to France when I began bugging the director of my apprentice school for a return visit.



Brice Blanc riding Onceinabluemamoon in Las Palmas Handicap at Santa Anita Park, 1995.

Credit: Benoit Photo

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I begged him for six months, but he was concerned I would be homesick and not be able to adjust to life in California. By November of 1992, I had a nine-month visa so I could return.

I will never forget my first morning at Santa Anita Park. I was working for trainer Rodney Rash and he had asked me to ride a pony around the track to get a feel for what I would be doing. It was a dark winter morning, just before 6:00 a.m. and I could hardly believe my eyes. Stars in the sky and palm trees blowing! I barely spoke a word of English and it didn't matter. This is where I wanted to be.

Even though I was from overseas, I still knew the names of many jockeys and looked up to Eddie Delahoussaye, Gary Stevens, and Chris McCarron. Now I had the chance to ride with them.

I have had many memorable moments at Santa Anita Park. My first winner as an apprentice was on Gulf Tide, a 19-to-1 long shot that I rode for Rodney Rash in a maiden claiming. My second victory was equally as thrilling because it was for the "Bald Eagle," trainer Charlie Whittingham, who was an icon in the thoroughbred world. My first graded stakes win was on Onceinabluemamoon for Jack Van Berg in the 1995 Grade II Las Palmas Handicap. We overtook Yearly Tour in mid-stretch and drew clear for a three-length victory.

\$2 LATE DOUBLE STARTS												
\$2 TRIFECTA / \$2 EXACTA / \$2 QUINELLA												
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LAS PALMAS HANDICAP (Grade II)												
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A HANDICAP FOR FILLIES AND MARES, THREE YEARS OLD AND UPWARD. By subscription of \$50 each, \$750 additional to start with \$125,000 added, of which \$25,000 to second, \$18,750 to third, \$9,375 to fourth and \$3,125 to fifth. A trophy will be presented to the owner of the winner. CLOSED WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1995 WITH 18 NOMINATIONS.												
World & Course Record: KOSTROMA (5) 117 lbs. October 20, 1991 1:43.92												
OWNER	TRAINER JOCKEY											
1 Red	Golden Eagle Farm Burgundy, gold eagle on back, gold sleeves, burgundy and gold cap YEARLY TOUR Ch.f. 91, Half a Year - Victorian Village Breeder: Mr. & Mrs. John C. Mabee (California)	David Hofmans L 117 Chris McCarron	8/5									
2 White	Juddmonte Farms Green, pink sash, white sleeves, pink cap INTERIM (GB) B.f. 91, Sadler's Wells - Intermission Breeder: Owner (Great Britain)	Robert Frankel L 113 Alex Solis	10									
3 Blue	Biszantz, Greenman & Vandeweghe White, blue stripes, gold cobra on back, blue bars, on white sleeves, white cap JUST TOPS B.f. 91, Topsider - Justicara Breeder: Echo Valley Horse Farm, Inc. (Kentucky)	Walter Greenman L 113 R. R. Douglas	5									
4 Yellow	W. Herrick, Milch, No Problem Stable, Et Al White, white carousel horse on blue ball on back, light and dark blue bar on sleeves, white cap JALFREZI (GB) B.f. 92, Jalmoor - Annabrianna Breeder: Fannerdale Trust (Great Britain)	Darrell Vienna L 111 G. F. Almeida	15									
5 Green	Frankfurt Stable Red, black "FS" in white circle on back, black sleeves, red cap AUBE INDIENNE (Fr) Ch.m. 90, Bluebird - Salvora Breeder: S. Niarchos (France)	Rodney Rash L 116 Laffit Pincay, Jr.	8									
6 Black	Dunmore or Howard or Shuman, Et Al Yellow, black emblem on back, black hoops and bars on sleeves, black cap DON'T READ MY LIPS Ch.f. 91, Turkoman - Our Dear Sue Breeder: Galbreath/Phillips Racing Partnership (Kentucky)	Casey Maslonka L 114 Fernando Valenzuela	20									
7 Orange	Louis J. Roussel Gold, purple "V", purple sleeves, gold cap ONCEINABLUEMAMOO B.f. 91, Al Mamoon - Little Password Breeder: Engelson, Engelson & Frankel	Jack Van Berg L 116 Brice Blanc	10									
8 Pink	Robert Spiegel Green, white panel, white chevrons on sleeves, white cap ASK ANITA B.m. 90, Wolf Power - Epanoui Breeder: Owner (Kentucky)	Rodney Rash L 116 Paul Toscano	12									
9 Aqua	Harbor View Farm Flamingo, white bars on black sleeves, black cap LADY AFFIRMED Ro.f. 91, Affirmed - Festivity Breeder: Owner (Kentucky)	Charles Whittingham L 116 Eddie Delahoussaye	3									
* Designates California Bred.												

Santa Anita Park program for Brice Blanc's first graded stakes win, 1995.

Credit: Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc.

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It was always a dream of mine to win the 2003 San Juan Capistrano Invitational Handicap, one of the premiere stakes races of the Santa Anita meet. I will never forget winning that race on Passinetti because it was my first Grade I stakes victory at Santa Anita Park and I was the last jockey to win it while it was a Grade I. Sadly, it is now a Grade II.

Even as a spectator, I love being at Santa Anita Park. I will always remember seeing Jerry Bailey win the Breeders' Cup Classic aboard Arcangues in 1993: a 50-to-1 long shot! Another thrill was watching Zenyatta win the Breeders' Cup Classic in 2009. There is not a better setting to watch some of the greatest thoroughbreds competing from multiple continents.

After experiencing thoroughbred racing all over the world, Santa Anita Park is still, to me, one of the most beautiful race tracks in the world.

***Brice Blanc** was born in Lyon, Rhone, France, and is a thoroughbred jockey. He attended a jockey's apprentice school in his native France then emigrated to the United States where he settled in Southern California. He has raced at Santa Anita Park, Del Mar Racetrack, Hollywood Park Racetrack, and various other North American racetracks including Arlington Park in Chicago, Gulfstream Park in Florida, and Woodbine Racetrack in Toronto, Canada.*



Credit: Benoit Photo

Brice Blanc in his racing silks, 1995.

THE CLOCKER'S CORNER BREAKFAST CLUB

by Bob Harbicht

Clocker's Corner is a place in the far west grandstands at Santa Anita Park. It got its name because people come there for the early morning workouts of the race horses and clock their workout times. To accommodate these mathematicians, coffee and breakfast are available.

The Clocker's Corner Breakfast Club ("CCBC") was a group of Arcadians who gathered there every Saturday morning. None of them was clocking; all were talking.

The unofficial leader of the CCBC (and, more importantly, membership chairman) was Charles Gilb, four-term city council member in the City of Arcadia and four-term mayor. Charles decided who was, and was not, invited to the CCBC. No one sat at the table who had not been invited.

Charles Gilb was a larger than life character, both literally and figuratively. He knew everyone and everyone knew him. He could be your best friend (as he was mine) or your worst enemy. There was very little grey area with Charles.

Everyone else around Clocker's Corner was part of the supporting cast. Numerous people came by to pay their respects and get their grapefruit. Why grapefruit? In season, Charles would bring boxes of grapefruit every Saturday.



Credit: Benoit Photo

Racing fans gather at Clocker's Corner for early morning workouts.

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Roy, our permanent waiter, would be kept busy slicing the sections of grapefruit for the steady stream of people coming by. If you didn't want to eat your grapefruit right then, Charles would toss one to you. Everyone at Clocker's Corner knew to keep an eye out for low-flying grapefruit.

The members of the CCBC were a diverse lot, but most had played a major role in Arcadia and its history. Some notable examples would include:

- Gloria Horstman - former long-time member of the Arcadia Board of Education and super supporter of the Arcadia Public Library. Gloria owned more books than anyone I ever met.
- Elb Souders - former principal of Arcadia High School and superintendant of the Arcadia Unified School District. Elb, who passed away recently at age ninety-four, was a very smart man and had a wickedly dry sense of humor. I describe Elb as one of the funniest people I ever met.
- Richard Cordano - former principal of Arcadia High School for over twenty years. Dick is a huge supporter of Arcadia and its schools and is still going strong at ninety-one years of age as of this writing.
- Tony Gex - a former teacher at Arcadia High School. By all accounts, Tony was a really outstanding teacher and a great guy.
- Fred Nahra - another outstanding teacher at Arcadia High School. Freddie is very funny with a dry sense of humor. Both of my children took classes from Mr. Nahra and felt those classes were among the highlights of their high school careers. Fred didn't remember either of them. "I remember a few of the outstanding students and most of the troublemakers." My children were neither.
- Vic Zonver - an entrepreneur who had made and lost several fortunes over his lifetime. Whether Vic was in a rich period or poor period, he always seemed to live well. I asked him if he had a divorce lawyer on retainer; he had been married and divorced twelve or thirteen times. Several of those marriages were remarriages to the same wives.
- Jim "Doc" Slater - a doctor for many, many years in Arcadia. Doc was always doing research on a wide variety of things. Once he regaled the group with a description of all the things, including insect parts, that might be found in ketchup. We all swore off ketchup for a long time after that.
- Bill Schmidt - an attorney who practiced in Arcadia. Bill and Doc were staunch Catholics. Whenever Doc was treating an unmarried woman who found herself pregnant, he would convince her to carry the baby to term. Bill would find adoptive parents and take care of all the legal aspects of the adoption. There are a lot of people living productive lives today who would not be here if it were not for Bill and Doc.

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- Dick Clausen - a prominent banker in Arcadia. Dick just shook his head at the conversations going on at the CCBC. Dick used to say he was going to tape record the conversations, transcribe them, and publish a book. It would have been hilarious!
- Ray Rogers - former general manager of Santa Anita Park. Ray and Charles Gilb were great friends because Charles loved Santa Anita Park. Charles attended the races at Santa Anita almost every day the races were on, but never went to any other racetrack.

There were others who came and went over the years, including many I never met because they were before my time with the group. Charles had asked me for years to come on out, but I had too many things going on Saturdays. When I finally joined the group, I was sorry for all the fun and friendship I had missed.

For the last several years, the CCBC moved from Clocker's Corner to the San Gabriel Country Club. As the members of the group aged, those cold mornings eating outdoors at Clocker's Corner became a little too much.

Discussions ranged over a wide range of topics including current events, politics (with a decidedly Republican slant), jokes (even occasionally one that could be repeated in polite company), stories from long ago, and most definitely everything Arcadia. Because of the involvement of the members with city



Credit: Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

CCBC leader and Arcadia City Council Member Charles Gilb (left) joins City Council Members Roger Chandler (Mayor), Bob Harbicht, Mary Young, and Dennis Lojeski at ground-breaking for Arcadia Community Center, January 11, 1990.

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government, the schools, and the social fabric of the city for so many years, there was a lot to talk about. Old friends, old enemies, stories of how things came to be—always told from the perspective of the narrator—were frequent topics.

And because I was on the Arcadia City Council, current happenings in the city were also on the agenda, not that there would ever have been anything as formal as an agenda. I used to joke that every week I got a good breakfast and lots of free advice on how to run the city. In fact, it is because of the CCBC that I am currently on the Arcadia City Council.

I had served two terms (eight years) on the Arcadia City Council and then stepped down because of the city's term limits law. I served six of those first eight years with Charles Gilb and that is when we forged our close friendship. After sitting out two years, I was elected to a third term. Four years later, at the end of my first term on that go-around, I did not seek re-election because I ran for the California State Assembly. I finished second in a field of six; close but no cigar.

Nearly six years after I had left the Arcadia City Council, the guys in the CCBC started pressuring me to run again. I truly had no plans to run again, but their encouragement re-ignited my interest in city government and I threw my hat in the ring. I was elected and re-elected four years later. I am so grateful for their encouragement because I have truly enjoyed the last seven years on the Arcadia City Council.

Charles Gilb died in 2008 and the Clocker's Corner Breakfast Club died with him. He had been the driving force behind it and the glue that held it together. A few of the members meet for coffee every Friday morning at the mall, and I join them from time to time. Because it was a decidedly older group, many of the people mentioned above and others in the group are no longer with us. Hopefully this little essay will keep alive the memory of this group and the impact its members had on our community over the last forty years.

Bob Harbicht has lived in Arcadia for nearly forty years. He is serving his fifth four-year term on the Arcadia City Council, longer than anyone in the city's history. He has served four terms as Arcadia's mayor. Before moving to Arcadia, he served as mayor of the City of Duarte. He and his wife Patsy have been active in many volunteer organizations in town through the years. Both of their children and two of their grandchildren went through Arcadia schools, one of the primary reasons they moved to Arcadia.

433 STEPS AWAY FROM THIS VERY PODIUM

by Cora Ormseth

On June 11, 2010, it was my honor to deliver the following valedictory address at the Arcadia High School commencement ceremonies held at Santa Anita Park:



Credit: Mikey Hirano Culross/The Raju Shimp

Valedictorian Cora Ormseth at Arcadia High School commencement ceremonies, Santa Anita Park, June 11, 2010.

Four years ago, this day seemed unattainable, so far in the distance. To wear these maroon caps and gowns, to hear “Pomp and Circumstance” play us in, this was a moment reserved for those older, taller, and wiser. But now here we are, in those robes, and minutes away from turning our tassels.

Now that we’re here at a crossroads, we look into the future and see new dreams and aspirations. Don’t they seem equally distant and unattainable? But just as we have worked towards this graduation, our larger goals can also be realized. Never write off a dream as too fantastical or too implausible. If we all did that, the world we live in would be drab, grey, and predictable.

About one hundred years ago, my great-grandfather, a stowaway in a ship, dreamed of coming to the United States, seeking a better life and better opportunities for his family. Many of your families came to the United States with similar dreams of creating a new life. They came with a hard work ethic, industriousness, and a zealotry for life. But sixty-eight years ago, my great-grandfather was at this very racetrack, under drastically different circumstances. Fueled by wartime hysteria, the United States government interned him because our country was at war

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Credit: National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Group of Japanese internees arrive at Santa Anita Assembly Center on Pacific Electric Railway cars, April 1942.



Credit: National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Newly-arrived Japanese internees at Santa Anita Assembly Center walking past housing units to processing point, April 1942.

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with Japan. He could only imagine a day like this, a day when his great-granddaughter could stand here celebrating this wonderful occasion with this multicultural, multiracial Class of 2010.

Our country grew from this dark chapter in its history by banding together to show how Japanese Americans' civil rights were stripped from them. Citizens joined their Japanese American brethren in a struggle for justice and worked tirelessly until human rights were secured for all. This proves that, motivated by passion and committed to hard work and struggle, we can change things. Our daily experiences at Arcadia High School—a school known for its academic rigor and difficult, challenging curriculum—have instilled in all of us a work ethic we need to accomplish our goals. And while passion is often innate and cannot be easily taught, our studies here have triggered a search for passion yet to be found. With this combination, we can find ourselves in places we previously thought impossible.

We know this because the dreams and aspirations of so many others are manifested right in front of us. In February, “Amazing Awaited” us as we watched Mirai Nagasu compete in the Olympic Games. And imagine the delight of the Founding Fathers if they were able to see that the constitution they drafted centuries ago endures, as our “We the People” national champions so well know, making their own dreams come true just a few months ago.

Why can't we set lofty goals for ourselves, like our families did when they first immigrated to America? And who's to say we can't meet them? So write a column for the *New York Times*, open up your cake shop, travel to faraway lands. Live life with zeal and take chances. Never give up and live courageously. A great-grandfather I never met, forced to live in a horse stall 433 steps away from this very podium, taught me that. With determination and vision, the unattainable inches just a little closer.

In the three years since my valedictory address at Santa Anita Park, I have seen more of the world beyond Arcadia. What I grew up with was a life of opportunity and an unfailing support network, a far cry from the immigrant experience my great-grandfather knew. The distance between our disparate experiences seemed to me a triumph. But now I am more aware of subtle injustices that exist. They are not the overt discrimination and racism that my great-grandfather faced as a Japanese American, but rather indirect inequities like the zoning of urban areas of Los Angeles where there is no park space for children to play or the advertisements for cheap junk food targeted at low-income families. We've come far since the internment, but now I am more aware of the lengths we still need to go.

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Credit: National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Japanese internees in front of wash room area at Santa Anita Assembly Center, April 1942.



Credit: National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Japanese internees queued in front of long housing unit at Santa Anita Assembly Center, April 1942.

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I spoke about leaving Arcadia High School and finding a passion that will change you, endlessly compel you, and utilize your work ethic and industriousness in a way that will materialize what you want your future to hold. I do not yet know what exactly that looks like for me, but I know that it will have germinated from an understanding of what happened at Santa Anita Park during World War II.

***Cora Ormseth** attended Arcadia High School, graduating as class valedictorian in 2010. The valedictory address mentioned in her essay was delivered to a commencement crowd of over 10,000 people at Santa Anita Park. In addition to a rigorous academic schedule during her four years at Arcadia High School, Cora was also a two-sport varsity athlete, the opinion editor for the “Apache Pow Wow” student newspaper, and involved in numerous clubs and organizations both on and off campus. She is currently a student at Yale University (Class of 2014) majoring in psychology. She is interested in obesity prevention and plans to go to medical school after graduation, most likely in the field of pediatrics or primary care.*

THE CHANDELIER ROOM

by Larry Stewart

The old room is a bit rustic, but it still glistens. Four giant chandeliers, imported from England, hang from the high ceiling. I'm talking about the Chandelier Room in Santa Anita Park's Turf Club. In my mind, it is truly an Arcadia treasure.

It has lost some luster from its heyday when it attracted some of the biggest names in Hollywood, but it still hosts wedding receptions, reunions, and all kinds of functions. And on big race days, it is still the place to be.

The Chandelier Room has been around as long as the racetrack, which opened on Christmas Day in 1934.

The room's décor also includes four giant, strategically placed gold-plated metal "palm trees," and there are three smaller versions behind the giant bar, which was once an all-wood classic but now has a marble top.

Much of the furniture, once considered top of the line, is weathered, and the attractive cocktail tables that adorned the room were long ago replaced with plain ones. The candelabras that used to be at each end of the bar were destroyed in the 1971 earthquake.

But much the beauty of this room remains. And oh what a history it has.

John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Clark Gable, Greer Garson, Betty Grable, Harry James, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Telly Savalas, Walter Mathau, and James Darren were among the regulars at one time or other.

Liz Montgomery of *Bewitched* was often at the bar before she died in 1995, sometimes with Liz Sheridan, who played Jerry Seinfeld's mother on *Seinfeld*.

Frank Panza, who has been a bartender in the Chandelier Room since 1961, can rattle off name after name. Besides the people already mentioned, Farah Fawcett, Mickey Rooney, Mickey Cohen, David Janzen, and Phil Harris are some of the other former well-known patrons.

And Panza has stories too, such as one that involves Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball.

"Desi was here a lot," he said. "One day he came up to the bar and said he



The Chandelier Room at Santa Anita Park, circa 2010.

Credit: Larry Stewart

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had lost an expensive cuff link and would give anyone who could find it a \$100 reward.

“Lucy had given him the cuff links and he was scared to death what she was going to do to him when he got home without that cuff link. I finally told him, ‘Why don’t you just take the cuff link you still have to a jeweler and have him make you a new one?’ He said, ‘That’s a great idea.’ That took care of that problem.”

Panza once had a different kind of problem with John Wayne. One day the legendary actor bellied up to the bar, set down a bottle of Mexican tequila, and told Panza to use it to pour him a drink.

“I told him, ‘Are you trying to get me fired?’” Panza told him.

Carmen Miceli, who has been a regular in the Chandelier Room since 1947 and celebrated his ninetieth birthday there on St. Patrick’s Day in 2013, was there that day John Wayne bellied up to the bar with his bottle of Mexican tequila.



Credit: Larry Stewart

Frank Panza, legendary bartender in the Chandelier Room since 1961.

“He got a little huffy when Frank wouldn’t pour it,” Miceli said. “I told him, ‘If you can’t afford to buy a drink, I’ll get one for you.’ That didn’t go over very well, either.”

Miceli, the owner of the Miceli Italian restaurants in Hollywood, also fondly remembers the heyday of the Chandelier Room.

“You had to be somebody if you were in here,” he said. “Just about everywhere you looked was a celebrity.”

Maitre d’ Jimmy O’Hara, who has worked in the Turf Club since 1975, said, “A few celebrities have threatened to get me fired when they didn’t get the table they wanted, but most of them have been great.”

The Chandelier Room has also been the setting for scenes in a number of movies. One was the 1954 version of *A Star Is Born* with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Jack Carson. Panza, also a part-time actor, coincidentally was in a scene at the bar when Carson’s character punched Mason’s.

“I ended up on the cutting room floor,” Panza lamented.

Panza said a couple came up to the bar a few years ago and told him they had just seen that version of *A Star Is Born* on a cable channel.

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“They said the movie is what brought them to the track,” he said. “They wanted to see this room.”

The room was also used to shoot scenes for the 2003 movie *Seabiscuit*.

But these days, the room no longer bustles with celebrities like it did in the past. Nor does it attract the crowds it used to. On most race days, particularly during the week, the room is nearly empty.

One problem is that many Santa Anita patrons, particularly the younger ones, prefer the more modern and hip FrontRunner restaurant that opened in 2000. It overlooks the race track and provides a bird’s eye view for those fortunate enough to get a window table.

Of the Chandelier Room, Turf Club regular Dick Van Patten, the eighty-four-year-old actor, laments, “Most of the people you see in here are my age.”

Van Patten, former star of the TV series *Eight Is Enough*, is one of Santa Anita’s most loyal patrons. He hardly ever misses a race day.

In January 2006, he spent seven days at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center after suffering a major stroke. He’s an old friend and he told me about his ordeal when I spotted him at the track and asked what had happened. He looked terrible.

After he explained, I said, “I’m really sorry. How long have you been out of the hospital?”

He said, “I got released this morning.”

“And you came straight to the track?”

He nodded his head to say yes, he had come straight from the hospital.

Now that is a fanatic.

“I love it here,” Van Patten said recently. “It’s a great way to spend five or six hours.”

Van Patten’s friend, Mel Brooks, started attending the races regularly after his wife, actress Ann Bancroft, died in June 2005.

“I come here maybe a couple times a week,” Brooks told me but declined to be interviewed.

Van Patten said, “I told him that going to the racetrack is a great escape. I think it cheered him up.”

Before his death, Jack Klugman was another Turf Club regular. Joe Pesci used to have a box in the Clubhouse area but rarely ventured into the Chandelier Room.

The celebrity list of Chandelier Room regulars is a far cry from what it once was. But even though many of the stars might be missing, the chandeliers in the Chandelier Room still shine brightly. It’s a place more Arcadia residents should experience.

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Larry Stewart, an Arcadia resident since 1978, was a sportswriter for the “Los Angeles Times” for more than thirty years following an nearly nine-year stint at the old “Herald Examiner.” He covered horse racing toward the end of his career at the Times and later, as a freelancer, began covering horse racing for the Los Angeles Newspaper Group. An earlier version of this story appeared in “Thoroughbred Times.”

ONE OF THE GREATEST “PLAYGROUNDS” IN THE WORLD

by Jill Atkinson

Arcadia has one of the greatest “playgrounds” in the world and, since I was a child, I have always considered it a special treat to be there: Santa Anita Park. As both a lifetime resident of Arcadia and a horse owner, I can say that it is definitely one of the most beautiful racetracks in the country. The colorful grandstands staring at the majestic San Gabriel Mountains just can’t be beat.

When I was a little girl, a day at the track was something we cherished. My dad, Don Fickas, was a member of the Arcadia Board of Education from 1972 until 1985. One of the perks of his job was a picnic in the infield for the Arcadia school board and city council members. This meant Mom spent hours preparing the perfect lunch for our family. When we weren’t watching the horses charging down the stretch, my brother Jeff and I spent the day collecting the discarded betting tickets. Back in those days, they were colorful pieces of paper that we gathered off the ground by the hundreds. We would pretend they were monopoly money! Today, these tickets have been replaced by computer generated receipts.

A special treat for me was when the school board members and family were given a horse-drawn carriage ride in front of the grandstands before the start of a race. Being on the track and looking up in the stands, you can imagine the thrill the jockeys feel when they see and hear the fans cheering them on. Today, bugler Jay Cohen arrives by carriage to announce the start of the races.



Credit: Benoit Photo

Hackney carriage horses transport special guests before the start of a race at Santa Anita Park, circa early 1970s.

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As a child, I picked the winners using the best handicapping method I knew: color of the silks and name of the horse. I remember, even as a little girl, knowing to search the *Daily Racing Form* for names like Eddie Delahoussaye, Laffit Pincay, and Willie Shoemaker. It is still a treat to run into Laffit and Eddie in Arcadia today, true champions of the sport and wonderful ambassadors for Arcadia's "playground."

Now, as an adult, I have graduated to the Turf Club to watch the races with my friends, many of them Arcadia High graduates: Mary Hayward Brockmeyer, Kelly Lamb Fasick, Lori Allison Phillipi, and Michelle Case Welsh to name a few. My children, Emily and Will, have grown up at the track, eating pancakes in the morning at Clocker's Corner. The difference is that my daughter has a much more sophisticated handicapping method and can pick winners based on previous works, races, and equine lineage. Only in Arcadia!!



Credit: Benoit Photo

The infield at Santa Anita Park is a perfect playground for picnics and fun.

We have had the privilege of racing horses across the country, but nothing beats the Winner's Circle at Santa Anita. Every trip to Santa Anita Park is special and the fact that it is in our own backyards makes it a true gem.



Credit: Gary Kovacic

Santa Anita Park Picnic Group pass, circa 1970s.

Jill Atkinson was born at Arcadia Methodist Hospital in 1967 and grew up in Arcadia. She attended Hugo Reid Elementary School, Foothills Junior High School, and Arcadia High School, where she graduated in 1985. She was active in Assisteens as a high school student and, as a parent of two children in the Arcadia public school system, has held numerous positions in PTSA.

THE PRESENCE OF SANTA ANITA

by Jason Kruckeberg

I have always lived near a racetrack. Growing up in Encinitas, California, the Del Mar racetrack grandstand was a constant presence, whether I was riding by in my mom's car or hanging out at Rivermouth Beach with friends. One of my first real jobs was working for the food service firm at Del Mar. If you visited the clubhouse at Del Mar in the late 1980s, I was the guy selling popcorn, pausing in between \$1.25 sales to check the betting tickets in my pocket while I watched the races. While in college at UC Santa Cruz, I worked in customer service and marketing for Del Mar during the summers, and took trips to Bay Meadows in San Mateo during the rest of year. These years cemented my love of racing and all things thoroughbred. Even moving to Portland, Oregon did not get between me and a racetrack. Portland Meadows was close to my house . . . and there was always the possibility of a quick trip to the Shilo Inn for some off-track wagering when the horses were not running in Portland.



Credit: Benoit Photo

The stretch drive at Santa Anita Park.

However, moving to the San Gabriel Valley in 1999 brought me within a few minutes of the mother lode . . . Santa Anita Park. I had remembered Santa Anita when visiting my grandparents, who lived in this area when I was a kid. We would need to wait “until the traffic died down from the track” to go out to dinner at the North Woods Inn. I recall driving by that beautiful green monolith with my grandparents and wondering what it was like in there. In moving to Pasadena as an adult, I finally got to see what it was like inside and a love affair was born. When, a few years later in 2006, I was offered a job with the City of Arcadia, my family joked that I probably took the job for free, just to be close to the grandstand.

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Taking a job in the development services department with the City of Arcadia in 2006 meant diving headlong into the battle to develop Santa Anita Park's southern parking lot. Caruso Affiliated had submitted its project for a large lifestyle center on the racetrack property, and Westfield Santa Anita was in attack mode. The "Mall Wars," as they were coined by the local press, had to be one of the most intense periods in Arcadia development history. Lots of lawyers, long meetings, and challenges defined those years. The end result was an approved project, several major lawsuits, the declared bankruptcy of the racetrack owner, and, ultimately, no new project.

The Caruso project created more discussion than any other project has in my time working for the city. This discussion tended to hinge on what residents wanted Arcadia to "be." Did people want the city to change to have the activity, shopping and dining options, vibrancy, and, yes, additional traffic that the Caruso project promised? Or did folks want the city to remain quieter, to not change, and to retain the "Community of Homes" image popularized on the city's seal. In working in the middle of this important community debate, I found that regardless of what side of the discussion people were on, they universally seemed to agree on one thing: they wanted the racetrack to stay. That was one of the most interesting things to me in talking to people through the review of the Caruso project; the most vocal and ardent opponents of the project still would say "but we need to make sure the racetrack stays healthy."

I think this point of view is something that goes beyond the discussion of a large lifestyle center in Arcadia, and whether or not it would have "saved" Santa Anita Park. I think this discussion really does go to the idea of what residents want Arcadia to "be." Despite the seemingly universal love for the racetrack and grandstand, I fear that many folks in this region tend to take Santa Anita Park somewhat for granted; as if it will just always be there. In our hot real estate market, an over 300-acre space in Los Angeles County is incredibly valuable. It was made clear to us again and again in talking to potential bidders for the property through the bankruptcy process just how valuable and unique this property is.

Horseracing is a struggling sport. Bay Meadows has closed. Hollywood Park likely will be closing. Other tracks are fading away. Even the great Santa Anita Park, with all its history, is not immune from the difficulty of running a racetrack in this environment. In this era of computer gaming and wagering, instant gratification, and ADD, spending five or six hours at the racetrack watching horses may never be able to compete for fans like it used to in Santa Anita's glory days. But, the experience can be spellbinding. And folks need to notice it more. Maybe not even to watch horseracing, but to realize what a presence Santa Anita has in Arcadia and how Arcadia would feel if it were gone.

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Since my early years at Del Mar and Bay Meadows, I have had the pleasure of visiting racetracks all over the country: Churchill Downs in Kentucky, Fair Grounds in New Orleans, Belmont and Aqueduct in New York, Emerald Downs in Washington, and even the Curragh in Ireland. But, there is nothing like Santa Anita Park. Nothing like the regal grandstand, the mountain backdrop, mornings at Clocker's Corner, the down-the-hill turf course, and the weather. It is the best.

I hope, during my time working for the great City of Arcadia, that Santa Anita Park can reinvent itself to bring back some of the crowds. It is likely not realistic to think that "the track" can regain the glory days of 40,000 person crowds all the time. It is also likely that my office would not be very popular if we reversed traffic on Holly Avenue each evening to get people out of Santa Anita like the old days. But, still, there are moments when re-invention seems possible; watching people having a great time during a warm day in the infield for example; or during a special event or party in the Chandelier Room; or Zenyatta's last-to-first run in the 2009 Breeders' Cup Classic with the sustained cheering and grandstand shaking. That day, as the grandstand shook with the fans' reaction, I was watching dust coming down out of that grandstand that probably had not moved since Seabiscuit last won. It was spectacular. In those moments, you have to think . . . "how can this place ever go away?"

So, I hope Santa Anita Park will not be taken for granted. I hope folks will stop thinking that it will just always be there. I hope more folks will visit and discover (or re-discover) what a great thing they have in their midst in Arcadia, and how much this racetrack and grandstand contribute to what Arcadia is. Ultimately, there will need to be some type of development on the racetrack property. This development may change the racetrack and it may change Arcadia. But, everything changes over time and it seems that this is a change that can be managed and that will need to happen. The decision on what happens at Santa Anita Park is an important one. It is a community decision if there ever was one. And, it is one that I know Arcadians will step up and be involved with on behalf of their community. Because, like I said, I have always lived near a racetrack.



Zenyatta, ridden by jockey Mike Smith, ready to make history in the 2009 Breeders' Cup Classic at Santa Anita Park.

Credit: Terry Miller

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Jason Kruckeberg grew up in Encinitas in north San Diego County. His parents were raised in the County portion of Arcadia and in Monrovia. He has been with the City of Arcadia since 2006 and currently serves as assistant city manager and development services director. In this role, he manages planning, building, engineering, economic development, transportation, business license, and code services for the city. He previously served as planning director for the City of Canby, Oregon, and senior planner for the City of Pasadena. Jason lives in San Gabriel with his wife Tara, daughter Lily, and dog Polly.

TWO-LEGGED RACES HAVE BECOME A SANTA ANITA PARK TRADITION

by Pete Siberell

For 60 years, Santa Anita Park was limited to hosting races for four-legged athletes, as historic (and less than historic) horses ran to the wire at “The Great Race Place.”

Until I got there.

I had achieved my dream of working in the sports business and at a renowned stadium by accepting a sales and marketing position at Santa Anita Park in the fall of 1994. As I started work at the racetrack, my off hours were dedicated to running races all over the Southern California area, from the trails of Malibu Canyon to the streets of downtown Los Angeles for the LA Marathon.

But what about a race right here in Arcadia during one of Santa Anita Park’s live meets? I was aware of the “Santa Anita Classic,” a half marathon that had been run in the 1970s and 1980s along the streets of Arcadia, but utilizing only Santa Anita Park’s parking lot.

A running race with Santa Anita Park as its focus would achieve a number of objectives, including staging a positive and healthy event for the community and exposing a totally new audience to the interior of Santa Anita Park . . . not just its many and vast parking lots!



Credit: Benoit Photo

“Seabiscuit” horse paces winner of the 2013 Derby Day 5K.

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I prevailed upon management to run the race on the day of the running of one of our biggest races of the year, the Santa Anita Derby. Although it would be somewhat of a logistical nightmare, it would make a big day bigger, and everyone knows it's more fun to be at the track when there are a lot of people there.

After getting the concept approved, I approached Elite Racing, which for years had put on one of my favorite races, the nationally acclaimed Carlsbad 5000. Tim Murphy, then Elite Racing's principal owner, offered much racing expertise, but he had an equally important resource: Steve Scott, multiple Carlsbad 5000 champion and still the American record-holder for the mile.

Steve and I toured the grounds and city in search of the best 5K course possible. The only requirement I had was that the race finish on the racetrack so people could know how it felt to be coming down the lane for the last quarter mile, just like Seabiscuit did while winning the 1940 Santa Anita Handicap!

Santa Anita Park is fortunate to have one of the most beautiful neighbors one could have—the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden—right across the street. So Steve and I included a loop inside the 127 acres of that gorgeous property. Coming back across Baldwin Avenue, the course would run through the backside of the track and around the “track house,” which used to be the home of Santa Anita's general managers. Running through the Colorado Tunnel into the expansive, green infield, the race participants would then turn left onto the training track (the main track would be unavailable for renovation for the big day of horse racing) and sprint the last 400 yards over a soft sand/dirt track.

Course designer Steve Scott led the inaugural Santa Anita Derby Day 5K from start to finish, easily beating his 1,500 competitors. He came back from the victor's podium to run with the children in the first kids' race, held on the training track.



Credit: Benoit Photo

Start of the 2013 Kids Derby Day Race.

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From year one, a number of important Arcadia entities have supported the race as sponsors including Methodist Hospital, Westfield Santa Anita, and the Arboretum. To keep everything “in the family,” proceeds from the event have benefitted the Arcadia High School Athletic Boosters Club, Arcadia’s historical museum, and CARMA, which finds homes for retired racehorses.

Over the years, changes have been made to make the race even more appealing to race participants. Remi Bellocq, son of world-famous equine artist Pierre Bellocq, designs our t-shirts and race materials. There is a post-race beer garden to replace those fluids. The runners now break from an actual starting gate to start the race, and one of the *Seabiscuit* horses from the movie paces the winner down to the finish line.

With an average turnout of 5,000, the race has become one of the most popular 5Ks in the Southern California area and has proven a great way to start the Santa Anita Derby. It has attracted not only talented road racers, but Arcadia mayors and city council members, Arcadia city staff, the nationally-ranked Arcadia High School cross-country team, and even a host of Santa Anita Park jockeys who, for a change, run—not ride—to the finish line.



Credit: Benoit Photo

Santa Anita Park jockeys ready to start the 2013 Derby Day 5K.

The irony in recounting the history of this “new Santa Anita tradition” is that I have never run the race in the twenty years it has been staged. In addition to getting everything ready for the race start, I like to station myself up on Baldwin Avenue

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between the entrance to the Arboretum and Santa Anita Park's Gate 7, where I can meet and greet every runner in the race.

I get the biggest thrill from this . . . doing what I love to do while others are having a wonderful time running and walking . . . usually on a crystal clear day in beautiful Arcadia under the San Gabriel Mountains (sometimes while being pursued by peacocks at the Arboretum).

On the morning of the first Saturday in April, I can also call Santa Anita Park "The Great Race Place" . . . for two-legged runners!

***Pete Siberell** is director of community services and special projects at Santa Anita Park. He is past president of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce and active in many civic organizations and community projects. He is a resident of Sierra Madre where he was named 2007 Citizen of the Year.*

PUTTING OUR BEST HOOF FORWARD: ARCADIA'S OWN THOROUGHBRED RACING WALK OF CHAMPIONS

by Beth Costanza

The Thoroughbred Racing Walk of Champions had been envisioned in the late 1980s and discussions continued into the new century. But, in 2011, former Arcadia mayor Gail Marshall and newly retired Arcadia Chamber of Commerce executive director Beth Costanza decided it was time to bring the Thoroughbred Racing Walk of Champions back into community focus. After taking the community's collective temperature on the subject, they knew that the time was right for incubation.

In 2012, the "Walk" committee was invited by the Arcadia Historical Society to join it under the umbrella of the society's non-profit status. The Walk and its committee became a collaborative effort at this point with former Los Angeles County Arboretum curator of history Sandy Snider joining Marshall and Costanza as the "Trifecta" for the project. These three ladies were in agreement that it was very important to pay special tribute to thoroughbred racing and its place in history.

The Thoroughbred Racing Walk of Champions is meant to honor our most accomplished racehorses, jockeys, trainers, breeders, and owners with sidewalk plaques similar to those best known in Hollywood's Walk of Fame. Large bronze plaques, set in Arcadia's downtown sidewalks, are planned to encourage a walking public. The new Metro Gold Line light rail station will emerge in the center of Arcadia at the corner of Santa Clara Street and North First Avenue, just two short blocks north of Huntington Drive. Sidewalk plaques along the north side of Huntington Drive and North First Ave are designed to spark interest in racing, provide a catalyst for business resurgence, and create an incentive to get off the trains and visit the Walk and Arcadia's shops, restaurants, and other amenities. The Walk's tentative opening in late 2013 or early 2014 is planned to coincide with the opening of Santa Anita Park's winter meet and a relatively short time before the Metro Gold Line station opens for a bevy of commuters from across the San Gabriel Valley.

Santa Anita Park is the first founding sponsor of the project with a generous donation to the Walk. George Haines, Santa Anita's enthusiastic executive, and Sherwood Chillingworth of the Oak Tree Racing Association both extended their support and encouragement for this endeavor. On March 5, 2013, the Arcadia City Council voted unanimously to support the concept and assist with installation and maintenance services in city sidewalks and rights-of-way.

The project will open with a core "Historic 50" horses and horseracing notables whose plaques will be underwritten by the founding sponsors. A

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Gail Marshall, Beth Costanza, and Sandy Snider in the Winner's Circle at Santa Anita Park with a mock-up of a Thoroughbred Racing Walk of Fame plaque, 2013.

projected budget of \$150,000 will complete the initial project, and founding sponsors who donate at least \$50,000 will have a permanent individual plaque installed on the Walk celebrating their historic role in the “Sport of Kings.”

Spotlighting thoroughbred racing’s champions on the sidewalks of Arcadia is meant to celebrate a history that dates back to Elias J. “Lucky” Baldwin’s 1907 Santa Anita Park and reinvigorate interest, pride, and new fans in the sport. It is envisioned that the Walk will be enlarged annually by up to twenty-four new plaques. After the initial “Historic 50” installations, future plaques will have a nomination and qualification process plus an entry fee to sustain future growth.

Some of the horses, jockeys, and trainers honored with the first “Historic 50” plaques are Ack Ack, Citation, Fleet Nasrullah, John Henry, Rey El Santa Anita, Round Table, Seabiscuit, Seattle Slew, Secretariat, Farm Away, Ferdinand, Silver Charm, Sunday Silence, George Woolf, Bill Shoemaker, Charlie

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Whittingham, “Lucky” Baldwin, Joe Hernandez, Charles Strub, and other notables.

The Arcadia Historical Society and Thoroughbred Racing Walk of Champions committee have worked tirelessly for several years to make this dream a reality. The Trifecta of Marshall, Costanza, and Snider were interviewed on TV, sent letters, wrote grant proposals, contacted local racing enthusiasts, and spoke at local social clubs, service organizations, and other groups to promote the project and raise funds. They also researched the names submitted for inclusion in the initial group of plaques so that the anonymous selection committee can make well-informed decisions.

As you walk down the Thoroughbred Racing Walk of Champions, remember those famous racing icons and then take the day off to visit Santa Anita Park to enjoy horseracing at its most colorful and exciting. You may see a future Walk of Champions horse, jockey, or trainer. Happy racing . . . clip, clop, clip, clop.

***Beth Costanza** has owned several successful businesses in Arcadia, including Ballard’s Butcher Block Meats and Deli and the Cheyenne Supper Club. She is the former executive director of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce.*

Chapter 13



Our Wind Storm



Credit: City of Arcadia

Mighty winds hit Arcadia on November 30 and December 1, 2011.

THE STORM OF STORMS

by Jim and Margaret Barrows

When darkness fell on the evening of Wednesday, November 30, 2011, no one expected that the next several days would be like living in a war zone. Shortly before midnight, hurricane force winds hit the San Gabriel Valley and were especially felt in Arcadia. All trees were stressed and many that had stood for over a century fell quickly. Power was out for almost everyone in the city. Some lost power for only a few hours and others for four to five days. The south parking lot at Santa Anita Park took on the look of a staging area for the war to be fought over the next couple of weeks. Many movies have been filmed in Arcadia, but this was no movie.

No area of Arcadia was spared from the wrath of these winds. The Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, Arcadia County Park, and the golf course were also heavily damaged. The Arboretum remained closed until late January when all of the debris was removed and the area deemed safe for visitors.

The city's support services came together and worked around the clock to open roads and to make areas available for Southern California Edison equipment and repair crews. This became one of Arcadia's finest hours as all employees worked seamlessly within multiple departments to get life back to normal Arcadia. When all of the damage was tallied and all the work done, there were over 430 city trees totally destroyed and about \$1.8 million spent by the city to clean up debris, repair damage to city facilities and streets, and to replace the fallen trees. This does not include the hundreds of trees that were lost at the Los Angeles County facilities or by private property owners in Arcadia.

We want to give you our vision of this event as a part of the city's team that responded to this disaster.

The story starts in a duplex on Second Avenue located between Huntington Drive and Duarte Road in Arcadia. At approximately 11:30 p.m., we were awakened by the heavy winds and additional gusts. The building shook as if we were experiencing a major earthquake. The sounds of limbs falling and glass breaking made sleep impossible. Very soon



Downed power poles on Live Oak Avenue in Arcadia, December 1, 2011.

Credit: Terry Miller

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all of the power suddenly went out. Sleep was impossible and with the winds not letting up, we sat and listened and hoped that the trees would not come crashing into the building.

At approximately 1:45 a.m., Jim was called by the Arcadia Police Department and asked to come into the department to assist with whatever the next several hours might bring. He dressed quickly and started out for the station. In the middle of the night, this trip usually takes about five minutes, but not this night. Driving north on Second Avenue, west on Diamond Street, and north on Santa Anita Avenue was an obstacle course in the dark. The wind still howling and blowing the car from side to side, it was time to zigzag around uprooted trees and fallen limbs. Signals were out, signs were down. This night, it took almost thirty minutes to arrive at the police station.

Upon arrival, the first thing that Jim did was to report to the operations commander what conditions he had encountered on the way to the police station. The city's Emergency Operations Center ("EOC") was being activated and a "state of emergency" would soon be declared. Jim helped to set up the EOC by placing prepared bins of emergency information and equipment at each station and plugging in phones and computer lines to make sure that each station was ready to operate as the department representatives arrived. Once the EOC was in operation, Jim was assigned the job of roving between stations and preparing an "activity log" as incidents were reported. This included documenting all calls from officers in the field with their observations of damage.

One of the first calls that went out from the EOC was to the Arcadia Unified



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Uprooted tree at Arcadia Public Library parking lot, December 1, 2011.

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School District. A conference call was arranged with Dr. Joel Shawn, the superintendent of the Arcadia Unified School District, at about 4:30 a.m. The decision was made to close all public schools for the day because of the fallen trees and poles, the need to reduce traffic on city streets, and the threat to the safety of all concerned. Later that day, it was determined that the schools should remain closed for a second day on Friday. All Arcadia schools, except Longley Way Elementary and Highland Oaks Elementary, reopened on Monday. These two schools finally reopened on Tuesday with full power restored and dangerous areas repaired or barricaded.

Once it was announced that the schools would not be open on Thursday, Margaret joined the fun. It was approximately 6:00 a.m. when she made the trip from Second Avenue to the police station. Even in this short time, the Public Works Services Department had been successful in using equipment to clear paths in the streets. Limbs and trees were pushed to the curb line. It only took Margaret five to ten minutes to make the trip.

Over the next couple of days, we would be assigned to man various barricades around the city. There were downed power lines, uprooted trees, and road damage everywhere. To keep our citizens safe, we would stand guard so that no one would be injured driving or walking into unsafe situations. A warming-up (for residents) and power-up (for cell phones and computers) facility was also established at the Arcadia Community Center.

What did we learn from this incident? One of the lessons learned was that you cannot be too prepared for an emergency. Many thought that being prepared meant having some cash around for a trip to the neighborhood café or store. No one realized that a disaster could, and probably would, force these businesses to close. The other lesson learned was that when all the lights go out, it can get really dark at night. And when it is really dark, you can feel really alone.

It was remarkable that there were no serious injuries or deaths in Arcadia during the “Storm of Storms” in 2011. We hope that everyone learned from this disaster that it is never too early to be prepared.

Jim and Margaret Barrows, also known as “Team Barrows,” lived in Arcadia from 1976 to June 2012. Together they were involved in countless volunteer activities with the City of Arcadia, Arcadia Unified School District, Arcadia Music Club, West Arcadia Little League, and many other local organizations. They were very active at every level of PTA, holding numerous offices including president. They also chaired the Arcadia Festival of Bands numerous times. Jim served two terms as the City Clerk for the City of Arcadia and ran the snack bar for most sporting events at Arcadia High School for twelve years. Jim and Margaret were on duty as members of the Arcadia Police Department Volunteers in Patrol Support (VIPS) program during the 2011 wind storm.

THE WIND STORM

by Tom Tait

As the public works services director for the City of Arcadia, I have learned that you never know what a day may bring. Every day is unique and some days more challenging than others. There are days that run smoothly, when staff members are able to go about their daily routines. Then, there are days that involve emergency situations, when our entire staff is shifted from daily tasks to unfamiliar and uncommon positions. Such was the day on December 1, 2011.

The night of November 30, 2011, winds that measured over ninety miles-per-hour hit the greater Los Angeles area. Hurricane force winds knocked down hundreds of trees and utility poles in the City of Arcadia causing widespread destruction throughout the community. I drove into the city in the early morning hours on December 1 and was completely astonished to see the damage. So many things ran through my head. Who would work in the Emergency Operations Center? How would we go about cleaning up the streets? What would be the best plan of action? Thanks to Emergency Operations Center drills we perform every few months, city staff knew what needed to be done and was able to respond quickly. Some Public Works Services Department staff members stayed at the department's maintenance yard and took hundreds of calls from residents, while other staff members worked in the Emergency Operations Center coordinating the removal of debris and handling other emergency calls for service.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Fallen trees on Colorado Street in Arcadia, December 1, 2011.

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Credit: City of Arcadia

Fallen trees blocking westbound lanes of Huntington Drive at Westfield Santa Anita mall, December 1, 2011.

Public Works Services Department crews quickly took to the city to start clearing streets. The challenge, however, was how quickly the major streets could be cleared of debris and how to coordinate with Southern California Edison field crews that had to remove power lines from trees before trees could be cleared. It quickly became evident that our department's crews would need assistance in order to clear the streets so that residents and commuters could get to where they



Credit: City of Arcadia

Arcadia firefighters responding to call for emergency services, December 1, 2011.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology



Credit: City of Arcadia

Fallen power lines at 413 W. Longden Avenue, Arcadia, December 1, 2011.



Credit: City of Arcadia

Over 430 city trees were uprooted or destroyed in the 2011 wind storm.

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were going. Outside agencies were contacted and a plan of action was developed. Since we had so much debris to clear, the City of Arcadia had to coordinate with the City of Monrovia to pick a regional dump site that debris from the streets could be dropped off and sorted for disposal.

While the clean-up process took a lot of planning and coordination with other agencies, the restoration of electricity posed the biggest problem. As debris was being cleared and streets cleaned-up, residents still could not understand why electricity had not been restored to their homes. It was difficult for the city to answer that question because the city had no control over restoring electricity to our residents. Although it took awhile for Southern California Edison to restore the electricity—many days for some—power eventually returned to all Arcadians.

Arcadians and city personnel worked around the clock to restore the city to its usual beauty. President Dwight D. Eisenhower once said, “What counts is not necessarily the size of the dog in the fight; it’s the size of the fight in the dog.” Although Arcadia is not as large as some of its neighboring cities, the speed and efficiency of its restoration to one of the most beautiful and charming places in the San Gabriel Valley was unmatched.

The 2011 windstorm was a day that I can never forget. It showed the commitment of the city’s staff and how hard it worked for our residents to restore the city to its normal condition. It was a trying time and definitely a time to learn lessons. One thing is for sure, I am happy to know that we have an outstanding commitment from all city departments. When the time comes for everyone to pull together in a common endeavor, the residents and staff of the City of Arcadia are always up for the challenge.

Tom Tait is the public works services director for the City of Arcadia. He has been with the city for twelve years, previously serving as field services manager and deputy director. He started as a maintenance worker with the City of Alhambra in the Water and Sewer Department and worked his way up by holding several technical and managerial positions for East Pasadena Water Company, City of Downey, and Santa Clarita Water Company. He has a bachelor’s degree in business administration and a master’s degree in organizational leadership.

AFTER THE WINDS: AN ARBORETUM REBORN

by Richard Schulhof

On the eve of November 30, 2011, a highly destructive windstorm whipped across the north San Gabriel Valley. At the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, we were shocked by severe damage that would close our grounds for weeks. When we regained electrical power, I emailed the Arboretum community:

Dear Staff, Volunteers and Trustees,

I'm providing this update to all, given that we are busy with work too urgent to stop for meetings. I think everyone knows the extent of the storm's impact. Suffice to say that hundreds of our trees suffered significant damage with many total losses. Like many of you, I am deeply saddened by the loss of favorite specimens and places. But as was the case following the 1987 hurricane at Kew Gardens, we now plan the next generation of Arboretum trees and new beginnings in our landscape.

Few will forget the devastation following the storm. With winds gusting in excess of ninety miles per hour, over 800 mature trees were significantly damaged



Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

Wind damage at the Arboretum, December 2011.

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or completely destroyed. Enormous fig trees, planted over fifty years ago, appeared as if exploded, their huge branches thrown against the soil. Wind-shattered giant birds of paradise and other shredded tropical plants gave large areas the appearance of south Florida after a hurricane. And the saddest loss, a magnificent blue gum, planted in the 1860s and among the oldest in Southern California, is now remembered through an image of its massive fallen trunk published in the *Los Angeles Times*.

Given the loss of trees collected over a half century, and from around the world, we faced daunting challenges in replanting the Arboretum. It would be many years before priceless specimens could be replaced, and an even longer time before they would grow large enough to delight our some 300,000 annual visitors. Yet good fortune and even beauty would emerge from the ruins. Instantaneously, Arboretum members and friends began sending donations to help the recovery. Ultimately totaling over \$100,000, their generosity has made possible the most ambitious tree planting campaign since the Arboretum's founding in 1948.

But magnificent art made from fallen trees is the real story of the windstorm of 2011. Indeed, it was the inspiration of artists that brought the spirit of renewal and rebirth that carried us forward.



Artist Hilary Wolton with her selected wood.

Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden



Artist Ngene Mwaura with his selected wood.

Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

We began hearing from artists and artisans almost immediately after the storm.

They were requesting wood from downed trees, many of which represented exotic species that might never again be available to the public. Their motivations

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varied, but most expressed a strong desire to help us rebuild. Then came one of those rare moments when a group of people suddenly has the exact same idea. Why not distribute wood to artists with the proviso that they bring their art back to the Arboretum for an auction and exhibition on the one-year anniversary of the storm?

So it came to be. On November, 30, 2012, over ninety artists brought remarkable works to the appropriately named “Forces of Nature” exhibition. Organized and curated by artist Leigh Adams, the process began with each artist selecting his or her wood. In preparation, we gathered together hundreds of logs and branches, the arboreal treasure left by the storm, in a large field at the Arboretum. All wood was labeled with the botanical name of the source tree.

Then, during a rainy week in March, artists were invited to walk the field to find their muse. Some did so very slowly; others immediately found what they wanted. The artists left with a branch, log, burl, or twig that spoke especially to each of them.

The diversity of what they went on to create was breathtaking. Charles Dickson, well-known for his work at Watts Towers Art Center, transformed a trunk from the



Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

Trunk from South American earpod tree transformed into sculpture of dancing nudes by artist Charles Dickson.

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South American earpod tree into a graceful sculpture of dancing nudes. Richard Benson of Altadena chose to celebrate the beautiful reddish grain of the Australian swamp mahogany in three benches that together captured the bend and character of the lost tree. And Julio Panisello of Spain placed a blond wig on a Montezuma cypress trunk, supine and spray-painted gold, with nearby ruby slippers telling us that winds had once again swept Dorothy to an unknown place. Other pieces ranged from beautifully turned bowls and implements to jewelry, furniture, and even the imagined croquet set of Elias J. “Lucky” Baldwin.

Over 400 people attended the “Forces of Nature” opening reception, with robust sales contributing to the Tree Fund. Fittingly, the prevailing themes of the night were the stunning beauty of wood, and a shared acknowledgement that trees make our community a far richer, more livable place. Also shared was a deep thanks to the artists who so evocatively commemorated our losses, while making possible new plantings that will become the Arboretum of tomorrow.

The landscape today reveals few traces of the storm. Those acquainted with our grounds may recognize vistas where none existed before and enthusiastically welcome new plantings. But for most, the legacy of the storm centers on the enduring resilience of communities, both natural and human, as only places like the Arboretum can remind us.

Richard Schulhof has served as the CEO of the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden since 2009. He previously directed Descanso Gardens in La Canada-Flintridge and served as deputy director of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston. His current work focuses on enhancing the Arboretum as an outstanding resource for the Arcadia community and all of Southern California.



Completed carving for the “Forces of Nature” exhibit at the Arboretum, 2012.

Credit: Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden

Chapter 14



Our Hospital



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Methodist Hospital of Southern California opens in Arcadia, May 1957.

ARCADIA'S LIGHT:
MARIA DE LA LUZ LUGO ROCHA

by Dr. Jon Tyrell

It was finally quiet outside of the little clinic in El Fuerte, Mexico. The crowd that had anxiously awaited the arrival of the American doctors in the early morning hours was now gone. Each one had arrived with a medical problem and out of options. El Fuerte is in the Mexican state of Sinaloa, and is the center of a remote, mostly farming area. Life is hard and the people subsist on very little.

On the first Friday of every month, the doctors and nurses of Liga International—"the Flying Doctors of Mercy"—fly to this location on the mainland of Mexico in small planes with volunteer pilots to attend to people too poor to pay for the care they need.

I had been performing various surgeries all day. We were gathering our personal items to begin our walk back to our hotel when a young mother walked in the door with her beautiful six-year-old daughter Maria and asked if we could help. Maria had a disfiguring tumor on her jaw that was the size of a baseball. With her diminutive frame, the tumor looked hideous. It did not take long to realize there was nothing that I could do with the limited resources at the clinic. On the slow flight home, Maria's situation haunted me.



Credit Tim Murphy

Maria's tumor prior to surgery, 2008.

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My name is Dr. Jon Tyrell and I have had my surgical practice in Arcadia for many years. Arcadia is home to many fine doctors and the wonderful Methodist Hospital. After speaking with the hospital administrators and fellow colleagues, we soon built a team of volunteers that agreed to donate their time and talents to try to fix this little girl. Methodist Hospital agreed to provide all of the facilities at their disposal free of charge, as did the doctors. Arcadia City Council Member Gary Kovacic and his wife Barb spread the word about Maria. Donations started to flow in from individual residents and the Arcadia Rotary Club offered to assist with costs. It was now up to the volunteers of Liga International to work through the bureaucracy . . . and they did.

On a sunny day in 2008 in El Fuerte, Mexico, a small plane landed, piloted by Arcadia resident Tim Murphy with his nephew Matthew Bigelow along as a translator. There, in this remote airfield, stood the young mother and her daughter. They were ready to climb into a small plane with two strangers, to fly to a foreign land where they didn't understand the language and with nothing but the hope in their hearts that these people would help. I still cannot imagine the level of trust they possessed.



Credit Tim Murphy

Maria lands at El Monte Airport courtesy of Liga International, 2008.

Maria and her mother stayed first in Arcadia with pilot Tim Murphy and his wife Pat, and then later with my spouse Kiery and me. Kiery spent a day showing Maria and her mother the wonders of Disneyland; Tim and Pat took them to the IMAX Theatre at the California Science Center in Los Angeles to see a 3D movie and the children's museum next door. All reported that other children would just

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stare at Maria to a very uncomfortable degree, and that she would try to cover behind the adults and pull her collar around her disfigured face. It broke their hearts to witness this as they realized how horrible Maria was made to feel every day of her life.

Our team of Arcadia doctors—reconstructive specialist Bala Chandrasekhar, orthopedic surgeon Bradford Hack, anesthesiologist Gary Zane, and me as general surgeon—sembled at Methodist Hospital on the day of the surgery. We were about to discover that Maria’s condition went far beyond the cosmetic. As we waited for the anesthesiologist to intubate Maria successfully, it became clear that the tumor had also grown inward and had begun to crush her airway. Our estimate, after the fact, is that Maria’s airway would have been totally obstructed within a month and she would have died.



Credit Tim Murphy

Maria after surgery, March 2010.

The surgery went well and the tumor was removed. The nurses at Methodist Hospital heaped love and care on this young lady, not to mention a few gifts. In just a few days, she was out of the hospital and, in a few more days, ready to return home where she could attend school, play with friends, and no longer be the object of stares and hurtful comments.

On many subsequent trips with Liga International to El Fuerte, Maria, her mother, and aunt make a point to get on a bus and travel the sixty miles to town to say “hola” and give us hugs. How different the outcome for Maria would have been if the good people who live and work in Arcadia had not taken it upon themselves to give so generously and selflessly of themselves and their resources.

Jon Tyrell, M.D., is a board certified surgeon affiliated with Methodist Hospital of Southern California in Arcadia. He is an alumnus of Arcadia High School (Class of 1978) where he was a Gold Seal graduate and the Pacific League singles champion in tennis. He regularly volunteers his medical services for Liga International in rural Mexico.

METHODIST HOSPITAL: CARING FOR ARCADIA RESIDENTS SINCE 1957

by Michael Driebe

It was a time when one era ended and another began. In 1903, the people of Los Angeles were reading newspaper articles about women's safety on street cars, about Teddy Roosevelt's visit to attend the Los Angeles Fiesta, and the tall, handsome physician baseball player, E.J. "Doc" Newton, who pitched a perfect game for the Los Angeles Angels against the Oakland Oaks in the Pacific Coast League. They also read that the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Church opened Methodist Hospital with five beds in a two-story house on Hewitt Street. And in an era when racial segregation was the norm, it is interesting to note that the very first patient was a Chinese woman.

Not satisfied with the *status quo* and recognizing the need for better healthcare in their community, the Women's Society began to raise funds in 1909 for a new facility. The former mayor's residence on South Hope Street, near present-day USC, was purchased because it was "just far enough out to be quiet, just close enough in for convenience." The existing house was outfitted with eighteen beds and used temporarily until a new one-hundred-bed "thoroughly modern" \$500,000 facility was dedicated on the site in May 1915. It was the first major hospital in Los Angeles built of reinforced concrete. At the time, the surrounding area was one of the most desirable residential neighborhoods in the city.

The Hope Street location was further expanded to 225 beds in 1925 at a cost of \$600,000. The hospital was said to include "many modern conveniences—radio was wired to every bed so that all that is necessary for entertainment is to plug in." Thanks to strong leadership, the hospital survived the financial challenges of the Depression, and its prestige continued to grow. In 1951, the American Medical Association approved the hospital for internship and residency training.

However, with the postwar population shift to suburban areas of Southern California, Arcadia's civic leaders recognized the need to bring a hospital to the community. Seeing that the prospects for growth were away from downtown, Methodist Hospital accepted the request of city officials to relocate to its present site on twenty-two acres of city-owned property. The old hospital was sold to Los Angeles County and, in 1957, Methodist Hospital reopened in the Arcadia civic center with a new \$3 million, 138-bed facility.

Of course, a great deal has changed since then. Several additions have been made including a west wing in 1967, new surgical and laboratory/emergency/critical care additions, and the state-of-the-art 169-bed Berger Tower completed in 1998.



Promotional material about proposed expansion of Methodist Hospital, circa 1950s.

The most recent addition to our campus opened in September of 2011. The North Tower has a state-of-the-art emergency department with twenty-eight beds and an additional eighteen-bed observation unit that is used to handle emergency patients during busier periods. The hospital's critical care capacity also increased and we now have the ability to care for as many as forty of these seriously ill patients. The North Tower also meets the new and rigorous California state earthquake requirements. All in-patient care now takes place in seismically compliant buildings.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology



Credit: Methodist Hospital of Southern California

The Berger Tower, completed in 1998, exceeds today's stringent seismic standards and was refurbished in 2012.

These buildings house a full-service community hospital where patients receive care ranging from labor and delivery to open-heart surgery. Its most frequently accessed services are the emergency department, with nearly 50,000 visits per year, and outpatient diagnostic testing, which accounts for nearly 25,000 patient visits annually. Each year, patient admissions to the hospital number nearly 16,000, including 11,000 admissions through the emergency department. Of the patients admitted each year, about 5,000 have surgeries, 2,000 deliver babies, and 1,500 have heart procedures.

The hospital's major services include cardiovascular, cancer, and surgery services. Methodist Hospital is an EMS (emergency medical system) STEMI (heart attack) Receiving Center and an EMS Stroke Receiving Center. It is a recognized Comprehensive Community Cancer Center, a Bariatric (weight loss) Surgery Center of Excellence, and a joint replacement center. The hospital also offers critical care services, both in-patient and out-patient physical rehabilitation services, and a transitional care unit. Major diagnostic technologies offered by the hospital include a 64-Slice CT scanner, high-definition MRI, state-of-the-art cardiac catheterization labs, electrophysiology, PET scanner, linear accelerator, and electronic medical records.

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Credit: Methodist Hospital of Southern California

The Hollfelder Emergency Care Center is an integral part of the new North Tower on Methodist Hospital's campus.

Community services include a chaplaincy teaching program, pre-natal care clinic for low-income women, senior educational program, community diabetes educational program, parish nurse program, and EMS disaster-response base station.

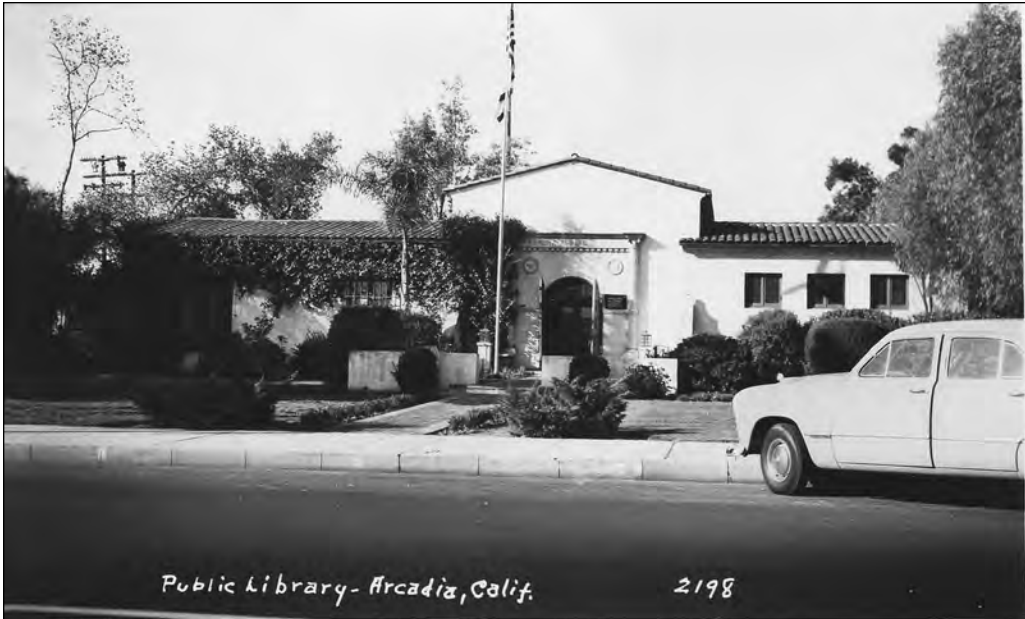
All of these services make this independent, nonprofit institution a place where patients receive world-class care in a community hospital setting. So on behalf of our physician partners, nurses, staff, and volunteers, I want to extend my sincere thanks to the citizens of Arcadia for their generous and long-standing support. You have helped us touch countless lives in our first fifty-six years here and, with your help, we'll continue that work for many more years to come.

Michael Driebe joined Methodist Hospital Foundation as president in the fall of 2009. He oversees all aspects of the foundation's programs, budget, and operations. He also serves as the liaison to the foundation's board of directors and is a member of the hospital's executive team. Mike and his wife Sylvia live in Pomona, where he serves as a member of the Los Angeles County Fair Association.

Chapter 15



Our Library



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Arcadia Public Library at 25 N. First Avenue, circa 1950s.

IT ALL STARTED AT THE ARCADIA PUBLIC LIBRARY

by Corry Wang

It all started at the Arcadia Public Library, where I read my first history book in the second grade. The first time was an accident. Seven years old, I was wandering through my local library when I mistakenly made a wrong turn into the children's nonfiction section. At the time, the nonfiction section seemed a strange and unfamiliar place. It was dimly-lit, filled with cramped and dusty bookshelves, and completely void of comfortable sitting areas. Compared to the welcoming beanbag chairs and stuffed animals of the children's fiction section, it was downright uninviting. However, all of this became trivial once I began reading my first book there.

The book in question was a children's illustrated encyclopedia on the history of warships. It was about thirty pages long. Given my level of reading comprehension at the time, that usually meant about a week of reading at bare minimum. I finished the book in less than a day. And what a day it was! While reciting naval history may seem like a dry way to spend your Friday nights, for seven-year-old me, I could not have found a better way to spend my time. Reading about Viking longships and British man-o-wars, I soon found myself imagining the battles in my own head: biremes vs. triremes! Octavian vs. Mark Antony! Nelson vs. Napoleon! I even doodled maps of these imaginary encounters on the margins of the book, perhaps much to the chagrin of Arcadia's librarians.

From that moment of discovery (and petty vandalism), learning about the past became an active obsession. I would demand that my mom drive me to the library every week, where I could roam the aisles and shelves for hours in search of books to take home. Inside those books, I learned about countless countries, battles, and peoples that I had not even known existed. To me, there is something innately fascinating about history. I remember sitting captivated in the children's room of the library, reading about RC Cola's battle against the Coca-Cola juggernaut in the 1960s. It was a classic tale of David and Goliath, except with caffeinated beverages. In fact, the entire history of soda pop is actually a fascinating story, filled with stories of success and failure of entire commercial empires. While other kids at Longley Way Elementary School read *Harry Potter*, I read about the maiden voyage of the R.S.S. Titanic (the book was better than the movie). And though *Jane Eyre* has its own merits, I would much rather read a well-written account of the rise of the German Empire. In my opinion, three hundred years of wars and political intrigue beat any coming-of-age story. The truth is not just stranger than fiction - it is also way more interesting.

Senior year passed fast; making plans to leave for Amherst College this fall, I have had a lot of time to reflect on my past. All things considered, not many kids

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around the world have had the luck to be exposed to learning as early as I was. For that, I only have Arcadia to thank. I will miss this city. But then again, I think I will like it at Amherst too.

After all, I heard they have a great library.

***Corry Wang** graduated from Arcadia High School in 2013 and attends Amherst College in Massachusetts. He was born in Los Angeles and has lived in Arcadia since kindergarten. When he is not memorizing lists of African rivers, he enjoys reading history books and browsing the news of the day online.*

THE COLLECTIONS, PROGRAMS, AND SERVICES AT THE ARCADIA PUBLIC LIBRARY

by Darlene Bradley

The Arcadia Public Library operates out of a single 48,000-square-foot facility containing more than 206,000 items including books, magazines, newspapers, compact discs, DVDs, and video and audio cassettes. It provides free access to the internet, MSOffice products, seventeen electronic subscription databases, and an online catalog from sixty-five public computers and three wireless networks for personal Wi-Fi devices.

The library's auditorium (maximum seating of 150, maximum assembly of 200, maximum dining of 120) is used regularly for library and other city programs, but is also available to community groups for a rental fee.

The Arcadia Public Library is one of the most visited public buildings in Arcadia with more than 549,000 visitors annually. The library's experienced staff and volunteers are available to assist all patrons with a wide variety of library collections, programs, and services:

Children's Collections, Programs, and Services

The Captain Jerry Broadwell Children's Room serves babies through age fourteen. The Kids Place was created with the library remodel in 1995. This is the area in which the youngest children and their parents can begin their lifelong love



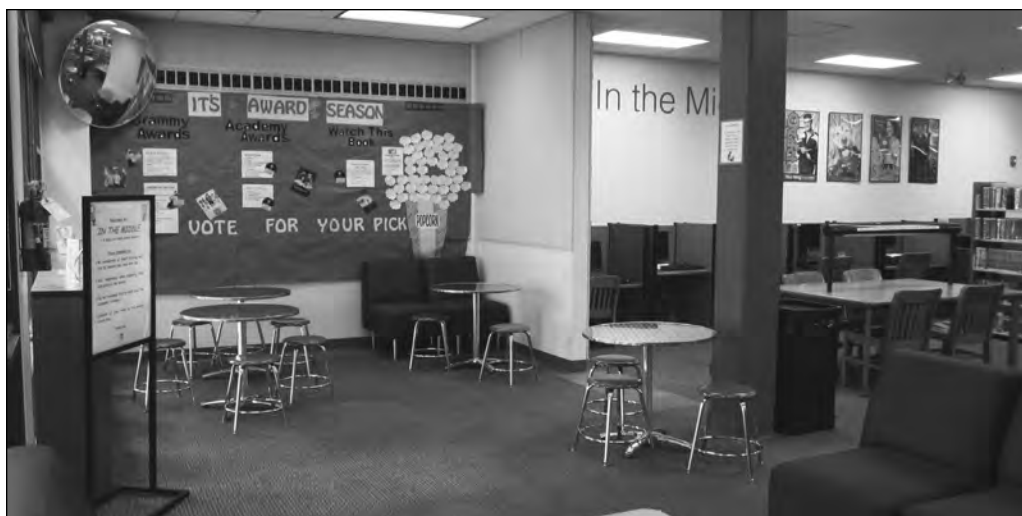
Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Children's Room at the Arcadia Public Library at 25 N. First Avenue, 1952.

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of reading and learning. This area is designated for babies, toddlers, preschoolers, and early elementary school children. It is here that parents, teachers, and children will find concept books that focus on counting, the alphabet, shapes, colors, and more. There are many award-winning and excellent picture book stories and beginning reading books located in this area. The activity cube adds interest and keeps little hands busy while parents browse for books. There are also four computers designated for the little ones with preloaded software just right for playing educational and interactive computer games. The smaller tables and chairs in the main area of the Jerry Broadwell Children's Room are regularly used by younger and older elementary school children, working on homework or leisure reading. Elementary fiction for third through fifth grades is housed in one area and middle school fiction for sixth through eighth grades is housed in another, all within the Jerry Broadwell Children's Room, making browsing much easier for children and parents alike.

In May 2011, a new space was created just for middle school children. In this new area, called "In The Middle," students can find middle school fiction materials, seating, study tables, and computers designated just for them during the after-school hours and on weekends. The middle school fiction collection had originally been interfiled with all of the other elementary school fiction.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The middle school project and study areas at the Arcadia Public Library, 2013.

The Jerry Broadwell Children's Room signature Summer Reading Program is always very popular. It is funded by the Friends of the Arcadia Public Library and donations from the community. To entice older elementary and middle school children to practice their reading throughout the summer, the Tween Summer Reading Program was created in 2011. This very popular program gives younger children something to look forward to and older children something that is

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specifically designed for them. This wasn't a new idea, just one tweaked and recycled from a very popular board game that was in place in the 1970s and 1980s.

Adult and Teen Collections, Programs, and Services

Adult and teen services and collections underwent some repurposing in 2011-2012 by expanding the shelving area for the teen, the large type, and the Chinese language collections. Space was reconfigured to provide more seating and a larger study area for teens. A "Quiet Zone" for adults and teens seeking a silent place to read or study was also created. The auditorium was opened four afternoons a week for the first time, providing an additional 150 seating spaces within the library for high school students.

In the fall of 2011, staff explored all of the eBook options available to public libraries and weighed the pros and cons of each service and compatibilities with eReader devices. The library decided to go with OverDrive. While not the easiest to use, OverDrive offered the widest variety of popular fiction and nonfiction titles and was the only service compatible with Kindles. Staff learned how to use a variety of devices to help the public better through eBook clinics. In February 2012, eBooks and audio books were made available to the public.

One-on-one volunteer Internet tutoring classes as well as the staff-driven Computer Learning Labs continue to be very popular and continue to further life-long learning through technology and information literacy at the library.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

A record listening table with turntable was a popular fixture at the Arcadia Public Library in 1965.

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

The “Teen Central” study area at the Arcadia Public Library, 2013.

The Arcadia Public Library continues to reinvent itself to keep up with the needs of the community. It is a place for community, for learning, and for recreation.

***Darlene Bradley** is the services manager in charge of programs and collections management at the Arcadia Public Library.*

THE ARCADIA PUBLIC LIBRARY SHOWS THE WAY

by Roger Hiles

Thanks to the dedicated and generous support of the Arcadia community, the Arcadia Public Library has provided many new and innovative services over the years. In 2010, the library moved forward with a bold initiative that would place it ahead of most other libraries in one more way—the use of the Koha “open source” library management system.

Modern libraries use a computer program called a library management system (also called an integrated library system) to check out books, register library cards, and help patrons find books, among other things. For thirty years, companies created these programs and competed for the business of libraries all over the world. Each program was different and unique. Any change or improvement in one of those programs was also unique and had to be paid for by the customers of that company, which meant that as the programs grew more complex as features were added, the cost of maintaining them increased rapidly. And since adding features was expensive, companies only improved features desired by the largest number of their customers. For libraries, costs went up and progress slowed down.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Card catalog (right) at Arcadia Public Library was used by patrons to find books in 1962.

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In 1999, frustrated by this situation, a small library in New Zealand called the Horowhenua Library Trust commissioned a library management system of its own. It was called Koha, a word that means “gift” in the language of New Zealand’s Maori people. Koha would be different from the others; it would be an “open source” program.

Open source programs are not restricted through copyright, but instead are governed by a special license that allows them to grow and develop in a low-cost, highly customizable way. The software itself is available free of charge. Users can pay independent consultants for software maintenance if they need it, or for developers to add a new feature if they want it, just as long as the improvements are also available to everyone on similar terms.

Koha started as a small program for a small library, but because it was open source, libraries around the world began to use it and improve it. For libraries, the cost of Koha, even including maintenance and support, was much less than the cost of the older, traditional programs. Over a thousand libraries around the world had adopted Koha by 2010.

But public libraries in California were still holding back, waiting for the libraries bold enough to be pioneers. While operating costs would be less with Koha, the costs of converting to a new system were not inconsiderable. Finally, in 2010, the California State Library and the Califa Library Group set out to, as they say, “sweeten the deal.” Creating the “Open Source Open Libraries” initiative, they offered \$20,000 grants towards migration costs for the first few libraries to jump in.

Under the leadership of Carolyn Garner-Reagan, director of library and museum services, Jackie Faust-Moreno, library services manager, and Cathi Wiggins, information systems services supervisor, the Arcadia Public Library did just that. Adding the \$20,000 grant to \$14,500 in funding from the City of Arcadia, the library hired ByWater Solutions, a Koha consulting company, and moved forward with an aggressive six-month plan to migrate to Koha.

In July 2010, the Arcadia Public Library staff was introduced to Koha in a full-day training session presented by Brendan Gallagher, CEO of ByWater Solutions. Staff began investigating various Koha issues and planning the migration. In August, the “Arcadia-Koha Task Force” was created with key library supervisors meeting weekly to work on the migration. The months of September and October found the technical services staff hard at work cleaning up the library’s database; removing or fixing bad records so that the best quality data could be used in the new system. ByWater began configuring the new system and loading records sent from Arcadia. In November, the circulation staff began training on the circulation features of Koha so they would be ready to work with the public when the switchover would take place.

The library’s information systems staff worked on many issues, not the least

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of which was the design and functions of the library's new web catalog. Graphics and content were discussed and decided upon. A contest was held to pick the name for the new catalog, and fifty-eight anonymous entries were received and considered. The winning entry, as selected by the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, was "Arcadia Searchlight." It had been suggested by a library staff member. Kristen Olafson from the Arcadia city manager's office designed a logo showing a beam of light shining across the word "SEARCHLIGHT" in large letters.



Winning entry and logo for the Arcadia Public Library's new web catalog.

December came and "Koha Go Live Day" neared. Library staff worked with the city's information technology team, and staff from ByWater to resolve many implementation issues. They prepared new system reports in place of those generated by the old system, developed new routines, and trained on the new operating procedures. Finally, on December 13, 2010, the library switched over to the new system. Arcadia was now a Koha library!

The months and years that followed have been marked by continued progress in adapting Koha to the library's needs and also adapting the library's processes to Koha. Other libraries have followed Arcadia's lead; now more than two thousand libraries have adopted Koha and, like Arcadia, are able to use the money saved to help fund other library operations. As its Maori name promised, Koha is indeed a "gift," and one that keeps on giving. Thanks to a supportive city and a bold leadership team, the Arcadia Public Library had helped show the way.

Roger Hiles is the library services manager at the Arcadia Public Library. He credits "City of Arcadia Library and Museum Services Annual Report, July 2010-June 2011" and "Library introduces new online catalog," an Arcadia.Patch.com article by Maria McDowell, for information used in this essay.

THE ENGLISH CONVERSATION CLASS: WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

by Shau May Yung

Imagine that you are in a new country. You do not read or speak the language. You cannot read any signs. You do not understand the words. You cannot express your feelings. You cannot connect to people. And you are being neglected or ignored because you do not speak up. Many immigrants have such painful experiences. If we travel to a new country, we might also feel that way. That is why most new immigrants are very eager to learn the language so that they can function in a new country. Due to circumstances such as poverty or lack of time, some of them do not learn it right away. But every immigrant knows that English is a universal language. Without it you cannot move up.

Most immigrants come to this country to better their lives, to improve their children's opportunities of education, or to seek freedom. In Arcadia, we can see the waves of immigration gradually changing the demographics of our city.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Betty Harris, James Brayshaw, and students of the English Conversation Class, 2012.

Arcadia resident and community leader John Fung had the foresight to start the English Conversation Class at the Arcadia Public Library. After seven years, John wanted to retire and he asked Betty Harris, then president of the American Association of University Women (“AAUW”), to accept the administration of the class. AAUW had previously sponsored a similar class at the Community Center and was pleased to co-sponsor this class with the library.

Every Monday morning at ten o'clock in the library's Kay Mortensen Auditorium, you will see a houseful of students sitting in groups of six around a table, each with a tutor leading a conversation in English. The students come from all walks of life. Some of them have white hair and hunched shoulders.

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Shelley Wu, Madeline West, and their English Conversation Class students, 2012.

If you ask, they will tell you that they are grandmas or grandpas and want to learn English so that they can talk to their grandchildren. Some of them are in their middle age and they go to work after the class. Some take care of their children when the class is over. Some look fresh and young; they come to study or find employment. They may look alike but they are from different parts of the world: China, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Vietnam, Mexico, and Lebanon. They might be retired teachers, professors, artists, businessmen, housewives, or restaurant workers. They come with one purpose: to learn to speak English. Since the class has limited space, it cannot accommodate everyone. Some of them have to wait because they cannot yet read any English words. Students enrolled in the English Conversation Class must be able to read some English. Speaking and conversation are emphasized.

Approximately thirty individuals (some of whom are bilingual) support the students. They serve as tutors and substitutes, as well as leaders who handle registration, *Easy English News* distribution, pronunciation drills, and administration. All are volunteers who work as a team to provide this class for approximately eighty-five students. They all become a family of East and West, working together and looking forward to each Monday class. The Arcadia Chinese Association is very supportive of the class and provides lunches for three tutor-training meetings per year.

Daily pronunciation drills and tongue exercises were added to the class agenda two years ago. This poses an extra challenge for the Chinese whose language is monosyllabic. They have difficulty pronouncing sounds like “r”, “th,” and “ed.” Often the students can understand the English words but their pronunciation is not understood by native speakers. The drilling exercises really

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help them to pronounce correctly, especially if they practice daily at home. Also by using the monthly *Easy English News* as study material, the students are exposed to American culture, history, and the U. S. Constitution. The students become more knowledgeable about the country they have adopted.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Florence Kovacic (left) and her English Conversation Class students, 2012.

Some tutors have taught continuously for years. They know all their students and enjoy teaching them. Exemplary teachers include Florence Kovacic, Madeline West, Virginia Stuart, James Brayshaw, and Bob Rodriguez. AAUW members Robin Grainey, Joanna Liang, and Fanny Kuo have all contributed their time and energy to the class. The tutors give assignments and extra reading material. They are all very dedicated and patient with the students.

Success depends on continuation of the program, dedication of the many volunteers, and enthusiasm of the students. The American nation consists of many nations of immigrants, and national unity depends on speaking one language. The English Conversation Class is a microcosm of the whole country. Each of us, as a member of this community, contributes to the success of the country as a whole by giving and sharing .

Shau May Yung was born in China and moved to Hong Kong at an early age. After finishing high school, she moved to Paris and then to England to study nursing. Since 1973, she has lived in the United States. She works as a nurse practitioner in the Chinese community and has written and published several books in Chinese. She volunteers for several local organizations and is currently studying Chinese calligraphy, Chinese brush painting, and gu zheng music.

THE ESSENTIAL HISTORY OF ARCADIA READING LIST

by Mary Beth Hayes

This book will join the following list of treasured publications that document the history of Arcadia. All of the titles are available to be viewed by appointment in the Arcadia History Room at the Arcadia Public Library. Most of these titles are also available in the library's circulating collection and can be checked out. As indicated, two of the books are also available as digital eBooks from the library's home page under "Special Collections," which also includes collections of historical photographs, watercolor paintings, newspapers, directories, telephone books, Arcadia High School yearbooks, documents, and other local history digital resources.

Although most of the titles are currently out of print, you may be able to find some of them for purchase on-line or at a local used book store.

I encourage you to read some or all of these publications. You will surely enjoy the interesting and inspiring history of the City of Arcadia as you navigate the pages.

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Spalding, George H. *A History of the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum: The First 25 Years*. Arcadia: California Arboretum Foundation, 1973. Print.

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Mary Beth Hayes has worked at the Arcadia Public Library since 1989. She was involved with establishing the Arcadia History Room at the library, and for many years provided Arcadia history reference and research support to the public. She currently serves as director of library and museum services.

Chapter 16



Our Train



Credit: Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority

Construction of the Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension bridge over Santa Anita Avenue in Arcadia, August 2013.

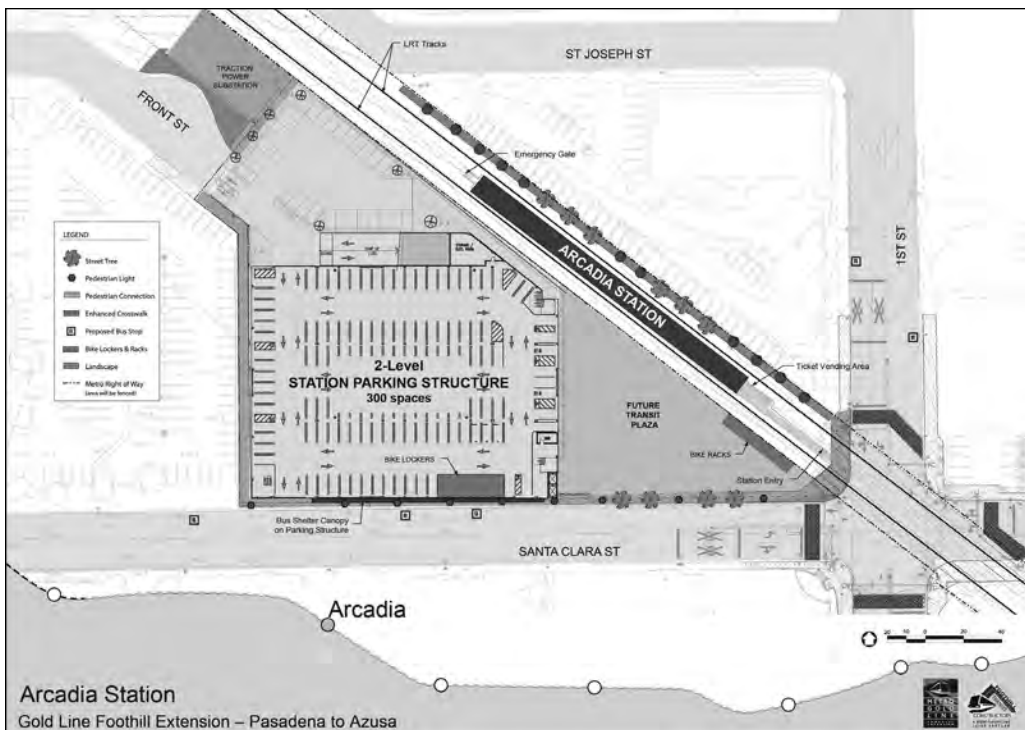
THE JOURNEY CONTINUES: THE GOLD LINE COMES TO ARCADIA

by Habib F. Balian

As I sit writing this essay, I am pulled in two directions - first to the past, and then to the future. Both are important to my story as it relates to the City of Arcadia; the story of bringing passenger rail back to this area.

As you hopefully know, the next segment of the Metro Gold Line light rail project is currently under construction. It is being built along the historic Santa Fe Railway corridor that once—not so long ago—carried passengers and freight between the San Gabriel Valley and Los Angeles. During the early to mid-twentieth century, trains serviced the old and then new Santa Anita Park racetrack, as well as the then mainly agricultural community in the city. A stop was located near First Avenue and St. Joseph Street, adjacent to where we are building the future Gold Line light rail station today.

When Henry Huntington began developing the Pacific Electric (“PE”) routes at the turn of the twentieth century, he understood that his investment in the infrastructure of the area could be a catalyst for growth and change. He specifically looked around and identified where he felt towns could be built, and then connected those areas by rail. His vision became a reality and many cities grew



Credit: Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority

Site plan for the future Arcadia Gold Line station, parking structure, and transit plaza.

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up around those old lines. In fact, the City of Arcadia incorporated the same year the PE came to town: 1903.

Today, a similar renaissance is taking place; and it is happening on the backbone of Henry Huntington's vision and effort. For the first time since the PE stopped running to Arcadia in 1951, rail is coming back to the city and it is being built along the same corridor that once brought passengers from throughout the western United States to downtown Los Angeles more than 125 years ago.

The light rail project is funded by Los Angeles County's Measure R, which was passed by voters in 2008. The project will extend service from Pasadena (where the line terminates today on the I-210 Freeway) 11.5 miles east, terminating across Foothill Boulevard from Citrus College and Azusa Pacific University in the City of Azusa. Along the way, six new stations are being built and, like Arcadia, each city is developing plans for growth and development around its future station.

Once complete, the line will connect historic downtowns, universities, hospitals, entertainment venues, and more. In the City of Arcadia, it will bring people to eat and shop in downtown Arcadia and at the Westfield Santa Anita mall, experience the beautiful gardens year-round (or listen to the Pasadena Pops play each summer) at the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, and watch the horses run at the historic Santa Anita Park. There are many reasons for future riders to take the time to explore Arcadia, and the city is investing in the station and area around the station to make it even more appealing.

Although the line is only turning ten years old this year, the Metro Gold Line is a thriving rail line. It currently serves more than one million riders a month; a



*Credit: Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension
Construction Authority*

Rendering of the future Arcadia Gold Line station.

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number that has consistently increased each year since the line opened for service in 2003. With this new extension, the ridership is certain to grow significantly.

In its first decade of operation, the Gold Line (like its historic predecessors) has been a catalyst for growth and change in the areas it serves. The City of South Pasadena, for instance, has gone from a sleepy downtown of vacant store fronts to one filled with trendy shops and restaurants and mixed-use developments. Pasadena has seen most of its land development growth occur within one-half mile of its Gold Line stations in the past ten years, and the vacancy rates continue to stay low within the station areas. People are using the line to live, work, and play; and a new generation of kids has started growing up only knowing what it is like to live in cities with light rail.

In 2013, the Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority—the agency responsible for planning, designing, and building the light rail line—is well on its way to bringing light rail back to Arcadia and its neighboring communities. We have nearly completed design for the project and construction began last November.

In the next two years of construction, we will be building 11.5-miles of track, six stations and parking, twenty-four bridges and two dozen street-level crossings, a maintenance facility, and much more. With each step, we are bringing light rail closer to reality for the city and its residents, workers, and visitors.

It is with great pride and excitement that I work daily to bring the Metro Gold Line to the City of Arcadia and beyond. My goal remains the same: to connect all of the Foothill cities from Arcadia to Montclair with this line, and hopefully terminate the line at Ontario Airport one day in the not too distant future. In the meantime, I look forward to completing the current segment of the line, and watching Arcadians step on the train for the first time just a few years from now.

The journey continues.

***Habib F. Balian** serves as the chief executive officer of the Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority, overseeing planning, funding, and construction of the light-rail line from Los Angeles to Montclair. During his eleven-year tenure with the Authority, he has overseen construction of the fourteen-mile Los Angeles to Pasadena segment of the line (a design-build program that came in on time and under budget), prepared the Pasadena to Azusa segment for construction, and continues to oversee the necessary planning studies to ready future segments for construction. He is a life-long resident of the San Gabriel Valley.*

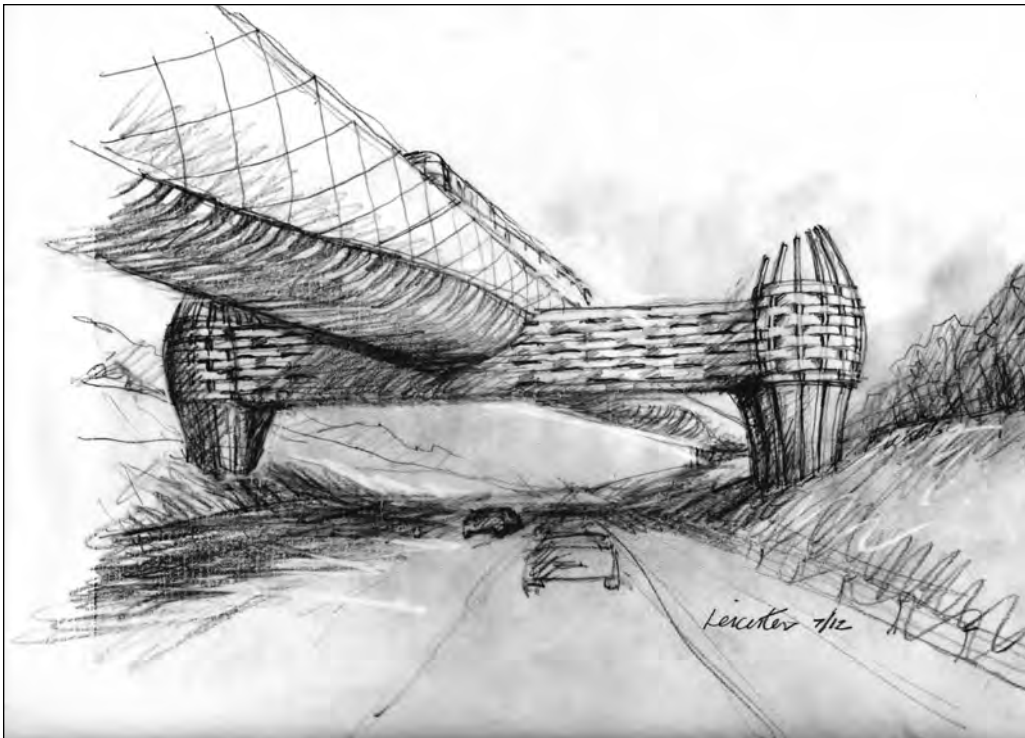
THE I-210 GOLD LINE BRIDGE: “WELCOME TO THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY”

by Andrew Leicester

Tradition and local history led to the design of the recently-completed I-210 Gold Line Bridge over the eastbound lanes of the freeway in Arcadia. As the selected artist to design the bridge, I was given a formidable challenge: create a design concept that would be meaningful, timeless, and represent the progress underway with the coming arrival of the new light rail extension.

The design first and foremost celebrates the cultural heritage of the San Gabriel Valley. The design embraces the earliest settlers, but also incorporates more modern themes.

The two oversized baskets are the focal points for the bridge. Each pays tribute to the basket-making traditions of the earliest settlers of the area, as well as represents commerce and the transport of citrus that helped develop this area. The baskets are oversized (twenty-five feet in height with reeds that extend up to ten additional feet) to relate to the numerous oversized sculptural landmarks that were erected along nearby Route 66 during its heyday as the car culture evolved in Southern California in the middle of the last century.



Credit: Andrew Leicester

Artist rendering of the I-210 Gold Line Bridge.

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Credit: Terry Miller

Detail of completed basket.

Additionally, I saw a strong synergy between the making of baskets and bridges. Both have internal skeletons of interwoven linear material: reed and rebar respectively; and filler and surfacing material to give rigidity: grass and/or clay for the basket and concrete for the bridge.

Importantly, the main superstructure provided an opportunity to have meaning as well. It is rounded and includes deep relief and hatch marks. The shape is meant to be organic and informed by shapes in nature. The hatch-marks represent the life that exists in the foothills through the ornate design found naturally on the diamondback rattlesnake. The grooves, which literally represent the skeleton of the snake, metaphorically represent the connectivity of the transit system.

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Credit: Terry Miller

The completed bridge (at night).

The basic bridge is comprised as a carriageway that is supported by a beam across the I-210 freeway, which is in turn supported by two vertical columns on either side of the freeway. This simple arrangement creates a giant *de facto* “beam and lintel doorway” for eastbound motorists. As with most ceremonial portals, the addition of symbolic and decorative elements serves a vital role in conveying a message to anyone who passes through. In the case of the I-210 Gold Line Bridge it is “Welcome to the San Gabriel Valley.”

I am quite pleased with the outcome of the design for the I-210 Gold Line Bridge. I believe that it meets the challenge presented and represents the area’s past, present, and future.

Andrew Leicester is the design concept advisor for the I-210 Gold Line Bridge project. He was selected by a committee of community stakeholders representing the foothill extension corridor cities following a national competitive search conducted by the Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Construction Authority. He has created public art projects that range in size and scope from small courtyards to municipal transit plazas, park entrances and water gardens throughout the United State, United Kingdom, and Australia. Mr. Leicester has received numerous awards for his work and his extensive sketchbook for the I-210 Gold Line Bridge project was featured in the “Pages” exhibition at the Art Center College of Design Williamson Gallery. He was born in Birmingham, England and emigrated to the United States in 1970.

I HEAR THE TRAIN A COMIN'

by Phil Wray

First of all, I have to admit I love trains and railroads, and I have always enjoyed a good train ride. On a morning back in 1978, I boarded an Amtrak train in Pomona headed for San Luis Obispo where I was attending college at Cal Poly State University. To this day, I remember that train ride very well. As we traveled through the San Gabriel Valley, the route was exciting with tunnels, street crossings, bridges over rivers and roads, and a segment down the middle of the I-210 freeway. I remember how the train seemed to pass by everyone's backyard or back door with no stops or stations and we seemed to be separated and isolated from the cities and activity centers along the way.

But as we reached Arcadia that morning, there was a certain feeling that was different from the other communities. I was not born or raised in Arcadia, but I certainly knew where it was. And, on that morning, I got a different perspective of the city. We passed closer to the downtown activity center that was visible from the Huntington Drive bridge and then we bisected a small commercial and industrial neighborhood. That neighborhood had such a small closed-in feeling like we were truly passing through a destination point. However, the train kept moving and we transitioned through a residential neighborhood abruptly into the center of the I-210 freeway and on to Union Station.

It made me wonder if, at one time, there was ever a station in the vicinity of downtown Arcadia and how it might have interacted with the downtown community back in the days before the automobile. The downtown area may have originally grown around the railroad and station, but then eventually turned its back to the railroad as the city progressed into the automobile era. I figured that train travel in the 1970s did not warrant stations in all the communities; but nonetheless, without that connection point to the community, I felt isolated on the train.

The railroad tracks are still here in 2013, but the line has been abandoned and the Los Angeles County Metropolitan Transportation Authority plans to use the right-of-way for the Metro Gold Line light rail system. I learned that there was a depot many years ago in the downtown area, but it had long since been removed to another home. In 2013, there is no trace of interaction between the community and the rail line, except for a spur line near the old station site, now mostly buried.

I thought about what this stretch of railroad might have been like to travelers many years ago as they traveled through or to the area. The train stations were probably the activity centers for small communities like Arcadia. Arcadia's train depot between St. Joseph Street and Santa Clara Street may have been one of the earliest hubs of activity in the community's pre- and early cityhood days. For this

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Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Arcadia Santa Fe railroad station on Santa Clara Street, just west of First Avenue, April 1950.

transcontinental railroad line, the depot was likely where deliveries and mail came in and where the locals came to see friends or family depart or return from their travels. The activity appears to have been compounded by the Pacific Electric “Red Car” railway line that crossed the AT&SF line at St Joseph Street. This provided the option of local travel and a connection between the two rail lines. For the short time that rail dominated the travel modes, this was certainly an important location.

Little did I know that many years later, I would become the city engineer for Arcadia, and be involved in Arcadia’s transformation of the old AT&SF railroad into the Metro Gold Line. The Metro Gold Line Foothill Extension Authority has committed a station for each community and Arcadia has selected its site as the northwest corner of First Avenue and Santa Clara Street very near the original depot site. The Metro Gold Line will not only provide an important transit option for the region, but my hope is that it will also restore the rail interaction with the community that was missing in 1978 and that the station will become an activity center. To make this happen, the city is pursuing efforts to integrate the station into the neighborhood with a transit plaza and other pedestrian

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and parkway amenities. The city has also taken steps with land use and zoning changes around the downtown station to stimulate future development that will hopefully embrace the rail rather than turn its back on it.

I am excited that the rail line I travelled thirty-five years ago will be reused for the Metro Gold Line and that others will be able to enjoy this route for many years to come. I am also excited that the stations along the way will provide opportunities for the communities to reconnect with the rail line as activity centers and access to an alternative transportation mode.



*Credit: Metro Gold Line Foothill
Extension Construction Authority*

Artist rendering of new Metro Gold Line station and transit plaza in Arcadia.

So my thoughts of long ago are my visions for the future. I hope that Arcadia's future includes a vibrant and active downtown with a light rail station and transit plaza in the center where people will come not just to ride the train but to meet, visit, and see friends and family depart or return from their travels. For those of us railroad lovers who are nostalgic about the good old days of the railroads, we have a lot to look forward to in the years ahead.

***Phil Wray** is the deputy development services director/city engineer for the City of Arcadia where he has worked for over eleven years. He has a bachelor's degree in civil engineering and a master's degree in public administration, and is licensed in California as both a civil engineer and land surveyor. He grew up in Claremont, California.*

Chapter 17



Our Odes to Arcadia



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Painting by H.H. Cross showing Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin, daughter Anita, and five mastiffs in front of Queen Anne Cottage, circa 1887-1888.

ARCADIA, WHERE YOU WANT TO BE
by Eugene R. Webb

The City of Arcadia is where you want to be,
Not only to live, but to go and see.
It's a beautiful city that's alive and swell,
The Methodist Hospital will help you get well.

There's beauty at Santa Anita racetrack,
And the horses keep us coming back.
The Arboretum is really a wonderful sight to see,
The City of Arcadia has a lot of good history.

There are a lot of things going on that are worth knowing,
Such as the great teams of lawn bowling.
Then there's the terrific Arcadia Bridge Center,
That welcomes everyone regardless of gender.

In Arcadia there's a huge mall to go and shop,
With benches all around should you want to drop.
A food center with foods of all different kind,
Just being and seeing it will blow your mind.

Arcadia is a wonderful city filled with love,
And it's the people that it's always thinking of.
It's also known as a city with a big heart,
And Senior Citizen Services is a real big part.

It's truly the only city I have ever heard,
Where peacocks run freely around like no other bird.
The females are dreary and dull-looking as can be,
The male peacocks are colorful and pretty to see.

Eugene Webb has lived in the San Gabriel Valley for sixty-two years. He and his wife Aileen have been married for sixty-four years and have three children, five grand children, and seven great-grandchildren. He served in the United States Marine Corps in 1946 to 1948 and went to college at age forty-nine, receiving a degree in health and safety with an emphasis on alcohol and drugs. He has worked as a family counselor, been sober for forty-six years, and is a cancer survivor. He has written and published three books and his poems have appeared in numerous newspapers and magazines.



Poet Eugene R. Webb and friend.

Credit: Eugene R. Webb

ARCADIA, MY HOME
by Troy A. Bond

It was on a trip to Arcadia in the 30s or so,
Down the Double Drive we would go.
My dad and I took the drive in the early morn,
To buy the very best Carl's corn.

In those days there were a lot of ranches,
With trees laden with beautiful branches.
With many chicken farms,
And a few dairy barns.

I thought to myself, Arcadia has a lot of allure,
And I would like to live there someday for sure.
Close to sixty years ago, I bought a home,
And never more to roam.

I'm proud to be a resident of this town,
That in the 30s my dad and I found.

Troy A. Bond was born in Hollywood, California, in 1925. He was raised and attended school in Pasadena. At seventeen, he joined the United States Navy and served in the Pacific on the aircraft carrier Savo Island. After his military service, he returned to Pasadena and married the girl next door. They moved to Arcadia, where they have lived for the last sixty-one years enjoying the beauty of the city, the racetrack, the Arboretum, and the wonderful shopping and restaurants . . . never more to roam.

Chapter 17. Our Odes to Arcadia



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Carl's Sweet Corn at 75 Las Tunas Drive (northwest corner of Las Tunas Drive and Santa Anita Avenue), in Arcadia, 1953.



Credit: Arcadia Public Library

Roy Pike's chicken ranch at 641 W. Lemon Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1928-1930.

PEACEFUL SLUMBER

by Edward Chao

Peaceful slumber,
Dreams of endless flights,
Only to fly into a shriek, a cry,
A *cu-caw!* that reminds me,
School starts in an hour!

Oh! you nefarious creature,
Torturing me,
Knowing full well that you can get away with it.
But you don't seem to care,
Strutting around like royalty.
And how we rightfully praise you so!

What better creature to represent a place of history and culture,
Than one of Hera's treasured birds.
Your plumage of iridescent,
And my years of adolescence,
Remind me of my youth,
Growing up was never an easy thing,

But your watchful, still eye,
And your annoying cries for attention
(or attempts at being a rooster),
Makes me feel rest assured,
That my city will sleep safe and sound.
Until the cacophonous screeches in the morning.

Edward Chao has lived in Arcadia since he was just a baby, always getting in trouble because of his curiosity. He is a member of Arcadia High School's Class of 2013. As he now goes off to college at UC San Diego, he knows it is time to bid farewell to his home and embark on another adventure.

ARCADIA: OUR FAIR AND VIBRANT COMMUNITY

by Evan Delgado

A city of diversity,
Its doors are closed to none.
From our differences we can grow,
From many we are one.

Those who suffer, those in need,
Have a helping hand.
The residents of Arcadia,
Protect their fellow man.

Our great city has gifted us,
With peace and opportunity.
And in return, we do our part,
Give back with passion and freely.

And natural beauty is abound,
Enveloping our fair city.
Its beauty inspires and awes us all,
On that we can all agree.

Looming trees, and boughs of leaves,
High above our heads.
Filter, shine, and reflect light,
Green and gold and red.

On the horizon, against the sky,
Are the guardians of my youth.
The mountains express their majesty,
And represent a single truth.

For all its faults, be they few,
It's very clear to see.
We're lucky to call Arcadia home,
Our fair and vibrant community.

Evan Delgado graduated from Arcadia High School in 2013. He was a member of the high school's award-winning Constitution Team and currently attends Princeton University.

Chapter 18



Our Home



Credit: Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation

The new performing arts center on the Arcadia High School campus, 2013.

ARCADIA: A DESTINATION OF DREAMS

by Jim Romo

Shelly and I moved to Arcadia nearly thirty-one years ago. Our reasons for doing so weren't much different from others who saw or heard of the beautiful neighborhoods, wonderful schools, and the exceptional services Arcadia had to offer. Our hopes and dreams, at that time, were to raise our family and to fit into the fabric of the city. We had two small children and another on the way. We had our hands full with me starting a new law firm and Shelly, who was able to stay at home, caring for our burgeoning family. In other words, we were two busy people.

I first became aware of Arcadia in my early childhood. My family would make the long trek out to the Inland Empire from Burbank, then later from Canoga Park, about every other weekend to visit relatives. From the backseat (which faced backwards!) of our station wagon, I would watch the trees on Foothill Boulevard pass by along with the high slope stone walls hiding what was on the other side. I could see only the tops of homes, and they seemed to be massive. You could not help but notice the difference in these surroundings because it was in such stark contrast to the commercial buildings that lined most of the streets as we made our way from the San Fernando Valley to San Bernardino. It was an oasis in a sea of concrete and it truly left an image in mind. It was obvious, even to someone my age, that there was something special about this neighborhood that was different than anything I had ever known.

Years later, as a young attorney, I had the opportunity to represent both the Arcadia Unified School District and the City of Arcadia in some labor and employment law matters. So, I was in and out of the city in the late 1970s, all the while learning more about the outstanding reputation of both entities. Often, when I was finished with whatever task that brought me to Arcadia, I would take the time to drive through the neighborhoods. Each visit just seemed to cement the feelings I had about Arcadia being the place to raise our family. During this time, we lived in Eagle Rock and, on Sundays, Shelly and I would pack up our two children and drive over to Arcadia and meander up and down the streets. You may have seen our family either in a Toyota pick-up or the ugliest green-painted Fiat one can imagine going back and forth through your neighborhood. Honestly, we were only admiring the homes, not staking out the neighborhood!

We looked at other communities in the San Gabriel Valley to move to, but we always gravitated back to the idea of living in Arcadia. So, we made the decision to sell our home in Eagle Rock and find a house in Arcadia in which to raise our family. We thank Peggy Allison of Allison Realty for helping us make our dream a reality. First, she sold us on the idea of moving here and then drove us all around the city trying to find the right place for us to buy. In the end, Peggy, in her own

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way, did some major muscling for us to make our move happen. Thanks, Peggy!!!! We are forever indebted to you.

In the beginning, getting involved in community service was the farthest thing from our minds. With three children under the age of five, it's all you can do to manage your household. Those of you who have traveled a similar road know of what I speak. Life is hectic enough raising a family, let alone trying to do anything beyond that. So, who would have thought that thirty-one years after moving to this city, Shelly and I would be jointly honored with the 2013 Arcadia Citizens of the Year Award by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce for our community service?

Neither of us can say that it just came upon us one day that we needed to get involved or that it was part of a grand plan of sorts. Inertia, as it were, played a huge role as our children started to become involved in an array of activities.



Credit: Shelly Romo

Shelly and Jim Romo with grandchildren JJ and Brianna at the Arboretum, 2009.

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Almost from the beginning, we found ourselves engaged in activities at our children's school including PTA and work parties. Then, there were Indian Guides and Princesses, Scouts, soccer, softball, baseball, swimming, and dance. Next came marching band, color guard, Orchestras, and high school sports. Each activity had its support group of parents in the form of booster clubs or some other informal system of parental support. Through our involvement, we met people we consider to be lifelong friends who also believed that it was a good thing to be involved with your children, and then we met the families of their friends. It's about the old adage, "It takes a village. . . ." Our family, and the other wonderful families we have met in this city through the years, are testament to this idea.

In our view, the experiences of our children, as they matriculated through their grade school years, were positive and we believe that their schooling and their exposure to diversity prepared them for the next phases of their lives, both as they went away to college and now as productive adults. So, even though we no longer had the direct connection with the schools as parents, our children's experiences created in Shelly and me the desire to continue our service to this community. Our family had benefitted greatly from what this city offers its residents. So, not only did we desire to keep giving back in some way in gratitude for the benefits we had received as members of the community, we had come to sincerely enjoy the activities, as well as the time spent with others who had woven themselves into the fabric of our lives.

Call it civic virtue or duty. Either term applies. This nation's Founding Fathers envisioned citizen participation in civic matters and community affairs. It is this calling that makes us unique among other countries in the world and is also a big part of what has fueled Shelly's and my continued involvement in community service well beyond the years our children were in school. Our formative years took place in the 1960s, so reinforcing our civic precepts were the immortal words we recall hearing a newly-elected president speak at his inauguration. Even modified to apply to a localized level, the words still ring true and form a theme to live by: Ask not what your community can do for you. Ask what you can do for your community.

We are truly thankful for being a part of this great city and community and call upon others to get involved so as to ensure that the City of Arcadia continues to be a destination of dreams.

Jim Romo and his wife Shelly have lived in Arcadia for thirty-one years. Their three children—Krista, Bryant, and Marisa—attended Arcadia public schools and graduated from Arcadia High School. Jim is a former two-term member of the governing board of the Arcadia Unified School District. He currently serves on the boards of the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation, Methodist Hospital, and

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Church of the Good Shepherd, and is a volunteer coach of Arcadia High School's Constitution Team. Jim's additional community service includes coaching youth soccer, baseball, softball, and basketball, and serving on the boards of the Arcadia High School Athletic Booster Club, Arcadia Educational Foundation, and the YMCA. Shelly's community service includes past president of the Assistance League of Arcadia, Brownies and Girl Scouts leader, team mom for various youth sports teams, parent volunteer for Arcadia High School's Orchesis dance company and color guard, and Sunday school teacher and membership committee member at Church of the Good Shepherd. Jim and Shelly were named the 2013 Arcadia Citizens of the Year for their outstanding service to the community.

MY TOWN: A PERSPECTIVE FROM AN ARCADIA NATIVE

by Peter Amundson

A coming-of-age movie made in 1993, *The Sandlot*, intended to replicate a Los Angeles area community in the early 1960s. It, minus the swearing, reminded me of my childhood in Arcadia. If you had your bike and your friends, you were set. On weekends and during the summer you were out until sundown. I spent countless hours at Danny's cul-de-sac behind Baldwin Stocker Elementary School playing ball when not out cruising on my banana seat Stingray bike.

I recently gave my mother a DVD of the old family 16 mm films. The first scene that came up was of yours truly being wheeled-out to a waiting car with Santa Anita Park in the background. Arcadia Methodist Hospital was newly-opened, so I was very close to being a charter member of the hospital's delivery room. That delivery room and wing of the hospital recently closed due to new seismic standards.

Much in Arcadia has changed since that day over a half century ago. My earliest memories were of rabbit cages and a garden in our yard. We lived in a typical single story ranch-style home with an old horse barn and a shed that I think used to house chickens. We never had horses, although many of our neighbors did, and it was a common sight to see a horse with rider clip-clopping down Holly Avenue or Longden Avenue.

When I started school, Baldwin Stocker Elementary School was not yet built, so kindergarten was in what is now the lunchroom at Holly Avenue Elementary School. First grade was in a Quonset-type hut that paralleled Holly Avenue. That hut is long gone.

Baldwin Stocker Elementary School was opened to meet the needs of the



Peter Amundson pedaling to another Arcadia adventure on his banana seat Stingray bike, circa 1969.

Credit: Peter Amundson

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“baby boom” that was sweeping America. It was the only Arcadia school that was air-conditioned and the last new public school built in our town. I can remember choosing the mascot—a bulldog—and the school colors—red and white. The new school combined students from Holly Avenue and Longley Way elementary schools. Arcadia teacher, turned principal, Milton Sonnevik was given the challenge to open and lead the new school. For twenty years, Baldwin Stocker Elementary School and Mr. Sonnevik molded thousands of lives.

When Mr. Sonnevik passed away, I wanted to have the Baldwin Stocker multipurpose room named after him. I was thankful the school district allowed a plaque to be hung in his honor. His legacy still lives on today in the lives of the many students and families he touched. Many of his traditions are still followed. However, times have also changed. I loved to ride my bike to school. But, on a recent trip to Baldwin Stocker, I saw a new library standing where the old bike rack used to be. I cannot remember the last time I saw a student riding a bike to school.

Santa Anita Park, when in season, made Arcadia a very busy place. You planned your life around track times and season. When you forgot or planned wrong, you could be stuck in traffic, seemingly for hours. When the racing ended at the track, it started on the streets of Arcadia. Holly Avenue was turned into a four-lane one-way exit route heading south from Huntington Drive all the way to Las Tunas Drive. Police officers braved the traffic, standing in the middle of the intersections and waving on the high-speed dash through stop signs, armed only with their flashlights and smudge pots.

During my childhood, I never knew what a shopping mall was. My clothes came from Nash’s or Hinshaw’s, located on Baldwin Avenue just south of Duarte Road. My Christmas shopping was also usually done in West Arcadia, often at Barron’s Emporium Drug Store. Barron’s also provided much of our prescription needs, but I remember my grand mother used Colonial Pharmacy across the street because they delivered. In high school, the Bob’s Big Boy at the northeast corner of Baldwin Avenue and Camino Real Avenue was the place to hang out.

Much of my life growing up in Arcadia was also spent in the Deep South, along Live Oak Avenue. The owner of Taco Treat told me many years ago that I



Ten coupons earned you a free 45 rpm record at Barron’s, circa 1960s.

Credit: Gary Kovacic

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Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"

Taco Treat, 74 E. Live Oak Avenue, Arcadia, 1960.

grew up on his food. His facility was prime location for a bike rider going to and from year-around sports team practices at "BCL" (Boy's Christian League), now Kare Youth League. Jack the Toy Man was located nearby and sold my beloved Matchbox cars and trucks. Chow-To-Go, located near the southwest corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Live Oak Avenue, was a unique place for me. It was the only place in Arcadia I knew that served Chinese food, and the first and only place that you could order food other than pizza for take-out. The trek home almost always took me by Pet & Jungle Shop on Las Tunas Avenue. Countless animals there became pets of our household and it was the main source of goods for our four-legged family members. Even in married life, my wife feared when the kids would get me to stop by the shop. It meant we would have some sort of new mouth to feed.

Most kids think milk comes from a carton, but we knew otherwise. A classmate's family owned nearby Driftwood Dairy at the end of El Monte Avenue. This dairy was complete with real cows, which we visited on field trips. The dairy also had real milkmen who would deliver to your front porch daily. When we stopped by the drive-through for milk somehow a Fudgsicle or Creamsicle (also known as a 50-50 bar) was added to the order.

Arcadia at one time had three bowling alleys. One was off of Huntington

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Credit: Arcadia High School "Arcadian"

Every kid in south Arcadia knew Jack the Toy Man, located at 52 E. Live Oak Avenue, Arcadia, 1963.

Drive on Morlan Place and is now part of a car dealer's parking lot. Bowling Square was, and still is, on Baldwin Avenue, and a third bowling alley was located at the southeast corner of Las Tunas Avenue and El Monte Avenue. I think my mother was at one time or another a bowler in leagues at all three alleys. During my childhood, it was common for mothers to be housewives. Bowling was a great hobby for these moms and I can remember many fun hours as a small youngster at the bowling alley day care center.

It is fun and, at times, somewhat sad to look back. Arcadia is different than it was five decades ago. So many places have changed and multitudes of people have moved on. What is most heartening to me is that Arcadia, through its changes, is at its core the same great community I knew as a child. It has

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succeeded by building on the successes of its past. Things that brought my family to Arcadia are still here. Arcadia is still a community of homes and neighborhoods, really a town not a city. It has always been a place where the residents have had high expectations of both quality public services and frugal civic leaders. The safety of our neighborhoods has always been an important reason for people to live here. And, education is still the cornerstone of life in Arcadia. It is no wonder that Arcadia has been named the best place to raise children in California twice in the last five years.

It has been said that the more things change, the more they are the same. One hundred and ten years ago, communities of the San Gabriel Valley looked to the coming of the Pacific Electric railway to bring prosperity and positive change to their communities. Today we look to the coming of the Metro Gold Line light rail to bring positive change our community and to revitalize our downtown. As we dedicate a statue to Arcadia's founder Elias "Lucky" Baldwin, his words "By gads, this must be paradise" resonate true today as much as they did when he spoke them. No place on earth better describes paradise than the City of Arcadia.



Credit: Arcadia's Best Foundation

Arcadia City Council Member Peter Amundson and his vintage truck in the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade, July 2, 2011.

Peter Amundson is a native-born and raised Arcadian. He is a two-term member of the Arcadia City Council and served as mayor in 2010-2011.

UNDERSTANDING MY HOMETOWN

by Ching K. Chiao

Welcome to Arcadia as manifested in literary form. As you read this compilation of essays and masterpieces to describe Arcadia's many layers of magic, I hope:

- You are amidst the mountains upon the Flat of Chantry;
- You are enjoying drinks in the Chandelier Room at Santa Anita Park while awaiting the next thoroughbred race;
- You are relaxing under historic oak trees at Arcadia County Park as you bear witness to the local noblesse oblige test driving new Mercedes coaches at a dealership that was finally able to partner with the city to redevelop in a post-redevelopment world; and that
- You too may enjoy the utopia we call home and marvel at its maturity and growth.

A city like Arcadia is to be understood with the heart, not the head. Prior to the proliferation of synchronized smart phones, laptops, and tablets, there existed a simply-complex, ordinarily-special, large-small town at the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains that sang to my heart. Even as a "new school" child of Generation X or Y, or whatever they call us, who may not look quite the same as some of my "old school" predecessors, I share their same beliefs and feel the same sensitivities about our hometown of Arcadia. It was, and in many respects continues to be, a place where we know each other's names, safely traverse familiar neighborhoods, enjoy the many fruits of a prosperous community, and often count as many peacocks as cars on our neighborhood roads. To reminiscence of yesteryear, Arcadia brings me back to a time of innocence. Yet, as if enhanced by a bottle of bubbly, it also brings me back to today.

Since 1987, Arcadia has been my home. Although small detours were taken along the way for additional schooling, I always knew I would be back. With deep-rooted appreciation for the place where I first learned to ride a bike on a gently sloping driveway, play baseball in the sweet-smelling outfield of Baldwin Stocker's diamond, and raise a fish in a bowl of cool and clear Arcadia well water, I always knew I would return to Arcadia to raise my kids. Like all other parents who hope to provide better opportunities for their children, I am no different.

Admittedly, times were simpler in the good ol' days when life's largest hurdle was whether or not I could convince my parents to take me out for ice cream or, several years later, let me play high school football. Life was filled with excellent experiences in Cub Scouts, Little League, summer camps at Rusty Miller's Tennis Academy, and the exhilaration of winning races over 110 and 300-meter high hurdles against competitors from contiguous cities. It was within our city limits where I experienced some of my happiest moments.

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Credit: City of Arcadia

Arcadia's Single-Family Residential Design Guidelines were originally adopted in April 2006.

ISSUES

The following are the primary design and development issues that are important to the community relating to new single-family development:

1. **Mass and scale:** Inappropriate massing and scale is a key issue as large, two-story homes are replacing smaller single-story homes throughout the City.
2. **Front entry:** Excessively tall or flat entry porches can have a towering or monumental appearance that is inappropriate for most Arcadia neighborhoods.
3. **Garages:** Street-facing garages tend to be uninviting and have the potential to dominate the front elevation of a house.
4. **Architectural style and design:** Many new homes lack a coherent architectural style, attempt to combine too many different styles, or have a style that is incompatible with the surrounding homes.
5. **Additions and accessory buildings:** Additions, as opposed to new homes, have their own set of design challenges. Poorly designed additions and accessory buildings can ruin the character of an existing home.

6. **Colors and materials:** The use of bright or strong paint colors and/or unnatural building materials can result in a house that looks out-of-place in a more traditional neighborhood setting.

7. **Landform and tree preservation:** Careless removal of mature trees and severe grading of hillside properties shows little regard for a site's natural attributes and degrades neighborhood character.



Lack of detail and insensitive treatment of scale are common problems preventing new houses from fitting into established neighborhoods.

Credit: City of Arcadia

Arcadia's Single-Family Residential Design Guidelines identify the primary design and development issues that are important to the community.

More Visions of Arcadia: A Community Anthology

A stubborn local myth frames Arcadians as proud, steadfast people who will stop at nothing in their quest to turn even the most arid and underdeveloped parts of the city into an oasis, because an oasis is what the city represents to us. In recent years, that quest has included new-money millionaires who seek the shelter of mini-mega mansions that rival the Tower of Babel. These explosions in construction are viewed by many as hubristic acts of defiance to the old Arcadia of yesteryear, a period when a robust collection of relatively modest ranch-style homes gave rise to our city's slogan of "community of homes." One wonders, however, if the Arcadia chicken ranchers and corn farmers of the 1920s and 1930s would look upon those new homes of the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s and likewise consider them neither "ranch-style" nor consistent with the community they once knew.

A largely incompatible mansion syndrome in our fair town probably reached epidemic proportions at the turn of our new century as monsoonal gusts blew winds of change into the already swollen real estate market bubble. Like in Babylon, the winds of change brought a confusion of tongues into the city, intertwined with variations of human languages, cultures, and mores—vastly new, yet vaguely familiar. The precept of this syndrome was that larger and taller would reach the heavens of prosperity. The syndrome flew in the face of my simpler memories and was finally brought under control, at least from an aesthetic if not size perspective, when more sophisticated design guidelines and architectural review, enjoyed by denizens of the homeowners associations in north Arcadia for more than a half-century, finally made their way into south Arcadia by the mid-2000s.

Whether by design or happenstance, I have discovered that sometimes you don't have to seek out good things; occasionally they come calling on their own. While volunteering at one of Arcadia's Law Days (an annual community event co-sponsored by the City of Arcadia and the Arcadia Chinese Association), I ran into the mother of a high school classmate. She had just finished road-cycling with her devoted, diehard biking crew and had come to see her husband and some lawyer friends volunteering for action. Fate would have it that I had purchased a new road bike and I was invited to ride with her crew! Law Day led to bike rides, which led to new friends and new experiences in a community I thought I knew.

As I got more involved with the brethren of our community, I became more active in the city. It felt right to give back and, soon enough, I was appointed to the Arcadia Planning Commission. As clarity is the key to change, I soon discovered the importance of knowing and clearly communicating our community's prevailing rules, regulations, and policies that prevent all of us from engaging in abusive self-interest. However, flexibility and pragmatism are also necessary as we strive to strike the proper balance between private property rights and individual dreams on the one hand, and legitimate community concerns and desires on the other, as the city's trajectory should not be to fly too close to the sun.

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Arcadia is filled with magic, and I have been enchanted by it almost my entire life. As I watch its landscape, demographics, and passions evolve, I long for my children to see what I saw, but through their own lenses of experience. I long for them not to take things for granted. I long for them to take the hiccups in stride. I long for them to have faith in a place where they may one day raise their children. And, I long for them to look back retrospectively and feel the same sentiments about our city that have been felt for over a century by the many pillars of our community.

Ching K. Chiao has lived in Arcadia since 1987. He is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1996) and a member of the Arcadia Planning Commission.

THE ARCADIA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER:
A DREAM COME TRUE
by Sue Cook and Marilyn Daleo

The opening of the Arcadia Performing Arts Center on the campus of Arcadia High School on October 18, 2013 was the realization of a long-standing dream for the citizens of Arcadia to have a major center for arts and culture in our community. Arcadia's efforts to build a community auditorium date back to the original architectural designs for the high school built in 1952. Over the years, attempts to build such a facility included a narrowly failed ballot measure in 1965, community fundraising, and creative business endeavors by dedicated community leaders.

In 1977, the Arcadia Auditorium Foundation was formed with community leaders Charles Gilb, Gloria Horstman, and Joe Sargis serving as trustees. The community enthusiastically participated in many activities to raise funds for an auditorium with the premier event being the famous Jog-A-Walk-A-Torium held at Arcadia High School on March 4, 1978. The event raised \$58,000, an incredible sum in those days! Unfortunately, as time passed, resources and support were insufficient to build a facility and in 1993 the Arcadia Auditorium Foundation ceased to exist. The foundation's remaining resources were placed in trust with the school district and for nearly twenty years the interest on those funds have been used to support performing arts experiences for Arcadia school students.

Gary Kovacic organized a small group of Arcadians in 1999, that included George Fasching, Craig Lucas, John Murphy and Mickey Segal, to pursue the feasibility of purchasing church property listed for sale on Duarte Road and modify the structure to create a first-class performing arts venue. With renovation plans developed by a local architect and acquisition costs estimated, the group initiated steps to form a foundation and presented their offer to the church's governing board. While the seller was impressed with the proposal, in the end it decided to accept a better financial offer from another bidder. Although the immediate goal of that group was not realized, the interest never waned.

The Arcadia Performing Arts Center you enjoy today is the result of the passage of Arcadia Unified School District's Measure I Facilities Bond passed in November 2006. The campaign to pass Measure I was chaired by Gary Kovacic and supported by a passionate and energetic group of volunteers who recognized the condition of Arcadia's public schools. Through the community's overwhelming support of Measure I, and under the keen supervision of Jim Leahy, all of Arcadia's public schools have seen major renovations and new construction providing first-class facilities to match our educational program.

The Arcadia Performing Arts Center anchors the high school campus at its

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northwest corner. This \$20 million, 40,000-square-foot, state-of-the-art facility includes a main performance hall with seating for 1,200, a stage that holds 200 musicians, tunable acoustics, and professional lighting and sound. In addition, the center boasts an orchestra room with practice rooms and music library, a dance studio with sprung wood floors, a professional stagecraft workshop, and a black box theater with separate control room and flexible seating that can host 125 guests.



Credit: Arcadia Unified School District

The Arcadia Performing Arts Center, 2013.

In July 2012, the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation was formed. The founding members were Chairman Mickey Segal, President/CEO Gary Kovacic, Vice President Jim Romo, Secretary Lori Philipi, Treasurer Alan Whitman, and Board Members Dr. Joel Shawn, Jim Leahy, Angela Fu, David Lee, Alice Wang, and Tom Landes. The foundation is dedicated to maintaining the Arcadia Performing Arts Center as a nucleus for the arts, education, and engagement where the lives of students and the greater community are enriched.

On October 27, 2012, the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation celebrated the grand opening of the Arcadia Performing Arts Center with “An Evening With Anka,” a fabulous inaugural concert and benefit starring legendary singer and

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songwriter Paul Anka. The gala raised over \$200,000 from ticket sales and naming opportunities. Guests left the theater in awe, not only of Paul Anka's incredible showmanship, but of the realization of this beautiful new facility in our own backyard, truly a dream come true for Arcadia.

The realization of the Arcadia Performing Arts Center clearly shows the commitment of our community to the arts.

This new facility will be the home for arts in Arcadia. With this realization comes the need for another commitment to the future of the building, arts education, and arts programming. The goal of the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation is to create an endowment of \$10 million that will result in an additional \$50,000 or more per year to maintain the center, support arts education in our schools, and provide our community with a wide range of cultural events. The Arcadia Performing Arts Center is destined to be a world-class venue where lessons are learned, talent is fostered, and an impressive array of arts is shared and cultivated.



Paul Anka dances with Delores Papilli at the grand opening concert and benefit for the Arcadia Performing Arts Center, October 27, 2012.

Credit: Terry Miller

Sue Cook, a twenty-four-year resident of Arcadia, is the executive director of the Arcadia Performing Arts Foundation. She and her husband Mike have been extremely active volunteers in the community including leadership positions with youth sports, education, and service organizations. Their daughter Kristen, a teacher at First Avenue Middle School, received the Profiles in Excellence Award in 2011-12 and their son Tommy serves in the U.S. Navy aboard the U.S.S. Nimitz.

Marilyn Daleo is a forty-six-year resident of Arcadia and served as the Arcadia Unified School District's public information officer from 1984 to 2013. As a resident and community volunteer, Marilyn participated in the early auditorium fundraising events and the Measure I facilities bond campaign. She helped plan the April 2009 groundbreaking ceremony for Measure I construction work at Arcadia High School and served on the committee that coordinated festivities for the grand opening of the Arcadia Performing Arts Center in October 2012.

IN SWEET SMILES AND KIND WORDS

by Lily Lai-Lin Mak

Life is full of mystery and interest. I never thought I would leave my hometown when I was young. When I was a teen during the 1970s, my parents decided to take us to the United States to avoid the frequent riots back home. It was a huge adjustment.

I fell in love with Janis Ian's song "At Seventeen" right away from its first line: "I learned the truth at seventeen that love was meant for beauty queens" because that was my age when I arrived in a dry, brown desert town in northern Nevada with an annual rainfall of five inches and 3,000 residents, mostly white farmers and cowboys. I was used to the semi-tropical green island of Hong Kong with eighty inches of rain and four million residents, mainly Chinese. My new neighbors were friendly, but I was frustrated because all the high heel shoes I brought with me ended up at the dump. And that's just the beginning. I started to experience my new journey!

Studying in college in Nevada was not easy. I met my husband in Chemistry 101. He was also seventeen years old, and the seventeenth out of twenty members in his family! He became my mentor for the rest of my life, all the way from my freshman year to today. We traveled and lived in many places: different dormitory buildings on campus, sky high buildings near the ocean, a rancho house in the low hills with thorn bushes rolling around, and an apartment by a cemetery (not easy considering that I am one to sleep with lights on if alone). We lived in cities ranging in size from nine thousand to four million.

Nothing was carefully planned until my husband and I got married, and started to be concerned about finding a really safe neighborhood and good schools to raise a family. I quit my full-time job of seventeen years as an accountant to take care of my children. We were so happy that our kids received an education from distinguished schools and joined multiple activities in Arcadia. It was great participating in PTA; it gave me an opportunity to learn the spirit of the parents and schools well. I had fun cooking, presenting speeches on stage, and playing the piano so the whole room could sing "America the Beautiful" at a Cub Scouts Blue and Gold Dinner or holiday songs at a school pageant.

Talking about Scouting activities, my sons James and Kevin stayed with their friends and made Eagle Scouts with knowledge about a Scout's duty and spirit. They helped me to connect with a group of Scout moms from different backgrounds and cultures. We became Eagle Scout sisters to keep us young by communicating with happy messages in life.

I have shared my experiences in books and was recognized as an

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“Arcadia author” during one of Arcadia’s centennial events in 2003. We celebrated a lot during that centennial year. My whole family was involved in the flower decoration of the Arcadia float for the Rose Parade. We were also involved with a tea and fashion show at which our relatives came from far to celebrate my mother-in-law’s ninetieth birthday at that time!! They were so happy to see such a diverse group of about 50,000 residents live near the beautiful landscape of the Arboretum located right in our city of Arcadia.

Yes, what a surprise to be recognized as one of the authors in Arcadia. To repay my gratitude, I formed a “dd” (meaning just a little bit or low key) book

club in 2003 to share my joy and gratitude. Reading provides knowledge that will prevent blindness in citizenship and help us exchange our thoughts. Over the past ten years, our diverse group of book lovers has read over thirty books together. My son Kevin and daughter Stephanie helped edit a collection of writings by book club members that celebrates diverse cultural backgrounds.

Our city of Arcadia originally started as farmland with a racetrack in the early 1900s. The landscape changed a lot with beautiful residential neighborhoods and a commercial area in the center of the city. It also developed into a multi-cultural community where a single elementary school may consist of students who speak more than fifty different languages. Communication is much faster in the digital world. Our city is like a vision from black and white to colorful TV! Our city shows a trend of progress; like a heart, it motivates to move forward and do its best by its vision and adaptability of the environment.

One thing that still remains the same is the view of the grand San Gabriel Mountains to the north. It is as an Olympic mountain, alive with multiple creatures to guide us on earth. Along with some wild animals, deer, peacocks, birds, and other animals that live in harmony around the city, people live in and move around the skirt of the mountains in daily activity. What a calm feeling I get whenever I go home to see the beautiful mountains under the sun, moon, and stars!



Brothers James and Kevin Mak join their sister Stephanie at her graduation from New York University, 2011.

Credit: Lily Lai-Lin Mak.

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Credit: Lily Lai-Lin Mak.

Lily Lai-Lin Mak returns to Hong Kong, the city where she was born, in 2013.

The strength of the mountains inspires me to keep on moving in the right direction; to gain knowledge and positive energy from my family and my beloved community. I pray to look upon our sun that gives us life and believe it is important for our mission to share the light in our hearts with each other, in sweet smiles and kind words. May we all live in a spirit of spring forever.

Lily Lai-Lin Mak has lived in Arcadia since 1986. She has been an active PTA volunteer, serving in many capacities including president, treasurer, and organizer of Red Ribbon Week activities. She has received honorary service awards at the elementary, middle, and high school levels. Lily also serves as a volunteer translator for the Arcadia Unified School District. She is a docent with the Pasadena Museum of History and a broadcast MC for the Golden-Vintage-Chinese radio station.

CULTURAL APPRECIATION IN ARCADIA

by Dr. Peter T. Poon

I have lived in Arcadia for nearly forty years. Growing up in Hong Kong, I learned about the American culture through my father who was a fighter pilot alongside the famed Flying Tigers against the Japanese invaders during World War II. Through the lens of Hollywood, I also learned about the American culture. I would like to share the experience of cultural appreciation in Arcadia.

1974 was a very special year for me. In February, I started working at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory (Caltech/JPL), where I was thrilled to work on missions to various planets. Two months later, I married my lovely wife Mable (and we look forward to celebrating our fortieth anniversary in 2014). In August, we bought our first home in south Arcadia. My first cultural appreciation



Credit: Peter Poon

The Poon Family and Peter's father Sam celebrating Christmas at home in Arcadia, circa 1980s.

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experience was with my neighbors Jake and Betty Clinton there. Since I learned about American culture through Hollywood, I thought my neighbors would be spending most of their leisure time partying and having fun on some reckless pursuits as depicted in many American movies. Instead, I saw a loving, hard-working young couple who were completely devoted to each other and to their two wonderful children Bob and Greg. I always remember how friendly and hospitable they were to us and our children (Amy and Brian), and to my brother's family (Alan, Juliana, Gary, Alice, and Eileen). Many years later, Jake and Betty moved to Upland. Even though we have not been neighbors for decades, we still get together for Christmas or other celebrations.

My second cultural appreciation experience began when we moved to a home on Le Roy Avenue near the Arcadia Public Library. Here we found a very friendly neighborhood where homeowners often held parties so that neighbors got to know one another better. We also hosted a party for our neighbors and they raved about the authentic Chinese food. On July 4th every year, we had a neighborhood block party to celebrate Independence Day. We also had a joyful, fun-filled parade where children rode bikes and scooters decorated with balloons and ribbons. Even a real fire truck was stationed on our street so that neighbor children (as well as some adults) could climb on board.

In 1987, we moved to our current home in the Highland Oaks area where we live close to my sister-in-law Queenie, her husband Ken, and their adorable children Kay and Karen, who often played with our children Amy and Brian. Here began my third cultural appreciation experience when I volunteered at Foothills Middle School, which was called Foothills Junior High School at that time. The marching band was directed by Sandra Ragusa and the drill team advisors were Kristin Ward and Delight Page. The active parents and outstanding teachers worked extremely well together. I was elected as president of the Music Club and the officers included Shelly Romo, Georgia Dunn, Chris McClain, Beth Lojeski, Judy Hermann, Melinda Sego, and Linda Murphy. I still remember a long-time Arcadia resident looking at the list of officers and saying, "You are working with many well-known Arcadia residents!" I saw firsthand how dedicated, hardworking, and committed they were, and felt very fortunate to work with them. When I left Foothills and started volunteering at Arcadia High School, they surprised me with an appreciative card and a certificate for Mable and me to dine at the beautiful La Parisienne restaurant. We were touched by their warm expression of friendship.

My fourth cultural appreciation experience began when I volunteered at Arcadia High School, where Amy played the flute and Brian played the clarinet in the marching band. I became familiar with the excellent music directors Tom Landes, Art Farr, and Tom Forbes. Through supporting the auxiliary guard (now called the color guard), I became familiar with the excellent advisors Debbie Bailey,

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Andrea Scatena, and Carol Craig. I was elected to be president of the Arcadia Music Club and had an awesome experience with incredible volunteers including Jim and Margaret Barrows, Jim and Toni Fox (whose daughter Betsy was the auxiliary guard leader), Tony and Diane Palmer (whose daughters Katie and Lindsay were in the auxiliary guard), and Richard and Coyla Grumm. For a year or two, Amy was a cheerleader and I learned from the moms how to serve lunch to the cheerleaders. I still remember that one of the cheerleaders, Casey Seymour, shared her cream cheese bagel with me in appreciation. Currently, I serve as a director of the Arcadia Chinese Association including volunteering at the senior citizens lunch, Arcadia Law Day, and Relay for Life events. As the Law Day committee chair, I am delighted to work together with Arcadia City Council member and former mayor Gary Kovacic whom I have known since we volunteered at Arcadia High School. He exemplifies the friendliness, dedication, and volunteering spirit of Arcadia.

As I know my fellow volunteers better, some of them told me stories about their parents or grandparents who had come from England, China, Scotland,



Credit: Peter Poon

The Poon Family at a Caltech awards ceremony, 2008.

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Ireland, Slovenia, Hungary, Mexico, Italy, Korea, Japan, and many other countries. It is an enriching experience to have made friends from different cultural backgrounds in Arcadia. My daughter Amy, an assistant professor in the school of medicine at Stanford University, finds it easy to make friends from different cultures. So does my son Brian, a software engineer who graduated from UC Berkeley. They are the beneficiaries of having been brought up in Arcadia where they experienced cultural appreciation.

As a manager at Caltech/JPL, I represented NASA in joint projects with the European Space Agency, French Space Agency, and German Space Operations Center. Since I truly appreciated the cultural attributes of my collaborative colleagues, I made many good friends. Such is the strength of the American culture that promotes and incorporates the cultural contributions from all fellow Americans.

***Peter T. Poon, Ph.D.**, was telecommunications and mission systems manager at Caltech/JPL for a dozen projects including various missions to Mars, the Cassini mission to Saturn, and the Voyager interstellar mission. He has lived in Arcadia with his family since 1974 and has been involved in numerous community activities involving Arcadia's public schools, the City of Arcadia, and the Arcadia Chinese Association.*

CONQUERING MY FEARS IN THE CITY OF ARCADIA

by Sophia A. Duran

At the ripe “old age” of thirty, I decided to become a college student. That decision came with many fears and self-doubt. However, living in the City of Arcadia has really made it possible for me to discover how strong and capable I really was. I attribute much of my budding self-confidence to the city’s beauty and the generosity of the community. I am not trying to be sappy and overly melodramatic about the city I live in just because this essay was written to pay homage to it. I can honestly say that I have had many profound experiences living in Arcadia.

As a child, I was extremely shy and had very low self-esteem. As an adult, I live with a debilitating anxiety disorder. It is hard for most people to tell that I have this disorder because I have become very good at covering it up. Some days I must challenge myself to do the simplest things like talking on the phone or meeting a friend for lunch at the mall. Other days are not quite as bad, but on those days I still have to gather up the nerve not to run and hide from the world.

One place that has made it easy for me to face my fears (and alleviate much of my anxiety) is the Arboretum. It is so peaceful with all its beauty and, of course, the peacocks! What kind of Arcadian would I be if I did not mention the peacocks? I love sitting by the pond and walking up to the waterfall just like everyone else who visits there. But the best thing about the Arboretum is that it is only a mile or so from my house. This is significant to me because I can choose to walk through my neighborhood or walk up busy Baldwin Avenue to get there.

Depending on how courageous I feel, I will purposely walk up Baldwin Avenue, facing the traffic going south, and pretend I am a fashion model on the runway and all the commuters are my admirers. But, I have not had the courage yet to do it without my iPod on to drown out any possible unfavorable remarks and a pair of dark sunglasses or baseball cap to disguise my face. Someday, I will have the courage to do so on a busy day when the city streets are filled with cars and people going to Opening Day at the racetrack . . . maybe!

Another place (and a very important one) that has challenged me to be brave and gain confidence is the Arcadia Public Library. I must confess now that I have used the library for more than just its collection of books. I have held solo pity parties in the bathroom, had full-blown panic attacks among the stacks, and have used the library staff to prove to myself that I am capable of interacting with intelligent people. I have also studied for hours in the library in some hidden corner.

But lately, I have gathered the courage to venture out and actually interact with the volunteers at the Friends of the Library bookstore. I have even attended

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some Arcadia Public Library board of trustees meetings where I have spoken from the audience. The first time I got up to speak, I swear my life flashed before my eyes. Well, not really, but I was so nervous I fumbled on my words and wanted to run from the room! Everyone was very nice and made me feel extremely welcome. So, I make it a point to go every month even though it is still very challenging for me not to feel like an interloper.

Going to the library and attending the board meetings is also beneficial to my education as I am currently going to school to obtain a masters of library and information science degree. Yes, me getting a master's degree . . . wow! It has been seventeen long years since I decided to become a college student. Does that give away my age? Oh well! I am glad and very proud of myself that I made that crucial decision. I am also happy that I was brave enough to tell my story because I must fight ever day not to give in to such a disparaging condition.

Arcadia is just the place to keep up the fight because it is a city of beauty, culture, and acceptance. Most of all for me, it is more than just a place to live. It is the city where I have learned to live!



Credit: Sophia A. Duran

The author at her graduation ceremony, February 12, 2009.

Sophia A. Duran, a resident of Arcadia for sixteen years, lives with her daughter, sister, and pup Sebastian. She attends San Jose State University (online) and will graduate in 2014 with a masters of library and information science degree. She graduated with honors from California State University, Los Angeles with a BA in philosophy, from Citrus College with a degree in library technology, and from Pasadena City College with an AA degree. She writes poetry and collects rare books, and considers herself to be a lifelong learner. She hopes one day to have the courage to earn a doctorate.

MY PEACEFUL ARCADIA HOME

by Lulu Wu

On February 10, 1990, as a teenager and a fairly new immigrant from Taiwan, I set foot in Arcadia for the very first time. Arcadia was not my first home in the United States. My new life journey in America began eighteen months earlier in East Lansing, Michigan. Everything about East Lansing—the culture, the language, the school, the snow, even the flat and mountain-less landscape—was new and fresh to me. It was very different in almost every aspect from my life in Taiwan. I was excited and grateful for this new life, but also terribly homesick in those eighteen months.

When my family and our moving truck arrived in Arcadia on that sunny February afternoon, my first impression was: “They have mountains just like Taiwan! And the weather is nice and warm just like Taiwan!” Instantly, Arcadia just felt familiar and home-like to me.

My first day at Arcadia High School came and went. Before I realized it, I was graduating along with a class of students that had diverse life experiences and backgrounds. I have friends who are Taiwanese, Korean, and Japanese immigrants, but I also enjoy learning about Arcadia’s history from neighbors who have lived on my street for their whole lives. My parents like to shop at 99 Ranch Market for its vast collection of Asian culinary merchandise. I, on the other hand, have become very familiar with the 24-hour grocery stores and all the chips and soda that line their aisles. My friends and I love popping into Alex di Peppe Italian Restaurant, which has been in the same location for over twenty years, for authentic pizza and a nice chat with its second-generation owner, Larry. At the same time, it is always fun to try the new Japanese restaurant that opened just around the corner.

Over one beautiful summer, I happily enjoyed every copy of Agatha Christie’s mystery novels from the Arcadia Public Library. In the exact same library, on the next aisle over, one can just as easily find mysteries written in Chinese. After college, I returned to this community that I have proudly called home and loved for more than half of my life. Arcadia is special to me because, regardless of our religious or ethnic backgrounds, it is just so easy for everyone to feel at home here. Years later, I would come to realize how beautiful my community truly is through a non-profit organization that also embraces people of all races, religions, and nationalities.

During my college years, my parents, having more free time, began volunteering with the Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation. Being a tight family, my brother and I would join and participate in the foundation’s weekend activities. I remember being blown away by how many Arcadia volunteers there were. Many

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Credit: Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation

The Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation participating in the Arcadia's Best Patriotic Festival parade in 2011.

of the people who volunteer with my parents are my neighbors. Several of them actually live on my block.

As I became more involved, I also learned how supportive the community of Arcadia is of volunteerism. Tzu Chi's contributions are recognized and encouraged to take roots and flourish in this community even though a majority of the volunteers are Asian immigrants who do not speak perfect English. It truly touches my heart to know that what matters to this community is not skin color, but love and giving back. As Tzu Chi's founder, Dharma Master Cheng Yen, said in *Still Thoughts*:

*Giving is like drawing water from a well;
as water is drawn, more flows in.
It is by giving that blessings continue to flow in.*

By participating in Tzu Chi's charity, medical, education, and culture work, I begin to understand that volunteering is more than giving one's time, effort, and



Credit: Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation

The Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation supporting the Arcadia Fire Department.

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energy. It is also the cultivation of compassion and wisdom. Dharma Master Cheng Yen often reminds volunteers to give with gratitude, respect, and love to both the people we serve and fellow volunteers. Tzu Chi volunteers serve to be the safe harbor and comforting hand to disaster survivors and those in need by practicing empathy to others and embracing the difference between people. In the process we learn to let go of the affliction associated with our ego and achieve inner peace.

Like still water, a peaceful mind allows us to see clearer. And like Arcadia, a peaceful environment is easier to call home. I am so blessed to have Arcadia as my home and Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation as the haven for my heart. With gratitude, I pray that peace is instilled in all our hearts to bring us peace on earth.

Lulu Wu is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1991) and has lived in Arcadia for twenty-three years. She is an active volunteer with the Buddhist Tzu Chi Foundation, a non-profit international humanitarian organization with national headquarters in San Dimas, California.

A FLAWLESS CITY

by Nathan J. Kim

If you were to describe a flawless city, where would you begin? How are the people, what are the laws, and where is everyone going in their everyday and happy lives? Of course, there is the reality that conflicting ideals separate us. Conflict is perhaps the greatest enemy to this world . . . or is it? Perhaps economic, political, and racial differences are a blessing in disguise. If we are able to overcome distinctions that all others struggle with, would that not separate us from the rest and put us closer to the perfection that we strive for? I hope for a world that can look beyond the bitter peels and go into the sweet succulent fruit that people are. However, I digress. People who live in Arcadia have many attributes and here are a few of them.

I have lived here for almost twelve years now, within the confines of my narrow comprehension of the outside.

I can proudly say three words: "I love Arcadia." It is safe to say that Arcadia has a great devotion to nature. With the Arboretum and Wilderness Park, you can immerse yourself in Mother Nature's unrestrained beauty and majesty. Arcadia High School is very successful and, contrary to popular belief, it is better or just as good as most private high schools. I attend Arcadia High School and I am proud to be an Arcadia Apache.

I have also seen many great acts of caring in a neighborly city that cares for its fellow man. The residents of Arcadia have stuck with each other in thick and thin. When the winds came, people all over the city acted within hours. Life was back to normal in no time because of the devotion that the people have for each other, their families, and the city. I hope that when I go to Arcadia High School and graduate, I will have found that sense of camaraderie inside me as well. I couldn't have lived in a better city.

Nathan J. Kim lives in Arcadia. He is a freshman at Arcadia High School. A member of Boy Scout Troop 351, he also enjoys volunteering at Bradbury Royal Oaks Senior Retirement and Nursing Home.

ARCADIA IS MY HOME

by Matthew Kim

I have lived in San Francisco for almost two years now, but I still consider Arcadia my home. To speak of Arcadia in general, the city's two best attributes are its people and its greenery. By its people, I mean that you are constantly finding yourself among cheerful and friendly neighbors. You do not hear public arguments and crime is so rare that you truly feel that the city is a perfect place to raise a family. That is exactly why my parents moved to Arcadia over twelve years ago.

The good people of Arcadia gather in many public spaces including the Santa Anita Westfield mall. It is one of the largest facilities in our city, and one that brings us great recognition and pride. It is a clean, well-kept place that is always a popular destination for friends and families to spend their time. I have lived near the mall for a long time and know every store and restaurant. But that doesn't mean it's a dull or boring place to be; rather it continues to be a lively and exciting place for people to visit.

However, it is the fine features of the greenery in our wonderful city that truly welcome me back after each year in college. I used to go to the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden with my brother and grandfather almost every day and it became a very special spot. It became a special spot to me because it would be our daily exercise to visit all the gardens, climb up to the waterfall, and do my favorite activity: feeding the turtles and koi fish. Our grandfather passed away, but every single time that I go back to our Arboretum I think about him and our walks. It would be very challenging to find a better location to contemplate the beauty of nature and remember those walks with my grandfather.

When you see the luscious greenery of Arcadia, you see a foothill city full of life and vibrant colors. Driving into a different city, I am reminded of something my mother told me a few years ago. She said that you can instantly tell the border between Arcadia and a neighboring city. On the other side, there are streetlights and signs, but no medians to separate opposing traffic. On Arcadia's side, there are living medians full of green grass, large trees, healthy bushes, and flowering plants that run the length of our community.

Yes, Arcadia is my home. Wherever my life takes me, I will always remember the people and the greenery of my city.

Matthew Kim is an Arcadia resident. He graduated from La Salle High School in 2011 and currently attends San Francisco State University. He is an Eagle Scout and active in Troop 351.

ONE DAY, A DRIVEWAY IN ARCADIA

by Sylvia Ramos

Born on Cinco de Mayo in Chinatown, I was diverse at birth. As a young girl, raised by my parents Ray and Maria Vicente, I was extremely sheltered with Mexican traditions. My mother was my best friend, my father worked very long days. My mother was a very successful entrepreneur and strong business leader. She mentored many people in business administration. My father worked for El Cholo Café in Los Angeles on Western Avenue as a server for fifty-five years. Both my parents were perceived as very honest and humble human beings by family, friends, and neighbors. Making friends and selling were their natural talents. My father had many friends in the movie industry and many of them dined at our home. My mother was a fantastic cook. It was a rule to dine together at the table . . . and attend service on Sundays.

After I was born, my father was approached by two of his patrons. They did not have children and offered to be my godparents. My godparents were very prominent in Beverly Hills and lived a very active life in high society. In essence, I was offered the lifestyle of a “trust fund baby,” with a pre-determined life that included a penthouse, Beverly Hills schools, and the proper husband when I reached the age of twenty-one. Instead, I choose to live with my parents and lead a humble life.

My parents always enjoyed helping others. Their hobby was deep-sea fishing; my mother once caught a huge marlin on her own off the coast of Cabo San Lucas. They would often charter a boat in Mexican waters and invite the local residents for a day of fishing and friendship. After long hours at sea, my father would have the fish smoked and donated to the local families. My parents enjoyed feeding many folks.

For my parents, giving back to our community was not a choice, but the right thing to do. My mother enjoyed hosting charity tea parties and events. Even though my mother’s English was not excellent, it was good enough to communicate as she navigated the many challenges of our society. She was blind to age, color, and language differences . . . and always willing to serve. As a family, we always volunteered our time and effort to various local service organizations.

My mother’s social circle ended up in Arcadia, and I always dreamed of living in Arcadia. It was a community that seemed to reach out to me ever since my first photo with Santa Claus at the Santa Anita Fashion Park mall. As an adult and mother with a husband, three children, an elderly father, and several rescue dogs, all living in San Gabriel, I still dream of having a driveway in Arcadia some day.

My husband Mark proposed marriage one week after we met at our high

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school prom. And, he was a hero as a young man, saving the life of a child one Halloween night by pushing him out of the way of a moving vehicle and injuring himself in the process. So, like my parents, Mark and I have tried to instill in our children the importance of giving back and helping others.

The more we serve as a family, the more we find ourselves involved in the life of our beautiful adopted community of Arcadia. Our daughter Sami was active in several community service programs at Arcadia High School and in reading programs at local shelters. Our son Matt has volunteered at the Arcadia Fire Department. Our son Markie volunteers with seniors. My husband and I are board members and committee chairs for several local organizations and serve our parish at Arcadia's Holy Angels Church. And, as a family, we volunteered for active duty at Arcadia's Best Patriotic Parade in 2011. What we like the most about Arcadia is joining in the incredible examples of philanthropy at work every single day in our community.

All 365 days of the year are extremely beautiful in Arcadia because of the homes, mountains, peacocks, agriculture, local businesses, and much more. My real estate clients always ask, "Why Arcadia?" I simply reply, "Why not!" We have a safe community, good government, great schools, state-of-the-art hospital, active churches, first class fire and police departments, vibrant chamber of commerce, spacious parks, challenging golf courses, plenty of playing fields, exciting racetrack, and a lovely arboretum.

As a local real estate agent, I have walked or driven through all of Arcadia's recognized neighborhoods: Upper Rancho, Santa Anita Oaks, Highland Oaks, Whispering Pines, Colorado Oaks, Lower Rancho, Village, West Arcadia, Baldwin Stocker, Camino Grove, South Arcadia, Gardens, Eisenhower Park, and Downtown Arcadia. Each is unique and worthy of great pride and protection. I have also become expert in understanding the various generations in our community; from the Greatest Generation to the Baby Boomers, from Generations X and Y to those not yet named. But my job is more than just listing and selling homes. I am also an extra set of eyes and ears for our community. And, on occasion, I have had the opportunity to find lost dogs, retrieve a wayward parrot, help several injured peacocks, and lead a few disoriented senior citizens back to their homes.

What drives me is my family. Education is a must; there is no expiration date for education. I believe in a college education, not a race to the church altar. All of our children are college educated and have learned to save. Both of our sons are first-time home buyers. My best advice to my children has always been to live below your means and enjoy a meal with like-minded people.

What motivates our family is becoming a better version of ourselves. Being a human being, and not just a person, makes a difference. Character is built one habit at a time. Good character is built one virtue at a time. For our family, it

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simply means living by a moral code, having fun, enjoying good health, and helping others. Helping others has given our family genuine fulfillment and we have gained the friendship of many people who we would not have otherwise met.

Thank you Arcadia for all of the beautiful dreams and opportunities. One day we will travel down our own driveway to a home in Arcadia.

Sylvia Ramos is president of Altrusa of Arcadia, a board member and committee chair of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce, a board member and committee chair of the Arcadia Board of Realtors, and a member of the Arcadia Woman's Club. She also volunteers for the Arcadia Methodist Hospital Foundation, Arcadia Coordinating Council, Arcadia Rotary Club, and the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. She and her family have lived in San Gabriel since 1979.

AN ARCADIA ALBUM
by Terry Miller



Space Shuttle Endeavour flies over the San Gabriel Valley en route to its final destination at the California Science Center, September 21, 2012.



Arcadia High School drum line in motion, 2008.



Getting a haircut at Foothill Unity Center, Inc.'s annual "Back-to-School" distribution program, 2011.



Hot new restaurant in town, 2000.

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*Top: "Taps" played at Supervisor Antonovich's annual "Remembering Our Veterans and Their Families: Past, Present and Future" event at Arcadia County Park, 2000.
Bottom: Korean War veteran salutes during Memorial Day event at Arcadia County Park, 2001.*



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Young Ashley, whose life was saved by Arcadia firefighters, gets ride in a fire engine, 2002.



Dedication of street named after Arcadia police officer Albert Matthies, killed in the line of duty in 1927, on July 18, 2011.



Mayor Gary Kovacic helps dedicate clock donated by the Arcadia Rotary Club, 2005.

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Long-time Santa Anita Park shoe-shine man Eddie Logan, 2008.



Lake at the Arboretum's Queen Anne Cottage falls victim to drought, 2002.



The Adobe at the Arboretum, 2005.



Enjoying a free summer concert on the Arcadia City Hall lawn, 2012.

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A summer evening on the Santa Anita Park infield with the California Philharmonic Orchestra, 2011.



Easter is a time of reflection and trying to find the elusive golden egg at annual Easter egg hunt at Arcadia County Park, 2002.



Jockey Mike Smith and Zenyatta down the stretch in the Breeder's Cup Classic at Santa Anita Park, 2009.



Arcadia Public Works Services Department employee removing last bit of dust in a new water reservoir, 2005.

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Barb Kovacic celebrates an Arcadia Fourth of July, 2010.



Sack race at Lucky Baldwin Day Community Picnic at Arcadia County Park, October 2002.



Arcadia's centennial float getting some last-minute touches before the 2003 Rose Parade.



Flipping pancakes at annual Arcadia Firefighters Association Pancake Breakfast, 2010.

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Traditional Chinese dancing is now part of Arcadia's rich heritage, 2011.



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Former California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger instructs jockey at Breeders' Cup at Santa Anita Park, 2009.



A little leg room is all these Arcadia bowlers need for a tournament, 2000.

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Artist takes advantage of morning light at Arcadia County Park, 1999.



A graduate of Arcadia High School turns back the clock to the peace and love era, 2001.

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Popular "Barks and Books" program at Arcadia Public Library helps young people feel more confident about reading aloud, 2006.



Shaving heads at annual St. Baldrick's Day event at Matt Denny's Ale House Restaurant to raise funds to fight childhood cancer, 2006.

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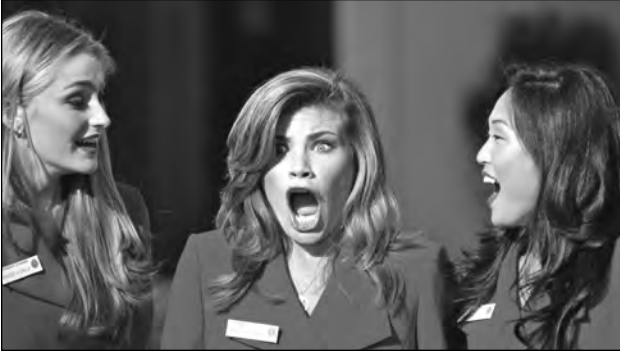


Tony Bennett entertains the crowd at Breeders' Cup at Santa Anita Park, 2012.



Bob Harbicht addresses question at city council candidates debate moderated by the Arcadia High School Constitution Team, 2010.

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Arcadian Natalie Innocenzi reacts to the announcement that she is the 2010 Rose Queen.



An Arcadia Public Works Services Department employee really puts his head into repairing a water main, 2000.



Exhausted Arcadia firefighter after incident, 2007.



Arcadia SWAT officers successfully assist Monrovia Police Department with barricaded suspect, 2011.

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Helicopter fights wildfire in Santa Anita Canyon, 2000.



The iconic grandstand at Santa Anita Park, 2001.

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Behind the scenes at Santa Anita Park, 2000.



The ancient art of Tai Chi is practiced every morning at many locations in Arcadia, but particularly at Arcadia County Park, 2010.

Terry Miller is the editor of the “Arcadia Weekly.” He has worked as a newspaper photographer in the San Gabriel Valley for the past fifteen years and in California for the past thirty years. His photojournalism awards include first place for “Spot News” from the Press Photographers Association of Greater Los Angeles and a human rights awareness award from the Visual Arts Guild of New York.

Acknowledgements



Credit: Barb Kovacic

The editor at work, 2013.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As I mentioned in the first volume of this *Visions* project, a publication of this magnitude is not the product of one person. This is even more true with this second anthology, which includes more essays, more photographs, more formatting, and more challenges than the first volume.

This book would not exist without the 145 authors who contributed essays and photographs. Some came willingly, others had to be coaxed and cajoled a bit, but all ended up submitting articulate and honest narratives about our community. I thank them for their willingness to participate, their courage to articulate, and their faith in my ability to edit and publish their personal stories.

Our volunteer support team was again small, but just as mighty. My Arcadia High School classmate and the former mayor of Sierra Madre, Doug Hayes, is a walking, talking, emailing encyclopedia of Arcadia history, trivia, and photography. His fond recollections, keen sense of humor, and photographic archives are well-represented in the pages of this anthology. Bob Green, our resident *pro bono* intellectual property attorney, helped navigate the legal issues that photographs and other artistic images often present. Arcadia High School alumnus and current Arcadia City Clerk Gene Glasco provided numerous helpful historical tidbits in keeping with his other role as president of the Arcadia Historical Society. And, because he had the key to the society's archives, he was able to contribute some excellent photographs and ephemera for the publication. All of these volunteers also took the time and effort to write wonderful essays that appear in these pages.

Community members Pete Siberell, director of community services and special projects at Santa Anita Park, and Scott Hettrick, executive director of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce, endured my requests for photographs and information, and produced excellent results. Vince Foley and Meredith Babeaux Brucker served as final proofreaders and fact-checkers. All four of these good friends also contributed essays.

An appreciative thank you goes to my law partners at Sullivan, Workman & Dee, LLP in Los Angeles for their understanding and support. Providing me with the time, space, flexibility, and technological equipment to work on this project was critical for a successful completion of this book.

As always, the staff at the City of Arcadia was exceptional. The days at city hall are full and it is often hard to find room to fit in a major project like this. While I tried to keep my requests for assistance to a minimum, staff played a key role in keeping me organized. In other words, they kept me on target, on budget, and on time. Dominic Lazzaretto, our relatively new city manager, embraced the project from the beginning and made sure that adequate resources were available.

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Jason Kruckeberg, assistant city manager and director of development services, assembled maps, photographs, and relevant data that augmented a number of the essays. Jason and several other city employees also contributed their own essays to the cause. Ryan Wright, assistant director of recreation and community services, helped with several assignments and provided a box of old recreation department photographs that not only produced images for the book, but also brought back many fond memories. And, a special thank you goes to Linda Garcia, the city's special projects manager, who served as the point person for the book at city hall. She helped us find the publisher, publicize the project, coordinate the submissions, and collect the releases. She effectively marshaled photographs, accurately filled-in missing dates and names, and patiently responded to all my email requests for assistance.

The Arcadia Public Library was a tremendous resource of information and photographs. Mary Beth Hayes, director of library and museum services, and Yvonne Ng, reference librarian, were awesome. They spent hours with me, pouring over high school yearbooks, business directories, photo collections, and other archival documents in the Arcadia History Room to confirm facts and find just the right image to publish. Dr. Dana Hicks Dunn, curator of The Gilb Museum of Arcadia Heritage, also provided helpful support and information.

The professional assistance we received was first class. The good and faithful servants at The Workshop, located right here in Arcadia, could not have been more accommodating. I am obsessive by nature and, fortunately, so are they. They were able to follow all of my red-lining, including red-lining that wasn't there but should have been. Many thanks for the scanning, formatting, design, and printing services provided by Jeff Smith, Lynda Smith, and Mike McClary (a fellow member of Arcadia High's Class of 1969).

A special thanks also goes to photographer Terry Miller, who not only submitted his own entry—an album of outstanding camerawork—but also helped enhance many of the other essays with additional photographs. And, complements to staff writer Brenda Gazzar for publishing a nice photo and article in the *Pasadena Star News* that helped publicize the project.

As with my first anthology, this publication would not have been possible without the vote of confidence and support provided by my colleagues on the Arcadia City Council. It has been a pleasure working with Mickey Segal, John Wuo, Peter Amundson, and Bob Harbicht, not only on this book, but, more importantly, on the pressing issues that continue to confront our community.

Finally, I am indebted to the many contributions of my family. My mom Florence Kovacic still thinks I can do no wrong, and I let that myth persist. She provided me with the moral support needed to continue this endeavor and the genes to be a decent writer. Our daughter Kelly (a doctoral student at the Harvard Graduate School of Education) and son Casey (a public defender in Portland,

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Oregon) live many, many miles away from Arcadia, but still keep in touch with their folks and their old hometown. They even found time to write heartfelt essays about some special Arcadia memories. They have inherited their parents' appreciation of civic virtue, and their mom and I are very proud of them. Speaking of their mom, my wife Barb is the reason that this project is now complete. It is not without precedent in our thirty-nine years of marriage that I would take on a project that dominates my thoughts, time, and every available nook and cranny of our house. After an initial "you've got to be kidding" when I first announced the project, she kept me focused with words of love and encouragement that kept me keeping on. When it comes to Barb, I agree with the late, great Otis Redding:

*I've been loving you a little too long,
I don't wanna stop now.*

I am blessed to have a great family. Thank you for your support during this project. I love you madly.

So, many thanks to all of you—family, friends, colleagues, and essayists—who helped make this new anthology a memorable reality. I hope you enjoy reading the result of our collective efforts.

All the best,
Gary A. Kovacic
November 16, 2013
Arcadia, California



Credit: Robert Whitmore

"End of the Day." Bob's Beef Burger at southeast corner of Huntington Drive and Second Avenue, Arcadia, circa 1971.



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VIEW AT "LUCKY" BALDWIN'S RANCH, SANTA ANITA, CAL.



184—"Handicap Day," Santa Anita Park, Arcadia, California, Los Angeles Turf Club

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